



# *BAD GIRLS' CLUB*

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PART 1

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## ***PROLOGUE***

“Is it bad that I never made love?  
No, I never did it  
But is sure know how to fuck  
I’ll be your bad girl, I’ll prove it to ya  
I can’t promise that I’ll be good to ya  
‘Cause I have some issues  
I won’t commit, no, not havin’ it  
But at least I can admit  
That I’ll be bad, no, to you  
Yeah I’ll be good in bed  
But I’ll be bad to you”

The song is playing in the background as she slowly moves her waist around in circles. She has on a thong and nothing on top which makes for beautiful viewing pleasure for all the men in the room who have gathered for a show.

Wind and dip.

Wind and dip.

She slowly works her body.

There’s so much smoke in here making it almost impossible for her to see him – ALMOST. Rich men and their bloody cigars. Her firm breasts are standing tall and her firm behind doing the most. All those hours she puts in the gym are working well for her.

She works her magic on the pole and she hears gasps here and there which only fuel her up even further. The men all have their eyes glued on her with smiles and smirks plastered across their faces but his is a minutely different. She gets down and slowly strides towards him. He has his intense gaze fixed on her while he puffs on his cigar. The smoke adds a little bit of suspense in this world only they’re in. She gets to him and stands with her legs slightly

opened. Her heart beats out of her chest as he runs his finger up and down my thigh causing her to shiver.

He motions for her to turn around and she does so seductively. He can feel himself getting hotter by the second. His hand is slowly moving up and down her butt, savouring the moment. He's gentle, too gentle for her liking. She is not used to men taking their time to caress her like he is doing in this moment.

He stands up and his mighty presence shrinks her, making her feel like a non-existent particle. His bulge against her back is awakening things in her. If she could she would pounce on him right there and then but unfortunately the situation does not allow her to. He gently runs his hand up from her stomach all the way to her breast giving it a gentle squeeze before moving it to her neck. He chokes her gently whilst giving her earlobe a light bite. An involuntary moan escapes her mouth. In this moment she feels like the universe is against her.

"You like that?" He asks softly against her ear.

"Yeah." She says breathlessly. Her body is shaking slightly with desire. Her knees feel as if though they're going to give in any second now.

"Thank you for the dance." He says then lets her go. She nods lightly. He adjusts his pants to accommodate his bulge before settling back in his seat. She walk away slowly giving him one last look at her behind. He continues coolly puffing on his cigar as he watches her disappear from his sight.

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She grabs her gown and fastens it around her body.

"Friend." She turns around and finds Molemo looking at her with a smile on her face. She walks to her and gives her a tight squeeze. She has a special spot for Molemo in her heart. They met at work when Molemo started working at the bar and the connection was instant.

"Hey love." She kisses her cheek then lets go of her.

"I hear those men can't stop complimenting your ass." Betty chuckles while shaking her head. In her head she cooks up some cocky response but decides against it.

"Yeah well." She shrugs her shoulders. She looks unaffected by what Molemo just said.

"Come see me when you're done for the day ne. I have to go serve those grumpy men their drinks." Molemo says.

“Leave before you get in trouble.”

“Later.” She spansks her ass and walks out just as Madame walks in.

“Betty you’re on glory hole duty.” Betty gives her a blank look. Madame shrugs and walks out. Betty gulps down the remainder of her wine then makes her way to the room. She hopes that this time is better than last.

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“You look thoroughly ate.” Mandy says as Betty walk in causing her to roll her eyes. “Roll them all you want oksalayo.” Mandy says with a slight chuckle.

“Waphapha weitsi.”

“Just like you. So was the dick good?” Betty shrugs nonchalantly. “Haai tell me phela.” She says taking a sip of her champagne. She really knows how to guzzle it down.

“It was average.” Betty says as she drops her gown. Mandy gazes at her with lust in her eyes but quickly dismisses it.

“Just average?” Mandy asks.

“Yep.” Betty answers as she wiggles into her jeans. She has that typical black girl struggle with jeans.

“Why I never get glory hole duty I don’t know. Like the thrill of having him pound the shit out of you without touching you yeses. Ngithi your ass stuck on that wall and just taking the dick.” She squeezes her extra juicy D sized breasts and moans causing Betty to groan. She looks at Betty with a smirk and steps closer. She has seen how Betty looks at her sometimes and she has concluded that she has some sort of effect on her.

“Mandy stoop.” She stops and shrugs then goes back to her original spot.

“The day I eat you out friend hmmm.” Mandy says as she downs her drink.

“You’re such a hoe.”

“I was made for this life man. Anyway I have a date tomorrow night with that yummy coloured guy.” Mandy says. It’s silent for a few seconds before Betty clears her throat to speak.

“Mr Dippenaar?” She asks with shock written all over her face. Betty can’t believe what Mandy has just told her.

“Yes that one.” Mandy responds nonchalantly.

“What happened to not being seen with married men outside of this place?” They have a rule against getting together with their clients outside of work. They know the risk of bumping into wives is huge.

“Argh man he’s just taking me out for dinner that’s all.”

“Mandy.” Betty says hoping that Mandy will reconsider her decision to go on this date.

“Betty please tuu.” Once Mandy has made up her mind there is no changing it.

“Hmmm.” Clearly defeated Betty cuts the conversation.

“You need dick in your life.” They chortle. Betty fixes her wig then grabs her bag.

“Bye baby I’ll see you tomorrow.” She blows her a kiss.

“I love you be safe.”

“I love you too nawe be safe. Sharp.” She walks out passing by the bar to check on Molemo but she’s told she’s done for the day. She was hoping she would catch her before she left.

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Betty is waiting for the elevator when she suddenly feels his mighty presence. She turns her head slightly and finds him standing not so far from her. Heat travels all throughout her body. The doors open. She steps in and he follows her in. She can feel his intense gaze on me and her stomach churns. His presence does things to her that she can’t explain.

The doors open and she step out with him hot on her tail.

This underground parking is dodgy and she is actually grateful that he’s walking behind her. She gets to my car and she can feel that he’s closer.

He cages her in between the car and her breathing escalates. He has this effect on her that she really has no control over. He plants a wet kiss on her neck and she moans as his warm lips against her skin sends signals straight down to her quim. His hand running up and down her arms gently sending tingles throughout her whole body.

“Bye Betty.” He says softly against her ear. All she can do is nod. She can’t believe what just happened.

He opens her door and she slides in then buckles up.

She sees him through her rear-view mirror standing there watching her as she drives away. She battles in her head as to what she will do with this pool between her legs.

# ONE

“You’re already guzzling down your stuff so early though Mandy?” Betty says with shock evident in her words.

“Phela some of us need that extra boost.”

“You just like alcohol that’s it.” Mandy shrugs and downs her drink causing Betty to chuckle. Mandy and her champagne darling are inseparable. For as long as Betty has known her she’s been sipping on the right kind of things as she calls them.

“Your ass looks extra today.” Mandy says checking her out.

“Squats lover squats.” Betty demonstrates how she gets her butt looking the way it does causing Mandy to chuckle lowly.

“You are serious about your job ne? As long as they have a hole to poke and jugs to rest on then I’m good.”

“I love your yellow tits.” Betty didn’t intend on that coming out. Mandy smirks.

“Are you ever going to let me eat you out mara?” Mandy asks while she refills her flute then takes a sip. Some of it runs out the mouth and travels from the corner of her mouth all the way down to the cleavage. Betty has the right mind of licking it off right now.

“I need to go find Molemo.” Betty practically runs out of there. Mandy has some sort of effect on her and she just doesn’t get it sometimes.

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“Hey is Molemo in today?” Betty asks the lady behind the bar.

“Yeah I’ll get her for you.” She walks away and Betty settles at the bar. Molemo smiles when she sees her and Betty can’t help but return it. She’s a beautiful soul this one. She shouldn’t be here. This place is not for girls like her.

“Hey.”

“Well hello gorgeous look at you.” Her afro is out to play today. She has that kind of hair that everyone envies. Betty has always expressed how much she wants to chop it off.

“Thank you so do you.”



“Mxm.” She chuckles. “So how did registration go?”

“I got in.” Betty squeals and jumps on her.

“I’m so proud of you baby girl.” She says genuinely. From the first time she met Molemo she just knew in her that she had to look out for her.

“Thank you. Now I stress about funds.” Betty frowns. Molemo is only working this job just to get herself through life. See life doesn’t play nice with some people and it feels like it’s always the nicest people that have it hard. Her mother is an alcoholic and so she basically had to raise herself. She got the job at the bar a few months ago. She wants to start stripping because the money is better but Betty is having none of it. That side of things is not for the faint hearted. It’s not for nice girls.

“You know I got you.” Betty says but Molemo shakes her head. “Molemo just accept my help tuu. I told you that you’re my baby sister and I hate that you’re still working here but I understand.”

“Betty you don’t get it. I’ve always had to have my own back.” Betty heaves a sigh.

“I get it and I’m saying sometimes you need to accept that some people will care about you. Now I’m going to pay for the first semester and you better nail it.” She smiles and kisses her cheek.

“You’re the best prostitute I’ve ever come across.” Betty chortles. She isn’t fazed by anyone calling her a prostitute. It’s who she is and she’s proud of it.

“Waphapha wena.”

“I love you. Now let me get back to work before I get in trouble.”

“Love you too boo. Bye.” Betty leaves her to get on with her work and heads to her room. Madame walks in and Betty look at her blankly.

“You have a private dance request and a sit in.” Betty raises her eyebrow. She’s never heard of a sit in before.

“A what?”

“A sit in. He wants you to watch once you’ve given him his dance.” Betty chuckles. Some men are freaks.

“Okay.” She walks out. This is going to be a first for her. She’s never had to watch anyone before. Hmmm should be interesting she says to herself. She puts on her lace thong and a matching bra and finishes the look off with her red thigh high boots. A red lip and that’s it. Showtime.

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“Driver roll up the partition please

Driver roll up the partition please

I don't you need seeing 'Yonce on her knees

Took forty-five minutes to get all dressed up

We ain't even gonna make it to this club

Now my mascara running, red lipstick smudged

Oh he so horny, yeah he wants to fuck

He bucked all my buttons, he ripped my blouse

He Monica Lewinski'd all on my gown

Oh there daddy, daddy didn't bring the towel

Oh baby, baby we slow it down

Took forty-five minutes to get all dressed up

We ain't even gonna make it to this club

Take all of me

I just wanna be that girl you like, girl you like

The kind of girl you like, girl you like

Take all of me

I just wanna be that girl you like, girl you like

The kind of girl you like, girl you like

Is right here with me

Driver roll up the partition fast

Driver roll up the partition fast

Over there, I swear I saw them cameras flash  
Handprints and footprints on my glass  
Handprints and good grips all on my ass  
Private show with the music blasting  
He like to call me Peaches when we get this nasty  
Red wine drip, talk that trash  
Chauffer eavesdropping trying not to crash”

Betty struts into the room locking eyes with him. She should've known that it was him. He's the only one that ever wants just a dance. Something passes through his eyes and she's reminded of their moment outside of her car. How he left her wanting him. How she had to get home and well let's just say her hand shower did the right things.

Her shoulders up high and her back straight she swings her hips left and right as she walks with one foot in front of the other. He licks his lips and she just wants to pounce on him whoooah Betty that's not what you're here she reprimands herself. She glides her hands along her body. Betty stops when she reaches her breasts and gives them a tight squeeze and a moan escapes her mouth. Partition is also getting her in the mood.

They're still locking eyes and she gives him a slight smile. He chuckles and leans back on his chair. Very confident. She struts around the chair and she can feel him trying to move with me. She has her hands on his shoulder and his one hand is behind the chair and his other one is on his crotch. Betty stands in front of him with her legs slightly open. He runs his hand up and down the inside of her thigh and Betty can feel herself getting wet by the second.

She slowly lowers herself onto his lap and wraps her legs around the chair. She has her arms around his neck and his hands are holding onto her ass for dear life. Her lady on his pulsing bulge is driving her insane. She moves her waist around in circles and their mates continue having a conversation.

He gently licks her lip.

She wants him.

She wants more.

She slowly gets off his lap and spread his legs then stand between them. Her hands are on his knees as she slowly dips her body all the way to the ground and come up slowly. She

winds and dips making sure never to break eye contact. As she gives her boobs a squeeze then moves her hands down her body he looks at her with a smirk. His eyes have darkened and his bulge ready to play. Betty slowly moves towards him and stand inches away from him.

She keeps moving her hands up and down her body and she can see it's affecting him. Betty turns around and she hears him grunt. He has an obsession with her ass and it's quite clear. She bends over a little and shakes it causing him to chuckles but she has come to know that that is not a friendly chuckle. Betty slowly gets down and puts her hands on the floor and continues backing it up. Her ass on his crotch is pure bliss. She gets up slowly and in on swift move she's back on his lap with his hot breath against her ear.

"I want to fuck you Betty." He gently bites her lobe sending shivers down her spine.

"Then why don't you?" She asks breathlessly. He chuckles and places a wet kiss on her neck.

"I can't Betty." He sucks on her neck and she tilts her head giving him more space. He's squeezing her boobs and sucking on her neck and his pulsing mate is not making things easier for Betty.

A knock comes through the door and he curses under his breath before letting her go.

"Ours ends here but you can make yourself comfortable on the couch." She gets off his lap and struts her way to the couch.

Betty settles on the couch and watches him take his clothes off. His dick springs free and she gasp. He looks at her with a smirk and strokes it as he walks toward the door. He opens and Betty hears as gasp before she walks in. Fucken hell Mandy gets to have this dick before me? Betty screams in her head. That's just fucked up, she thinks to herself. He puts on a condom then starts sucking on Mandy's neck and Betty's bean throbs. This is not fair. Betty wants him. She wants his black juicy dick deep inside of her. She wants him to tear her up. He's been teasing her for months now, so feels like she deserves the dick.

"Ahhhhhh." Mandy moans bringing Betty back to reality. He has Mandy on all fours and he's deep inside of her. He groans. Betty wants to cry. Her body is shaking with need. He's fucking Mandy hard and fast. Mandy's boobs are also doing the most right now. Those big ass tits will be the death of Betty. "Shiiit yes daddy harder." Mandy moans louder. Betty can't take this. Her hand travels down to my vagina and she get to work. She needs to release.

"Riiight there daady... yeeee. Shit your fucken cock feels so good inside my cunt." Oh Mandy and dirty talk are the best of friends. "Fuck me right there. Yees yess yess." She screams and Betty can see her knees give in. He holds her up and continues thrusting then groans.

Great now it's my turn Betty says to herself. She closes her eyes and imagines him pounding her inside out and just at that thought she comes undone. Betty rides out her wave before slowly opening her eyes. He's standing in front of her with a smirk plastered across his face.

"You're very beautiful Betty." He helps her up then places a kiss on her cheek. Betty leaves the room feeling confused. Now she needs to face Mandy. Bitch is going to go on and on for years about this, Betty thinks to herself.

## TWO

“Bitch what the hell just happened?” Betty chuckle as she flop herself on the couch. She’s horny and mad as hell. It was the first time she ever did something like that. Sure she’s been in the orgy room before and she’s had a threesome but that? She has never.

“I don’t know.”

“Giiiiirlll phela that’s Mr Dance.” Mandy exclaims. She has a nickname for mystery man being Mr Dance because all Betty ever does for him is dance. He’s been coming in here for months and not once has he touched her or any of the girls, well that was until now.

“Haai.” Betty waves Mandy off.

“I’m sorry I had the dick before you ne.” Betty shakes her head. “Come on Betty.”

“Hawu kanti what did I say?”

“I can see you’re mad. Is it because you’re horny?”

“Nope.” Mandy chuckles and takes a sip of her drink.

“No for real though I’m sorry but you know a bitch gotta get paid.” Betty chortles. Mandy is a hoe of note.

“Yeah yeah I know.”

“Now let me take care of that itch for you.”

“Haai stay away from me.”

“We’re all just scared to ask but I’m going to take one for the team.” Betty looks at her with an eyebrow raised. “Are you lesbian?” The room is suddenly filled with Betty’s laugh. What the hell? She says to herself.

“What the hell Mandy? No actually what the fuck?” Betty is puzzled.

“I know I have that effect on you. Come on okay maybe you’re not lesbian but you’re horny and I have that effect on you. Let me have a taste.” Mandy says while holding a steady gaze on Betty.

“Stay away from me.” Mandy slowly makes her way to Betty and she stands frozen. Mandy pulls her closer and runs her tongue over Betty’s lips then gently bites her bottom lip.

“Mandy.” Betty doesn’t know if she wants her to stop. Actually no she’s too horny but damn it this is wrong. She doesn’t want to do that to Mandy but she’s not in control of her body right now.

“Let me take care of you baby.” She pulls Betty closer and gently places her lips on hers.

Her kiss is gentle and unhurried. Mandy’s hands are firmly on Betty’s ass and Betty can feel herself getting weaker. Mandy has always had this effect on Betty. From the first time Betty laid her eyes on Mandy her clit just went crazy. The way her juicy D’s just hang there, her flat stomach that’s not so flat but is very flat and don’t get her started on that juicy ass. The way it shakes when she’s doing her thing on that pole. Lort it should be illegal. Mandy’s fingers find Betty’s clit and she jump but Mandy pulls her closer. Betty hates how sensitive that shit is. She always feels like hers is ten times more sensitive than others. Mandy lays Betty on her back and rips her thong off. She moves from her lips and finds her pussy and gets right into it.

“Shiiit Mandyyyyy.” Betty is holding onto Mandy’s head for dear life. She’s sucking and kissing and biting and Betty is a moaning mess.

“I love your fat juicy pussy baby.” She murmurs against it and the vibrations just send Betty into the land of the cummings. Her legs are shaking and her back is arched so much so that she feels like she’s reaching for the ceiling. She continues sucking while she rides out her wave. Well damn Mandy, she shouts. Betty eventually calms down from her high and Mandy comes up to Betty’s lips and she moans the minute she tastes herself on Mandy’s lips.

“I’m not lesbian just curious.” Betty murmurs against Mandy’s lips.

“Well you can be curious with me any day baby. Your pussy is life.” She gives Betty a soft peck then gets off of her and helps her up. Mandy winks at Betty then grabs her glass and walks out. Betty clean herself up then find a new set and put that on.

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“Shit you did the things tonight. That fat ass tip that you got from that man? Damn.” Betty chuckles and zips her jacket up

“Yeah well it really isn’t such a big deal.” Mandy rolls her eyes.

“Konje wena you have nice life problems. You’re such a mystery friend.” Betty shakes her head and grabs her bag.

“And you’re dramatic.” Betty says.

“No really. I know the money here is good ne but that beamer? Hmmm.” Betty chortles.

“Like I said you’re dramatic. I just suck dick really hard that’s all.” She winks at Mandy and walk out.

It’s the end of the day and Betty just needs a bath, glass of red and a good read. Yes prostitutes read. They are human after all right? Betty is well aware of the stereotype surrounding prostitutes. It’s the same with car guards. Betty loves reading in fact if it were up to her she would’ve been some book reviewer or something along those lines.

“Leaving already?” Molemo says. Betty loves her innocence. It’s sad that life dealt her the worst hand but she’s strong and she’s making it work and for that Betty is proud of her.

“Yeah do you need a ride?” Betty asks.

“No double shift.” Molemo answers.

“Ahhha but don’t break your back akere Molemo.”

“I promise I won’t.”

“Come visit me next weekend that’s if you’re off.” She squeals almost breaking the glass she has in her hand. “Calm down.” Molemo puts the glass down and does a mini dance. Betty can’t help but laugh.

“Thank you sis.” Betty nods lightly.

“I’m not coming in tomorrow so I’ll see you Friday.”

“I’m not working on Friday so Monday it is sis.”

“Have a super weekend. Love you.”

“Love you too.” Betty leans over the counter and counter and place a peck on Molemo’s cheek.

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He’s sitting in the corner booth and as usual he’s puffing on his cigar. Actually doesn’t he work? He’s always here. ALWAYS, Betty thinks to herself. He gives Betty a light nod and she returns it. Betty walks towards the elevator and just like the other the day he’s right behind



her. His presence always shrinks her. She's a long girl but in his presence she feels beyond small.

They walk into the elevator and silence takes over. He's still puffing on his cigar and well her clit is still throbbing.

"So Betty." She looks up at him and he has on his soft look this time.

"Yes." she says softly.

"Have I ever told you that you're beautiful?" Betty nods shyly. This man right here has the power to get her to agree to everything he says struu. "I can't hear you Betty."

"Yes." He moves closer to her and uses his arm to cage her in. He steps closer and looks her dead in the eye. Her stomach. Oh her poor stomach can't handle the zoo that is happening in there. The lift doors open and he doesn't move. "The doors." Betty says breathlessly. He lowers his head and gives her a soft peck. She closes her eyes and takes in his presence. Lort death is upon me, she says dramatically in her head. She opens her eyes and finds his looking at her with nothing but lust.

She doesn't know why but her eyes move down and boy his bulge, hmmm that's all she can say. He makes way for her and she walks out. He walks besides her and keeps stealing glances at her until they reach her car. She unlocks the car and he opens the door for her. She slides in and he buckles her up.

"I'll see you on Friday Betty." How did he know she's not coming in tomorrow? Well damn stalker tendencies.

"Okay."

"I'm sorry you had to watch me fuck Mandy." Her breath hitches and her clit does the dance. She nods lightly. He closes the door and watches as she drives off. Modimo that man is going to kill her. She needs to get home and take out her toy stash and play.

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Ahhh home. The lift doors open and she walk in then proceeds to turn on the under floor heating and kick offs her shoes, she'll see to them later she says in the head. She throws her bag on the counter and grab a flute and heads to her cellar. She channels her inner Mandy and grab a bottle of champagne darling. This cellar was her personal touch in this space. It was a bedroom when she moved in here but it was useless to her because no one ever visits and she has that executive suite she uses for 'guests'.

She throws herself on the couch and turn on the TV. Her space is all white with couches of black, grey and random pops colours. Originally she wanted the whole thing all white but her interior decorator was having none of it. So she had to compromise and she must admit this looks so much better than her white nonsense. The high windows complimented by this Aztec inspired chandelier.

Her phone vibrates. It's a message from an unknown number.

"Betty I hope you got home safe. P.S I can't wait for the day I get to fuck your brains out."  
She throws her phone aside and squeezes her thighs together.

"Fuck this man."

## **THREE**

Betty has been lying awake for a few hours. Her mind is racing with thoughts of Mr Dance. The main thought being how he actually got hold of her number.

In all the times she has danced for him he has never, not once asked for her number. Was he some sort of stalker? One of those men that lurk in the dark that only comes out into the light to have their way with women then throw them into the claws of death? That thought sends chills down her spine. He's not that bad, she says to herself. Is she trying to convince herself that her perfect stranger isn't one of 'those' then again how sure could she be? She has barely had a conversation with the man.

Her phone pings breaking her out of her suspicious thoughts.

"Good morning sis I hope you have a great day. Please rest just stay in bed all day okay? Great LOVE YOU." Betty breaks out into a full-blown grin. The message from Molemo has just set the mood for her entire day.

"Thank you love. I sure will. Le wena don't work yourself to death. Love you too my angel." She presses send then rolls out of bed and settles on the floor. It's her morning ritual. Sit on the floor in complete silence before taking on the day. After a few minutes have passed she gets up then heads to the bathroom.

She examines herself in the mirror for a bit before knitting her brows. She looks horrible. Too much champagne can do that to you. She washes her face then brushes her teeth after. She's still looking at herself and she can't help but wonder if this is where she thought she would be. Growing up in the kind of environment that she did, her life choices would be frowned upon.

She shakes away her thoughts and finishes up then heads to the kitchen. Part of looking great is eating healthy. Betty isn't much of a health freak but her profession requires her to have energy and stamina so eating healthy and exercising has to be part of her everyday life.

She pulls out her ingredients for her green smoothie. It doesn't taste good but it gets the job done. She downs it while making funny faces and gagging in between. At the back of her mind she's thinking about all the reasons why she can't vomit this disgusting drink. She finally downs the last few drops and burps afterwards. She sets the glass in the sink then moves to her fridge to look for something to eat.

There's nothing.

She heaves a sigh, closes the fridge and walks to her bedroom. She makes the bed then rushes to the bathroom to take a quick shower. She finishes off, gets dressed then heads out.

If there is one thing that Betty hates more than anything it's the mall but she was grateful that it was a Thursday and it wasn't month end yet so she knew the mall wouldn't be that packed. Betty planned on having breakfast then doing her grocery shopping after.

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Finding parking was a breeze for Betty. She thanked her lucky stars because she knew that it wouldn't be so packed inside.

Betty requested a corner table because she wasn't in the mood to have people look at her in pity assuming that she'd been stood up. In Betty's world there was nothing wrong with a person spoiling themselves with a well deserves breakfast for one but unfortunately in this world we live in dining by yourself means you're a loner.

The waiter brings Betty her food. She thanks him then says a mini prayer before digging in. As soon as the bacon filled croissant touches her tongue she moans. Her taste buds are going insane at the moment. She continues having her meal with moans in-between until she finishes.

Betty is pushing her trolley minding her own when her eyes spot him. He's wearing a black ripped jean with a black t-shirt and a black biker jacket. He looks effortlessly handsome. Betty has never seen him in anything else other than a suit. Heat spreads throughout her body as she continues to ogle him. A beautiful woman walks to him with something in her hand and throws it in their trolley. Mr Dance says something to her and she breaks into laughter.

The woman is beautiful even Betty is captivated by her beauty. Her skin looks like it has been kissed by the sun and her freckles seem to enhance her beauty. She is wearing a beautiful baby bump that has her glowing. The pregnancy looks like it agrees with her. He puts his hand on her stomach and rubs it gently while she smiles.

Betty can't help but feel a pang of jealousy. She can't help but wonder why he has been coming onto her so strong if he had a wife waiting for him at home. Sure most of her clients are married men but all they ever did with her was fuck her then leave. None of the things that he'd been doing. Why he would even cheat on such a beautiful woman was beyond what she could fathom.

Mr Dance and his Mrs were oblivious to the fact that Betty was standing there watching them. She finally gathers enough strength to carry on with her shopping.

As she moves from aisle to aisle she sees them walking towards her. Everything in her screams 'turn around' but it seems like there is a disconnection between her body and mind. She sucks in a deep breath and pushes her trolley.

For a few seconds Betty's mind is preoccupied. She crashes into something and realises that she just bumped into Mrs Dance.

"I am so sorry." Betty says in a panic.

"It's okay, I wasn't looking where I was going." Mrs Dance sounds like a humble soul Betty thinks to herself.

"I hope you aren't hurt." Betty says with her eyes looking at the baby bump.

"No I'm okay really." A sense of relief washes over Betty. She nods and apologises once more. She hadn't realised Mr Dance wasn't in their midst until he spoke.

"Is this brand okay?" He asks his Mrs.

"Yes." She responds in her angelic voice.

"Betty?" That came out as a cross between a statement and a question.

"You two know each other?" Mrs Dance asks with a hint of amusement in her voice. Betty suddenly feels small. She regrets wearing the extra tight shorts that she has on.

"Yes we do." Mr Dance responds in confidence shocking Betty. Mrs Dance nods and walks away. In this moment Betty feels bad. She can't help but wonder if Mrs Dance knows about her Mr's shenanigans.

"Hi." Betty says softly.

"You look good." He has his usual intense gaze on her but this time it feels different. Maybe it has everything to do with the fact that they're in public and that his companion might be looking at them.

"Thank you." Betty says shyly. Even in 'odd' places he still makes her feel all heated up.

"I have to go now but I'll see you on Saturday?" She shakes her head causing him to frown.  
"What do you mean no?"

"I mean." She pauses and sighs. "I'll see you on Saturday." He gives her his signature smirk then nods.

“Bye Betty.” He walks away pushing his trolley leaving Betty heated. She knows it’s wrong but she can’t help it. She goes about her business with thoughts of Mr Dance running through her mind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is manoeuvring around her kitchen when her phone rings. She glances at it before clenching her jaws. She goes back to pots while shaking her body gently to the music that is playing softly through the speakers. Her phone disturbs her again. She heaves a sigh while staring at her flashing screen. She has no desire whatsoever to answer the call. The flashing stops but she doesn’t put the phone away. She feels wetness on her face. She’s crying. She vigorously wipes her tears then heads to her cellar to grab a bottle of wine to calm her thoughts and emotions.

## **FOUR**

Puffy eyes and a stiff body are the order of the day for Betty. She spent her night drinking her emotions away after she received the mysterious phone calls. Betty eventually switched her phone and had her one woman party forgetting that she has work the following day.

She's been in the shower for close to an hour now but instead of feeling better, she feels worse. She eventually finishes off then makes her way to the kitchen in her birthday suit. She prepares her morning drink and downs it then heads back to the bedroom to get ready for the day ahead.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is in her private room at the club doing her makeup when Madame walks in.

"Betty." Betty looks at her through the mirror. As much as Madame is the boss she knows that Betty runs the show. She is the best stripper she has.

"Yeah."

"You have a private dance request."

"Is it him?"

"Yes."

"No sit in today?"

"No just a dance." Betty nods. Madame walks out leaving Betty to get ready. Frustrations is what Betty is feeling at the moment. She hates the fact that he knows that he has power over her. She can't refuse to dance for him because it's her job and as much as she doesn't need it at the moment she enjoys it.

She finishes off then makes her way to the assigned room.

\*\*\*\*\*

He's sitting on the couch puffing on his cigar. Betty wonders if his lungs are still intact because she has never seen him without a cigar in his hand.

"Hello Betty."

"Hi." She says not even attempting to move from her spot. She can't bring herself to engage in anything with this man knowing very well that she has seen him with his wife. His pregnant wife at that. She understands that men come in to blow off steam all the time however in this case it's different.

"Why are you standing there?" She struts her way over to him and he pulls her onto his lap.

"You requested a dance." She says. He places soft wet kisses on her neck sending shivers through her whole body. In true Mr Dance style he is gentle with her.

"I want something else now." He sucks on her neck and a soft moan escapes her mouth.

"What do you want?" She asks breathlessly.

"I want you to suck my dick." Betty lazily turns to look at him and he has a smirk plastered across his face.

"Okay." Betty says then licks her lips. It's her job after all.

Betty moves her hand from his thigh all the way up to his crotch. She slowly starts massaging his cock and balls outside of his pants. She keeps grabbing and squeezing then releasing the pressure. Mr Dance has his eyes tightly shut as he takes in what Betty is doing to him.

She gets off his lap then helps him to his feet and pulls his pants down along with his briefs. His cock springs free poking Betty on her abdomen. She has her eyes on his as she trails her finger around his crotch. He has his index finger in his mouth in attempts to stop himself from groaning out loud.

Betty falls to her knees whilst still locking eyes with him.

"How do you want it?" She asks seductively with his cock in her hands. He chuckles lowly then smirks. They have a conversation with their eyes and Betty nods. She places wet kisses all around his crotch then finds his balls and takes them in her mouth one at a time. Mr Dance is groaning out loud which motivates Betty.

She gently kisses him up his length until she reaches his mushroom head. She runs the tip of her tongue at the top of his head and he whimpers.

"Ahhh Betty." That's all the more motivation Betty needs. She appreciates it when these men squirm under her control.



"You like?" She asks repeating what she just did.

"Yes." He says breathlessly. She flicks her tongue around his head and he goes insane. She sucks on his head while running her hand up and down the rest of his length. He's groaning uncontrollably and Betty takes the opportunity to take all of him down her throat.

"Shiiiiit Bet..t.y." She deeps throats him and the feeling is one he has never experienced before. She sucks and licks and gently grazes her teeth on his dick. He has his hand in her hair encouraging her to keep going.

She goes faster and sloppier and louder. He's close she can feel it so she pushes her lips together around his cock and moves up and down slowly.

"Shiiiiit." His grip on her hair gets tighter as he shots his load down her throat. Like the bad girl that she is Betty swallows then licks him clean.

"You like that?" She asks in her innocent voice. Mr Dance feels like life has been sucked out of him. He has never.

\*\*\*\*\*

They're sitting on the couch when his phone rings.

"Sis?" He listens then frowns.

"Okay I'll come through later. Sharp." He hangs up and turns to look at Betty.

"You were saying?" He says.

"Don't you work?" She asks. He chuckles then frowns.

"Why?"

"Because you're always here."

"You're also always here mos." He responds.

"Well I work here." She says back with attitude.

"Do you enjoy what you do Betty?" She frowns. Is he judging her? She thinks to herself.

"I do." He nods lightly.

"If you weren't doing this what would you be doing?"

"What makes you think that this was my second choice?" Betty is clearly getting worked up.

“So this was your first choice?” Betty chuckles and gets up.

“Thank you for your business.” With that said she walks out. She can’t believe that she heard a hint of judgment in his voice.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mandy walks into Betty’s room and flops herself on the couch.

“I just had the smallest dick I’ve ever seen.” She says causing Betty to chortle.

“Small you say?”

“Friend? It was a waste shame but it still adds to my pay check so heey.” Betty continues chortling.

“Exactly.” Betty says. “How was your date?”

“It was good.” Mandy responds with a smile.

“Hmmm.”

“Stop with your judgmental shit all these men are married.”

“Okay Mandy. Bye Mandy.” Betty makes her way to the central space for her show.

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“Yes baby.” Cheers and whistles erupt all around the room as Betty works her magic on the pole. Mr Dance is watching as Betty spreads her legs on that pole.

“Shit I want her all tied up.” One man says.

“I know right I’m sure her cunt can swallow this big dick of mine nicely.” Another responds. Mr Dance feels himself getting worked up listening to these men talking about Betty. He gets up and walks out leaving the show before it even gets anywhere.

\*\*\*\*\*

As usual Mr Dance is waiting for Betty to knock off as always. He knows how dangerous the life of a prostitute is. That's why he always waits for her to knock off and walks her to her car. He goes inside to look for her but he's told she just went down. He rushes to the underground to look for her but he's too late. She's already left.

## **FIVE**

It's been a week since Betty last saw Mr Dance and it's a bit unusual because she is accustomed to seeing him on a daily basis. A part of her misses him but she will not admit to it because she has a rule against having any sort of emotional connection with her clients.

She's just finished dancing for the day and she is relaxing in her room waiting for her last client of the day who will only be there just before knock off time. She lies on the couch and takes in the music that is playing softly through her speakers. A certain song comes on and her heart aches. She quickly changes it and tries to musk her feelings.

Mandy walks in with a glass in her hand as usual.

"Great dance as always friend." Mandy says as she throws herself on the couch.

"Thanks love. How's your day looking?" Betty asks.

"I have two clients left. I just hope the two remaining ones won't be disappointing because I really need something interesting." Mandy is unapologetic about her love for dick which is something that Betty admires.

"Nigerian dick?" Mandy looks at Betty as if she just grew horns.

"No nope had that once and I couldn't pee for the longest time. Just Venda dick will do really or maybe Sotho dick I hear your Sotho brothers are packing." Betty laughs out loud.

"Yes they are. Well the ones that I've had anyway. I remember this one though who didn't even wait for me to get slightly lubed up. Gosh plus he was a 2 minute noodle." Mandy chortles.

"Small dick and early ejaculation is a waste of my kegels really. I mean I squeeze and squeeze and for what? Haai." She throws her drink back then refills.

"Mandy." Betty says softly.

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever had a thing for a client?" Mandy nods lightly.

"His name was Tebogo and he was the most handsome client I had. He became a regular and the sex was just bomb. He had my body hanging upside down, I was flipped like a pancake gosh he did the damn things. He started taking me out on dates and shopping sprees and you know how stupid feelings are, they like to get involved in things that don't involve them. We both fell for each other and it was downhill from there. He became

jealous each time a client would look my way it got to a point where he wanted me to stop working and live off of his money but I couldn't. What would happen when he got tired of me? I couldn't do that to myself. So I told him that I couldn't be exclusive with him. He threw a fit and walked out with my heart." Betty feels her heart sink to the pit of her stomach. Mandy has tears coming out of her eyes and that is a heart breaking sight.

"Mandy." Betty says softly.

"I loved him. I fell for him and I bloody loved him but because of who I am and what I do we just couldn't be." She chuckles while wiping her tears.

"Where is he now?" Betty asks.

"I've seen him a few times here but that's it."

"If he were to ask again would you?" Betty needs to know.

"I don't want to depend on a man for the rest of my life Betty. I can't. I know that what I do isn't exactly ideal but it's my job and it pays the bills. I can't have that taken away from me." Betty is shook. Mandy has never been this deep before.

"I understand."

"It hurts that I could've possibly lost the love of my life but life goes on right?" She takes a sip of her champagne directly from the bottle.

"Mandy." Betty says with a frown on her face.

"Haai let's stop with the emotional stuff. I haven't seen Mr Dance in a while." Betty shrugs.

"Yeah me too."

"I hope he's fine or maybe he's found himself a new strip joint and he's forgotten about us here." They share a laugh. Betty knows that her life wouldn't be the same without Betty.

"I hope not because he makes for an interesting audience member." Betty says.

"Oh I bet he does."

"You have no idea."

"Bitch I've had his dick." Betty grunts.

"You're not going to let that up are you?"

"Nope." Mandy responds then laughs. "Okay I'll stop teasing you about it."

"Thank you." Betty says. They spend their time talking about unnecessary things while guzzling down Mandy's champagne.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is getting ready for her client when she's told that someone has requested to see her. She makes her way to the room and finds Mr Dance sitting on a chair in the middle of the room.

"Hi." She says softly. She's relieved that he's fine. A part of her wants to ask about his disappearance but she reprimands herself.

"Hey how are you?" He gets up from his chair and makes his way to her.

"I'm fine and you?"

"I'm good."

"You wanted to see me?" She says.

"I just wanted to see you that's all."

"Oh." She doesn't know how to respond to that. "Well I have a client so I have to go." He frowns.

"I see."

"Bye." She turns around and walks out before he can even say anything.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty makes her way to the room and her client has his back to her. She closes the door and waits for him to turn around. She gets the shock of her life when she sees who her final client for the day is.

## SIX

Betty can't believe her eyes. She wishes the earth could open up and swallow her whole. The man standing before her is also standing frozen. He feels like this is some sick joke.

"Betty?" He says in an uncertain voice.

"Ntate Mokoena." Betty says softly.

"Betty Moloji is this you?" Betty suddenly feels uneasy. She can't believe that her next client is a friend of her father's. Tongue tied Betty just settles on the couch. This is a mess.

"Ntate Mokoena what are you doing here?" Betty finally breaks the silence.

"What am I doing here? I came to have a good time but instead I find something that will kill my friend." He says in a slightly raised voice.

"So you're cheating on your wife?" Betty asks.

"That's beside the point. Betty do your parents know what you do?" She doesn't respond.

"Of course they don't because they wouldn't agree to this filth. How could you do this to them?" He asks in a pained voice. Betty doesn't know how to respond to that. "After everything they've done for you this is how you repay them?"

"Are you going to tell them?"

"Do you think they won't find out on their own accord? Do you honestly think that someone else who knows you won't see you here then go running to them?" Betty sighs. "But no I won't tell them because you will do it yourself."

"I'm doing no such thing." She shoots back. Ntate Mokoena shakes his head.

"They are going to be very disappointed in you." With that said he grabs his jacket and walks out leaving Betty with a lump in her throat.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is waiting for the elevator that won't seem to come down. She keeps pressing the button vigorously. She decides to take the stairs instead. As she's walking down the creepy stairs she feels a presence behind her, it's Mr Dance. She clicks her tongue and rushes down the stairs. She's not in the mood for him. Especially not after her encounter with Ntate Mokoena.

“Betty what’s wrong?” He holds puts his arm around her waist and pulls her closer.

“Nothing.” She says trying to shimmy her way out of his hold. He holds her tighter and pulls her to what she assumes is his car.

“Let’s go.” He says with so much authority.

“I’m not going anywhere with you.” She says.

“Betty stop being stubborn just get in the car please.”

“You don’t get to tell me what to do.”

“But I said please.” He flashes his sweet smile and she chuckles. She gets in the car and they drive off.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Are you going to tell me what’s got you so upset?” He glances at her then focuses back at the road.

“It’s nothing. Where are you taking me?”

“To my place.” He says confidently. Betty nods then makes herself comfortable on the seat. A Ginuwine song comes through and he starts singing while stealing glances at Betty

“I’m just a bachelor

I’m looking for a partner

Someone who knows how to ride

Without even falling off

Gotta be compatible

Takes me to my limits

Girl when I break you off

I promise that you won't want to get off

If you're horny, let's do it



Ride it, my pony

My saddle's waiting

Come and jump on it

If you're horny, let's do it

Ride it, my pony

My saddle's waiting

Come and jump on it

Sitting here flossing

Peeping your steelo

Just once if I have the chance

The things I will do to you

You and your body

Every single portion

Send chills up and down your spine

Juices flowing down your thigh

If you're horny, let's do it

Ride it, my pony

My saddle's waiting

Come and jump on it

If you're horny, let's do it

Ride it, my pony

My saddle's waiting

Come and jump on it

If we're gonna get nasty, baby  
First we'll show and tell  
Till I reach your ponytail  
Lurk all over and through you baby  
Until we reach the stream  
You'll be on my jockey team

If you're horny, let's do it  
Ride it, my pony  
My saddle's waiting  
Come and jump on it  
If you're horny, let's do it  
Ride it, my pony  
My saddle's waiting

Come and jump on it” Betty feels the heat emanating from her lady spread throughout her whole body. His voice alone is sending chills down her spine and the way he’s singing the song with so much intensity is sending a clear message to Betty.

\*\*\*\*\*

They eventually get to his place and they ride up to his apartment is intense. The desire for each other is palpable. Both of them are breathing heavily. Betty can feel his eyes on her but she doesn’t look up.

\*\*\*\*\*

The space is open and that’s all Betty can say about it. There’s a huge black and white portrait of two beautiful children hanging on the wall. The children look like him.

The rest of the wall is just grey. All his furniture is grey actually. Her eyes land on a picture of an older woman. She's beautiful and slightly thick. She assumes it's his mother. She admits as uninspiring as this space is, it almost tells a story of a man with deep issues.

Betty settles on the couch and waits for him to come back. She still doesn't know why she agreed to come back with him.

He walks in with a gown in hand. He's changed out of his tailor-made suit into sweats and a long sleeved vest that's just doing justice to his biceps. He's bare footed and Betty's eyes land on his beautiful toes.

"Put this on." He says handing her the gown.

"Thanks." She takes it and put it on. It smells like him. Manly. She wants to take it with when she leaves.

"Betty."

"Yes." He snaps her out of her thoughts.

"Do you smoke?" She shakes her head. He nods and takes out a joint from a jar that's sitting on top of the coffee table. "I'll be back."

"No it's fine." Betty says.

"You don't mind?" He asks searching for certainty in her eyes.

"I don't." She nods then goes on to light up his blunt. Betty stares at him as he goes in for the first pull. He has his eyes closed and she can tell that he enjoys his smoke. He puffs it out and the smoke immediately fills the space causing Betty to cough lightly.

"Shit Betty are you okay." He asks still holding in his breath.

"I'm fine." She says softly. It seems like this calms him down. He's going in on it and Betty just stares at him like he's some sort of snack.

"So Betty." He says moving closer to her.

"Yeah."

"I want to kiss you." He professes.

"Then why don't you?" She asks seductively.

"I don't just want to kiss your lips Betty. I want to kiss you here." He places a wet kiss on her neck. "And here." He places another one on her cleavage. Betty shivers. Her breathing has escalated and she feels like she's about to pass out. Why does he have this effect on her? There seems to be a seamless desire between them.

“Please.” She doesn’t know what she is begging him to do but she needs him to do something.

He leans in and captures her lips while untying the gown. It falls to the ground and he pulls her top up then undoes her bra. This man has seen her bare chest in the company of others so many times but right now it feels different for Betty.

He has her breasts cupped in his hands and his mouth on hers with his tongue exploring hers gently. She has never had such an electrifying kiss before. He picks her up and she locks her legs around his waist. He walks steadily with her in his arms.

They get to his bedroom and he lays her down gently then continues eating out her mouth.

The weight of his body on hers feels amazing. She inhales his delicious smell as she pulls him closer. He groans in her mouth deepening the kiss. Betty’s clit is throbbing, she is yearning for attention. Attention from him and no one else. He moves from her lips to her nipples and her whole goes into shock.

His warm mouth on her erect nipple sends all the right signals down to her pussy. He pays attention to each of her nipples and she feels like she’s in heaven. He comes up to her face and stares deep into her eyes. His light brown eyes compliment his beautiful dark chocolate skin Betty thinks to herself.

“You’re so beautiful Betty.” His voice is dripping with lust. In one swift move her pants are gone. He palms her pussy through the material and curses. “You’re soaking Betty.” He says in a pained voice.

“Do something.” She says softly.

He gets off the bed and strips. She’s seen him naked before but in this moment it feels different. He reaches over to the side table and pulls out a condom. He looks into her eyes as she slides it on. He grabs her ankle and pulls her down the bed. He leans down and captures her lips as he helps her up to her feet.

He turns her around and bends her over. Her ass is high up and her hands are on the ground. In this moment she’s grateful for all the yoga classes she attends.

He slowly pushes himself in and she welcomes him.

“Ahhhhhh.” She moans as her pussy stretches to accommodate him.

“Shit Betty.” He groans. He pushes his last remaining inches in. He holds onto her waist tightly as he attempts to calm his raging thoughts. Once he feels like he’s in control he starts thrusting. In and out. Hard and fast. His balls slapping against her ass drive him insane along with seeing his dick being swallowed up by her.

He slaps her ass and she moans. He's hitting all the right spots and Betty loses it.

"Oh shit." Betty says as she feels her orgasm approaching. He tries to push him out but he holds her tighter and keeps pounding. "Oh shit nooo no I can't no please I can't." She screams as her orgasm hits her. "Ahhhhhhhhhh." She cries as her orgasm cripples her. Her body is shaking vigorously and her tears are just falling.

"Damn it Betty." He groans as he comes undone. He places soft kisses down her sine as they both calm down from their high.

He pulls out then carries her to the bed and lays her down. Her orgasm has crippled her. He grabs a towel and wipes her clean.

"I down even know your name yet you make her cum so crazily." Betty says lazily before shutting her eyes. He chuckles and kisses her forehead.

"Sleep Betty." He says before pulling her into his arms.

## SEVEN

Betty wakes up feeling warm and well achy. She opens her eyes and realises she's in an unfamiliar room. She panics and jumps out of the bed but the burning sensation that's between her legs forces her to sit back down. Just then he walks in wearing nothing but his briefs. Betty remembers that she left the club with him and he pounded the shit out of her.

"You're awake." He places a kiss on her cheek.

"Hi." She responds softly. She suddenly feels shy around him.

"You had a good nap?"

"I did. What time is it?" She asks.

"Just after 9PM."

"Shit I have to get home." She stands.

"Your car is still at the club." She sighs then sits back down.

"I'll request an uber." She says then stands up again.

"Or you could spend the night with me and I'll take you to your place in the morning." Betty thinks about it for a little bit. It makes sense.

"Okay. I'm hungry." He chuckles.

"I thought you might be so I make us dinner. Woza." He holds his hand out for her and she takes it. Only when they start walking does she realise that she's still naked. She's so used to being practically naked that she doesn't even feel when she's bare.

"I'm naked." She says.

"Yeah I know." He responds and continues leading her to the kitchen.

\*\*\*\*\*

They're sitting on the carpet having the meal that he prepared. It's steak and mash potatoes with a green salad.

"Where did you learn how to cook like this?" She licks the mash that's on her finger a bit too seductively causing him to groan.

“My brother is a chef.” He answers proudly. Betty can tell that he is proud of his brother because of the smile that is on his face.

“He must be a really great chef.”

“I actually learned how to cook from mom, we all did. We’d spend hours in the kitchen with her. We still do when I go visit home for the weekend.” He has a smile plastered across his face.

“Sounds like she is a wonderful mom.”

“She is the best a guy could ever ask for.” Betty nods then focuses back on her food.

“So what do you do?” She asks him.

“I’m a physicist.” Betty nods lightly.

“So you’re a smart man.” He chuckles.

“I just work hard.”

“So when do you get time to physicise when you’re always at the club?” He laughs out loud even throwing his head back.

“Physicise? Did you just make up a new word for the oxford dictionary Betty?” She chuckles lightly.

“Argh man.” He’s still laughing.

“Well my job is flexible.” He tells her coolly. Betty knows he’s not being truthful but she doesn’t probe him any further. She picks up the courage to ask him something that she’s been meaning to.

“Where’s your wife?” He looks at her then frowns. He looks like he’s thinking about it. Confusion passes through his face.

“Wife?” He asks.

“Yeah the one you were with at the store.” She says. He looks at her then breaks into a chuckle. Betty is confused.

“She’s not my wife.” He says. Betty looks at him.

“Fiancé?” She asks.

“No she’s my brother’s wife.” Relief washes all over Betty.

“Oh.” She says softly. She can’t believe she was almost jealous of his sister in-law.

“What made you think she was my wife?” He asks.

“I saw you rubbing her stomach.”

“I see. We’re very close.” He says genuinely.

“That’s a good thing right?”

“It is. My family and I are very close. We’re each other’s friends.” Betty nods. She can sense the love that he has for his siblings.

“How many siblings do you have?” She asks him.

“Two. I have an older sister and brother. They’re actually eleven months apart.” Betty looks at him in shock.

“How does that happen?” She’s genuinely shocked.

“My parents have a very health sex life.”

“You said have, does that mean they’re still having sex?”

“I think so.”

“How old are they?” She asks.

“In their sixties.”

“Oh wow.” That’s all she can say.

“And you?” She looks at him.

“And me what?” She hopes he won’t ask her about her family.

“Any siblings?” She shakes her head.

“No I’m an only child.” She says.

“Where are you from?” He asks.

“I still don’t know your name.” She says. She’s known him for a few months but still doesn’t know his name. She feels like that has to change seeing that they’ve already went the whole way.

“Malibongwe. Malibongwe Mkhize.” He says proudly.

“Malibongwe it’s lovely to finally know your name after all this time.”

“All you had to do was ask Betty.” He says seriously. Betty laughs because she’s asked him for his name a couple of times. They clear up their dishes and head back to bed.



\*\*\*\*\*

They're in bed with him pounding the shit out of her.

"Ahhh Malibongwe." She moans out loud. She has her hands on his back while his are on her thighs.

"You like that?"

"Ahh yes shit harder baby." He increases his pace and Betty feels her build up.

"Betty." His voice sounds strained.

"No shit no please nnoooo." She tries to push him away as her orgasm hits her but just as he did previously he pounds her right through it. She feels her body giving in.

He grunts as he releases then flops on top of her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty opens her eyes and she's blinded by the light. Her eyes land on the huge clock on the wall. She's late for work. She jumps out of bed and grabs the gown on the floor.

She finds Malinongwe in the living room watching the news.

"Hi" She says softly. He looks at her with a blank expression. She looks up and her face is plastered on the screen.

"Who are you?" He asks in a deadly voice that sends chills down her spine

## ***EIGHT***

Tears stream down Betty's eyes as she watches her pictures keeps popping up on the screen. Malibongwe is looking at her with the blank expression still. Betty settles on the couch next to him and listens to what the reporter is saying.

"Betty Moloi daughter of Premier Hlalefang Moloi is alleged to be working at a popular strip club in Johannesburg. It is alleged that Miss Moloi is a prostitute at the club. Now we don't have any more information on this story but we will keep you updated as we continue getting more information throughout the course of the day." Malibongwe decreases the volume then turns to look at Betty who is just a crying mess.

"Do you want to tell me what that was about?" He asks her. She shakes her head. He nods and gets up and walks to the kitchen. Betty remains seated and continues crying. She can't believe that she was exposed in that manner.

Malibongwe walks back in with a glass of water in his hand and hands it to Betty. She downs the water then sets the glass on the coffee table.

"Thank you." She says faintly.

"What's going on Betty?"

"My father is the premier of Free State." Malibongwe's eyes pop out.

"Mr Moloi is your father?"

"Yes."

"So if that's the case then why are you a prostitute?" Betty sighs.

"Can we not deal with that now?"

"Okay so how did they get this story?" He asks her.

"One of my father's friends was at the club last night. He was actually my last client. He promised not to tell my parents but I guess it was because he wanted to sell the scoop." She says then wipes her tears. He pulls her into his arms and she continues crying.

"I'm sorry Betty." He whispers in her ear. Her phone rings and she doesn't even attempt to move to go get it. Malibongwe gets up to go fetch it. He hands it to her and it's her mother. She tosses it aside. "You need to talk to them Betty." Malibongwe says.

"I haven't spoken to them in a year."

"Why?"

“Because they don’t care that’s why.” She responds.

“Well this might just be the time to sort things out don’t you think?”

“She’s only calling because my father’s name is being dragged.”

“But still Betty.” The phone rings again and he hands it to her. She sighs then answers it.

“Mme.”

“Betty hobane’ng o etsa ntho e kang ena?”

“E kang eng mme?”

“Hobane’ng o re tlontlolla ha kana Betty heh?”

“I humiliated you or your husband mme?”

“Both of us. This scandal sa hao is not only hurting your father’s name but mine as well.”

“Ke masoabi heh.” She says.

“Sorry? Sorry? O etsa manyala ha qeta o re sorry?”

“What do you want me to say?” Betty shouts.

“You do not raise your voice at me Betty.”

“Bye mme.”

“Don’t you dare hang up on me Betty.” Betty sighs and stays on the line. “Your father and I are coming to Joburg tomorrow. You better prepare a room for us.”

“I don’t have space in my apartment.”

“Betty don’t you dare. Now don’t answer questions from anyone until your father releases his statement.”

“Hmmm.” Betty hangs up and throws her phone to the side. She can’t believe that as always her mother has disregarded her feeling.

“Are you okay?” Malibongwe snaps her out of her thoughts.

“I’m not ashamed of the fact that I’m a prostitute you know. I came into this line of work with both eyes wide open. I choose it and I enjoy it but they will never understand that.”

“Did you run away from home?” Betty shakes her head.

"I just left." He nods and pulls her into his arms. She tilts her head and looks into his eyes. "Please kiss me." She says softly. He smiles faintly then lowers his head and places his lips on hers.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty and Malibongwe are lying in bed naked. She has her head on his chest and he's running his hand up and down her back.

"Are you going back to work?" He asks her.

"Yeah after the scandal dies down."

"But you don't need the job Betty."

"I might not need it but I enjoy it." She responds.

"I understand." They sit in silence listening to each other's breathing.

His phone rings and he looks at the screen then sighs.

"Ma." He answers.

"Malibongwe Simphiwe Mkhize you said you'd return my call and that was two days ago." His mother whines and he smiles.

"I'm sorry mom I just got busy."

"Busy with what?" He looks at Betty and smiles.

"Work."

"Are you lying to me boy?" He grunts. He hates it when she calls him that.

"Never gorgeous."

"Hmmm. So how are you?" He heaves a sigh.

"I'm good."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive mom."

"Please just come home Bongwe." She says.

“I swear I’m fine mom I promise you.” He tries to assure his mother.

“I just worry about you phela you’re my baby.” He chuckles.

“Yes even though I’m a 26 year old man I know I’ll always be your baby.”

“Good. So are you dating?”

“Oh now I remember why I didn’t call you back, it’s because you were prying.” They share a laugh.

“Shoot me for taking an interest in your life Bongwe.”

“I appreciate you for that mom.”

“I love you and I’m here for you okay.”

“Thank you and I love you too.” He hangs up and looks at Betty who is looking at him with an amused look on her face.

“You’re a mama’s boy?” Betty asks him.

“Would it be a problem if I was?” He shoots back.

“No it wouldn’t.” She rests her head back on his chest.

“I’m neutral. My sister is daddy’s princess and my brother is mommy’s champ. Mina I enjoy the company of both my parents.” Betty nods and listens to his heartbeat. She feels herself slowly drifting to sleep and she welcomes it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is in her apartment running around like a headless chicken making sure that everything will be up to her parent’s standard. Reception calls to let her know that her parents are downstairs and she lets them up.

The doors open and her parents step out followed by three security guards. Betty stands there looking at her parents who clearly don’t look too happy to see her.

“Ke manyala a eng heh Betty?” Her father roars which sends a cold shiver down Betty’s spine.

## **NINE**

“Mme, Ntate welcome. Please make yourselves at home.” Betty says and shows her parents to living room. They settle on the couches and sit in silence. Betty looks at the security and sighs. She knows they won’t leave her parent’s sight until they give them the order to. “You guys can go sit on the balcony.” Betty says looking at the security. Her father nods at them and they make the way out to the balcony.

“Betty what is your problem?” Her father roars.

“Nothing.” She responds.

“You leave home to come to Johannesburg to prostitute yourself? What is your problem heh?” Betty leans back on the couch and looks at her parents. Her father is fuming and her mother is well on her way there

“Betty what is that we didn’t do for you?” Her mother adds in.

“You mean material things? Oh you took care of that and I thank you for that.” She says calmly.

“What more did you need Betty heh? We worked hard to ensure that you had the opportunities that most didn’t have.”

“We’re working hard Betty to ensure that the lives of our people are bettered. Isn’t that what we’re fighting for?” Her mother says.

“I admire the work that you do.” Betty shrugs.

“Dammit Betty stop acting like a spoilt brat.” Her father shouts then stands on his feet.

“I’m acting like a spoilt brat?” She says softly.

“Yes you are. You went to the best schools, had the best clothes, travelled to the best holiday destinations yet you throw it all in our faces?” He has his finger pointed at her which just angers Betty.

“I HAD EVERYTHING EXCEPT FOR MY PARENTS ATTENTION AND SUPPORT.” Betty shouts. She is getting worked up.

“Betty.”

“No mme. You guys never listened to anything I had to say because you were always busy saving the world.”

“So you decided to cheapen yourself because of that?”

“No I decided to be a prostitute because I feel free. I FEEL ALIVE AND I FEEL LIKE MYSELF.”

“Wabona Elizabeth we should’ve just sent her packing to boarding school when we had the chance to.” Her father says looking at his wife.

“AND THAT’S ANOTHER REASON WHY I FOUND MYSELF HERE. YOU WANTED ME TO FOLLOW IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS. YOU NEVER CARED ABOUT WHAT I WANTED TO DO.”

“Betty do not raise your voice at us.”

“No mme, it was always about you and what your society of housewives was going to say or ntate and his high and mighty friends. What about my dreams? What about what I wanted to do?” Betty says calmly.

“WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO WAS NEVER GOING TO CUT IT AND YOU KNOW IT.” Her father shouts.

“Because to you the most important thing was your career akere ntate? Screw the fact that your daughter had dreams.”

“You had everything a child could ever wish for oena ngwana empa ho oena that was nothing?” Betty sighs. She gets up and walks away because she feels like she’s having a conversation with brick walls. She gets to her room and flops herself on the bed then shuts her eyes.

Her mother walks in and settles next to her.

“I understand that you feel like we were too hard on you growing up but Betty you need to understand that with the lives that we had we needed to ensure that you would make it out there.”

“Mme you guys have always mme, always been all about ntate’s career. Yes the career afforded us a lot of luxuries but at what cost mme? You guys were always busy even when we were on holiday. When I had plays at school. Even when I just needed an ear. I was practically raised by Aus’Rose because my parents were out there being heroes to everyone else except for me. I understood though. I understood that you were working hard to ensure that the lives of thousands of people would be changed. I understood it all mme but when you denied me the chance to live my life the way I wanted to live it, that hurt me.”

“But did you have to go into prostitution Betty? You could’ve just been a rebel child who drank every weekend and dances on tables but this Betty?” Betty chuckles while shaking her head.

“You know what mme? I actually enjoy what I do. I love it. I love the thrill of it.” A hot slap lands on Betty’s cheek. Betty can’t believe that her mother just slapped her.

“You will not say such filth to me. Masepa fela. Shit. Rubbish. I did not raise a hoe man.”

“You’re right. You raised a prostitute.” Betty’s mom is fuming. Her body is even shaking.

“You will leave that filth you call a job and move back home. Do I make myself clear?”

“I’m not going back to the Free State forget it.”

“You will do as your mother says.” He father says walking into the bedroom.

“And I am telling you that we are leaving. If you don’t come back home we will cut you off.”  
Her mother says.

“Go ahead.” She stands up and walks out the room. She grabs her phone and requests an uber then heads out.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I’ve been trying to get hold of you.” Mandy pulls Betty in for a hug. When she left her place she came to Mandy’s hoping that she would find her and she did.

“I’ve been ignoring my phone.” They settle on the couch.

“I saw the news. The club was buzzing last night. I think all those men hoped they would get a glimpse of the Premier’s daughter shaking her ass on the pole.” Betty laughs.

“Well it’s a pity they won’t be seeing this ass for a while.”

“Are you quitting?” Mandy asks.

“No I’m just going to let this die down a bit then I’ll be back.”

“Madame was throwing a fit. Wait let me go get us some champagne and I’ll fill you in.”  
Mandy walks away and Betty makes herself comfortable on the couch. She has her shoes off and her feet tucked under her butt.

Mandy comes back with two bottles and two mugs.

“Mugs?” Betty asks.

“This isn’t a happy moment angithi so the holder of the content needs to reflect that.” Betty shakes her head. The explanation Mandy just gave doesn’t make sense.

“I see friend.” She takes a sip on her drink and sighs.

“Why are you working this job B if you’re rich as hell?” Mandy asks.



“Why are you working this job?” Betty asks back.

“Because it pays the bills and I like dick so.” She shrugs.

“Well I enjoy what I do”

“But you don’t have to Betty. You could enjoy owning some boutique somewhere in the mountains selling expensive silk scarves to other rich folks who don’t know what to do with their money.” They burst into laughter. Mandy is a special case.

“I don’t want to be selling scarves though.”

“Then sell shoes.” Betty shakes her head. “Help me get it Betty.”

“I was rebelling against my parents but I ended up enjoying the freedom and sexual liberation.”

“You could still enjoy all of that on the mountains hawu.” Betty chuckles.

“Mandy Mandy Mandy you’re just crazy.”

“No for real though when you’re ready to tell me the real real reason behind everything.” Betty nods and they spend the rest of their time together drinking and talking about small dicks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty walks into her penthouse stumbling a bit. The drinking session she had with Mandy was insane. Her father is sitting on the couch. He was waiting for her to come back.

“You’re drunk.” He roars. She giggles.

“Duh.” She drags herself to her bedroom and her father follows her.

“WE HAVE A SCANDAL ON OUR HANDS BECAUSE OF YOU AND YOU’RE OUT GALAVANTING GETTING DRUNK!!” Betty ignores him and flops herself on the bed and shuts her eyes.

## TEN

It's been a week since the Moloi scandal broke out and Betty has been cooped up in her penthouse since. Her parents left the following day after their arrival because her father was called in for an urgent meeting by the President.

They thought that the story would die down but instead it keeps on growing. Videos of Betty doing her thing on the pole have emerged and have been broadcasted on all news channels and are trending on every social media platform. Men have also taken to social media platforms to tell of their night with the minister's daughter. The actions of those men have left Betty feeling a bit emotional not because her face is blasted out there but because they took it upon themselves to share the details of their encounter.

Betty is in bed stuffing her face with junk when her phone rings.

"Hello."

"I'm here." Molemo's sweet voice comes through on the other line.

"I'm coming." Betty responds then jumps out of bed and throws on her gown. She grabs her key card and heads to reception to fetch Molemo. When she gets to reception Molemo is standing with Mandy, both of them with overnight bags in their hands.

"Hey." Molemo practically jumps on Betty and gives her a tight squeeze.

"You're squeezing me too tight." Betty says.

"Sorry." Molemo lets go of Betty and Mandy pulls her in for a hug.

"We come bearing gifts in the form of junk, alcohol and love." Mandy says.

"Thank you guys. Let's go." They step into the elevator.

"It needs a special key card and all hmmm." Mandy says and they all break out into laughter.

\*\*\*\*\*

The second they step into the penthouse Mandy loses it.

"Bitch I knew you was balling." Betty and Molemo chortle.

“I only have one guest bedroom so we’ll share my room akere?”

“Yeah.” They walk to Betty’s room and now it’s Molemo’s turn to lose it.

“This room is amazing.” Molemo exclaims. She throws herself on the bed and sighs as her body takes in the luxury of Betty’s feather bed. “I can’t wait for the day I can afford such a comfortable bed.”

“Soon baby soon. Wena just focus at school.”

“Yes baby study the shit out of that and graduate so that I can retire and sponge off of you.” Mandy says causing Molemo to chuckle.

“I promise I won’t let you guys down and I will sustain your champagne drinking lifestyle Mands.” Molemo says.

“I knew there was a reason why I liked you so much.” They share a laugh and head back to the living room.

“I’m hungry do you have food?” Mandy asks.

“Nah I haven’t gone grocery shopping because well I’m on lockdown.” Betty responds then laughs.

“Argh pizza it is then.” Mandy grabs her phone and places an order.

“Please order the share meal ya McD’s as well I just want the fries.” Betty says. Mandy orders their food then puts her phone aside.

\*\*\*\*\*

The ladies are in the living room in just their underwear.

“I’m just saying if I had powerful parents like yours I wouldn’t even lift a finger.” Mandy says then takes a sip of her champagne. The ladies are talking about Betty’s scandal and how her parents reacted to it.

“I agree.” Molemo says. She’s on her second glass of wine and you can tell that she’ll well on her way to getting drunk.

“Molemo slow down on your drink honey.” Betty says. She knows that Molemo isn’t much of a drinker.

“Relax B.” Molemo waves her off. Betty’s phone rings and its reception letting her know that her food has arrived. She throws on her gown and grabs her purse then heads down.

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The food is set out on the floor and the ladies are digging in.

“So girl I haven’t seen Mr Dance since the story broke out.” Mandy says. Betty shrugs.

“I’m not his keeper.”

“He’s probably feeling like an idiot for not getting it on with the minister’s daughter.” Mandy says then laughs.

“Maybe ne.” Molemo adds in.

“Haai.” That’s all Betty can say.

“Maybe he knows she won’t be in because of the scandal and that’s why she’s staying away.” Molemo says with her mouthful.

“True.” Mandy sips her drink and sighs. “This is life I tell you.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“It’s what you do

It’s what you see

I know if I’m haunting you, you must be haunting me

It’s where we go

It’s where we’ll e

I know if I’m onto you, I’m onto you

Onto you, you must be on to me

My haunted lungs, ghost in the sheets

I know if I’m onto you, you must be haunting me

My wicked tongue, where will it be?

"I know if I'm onto you, I'm onto you

Onto you, you must be onto me

You want me? I walk down the hallway.

"You like it? The bedroom's my runway

Slap me! I'm pinned on the doorway

Kiss, bite, foreplay"

They're singing out loud as they shake their asses and jugs. Sensual is the theme and they sure are adhering to it. Mandy winks at Betty and she shakes her head. Betty knows what's happening. Mandy makes her way over to Betty and whispers in her ear.

"I want to lick you." Betty's breathe hitches. Just as she's about to respond Mandy's phone rings. She walks away to answer it.

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Mandy looks at the number and she hesitates to answer because she doesn't recognise it.

"Hello."

"Mandy." She sucks a breath. She recognises that voice.

"Hi." She says softly.

"Can we meet?" The caller asks.

"I don't know."

"Please Mandy." Mandy sighs.

"Okay." She settles on the bed and listens as the caller just breaths.

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"I spoke to Madame." Molemo blurts out. She's had a bit much to drink. Both Betty and Mandy frown.

"What for?" Betty asks.

"The stripping gig."

"Molemo I thought we spoke about this." Betty says with a frown on her face.

"And I told you I need the money." Molemo responds.

"I told you I'll take care of school for you akere?" Betty is getting worked up. Mandy is just guzzling down on her champagne watching the exchange.

"I know."

"Do you think it's going to stop at stripping?" Betty asks.

"That's as far as I'm willing to go." Molemo says. Betty chuckles while shaking her head.

"So you want random men to just touch you all over every day?"

"It's not that bad."

"Not that bad Molemo?" Mandy chirps in.

"You guys do it mos." Mandy chuckles and goes back to her drink.

"Molemo you don't want to do this."

"I need the money."

"For what? Let me help you." Betty shouts.

"Not all of us were born in money anyway Madame said I can start as soon as I've completed my lessons."

"So you want some random guy to break your virginity is that it Molemo?" Betty is worked up. Molemo shakes her head. Betty gets up and heads to her room to cool down.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty's phone rings. She answers without checking the caller ID.

“Hello.”

“Betty.” His warm rustic voice comes through calming the fire that was brewing in her.

## **ELEVEN**

“Betty.” His warm rustic voice comes through calming the fire that was brewing in her.

“Malibongwe.” She says faintly.

“How are you?”

“I’m fine and you?”

“I’m good.” Silence passes between them. “I just wanted to check on you.” He finally breaks the silence.

“Thank you.”

“I’d like to see you sometime if that’s okay with you.”

“Errrm yeah.”

“Awesome. Take care Betty.” He hangs up leaving her hot and bothered. The effect that he has on her always leaves her weak.

She’s forgotten all about Molemo’s ridiculous idea and is focusing on the heat that is passing through her body because of the call.

She calms herself down then heads back to the living room to join the ladies. Mandy winks at her as she sips on her champagne. She shakes her head and settles on the floor.

“So I spoke to Molemo and she agreed to let this silly idea go.” Mandy says. Betty turns to look at Molemo.

“Bua le nna Molemo. Ho etsahalang?” Unexpectedly Molemo breaks out into a sob. Betty and Mandy are frozen momentarily but snap back to their senses just as quick. Each on either side of Molemo comforting her.

“What’s wrong baby?” Mandy asks. Molemo shakes her head and wipes her tears.

“Can I go lie down just for a bit?”

“Sure. Come.” They help each other up and head to the bedroom. Betty and Mandy tuck Molemo in then head back to the living room.

“Do you think she’ll be fine?” Betty asks Mandy.

“She will. She has to be.” Mandy says softly. Mandy gets up to refill her drink.



“Oena le champagne eo ya hao Modimo.” Mandy chuckles.

“I have fine taste darling.” She responds in her best Bonang voice.

“You’re a special case.” They share a laugh. Mandy’s phone rings. She looks at it and tosses it aside. Betty wants to ask but she knows her friend.

“What’s wrong?” She takes the chance. Mandy heaves a sigh.

“It’s Tebogo.” Betty gasps.

“Your man?” She exclaims.

“He’s not my man you idiot.”

“Yeah yeah you know what I mean.” Betty waves her off.

“Yeah him. He wants to meet. I don’t know if I want to or not.”

“Mandy you clearly love this guy.”

“Loved. I loved him. Now not so much.” Betty shakes her head.

“Who are you trying to convince?”

“Betty.”

“All I’m saying is that love doesn’t come easy these days and when you find it you need to hold on to it.”

“Would you give it all up for love? Your security? Your independence? Yonk’into?”

“I would.” Mandy nods.

“But then again even if it were to happen that he leaves you high and dry you’d still have your parents to fall back on.”

“Mandy.”

“No don’t get me wrong friend. It’s not coming from a bitter place, all I’m saying is that I honestly cannot afford to fall in love right now.”

“And all I’m saying is Tebogo might not be like all those other pieces of shits.” They chortle.

“Maybe, maybe not either way no thank you.” Mandy get up and walks to the kitchen. Betty can’t help but wonder whether her friend I really sure about the decision she’s taken on relationships.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's the Monday after the sleepover and Betty is walking around her penthouse in her underwear. The weekend with her girls did her good and as much as she can't go anywhere she feels much better than she did a few days ago.

She's in the kitchen frying up some bacon when her phone rings.

"Hello."

"Betty." She can't help the faint smile that creeps out onto her face.

"Hey."

"I'm here to pick you up. Come down."

"Huh?" Betty is puzzled.

"I'm here by reception."

"I'm coming." She rushes to her room to throw on a gown then heads down to fetch him.

He's wearing a jean with a biker jacket and shades. Betty smiles when their eyes meet. He makes his way towards her.

"Hi."

"Betty." He pulls her in for a hug and places a soft kiss on her cheek.

"Come." They get in the elevator.

"What do you have under that gown Betty?" He asks as soon as the doors close.

"You want to see?" She asks seductively.

"Yes." His voice sounding unnatural. She unfastens her gown and he groans when he sees the lace underwear she has on.

"You like?" She asks.

"I want to tear it off with my teeth." Betty's breathe hitches. "Then I want to fuck the shit out of you." Her clit throbs at mention of fucking. Her mind runs back to their first time together and an involuntary moan escapes her mouth.

The doors open and they step inside.

“Welcome to my humble abode.”

“This is anything but humble Betty.”

“Says you. Would you like something to eat?”

“No but you will need the energy so I suggest you go get dressed while I make you something to eat.” Her insides churn. Malibongwe is making her feel hot and bothered.

“Okay.” Betty walks away leaving Malibongwe in the kitchen.

\*\*\*\*\*

“You look good.” He says to Betty. She’s wearing a black jean with a black bodysuit and a biker jacket.

“Thanks.”

“Change the shoes though.” She looks at her black red bottom heels then back at him.

“What’s wrong with my shoes?”

“Just put on a sneaker or something.” She nods and rushes to go change her shoes.

She walks back to the kitchen and finds him dishing up.

“It smells food.”

“Just an omelette nothing special.” Betty shakes her head.

They settle on the high chairs and dig in. Betty moans as her mouth takes in the flavours.

“You’re a fucken great cook dude.” He chuckles.

“Don’t swear and thank you. Now finish up so we can go.” They finish up then head out.

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She understands why he wanted her to wear sneakers. They’re riding on his bike and the wind is doing the most but Betty seems to be enjoying it.

\*\*\*\*\*

They get to his place and settle on the couch. The adrenaline rush is too much. Betty can't believe he convinced her to ride on his bike. As much as she's still shocked she admits that she enjoyed herself.

"Are you okay?" He cups her face.

"I did." She says softly.

"Good." He lowers his head and captures her lips. She scoots closer to him and settles in his arms. The kiss is hot and passionate. His tongue in her mouth and hers returning the favour.

"Ahhh." She moans in his mouth. He pulls back and sighs.

"Shit. Come I want to show you something." He leads her to his bedroom and she looks at him questioningly.

"Huh?"

"Do you think you can handle this?" He asks looking at her with an intense look.

## **TWELVE**

“Do you think you can handle this?” He asks looking at her with an intense look.

Betty’s insides churn at the sight that stands before her. She doesn’t know how to feel about this.

“Betty.” He says softly against her ear before taking her earlobe in his warm mouth. She moans lightly as he presses his bulge against her firm ass.

“Malibongwe.” She’s barely audible.

“CAN YOU HANDLE THIS BETTY?” He says through gritted teeth.

“Yes.” She says breathlessly.

“Good.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is standing on her toes in the middle of the room with her heart in her stomach. Like a prey Malibongwe keeps circling around her slowly which adds to the already palpable tension in the room.

“Let me take you down

I really wanna take you down

And show you what I’m about

Can I take you down?

Your body body oh

Your body body up and down

So don’t stop, girl, get it

Quit playing with it

Can’t wait no more

I wanna take you down

I really wanna take you down

Take you down

Pretty girl, let's take it off in this room

No time to waste, girl, you know what we came to do

We got all night to try to get it right, girl

I hope you're ready, hope you're ready, hope you're ready

I hope you're ready babe

'Cause here we go, you know how we do

It ain't my first tie

But, baby girl, we can pretend

Hey let's bump and grind

And, girl, tonight will never end

Let me take you down."

Chris Brown is playing softly through the speakers, setting the mood.

"I'm going to ask you one last time Betty. Do you think you can handle this?" Betty nods.

"Words Betty. I need you to use your words."

"Yes." She says softly.

He tightens the rope around her hands causing her to lean forward a bit. Her legs are wide apart exposing her pussy and ass.

"I'm going to blind fold you now. If it gets too much just let me know okay."

"Okay." He puts the blindfold over Betty's eyes. The darkness heightens all her other senses.

She can feel him walking around. Her breathing is erratic. Just the tension alone is pushing her over the edge. She hears his pants drop and her heart races.

Out of nowhere she feels his warm mouth on her nipples. She staggers a bit before regaining her balance. She sucks on her nipple hard and fast. She's wrestling with the rope, attempting to free herself but she knows it's impossible.

He alternates between her nipples sucking on the one and pinching the other. He gives both of her babies enough attention and Betty feels like she's going out of her mind.

Her bean is throbbing and her quim is pulsing insanely.

He continues to torture her nipples as she screams and moans out of control. Her body begins to shake not because she's on her toes but because of the need.

Malibongwe grabs hand-blown glass whip that doubles as a glass dildo. The glass can be heated or cooled according to how you like it. He delivers a firm whack on Betty's ass and she moans out loud. He repeats the action over and over until Betty stops screaming.

"Did you like that Betty?" The need to cum seems to have disrupted Betty's speech because he doesn't respond. Malibongwe chuckles as he drops his whip on the bed and grabs nipple clams. Betty whimpers as soon as her body registers as to what is happening. The tension in her nipples is sending all of mama's signals down to her quim.

He dips his finger into her pot and groans as he comes into contact with all of her moisture.

She is dripping wet.

So wet that it's even running down her thighs.

He cups her face and kisses her. The kiss is hurried and sloppy. Both of them are pouring their need for each other into the kiss. He pulls back and Betty grunts.

"Malibongwe I need to cum please just make me cum." He smirks. He's got her right where he wants her.

He grabs his whip and heats up the glass dildo. He slowly pushes it up her honey pot and she loses it.

"Ahhhhhhhh. It's... ah... hot... shit." She tries to wiggle herself out of the rope to no avail. He keeps thrusting the dildo in and out at a fast pace.

"Cum Betty. You wanted to cum now fucken cum." Just hearing him say that pushes Betty over the edge.

"No shiiiit Bongwe pleaseeeee no I can't." Her tears drop as her body releases all the tension that's been building up. She creams all over the dildo then lets go of her body.

He keeps fucking her with the dildo as she moans out loud. His cock is throbbing. It needs some attention. He pulls the dildo out.

Betty feels empty.

“Put it back in.” She says breathlessly.

“With pleasure.” He responds.

He pushes it back in. He works it in and out of her cunt. The pleasure that Betty is feeling is immeasurable. He removes a nipple clam then latches onto her nipple with his mouth.

Sucking and gently grazing his teeth on her nipple.

Betty feels like she’s going out of her mind. She’s vigorously trying to free her hands. Malibongwe continues to torture her with his mouth as well as the dildo.

“Fuuuck shit noooooo please stop... I can’t take it.” Betty screams another orgasm hits her.

Malibongwe unties her and sets her on the floor gently.

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He has her hands and feet tired each on their own poles. Her quim is fully exposed to him with all its juices.

“Betty.”

“Hmmm.” He chuckles lightly. He grabs his vibrator and teases her bean. She jerks and tries to kick her legs. She starts fighting vigorously as the pleasure spreads throughout her whole body.

“Are you good Betty?”

“Hmmm.” He keeps the vibrator on her clit as he inserts himself to the hilt. She gasps for air. His pulsing shaft inside of her pushes her over the edge. She lets out a low scream and accommodates him.

He thrusts deep and moves the vibrator on the clit in circles. Betty’s body can’t handle the pleasure.

He sets the vibrator aside and goes to work. He pounds her in and out. Hard and quick. Betty is letting out incoherent sentences. He drops his head and takes her lips in his. The kiss is intense and he wants more of her. He pulls his cock out and pushes back in roughly.



“Mali... ahh.”

“I want you to cum Betty. I want you to cum until you pass out.” She still has the blindfold on and the fact that she can’t see or touch her is driving her crazy.

He pinches her clit and she feels her orgasm nearing.

“Pleaseeee stoop. Please I can’t cum no more.” She says softly

“Cum Betty.” He orders her.

“Noo please no I noooo oh shiiiit.” She begins to sob as the wave hits her.

He fucks her right through her orgasm. Betty’s feels her body tapping out on her.

“We’re not done yet.” He whispers in her ear.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is lying flat on her stomach on the bed. Her body is exhausted from all that Malibongwe has been doing to it.

She feels him insert himself and she moans out loud. She chokes her lightly and pulls her head up.

“I can’t take it anymore.” He takes her nice and slow this time. Savouring the moment.

He flips her around and gazes deep into her eyes.

“One last time Betty. Cum.” She closes her eyes and shakes her head.

He continues with his slow and unhurried thrusts.

“Cum with me.” He picks up his pace and Betty tries her best to meet his thrusts. She feels her body give in as her wave approaches. She flops on the bed and Malibongwe groans then falls on top of her.

He gets off of her and goes to discard the condom then heads back to the room with a wet towel. He wipes her clean then puts her into the blankets and pulls her close.

“Rest my beautiful Betty.” He kisses her forehead then closes his eyes.

## **THIRTEEN**

Betty groans as she opens her eyes. Her body is in pain. She tries to move but a sharp pain shoots through her abdomen causing her to groan as she gently kicks the blankets off. She sets her feet on the floor and exhales. Slowly she makes her way to the bathroom.

She shuts her eyes tightly as she lets her pee out slowly. She finishes off then washes her hands and finds her reflection. Her lips are swollen. She touches them and she can't help but smile. The way Malibongwe possessed her body left her amazed. She can't believe the things he did to her. How he commanded her to reach her high.

As she's lost in her thoughts Malibongwe walks in and gently wraps his arms around her waist. He rests his chin on her shoulder and looks at her through the mirror.

"Hello Betty." His voice sends shockwaves throughout her entire body.

"Hi." She says softly. Something about him makes Betty shrink.

"How are you?"

"Good, considering and you?" He chuckles.

"I'll fill the tub for you hopefully the water will soothe your aching muscles." She didn't expect him to exactly be apologetic.

"Thank you." They stare at each other through the mirror. He has a slight smirk on his face and she has an innocent smile on. He kisses her cheek and she closes her eyes taking it in.

He lets go of her and walks over to the tub and lets the water run. He sits on the edge of the tub and watches as she brushes her teeth. His eyes travel from her breasts down to her thighs and up to her face. She looks at him and smiles. He smiles back at her.

Her smile and eyes are what captivated him. Those two features drew him in.

He gets up and walks out of the bathroom leaving the water running. He comes back holding bath salts and essential oils.

"I don't know if I pour all these oils in here or just one." He says looking at Betty.

"Do you have lavender there?" He nods.

"Yeah, so just lavender?"

"Yes." He throws in the bath salts then adds in a few drops of the lavender essential oil.

“Come.” He holds his hand out to Betty and she makes her way to him. He helps her into the tub and she groans when the hot water comes in contact with her delicate skin. She settles in the tub and allows the water to do what it’s meant to.

\*\*\*\*\*

Malibongwe is in the kitchen making breakfast for Betty. He pours himself a stiff drink and downs it then pours another one. His phone rings and he groans before answering it.

“Manqoba.”

“Simpfiwe.” He chuckles.

“Ufunani?”

“Just checking in on my brother. Unjani?”

“I’m okay and you.”

“I’m good. I’m back, when are we doing drinks?”

“Is Amanda going to cook for me?”

“My wife is pregnant.”

“Pregnant not disabled futhi she said whenever I feel like a home cooked meal I should come through.” Manqoba laughs.

“Amanda spoils you. You should get your own wife.”

“You know what? I just might.”

“Are you dating anyone bra?”

“Nah.”

“Just fucking?”

“Yeah.”

“I hope you’re being safe.” Malibongwe chuckles.

“I am.”

“HMMMM tomorrow night?”

“Sounds like a plan bro.” Betty walks in wearing Malibongwe’s shirt. He looks at her and a smile creeps onto his face.

“Ungizwile?” Manqoba says.

“Heh?”

“What are you doing?”

“Look I’ll see you tomorrow bra. Kiss my babies for me.”

“Malibongwe.” Manqoba shouts but Malibongwe hangs up.

“Hello there.” He walks up to Betty, grabs her by the waist, pulls her closer and kisses her. She hooks her hands around his neck and gets on her toes. He deepens the kiss and she meets his intensity.

He picks her up and she locks her ankles around his waist. He sets her on the counter and they continue kissing. He can feel himself growing. He groans in her mouth and pulls out of the kiss.

“You’re sore.” He says softly.

“I want you.” She responds genuinely.

“I made breakfast.” He picks her up and walks to the living room and gently puts her on the couch. “Coffee, tea or a mimosa?” Betty chuckles.

“Mandy would be so proud of me. A mimosa please.” He laughs and walks back to the kitchen. He finishes off making breakfast and sets everything on the tray.

\*\*\*\*\*

“This looks heavenly.” Betty says.

“I hope it tastes just as good.” He made a stuffed croissant. It has mushrooms, bacon, cheese, tomato and avocado.

“I bet it will.” They dig in and Betty smiles.

“And that beautiful smile?” He asks.

“As always your food tastes heavenly.”

“I try kodwa I don’t come anywhere near my brother and his wife.”

“If this is what amateur food tastes like then I don’t even want to taste professional food.”  
He smiles.

“You’re good for my ego Betty.” She chuckles and goes back to her food.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty and Malibongwe have been stuck in the bedroom the whole day just watching movies. It’s almost 7PM and none of them feel like cooking.

“Do you want to go out for dinner?” Betty shakes her head.

“I’ll pass, I’m still tired and sore.”

“Okay we’ll order in.” Malibongwe picks up his phone and orders dinner.

“Thank you.” He nods.

“So are you planning on staying in the house until you die?” Betty laughs.

“No I’m actually going back to work next week.” Malibongwe turns to look at her.

“You’re going back to the club?” He asks.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean why, it’s my job.” Malibongwe clenches his jaws and blankly stares at Betty.

“Betty.”

“Malibongwe.”

“Don’t go back there.” He says in a stern voice.

“Why?”

“Don’t test me Betty.” Betty chuckles.

“We just fucked Malibongwe you don’t own me.” She jumps out of bed and walks to the closet. She puts on her clothes and grabs her backpack. Malibongwe walks in and cages her in. “Malibongwe SUKA.” She tries to push him off but it’s like attempting to push a brick wall.

“You’re not going anywhere.”

“And I’m not staying here either now get the fuck out of my way.” He clenches his jaw.

“If you go back there Betty.”

“What? Then what are you going to do?!” She shouts. He doesn’t say anything. “Exactly.” She pushes him and walks away. She grabs her phone on the bed and requests an uber.

## **FOURTEEN**

Betty is back at work and she understands that things will be different but she feels ready for it all.

She hasn't spoken to Malibongwe since their little fight. She doesn't appreciate his attempt to control her but she knows he will not apologise for it.

She makes her way to Madame's office. She knocks once then enters.

"Betty?" Madame seems shocked to see her back.

"Hello. I'm back. Where am I stationed?" Betty asks in a flat tone.

"Are you sure you want to come back?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks." Betty turns on her heels and makes her way to her room.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I thought they were lying when they said you are back." Mandy says as she walks into Betty's room.

"Yeah I'm back."

"Are you good?" She searches her friend's face for certainty.

"I promise." Mandy nods and walks over to Betty.

"I missed you."

"I missed you too." Mandy cups Betty's face and place a soft peck on her lips. She looks into Betty's eyes looking for something.

"Betty." Mandy says softly. Betty pulls Mandy closer and kisses her. Mandy curses against Betty's lips and pushes her against the wall.

She continues with her assault on Betty's lips as her hands roam around her body. Her hand slides from Betty's waist down to her ass and roughly squeezes it. A moan escapes Betty's mouth as she deepens the kiss.

Mandy moves from Betty's lips to her neck and latches on. She uses her tongue and licks her up to her ear. Mandy uses her knee to open Betty's legs. She raises her leg a bit and her knee comes into contact with Betty's underwear.

Betty rips off Mandy's sheer babydoll leaving her bare. Mandy continues feasting on Betty's neck as Betty works her way around Mandy's body. Betty's hands trail to Mandy's breasts and Mandy moans as Betty's fingers come into contact with her erect nipples.

Betty pinches her nipples lightly and she moans against Betty's neck.

"Betty." Mandy says softly.

"Yes baby."

"I want you." Betty pushes Mandy out slightly and smiles. She takes her hand and moves them to the bed. She pushes Mandy onto the bed and he jugs dance a bit. Betty drops her dress and her underwear and smiles.

She gets on the bed and takes Mandy's nipple in her mouth.

"Shiiit." Mandy cries out as Betty's warm mouth comes in contact with her over sensitive nipple. She gently runs her teeth on her nipple and pinches the other. She sucks and trails her tongue around it then goes back to sucking. She gives the same amount of attention to the other nipple.

She stops sucking and goes on to give her chest kisses.

Betty places small wet kisses all the way down to Mandy's centre. She licks her thighs gently then places a kiss on her quim then goes back to licking her thighs.

"Stop teasing me." Mandy says sounding like she's in pain. Betty continues licking her thighs until Mandy grabs Betty's hair and directs her face to her quim. Betty chuckles as she slowly starts kissing on Mandy's cleanly shaved quim.

She opens Mandy's pussy lips and digs in. She's licking like she's licking ice cream. She slurps then spits and goes back to licking. Mandy is moaning out loud.

Betty points her tongue into Mandy's hole. She continues licking and pointing and sucking. She slowly moves to her clit and starts sucking. Mandy loses her mind. She starts grinding herself against Betty's face as she feels her high nearing.

Without warning Mandy lets out all her juices.



“Fuuuuuuuck.” Mandy has a hard grip on Betty’s hair. Betty licks Mandy clean then goes up to her face and gives her a lust filled kiss. Their breasts are rubbing against each other creating much needed friction.

Mandy flips Betty over so that she’s at the bottom. They continue with their sloppy kiss. Mandy’s fingers find Betty’s hole and go to work.

“Shit.” Betty moans. Mandy works her fingers at a fast pace. She goes down to Betty’s breast and starts sucking. Betty can’t handle the pleasure that she is feeling.

She feels her orgasm nearing and she loses it.

“Mandy stop please.” Mandy doesn’t let down, instead she goes harder on the sucking and finger fucking. “Oh shiiiiiiiiit.” She screams as a wave washes over her. Mandy pulls her fingers out and licks them clean then places a kiss on Betty’s lips.

“The things you do to me B.” Betty chuckles and closes her eyes. Mandy settles next to her and rests her head on Betty’s chest.

“The things we do to each other you mean.” Mandy smiles. She turns her head and latches onto Betty’s nipple and starts sucking.

\*\*\*\*\*

“So I tried calling you last night but your phone was off.” Molemo says to Betty.

“I’m sorry baby I wasn’t feeling well.”

“Why what’s wrong? Are you okay?” Molemo asks sounding worried.

“I’m fine. Now tell me what’s with you. You don’t look good.”

“I’m fine.” Molemo says softly. Betty takes Molemo’s hand in hers and pulls her outside. They sit under the tree.

“Let’s talk. Ho etsahalang ka oena? Why do you look so gloomy?”

“I’m okay really I swear.”

“I love you Molemo and I care about you. I can’t take this ‘I’m okay’ story you’re trying to sell. So tell me what’s wrong. I want to help you.” Molemo bursts into tears and Betty pulls her into her arms.

“I’m tired of living.”

“No no no we don’t say such you hear me? Never.”

“I just want to let go Betty. I don’t know why God is still keeping me.” Betty continues rocking her back and forth.

“I love you and whatever it is we’ll deal with it together. Oyeswa?” Betty says in her broken Zulu. Molemo giggles. “There we go.” Betty says with a smile on her face.

“Mandy would be so disappointed at your attempt at Zulu.” Betty chuckles.

“As if her Sotho is any better.”

They sit in silence for a while. Out of nowhere Molemo starts sobbing all over again.

“Molemo bua le nna hle.” Molemo holds onto Betty tightly as she continues sobbing. “Baby I can’t help you if you don’t let me in. I know you’re trying to stay strong but you know you don’t have to put that face on for me.”

“You can’t help me.”

“But I can try. Let me in Molemo please.” Molemo wipes her tears and gets up.

“Thank you for everything you’ve done for me.”

“Molemo.” She shakes her head and walks away leaving Betty feeling worried.

She knows that whatever Molemo is facing is big and she can’t handle it by herself.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Have you spoken to Molemo?” Betty asks Mandy. Mandy frowns.

“No why?”

“Something is wrong with her but she doesn’t want to talk about it.”

“I saw her izolo and she wasn’t fine. I thought it was just the extra shifts she’s been putting in.” Betty frowns.

“She’s putting in extra shifts?”

“Yeah she’s been working double shifts. I tried to talk to her but you know she does that thing where she smiles then leaves you hanging.”

“I’m worried about her.”

“Me too. She’s not the happy Molemo that we met a while ago.”

“I wish she would just open up to us and let us in on what is happening so we can find a solution.” Mandy sighs.

“Maybe we should kidnap her and interrogate her like how they do in the movies.” Betty laughs. Mandy is crazy.

“Like that will work ne.”

“Ei ngoba vele unenkani loyo.” Betty continues laughing.

“It takes a stubborn person to know one.”

“Hmmm. Wena where’s Mr Dance?” Betty sighs. She hasn’t let her friend in on her extra activities with Mr Dance.

“I don’t know.” She answers honestly.

“Skawara now that you’re back we’re going to be seeing a whole lot more of him.” They share a laugh and make their way to their rooms.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is on her way to stage when she someone grabs her from behind. She screams.

“Betty.” He says softly. She turns around and gazes upon his face.

“Hi.”

“So vele you chose to disobey me?” His voice sends chills down Betty’s spine.

## **FIFTEEN**

“So vele you chose to disobey me?” His voice sends chills down Betty’s spine. Betty chuckles and looks at his hand that is holding her arm.

“Let go of my arm.”

“I told you not to come here anymore Betty.” He says through gritted teeth.

“And I told you, you do not own me. Now let me go.” He lets go of her arm and she walks away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Malibongwe finds a seat in front and watches as Betty does her thing on the pole. The men around the room are going crazy over Betty. Betty drops her top and her perky breast stand tall. He clenches his jaws at the sight that stands before him.

Betty struts her way to the man sitting next to Malibongwe. He keeps his eyes on her as she whispers something to the man.

“How many rounds do you think we can go for?” The man asks Betty. She giggles and lightly bites his earlobe.

“You seem like a stallion, so all night long baby.” He chuckles while giving Betty’s breast a squeeze before flicking his tongue over her nipple. She moans and Malibongwe loses it. He gets up from his chair, kicks it then walks away. Betty watches him until he disappears then goes back to the pole.

\*\*\*\*\*

Malibongwe is leaning against his car smoking a joint trying to calm his nerves. His phone rings and he answers without checking the caller ID.

“Ya.”

“Simphiwe.” She says softly.

“Nqo.”

“Ukuphi?”

“What’s wrong?”

“I just need a friend right now.” He sighs.

“What happened?” He asks.

“Please come see me when you’re done with whatever you’re doing.”

“Melokuhle what happened.”

“Nothing specific I’m just sad.” He rubs his face in frustration. He hates it when her sister is feeling down.

“Okay I’ll be there soon. I love you okay.”

“I love you too. Bye.”

“Sharp.” He hangs up and sighs. He continues puffing on his joint. Betty has him by the balls. He can’t stop thinking about her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is sitting at the bar having a cocktail. He sits next to her and orders a glass of whiskey.

“Betty.”

“O batla eng?” He looks at her like she’s lost.

“Uthini?”

“Ke thini? Wena o reng.” He chuckles while shaking his head.

“You’re so stubborn.”

“So I’ve been told.”

“I’m sorry.” Betty gasps.

“For what?”

“For everything.”

“What is everything Malibongwe heh?”

"I'm sorry okay." She gets up and walks to the corner booth because she can feel people's eyes on them. He follows her and settles next to her.

"You were saying?" She says with attitude.

"You're so beautiful even when you're being disrespectful." She rolls her eyes. Malibongwe is full of himself, she thinks to herself.

"Look you and I had amazing sex but guess what? I've had amazing sex with other men before and you don't see them out here trying to control me." He clenches his jaws.

"You don't say shit like that Betty."

"Like what? Like I sleep with men for a living? Kanti where are you? You're in a fucken brothel what did you expect to find? Women who shine shoes for a living?"

"Betty."

"No Malibongwe. You're wrong in trying to stop me from doing my job. We had sex. Yes. And that's where it ends." Betty is getting worked up. She feels like Malibongwe is not hearing what she is saying.

"What if I don't want it to end?" He asks.

"It doesn't work like that?" She says.

"Why?" He moves closer to her and cups her face.

"Malibongwe."

"Betty." He leans in and captures her lips in his. She holds onto his waist and slides closer to him. He picks her up and sits her on his lap. He sweeps his tongue in her mouth and she can't help the moan that escapes her mouth.

She gets off his lap without breaking the kiss then straddles him. When his bulge and her quim come in contact they both moan and groan respectively.

\*\*\*\*\*

Molemo has just gotten off the taxi and she is making her way home. She sighs when she sees that her house is the only dark one in the street. She walks slowly taking in the outside light before having to go sit in the darkness.

She enters the yard. She can see that the candles are on meaning her mother is home.

She opens the door and finds her mother passed out on the kitchen floor with a bottle in her hand. She heaves a sigh. She jumps over her mother and makes her way to her bedroom. She puts her bag in the wardrobe then takes her clothes off and puts on her pyjamas.

She makes her way to the kitchen to look for something to eat. She finds nothing. Tears make their way down her face. She puts her hands over her mouth and lets out a muffled sob.

A rough knock comes through the door and she vigorously wipes her tears and stands there with her heart beating out of her chest. The knock startles her again and she slowly makes her way to open.

She opens and the person on the other side pushes it wide open causing her to fall. His presence fills up then room and terrifies Molemo.

“Do you have it?” He asks in a petrifying voice. Molemo nods vigorously. “Good.”

\*\*\*\*

Malibongwe is having dinner with his sister at her place.

“Now are you ready to tell me why you’re sad?” She sighs.

“I was at the centre.” He nods.

“Why do you keep doing this to yourself Nqo?”

“What am I doing kanti?”

“You’re hurting yourself.”

“Shut up Simphiwe just shut up.”

“At the end of the day you know it’s true.” She gets up and walks out of the room leaving him feeling like crap. He rubs his face in frustration and waits for her to come back.

He’s been waiting for her to come back but she hasn’t. He makes his way to her room and finds her crying.

“I’m sorry.” He says pulling her into his arms.

“I know you mean well but you’re an ass about it.”

“I know and I’m sorry. We don’t have to talk about this okay.”

“Okay.” He kisses her cheek.

“I need to send a text ngayabuya.”

“Haibo what kind of text is this that needs you to leave the room Malibongwe?” He laughs and walks out of the room.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is lying in bed when a text comes through.

“BE MINE.”



## **SIXTEEN**

“BE MINE.”

“NO.” She responds then switches her phone off and goes to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Molemo groans and opens her eyes. She cries as she drags herself to the bedroom. Her eye is swollen shut and her lip is busted. She pulls herself onto the bed and sobs. Her life is in danger and it isn't even her fault.

She cries until she feels a headache coming on. She checks the time and it's 6AM. She should be getting ready for work but how can she report for work when she looks like she has been hit by a tornado.

Her mother walks into her room.

“Ngwanaka ke kopa 20 nyana fela.”

“I don't have.” She says softly.

“Please hle Lemo waka.”

“I don't have it mama.” She says with her voice slightly breaking.

“Give me the money you were going to use tomorrow, I swear I'll replace it later.”

“Mama I don't have money OKAY.”

“Oho.” She walks out of the room leaving Molemo sobbing.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty has been trying to get hold of Molemo to no avail and she's starting to freak out.

“T Molemo hasn't arrived still?” She asks the guy at the bar.

“Nah and she was supposed to be here really early to help count the stock.”

“But that’s not her job mos.”

“Yeah but she said she needs the extra money.” Betty nods and walks to Mandy’s room.

As usual Mandy has a glass of champagne in her hand.

“Hey love.”

“Hi.”

“You look distraught what’s wrong?”

“I’ve been trying to get hold of Molemo mara nex and I’m starting to freak out now. She really sounded out of it and I’m so scared now Mandy.” Tears fall out of her eyes and she wipes them with the back of her hand.

“Don’t cry please.” Mandy pulls her into her arms.

“I’m scared Mandy what if something happened to her? I won’t be able to forgive myself.”

“We won’t be able to forgive ourselves but I’m sure she’s fine.”

“I hope so.”

“Let me get to work. I’ll keep trying her okay. Just calm down.” Mandy places a soft peck on Betty’s lips before heading out.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is sitting by herself outside when Malibongwe makes his way to her.

“Hi.”

“You’re always here. Don’t you work? Don’t you have a life?”

“Betty.” He seems shocked by her response.

“Ke eng?”

“What’s wrong?” His voice is laced with concern.

“Just stay away from me please.”

“Betty khuluma nami.” She wipes her tears and sighs.

“My little sister is missing. She’s not answering her phone.”

“Have you opened a case?” She shakes her head.

“I don’t even know where she lives exactly.”

“Huh?” He’s shocked.

“She’s my friend but I consider her my baby sister.”

“I see. Now how sure are you that she’s missing?”

“She hasn’t come into work today and she never misses work.”

“Molemo?”

“Yeah.” He sighs and pulls her in for a hug. He understands why she’s worried. He knows that Molemo is not the type to just disappear without an explanation. They aren’t friends but as a customer he knows how dedicated she is.

“I’m sure she’s fine. Let’s have faith that she is okay.” Betty nods against his chest. They sit in silence listening to the sounds of the passing cars.

\*\*\*\*\*

Molemo uses the last bit of energy that she has to pull herself towards the house phone. She has a cut on her head and the amount of blood that is coming out is blinding her vision.

She dials the one number that she remembers and prays that she answers.

“Hello.”

“Betty.” She says softly.

“Who’s this?”

“Please help me.” She feels herself getting lightheaded and she knows she’s about to pass out.

“Molemo?”

“Heeeelp.” Her grip on the phone loosens and it falls down.

“Molemo?”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Molemo?” Betty shouts but no one responds.

“What’s wrong?” Malibongwe asks.

“I don’t know but something is wrong with Molemo.” She gets up and walks back inside with Bongwe hot on her tail. She gets to Madame’s office and budes in.

“Betty what’s wrong and who’s that?” She asks pointing at Malibongwe who just stares her down.

“I need Molemo’s address.”

“I can’t give that to you.”

“You know I don’t beg so this should tell you how serious this is.” She sighs and pulls a file. She writes Molemo’s address and hands it to her.

“Here.”

“Thank you. I’m taking the rest of the day off.” She rushes out with Malibongwe still following her. She grabs her bag and makes her way to her car.

“Let me drive.” He takes the keys from her.

The drive is filled with silence with Betty’s occasional sniffs.

“She’s going to be okay.” Malibongwe says.

“I won’t forgive myself if something bad happened to her.” He puts his hand on her thigh and she puts hers over his.

They eventually get to the township and find Molemo’s house. The door is slightly opened.

“Stand back Betty.” He walks in and she follows him. “Sanibonani bakhona abantu endlini?” They get no response.

Malibongwe spots Molemo’s lifeless body on the living room floor and freezes.

“What’s wrong?” Betty asks. “Molemo?” She says softly before rushing to her. She turns her around and rests her head on her lap

“Betty.”

“Call the ambulance.” She says in a shaky voice. “Nana please wake up for Betty please. I’m sorry baby but just wake up.” The sight is breaking Malibongwe’s heart. He walks over and scoops Molemo in his arms.

“Let’s go.” They rush to the car and Betty sits with Molemo at the back.

Malibongwe is driving like a maniac. He says a silence prayer asking God to spare Molemo’s life.

## **SEVENTEEN**

Malibongwe scoops Molemo in his arms and runs into the hospital.

“I NEED HELP.” He sets her on stretcher and she starts shaking vigorously.

“She’s seizing.” Someone shouts. Next thing there are doctors and nurses surrounding her. They wheel her away leaving a sobbing Betty in Malibongwe’s arms.

“Shhh. It’s okay baby, she’s going to be fine.”

“She wasn’t breathing Malibongwe and then and then.” Her words fail her.

“She’ll be fine.” She continues sobbing on his chest for a while.

The stay in that position for a while until Betty’s phone rings.

“Hello.” She says faintly.

“Babe ukhuphi? Like what’s happening?” Mandy asks in a panicky voice.

“Molemo is in hospital.”

“Whaatt? Wait how? When? Why? Is she okay?” The last part comes off as a whisper.

“It’s bad Mandy.” Her tears start falling all over again.

“Betty.” Mandy says softly.

“I need you please come.”

“Send me the details.” She hangs up and sends Mandy the details.

She goes back to resting her head on Malibongwe’s chest. He pulls her closer and places a sweet kiss on her forehead.

“She’ll pull through don’t worry.”

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It’s been a few hours since Molemo has been brought in and the doctor hasn’t given them an update yet. Betty is going out of her mind but she’s trying to keep it together.

“Betty.” She freezes when she sees her in Malibongwe’s arms.

“Hi friend.” She gets up and they share a hug.

“Bitch you got a lot to tell me.” Mandy whispers in Betty’s hear. Betty chuckles.

“Yeah I do.”

“How’s Molemo?” They settle on the couch. Malibongwe walked out while the girls were sharing a hug.

“I don’t know, the doctor hasn’t come to see us yet.”

“What happened?”

“I don’t know. She called asking for help so I got her address from the office. When we got there she was lying there lifeless.”

“Whaaat?” Tears flow down Mandy’s face. They hold onto each other and just cry. So many thoughts are running through their heads.

Malibongwe walks back to them with three cups of coffee in his hands and a paper bag.

“Ladies I know food is the last thing on your mind kodwa you need to keep your energy levels up.” They wipe their tears and turn to face him.

“Hello Mandy.” He says.

“Hi.”

“I’m Malibongwe.” She nods and grabs a cup of coffee.

“Thanks for the coffee. B thatha.”

“I can’t eat.” Betty responds.

“Betty you need to have something please, baby.” Betty nods and takes a sip of her coffee.

The doctor eventually comes to them.

“How is she?” Is the first thing that Betty asks.

“She’s stable. The cut to the head wasn’t too deep so not a lot of damage was done. The swelling on the face should go down in 72 hours.”

“Can we see her?” Mandy asks.

“She is awake but she might be slightly out of it”

“Okay.”

“This way.” The doctor walks away and Mandy follows him.

“I’ll be right here.” Malibongwe says giving her a soft peck.

“Thank you.” She follows the doctor and Mandy.

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Molemo is lying awake with tears running down the side of her face. She’s lost deep in thought when she feels someone hold her hand. She turns her head slowly and sees Betty and Mandy. She gives them a faint smile before facing the other side.

“Baby.” Mandy says softly. Molemo bites her lip trying to keep herself from crying.

“Molemo bua le rona please.” Betty says with tears falling down her face.

“I just want to die. I don’t want to live anymore. I want to die.” She says more to herself than to the ladies.

“Molemo.” She doesn’t respond.

“I’m getting Malibongwe.” Mandy says.

“Why?”

“He seems like he can help.” Mandy walks out leaving Betty to try and talk to Molemo.

“I know you don’t want to talk but baby I just want to help you. Just let me help you please.”

Mandy walks in with Malibongwe who cringes when he sees the state Molemo is in.

He gets a flashback of a memory he would rather forget.

He walks closer to her and takes her hand in his.

“Hello Molemo.” She turns to look at him. She’s shocked to see him here. She doesn’t understand why he’s here.

“Hi.” She croaks. He gives her a warm smile and she tries to return it.

“I know you don’t want to talk believe me I do but I just need a little bit of information from you so we can help.” She nods lightly. “Can you talk?” She nods. “Okay when you’re ready.”

They sit in silence waiting for her to talk.



“My mother is an alcoholic. She has been for as long as I can remember. Whenever I got money she would take it and go drink. When I started working at the club I did everything I could to ensure that the household ran smoothly. I made sure we always had electricity and food but somehow she would sell the food and buy alcohol. I don’t know how she got mixed up le Bozza but she owes him money. So I’d give her the money to pay him but she’d just drink it. The debt got so huge that he started coming to the house and threatening me. So I told him I’d pay him and I tried but it seemed like it wasn’t even going down. This side mom borrowed money from our neighbours as well so it was bad. When he came in last night he beat me up. He said that I was making a fool out of him and people would start taking advantage of him. So he beat me up then left. He came back during the day to I guess finish me off. I think he stabbed me on my head I don’t know. I just want to die. I don’t want to go back there.” She starts sobbing and Malibongwe gently pulls her into his embrace. He has his jaw clenched.

“You don’t have to go back there baby. I’ve got you.” Betty says softly.

“Yeah we got you.” Mandy adds in.

Molemo continues sobbing against Malibongwe’s chest until she passes out. He gently lays her head on the pillows then walks out. He is burning with anger. Betty rushes after him and finds him sitting outside by the bench.

“Are you okay?”

“I hate hospitals.” He responds.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay”

“Thank you for what you did.” He nods lightly and they fall into comfortable silence.

## **EIGHTEEN**

It's been two days since Molemo has been discharged from the hospital and she has been living with Betty and Mandy has also moved in with them for a while. Molemo hasn't spoken to any of them since the day she cried in Malibongwe's arms.

"I'm worried about her." Mandy says to Betty, They're in the kitchen making breakfast.

"Me too but we can't exactly force her to talk."

"I know but there has to be something we can do." Betty sighs and continues chopping the onions.

Molemo walks in shocking both the girls.

"Hi baby." Mandy walks over to her and helps her settle on the chair.

"Hi." She says softly.

"We're making a full fatty breakfast, do you want that or cereal?" Betty asks.

"Would it be too much to ask for porridge?"

"Nope futhi mina umdoko is my speciality." Mandy says and walks over to the stove.

"Thank you guys." Betty and Mandy communicate with their eyes before going back to what they were doing.

"Would you like something to drink?" Betty asks Molemo.

"No thank you." Betty nods and get on with making breakfast.

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The ladies are now sitting in the living room having breakfast. Molemo is having her soft porridge while Mandy and Betty are having their fatty breakfast.

"You should've invited me to come live you a long time ago wena Betty." Betty chuckles.

"And why is that Mands?"

"Because your ass is a good cook. I could be getting juicier la." They all chortle.

“Well you’re here now akere?”

“Yes and you better keep these fatty meals coming.” Betty shakes her head.

Molemo is eating her soft porridge lost in thought. She feels tears stream down her face and before she can contain it she begins to sob. Both Mandy and Betty rush to her side.

They wrap their arms around her as she continues to sob loudly. Both the ladies have tears falling down their faces. Molemo’s sobs are cutting through their hearts. She eventually stops crying and wipes her tears.

“I never knew my father and whenever I would mama about him she would freak out. She would shout at me who God knows what so I stopped asking about him. When I got to high school her drinking was worse. I’m grateful for all the teachers who took an interest in me because they made sure that I was always feed. Mama would take all my grant money and spend it on alcohol. I’m shocked that we actually still have a house. When I graduated from matric I didn’t know what I would do. I applied for scholarships and bursaries but none came through well except for one but I didn’t get it because I didn’t have money to go for the interview. So I spent a few years taking odd jobs here and there just so I could survive until I got the job at the Club. I thought things would get better you know. I thought that I would out myself through school and finally get the life that I wanted but I guess that life is not meant for me.” She says softly. Betty wipes her tears and gets up then walks away.

Mandy pulls Molemo into her arms.

“You are destined for greatness baby and you are going to be great. What happened in your past is unfortunate but the future is bright. You have us now and we love you and only want what’s best for you.” Molemo nods against Mandy’s chest.

“Thank you.” She says softly.

“I love you okay and we’re going to get through this together. The three of us.” They sit in silence with their thoughts raging.

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Betty is sitting on the kitchen floor with tears streaming down her face. The kettle boils bringing her back to reality. She gets up then vigorously wipes them and proceeds to pour the water in the mugs. She takes a handful of mini marshmallows and throws them in each cut.

She grabs a tray and puts the mugs and biscuits on it and head back to the living room. She finds Mandy and Molemo holding onto each other.

"I have a hug in a mug." They pull apart and sit up.

"Thank you." She hands them their mugs then joins them on the couch with hers in hand.

"So I was thinking." Betty says.

"It better not be a dumb idea." Mandy says and Molemo chuckles. She loves how extra Mandy can get at times.

"Waphapha." Betty says.

"Just talk already."

"I was thinking that Molemo could move in with me just until you're ready to stand on your own two feet you know."

"Betty."

"Bona if you're not comfortable with living with me forever then I can get you a unit in the building then you can live alone."

"She'll take it." Mandy jumps in causing Betty to laugh.

"Of course she will."

"And I'm moving in with her. The rent I used to pay at my flat will go towards paying the rent here."

"Well there you go. Done." Betty says.

"Do I have a say in this?" Molemo asks.

"No you don't. We're moving into that apartment and there is nothing you can say about it."

"But I can't leave mama." She says softly.

"Molemo you almost died because of that woman. Do you actually want to die?" Betty asks.

"He said he'd kill her if I don't pay Betty I need to pay him."

"When we go fetch you clothes we will ask her how much she actually owes and we will pay it off. What happens after that you can't feel guilty about that."

"I can't let you do that Betty."

"Think of it as an investment. When you're all monied you will take care of me."

“What did I do to deserve you?” She smiles faintly.

“I love you baby. Now should we fetch your stuff today?”

“What if that man is there?” Mandy asks.

“Let me ask Malibongwe if he can come with us.” She gets up and walks to her room.

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She dials Malibongwe’s number and it rings unanswered. She tries again and still voicemail.

“Hey please call me when you get this, it’s kind of urgent. Sharp.” She hangs up and walks back to the living room.

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Malibongwe groans as she clenches her pussy around his cock. He begins to move slowly then picks up the pace.

He squeezes her breasts tightly and she cries out.

“Shit its sore.” He loosens his hold on them.

“You said you can take it. So take it.” He continues to pound her hard and fast. She moans out loud as she grabs onto the sheets.

“It’s too deep.” She cries out.

“Take this dick.” He pulls her closer and thrusts deeper. His balls are knocking against her door and she’s a mess.

He freezes then groans as he releases all his content into the condom. He pulls out the walks to the bathroom to discard the condom.

He comes back wipes her clean before checking his phone. He sees the missed calls from Betty and he tells himself he’ll attend to them later.

## ***NINETEEN***

“Hello.”

“Betty. I just saw your missed calls.”

“Oh okay.”

“You said it was urgent.”

“I just wanted to find out if you would be able to go with us to Molemo’s house. We want to fetch her stuff.”

“Sure. When do you want to go?”

“Today if possible.”

“Ngyeza ke.”

“Thank you.”

“Sharp.” Malibongwe hangs up and heads to the bathroom to take a shower.

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Betty walks back to the kitchen where the girls are.

“Malibongwe says he’s on his way so we should probably go get ready.”

“Let me go bath.” Molemo says then walks out of the room.

“Why is Mr Dance so invested in you?” Mandy asks. She gives Betty the ‘don’t you dare lie to me’ look.

“We fucked.” Betty blurts out. Mandy squeals and pushes Betty.

“You sly fox. Details details details.” Betty chortles. She knows that Mandy will not let it go.

“Let’s go shower while I let you in on everything.” They make their way to Betty’s room. They get in the bathroom and strip naked.

They step in the shower and allow the water to hit them for a few minutes.

“Tell me.”

“He took me to his place and pounded me. What more can I say.”

“Did you like it?” Mandy asks as she applies shower gel on her breast.

“I did.” She replies with a smile on her face.

“And you want more of it?”

“He wants exclusivity.”

“And you don’t?”

“You do understand that me agreeing to be exclusive with him means that I have to stop working right?” Betty says.

“Yeah well like we have already established you don’t need the job.”

“You don’t want to give this up for a man yet I should?”

“I need the income, you don’t.”

“And if I were to say I’ll give you a monthly income would you give Tebogo a chance?”

“Deputy Minister giving away ama funds we government heh?” They both chortle.

“No really if I’m going to take this chance with Malibongwe then you’re going to hear Tebogo out at least.”

“I don’t have to date him angithi.”

“Just hear him out Mandy phela the guy has been blowing up your phone.” They chuckle.

“Okay now can we get to the nice stuff you know sucking boobs and all?” Betty chuckles. She steps closer to Betty and captures her lips in hers. Mandy squeezes Betty’s ass and they both moan in each other’s mouth.

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The ladies and Malibongwe are on the way to Molemo’s house. The silence in the car is deafening. You can tell that Molemo is nervous. Mandy pulls her closer and rests her head on her chest.

They finally arrive at Molemo’s and make their way inside. Molemo leads the way and they all walk in. They find her mother sitting on the couch drinking a beer.

“Hau o tswa kae?” Her mother asks. The ladies and Malibongwe can’t hide their shock.

“These are my friends. I came to fetch my clothes I’m going to be living with Betty for a while.”

“And then who’s going to pay Bozza?” Malibongwe clenches his jaws.

“I am.” His loud voice fills the room.

“And o mang wena?”

“How much do you owe him?” He asks.

“25 thousand.”

“Mama.” Molemo says softly.

“Ukuphi yena lowo muntu? Mbize.” Molemo’s mom looks at Malibongwe in disgust.

“Who do you think you are?”

“Molemo go pack.” Malibongwe commands and Molemo rushes off.

“Hehe mehlolo.” Molemo’s mother claps her hands dramatically.

“You will call that loan shark right now and when he gets here I will pay him. You will not contact Molemo again. Uyangizwa?”

“My child will never leave me.”

“She’s not leaving you. I’m taking her.” Betty and Mandy are shocked by this encounter. They didn’t expect Malibongwe to take charge.

“O Molemo.” The mother starts wailing dramatically.

“You will get groceries every month and that is all you will get from Molemo.” The wailing continues.

Molemo emerges dragging a suitcase. Betty takes it from her and walks out. Molemo goes back to her room to fetch the rest of her bags. She comes back with them and Mandy takes those.

“Mama.” Molemo says softly. “I love you mama and I’m sorry I have to leave you.”

“Don’t leave my child.” Molemo shakes her head.

“I’m sorry mama.” She walks out leaving her mother with Malibongwe.



“You have a very beautiful daughter. If you don’t want to get better for yourself then at least do it for her. She deserves a mother. She deserves a healthy environment. Please just get yourself together.” The only thing you can hear in the room are her sniffs.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bozza eventually came and Malibongwe paid him. He promised never to bother them again. Molemo’s mother made no promise of sobering up.

The gang is now on their way back to Betty’s apartment.

They get there and head inside. Mandy and Molemo drag her bags to the bedroom while Betty and Malibongwe head to the kitchen.

“Thank you for today.” Betty hands him a glass of juice.

“Pack a overnight bag and let’s go.” Her breath hitches.

“Malibongwe.” She says softly. Her mind raises back to the last time she spent the night at his house.

“I just want to talk.” He says.

“Okay.

She walks to her room and starts packing. Mandy walks in and sits on the bed.

“You’re leaving with him.” She says with a smirk on her face.

“Yes.”

“Don’t come back pregnant.” Betty chuckles.

“You know I play it safe.”

“HmMMM.” They walk out and find Molemo and Bongwe having a conversation.

“I’m done.” Betty says.

“Just think about what I said okay.” Malibongwe says to Molemo.

“Okay.” She gets up and they share an embrace. They eventually let go and Betty shares a hug with her friends then heads out.

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They get to Malibongwe's and he takes her bag to the bedroom while she settles on the couch. He walks back in and sits next to her.

"I need to pay you back the money you used to pay that guy." He frowns.

"I did it out of the goodness of my heart. I don't want it back but thank you for the gesture."

"I insist."

"Betty stop being stubborn please."

"Okay." He moves closer to her and pulls her in for a kiss. Just as she begins to enjoy the kiss he pulls back.

"Take your pants off." He commands. She gets up with her body shaking and takes her pants off.

She stands there in nothing but a top. He holds his hand out to her and she walks to him. He grabs her waist and bends her over his knee.

She trembles and shivers as he moves his hand around her ass. A stinging slap lands on her ass.

"Ahhhh." Betty cries out.

Another one lands on her other cheek. She shuts her eyes as her body absorbs the pain. He caresses her butt softly. Betty still has her eyes shut as she tries to shut out the sting.

He lowers his head and kisses each of her ass cheeks.

"I love your ass Betty."

He runs his fingers over her slick seam and she moans. He slides a finger in and moves it in and out. He pulls it out then starts rubbing on her clit vigorously.

"No don't." She says breathlessly. He continues to rub then stops and gives her ass a few more spans.

"You like that?"

"Yes." He smirks. He helps her up and she stands there feeling helpless. He gets up and starts stripping. She watches in amazement. She has never met a man with as much confidence as Malibongwe.

His cock springs free as he lowers his pants along with his briefs. She gasps. She can't get over how gifted he is.

“Your top Betty, it has to go.” She takes her top off with shaky hands. She throws it on the floor and stands before him in all her glory.

He slowly makes his way towards her then circles around her. She holds her breath as he runs his finger around her waist.

“Bend over the couch.” She obeys command and bends over the couch. He puts on a condom then pokes her quim with the head of his cock before rubbing it up and down her wetness. He wraps his arm around her waist and pulls her back.

He slams into her and a loud scream escapes her mouth.

She feels him all the way in her belly. She gasps for air as she tries to adjust to his hardness deep inside her.

He begins to move with each thrust it feels like he digs himself deeper. Betty moans out loud. Extreme ecstasy is what she is feeling. She feels herself build up. She tries to get out of his hold but he pulls her closer.

“No I can’t. Oh shit. I can’t.” Her orgasm hits her and her legs shake uncontrollably. He fucks her right through it.

“Do you like how I fuck you Betty?” He thrust deeper and she cries out.

“Ahh yes... ah I do.”

“I’m marking you Betty.” He rolls his hip hitting her pleasure spot. “Did you hear what I just said? I said I’m making you mine Betty all mine.” He rams into and she feels gasps for air.

“ooh.”

“Yes baby. With my cock deep inside of you I’m claiming you.” He lets go of her waist and holds onto her hips. He pumps into her harder and faster. Her moaning has become louder with the pleasure that he is giving her. The thrusting of his cock against all her wetness feels amazing.

He lets go of the one side of her hip and reaches for her breast. He squeezes hard then rubs on her nipples which raises her oncoming wave.

“Oh shiit.”

“That’s it. Let it go.”

For some reason Betty is enjoying being led by his command. His hip action is powerful and has purpose. One final thrust and her wave hits her.

“Fuuck noo.” She screams out loud as she releases her juices.

“That’s right. Mine Betty. You’re mine.”

“Yours.” She says softly.

“Yes mine.” He continues moving in and out but at a slower pace.

## **TWENTY**

“Please don’t... I’m sorry.” Betty opens her eyes slowly. It’s still dark outside. She switches on the bed side lamp and turns to Malibongwe who is groaning and fighting in his sleep.

“I’m sorry.” He continues fighting. Betty attempts to shake him but he doesn’t wake up.

“Malibongwe.” She continues to shake him.

“NO!!” He screams then wakes up abruptly gasping for air. He rubs his face a few times before turning to look at a terrified Betty.

“Are you okay?” She asks softly.

“Ya.” He gets off the bed and walks to the bathroom. He splashes cold water on his face before heaving a sigh.

He walks back to the bedroom and finds Betty still sitting in the same position. He walks out of the bedroom without saying anything. Betty grabs his shirt and puts it then follows him.

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Malibongwe gets to the kitchen and grabs a glass then pours himself a drink. He downs it then throws the glass across the room and it lands on the fridge and shatters. Betty stands frozen. He turns to look at her and she gets scared. He doesn’t look like the friendly, possessive guy that she knows.

His face is hard and has no hint of emotion. He grabs the bottle and takes a rather long sip. Betty slowly makes her way towards him. He has his eyes set on her and she has hers on him. She stands in front of him and gently takes the bottle out of his hand.

She places it on the counter then cups his face. He clenches his jaws and fits his hands.

“What’s wrong?”

“Step away Betty.” His hoarse voice fills the room.

“Bua le nna.”

“Betty ngithe suka.”

“I’m not going anywhere now please talk to me please because you’re scaring me.”

"I'm fine."

"Malibongwe."

"Just go back to bed I'll be there soon." She looks deep in his eyes and sighs because she can tell that he won't let her in on what is happening. She gets on her toes and places a soft peck on his lips.

"Okay." She turns and walks back to the bedroom. She can't help but wonder what his issue is.

Malibongwe gulps his drink and takes the bottle with. He gets to his study and grabs the house phone. He dials his sister but it rings unanswered. He tries her again.

"Ya" She says in a sleep laced voice.

"Nqo."

"Ya."

"I'm failing for her." She doesn't answer for a while then sighs.

"Who is she?"

"Some girl."

"How do you feel about that fact?"

"I don't want to fall for her Nqo."

"Yet you have?"

"I am. I tried to fight it. I tried it so hard but she keeps drawing me in."

"Is it?"

"Her eyes and smile." He chuckles while shaking his head.

"Look if you're happy then I'm happy. Just come see me soon so we can actually have this conversation face to face okay baby."

"Okay."

"Just stop over thinking."

"I'll try."

"And stop drinking and smoking like a chimney Malibongwe that shit is not attractive."

"I didn't call you so that you can shout at me."

“Would you rather mom does?”

“Leave her out of this.”

“I can’t. Not when she cries because wena you haven’t gone to see her in a while. Go see mom please.”

“I will.”

“HmMMMM. Goodnight.”

“Thank you for listening.”

“Anytime.” He hangs up then takes a sip from the bottle. He can’t control his emotions right now. He feels like he’s losing the plot.

He grabs his grandfathers picture off of the shelve and looks at it with his tears falling down his face.

“Mkhulu how do I do this?” He slides to the ground and lets out a gut-wrenching sob.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty is sitting on the bed waiting for Malibongwe to come back to bed. The door opens and he walks in. She frowns when her eyes land on his. They’re blood shot red. He walks to the bathroom then walks out a few minutes later.

He gets in bed and pulls Betty into his arms.

“I’m sorry if I scared you.” Betty wants to ask him but she’s scared he’ll brush her off.

“It’s okay.”

“I meant what I said Betty.”

“About what?” She asks clearly confused.

“About you being mine.” Her heart races.

“Malibongwe.”

“Mine Betty.”

“You can’t put a claim on me like I’m some piece of land.” He chuckles and kisses her forehead.

“Ok ke.” He heaves a sigh. “Look all this is new to me. You intrigue me, there is something about you that just keeps drawing me in. I’d like explore that. I’d like to see where this could go.”

“What does this entail?”

“Us being monogamous.”

“What about my job?” She asks. He clenches his jaws.

“You will quit working at that club and you will find something else.” She chortles.

“How many people are unemployed in this country?”

“You don’t need the money.”

“And you know this because you’re my personal accountant akere.”

“You will watch how you talk to me.” He says through gritted teeth.

“You can’t just tell me to quit my job.” He sighs.

“Betty please.” He says softly. That shocks Betty because he wasn’t soft just a second ago.

“Okay.”

“You’ll quit?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll take care of you Betty I promise.”

“Just don’t hurt me.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” He pulls her up and gently puts his lips on hers.



## **TWENTY ONE**

It has been a few months since Malibongwe and Betty decided to give their relationship a try and things have been going really well. They are still getting to know each other, slowly but surely both of them are learning to open up to each other. Betty has since stopped working at the club and has officially become a house girlfriend.

She's sitting in her apartment with Mandy.

"So how's the whole monogamous setup going?"

"It's going really well. Malibongwe isn't so bad. He's soft when he wants to be." Betty responds with a smile on her face.

"You look like you're in love friend."

"I'm well on my way there and I honestly don't mind it. This guy is something else." Mandy smiles widely. She is genuinely happy for her friend.

"I'm so happy for you. As long as you're happy then a bitch good." Betty chortles.

"You're so extra."

"Argh whatever. Where's Molemo? She said she was coming up to you."

"She's in the bedroom studying." Mandy nods.

"She's so much better now. I'm proud of her."

"We'll you see more of her than I do."

"Angithi wena you live with your man."

"Hai I still live here."

"No you don't, because if you did you'd know Molemo and I come through and steal your bottles." They both chortle.

"I should take my key card back mxm." Betty's phone rings and she gets up to go answer it

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"Mme."

“Betty how are you?”

“I’m fine mme and how are you?”

“Ngoanaka I need you to come back home.”

“What for mme?”

“We need you to come Betty.”

“Unless you tell me what it is about then sorry but no.”

“Why are you so stubborn?”

“I took after you.”

“Why are you so disrespectful heh Betty?”

“Mmee if that’s all you called to say then goodbye.”

“We have an interview lined up with a journalist. Your father’s career is taking a knock because of your scandal. They’re even thinking of removing him all because his daughter decided to become a hoe. Now you will come home and help us fix this mess.” Betty wipes the tears that make their way down her face.

“Mme.” She says softly.

“You better be home this weekend or I will cut you off Betty.” Her mother hangs up leaving Betty stunned. She throws herself on the bed and allows herself to process her emotions. She can’t believe that just happened.

Mandy walks in and finds Betty crying.

“What’s wrong?” She sits on the bed and wipes her tears.

“I just had a fight le mme.”

“Are they still on your neck about the whole thing?” Betty nods.

“For how long though Mandy?”

“They’ll come through just don’t stress about it.”

“I can’t take it anymore.”

“Bazoba strong just do you babe.” Betty chuckles.

“Argh I need a drink. Some champagne maybe?”

“Now you’re talking my language not all these tears.” They share a laugh as they make their way to the living room.

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Betty knocks on Malibongwe’s door and he opens in nothing but his briefs. Her eyes travel down to his bulge and she chuckles.

“I keep telling you to take the extra key.” He says with a smirk on his face.

“Not now baby. Hi.” She gives him a soft peck then pushes him aside and walks in. She heads to the kitchen and grabs a bottle of water from the kitchen.

“How was your afternoon with the girls?”

“It was just Mandy and I and it was good as always.”

“Kodwa awukho right. Yin’ndaba?” Betty chuckles while shaking her head. They always fight about this. He speaks a lot of Zulu and she responds in Sotho.

“You’re lucky Mandy always says that so I know what means.” He laughs and wraps his arms around her waist.

“So???”

“I need to go home this weekend.”

“What for?”

“Some interview mme has set up to clear the scandal or something.” He frowns.

“Do you want to do it?”

“I have to.”

“That wasn’t the question though.”

“That’s the only answer that matters.”

“Hmmm.” Betty sighs and leans into his hold. “My girlfriend is famous.” He says and she chortles.

“Dumb you.”

“I like seeing your smile.” He kisses her cheek.

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Malibongwe has his arm wrapped around Betty's waist when he starts groaning in his sleep.

"I'm sorry." He shouts. Betty opens her eyes and tries to wiggle herself out of his hold. He continues groaning and fighting.

"I'M SORRY." He cries out. Betty tries to escape his hold but he tightens it.

"Malibongwe." Betty calls out to him. He groans like a wounded animal before grabbing Betty by the neck. She tries to remove his hand around her neck but fails.

"Bongwe." She shouts. He tightens his grip and she feels herself getting weaker. She hits his hand but nothing.

He groans then starts crying. Betty feels her body shutting down because of the lack of oxygen.

"Malibongwe." She says softly before closing her eyes and letting her body go."

## **TWENTY TWO**

Malibongwe wakes up from his dream and realises that he has his hand on Betty's neck. He jumps off the bed and stares at her lifeless body.

"Betty?" He says softly.

He slowly makes his way to her side of the bed and starts shaking her. He begins to panic when she doesn't wake up.

"Betty vuka. I'm sorry Betty please baby." He cups her face and places a peck on her lips. "Betty please don't leave me please baby please wake up." Malibongwe has tears flowing down his cheeks. His heart is racing and his body feels weak.

Betty slowly opens her eyes and looks at Malibongwe who looks devastated.

"Are you okay?" He asks her. She sits up and continues to look at him.

Betty is alert and aware of everything and she isn't panicked.

"I'm okay." She says softly. She cups his face and wipes his tears.

"Let me go get you water." He says before getting up and leaving the room.

Betty sinks into the bed and heaves a sigh. Everything feels like a dream to her. She can't believe that she almost went out like that.

She wonders what is haunting Malibongwe so bad.

He walks back in carrying a tray.

"I made you rooibos with a bit of honey." He places it on the bed.

"Thank you." She takes a mug and sips.

They sit in silence, each of them listening to their own thoughts.

"I'm sorry Betty I don't know what happened there I am so sorry." Betty turns to look at him. He looks vulnerable and broken. She knows that she needs to be extra gentle with him in this moment.

"I know you would never hurt me on purpose."

"I'm sorry." He begins to sob and that sight breaks Betty's heart.

She pulls him into her arms and holds him tightly.

“Shhhhh it’s okay baby it’s okay. I’m okay.” He continues to sob on her chest. Betty feels helpless as she holds him. She wants to help him but she doesn’t know what to do.

His sobs eventually subside.

“Please don’t leave me Betty.”

“I could never leave you Malibongwe I love you.” She shuts her eyes when she realises what she has just said. He looks up.

“You love me?” She heaves a sigh and nods with her eyes still closed. “Betty look at me.”

“No.”

“I love you too Betty. I love you.” She opens her eyes and finds him looking at her.

“Why me? You’ve been dodging this question.”

“Your eyes and smile they drew me in.” She smiles and he can’t help but smile too.

She pulls him up and places a kiss on his lips.

“Now will you tell me what’s wrong?” He rests his head back on her chest.

“Sleep Betty.” She chuckles and pushes his head off then gets off the bed.

She slowly makes her way to the kitchen. She feels a bit off. Her head hurts and and she feels high. She sits on the kitchen floor and closes her eyes. The fact that he won’t lwt her in after he almost killed her pisses her off. She knows that he is closed off but she expected him to shut her out but not like this.

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Malibongwe sits in bed waiting for Betty to come back. He can’t help but feel bad for what just transpired. He could’ve killed her.

He rubs his face and gets off the bed.

He finds her sitting on the kitchen floor. He settles next to her and she rests her head on his shoulder.

“I lost my grandfather when I was younger and I was never the same again. When he left he took a huge part of me that could never be filled by anything.” Betty’s heart sinks.

“I’m sorry for your loss.”

“Thanks.”

“So is that where you go in your dreams?” He sighs.

“I sometimes think that if he was still alive things would be better. I wouldn’t be this person.”

“You’re not so bad Malibongwe.” He chuckles.

“You’re just sweet. Now can we go back to bed?” Betty knows what he is trying to do. Over the past few months that they’ve been together she has learnt that he deflects a lot but she is grateful that he has let her in even if it was just a bit.

## **TWENTY THREE**

Mandy makes her way into the restaurant with her heart beating out of her chest. Her palms are sweating and her armpits itching. She doesn't understand how he convinced her to meet up with him.

She spots him and draws a huge breath before walking up to him.

"Hi." He looks up and smiles.

"Mandy you look breathtaking." She can't help but blush.

He gets up and pulls her in for a hug. Both of them get shockwaves throughout their bodies. She tries to pull back but he holds her tighter. She sighs and sinks into his embrace. Neither of them can fight the attraction.

"Can we sit now?" Mandy says and Tebogo chuckles before letting go.

"How are you love?" Mandy frowns.

"It's Mandy and I'm okay and you?" He chuckles lowly.

"Okay Mandy, I'm also okay."

"Tebogo why am I here?" She asks.

"Because I missed you Mandy."

Mandy and Tebogo were together for a long time before her profession got in the way of things. He didn't want her working at the club anymore and she wasn't willing to become someone else's liability so they called it quits.

"Udlala ngami yazi wena." She says.

He chortles.

"Marry me Mandy." He says with an intense look on his face.

\*\*\*\*\*

Molemo is on her way to go see her mother. She hasn't seen her since the day she moved out. She knows that she shouldn't go there but she can't help it, she's her mother she raised her. As much as she's the reason she almost died.



She walks in the yard and her heart begins to race. She gets flashbacks of Bozza beating her up. Her own screams are ringing in her head. She does her breathing exercises and calms herself down. She knows that she can't afford to break down now. She draws in a huge breath and knocks.

She continues knocking for while before she tries to open the door. It's not even locked. She sighs and walks in. She remembers the nights she would go to sleep with the door unlocked because her mother wasn't back yet. She remembers how paranoid she was thinking that someone would barge in and rape her. She remembers how she spends most of her days in fear.

Her mother is lying on the floor passed out with beer bottles all around her. Molemo chuckles while shaking her head and starts clearing them- out. She heads to the kitchen to check if there is something to eat.

She finds cabbage in the fridge and decides to cook that. She cooks while she cleans the rest of the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Betty."

"Yes." Betty steps into the bedroom wrapped in a towel.

Betty and Malibongwe have practically been living together. They spend most of their days at his place. They haven't spoken about the choking incident since the night it happened.

He tilts his head and chuckles.

"Woza la." She slowly makes her way to him and stands in front of him.

He runs his hands from her knees up to her thighs where he keeps drawing circles. Betty's breathe hitches and she holds onto his shoulders. His finger travels to her clit and starts gently rubbing it. She moans out loud and throws her head back.

Malibongwe loves how Betty reacts to his touch. He slides a finger in and she bites her lip.

"Bongwe." She says breathlessly.

He drops the towel leaving her exposed. His mouth finds her nipple and goes to work. Betty holds the back of his head and pulls him closer. He lightly grazes his teeth over the nipple and she loses it. His finger his still working her and she is clenching her walls crazily. He rubs her clit with his thumb and she comes undone.

He looks up and her and chuckles.

“So beautiful Betty.” He pulls her to sit on top of him and they share a kiss.

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Molemo’s mom wakes up and finds her daughter sitting on the couch.

“Wena.” She says shocking Molemo. “What are you doing here?” she asks.

“I came to check on you mama.” Molemo says softly.

Her mother laughs until her laughter turns into coughing. She coughs for a while. Molemo gets up and fetches a glass of water for her. She downs it in one go.

“You came to see me? Why? Because it’s not like you care about what happens to me. You left me all alone. When that boyfriend of yours came into my house and disrespected you didn’t defend me.” She shouts.

Suddenly Molemo regrets coming here. She thought that her mother would have at least tried to get her act together.

“I should go.”

“Oh because you’re living the fancy life now akere Molemo. I CARRIED YOU FOR NINE MONTHS. I FEED YOU. I CLOTHED YOU. I RAISED YOU ALL BY MYSELF. WHEN YOUR FATHER TOLD ME THAT HE DIDN’T WANT YOU BECAUSE HE WAS MARRIED. I RAISED YOU AND TODAY YOU TURN AROUND AND DO THIS TO ME?”

Both of them have tears falling down their faces. Molemo has always asked her mother about her father and that conversation would always end with her mother angry.

“So you slept with a married man and that’s how I was conceived? Who is he?”

“Voetsek Molemo. You said you’re leaving akere so leave.” Her mother says and gets up.

“And I don’t know who told you to clean my house man. Nxaa watena watseba.”

Molemo wipes her tears and grabs her bag. She has a lot to say but she knows it won’t end well. She walks of the house with a heavy heart and more questions than answers.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty and Malibongwe are in bed making out when Betty's phone interrupts them. He groans and pulls her closer.

"I have to take that." She murmurs against his lips.

"No you don't." He responds.

She giggles and pulls back. She reaches for her phone and answers.

"Betty hle." Betty sighs and rubs her forehead.

"Mme."

"When are you coming home?"

"I'm fine thanks and how are you mme."

"I don't have time for your stupid games Betty. You need to come home now. Tomorrow afternoon you better be here!"

"Or else what heh mme?"

"DON'T TEST ME."

"Hmmm." Betty says and hangs up.

She groans and rests her head on Malibongwe's chest. He pulls her closer and rubs her back.

"What's the story between you and your parents?" He asks.

Her body tenses and tears shine in her eyes. She clears her throat.

"Nothing." She says softly.

"Betty you know you can talk to me about anything right?"

"Just like how you can talk to me about anything." Betty shoots back.

Malibongwe's grip on her body gets tighter.

"Whatever demons you're facing we can face them together Malibongwe. I chose you."

Malibongwe sighs and kisses her forehead.

"Let's take a nap." He says.

## **TWENTY FOUR**

“Are you comfortable?” Malibongwe asks Betty.

Betty nods lightly while looking deep into his eyes. Malibongwe chuckles as he continues to tie Betty up. He pulls the rope down and runs it beneath the band beneath her breast.

“Bend over.” He commands.

Betty does as she is told with her heart beating out of her chest. He grabs one breast and wraps the rope around it. He moves on to the next one. He secures the loops causing the breast to bulge outward.

Betty sucks in a breathe causing him to chuckle.

“Now you’re easily accessible to me. I can suck, massage and pinch your nipples without any interference from you.” He says lazily and a moan escapes Betty’s lips.

Malibongwe has Betty’s hands wrapped around a pole. Her movements are restricted just the way he wants her to be.

He lowers his head and takes her nipple in his mouth. Betty moans softly. She desperately wants to touch him but she can’t. He continues with his assault on her nipples alternating between the left and right. All the sensations shoots straight to Betty’s pussy and she finds herself clenching and unclenching like crazy.

He eventually stops teasing her breast and moves to her lips. He gently kisses her and she moans in his mouth.

“I want you to beg me Betty.” He says against her lips and she gets tingles throughout her entire body.

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“Tebogo please.” Mandy says pleadingly.

Tebogo chuckles and begins to thrust very slowly. He knows how much she hates it when he takes her slow.

“Tebogo please I need to cum.”

“Say yes baby and I’ll make you cum.” He says in a strained voice.

Mandy's eyes well up with tears. She blinks once and they fall. A mixture of frustration and pleasure. She desperately needs to cum and she knows that he won't let her reach her high unless he gets what she wants. She still hates the fact that he enjoys having conversations during sex.

"Tebogo nyakcela we'll talk just please."

He continues with his controlled thrusts and that just frustrates Mandy even more.

"I love you Mandy and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Just say yes." He lowers his head and captures her lips in his.

The kiss is slow and passionate. Both of them are pouring all of their emotions into the kiss. All the unresolved issues that they had. The love. The disappointment. All of it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty has her hands tied and mouth gagged and is practically under Malibongwe's mercy. Her heart is racing uncontrollably and her body slightly shaking. She doesn't know what to expect this time around with all this freaky shit that Malibongwe is into. She's still trying to figure out how he even got into all of this.

She can't believe that he woke her up just so he can tie her up and have his way with her. She looks at him as he takes something from the drawer and walks over to her with it.

"This is going to make your clit so sensitive. You are going to squirm under my control my Betty." He says with a proud smile on his face.

Betty's eyes widen and she shakes her head. She knows that her body will not be able to handle all the pleasure that is about to be dished out to her. She murmurs against the gag and vigorously shakes her head.

"This clit pump sucker is going to stimulate as well as enlarge for clit kancane nje. Now be a good girl and spread em wide." He orders.

Betty shakes her head and squeezes her thighs together.

"You don't want this?" He asks.

She shakes her head.

"You want it?" She nods her head and slowly spreads her legs.

He smirks as he gently pulls on her clit. She loses her mind when she sucker comes in contact with her clit. She's screaming and trying to free her hands to no avail. Malibongwe steps back and watches as she goes crazy.

He slowly takes off his sweats along with his boyleg and his cock springs free. Betty looks at his cock with passion.

"Let's see." He says while stroking his cock as he makes his way to her.

He removes the sucker and she screams out loud. Her legs are shaking slightly and that seems to please him.

"I'm going to use my vibrator on you and you're going to cum then I'm going to use my dick on you until you pass out. Do you understand me Betty?" His voice sends chills down her spine.

She nods like a possessed woman. He dips his finger inside her pot then pulls it out and sucks it clean. Her breathe hitches. He grabs the vibrator and puts it directly on her clit. She feels something that she has never felt before. She screams and tries to shake it off.

"I know how sensitive you are right now and so you should cum real quick. So on the count of ten you're going to clench your walls and let go okay." He says while looking directly in her eyes.

She shakes her head and mumbles something that sounds like no.

"Now Betty."

Betty squeezes her thighs together and throws her head back. She screams as pleasure spreads throughout her entire being. Her legs shake vigorously and she feels them giving in. Malibongwe can see that and he holds her up.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mandy and Tebogo are cuddling after an intense session. She has her head rested on his chest and he keeps drawing patterns on her back.

"I've missed you Mandy." He says softly.

Mandy heaves a sigh. She can't bring herself to admit that she has missed him too. The truth is that she loves him and she knows that she wants to be with him but being with him means having to give up her independence. She doesn't see herself living off of him for the rest of her life.

“Tebogo.” She says softly.

“Bona baby I know that you don’t want to be dependent on me and I respect that but you also need to know where I am coming from.”

“I hear you I really do but this is who I am. This is all know. This is all I have.”

“I can give you something more Mandy. Anything you want, anything you need I can make it happen.”

“I just want my independence. I want my own shit Tebogo.” She says faintly.

“Then let me give you that.”

“So you can turn around years later and tell me just how much you made me and how I ain’t shit without you? No Tebogo.” She feels herself getting worked up.

‘Men will promise to take care of you and they will for a while until something better comes along then they remember just how you aren’t anything without them and that’s when everything changes’ her mother’s words ring in her head and she feels her tears burn her eyes.

“I would never do that Mandy. I love you.”

“The timing is all wrong and-“

“The timing will never be right. I want you to be my wife now. We can work around everything else later.”

“Angazi Tebogo.”

“Please lerato laka.” He pleads.

She looks up and she can see how sincere he is. She can see the love that he has for her and that scares her.

“Please agree to be my wife Mandy.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Oh shittt.” Betty moans as Malibongwe inserts himself. Her pussy stretches to accommodate him.

He untied her and laid her down on the bed. She knows that he will keep his promise to fuck her until she passes out.

She wraps her legs around his waist and pulls him closer. She wants to feel him on her. He's looking into her eyes and something flashes across his face. Something unpleasant. Betty cups his face and smiles at him.

She knows that something has just shifted in him. She wants to ask but she knows he will dismiss her.

"I'm here for you." She says before pulling him down and kissing him.

He groans in her mouth and his hand travels to his breast and rests there. He gently pinches her nipple and she cries out. He deepens the kiss and she takes all of him in. His slow controlled movements suddenly become hard and fast. He is balls deep inside her and he is losing control. He pulls out of the kiss and focuses on his movements.

"Malibongwe." Betty tries to push him off as she feels herself building up.

He continues thrusting like a possessed man.

"Wait I can't make it oh shiiiiit." She cries out as her orgasm hits her.

Malibongwe fucks her right through it. He continues to pound her in and out. Hard and quick. Betty's body can't handle anymore but she knows he won't let up anytime soon. She knows he's going to keep making her cum over and over again.

"Malibongwe I can't take anymore." She says softly.

He groans and stops moving. He opens his eyes and finds Betty lazily looking at him. He wants to let her rest but he also needs to release.

"I'll be done in a sec okay."

"A sec Malibongwe." She says with a lazy smile on her face.

He chuckles lowly and lowers his head to take her lips in his. He kisses her gently and slowly almost like he's scared of something.

"I love you so much Betty." He murmurs against her lips.

"I love you too. Now hurry up and cum." She responds and they both chuckle but that turns in his groans and her moan when he starts moving.



## **TWENTY FIVE**

“Are you sure you’re going to be fine?” Malibongwe asks Betty. She nods lightly and carries on packing.

Her parents ‘summoned’ her home and this time she has no choice but to go. She has been avoiding seeing her parents since the news of her profession broke and her father’s name got dragged because of that. Her mother keeps reminding her that she needs them in life and if she still wants them to fund her then she should make her way home.

She hates that they’re treating her like one of their subordinates but she knows the number one principle in life is to respect your parents even when they don’t deserve it.

“I’m still driving you to the airport right?” He asks.

“Of course baby.”

“Good. Now do you think it would be possible for me to get a quickie before you go?” He says causing Betty to chortle.

She knows how much of a sex freak he is and she knows that that quickie will leave her burning for days. Sex with Malibongwe is the most intense sex Betty has ever had and she has had quite a few encounters. The manner in which he possesses her body always leaves her questioning what exactly it is that he is running away from.

“You don’t know what a quickie is so nope not a change.” He grunts and Betty just goes on laughing.

She eventually finishes packing then settles next to him. She rests her head on his shoulder before heaving a sigh.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” He asks.

“I don’t know but they are my parents at the end of the day.” She responds.

“Uyazi ukuthi ngihlezi ngikhona angithi.”

Betty chuckles lightly. He knows she doesn’t understand a thing but he still insists on addressing her in Zulu.

“Ho baneng o bua le nna ka seZulu?” She asks.

“Uyazi ukuthi le ‘hajwe’ yenu angiyizwa Betty.”

“O nahana hore seZulu nna ke a se utlwa?”

“Uthini?”

“Oena uthini?” She says in her Sotho accent.

He breaks into a fit of laughter and pulls her into his arms placing a kiss on her forehead. He slyly places a kiss on her lips and she feels butterflies at the pit of her stomach. She can't fathom the effect he has on her sometimes and she won't crack her head trying to figure it out.

“You sure we can't steal a session?” He murmurs against her lips.

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Molemo is sitting in the library studying. She studies at the library twice in a week because she feels like she gets more done in that environment than she does at home. She has been in a much better space ever since she moved into the apartment that her and Mandy share. She feels like a huge weight has been lifted off of her shoulders and as much as she still worries about her mother, she tries her best to push those thoughts to the back of her mind.

She knows that her mother will never change but deep down she wishes that she could just get herself together and start living.

“Hi.” A voice interrupts her thoughts.

She looks up and she is met by what she could only describe as the most breathtaking smile she has ever had the honour of seeing. His perfectly set of choppers make his smile that much greater.

“Are you okay?” He asks leaving her embarrassed.

She can't believe that she openly drooled over this guy.

“Yeah no I'm fine and you?” She says trying to sound casual.

“I'm good. I just thought I should just say hi. I always see you studying and today I thought you know why not.” He says shrugging.

Molemo feels herself heating up. It's been a while since a figure of the opposite sex has somewhat taken an interest in her. The men at the club don't count because to them, she's just another piece of meat waiting to be devoured.

“Uhm oh okay. Thanks I guess.” She says nervously.

She doesn't know how to react to what he just said.

"I guess I'll see you around." He says before walking away.

Molemo breaks out into a smile and does a mini happy dance. 'Stop it' she reprimands herself. She composes herself and gets back into her books but fails dismally when her thoughts keep drifting off to the perfect stranger.

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Betty grunts as she spots the driver waiting for her at the airport. She wanted to catch a cab like a normal person but she knows that that can't be. She makes her way towards him and he rushes to her when he sees her.

"Hi ma'am." He says taking her bag from her.

She rolls her eyes and follows him to the car. She hates the unnecessary attention and everything that comes with it. They get to car and she slides in after her opens the door for her.

"Motho can't even open their own damn door! Nxaaa" She says angrily.

She knows that her father is going to have a lot to say and she's just not ready for him.

\*\*\*\*\*

"So taba ya mahadi?" Tebogo asks Mandy.

She sits up and looks at him with a frown on her face. She hasn't accepted his proposal yet however he is so optimistic that he has spoken to his uncles and they're reading to send the letter to Mandy's family.

"Tebogo I thought we spoke about this."

"Mandy you want me to be content with just being your boyfriend for the rest of our lives?"

"Are you going to be okay with a prostitute for a wife?" She asks.

Tebogo shakes his head while chuckling. He can feel himself getting worked up because of her question.

“Is that what you’re planning on doing for the rest of your life heh Mandy?” He didn’t mean to raise his voice.

“YES! IT’S ALL I FUCKEN KNOW SO YES!” She shouts back.

“THEN WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE MANDY? YOU CLEARLY DON’T SEE A FUTURE WITH ME SO WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE DOING?”

“Good question.” She shoots back.

He gets off the bed and walks out of the room banging the door behind him. He doesn’t understand just why Mandy is being so difficult about this whole situation.

Mandy grabs her phone and dials Betty hoping that she’ll answer.

“Babe.” As soon as Betty’s voice comes through she bursts into tears holding nothing back. “Shit Mandy what’s wrong babe?” Betty asks.

“He...he.” She tries to construct a sentence but her words fail her.

“Ho tlo loka Mandy. Whatever it is I have your back and we will deal with it.” Betty says gently.

Hearing her friend say that calms her down a bit and she manages to draw a deep breath.

“I was okay engekho and he decided to worm his way back into my life and now things are messy and I just can’t do this Betty. I can’t.”

“Kaosane I’m getting on the first flight out and we’re going to have this conversation over ‘champagne darling!’ how does that sound?”

“Sounds perfect. I know I wasn’t making sense there.” Mandy says chuckling.

Betty chortles.

“I’m glad you recognised that. I love you okay and everything is going to be just fine.”

“I love you too Bets and strength for the parents.”

“I’m definitely going to need it.” Betty says.

They talk for a little while before hanging up. Mandy gets off the bed and decides to go look for Tebogo.

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“Betty.”

“Mme. Dumela ntate.” Betty says.

“Betty ngoanaka dula.” Mr Moloji says.

Betty settles opposite her parents and blankly stares at them.

“I don’t know why you decided to get into this shit of yours and frankly I do not care. What I do care about however is the fact that my career is going down because of your little scandal that won’t die down. I’m this close to being fired and you’re just going on with your life like nothing happened. You have to fix this mess.”

“And how do you suggest I do that ntate?” She asks.

“You’re going to give an interview and you are going to tell the world how you were force into this prostitution thing by someone you cared about. You’re going to tell them that they threaten your family and that you stayed because you were afraid.” Her mother says.

Betty chortles loudly even throwing her head back.

“I will not lie like that. The truth is I do what I do because I enjoy it so I will not lie about shit.”

“YOU’RE SUCH AN UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BRAT. AFTER EVERYTHING WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY US?” Her mother roars.

“I didn’t ask you to do that for me mme.” Betty responds calmly.

“YOU DESERVE TO STAY OUT IN THE COLD WATSEBA. YOU DON’T DESERVE TO BE IN HERE. YOU’RE JUST LIKE-“

“ENOUGH!” Ntate Moloji roars.

“Just like eng mme? Say it! Finish your sentence.”

“Nxaa.”

“I know mme. I know everything and it’s fine.” Betty says before nodding lightly and walking away.

“I told you to keep your cool.” Ntate Moloji says.

“Betty watena and I will not dance around her emotions.” She says clicking her tongue.

## **TWENTY SIX**

“Ngoan’o wa tella Moloji!” Mme Moloji is spitting fire.

She’s pacing up and down the bedroom while her husband watches her. He feels defeated by his wife’s actions because he had made it clear that they needed to take the civil approach with Bety. He knows that his daughter is a hot head and will rebel at any chance she gets.

“Please just sit down you’re giving me a headache.” Ntate Moloji says calmly.

“I’m giving you a headache? We might just lose everything that we have spent our entire lives working hard for all because of that little brat.”

“I understand that you are frustrated but you will watch how you talk to me!” He says sternly.

“I will not forfeit my status because of Betty. Speak to your daughter and make her realise just how important this is.” She says before walking out the room.

Ntate Moloji remains seated in his original position. He knows just how important his status is to his wife and that if he was to get, she could possibly leave him. The prospect of his wife leaving him breaks his heart because she is the love of his life and he would be lost without her. She has held his hand through his dark days and never let go. Even when the situation called for him to let go she didn’t, instead she stood by him and held on tighter.

He knows that the relationship between his daughter and her mother is a tricky one. Betty and mme Moloji have never seen eye to eye probably because they’re both so stubborn. His wife was never affectionate towards Betty and when his political career started taking off Betty was put aside and the focus was on the state dinners and everything that came with it. Betty was then raised by helpers and would occasionally see her parents.

Ntate Moloji heaves a sigh as he gets up and makes his way to his daughter’s room.

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“I shouldn’t have come here.” Betty says.

“Do you want to come back?” Malibongwe asks her.

They've been on the phone for a few minutes with nothing being said. Betty needed to blow off some steam but the minute she heard his voice a certain calm washed over her.

"I'm coming back tomorrow morning plus Mandy needs me." She says softly.

"Is she okay?"

"Yeah she is. Girl stuff."

"Okay baby I understand. So are you ready to let me in on what happened in the meeting?" He asks.

Betty chuckles lightly. She doesn't want to go into detail about what transpired between her and her parents but she doesn't want to seem like a hypocrite because she has been asking him to let her in.

"They wanted me to lie about how I got into prostitution."

"To save your father's career?"

"Yes."

"So why don't you?"

"Excuse me?" She slightly raises her voice.

"Look those are your parents. I mean if mom needed me to lie about something I definitely would just to save her."

"Not all of us grew up in a cushy household so forgive me for not wanting to bend over backwards for them. Actually you know what re tla bua later. Bye." She hangs up without warning.

She can't believe that Malibongwe would even suggest that when he knows that she got into this job because of her parents. She's actually disappointed in him.

A soft knock comes through the door and her father walks in.

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Malibongwe downs his whiskey as he tries to calm himself. He can't believe that Betty hung up on him just like that. He doesn't even know what he said that was so wrong in her eyes. He knows that Betty is a stubborn one but he just didn't expect her to be so hard headed. He has always wondered what drew him in about Betty aside from her eyes and smile

because her stubbornness is not something that he appreciates. He grabs his phone and dials his sister.

“Baby.” She answers cheerfully.

“Ubiza bani ngo baby?” A male voice says in the background.

She giggles and Malibongwe can’t help but chuckle. His sister is a character and a half but he loves her as she is.

“Unjani Melo?” He asks.

“I’m fine and you baby?”

“Usaqhubeka ngalo baby wakho Melokuhle.” The male voice says.

She laughs.

“Hamba tu. Anyway what’s up? Talk to Melo.”

“Entlek what do you women want kahle kahle?” He blurts out.

He knows that she’s probably confused and he is too. He didn’t mean to just spit it out like that however Betty frustrates him so much that he just doesn’t know what to do at times like in this instance

“So I’m guessing something happened with the girlfriend.” She says.

“Yes. Like I was trying to be supportive but no she gets all worked up and hangs up on me. Fuck no one has ever hung up on me, not even mom. I just don’t get why she couldn’t say kahle ukuthi she didn’t appreciate what I said or whatever.”

“You know how sometimes when I get into that space where my infertility issues hit me the hardest and I just don’t want anyone to say anything and I’m sometimes not so nice kodwa you are able to understand angithi. So understand that whatever it is that you were talking about is probably one area that she needs you to tread lightly kuyo. She probably didn’t mean whatever she said but she was just probably frustrated.”

“Why didn’t she just say that? Why am I supposed to guess or sense that? Kanti what is communication for?”

“You didn’t hear what I said did you baby?”

“I heard you Melo but argh whatever. See this is why I don’t do this relationship shit.”

“Oh please I bet you’re so closed off that the poor girl has to work a million times harder just to get you to open up kodwa you’re here throwing a fit because she hung up on you.”



“Whose side are you one?” He asks chuckling.

“Do you love her?” Melokuhle asks.

She knows that her brother has never loved anyone since the death of his fiancé, so she is worried. The fact that she has his going crazy like this is a good thing however she also knows just how obsessive and intense he can get. She just wants to make sure that he is actually with her for the right reasons.

“I think I do. I mean I’ve said it and I feel somehow when I’m with her.”

“Baby don’t you think you should take some time out and figure this whole thing out?” She says gently.

“Look I have to go.”

“As long as you heard what I said Malibongwe. Don’t use the girl for your own selfish reasons.” She says before hanging up.

He chuckles lightly while shaking his head. He knows she did that just to annoy him. He pours himself another drink before calling Betty.

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“I know I haven’t always been the best father and I do apologise for that but Betty ngoanaka for you to go down that distasteful road is shocking. How can you enjoy being a sperm dish for all those men? Men as old as I am Betty? I understand that you were rebelling empa ngoanaka couldn’t you choose something else?”

“That has always been your problem ntate. Everything ends up being about you. You have never taken an interest in me, oena le mme. You have always been about yourselves and not about me. It’s like with this issue now, you’re more worried about your reputation than you are about me. I was dragged through the mud and not once did you ask me how I feel about that. Why ntate? Why don’t you love me enough to care about me?” Betty says softly.

“Betty.”

“And mme ena? Why does she hate me? I didn’t ask to be born ntate. Why don’t you guys love me?” She says softly before breaking into a sob leaving her father shocked.

## **TWENTY SEVEN**

Mandy watches Tebogo as he packs his bag. After their fallout nothing more was said and it seems as though nothing more will be said. He finishes packing his bag and zips it closed before he settles next to her and heaves a sigh. A lot of things are running through both their minds but none of them are raising those points.

“When we first started dating Mandy I knew you had deep issues and I got to see just how deep when you turned down my proposal because of the fact that you had to leave your job. I don’t and I still don’t understand why you think I would turn around and drop you after I stuck around through this phase of our relationship. I had to watch you dance for other men while they touched you and felt on you, how do you think it made me feel to know that a few of them would get t dip their filthy dicks into your sacred place? Fuck Mandy I came back to you every night and made love to you after you spent the day having sex with countless men now tell me why I would then suddenly leave you after sticking around through that? Do you think I enjoy seeing you sell your body off like that?”

“That’s how you met me Tebogo. You also bought a piece!”

“And I fucken fell for that piece. I LOVE YOU MANDY WHAT DON’T YOU GET ABOUT THAT? I WANT THE BEST FOR YOU MAN.” He says in a raised voice.

They both have tears streaming down their cheeks. Mandy breaks out into a sob and Tebogo pulls her into his arms. He knows just how much she hates being vulnerable so he knows that this moment is big.

“I love you baby please believe me when I say that. I don’t know what else to do to make you see that. I stayed away because that’s what you wanted but my heart wants you and only you.” He says gently.

She pulls herself out of his embrace and vigorously wipes her tears.

“My father left my mother for a younger, sexier woman. He told her that she disgusted him and that her fat ass wasn’t attractive anymore. He left us with nothing. I watched mom struggle to feed us until she took her last breath. See she didn’t die because she was sick, her broken heart killed her. She gave her all to a man who would later turn around and shit on her face later. I don’t want to become that woman Tebogo! I don’t want to die of a broken heart like my mother.” She says faintly.

“I would never do you like that rato laka and deep down you know that. If it will ease your anxiety we will sign everything in your name baby. The house, the cars, kaofela baby. I just want you in my life Mandy.”

Mandy continues sobbing. Her heart and mind can't fathom how Tebogo is so in love with her and is willing to do so much just so that she can be comfortable. She can't however bring herself to fully let him in. The fear that is in her heart is prohibiting her from fully experiencing his life.

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Betty opens her eyes and takes in her surroundings and when it hits her that she's home her heart sinks. Her mind drifts off to the conversation she had with her father last night. The shock he was in when she balled her eyes out. A part of her is disappointed at the fact that he didn't even attempt to comfort her, instead he just stood up and walked out leaving her in tears.

She knows that her father has never been affectionate towards her but she expected him to at least give her a comforting hug. She wipes her tears and drags herself out of bed to the bathroom and gets into the shower and allows the water to wash away the pain in her heart. She thought that she would be able to deal with her parents but that's not the case. She shrugs off her thoughts and finishes up bathing then heads to the bedroom to get dressed before making her bed.

She grabs her phone and smiles slightly when she finds a dozen missed calls from Malibongwe. She dials him back and he answers almost immediately.

"Betty." He says breathlessly.

"Malibongwe how are you?"

"I'm fine and you Betty?"

"I'm okay, I'm sorry I couldn't take your calls last night." She says faintly.

"Hey what's wrong? Are you okay?" He asks with worry dripping all over his words.

That's all it takes! Her heart constricts and tears flow freely down her cheek. She's biting her lower lip in an attempt to stop a sob from escaping her mouth which is working. She clears her throat before responding.

"Yeah I'm okay."

"Khuluma nami Betty. I can hear that you're not okay. Tell me what happened."

"I'm leaving now. I'll catch a cab straight to you when I land." She says.

"Ngyaphuma manje I'll wait at the airport until you land."

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I want to. Now cheer up kid!” he says mockingly.

Betty can’t help but laugh at how much of an idiot he is. She appreciates his efforts in trying to make her smile and laugh.

“Your smile is so beautiful.” He says randomly.

“Thank you.” She says shyly.

“I’ll see you in a few hours okay?”

“Okay.”

“Sharp ke.”

“Sharp.”

“Betty I’m too old to be playing this ‘hang up, no you hang up’ game.” They both share a laugh before Betty hangs up.

She chuckles lightly just thinking about how the ever so intense Mr Dance actually has a soft and fuzzy side to him. She grabs her bag and heads down to look for her parents.

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She finds her parents in the living room laughing while drinking tea.

“Dumela ntate. Mme.”

“Betty are you feeling better?” Ntate Moloji asks.

“Yes I am. I just came to tell you that I’m on my way home now.”

“Jwale o re interview yona?” Her mother shoots out.

Betty heaves a sigh while shaking her head. She knows that her mother won’t let up and she will pester her until she gives in however she has promised herself that this time she will not give in.

“Ntate le tla sala hantle.”

“Yeey oena Betty, you’re going to do that interview.” Mme Moloji shouts.

“Mme I will do no such thing. If ntate gets fired then it clearly means that the job wasn’t supposed to be his. Come on mme you know that akere you’re a praying woman.” Betty says with a smile on her face.

She knows that her mother is about to lose it and she is ready for her to burst.

“Wabona manyala a hao Moloji? You see the shit you brought into our lives?” She says looking at her husband.

“So I’m shit mme?” Betty asks.

“YES! SHIT! O MASEPA A NGOANA! O MAGOSHA, YOU’RE A BLODDY PROSTITUTE JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER!” Mme Moloji roars.

Ntate Moloji is up on his feet looking at his wife with nothing but anger splattered across his face. He can’t believe his wife just said that to his daughter.

“Betty ngoanaka.” He says softly.

“Finally the truth comes out, pity I knew a long time ago that I didn’t belong to you mme. Ntate I hope that you have a long and peaceful life with your wife. Goodbye.” She says taking her bag and dragging it out.

“Why did you do that?” Ntate Moloji asks his wife.

“Bona mo I am tired of pretending. Betty is old enough she will survive out there.” She says then gets up and walks out leaving her husband with his head hung low.

“God help me.” He says softly.

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The second Betty spots Malibongwe she drops her bag and runs into his arms and bursts into tears. They receive stares from passersby but that doesn’t seem to phase him.

“I’m here for you and whatever it is we’ll fix it together okay?” He says kissing her head.

Betty nods lightly and continues sobbing. Her heart feels like it has been ripped out of her chest and tossed into an inferno. Saying it out loud and actually acknowledging that her mother isn’t actually her mother is harder than she thought it would be.

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“Jwale o re sefebe se sa hao wants her daughter now?”

“E ya. She says she’s in a better place now and can afford to look after Betty.”

“Over my dead body! I will not have my dirty laundry aired out for the entire world to see. Everyone knows me as Betty’s mother now what is my social circle going to say when the news break? I am going to be the laughing stock of the century, the woman who couldn’t keep her husband satisfied so he had to go out there and explore. I will not be embarrassed because oena you couldn’t keep your zip closed.”

“I have apologised! Its 18 years later and I am still reminded of my mistake.” Ntate Moloji says through gritted teeth.

“Well I’m reminded of your bloody mistake every day it say ‘dumela mme’. Do you know how hard it is for me to look at that child and having to remember how your slut walked through these doors heavily pregnant? You don’t know how painful it was for me to watch her push out your daughter and for her to actually come out looking exactly like you. I’m reminded of your infidelity every day I see Betty and that is all I can survive with. Your little slut should have thought about everything before she opened her legs for a married man.” Mme Moloji spits out with so much anger and disgust in her voice.

Her husband stands there taking in the punches he feels he deserves. He knows just how much he hurt his wife by having an affair. Deep down he knows that his wife knows Betty’s mother wasn’t just a basic affair. She knows that ntate Moloji loved and still loves Betty’s mother, which is the main reason she hates Betty.

When ntate Moloji met Betty’s mom he and his wife were going through things and it seemed as though they were on the verge of a divorce. Ntate Moloji was taken by her beauty and when she spoke it seemed like the world stood still. Her voice soothed every ache and made it seem like every problem would just vanish. The more time they spent together the deeper her fell for her. For a long time he fought the urge to have sex with her but one fateful night he failed at keeping to himself and they went all the way – that was the night Betty was conceived.

“I apologise for everything that I put you through my wife and I promise that I will do everything in my power to ensure that this remains our secret.”

“That’s all I ask for and you need to stop spoiling Betty she’s almost done with matric and is no longer a child so that weekend getaway you had planned for the two of you, you need to cancel.”

“Of course.” He says pulling her into his arms.

Betty slips away back to her room and locks herself in. She grabs a razor blade as she processes everything she just heard. It finally makes sense why her mother has never been affectionate and why she waved her off when she wanted to tell her about her father's friend who touched her inappropriately on multiple occasions. It explains why she was never there for her when she had her first period, when her first boyfriend dumped her. It explains everything! Betty allows her tears to continue falling as she slits her wrist.

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Betty wakes up from her dream crying in Malibongwe's embrace. He hasn't slept a wink watching her sleep. The way she cried at the airport left him feeling something he hadn't felt in a while. He wanted to wrap her up and protect her from all of the world's struggles.

When they arrived at his apartment she went straight to bed and slept throughout the entire day. She only woke up when Malibongwe woke her up to feed her then she went back to sleep.

"Ungakhali Betty wami, I'm here. I'm here." He says gently rubbing her back.

His heart is breaking at the sight of Betty crying and the fact that he doesn't know why she is crying is killing him further. He wants to be there for her but he doesn't know how to be. He knows that she will stay closed off and not let him in on what the issue actually is.

"It hurts Bongwe, it hurts so bad." She says softly.

He tightens his hold around her body and kisses her head. There is something about her tears that is making him weak.

"I'm here baby. I love you, that's all that matters right?" He says.

"I love you." She says in between her hiccups.

Bongwe's heart swells and breaks at the same time.

## **TWENTY EIGHT**

Malibongwe has been awake for a while watching Betty sleep. He hasn't left her sight since she came back from her trip. He hasn't been going to work or answering his calls much to everyone's annoyance but he doesn't seem to care about that. All he cares about is the fact that his Betty is alright.

It's been a week since Betty came back and it has been a tough time on both of them. She hasn't opened up fully to Malibongwe about what happened between her and her parents and he isn't pushing her either. He knows that once she's ready she will let him in on whatever it is that is wrong.

"God Betty you're so beautiful." He says softly as he caresses her face.

He places a sweet kiss on her lips before rolling out of bed and making his way to his study. He grabs his phone and dials his sister.

"Bongwe I have been trying to get hold of you kanti why do you own a phone if you don't use it?" Nqobile says.

He chuckles while shaking his head. He expected his sister to throw a fit obviously because he hasn't been returning her calls.

"Ngyaxolisa Melokuhle I was just caught up in something."

"Yeah in a skirt." She spits out.

Malibongwe just shakes his head and heaves a sigh.

"Do you want me to call you back once you've learned how to address people?" He asks with a smirk plastered across his face.

He knows that his question is going to annoy her and he's just waiting for her to blow up.

"You know what I just had me some bomb sex so I will not entertain your stupid ass. We just wanted to check if you're okay, mom has been really worried and the fact that you don't go by to see her anymore is really getting to her. So please brother even if it's just for five minutes please go see mom okay?"

"I promise I will."

"Please baby. Anyway how's that girlfriend?" Nqobile enquires.

"I'll come by one day and we will talk about her for now I have to go. I love you."

"I love you too stranger." She says before hanging up.



Bongwe flops himself on the couch then buries his face in his hands. He knows he needs to make more time for his family but he just can't stand the fussing and everything that comes with it.

Betty stands leaning against the door looking at Bongwe with questions running through her head. She can tell that something is bothering him but she knows he will not let her in which frustrates her because he expects her to open up while he doesn't even bother. He lifts his head and he finds her looking at him.

"Hey how long have you been standing there?" He asks.

She struts her way towards him and settles on his lap. She places a kiss on his lips and he deepens it. An involuntary moan escapes her mouth causing him to groan in hers. She giggles and pulls back.

"You have really soft lips." She says.

"It's all the smoking baby." Bongwe answers wiggling his eyebrows.

She giggles and places a kiss on his cheek.

"Thank you for this week." She says softly.

Deep in her heart she knows that she wouldn't have made it without his support. Yes she knows she has Mandy and Molemo but she wouldn't have allowed herself to be as vulnerable with them as she allowed herself to be with Bongwe. There is something about his presence that just calms her soul.

"There's no other place I would rather be Betty."

"Why do you love me?" She blurts out.

He gives her his dashing smile.

"I just do Betty. You somehow wormed your way into this icy cold heart of mine." He says absentminded.

Betty frowns at how quickly he went from warm to cold. She can't get used to how he just switches up sometimes. She gets off from his lap and makes her way to the kitchen to get started on breakfast leaving him to his thoughts.

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Molemo is walking to the library when she feels a light tap on her shoulder from behind. She turns around and finds her perfect stranger standing there. She almost breaks out into a full smile but reprimands herself before doing so.

“Hey.” He greets.

“Hi.”

“How are you?”

“I’m good and you?” She responds.

“Good. Erm I just wanted to say hi again but I was hoping this time my hi could be accompanied by a drink or something.” He says nervously.

Molemo looks at him with confusion written all over her face. She doesn’t understand what he is saying.

“Huh?” She says.

“Would you like to have a drink with me?” He asks.

Suddenly she feels dumb for not being able to figure out what he was saying. She feels butterflies in her stomach but she cautions herself not to get too excited.

“Oh okay. Yeah that sounds good.” She responds shyly.

“Great so after studying?” He asks.

She thinks about it for a second before nodding. He breaks out into a smile and Molemo hurries away like she is being chased by hot lava.

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“You know I’ve been with you for a couple of months now and I still don’t know what it is you do.” Betty says to Malibongwe.

He laughs out loud even throwing his head back. He realises that as much as he and Betty talk they never touch on the issues that they need to. Her age, his career, their emotions, they can touch on everything else but the second it gets deep they shutdown.

“Just like I don’t know how old you are Betty.” He says.

“So you’re just fucking me and you don’t know how old I am?” She gasps dramatically.

He laughs and lightly bites her ear.

“Tsek yezwa Betty. I’m a physicist but I work at dad’s organisation offering my knowledge in science to the less privileged.”

“So who’s been standing in for you since you’ve been cooped up in here with me?” She asks him.

“Don’t worry about that but I will be going back tomorrow now that I’m confident you won’t jump out the window.” He says laughing earning him a pinch from her.

“I wouldn’t kill myself.” She says softly.

“That’s good. I’m glad because I would really hate you if you did.” He says seriously.

“Awww you’re scared of losing me. That’s cute Bongwe.”

He gives her a faint smile before getting up and walking out the room. Betty doesn’t read much into it because he does it often. He gets in the bathroom and splashes water on his face. He looks at his reflection with his jaws clenched. The one thing he had promised never to do he has done, he fell in love but he doesn’t regret it because he sees something in Betty that he hasn’t seen in a female in a very long time.

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Mandy is lying in bed waiting for Tebogo to come back. They had a conversation about her fears and everything else that is keeping her from fully committing to him. She laid all her cards on the table and Tebogo understood where she was coming from. He promised to walk this journey at her pace which seemed to settle her.

She grabs her phone and dials Betty.

“Mandy babe.” Betty answers cheerfully.

“You don’t miss us anymore ne.” Mandy says.

“I miss you so so much and you know that. Eish it’s just been hectic but I will be back at my place kaosane.”

“Ubuye tu ngoba we have a lot to talk about bitch!”

Betty chuckles lightly. She understands Mandy’s dramatic nature.

“Such as?” Betty asks.

“The fact that I’m choosing to commit to one dick for the rest of my life.” She says.

“Wait are you saying that-“

“YES! My champagne loving self is getting married!” Mandy says cheerfully.

Betty breaks out into a scream while Mandy just laughs. She knows the screaming won’t stop anytime soon so she chills waiting for her to settle.

“I’m not even going to say anything. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Betty says before hanging up leaving Mandy in stitches.

## **TWENTY NINE**

“You don’t wanna fall back  
I don’t want to fall back tonight  
I just want my old baby  
You just want to know it’s alright  
For you to take it all off  
For me to take care of you  
‘Cause you been taking it all in stride

Now I’m gonna make a time to make love  
I’m gonna make it a point to just focus on us  
Now I’m gonna make sure you get enough  
When I make it all about you, take care of us

Look what you made me do, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Look what you made me do, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh”

Malibongwe slowly rubs himself up and down Betty’s slick seam torturing her further. He’s been rubbing his tip up and down her entrance for what seems like an eternity for Betty. She’s been trying to get him to stop torturing her but he just smirks and continues with his game.

“Malibongwe please.” Betty cries out.

He smirks, lowers his head and captures her lips in his while rubbing his tip at her entrance. Betty hungrily kisses him. She locks her ankles around his back and tries pushing him in but he doesn’t budge.

“Please Bongwe I’m begging you.” She murmurs against his lips.

“Ufunani Betty?” He asks.

“I want you to fuck me.” She says on the verge of tears.

He chuckles lightly before slowly inserting himself in. She moans out loud and clings onto him for dear life.

“Fuck Betty you’re so hot. Shiiit.” He says breathlessly. “And I’m not going to fuck you, I’m going to make love to you.” He says.

He begins to move slowly and Betty loses it. In this moment he owns each and every inch of her being. He could ask her to sell her soul and she would without even blinking.

“Look at me Betty.” He says.

She opens her eyes and meets his passion filled gazers. They have a conversation through their eyes. Each trying to conceal their demons from the next. Love for each other they have, no doubt however their pasts are holding them back from fully experiencing the fullness of their love.

Malibongwe continues with his controlled movements. He is savouring the moment, trying to imprint it into his heart forever.

“Oh shit... Oh shit.” Betty moans out softly.

“Are you going to cum for me?”

“Uh huh!” She says trying to push him off.

He knows that she can’t handle the pleasure wave but he knows his job is to make her cum real good.

“Oh shiit Bongwe I can’t... Wait, ahhhh.”

“Calm down Betty.” He says softly.

A pleasure wave shoots through Betty’s body and she finds herself shaking. He thrusts right through her wave much to her annoyance.

“You can’t possibly want to go home and leave all this.” He says taking her lips in his.

She chuckles and pulls his closer as he continues with his journey around nirvana.

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“So we’re you able to study?” He asks Molemo.

She nods lightly and takes a bite of her burger. Molemo and her perfect stranger are having lunch at a fast food joint near the library. After her study session she found him waiting for her and they decided to go get food.

“And you?” She asks.

“Ahh sort of.” He says nonchalantly. “Anyway so Molemo do you live around here? I mean I only started seeing you recently.” He says.

“Yeah I recently moved in with my sister.”

“Oh okay so that means I’m going to be seeing a lot of you.” He says biting his lip.

Molemo can’t even hide the fact that she is blushing. There is something about this guy that makes her want to throw caution to the wind. A part of her feels like he isn’t real but another part knows he is because she can physically touch him.

“I guess so.” She says shyly.

“Hey hey don’t be shy here.”

Molemo giggles and goes back to her food. She doesn’t know how to respond to that.

“Can I see you again tomorrow?” He asks.

“I don’t know because-“

Her phone interrupts them. She gets the caller ID and it’s Mandy

“Hey.”

“Hey baby I just got home and you’re not here obviously. Ukuphi? Are you okay?” Mandy asks.

Molemo’s heart swells. She’s never had anyone to care about her the way that Mandy and Betty care. She can’t believe that she has been blessed with two big sisters who would go through hell and back just for her.

“I’ll be back soon sis and I’m fine.”

“As long you’re okay. Tebogo is here as well ne.”

“Okay. I’ll see you guys in a few.”

“Sharp.”

“Bye” She hangs up.

She finds her perfect stranger looking at her with questioning eyes. She shrugs and dives into her fries.

“Does your sister always call you to find out where you are?” He asks.

“Yes.” She responds.

“Oh wow oh okay.” He says trying to sound chilled.

Molemo rolls her eyes inwardly. She could hear his judgemental tone even though he tried to mask it. In this moment she decides that he’s not so perfect anymore.

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“Malibongwe.” Betty calls out to him.

He snaps out of his thoughts and looks at her softly. She gives him her beautiful smile and he returns it.

“What are you thinking about?” She asks.

“You haven’t spoken to your parents since you came back.” He says.

“If nntate wanted to reach out he would’ve so clearly he doesn’t.” she says shrugging.

“What happened?”

“Ahh life happened Bongwe. Sometimes grownups make decisions based on ‘batho batlo reng’ then turn right round and regret that decision. You know after I overheard my parents talking about it I thought that I heard wrong and for a long time I tried to convince myself that it wasn’t true, but as time went on I realised that that was the truth.

I remember when I something happened to me and I tried talking to mme but she brushed me off. I swear I felt like God was punishing me for my father’s sins. Angithi the bible even says something along those lines? Actually talking about this is taking me back into a space I don’t want to be in.

I understand now that my father doesn’t care and it’s fine by me. So ya that’s what happened but I’m not entirely alone now akere.” She says with a full blown smile on her face.

“And you will never have to be alone my beautiful queen.” He places a kiss on her lips.

They soak in each other’s love. In this moment everything feels at peace in their little bubble.



## **THIRTY**

Malibongwe walks into his office and settles in his chair. He grabs his phone and dials Betty. It rings for a while before her voice comes through on the other end.

“Bongwe.” She answers sheepishly.

“Baby you’re still sleeping?” He asks.

“No Malibongwe I’m out fishing stars.” She shoots back.

He laughs loudly. He loves her sarcastic moments. She doesn’t have a lot of those but when she does they’re the best.

“Well I just wanted to say good morning and mina I’m already at the office although I do wish I was in bed with you.”

“No I’m glad you’re at work hobane oena you don’t even give me a chance to breathe once you’re between my legs.” She says.

Again he breaks out into laughter.

“It’s not my fault you’re so hot my queen.” He says.

Betty giggles lightly. He breaks out into a wide smile because her laugh is his favourite sound. He loves it when she is happy.

“Bye bye Malibongwe. Have a great day.”

“You too Betty.”

“I need to find a job.” She says causing him to frown.

“You don’t need a job baby I’ll take care of you.”

“Yeah that’s cute and all but no. Anyway go work. I’ll see you later akere?”

“Yes later baby.”

“Sharp.” She says then hangs up.

Bongwe leans back on his chair and chuckles. Each time he speaks to Betty he can’t believe that she is in his life. For the longest time he believed that he would spend the rest of his life alone but that was until he laid his eyes on his beautiful Betty. Unknowingly she opened him up to the prospect of love and life.

Lwandle stands leaning against the door watching his son with a smile on his face. He heard the conversation between Betty and his son and he is happy that Malibongwe is opening himself up. He hasn't seen him smile like that in years and as a father he feels slightly at peace knowing that his son is coming alright.

"You look like someone in love." Lwandle says walking in.

Bongwe looks up and smiles when he sees his dad. He hasn't seen him in a few weeks along with his mom. He gets up and they share a hug. Bongwe clings onto his father like a monkey does its parents.

"I missed you." He whispers.

"We missed you too but I'm glad you're fine." Lwandle responds.

They settle on the couch and Lwandle looks at Malibongwe expectedly.

"I met someone but I'd like to keep it to myself to a while and once I'm ready I'll introduce her to everyone. I don't know how it happened dad but all I know is that I love her and I'm scared of being without her. I hate feeling this way because I've felt this way before and look how that ended. I tried to fight the attraction dad, I tried so hard but the more I fought it the bigger it grew.

I've found a home in her and as fucked up as we both are we love each other. It's not the most ideal situation but it's working you know. I'm taking everyone's advice and opening up my heart. I don't know all I know is that should this not work I don't think I'll be able to survive." He says.

Lwandle nods lightly taking in what his son just said. Suddenly he is fearful because he knows his son and him saying he wouldn't be able to survive means he already knows what he will do should it not work.

"You know nothing in life is ever cast in stone Simphiwe. Often times we have everything worked out in our heads forgetting that we don't have that kind of authority. It is unfortunate that we don't always get what we want but that is life and we have to take it as it is. I know that you've been broken beyond what you thought you could handle but here you are living and pushing through.

I don't want to sound as if though I don't have faith in whatever you're building with your girl but please guard your heart. Yes we should love unconditionally but a little caution is needed especially with how things are with you. I fear that you're using this girl to close the gaping hole that is in your heart. We both know that you never fully dealt with everything which is why you are the person you are today.

I'm not saying there had to be a time frame to your grieving process however you needed to grieve and heal before jumping into anything serious."

"I have healed dad." Bongwe says defensively.

"Have you really? Can I mention her name without you clenching your jaw and fisting your hands?" He asks.

Malibongwe looks at his father angrily.

"Exactly!" Lwandle says. "As long as you're not using this girl to get over everything then it's good. I'm happy that you're happy bud!" Lwandle says roughing up Bongwe's hair causing him to laugh.

"I am happy dad and thank you for everything." He says.

They chill for a while catching up before it's time for them to get back to work.

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Zobuhle walks into Malibongwe's office with a lunchbox in hand. His heart swells when his eyes land on her. He rushes over to her and they share a warm hug. She places a kiss on his cheek before letting go.

"You're only happy to see me because I came to see you." She says sulking.

Bongwe chuckles and pulls her to sit next to him.

"I'm sorry for being distant. I just didn't want you to be constantly worried you know but I'm in a very great space now."

"Your dad tells me you have a girlfriend." She blurts out.

"Your gossip buddy kuthi he couldn't wait until he got home to tell you this but yes I have a girlfriend and no I will not tell you anything about her." He says.

"He tells me you're happy."

"I am mom."

"Then that's all that matters. Now eat up I bought you dumpling and chicken livers."

Bongwe's mouth instantly salivates. He always says no one cooks better than his mom, not even Amanda and Bandile with their professional training. He doesn't waste time digging into his food. Zobuhle looks at his son and acknowledges in her heart that he isn't the shell he was about a year ago, clearly this girl is good for him.

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“I’m downstairs.” Malibongwe texts Betty.

After a few minutes she comes down wearing a short and a crop top much to Bongwe’s disapproval.

“You’re not dressed Betty.” He sulks.

“When you met me I was wearing but a thong so whooah.” She says getting on her toes and placing a kiss on his lips.

“Betty.” He grunts.

“Are you coming up or?” She asks.

“No I have to go check on my kids. Futhi we have a new addition into the family and I haven’t been spending time with him so I need to make up for lost time.”

“Are any of those kids yours?” She asks softly.

They’ve never touched on that subject.

“Are you jealous my Betty.” He steps closer and wraps his arms around her waist.

“No I’m not.”

“Good because you have no reason to be.” He says.

He dips his head and pulls her in for a passionate kiss. They get lost in it forgetting that they’re in public. Betty tries to pull back but Bongwe just deepens the kiss even grabbing her ass in the process. Betty feels like a teenager stealing a moment with her boyfriend.