

I was not sorry when my wife cheated! In fact she did me a favour and gave me an excuse to live my life. I did not divorce her either. What for? Only a fool divorces in this economy! It's bloody expensive and you stand to lose more than you even thought you had to start with. Yes, I was angry, very in fact!!! She slept outside that night and went back to her family home for a month. She tried to say I was cheating too but when I asked her to prove it she did not have a shred of evidence. It gave me justifications and something to hold over her head. I was already cheating in any case, once with her first cousin even but that is not what this is about. Women are so quick to send each other these little texts on what a real man should do when not one day have they ever carried a dick between their legs, paid lobola nor have to make sure that they keep the house financially stable when they are married. Doing the budget on my salary at the end of the month will never equate to the work I put in every day to take of you. As a reward you eat more and more and get fat then expect me to tell you that baby you still look as good as you did when I first met you. Really! You complain, you nag and remind me how much you are taking care of my children like they are not yours as well. Do I think its hard work to raise kids? Yes, of course and I respect that but my contributions make it easier whether you care to admit it or not. Forever gossiping about me with your mother and sisters is not the same as having someone to feed you. You a housewife yet we still have a nanny at home! If she wasn't that old I would probably sleep with her too because you can hardly wipe your ass the way you are lazy! You only have energy to go to church. The sex is dead and you just lie there making it a chore and I even feel guilty bringing it up. Anyway I am getting excited let me start from the beginning...

It's not a secret that the more success you have as a man the more women you attract. I don't know if it's because you bath better now since you the money to afford better soap than sunlight or if it's because you have more confidence when you have money? Confidence is key I really don't know because my looks never changed that much. I have always been just a bit below average looking depending on what angle you look at me from and before you laugh probably more good looking than half of your partners. Ok, I am just kidding. I didn't grow up rich, Mdantsane really isn't known for how rich the people are so no surprises there. I went to Mzomhle High School. I got lucky enough to get financial aid to go to the University of Cape Town where I studied law.

I am going to be honest, dating was not the easiest things because in high school there is always that group of girls that all the guys want. That's the group that dates either the older guys or richer guys. The rest, well, they are the rest. University where I come from changes everything. For someone like me being at UCT meant that I became the top of the food chain without even trying to. All those girls that never wanted me noted my potential and made a conscious effort to befriend me and date me. It's funny really when I think about it. Our girls are on some other level. In her mind is the fact that if my man is doing engineering, medicine, bcom or any other degree worth mentioning

he is an investment. Worst case scenario he will get me pregnant and even if he dumps me afterwards, with his worth he will pay a lot of maintenance money meaning I am set for life. This is why per capita there is no South African tribe that has a higher concentration of men paying maintenance than us. The girl I never got in high school, her name was Asthandile. She claimed it's because I never spoke to her in high school because she would have spoken to me but whom is she kidding. Guys would beat you up just for looking at her. First semester holiday when I got home she sent her little brother to ask me for my numbers. That's how my value rose just by going to university and it's very significant in my story because around here Walter Sisulu University is an achievement.

To say I loved her is an understatement. She was everything I ever dreamed of in high school. Her sending her little brother that day was a game changer in my social status. Even the guys that sat at the corner in my neighborhood, most are still sitting there to be honest started giving me respect. One day I will be able to buy them booze or cigarettes andithi since clearly they were going to grow old at that corner. Everyone invests in you even the losers. Dating her was like a reflector vest highlighting that he has arrived.

Needless to say one day I would eventually marry her making it the worst decision I ever made. Marriage for most men is pressured on you because in all honesty it's a noose that marks the beginning of the end. A wife just has a way of sucking the energy out of you. You can't exactly tell her that or women that but when men sit around as men to have drinks (that's if she even allows you too) they ALL complain. It's very hard to find a man who cheated on his wife who was ever truly sorry that he did it. It's as simple as that to us. Women often try complicate us men and think that we should think like them. Problem is, if we did then we would be the ones saying "yes I will marry you" as opposed to the other way round. I know women want to hear that its 50\50 all the way but whom are they kidding because in every forum they are in be it relationship or work it never truly is.

Goodness I have gone ahead of myself. My name is Mxolisi Sibani and I have been married for eight years now. Two of those years were magical I won't lie but the day we decided on children meant the next six years have been torture. I don't even believe that one of the kids is mine but rocking the boat would just make matters worse.

I am grateful though, I have a warm plate, little conversation and sex when I want it because she knows that without sex she might as well move out permanently. That's not to say I have been faithful. Eish, I still have to get to how Khanyi and I became close.

Oh, Khanyi is my wife's best friend and the greatest shag I have ever had. They are so close that when I fight with my wife she goes to her place to sleep over!

I guess I should start from the beginning and tell you why men cheat and women stay whether they know or not...

\*\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*\*

## Chapter two

I think a bit of a background is critical to how I fell out of love with the woman I swore to love and protect till death do us part. I was not born a cheat nor so cold but after spending so much time with a woman any man can tell you that you don't come out quite the same. Asthandile was that girl who made sure she never put a foot wrong when it came to looking proper. She made sure she surrounded herself with go getters even though she was not the smartest. With her beauty and the way people were willing to spoil her it meant that she never had to put much effort into her life. I doubt this girl could even fart in private without feeling it messed up her image. With all this said imagine how I felt when she asked for my numbers. I thought it was a prank to be honest. There is no guy who can tell you that he never had a girl he desperately liked at some point but she never even looked at him. Asthandile was that girl to me. I made a conscious effort to make sure that I called her that night and we spoke for hours. That was how our relationship started. Funny thing is I didn't even get to see her as she left for Umtata the following day. She was attending some college there. At some point over the years in university we lost contact, dated other people but as fate would have it our feet led to each other in the end. Ok fine, I exaggerate, as soon as I got my first car I went to find her. There was a party on her street and I knew from Facebook that she would be around. It was a wedding in fact and I was not even invited.

I paid my cousin, the one invited to take me as her date because I knew she would be there. I made sure I arrived a bit late so that as many people as possible could see my German machine. In a township that news travels fast. I didn't see her for the first few hours of the most dreadful wedding I have ever attended. A lot of girls were giving me eyes, some even spoke to me but I was a man on a mission. I made a conscious effort to make sure that I called her that night and we spoke for hours. That was how our relationship started. Funny thing is I didn't even get to see her as she left for Umtata the following day. She was attending some college there. At some point over the years in university we lost contact, dated other people but as fate would have it our feet led to each other in the end. Ok fine, I exaggerate, as soon as I got my first car I went to find her. There was a party on her street and I knew from Facebook that she would be around. It was a wedding in fact and I was not even invited. I paid my cousin, the one invited to take me as her date because I knew she would

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I think only the most optimistic naïve person still believes that men and women see marriage through the same eyes and hold the same values. The very same blessing of modernity and equal rights that women fought so long and so hard to achieve is the very same yoke of burden they unwittingly brought to marriage especially unto themselves. Once upon a time it was shameful for men to leave their children on the streets in poverty so much as they would have no one to fend for them. Most at least tried to maintain their children as employment opportunities didn't favour women. Nowadays with all these beautiful rights you fought for! Your man will not hesitate to tell you that you already have a job so you shall be fine or get a job and stop asking me for more money...

Daluxolo was very unhappy with me when I told my wife that she didn't have to work. I would take care of her ndiyi ntloko yelikhaya (I am the head of house). His argument was and still is, if your man asks you to leave your job or not get a job to take care of the family then you must know that going down the line you will have a problem. It doesn't matter how rich he is, the fact that you are entirely dependent on him means that in future when the fights start, and make no mistake about it they will start, you will have nowhere to turn. Asthandile was a beauty queen in her day at school so it did not take much encouragement for her not to work. She was already a lazy somebody and I still wonder how she even managed to give birth! Being a beauty queen in a township often meant that she wanted to maintain her status in the neighborhood of being the best dressed lady. She is not ratchet or loud but rather soft spoken. I must admit I played a role in her not getting a job because I never really encouraged it. As a man earning a good salary it always feels good to know you can take care of your family without hustle. Unfortunately this backfired in more ways than one.

Look, choosing between my mother and my wife is a no brainer. My mother wins but not before my wife is fed, my kids housed and my family safe. Asking me to take care of her mother the way I take care of mine however was how I think all the problems started. At first I didn't see it but when I realized that we visited her parents every weekend and when it came to mine she made excuses we disagreed. All of a sudden she said it was because I hated her parents. Imagine. After all the weekend we had spent visiting her folks now I was being told I hated them for wanting to visit my wife once.

Hence my story begins in earnest...

### Chapter 3

A lot of people get married when they are not ready, it's as simple as that! Dating for two or three years does not mean that you are ready for marriage as dynamics often change when you adopt your respective new families officially. It's like a noose that comes standard with marriage and how you handle that change is the difference between how the noose tightens or loosens with time. In all honesty people should not be so quick to shun vat n sat because at least you get to know all the habits of your partner before you sign up for life to being with them. Some people will shock you by how disgusting or inconsiderate they are once you start full leaving with them. I was not always a pessimist about marriage and relationships. Goodness no. That's a misconception people have on men. Not all of us are like that. I grew up in church and believe me its a myth that women come to look for men in church. In all my years in church I was brother-zoned as all of the women that mattered thought I was their brother. If you think getting out of a friend zone mode with a girl is hard try getting out of being brother zoned. Dating for me before I got my car was always awkward. I know I sound useless as though am a coward but having a beautiful girl meant once all the vultures with their cars started hunting her down you never stood a chance. You can be as romantic as possible but if you don't have money to take her out and a vehicle to take her places then you might as well be punishing the poor child. I like to flatter myself and say Asthandile fell for me for my charm and good looks but I know that having a job helped. She was actually a very soft spoken person and not so much the mean fierce girl she portrayed in high school. In high school she was the bane of my existence and I loved her with all my heart. I think I got to know her true self towards our wedding as I got to see how she handled things and people. I love people, I love laughter and I have no

problem with talking to people. She on the other hand has a bit of pride in her and very selective of who gets close to her. No one is perfect so I didn't mind that at all. That's what love does I guess.

I am not blind to the fact that exposing what men do is not the wisest thing to do for guys have a strict guy code. We don't kiss and tell but seeing that no one ever wants to talk about it there is so much to tell. Our wedding day well, there are always two perspectives to it depending on whether you are the bride or the groom. Have you ever looked up the podium and seen how happy the blushing bride looks. Its etched in her face like izingcabo zamaZulu (cultural markings Zulus cut into their face on either cheek). Asthandile made sure that everyone who is anyone knew she was getting married. I even had to take a loan to make sure that we could accommodate all. Good thing about leaving in Mdantsane is that most of her friends and family stayed close enough so we did not have to arrange accommodation as well. Her side of things alone we had about 200 guests and most of them unnecessary people whom she just wanted to show off to! When you look at the podium and at the groom in particular, you can always see there is a seriousness in his face. I was told by one of my uncles that if I smiled too much I would look weak and over excited meaning my wife's family would take advantage of me. These are merely superstitions and stereotypes I told my educated self but much as I tried to smile that wedding was pure torture. Nothing went right! She was late for one as I tried to do the white thing and arrive first at the church and wait for my bride. It was bound to happen there were already too many people involved in her preparations. Don't worry I never thought for one moment I was being stood up at the alter because its not part of our psyche! Imagine, where would she run too if she pulled a runaway bride! Her family would most certainly never accept her back that's for sure! My 45 guests, mostly family but a few friends from school where on time.

If there is one thing that young marriage teaches you is that the honeymoon period you see on TV doesn't actually exist. I feel sorry for her because she had hopes of going to many places for the honeymoon itself but with all the friends and relatives that she had invited to the wedding the money simply was not there. Yeah, showing off has consequences! That joyous bliss that makes the first five years of your marriage speed past is just a myth. You get down to reality and start building your family. Having a willing partner is half the battle to be honest for the rest is keeping each other happy in the midst of bills and work. As soon as we got married the problems started. They were not big things to be honest. Firstly was, who ran the household and then who ran the bills? I might be the one working but in my eyes I thought she needed to be part of the decision making process but she was not interested. She wanted a nanny to help her with the house and cook. Like what the fuck! She said it was job creation and she did not get married to slave away. She said every house here had a nanny so she could not be seen as though she can't afford it. I indulged her.

Coming from Mdantsane meant that when she came to Cape Town she wanted to visit all the fancy places, live in Rondebosch and then call home for all her relatives to come and see where she stays. There is no Xhosa person who does not have a relative or a friend who is a refugee in Cape Town as madam Zille called it so we actually were not isolated even here. Our wedding was far from modest because she wanted to emphasize that she had found a Xhosa man with money who was not a politician. In my area politicians are notorious for their love for women and the drama they bring so girls are fast learning its not necessary. At first impressing her tastes were simple because she did not know half the things about the middle class to upper class lifestyle. She did not really go out with her cousins much here because they lived in Gugulethu and Khayelitsha something which I think embarrassed her. She kept on saying there was so much crime there hence did not want us to visit them. That was fine by me to be honest because it meant that I did not have to drive.

One evening I was sitting at home when she came home with a new friend of hers. She said I was too uptight and we needed to start going out more often. I think marriage dies the moment you cut off that having fun route but lately I was always tired. I promised her that we would. At that stage I never denied my wife anything but me working and her not meant that I was often so tired and today was no exception. I was exhausted. She said another of her new friends would be coming over. She worked in the army and lived in Milnerton at the base. If there is something women are good at its make friends. Married women much as people say they are conservative are actually more open to new friendships as they are increasingly isolated if they don't work. Her new friend, Bulelwa, was also from the Eastern Cape. When the third friend arrived she was introduced as Khanyi. She was actually a Zulu girl but from the Eastern Cape. Xhosa girls tend to stick together. For some reason she hit it off more with her than Bulelwa. I declined to offer to go out with them but instead allowed my wife to go. Yes I said allow. When you are married you need permission for everything. I have moments when I act unilaterally true but usually I consulted her first. My wife had an allowance from me for miscellaneous things which were not part of the household budget. I never asked what she did with it because it was none of my business and fortunately being in a new city meant she did not really go out much. I wanted her to have as much freedom as possible and because she could drive I had got her a small Japanese car as it was reliable and fuel savvy. We had the good life all in all. We live on lower Alma Road meaning it was a walk away from Rondebosch shops and ten minutes from Cavendish Square.

They decided to go to Cubana in Clermont. I jokingly asked for one of their phone numbers in case my wife got too drunk to answer her phone. I actually didn't think she would get drunk. Bulelwa said she had left her phone so it was left to Khanyi.

I was a meeting her for the first time so when she walked over to get to her bag which she had left on the table I couldn't help but look at her. I have no excuse its instinct in most men. We can't help but look and doesn't matter if its your friend or sister we will look. She was an attractive woman. Dark skinned unlike my wife and with a body that just made me stare. Lust has to be one of the greatest weakness in man. I looked away as best I could and because my wife was too busy getting ready she did not see it. Khanyi gave me her number but for a moment when we were talking our eyes met. Nothing was said just an awkward smile.

Looking back that was a defining moment.

My wife had brought temptation home.

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

#### Chapter 4

A lot of women don't realize that in marriage your mans greatest temptation is probably one of your friends. Why? Because that is probably the only woman he can speak to openly in front of you. Its got nothing to do with her amazing beauty, wit or charm but rather that she is an alternative to whatever you do. She is probably just as bad a cook as you, has very similar tastes to you even so its rarely ever because she is better than you. Admit it or not the element of forbidden fruit is always present with your wife's friends because there are like right there in front of you and you know shouldn't but ... That said, most women are under the illusion that their friends are the safest women around their husband. I was not looking at her in a sexual manner but as an attractive woman. I don't think women realize this. Men are designed to be attracted with what they see as opposed to what they feel. We don't feel an emotional attraction at first but a physical attraction. That's why no man will ever tell you that the first thing he fell for when he met you was your personality. You don't see personality, your see the physical side first. Its not because we are shallow, its because we are wired differently from you. Again its not an excuse, its reality. Get any man, your little brother in fact, take him to a mall and ask him to pick 'nice' girls. All the girls he will be pick will be attractive and usually light skinned. That's just how it is. Its not some evil demon against you that doesn't want you to be happy its just the true reality of what a man is. Now imagine, you have just brought that temptation home. Deep stuff.

I tried to concentrate on the TV but as the hours trod on I got worried about my wife. I wanted her home. I am not a possessive husband neither am I controlling but I was not comfortable. Its not



because I didn't trust her but I know guys, its them I do not trust. Men are hunters and as long as its a group of females in a club including one wearing a ring they will try their luck. Men to be honest are starting to realize that actually the easiest place to get laid and not worry about having to call the next morning is with a girl in a relationship or a young married girl. Its funny actually because in the workplace especially they are the easiest targets. Nope, we don't go looking for the girl that's about to get married especially if she is already planning for her wedding because at that moment she is in that zone of wanting to make sure those papers get signed. We target the one that we know has been married three or four years. At work you can hear that her rhetoric starts to change about her marriage. The combination is quite deadly in fact because every woman has that close friend at work whom she tells her secrets. All we have to do as men is befriend that friend. She will tell us when you are stressed especially and the rest is easy. No husband will ever make his wife 100% of the time. Mandela had 2 ex wives for crying out loud and he was as close to perfect in our eyes as possible. Its tough. That's why I was not comfortable with her being out for so long alone, not because she was a cheat but because I know what us guys target. Moreover when you are still married you want to see if you still have it out there and even as a woman you allow a stranger to flirt with you and touch you hear and there. Ah the more I thought about it the more I was convinced it was time to go pick her up! I went outside by the swimming pool to breathe a little so that I had fresh air. The swimming pool was my idea and I couldn't even swim. Yeah I know, its like that big swimming pool in Inkandla and not one person in that household or village can even swim with authority. You should see the way my wife bragged about it to her minions back home yet like me she too could hardly swim. It was not deep though so at least we could get in.

I tried to call Khanyi but her phone just rang. Eventually even her phone stopped going through. It was only 2am in the morning and in university we used to come back at 6am even but I think a married woman, nope I mean my wife should know its time to come keep her husband warm. I got out of bed picked up my keys and as I walked downstairs towards the door I heard the ladies at the door speaking in loud whispers. I think the aim was to try and make me not hear them. Problem is and a lot of people don't get this, when you whisper to a group especially, your voice carries. Not everyone can whisper in any case. I ran back upstairs so I would not be seen. They entered the house and I heard Asthandile say to the girls that I was going to be so mad because she was late. The girls apologized and I think it was to Bulelwa I heard my wife ask to maybe speak to me and explain what had happened because it was not her fault. She was actually in a state of panic. No no no I thought to myself. A married woman should never allow another woman to speak on her behalf to her husband for two reasons. One, her husband will see her as a liar and lacking faith in his ability to be fair with her and be understanding. Two, and this is the more important one of the two, she appears weak in front of her friends as she appears insecure against her man making him fair game

to them. The girls said they would no problem. I was actually annoyed. Why couldn't my wife just speak to me. Rather I be angry at her directly not through a friend.

Bulelwa asked her if the swimming and braai was now off as they had agreed. My wife said to them she first had to see what my mood was in the morning and she would call them. I heard Khanyi say she was looking forward to it because with the heat outside lately it would make for a really good Saturday. Eventually they left. Those woman talk too much. I heard my wife tiptoe as she came upstairs. She went to the bathroom to brush her teeth. Won't lie she was smelling of alcohol but I pretended to be dead asleep. I did not want awkward moments and unnecessary conversations. I pick my fights well and this one was not it. She will tell me in the morning I reckoned.

"I came home before midnight and you were already dead asleep. I didn't want to wake you up because wouldn't have been fair?"

I didn't call her out but instead I asked her if she had anything to drink,

"Nope not really. I had one cocktail and it wasn't for me to be honest so I stopped. I am a married woman now so drinking is not for me!"

I looked at her for a long while contemplating what to do next. Women sometimes lie about even things that don't matter and shouldn't matter. Now she was making a situation worse and unnecessarily too! However I let her get away with it. I said I hope she had fun.

She laughed and looked down and said,

"Ok I lie, I had more than a few drinks and I am sorry. I hope you not angry at me."

Its funny how at no point in our relationship had I asked to not drink, slow down or anything in that line. She chose to stop when we got married but it had nothing to do with me. It annoyed me to no end that she had this manual on what a wife was and that manual often killed everything I liked about her once upon a time! Imagine she didn't even wear short dresses and skirts anymore because it not proper! I loved her legs. Thank God the manual left out "you must have sex in the dark" because I would have dumped her ass!

I think she saw I was in a good mood as I whistled about pretending to have wool over my eyes. She came up to me with breakfast in hand and said,

"The girls were wondering if they can come over later and we have a little braai perhaps swim later on?"

Why does it have to be "the girls" why can't she just say,

"Honey am thinking of having people over, is that ok?"

Yet another problem there. In marriage you are equal partners and yes you consider each others feelings when you making decisions but and its a big BUT again, you don't ask for permission to do something hiding behind other females. All that does is make your man focus on the females in front as you are pushing them to influence his decisions on your behalf.

I joked and said my pool only works with woman in bikinis not plaas jopies and she said of course. In fact she asked if we can go to Cavendish quickly and but her a bikini!

Women love showing off to their friends and even irrelevant people. As men we know that and often exploit that to our advantage. Now I was going to have three bodies to compare, all brought home by my wife and all I had had to do was say yes.

No comment...

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 5

If a man loves someone his heart belongs to her and her alone. You can cook him diamond encrusted soup in a platinum pot and can even do monkey style positions in bed but if he does not belong to you then just forget it. However, that very same guy much as he will come home to you every night every night does not mean that he will not take chances that present themselves on a silver platter like in this situation. Men act on instinct. Its a bad thing if you are a woman but to men its a survival instinct. Again this is a fact that women don't want to hear! Most women call it being chauvinistic when men confess to it but unless they wake up to this and take out that finger stuck up their behind then they will face reality and perhaps come up with a way to counter it. You see women are so caught up with whining about what a real man should or should not do not forgetting that they don't own that man. They should be more concerned with what to do if their man does something, what's the next step or even how to prevent it. Contrary to popular belief, men don't just sleep with anyone, especially married men. There are some women, some even beautiful that can throw overtures our way and we won't even blink. Surprise! Those are the ones we will gladly throw under the bus and report to you that she made a move on me. To you am such a saint for being honest but to me I am buying favor so that the one you really should suspect you turn a blind eye to focusing on the bitch after your man!

I drove her to buy the bikini as I think she still had a bit of hangover. We didn't buy anything fancy, Mr Price. Billabong had them for r700 just imagine. I kid you not go check for yourself. It was not meant to be a big deal hence nothing major, we bought meat and charcoal as was standard and that

was that. The “girls” as she called them brought the rest. We had a few bottles of wine from a previous engagement but we bought two more just to add on. As women get older they think that drinking wine makes them more sophisticated and classy. Alcohol is alcohol, you get drunk and go piss it out! Fact! I don’t know who told them that, maybe its the wine glasses that look so pretty. Everything was set for a chilled Saturday and I liked it like this. At home with the woman I love.

It was so hot yet again. Cape Town has such moments. As soon as the girls got there my wife went to put on her new bikini and sarong. As the host she had to take the lead and make them comfortable. I never for one moment said my wife was conservative. She was very comfortable with her own body and was not threatened by too many women. She was confident and I loved that about her. Ironically the one who was more reluctant to get into the water was Khanyi because I noted they had to coax her out of her shorts. Alcohol really is a great leveler for it took a few drinks to get her there and even then she was nervous. If it was a ploy it worked because by the time she took off her shorts I was really looking forward to it. I had become so used to seeing one woman’s body for so long seeing two new fresh never been seen before bodies was like seeing a girl naked for the first time. Men like I said earlier are visual beings and when we don’t see something new for a while we get antsy and hostile. Women on the other hand need each other to gain courage. Its very rare to find a woman doing something considered risqué by herself, she always needs others to be there to make it alright.

The one thing you have to appreciate about Xhosa women is that they are not shy. We are not like Zulus who in the name of tradition can dress half naked yet act all shy when it comes to wearing short skirts and so on. Nah, our colours are out there for all to see. Our women are not like Pedis either who are fiercely conservative and terrified of their own bodies. Xhosa women are full of life and try dominate situations. Its just how we are raised. If I was in my younger days I swear I would be taking pictures but I was past that now. Old age does that to you. I think the problem with this picture was that there should have been more guys. I was outnumbered. My wife kept coming to check up on me but I was fine really.

The braai was nice to be honest. I made sure I stayed as far away from the girls as possible. I was either on the braai stand most of the time or checking on my notes. Like I said I had a bit of work to do so fortunately they respected that space. With married women I noted that they are not really into music, they prefer the sound of their own voices. They were discussing something to do with curtains or interior decor I am not sure, was not really interested. Daluxolo, my colleague from work, called and asked if he could come drop off some document. I didn’t have a problem with that. When he came I told him my wife was having friends over. He had met her before but I felt a bit nervous because another man seeing my wife in a bikini, eh, that didn’t sit well. I guess I am conservative

after all. Note the double standard. I didn't mind seeing my wife's friends in the semi nude but I definitely minded my friends seeing my wife. Fortunately he just said hello and left.

The problem with staying in a big city is that there are always events taking place. It's not like living in King Williams Town where there is absolutely nothing happening concerts or otherwise. In a city like mine there was always something happening. Khanyi worked for a company that brought in events so she had extra tickets. I heard her ask my wife to invite me next time so we can all have fun and the tickets were free. I knew what my answer should have been but obviously it would not be the answer I would give. She said she had no date so she was coming with Bulelwa of which the latter said definitely yes. When you are married your husband should never become "one of the girls"! I know your friends will tell you how sweet he is, a good listener even but once you feminize him you will most likely share him at some point.

When the girls were tipsy they started walking back and forth to the bathroom. They had to walk past me meaning that I got plenty of an eyeful. No one did anything out of the ordinary but the longer the day went on the more I got to daydream as well as compare. Bulelwa was light skinned but not the prettiest. She reminds me of most yellow bones, they look pretty at first sight but when you take a second look dark skinned girls actually look better. That's where Khanyi came in, this Nubian dark skinned princess. She was not the prettiest to be honest but there was just something about her. The way she laughed and carried herself just made me want to look at her more. It was just a crush, a harmless crush I hoped. Yes, married men have crushes too especially at work. There is always that one woman you look at differently! We are human after all.

In Cape Town the sun sets late. 7pm and it's still as bright as day except in winter of course. Somehow we didn't calculate that the alcohol would finish so fast. As they were all drinking I was the only one in a state to drive. Khanyi asked for smokes and went to her purse to look for money. I don't know who suggested it but the plan changed and I was asked to go with her.

She changed into shorts and a loose fitting t-shirt. To be honest she looked really good. On the way she asked me how the married life was and if it was as fun as people pretend it to be. I told her of course especially if you are in love with the person. I could hear she was flirtingly and I flirted back. She brought up how the sex life will become sterile at some point. It was all good humour to be honest because this was unlike the stuff people in the office spoke about. When it comes to marriage a lot of people wonder what happens to your sex life after a while. It's the part they don't tell you in the honeymoon brochures that once it's routine it becomes mechanical. It's the part that makes most men fear commitment with such zest. It's universal and not unique to South African men. We bought all we needed and headed back.

In the garage after we parked the car, she stopped me, walked up to me and kissed me! Not a peck. She kissed me then walked into the house.

I have never heard of a man who screams for help or pushes a woman off in such a moment. I just stood there.

The question was to tell my wife or not? I had done nothing wrong. She kissed me not the other way round. When I walked into the house I found her hugging my wife as though nothing had happened.

Tomorrow morning I will tell my wife I don't want her friends over anymore!

\*\*\*The End\*\*\*

## Chapter 6

Everyone lies! The reasons are different of course but we all do it. Usually we lie to protect ourselves and that's the most basic reason. However in marriage we lie to protect our partners and no I am not saying its ideal but its reality. At every wedding every pastor encourages you to be open and honest with your partner but the true reality is there are things you should keep from them if you want to stay married. Marriage and trust are like a plain piece of paper, if you wrinkle that paper it will never ever fully straighten again. Simply put, there are some things that if you confess them to your partner be rest assured that they will never ever fully trust you again. There is this thing which woman say to us men that you must trust her enough to make the right decision in a situation, BULLSHIT! A Xhosa woman is often ruled by intense emotion hence their violent outbursts at times. Ask any non Xhosa woman why they don't usually want to mess with Xhosa woman and they will tell you that it is because they know how to bring you drama you will never forget. Lying might be seen as bad but it will save your marriage. I was not proud of myself though for how weakly I had capitulated to a woman I did not even think was that pretty. Certainly she had nothing on my wife yet here I was. What was worse was that I had never cheated on my wife at this stage. I had flirted every now and again but nothing hectic. I was under no illusion there that what had happened was very wrong and should never even have been allowed to happen. In my head I told myself that if I went and told my wife it would mean she would never trust me and if I didn't it would mean I had enjoyed what had happened. In marriage the issue is always how you pick your battles. My wife often joked that if I ever cheated on her she would cut off my balls and feed them to me. Yes I know she was joking but with a woman from Mdantsane you never know when the joke will be on you.

When we went to bed the guilt was killing me. I had a lot of complicated thoughts in my head. Everything had happened so fast. I had met that woman only a day earlier and already she had kissed me. Is this what they call ceasing the moment. It was way too soon. Maybe she was a whore or something. You know those people that can't help it around men. That's the only thing I could think of. My wife didn't know her well enough so I couldn't even ask her. She truly must be. She knew I was married and still kissed me in my wife's house with my wife a few metres away. Who does that? When my wife finally joined me in bed I made love to her the best way I can. Even she noted that there was extra care in how I did it. It was the guilt. The first time you cheat in marriage its almost like you want to cleanse yourself. You want to remind your partner how much you love them. This was my moment. She told me how much she loved me and appreciated me. She said she was so grateful for everything I had done for her. She called herself the luckiest woman alive. I don't mind a woman being appreciative of her man but in all honesty when you start to make it seems as though you owe your husband then you opening yourself up to him taking advantage. Its pretty simple really. In our marriage even though it was so young we had already reached that stage were sex was no longer an adventure but a chore. To be honest I usually was to blame because of my long hours. However and this women should take note of, my wife never really motivated. On TV you see white women walking in sexy lingerie, massaging 'daddy' after a long day, making romantic dinners, wearing seductive outfits to fulfil hubbys fantasies but I don't think black women have that creative gene. Ironically enough, every black women who watches soapies especially when such scenes come up think wow that is so sexy yet they never actually think, wow let me try that tonight. On your birthday yes will she do that but on any other Sunday you can forget about that shit. The point was and is that she was not my slave and was not forced to do it nor am I saying that it was her primary job to wait up for me at home so that she could get laid, no! The point is creativity and open mindness is a huge incentive to keeping it hot in the bed. Human beings are creatures of habit. Normally we had one round sex, cuddled then slept. Tonight though after the first round there was a round two. I mastered every ounce of energy in me to get that to happen. My guilt was eating me up to her benefit and boy o boy was she appreciative.

Sunday morning we went to church together. I usually make excuses so she was pleasantly surprised. First the amazing sex now we were churching together, what more could a girl want. As we stay on the border of Rondebosch and Rosebank, we are spoilt for churches. When we first arrived in the area we attended the Methodist church next to Kilindini a boys residence at UCT located on Main Road. It was a walk away. It was a very white membered church I must say and we felt we didn't belong. Traditional values and so on. We then moved to His People which held its service in Baxter Theatre. It made sense because it was pretty young and mostly catered for the students at the university. On the walk back home my wife kept on telling me how happy she was

God had answered her prayers to have found Khanyi and Bulelwa. Now she had friends in Cape Town. In my head I was saying God had nothing to do with it but this was the devils work. I wanted to tell her I won't lie but the more I thought about it the worse the consequences looked in my head. Most men, myself included work on the notion of "what she does not know won't kill her". Women like to say to say that they have so many secrets blah blah blah but they don't come close to men. Yes you can have the big secrets but the on quantity men take the prize. That thing of people saying that women lie more than men is a lie in its own because when it comes to lies men simply are masters at it. There is no other way to put it. The first ten years of marriage is where the most lies come in marriage as your husband will still be trying to figure out what he can tell you and get away with and most certainly what he should never say. That is when your relationship is truly defined.

Monday morning I went back to work. Daluxolo was practically waiting for me to ask me about my weekend. I decided not to tell him about the incident because I knew how old fashioned he was. True to form he said I should be weary of my wives friends because if they are drinkers and get comfortable coming to my house that's were problems start. I was not sure what he was trying to say because surely he was not saying my wife should not have friends coming over? Come on now that was ridiculous. I needed to ask for advice though.

At lunch my wife told me that she wanted to go shopping after work with Bulelwa. There were some places which she wanted to go to which only Bulelwa knew. When you are newlyweds you tell each other all your movements. It is called being romantic by women but to us men we call it keeping tabs. We hardly ever return the favour to the fullest. Every man does it. We turn what women call sweet and romantics into mechanisms to guilt them and make them comply to us. In marriage especially we start small new traditions like this one saying we want to build a beautiful marriage. Ironically these are the very things that will eventually shackle your wife to the marriage as for some reason men actually have a good memory when it comes to reminding you of the rules.

When she was there she called me and said that Khanyi had called her acting funny and said that she had something to tell her about me! I panicked! She asked me if I knew anything about it and of course I said no. I made sure that when I spoke I was as calm as possible. I did not want to make her suspect anything even though deep down I was in turmoil. What the hell was wrong with this woman but worse...what the hell was wrong with me for not telling my wife the truth.

What the hell? This was bad. I felt as though I was being set up. I told my wife it was time to come home but she said no she wanted to hear this. I realized that if I pushed this then I would be screwing myself over as she would see that I was nervous.

I just sat there wondering what had I done?



I had messed up!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 7

Much as men almost always look bad when it comes to divorce most of us do not want to end up in a broken marriage. We make mistakes like even females and usually that mistake is cheating. Its no excuse but I think as men we are cursed. I will give you an example. I can have sex with my wife on a Saturday morning and I am the happiest men alive. I love her. My wife can suggest we take a walk or go shopping. A woman can walk in front of us and her skirt gets blown up by the wind and guess what? As long as I see what's under that skirt my dick will go up. That 'guy' has a life of his own! It's not because I want to be unfaithful or I am a bad person but my body literally responds to any form of stimulation. Even at work when a woman wears the tightest dress or fails to sit properly, more often than not my body gets aroused. I do not consciously go out and do it because I am a cheat but it happens naturally. When I therefore say men are visual when it comes to sex and physical when it comes to being aroused it is not because we go out there and look for trouble. No. On the contrary, trouble often finds us. Try explaining that to your woman and see how quickly she calls you a dog or how weak you are. Its not like I am the one who said that skirt must get blown up by the wind in any case! That said, the thought of the swimming women still haunted my body not me!

After my wife told me about Khanyi and her wanting to see her over me I decided to call her. I figured that it was best I counter whatever it is she had to say. By call her I mean call Khanyi. The night they went out it was her number I had been given when Bulelwa's phone did not work. She did not pick up the first time around so I was stuck. I even used the office phone meaning that she did not know my number so I was certain it was not because I was being ignored. I decided to redial this time using my phone. She picked up immediately but said she would call me back she was still with some clients. She sounded cheerful at least so it was not a matter of a woman falling apart with guilt. This was good for me. It means that I had a chance of convincing her not to go confess to my wife. Like most men I was very good at getting out of a tight jam. When alone a man can panic at first but then calm down and come up with solutions that can shock even himself. That's why when you find out your man might be cheating you should never call him or text him from afar. Wait for him to get home and look him in the eye when you confront him. If you text him for example all he needs in twenty minutes to gather his thoughts and whether he confirms or denies it be rest assured he will make a convincing argument that often makes you look bad and confused. There is a reason why

most women come to their men to find solutions to problems. Its because we get very analytical about this and with these skills applying them to a relationship is like second nature.

When she eventually called back I had worked myself into quite a sweat. I was nervous. She said she was pleasantly surprised to hear from me and emphasis on the surprise. Already she was flirting. I was caught in two positions. On the one hand if I told her that I did not want to see her again or near my wife what if she snaps and reports me out of spite and anger. On the other hand if I didn't then it will look like I am condoning what was happening. Decisions decisions! I had to roll the dice on this one and see how it plays out. She said she would be seeing my wife later over me actually. I pretended not to know and asked why. She said her company was looking for new representation and my firm had come up. She said she was in a position to specifically ask for me but had to make sure that my wife was cool with it otherwise it would look dodge. When you have an affair with someone who knows your girlfriend, she goes a long way to make sure that your wife is comfortable with her being around. This is to allay any suspicion and to genuinely have plausible deniability.

This was awkward. A lot of people who work in private companies will tell you this, black people hardly ever get given real responsibilities in white owned companies. My firm was no different. The important cases were handled by 'them' whilst the rest were handed to "us". Our section was actually quite busy as petty crime to be fair is not usually committed by "them" but by "us". "They" handled mostly the corporate and civil cases whilst we ran around prisons trying to rescue our own. To therefore run an account meant a hectic step up which I was not going to pass up on marriage or not. Me putting my career first meant that my family would benefit more in the long run and the experience that came with it was immense. She emphasized we would not be working together so I should not worry about that either. Its not unheard of for a company to request exactly whom it wants to handle their account in a firm. All in all it was a pleasant conversation that really made my day.

Now imagine if I had panicked and rushed to call my wife. I would have put myself and marriage in a bad spot. At least now we had established boundaries and we could all benefit. Looking back that is what made my wife and Khanyi get closer. It was more than just friendship for now she was more like a sister to her. That evening when I got home my wife told me that she had spoken to Khanyi. She told me how happy she was and that Khanyi should not have come to her because this was business so she trusted me. If there is one thing Xhosa women understand its money and my wife was no exception. She knew as well as I do that this account would change a lot of things as often I complained at the lack of responsibility I was getting at work. As she had brought Khanyi home I could feel the satisfaction in her voice. This was a good time to be Mr. and Mrs. Sibani.

I hardly saw Khanyi over the next two weeks but I know my wife had lunch with her girls during that period. They had really become fast friends. In fact in my head we had already established

boundaries. My wife had to go home because her younger sister had gone missing...again! Zimasa was a problem child and she was only 17. My wife had to go for the weekend as the family yet again had to find her and come up with a new plan to keep the child in place. I didn't like these trips though because every time she went it cost us money. When you come home from a big city in Mdantsane all the bills they look at you! You easily go off budget by three or four thousand at times! I often warned my wife about this but she always said if she did not do it her family would think ill of her! It's what black families do. When you have money they expect some of it and if you don't share they call you proud and so on. They talk about you behind your back and practically pray for your downfall. Jealousy is a huge factor in dealing with the extended family when you are married. Often it is your family that puts pressure on your marriage at the beginning as you fight to establish boundaries without either being disrespectful or stingy!

She left on a Thursday. Friday I went to work but I came back early for once. It was yet another hot day so I settled in and took off the net on the pool. I wanted to take a dip so I could cool off. Just as I got into there was a car at the gate. I heard the buzzer. I went and opened.

When I opened it was Khanyi. She said she was looking for Asthandile. Liar! There is no way she did not know that my wife was not around. I told her that she was not there but had gone to Eastern Cape. She sounded disappointed but I invited her in as I could not exactly chase her away of which she immediately accepted.

We sat and started talking. I was not as nervous as I think I should have been. There is a saying that when the cat is away the mice will play. Often its reserved for kids when parents go away. However, it is also very true for married men when the wife goes home! It is like finally I can breathe! It is heaven.

To play or not to play that became my question?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 8

When it comes to cheating and unfaithfulness I don't really care what Steve Harvey lied to women about, you can never ever think like a man as a woman. Most women are classy, have standards, pride, respect and above all loyal. Yes you get the few tjatjarag ones who will sleep with anyone but they are few enough for us to call them names. You have never heard a phrase that says "all women are loose" yet it is a universally acknowledged theorem that "all men are dogs!" A simple example is

this, most women cannot sleep with a guy they do not feel something for. Their bodies will reject even to allow him to enter her. Moreover most women will not sleep with a guy they consider dirty or inferior to them in some way. Men on the other hand can even sleep with a prostitute, a dirty filthy person whom he has to pay for it just because the moment arose or the drinks hit the right spot! How then can Steve Harvey say you can think like a man! That fool must just calm down and stop lying to our women and also woman stop believing everything you read! Men are competitive by nature and conquistados. We hunt and can sense the presence of a beautiful woman long before you even identify her. Where you see a rival we see a challenge! That's how we identify women and why we see things differently! If you are married and don't believe me go look in the mirror and see what his hunting skills brought home! With that said, my wife gone, now having a few drinks I had a beautiful woman sitting in front of me. Temptation personified.

You know if you are married to someone whom you intellectually don't click with you tend to see that person as childish and lacking reasoning skills. Its not meant to be offensive but most men do not want to marry women they consider dumb. My wife though not working was not dumb. However, because she did not get to talk to other professionals as she was isolated at home meant that having a conversation with her about the world, politics, sports, finance all things that matter to men did not always work well. A working woman can often debate more than one who does not because just by leaving the door in the morning she exposed to these things. A lot of my friends often say that they get really annoyed when a woman says what's the use of knowing these things because they don't put food on her table because that has to be the most ignorant statement ever. Chatting to Khanyi now I was fulfilled. She could speak about anything and everything. Yes she did not have the depth I had in some topics but it was so attractive hearing a woman know more than just the Kardashians. Women never get this that watching TV is not always about entertainment but should also be about expanding your knowledge base. If on your pvr all you have recorded are soapies and reality shows of Americans you will never ever one day meet then rest assured your husband and yourself will struggle for conversation as time goes on.

I got to know more about her actually. She had never been married and was focused more on her career for now. She wanted to be established by the time she was 30 then worry about marriage then. She said she didn't mind not getting married to be honest because men are full of drama. When I asked if she wanted kids she said yes but not now. She said she could even have a kid without a husband because she had a good enough job to take care of a child if need be. All in all she was fiercely independent! Career women are the most likely to have an affair with someone else's partner. Surprise! Even at work when we discuss amongst my colleagues the women often say they don't mind having a taste of married men as they don't have men of their own. A married man will not be clingy and call all the time meaning she gets to have fun without the added hustle of

being tied down. Moreover career orientated women because they are still very much in the game tend to look down at their married counterparts hence why what's theirs is also theirs! Furthermore they make an easier prospect for married men because we know she just wants a shag. Most men in my position therefore cheat because we are presented with an opportunity to cheat with the fear of getting caught hence we take advantage of such situations.

I called my wife to check up on her. She said Zimasa had been found but problem was she was pregnant. She had run away because she feared the consequences. 17years old and pregnant in South Africa is nothing new. We have stopped being shocked in all honesty. I even knew the person who made her pregnant but we were not friends. He was a doctor from the area who was notorious for dating young girls. Yeah doctors, that's another story! Moving on. My wife said she would only be back on Sunday late as she had something to do in the morning. She had therefore changed her flights.

She asked me what I was doing. I told her that I was watching TV alone missing her. Well that was a lie. The truth was I was having the most riveting conversation with a beautiful woman. She asked if I had cooked and I told her no was going to have take out. It's not like she liked cooking herself. My wife hated the kitchen and often we would have take out be it from Pick n Pay or what. I was not fussy about a home cooked meal to be honest so didn't really mind. She said that she could ask one of her girls to bring me something if I really wanted a meal. Newly wedded wives tend to forget that their men were self sufficient before they married them. There must be somewhere it is written that the way for woman to prove her worth to her man is to slave herself in the kitchen! Its pounded into their heads by their mothers growing up that you are half a woman if you cannot cook. I was not about to accept her friends to bring me food. Come on now. My wife was taking this friendship thing too seriously.

When I got back to the TV room I found that Khanyi had stood up and was getting dressed. By dressed i mean putting on her light cardy. I asked her what she was doing and she said she was leaving. I was stunned. She was leaving! Just like that! I asked her why and she said its Friday she was going to go out partying with her friends. She was not going to babysit me all night. Imagine calling a grown married man like me "baby". Funny enough I didn't take offense but like hell she was leaving! No kiss and not even a hug. Was what had happened that night a fluke or maybe I had misread the signals.

"I am coming with you!"

I said firmly the way I would talk to my wife. She looked at me and smiled before she said...

"No you are not!"

And walked out!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 9

The problem with women is that they never want to hear the truth even if it hits them in the face over and over again. Men cheat! Its not a secret nor is it something people whisper about in hidden corners. Some facts don't need to be justified so I am not trying to justify my actions. Did you know that men in general would rather date you forever than actually marry you? Well if you didn't here are some of the reasons! One, marriage is just a headache that is designed to kill the spirit of both of us. You just refuse to see it because by the time you reach 25 already there is pressure from your family and peers to do the so called right thing! Even if your own mother is no longer with your dad she prays that you will get married to a good man and encourages you to do so actively. Question is, how will you succeed where she failed and she is the wiser one remember? Food for thought and yes, uncomfortable truth! Secondly as men we often question ourselves what happens to the girl we fell in love with the moment you come back from the honeymoon. All of a sudden you are this serious person, woman , thing you name it and you no longer do a lot of things because it is not appropriate for a married woman! You even discover church so that you can hang out with old women so you can discuss how to come bore us at home! That fear of this reality haunts most men and from the guys I have spoken to they all say that "she is not the same girl I dated mate!"

Ok I felt kind of stupid after I said that. I was not following her like I was a dog in heat but I was following her because to be honest who wants to sit at home alone on Friday evening. Its not like my wife goes away often and when she is here most likely we will be sitting at home together. She hardly ever wants to go out but maybe that is because am not the most happy go chap out there. My wife and I had grown up in different environments. I went to university in Cape Town and had access to world class clubs, malls, restaurant and tourist destination in comparison to her who the furthest she had gone academically was Umtata. She was your typical kasi girl who loved a chesa nyama or chill session as entertainment and to her car wash was considered a cool event. We grew up in the same township yes but for me growing up we didn't have a car at home so I never had occasion to find myself at the car wash. In the township a car wash attracts all the beautiful girls for some reason even though most of them don't even own cars and most of them don't even have a license! Its like those music video girls, you not there to sing but to make up the numbers of cheap thighs on set then you go around thinking you are a celebrity!

Khanyi did not seem surprised that I wanted to go with her. We decided that we should use different cars so as not to be seen as though we were arriving together and worse leaving together. All I had to do was follow. The girl drives like a maniac to be honest! We went to a house party in Strand. It was fun and relaxed even the crowd there was unfamiliar to me. We didn't speak work stuff even. It was just good old fashioned fun. I normally do not drink and drive but the party was one that it was hard not to. There was a proper balance between dancing and talking. I noticed that a lot of people had rings on their fingers but no one coupled up! It was odd. I think the only one awkward tonight was me. Marriage tends to take you out of the game. You lose touch with reality outside of what happens at work and in your marriage. Its not the nicest thing. It was nice to be out like this with no worry in the world. I know for a fact most men miss the freedom of bachelorhood. Imagine having a moment to breathe without someone telling you what to eat, where, when and what to wear? You move out of your parents home to avoid your mother from controlling everything you do to moving in with her replacement! When men have a midlife crisis its not a lame excuse, its a desperate attempt to try rediscover whom they were! Problem I feel is that men are reaching this midlife crisis very early in their marriage as opposed to in their mid forties back in the day!

At some point the party died down. I had to go. I did not want to find myself sleeping on a couch when I had perfectly good house and bed I can go to. I went looking for Khanyi but I could not find her. I made the effort. On my way out I found her car was still in the driveway. She was inside but she had passed out. I tried to wake her up but she was out cold! I went and spoke to the host of the party and told him that I would be driving home with her but wanted to leave her car. Considering that we had not arrived together it was very odd that he didn't even ask many questions. He just asked me to park the car on the lawn to clear the driveway. A part of me should have left her but to be honest I had come with her, regardless of who drove what and I was partially responsible for her well being!

The best sex is drunk sex because you have no boundaries! However, and this is true, you don't have drunk sex with your wife! Its disrespectful! Those were the thoughts going through my head when I was driving home. I won't lie I was turned on by this drunk woman in my car. They don't tell you in the brochure that marriage kills your sex life and you can never experience sexual variety again unless you cheat. Your wife you treat like a queen. With this 50\50 stuff even a domestic technician will tell you that there things she won't do in bed. My wife for example totally ruled out doggy. I know it sounds petty of me but I had tried to negotiate but you know there is a lot of things beautiful women simply say they won't do. That was one of my sacrifices in the name of love.

Eventually I got to my house! I was not going to take advantage of her no matter how much she turned me on. I debated whether to wake her up and have her wear something else but I felt it would

be too much of an inconvenience. I made sure I gave her the bedroom furthest to mine. I did not want drama.

Eventually I got ready for bed and was out in moments. In the morning I woke up to the smell of breakfast in the kitchen. I think she was making something for herself.

When I walked in I was stunned to find her wrapped in just a towel. I don't think she expected me up that early to be honest so no she was not trying to seduce me. I think she had taken a swim or something but wow she looked good.

I just wanted to see more of what was under that towel!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 10

I looked at her for a long while. She could see I was staring. I couldn't help it. Even married men watch porn and it arouses us immensely. Women who take offense at their men watching porn really should be grateful that he is watching it on TV not in front of them as I was. I was incredibly turned on but I bit my bottom lip when I said good morning to her. I walked in and pretended that I could not even see that she was in a state of undress. I asked her if she slept well and when she responded I said awesome and went back upstairs. I was not playing games. It just felt wrong. No in my wife's house! This was not going to happen. This woman much as I found her attractive had potential to wreck my home and that would not work for me. I loved my wife and I was not going to succumb to the very first sign of temptation that came my way. Females always tell me that there is something really attractive about a young married man. I think I get it though. As a guy when you are single it is so difficult to get a girlfriend. The moment you do however, all the other girls like you. Its like you have a magnate attached to you the way women love you. This includes women who do not even know you have a woman. Maybe you glow I don't know. When you are married the ring is what makes you safe to talk to. To most women three things happen, one, you are safe to talk to meaning that without realizing it she is willing to get to know you and sit down with you because in her head she cannot foresee you hitting on her. You are like a pregnant woman to a guy, honestly who hit on you in your state? Secondly, there are women who love to flirt and tease married men the remind them that they chose to rush and shackle themselves up to a woman. Especially at the office. There is always that girl who will remind you that you are married even if you are not flirting with her. Again she is not doing it on purpose but what she succeeds in doing is take your moment of pride and



eventually make you feel ashamed of it. Thirdly, your ring represents to other women that you are a decent guy and makes them question their own men as to why they don't step up and do the right. They want to know what makes you so different from other guys. Usually they ask you for advice all the time. The more time you spend with them the more you get to know them.

I went to my room and tried to distract myself with some work but that simply did not work. My mind was bent towards her and going to see what she was doing. eventually I took a shower and told myself I had to be a man and go do what I needed to do. I found sitting on the couch watching the news of all things. She even told me what was going on before I asked. Truth be told my wife never did that. She was happy with Isibaya and Khumbule'khaya. Those are the things that made her happy. At times I watched with her and those were the only times I was allowed to say someone is beautiful who is not her. Those two girls Thandeka and Qondi drove me wild and I think even she realized that she could not stop me from finding someone on TV attractive. It was obvious I would never meet them in my life so she was not threatened. None of her friends looked like them so she felt if that was what I liked I would never look at the rest. It was now or never. I told her that I had to take her to pick up her car as I had places to go. That was a lie. I wanted her gone!

As we drove out she asked me if she had done something wrong. I did not hesitate to tell her that we were not going to happen. I told her that it was wrong and I was married. I wanted to make it clear that there was no future us. She acted confused and said we had only shared one kiss on a drunken night so why was I assuming that something more was going to happen. I was not going to be played for a fool. I gave her an example of her this morning but she said that how could she have known that I would come downstairs? She also asked what was she supposed to wear because she had no other clothes and I had let her sleep in last night clothing. Ok I didn't have an answer for that. Naturally I had assumed a person making coffee in nothing but a towel was trying to seduce me. I did not apologize though. Men usually don't apologize. It makes us reek of weakness. She said to me that she was so disappointed that I thought she was that kind of woman who would break up a happy home. This woman just knew how to play with my emotions.

I thought driving her home would be the most satisfactory thing I would ever do in my life but to be honest it was not. It was quite underwhelming in fact. I am not saying I was expecting a triumphant return but I just felt my heart sink. They tell you constantly that doing the right thing makes you happy and feel fulfilled, oh well maybe I missed the memo. She joked and teased as though that incident had not happened. She honestly did not seem to give a fuck for lack of a better word. I was the one miserable. I just wished my wife would be here at this moment, to do what I don't know. When I dropped her off I felt like such a loser. She even hugged me. She did not act awkward at all. She got on the phone and some girlfriend of hers was inviting her to the beach. She turned the

person down because it seemed to be a couples event. I could not help but wonder if things had happened differently if I would have been invited too. A lot of men would have paid me to be in my position but I had flopped dismally. As I drove on Main Road on the way back to my place every woman I saw just looked attractive. I wanted a woman so badly. Men its true no matter how some may defend themselves think with their dicks. Even our ego is not complete without a woman to acknowledge what a star you are.

When I got home I went to the room in which she had slept. I scrubbed that place clean. I did not want a single misplaced strand of hair that showed she was ever here to remain. How would I explain that to my wife honestly? I never do chores but every guy knows when you are trying to hide evidence you down on your knees and scrub that floor. I decided to call my wife. She was alone at home her parents and some of her relatives had gone to confront the doctor guy about Zimasa, the pregnant girl. Being home alone I figured I could have a bit of fun with my wife. She even acknowledged that she could hear in my voice that I was feeling kinda randy at that moment. I suggested phone sex and at first she laughed it off. She asked me if I was serious and I said yes because it would be fun and stimulating and showed how much I missed my baby.

She responded very sternly,

“You don’t respect me Mxolisi! Why would I have phone sex like I am an uncultured teenager? I am a married woman, your wife so do not treat me as though I am common! Next you will be asking me for oral sex!”

Click!!!

She hung up the phone.

I looked at that phone with what was beyond shock and anger! I even felt ashamed for asking her that. I looked at my ring and rolled it on my finger contemplating taking it off and going out but i remembered what a clutz I am so I would probably lose it.

What had I done wrong?

\*\*\*The End\*\*\*

## Chapter 11

I married young because I believed in marriage. When most of my friends chose to gallivant and have a good time with so many girls most of whom I knew I chose the high road and straight and narrow. I grew up believing the most important thing in life is family and everything else will fall in place. The poorest man financially can be the happiest man at home if he married the right supportive wife at home. Vice versa the richest man can be the saddest and poorest soul of he married the wrong woman. It is as simple as that. Would I encourage my friends to get married even with all that I was going through, yes I would! Why? Because the greatest foundation to a man is family. When I took my together forever vows I had meant it. I did not do it to look pretty, sound noble or show that I have money. I did it because Asthandile was the love of my life. I had loved her for so long even at a time when did not even know I existed yet we saw each other every day. That's how pure and genuine my feelings for her where. I never claimed to be a saint and a perfect man mind you but on this one I mean wholeheartedly and I will say before man and before God, I love my wife!

With that said I sat there stunned for I had just rejected another woman who was willing to rock my world and stuck to my frigid sometimes cold wife. Yes I know I did not deserve a reward nor expect one for I was wrong in the first place but surely this could not be it. My wife always thought things like porn, phone sex etc were immoral. It's not that I did not know it but a man has to try. This is not uncommon for many a man can testify. It is what I call Pretty Girl Syndrome. Ask any man and they will tell you that when you date a beautiful woman there is a lot that she will not do be it in bed or in public even when not sexual. Beautiful women are used to being put on pedestals by us men so she gets to say no to almost everything knowing that the man will still follow her. She genuinely believes she shits chocolate. That reminds me of university in fact. This song by Andre 300 which says "I know you like to think that your shit don't smell" which we would sink to his ex every time she passed by. Yeah I know it was mean but this girl slept with a mirror I am almost certain of it. That's how beautiful yet vein she was. I once had the discussion with guys back in university where one of my friend was dating a stunning librarian from campus. Obviously as his boys we were fascinated by it immensely. He broke up with her after a few weeks and we were perplexed. He is the one who coined the Pretty Girl Syndrome (PGS) for us. He told us that even asking her to cook was insulting her beauty. At the time I obviously did not fully understand him but with time and Asthandile I knew exactly what he meant. It is wrong to compare exes but when you are married and no matter how much in love you are, as a man you always ask yourself "what if" referring to what if you made the right choice. It is not always bad. At times you will be thanking God for all unanswered prayers when

he denied you all the other women you prayed for and wanted but instead led you to the feet of the most amazing woman. Asthandile was my woman.

I decided to go visit some friends of mine. This being Cape Town I had quite a few. I had schooled here and a lot of people from Mdantsane where here too both employed and unemployed. One of my friends, Lwando was a doctor and he lived nearby. When I got there he was with some of his friends that I had never met. If men are not discussing sports and politics we are discussing women. Its only small boys that discuss cars. Here the topic was women. As the only married person there the guys were on my case immediately. I was considered an authority on the topic. One of his friends a doctor too, Oliver was looking to propose. Problem is he had only been dating the girl for a year. According to the guys she had pushed for the marriage so the question became whether she was doing for love or for money? Most men, myself included to certain extent, think about money and notice when we date. What does she want? Me or my money? There are a lot of gold diggers out there. Have you ever walked into a mall and seen the most beautiful woman on the arm of the ugliest man ever? Its rare true but on such occasion make an effort to follow them out and see what the man drives! More often than not his car can buy your house! They wanted me to advise him against but on the basis on what it would do to his sex life, his happiness and most importantly to how he saw love! I tried to decline but the guys nagged until I told him that he should go for it if she makes him happy but it will not be exactly the same now compared to after the wedding. All the boys started laughing each putting a snide comment of the things he would lose from money to sex etc. Women get this please in spite of your pride and stubbornness to hear reason, men fear marriage because they fear they lose a lot of their self and being! The most beautiful thing in a man's heart is freedom and not love. The debate raged on for hours and eventually I left. They were still arguing even then. I could not handle. I missed my wife.

When I picked her up she was very cheerful. It was like that phone sex misunderstanding never happened. She told me everything about her trip. To be fair it was really boring but good husbands listen so I listened. Nothing irritates a woman more than a man who does not listen! That's like a cardinal sin. When my turn came to tell her about my weekend I told her that I did nothing just worked and slept.

My wife was good at pretending that something did not happen! She would pick the most menial topics to avoid an issue. Like her I believed that she must pick her battles well. This was worthy of a fight so I was not letting it go! Come to think of it, men and women fight on different things and shallow as it might sound, sex is something we would fight for. I just felt pathetic saying that.

She made it clear that she would not be doing phone sex. She argued that how could she have done in her mother's home that would have been disrespectful for one. Maybe I am weak but I kind of

understood that argument. Imagine sitting in your sitting room talking dirty on the phone looking at a big portrait of your parents wedding in front of you. I told her though that it was not good enough!

Then I brought up oral sex! She was so disgusted she even stood up and went to the kitchen! I followed her. She said that was only for prostitutes she cannot do that. She even brought God into the argument and said He would not approve! I was so annoyed at this part! Like really? I swear I wanted to strangle her (figuratively) at this moment. This woman was insane! I walked out and sat by the pool. I needed to cool myself down but I didn't calculate that this would have agitated her too!

She followed me out, stood in front of me and said,

"Men only want to try out new things with their wives after someone else has shown them new things? Are you cheating on me and now want to try it out on me?"

This was my together forever standing in front of me and she had unwittingly just said we would never try anything new in our marriage because it would mean I was up to something!

Welcome to my marriage!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 12

Innovation is one thing that most marriages do not accept. By innovation I mean doing new things to either spice up or simply change the way you have been doing things with your spouse. We are both guilty her and me. When she tries a new thing even a new spice in cooking usually I force the smile to show appreciation but in all honestly I don't really like it. Marriage programs you into following a certain routine and diverting from that routine is normally the root cause of fighting. If it is not broken then the belief is often why fix it! Unfortunately this means when you really need to change things in the bedroom it is met with suspicion and treated with contempt! I told her that there was no cheating of any kind I just felt like trying new things. I doubt that she bought it because she just rolled her eyes. She did not believe me and maybe rightfully so. Usually your partner knows you through and through and getting away with something takes great skill. Could she see that I had kissed another woman? I won't lie the thought crossed my mind. I did not panic though! I explained to her that those were some of the thoughts I had been having. She said we would talk about it later but for now she was tired from her trip. I was so irritated! I desperately needed to get some from the wife that I loved!

We all grew up being told that listening and compromise are two of the greatest strengths we should have especially going into marriage. This is especially reserved for the man because men are known

to be stubborn and unyielding. I did not want to fight with her because she had just come back from a trip away and instead of being in each other's arms here we were trying to strangle one another. You know that thing we see in the movies how when the man comes back from far away the wife just wants to ravage him? Well, I don't think it is true for my marriage! I had never been away from a long trip or simply work for that matter and found my wife waiting for me naked lying on the dining room table! Dinner does not get served that way in her mind. Sex was starting to have a time and place because at times when I tried to initiate in the lounge for example she would be attentive and interested at first. After a moment she would wake from whatever dream she was having and she would say, "Not here baby, let's go to the bedroom!" I would obviously ask why and she would reply, "Who is going to clean the couches?" I curse myself to this day, why on earth did I allow her to buy those damn white couches? It is not really white more like ivory but with the way we can't even do anything on them they might as well be white! I hated them and I often wished we would be burgled and they took those damn things away! I sound like a whine a lot? Yes I do and most men in a pub\bar or any gathering of men with alcohol, if you get them to talk about their wives my story is hardly new! Women at times can appear as though they love their fine furniture more than they love you. Even pots, my wife had taken up after her mother and had some expensive unnecessary pots even for the guests they were intended for. I was not even allowed to use yet I bought them!

I had to change the subject. I did not want the entire afternoon to be spoiled by me. Let me just celebrate the fact that she was back in one piece. What with aeroplanes disappeared from the skies nowadays I surely had a lot to be grateful for! She told me that she too had been thinking. She said it was time to get a job. She said having friends who work made her a bit envious and feel useless! It is not like I discouraged her from working in the first place! I asked her what she had in mind and she said even an office job as a receptionist as long as it meant she got out of the house! At my office I knew they were looking for receptionists but there was no way in hell I was going to allow for a situation where I ended up working with my wife! Hell no! That's the kind of love that sucks everything out of you. Imagine, you see her at home and at work! How do you breathe? I told her I would help her look. I made no mention of the fact that we are hiring! I think only women believe that we want to be in each other's presence as much as possible! I know men don't! That's fact! I wanted her to get a job there for this meant new ideas in her domesticated head!

It hit me that I must back up my story about this weekend. What if Khanya made it accidentally slip that she had slept at my house? That would not work out for me. Because I had not told my wife she was here in the first place means that I would get in trouble. I decided to send Khanyi a message!

"Please don't tell my wife that you slept here! Please! I don't think she will appreciate that very much!  
Thank you"

I smsed. You know because I was in such a rush to do it I was just relieved it went through. She was telling about her trip now a bit more cheerful. My issues forgotten. I heard the message received tone come from her voice and immediately I jumped up! I looked at the number I had sent that message! My heart stopped! You know when you wish you can literally run after a message and stop it half way! That was me...

My wife looked at her phone which was on the table as got up.

I had to do something!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 13

The moment you start doing things you are not supposed to be doing in a relationship problems start. They might not be as a direct consequence but they start. That's fact. Fear of getting caught is actually what drives you to getting caught because instead of acting normal you over compensate. Twice now I had done that. That sms had not been necessary when I sent it because we were so chilled at that moment. My wife had made up her mind about all that we had discussed! When she says she is tired and we will talk about it later normally it means the conversation is over! I knew that fight was lost so what could I do now?

Panic gives you strength! I dashed so fast for that phone and knocked it out of her hand in the process! It shattered into so many parts. People love their phones never underestimate that bond. At first my wife just froze mid sentence as she was not quite sure if what had happened really had happened! I am not a violent person but at that moment I pushed her unwittingly with my momentum and she fell back into her beloved couch. I had completely taken her by surprise she fell over backward but it was not into a hard surface at least. She screamed at me first what had gotten over me and secondly asked me what it is I had to hide so badly! I had just tipped her off! I had to come up with something quick! I turned it around on her? One thing that men are really good at is turning the story on its head! I accused her of wanting to check her phone when I was telling her that I am having problems with our nonexistent sex life! I screamed and shouted at her saying that she was not concerned about our marriage anymore just her couches and curtains! The best kind of lie is one with a bit of truth in it right? I guessed I had bottled up feelings about all this so I just exploded. I wanted to stop myself but the words kept on coming out. At some point I just walked outside into the yard to breathe. I had not seen that one coming nor had she for she just stood there now crying.

The first thirty minutes after that the anger in me was genuine but as the time went on I started feeling bad. Loving someone does that to you I should not have done that nor said all these things. She had not come outside after me meaning I had really hurt her. Yes we had issues to resolve but the way I had behaved was certainly not the way to handle it. When I walked into the house she had moved from the sitting room to the kitchen. She was cooking! Remember I said my wife does not cook yet there she was! I am sure even the stove was surprised to be switched on at this time. I was not sure whether it was because of me or what. I am a Xhosa man and I know our women, what if she was boiling water for me! Again I panicked! I had heard so many stories of men whom were given the ultimate revenge by their women through boiled water or worse, hot cooking oil! If your wife doesn't cook what would you think! African women don't really do poison, that's for white people! Poison demands that she has to read what's outside the box so eh not for us!

I went to the kitchen but made sure I did not stand too close! I made sure I did not stand at any place that would trap me should I need to escape. She was crying silently as she chopped onions and the rest. I did feel bad. I had overreacted. I could always have said it was Daluxolo who slept over! I had made a situation worse! Silly me indeed! I apologized to her for snapping and told her it was the work stress getting to me. She said absolutely nothing to me in return. My wife was like that. When she was angry she chose not to speak. She often argued that things said in anger often take the longest to heal so rather keep quiet. She had not picked up her phone and I could see all the parts still scattered where I left them. I went to pick them up but made sure I did not give her my back! Why did I not trust my wife all of a sudden when I was the one in the wrong? I had just become that man who beats up his wife by accusing her of things that he is doing himself! If a man comes home and accuses you of cheating out of the blues then he is probably the one cheating!

I did not what to do. She was not saying anything. Again I apologized but the woman simply ignored me. What to do now? Eish! I had not hit her. I believe men who hit a woman have to be the lowest form of scum. Women can make you angry that's so true but to reach the point of hitting her...nope that's not correct at all! However, my actions now were similar to that.

After a full hour and a half she took my dinner and put it on the table. She even made up the table. It reminded me of when I was young on New Years Eve on TV they always played this most boring of shows called "Dinner For One". She looked at me and said,

"Come eat!"

I looked at her with so much fear in my eyes that much I won't lie and I asked why she was not eating? She responded,

"I lost my appetite!"



Heh banna! Now what? I don't think it crossed her mind for one moment that I was absolutely terrified of her at that moment! If I had a dog I would have given it the food. That's what they do in the movies!

She then said,

"Why are you not eating? I am here to slave for you and just open my legs right? You hate the curtains I spent so much time looking for and the couches you helped me choose so am useless in your eyes!"

She started sobbing again! Those bloody couches again!

What was I supposed to do now! Regret!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 14

You have to appreciate the irony in what is a man. We are meant to love, protect and take care of our women without fault. Yes now there is this 50\50 business but as a man you should know that you contribute a 90 to that relationship always to make it work and keep her happy! Its more than a duty and obligation once your are married for you have to open your heart and want to do it always in spite of the temptation that throws yourself at your feet. In my marriage I have tried so hard to be that exemplary husband. In everything else I have succeeded but here is the twist, in spite of how many mountains I have moved to be with my wife and give her a palace and responsible husband, it is on this one thing I will always be judged on! When you cheat and even if you are forgiven for it, you will always be part of "all men cheat" category making you common and just like the rest of the trash out there!

I had to eat the food. Imagine I did not even trust my wife! That was the longest meal I ever ate. The guilt and the tenseness in me just made it worse. It is a wonder why men cheat in all honesty because usually your life itself is in your wives hands. She just sat there and stared at me. When I was done she took my plate and washed it. I said thank you for the food and she ignored me. She picked up the broken pieces of her phone and then walked upstairs without a word. You know when you have hurt someone you want to give them five minutes away from you so they can breathe. That was me. I waited five minutes and followed her up only to find my pyjamas had been folded nicely and placed outside the door. At least she did not throw them out. Marriage is not like dating. When

you have a fight you don't get to go home to your mother. At most if you are lucky me to have a sizable house you get kicked out into the spare bedroom. Now imagine what you would do if you were renting a one roomed house! I knocked and the door and begged her to let me in but she ignored me totally. It was a lost cause. I knew trying tomorrow was my best bet. I went downstairs to the guest bedroom that Khanyi had slept in. It was actually awkward now I admit! I didn't sleep well at all. I was very disturbed by this turn of events. A lot of people believe that the greatest thing you have in marriage is time. You are married right so you sweep it under the table and discuss it another day. Women especially think that if a marriage is meant to be then it will be forgetting that the temptation is actually greater for a man once the boredom of marriage sets in! It is not like I was not trying to improve things, I was but look where it was getting me! Sleeping in the side room in my own house!

I am not sure if I dreamt at all that night but at some point I fell asleep. In the morning I felt someone behind me. It was my wife. She had followed me at some point, I don't know when and slept with me. For better or worse right! I did not feel triumphant no, more like a loser. She did love me just that she did things differently. This does not mean that I had forgotten about our discussion last night. Things needed to change! I did not want to get old before my time and at this rate I was aging fast! In the morning I got ready for work. I am not a breakfast person and I know someone said it is the biggest meal of the day but for me well, its not! The weekend had been too hectic for me meaning that I had not gotten the usual rest I often do. This was going to be a long week.

My wife was cold to me for a day or two more but by Wednesday she was talking to me again. Things were already back to normal. It was as though we never had that conversation and that really made me mad. She told me that she had plans with the girls for the upcoming weekend. There was some woman conference which Khanyi had organized them tickets for. That was fine by me and it meant she was active. What was I going to do about Khanyi though? I honestly could not stop thinking amount her under that towel. I know in my mind I had I had done the right thing by walking away but my body wanted her badly. At times I found myself day dreaming about her and once or twice I felt like calling her! I was going to fight this craving I had for her. There is this massive appeal for having a side dish! I know women will never understand when I say this but a side dish really is a stress reliever. Its not a justification it just how I see things. If only men could keep their emotions in check I am certain marriage counsellors would by now be recommending getting one. Even the guys at work the ones who are cheating on their wives seem to be happier than us who stick to honesty, loyalty and our vows.

I was totally bored in this marriage! How do you tell your wife that? She was not to eager to do things and whilst I had so much love in my heart for her I was bored. Traditionally men are more active than

women. We are busy beings and always have something up our sleeves be it good or bad. Now imagine having to take that extra abundant energy and doing nothing with it. We get restless. Every time my wife and I spoke I could feel myself want to snap. It is amazing how lack of sex can make us agitated as guys. Women often tell us that sex is not everything when they have never lived in a man's body for one day. When you go to work you start fantasizing about people you don't even consider potential partners. It is crazy. I try and be professional always but when you are married and something is not right in the sheets at home it will definitely show at work.

On Thursday evening when my wife was surfing the net I got an sms. It was from Khanyi. It read, "I am by 7eleven on Main Road. Let's meet there I have something I want to discuss with you!"

I did not even hesitate. I told my wife I had to go pick up something at the office I will be back shortly.

She just nodded her head and said ok.

Resistance had fallen!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 15

I am not sure what I was thinking at that moment. All I wanted was to leave the house. Its another thing about men that women fail to acknowledge but know. We can only resist temptation for so long. At first we say no and then when a person gets persistent we say she was asking for it. For some reason we took the line 'don't kick a gift horse in the mouth to heart" extra seriously as men. If she is throwing herself at us we are merciless and ruthless. However not all men read the signs well as mixed signals often lead you into trouble. I just wanted to leave the house. My wife was irritating me and she needed the space too I told myself. She had not even lifted head off the computer. I could see she too wanted me out of the house. She did say though without looking up that I had only an hour and a half out. She never does that I was surprised. Giving me a curfew was something new to me but even women know an hour is more than enough for a man to do his business. I could not help but think of what was about to happen. For example, if I slept with her which I very much now intended to how was I going to come back home not smelling of sex! Crap I didn't carry condoms with me and if I bought them at 7eleven then that would mean she would see me buy it and that's never cool! Most married couples don't use a condom so I would not have brought in any case because I had none. Its just a given that we think we are entitled to trust the other partner. If you think I am lying trying telling your husband to wear a rubber and see how he reacts!

I had to calm myself down because 7eleven though a 5minute drive felt like an age. What if she left? I was actually panicking with excitement! Imagine if all she wanted was to do was say hi. Women have power over men when you first meet them. At some stage the woman gives up and gives you all power over her but at the beginning we all know who is boss and tag, she was it! I don't know how it happens but it does. This is what makes the man at the beginning of the relationship work extra hard to try please her. When I got 7eleven I saw her car there. I knew it already from the other night. I parked mine and walked to hers. She asked me what took me so long and I said nothing. She teased me how I had to sign out first like someone owned me. Somehow it got to me and made me feel small. I asked her why she has called and she said it was to see if I would come. Again I looked as stupid as I really was. When someone is single and you are married you should know that all you are to them is a game. They have nothing to lose compared with you that has so much to lose! She didn't care whether I lost my wife or not! Why should she though if I was here myself? It was my job to care! Honestly though, I know women want to hear how torn up I was at this moment but I really was not. I told her a ring doesn't own me its just a token. She said I must not disrespect the ring like that because marriage stood for something. I felt as though she was taunting me but did I care... No! All I wanted was to get inside those pants! She was actually coming from the gym in Rondebosch that's how she had ended up here. It had not been some sinister plot to see me at all though I would have appreciated the effort.

I told her that I did not have long as my wife was waiting for me and she actually asked me to leave then if that was so important. Again I was stumped. When I did not leave she knew she had me where she wanted. She told me to relax she only had a few minutes to spare as well. She said we should leave my car and go park my car at a more private place! Hell no! We should rather drive together with both cars. We didn't go far. We went and parked by Rosebank railway station not too far off! Its quite safe at night because police cars patrol there a lot. Our only worry therefore would be a nosey cop otherwise this was perfect. This time she came to my car. She suggested let's sit in the backseat to create more space. Note at this stage she had not said what she wanted but you could see that this woman knew what she wanted. She did not play hard to get or so on. The moment I sat down she was on me. When you kiss someone properly for the first time it is like... Wow! For the first time I got to touch that body I had been craving for ever since I met her. She said that she was not going to have sex in the car nor was she going to give me oral but who cares I was doing something naughty and fun. Her body felt soft and perfect in my hands and her tongue on my skin was just what I needed. I got to explore everywhere with my hands except where the honey was. She said that she was on her periods and often when on she gets very very horny! Hold up, that's like being a diabetic in a chocolate shop! You can look, smell, touch even but can't eat! She can't come here when she is on her periods that will mean I will never get laid! Ah come on now! I

told that she would have to do something because I was hard as rock. She laughed and said she could feel it so no need to tell her. I was wearing track pants as those are my comfortable pants after work. She pulled them down and without hesitation wrapped her mouth around Junior! To any woman who says they cannot go down on their man I sincerely pray with all my heart that they cheat on you with someone who can! That's how much I enjoyed it and that's how much most men love it! This was beyond heaven and when you have not got it in a long time let alone from a new person its beyond words. Most men do not sleep with prostitutes, the just pay to get head! Fact!

I shall spare you the details but at some point it finished and she did not miss one drop. Another thing about having a mistress. She knows how to do the extremes whilst your wife plays madam at home! When I drove home yes I felt a bit guilty but I was glad I had released all that tension. Its not an excuse because after it has happened you can make all the apologies in the world and mean it to but it won't change the fact.

I tried to make as little noise as possible as I tiptoed into the house. It was awkward. When I walked up the stairs I hope for the second time my wife would have put my pyjamas outside the door like previously. On the contrary, there she was standing with a naught smile on her face! My wife was wearing the sexiest lingerie I had ever seen her in! It was even a themed lingerie meaning it was meant for one thing and one thing only, seduce, fuck and destroy my senses! She smiled at me cheekily and sexily and said,

"I thought I would have to go to bed without you taking care of me!"

Of all the days in world she had to pick this day!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Chpter 16

Its a very simple fact really that when you cheat on your partner you fail to appreciate them fully. You can tell yourself that you were only doing it for fun but the reality you will never look at your partner the same whether good or bad. You know when you study for an exam so hard you can practically sing all the answers then you get to the exam so late you can't even write or discover you have studied the wrong material. There is this sinking feeling of "Oh my God, what have I done!" That does not quite express what I felt at that moment but it was close. That sinking feeling. I still had the scent of Khanyi on my body even now and here was my wife wanting me to do my husbandly duties. She looked so beautiful in that negligee if it had been two hours earlier I would have wanted to

ravage her. Bright sparks will want to tell me that I should have been patient and waited for her but in reality how long did I have to wait before things improved. Women are so quick to say how tired they are of hearing men say that they blame women but get in line! Yes there are some men who find excuses to cheat but in reality there is no smoke without fire. Take responsibility! I almost burst out and told her that because of the guilt or disbelief I am not quite sure now. I just did not know. She looked me and tried her level best to sound sultry as she pulled me into her. She even wore thongs! I know how much she hated them. She often said they were uncomfortable and she was actually someone who dressed for comfort. My wife was a beautiful woman who did not believe that she needed to dress up much more to enhance that beauty. She would wear cargo shorts and so on. Yes there were times she would wear a short dress and tight jeans etc but as I put it, there were times! It was not often enough. There really is a rule somewhere which women have that once they are married the word sexy must not apply to them. This is not only true with my wife but many women. The word sexy starts to get equated to slutty and loose the older women get. What a waste!

I asked her what had brought this on, spoil sport I know but I had to get out of it somehow. I am shameful. She put her lips on my lips to shut me up and in my head a little voice was screaming that my lips had just been on Khanyi's! As I held my wife closely I felt as though my secret was out. How could she pick today of all days? Every person who is cheating on their partner dreads the day when they have to 'service' both the side dish and main partner on the same day! Its not something you plan often it just happens. At times you are out of luck and both want you. Sadly its usually the side dish that gets you first meaning that when the main partner comes its hard to say no. I was so scared she would smell the scent of the other woman on me. I was even still a bit sticky from her saliva as I had cum during that blowjob in the car! What if I could not get it up because of the guilt. Sure she would figure it out. She was kissing me all over. Khanyi was a bit aggressive when she kissed me so what if she left marks and love bites! Mistresses tend to want to leave clues for the wife to find.

My wife wanted it badly. Stop being a wimp I told myself and enjoy the moment. It was too late to turn back now. I decided to try my luck and encourage her towards a blowjob since she was in such a good mood. At first she went down in the right direction something which made me cross my fingers even tighter. However at some point she stopped and came back up. She couldn't do it! I could see that she had really wanted to but at that moment of delivery she pulled back and thought twice on it. She looked me in the eye pleadingly for me not to allow her to do it and I could not help and say its fine. This was my moment though. I got up and went to the bathroom. I think she thought I was angry as I could hear her sigh. Not even. I went and wiped "junior" to clean off the stickiness of the cum earlier on in the car. Whew! I had dodged a bullet.

When I got back in the room my wife was still waiting there. Now that I had the confidence again I went and took over from her. My wife doesn't really like oral even on her but this time I forced her to comply (gently of course). I knew now she was feeling guilty so she couldn't say no. Funny thing is she was holding my head tightly in between her valley she almost suffocated me that's how much she enjoyed it. In case you didn't know, that's one way you can guarantee an orgasm out of her. Even if you last 10seconds when you are inside her, if you give an orgasm the first time then you are hero in bed! I don't actually think I had had my wife scream that much.

After that as we were lying in the afterglow of such pleasure my wife stood up and said she had something to show me! Another surprise wow she was on fire. She stood up and went to her drawer and came back. She was holding two things. A pair of black stockings and earrings!

"Did you go shopping or something I don't understand?"

I asked her!

"No you stupid fool, I found these under the bed in the guest bedroom! Who slept in my house?"

There is always something that gets you caught!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 17

One of the most fundamental things to a man is know what to tell his wife and what not to tell his wife. I know we are told that we should share everything with our partners as this will create honesty and an open environment in the home. We are told that secrets are harmful and can destroy relationships. It is very true that they can but that's only if the secret comes out. Every man therefore has a secret or secrets. How else do you think it is possible that only after his death do you discover other kids he had on the side. To be honest, had he come home one evening and said, "My wife I made a terrible mistake and I got a woman pregnant!" How do you think that would have went down in the house? One of two things would have happened! One, there would have been hell to pay. The wife would be so angry she would either leave him or call all his relatives to report him like they can do anything to make the child go away. Second thing to happen would be, divorce him or stay. The ones who stay it will take her six months just to invite you back to the bedroom again of which you will have to grovel for everything in your home even just to eat. She will constantly remind you of your indiscretion and women are really good at that. You can have an argument about soccer

with her and the moment she is losing she will say, “oh you only like that team because that bitch likes it!” She will milk that guilt card for life! Tell a middle aged married man that secrets in a relationship are harmful and he will remind you that he is still married aint he! For better or worse often does not look at the “worse” part especially nowadays.

I think women really underestimate the ability of men to lie. They tell each other in their little forums how they tell the big lies and that’s fine because what you don’t know won’t kill you. Its like petty resistance. That’s like spitting in my tea when you are making it because you are angry at me! How will it hurt me if I don’t know that you did that? Usually we never even get to know that big lie but with us, we can tell you a lie on something that is in your face. You will even know that something is amiss but try looking for evidence to back it up and see how spectacularly you will fail. We are survivors and its what makes most men survive in relationships. We have an uncanny ability to take out all emotion when we are guilty and deliver a plain denial. I looked her in the eye and I asked her, “I don’t understand. What do you mean they were under the bed? Whose bed?”

She looked at me a bit confused and said she found them in the guest room. I laughed and I said to her,

“The only one whom they would probably fit is you so why are you asking me?”

She was getting annoyed and fast. She said they were not hers and since we were the two of us in the house I had explaining to do. I gave a serious look and told her that she forgot her friends on their drunken night had slept here with her. Told her to ask whomever had taken the guest room. She looked stupid and immediately started to apologize. She actually confessed to having forgotten but I didn’t mind. Was going to kill Khanyi.

I could see she was not settled because I know her very well. My wife was not done. I could see she was not fully believing me. She called Khanyi. I don’t know why she didn’t choose Bulelwa. I think women always have an instinct on their friends of whom to watch out for. Pride is what does not allow them to openly say it. I as a guy have friends I would not leave my wife with either. Asthandile even put her on speaker so I could hear. I thought she would see that I had just called Khanyi or rather had a missed call from Khanyi since I had broken her phone. Fortunately in her anger she didn’t. She asked Khanyi if she was missing her stockings. Khanyi I am certain knew this would happen for she owned up immediately. She was natural about it and said that she was embarrassed to ask if she had seen them. She put it down to the alcohol of which my wife immediately changed conversation and they started catching up. Khanyi was either very good at this or evil. Nothing else. They spoke for a good thirty minutes about nonsense. My wife had chosen to believe her over me. After she got off the phone she came over to me and apologized. I pretended to be a bit angry because if you don’t then you will look relieved hence guilty. All was well.



In my mind during all this was Khanyi. I was very angry at her. How could she do that? I could not call her now obviously but this was wrong. When my wife got me to talk to her again she started telling me that Khanyi was hosting a braai with some of her friends. She asked me if she could go and obviously I said yes. She asked if she could go alone because she already felt a bit awkward after the stockings incident because it had insinuated that I was doing something with the owner of the stockings. I was never going to go though even if I could. That weekend we had a prep to for a case so I was going to be with Daluxolo.

First thing in the morning when I got free time I called Khanyi. I was pissed as hell. She had almost cost me my marriage with stupid stunt. She said even she too had forgotten. She said it was the night when we went out together and she had passed out on me. She did not do it on purpose because "I should get over myself" she was not here to destroy my marriage. It was a genuine drunken mistake!

Ok then! I told her that was not cool. She said that I was being a big baby and in fact,

"I don't date children because clearly you can keep your pretty little wife in check! So I suggest we end this now and I will get myself a real man!"

She snapped and hung up the phone. What had just happened? Had she just dumped me! What was wrong with this woman?

I redialled immediately!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 18

Nothing motivates a man more than being called a child by a woman, any woman in fact. It hurts more if its a woman you are sleeping with. That is like asking him why he has such a small dick in the middle of sex. Believe me that would crush a man's spirit and haunt him forever. There is no doubt that most men behave like children and feel entitled to a lot of things just as kids do. We always seem to want more and do not often think through the consequences. We will rather react to a situation than actually prevent it when it involves a woman and getting some. There is a reason why they say the truth hurts so calling a man a boy, well, I live that up for debate. When she called me that I saw read. My first instinct was to shout at her for the ultimate disrespect but as I redialed

I changed my mind, needed to play it cool. When you are having an affair with someone you actually don't realize until they have this uncanny power over you. They are like a drug and you want more and more. Yes you will complain about the mind games but to be fair that mysteriousness in them is what intrigues you. This is what makes you fall deeper into them. They never make you settle into a routine. That's why you always want more.

She picked up the phone with so much attitude I thought she would hang up again immediately. She asked me if I had decided to man up of which again I bumbled through it like the boy she had said I am. I told her she must stop this nonsense if we were to continue this of which she retorted that she never said there was anything between us. That's what power does. That arrogance that can break you! Most men in relationships are the ones in charge and in control of the relationship and that's why their women run after them even if they are shit partners. All men know that. Its therefore poetic justice when it is her that takes that power and you are left wanting more. She told me that she wanted me to make it up to her. Obviously I said yes. She said she will give me a time and place when she will call in the debt. I was intrigued. A woman who played games and was good at it. I was up for the challenge!

When I put down my phone my wife called and said she wanted to pass through my office. She needed money for something as her account had a swiping limit. For the first time in our marriage I told her that no! What now? I told her she shops too much and is wasting money. I think she was shocked by the way I said no because she always got things her way. It was very unlike me to snap at her. I was actually embarrassed at myself. I could feel that slowly I was changing. Why would I shout at the girl I had loved so much to turn into my wife? Khanyi was changing me but at the time it did not register. I think this is the worst think about an affair. You lose sight of the your goals. I had been with my wife for so many years both in high school, university and now marriage yet Khanyi came less than two months ago and already I was chasing after her. That is the weakness in a man. We forget what we worked so hard to build in a moment and chase after illusions. I hung up the phone and told her to call me when there was an emergency for shopping for more curtains was not it!

When I got home I found my wife sitting on the table. There was a home cooked meal on the stove. This was the second time now she had cooked and a couple of days. She was on fire. I was about to compliment her when I noted that she seemed as though she had been sitting there for hours. She looked very worried indeed. I asked what was wrong and she said she was sorry. I did not understand what she meant. I asked her what she was talking about of course as I took off my tie. She said that this morning when she had called me wanting to go shopping she had not expected the response I gave her and how I had given it. I told her that the conversation was over that was

this morning so what was she sorry for. She said she knew why I had said no and that it was her fault. I asked what it was then and she responded by saying that she had hurt me by accusing me of cheating. She said she should have known better and for that she apologized. She told me how she knew she had a good man on her hands and she did not want to spoil that by petty jealousy. Women women women! God bless them indeed! When it comes to money she can look for every excuse in the bible to justify her wanting it except for the one that was in her face, stop shopping! I looked for a moment and decided to milk it whilst I still could. I told her that I was not happy about how she had handled it. To call another woman to ask on me had been such a low blow. Surely she would make her friends think I am promiscuous just by that. She told me that she had not thought it through when she did it but this was the last time. I told her I was fine but my answer to the shopping was still no. We had to save for a holiday!

A holiday? Even I had not thought that through. You could see she was excited for she jumped up and hugged me and started asking me where I was taking her! All was forgotten yet again. Women love travelling and most of them take it like you are rewarding her for something. If you haven't been laid yet by your girlfriend take her on a holiday and she will shag you till you turn blue. I don't know why seeing a different place is so intriguing. Shopping I understand, you buy new things and your wardrobe and options increase. A holiday on the other hand, a decent one that is, hotels and flights alone you are looking at nothing less than ten thousand for two people. Imagine all the shopping you can do with that? Moreover we were already in Cape Town, most South Africans version and closest thing to being 'overseas' so where could we go?

In my mind however, now that I had to take Khanyi out I needed to pamper her, most women respond to that. They love trinkets and being spoilt. This would soften her a bit. Call me a boy really? She will see what I was made of. I had it all figured out as the plan evolved in my head!

If therefore I stopped my wife from shopping it meant that there was enough money saved up at home for both wife and my side dish! Well played!

Brilliant!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Chapter 19

Greed is the downfall of most relationships as it is the men that usually want more than they are getting at home. We are content only for a while at a time but this is where our fortitude end. I was now coming up with devises for spending time with a woman other than my wife. At that time I knew

deep down it was wrong but a pig will always go after what it wants even if it is bad for it. Asthandile came to me and said that she was so happy she just wanted to cuddle. She had wanted us to go away together for a while now and this was the best news ever. I asked her if it was necessary considering I had work to do and she kissed me and said yes. She reminded me that I had not held her in a long time which was true. I loved holding my wife in my arms, It made feel very protective of her. Lately between work and I don't know what I did not do it as often. Things always seem to get in the way of taking care of the ones we love.

My wife told me that she also had good news for me, something that would make me happy she was certain. I was whispering to myself that please don't make her be pregnant. In this economy honestly it is a miracle really when you bump into young pregnant girls and he I was a working man saying it was something we could not afford. She told me that Khanyi had organized her an interview at the company she worked. I was confused. I know they say keep your friends close and your enemies even closer but I honestly. Khanyi had too many games and this I did not like. My wife said she wanted this badly and it would be nice to work with her friend as it meant she be eased into it nicely. I told her no! I told her I was not comfortable. I asked how much she knew of Khanyi really to already be accepting jobs from her. She was shocked at that no and stood up! The cuddling was over. I could not exactly tell her that Khanyi was doing things with her husband. She wanted an explanation as to why when she finally had an opportunity I was standing in her way. I explained to her briefly that we had only agreed to her getting a job recently. She said that I was being selfish and standing in her way. She wanted to do something and she was sure she would enjoy this job. I did not have arguing points because she was making sense but I had a good reason. I said no and stood up to leave. She came and stood in front of me and demanded to know why not. There was my wife's Xhosa side! She could stand her ground like no other person I knew. Yes she had her timid moments but when she was dead set on something she never changed her mind. I told her to get out of my way and she refused. She begged me saying that she does not want to do anything behind my back but if I was going to refuse her this opportunity she was going to do exactly that and get that job.

I left her standing there as I went to the bedroom. I had to think of something fast. If I refused she was going to go anyway which I am certain would cause more fights between. If she stayed she would resent me and it would take a longer time for us to recover from this setback. I went back to her. I told her we could try this on a temporary basis to see how she phased into the work space. She was not entirely happy this time around but she fake a smile and said thank you. I asked her if we could sit down so I could explain a few things. I told her that if she worked it meant that every night she would come home tired meaning she won't have time for us. I also told her that working is not as easy as people might lead her to believe. It takes hard work and determination if you are still

new. I also reminded her that I was looking out for her and us. She just agreed but I could see she had lost interest in this conversation. She said she needed to finish cooking. I asked her why she was not getting take out and she retorted,

“So you can complain again that I don’t cook for you!”

I had opened myself up for that one. Right on the chin. I kept quiet.

That afternoon I had bumped into an old friend of mine. His name was Bongani. We had been in the same class once upon a time but he did not complete in the same stream he had started in. I decided to call him just to catch up and take my mind of things. He said he was at home watching the news but we could talk. At times talking to the guys is quite refreshing. I asked him on the other guys that had fallen on the way side and whom he was still in contact with. All in all it was a happy conversation. We agreed that we should have dinner the four of us, meaning him and his wife and us. In my head I was telling myself that if all goes well I would have given my wife a married woman as a friend not a freelancer like Khanyi. At times having single friends is the problem. They do what you can’t do as a married person and that independence is often attractive to one who is married. I needed Khanyi out of my system.

As soon as I hung up I got an unknown number call. When I picked up it was Khanyi!

“Why did your refuse for your wife to take the job Mxolisi?”

She asked me. I asked her how she knew and that I had never denied anyone anything! She said, “Your wife just called me to turn it down because you were not comfortable with it! What’s wrong with you?”

This woman was confusing. So my wife had turned it down! Why was I not relieved? I told Khanyi that yes the job was inappropriate under the circumstances! She laughed and said,

“You are a bit slow Mxolisi! If I give your wife the job it means that I can send her anywhere with her team on assignment meaning we have more free time to see each other! This way you don’t have to be constantly worried!”

Stunned!

I had not thought of that!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

I have to give it to her. She was clever. Not only would my wife get a job it meant that we could spend time together. The idea of my wife working coming from her somehow made me feel at ease as compared to her wanting to work on her own. I told her that I had not thought of that but come to think of it I asked if she has done this before. She said no without hesitation but let's be honest, no matter what prison you go to, half the inmates there will tell you that they are innocent and blame their lawyers. Its just the way it is. She told me that I should go and speak to my wife and encourage her that this was an opportunity worth taking and we will take it a day at a time. Having an affair with a working independent woman is not the same as having an affair with a young clueless girl. Working women have power and it exudes into the confidence and authority in which they speak. It was very easy to compare Asthandile to Khanyi because of this stark difference. Khanyi was self assured whereas my wife always needed a second opinion. These are the small things I was starting to notice. Khanyi also warned that to prevent ethical issues Asthandile must not mention that my firm represents her prospective employees company. This could be a problem so for now she must keep in on a down low.

I went back to where my wife was sitting. I told her that I had spoken too soon. I wanted her to try this out as it would be good to get out of the house and maybe it will save my credit card from her shopping. She laughed and said I was not getting off that easily. She would still demand an allowance even if she got the job. Good woman! She knew I still had to pay the bills. She was still not entirely happy with me so I went and forced the cuddle. At first she did not want but with my persistence she came into my arms and settled down. We were good again. I told her about her not mentioning that she was married to someone the company does business with. At first she did not understand but when I explained all these boundaries and so on she said she understood. We watched tv but eventually I went to do my work. She got on the phone and called Bulelwa. When I left they were talking about us all going to Kirstenbosch Gardens for a picnic of some sort. I was not interested at all but I did not hear enough of the conversation to know what was up. Bulelwa seemed to be the reliable of the two (Khanyi and her). I did not know much about her but I think it is because I had focused too much on Khanyi. I therefore needed to be wise and make sure I interacted with her more the next time she came. Misdirection I guess.

When I walked into the office I was walking with a bounce in my step. Somehow it felt good to be me. I felt so refreshed. Even my bosses noticed that I was in good spirits and as punishment they said I had to deliver the paperwork to two different companies that needed signatures. One of these companies was Khanyi's. I actually got nervous for a moment but things were going to well. At the first company their CEO was not there so it could not be signed and I did not take long there. At

Khanyi's company I was greeted by a young lady at the front desk and her name was Skhona Montwa. It is worth noting because in future the little witch would haunt me to my knees. She showed me to the person who was supposed to sign. The boss I noted as I entered his office was Mr. MM Mayeza. Guess 'M' was their favourite letter in the alphabet. He was pretty young and jovial as well as well built. I remember thinking he had the best job in the world. If I was hoping to see Khanyi then I was dreaming because this place was so busy. There were just too many people. One thing about this office was that it was not a frigid and archaic as the firm. People were actually happy and they had a lot of young people I noted. I could never concentrate in such a place. Her boss, the man I was with me asked me if I would like a tour of the facility and I gladly accepted. He signed the documents and said next time we should just ask them to send their messenger. Not a chance. I had thoroughly enjoyed this.

In Africa things are very different. We get a job to make us money and pay the bills. Its not surprising to see someone with a good degree doing a job that has nothing to do with it just for the sake of employment. If movies are right people in places like America get to do the jobs they love because they have options and a more open minded people. I can never picture someone say I am an artist and paint for a living in South Africa. It just does not balance. Mr. Mayeza insisted I call him Mpho or Mike as he preferred to be equal with everyone he interacted with. All in all he was a stand up guy no doubt.

He took me around but I was not really paying attention because all I wanted was a glimpse. Eventually I saw her. She was in a round table discussion at the far end of one of the rooms. It was an office with glass doors. I doubt she had seen me though. Looking at her from a distance she looked amazing doing her thing. Khanyi was nowhere near as pretty as my wife but she still looked sexy.

On his way to walking me out a few people greeted him. In one of the doors he opened there was a young lady who was being interviewed. He opened the door because he thought it was empty.

"Oh sorry I did not realize that there was someone in here. Carry on!"

He said but not before he stared and the young woman. He shook his head on the way out and said,

"Some people are beautiful in this world! Ah! Did you see her?"

This man was a lawsuit waiting to happen clearly. He better watch his footing. Legally those are the thoughts that came to my mind but on a personal note I was saying to myself, look at her again in that manner and I will kill you!

That young lady in that interview was my wife!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 21

It is funny how for a man it is okay to comment on other women but the moment another man comments on your wife it is not a compliment. It is not even flattery. It is a threat and possibly an insult! It is just disrespect. We get territorial very quickly and want to assert our dominance so that the other man knows you are the alpha male in her life. There was no way I was going to allow her to work here! This man clearly seemed to like things and if he thought she was beautiful before he even hired her then what would happen if he saw her every day? I was not sure what to do but acting up in front of a client was not an option as it would most likely get me into unnecessary trouble at work as well. I decided that I will deal with it when I get home. I had to tell my wife that I was not comfortable with her working there but now I needed a good enough reason. Arguing that it was because some man thought she was good looking was not a good enough reason so needed something stronger.

My day was spoiled. I snapped at Daluxolo when I got back at work when he asked me for some help on a document. I also snapped at our paralegal but worse I was very cold towards Asthandile when she called me to tell me about how well her interview went. She told me that the boss himself had even come during the interview. She had been hired on the spot but they allowed her to start the following day so as to give H.R. enough time to fix her credentials etc. I asked her what her job description was and she said for now she would be assisting everyone and anyone who needed help. For now she was meant to shadow different people so as to learn and eventually she would know her strength. She said she needed to buy work clothes though because most of her outfits really did not work. If I could roll my eyes I would have at that moment. I told her she could get a few items and she said thank you. I cannot remember the last time I had heard her this happy. I was not about to spoil it by my insecurities. No one deserves that. I have often wondered, what is it about shopping that makes a woman so happy? I really don't get it. For a man shopping means walking on those slippery hard tiles in the mall and it is definitely not fun! Secondly, it means losing money to clothes which after two or three months you will not like because they are definitely out of season. I honestly do not get it.

Khanyi called an hour or so after I spoke to Asthandile. I immediately asked her about her boss and she laughed. She said he was harmless and probably gay so I should not worry about such things.



That's the other problem with having a mistress. Often you turn to her to give you advice about the problems you are having at home. I know most flatter themselves by saying they don't want to hear about your family but that is rubbish and not true. Eventually something will happen which you will need to talk about. She said I should be happy that my wife got the job because our plan is working! Our plan? This was not our plan, this was her plan. She could see I was not loosening up and immediately changed the topic. She told me about the plans she had for my wife in her job and it seemed to have a lot of late nights as well as trips. I think she was hinting towards the time we would get to spend together but I was over this. For the first time since I met Khanyi I told her I had to go. I was regaining my dominance. I told her that I was not so thrilled anymore and I hung up the phone. I needed to man up!

When I got home my wife had even written down a schedule for what we needed to do to readjust our lifestyles as obviously this changed a lot of things. I no longer had a housewife but a working woman. This meant I should not expect a warm meal when I got home before her. She asked if we could get a maid to help around and I think it was kind of obvious that we needed one. I told her that it was the logical choice. Getting a maid is not the easiest thing to do but the obvious choice is to call home and get someone from there. She said I must leave it to her she will find someone. She already had a few candidates in her head. I was not comfortable though with her going to pick just anyone from Gugulethu or Khayelitsha and I made sure she knew that.

My wife is a big fan of Isibaya and often we watch together. My wife was lying on my lap and my one hand was on her breasts teasing. Yeah, I was trying to get some. She was concentrating hard on her show though. My phone rang and the number was private. I picked up thinking it was the office maybe, who knows! It was Khanyi! She could hear I was tense and said I must pretend as though I am talking to someone from the office but whatever I do I should not stand up. She asked me to greet my wife of which I turned and said, "Asi, Dalu sends his greetings!" Of which she just nodded. She hates being disturbed. My phone is not the loudest and with the TV on I doubt Asthandile could hear our conversation but this was risky none the case!

She asked me what I was wearing. Hold up! That's my line! I told her 'check the blue box on the floor'. I don't know if she got the code for I was saying blue boxer shorts. She laughed and told me that she was wearing her sexy red lingerie and could imagine me taking it off! I could feel my other friend stir in my boxers and start to pay attention. What if my wife felt this? I don't know where I got the courage and I asked her, 'send me a picture so I can confirm if it is the right folder' I thought she was gone but about a minute later the picture came in! My other friend inside my boxers was completely standing at attention now and this time my wife noticed and I thought I was busted for

sure! I think she thought it was because I was playing with her breasts that made me like this because she put her hands on her lips to say that I must keep quiet.

I was scared and excited at the same time but I knew I had to hang up the phone! I had wanted for so long to bring out this naughty side out of my wife but this was not it.

I was going to regret this!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 22

I guess we all have a dirty naughty side in all of us. I always remind people that most Born Agains are 'reborn' for a reason because they certainly can outdo you in many of these things. Its intriguing to be on the phone with one person doing things you should not be doing on the phone whilst someone else is in the room. Try keep a straight face during all that and making sure your voice does not crack. On the one hand I had my mistress and on the other my wife. It was scary but I knew I could handle. My wife lowered my zip and I knew she was taking it out. This was so unlike my wife hence I could not help but wonder if all my complaining had caused this sudden change. I had a bit of panic in me as well. I have heard so many times that woman always knows when something is up or how she can sense when you are up to something. You see this by her change in character at home. Its as a result of your own actions. Was this what was happening right now? Goodness me what was going on.

Khanyi kept whispering in my ear and asking me to imagine her do things to her. It was a good thought. My wife on the other hand had taken out my friend who like I said stood fully alert. Any man can tell you that when he is about to get some, his friend will stand proud and tall. Men do not think with their dicks as people often say, dicks think with their dicks! You don't have to tell it where to go, it knows on its own. Imagine the shock of my life when finally she wrapped her mouth around it. It was sudden and unexpected that I even moaned! Khanyi obviously thought it was me and giggled but she must chill. My wife did something with her tongue and unwittingly I pressed my phone. I hung up the phone on Khanyi! Finally! I had been asking for this for so long. I don't know if my finger pressed intentionally or if it was just a reflex action. My second moment of oral in as many days this was what I wanted for so long. I only realized I hung on Khanyi after all was done. Men are shallow I know but I don't think I can ever say I loved my life now more than ever before. She was nervous when she did it, even bit me once but who cares! Well she did not go all the way but she did it

enough to leave me shocked and incredibly impressed. She stood up and left the room I am sure to brush her teeth but I took no offense all. To me it felt like time itself had stopped in a blissful moment. For a moment I didn't know what to do because it seemed so unreal! I think it was the job excitement though that had finally made her give in. That's the excuse I gave because why would she do this if she knew that I was cheating. I had to re-evaluate my goals with Khanyi. My wife could do all she did I am certain now and the enjoyable challenge lay. In my wife and not Khanyi.

In the morning I got a very angry text from Khanyi saying that if I ever dropped a call on her again she would move on. I think she thought I would jump in fear but I did not. I ignored her. My wife was finally coming to the party so why bother with her kind. Men respect their mistress in times of sex otherwise for all intensive purposes she is just a shag nothing more nothing less and she must know her place. She must not expect miracles and even if she was to fall in love that's her problem not his hence can be dumped for making that monumental mistake. Yes "love" if you are a mistress is a crime punishable by being gotten rid of. You become a liability. Khanyi was too arrogant and pompous and for that she was becoming a pain. An affair is only fun if there are boundaries and Khanyi did not seem to have any. She could snap at any time so I had to manage her well. My wife called when she got to work. She was very excited but I could hear from the buzz behind her that they were very busy. I told her to stay calm and her day will be perfect. I am not very much a social media person but I updated on my Facebook how proud I was of my wife. A lot of people I had not heard from in ages commented and asked where I was hiding myself. One of the guys who spoke to me was an old friend Duduzane. He asked me why I had not moved to JHB already as there were more opportunities there than in Cape Town. I laughed it off but I assured him I would think about it.

Dalu came and asked me if everything was ok and I told him I have never felt better. I had been in my office all this time so I think he thought I was stressing about something as usual. I needed to work on some documents in any case. We had a long meeting later so I had a very busy day. At lunch security told me that some lady had come to see me but had not left her name. I was not sure who it was so I dismissed it. In my line of work there are a lot of referrals so I get this all the time. When people are in trouble they feel as though they can only tell the person they are referred hence will not spill to anyone else. She will be back.

I called my wife and she told me that her first day was perfect so far. She had learned so much. I asked her if the big boss had seen her and she said he had not and asked why. I changed the subject to Khanyi and asked if she was working with her. She said no again and said they were in two different campaigns altogether. This was better than I thought. She said might be late though because they were behind on the campaign but possibly by an hour or two. I told her not to worry and besides it will give me time to go to gym.

When I got home I found a car parked at my gate. I knew the car. It was Khanyi! She was pissed as hell!

The first thing she said when I got out of my car was,

“Now that I have given your wife a job anymore you ignore me! I came to your office and they told me you were in a meeting! I know you told your security to tell me that!”

This woman was scary!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 23

It is amazing that often when you are married the stakes are so high yet you still cheat. You can never predict the temperament of your side dish because in all fairness they have nothing to lose so it can go either way. She was genuinely angry that I had hung up the phone on her so much that she had come to my house. Obviously I did not hear any bit of what she had asked me and immediately asked her what she was doing here. She said she had come to find out what game I was playing because she was not someone who gets dumped easily nor someone who got used. My first instinct was to lie. I told her that my boss was on my case he had surprised me. She was stumped by that response. I then asked her what her problem was showing up like that unannounced. For the first time I realized that the tide was turning in my favour. All along she had bossed me around and I had followed her around sheepishly. I told her that if she ever showed up at my house unannounced like this I would ruin her. Yes, it was a genuine threat. Men might cheat and so on but more often than not we will still guard our families like a bull terrier with rabies. I told her that we will only call each other during office hours and now that she was working with my wife and they were friends, at no point should she leave our call records on her phone. Why? Because females always swap phones to call and show each other pictures! It is not a stereotype its true #selfie! Ring a bell! I walked her to her car and slammed the door behind her! She drove off fuming!

Getting into the house I figured I had played that well enough. Again this is something every man knows. When you start dating the girl you often started as the one doing the grovelling and begging. You do whatever she wants. However at some point you rise and take control of the relationship and she does your bidding. Even with Asthandile the same thing had happened. What women don't get is yes at some point she knows he will become the head of the house but she should not then capitulate and become his toy! That's where women get it wrong and that's why men get away with a

lot! I have never ever heard a woman in a good or bad relationship who has never said, "He was not always like this!" And its true, we change a lot but mostly because you give up your power the moment we imply that there could be a ring that could come out of all this. With an affair especially early on this is a bit different. I was not sure if Khanyi was the kind of woman who could sit still for that long as second best.

I decided that since my wife was now a breadwinner too I should surprise her and cook. She will find dinner ready. I am not the best cook I know but I am not that terrible either. I do not microwave cook like half the bachelors out there. I took out my basmati, boiled the water and added it. My wife does not like her starch when its hot something which I have always said to her is very odd. I decided that mutton stew was the best for now because in all honesty I boil the crap out of it and add one or two things to balance. I cut my vegetables and left everything to happen as I took out my work. In my profession there is always work. For those who do not know, Cape Town the sun sets at 8pm most times meaning that if you were in Jhb for example, at 8pm here it will look like its 5pm there. Not bad. With that said I was not worried at all about her coming late as in this place, late is relative! I got a call from an unlikely person. It was my wife's mother. She told me that she was calling to congratulate her daughter and I over her new job. She also told me that my wife had told her that we were looking for someone to stay with as we were now both at work. She suggested that we take Zimasa in. I said no immediately. Zimasa was the niece that my wife had gone back home for when they could not find her. That girl was a problem and last my wife told me was that she was pregnant. She begged me and said that they had "taken care" of it and the plan was to get her as far away from the man who got her pregnant as possible. Whilst the argument made sense I did not want that child in my house but when it is your mother in law on the line you cannot say no. My wife I think had deliberately set this conversation up because she knew I would say no. I told her we would consider it. I was not too happy about this.

Eventually my wife came back. She only got home around 830pm, ok fine I was starting to slightly panic around then and was relieved. The food was ready and I think when you cook good food the aroma fills the house. She got out of her car and she looked exhausted but happy. When she walked in she told me how famished she was and that she had bought take out on her way home. She put it in fridge and said we would eat it another day. I served her dinner and we ate. She told me all about her job. She was so excited. I think by the end of the conversation I even knew what colour of shoes the security guard wore! Nothing was left out. She said she was a bit worried though because, "The CEO asked to see me in his office tomorrow! He kept looking at me. I think I did something wrong!"

Here we go! She was leaving this job if I had it my way! I knew this guy would be a problem! I said it day one and I will say it again now! I held my nerve though. It is not that I did not trust my wife, no, it is that I knew what I was also doing on the side!

I took her plates to the kitchen as I was thinking of what to do next. She was still talking. I think now she was telling me the new ideas she had contributed but I had lost interest already. An sms came into my phone and instinctively I opened it,

“I love the way you grabbed me! Can’t wait for those strong arms to push me against the wall and \*@%# me hard!”

Did she have to censor it! It could only be Khanyi! Guess she got a new number after all!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 24

Why is it that it is when you are cheating that your suspicion that your partner could be doing the same is at its most heightened stage? I was very uneasy about him and the more I thought of it the angrier I got. The man had done nothing wrong except compliment my wife without even knowing she was mine but in my eyes it could not go unchecked. I deleted the sms Khanyi had sent because yes I am a big guy but my arms weren’t that strong so with the anger I had towards my wife’s boss I was not in a flirty mood. I am not really one for flattery. I went and sat next to my wife and casually asked what it was the boss wanted like she knew. She said that she had no idea but thought maybe it was a rite of passage for every new employee to meet the boss. That thought scared me. In a labour law case we were given a statistic that made everyone laugh but was quite scary nonetheless. If I recall correctly it said something like in every big company there is one guy who crosses the line and sleeps with half the female employees before a case is even brought against him. That’s why companies don’t allow fraternization. Was he the guy? I hate law for one reason, it often leaves you knowing too much and you are constantly on guard!

I don’t think she realized that I was being jealous. That’s the other about being a stay at home wife. You stop being in touch with what is happening in the real world. For my wife, it was just procedure. If anyone hit on her then I doubt she would not see it until it was too late. It is weird, how does a woman fail to see that someone is hitting on her though. It is not easy to hit on someone so please

you better recognize the effort no matter how weak. She said that she needed to go take a bath and just rest. She was tired. I understood. I went and did the dishes. I also had work so after I was done I focused on it. The following morning my wife wore a jeans and flat shoes. I asked her why on earth she would dress like that and she said that at work they were encouraged to do so. It was easier to run around in flats and for many women heels were just a nightmare no matter how used one is to them. It does not take a genius to see that I always say. Women will rather torture themselves and wear those uncomfortable shoes only to take them off as soon as they get into a car or office. No wonder why they are so tired after work. Carrying extra shoes really! For what? My wife was not like that though. She rarely wore heels even at church where women especially make sure they do. She often said that God does not care whether you look tall or not so why suffer. Wise woman. Secretly though I was happy that she wore flats. It did not make her stand out as much as she did on the few occasions she was forced to torture her feet.

I was quite anxious the whole day and what's worse I could not call my wife as often as I wanted. She had no office line for one meaning that she could not be on her mobile phone as often as she could. Imagine on your second day in an open plan office like hers receiving so many calls on your private calls. My boss called me in and said I was going to have to go to Pretoria for two weeks on work business. It was my account that needed extra work. I was going to go with Lindiwe who dealt mostly with Labour issues. She was a Wits Graduate and her and I were strictly colleagues. She had her own crowd at work and I had mine. This was going to be awkward but I am a professional. What needed to be done was urgent so we were to leave in two days time. Two weeks is a long time though! How do you even pack for such long? That though was not my major concern, this would mean I would not be around long enough to force my wife to quit her job! I was royally screwed as far as I was concerned.

As the day dragged on and all arrangements for the trip and all the paperwork that was needed was being organized I had a bit of free time. An hour or so. I went down to the lobby with the intention of going to grab a bite. At the entrance I bumped into Khanyi. For a moment there I thought she was going to cause a scene because I had not replied her sms. Instead she was very bubbly and told me she was coming to take me out for lunch. I told her that she was going to get us in trouble what if we bumped into my wife or something. She said I should not worry my wife was meeting her new boss now and that usually takes about an hour. This was just torture. I told her I only had an hour to spare and again she played it down to no big deal. I did not want her to get comfortable coming here unannounced like this no did I want my colleagues to get used to her face. She could see I was tense and she kept on telling me to relax. We went to some Cafe on Strand Street. All she wanted to do was talk and see me she said. I was too nervous though so it was not the best meeting. I told her

I was going to Joburg for two weeks and she sounded genuinely depressed about it. Eventually I had to go and thank heavens too! I was too tense!

Today she got home before me, my wife that is. She had bought take out and argued that it was because I had cooked the previous day. I joked at how that had come out so wrong and she said no she did not mean it in a negative way! I asked her how it went with her boss and she said it was fun. They discussed a lot of things including family and so on. Harmless enough. She said he was a nice man all round and she enjoyed the talk they had had. Then she said,

“He has a lovely wife with two kids. Pity for him though his wife lives in Joburg. You know Mxolisi I don't think I could ever survive if you stayed so far away from me!”

I did not really hear most of what she words except for the words ‘wife’ and ‘Joburg’! Did Khanyi not say he was gay? In fact I was certain she said he was gay! Stereotype or not I should have figured out that he was not clean enough to be gay! With his wife in Joburg surely he had all the time in the world to do whatever he wanted with whomever!

My wife was not done! She went to explain that he was actually from Joburg and had been moved here a year ago to run the Cape Town Office. A year is a long time to move away from your family. My wife even noted that who in their right mind would leave their wife and kids for such a long time. She was right! Long distance no matter how mature you are as people often opens up room for temptation and mistrust. Imagine, you cannot even trust your partner if you live with them or in the same town with them, what more if they are towns away.

I had to speak to Khanyi! Why had she lied? I got the impression she was trying to set up my wife with this guy to justify us together! Contrary to popular belief, no side dish wants to stay a side forever!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 25

When I told my wife I was leaving for two weeks she was not that depressed about it. She knew how much I had been craving for more responsibility at work and I often complained about it. Any black person in any private company will readily tell you that where there are races involved, the white race always gets the juicy contracts. My story is not about race so no I will not go there but truth is truth. I was more senior to some white guys here yet they already sat in major deals whereas I



looked out from the outside. Anyway my wife was happy for me and again she said it would give her time to acclimatize at work without having to worry about me. Everyone who gets a job for the first time works harder than everyone else at work firstly because of the excitement and secondly to get acceptance. My wife was no different. I knew her, when she put her mind to something she tended to be spectacular at it! We discussed my trip and I told her everything including Lindiwe. I expected her to be a bit jealous because in all honesty I don't think I had ever mentioned Lindiwe before but she did not. Maybe it is not in a woman's nature to quiz you about a new name in your life because she moved on to tell me about her new project. My wife was becoming me and that scared me! By that I mean that I know there was a time when my wife would tell me about her day and I would half listen. Most men do that to their partners that's why they always claim you never told them something.

The following day at work it was busy. Lindiwe and I had to get busy and sync with our mission. Women might not know this but men do, most women we meet especially if they are on the young side we "check them out"! There is no other way to put it. I am not sure if its instinct or just sizing them up but we do. Don't ever believe your man if he says he did not check out some of the females you brought home or you meet together. For us its what we do about it that matters and fortunately for most men we check them out from a distance and that's it. Again only an overzealous woman would consider that cheating or out of order as the instinct is quite natural. Lindiwe was not much taller than my wife but she was incredibly fit. I bet you she was one of those rare women with a flat stomach that was as close to a six pack as possible without being called butch. Clearly she worked out which is a plus as women who work are incredibly sexy. She was not the prettiest but this was law after all and not a beauty contest. She was one of the smartest people we had in the firm and from what I hear she was quite the bull dog in court. She wore glasses and this I had noted from before, very minimal makeup if at all. I am sure she only had lip-gloss in a her makeup kit if she even had one. Why women choose to look like clowns honestly I don't know?

She told me she was glad we will be working together and she asked me if she could be frank and I told she could go ahead considering we were going behind enemy lines together for two weeks. She told me that she appreciated that we will be working together because I was the only black guy at work who had not hit on her. Consider this, this is a law firm and she is a labour law lawyer why on earth would anyone be stupid enough to hit on her? Or at least I had always thought. Lawyers should know better! I figured she was telling me this though as a defensive mechanism so that we keep it professional there. This was her way of making me aware that she did not want to be hit on in the first place without coming out forthright with it. Clever reverse psychology. It is like when you know that someone is a kleptomaniac in the house, he or she is the one you give the household

petty cash to keep safe. Why? They cannot steal what they already have and everyone knows they have. Lindiwe had just done that.

I never got a chance to speak to Khanyi and ask her about the gay thing but she sent me a text saying how much she missed me. I did not reply immediately though. Had so much to do. At 4pm I made sure I texted her back. I did not want to find her at my gate again. When I got home I walked in at the same time with my wife. She was still excited about her job. She emphasized how Khanyi was special to her and was making her transition so simple by guiding her through every through it. Much as I was dying to ask if her boss tried anything I realized that this would only make her suspicious. All husbands are possessive and if yours is not then he is over confident!

She helped me pack. It was a nightmare because I genuinely did not know how to pack for two weeks. I even suggested. That maybe I should but new shirts there but she reminded me how bad I was at shopping and in fact how much I hated it. Again that is a bit of a mistruth. I don't want to say lie. Most men would gladly shop the problem is that we do not want to do it with our partners. When it comes to shopping women have no boundaries and do not stick to the budget. Moreover even if the mall is small she will walk you until your feet turn blue. She punishes you for putting her on that budget because she will say for that money she will need to find the right top hence why you must do all that walking. So that option was out. A man with a big suitcase is a no no though. I told her that as long as I had two suits and maybe two jeans for the weekend. I went into my study to work.

The following day my wife came to my work place during her lunch. It so happened that I was with Lindiwe going through a few things. My wife said she was checking up on me to see if I was ready. That was very sweet of her. I introduced her to Lindiwe and she greeted her cautiously. I know my wife very well and that look was of total confusion. I told her again that this was the person I was going with for two weeks whom I had told her about. Her confusion was genuine and coldly and bluntly she replied,

“You never told me it was a woman!”

Right there in front of Lindiwe. Imagine how awkward this was at the moment. I had nowhere to look. I had told her.

“You can't go with a woman. Hell no!”

She did not raise her voice but her statement of intent was very clear. She meant this wholeheartedly!

My flight was leaving in 6 hours!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 26

I think selective hearing happens in most marriages and relationships. People choose to hear what they want to hear in a conversation especially when angry and when not paying attention. I had told my wife about my work trip and me going with Lindiwe. We are Xhosa for crying out loud so how could she even fathom that Lindiwe would be a man. Secondly I do not believe in fighting or arguing in public especially when you are married. It shows an united front especially when you fight in front of people who know you. It's not only disrespectful to you but to them. Its downright embarrassing and classless. When you work for private firms they do not care whether or not it is uncomfortable whom you go with on work meets as long as you get the job done. Imagine going to report to my bosses that I cannot go because my wife was not comfortable! I think the day that happens a part of me will die. I do admit two weeks is a long time but if I was to make partner someday which ironically would benefit my wife and I someday I had to make them. At times I feel my wife does not understand that all the luxuries she enjoys do not come from me writing romantic notes. We are not living off the land here I have to work very hard for us. Now that she had a job in her head everything would just balance out. I had worked too hard for us to get to this stage and jealousy was not going to make us develop any faster. She will just have to be strong!

I asked her outside as politely as I could without losing or raising my voice either. She defiantly crossed her arms and said no she wants to discuss this here and now. I do not recall my wife ever being like this that's why I was not sure how to handle this. Fortunately Lindiwe excused herself as she could see that the situation was getting too tense. My wife had really shown what a stellar woman she was to my colleague. When Lindiwe walked out I made every effort not to raise my voice. I reminded my wife that this was my job, it pays our bills and if she was that uncomfortable I can buy her a plane ticket and she can come with because come what may I was boarding that plane in five hours. She asked me why I had not told her I was going with a woman and again I reminded her of the conversation her and I had had. She had known but in her head she had not perceived her to be a threat until she saw her in person. That's another stark difference between men and women. Your girlfriend or wife will never ever appreciate it if you have female friends or even colleague you talk to that she reckons are prettier than her. That much you can forget. That girl either wants you or you want her if you are not already doing each other! That's how girl world work. Most females in fact will feel threatened by their own friends if you smile at her too long! The irony in this case was where looks come into the fray my wife would win this contest any day. It explains why she was not threatened by Khanyi because in my wife's eyes Khanyi could not compete with her so

why bother! Its no wonder then why men often cheat with women considerably less good looking than the wife! It's easier to hide and not raise her eyebrows!

My wife was conflicted after this. She sat down and told me that she was very uncomfortable with this. I asked her why all of a sudden she did not trust me because before I had worked with many people and she had never felt threatened yet now she was beside herself. She told me that now that she worked she could see how much temptation there was at work. I had to pause for a moment there? Temptation? Who was tempting her I asked her immediately? I had been working for so long and had never brought home 'temptation' and she had been working three days and already she was talking about it? She seemed startled as to how I had turned the conversation but she had to answer. She said no one was tempting her but she was not blind to how some men at her work looked at her. I told her cold that I will bury them myself if they even dared. I don't know how it was funny because she laughed when I said that but I was serious. For all our faults married men will and should fight for their spouses and I was no different. She asked me if I did not find Lindiwe attractive and I told her straight up that I did find her attractive but not in a sexual manner. She was a smart successful woman who did great work hence why I was happy to work with her. It my wife an awkward moment to figure it out in her head. If I had said no she was not attractive my wife would have called me a liar in the mood she was in.

It took me an hour to convince my wife that she had nothing to worry about. She was even late back from lunch when she left but I doubt she would be in trouble because Khanyi was working with her. I had to go find Lindiwe so we could finish our preparations. On my way there at first I thought I should just ignore what had happened and pretend it did not happen but I realized it would create an elephant in the room. When I found her I apologized about my wife's behaviour. Nothing boosts a woman's ego more than knowing that she intimidates another woman especially because of her looks. Career women do not like feeble minded women and tend to look down on such women. She had lost her respect for my wife she had any to start with. She said it was fine, that was my problem and not hers as long as it will not create problems for us. She then snidely said, "Next time when you go ask for permission from your wife please go with a picture so as not confuse her."

She said that with a cold smile but I doubt very much she was being sarcastic. Family issues must never come to the work place I told myself again.

At five we left. My wife could not make it to the airport so I called her from there. She seemed better now and was actually cracking jokes. I guess she had come to terms with it. She concluded by saying that her big boss was throwing a small get together this weekend and she had been invited!

This man was relentless! I was not even going to be in town to stop her! I asked her if Khanyi would be there and she said yes because Khanyi was the one who insisted on it!

When the player gets played!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 27

That was the longest plane ride I have ever taken. I was so worried about so many things all around my wife! I often hear people say that they trust their partners completely. These are the people that end up committing crime to exert their revenge because when they are genuine about trusting their partner, when things go south, they fall apart completely. I am not saying I do not trust my wife but I am not going to be cory and be pompous in the belief that I could trust her completely. To be honest I do not even trust myself completely so why would I trust another person to that extent. Most men are possessive and the irony is most women believe that it is when we are possessive of them that we show how much we love them. With my wife I had always given her leeway to do things, not that she ever did. When I first started dating her she had many male friends. Most beautiful females do. It is like they are hoarders as most of these friends are quite unnecessary and only add to the stress in your life.

I turned to look at Lindiwe. She had not said anything at all about what my wife had said. I had obviously apologized and all she did was look at me as though I was the guilty party. This woman was kind of scary. She actually had a man like persona as usually it is males that ignore such matters. This was going to be awkward. She seemed not bothered at all by all that was happening. They had set us next to each other as obviously we checked in together and considering how long we were going to be together I had to talk to this ice queen otherwise my skull would explode. As soon as we got to Johannesburg our driver was there to pick us up. At the hotel when we checked in there seemed to be some mistake with our booking. The hotel was fully booked, there was some sort of environmental conference taking place. I was kind of surprised because in this country no matter what it is, award ceremony, animal convention, politicians even as long it is international it will be taken to Durban. It is as though Durban is the only city that exists in South Africa that has a convention centre! In any case there was a problem. We had been given a three bedroom penthouse suite for the duration of our stay as in we were going to stay in the same apartment room. I thought Lindiwe would freak out but she said that this was for the better because it meant we can burn the midnight oil together! I on the other hand was not impressed at all. I asked them if there

was anything that could be done and was told not for four days which was the duration of our stay! I really had cause to be uncomfortable.

When we got to the suite I did the gentlemanly thing and asked her to pick her room first. The suite even had a downstairs and upstairs. It reminded me very much of the Royal Palm Hotel in Gateway Durban where my wife and I had once stayed. It was a beautiful place but no matter how beautiful a place is, if you are there with the wrong person you might as well be in a shack at Joe Slovo informal settlement! For all my shenanigans I loved my wife. I went to my room as well and called my wife. She did not pick up the phone at first and I won't lie, I had turned into an insecure person. I honestly wonder if when men start playing games and the woman suspects do they become this insecure. I left her three missed calls. Honestly I was pulling my hair out at this stage. Weak I tell you.

I did not even get a chance to settle down when Lindiwe came to my room and said we needed to discuss strategy for tomorrow. I told her that we had done that already back in Cape Town and she said no, we needed to do more! Really? I doubt I was ever going to focus! Something I noticed though, when we came Lindiwe was in high heels. It made her quite intimidating as they gave her the height factor and that confident posture. Now she was in flat shoes and well, she was flat. The power shift I must say was amazing and it was a very natural response. Maybe we will get along after all.

As soon as we set down my phone rang. It was my wife. I told Lindiwe it was my wife and asked her to excuse me. She rolled her eyes but whatever. I didn't shout when I picked up as I was with company but with the way I felt if I were alone I would have. My wife apologized for missing my calls. She asked me how was my flight. I was so annoyed. She had not bothered to check whether I had arrived ok but I did not bring that up. She asked me where Lindiwe was and I told her that in her room downstairs I suppose giving the impression that we were different floors apart. She said she was relieved to hear that.

When I asked her where she had been she said Khanyi and her boss had taken her out when she came back upset after seeing me. They had gone to have early evening cocktails but now she was home. She then said,

"My boss is so sweet because I was so tipsy, we parked my car at the office and he drove me home. He dropped me off and tomorrow for work he will pick me up. He actually lives in Newlands and that's like ten minutes away!"

...And then you call me paranoid!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 28

Do not be fooled men are just as insecure as women if not way more. We hide it well I think and this because no man wants to go around looking vulnerable. If your man is cheating just make him see you talking to another man and laughing the right way. You will see how his insecurities manifest. This is why when a man cheats he tends to overreact when he suspects that you too can be cheating. We are so insecure. Marriage for most women means one man and one woman till death do us part but men like to tweak their vows to secretly mean one man and one woman for life plus a few mistakes here and there. This is why when the tables turn men do not react well as this is not what they perceive the order of nature or things to be. I was at this stage seeing red.

This time I told her straight up I was not comfortable. This thing of drinking with the boss does not work for me whether you are male or female. As a husband I must say it worse if you are not just a female but a wife! We were not students anymore and there had to be boundaries somewhere! This is where I drew the line! I had seen her work environment was quite open and fun and so on but that did not make it right. She had not even been there for a week and already she was sharing cocktails with the boss. What kind of nonsense is that? A lot of white colleagues do it, that is go out and have drinks with other colleagues. I know from my friends who do engineering especially chemically drinking with your colleagues is like a rite of passage but not if you are a married black woman! We have standards and culture to consider and no matter how modern you are as a woman you have to consider that. That does not only apply to the woman but to the man as well. My family came first. I did not shout though. I tried to be as soft spoken as possible as I “advised” her even though inside I was raging inside. I had to handle this delicately otherwise it could lead to bigger things. Women love this line, “it was our actions that pushed me to him!” and I was not going to fall into that trap!

She went quiet for a moment and asked me how was it fair that I got to go away for two weeks with another woman doing God knows what! I knew this was coming again and this time I was not going to hold back because I was alone. I told her that it was not by choice. I did not choose this assignment and I was mature enough and more importantly experienced enough to keep my relationship professional with her. She immediately asked me if I was accusing her of cheating? I told her no but I told her that as a man I know how men are. Wrong answer! She blew up! She accused me of wanting to keep her isolated and at home like a kept wife. She told me that she was independent and staying at home had been her decision not mine. When she said that I asked how then had I kept her isolated if the decision was hers? Again that was wrong thing to say. When you argue with your wife or girlfriend for that matter, there comes a point in the argument no matter how

idiotic she might sound that you keep quiet and say, “you know what, baby you are right and I am wrong!” Every man knows this just that our timing of delivering the line is often wrong. We wait too long when the fight is already at a point of no return. Arguing over the phone I feel personally demeans what you share with a person especially because you have no impulse control. Over the phone you tend to say the wrong thing and there will be no reprieve! As soon as I said that she hung up. I tried to call her back and she had switched off her phone! Very mature indeed of both of us!

My head was spinning. There are some things as a man you are not supposed to say to a woman but in all honesty, when something you agreed with your partner goes south the words “abuse” and “independent” start getting thrown around. So many times my wife and I had discussed her not working of which I had always emphasized that whether she does that or not I did not mind. Now she was throwing it back into my phase as though I had used it as a tool to keep her down. I was indeed very hurt but now was not the time for it. Lindiwe and I had work to do.

When I walked into the room we were working in she had changed. The fierce work person was gone and in her place was this beautiful lady. You know it is funny, when you were in high school and you bumped into your teacher at the mall it was the weirdest thing ever. They looked different if not small. At school they had all that power and fierce authority but outside it was just another person. Now looking at her I don't know, that intimidating musk was gone. She was wearing winter pyjamas that resemble leggings with a polo neck as it was a bit chilly. She was also drinking hot chocolate am not sure where from. The leggings\pyjamas were tight on the ass part and shaped her so nicely one would forget she was that shark I know from work. She did not even seem to notice that I was staring at her and said it was about time we got to work. She sounded a bit annoyed. She told me that if my wife was going to be a problem these two weeks I must say now so she can do the work alone. I told her that my wife was my business and she said clearly not if she could tell me off in front of the firm like that. Low blow. I did not respond. This woman was feisty!

We started to work in earnest even though you could cut through the tension with a knife. I don't think it recorded to her that she was rude earlier. I tried to put it at the back of my mind.

“Hey love, I can call you love since you are away. I miss you already. Maybe I will surprise you there and give you a visit. Asthandile says you are staying at the Sheraton in Pretoria? I know where it is so mmmmmmmmm ... I bought new lingerie!”

The message was from Khanyi! I tried to call my wife for some reason and again her phone was off.

Why do women do this? I had a woman in my hotel who looked sexy at hell, a crazy one back in Cape Town buying sexy lingerie both of which knew I was married hence for me it was inappropriate and a wife who did not even want to talk to me for telling her my concerns!



\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 29

Temptation! That's the one thing that people are not allowed to say exists because acknowledging it means accepting weakness. Well maybe I am too vague, women are the ones who do not want to acknowledge that temptation exists and for them it always becomes a matter of who is strong and who is weak! Temptation! Its not an excuse its reality. Lindiwe sitting there in her home clothes, pyjamas in this case was incredibly tempting. I tried not to look at her in a sexual way but much as I tried to concentrate on the work and the problems I was going through at home I could not. It put me in a happy place and I found myself calming down. I told Lindiwe that much as I wanted to work tonight I could not. I was not feeling well I told her. I needed to lie down. She said she was tired too, that flight must have taken its toll and thank heavens.

The cold shower thing is not a myth. Its real. I took one and I calmed myself down. I just wanted to sleep and forget that everything that had happened today had happened. I hardly slept though. I had nightmares of me losing my wife. Was I to blame for allowing her to work? Everyone who says 50\50 in marriage is clearly not married because that does not often lead to a happy relationship since we both become the head of house! I am a lawyer. I am not oppressive but ever since my wife got her job the house had become very tense so maybe I had a point. The change was very evident. I could not tell her what to do anymore because she now felt that she could do whatever she wanted to do. I had never stopped her from that before but now it was more defined. She was not cheating, I am certain of it but when you are in a marriage and things start to go south that is usually the first thing you suspect.

Around midnight Khanyi called me again. She said that she was just checking up on me to see if I was nicely tucked in. She wanted us to facetime but I lied and said I did not know how. She told me what a pity it was because she was sitting all alone naked and it would have been nice. Much as I wanted to give in I told myself tonight was not the night. Khanyi was really the aggressive type that kept a man on his toes. She was very attentive I also noticed. She asked me why I had not responded to her sms about where I am staying. I told her I was too busy and when I got done all I needed to do was pass out. I asked. Her about my wife and she said that the reason why they had gone out for drinks was because she (Khanyi) did not want to expose Asthandile to everyone too soon especially if they had the planned party that weekend. She said that in their company it was normal to have impromptu outings as they worked in entertainment. She had a point. She said that

Asthandile would be going on her first out of the office assignment with her new team that weekend in any case meaning that she will not be available for the party. Khanyi also emphasized how she had made sure that my wife was part of that team. She did not say why though. I was a bit relieved. When we said our goodnights I was better off.

The following morning I was sleepy. Lindiwe being the superman than she was was ready to fire. When we got to our clients premise we had to be vetted which made me irritable. They behaved as though they did not know we were coming. When eventually we got inside to start work it was a very tense meeting. They wanted to terminate our contract because according to them we were not playing our part. I knew this portfolio like the back of my hand so the negotiations started. By the time we finished they had re-signed a new contract which in fact actually made them pay us more! That's how well I, sorry I mean we, had played it. We were so excited Lindiwe and I about this major coup we decided to have drinks.

Naturally the first person I wanted to tell was my wife. Its instinct. When you are married your closest friend is the person you share a bed with. It was already about 6pm at this stage. The phone rang and rang but she did not pick up. I assumed that maybe she was still in traffic as Cape Town is not known for its many roads. Going home is always a mission. I did not want to get drunk or tipsy before I spoke to her. Besides this was just one victory we still had more to do tomorrow but at Union Buildings this time. Who knows, I might bump into someone important so cannot go there smelling of alcohol.

Lindiwe insisted that we at least have a shot or two to acknowledge our victory. We did so. We decided that room service made more sense than going downstairs.

Lindiwe was talking to an old roommate she bumped into at reception. She introduced her as Karabo Mokgotho and she was one of the managers at the hotel. I excused myself and let them catch up. When I got to our room my wife called me! Finally! I asked her to give me a moment so I can close the door. She was not her usually jovial self but I was so relieved I ignored that. She told me about her weekend. I already knew but I could not tell her that so I acted genuinely excited giving her suggestions even. I think she did not expect that so she warmed up to me. All I had to do was pretend I liked her job to keep her happy. I could feel the warmth returning to her.

As I made myself comfortable and we started talking, Lindiwe walked in full of excitement and shouted,

“Karabo gave us champagne Mxolisi, let's celebrate whoop whoop!”

She actually said whoop whoop! Yah neh! I tried to point that I was on the phone and also cover the mouth piece with my hand but it was too late my wife asked,

“Why is she in your room?”

I explained that no, it was because we had gotten the contract but my wife responded,

“No, your door was closed meaning she has a key to your room so again I ask, why does she have a key to your room?”

Caught in a lie!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 30

There is nothing more annoying. About being caught in a lie that has been exacerbated by the truth. I said before, the best kind of lie is one with a bit of truth in it. In this case however the lie was I had said we had two different rooms which to a certain extent was true. She was not sharing a room with me per se more of a door. With that said because my wife had been scared of her own shadow I had had to lie to her. There are people who say that lies are bad and can destroy marriage but I think again that it depends on what kind of lies you harbour and how they came out!

I could explain to her what we had achieved today and how one of Lindiwe's friends worked at the hotel. That would explain the champagne. I could tell her that it was complimentary and well deserved and because we had achieved this together we had to share it. However, often when your story has too many “ands” or “buts” you are deemed guilty. That's the lawyer in me speaking so automatically I knew not to say that. Your profession teaches you how to run your household. If you are a lawyer like me you are both attacking and defensive because you do this for a living. If you are a teacher usually your children are studious and well disciplined. Normally it follows that trend but please don't ask me how preachers kids are often corrupt because that one needs Jesus! I told her that we were celebrating the case and the reason why she had my key was that she had come up with the files from her room and I was on the phone. I told her when she had called I had been with her so I had handed the key to her. She was not buying it but I know better, that was my story and I was sticking to it! She told me that I was acting shady but I honestly did not know what else to say. Most marriages have so many lies all meant to keep the peace. I know men especially are good at this because even amongst my colleagues we discuss this.

She said that she was going to sleep at Khanyis tonight because she could not be alone. This was too much drama for her. I tried to explain but she would not listen. I figured I should let her cool off and tomorrow we will pick up the discussion again. I really needed to get my own room. This was

more drama than I expected. Soon it would also start to affect my work as well and I did not want that. Having a wife that constantly needs reassurance is disastrous I tell you. A wife or girlfriend who is insecure makes it so easy for a man to cheat. What women don't understand is that it is their insecurities that create loopholes in the relationships. Irony is my wife had always been fine until she made new friends. The first time Khanyi came with Bulelwa she had not had a problem but now all of a sudden she was on my case. It was incredibly frustrating. I was not however going to use this for my advantage. I needed to fix things. Right now though I had to work. I was going to book a flight for Sunday to fly home early morning and fly back that evening. This side they have the Gautrain after all so transport won't be an issue.

Lindiwe asked me why my wife was so insecure because I seemed like a loyal and faithful guy. She said I had "that boring looking about me"! I don't know if this was sarcasm or straight talk. No one wants to be called boring. I told her I was not boring just respectful. She asked me if my wife had given us permission for me to drink. I don't think women can ever understand what our ego means to us. Keeping face for men is almost as important as a woman knowing she is capable of producing a child. If you want to hurt a man don't bother hitting or boiling him with water, go for his ego. I don't know what causes it but we never want to be embarrassed. I took the bottle, opened it and took a swig of her champagne straight out of the bottle. She snapped and said that was not hygienic but in moments she too was drinking out of the same bottle with me. I am not a fan of sharing drinks especially with other men because that swapping of saliva for me might as well be kissing. With a female however, a beautiful smart one at that it is kind of different, there is genuinely something sexy about it.

There was a big difference between Khanyi and Lindiwe. Khanyi used shock and awe as a tactic whereas Lindiwe pulled you in with her intellect. If you are an intelligent man like I think I am an equally intelligent woman does not scare you but is intriguing. She did not seem to mind the fact that what she was doing was incredibly attractive. Maybe it is the champagne talking I don't know but that was my reality. She said she needed to get comfortable and went and put on the pjs from the previous night.

I swear I think this woman was trying to get laid. With all this tension in me from the fighting, the alcohol in us plus the excitement of what we had from our achievement, why not!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 31

Whether Lindiwe was making moves or not I was not sure because of the alcohol. Something was happening though and I was not blind to it. This is the uncomfortable truth of what it means to be a man or rather what we men think it is to be a man and something women might not want to hear. We call it the thrill of the chase or hunting and nothing beats the sensation. I can say it in so many different ways but nothing can ever quite describe it. A fundamental reason behind men cheating comes from when we think a woman is flirting with us. Whether married or not a flirt tends to garner a response not wife friendly. Even when you think that your man is so secure under you, do not underestimate the power of another woman flirting with him. When a woman is playing hard to get yet being overly suggestive you tend to notice and want to notice even more to make sure you were right in the first place. Our curiosity is heightened tenfold at this stage no matter who she is. Yes looks matter but the thought that you are going to play the game and win is often hard to resist. Lindiwe was suggestive without being obvious. She was a no go area for so many reasons but that was what made her intriguing. A month ago I had never cheated on my wife but now that I had kissed Khanyi I was about to cave in to temptation for a second woman. Its like that period of moral recklessness which most girls who have been in long relationships go into after they break up with a cheating boyfriend. You call yourself a fool for having been faithful for so long whilst he played you for a fool then allow two or three guys you would never had shagged to get their chance. Imagine falling from one guy landing into two or three in a short space of time!

I sat next to her and told her that the alcohol was getting to my head. She accused me of being a weak drinker something which I was actually proud of. Who wants to be hardcore drinker? Its embarrassing really and in this economy its a non starter. I reminded her that we had work to do for tomorrow and she said no as there had been a change of plans. She told me that the client we were. Seeing had postponed to the day after on account of an unforeseen emergency. That meant for tonight we could actually relax. I hear a lot of people saying they want to be lawyers. Well, it's not as glamorous as you see on TV. Such free time therefore was a good thing.

I was not one for champagne so I asked if she minded if we or rather I ordered something more man friendly. She said that was a sexist thing to say but when I asked if she would consider Heineken she said it was not a lady drink. I am not sure if she was joking but she gave me the go ahead. She said she will stick to champagne. I noted that she did not actually seem to enjoy it but if there is one thing I have noticed is that when girls start working they often tend to move from bottles that comes in six packs to drinks they consider more refined. Men on the other hand we stick to what we know because our bodies are can handle it. What's the use of making fool out of ourselves on things we

don't? I always say only a fool believes that alcohol will fix their problems and make them forget yet here I was trying to forget mine by drinking. My life was becoming too complicated.

Lindiwe who was clearly tipsy now started telling me about her life whilst she drank. If there is one thing alcohol is good for it loosens the tongue. She told me that she was actually a single mother, surprise surprise! Her baby daddy as we call them nowadays had left her the moment she broke the news. He came back 8months into the pregnancy and apologized wanting her back. She said that with the way he betrayed her she would never ever go back so not only did she say no to him but also she had made sure he never set eyes on his child. They had dated for about six months according to her and what was supposed to have been a burst condom had produced a child. Single mom. I did not see that one coming! I asked her why if it was an accident she had not used to morning after and she said she actually had and guess she was the one percent that slipped through the cracks! I asked if she knew where the father was and she said nope she did not and was not interested in finding out. She could raise her child on her own and did not need him. I am not sure how I felt about that because denying a child its father especially one who wants to see the child is for me just sad and pathetic! It was not my place.

I looked at my phone and I had no missed calls nor messages. Not even from Khanyi. This was very strange and I was not used to this. Lindiwe asked me to put my phone away because it was making me tense. She asked me what was going on but I was not about to open up about my wife and I fighting because she already called my wife insecure. There are some things you keep away from colleagues.

I stood up and went to the bathroom and when I came back she was playing music out of the TV. A song was playing and she was jumping up and down saying how this was her song. It really does not matter how old you are I guess this getting excited over how a song belongs to you. Its like how girls scream for absolutely no reason when they see each other at the mall in what is clearly fake excitement! Just greet the person and hug them, no need to screech like a badly serviced taxi! I just have to say though, the world owes the man that broke Beyonces heart dearly for all the heartbroken songs she has produced because whatever he did must have been profound. The woman can belt out an anti man song like no other. Imagine though for a moment what she will produce if JayZ ever breaks her heart! I swear it will be music history! The song was a slow song!

She asked if I could dance with her and at first I refused but she would not hear anything of it. In fact she jumped into my hands and started moving my hips with hers.

Its inevitable my manhood was pressed against a warm body, grinding on me in the name of dance and now standing fully at attention, begging to be released from the confines of my pants!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 32

I want to debunk the myth right now that Venda men are the only blessed ones in this country. I want to debunk it because I am a Xhosa man and when I stand tall I know that I am counted. With that said the more dancing she did the more things got worse. It was like my manhood was the Hulk and the angrier it got the harder it became! She was wearing very thin pyjamas and this was like rubbing on her skin. Much as I felt this dancing thing was a bad idea I was really enjoying all the rubbing. There was a tent in front of my pants which I doubt even with the marquee tent they used at Qunu I could hide. Who says only Limpopians are blessed! Please! Must give Trevor Noah a call because that man has made our women start to disrespect us thinking that other man are more manly. As fate would have it, MtvBase as this was the channel we were on, played three slow songs in a row, all which were, 'her song' and by the time the third song played I decided to make my move. It had to happen at some point!

I was not as drunk or rather typsy as her I must acknowledge but I was in the buzz. Ok ladies pay attention because this is how most guys read the signals. I started by rubbing her ass. Often when you are in a club or dancing, if you want to see how far a girl would take you we start by the ass. Why? She can't sue you for rubbing because you can always say your hand slipped with all the movement of the dance! I rubbed her ass gently and eventually allow my hand to rest there. That's phase two because I knew I was in. If the hand does not get slapped away like a green housefly keep going. I gently pushed my upper body away to go in for the kill. The kill being the kiss. You can't wait too long because you will lose the moment. I started by kissing her on the neck and rose to her ears. Slowly, patiently not hurried like a teenager about to lose his virginity. She was responding and even her breath was starting to become rapid. Forgotten was my wife at home and my almost mistress! Eventually I hit jackpot. I planted my lips on hers and I am certain my body vibrated because somehow my body had wanted this so long. This trip was a bad a idea.

I took off her top and underneath she was not wearing a bra. A lot of smaller boobed women do that when they get back from work. They say its for comfort when relaxing so I guess its not unusual. If you have big boobs its kind of hard to let them be flying all over the place I guess. I am a boobs man, ass man etc you name it. Nothing more beautiful nor softer than that skin on the bottom of her boob and I also know how it reacts to touch! The moment I laid my lips there her body was have spasms. Every man has his secrets so I stop there. I am a gentleman after all. I pulling down he pj bottoms and it was so

“What are you doing? You and me cannot happen! I told you ever since that man broke my heart I don’t do men anymore! I am lesbian, no bi but more lesbian!”

She said! Wow this woman can hold a grudge! She was so angry at a man who came back for her after he made a mistake that she quit men all together.

“I don’t allow men to penetrate me but you can muff me if you want and I will give you a hand job?”

It was the way she looked at me pleadingly that I realized that this woman had just made her play. This is what she wanted all along! She never wanted sex. She just wanted fulfilment. I could not help but laugh in my head that I had just been negotiated down in sex.

I was not about to do this. I told her that I was fine. I was too old for a handjob. So there was no way I would go down on her without her returning the favor. She sounded like the type that would make you go down on her first then change her mind when her turn comes. She could not believe I had turned her down but the terms on the table where not good enough for me. It was already awkward. She did not beg me per se but she tried to convince me but I was not interested. I told her I was going to bed. Yes I was pouting but don’t all men. Refuse your hubby sex and see how he will sulk like a child who has been denied his playtimes. She followed me to my room and apologized and said she could not do it. I don’t know how it happened but eventually we ended up in the same bed and talked till we slept. She was actually a very funny person and we were laughing till I don’t know when. There was no sex of any kind but we did cuddle!

In the morning the hotel phone rang for a long time. I tried everything I could do to ignore it but it was relentless. Eventually I got up and went to pick up. It was 930am already. Sleeping in feels good but I actually had a hangover. Drinking is bad.

The call was from reception. The receptionist,

“I am sorry to bother you sir but we have your wife here. She just flew in from Cape Town to surprise you and hotel policy is that we don’t allow anyone upstairs without the guest accepting. Can we send her up?”

I was still groggy but did she say, my wife?

O crap, Lindiwe was sleeping in my bed!!!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*



## Chapter 33

Is it cheating if you get so close but do not go through with it? I know some people say that even thinking about cheating is betraying the other person. Truth be told for a guy lust is something that comes standard even in our heads. Note I said in our heads. We cheat so many times in a day just by fantasizing but surely as long as we don't do anything about it you cannot hold it against us! Another question I have is, is kissing cheating considering there is a whole lot more you can do? I had kissed her but not slept with her, can't remember now but I think that is what happened so should my wife divorce me for that? My mind was going at a hundred miles per hour now because I was not sure what to think or do. First thing that came to mind was get rid of Lindiwe! I still had that morning disgusting smell of alcohol that comes after a night of drinking. I told the reception they could come up. There was no other way of stalling unfortunately. As soon as I put down my phone I put on my Caster Semenya running shoes and I dashed to my room. Lindiwe was still fast asleep. I shook her awake and out of breath I told her,

"Get up, get out, my wife is outside!"

At first she looked at me confused before her eyes widened and she said,

"You gotta be kidding me"

It was like a scene out of a movie I promise you. She jumped out of bed and she was as naked as the day she was born. What happened last night? I don't remember her being naked that's for sure! Had we eventually had sex? Imagine, I had a naked woman coming out of my bed and I couldn't even gawk and stare at that body. I ran back to sitting area to get rid of the booze. I had mouth was in my mouth by the time Lindiwe made it to her room. Yes, that how fast I was. I knew the elevator was not the fastest hence by the time I put my t-shirt on she was knocking at the door. The room was not so clean but it was better.

I walked over to the door part of me telling myself that I was dead for sure. I had not double checked my room to see if she had left any evidence of her presence by mistake. I was on a slippery slope in my marriage all these things really needed to stop. When I got to the door and opened my heart almost stopped, it was not my wife nor was it Khanyi for that matter! It was Khayakazi my wife's little sister! What on earth did she want at my hotel this early in the morning? I had forgotten that she attended school in Johannesburg like half of the country does. Typical of these university kids she said,

"Surprise!"

Yeah surprise indeed! After all that rushing this was rather underwhelming for me but the relief that swept through me was immense! I hugged the poor child in such a way that the surprise was actually on her. We had never been that close possibly because I often refused to give her money. The kid was like quicksand when it comes to money I tell you and no matter how much it was you

gave her.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming to Gauteng? And look at your hotel, tjooooo its fancy neh! I could see those fancy people downstairs and I knew it was heaven. That’s why I never left. I wanted to see the inside!”

I forgot to mention that she was ghetto as hell, she always had some funny colour in her hair, this time it was blue, had earring on her face too as if God had not made her ugly enough already! She was not my favourite that’s for sure. This was a Beyonce and Solange situation where the one sister got all the beauty and talent whilst the other got just enough to make her relevant. Ok I lie, sorry Solange! Khayakazi was just there! Once when we tried to bond I took her to the mall for some light shopping, you know as brother in law should! What a disaster! She caused a scene when I would not buy her a very unnecessary pair of cavella which not only were blue but look plastic to me and cost r1500 at Spitz! True story!

“What are you doing here?”

Was my question? The child irritated the crap out of me? She was intrusive and waphapha straight up. She said she was coming to visit her favourite uncle. To me those words were dripping with sarcasm but funny enough I know in a part of me I am ashamed to know exists I knew she was telling the truth. She actually liked me. She was not that close to her sister either but who could blame her, her sister was the golden child and she was the black sheep even in complexion so that was not a pun! Typical her as soon as she walked in she started going through the kitchen looking for food. My parents in law are strict and raised Asthandile well but you know in every family there is one that falls through the cracks, Khayakazi was it! What a stupid child! She said she was hungry because she had not eaten earlier as I was going to take her “out for room service!” Does that even make sense? I told her to stop going through things and sit down so I can take her downstairs for breakfast. I am not sure if she knew how to hashtag but with the way she was so excitable I am sure if she did she would have posted #eatinginahotel! I went to the kitchen to throw away a bottle that was on the chair. I had missed that. When I turned back she was gone! What was wrong with this child though? I ran to look after her.

I found her standing in my room in the door way. For a moment I could not understand then she asked me sweetly,

“Mxolisi who else slept with you?”

She asked so casually as though she was asking me to put peanut butter on her bread. Its not easiest thing to do you know especially when the bread is not fresh hence I knew it was a trick question! I told her no one but made sure I did not ask her why because that would prolong the

conversation. I told her to get out of my room immediately and tried to close the door but she blocked me with her hand and said,

“I am not dumb. I know a bed that has been slept in by one person and by two people. Look at the pillows, both have been slept in and unless you have two heads then I know you are an alien! Even the sheets you can see by that indent there that there were two people in this bed.”

I was stunned but then again I was not. She was studying Forensic criminology which guess what, typical in Xhosa families, I was paying for! Getting married back home honestly is marrying the whole family. For example I was paying the water and electricity at my wife’s home as well. If the mother had a toothache I took her to the dentist and small things like that. Welcome to my marriage. Now the twit was throwing it back to my face.

I told her to search the room to look for a woman because I knew Lindiwe was already in her room. She said she did not have to because she was sure my female companion was not in there anymore. She was probably hiding somewhere! She held up something. It was a pair of thongs! Like seriously now! Seriously what kind of woman leaves her panties behind ah! Lindiwe is a moemish!

“So Mxolisi how much are you going to pay me to keep my mouth shut!”

She said again so casually but this time with a smile on her face!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 34

Money is not the root of all evil it is the evil! Had she tried to blackmail me? Like I said at the beginning, my wife’s sister was like an open pit when it comes to money! This was a precedent I was not willing to allow because she would bleed me dry. I asked her if there was any other way and she retorted by saying so its true! I had just confirmed I was cheating by trying to negotiate. What was I doing? I told her that was this was the last time I gave her money and she said nope it was only the first. She said that she would tell her sister what she had witnessed. I was stuck. I gave her r200 and again she said I was not taking her seriously. She took her phone to dial and I upped to r500. She put down her phone and said with a big grin,

“Thank you!”

It was at this point that she heard Lindiwe’s door open! I don’t think she had actually noticed that there was a downstairs in the room. She came to see who it was. Lindiwe was fully dressed as though she was going to work. She walked into the room and was very formal in how she spoke.

She asked,

“Is this your wife Mxolisi because I heard you on the phone?”

I immediately said no it was my wife's little sister who was on her way out. Not to be outdone, Khayakazi asked her who she was and Lindiwe referred to herself as Adv. Mvuleni and that she was my colleague. Before she even finished she turned to me and said she was off to see a client. She said one of her labour unions had asked for a brief so she must cater to it since she had today. This woman was so efficient she actually had serial killer tendencies. The way she kept a straight face it was as though nothing happened last night at all. When did she even bath?

As soon as she left Khayakazi asked why she was in the same flat as me and I explained how we were seeing similar clients so it made sense. We did the research together and it was cheaper on company funds. She said she was not my type as “you like the dumb pretty ones!” That was a snide referral to her sister and I made it clear that I did not welcome that. The sisters did not get along to such an extent that they even fought constantly about everything. I told her I was taking her to breakfast because I had a two o'clock meeting. That was a lie but I needed to get rid of her. She turned me down and said why bother go for breakfast when she already had money. She said she was leaving and just as sudden as she appeared she left! I hope she gets hit by a bus!

Alone again I called my wife. This time she picked up the phone and she sounded jovial. She told me yet again how sorry she was because of her jealousy. She explained that now that she was working she was starting to see how there are reasons to be jealous. Before she did not care because she could not put faces to competition but working with so many people she was surrounded by it. She also said something I did not expect. She said Khanyi told her to be careful of her boss because he was getting too friendly. She said she was so happy and appreciated the friend that Khanyi was and she thanked me for allowing Khanyi to stay in her life. I asked her where Babalwa was and she said she did not know because they hardly ever spoke. She also mentioned Azile, and said she worked at reception. In her mind the girl did not like her and kept on giving her the look. Yeah women have a look they give each other when they either disapprove or do not like each other! Guess it was that look. I remember Azile. She was the receptionist who greeted me when I went. I reassured my wife that she will come around its just office politics. What else could I say in this situation? In a man's mind usually a women sees situations which are there! Women have too many squabbles and too many fights and it does not met which environment they are in. It can be church, workplace or even at her local society or stokvel! There will be someone she will say either does not like her or she does not like! How this comes about to be honest I do not know but if the lord made us the same where would the fun in that be. I warned not make enemies at work though being a new person they can make problems for you.

Eventually I got a chance to speak. I explained to her that we had requested to share one 3 bedroom apartment. I did not say two. She was a bit taken aback but I immediately explained that we were keeping late hours and because one was three floors down before with the elevator not working it did not make sense to us. I also invited her to come see for herself what the set up was. This was more as reassurance I was not really inviting her over. She would just be a distraction and follow me around. She told me that she was fine with it, surprise surprise as long as I knew that had a beautiful wife waiting at home for her. That's another thing, beautiful women normally don't feel threatened by women less pretty than them. Fact! They judge quickly and often dismiss their threat even quicker! This explains why growing up in most crews there was and is only one stunning girl and the rest are not! Gives her all the time in the world to be queen.. I did not however tell her that her little sister had come because I figured if I did it would appear the only reason I told her of Lindiwe and I was because of that. I was happy though. My wife was back!

When I got back to the room I decided that bathing was recommended. I could not find my watch though so I figured maybe in my drunken state it had fallen in bed. I went to the bed and flipped off the covers! Shock!

In hotels they give you these crisp white sheets! Why? Because they don't fade in colour after all the washes! Another think that they do very well is retain stains. I am a guy and as all men we know and I know what the stain of a wet dream looks like! At my age however we don't have wet dreams so the only thing that can cause a stain like that is if either you masturbate and cum or secondly, if you had sex and some of your sperm dripped onto the sheets!

Had we had sex last night? Without a condom? Heaven help me!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 35

I was racking my brain! I sat down and tried to think hard to last night. We had stayed up late, yes drunk and probably still hot and bothered from all that kissing. We had gone to share my bed but I don't even remember how we ended up in my room. Most scary thought was the fact that this morning when I woke her up she was stark naked. I had not been naked myself but I know why. Even at home with my wife I cannot sleep naked. I have this silly fear that I can't leave my dick lying around unguarded otherwise it would choke me in my sleep. Waking up with a morning glory and trying to go pee is every mans nightmare! That thing is ratchet and will piss all over the place. Stupid I know but this mean that even at home if I have sex, after cuddling I get up and wear my pjs because I would never sleep. Its instinct. With this said there is no way I would have been naked so

that was not a vindication. I remember distinctly she had said no to sex because of her sexual orientation. What did this therefore mean? Did I take advantage of her and convince her in her drunken state that sex was the best way forward or did I force myself on her? I am a lawyer and we are designed to think worst case scenario and think back from that! What's worse she was a lawyer too and much as I love my job, we are self righteous, ready to sue pricks who look for every opportunity that presents itself to throw the law at people. How many times have you heard a lawyer say, "Be careful who you talking to, I am a lawyer!" Its a badge we carry to scare people and we might not wear a uniform but most people know not to mess with us! Lindiwe there could say whatever she wants and would win hands down!

I went into the shower to bath. I called room service to clean the room, take out the sheets and bring fresh towels. I had to call them because they were still four rooms away from mine. I explained I had clients coming through so it had to be now. When I said clients they must have thought I was a male prostitute or something because one of the women laughed. Say what you want but as a black person myself I know that we are not the best at holding our emotions in customer service. In some fields her laughing like that would have been grounds for being fired but that was not the point. They came, they cleaned the room thoroughly and it was done! In all that time I was still trying to play the events of last night but nothing. If anything it was giving me a headache.

I placed a few calls mostly back to Cape Town. I spoke to Dalu and he asked me how things were going considering I had gone to Pretoria with the dragon lady of the office. Wow, I had even forgotten how much I had feared Lindiwe before we came. It was so ironic in fact that Dalu had called her that because truth be told, once you a person naked they are no longer that scary. It does not matter how beautiful, rich, poor or ugly you are, nudity makes you look small and ordinary. Clothes are what give you the power and dignity befitting. I told him what he wanted to hear, how she was so rigid and stiff and how she had not smiled once the whole trip. He laughed at me saying all the guys were laughing at me. He said that she was lesbian that's why she was rigid! Its funny how when it comes to lesbians, most men think they are these anomalies of nature who don't laugh, smile or even talk to men and clearly they or rather we are dead wrong. Lindiwe yes had a tough exterior but from the little that I could remember yesterday we had laughed our heads off and I guess our clothes too! The thought was haunting me! Dalu said that my wife had been at the office the previous day to speak to him. He said she had been concerned about this trip so he told her what he could. He said he had told her Lindiwe was a lesbian and it was only then that she had smiled. Very sneaky indeed. When I spoke to her, I was forgiven because of what she had been told. It was not because she trusted me, yah neh, and they say you must trust your spouse!

As soon as I put down the phone Lindiwe walked in. She had good and bad news. I don't know why people like saying that annoying statement. She said the bad news was that in the meeting we had done already we had done so well the rest of the meetings we had done had been cancelled but the model we had arrived to in the first had been implemented in all the others! The good news was we were going home! I have never been so relieved in my life! It meant I did not have to stay in our awkward situation longer than was necessary but better still, my wife's little sister will surprise herself if she came through again to try extort money from me! I was not going to tell her I had left!

Now was the moment! I had to ask her. I asked her what happened last night. She looked at me a bit strange as though she was confused by the question. This was a good sign. It meant that nothing had happened. I let out a breath of relief wow I had dodged a bullet. The problem with us men is that we cannot seem to control our lust. We want everything even the forbidden fruit. Its therefore a good thing and a personal achievement for me every time I reject free honey. I would rather regret it in future not getting some than live with the guilt of my transgressions. I told her to never mind the question until she cut me short and said,

"Dude don't get weird on me now. It was just sex. Man up!"

What? Immediately I replied,

"How can we have sex you are lesbian remember!"

She was actually genuinely surprised I was reacting like this!

"I said I am Bi Sexual not lesbian! I have a child remember!"

I was so screwed!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 36

I asked her if we had used a condom and she asked me if had any. I said no. She then asked how then I could conclude we had used a condom if I was not even carrying any? OK I felt a bit stupid on two fronts, one for asking knowing I did not have ant and secondly for not traveling with any. Condoms are like getting called in for questioning by the police and you bring a lawyer. You look guilty immediately but guilty or not you are safer this way. If I had brought condoms on a business trip both my wife and Lindiwe had they seen them would have asked why I needed then and I would look suspicious. As a man however, no matter how much your wife or girlfriend does not want to hear this, you must always carry condoms on a trip because should you do the 'unthinkable'

you at least do not bring it home to your unsuspecting partner. Yes you have cheated you moron but don't punish your partner back home by bring home disease! She said that she did not like sex with a condom in any case which I think was meant to be comforting but it was not. In fact it made her more scary than before! How many people had she slept with without using one and given that excuse? I am sure she could see this on my face. She laughed and said not to worry she had no disease of any kind. She send being bi and more girl friendly meant that she didn't get to experience a lot of dick. She was so casual and candid about it. I was not. I was not donating my sperm to someone trying to have a baby. She said she was on the pill and has been for a while now so that means I would be safe. She was not about to have a baby any time soon! At least that was reassuring! Most career women think babies are an inconvenience and tell themselves they can have them at a latter stage.

She said she had to pack and she left me to my thoughts. I also had to do the same so fortunately time flew by. It was time to go home. I just wanted to get out of here. I don't know when she had gotten the time to call the office but our flights were already booked. If you are flying business class its rare for the flight to ever be sold out for you. Waiting lists in a flight are usually for those wanting cheap seats and to be fair Cape Town has so many flights. Why? Its usually the furthest distance from most points in South Africa that even have airports. When we got to the airport she was making small talk like she had no worry in the world. I had so many things to worry about. On the flight she slept like a baby even whilst I was so worried. At Cape Town International she put on her professional face and we shook hands as goodbye and that was it. Stunned!

The guy who drove me in the cab was quite a friendly chap so I decided that the best thing to do was pass by my GP. I told the driver I would give him a little extra for that. The good thing about staying in a student area is the fact that there doctors and dentists everywhere. Rondebosch is filled with them meaning that I could stop by before I got home. My wife would never know I am certain of it. Lindiwe can get to her own vices I did not care much but I was not exposing Asthandile any more than was necessary. There was something seriously wrong with her. She had told me to 'man up' but man-ing up to me is the reason why most men who are abusive are like that because they are led to believe that being a man must be shown by physical strength and an I don't give a fuck attitude. Instead of us discussing what had happened last night she had chosen to ignore. I know am sounding emotional but life has consequences. Nothing is for free out there.

I went to the doctor. In one of the cases I did I had heard of a pill or pills that can minimize your risk of getting HIV by over 90% if you have unprotected sex. I used to think that they only give it to women who have been raped but fortunately that was not true. The doctor on duty was a white woman. I hate this part. Is it just me or do white doctors especially talk to you like you are a child and don't know what you are doing. Maybe I have issues. I told her my problem and she gave me a long



lecture first before she gave me the prescription. The drugs name, Combivir! She emphasized that it was not a cure but minimized the risk. At least I had taken precautions. I also could not have sex for a couple of days which was not a problem because my wife was a fridge in the bed!

When I got home I found my wife's car in the driveway. She was home I thought. However after I let myself in I discovered she was not there. She was probably still at work. It was already after 8pm. I decided it would be nice if I made her supper and she arrive home to a cooked meal. Nothing fancy because it would take too long. Grill some fish maybe, make fries, a salad.

45 minutes into me cooking the electricity went. Eskom eskom eskom! We keep paying and they keep telling us they need more money to build more things we don't even know about. I was so irritated by them. I knew where we kept candles but on my way there I heard a car at the gate. The lights of the car went off and the people inside switched on the car lights. It was now dark so I could not tell the colour of the car but am certain it was a Range Rover! With it dark outside and the lights on in the car I had a perfect view. It was my wife and a man I assumed was her boss I am not quite sure though.

They came out together and he took her things out of the back seat. At the gate they hugged. They did not kiss I am certain of that. What the hell was he hugging her for? As she was walking down the driveway she shouted to him,

"See you tomorrow!"

Of which I whispered harshly to myself,

"Like hell you will!"

And the electricity came back!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 37

Let's talk about hugging. I have always felt that hugs tend to be so freely given between the sexes but are they necessary? As a guy I love hugging a woman that's not mine. Why? Being in the arms of another is just so beautiful especially if you hug those girls that squeeze and there are quite a few.. It's one thing to hug a colleague, its short and brief but there are times when you hug someone and it's a little bit extra long. A lot of women have experienced this I am certain where in giving a hug the guys squeezes a bit too tight just so he can feel her breasts squish on him. It's uncomfortable I am told, the BK hug my friends now call it and quite unnecessary! Most hugs to me wreak of being

BKs so when another man hugs my wife I am not comfortable. We need to learn boundaries! A married woman should not go around hugging men and vice versa. It does not sit well with me. Its awkward and feels like sharing and well I don't share too well. I know most small companies especially in the entertainment sector are run by young people but to hug your boss is seriously out of order! I was not going to stand for this. With the power now back on I could hear her talking to herself asking if she left the lights on again!

When she walked in I was not sure what to do. Firstly I startled her and she screamed and jumped where she stood. I had scared her because she had not expected to find someone in the house. Now here I was standing in front of her. She even dropped what she was doing. She asked me what I was doing here and I almost said I live here but I understood what she meant. She came over to hug me but I was a bit cold and she noticed it. She asked what was wrong and I pulled back and went to sit down. I did not want to startle her or shout at her either. At times I feel that lowering your voice and explain breaking down something to someone goes a long way than raising your voice. Much as I wanted to smile and be warm and fuzzy because I won't lie those days away from her I had really missed her. It was so tense. I could feel my muscles tense up even just by looking at her. Its odd because considering my own indiscretions this made no sense. I should be more rational than this.

I asked her to sit down. She did so nervously because I never behave like this. I am a very hyper person always quick to crack a joke or at least I think so. I told her that I had seen her hugging her boss and is this what she was working for I asked? At first she was confused because I don't think she felt that she had done anything wrong. She told me that everyone in the office hugs and that was normal. I put that on hold because if this were true then it was hard to argue it from this angle. I then asked how is it appropriate, even to the neighbours, that she a married woman get dropped off my another man in her driveway and hugs him like they were teenagers? This time I stumped her. She tried to think of a response but that failed dismissal. I had her where I wanted. She looked down and started crying! My wife had a tendency of bringing out the waterworks if I cornered her on something. I had a soft spot for her tears because no man should ever want to see his wife shed a tear. Its wrong and really kills my spirit but not this time. Her job was bring tension home. I told her also that tears in such a case were blackmail because crying does not solve anything at all.

I told her that this was the last time he brought her home no matter what the occasion was! I will drive at midnight if I had to just to pick her up. She had a car so why was it necessary to be dropped off? We lived five minutes away from Rosebank train station for crying out loud so there was no reason whatsoever she needed to be dropped off. I made this very clear to her that she was making me uncomfortable and this would soon be affecting us! She asked if she could go to the bathroom as

she was pressed and I said she could go. I went to the kitchen to finish cooking now that power was back. When I got back I had been charging my phone. I had two smses. One was from Lindiwe and the other was from Khanyi. The one from Khanyi read,

“Hey hey, guess what? I just landed in Jhb when can I come see you! I brought you a whole cookie jar and more!”

That was not very subtle was it! The joke was on her though because I was back in Cape Town.

Lindiwe’s read,

“Whatever happened in Pta stays there. At work we go back to normal where we don’t talk or share jokes! Bye”

I did say she was not normal. I could not help but laugh and shake my head!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 38

Shock is not a word I like associating with myself but Lindiwe had just managed to achieve that in me. She was making this awkward for the both of us. Obviously I knew that what we had shared was a onetime thing and at this stage I still was not even sure I had shared something with her. Her bringing this up like this was not only childish but also bound to raise eyebrows at the office. We still had to make our formal report and this could only work if we spoke as a team. Now she was practically saying I must ignore her completely. Was she mad? My instinct was to reply her and tell her to “fuck off” in those words but I read the sms three more times to see if she had really meant it! Wow! There is this misconception that men are the ones that act like dicks but Lindiwe had just taught me a lesson than the age of the lady was a thing of the past. Much as girls complain that men don’t open doors for them anymore, pull back the chair or allow them to walk into a room first, how many things do women not do anymore that men don’t complain about. Truth be told we are now all the same! What men can do women can do better and that’s not necessarily a good thing! I was going to talk to her whether she wanted to or not! I was not going to mess up my career because she could not handle something she had very much been part of!

Khanyi sent me yet another message asking me where I was. I had almost forgotten about her with that message from Lindiwe. Well this was going to be a problem. I smsed her back and said that I was not there anymore was back in Cape Town. It did not even take 30 seconds before my phone started ringing. For someone to come so far to try and surprise her I owed her that much. I picked up the phone and the first thing she said was, “tell me you are joking!” When I told her I was not she

was so pissed off she started cursing me off. I had made a mistake according to her and this mistake was that I had not told her I was leaving. Now she had made this grand gesture for me and I was not even there. I found myself apologizing as though it was my fault which truly it was not! That's what happens when you let a side dish get under her skin! If she found out about Lindiwe and I, I am certain that she would react as though I cheated on her even though she was not even my girlfriend. That's the problem even when you are married, the side dish always wants to be treated as though she is the wife. I was tired though. I told her it was not my fault that she had left without telling me either. That was the wrong thing to say because it seemed to only get her angrier. She said she heard I bought lingerie even and I had the nerve to tell her that! What was wrong with this woman though? I had had a long day so as I tried to calm her down I heard,  
"Ahem ahem"

Behind me! O crap! I had lost myself in my train of thought in this whole argument. I had forgotten that my wife had gone to the bathroom and now she was standing behind me!

It happens to the best of us though truth be told. You go to a place and you get so attached to that place and in some instances you find yourself behaving as though you are still there. That's why I had not been extra careful. Normally I would never have picked up the phone knowing that my wife was there. She asked me who was on the phone so late. I chose not to lie and I did not hang up the phone because if I did I would not get time to tip of Khanyi. I told my wife I was talking to Khanyi and she was not happy with me because I had promised her that I would find out some legal stuff for her in Pretoria. She immediately asked what stuff of which I lied and said Khanyi wanted to open her own company and she needed to know what laws applied there. I had promised her I would go on Monday but since I was back now it means I could not. My wife looked at me for a moment and thoughtfully said she never thought Khanyi would leave Cape Town but if she left then she wanted to go with her! I hung up the phone without Asthandile seeing it! That was close! I am sure Khanyi had heard everything. I begged my wife not to tell her I told her because this was lawyer client stuff so I would get into trouble. Because I said that it meant she took me seriously. If you are in the right profession your excuses are simpler and nothing beats being a lawyer or doctor in that right!

My wife said that her cousin was coming to live with us as from Sunday. We had discussed it and I had been a bit against it but family comes first. I am certain a lot of people have lived with a relative at some point. My wife argued since she was now working or rather we were both working it meant that we would have a warm cooked meal on the stove everyday. She also told me that back home had become a bad situation for her as now the doctor's wife, the one who made her pregnant had beaten her up and threatened to kill her. Xhosa women don't normally make idle threats especially if you sleep with their husbands! Be warned!

My wife and I ate the food I had made and our mood had warmed up. I had driven my point across I think. There was no more this my boss business. I did not want her to lose her first job but I also did not want her to be the latest office scandal. If you work you know what a scandal can do to you. The stench of it never goes away.

It was at this moment that Dalu decided to call me. He said he had gone out with one one of the seniors at work and Lindiwe had come up. He was even laughing saying it. He said that he hoped I had not as much as looked at her inappropriately because she was a troublemaker. I obviously lied and said not in my wildest dreams.

He said good. He said the reason why she was so young and second in her own division was because once on such a trip she had accused the other partner she had gone with of trying to sleep with her. She had not only sued the firm but also demanded that man's job which was now hers. I had never heard about this before and he said it all been kept hush hush. I asked him what if it was true and he said that for a long time he thought that it was true as well according to his source.

It could just be a true story and the guy had tried his luck on her and failed. Dalu should know better I told him. He said he did but this week the wife of the man accused had filed for divorce. One the reason she had sited was that he could not perform his conjugal rights making the marriage not work.

He had been impotent for three years after a boating accident!

I swallowed the spit!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 39

Every office, especially government ones have cases of sexual harassment. It is what us lawyers live off, that and divorce. Every office also has that one female who refuses to follow proper dress protocol as mandated by company rules. It's easy to say that "I can wear a short dress or a skirt so tight it's about to burst in the seams because I am a woman and I have my rights!" But in an office environment, doesn't matter whether you are in America or in Umtata, that causes a lot of tension and at some point some stupid male will make a comment that could get him into trouble. That's just how it is and this is in no way a justification but the new society is teaching women especially not to accept the role they play especially when they break the rules of dress protocol. I once read a case, an actual true case, of a woman who made a living off suing her male bosses as well as government for harassment. She had four cases before she was 30 and in legal terms that's a lot. Most

eventually get settled out of court. All men sighted provocative dress code and their problem was that they had reprimanded her on several occasions for it. It was only when other women stood up for the men and testified that the woman was more of an exhibitionist at work that the court be it reluctantly so threw out the case with costs. The point is, as a man it so hard to prove your innocence once a woman accuses you of sexual harassment. In some instances in cases I have read a mere disagreement between colleagues of the opposite can lead to the male being fired or worse on trumped up charges of that. Lindiwe therefore was such a threat to me I was deeply worried!

My wife asked me what was wrong and I could not exactly tell her that I feared my colleague would bring a case of sexual harassment against me! She would ask why and how it got to this? I told her that it seemed we had missed a crucial report but I will see to it on Monday. For now I told her that it was all about us and we had to make up for days I was gone. She immediately said she was on her periods. I looked at her again not sure whether to be angry or laugh in her face because there was no way she could be on her periods. Come on! She had been on them about two weeks ago. I remember distinctly because she had sent me to get her ponstel at the pharmacy. I think women genuinely think we don't check such things and truth be told some men do! I don't but I remember the pharmacy. I asked why she was lying to me and reminded her of the day. She blushed and apologized before saying she was just tired. It had been a long day she said. My wife has always been anti sex! It does not excite her that much for some reason! This meant I was not getting any tonight. That was not new. She asked me if I could rub her feet because she had been on them the whole day. I wanted to say no but some fights are not necessary.

At some point we slept. In the morning I woke up early to make her breakfast in bed. My wife had left her phone downstairs for some reason and I could not help it but go through it. There was nothing incriminating at all. Maybe I was freaking out for nothing and she was not doing anything bad. When I was done cooking there was cricket on TV. South Africa was playing in New Zealand so it had started really early around 3am. I am a big sports fan maybe because I never got to play any. I took the breakfast upstairs and as I entered I noted that my wife was on the phone! Hold up? Did I not just use her phone downstairs? Since when did she have two phones? I understand at work they give you work phones but why I did I not have this number? I pushed my way in and she continued talking. Her speaker was loud enough for me to hear. It was a woman on the line and they were discussing some project they had to do today. My wife told the woman that no she could not because her husband was home so she will not be in the weekend. I was not sure whether that was meant for my benefit as already I was suspicious about her having two numbers.

I asked her why I did not know about her new number and she said it was because she wanted to surprise me with her new phone. Surprise me with a phone? What are we? Teenagers? She said she got it the day we had fought and she had wanted to tell me but the fighting got in the way. That's one of the most common excuses to anything. If you fight with your partner something always happens that they then say because of the fight the word never got back to you or worse, I cheated because we were fighting! Women absolutely love that line! It aint even about being lonely or sad about the fight when that happened and truth be told, its plain and simple revenge!

I asked her how she thought I was supposed to feel about this because we are a married couple and such small things build up to us fighting and eventually divorce! The way she changed colour! The word divorce is like a white elephant in any marriage especially if you are having an argument. You never bring it up if you know what's good for you. Divorce you only mention if someone else you know is going through it otherwise that's a taboo topic. She asked me if was threatening her of which I obviously told her of course not! Why would I?

Either she did not believe me or I had played into her hands but she stood up went to the bathroom, opened the shower to bath and closed the bathroom door! She never closes the door when she showers! What the hell was going on!

She left the phone on the bed and it was flashing. So the phone was on silent. The caller I.D. said ...Boss!

The temptation was too great to resist!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

I do not think I am out of my depth when I say that when you are married then you have every right to pick up your wife's phone and vice versa. You share everything from a bed to a home and more. Some people say that you should have such boundaries in marriage and not go through each other's messages and so on. I do not believe so because its when you do such things that you start keeping and creating secrets. Your phone in marriage is his or her phone too as simple as that. Even the pastor tells you when you say your vows that secrets are the fastest way to destroy a marriage. My wife and I were already starting to have problems and all this had started because she had started working. I did not want to spoil it for her but she was cornering me into looking like an unreasonable husband. The phone rang through the first time. I left it there and did not pick up. I was not scared rather that I was undecided. However it rang a second time. He really wanted her to pick up clearly.

I picked up the phone and before I could say anything the person on the other side immediately started talking. He sounded annoyed. He said that she could not cancel their lunch last minute

because the clients were expecting two people for this proposal and now he had to go alone. He also said what could she possibly mean by unforeseen circumstances had made her cancel. The first thing that came to mind was that was I the 'unforeseen circumstance'? He said it was very unprofessional and would make him look bad. It was only then that I said hello in the deepest voice I could muster. At first the person on the other side got confused and then said, "O sorry who is this? Did I call the wrong number?"

I told him that he had not called the wrong number I was Asthandiles husband of which I think it was reflex action he responded, "I thought you were out of town?" I told him nope I was right here but my wife was taking a bath right now and she would call him back when she was done. I hung up. Let him ponder that! I don't know how some men do it. You know when you have a wife who is a personal assistant to another man who demands all of her time even on weekends its bound to create jealousy and suspicion. It's only natural. He is like a work husband and you are a home husband. In fact the work husband gets to boss your wife around and send her to do things whilst if you even dare tell her what to do she would snap at you and remind you she is not your slave but your wife! I was not a happy camper!

When my wife walked out of the bathroom I told her that her boss called and I picked up! Her face just turned pale as though all the blood had been drained out of her face! She was froze and then tentatively asked what he had wanted. I asked her if something was going on that I should know off? She again hesitated and asked me what I mean? I told her I meant exactly that and I wanted an answer now. She said nothing was going on it was just work. She asked me again what it is he had said and I told her that she must call him back and ask. She looked at her phone and said she would do it later but I told her I wanted her to do it now in front of me and put the phone on speaker! I was trying very hard to stay composed but when you are feeling betrayed its harder said than done. She said that was not necessary but the look I gave her showed her that I was out for blood and I would be very angry if she did not. She asked me if that was necessary and I responded by folding my arms across my chest! I told her if she did not I would call him myself.

She picked up her phone and dialled. I immediately told her not to forget to press the speaker button. He must have been waiting for her to call back because he picked up immediately but this time he did not just talking. He said 'hello' the normal way and waited for her to speak. My wife started off by apologizing for missing the call. He then asked her why she was cancelling on a client meeting. He told her that first she had cancelled going to the concert they were having in Saldana because her husband was not comfortable and now she was cancelling on a lunch meeting right here in Cape Town. Concert in Saldana? Which one was this I tried to rack to my brain on it! Then I remembered, Khanyi had indeed told me that my wife would be going away over the weekend. She actually said it but the thing is, I don't remember saying no, or had I? I am fairly certain that I had not!



He continued on to say that where it someone else they would be getting a warning and also that they should stop driving home together because it was now creating a conflict of interest in their work. He sounded genuinely pissed off! He hung up!

Trust is one of the things that is so fragile and volatile in any marriage or relationship. No matter how much you think you have forged it with someone small things can cause you to doubt where you stand and that is what destroys what you have built! My wife just looked me and I knew she was dying to ask me “are you happy now?” But she did not have to. She had won the moral victory! I was the idiot.

I started to apologize but the lump in my throat kept preventing the words to come out! I asked her when I had prevented her from going to Saldana and she said that this whole past week I have been insinuating that she was up to something so she did not want to upset me. Its true, I had on so many times!

My phone rang. It too was on silent but it vibrated. It was on the side of bed my wife was standing as I was standing by the door. She handed it over to me but as she did so she asked calmly, “are you also going to put it on speaker?”

Ordinarily I would for it was a work phone but the problem was the caller I.D. read,

“Lindiwe”

This couldn't be good!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 40

What goes around comes around indeed but this was a bit too fast. What could I do now? I had made her pick her phone up on loud speaker. What if Lindiwe said something stupid which I was certain she would. Liking things is a bad thing indeed and it has no age. So grownups like young people get in trouble because they too don't know how and when to say no. My wife folded her arms across her chest as though to be intimidating and it was working. I picked up the phone. Lindiwe like my wife's boss moments before immediately spoke up. She asked me what had taken so long to pick up the call. I told her I was talking to my wife and as she casually said, “oh, do say hello for me!” I did not expect that. She went on to speak about some files we could have left in Pretoria. When she hung up I was so relieved but I realized that we could not go on like this. Every fight you have with your partner chips away at your relationship and fighting has a way of not stopping. It becomes

your outlet for venting out and you forget what sitting down and communicating softly can achieve much better results. My wife went downstairs and I followed her.

I told her that we should not be fighting like this because we were such a beautiful couple and that we were spoiling it by all these unnecessary things. I told her that we should go have ice cream at Camps Bay. She loved the beach and ice cream so I knew I was melting into her. She said that I had started acting funny when she started working instead of supporting her. I don't know if she was she being deliberately thick and blind to the fact that her boss was hitting on her? Even when you are married to a person you can never truly say you know her because I could see right through it. This however was not the time for it. I needed to rekindle our relationship properly before my wife drifted away from it. I asked her this time if it was ok if we went to Camps Bay because the last time I had told her. I do not think she noticed the difference and again that's my fault as I have always been the one who tells her what to do. I know it seems controlling but to be honest my wife will never come up with something unless you tell her what to do. Women are quick to say a guy like me is controlling or bossy but if your partner insists on being given instructions what else can one do.

It was a beautiful day so I personally packed us the picnic basket. I wanted us to have a nice relaxed day by the beach. I packed my wife and I into the car and we drove. She reminded me of how when we were in high school we all used to dream of ending up in Cape Town or Johannesburg. The dreams were always the same, big house by the beach, two kids, you know like white people do it on TV she said laughing. Reality and age changes these dreams though because even if you get a big pay cheque, SARS deals with you hard. I reminded her of how I used to follow her home from school at a distance on those few occasions she walked and her father did not pick her up. It's very odd to remind your now wife of all the different men that used to pick her up at school. That's the problem with marrying someone you grew up in the same area with. You tend to know some of the people she has slept with and that's never a proud thing. It's disgusting. This is like RayJ always reminding Kanye that I hit that first! One of her exes I know for a fact is still in jail now for rape or something nasty like that. Not a proud track record. She was all lovey dovey. She reminded of how I was the coward it's not like I ever offered to walk her home which was true. Our thoughts turned to our wedding day. She reminded me of how everyone had turned up and gotten drunk out of their skulls. Truth be told a wedding is only judged on its success by how many people got wasted back home. People tend to remember the food and drink more than the event so we made sure that food and drink was a lot. I am not the greatest dancer and I am ashamed to say I fell during one of the get downs at the wedding something which people always talk about. She laughed at that recollection and all I heard was music. This was the wife I had married. So full of laughter. To me when she laughed she glowed and I knew I was doing the right thing. This was my job in life, to never ever make this woman cry and always make her laugh. This is why I had married her because my main

commitment was to make sure that ours was a joyous couple and not this suspicious fighting mess we had become.

At Camps Bay it was surprisingly not full. We even managed to hire those big beach umbrellas and anyone from Cape Town can attest to how difficult it is to get those because they are almost always all out. I decided not to drink because Cape Town police tend to sniff that out but my wife was having wine. She asked for some ice cream and I went to Sinful Palace just behind the main road. Got a flavour called heavenly hash and she loved it. The more she relaxed the more she became touchy. She asked me to massage her and I teased her on how all the white women on the beach were topless except her. I have to pause because what is wrong with these people. On tv when they show their breasts its considered pornography and has censorship even but at the beach in front of kids even, they simply don't give a fuck for lack of a better word! Anyway, my wife must have been happy today, she took off her bikini top and tossed at me. She had never ever once done something so daring. To go bare chested Zulu style was definitely not her. I ran with it though and reminded myself that it must be the wine even though I could see clearly she had only drank half a glass.

Trust us not to have massage oil! It was fine though I improvised and used the lotion we had come with it. Truth be told in Cape Town no one ever goes into the water because it is way too cold. Its freezing in fact. I rubbed her shoulders and back as best I could and I know it was working because at some point I think she started getting turned on. I rubbed her ass more than any other part not that it needed massaging as she was still in her beach shorts. She refused to be in just her bikini bottom but I aint complaining.

She insisted that she should massage me too and I graciously accepted. I won't lie I already had a hard on but it is ok because it is for my wife. We were in a happy place. I lay down and she straddled me on my back. I could feel her warmth even in this heat. She applied the lotion on my back and it was cold against my skin.

Then she stopped and asked,

“Mxolisi, is this a love bite on the back of your neck?”

A what?

Lindiwe!

\*\*\*\*the End\*\*\*\*

The best advice I ever read was that make sure your love can survive outside the bubble! The bubble being after the honeymoon stage you have to realize that the adrenalin of first falling in love, the big occasion of the wedding and all well wishers goes away and a relationship becomes an

everyday job. Temptation will always fall in and when and if it does you both have to be ready to deal with its consequences because often they come thick and fast. Its like with everyone, when you have a problem the quickly accumulate to more than one in moments. This was me. Being caught with a love-bite is like having lipstick on your collar. Make up is different in that you can say a person hugged you smudging the collar but a love-bite is intimate! At the back of my neck at that? Really! I hated Lindiwe now because clearly she had set me up. How was I supposed to have seen it? Its not like I have easy access to the back of my neck nor eyes at the back of my head to see it.

I tried to remain as calm as I possibly could and asked her what she meant because I am as certain as day that I did not have a love bite. My body though had tensed up and now I really needed that massage! She took her phone and took a picture of the back of my neck to show me. I know a love bit when I see one and there it was. It really was. Had my drink been drugged or something because not only did I not remember the sex but I also did not remember the hickey! She told me that I had this one chance to be honest with her and if I was not she would leave me right here right now. Women often encourage you into confessing something with the promise of leniency but if there is one thing I had learned its that its just a reuse! You most likely will just be in as much trouble if not more on the virtue that if you can confess to it so candidly then clearly to her you are not repentant enough! Its therefore always a trick question.

After looking at the picture she had just taken I remained calm and said must be some kind of allergic reaction or something because I hate love bites and would never be stupid enough to leave one on my body. I also calmly asked her to look for more such just in case the infection was spreading! The trick is not to panic because that is what makes you look guilty. Lawyers prep their guilty clients all the time on how to carry themselves. She said she was not a child she knew what a love-bite look like and I put on a serious tone and I said to her,

“You really are serious right now? You honestly think I would be so stupid to cheat on my wife and bring evidence home? Let me turn around...”

I said to her as she was still sitting on my back. She got off slowly and I could see she was about to cry.

“Love come on. Its not a love-bite. Why else would I encourage you to search for more on my body if it was?”

She did not answer because I could see now she was thinking. The trick about getting out of a situation is daring her to get you into an even bigger one. It makes the person look stupid and that's exactly what I was doing.

“You know I love you and I will never bring harm to our family. You know I love you right?”

I asked her. She nodded her head in agreement. The one lesson I had learned in life about dating someones child was this, always and I mean always treat as though the sun rises and sets on her

ass. Treat like a princess, go above and beyond even because on the day you do cheat she will not believe even if its right in front of her. Make sure that if she cheats on you after all this, no man will ever reach your standards and she will always compare you to whoever she ends up with even marrying. Its both cruel and sweet at the same time but that was me. My wife knew I would go buy her ice cream in Egypt if she asked me and walk back if I had to. Cheat? Me? Come on now. I asked f I have ever given her a reason to suspect that I was cheating and she said no which was true. I always call home to tell her where I am. If anything lately she was the one that was acting as though she was up to something and not me. I even brought it up and she said that it was because she was the new girl at work and she did not want t be seen as the new girl at work who is always on her phone. She told me that her boss had told her that for people to respect you in the workplace they must see your work ethic. This is how colleagues see you as your equal. She again mentioned how Khanyi had really been so helpful with all this because she made sure she always did her job well on time. I wanted to say to her that Khanyi was not her friend but how would I explain that to her and make her understand without implicating myself.

One of her biggest fears she said was not being able to make it in the work place considering how long she had not worked. She said she often used to wonder what would happen to her if something God forbid ever happened to me. I had never thought of this that way. When you are young you always assume you will never go anywhere let alone die. As a housewife having to recompose yourself after losing a husband and going to look for a job must be one of the toughest thing to do. Naturally I had assumed she was content with me taking care of her by her lack of interest but now that she was saying this I was dumbfounded. I felt like apologizing but am not sure what for exactly and besides I still had more questions to ask her before I turned back to being the lover I was. This was the first time we have really spoken in a while and this time she could not run away upstairs to hide. My wife never did the whole deep talk thing. She often avoided confrontation and would rather say sorry than stand and argue her point.

She asked me to get back on my back but I was not going to be that stupid. What if she indeed found more bites? Hell no! I had dodged one bullet and I had zero intention of finding more reason why for her to question me. I pretended to be disappointed in her mistrust of me and kept on saying how I cannot believe she would think so little of me. Again she had given me an opening so I asked, "Baby why did you refuse to have sex with me last night and on all those other nights?"

She looked down to the ground like the sand on the beach was going to answer for her.

"I am listening because you are killing me. I am no longer happy with just keeping quiet and I don't want to sleep with anyone else other than you so please make me understand?"

She kept looking down and she whispered something barely audible of which I asked her to repeat that?

“Its because you have this bad odor during sex, your armpits especially. I love you with all my heart and it is not any easy thing to say...”

Did she just say I smelled? We had been married for years and today she had decided to say that?

I wanted to die!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 41

My marriage was going through a lot of things I know but this one I did not expect. You marry someone and are together for so long and after so many years she tells you that it is your personal hygiene that is stopping her from being intimate. I wanted to laugh because that is how incredulous what she had said sounded but I know the tone in my wife’s voice when she is serious and this time she was. Immediately I felt self conscious. I pushed her off me and I think it caught her by surprise because she fell over. I was very annoyed whether it was true or not! Why had she not told me this all along? Was she making excuses. She went on to the offensive,

“See what I meant! I knew if I told you this is how you would reacts,!”

She said in protest,

“This is why I keep my mouth shut on a lot of things because you do not want to be told when you are in the wrong Mxolisi!”

I was not sure she could hear herself! I asked her how long she had felt like this. She blinked blankly and said a couple of weeks. I told her that our sex problems had not been happening for a couple of weeks. Its been like this for so long. She said she had never noticed and in fact thought our sex life was good. That’s the thing with sex. Couples almost always have a different perspective of how it is going. One party often says they are enjoying it when truth be told usually for the other partner its not fun. That’s how it goes and that’s life. I told her that we barely have sex once a month yet we live together and share a bad and are married! How deep is that I asked her? I did not want to argue with her, let alone in public but things were heating up quickly. How could she tell me that I smelled?

It was never her intention for it to come out like this she said. She was said that’s why she always bought me all those bath soaps and shampoos. Its true, I always thought my wife was fascinated by bathing because we had every shampoo and shower gel imaginable but I always thought it was all for her. Yes I used it, everyday infact but it actually never hit me that it was for me and her way of telling me. I was annoyed. Very annoyed. My wife was one of those women who take an hour in the bath. She was not the biggest woman which made me wonder what it is she was washing for so

long. Again it was fact that I did not take that long so did this then mean I should start taking long baths. Another thing that did not make sense was that everyday when I got back from work the only way I could refresh was taking a shower meaning I never went to bed without bathing. If I smelled then after bathing, using her bath products then clearly there was no hope for us. She said that was not what she meant and I pressed her on what she was on about. She was panicking now!

She said that she needed to take a stroll down the beach alone to think and also to avoid the fight. I obviously said no because we had to finish what we started and no leave the conversation for another day. I hate it when people start a conversation and leave it half way. She snapped and said no we will talk when she came back, stood up and walked away. Things had gotten bad really quick. My wife has this thing of always avoiding arguments. The problem is because we do not argue or talk things out a lot is left unsaid and as a result the miscommunication builds up. I thought about therapy as a solution and figured that I should bring that up when she got back. I doubt she would agree though. Beautiful women usually have a lot of pride and that's because they know they are beautiful hence they believe the shit chocolate. Did I just say that? Yes I did! Pride and vanity are a big thing with beautiful people. My wife would never agree to speaking to someone else about our problems because her pride would never allow it. She was a peacock amongst other people she knew that they all stared at her beauty. Maybe I am a little biased because it was in my eyes that she was stunning but even in high school she never let anyone see her in pain etc. In fact it took me a few years to see her cry over something emotional (not death). It was when I proposed and she said yes. That's how I know she loved me because her crying would have come straight from the heart.

When she was a distance her phone rang. In her rush to stand up and leave she had forgotten her phone. I could see her as I had a clear line of sight. What do you do when your partner leaves their phone with you? You go through it. A lot of people often debate the merits of this and whether its a violation of privacy but for most people who do it I do not believe it came out of a bad place. No. That would be quite unfair. Going through your partners phone is more about self preservation than an intention to harm your partner. People have a tendency of deleting smses and bbm text but for some reason they do not delete whatsapp message. I immediately went there. Did I feel bad? No. Smelly people tend not to care!

She chatted to everyone even her mother.

"I can't believe he came back! 'Yazi I had plans with you know who..."

Obviously that caught my attention. The number she was chatting to was just a number and I did not immediately recognize it. I went through the conversation before this line. They spoke a lot of things

but mostly about me. My wife was telling her mystery friend how unhappy she was because of the monotony of my life. She even listed all the things I had stopped doing, she would like to do as well as how she had a crush on her “gay boss”. She said that she had kissed him of which her friend had said, “wow you such a bad girl” but my wife had gone on to say that’s where it stopped she had felt so bad afterwards for doing it because for some reason she had cried herself to sleep because of guilt. She also said that the following day he had told her that was the last time she should ever do that because he was not interested. What the hell? So not only had she kissed another man she had also been rejected? How embarrassing!

My head was stuffed now. I felt dizzy. I could feel the ground spinning and my heart beating so fast. Here was the evidence I had been worried about. There was so much to read and I saw she had turned to walk my way.

I emailed myself the entire conversation. I was so hurt but I had no regrets for reading it. I was going to strangle with my bare hands and I will gladly go to jail for murdering this ungrateful bitch!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 42

People need to get something straight! In a relationship you are only guilty if you are caught! It is not hypocrisy to overreact to something you too have done if you have not been caught! This is why we encourage one another never ever to confess especially to cheating because that means you are as good as being caught! You do not get a reward for feeling guilty and confessing and usually either the person dumps you or never trusts you again. My wife may just have kissed another man and I had slept with someone, not that I remembered but who cares I had not been caught. If we went to court I would win hands down so I now had a decision to make! I had worked all these years of our marriage and taken care of her every need from panty to hair so yes she was an ungrateful bitch which made very angry! Unfortunately she was an ungrateful bitch I loved with all my heart!

I had to make a quick decision as I could see that she had turned and was walking towards me. My insides were numb, frozen even in spite of the warm of the sun on my back. Its like I had swallowed a block of ice and was hoping it would slowly melt. If I shouted at her or even broke up with her, in spite of her guilt, I could end up pushing her away for good. Second option was to pretend I did not see it but that would eat me up inside to the point of eventually hating her and being abusive. I am not violent. I do not beat up women. I am not trying to be a hero amongst other men I just don’t have time for violence. A lot of people argue that your partner crosses a line of no return hence why you resort to violence but I believe you have time and energy to waste. Thirdly was to remember all the things she said I did not do for her anymore or never did and do them so she could remember why



she chose me over all those suitors. Its not cowardice I believe, its using your brains not emotions to reason for you.

When she got back she knelt before me but I don't think it was to beg but more about to sit down. She said she had something to tell me which might make me hate and look at her differently. Crap! She was about to confess. If she did that and I still stuck to my third option it will be as though I was rewarding her for what she had done by me doing all the things she hoped I would do. Women tend to construe that as though you are so arrogant you do not even care she cheated. Usually when a man chooses to look past your indiscretion its because he believes in your 'happily ever after'. I immediately told her that if it was a confession she wanted to make it would be most unwelcome because all I wanted was that from now onwards we both would do things differently. Nothing from the past because that won't build us. She looked a bit confused by what I was saying but I convinced her that this was a good thing for us. She hugged me with tears in her eyes and told me that she was lucky to be loved by me. In my head I was telling myself that all the best cheats cry crocodile tears. She said she did not feel like being at the beach anymore and wanted to go home! I did not want a scene so I obliged her and we packed up and left. It was only three pm in the afternoon so there was still a good five hours of sunshine left. Sitting by the pool at home did not feel the same.

When we got to the house she said I should not take out the things in the car. We will do that later she said. She led me to the pool and stripped naked right there outside. Even I felt self conscious. It was broad daylight and there were people walking on the road some we could even here. The neighbours all they had to do was look into our yard and see everything. She jumped into the water and said I should join her. I was not sure what to make of this but I jumped in. She said I was no fun because I was not naked but no worries, she went under and pulled down my pants. I was naked! Its a lie that cold water makes your dick go down. Mine was hard as rock! She pushed me towards the stairs of the pool and set me down. What was going on here?

I don't know how best to explain what happened next but from now onwards this will be the manual I will give any woman who will ever go down on me. My wife must have been doing lots of research but how? When you give a blowjob do not start with putting his member in your mouth. Nope that is not what she did. She started from the ball sack. She licked it as though she was licking an ice-cream and she took her time. Its wonder how the water in the pool did not choke her really. She gently put each "ball" in her mouth and sucked it. She was very careful at it so it was not a rushed job. This was not the woman I had married and I often complained about. She then licked the stem of the candy all the way up to the temple but did not put the dick in her mouth until even I could see the vein on the side. She chuckled and said 'wow so its true' meaning this is something she had researched! It was only then she put the helmet in her mouth and though clumsy I could feel she

making an effort to circle with her tongue. She also made a valiant attempt at making junior go down her mouth as far as possible but when she gagged a little I stopped her. The aim was not to kill her, hello! I pulled her up and made her sit on the creation of her hard labour, junior standing at full attention ready for action. As I entered her secret place, it was warm, it grabbed me like a suction tune and enveloped my dick. I could feel myself throb inside and inspite of all the water it was so well lubricated! We had never done it in the pool and here we were after a huge fight where I found out she was cheating!

As I thrust in gently at first the mood was building up. I was so horny and turned and on! This was heaven until I heard,

“Ahem ahem!”

What the hell! Who the hell had entered my gated they must wait or fuck off I thought violently!

My wife screamed when she looked up! I turned to see what was going on.

Standing there was my father in law, mother in law and my wife’s cousin the one who was moving in! Clearly they had decided to not only escort her but come a day early!

Worse, I was pounding their daughter mercilessly, married or not!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 43

For a moment I froze. I tried to think hard and fast what had just happened. It was shock not a hidden desire for voyeurism that made me not move. My gate does not have a lock and am sure I had left it slightly open in any case. People assume that every gate in the suburbs is electric but truth the be told that’s not true. I think only if you leave in a township or village would you make that basic assumption. The reality is most of us lock our gates with either a chain or a lock in the handle mechanism. I am certain that in the rush I had been I had definitely not closed properly nor locked. Most of the people that come buzz at the gate but my wife and I being outside if they had, then most definitely we would not have heard it. Its not something I had foreseen though I must say with much annoyance my in laws had this uncanny habit of just showing up. This was not the first time they had showed up unannounced. They seemed to have this belief that what belonged to their daughter was also theirs. I had even once advised my wife that she should speak to her parents about this habit of theirs of just arriving as though they owned the place. She had accused me of not liking her parents when I said that!

My wife screamed at them to go away into the house and look away. They said they would but the door was closed and locked. They had all turned to face the house giving their backs to us. I looked to the side and saw my wife's pair of bikini pants next to her father's feet. I just wished the pool would create a whirlpool and swallow me now. Of all the horrible things to happen. My mother in law said she was going to sit in the car and will wait to be called when the coast was clear. My wife's cousin was actually giggling much to the dismay of everyone but that is what it means to be young. You get away with a lot. She too followed her aunt and uncle. We quickly dressed ourselves and my wife went to open the door and ran upstairs. She locked the door behind her. I asked her to open for me so I could dry up but instead she shouted at me to go away because it was all my fault that this had happen! That was the wife I had married! She had to look good always no matter what the circumstance was. I was too annoyed to fight her at that moment so I went and used the towels in the downstairs closet.

I now had to go ask them in. It was like doing a walk of shame because my driveway was a bit long. They had parked outside the gate even so how on earth would I have heard when they pooled up. These people were sneaky, trying to catch us with our pants down. Well they had gotten what they wanted to see now they must live with it. Your mother in law should never ever see you naked. We not white people. I know they can swim together but us black folk don't swim for that reason. We do not go on holiday with our in-laws. In most cases in-laws in Africa culture are to be avoided at all costs because they will always find something they do not like about you. With me it was the fact that I had moved their beloved daughter all the way to the Western Cape something which my mother in law especially did not appreciate. She reminded my wife always how things would be different if she stayed closer. Although not the reason why I moved us to Cape Town, I always felt that us being so far away was a good thing because this woman loved interfering. She loved her daughter I got it but the way she was so overprotective of her was like she would marry her herself! I know of so many parents like that who do not allow their children to grow up. Even if she works as long as she stays at home she has to date in secret yet they expect her to get married? Like honestly now!

When I got to the car I could not even pretend to be happy to see them. The thought of what had happened earlier kept creeping back. I opened the back door for my wife's cousin because in our culture its rude to open the door for your father in law like that. It looks forceful and once upon a time I tried it and they did not take it well. It's ok to close the door for them but to open when they are still inside is a no no! When the door opened my mother in law clicked her tongue which came out like "mxcim" (honestly don't know what that's called in English yet every African knows what it means!). It was like she had stepped out of a scene in a Nigerian movie the way it was so loud and heartfelt. She said to her husband that she will not be sleeping in this house tonight she wants to go to a hotel!

Inside me, a little warrior was doing summersaults in ecstasy knowing they were leaving until my father in law turned to me and said,

“Sibani this is all your fault, book us into the Garden Court near the stadium! When we get there it must be done already!”

The hotel was a ten minute drive down Main Road and the stadium he meant was Newlands stadium behind SAB. It was flippen' expensive! This couple knew how to milk me! Last time they came they had read about the Fabiani in Claremont and asked me to take them there so that I could buy him a shirt. A shirt for r1500! Now I had to pay for them, my wife was angry at me. My mother in law had seen my dick and I thought I was still in charge of my own life? Really.

I obliged their request because I don't think I would survive the shame of having to face them all evening in the house. Besides who wants their in-laws to sleep over. The house gets very formal and pretentious when they are around. They drove out but not before they marched out my wife's cousin. She had a few bags which I helped her with but she was laughing her lungs out. Disrespectful 17 year old. If I could I would clap her just to take out my frustrations on her!

“Bhuti, did you see the look on their faces! This is a hashtag moment!”

She said with glee! I just ignored her for I had had too much drama for one day. Too much! She was quite a forward child no wonder why they had shipped her out to Cape Town! Now she would be our problem. She asked me where my wife was and I said in the room and she must not disturb her. I gave her the downstairs room where Khanyi had left me an unwanted present under the bed. My wife will sort out all the other details later. I didn't even know what had been planned for her school or worse, who was paying?

In ten minutes my father in law called me from the hotel. He said he was at the hotel and he still had not been booked in. The way he said was more like a boss talks to his secretary commanding and demanding!

I told him that he had driven off in haste so I did not get a chance to tell him I did not have money for that hotel it was too expensive! If they did not want to sleep at home then they should sleep at a bnb and I was calling the bnb now. I told him it was called Rondebosch Guest House behind Hussar and Grill and next to Rustenburg Girls Primary school! He was so annoyed. He said a man of his calibre does not sleep in a bnb so he would rather drive all the way back to the Eastern Cape. I told him there was nothing I could do that would be his choice but I will still make the booking I intended just in case they changed their minds.

An hour later the bnb lady called and said my guests had arrived!

A man of his calibre my ass, the man has lived in Mdantsane all his life now he wants to act like he knows caviar! It was my turn to try click my tongue and say mxcim but with a smile of satisfaction!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 44

There are some people who have a nasty habit of trying to be larger in deeds than they are really in life. My in laws are exactly like that. Ever since I married their daughter there is a lot of things they started doing which before marriage I am certain they did not do. If there was a way of for asking for a car they already would have. Get this straight, a son in law is not an employer for his mother and father in law meant to give them money. Most in laws do not know that and try to take advantage. They seem not to acknowledge that a son in law also has his own extended family to consider as well as the very wife he is married to. Not fighting back when in-laws ask for something is not a sign of weakness but usually it is one of respect so as not to cause tension. I often warned my wife every time they came to speak to them but she seemed not to heed my calls. I had to make sure they were comfortable though but this did not mean I was going to change my stance. I did not even know how long they would be in town for as they had not even said they would be here in the first place. What a way to spoil such a beautiful day.

It was not five minutes after I had received the call from the BnB, still savouring my victory that my wife came storming down the stairs furious over the fact that I had not put her parents in a hotel. I was so surprised. When my parents had come, they had stayed at the very same BnB and I remember my wife going to see them and saying how beautiful it was. Now I knew what she had meant was that it was beautiful for my parents but nowhere good enough for my parents. That is marriage for you. No matter what best intentions you have! A part of you always leans towards your own blood when it comes to granting favours. Marriage does not stop you from being originally from that family no matter how much you say your new marital family is your priority. I did not want to shout back especially in front of her cousin who had just arrived because it would make us look like a fighting couple hence a bad first impression. I almost certain they had asked her to report on me on how I treat their daughter because they were that kind of parents. They wanted the best for their daughter as long as it directly benefitted them.

I explained to her what had happened and how expensive it was at the Garden Court. She totally ignored me and said I should have consulted her. She said her parents should not sleep at that filthy BnB when there were hotels all over. I snapped at her and said,  
“So its good enough for my parents! You booked them there the first time and it was good enough and now you say it is not good enough for my parents?”

I said furiously but without raising my voice. It stumped for a moment when she realized that she was the one who had booked them there in the first place not that I had a problem with it all. The place was actually very beautiful and cosy so why should it be a bother. She wanted to say something but the words would not leave her lips because now it would mean she would be admitting to putting my parents in a place she considered inferior! She just mumbled something like, 'this is not right,' and walked to her cousins room whom I am sure had heard everything. I heard her close the door behind her and I sat there alone and began to think of all that had transpired that day.

Her cousin was from I'm NU2 near Sisa Dukashe's stadium. Her parents had never been well off resulting in their three kids being raised by different relatives. I know a lot of people say that if you are poor why have so many kids when rich people only have one or two but truth be told when you are in poverty children are your only source of joy or pride even if you cannot afford to give them. Most so called rich and educated people complain and moan about how they pay taxes to raise these kids but reality is the social welfare grant is there so you can moan all you want for saving other peoples lives with your hard earned labour but pay you shall so get with the program. They were not lazy parents either, if I am not mistaken the mother was a domestic worker and the father am not so sure. I did not mind her moving in because it would help with the chores in the house and we would be able to help someone else. Living just two people is not entirely nice to be honest as we run out of conversation eventually and start fighting about unnecessary things.

Khanyi called and asked my wife if she could pick her up at the airport. I heard my wife say she could not as her parents were around she had to go to them. I saw her looking at me and I knew what would happen next. She leaned over the kitchen counter and asked,

"Baby will you please go pick up Khanyi at the airport she is stranded!"

My wife had this thing of wanting to please her friends come what may. She could simply have said no she could not pick up and ended it there but no she had to over commit herself and volunteer me. I did not mind leaving the house because it meant fresh air from the tension the parents had caused. I also did not change as I was wearing track pants after the parents had surprised us.

I picked up my keys and drove to the airport. When I got there I called Khanyi to wait for me in the pick up and go area. She was there and she looked amazing. She came and I helped her put her bags in the boot. She was still sour towards me but I pretended not to notice and started making conversation. Eventually she cut me short and asked me to apologize for the misunderstanding. Women are all the same! Whether she is the Mrs., nyatsi or even one night stand they always want an apology. Its part of the respect thing they have going no matter how much lack of self respect she

might have! Here was a nyatsi wanting to be shown respect! Deep! I did so and immediately she lightened up.

She started being flirty and telling me what I had missed out on. When we got to her place she went ahead to open the door whilst I walked round to take the bags. As soon as I entered the door she closed it behind her and locked. She walked straight up to me and without hesitation pulled down my pants and pulled my schlong into her mouth.

Hold up, this was the same schlong that had been in my wife not more than three hours ago. Should I stop her? Hell no! I closed my eyes to enjoy the sensation of the second mouth there in one day.

I wish I had read 50 Shades of Grey so I could tie her up and have my way with her the way I wanted to! I told her I had no condoms and she replied,

“I have a full box don't worry!”

I don't know whether to find that comforting or worrying?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

From the onset I must say this. The biggest difference I feel in why women get this relationship thing so wrong and almost always end up on the receiving end of it all is this issue of sex and how much importance we attach to it. A lot of women, especially the married ones tend to equate sex to love or something closely weird like that. Are they wrong about that? Mmmm good question but I think yes they are wrong! Yes we all get emotionally attached at some point but it's wrong to think sex is love because with sex it's only about physical satisfaction because it is usually when your emotional needs are not met that you get played or play yourself. Sex or making love give women the illusion of closeness and togetherness but to most men its a pleasurable relief and well, that's it. Saying it is wrong because no woman wants to be told that but I have shared enough discussions with men married and single alike and they all love at the ridiculousness of what women think sex is. When animals do it does it mean they are in love? Food for thought! A lot of women get so angry when they think that a man justifies cheating yet when they cheat themselves they are quick to say that it was because he either cheated himself, was not emotionally available or the best one yet, he does not give me enough attention? Really? You want him to work and make money for you to buy hair and nails and wonder why he is always distracted? Are you a toddler that needs to be constantly monitored? Asthandile had all my attention, was unemployed and received everything she ever wanted yet now she was running around kissing so called gay guys! Attention my ass! Get over yourselves, people cheat because they are weak and lustful not because your useless husband took the other mans dick and stuck it inside you. It is not because he did not hold you enough at night or cry with you because you broke a nail.

Who says you can't talk with food in your mouth? Please! Khanyi even said where the condoms were without taking junior out of her mouth. Her blowjob was very different I must say from what I had experienced from my wife. My wife had been gentle and slow about it. She had put effort and thought into it. Khanyi was like a hungry child eating a piece of meat. I had to be careful she doesn't bruise me but at the moment it was too good to pay attention. The difference between a side dish and a wife is that the wife you make love to. There are so many things you can't do with your wife largely because she will remind you in the morning not to do that because it disrespects her as the mother of your children. You can't hit the chocolate box on your wife and come to think of it, oral with her is also a bit much. There is just something not right with it and I can't place my finger on it. Khanyi even now on her knees, yes her knees, I was thinking of all the ways I was going to punish her! I had wanted her for a while now and this was pure lust nothing more! She was not even that attractive to me but she had that 'fuck me' personality and loved to tease! Now it was time to pay the piper!

I lifted her, didn't know I was that strong and navigated myself somehow through her apartment to the couch. She had an open plan kind of setup with a kitchen that went straight into the lounge tv room area. It was separated by the kitchen counter which also served as the kitchen table. My house was definitely bigger than hers but it was quite convenient. She had said her condoms were in the false bottom on the couch and I somehow managed to feel for them and found them. I pulled down her pants and she was wearing a thong! Its thong right the one that goes through the ass? Yes that one! I didn't turned her around, knees on the floor, chest on the couch. I did not even bother to take off the panties, what for, I pulled the thin strap out of her ass to one side and I immediately thrust. Thank the ancestors for her because she was already wet, very wet in fact. This was not making love! Every thrust I made I made sure I went as deep as possible which only made her moan louder and louder until she was screaming. I didn't care who heard but I could tell she was thoroughly enjoying it. All men can tell you what their best ever shag was and for me this had to be it! The way she moved and felt underneath me, the way she gave me full access even though she was still full dressed apart from her pants which I had pulled down just made it feel dirtier. I took out all my frustrations out on her! From the difficult inlaws, almost cheating wife, Lindiwe and her drama and every other stress I had experienced in the last couple of weeks. She was the one who was paying for it and this just gave me strength!

I don't think she had expected me to be that forceful and dominant as she was always the one playing the mind games. Well now, looking at her beneath it was clear that the game was over and who had won! Respect is earned! My wife would never have allowed me to have sex with her like this. It was too dirty and selfish she would most definitely say. There is a reason why its called the forbidden fruit, its because it tastes so good and you can do whatever you want with it knowing that



you don't have to cuddle later on. When I was done I took off my condom and looked for the bathroom. I know they say don't flush your condoms rather dispose of them in the bin or something but who does that? That's evidence as far as I am concerned. I wrapped the used condom in a tissue paper and I flushed it down the toilet.

Would you believe she was still lying in the position I had left her, chest on couch, knees on floor and ass sticking up panting like a dog on a hot day! If I didn't know better I would say she looked like Miley Cyrus with her tongue out panting as though trying to catch her breath! I smiled at my handiwork!

She asked if we could go again because it was better than she ever hoped for!

I looked at her and calmly said,

"That was the first and last time! I am going home to my wife!"

I walked out!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

I cannot recall where I was but we once had a discussions with my friends on whether or not you can turn a nyatsi into a wife. A nyatsi by definition is someone who knows that you are married, you have a home and a woman waiting for you, sometimes kids too to be honest but does not mind all that. The debate hinged on whether you can trust her when you put a ring on her finger to then be loyal to you. The other point was will she ever fully trust you now that she would have won and you are hers. How can she be so naïve to think that the same way you cheated with her you won't cheat on her. This is not karma but common sense. The guys were very divided on it actually because some argued that for a woman to be willing to share you knowing you are married she must really love whilst others said she is not a trustworthy person and one day you will wake up to the realization that a couple other men are eating where you are eating. Khanyi was not the type of woman you marry! That's fact. She will either have an abusive husband because of her cheating or have other women coming to her house to beat her up because she could not stay away from their husbands!

As I walked out of her place I did not feel triumphant! It's not that the sex was bad, it was spectacular! In fact I actually felt guilty. I don't know why because I won't lie I had wanted to fuck her that badly. This woman had teased me mercilessly from the first time I met her right up to when I picked her up from the airport a few hours ago. She had pursued me and made no secret about what she had wanted from regardless of whether or not my wife was her friend. I felt guilty because I had treated her like a slut which is a word I do not like using with women because it is demeaning no matter what she has done. She made me feel dirty but dirty in a good way. I was conflicted. What

had I done? Was that last bit necessary though when I said I was going home to my wife? What if I send her over the edge? What if she calls my wife? Ah crap I was too eager to exert my dominance! What if she becomes clingy and once more? Side dishes have this nasty habit of falling for you that much I know! It does not matter whether you are married nor her for that matter she will still fall in love if you do something right. Problems I tell you! My biggest guilt however was this, this by far was the best shag I have ever heard! I had enjoyed every moment of it and the ability to be allowed to do what ever I want. In marriage sex is polite and proper, you don't cross too many lines and rightfully so because this is the woman you swore to love and protect but what we had just done was give in to our basic animal instincts and enjoyed a moment!

On the way home Asthandile called me asking what was taking so long. I told her that I had dropped off her friend and was driving home. She said that we must go for dinner with her parents and I screamed out,

"Hell No!"

She did not expect that. I told her that her parents might have seen her naked growing up but they had never seen me so with what happened today there was no chance in heaven or hell that I was going to face them anytime soon. It was not an excuse, I was genuinely embarrassed. I thought she would fight me but she surprised me by saying,

"I guess you are right! It was a bit of a shock to my system too!"

Shock is an understatement but she was right. She said with her she did not have a choice she had to go take them out and also smoothen the waters. I was actually quite relieved that I would not have to look her in the eye when I got home after what I had just done.

I decided to take a turn at Daluxolos place just so I could delay more time to make sure that she would be gone when I got there. He was taking his Mrs out for dinner so unfortunately he could not stay. Michelle Wesso was her name before marriage, a beautiful colored woman from the Eastern Cape. I know this because I had stood testimony at his wedding. She was bubbly and not your traditional Muslim woman as she had married into it thanks to Daluxolo! Here was one guy who got it right. In all the time I had known him I do not recall him even ever saying a bad thing about his wife nor complimenting another woman in an inappropriate way. Maybe I should become Muslim too! I there did not stay long so I left and went home. I drove as slowly as possible. That's the power of in laws I tell you! They make you want to move out and move in next door. When I got home the first thing I noticed was that my wife was gone, the evidence being her missing car! Relief!

When I got into the house I found Zimasa (my wifes cousin) sitting watching tv but she had earphones on and was chatting on her phone. How could she possibly do all three things at once? I did not disturb her I went straight upstairs got into the shower! This time I was not leaving anything to

chance, I inspected my body to see whether or not I had any love bites or scratches! Fortunately both my wife and Khanyi had been gentle and besides how could the latter give me scratches when she had been on her knees. I had so much to think about. I was not liking the person I was becoming but why did it feel so good.

An hour later, now refreshed I went downstairs to look for food. I was hungry and having turned down my wife's dinner offer my stomach was telling me stories. Maybe I should get Mr. Delivery. I went back upstairs as I had left my phone on the charger. It was on silent and I had two missed calls. Both were from my father in law.

I decided to call him back seeing that it would be rude not to. He picked up almost immediately. I did not get a chance to even say hello before he said,

“Are you and your wife not coming to take us out to buy us food? It's been three hours now us sitting here waiting! What's going on?”

He asked?

My wife had left more than two hours ago to go there. The BnB they were staying is not more than 5 minutes away?

Where was she?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

We have all done it, made an unnecessary lie to our partner which at the time seemed so easy to make. We tell ourselves that the lies we tell our partners are meant to protect them not harm them. I was furious. I was livid! Yes it means the same thing but had to say it twice to emphasize! Had she gone to see her boyfriend? On a day like this when her parents had just arrived and when she had left saying she was going to buy them food! I don't care what excuse she was going to have I was going to teach her a lesson she will not soon forget. I called Zimasa and told her she was going with me. I did not want to be alone with my in laws and Zimasa would help be a foil. My wife had known this by my refusal earlier so maybe she was setting me up. How could she do that though today of all days with all that had happened? I was confused by what was happening and my adrenalin was already pumping. What if she had an accident? No! The police would have called already. So what was it? Would she really go see her boyfriend when I was around and her parents were in town? How bold would that be though? That's just crazy and disrespectful! She had crossed a line right now and I was going to bring her back to order! Too much had happened for me to keep on ignoring this!

When we got to the BnB it was already getting dark meaning it was after 8pm now. They must be very hungry I thought considering they had traveled so far. Funny enough Rondebosch proper, where all the shops are and a few restaurants is literally 50m away from where they were staying. Maybe they had been too scared to go buy themselves food I don't know and besides when you are in a new town you don't know its not so easy to just walk around. It was ok though I had targeted all my anger at someone else so will indulge them to make things move faster! They were quite cranky but they were relieved to see me. My mother in law said she did not want to eat out but would rather we go buy food and bring it back. I think in her head she was telling herself that sitting across the table from me was not an option at this moment and I totally agreed with that. She said she will stay behind with Zimasa whilst I go with her hubby to do the food shopping. Eish, why could I just not go alone. I told him it was so close that walking was much better than having to look for parking. He said he did not want anything too solid as travelling long distances always made his stomach a bit loose. That's old people for you! Too much unnecessary information. I decided to take him to Down South. Down South is like a burger joint-type situation, but they have everything. Their desserts are really good though and they have these lindt brownies that will change your life. He said his wife was a burger person so we bought there but for him he wanted ribs. I took him to Sticky Fingers, which has really good ribs. Its a black thing though this rib business! We love them wholeheartedly. We made small talk while he waited and he actually apologized for his behaviour. He said it was because they were tired that's why he had been like that. The man was relieved for the food that's why he was being nice to me. I was already irritable but I held it together and was nice!

When we dropped off the food and left my wife still had not arrived nor had she called. The more time that passed by the angrier I got. This woman was testing me honestly. Zimasa said she was tired from the long day and she was off to sleep. I told her it was fine. I had to wait for my wife. Part of me was getting worried. I finally gave in and decided to call her only to find that her phone was on voicemail. Panic was fast replacing that anger! I was pacing back and forth and kept on looking outside the window hoping to spot her. At some point I left the curtain open because this pulling it back and forth to check was no longer helping. I was too impatient. I took a dining room chair and sat next to it and waited. About two hours later her lights turned into the driveway. Dear lord! I could picture all the things he must done to my sweet wife! I was deafened by the thoughts of him making her moan and call out his name! I could picture him touch her in places only I was allowed to touch! I was blind with rage!

She opened the door and walked in. The relief was gone. I was so angry. I could not even control myself. I am not a violent man, I really am not but with the rage in me I felt my hand move at such pace towards her face. Before she could even explain I had slapped her! I never for one moment in my life ever thought I would hit a woman let alone my wife but in this one moment blinded to reason I

had! She went sprawling across the room!

“Where were you? You left here saying you had gone to your parents yet you left them to starve to death whilst you ran off to see your boyfriend!”

I screamed at her at the top of my voice. She looked shocked more than anything else and it was only when I advanced towards her menacingly that she opened her mouth!

“That is not what happened... Mxolisi you hit me!”

She said in shock,

“I cannot believe you hit me!”

She sat down on the chair next to the door. I cannot believe I had hit her too and I wish with all my might I had not done that!

I could not take it back and it had happened so fast at that.

“We all tried to call you! Where were you for the last four hours? Imagine my shock when your parents called me? Why did you switch off your phone?”

I asked her.

“I did not switch off my phone. You smashed my last phone remember so I could not charge with Khanyi’s charger even if I ...”

Did she say Khanyi? What on earth was she doing at Khanyi’s house? Had she followed me there? I calmed down immediately.

My wife said she was with Khanyi because something had happened to Khanyi. I did not understand and I thought Khanyi had reported to my wife. What was wrong with this woman? Seriously what the hell was wrong with her. I was going to kill her if she had confessed to my wife what had happened.

I asked what exactly had happened? She said that after I left someone had come in and attacked Khanyi?

Attacked?

“What do you mean attacked?”

I asked my wife,

“Khanyi has just been raped and whoever did it beat her up badly!”

She cried!

Sometimes I hate this country!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

This sounded like a scene come out of some black American movie. I thought she was trying to get back at me. I did not even hear anything else my wife said because this was too unbelievable. Asthandile I think was still asking me why I slapped but it sounded like she was so far away. At this moment my own wife's concerns were trivial to the fact that I was indeed in trouble. Yes people say that when you are married you are one person but the truth of the matter is that even in marriage there are times when you are selfish and think about only your needs. Right now I was definitely in trouble. I could lose not only my marriage depending on what she said but also my freedom. As a lawyer we tend to think rape cases are notoriously tricky in that unless there is a battering of the woman, the girl is underage or by some miracle there are witnesses its a very difficult case. Why? Because you can never truly if its a case of two people had sex then things got sour afterwards! However, and this is fact, once a man is accused of rape, guilty or not, the stigma and the stench of that accusation will make his name dirty or not regardless of whether the courts found him guilty or innocent. It's the last you want to be accused of first as a lawyer and worse as a man!

My wife noticed I was not paying attention and started screaming. I guess she snapped. She threatened to go to the Eastern Cape with her parents but who was she kidding, she was going nowhere! Did I just say that? I was sorry I had slapped her but even if I bought her an plane to take it back I would not be able to take it back. It's so easy to advise someone that in this scenario they need to apologize as though they are possessed because of how wrong but reality is couples handle strife differently. I stood up and walked to my wife and tried to hold. She started to hit me crying saying I don't care for her nor friends because she had just told me of the rape and I said nothing. See what I meant? It was now about the friends not even us! I held her inspite her in spite of her trying to thrash around like a 5year old kid about to get immunized! I told her I hit her because of fear! With what had happened to Khanyi surely she should see what my fear was about because anything could had happened to her! I told her how she had chosen not to tell me where she was so I got so scared. I told her that I knew how I had handled was wrong but with all that fear plus the real stress her parents had caused it had just happened. I looked her in the eye and told her that she knew I was not this person. I was a good man, her man...guess what? It worked! She hugged me back and actually apologized. Wow! Is this what people mean by abuse?

Now I asked my wife which hospital Khanyi was. She said they had taken her to Tygervalley. She then said what I feared she would say,  
"Baby I don't think Khanyi must go to her place tonight or ever. She must sleep here until she finds a place!"

I won't lie I had seen this one coming. My wife had this way of seeing the world. It was almost as though she wanted to save everyone and everything. I am not being mean or anything but didn't Khanyi have her own relatives. Why did she have to come live with us? At this stage I wanted her as

far away as possible from my wife and I as opposed to moving in. Really though why would she make up such a big lie. I wonder if she would be saying this if she knew I was the rape suspect. By this I mean my wife.

Why is it so easy to naturally assume that she had lied? A woman had just said she had been raped and all of us jumped to the conclusion that she had lied. Is this how much we value our women I wondered?

Asthandile asked that we go back to the hospital because she wanted to be next to her friend. How could I say no in such a situation? I had to agree. On the way there many scenes were playing in my head of what would happen in the next hour. My wife kept on telling me how life was so bad for women and I agreed. After slapping my wife I saw why I was part of the problem. We are almost in August, Womans Month and our firm goes and talks about domestic abuse to schools even churches. I was so ashamed but then again I could also be a "rapist" in a moment. I almost hit a barrier as I passed the Goodwood offramp, the one that goes Grand West. I was going to use the one by airport though. I think this was my lousy attempt at prolonging the trip. You can't drive forever so eventually we got there.

There were two policeman with her so we did not go in immediately. Rather we waited outside. This was the telling moment. I am certain she had not seen us though. I was scared, I was sweating.

One of the cops recognized my wife, I think from earlier and he could come in. I just thought to myself at that moment why it had to be male cops with her because in a situation like this a sympathetic ear helps. Why would they honestly send two men to handle this? I was rather disappointed. My wife walked in immediately and went to hug her friend. I guess that's how you handle the situation.

This however meant I had to enter too. As soon as I walked in Khanyi set up almost in jerk motion! Its as though I had startled her. She was so swollen it was as though someone tried to box her face out of existence. It was such a sad sight. She seemed so scared of me.

Then she did it,

She pointed that finger and said...

"YOU!"

Everyone turned to look at me!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Its a sad moment which people often debate when a woman falsely accuses a man of rape. Its a sad moment because with what the women of South Africa especially go through with this most evil of crimes it's the last thing we need. However, as a man and as a man who fights against its so sad that should you be accused of it, there is no shaking off the stigma attached to it. For a woman to therefore falsely accuse you of it means that its the end of the world for you. I am a lawyer after all meaning that accusation alone would shake my career to its core and even if I won the case I would lose my respect and reputation. In my head the legal process was already working and here is what made a perfect candidate for being convicted. One, they would indeed find that I had access to her home as I had picked her up and dropped her at home. Even my wife would testify against me on that. Two, Khanyi and I had a history and all they would do was look at our message history. Did Oscar Pistorious not get caught out just on whatsapp messages alone? Who knew. Three, and far more important was my DNA which they would find inside her, outside her and on the couch. They would be no denying that I had indeed had sex with her. I must say only the most cruel person who reads my life story would say I deserved to go to jail for rape because I had told her that it was our last fuck\shag\sex because no innocent person deserves to go to jail. Try walking into a South African prison to see why even for your most hated enemy could you wish them that!

“You!”

She shouted yet again. Everyone turned to look at me as that finger was pointing at me. A lot of things went through my mind at that moment. You know in movies when police come to arrest a fat criminal (I would say overweight but it doesn't have quite the same impact so forgive the crude use please). So imagine in movies when they cops come to arrest the fat criminal and he tries to run away, on foot! Yes that was me! One very strong thought was telling me to turn and run! Where I am not sure but run was the message. Now I know why criminals make such bad decisions but where would I run to in such a place. I would probably get lost in the hospital. Wait? Had I just used the word 'criminal' in connection with myself? Was I admitting to my guilt? Even I was now confused on whether or not I was the guilty party.

“Its all your fault”

She screamed be it rather weakly perhaps because of the pain. Oh my Dear Lord no please don't I begged inside myself. I instinctively said it was not my fault. Its the natural thing to do when one is accused of a crime especially in front of people. Now was not the time to try and be cool and suave.

“Yes its all your fault, I can't believe I trusted you!”

She said. My wife and the police had now moved towards me. One of the police man had his hand resting on his gun. You notice such things and to be honest South African Police are often accused of overreacting to a situation so at times so the last thing you want is to be on the receiving end. One of the officers I think impatient to hear what she was talking about asked her if I was the man who



had hurt her. My wife hearing this also chirped in and said,

“Mxolisi what the hell is going on? What is Khanyi talking about?”

I think the moment of truth had arrived! There was no escaping this. I needed a lawyer myself now and I had few good ones in mind question is would they come to my aid as even us lawyers look down on rapist let alone one committed by an officer of the court like us.

“It was all your fault! It was all your fault! You left the door open and that horrible man walked in and almost killed me! Why couldn’t you just close the door and wait for me to lock behind you?”

She said almost pleading. Had I heard her correctly? I walked out of that room and went to find the nearest bathroom. I won’t call it instinct but my legs carried me there. When I got there I screamed out loud in anguish, joy, pain, relief all the same time. I had indeed just dodged a bullet but Khanyi was right, I really had played a role! I was so much to hurry back to my wife I had failed to say goodbye properly as I should have considering what had just happened.

A part of me was still worried that Khanyi might change her mind and point her finger towards me. I walked back to her room. She was still with the cops and my wife was sitting with her. She was not even looking at me as person, Asthandile that is, meaning she agreed with Khanyi that I too was to blame. Wow! What a day? I could not help it but I found myself sitting at the door of her room but inside.

This story was not making sense. It really felt as though Khanyi was making it up. How and when could someone have entered? She was just seeking attention and now she had played me so well there was no way I could tell my wife to stay away from her. How though had she caused those bruises on herself? I could not answer to that at this moment! She was evil indeed. I was going to destroy her though once the dust settled. Mark my words!

As I was sitting there one of the officers got a phone call. This was surreal. He came back and said that he had a bit of good news not that it would help. He said that they had caught the person who had done it. I don’t understand. I thought she had...wait a minute...had she...

Lord forgive but it was true, Khanyi had indeed been raped and she had not lied!

I was so ashamed for not only accusing her of lying but like the whole world assuming that she had lied!

I always say when it comes to rape,

We MUST always protect our women!

Womens month is next month even!

Shame on us!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

You know that speech when Martin Luther King says, "free at last, free at last, thank God Almighty, I am free at last!" That was exactly how I felt at that moment not that I had been arrested to start with. I had dodged a massive bullet and for now lesson learned! I had made a mistake and I must now chalk it down as one and never do this again. Most people do not learn from their mistakes and I did not want to be most people. I had a beautiful wife and marriage so why was I allowing for temptation to enter our marriage. I had no intention of confessing neither nor did I have something to get off my chest because those things never end well. As long as Khanyi kept her mouth shut then life goes on. I honestly do not get it, when you cheat on your partner why do you go and tell her that you are so sorry when its already done. Why could you not go beforehand and tell her you are facing temptation? In your head you tell yourself that confessing makes things better but that is straight bullshit! Your pastors must not lie to you! Confessing destroys the other person! Yes it might make you the guilty person feel better about yourself but what about your unsuspecting victim? She was sitting at home minding her own business when you came to her and said, "honey I have something I need to talk to you about, please sit down because its not the best thing!" You not only shatter her trust levels but also destroy her hopes. By telling her you are forcing her to deal with by fire or by force! That's how selfish confessing after cheating is! If you feel guilty then go jump off a cliff on your accord because you let your dick do the thinking for you!

Now that Khanyi had cleared me and the rapist had been court I could be a man again I stood up to my full attention. I am a lawyer and am good at what I do. I started calling in favours because this bastard who had done this to her was going to know why you do not mess with lawyers. I found out which jail he had been taken to. I am not a criminal lawyer so I tend not to deal with the filth of this country but I have friends who are. I have a friend who is a prosecutor as well Adv Hlabangana so I also called him. Through all these connections and a few police friends of ours I set out my revenge plan. This was not a joke. That guy won't know what hit him. One of the friends I spoke to said they will arrange a package for him. He had been arrested in Wynberg so that's where he was. The officers said that the man had also been caught with a few things that had been stolen from her place including her purse which had her I.d. In it. I asked them how they had possibly caught him so fast and they said the surveillance cameras in Khanyi's estate made it possible. I must say I was impressed because our police are not exactly known for their sense of urgency unless if they are manning a roadblock! Then they are very attentive. It was not a relief that he had been caught because now we had to face the reality of what had happened. No woman should ever go through this. Even the thought brings tears to my eyes.

My wife said she would make a plan to get home by herself but I totally refused that. After what had just happened to Khanyi I was not letting her out of my sight. Hell no! I told her that I was going to wait for her for as long as it takes. This was not happening twice. Khanyi saw that it was getting late and said she needed to rest in any case so it was ok we could leave. My wife was reluctant to go but eventually we left! On the way home my wife started attacking me on how I could have been so reckless to have left the door open at Khanyis place. She said Khanyi was right to point a finger at me because she could have been killed. I told my wife that whilst I felt guilty for that she too had a role to play. I had had to run home for her parents because of her so it was not all on me. Had she been honest about where she was I would not have left in such a rush. It was a tense ride home but we managed. She was not talking to me when we entered the house but she said to me that when Khanyi comes out of hospital she was going to stay with us for a couple of days just so she can recover. How was I supposed to refuse? She closed the door in my face. I shouted from the other side of the door that I was going to the police station! She screamed back and said that's how a real man works and how I should be ashamed of myself! It was almost as though in her eyes it was me who had physically raped Khanyi.

When I got to the station one of my friends I had called told me it was done! People do not know how fully dirty law is. You cannot rub up next to criminals without learning a thing or two about how to fix situations!

I asked the officer to open the cell so I could take a look at him. The officer was already expecting me so it was much simpler.

When he opened the door I got the shock of my life!

The rapist was no more than a 16 maybe 17 year old boy and what's worse he looked as though he had been gay since the day he was born!

I am not stupid, there was no way he had done this!

My package well,

I am ashamed to say!

I had asked my connections to return the favor and by the way he was lying in a foetal position they clearly already had.

This is Cape Town after all and there are no shortage of takers!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

Revenge is a dish best served cold but often we get it wrong! We are usually too hasty to deal out justice especially when we are angry meaning we do not think straight. I had just used my power and influence to punish someone who I actually believed now was innocent. People don't get this but lawyers are powerful. In fact of all the professions such as doctor, teacher, accountant, engineer etc when it comes to sheer power and influence nothing beats a lawyer! Why? Because we know everyone's secrets from the highest to the lowest and we know everyone from the most powerful to the common criminal. Moreover, we can defend people, imprison people, make people and break them down again. That's a lawyer. We are not gangsters but we can influence them, we are not politicians but we can make them cringe, we are not policeman but guess what, even cops need a favor every now and again and its usually legal. That's power! I had just abused mine in such a way at the moment I could not help but think I will never ever forgive myself. Some crimes though make us go back to our basic nature as humans. We lose all sense of empathy and want to act as much pain as possible. Its just whom we are.

Khanyi was up to something I thought at that moment. I asked the station head that the prisoner be put in a more secure environment where no more harm should come his way. He had already suffered enough. He did not question because like I said, I have power. Power is exciting that's why we all wish we had it. The ability to bend people to your will is such an amazing feeling but that's a story for another day. I walked out of that station all dazed and confused. What now? What next? I decided to go to stadium on main because there was a club open. I needed to sit down and think without my wife or family. Khanyi was going to move in. Was she going to blackmail me? The way she had thrown herself at me had been a bit too easy for my liking if truth be told but at the time I had actually not thought of it like that. Look, I am not saying I don't get beautiful women throwing themselves at me but then again Khanyi had practically begged for it. Was I the player of the one who had been played? I now had so many question. I smelled a rat of which I was part of the stench! Mxolisi Sibani what had you done! She had singled me out from the first day she met me that she wanted me so what was it about me. A lot of people might think this vein but if you are a man with a house in the suburbs, a good car as well as a good job there are women who genuinely believe you are a target worth pursuing. Everybody wants a secure future and you present that opportunity. Khanyi must have sized up or down my wife and concluded that she could take her on. That was the only logical conclusion I could come up with for now. Now the question was how to play her at her own game? I was blank! No ideas!

As I was sitting there I recognized someone. It was Bulelwa the other woman who had come with Khanyi the first time. Its funny how she had been dropped out of the crew. She was out with her friends and I was surprised because I would think she would be running around after Khanyi what had just happened. I went to greet her and when she asked whom I was with I told her I was alone.

She could not understand why and asked me to join them since it already looked creepy. Turns out one of the girls there it was her “birthday weekend” so there were ending it on a bang. Last I checked people are born on one day so what is this birthday weekend nonsense. I do not think Bulelwa knew what had happened and it was not my place to tell her. I declined the invitation though but insisted that she call Khanyi.

When I got home my wife was already sleeping. I think I preferred it this way because it meant I did not have to see the look on her face on how I had failed her friend. Women like to believe that men don't understand what a woman goes through when she is raped but we do. What people forget is that we as men are fathers of daughters, brothers of sisters, friends of females and indeed decent people with empathy for women we don't know personally. We feel pain just like you and are often hurt and ashamed when we fail to defend you from other men whether we were there or not. My wife had looked at me as though I did not care what had happened to Khanyi if really it had happened! Of course I care! I am human. Tomorrow it was back to work for me where I had to face Lindiwe! Ah, my drama seemed to be multiplying by the moment. Lindiwe was someone I really wanted to avoid. I did not sleep well that night no lie. I do not even think I had nightmares but I know I did not sleep well.

In the morning I had a stiff neck and on the back of my shoulders I felt as though I had slept at a bad angle now it was sore when I turned. Story of my life. Asthandile was already up and ready for work. Its amazing that even with all that was going on I could not help it but exclaim at how so very beautiful she looked. This was the women I had sworn to love and protect and looking at her now doing her make up I knew why it was her beauty that first attracted me to her. I asked why she was not putting on her red lipstick and she casually said that red lipstick was for women who had run out of ideas. Its beautiful yes but shows a lack of creativity. In her new job because it was idea based she had to make sure she was always modern and on point hence red was for teenagers trying to be relevant. Besides, she said, she was in mourning for Khanyi and was going to see her later. She could not show up looking as though she was a university going to Popbottles! I don't even know what Popbottles is but ok!

As soon as I got to the office everyone was looking at me. You know that feeling when you walk in and everyone is staring at you and whispering. What had I done now? I was confused.

When I got to my office one of my bosses came out and said,

“Sibani, my office right now!”

I could even hear the anger in his voice!

What had Lindiwe done or said?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

A lot of black people can tell you this and its not even us crying wolf, when you work for white people you have to up your game because they have these ridiculous expectations of you. Maybe we have a different work ethic between the races but they always seem like they are doing more than you are doing. I will give you an example of a farmer or those road engineer guys. The white guy stands on the side and barks out orders whilst the black guy breaks his back doing the heavy lifting. At the day the blame or credit is placed on the white guy if the job was not well done as though he lifted a finger. The same was true in my law firm. I am not in anyway making excuses for incompetence but as black lawyers we were simply outgunned here. The bar is white, the cases we get often the white guys get the good ones and so on. That is why when Lindiwe and I went on that work trip I had celebrated like I had gotten a promotion itself. Its because for some reason they do not seem to think we can handle the job which we went to the same university for. I did not graduate from under a rock! I went to one of the best schools in the country yet I was treated like I graduated out of Jeppe College! That's the reality of being in private usually. In any case they wanted me so I had to go see what the drama was.

Lindiwe and I walked in at the same time meaning we did not even have time to discuss what could be possibly going on. In the boardroom, yes boardroom not office even though that's what he had said another of the partners was there. This was serious. Named partners do not often make meetings, even disciplinary ones yet I had them both in one meeting. Often they are golfing with "clients"! If you are a young professional you really have to learn this most boring of sports just to be able to be invited to the things that matter. What the hell is a handicap?

"Good morning Sir!"

I said as soon as I sat down. I still had a smile on my face because the last thing you want to do is look guilty for a crime you did not even commit and at this stage did not even know what it was I had to fear. Lindiwe also greeted but I noted she did not look at me one moment. I guess she did not want us to give away our secret. Never sleep with a colleague! Its fun yes, its naughty yes as it breaks most rules but above all the level of awkwardness if it was a one night stand is way too high for comfort. Now we had to pretend that we had never seen each other naked? Ah, this was a bit much.

One partner then said as soon as he sat down,

"Guys we have a problem! What happened in Pretoria?"

I must say I appreciate how candid and forthright he was but I was stumped? Was that a trick question? I almost said I beg your pardon but I did not. I explained our meeting and how we had dealt with the issue getting us the firm a big deal in the process. I was very confident as this indeed is what had happened. Lindiwe concurred with me that this indeed was the case and straightened

her skirt as she did so! Eish, those thighs, that tight fitting skirt, I wished I could just lift her up and put her on the table and just fuck her hard! Mxolisi concentrate! I shouted at myself inside me! What was going on with me? I recomposed myself. The partner talking then said,

“We have been trying to re-sign that company for a long time and we have all tried and failed. You guys go there for two days and not only do you sign them up but actually you signed them at a higher retainer is quite something!”

He said coldly. Was this because we had succeeded where they had failed? You will be surprised there are people who do not want to be outshone even if it benefits them let alone by a black person. I am trying not to make this about race but at the beginning I did say that my law firm was indeed black and white literally and figuratively.

“That’s a good thing right the fact that we resigned them and got us a better deal? From our mandate I remember that we were given full authority including resigning them at a loss if need be.” Lindiwe stated to them. We were very confused about what was going on because so far they had been vague.

The named partner looked through some papers as though he was looking for something then spoke up for the first time,

“An allegation has been laid against you two that you bribed them into signing the contract! No not bribe, you blackmailed them!”

He said sternly! Was this man crazy? Had he really just said that? How on earth did we blackmail them?

“I beg your pardon sir, we what?”

I asked him with a stupid and shocked look on my face. Firstly to blackmail someone you have to have leverage. They were just our clients and I knew nothing of them. Why then would I blackmail them because I had nothing to gain from it? It was not worth losing my job over that’s for sure.

“Sir that’s a serious charge. We did not blackmail anyone and they will need to prove that we did in any way because if they fail I am going to sure the shit out of them!”

Lindiwe said going into fighter mode. She really was a warrior this one. In the business world the most painful thing is to sue someone because taking money from someone who worked hard at making it is so painful. Its a wonder why sugardaddies allow these kids to get their money! Making money is hard which is why suing is really a hammer blow!

“You are entitled to that remedy because at this point we have no choice but to put you under suspension whilst we investigate. You can seek legal council of your own but I should warn you, should you be found guilty we will send your matter to the legal board!”

Just like that!

Good morning to me indeed!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

What had just happened? I could feel the carpet being swept from under my feet and I was not sure how to respond. Just last week my career was on top of the world now I was suspended. I did not know how to fight this because for the moment my mind was filled with all doomsday scenarios! I had a bond to pay, the cars, my lifestyle and so much more. I did not even want to contemplate looking for a new firm because if I left here with a bad record chances are whomever employs me will take this as an excuse to under pay me. I had worked so hard to get here and now I felt like I was that fresh faced out of university unemployed young ambitious lawyer. I knew for a fact that I had done nothing wrong but I was not sure of Lindiwe. There was that meeting she had had alone so that could only be it! She was the first to walk out of the room and the funny thing is she did not feel pressured. She had that reassurance of innocent person. What the hell? Did her job not matter to her because truth be told these were quite serious allegations.

As I stood up from that boardroom I felt dizzy. I felt as though my knees could not carry me out but I held it together. Even in offices some people want to see you on your knees. The only one you can ever trust is yourself. Note this was Monday morning before 9am even and already people knew that we were in trouble yet not one had called me to warn me when I left for work. That's what reality is. As soon as I got to my office Dalu came in. He said everyone was talking but he did not know what was going on because no one was telling him anything. See that's a true friend. If a friend comes to you and says "Mxolisi so and so has been saying bad things about you?" Your next question to that person should be "I get that they are saying bad things but why do they feel so comfortable telling you?" Dalu said every time he asked what all the whispering was about people walked away without telling him. I told him that I had been suspended and the first thing he said before I said anything was that Lindiwe was bad news and she probably had something to do with it. Even I thought that but could not tell why. I told him that she too had been suspended and now he was really surprised. He said we should fight this but right now I did not know how.

Outside by the car I found Lindiwe standing there. She had clearly been waiting for me. She had her arms folded across her chest and was tapping her foot impatiently. If anything she seemed angry at me. As soon as I got to her she asked me what I had done? She was kidding right? She said we were in this mess because of me because she had done nothing wrong all trip. I know people tend to shift blame when they are in trouble but I must admit if she was lying she was good. I told her that she was in our meeting and I never went without her so when could I have done anything wrong?



When I said that she did not seem to know what to say next. She stomped off in the direction of her car cursing and swearing. Was this all just for show? My parents always warned me that never be friends with people who want to win by any means necessary because they tend never to have boundaries. Lindiwe was a win by any means necessary kind of girl that much I don't doubt and that is why I had to suspect her unless the partners had lied. Still could not figure out what they had to gain by doing that though.

I decided against telling my wife. With what had happened to Khanyi this would be too heavy for her. Maybe tonight when she gets home from work I will have an idea but not now. I just wanted to go lie down or something. I am a lawyer. I know I did not defend myself in there but with good reason. You defend yourself with facts and at this time I had none because I did not even know what was going on. Rather keep quiet and regroup to fight another day when all the stars are aligned in the right order that benefits me. People think lawyers are quick to defend ourselves but that's not true, we know when to bring out the rights speech and when to shut up. It's a fine balancing act I must agree but worth it in the end. For the first time in my life I contemplated what life would be like if I was unemployed with my wife being the breadwinner! Imagine me being a house husband? What the hell is that? In my family the men work, it's as simple as that. It's not sexist its fact. We protect and take care of our women even if they too are unemployed. You wake up in the morning with all the other men and go out there and bring bread. Now I was in this position where tomorrow morning my wife would leave me in bed? I felt so ashamed.

When I got home I could hear the music playing loudly in the house. My wife was at work so whom could it be. For a moment I thought it was criminals then I remembered Zimasa was staying with us and with that I remembered my in-laws were in town. Talk about timing.

When I opened the door I went and sat in the sitting room. I did not hear Zimasa and I doubt she heard me with all that music. I switched off the radio for some peace and to get to think now on what to do next.

I heard Zimasa exclaim.

"O shit, stupid radio!"

I think she thought that the radio had gone off by itself as in her head she was still home alone. She ran into the sitting room (that's where the radio is) and she was stark naked! She had been bathing!

I just stared at the seventeen year old with my jaw open.

Satan had entered my house!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Men and women do not react the same to nudity. Women can do the whole disgusted look and even sneer but as man we stare. We fall in love with our eyes first before our minds even get to like a person. Women dont get that. The whole thing about your personality we tend not to care unless we are attracted to you first. No I was not attracted to Zimasa but truth be told she was very pretty in that Xhosa kind of way. I was staring at her not because I wanted to get laid nor because I was lusting over her! I was staring because of all the things I was going through I had my wife's cousin to contend with. She stood there for am moment and am not sure what it is she expected. She then said out loud,

“O shit!”

Teenagers and swearing. She seemed to petrified to move and before I could say something I heard someone say,

“Zimasa what's wrong?”

It was a male voice! I immediately stood up and calmly walked to her room. I did not even run that's the irony. She literally just stood trying to cover her private bits not that she did a good job. She must learn to shave this is not the village, I thought as I walked past her! When I open the door to her room as it was only slightly open I found a stark naked boy sitting on her bed putting on his condom. He did not look up as he said,

“What took you so long I was already getting soft? You should give me another blowjob to get...”

That's when he looked up and also said,

“O shit!”

He jumped so quickly to the other side of the bed and he too tried to cover his privates. Really?

What was wrong with Zimasa really she had barely just arrived and already she was horny.

What to do now? I calmly said,

“Wait here! I am going up stairs to get my gun. This will take me two minutes. If you are still here in those two minutes you will die here naked with your dick in your hands!”

I was very calm in fact too calm. I started whistling “His got the whole world!” as i went up the stairs. I guess I was feeling kind of holy at this moment. Beautiful tune indeed. I did not run nor even show that I was so angry. I walked calmly upstairs. I could hear downstairs the boy trying to dress up falling over. I went to my safe and took out something. As I was walking downstairs I saw the boy run past me only in his underwear! See why we say real men don't wear skinny jeans. He could not even get them on in time that's why he thought it best to get them on outside my yard. Imagine getting caught because you were trying to wiggle into your jeans.

The not so smart girl still had not moved from where she stood. What was wrong with this child? did her nudity not embarrass her really. Come on now!

“Go dress up child and come here as soon as you are done!”

I told Zimasa. She could hear in my voice that I was not fucking around. She was already crying at this stage! Why do women cry when questioned? I had not hit her nor touched her. Infact all I had done was ask her to dress. She went to her room and came out wrapped in a morning gown. You know those thick ones which look like they are designed for winter but black people, especially mothers wear them even in summer. Yes that one. she was still naked underneath as evidenced by her naked thigh when she sat down. She was trying to cover it up not that I was looking. It's funny when you think about it, everyone is naked underneath their clothes but as a guy you only get turned on if the bra and panties are missing! Mmmmm! Food for thought!

"You have only been here for 24 hours and already you are having sex in my house? Who is that boy?"

I asked her not that I really wanted to know! In all honesty no one wants to know who is shagging their little sister or niece. That's nasty on so many levels.

"He is just a boy I know from home. He goes to UCT and I thought we could just have some fun!" Since when was sex a means of entertainment. I am not saying I grew up in a cave but even in my day sex was given a bit more respect. Ok I lie, sex was always sex and we all did it but you don't tell a child that.

"That is not an excuse. Do you want to go back to Mdantsane with your aunt and uncle! They are still here! Do you want to leave with them?"

She looked down and for a moment there I thought she would say yes which would have been awkward.

"No I don't want to go back. They will kill me if I go back home!"

She said. She was not lying either. Zimasa was coming to stay with us because she had slept with the wrong woman's man and Xhosa women don't play like that. She had to leave town.

"I am not going to tell Asthandile what you did nor your aunt and uncle but this should be the last time this happens."

I said standing up about to take back the thing I had taken out of my safe. She was stunned by the fact that I was not going to be yet another adult to beat her up or threaten her or sell her out. Weird really the things that teenagers value. 17 years old and already a thoroughbred to men! She jumped up to hug me and in her momentum the morning gown open meaning by the time she had her arms around me it was her naked body on me. She quickly said sorry and ran to her room. It was a genuine mistake and no she had not tried to seduce me. A genuine but glorious mistake.

I decided to lie down and not think about everything but it was hard to. My wife called about thirty minutes later and said,

“Baby, Khanyi is moving in with us today. They released her early. Thank you so much for being so understanding”

I don't think I had much of a say in it so all I said was ok.

Truth be told, this was just opening a new chapter to my drama!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Only a person who has never seen a rape victim soon after the horrible experience would say that we should not take Khanyi now when she needed us most. I was not even sure whether she was lying or not but the reality was for now we had to protect her. I had seen at the hospital and it would take the most sadistic person to inflict that much damage and pain of themselves. Khanyi could not be lying. That much would be quite something. I saw the pain in her face when she accused me of leaving the door open, the betrayal and the hurt. I saw it with my own eyes. No one is that good and actress, no thank you.

My wife said she would not be able to go pick her up because her boss, yes that creepy dude, was making her do Khanyi's work as well because they had a huge function coming up. It was their marquee function of the year meaning that losing Khanyi would be a massive blow. She asked if I could go pick her up for her because she could not come back alone. This was what had gotten us in trouble in the first place. This time I protested and my wife pleaded with me saying it was the right thing to do. I asked if it was not better if a woman went and she said no. I asked her if her parents, Khanyi's parents that is, knew what had happened and she said no because she did not want to be victimized. She said Khanyi's parents have been on her case about getting married for a while and this would just add the pressure to the situation. That argument was weak to me I told my wife because this was a traumatic thing she needed to be surrounded by people who loved her. My wife responded by saying that the so called people that love the most are the ones who judge the most, ok fine she had a point!

As I was not going now, my wife still thought I was at work I decided to sleep. It had already been a hectic morning with me being suspended at all. I put my head down and surprisingly I slept like a baby. I woke up a good three hours later when Zimasa woke me up saying that my phone had been ringing non stop. I had four missed all from Lindiwe and the fact that my phone was not on silent meant that I must have been really tired. What did she want now?

I called her back and she asked if we could meet so we could discuss a strategy. I reminded her of how she had accused me of the crime by the parking lot so why on earth would I want to meet her. The most dangerous friend is that one who only looks out for their own interests. That is not friend and one day they will throw you under the bus. That's how it always happens. People do not

normally get it but that is the reality of friendship. Such people you get rid of as soon as possible because they will never be a good friend. On the day, if it every comes, they put you first they will always remind you of it. She said it was important she had some information about all this. I asked her where we should meet and she said rather her place for privacy. Hell no! I told her that was not going to work with me because in my head I was telling myself the last time I met someone privately she ended up almost accusing me of rape. She said she did not want to be seen with me in public and I laughed. You know how many people say they don't want to be seen in public with someone because people will talk! Unless you are famous no one really gives a rats ass who you are dining with. I told her no. When she was ready to meet we will meet at a public place and that's that. I hung up the phone.

I now had to drive to the hospital to fetch Khanyi. I was a tad bit late already by my reckoning but my wife had no called. Zimasa came up to me and reminded me not to tell anyone about what had happened earlier and I told her I won't but that will have to be the last time she did that. She readily agreed. I told her we were giving her a second chance and she must see it as that last warning from me. I left for Tygerberg Hospital. When I got there she was in the process of being discharged. She said that she would have taken a cab had I not arrived. Asthandile had told her Zimasa was in the house so she would have been fine. I could sense she was still a bit sour at me and I think she still blamed for her "rape".

The silence in the car was awkward but in a painful way. What do you as a man say to a woman who had just been raped? You feel part of the guilt. She was truly devastated. She said she need clothes at her place but she was never going there again. I told her I would go there later and pick them up. She thanked me.

When we got home I found Zimasa had moved her things to the upstairs bedroom next to ours. It was smaller than the downstairs one. It made sense. The downstairs one was ensuite meaning it would be more appropriate for Khanyi! Zimasa said Asthandile had called her to do that and she had changed the sheets. She also said that my wife said she had been trying to call me and she will only be back after 10pm. Hold up? What about her parents?

I called my wife and this time she picked up. I asked her about her parents because they were leaving tomorrow. She said she had already spoken to them and they understood she was busy. They asked to see Zimasa so they could instruct her one more time before they left. Lol, they did not even ask to see me!

Wait a minute, this meant, ah, exactly what I did not want!

This meant I would be left alone with Khanyi!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

I was not afraid of Khanyi. In fact I figured if I showed any sign of weakness then she would have me where she wanted me. I went to drop off Zimasa, well after a good 45minutes of her getting ready. I honestly don't get it, why do women take so long to get ready? Do you have more parts to wash, lotion and powder than men? A woman will get angry for a man being impatient when she is an hour late herself knowing you have an appointment! The only time she will not be late is when she has a hair appointment? Nah, that one she will never make that mistake and it becomes your fault if you get her to that appointment late! Now I was going to have three women in my house, three! I have to count Zimasa though only 17 as a woman because she brought her own brand of drama.

When I got to my in laws place they were already on Zimasa's case. She had chosen to wear these tight shorts but truth be told they were quite long for them to react like this. They were longer than mid thigh and when I had picked her up I actually had not been aware that they could be perceived as sexy. Now that they went on and on about it I had to look and maybe they were a bit on the tight side. Funny enough half the people in Mdantsane, older ones included dress like this so what was their problem. They were only making it awkward for all involved! Could they not have waited to embarrass her when I had left. No tact whatsoever. When I left there I headed home to confront my demons. I actually think I needed this time to speak to Khanyi to get to the bottom of this.

When I got into the house she was sitting in her room with her door slightly open. It was almost as though she was waiting for me to come back so she could hear me enter. She said she did not want to go through the fridge for food without permission. Ok that was awkward. I told not to be ridiculous and I told her jokingly that mi casa su casa! Bad mistake again Mxolisi! You don't tell your mistress that what's mine is yours! She gets the wrong impression and in this case, for the first time since all this happen I detected a smile on her face. I could not see the smile clearly through all the swelling but it was going down. How on earth could someone hit someone else like this? No no no! This is wrong indeed! I asked her if should make her something and she said no she just needed a banana if I had one and it must be mashed because she could not open her mouth that wide. Khanyi, Khanyi, Khanyi! Those words were dripping with sexual innuendo and even how she said it was so suggestive. It was hard not to swallow spit and this is what made me suspect she was lying even more!

When I went to the kitchen and came back she was curled up in her bed. Now she was back to playing victim. She asked me if I could feed her because the bruises on her hands still hurt and immediately she showed me! Had this woman been hit by a crowbar. I did not refuse nor did I protest. Asthandile was coming in about eight hours in any case so this was time to bring out the lawyer in me and grill this twisted woman.

"I am so sorry I left the door open yesterday. I don't know why I did not stay to make sure you had locked behind you. It was very bad judgment on my part and you..."

I stuttered I think I did not know the right words,

"...you paid the price for it"

I began. Immediately the tears came out of her eyes. She did not even hesitate bringing out the waterworks. She stopped eating and turned her back at me. Dramatic much I thought! This woman was a liar of note!

"When I heard I could not believe it! I was so shocked! I felt so bad! And again I am sorry."

I said. I was not sure at this stage how to angle in back into the conversation the way I wanted it to go. I stood up to leave.

"The truth is you don't even believe me,"

She said in what was barely a whisper,

"You think I lied about this to get back to you about what you said after we were done! I am not stupid. How could I have planned that happening so fast because that was the first time we slept together so how could I possibly have known you would say that to me?"

She asked me! She had a point. I don't think she had expected me saying that was the last time because that was incredible sex unless she already had her goons sitting outside. Another thing is she knew I suspected she was lying which I feel bad about. In law school they always told in cases of sexual assault most women do not report for fear of being victimised and above all being accused of lying and trying to trap a man. Looking at this whole case this is what had just happened!

I told her the truth that part of me did not believe and that I had gone to Wynberg to see the so called rapist and that kid was gay I said! There was no way it was him. She said that the police were wrong about the kid too. She said when they broke into her house or rather walked in since I had left the door wide open for them, the kid just wanted to steal, it was the other guy who wanted sex. The kid had tried to stop him saying that this was not his thing he was leaving but the big guy slapped him and told him he must stand there and watch how a real man dominates a woman. He said maybe this would stop him from being a "faggot"! She said the big guy even offered the kid a chance but he had refused and left saying he was going to call the cops himself if he did not stop. That's when the big guy got out of her and proceeded to beat her up. This time she was crying and a part of me was crying too. Khanyi might be a homewrecker but to treat someone like they were used toilet paper, worthless and useless is wrong.

I actually had tears in my eyes. I stood up because I did not want Khanyi to see my tears. This was so sad. I was so sad.

My phone rang.

It was my connection from Wynberg Police Station!

“Ek het slegte nuus, meneer; hierdie diere het die seun verkrag tot hy gedood het van inwendige bloeding.”

Huh?

I asked him to translate to English because I was totally lost!

“Askies! I have bad news sir, these animals raped that boy till he was dead from internal bleeding!”

What had I done?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

The thing with bad decisions is that they tend to get worse. You know that song Two Wrongs Don't Make a Right, well that song is so right. What on earth had I done. Yes he was not guilty of the crime I had accused him of but he had been there to rob Khanyi right? The law says that if someone breaks into your home you have the right to defend your property and yes even take life. That's why when you shoot a robber in your own home you do not go to jail and this is the argument Oscar Pistorius has been trying to put across in court when he is not crying! Who is this man I had become! I was trying to seek a justification to what had happened. In Khanyi's story she had emphasized that the small guy had tried to protect her! Why then had he not gone to call for help? The big was his friend so they were both guilty! He stood there and watched Khanyi violated so why was I feeling sorry for him. I am not a murderer but if it ever went to court what happened then I will be deemed an accessory to murder then I really would be in trouble. I had arranged for the revenge attack out of anger and disillusionment now the stupid guy was dead. I had to think of a plan.

I went back to Khanyi's room and told her what had happened. She was shocked and actually felt sorry for the guy. Women! Now she started blaming herself saying all this would not have happened had it not been because of her. I asked her how she can blame herself because it is them that broke into her house not the other way round. She snapped back at me and said that a man was dead I should have a heart. I snapped right back and said my heart died the moment they hurt her! Ah! Wrong thing to say! To her it was a romantic line! Why can't words just mean exactly what they mean and no salt be added? She said wow, that was the sweetest thing I have said all day. No it was not I thought! This was not happening! Not in my wife's house! She said that she was trying to



sleep but every time she closed her eyes she had to relive the horrors of what she had gone through. I asked her what medication she had come with because at least one had to be a sleeping tablet. I did not really know about medicine though. I also asked if they had referred her to a psychologist because insensitive as it might sound she needed to talk to someone as soon as possible. She had to find a way to deal with this.

I heard a car hooting at the gate. It was still early evening. When I went outside I did not immediately recognize the car though it looked familiar. I mean a lime Mazda2 does kind of stick out in line out! I had seen this car at work! It was Lindiwe! Really! So because I had refused to meet her at her home she had come to mine! I did not want her in my house! Hell no! You can never ever have two mistresses in one house! A wife and a mistress maybe but two mistresses! Hello no! I got to the gate and asked her why she did not just call as opposed to hooting and guess what, she hooted again just to annoy me! Really! What was wrong with this woman? How did she know where I stayed in any case? A mistress should never know your home! Why? Because one day you will find her having coffee with your wife! That much I can guarantee. If you piss her off you will find them having drinks and you know you are dead!

I asked her what she wanted because I refused to come to her place meaning that my home was out of bounds either. She retorted out loud and said,  
“That’s not what you said when you were fucking me!”  
The pit in my stomach at that last one! Unnecessary jibe! What was wrong with her? She seemed nervous and bothered.

I told her let’s go away and talk then but not in my home because I had people in the house. She asked if my wife was home and I said no but her friend was! That came out wrong,  
“You are also sleeping with your wife’s friend! You fucken dog!”  
She shouted!

“No no no its not what you think! She was raped yesterday and we have taken her in. Go check the case docket in Wynberg so you can see for yourself I whispered harshly!”  
She seemed confused and said,  
“If I ever find out you sleeping with her too I will bury you!”  
Huh! Did she not hear me? Seriously did she not hear what I just said?

“I am in trouble Mxolisi! I reviewed all the things that happened. When I went back for the meeting I told one of the directors that we are representing some of the firms they are working with and we had the power to influence the workers directly. I said it in passing when they asked for the scope of our work. Now I think that is what was viewed as a threat.”

Why on earth would she say that to them but worse, why didn't she tell the partners at work?

"I need your help Mxolisi?"

She asked me!

"How can I help you if I too am suspended? You need to go tell the partners the truth so we can actually fix this now before it gets worse!"

I warned her!

"Don't you dare tell them! If you do I will tell your wife we slept together or the firm that you raped me!"

I beg your pardon!

"Make no mistake about it I will do anything to protect my job and my career"

She continued menacingly. This woman had a problem. A serious one to be honest. She was even shouting at this stage as though I am the one who had threatened her job. When she came here she had said she needed my help and now she was threatening me. At that moment Khanyi came out of the house. She came to the gate and asked what the commotion was.

Lindiwe looked at her strangely then out of the blue said,

"I am not stupid, I can see by the way she protects you, are you sleeping with her too Mxolisi?"

The look on my face!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

It was over for me. There was no turning back. Khanyi looked at me in horror. She asked her what she meant by that and Lindiwe immediately said that she was not stupid. She knew when two people had slept with each other and this was one of those moments! Khanyi immediately said, eh sisi you don't know me! Lindiwe argued that she can smell it. She said I had no shame in bringing my mistresses to my wife's house. Khanyi said she was not a mistress and asked Lindiwe if by the look on her face she looked as though she was here to play. Khanyi's face was still quite swollen even now. Why was Lindiwe so insensitive? Could she not see that I was not joking when I explained to her the situation. I told her to shut up or leave because she was being rude to my guest but the woman would not listen. Lindiwe said as a lawyer it was her job to know when someone is bullshitting her! Lindiwe then said,

"Do you know that he also slept with me when I was drunk?"

The way the story turned! Wow now it was me who had slept with her at her moment of weakness.

Khanyi said that was not any of her business and that should be reserved for my wife. Lindiwe replied,

“Is that what you were thinking when you were sleeping with him?”

Xhosa woman don't take shit and before Lindiwe said anything more Khanyi hit Lindiwe so hard she fell backwards! It was like a truck had hit her because for a moment she did not move. Khanyi had hit her with a closed fist and I actually felt the swoosh of her arm as it pierced at such pace through the air and hit her square on the nose! I am certain she broke it with that one motion!

“When she wakes up, tell the lawyer that she can sue me!”

Khanyi said and walked away!

I did not know whether to run after Khanyi to hug her for what she had just done or help Lindiwe up anticipating what she was about to do as revenge! This was escalating into something that will destroy me. I decided to go to Lindiwe because I did not want her to go after me. She was more volatile than Khanyi. I helped her up. She was crying and had broken lip. At least she was alive!

“I probably deserved that!”

She said rather too calmly.

“I should not have poked her like that and I am sorry!”

She added! Was this woman normal though? Like seriously! She carried on so casually and said, “I have a problem I need your help on. I think I know what they are talking about though clearly it was misinterpreted! The only way I can win this is if I say we were together and agreed on it as a strategy! Alone it will seem as though I tried to strong arm them as well as tried to score points. You know that the bosses don't like that!”

She was right about one thing though, very right in fact, when you work for a white company. Much as they say they want you to show leadership they also believe in team work! She had messed up alright!

I told her that I could not help her at the moment because I had to think about this. I was not playing hard to get. She had made her bed meaning that she had to take more responsibility than this. She said she was leaving because she had to go get her nose checked. I offered her my bathroom but she said no proudly out of fear of Khanyi. Speaking of Khanyi, I now had to go and face her! This was not turning out to be a good day indeed.

When I got into the house I found Khanyi had put on her clothes and her bags were next to her! She was ready to leave that much was obvious!

“Where are you going?”

I asked in a panicked state. Imagine, my wife had asked me to go pick her up and if she came back to find that even before she came back from work she had left already she would be suspicious! Khanyi had to stay!

“The way you let your girlfriend disrespect me! I can’t be treated like this!”

Immediately I told that Lindiwe was not my girlfriend. I explained to her our suspension and tried to tell her why she was talking such nonsense!

“Did you sleep with her?”

She asked me and immediately I said,

“Hell no!”

Again I explained how she is claiming I slept with her and I cannot remember for the life of me. I told her I even thought something had been put in my drink but such things don’t happen to guys so there was no way in hell. It’s weird though that speaking to a mistress is sometimes easier than speaking to your wife. I am certain there are a lot mistresses who will testify that usually the married men they cheat with just want to talk.

Khanyi then stood up and said she had called a cab already she was leaving. I begged her to stay saying that it would look wrong. She said she could not stay in such a hostile environment of which I asked what on earth she meant. This place was not hostile. She then burst out and said,

“How do you expect me to stay here? Your wife is my friend and I am in love with you! When we slept together it felt so right and you know it!”

This is why you never have a mistress or sugarbaby! For some reason they fall in love and irony is they already know you are a cheat! Before I could respond I heard,

“Ahem ahem!”

From the direction of the door! It was Zimasa! What had she heard?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 61

With the luck I have been having lately I won't lie to say that I was not relieved when I realized whose voice it was! I did not care what she had heard I was tired. I had it in mind to go confess to my wife about all that was going on. Women like a man who cries when he confesses to something. I think they feel you are so sorry for your sins. I would cry, sleep on the couch for a few days or so then all will be back to normal. I was tired. I am not this player guy. I did not want Khanyi nor did I want Lindiwe. In fact, Zimasa must leave too. I wanted to be alone with my wife so that things can go back to normal. Me being suspended also paved the way for me to actually leave Cape Town and go start afresh elsewhere! Everyone needs a fresh start and I had a few friends who had already opened their own firms so getting a job would not be too difficult for me even in this economy. I was not in a position to open my own firm as yet because for that I would need lots of clients but again that was a worthy goal which I had thought about greatly. If I left Cape Town Zimasa would have to go home. Problem is, most Xhosa women who leave the Eastern Cape for Cape Town rarely ever want to go back to the EC so I could not see neither my wife nor Zimasa agreeing to this. My wife had just found her feet so am certain she would fight this tooth and nail!

Khanyi was no friend of my wife's. I had always known this so what was I doing? I was playing my wife for a fool by allowing her to bring this woman into our home. This was low even for a cheating husband to allow the mistress to move in. I think it was time I asked my priest to pray for me. In times of trouble we all pray and I was no different. With Lindiwe I could not leave under the threat of being exposed. She had the potential to make my life really miserable which is why I had to preempt her before she did something I would not be able to manage.

Zimasa asked me directly what she meant by the fact that she was in love with me? She did not look at Khanyi but looked directly at me when she did. Good question? Was Khanyi crazy? How could she allow herself to fall in love with me? Again I say this, o frailty thy name is a woman's heart! Let me get this straight, she was my mistress meaning she knows I was not loyal hence probably should not be trusted. Two, she knew I was married and worse married to someone she called a friend. How then could she fall in love with me? Sexist as this might sound, at times women defy logic. Khanyi seeing that Zimasa was there immediately tried to retract her statement saying that Zimasa had heard wrong.

Zimasa said she did not mind that we had had sex because she clearly heard that part so we did not have to lie. I had to ask why sex was not a bad thing. I know that was like poking a bear. She said that the way grownups are so uptight about sex was rather pathetic. Sex to her was like kissing, two bodies touch, some people even add tongue which to her was like penetration and what's worse was that as much as they were uptight about it everyone does it! According to her there really was

nothing so sacred about sex because it was a physical act which you can ever buy if you wanted. Falling in love on the other hand is what she disapproved of because unlike sex it was not entertainment. Falling in love was intimate, feelings were involve and love came from a place you cannot touch. Even if you were in an abusive relationships and people told you otherwise, when you are in love you are in love! There is nothing you can do about it. That's why girls and women stick around a useless guy for so long. It is not because they are pathetic but because they attached themselves to a loser!

Khanyi and I just stood there! Is this what they were teaching teenagers at school these days that sex was no longer an intimate thing? Maybe not school, society? She was right about one thing though, sex was now easier to get than drugs and way cheaper too but that's where it stopped. I explained to her that she had misheard us. I told her that the reason why Khanyi was here was because the man who did this mistook all the signs she had thrown at him and ended up doing this to her. He had hurt her real badly because like she said, he thought sex was free and a right! I also warned her that if she kept that mentality she would be dead from HIV by the time she was 20 and she said that's why she keeps a condom in her purse and schoolbag! Teenagers! Always a cocky answer! Very irritating! I told her to go her room and she walked away like it was nothing.

When my wife came home tonight I needed to tell her that I had sinned against her. It was time I went back to whom I was before this whole mess started. They say all men cheat but I did not want to be that man. I wanted to be a good man with a family and a stable life. I do not like sneaking around as clearly I was bad at it. I meant it. Khanyi came to me and said that there was something that she had left in the office which was very important. She had tried to call my wife but could not get her. I told her not to worry because I was going to surprise my wife in any case. It was late anyway and my wife when I worked late often surprised me with a late night visit. It was time I returned the favour. Besides there were too many people in the house for us to talk.

Khanyi gave me her key for her office for when I got there. Since my wife was there working late I would give her the key to open the office. I am sure there were many people there because of their deadline.

When I got there however the place was deserted. The only person who was there was the reception. I think her name was Azile. She had stayed because she was studying for her exams and the office was the quietest place. Funny thing is she remembered me from the first time I had come though not by name. I asked her were everyone went and she sarcastically replied they had gone home after looking at the time as though I was crazy.

I asked her what about people working on the big project and she said as far as she knew there was no big project. In fact the closest thing they had was about three weeks away meaning life was a bit easier in the office right now.

I was confused. I was certain my wife had said they were working on something. Oh well, misunderstanding perhaps. I drove home. When I got there, her car was not in the driveway still. Not two minutes later she arrived behind me. I was sitting in the car even. She saw me. She took out the files in her car and walked to my car as I got out.

“Hey honey have you just arrived?”

She asked me because I had never come out of my formals.

“Yes!”

I replied.

“Wow, never thought working could be so hectic! We just left the office now! Everyone was there and people were not even grumpy imagine except me! I just wanted to come home to you the whole time...”

Maybe they have another office I don't know about!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 62

A lot of people still don't get the concept of pick your battles well otherwise you will fight something which you are supposed to win easily but because you were hasty in how you did it, you lose! I know she is my wife and my first reaction should be to go crazy and demand answers. However the problems comes from this question...and then what? After I had kicked and screamed which was the obvious response in a situation like this what then becomes the next move. Forgive? Divorce? In law we are taught that everything we do is linked to evidence when it comes to a crime being committed. I could not just accuse my wife of cheating without knowing the truth nor having the evidence. What if she had gone to study or something I don't know? What if she just wanted some alone time? What then? I did not know what to do. Considering that I could possibly be fired I did not want to have too many fights with my wife. I had to pick well. Besides unless I was looking for a divorce myself why on earth would I really want to find such evidence. I truly loved my wife even though I was messing up.

There are times when the most painful thing you can ever do is smile. I smiled through all these thoughts and I said hello to my wife. I hugged her and quickly let go. She immediately pulled me back and said that my hug was too cold. I should be more excited to see my wife than this. She hugged me again and she kissed me! My heart just died! The thoughts that went through my mind at that moment! What if she was kissing another guy or worse...what if she had sucked his... I could not even conclude the thought because immediately I felt like puking. O crap I spoke too soon, I ran to the bathroom and I threw up. My wife ran after me and asked me what was wrong. I lied and told her that I had eaten bad fish at work hence been sick all day. She started fussing about medication and so on but I told her I had had some already.

My wife said she needed to go see if Khanyi had settled in ok. I was not sure what was going to happen in that conversation because of all that had transpired already. I think at this point I was ready to accept whatever the fate would be. I had already resolved that I would tell my wife everything before she came. I was serious. I was not this man that I had become. As a man if you open the door to cheating then you bringing evil back home with you and it affects everyone you claim you love. I had vows I had taken on our wedding day and I had broken them. Maybe I should call the priest who married us in the Eastern Cape. That was a good idea actually. He also happened to be somehow related to my mother.

I don't know how I got to that conclusion but yes I was going through it. I went and sat at the pool and I called him. It was late already and when I think I woke him up because his voice was a bit on the groggy side. He had my numbers still and he greeted me by name. I apologised for waking him up but he said that no he had not been sleeping. Rather he had been counselling people. I figured he meant marriage counselling. He had a bit of a flu though so I should not mind his voice he warned me. I told him that I had disappointed him, my family, my wife and the Lord. I told him the whole story right up to Khanyi being in my house at this very moment. I told him that I was ready to go beg for forgiveness from my wife and tell her everything.

After a silent while of which I even asked if he was still on the line he finally responded. I think he said something like this,

"Yes you have let everyone down. It's ok to go and confess for the truth will set you free but will it set her free? Will she forgive you and say my husband everything will be back to normal? I counsel so many people and the ones who have gone to confess are divorced now or are in such bad marriages they have even stopped coming to church. There are always consequences for our actions and I am starting to believe that when you mess up the way you did, your first priority is take care of your family. Every day of your life should be dedicated to making things better and beautiful for your wife and family. Make her be the most loved and spoiled woman who has ever lived whilst



you pray everyday for forgiveness. If you strongly believe that telling her will get you to what I have just said then go ahead and confess but if you do not, and to avoid divorce, those will be my words!" I was confused. Had my marital pastor just told me to keep a lie. I had tears in my eyes though because he was right, my wife deserved better. I thanked my pastor and went back into the house. I was going to ask Khanyi to leave. I was going to make her aware why being her was the worst form of insult we could ever do to my wife.

When I entered the house, I don't think they had heard me come in. I heard them giggling about something and word like "he" "penthouse" "romantic" "nervous" etc. I could not hear full sentences though.

Khanyi and my wife were up to something! Khanyi knew were my wife had been clearly. I was so angry. This was it! I opened the door without knocking which startled them.

"Mxolisi what's wrong with you, you should knock!"

My wife said. Knock in my own house!

"I heard what you were talking about about Penthouse, cheating, etc! What's going on?"

I asked angrily! These women were playing me.

Guess what they giggled some more and then she pointed to the TV!

They were watching those South American soapies on DSTV and she said they were discussing that! I looked at the TV and was confused. I had acted prematurely! That was stupid of me. I was so embarrassed all I said was 'oh' and I stepped out. I closed the door behind me. I was so embarrassed I could not move. For a good two minutes I stood there at the door. What was I doing? Had I lost my mind?

That's when I heard her, clear as day,

"That was too close for comfort! Please let's only discuss this when he is not around. You will get me caught!"

They giggled again!

Dear Lord!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

Chapter 63

I could make the situation bigger than it already was by bursting into there a second time. No wisdom in that though. I had no desire to lose my wife. Confessing now was a bad idea because truth be told it would only give her the justification she needed. I would lose the high ground that was so crucial in this. I walked to the lounge and slumped into the couch. Marriage at times is like a game of chess, every move counts. I had a plan but it was hasty at best. No matter what though it did not include me losing my wife. I was going to fight for her to make things work out. Zimasa came downstairs and said she needed to watch tv because it kept her sane. She could tell I was distressed.

“Don’t worry I am not going to tell what I heard you and that woman talking about!”

For a moment there. I was confused then I remembered she had heard Khanyi profess her love for me. This was complicated. I told her that it had nothing to do with that but I would be fun. She looked at me then said,

“Bhuti can I please say something out of order but please don’t be angry at me!”

She asked. I had heard it all today so why the hell not. I gave her the go ahead.

“That Khanyi woman is a bad bish!”

What the hell is a ‘bish’? I was confused! Very confused. I asked what she meant because oh well, I had to indulge her. She then said,

“The only reason why you are having problems in your life is because you are friends with her. She is influencing your wife and manipulating you at the same time! That’s my take on it but oh well...its none of my business!”

She said as she proceeded to flip the channels! Teenagers! What’s worse about this situation is that she was probably right! Why didn’t I see it coming?

It was not twenty minutes before Asthandile came into the room. She came and hugged and kissed me on the cheek before asking how I was doing since my last stomach episode! That too felt like a very long time ago! I told her I was fine now so she did not have to worry about that. Its amazing how much self restraint I had in me at that moment every instinct in my body was saying snap her neck! Violence! Why do we men always resort to violence! I was angry enough to break her. I was even sweating at this moment at which she asked if I was catching something. Yeah of course I was... I was catching a murder charge after I killed her! Stupid woman! Play me in my own house, under my roof and under my nose! That’s how I felt at that moment. She told me that she was so happy I had agreed to give Khanyi board in our home and for that I was the most amazing husband ever. She was even kissing me and touching me and said tonight she did not care how tired we both were I was getting a reward for this! A reward...she meant sex! Zimasa cleared her throat of which I reminded Asthandile that we had a child in our midst. She laughed and joked that,

“There is nothing I am sure Zimasa has not seen and here what she is witnessing, well this is the

right way!”

She said! I don't know why she even thought it was funny because truth be told it was not funny! I don't know why big sisters often make such suggestive jokes but its common.

Its weird and sad at the same time to say this but I do not recall the last time I had seen my wife this happy. She was genuinely so happy. I know that look. When someone falls in love for the first time with someone they have this radiance about them. They glow as though they were pregnant. My wife was no different. Her excitement was palpable. I had not managed to bring this out of her in a long time. Its so shameful to say this, another man was the reason why my woman was this happy. Its easy to say I was all to blame in all this but I don't think so. My wife always came first. I do not think I have ever done anything to make my wife doubt my love for her she was well taken care of and this is both financially and physically. As far as I am concerned what you don't know can't hurt you because it cannot be used against you at any point. To my wife I was or should have looked like the perfect husband. I had been working for years now since marriage and had only slipped up now. My wife the first chance she got to cheat she did not even last two weeks! Either I was not as good a husband as I thought I was or I had misjudged the person I had married which is true of so many couples out there! Its like people who hate and say rich people are proud! How do you know if you are poor yourself? How do you know what a rich person should act like if you have never been rich one day of your life! Get rich first and let's see how you will react to that. Same is true with marriage, you can't say you are perfect or your person is loyal to death unless you have been tested.

When I finally managed to take her upstairs because she was getting really frisky in front of Zimasa who to my dismay did nothing to stand up and give us privacy. When we got to the room my wife got on top of me. She had never been that much active in bed. She asked me to give five minutes. She ran into the bathroom and came out five minutes later. Let me describe how she came out,

She was wearing a short flairy dress and the kind of shortness you don't find even in a club! This came out of a sex shop and if you are Cape Townian you know how many those shops are. Ask the members of parliament there and they will point it out to you. I had often tried to take her to Adult World just to spice things up and she refused saying she was too much of a lady to get into such filthy shops! The zip was in the front, and she had it open to her belly button leaving out a cleavage to die for. Wait, I am not done yet, She was wearing black and red lingerie with a lace lining or at least that what I could make out from the open zip on the bra! Wow! This was not my wife. I know I had tried to bring out this sexy side of her before but now that it was here, it scared me. She was not wearing stockings like the ones we are used to, more like the knee length socks that school girls wear. It's hard to explain because these are white people things but ah, stop it I like it!

I could not however get this thought out of my mind, was she overcompensating for where she had been earlier? Ah! What if she also got laid earlier on! This is not my wife! She was up to something!

I had so much going on in my head. She did a sexy little dance which I am sure was seduction but with all these things in my head...

She disgusted me!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 64

We all have fantasies! If your partner does not know your sexual fantasies then you have a lot to discuss and discover together otherwise truth be told you are wasting your time with each other. I say this because if your partner does not know what you desire most in bed then who will? She will quite full satisfy you the way you want and eventually because you never actually opened up to her you will make an excuse and end up go seeking it elsewhere. My wife in two weeks had gone from giving me 0 blowjobs to giving me two and now she was on the verge of my next fantasy. I love a woman who dresses up for sex. Yes I said up not down! It shows she actually put an effort into it and did not wait for you to come take off your clothes which truth be told does not really happen in marriage anymore. Usually she will take off her own stuff just like you will do the same! Ah, sad this thing called marriage. Funny enough at this moment I wished someone would call me to allow me to escape this moment. How sad is that? a man that does not look forward to making love to his wife. Ok, fine thats the reality of most men I am always told but not so soon after marriage.

My wife was fairly shy and normally it took wine just to make her horny. It's a lot of work I tell you. She told me that I should just keep quiet and enjoy the moment. I was not excited though. She could sense this I am sure because my body cringed at her touch but she was determined. Something had gotten into or rather should I say someone. She pulled down my pants and underwear at the same time, not attractive I tell you and she made me lay at the edge of the bed. I was not even hard. How could I be I had so many things going through my head about this very woman. There was my job, my infidelity, her potential infid....aaaaj! it was getting hard to concentrate! Who was teachin..... her..... these things... wow.... aaaah! This thing she was doing with her tongue! I am such a weak soldier, all was forgotten for now. Will fight the battles later I reckon! Free sex is better than no sex. With the way I hated my wife right now, this was not making love! I wanted that angry sex that white people have in the movies. I was an angry man i reminded myself.

She climbed on top of me and it hit me, why am so stupid! Khanyi had come here to drop a wedge into my family and I was starting to suspect that she knew what was going with my wife on the side! Why not let her hear that I can fuck my wife just as hard if not better! Zimasa was making noise with the TV though ah! For some reason Zimasa did not bother me at all. Yes I should be ashamed but oh well I am not. One of the main switches for the house is actually upstairs. This was designed so that if power went out at night we would not have to go all the way downstairs. I manoeuvred my wife from me and I don't think she even noticed me do it. She was in a lust zombie mode. I switched off the power making the house deadly quiet and incredibly dark. At night ever house echoes. I went back to the bed, this is my house after all, I know my way around even in the dark. With the house now very quiet I proceeded to let my wife have a way with me. It was important for her to think she was in charge. I was not going to let her infidelity go unpunished! I could hear Zimasa come up the stairs as she stumbled once or twice. A further distance I think I heard Khanyi close her door! That was not going to save her if I had my way.

As soon as she, my wife, got on top of me and me inside her I pounced. I made sure every thrust would make her moan and if she was not loud enough the next one would make her louder. I have no doubt whatsoever that by the end of the night everyone in this house would know that this proud woman also screamed in sex like any other woman. Yes my wife was very proud woman even in the way she walked and carried herself. That is one of the reason why back in high school not many guys could talk to her myself included. I made sure that all the anger I had towards her was directed in every thrust. I am not evil. I asked her if I was hurting her and she screamed that no, I must stop talking and be a man! Huh! Who was playing who hear? I must be a man? What the hell? My name is not Christian Grey! I continued with my deed until I could feel the sweat on her body in the dark. If your man does not go to gym then his fitness levels are poor! I gym so I made sure I lasted very long. Tomorrow morning she was going to walk skew and be exhausted at work! That was the whole point! Even her gay boyfriend was going to notice! Before she noticed or protested I had turned her around. As I was getting ready to climax myself I don't know what possessed me I penetrated her bum with my finger of which I felt her body tense up with utter shock before a loud AH "no Mxolisi".... I won't go further... I dont know why I did that or how my finger ended up in her chocolate box but it was there! O crap ... dont mind the pun!

When I got off her there was an awkward silence! I tried to cuddle her but she turned her back and went like "mxcim"! She was so annoyed and for some reason I smiled in the dark!

In the morning I had to wake up as well and bath like nothing happened. My wife did not say a word to me! She was very anti anal sex meaning she was very pissed off at me. Part of me knew what I had been doing I think but it very much was a spur of the moment thing. She could not even talk the

way she was angry and I was not about to say I am sorry! She left without saying bye. Why was I not feeling guilty though? I know I should be I was totally happy that she would not gloat anymore and flaunt her late hours in my face!

As soon as she drove Khanyi came out of her room! I could see she was not happy.

“I think I should move out of your space and go to Jhb for a few days!”

She said calmly. She could not even look me in the eye.

“Why would you do a silly thing like that you are welcome here?”

I lied and pretended to care!

“Hearing you have sex with your wife is not part of the deal Mxolisi!”

She snapped!

“Is hearing her have sex with her boss better for you?”

I snapped right back!

Her eyes widened in shock and she asked,

“How do you... I mean what do you... what do you mean?”

What was I supposed to think?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 65

Just as soon as she started Zimasa came down the stairs and asked what the raucous was about! This kid has no manners! That gave Khanyi an escape route which immediately she took and went to her room where I had her lock the door behind her. My first thought was that she was going to go tell my wife that I knew what was going on! When someone is guilty in your eyes everything makes sense and you get to conclude without thinking twice. I smelled a conspiracy here. If I went after her it will cause a commotion in front of Zimasa which will definitely go back to the parents and I did not want that. I wanted to work to save my marriage not destroy it. Much as she had possibly cheated on me I too had sins of my own and one of those demons was in my guest bed room. Mxolisi you are fucking up I told myself as I stood to go back upstairs.

I took a few documents from the bedroom and called Lindiwe. We had to resolve this work issue so no use being hard headed. She said she had woken up early wanting to get ready for work and had only remember after she was done that she had nowhere to go. I told her that we need to meet and

discuss amicably. She said she could not leave the house. I told her that I was not coming to her house. She said she was not being difficult but there was a reason she could not come and I would understand when I got there what she was talking about! I think I had more resolve now. If she wanted to play games that was her business. I was going to her house to fix our mess. I say our because at the end of the day this had happened on my watch. We went there as a team and foolish and conceited as she was letting her fall was out of the question. I had resolved that moving to Jhb was definitely on the cards. I would however need to find my wife a job and she hardly had experience. Now that she was working she would never want to go back to being a mere housewife.

I had never been to Lindiwe's place but she stayed in Gardens close to Hidding Campus a UCT facility. Everyone stays close to universities because rent is doable. Doesn't matter whether you work or not, whether you a clever black or a random one, rent is expensive! They say take a bond but don't want to help you when you can't pay! When I got there and rang the bell she was the one who opened. I guess I don't know who I was expecting to do so by that statement. She had the biggest black eye ever! I knew where it came from, Khanyi! That's why she could not come out! No wonder why she said I must see it in person! Her apartment did not have a speck of dust. It was so immaculate I swear it looked as though no one lived here. Wow, I could put food directly on the floor and eat from it.

She sat down and said to me,

"Mxolisi I am the one who messed up. I am sorry I dragged you into this but it was misconstrued. I messed up and again I am sorry. Right now I need your help because I do not want to be disbarred!" Her attitude had changed so much overnight. I was not out here to add more stress on her. We discussed our course of action and for the first time I think since I met her she did not sound like a machine. She told me how she had grown up after I asked if she was going to press charges against Khanyi. She said no. Her story: her parents died when she was 12. All of her relatives refused to take her and her little brother in sighting how much of an extra expense it would be considering how things were so expensive. She had two rich relatives and even they refused and said whomever takes them in they will contribute to their upkeep. Eventually a second cousin agreed to the job. Her brother was only four at the time. The first year was rough for both of them because obviously they missed their parents. The rich relatives indeed sent money but always with threats such as if there was any bad behavior they will take her brother and her to an orphanage. When she was thirteen turning fourteen on a dark stormy night her uncle came to her room and made her an option, come share my bed with me now or leave my house. She said he did not beat her, force her nor even drag her. He made that offer and left her alone. He had picked a perfect night because there was nowhere she could go. At this stage she was crying. I don't know why she was telling me this but I was very much shocked at how she had reacted when I told her about Khanyi. She of all people

should have been sympathetic I think. She said she went to his room and did everything she was asked to do. To cut a long story short, she lost her virginity that night and her innocence every month after until she was 18 and she got a scholarship for university. When she got her degree the first person she had destroyed as she put it was that uncle. She reminded me that in law there is a grace period allowed women who had been abused as minors to come forward of about 5years. She had used hers! He was in jail right now. I was very sorry to hear her story but I had to ask why she had told me because like I said, it had nothing to do with our situation. She said it had everything to do with it because her getting disbarred would mean she probably will never work again and going back to poverty where she will have to depend on another person was simply not an option. She would do whatever it took to not do that. She asked me if I knew Andrew Willemse? I said no then she said his friends called him Dru so maybe that name and again I said no. She then said,

“O pity, he was buried today. Would have loved you to meet him. Very nice young man!”

This woman was a bit strange, maybe not crazy but strange. When I left her house I was more confused than anything. It all did not make sense until I got home and I saw Khanyi.

“O Fuck!”

I said out loud! Khanyi even asked me what now,

I was in shit!

Lindiwe knew! She fucken knew!

Andrew was the kid I had gotten raped to death in the jail cells! Lindiwe had been threatening me at the extent she will go for revenge. I don't know how she sensed that I had figured it out by now, maybe she is a witch for it was not ten minutes from that realisation that she sent me a message,

“Take the fall or else...poor Dru!”

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Chapter 66

I laughed at her on the phone after she said Dru. I told her that she can go to hell because much as I wanted to help her on earlier on as the only person in her corner when all this started I was going to help them bring her down. How dare she threaten me? I told her I was sorry about her friend “Dre” no I think she said “Dru” but I had no idea how he died and it's sad to lose one so young in the system! Yes I had called her bluff and that much she did not expect. This woman was not going to hold me by my balls and expect me to jump! She must have lost her mind. We had the same degree



so she could not possibly think she was smarter than me! Say what! I was going to fight her just like I was going to fight for my family. She asked me on the line if I was sure about this and I confidently said yes and told her for her to blackmail me she had crossed a line of no return. I hung up the phone in her ear!

Khanyi asked why I had cursed out loud like that. She had been standing there when Lindiwe phoned. I told her that she should not concern herself with my business of which she retorted and said I was actually her business. She asked me why I was not at work which I had forgotten already that I was supposed to be out. I told her that I decided to take the week off. I was not coping I said so I decided it's best that I stay home and recover. She said it was not necessary to lie to her because I was not her husband and walked to her room! This woman needed to go! She was now talking back to me in my own house. I called Dalu and asked if we could meet because I needed his advice. He readily agreed because he was worried about me after what had happened. Khanyi came out again and said that my wife had called her and when she had said that she intended to leave my wife had insisted that she stay. I was not really too keen on this conversation as I had other things to attend to so I just said yes and left. I had to go through the temptation if I was to be worthy of my wife again so Khanyi had to see that I was rejecting her.

We decided to meet at the Waterfront because his next meeting was in Camps Bay. I did not want him to be late. When I got there I called him and he was sitting on the stairs next to the big wheel listening to the marimba band. Dalu had weird tastes because he actually seemed to be having a whale of a time! I sat next to him and he started telling me the history of marimba which for me was completely unnecessary. Of all the stories was this really something I needed to hear with all that was happening. We all have that weird friend who talks about random things and has weird and unnecessary facts. Dalu to me was that friend. He was only two years older than myself but I swear you would think he was old at times the way he would speak to me.

When the song finished that's when he asked me how I was. I told him things had gotten really bad and in this moment I was not talking to him as a friend but as my lawyer. He was surprised and said that I should not panic but have faith for this was just a trial which Allah had placed before me. He is Muslim. I told him there was more. I decided to tell him everything from the beginning of what had happened in Jhb with Lindiwe, the meeting I had missed right up to the last phone call I had had with her. He listened attentively and his face did not once betray his emotions. I could not tell whether he was believing my story, feeling sorry for me or angry at me. When I was done he did not move or say a word. Before I could ask and out of nowhere mind you, my friend and colleague slapped me hard on my right chick!

“That’s for cheating on your wife! I told you, I told you from the beginning that I will never condone that!”

He said standing up! I was stunned! He walked away and sat on the benches behind us as we had been sitting on the stairs. I was not sure how to react! Be angry and attack him for no man had ever hit me or just take it and continue! I chose the latter,

“Did you have anything to do with the murder of that boy?”

He asked me candidly!

“Of course not!”

I immediately replied. Yes it was a lie but in law even if I did not personally do it I would certainly be found guilty as the mastermind of it all which carried a harsher sentence. I told him that after they had arrested him I went to see who he was as obviously Khanyi was my friend. He said what I would have said that he had to ask to get it out of the way.

We both agreed that fighting Lindiwe would be tough and he said that me going to launch a pre-emptive strike as I had planned would not really help me as she had too much on me even if it was just a sniff.

I decided that I should surprise my wife at work. I had to win her back and being romantic was a good place to start. She was still angry at me for what had happened last night so I had to suck up.

When I got to the office I found Azile there, the receptionists. She remembered me again and said I should go right through.

Everyone was busy running around meaning no one noticed me in this open plan. I spotted my wife talking to some guy at the end of the room. Where was that boss of hers? I did not even know his name!

It was when I decided to walk towards her that I saw it. The guy she was talking to either brushed something off her cheek or touched her cheek affectionately!

It was not the boss I should have been worried about, it was this guy!

Who the hell was he for when he turned he looked familiar!

Asthandile saw me and quickly jumped to her feet! She ran up to me and hugged me as though nothing had happened.

Eh!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 67

It's funny when you actually think about it, usually the person you suspect to be having an affair with your partner is usually the wrong one. It's easy to make assumptions and conclude on the most likely suspect because they usually are always around your partner. Something was wrong here. A lot of people don't get it, the most dangerous thing to a relationship which often causes the cheating, lying and eventually fighting is this called change. Change of routine is what had gotten us here. My wife hitherto had been a stay at home wife meaning she never got attention from any other man apart from me. Now she was like a fish out of water and ready to live again so to speak. This is why most newly divorced women go through a dating and yes sleeping around phase. That feeling of being caged goes away very quickly no matter how much you might miss him! I pushed her off me and asked her why that guy was touching her face! She looked a bit surprised by my reaction but I made sure not raise my voice and embarrass her in front of her colleagues. Women hate that and I stand with them there! Your man has no business coming into your place of working and breaking you down.

She said he was a client and he was flirty that's all. She said that she indulged him and he never went too far. He probably was removing something she could not even remember. I could not believe what she had just said and the way she was so casual about it. It's not a nice thing to say but in most offices, women get things done faster because they no how to persuade. It's Sexist I know but work in an office and see who the male bosses especially sign quicker for males or females. My wife was beautiful and it was that beauty that was part of the reason why I signed on the I DO line on our marriage certificate! Was her gay boss using my wife as bait to get contracts? What the hell? She looked at me when she saw that I was looking for her boss and whispered harshly but the look in her eyes was more like pleading, "Please don't spoil this for me please! I will do anything you want please. He is my first big client I have to make this work!"

She said. I was not sure what I was being asked. Was she asking me to sit at the back and watch her flirt with other men? Hell no! She was smarter than that. Why would she allow herself to be used as bait like this. I was so disappointed. This is why I hate anything that has to do with the entertainment industry. There are simply too many grey areas for comfort. She pleaded me if I could leave because had work to do and I was making her feel awkward.

Now that this was done I had to leave and go home. I was not feeling up to it because it would mean hanging out with Khanyi. I was confused. My wife loved her job too much she had to quit. I am sure I had given her headaches before with my late hours but I was not flirting at work. I was genuinely working for us. If getting more clients meant she had to flirt ah, I don't think I could survive this.

Being a husband can be the most difficult job on earth! With me uncertain about my own employment status I walked out with my tail beneath my legs. She said she knew what she was doing and saying she did not meant I would be treating her like a child. I am ashamed to say this but I went and sat in the car and waited for her. I had to move the car so that I could see my wife's car but at the same time she could not see mine. Wow, I had sunk so low, I was stalking my own wife! Most men have stalked someone in their lives even if they deny it. Fine unless you are Maps Maponya then you don't do the stalking they stalk you. My wife loves that man so much she openly drools for him. I don't mind because he is on TV and only does white sisters! So here I was in the car, thank Heavens it was not hot. I think at some point I fell asleep, I don't know when but clearly my body was not designed for this. Imagine my irritation when I woke up to find that my wife's car had left. I think I slept for hours because it was already after work and the parking lot was empty. I cursed myself, my car and anything I could think off. Maybe I should hire a private investigator. In my line of work we see a lot of those. Mmmm, tempting indeed but the problem with one of those is that they almost always find what you fear the most. Was I ready for this! I felt as though instead of fighting to win my wife back I was looking for every excuse to make her look bad yet at the same time, for me to fix the problem I had to find it!

I decided to buy cooking ingredients, fish, my wife's favourite. I was a conflicted man. When I got home surprise, my wife was there. She asked me where I was and I said I had been at the office all day. She said ok and was about to start cooking. She was drinking wine with Khanyi whilst Zimasa was peeling potatoes for her. I told her that I felt like cooking today so the ladies can sit down...well ladies except Zimasa. I hated chopping especially tomatoes and onions so that was her job.

I was not the greatest cook to be fair but on the dinner table everyone seemed to enjoy. Maybe it was the wine. I could see my wife was going all out to make Khanyi forget her ordeal. Khanyi was not milking it. She was laughing and happy. It had to be the weirdest thing. At some point I was in the kitchen and found Zimasa gulping down the wine. Teenagers. I told her if I caught her again I will tell my wife and she said Asthandile is the one who allowed her to drink so long as I did not see it! Yah Neh, I was losing control of my authority.

We all ended up in the TV room sharing stories about past experiences. It was fun we were all laughing. For the first time I managed to let myself go and be free. This until my wife's phone rang and she stood up to go take it outside! Why should a married woman do that?

I don't think she noticed that I saw that she had left. I followed her. I could hear her giggle and so on. When I got close she turned and saw me and she hung up!

"Are you having an affair?"

I asked her with a straight face, arms folded across my chest.

"No...no... of course not! how could you even ask me that? You are my husband!"

She said trying to sound convincing.

"Then dial the last number you were on!"

I said. I could see the panic in her eyes.

"Is that really necessary?"

She asked,

"Yes it is! If you don't dial it I will dial it for you!"

I said and took a step forward.

She took her phone and dialled...

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 68

I was so incensed this time I was not going to roll over and play dead. I had given her too much room and too much leeway. This was a marriage not high school kids dating. I made sure I stood next to her to see whom she was dialing. His name was Charlie. I can't recall the boss's name so am not sure if it was him. When the phone rang on the other side the person immediately said,

"Hey darling why did you hang up so fast I was still talking?"

See what I mean. She had hung up the phone when she saw me so she must have been guilty of something.

"Yes Charlie I did and am sorry for that!"

She said. Why was she acting all nice? I was standing next to her.

"My husband wants to talk to you?"

She said casually! I was starting to look and feel stupid now. I am very certain this is the person she

had been giggling with because he even responded,

“But I thought we were not going to tell him?”

See, he was panicking! Even his voice betrayed this. Was she planning on living me? Is this what she intended to tell me.

“Hello Mr. Sindani!”

This guy had a nerve to try and talk to me after what he was doing with my wife. Nowadays people do not respect the integrity of marriage let alone relationships themselves. There are men especially who only target married women because they tell themselves that they have nothing to lose as the woman in her right mind won't divorce their husband for them. They get to enjoy all the benefits of her especially the free sex without having to commit. The woman tells herself that she is either punishing her husband for cheating, absentism or whatever but the irony will always be, she had more to lose!

“Don't Mr. Sindani me!”

I shouted at the phone,

“What are you doing with my wife? If I catch you I will kill you with my bare hands!”

I screamed.

“Mr. Sindani no need for threats calm down...”

The voice pleaded with me but already I was cursing and swearing. I was going to beat up my wife! I know I said I would never but not only was she cheating but her scuftin had the nerve to disrespect me like this! I don't care whether you are male or female, but a scuftin must always no its place! Fuck being a gentleman!

“Mxolisi would you just listen please!”

My wife begged, clearly getting scared now. I had it in mind to strangle her.

“Mr. Sindani I was hired by your wife to redo your study. It was supposed to be a birthday gift for you which if I am not mistaken is a month away!”

Birthday? Study? The words just hit me all at once and when they finally set in I felt like the idiot I really was! She had mentioned many times that my study used to be redone. She always said that it was too cold and boring. The excuse I always gave her was that we had no money so how could she possibly pay for it!

“I thought with my first pay cheque I will surprise you and show you how much you mean so much to me but clearly I thought too soon!”

She said walking away leaving me standing there looking like a fool. What had I done? Was I making my insecurities hers?

When I walked back into the house my wife had gone upstairs. I went to the bedroom and found the door locked. I could hear her crying in the room. I knocked and she refused to open but instead

screamed at me saying because I don't trust her I must go to the woman that I trusted. There was no way of explaining to her through the door that it had been a mistake on my part without the others hearing. Besides I think she had had a bit too much to drink meaning explaining to her now would not bear the right results.

I knew I was sleeping on the couch tonight and this time she did not even give me blankets. I had to tough it out. In the guest room that Khanyi was using there were no extra blankets either so I was screwed. Good thing it was a warm day. When I got downstairs Khanyi had gone to her room and I could actually hear her snore. Alcohol has a way of removing all dignity even in the most astute of people. I told Zimasa to go her room as I was sleeping on that couch tonight. She was a bit confused as well as reluctant to leave but she had no choice.

I was tired too and I fell asleep almost as soon as I put my head on the cushion. I hated this. Around 2am in the morning I think I felt someone touch my leg from a distance. It felt like I was in a dream because it happened for a long time until I woke up. It definitely was not my wife because when she drink she gets knocked out so it had to be Khanyi. What was wrong with this woman? I could see her silhouette in the dark as the moonlight was shining through. She was wearing a short nightdress that's for sure. I was not turned on. I had promised myself that no more games. My wife came first!

"Stop it!"

I whispered harshly!

"Go back your room!"

I was actually quite angry at her for doing this. How dare she? As soon as I finished that sentence someone switched on the lights and in a sleepy voice asked,

"What's going on here?"

Wait a minute! I turned to look at the owner of the voice for I knew whom it belonged too! It was Khanyi!

So if Khanyi was over there then who the hell was touching me!

I turned around to stare my molester in the face!

O Lord no!

It was Zimasa!

The look on her face said it all! She had been busted and what's worse her nightdress was so short it did not cover up anything.

Worse, because she was squatting, when I turned I looked straight in between her legs as I was lying down.

What had she done!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 69

She immediately jumped up and said,

“It’s not what you are thinking!”

Am not to sure to whom exactly, Khanyi or myself! Waking up to a teenager with her hands under your blanket is quite something and I was not even sure where to begin. Khanyi ignored and said to me,

“Are you fucking her too!”

Furiously! She did not hide her disgust which startled Zimasa yet again!

“No no no, there is no fucking here! I think I left my phone on the couch when you chased me off to bed!”

What phone?

“I did not want to wake you because you were in a bad mood so I figured I could fish it from underneath you!”

My couches had a tendency of grabbing things between the cushions. It was a plausible argument but I did not want to fish for it because it would look like we planned this argument. I took my phone and handed it to her to dial her phone. It did not ring but it vibrated from underneath me and the vibrations were loud enough for Khanyi to hear. Problem is we couldn’t find the phone, or rather we could not reach it. It had not only gone through the cushions but had fallen into the a torn part of the cloth on the couch itself. The only way of fishing it out would be to overturn the couch otherwise we would have to tear it further for a hand to fit and that was not an option! Hell no! It was late so this was not happening! At first she protested and stood her ground. She said that she could not sleep without her phone because she had people she had to say goodnight too and she was certain that people were already getting worried as to where she was! I laughed! All teenagers think there are so important to their friends hence everything must happen now to make the world a better place! Maybe they are right but not at three in the morning at the expense of my sleep, goodnight!

I sent her to bed and told her that she will take it out tomorrow. She saw that she was in a no win position, what with Khanyi standing there with her hands across her chest! When Zimasa left I asked



her why she was up so late or rather so early in the morning and she said she could not sleep. She said she was having nightmares about her ordeal. My first thought was that she was trying to milk the sympathy but then it hit me, as a man I will never know the emotional cycle a woman goes through after a rape! It's easy to just dismiss her as someone seeking attention or to assume that she is doing just fine. I was awake anyway so I sat up and said she can talk to me if she wanted. The least I could do was listen. So what I had slept with her and so what my wife was upstairs, this was a woman who had gone through a lot of which I had a part to blame. She took a throw and wrapped it around her, not that it was cold but oh well then took the couch in front of me. I wonder what my wife would think if she walked in right now and found her husband talking to her bestfriend at three in the morning! Where they even bestfriends? Am not sure but they were friends at the very least, wrong or right! People have a tendency of saying someone who betrays you is not your friend but when your sibling betrays you does that stop them being your sibling? Nope! I don't think so. Besides I had already concluded that the affair was over so nothing was going to happen again!

She told me that what hurts her the most is not what he did but the fact that she was powerless to defend herself. She told me that a million times over already she had blamed herself for not taking defensive classes and how she had laughed at her friends that did in the past.

"Mxolisi, in a country with so much rape you would think every woman would have a blackbelt but oh no, we will rather do our weaves and nails!"

I did not know what to say. It felt as though she was accusing me directly. She was sobbing gently and much as I kept on saying I am so sorry I felt it would never hit home!

"As a woman you tell yourself it will never happen to you because that gives you piece of mind until that day comes..."

She went quiet and just stared into space. For a moment I thought she had fallen asleep with her eyes open. You never know hey, these things happen.

"Mxolisi what would you have done if it was you that had been... raped!"

She whispered the last word! Huh? What kind of a question was that? I felt my skin crawl at that thought and I remembered the poor boy I had exacted my revenge on. What had I done? I was just the same as the very criminals I put to jail! What had I done? I actually had tears in my eyes! She had hit a spot!

I don't know when or how but eventually we both fell asleep, both I am certain haunted by the ghosts of our recent pasts. I had not thought this through! I could not kick this woman out of my home even if I wanted to. In the morning my wife found us there. She said she had heard our conversation last night because the house had been so quiet as she missed me in her bed. Eh, had she heard the Zimasa part too? She did not say anything about that.

She came over to me and gave me a kiss (I hadn't even brushed my teeth) and hugged me, "Although I am very angry at you, you are still the best husband in the world! Thank you so much for being there for my friend! I honestly don't know what I would have done without you!"

She kissed me again and she left! I was winning points with my wife at last. When she closed the door behind her and drove out Khanyi woke up too. She said good morning and went to her room. I guess she did not hear my wife and I.

Khanyi said she had to go to the doctor for a follow up check up. She asked to use my car if I was not going anywhere. I obliged and she left.

As I was making breakfast Zimasa came to me and stared at me for a long time until I asked what her problem was,

"Bhuti, are you sleeping with Khanyi?"

She asked me looking me straight in the eye! What the hell?

"How could you even ask me that"

I asked her! Wow this child really had no boundaries!

"Please answer the question?!"

She asked ignoring my question!

I demanded to know why and she said,

"Last night Khanyi asked if you are sleeping with me TOO and I noticed how angry and hurt she was when she thought that! I am not stupid! I am a woman and I know how this works!"

She was sharper than I thought! She had been paying attention after all!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 70

I was a bit confused. Just a few days ago she had told me that she thought Khanyi and I were sleeping together. She had also said that it was ok we were adults. Ok fine, look at me trying to justify myself to a teenager! I told her to stop meddling in grown ups business and for the record Khanyi and I were not sleeping together. She laughed and said that she was not stupid and besides, yesterday when I was gone, Khanyi fell asleep on the couch and was calling my name in her sleep! Say what? My name is not the easiest name to say alright and for someone to actually be able to say whilst in dreamland is an achievement! What else did she say? No, I did not want to know because if I asked her I would just be encouraging her further! Then it me, what if one day Khanyi would talk in her sleep in front of my wife? That would not go down so well but if all she said was my

name it means that my wife might think Khanyi had a thing of me and get rid of me! She would never like it that much is true.

I had to make it to Asthandile though for the fight yesterday however there was an impediment. If she was redoing my study it means she intended to stay in Cape Town of which I had already said my heart was not willing to do so anymore. I was gatvol after the way we had been thrown out. I felt like I would always be embarrassed everytime I stepped into the office. Secondly I still had not told my wife that I had been suspended in the first place which is what brought the next impediment, she could not be using money the way she wanted and redoing the study was definitely an extra expense we could not carry right now. I decided to call her and tell her right there and then. I was delaying too much. Her phone was off so I left a voicemail in her phone. All I said was, "Baby I need to talk to you. Something has happened at work which you must know ASAP. Get back to me!"

I hate talking to voicemail!

I did not have the energy for them today and I was sleepy because last night had hardly slept being Khanyi's counsellor. I sat in the bedroom going through my notes. Just because I was suspended did not mean I should not remain vigilant. I started forwarding my CV to a few firms. I might as well start sourcing for a new job. An hour or two into doing this Lindiwe sent me a message saying she was in Jhb fixing 'our' problem! What was wrong with this woman! As a lawyer she should know better than go temper with the victims. I told her I was not part of this and she should stay away from them. The stresses in my life! I went and bought my wife flowers to appease my wife.

When I came back I sat in my room because I had a few thing to do in any case. Not working does not mean you should stop reading and studying. Its as simple as that. A few hours later I heard my wife pull up. She banged her car door and the house door when she entered. I was still in trouble I guess! Fuck! Flowers wont help me now!

"Why didn't you tell me that you were fired Mxolisi?"

She screamed as soon as she walked into the bedroom!

"How am I supposed to trust you if you can't even tell me such important things?"

She was so angry. She stood there glaring at me!

"I don't need your flowers! Keep them! Imagine how embarrassed I was when I went to your office for you to sign some papers and they told me! Do you have any idea how embarrassed I was?"

She threw them at me and stomped out! I ran after her trying to explain that I had not been fired but she would not listen! She got into her car and drove out.

Khanyi and Zimasa just stared at me when I walked back into the house! They had heard everything. I decided the best thing to do was to lock myself in and wait for her. No matter how angry she was I was not taking the couch today. She can take it!

I waited for her to come back...and waited...and waited! At some point. I dozed off! When I woke up it was three am and I figured she had indeed slept on the couch. I went downstairs to check the couch, switched on the light but she was not there. Maybe she was sleeping with Khanyi so I went to knock on Khanyi's room. Khanyi open. She said again she could not sleep because she was having nightmares. I asked her if my wife was with her and she said nope, she didn't come to her room since she left. I ran back upstairs to Zimasa's room and again I hit a dead end.

I took my phone and tried to call but her phone was off! I started to panic...

Where the hell was my wife?

I panicked. I asked Khanyi to call around and ask some of the people that she knew as to where Astandile was. At first Khanyi refused but I begged her and told her that my wife could be. Khanyi asked me if I really wanted to know because all my investigations in the end would only hurt me. I had no idea what she meant. She said my wife and I needed to have a conversation a strong one because there was only one place my wife could be. So Khanyi knew where my wife was? She said she will not call many people and gave me the phone. She showed me a text message,

"I needed someone to talk who gets me so I have gone to have late coffee with Mcgyver!"

Who the hell was that now?

Khanyi hesitated to say but I went on my knees and begged her because the other choice would have been to strangle her.

"If I tell you please don't tell her I told you because there is nothing going on between them"

So it was a guy?

"That is the nickname we call some guy at work and I promise you that is all I know! I don't even have his number check my phone!"

I was not sure if she was lying but I got it now...

I lost my wife the day she got a job...

No, forget that, I lost my wife the day she made new friends and I allowed her to!

This woman does not get it! I pay all the bills in this house! Did she really think she could go sleep in another man's house with me at home! I took twenty minutes to throw everything of hers outside! Kanyi and Zimasa begged me not to though but it was too late... where... another man's house!

When she returns she must go back where she was!

I was not going to beat her

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 72

Khanyi refused to tell me where he stayed. I would have gone there immediately. She swore she did not know just that he was the one she had gone to for her to cool off. She asked me to calm down and not overreact because that would only cause a fight I would most likely not win because I knew very little about it. There is nothing more frustrating than suspecting something but not having the right information. I went to my room and lay down. There was a knock on my door and it was Zimasa. She closed the door behind and I thought, oh know here we go again. Was this kid trying to seduce me? I don't think women get it, when you were a short skirt, in her case bum shorts disguised as nightwear it tends to be arousing. She sat on my wife's dressing table stool. I was not sure what she was going to say because my mind was going many places at this moment. What the hell was happening to my marriage? A married woman does not sleep out of home when her husband is home even if he is not. This was not an open marriage!

After she had not said anything for about five minutes I asked what it was she wanted. She hesitated and I forced to out with it. She then looked at the door as though to check if someone was there and then turned and said,

"I don't think you should trust what Khanyi tells you. I don't trust her. She is too comfortable yesterday afternoon I caught her lying on your bed which is highly inappropriate. It's like she is trying to replace your wife!"

She emphasised the 'wife' part I think to make sure I got that part correct. I had already picked that up. That was the other problem. Before I confront my wife I also had to consider that Khanyi clearly had an agenda. Women like to say that a good man is hard to find which is why they target other woman's husbands I reckon. We give the semblance of being stable and secure hence why she does not want a man like yours but she wants your man. We are like the finished product. The more I thought about it the more it made sense. Mot many young black South African are stable at my

age. Most are still paying off student loans, have many baby mamas and behave like little boys. Must be tough for a woman to find a good man then.

I had never actually looked at Zimasa to describe here. Zimasa was not a short girl. She was taller than my wife and one of those girls that developed early physically. I remember a few years ago when I met her getting surprised when she said she was only in grade 8. At that point I was sure she was probably in grade eleven or matric. It's in the food I tell you. Kids today are jail traps because they develop so early and grow up so fast. It's true. Most men if even the younger ones if you ask them they will tell you that on several occasions they have made a mistake and hit on a girl thinking she was of age only to find out she was born after 1996. It's easy to call men creeps but when parents allow their kids to dress up as adults, when a man bumps into your child, she does not look like a child because of her height and physical development let alone the dress code. Zimasa was one of those girls that could get you into such trouble. She was a girl in a woman's body. She told me that I should not listen to Khanyi because if I overreact I will kill my wife for all the wrong reasons. Counselling by a child! That's how far I had fallen.

She left my room and went to her room. I guess I had a lot of decisions to make. At 0630 in the morning I got a call. I was still up imagine. Had not slept since. It was not my wife but Lindiwe. What did she want?

"I have good news. I have sorted out everything."

She had said she was in Jhb yesterday but I had not entertained her that much because she was another problem. Now I was curious to find out how she had done that but that would mean I was interested in her schemes! I did not want to be bound to her! It was the last part that shocked me though,

"Today you are going back to work as normal. It's already be arranged. I will only start tomorrow since I am this side. Thank you for being patient with me!"

She said. There was a sound in the background which I was not quite sure off but I swear it sounded like a man clear his throat. It was not of my business though. He was her problem not mine.

I was not sure what to make of this phone call. I was not about embarrass myself and walk back into the office then be chased out. Hell no. I wanted to go sink myself into my work so I could stop worrying about how messed up things were back home. I tried calling my wife again and there was no reply. It was off.

It was not ten minutes before my boss called me. All he said was I must come in to work today but must stop in his office first. Obviously I could not say no but I told him I would be about an hour later under the circumstances. He said it was fine as long as I see him. I was not sure whether I was

happy or sad about this because what had Lindiwe done this time? I got ready for work. Khanyi told me that she was ready to go home and on Friday her sister was coming. That was ok with me. She asked me where I was going considering yesterday my wife had said I was fired. I told her that I was not fired and I was going to work. She could visit me in my office anytime I said for emphasis.

Driving down the M2 in traffic is never nice. After I passed the crosses on UCT middle campus I started feeling nervous. I was not ready to go back. At that moment I got an sms. It was from my wife! The bitch was alive! It read:

“I did something last night I was not supposed to have done. I am so ashamed of myself and I am so so sorry. I am too scared to come home because you will kill me for it and you know I cannot keep a secret from you. Please Mxolisi forgive me!”

It read! She had not said what she had done!

My head was about to explode!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 73

Would you rather not know if your partner cheated? Whom would you rather hear it from them or or a second party? Is confessing the best way to go? Pastors lie when you take your vows and encourage you that you must tell your partner everything! What if you tell your partner and the reaction is that it induces a heart attack and they die? What then? I could hardly concentrate as I envisaged everything that she could possibly say to me. In marriage the worst thing is not killing someone, it's being told that your wife cheated! That breaks you. Trust is like a page of paper, once you crumple it, it will never be straight again! I wanted to trust my wife, really I do but this was a bit too much. I wanted to park on the side of the road and scream my lungs out but this is Helen Zilles Cape Town you don't just park anywhere. I swear in the years I have been here there are less black people in Cape Town. It's remarkable. Black people are now stuck in the townships so no I could not park on the side. There was too much traffic even if I wanted to in any case. When I got to our building I parked in my bay. I sat in the car for a good thirty minutes confused as to what to do next. The problem comes from the fact that because I had cheated too, twice in fact I had no legs to stand on. I know people want to say it's better when a man cheats but that's not the case. It's the same crime and yes women tend to be punished more when they do that does not justify it from my side! I was wrong and I was reaping the seeds of my betrayal. Dalu clapping me was the correct thing to

do! I had let myself and my family down! I would forgive her if she cheated no doubt! She was my wife, for better or worse must mean something I guess!

When I walked back into the office everyone stared at me as though I had been convicted of a crime. It was worse than when I left. Some of the white colleagues were even whispering to themselves but looking at me. It was so weird. In my section we have a secretary. She is studying law through UNISA. I do not think she knew I was coming back because when I walked in she dropped her file. I had only been gone a week and already I was being treated like an outsider. Sanchia Van Straden was her name and she was a colored lady with a smoking habit. She was always on the edge but we got along well enough. I asked her what was wrong and she said that a memo had gone around announcing that we had been fired and everyone had been put on notice because of us. The partners were reviewing everyone's cases even. We had been fired without being told? What the hell was happening? What had Lindiwe do to change this stance? No wonder why everyone was staring at me! This was bad.

In the office I dropped my bad and I went straight to the bosses office as he had requested. The serious face was gone and now he was cheerful. It was as though he was trying to get on to my good side. He said that there had been a huge misunderstanding in all this and the firm owed me an apology. I asked what had taken place because I still was quite unclear as to what had happened. He said that did not matter as it was an internal thing which as the attorneys for the union we were not privy today. He said in their apology they had given both Lindiwe and I plus our partners holidays away to Mauritius. Holiday? I could not normally afford this so this was a good thing and maybe a chance to fix things with my wife! I love my wife. Yes I cheated but I love my wife and my marriage had to work. I had love Asthandile since I was sixteen and it's not the first time I had said that she was gold in my eyes. I had found a woman above my means and every day I looked forward to coming just to be with her. That was the truth and losing her at this point was not an option. He also said they were considering us for partnership in the new Jhb office they were opening. From being almost fired to this I was in shock. Something big had just happened here! I should be excited but there was more on mind! Imagine me a partner? Wow who could have thought!

The morning was incredibly awkward as the stares did not die down. In fact it got worse. Dalu was not there. At lunch my wife finally called. She called me and she said she was downstairs. I don't recall telling her that I was back at work but that's not an issue right now. When I got downstairs she had black bags under her eyes to show that she had been crying. I wanted to cry too! At times when bad things happen you just know. She asked to go to the wimpy down the road as we needed to talk. We didn't walk side by side. In fact she walked behind me which was rather weird but ok doable. She could not look me in the eye I guess but I do not think I could either. I was ready to confess about



Khanyi and I even though it would seem as though I was doing it to hurt her back. I doubt though I could get a better timing than this. It was like the long walk to freedom only problem was there was no joy at the end of the road. She spoke as soon as we set down!

“You know I love you and I would never intentionally do something to hurt you?”

She began. If she was expecting an answer well then I don't have one. I just stared back at her. I could see she had not slept at all.

“Yesterday when I left I was so angry at you I called friends from work whom I knew would be out! We were hosting a small function but not my department...”

I didn't even know they had departments.

“I went and I drank... a lot...”

Last time I said when my wife gets tipsy she gets horny and that's no joke. I knew were this was going and I had tears in my eyes. No negate that, the tears in my eyes were rolling down my cheeks!

“I had nowhere to sleep. I went to these two interns place and I...”

She had slept with him! My hurt was cracking! I was guilty too and I knew I was going to until she said,

“I slept with them both... I think or one I don't know! I was just so angry and drunk ... I am sorry!”

I stood up and left.

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 74

I wanted to die. There is no other phrase to use! I wanted to die. Surely she had made some mistake in what she had said. Not only had my wife cheated but she had been in a threesome with two other men at the same time. My knees felt weak and I collapsed into a bench in the park. No maybe it was me who had heard wrong? Should I go ask her again? What if she says it again and it confirms it? What would I do then? Who was worse though? Me who had slept with my colleague and her new best friend or her who had slept with two men at once? That does not even make sense in my head? This was my wife I was talking about! She had chosen to confess and now I wish she had not. I was disgusted by her at the mere thought of what she had done! She had to pay for it! I was not going to let her get away with it! That thin line really does exist, the one between love and hate! It's a fact! The reason why most people, well it's usually women to be fair, absolutely hate their exes is

because they loved them once! This is usually true. I loved my wife dearly but she had done what? I was not going to spoil a baboon like this! I was going to punish her and I was not going to divorce her either! Hell no! She did not deserve it! That was too easy! I was angry. I was confused. I wanted to scream but I could not. Imagine a black man in Cape Town screaming in the middle of Adderly Street? Nope, not wise!

I had to go back to work. At least this was the one thing that seemed to have worked for me. The matter had been resolved in such a way now they were talking holidays etc. I had really wanted to take my wife as she deserved it after the stress I must have put her through but what had happened in the last two minutes had probably harmed us forever! I honestly do not get why a married man or woman would go confess after cheating. I don't care how born again you will be on the day you do and how matter you cry because that destroys your marriage forever. You will never fully trust your partner again because the thought that someone else touched them will always haunt you. As I crossed the road to enter my office building I almost got hit by a car! That's how much I was not concentrating. I had to take this like a man. I had cheated too but not like this! A threesome? With two men? For a married woman! Ah, I did not know what to say.

When I got into the office I resolved that come what may I was going to look happy and normal. Carrying your heart on your sleeve in the work place is pathetic. Most people are suffering in their homes but you will never know this because at work they keep it professional. When I got into the office my boss came to see me again. I hope he had not changed his mind. He came to give me the name of the travel agent I would be using and said everything was sorted all I had to do was call in and make the arrangements. I thanked him. He said he was glad that matter had been resolved because he liked working with me. What a lie! I had spoken to him directly less than ten times since I started working here but white people are good at this sucking up business. I went back into my case load and called a few of my clients just to assure them that I was still on the boat not that I had to. I was a bit of a celebrity at work though as many people kept on passing through my office as though to make sure that I was really back. Never trust anyone you work with especially in the private sector. Just a few days ago they were sure I was being fired and no one had sympathised and now they were pretending to be happy I was back! All in all work wise my day was decent.

On the way back I started plotting on how I would revenge of my wife. I had many options on how to! People don't get this, when you are in a relationship and something like this happens, if you do not react as a man your wife will think that the reason why you did not react is because you yourself are up to something. Damned if you do and Damned if you don't. Yes I was doing this from an evil place in me but that is the reality of relationships. Of all the situations you have, this one you react to!

I called her. At first she did not pick up but about five minutes later she called me back. It was loud where she was so she said she had had to go find a quiet spot. She was still very frightful in her voice. I asked her where she was and she said that she was at the bus station booking a bus to go home! I asked her why she was going home. She said that she had messed up so badly she had to leave so that I don't kill her in her sleep. I don't think she meant that as a joke. Wise woman but she was not going anywhere! I told her straight up if she got onto that bus she must never come back again. I told her that I will divorce her before the bus even reaches Mdantsane so she better think carefully about this! She was stuck! Even her voice sounded it! I told her I am going to get home and go to the gym. When I came back I want to find her cooking at home! If I come back from gym and she was not there, well, she might as well get on that bus now! I hung up.

When I got home I found Khanyi gone. Her things had been packed and the room empty. I had forgotten that Zimasa had started school today. She was still in uniform and was doing her homework. High school. She asked me what she should cook and I told her not to because her sister cousin was coming to cook. She sounded a bit surprised when I said that but I think she was too busy with her homework to care.

I got ready for gym and I left. I won't lie I hate gym to be honest. There are these big buff guys with muscles bigger than my head that lift very heavy weights whilst looking at themselves in the mirror. Like wtf! I am part of the crew that struggles with 20kg weights so you can imagine the embarrassment. I would rather go dance with the women in the classes! Not even sure what that does for my physic but I am certain that with all the bending over women in there at least I get to be a pevert and enjoy a free show. I will worry about Asthandile later! When I got there I was not disappointed! Ass everywhere! Gym was meant for thick bodied people and this place never disappoints!

Eventually I left. When I got home I did not see my wife's car! She had gotten on the bus? A bit of panic set in! Eh, I don't want to lose my wife. When I entered the house, there was food on the stove but on Zimasa in the tv room!

I was about to ask where my wife was when she walked in from the guest room. She had not heard me enter and was startled. She stop and looked at me. I could see the absolute fear in her.

"What for dinner?"

I asked cheerfully that it even confused her!

"I hope you did not make broccoli I hate that shit!"

I teased her! She feigned a smile!

Stupid bitch though she could get away with cheating on me!

The things I was going to put her through!

I smiled back!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 75

The reason why women always end up on the receiving end of cheating is because they are never willing to take action when shit hits the fan. With men, we react and we react immediately. Asthandile should have known that by telling me I would react unless she was testing me! Marriage is not a thing to be trifled. Women have a thing of saying they are judged more harshly by men should they cheat but truth be told, they left the opening there. Other women judge them first before us men actually get there! I was not letting her get away with it. Just because I didn't confess does not make me a bad person! Why should I be blamed that she did not find out on her own. What she does not know won't kill because what I knew of her now was killing me. It's definitely a justification! To say supper was a tense affair is quite the understatement because it was that bad. My wife was so nervous spilt even the water she was drinking. I on the other hand focused on Zimasa asking her about school and the like. She was not excited about it but very few teenagers are! I don't know how my wife had pulled it off but she had gotten her into Claremont high school meaning she had to travel every morning. Fortunately like I said at the beginning, we live next to the Rosebank train station just behind UCT so she would be fine. I was certain she would make friends soon so this was fine by me. I asked my wife for her thoughts on the new school. It was like I was asking her to talk with a toothache. She did not want to make conversation but because I was putting her under pressure I forced her to be involved!

I brought up the Mauritius trip with her and I could see the excitement in her eyes as well as the resignation. She knew that with what had happened this trip would probably not happen. Maybe I should take Khanyi and see what she does. Much as I wanted to revenge it hurt me to see her like this. I was angry though and as far as I was concerned overreacting would be not doing anything about it! She had to know that this was not acceptable. My intention had been to come and confess what I had done but now I realised it really was not worth it. Some secrets are meant to stay like that because it can destroy more than just the marriage. I could have done the African thing and taken her back to her parents so she could be shamed but not this time around. This was our first real hurdle as a couple and pressing the divorce button was simply not an option...not now anyway.

I had work to do. I had lots of it in fact because I had just returned. Day one back had been full of surprises so I wanted to be on the ball. I went into my study, the one she was renovating or rather intending to renovate and got down to it. Daluxolo called me and said he had heard the good news. I told him that much as it was good I was not very happy with the way they had treated me. Dalu, forever the peacemaker said I should not hold a grudge because it only brings me and my potential down. He spoke like an old man at times but he was a good friend. He suggested we celebrate but the problem with him was that because of religion it would be a dead occasion with no alcohol. I told him that was not in a celebratory moods as I now had to catch up with work. He fully understood. I doubt he had meant it anyway.

Eventually I had to go to bed. When I got upstairs I found my wife sitting at the edge of the bed reading the bible! Dramatic much? My wife asked me if I wanted to talk about it and I asked her how that would help us considering that it had already happened. She said that me keeping quiet was making everything worse. I told her it's too soon to have this conversation. You cannot do something big like this and expect the person you are talking to after it to be calm and rational. Bad things are said when you are emotional which is why I also pick when to fight a fight. What can be resolved ends up a giant problem simply because you did not think it through properly. Asthandile was the type to throw stones friends without thinking what they would hit. We already had too many problems and this would make them worse. I was not being a coward avoiding this fight but i can honestly say it was too soon for this conversation.

"Do you want a divorce?"

She asked me. What the hell? Is this what she wanted? For us to divorce would be admitting that we like half of this country have failed on this mission call marriage. Hell no!

"I don't want a divorce but I want you to quit that job!"

I said calmly. I did not have the energy.

"But Mxolisi I love my job..."

She said in what was barely a whisper!

"Do you love it more than you love me?!"

I shouted. She was making me angry. She really was.

"Of course not. I love you more than anything and you know that! Please don't take this away from me. Please don't. That's all I ask for!"

Maybe I am weak. I felt sorry for her!

“How do you expect yourself to sleep with two men and they not talk about it when you get back to work? By now everyone is talking about it when you walk in?”

I asked her calming down my voice! She just looked down and held her bible tightly. The way she was gripping it so hard I thought Jesus would pop out! What was with bible anyway. My wife was not that religious and neither was I! We were church goers that's it. People when they make mistakes go hide behind church instead of fixing their own problems. She did not need guidance in this! She needed to know that I was her man and no one else! That bible was starting to annoy me!

“Huh!”

She said a bit surprised.

“I never said I had sex with them. They are two of the gayest men I know that's why I felt comfortable going to sleep with them!”

Say what?

...and some people were saying I should have confessed too!

Egg on my face! It's a good thing I had not overreacted!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 76

This woman udlala nami! Had she forgotten already what she had said earlier on. The problem with lies is that they are very hard to stick to! Why on earth would she have been that terrified of me had she said that in the first place. Her words were,

“I slept with them both, or I think one, I can't remember...”

That's what she said.

“You are lying”

I screamed! I quoted her words and she said,

“They are a couple and live in a bachelor pad! Did you want me to sleep on the floor as well?”

I was incredulous. Did she expect me to believe this bullshit. What was wrong with Asthandile really. She was trying to retract what she had said by lying her way out of it.

“What does you sleeping on the floor have anything to do with what you said earlier today? Why are you treating me like I am stupid?”

Huh! Ok let's be fair, if gay guys are feminine why would he give up his bed for you? I was in a jam! What the hell was going on? My wife had neglected to say that she shared a bed with a gay couple which yes I would have been angry she slept out but I doubt that I would have reacted like this! Living in Cape Town is very different from living anywhere else in the country. Cape Town is the most liberal city in the country hence her explanation was very plausible. She did work in the entertainment sector after all.

"Why did you not say that in the first place?"

I asked her furiously? Was she making this up to divert the wrath that was going to come from me? Why had then asked if I wanted a divorce! Only a guilty person does that. I had more questions than answers! She had even been prepared to go home to her parents after this. I was being played here. Something was rotten in her story and much as I could smell it, I did not have the tools to source the location of the stench!

"I can't believe you thought I had slept with two men! Is that how lowly you think of me? Am I a common slut to you?"

She asked angrily! The tide was turning very quickly against me but what would anyone have thought after all this? Legally I would look at the facts, we had a fight, she left the house and came back the following day, she said she slept with two men after getting really drunk and already she had a precedent of not being able to control her hormones when drunk! Any reasonable man would have come up with that conclusion! Moreover with all the mysterious things she had been up to lately then she will be totally justified!

"Mxolisi answer me! Did you think I had sex with two men!"

She screamed. Before I could even respond she was hitting me! Yes my wife was clapping me and punching me and kicking me all at the same time! It had happened so fast by the time I blocked her and held her down she had thrown in quite a few hits and yes it was fucken sore! Who says woman can't fight?

"Calm down!"

I screamed back now obviously angry as well. I had not doubted her for the fun of it!

"Or else what?"

She dared me!

"Do you want to hit me? Hit me then? It's what you want to do anyway! I see it in your eyes lately everytime we argue!"

She said breathing heavily. The words were barely coming out of her as she was gasping for breath. She was so angry.

"I don't want to hit you but if you hit me again I am going to beat you up like a child who stole the last money in the house!"

I threatened.

“I am going to let you go now but do not hit me or else!”

I said menacingly. I didn't see it coming. As soon as I let go of her she slept me so hard I stumbled backwards. My ears were ringing.

“Hit me! I dare you to hit me! You think I am a whore so hit me like the whore you think I am!”

She dared me. I needed to get out of here before this woman made me kill her. Satan had entered my house and he was telling me that this woman needs a beat down badly. I pushed my way out of the room ushered by claps and kicks and screaming!

Zimasa was standing outside her door! Why couldn't she just stay in her room? I was not sleeping here tonight! I took my car keys and drove out. She needed to calm down otherwise there would more fighting. So much for me getting to revenge. I was the one who had got the beating. I just hoped my face would not swell because walking into work with a black eye was not on. I don't believe in hitting women. I simply don't. Sitting in the car I got to reflect. How had I failed so spectacularly at this. Had Khanyi set me up for this? I did not know what to think. Now I could not even demand to meet the two gay guys she said she had slept at because she now had the upper hand but fuck that, she said they were interns right, tomorrow I was going to show up at work.

I booked a hotel and pretended to sleep as I had so much on my mind. It was a torrid night. In the morning I took my spare suit out the boot put it on and when to work. I smiled at everyone that morning as though the world was beautiful even though it was not. I know what my wife had said that morning so no, she was not turning it on me. At 10. I dashed to her office. When I got there that receptionist looked at me with what I can only call pity in her eyes. She showed me in. Why would she do that? As soon as I walked I saw my wife, she was standing in their open plan facing the door. She strode toward me confidently but I could see she was fighting hard to stay composed. Ok maybe I had miscalculated this. She kissed me on the cheek and hissed that why was I there.

“I came to make peace, apologize to you for what I said and to your friends for you having to sleep out!”

She looked at me as though she was saying, like really!

“You will embarrass me! Go away!”

I said no and warned I would stand on a chair and scream out my apology so that they can hear me.

“Fine, let's go!”

She said. And I walked behind her. When we got to some desk we found two guys sitting there,

“This is Nitchiel and Leeroy, my friends whom I slept over at!”

She said casually but I could see she was hinting that I behave.



“Oh you didn’t say how gorgeous he was can I have him?”

The one called Leeroy said I pray playfully! No I was not flattered at all, I was disgusted! What the hell? How can he say that about a straight man to his wife? I felt so emasculated at that moment. Nitchiel (isn’t that a girls name?) then intervned and told the obviously more girly of the two to behave.

“We kept Asi safe for you at the party! She thought she could outdrink us but we’ll, we puzing champions! The tequila just devastated her surbubian ass!”

Leeroy said again! What’s wrong with this guy! He had no off switch! I could see why my wife would say she wants a gay best friend because he was like all over the place like a puppy!

“Eh, thank you for that. We were in a bad space so I think she was lucky to have you!”

I obviously did not mean that but I was not sleeping out of my house again and I had to regain my wife’s favor. I don’t know if she saw through my ruse or not but she came and kissed me and said,

“He is the best husband ever!”

I don’t know what sounded more condescending her saying that or me saying she was lucky to have them.

“No problem darling! You can both come sleep over anytime!”

Leeroy again said! Say what? What’s wrong with this guy? If it was any other day I would have reacted. Men are from Mars not Venus! He was too forward and out of order BUT and I say but, he was gay so should be tolerated because at least my wife won’t cheat. He was much better to have as a friend than Khanyi because female friends usually lead your wife to stray.

“Honey, we have work to do, we will talk at home!”

My wife said. It was her not subtle hint to get the fuck out of there. I got it. I left. The lady at reception looked at me with pity in her eyes. Her name was Azile and every time I have seen her so far I have mentioned her.

“My lunch is in two minutes, take me out for lunch and I will tell you a beautiful story!”

I smiled wearily and showed her my wedding ring.

“I know you are married silly but I am the only one here who can be your eyes and your ears and already I have a beautiful story to tell...”

Finally a break! Ok I was biting. I agreed and we walked out together. It did not look suspicious at all as some people were already walking out for lunch. She did not seem to mind who saw what and when.

“Everyone is talking about your wife in the office and what happened at the party!”

She said calmly. I had not told her about the party meaning that the rumour had already started.

“You were at the party?”

She nodded in the affirmative and took out her cigarettes! That’s another thing about Cape Town, the smoking! It’s like they have never read a health label!

“R1000 and I will tell you what I know!”

I should have known, Sies! She wanted to extort me for money!

“I don’t have that kind of money. Thank you and goodbye!”

I said standing up.

“Don’t be an idiot! You have the money and I don’t. I have the information and you don’t! It’s a win win situation! What’s your peace of mind worth?”

She asked without batting an eyelid. This world was expensive! I told her I don’t have cash on me and she knows it she took out her phone and looked at a message before saying,

“E Wallet!”

I know I should have laughed but I could not. A friend of mine, true story this, was stopped by the police for speeding and when he did not have the bribe he was asked to E Wallet. This is as recent as last week and is a true story! Nothing surprised me any more about this rotten country. I did the ewallet and I saw her smile!

“Your wife was at the party two nights ago. We were surprised when she came alone because she is close to that homewrecker Khanyi!”

I did not understand because Khanyi was not part of the story so go on,

“She was drinking a lot and naturally every guy asked to dance with her so they could touch her and they did. One girl said she saw her being fingered but I don’t trust the girl so won’t put it down as fact”

You see what’s wrong with alcohol. Doesn’t matter where you are or what a lady you are during the day, if you get drunk in a public place that involves dancing you will be groped and half the time you won’t even remember how it happened! I was so disgusted but when have you ever dumped someone for being groped. I was a broken man.

“Whom did she leave with?”

I asked her and she said,

“I am not sure but I know that the boss rescued her from the situation and sat her down. He pumped her with water that’s all I know!”

I was not sure what to think.

“What about Leeroy and Nitchiel?”

She looked at me a bit surprised and asked me what about them? I had to play this carefully.

“Where were they?”

I think she was confused as to where I was going with this.

“Nitchiel lives in Paarl and never comes to parties like these because it’s too far. Leeroy was not there I am certain of because he goes where ever Nitchiel is so if he was not there then Leeroy was not either! How do you know them?”

See why I said I smelled a rat! I told her the apartment story and she scoffed at it saying,

“Those two do not have an apartment as they both stay at home with their mothers!”

She said she had to go. Lunch was over in any case and thanked for the money and wished me good luck. I gave her my card and begged her to tell me when something else is up so that I can catch my wife in the act! I had no leg to stand on as going to argue with her would be met with denial and still did not know whom she left with!

People say revenge is petty, fuck them, I was going to do exactly that! I was going to fuck everyone she loved starting with Zimasa and if her mother was not so ugly I was going to do her too! I was going to destroy her then divorce her! I was not done, I was going to encourage Khanyi to introduce me to her sister, and I know she had a younger sister who went to Cape Peninsular University of Technology. I was going to fuck her too! You see with men, when it comes to revenging on a woman, don’t beat her up, fuck those she loves most and she will never ever forget you because she can’t dump her own family meaning they will remind her of you every day! That’s revenge! I did not want her anymore but I was not going out with a whimper!

Go get groped by a donkey for all I care! I was pissed off and she won’t even see it coming seeing now that she thought she had me by the balls!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 77

You know when you go clubbing, get drunk with your male friends, emphasis on the friends and when you dance they touch your ass or boobs? Is that cheating? I know at office parties a lot of this touching business happens and usually it creates for an awkward Monday morning! As guys we look forward to these office parties because if truth be told, that's the only chance you get to properly socialize with the office ladies some of whom are way beyond our league! With that said, it never really bothered me until now when I realized that the woman being groped could be my wife? As men we are selfish beings and we want to touch other mens wives and girlfriends but no one can touch ours! I know for a fact that I have touched an ass or two at office parties and it was matter of fact but hearing my wife has been on the receiving end made me angry and feel like a hypocrite!

I went home. Zimasa came in from school. We had bought a new uniform which if I recall was knee length but already she had altered it and now even standing it showed the back of her thighs. I always say this, high school kids today are out of order. Drive around today and you will meet girls whose blazers are longer than their skirts. Everyone, even men, blame other men for looking at them sexually but it's pretty hard to ignore. She greeted me cheerfully and told me about her day but I was not listening. Wear stockings at least. At 17 Zimasa was very much a woman in every aspect physically yet she still could not sit properly. I do think though if this was a week ago I would have scolded her but with all that was going on why bother. She was my wife's relative not mine. She asked me if everything was ok now between my wife and I and I told her that we will find out once she comes. Our DSTV remote has a problem so we have to switch it on at the decoder itself. The TV was off so Zimasa went to switch it on. She proceeded to bend over standing and was directly in front of me. She had to channel hop just to get were she wanted. Note I was looking at those thighs and I was salivating at this point. I am sure people will call me a pevert but they were not seeing what I was seeing.

My stare was disturbed when I heard the door open. I did not even hear the gate concentrating on these thighs. Imagine! My wife walked in and I thought she was going to start screaming. She put the grocery bags she had on the kitchen counter and asked Zimasa to go unpack them. She totally disregarded Zimasa's short skirt as though it was matter of fact but let's face it, most parents don't really mind their daughters going to school semi naked like that. You can't possibly tell me that all the girls you see in super short skirts change at school? Come on now! My wife came into the lounge and greeted me like everything was normal. She asked me if we can go to the study to talk. Ok this is new but I figured it was because of Zimasa.

She went into the kitchen and started making food. She was going to make us dinner I suppose which she never did after work but that was fine. It was not unusual. I watched her actions trying to

see whether she was still angry or not but at this moment she looked really calm. Zimasa was not back in the tv room but was doing her homework. This time she was wearing leggings. I wanted to ask her how she was doing homework in front of the TV and expected to catch something but I figured why bother. I did not care anymore. Once or twice my wife came in and tried to make small talk but I really was not interested even though I had to keep up appearances. She was acting as though we she had not punched me yesterday. I played along though. Because I had not been able to do much work today I figured it was best I eat then hit the study. This way she would be asleep by the time I came up avoiding an awkward conversation. This should work. However a few minutes later she came and asked me if we could talk in the study. The moment of truth had arrived. I walked behind her like a scolded schoolchild. When we got in she asked me to sit and she sat and she came and she knelt in front of me as though we were parishioners in an Anglican church. Kneeling is a sign of submissiveness and humility none of which my wife had as far as I was concerned.

“I am sorry about what happened last night. That is not the couple we are nor should be!”

She said calmly,

“You are my husband and I was wrong to sleep outside whether gay or not! You were right to be angry and to question me and for this I really do I apologize. When I saw you walk into my office today I saw the disappointment on your face. It really broke my heart that I was causing all this! I am also sorry for hitting and whats more I am grateful you did not hit me back because I know you would have killed me!”

She did all the talking. This woman was full of surprises I tell you. I wanted to laugh in her face but I held myself together. I told it was fine it's nothing we can't fix. She said to me,

“Please don't say no to what am about to. It's something I want to do and I don't want you to fight me please!”

Was she going to ask me to leave? If I said yes could I leave by that decision? No I don't think so. However because I hesitated in my response she assumed my silence to be consent. She did something I did not expect. She pulled down my pants from sitting position and because I was not hard gave me a blowjob, pulled down her panties and had sex with me. I won't call it making love. When we were done she stood up and said,

“It's time we had a baby in the house!”

And she left and went out of the room leaving me there with my pants down!

I was not sure what to think! I sat there for thirty minutes before I was startled out my deep thoughts by a phone call. It was an 021 number.

“This is the Wynberg Police station and you are talking to Lft. Mbuyane I am the investigating officer in a murder that took place in one of our cells and we would like to ask you some questions!”

I sat up in a jolt because I knew exactly what they were talking about!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 78

When the police call you in for questioning usually they already have a case against or you are a witness. That's how it is. How much did they know about that case then? If they knew my part in it I was dead for sure. I was very scared but I was not going to call a lawyer to represent me because that's as good as an admission of guilt. This was moving too fast because when it comes to a sense of urgency, SAPS rarely ever have it. Why was the investigation therefore moving so quickly. I told the officer that I had a few things to do but I was free to come in the afternoon. He said that was fine. If anything in the legal profession we respect each other. I was worried though. With that on my problem I worried about the second thing, my wife! Why had she insisted on having sex especially then without a condom! It was not like her. Like I said earlier on, our sex life was very regulated.

I decided to go wash my face because I needed to work. I was tired sleepy and stressed but this could not wait. I bumped into Zimasa on the stairs and she was in her summer pyjamas which I swear cover less than conventional underwear. Was it me being a pevert for surely how can this be accepted as normal. She was not wearing a gown and was carrying water making me assume she had gone to take water. When I got to our room my wife was lying down on the bed. She was done cooking but had not eaten I am certain of that. I wondered if she would shower considering what we had done in the study but I doubt that very much. I went into the bathroom and on the sink was a bottle of antibiotics that had recently been open.

“Are you sick?”

I called out to her in the room,

“No why?”

She replied!

“I see the antibiotics”

I called back. She kept quiet for a second then she said,

“O, I realised I didn't finish the last dose I had so I decided to finish them that's all. Don't worry am perfectly fine!”

She said trying to sound casual but truth be told there was nothing casual about that. A lot of men especially don't know this, when you date a woman who is on contraceptives especially the pill (like my wife), if she wants to get pregnant all she has to do is get on a course of antibiotics and it will knock that shit out. Ever wondered why you get pregnant whilst you were on the pill? Think back...did you have flu the month you inexplicably got pregnant? Yup, antibiotic! Damn, my wife was serious about this baby business! I did not want a baby though.

"Asthandile we need to talk about what you said in the study..."

I began.

"You said you want us to have a baby. Why?"

I asked her. She did not want us to before so what had changed. Was she trying to cover up for herself because it just felt as though maybe she could be pregnant with someone else's child and wanted me to take the fall. Imagine mistrusting your wife to this extent. We really had fallen so far of the ladder!

"I think we need one. We are drifting and this will keep us strong and together!"

It's not just Africans who think that a baby can bring them together, white people do it too and both are stupid! A child makes things worse because it actually puts extra strain on the relationship. Part of me was tempted to say that no, this is for the best, as it meant she would be grounded whilst pregnant but that again did not sit well with me!

"But you have a new job you claim to love how do you suppose that would work?"

I asked her. She ignored me and asked if we could talk about it tomorrow because she had to dish and we had to eat. She did not even give me a chance to respond and stood up and left. I picked up that bottle of antibiotics and looked at it again. Ok then, two can play that game. I put it in my pocket and went to the study where I hid it. I said she could dish I will just be two minutes. Like I said I stay a five minute drive is an exaggeration but that's how far I stay from the shops. I went to clicks and bought morning after. I then went to dischem and bought a second morning after and apple juice my wife's favorite. When I came back they were already at the table. She asked me where I had gone and I told her that I felt like juice. She said I should not have bothered because she already bought some. I acted all gutted and said it was because there was none on the table. She apologized and asked if I could pour us all some. No problem. I crushed the first morning after into her glass and served her first so that I would not make a mistake. My love loves apple juice the way a drunkard loves beer! By the time I had brought ours to the table she had finished hers. The second pill I will give her tomorrow! I doubt you can overdose on morning after...can you?

Eventually I ended up in the study. I felt guilty about my wife but I did think that there was no other way to handle it. A baby for what? I think I had a pregnancy shadow following me because an hour later I got an sms from the person I did not want to hear from the most,

“If I get pregnant what would you do?”

This was from Lindiwe! What the hell? Was that her plan all along? I ignored her but it disturbed me. I could not concentrate after this. I walked into our bedroom as my wife walked into the bathroom to shower.

Right there on the bed was her phone and funny enough it had that beacon light to show that a message had just come in. I could not resist. It was just a number and I opened it,

“Meet me outside. We need to discuss what happened the other night at the party. I think my wife suspects but I can’t stop I want more...”

I replied,

“See you in a minute. My husband is out for a few hours. Drive in and close the gate behind you.”

I took out my baseball bat! Listened out for the gate. I saw the car drive in, a man came out and closed the gate then went back into his car.

Stupid move!

I know my house better than anyone else. I snuck round him from a blind spot then locked the gate!

Time to discuss what happened the other night like a man!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

Chapter 79

What kind of disrespect is this for a man to enter another man’s yard and have the nerve to even go close the gate behind him like it’s his? Worse this so late at night with the intention of sleeping with the man of the house’s wife, in his own yard and in his yard? Either this man was built like a wall or he was just born plain stupid. It did not matter though because either way I was going to teach this man a lesson, I was going to beat him up until he could tell me why a hyena can laugh yet it can’t even smile! Hate me for my own indiscretions but I had not gone to another man’s house and committed them. Usually it is generally agreed that you can’t really hate the person your wife is cheating with because they are not the problem but with him I was going to make an exception! He



had balls of steel! He had entered my yard with the point of doing what? Lol, yes I must laugh because this man....

I walked up behind the car and the way this man was so comfortable he was not even bothering to check his mirrors to see what's behind him. I swung the bat so hard and when it crashed into the driver sides window he jumped in his seat as the glass flew his way. Shutter proof my ass! Ti was certain that the glass would cut him as he had had no chance to cover himself. At the moment I did not care though! How door he disrespect me like this! That's the problem with most people, allowing other to walk all over them like. Not me! Not today. He had not seen this once coming. I was not even shouting. That was for him to do. I used the point edge of my bat to jab him hard from outside the car as obviously I could not swing it as long as he was in the car. The third attempt at jabbing hit the spot as I I got him right in the rib. That must have hurt. He came out of the car screaming what on earth was I doing. He said he was here too see my wife and I asked him why. He hesitated and to show I was not playing I swung my bat hitting him on the arm. He whelped and jumped up in pain but I did not care. I told him to sit down, keep quiet to calm himself down to tell me what happened after the party.

I told him to be very careful how he answered me because I already had some of the answers I wanted. I also warned him that Asthandile would be joining him there on the driveway very shortly so he better talk quick. Yeah when you have a weapon in your hand you look very scary. He was in too much pain now. He said that Asthandile was at the party and they had gone home together. I asked him if he was not married. Where was his wife! He explained that she was in Jhb and begged me not to kill him because he wife was pregnant with his second child. I think he thought that would draw sympathy but it did not. Made me even angrier! I hit him again and told him that was for cheating on a pregnant woman. I spit into the ground and said sies! A pregnant woman for me is vulnerable and must be protected. Even the harshest of men stand up and give up their sits on the bus for a pregnant woman because we take care of them. Most men cheat on their wives when they are pregnant which really is unfair! Fuck, I hit him again for that!

“Did you fuck my wife! I want you to answer carefully. A yes or no answer. Any word that is not yes or no will get you a beating!”

I said standing full upright now! This was the moment of truth.

“Yes! Yes sir I did!”

I was now sir! This loser had fucked my wife. I lost all the energy in my body. I had intended on hitting him again but that yes just punched the air out of me! I acted as though I was going to do it again so I could ask him my next question.

“Was that your first time?”

He did not even hesitate to answer as the fear of my bat was a great motivating factor.

“No it was not sir. We have been sleeping with each other from the first week she started working at the company!”

There you have it. We both had not heard Asthandile come from behind. Infact we only knew she was behind me when she said,

“You stupid moron how can you tell him that! Baby I am sorry I can explain...”

She said running towards me! I raised my hand and backslapped with my hand. With her momentum (as she ran towards me) and mine that sent her flying to her man on the ground. I never wanted to hit my wife but the anger and the frustration in me from all this made me do it instinctively. From the first week imagine, she could not even close her legs for one week!

“Go report to the police, do whatever you want but do not get into my house because I will kill you!”

I dropped the bat and I walked away towards the house. She was screaming baby I am sorry even when I closed the door and went inside!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 80

They say men don't cry, it's a lie! We do! I got into the main bedroom and I broke down in tears. What had just happened? My life, the rug beneath it's feet had just been pulled off with such force I had landed on my ass. I had a lot of things to consider at this moment one of which being had my wife ever really loved me. The very first week she got a job my wife had slept with the boss. How can anyone even contemplate that? How do you reconcile yourself to the fact that the person you loved so much was just waiting for an opportunity to be fucked by another? It's not even humbling to be honest simply devastating. I had been working for so long and can truly say before my wife brought Khanyi home and my office sent me away with that manipulative woman Lindiwe I had never cheated. When you are married opportunities for cheating are so plentiful because most married people are bored and would rather cheat with another married person. People don't get it, the people who do not cheat it's not because they have lack of opportunities because I am certain they do, rather it's because they choose to value they have at home even more. I have maintained from the beginning that I loved my wife entirely and yes I had messed up real bad when I cheated and have no justification for it nor excuses to make myself feel better but that fact remains standard.

I tried lying down on my bed to sleep but it was not working because my next thought became, I have thrown out my wife so does this mean she went with her boss again? I am certain when she came outside she had no bag nor bank card meaning she could only go in one direction and that's with him. Did she even have a phone? She left with him? That thought hurt even more! Had I just sealed our relationships fate by chasing her out. I needed to take a drive to get fresh air but part of me was saying that this would be a bad idea as I was in no state to drive. Maybe I should go swim but that's a white people thing. I would probably drown myself. Still I needed to breathe, I needed the fresh air! When I opened the back door I found a lump of something by the front door. My wife in her wisdom had chosen not to go with her lover and had rather decided to sit outside the door until I think eventually she fell asleep. She had not even knocked once nor rang the bell. That much I am certain of! I bet you she was trying to think of what her next lie would be! As soon as the door opened she jumped up and started apologising. Thank heavens it was a warm night because Cape Town can have the coldest of nights. I know I was feeling anxious earlier on about where she would sleep but seeing her there just brought back all that anger that had built inside me.

"Mxolisi I am so sorry! I really am! I don't know what got into me please Mxolisi I am begging you I am so sorry!"

She pleaded and went on her knees grabbing tightly onto my leg like a child that does not want it's mother to leave for work. She took me by surprise though because I had not expected to find her there. I told her to let go of me because I needed to think and that there was no way I was allowing her near me after what she had done!

"The very same week Asthandile? Did you ever love me? Did you marry me simply because I was your way out of Mdantsane? Was that it?"

I asked her. Mdantsane is like Soweto, most people who are born there live, work and die there. But unlike Soweto, East London is not Johannesburg meaning if you stuck there, you will never experience what life truly is. I could see why she had latched onto me like that because it was obvious I was going places. I looked at most of my peers whom I had schooled with there and most were still hovering around the place like flies not sure which direction the smell is coming from. I know women are often on that feminist trip that they won't do anything to end up with a wealthy man, oh puliz we all know that is not true. No woman wants to marry a loser it's as simple as that and getting pregnant and married in Mdantsane would mean you will be stuck in one place for a very long usually not so much fun time!

I told her that she could sleep in the house tonight but tomorrow morning I am calling her evil parents to come fetch her. I did not want her in my house. She begged me not to call her parents because

this was something she said we had to solve between us. I told her that no, someone back home had to know her true colours so that if something happens to her here they should know why. She started crying fresh tears saying I will ruin her reputation if I do that. My wife was one of those woman who acted as though they shit chocolate and worse their shit don't smell. She was proud to the point of being conceited and in the neighborhood she was the untouchable one. She was beautiful and had married a lawyer. All her neighbors envied her because she had a big house eKapa in one of those big neighborhoods. Truth be told, usually the people that leave mdantsane to Cape Town most of them end up in the townships. No wonder why Madame Zille is forever complaining about it. It's not like we prefer those townships to our own just that job prospects are much better here than there. That's why to many Asthandile had done so well. Now I was going to crush her. Just watch.

I did not want to swim anymore. I knew where she was. I went to the main bedroom and locked my door. I even managed to sleep.

In the morning I was woken up with the smell of a lovely breakfast. I had not eaten last night and I was so hungry. I walked down the stairs and when I saw my beautiful wife standing there in a short nightdress I walked past her, got into the car and left! She will eat her food!

When I got to the office I decided it was time to punish her. I sent her a text saying,

"Tonight when I get home please be gone. I am going to bring another woman and I have every intention of sleeping with her! Have a good life!"

I know my wife very well. I waited five minutes and the reply I expected came. It read,

"Another woman in my house? Over my dead body!"

I then went to part B of my plan. I sent a message to a woman,

"I feel like I have not seen you in so long this is wrong. Can I come pick you after work and we can all have dinner at my house! Please dont tell Asthandile should be a surprise!"

She replied.

"Oh that's awesome. See you then. Thanks!"

That woman was Khanyi!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 81

Simply put when those who know better than me said that revenge was a dish best served cold made those words they were right. I wish I had someone to talk to I won't lie. When your life is falling apart you need someone to lean on and hold you steady together before you actually help it fall apart even faster. I think I needed someone to say that Mxolisi calm down before you make things worse but truth be told, usually when shit hits the fan you are usually alone to make it worse. This time was no exception. All this talk of revenge had made me gain an appetite but with the amount of work I had to catch up going out was not an option. At times I wish I worked for government because truth be told, you hardly ever get to take your work home. Government employment does not have that extra pressure of your employer wanting to make that bottom rand count. Khanyi called and asked me what kind of wine she must bring. Yes today I intended to set them up real good. Maybe I will see a chick fight after they attack each other. Men love seeing women touch each other with the one exception being when they do each others hair because usually it us who is paying...sigh! I don't think I was worried about what Khanyi would reveal in the fight because I was gatvol of my wife! Honestly who opens their legs after just seven days! No man! This bitch had to suffer whether I loved her or not.

Around eleven the police from Wynberg called me again to remind me of our appointment. I told the man that I had not forgotten and immediately got into the car to go there. If you act dodge and avoid them they tend to immediately focus on you and I did not want that. Had to play it carefully. When I got there I made sure I was cheerful and actually happy to help. He told me they were investigating the circumstances of how one of their prisoners ended up being killed in prison. I obviously asked how that was linked to me because it was highly irregular for a lawyer to be questioned. He said that it was because of the victim that I ended up here as I had been close to her. I think he meant because Khanyi had been raped. English is more difficult than people make it out to be. I told him that yes the victim had been my friend and how I had responded to the hospital when this happened with my wife. I told him that the rapist had been caught when I was at the station as in fact it was the cops protecting her that told us he had been caught. He asked me why I had come to see who it was at the jail as that was rather odd and I said I had intended on sizing him up to see which lawyers to recommend prosecute the case as some people are slippery characters. He asked me whether I had done that and I said no because what I had found instead was a scared gay little boy whom honestly if he had committed the crime then definitely this world deserved to burn. There was no way I said and I think police got the wrong man. This made the officer very uncomfortable because it implied the wrong man had died in their hands. He was quite annoyed and asked me to leave we will talk later. Round one had gone to me.

After that went back to work. When I entered by the door I bumped into Lindiwe but she was in a rush. She said we needed to talk as soon as possible. I just agreed to get her out of my way. She was irritating and I wanted far away from me. I called a company I know, GabyMash Catering based in Seapoint, to prepare the dinner for me and that I would pick it up later. Dinner for two was intimate so I made sure to have wine and flowers. The flowers were sent to Khanyi's office to make a grand gesture. I am sure she loved that. Khanyi called and thanked me profusely but she said that she had to drive to my house later because she wanted to look extra sexy tonight. She said she was so excited that finally I was recognising her. Women! You gotta love them! This one though was on some other tip.

When I got home the dinner arrived. They set it up in such a way that it looks as though you cooked. They put things in pots etc and tell how to serve it. I was quite annoyed though that they had brought enough food for six people! At least Zimasa would have supper if she was here but Asthandile told me that she was sleeping at a friend's! A friend? Since when did she have friends here?

Eventually I heard the gate open. I knew whom it was. I waited for the knock on the door and I rushed to open. I had wanted to come with her but things had not really worked out as planned. Oh well, I can make do with this new situation. I could see my wife was waiting for a war to see who this woman was that had the nerve to come to her house! I walked up to the door confidently and I opened. There stood Khanyi looking devilishly hot in a red dress, heels even make up done. I must say she looked like she walked out of a catalogue at that moment. Wow! It's a pity tonight was going to happen the way it was because fuck I wanted her right there and then. She made me thirsty and wow what a thirst trap. I told her she looked super fantastic and she said thank you and flirted saying that I had only ever seen her coming from gym that's why I had that look on my face! That's true though!

My wife came quickly to stand behind me to see who it was and I am sure to go on the full out attack. Before I could let Khanyi in she said,

"Please wait, my date went to take my coat out of the car I didn't realize it will be this chilly out!"

Huh, did she say date? True to form 5 seconds later a tall muscular man came up by the bend holding a black shawl like thing. A date! This woman had brought a date. My wife seeing Khanyi though surprised seemed more relieved now than angry especially as her date walked up the driveway. She broke down into tears which surprised all three of us and came and hugged me saying,

"I am so grateful it's Khanyi and her man your surprised me with! I don't know what I would have done honestly!"

Khanyi looked at her and asked what was wrong and how she looked like she had lost thirty years. Yup, for women that means a lot, this age thing! They want to pretend they were not born when Mandela was not out of prison but we see you bae!

“I have been sick and Mxolisi said tonight he will surprise me for dinner and here you are...what a beautiful surprise!”

She said. Khanyi looked at me a bit surprised. The guy stepped in front and introduced himself! Waphapha that guy! Who does that? Even in prison you wait to be introduced! What the hell? Khanyi had brought a date to my house and the jealousy was killing me! Lol, yah neh it fucken hurt! Haibo!

Now I either looked like a dooshbag or played along. What the hell had just happened.

“Asthandile needed a friend right now!”

I said with so much sarcasm in my voice I am sure you could catch it with a seave!

The guy smiled and said I am such a gentleman and deserved a Bells. I don't what happened but it just came out. I retorted,

“Fuck off!”

It was meant to be in my head but it came out loudly.

Before I knew it I was only back! The jonny bravo looking guy had punched me flat out!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 82

You get a different perspective of what life is when you are lying down on your back in your own doorway. It's pretty simple really. This man had just punched me and from the force of his punch plus without my baseball bat I knew I could never take him on. Lawyers are like doctors, usually we can't fight for shit! The heaviest thing we ever lift is our pen and notepad, not forgetting our wallets of course. Somehow the ladies did not see this because Khanyi turned and saw me on the ground before putting her hands on her mouth first before she came and crouched next to my head and said,

“Mxolisi what happened? Did you collapse? Must I call an ambulance?”

I felt like saying,

“No woman this bobbejaan punched me!”

But no one likes a man who whines! I said I slipped and fell of which the baboon even offered his hand to help me up. I could not say no because it would be obvious I did not want him.

“Wow is this the guy you have been talking about. You guys have been dating for 8months and I only meet him now!”

My wife said trying to divert the attention from her embarrassed husband. Did she just say 8months? Something was wrong here! Clearly I was being played. It's like they wanted the details of the relationship to be revealed in front of me! I knew what my wife was doing, she was trying to save her relationship with Khanyi's help. How? My wife knew I liked Khanyi somehow or suspected whilst Khanyi must have changed her mind about breaking my wife up and me. Again, Khanyi was friends with my wife's boss that's how she got the job in the first place soo obviously she knew of the beatdown I had given her boss. She must have suspected that maybe I will beat her up to considering she is the one who brought a snake into my perfect home! That's why she came with a date. That's why she was willing to expose her boyfriend to me. Had she turned down the invite it would have extremely rude all considering. Why had I not thought this through properly though. I am such an idiot! I should have realised this! I actually felt like I had a reason to smile! I was not mad after all. I was also aware that the thing with a conspiracy is that the more you feed it the more it grows wings so I must keep things single.

“My love I need to go change my dress because I cannot have dinner looking like a hobo. Khanyi please come help me. You boys can bond!”

When your wife calls you a boy in front of a man who has just moered you it's quite humbling. Now I had to look at him. As soon as they left I grew my balls!

“What was that for?”

I said pointing at the punch. This guy was nuts!

“You were rude and what you said was uncalled for!”

So! It's my house,

“Beside Khanyi said I should watch out for your rudeness!”

He said casually.

“Do you realize that I can get you arrested for assault?”

He smiled and said yeah he did realize this but oh well,

“I am a cop so I would probably get the docket lost. You know the drill. I carry a gun too... most times anyway!”

He said,

“Is your swimming pool all season!”

He asked so casually I wanted to scream! This guy was so confident. It's like that had never happened. I couldn't even answer the pool question I just stood up and left.



I went upstairs. As a husband you can walk in when your wife is dressing regardless of whether her best friend is there or not. I did not tiptoe up the stairs but I was quiet enough on purpose. Lawyers have voice recorders we use to tape our clients. I had mine in my pocket conveniently as I had planned to make Khanyi confess her love for me on it before she brought her baboon downstairs. I clicked record and pressed it against the door. The door was slightly open and the ladies were talking.

“I can’t believe I almost lost my husband Khanyi. I love Mxolisi with all my heart but I am so bored. We never did anything fun and staying at home just made it worse. I often told him this but he would say that ‘I brought you here to take care of you!’ do you know how condescending that is?”

She asked. Did they hear me coming? But no there is no way even though I swear I think I was meant to hear that. Khanyi then responded,

“Look I understand where you are coming from but what happens if he pursues the divorce? You know he is hard headed like that.”

My wife hesitated for a second then said,

“It’s because you fucked up Khanyi. You were supposed to seduce him and kiss him nyana so that I could have leverage and you could not even achieve that! That’s all I asked for!”

She said sounding a bit irritated,

“I failed because all he did was talk about you. I did everything we discussed and agreed on but the man would not budge! The only thing left honestly is for you to suggest a threesome and invite me then you can have something. You will be able to say you are trying to make it up to him for what you did and in a controlled environment!”

Hold up! Say what? Too many things had been said here I was not even sure what emotions were going through me! Khanyi and my wife had planned this together! Does that even make sense? Khanyi and my wife had deliberately tried to make me cheat because they wanted my wife to cheat too this way she would be able to say ‘but you did it too!’ That was just the first part! Second part was why was Khanyi lying that we had never done anything when I fucked the shit out of her? It was not like she was protecting me because it was part of their plan all along so why lie? Thirdly, who was the guy downstairs? But better yet, point number four, did she say a threeway?

“We will continue this conversation later but I am not losing my husband Khanyi...”

I figured they were about to come downstairs so I ran down ahead of them. I had a lot to think about. I was being played largely because my wife said I was a boring husband! What the fuck? All wives

who say their husbands are boring it's because they are boring too! My wife at the beginning I did say never wanted to do anything yet now she was saying I am the boring one!

As I got downstairs my phone rang! Imagine if it had rang when I was outside the door. Close call! I picked the phone which was private,

It was Lindiwe!

"I am outside your house! I need to talk to you now!"

She said and hung up before I could even respond!

What now!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 83

When I got to the gate there was no one! Lindiwe had called me to come to the gate yet now she was gone. Yes I had taken ten minutes to come out but would have been very odd to just get up and leave. I had to tell Asthandile that I had a colleague at the gate she was too preoccupied with her co conspirator to care. I called her and she picked up. She said she realised that it was a mistake showing up at my house so late like this so rather let's do this in the morning because we had much to discuss. No complaints from me there! I had no energy for her nonetheless! I was no longer sorry that my wife had cheated because I did not know who this woman in my house was. I am not a naive person and much as I was falling all over my shoes since the beginning of this mess I would like to still believe that I was still Mxolisi Sibani, graduated 7th in his Law class from the University of Cape Town. I had confidence and I was smart. I was very much aware that my wife and I had both been played by Khanyi and that did not come much as a surprise because we had allowed her to do so. It's easy to blame other people for our failures but when it comes too Khanyi we both had a reason to take a blame. However and above all, much as Khanyi had played us both there was an even bigger issue, my wife! If I had heard correctly and I cannot believe this even now, my wife had arranged for another woman to sleep with her husband? Is that even plausible. Her excuse being boredom? No that can't be it. It did not make sense at the moment. There simply was too much to lose. Why would she do that? There are women who will genuinely kill a man. The prisons are full of them and usually and here is the irony, it's not women that are in abusive situations in the marriage, it's women that have it good that simply don't know a way out. It's easy to see us men as the bad ones but I stand corrected when I ask, how do you as a wife organise another woman to cheat with your husband so you can cheat too? How?

When we got to the dinner table it was obvious that this dinner too had been planned. Khanyi had told my wife I had invited her, possibly to out her on our relationship. I must say, I had not seen this one coming. I am not a conniving evil genius with a plan to take over the world, I will need red overalls and wellingtons to do that, rather I am an educated man who still believes in the goodness of people! How could I therefore have seen this one coming? There had to be an end goal though. The guy, don't care much for his name was talking about investing in the stock exchange. Have you ever seen how these clever blacks believe when they have reached the highest stage of business acumen they speak stock exchange. I don't know why they do that because derivatives don't mean anything to me and I swear to most of them either!

Khanyi looked up and thanked me for inviting her to dinner. She said that it was a good thing having us all here at the same time! This was one of life's cosmic jokes and it was on me. My wife had really asked another woman to... O crap hold up, I was never meant to have found out that my wife had cheated! This was not about that. How can I be so stupid? When my wife got married we had signed a prenuptial agreement. There is no lawyer who is worth his salt who will not ask for that before he says I do. One of the conditions of this prenuptial agreement was that, if I cheated then our divorce settlement would be split entirely in half. O goodness why had I not seen this. We had conditions such as ten years of marriage meant half the settlement, 3 kids (she had bargained me down from the original five I wanted and before you judge, there is nothing more beautiful than children!). Ten years or 3kids both meant she would be older if we divorced after that meaning the only thing that could trigger an "early release" so to speak was me cheating! Wow! I had been played hard even! It now all made sense. At the beginning I said that I was a fairly good looking man but I was never that guy that women throw themselves at, nope, all the time I spent at gym had not really made me more toned or muscular. I was a geek first then manly second. Why then would a woman like Khanyi who was quite a looker then hit on me the way she had? It was too good to be true and even then I had said that. From day one Khanyi had been in my face and my wife had pushed her to be in my face. Lol I am laughing to myself now because the chips were falling into place. Realisation at times makes you look like a fool. I looked at them together at the table laughing and jovial as though they were EFF in parliament, no worry in the world whatsoever! I now actually believed that Khanyi had been raped that day and again it is something that they had not planned for which threw a spanner in the works. Remember how my wife went missing that afternoon and I had been forced to take care of her parents whom also had not been part of their plans as in bringing Zimasa to us. Zimasa had spoiled a lot because she kept on saying I should be weary of Khanyi! I put my hands in my face at this meant and sighed.

"Honey are you ok? Should I get something for your face it's swelling a little?"

My wife asked with so much concern you could swear she was TB Joshua sympathising with South Africans! I mean it was so hard not to see her as disingenuous because she was more concerned about her image and how she could get out with how much! I am very certain if I asked her right now why she had done this to me she would say that she saw a flying saucer before the thought came to her or better, the devil made her do it!

I told her I was fine. In fact, I was giving them the satisfaction they wanted by being moody and broody. I decided to act as though I was the happiest man on earth. It was my turn. I was not sure how to play it but I intended to turn the tables.

“Did I tell you that we are opening an overseas office in London and I am in line as one of the associates to man it? They offered me the job yesterday and I have to accept by end of next week. Not sure what to do?”

I lied. It was not London but Jhb but unless they were lawyers they would know.

“Wow, baby really? Oh my God London. Did you hear that Khanyi?”

My wife asked the table. Dwee! I had said that loudly enough that even the frogs outside had heard that.

“Isn't London cold though? We from Mdantsane were it's warm surely I would freeze!”

She said changing her facial expression.

“It's 45 minutes away from Paris, Asthandile come on keep up! I would freeze my ass off for that any day!”

Boom! Khanyi had just dummified my wife and I could see a bit of colour leave her cheeks! That was not the hilarious part though. Ever seen how South African women from all walks of life think shopping in Paris will be the most ideal thing in life because somewhere they heard that it was the shopping capital of the world. Newsflash ladies, it is but only if you are white and skinny. The rest shop in shops like Mr Price so uhmmm....research people! Khanyi with her curves would certainly be shopping in supersize but that's none of my business! Paris my ass! Stick to pep!

“What do you mean you have to think about it? Definitely we are going?”

I thought of asking her what about her boss but that was too low a blow even for me. It would seem like I deliberately made the lie to embarrass her so I had to wait for an optune time to use it! This was not it.

This woman wanted to divorce me. Maybe I should do myself a favor and have her taken care off! Light bulb moment, I mean I knew enough people to do the job and do it in such a way that it would look like an accident.

Did I have the guts though? Phew I sighed. She had made a fool of me so I will have the last laugh!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 84

I can't remember much more that happened that dinner. Who cares about it anyway I had bigger fish to fry! I made lots of conversation that's for sure and pumped them with alcohol. In fact the dinner finished towards midnight. I had cigars I had gotten from a client and I am not a smoker but what the hell. We all went outside by the pool and took a puff or two. The guy she had come with suddenly had to leave. He got a phonecall, I won't speculate from who and he said his goodbyes. Khanyi had ridden with him when she came but we insisted she stays. Maybe he was going in the wrong direction because she did not argue much on going with him. When he was gone and only the three of us were left again I thought of confronting the two of them on what they had been doing but there was no point to it. I actually needed to consult a good divorce lawyer as I had never been an expert at breaking up. I loved too much to be a heartbreaker. They started asking me about Paris of which Khanyi asked my wife if she could come visit. My wife obviously feeling like the woman of the hour was making all sorts of promises. The wine also had taken its toll so it was good funny conversation but no matter how much I drank I was still incredibly sober. I was pretending to be happy with them but I was not. These women thought I was a fool.

When my wife went to the bathroom to pee, I stole a kiss from Khanyi and fondled that ample bottom. She was wearing a longish skirt, one of those that go just below the knees and it was loose fitting meaning I got to enjoy the full jiggle. She did not protest at all and in fact was the one to say my wife was coming let us stop, we will do it again when she goes. So she was still in? What was her game plan this woman? My wife came back and said that they wanted to go buy water at the garage. It was not far, probably 400 meters away. I was not going. I told them that if they wanted they can go out on the town even but I was not leaving. They can drink water from the tap, it won't kill them. There are people who think tap water is dirty but it's only in their heads. My wife was one of them. For someone who grew up in Mdantsane where burst sewage was a common occurrence she surely felt herself a bit too much! They left. I did not call because I was relieved even after 20 minutes they had not returned. I slept so peacefully that night. I knew she would probably have been

out there celebrating a victory she had not even achieved but now she knew she had to kiss my ass. The problem with most of the best laid plans is that usually something always happens to stop it... simple as that!

In the morning I did not ask where they had gone. I think I heard them come in about an hour after I slept but you know with sleep time is often muddled up. My wife begged me not to go to work that day but I just looked at her. I think she thought I was angry because they had disappeared. She immediately said that they had gone to Khanyi's to pick up a change of clothes for her for work. So Khanyi was here again? She said that she had a hangover though and called her boss to take the day off as well but later on was going to pick up a sick note! I told her that I will at least work half day because I had things to do. Paris won't happen if I stay at home so I must be seen to be putting in an effort. I made sure that again I did not eat her breakfast which she had so painstakingly made. No matter how modern we get, women are still judged by the cooking. We can speak equal rights, CEO women etc but not being able to cook in a woman is a no no. Yeah I said it! The brave ones will call it sexist but the realists will ask, if you can't feed your own children by your own hand then what's your worth. Asthandile was putting effort into her cooking for me lately but didn't really give a rat's ass, she must go cook for her boss!

When I got to the office I waited in the parking lot for another car to arrive. Lindiwe's car! It was time we had a conversation and I was prepared for it. Whatever she had to throw at me I was ready. She had too much drama! Sitting in the car my wife called, "Love I am really sorry for what I did. I messed up big time and I know you are still very angry at me. I love you. Please find it in your heart to forgive me. I am handing in my 30day notice at work." She said. I just said ok because Lindiwe's car was pulling in. As soon as she parked I walked to her and knocked on the window which startled her in the process. She was pretty annoyed by it. I asked if I could come in and she said in a snappy tone.

"Lindiwe what's wrong? Why do you like this cloak and dagger nonsense everytime you want to see me?"

I asked her. I had a point. This woman behaved as though she was a spy. She could never be upfront or make an appointment.

"It's how I am. I needed us to talk about something important. I am sorry about how I approached it!"

She said. I told her it was ok I was here now so let's talk.

"I think I am pregnant and because you the only person I have slept with in eons you are the father!"

The first thing that came to my mind was that my wife should never find out! Why?

I had not even started punishing her. I was not even worried that I had made another woman pregnant!

Lindiwe started crying!

Women!

When we had sex you were not crying yet when you get pregnant you cry? Like wtf!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 85

There are men who regardless of the fact they do not want any part in your child's life they will not and do not want you to abort. Selfish maybe, but true. These guys believe it's bad luck and are the type to call you a murderer in public even if they abandoned you pregnant. Did I therefore want Lindiwe's baby whom I could not even remember fathering? I was conflicted I won't lie. I have always said I do not believe in children growing up fatherless. By fatherless I mean with the father not in the child's life! I am sorry but that's totally wrong as far as I am concerned. Lindiwe was already saying that she wanted to raise my child by herself. She is a psychopath this one so he'll no! I wanted to be the man that I thought I was more and I was not even being corny. When you father a child, you contribute to the raising of that child not just financially but emotionally as well inclusive of time and effort. We had made the mistake but the child should never know that it was considered a mistake. Lindiwe looked a bit pale but she cracked a slight smile and said,

"I don't want anything from you. I work and with the second child I am done. I told you that day when we met that I want two children and I don't want a husband. You people are scary!"

She said I think trying to crack a joke considering the tenseness of the situation.

"I am married Lindiwe this will destroy my marriage"

I said calmly. My marriage was already over but she did not need to know that now did she? I know I wanted to this child but I had to put my cards on the table. Honesty is never overrated and the only people who say that are those doing something wrong.

"I know Mxolisi. I know you are married that's why I said I can raise our child, I mean my child alone!"

She said.

"I don't mean it like that Lindiwe. I am not abandoning you or our baby I am just calling facts."

I responded. She needed to understand that we both knew what he had just gotten into and we had to acknowledge it. You see, the problem with a side dish is that it more often than not tries to over exert it's power especially if it gets pregnant. It's easy to say that a side dish must know her position when she is not pregnant because in your head you always think you can walk away anytime. A baby changes all that. A baby gives her power and that's critical! I had to handle Lindiwe as best I could because much as she was saying this I am very certain that pregnant women are super emotional and she will change her tune very soon. As men we do things without thinking through our consequences!

I asked her if I could hug. I don't think she expected that because it took her by surprise and even her reaction said so. There was no one in the parking lot. As a female lawyer you can never have a your colleagues perceive you weak and I understood were she was coming from when she said public display of affection at work was not professional and bad for her image. I told her it was bad for my image too but fuck it, we all need a hug once or twice, for reassurance. Someone has to remind you that everything will be ok and this was one of those moments this was happening. I opened my arms and when she did not walk into them I walked to her and held her regardless.

"We in this together..."

I whispered to her and let go. We couldn't hug for too long to be fair but at least she knew. I am sure she did not take that entirely to heart though because let's face it, when it comes to pregnancy a woman goes through it alone whether pregnant or not! You have to be an utter idiot to get pregnant if you have not planned for it and by yourself not married! When you dating a man usually once you are pregnant chances of your relationship working fall really to 40\60 with the chances of him leaving higher than him staying. Why do girls allow this to happen though? Ah I don't know!

We got back into the office and Dalu called me for a chat. He said that my wife had called him saying she thought something was going on with me and that she should talk to me. I told her everything was fine why would he think that? He then said so me hugging Lindiwe was not a problem? How did he even know? Who else knew? Office gossip moves so fast! I could not tell him that it was because she was pregnant. Crap! If it came out she was pregnant then we will be passed of for promotions! White people at work shag each other but when us darkies do it it's considered scandalous and wrong! Just calling a spade a spade! I told him I had to go because I realised that this could be a bigger problem than I thought.

As I walked into my office I got a call from reception saying there was someone to see me!

When I got there I found Khanyi there. Okay! What did she want? She ran up to me and hugged me. I quickly shrugged her off.



“I am sorry about what happened last night. It was not what I had planned. He insisted on coming.”

She said. I was not really interested. What did she want? Her boyfriend had punched me.

“I told your wife you had invited me for dinner and I was with him. She insisted I bring him and he insisted on coming too. I was not trying to set you up. I came to apologize!”

She said and she did something I did not expect. She moved so quickly I did not even see it.

She gave me a quick kiss and turned and walked away. Someone tapped me on the back, I turned around and there was Lindiwe. There was no way Khanyi had not seen her because she was behind me. She kissed me for her!

What the hell!

“So this is the real you?”

Lindiwe said, folding her arms across her chest waiting for a response!

\*\*\*The End\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 86

No it was not the real me. I did not want Khanyi here because she had a way of making a scene. If there is one thing Xhosa women are known for is their ability to cause drama. Maybe it's how deep our voices get when we speak vernacular. Lindiwe asked why this woman was always around me? She said she knew my wife and this was not it. Yes she actually call Khanyi an IT! She said even the first time she met her she knew there was something with this snake. Met her? Where? At first it did not click then I remembered that when they had first met, by my gate, Khanyi had slapped Lindiwe. I do not even think Khanyi remembered her because it was dark but clearly Lindiwe did. How does that saying go? Oh it's, what forgets is the axe but the tree never forgets what gave it that stump. Lindiwe was on the attack front. I think to her it felt as though she was in her work environment, her people meaning she felt safe. Doubt very much she would do this in a private place with Khanyi though! Khanyi told her to go away she was not here for her. Say what?

Lindiwe said no she was not going to go until she found out what was happening. If we refused to tell her she was going to come to my house everyday until she saw and met my wife to tell her that Khanyi and I were having an affair. The seriousness in her voice meant she was not playing either. I whispered to her,

“Lindiwe come on now. You are shouting here meaning the whole company will know business. Please let’s go outside!”

I was trying to calm her down at the same time be firm that we could not have this conversation here. Xhosa women need to get this, you need to pick where you go start a fight carefully and with foresight. I know a woman who found out that her husband was cheating and went and confronted him in front of his colleagues meaning the whole company where the husband worked heard her shout too! The humiliation in such a situation is permanent because there is no coming back from that. Most men will let you get away with such tjtjarag timing but truth be told, when you start messing with what pays his bills then you have a problem. Lindiwe and Khanyi were being that problem now.

We went outside and Khanyi turned around and said,

“Wee sisi, what are you to Mxolisi? You seem to be always around as well so I want to know who you are?”

O crap! Here we go! I looked at Lindiwe pleasingly but she did not look back at me. I prayed that she did not say she was my baby mama to be. As luck would have it Dalu walked out and saw us there and came over. He had met Khanyi once already and he was one guy who good with faces. Dalu was actually quite nosy come to think of it! He should just keep walking.

“We are colleagues and I protect him as a friend and brother. Mxolisi you need to get rid of this woman because for heavens sake man you are a married man!”

She said again raising her voice a little higher. Dalu looked at me in horror,

“Are you cheating on Asthandile with her own friend?”

He asked in an unbelieving tone! Ah this thing was falling apart quickly.

“Mxolisi can have whoever he wants so I don’t need you to tell me what to do and who I sleep with!”

She said confronting Lindiwe,

“And you, yes we are friends but I have never slept with Mxolisi and don’t intend to. We are friends nje and yes maybe I took it too far coming here to see him. I was actually coming to look for an attorney who deals with labour. Why? For Mxolisi wife the same one you think I am trying to hurt. Something happened at work which I am sure Mxolisi know about and she needs protection.”

The chips were falling fast. I didn’t even see my boss come from behind us.

“I love this guy’s. New clients. Lindiwe you are in Labour give this lady your full attention.”

He said going into the building. How did this get here! He had not even heard the full conversation yet he had just hired us a new client.

“In fact I think I will hear her story myself,”

My boss said coming back.

“Lindiwe you will sit second chair with me. My office in ten minutes guys!”

He said. My boss often prided himself with the fact that he could get business anywhere. That was his favorite story in fact. As any business man he made sure every week we had new clients. This is why the firm was growing and opening more branches, we simply had too much work. Lindiwe being the kiss ass she is to the bosses said she would be there.

“Are you people crazy? Five minutes ago you were about kill each other now you talking representation? Come on now?”

I did not see it like that. I had been promised a promotion so I cannot be seen to be losing clients.

“I am not going anymore!”

Khanyi said.

“I was only trying to help now I am the bad person!”

Pshhhhhhh! That’s the sound that came out of Lindiwe!

“Help my ass, I saw you kiss him!”

She said! She was not buying the victim card.

“I am not going to stand here and get insulted. There are many other law firms!”

She said and started walking away. I could not afford for her to do that. Now that my boss wanted us to bring her in and was actually waiting for us, imagine how he would react if he heard she went with another law firm. What’s worse about this is the Lindiwe was our best Labour law practitioner something which I mentioned when we went to Pretoria together. It had to be her and they hated each other. Finally was the fact that all three women I had slept with in the last month would be working together and directly. Scary thought.

My phone was ringing, it was my boss! I had no choice.

“Khanyi wait please come back! Lindiwe apologize or its our necks on the line!”

I whispered harshly to her. Even Dalu agreed and said we would be in trouble.

I can truly admit though, the situation had actually gotten worse not better!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 87

Trying to get a side dish in line especially after she is angry at you is like trying to convince politicians that corruption is wrong and actually mean it! That's virtually impossible. You know for that brief moment they will look you in the eye and say yes they totally understand and will not do it then in a matter of moments are back at it. Forcing Lindiwe and Khanyi to work together was like forcing the EFF and the DA to work together and worse work together to help the ANC fight it's own corruption. In this equation ANC being Asthandile. Yes, Khanyi was here to help Asthandile sue her boss who had an affair with her and now he was trying to fire her. She had come to ask for help from Asthandile's husband, the one being cheated on and the lawyer representing them would be the woman who that same husband, me, had made pregnant. Khanyi mind you was not a saint for she possibly the same person who hooked up that very boss to Asthandile and who now was sleeping with me as well. This was not even a love triangle! This was disgusting plain and simple. A lot of people regret things that they do but that does not mean necessarily they will stop them. How many times have you cheated on your partner and told yourself that this was the last time only to find yourself again sucking the wrong dick! Just calling a spade a spade!

Lindiwe went and told her that there was no reason why they could not work together. She was the best at her job and it would be to her advantage. I don't know what else they said because they seemed to whisper but it worked. Lindiwe motioned me over and said we were good to go. I couldn't help it. I walked behind them and got to check out both my women from behind. Perks of being a man. As a woman know that if guys are going walk behind you especially in a mall they will look at your ass whether it's there or not. Call us all names under the sun but the facts don't change. It was fascinating. They were totally different. Usually as a girl you try figure out what type oof girls your man is into, this way you know which friends of yours he must stay away from. Asthandile didn't have that luxury because Khanyi was curvy were Lindiwe was slender. Interesting. I guess I have no specific type then.

In my bosses office fortunately almost as soon as we entered he had a call he had forgotten about and was scheduled. He could not sit in because he had to go. Lindiwe obviously not wanting to be in the same space as Khanyi also excused herself and asked me to brief her. She told me that Khanyi was a bad person, in front of Khanyi and walked away. Khanyi did not seem bothered by it at all. She said that's what a jealous woman does but who cares. So far the luck of the day was with me.

No one had killed each other yet because of me. Finally I was sitting alone with Khanyi. I told her that Asthandile had not called me as yet so what was going on. She told me that when she got to work their boss had fired her. She said that he had not given many excuses but that's what had happened. My wife was unemployed again! I could slaughter a cow and celebrate! This was the best news all day! Wow! She was fired!

"Why are you smiling?"

I asked why on earth she would come to my firm of all places. Imagine my colleagues knowing my wife was having an affair? That would be the most humiliating thing I can think of. What happens at home must stay at home! It's as simple as that. I know that whichever lawyer that's assigned to her must keep their mouth shut to protect their client but at the end of the day they too are only human.

"There is another reason why I also came here Mxolisi so please hear me out! Yesterday I never got a chance to say this, but I am sorry about your wife cheating! No one deserves that especially someone as nice and as kind as you!"

You know at that point I actually looked at her and in my head there was a little voice saying, Dear Lord! Having your nyatsi apologize for your wife cheating really is a low blow. She reminds you of all your own flaws and actually shows how much of a hypocrite you are! How do you justify being angry honestly if your own nyatsi sits in front of you and tells you such things! I could not even say thank you!

"Did you know?"

I asked her! Without hesitation she replied,

"Yes I did know!"

Crap I didn't expect that. I had expected her to lie because I wanted to call her out on the hypocrite she too was.

"So what was your game plan? You knew my wife was cheating yet you said nothing, then you came after me to..."

I asked her!

"Wait a minute, I did not come after you, we both liked each other!"

Why is it women never want to acknowledge when they go after a man? It's not like we live in the stoneages anymore. Fine though I let it go.

"Things happened that I am not proud but I have no regrets whatsoever. You choose to sit there and

be a victim yet you do nothing about it! Come on Mxo! I am with you and still want you. I am not asking you to divorce your wife but I am not going anywhere either! Deal with Mr Lawyer!"

She said then stood up and left! There is just something about a woman with a bit of fight in her. I went back too my own office to decide what to do next. When I entered there was Zimasa with a friend of hers from school.

"What are you doing here it's school hours?"

I asked her as soon as I saw her.

"It's ok we did not run away from school. We went to a tour of parliament and I asked around for your offices so we could surprise you that's all."

She said innocently. I did not believe her but ok. Yes she would have had to ask because she did not know her way here.

"I would have gotten lost but Ezile knows her way around at least!"

I looked at the friend, not the prettiest thing in the world but ok I guess.

"Oh by the way, her father is Asthandile boss!"

Said Zimasa! I wanted to shout at her of calling my wife by her name but then I stopped, had she said my wife's bosses daughter!

I looked at her again,

Maybe she looked pretty after all!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 88

I don't think people get this. I loved my wife with all my might even before she even knew my name. I took her from Mdantsane were she was destined to be yet another stuck beautiful township girl whose prospects end before they even start. Go to Umlazi if you want to fully appreciate what that means. I won't lie, deep down somewhere I knew she could not never possibly love me as much as I loved her because such love would be impossible! I stand by that. Betrayal however is one of the things that turns love in hate so quickly even you do not see it coming! I wanted to punish my wife and everything she loved! Call me vicious or vengeful but what she had done to me with all that I had done for her I could never forgive. She had hired another woman to seduce me so she could take my money? This after with my money I had wiped the dust off her feet and replaced them with

diamonds, I had taken her from living next door to Mkhukhus and RDP house to live in the suburbs and at the foot of Table Mountain! Really? And she does this? The only swimming pool she knew before me was the community swimming pool in Vincent yet now she lived in a house with one! No! There is nothing more painful for a man when you put your woman on a pedestal, worship and give her the best you can afford then some mafikizolo comes and fucks her like a whore for free! Imagine your wife sucking another man's dick! I was angry! I was violated and I was only just starting. Phew, how's that for a vent!

Back to her boss's daughter Ezile! She was not pretty but ugly was not the word for her. She was okay-ish! No wonder why her father wanted to make babies with my wife! Can't blame the dude if this is what he produced. You could see however that she was well kempt meaning he put effort into her. She had an expensive watch for a school girl and some of her finishings showed she came from money. Reminds of my wife and all the nice things she had and her father took that. If you are a married woman and another man fucks you in his car surely you know you are not worth much after that. No matter what car it is, the fact that he put such little effort in finding a place for you to fornicate shows just how cheap he thinks your honeypot is.

"Zimasa you are already making beautiful friends I see. How are you? I am Mxo!"

I said introducing myself by name and stretching my hand for a handshake! I made sure my hand lingered in hers long enough for her to feel that something had just happened and I smiled looking directly in her eyes! Poor child would not know what hit her. Zimasa didn't even notice this as she was busy texting something. I asked where they stayed and she said Claremont.

"How come I have never seen you out in the Claremont clubs which teens go to?"

She looked at Zimasa for permission to answer and she said,

"Zimasa said she will take me once you give her permission of course!"

I said we will see about that and I commented that does she intend to go out in uniform? Her uniform was on the longish side so I told her that at first glance she did not look like the going out type. She laughed and said that she was just keeping up appearance being the daddies little girl he wanted her to be. She said she knows how to dress up for club but she had never snuck out before. It's not like I wanted to take the kid to club. That was not my style. I was not a sugardaddy. I was not one of those old unashamed men you find in Jhb clubs. Zimasa said she had come to ask for money so that they could go for a movie. I had cash in my wallet fortunately so I made a joke about not trusting Zimasa then split the money to give them r250 each. It was not a lot at first glance but for a student it was noticeable. Zimasa said thank you and I said no, I did not trust her to come home early so I must have her friends number in case they took long. Zimasa protested saying she was not like that but I insisted! Ezile gave me her number without hesitation. She knew she was being flirted with and I could see that she was blushing a bit. Zimasa was a bit annoyed but she will live. They could not

stay any longer if they were to catch it, all the way back in Claremont! I asked Zimasa to hug me because by default that meant that Ezile had to do it too! Classic! Ever noticed that usually if one girl knows a guy who is joining you for something you for some reason end up all hugging him, same case here! I hugged Zimasa first and she had to reply her whatsapp again. When I hugged Ezile I squeezed a little harder and made sure I brushed her ass a little. I watched them walk out! Much as I wanted to use her to revenge on that man who thought he could fuck my wife for free I decided that it was not worth it. I simply had too much drama though I won't lie the thought crossed my mind. I felt sorry for her! I am weak!

Finally I got a chance to think about the events of the day and most importantly how Asthandile had lied. She said that she had resigned when the bastard had fired her already. This marriage was no longer viable. Too much was going on. I called her and told her I had given Zimasa permission to go watch a movie and I was on my way home. She was already home she said and I told her that was good I will see her soon. She actually sounded happy when I said that.

"I am glad. I want to make up everything I have done to you my husband. I love you so much and I know I messed up. From now onwards I do whatever you say without question."

She said before she hung up. Love? Does anyone know what that even means?

As I was driving home I got a call from the police. I had even forgotten about them. The officer said that I needed to come back again because the investigation was getting wider and my name came up again. Now I was scared. That boy was already haunting me! I need a lawyer myself! Fuck!

When I got home I found my wife cooking. She came running to me and hugged me. She kissed me on the cheek and started telling me how much she missed me taking care of her. I think she wanted us to have sex! I said at the beginning my wife was never sexual but lately she was throwing herself at me!

I told my wife that we needed to go to Mdantsane. She was a bit surprised and she asked why what was so sudden.

"I am taking you home to your parents where I found you!"

I said calmly. She was turning me into a monster as far as I was concerned.

"Please pack everything of yours!"

I said.

I packed my gym bag and left!

In the car I got an sms from h



“I wanted to tell you that I am almost two months pregnant!”

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 89

I stopped my car on the side of the road by Baxter theatre. There were people coming out of the theatre and I could only assume they were coming from watching a play. Poor them because I swear the entertainment and suspense factor that was the ‘play’ of my life was much greater. The way things had been happening though! A man should be excited when his wife comes and tells him that she is pregnant. It’s not like we had been trying to get pregnant but it’s not like we had not either. So why did I feel like this? Why did I feel like I had been told I have Ebola and I had a few days to leave! This was no longer bad luck I was experiencing! I change my mind, my wife is more scary than Ebola! Too unpredictable but you get my point! No, there were African people involved and throwing bones for me to fail! I know the first thing that should have come to my mind was whether the baby was mine or not but at this point I had no energy for that debate! Pregnant! Imagine that! I tried to call Khanyi because she would know what was happening with my wife. They were too close for people who had virtually just met and the more I spent time with them the more I suspect they had known each other for longer. When I started this story I said Khanyi was a new friend but when I listen to their conversation some of the things they spoke about could not possibly have happened during the time I had known them together. It was just a nagging feeling I had but was not sure. I tried Khanyi again but her phone just rang. I needed someone else I could speak to who knew them both. I knew who but I did not have her number. Bulelwa! The girl who they had come with the day we met and I had also bumped into one night at Stadium on Main! I had to get those numbers! I knew they were there on my wife’s phone problem is the name Bulelwa is too Xhosa’s what Refilwe is to Tswanas meaning my wife would have three or four on her phone! Eish!

About my wife being pregnant I could not avoid that this could also be a lie! She was only saying this so she could stay in Cape Town. She had no morning sickness and just recently she said she had gotten so drunk at a party. Surely if you are pregnant you know when something is up! Besides she had been having periods for over ten years so how could she not know she had missed one! This woman was bad! I went to clicks and bought a pregnancy test for her. Its two minutes away from where I had parked. I bought three and she had to use all three as far as I was concerned! She must drink water if she can’t pee because I wanted to see for myself. If it was positive that’s when I would then ask the next question, whether the baby was mine or not! The problem with my wife was that she was so deceitful I could not trust what she said. I was once told that when a woman tells you, her man, that she is pregnant you can’t ask whether the baby is yours or not even if you are joking! That’s bullshit nowadays because with the way women are cheating (just like men) you will be stupid

not to go check the dna if a child is yours! We had a case once where a man raised a son for 11years untill one day the son got sick and the man tried to save his child by donating an organ only to be told that yes they were compatible but the boy was not his! Yes, nowadays only a fool would readily believe the child is his no matter how much you think she loves you! I was not going to be that fool!

I headed back home and I found my wife in the TV room crying. I did not console her! I am not the one who made another man slip and accidentally stick his dick inside her!

“My husband I am so sorry!”

She crying going down on her knees. I was going to walk away to the kitchen to get her water so she could pee again but she came and held onto my leg whilst still on her knees. You know how a child does it if he or she doesn't want you to leave her behind! I could not even move. I won't lie it broke my heart in a million ways to see the woman I loved like this but I had to be strong.

“Asthandile I have three pregnancy tests here and I want you to pee on all of them! After we establish that you are pregnant then we will talk!”

I did not shout these words out! In fact I was very calm. She said she would do it. I told her I was coming with her to the bathroom of which she nodded her head in the affirmative. I think in her head she was asking herself how really we had reached this point. She got up slowly from the floor, be it clumsily, but I could see she was starting to lose it!

In the bathroom she pee'd on all three sticks and all three came out positive. There was no anxious wait because we already knew she was pregnant.

“Tomorrow we book an appointment with the doctor to see how far along are you?”

I said. She went to her handbag and came with a doctor's letter which said 11 weeks. I said I see it but I want to be there personally when the test is done! We all watch Generations and all these soapies so you know these things can be faked. She looked at me in resignation, tears dripping down her cheeks and now her nose starting to run and said sorrowfully,

“...and now I suppose you are wondering if the child is yours?”

I looked at her dead into those tearful eyes and said,

“No doubt!”

Turned around and went downstairs!

Now I had to go calculate and try remember where I was the week of conception and who else was in her life at that point!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 90

It's virtually impossible to figure out when you conceived your baby because normally when you are married sex is spontaneous and anytime. You don't have a record of when you had sex because well, in marriage sex is free. With me however my wife was not that sexual so at times we could even go a month without sex. I was partially to blame too on this one to be fair because I I always came home late or too tired. It's important I say that. Most men do not want to acknowledge when they contribute to the demise of the marriage especially if the wife cheats. It's just her fault finish and klaar! When you work in a law firm know this, you do not work a normal 9 to 5. Law is about putting in the extra hours as there is so much research to be done. To spend more time with my wife I had then built in the study. When you get married and people take this for granted, do not end up with someone who is too far from you intellectually. My wife for example had barely passed university meaning that she was not very strong academically. She was one of those people who barely lifted a book unless it had pictures and gossiped about what was new on TV. I say this with the deepest respect but how then could she keep up with what was happening in her husband's life which was cantered around books and research. We had become distant because she could not relate to me. In the modern world you have a professional marriage where you complement one another. Gone are the days where you needed to go back to the village to fetch a wife. A wise man nowadays goes and parks outside a University to pick up a girlfriend because five years down the line if you pick right she is also an investment!

I had a missed called from Bulelwa. In all I was doing I had forgotten that I had tried to call her. Maybe she would tell me the truth about this pregnancy because I really wanted answers. I called Bulelwa back and she picked up this time around. I asked her how come she never came to visit and she said she had been moved to Saldana Bay so she no longer had that freedom. She asked me how Asthandile and I told her could not be better. That was a lie and am not sure whether or not she knew what we were going through but that was a gamble I was willing to take. You can't go around telling people how messed up things are in your marriage. Have some self respect! I asked her if she was married and she said she was but her husband was a pilot with Emirates so he was hardly ever around. She said Asthandile was so lucky to have me next to her because she missed him so much. I told her that's how life is, one has to follow the money. It was a pleasant conversation and I told her she was the only one of Khanyi's friends my wife had introduced me to. She laughed and said no I got it wrong, she was my wife's friend first, Khanyi on the other hand they had met four five months back. Bingo! Say what! I had met them both Khanyi and Bulelwa not two months ago and they had been introduced as brand new friends. Why had I not seen this? My wife often said she met too

many people everyday who tried to befriend her and she chatted to. But, and this she emphasised, she will only introduce me to the ones that mattered! Everything was falling into place! Asthandile had not met Khanyi and her boss recently, they met a long time ago! That's why she was so familiar to them. I did say the first night they came over and drank and slept over that it was weird to see my wife so close to people she had just met! Another thing is, much as my wife would had have turned into such a bitch, i maintain that she would never have slept with a month within a week of meeting. I would like to believe she had a bit of her morality still inside her somehow.

"Ah Bulelwa so what took you guys so long to come to the house! I thought you were brand new to my wife! I have never seen her so happy hey now that you guys are in her life!"

I said with a bit overkill in that to butter her up. She was very happy to keep on talking as she did not realize I was setting her up.

"I don't know really. Something always came up I guess and besides, she called you her hardworking superman. I was not working then so again I would see her during the day before you came. Once or twice you wife told you I was there over the phone so you knew I was there we just never met!"

I tried to think back. As men we are often guilty of trivialising our wife's friends as though they don't matter. There were occasions I would call during the day and my wife would say someone was visiting. I would ask who out of politeness and to check coast but the moment I got the part it was a female then I was fine by it and I didn't want to hear more. What for? It's another woman and besides too many question will let your wife think you are insecure! That's just how most men are. This means she could have told me about Bulelwa and Khanyi but I never cared enough to listen! Khanyi was not done, she had saved the best for last,

"Even their boss at work, he is married to my older sister! I introduced them both to him for them to get the job there. I could not work for him though ah, imagine! My brother in law!"

I laughed uncomfortably and thanked her for introducing them. So she too had been betrayed!

"How far back was this because Khanyi got the job first and Asthandile just started!"

She made a humming sound as she thought of the date then said,

"It's about four months ago actually, soon after I met them by the gym. Yes I am right, four months!"

She said. As she was saying this I had reached the part in my diary that was equal to eleven weeks. Here is what's worse, it read,

“Law Conference, Gallagher estate Midrand, 5days. Durban Govender meeting 2days! I am so exhausted”

The two weeks covered there I was not in Cape Town and I could prove it. Moreover my wife had not realised that I knew she had lied. On the phone she had said that she was two months pregnant then later she had said doctor said 11 weeks!

Just because I am a lawyer does not mean that I have forgotten how to do maths!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 91

It's fair to say I do not want to be in Asthandile's shoes right now. Things were falling apart left right and centre! She had brought this upon herself and the only thing that had stopped me from getting rid of her was the fact that I really did love her. Nowadays people take the true meaning of what it is to be in love for granted. It's weird really. Marriage is just as good as dating nowadays and nothing is sacred. Women cheat, men cheat and as long as there is money involved you can be rest assured your marriage will always been under pressure. I thought I had balanced it right though to be fair. Half my salary went to my wife even before she had a job and my other half was divided between household goods, the cars and policies. She was not really money hungry to be fair but it was no coincidence that the man she had cheated with seemed rich. What is it with women's loyalty though when a rich guy approaches them? It's like the lock that guards her secret garden is written "Free if you drive a Porsche!". I kid you not. Once your wife has richer friends than you, you have a problem! Asthandile really had let me down.

When I entered I just looked at her. I wanted to confront her with this new evidence that I had but I could not. She had been crying again. Tears have a way of destroying a person. I am not evil. I am angry yes, vengeful yes but I am not evil. We still had to go to the doctor together for her to get checked out so that we could determine the right number of weeks. I had already made the appointment but not with our normal doctor. I chose a different doctor my wife did not even know because she had tricked me too often now. She seemed to know how to collude with others. It was then I heard the door open and shut. It was Zimasa. She was only coming back now. I am the one who had given her permission to go out and this is how late she came back! It's 930pm for crying out loud. She did not sneak in but you could tell that she was trying to be light footed. I looked at my wife who surprisingly in spite of her tears had heard her too. She looked at me and in a hoarse whisper asked me to please deal with her because she really did not have the energy. I think she was testing too see if I still cared enough because Zimasa was her family not mine meaning if I threw her out

Zimasa would have to go too! That's another issue staying with extended family. If you divorce one you must divorce the rest. My wife said that I should not knock because it will give her time to compose herself. I had to catch her unawares so that I scare her senseless. Even in tears my wife was still a bitch but she had a point. I went to Zimasa room. I was actually quite angry with her because she had betrayed my trust. I did not knock I just open the door and went in. She standing by the foot of the bed stark naked as the day she was born but she still had her school socks and shoes on. I could see a towel on the bed so I think she was about to go shower. I froze but did not leave because I had something to say! The door was still open fortunately.

"Where were you? I am sending you back to mdantsane because you cannot be trusted!"

I said angrily. She did not even jump to try cover herself with the towel she just stood there in the buff and started pleading with me not to send her back. She said after the movie her friend's father had come and bought them supper. Instead of taking them home he had dropped her in Rondebosch because he had to the airport to pick up his wife who had landed on a late flight. Ok now I was start to lose concentration. I was standing in front of a naked 17year old. I think it hit me properly then that this was creepy and I told her to cover up! Had she no dignity! I think she too with the shock of my entering and shouting immediately actually forgot she was naked because when I said that she jumped and said shit please turn around! Not sure what happened! She had to shave though I noted! How can a teenage girl have a rain forest down there seriously! Had no one ever told her about hygiene!

I told her with my back turned that I was disappointed in her and her aunt was going to Mdantsane soon so she will have to go with her because alone, I could not control her. She ran up to me (my back was still turned towards her) and hugged me from the back crying,

"Please don't do this. I am sorry. I should have refused the dinner because that man was looking at me funny even. I am so sorry! I am sorry please please I don't want to go home please!"

She begged me. I could actually feel that she was still naked! Her young boobs squashing into my back. I could feel everything. These things are not good for a man. I was actually annoyed. I told her to let go of me because this was inappropriate and she had brought this on herself.

At that moment my wife appeared right in front of my face.

"What is going on here and why are you naked Zimasa?"

Zimasa immediately stepped back and before I could actually defend her or us, my wife stepped into the room and clapped her so hard she went flying towards the bed!

"Whay are you naked in front of my husband? You want to seduce him too!"

She screamed!

“You, Mxolisi! Is this why you are sending me home so you can be with a little girl? Is this it?”

She shouted!

Had she actually just gone there?

“You are right! I am going home tomorrow and I am going to tell my parents and yours what I witness with my own eyes! She is only seventeen for heavens sake! Have you no shame! I was right in the next room!”

She went on and on! I dont know what happened! This woman had set me up. She is the one who said I must not knock and now she was saying this nonsense!

“Sisi its not what you think!”

Zimasa pleaded now covered in the towel. She was terrified and after that clap who would not be. If Asithandile was an actress this would have been her moment because she was genuinely angry. Her nose was flaring.

“This is why other man fuck your wife because you are useless! Perving over babies and...”

She did not finish her sentence because I punched her so hard she blacked out!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 92

I did what any self respecting educated black man would do in this situation. I apologized to Zimasa and I walked downstairs. I got into my car and I drove myself to Rondebosch Police Station. It's close Pick n Pay so from my house it literally 5 minutes away. I was lucky in that it was a male police officer who was working because had it been a female then things would have been different. The officer knew me by name and I am not sure how or where from but he greeted me as Adv. Sibani. It was so weird. When I told him that I had come to turn myself in for punching my wife he thought one of his friends was pulling a prank on me. When I asked him why he said two reasons really, “One, no one turns themselves in. It's that thing you see on TV but it never really happens. Secondly, for one punch? It hardly counts as domestic violence because they deal with case were men beat up their wives to a pulp on a weekly places and this hardly counts as it!”

He explained.

“Our cells are full with real cases and adding you in them is frankly wrong and wastes space in the cells.”

Even as he spoke some drunk students were dragged into the station.

“Why did you bring them here? I have no space take them to Mowbray!”

He shouted at the officer who had brought them in.

“If that fails go to Wynberg!”

I never thought this would ever happen to me. The police officer turned me away and told me to go home and apologise to my wife. He said he will pretend that this never happened and he never came here. He said we all make mistakes and running away does not help. I was not sure whether to celebrate that I had not gotten that record or to be saddened at how the value of women was quite cheap even in police stations. Maybe turning myself in was a bit of a dramatic move seeing these weird people in here. Criminals are scary that one is certain!

I decided that going home was my only option. What if I had made my wife miscarry her bastard child! That would not be good. I should confront her with my evidence that I knew she was pregnant not with me. However, if she took me to talk that could mean that they could prove that I had motive and that punch was premeditated. That small detail could be the difference between her leaving with zero or half! She was always a step ahead of me so I had to tread carefully. When I got in I found both my wife and Zimasa sitting by the kitchen counter. My wife had a packet of frozen peas on her eye where I had punched her. So she was alive! Ok then at least one less worry.

“Go to your room!”

She said to Zimasa as soon as I entered. She did not even look up to look at me. Zimasa who still looked terrified was now dressed in her pyjamas did not even hesitate. She ran up.

“I crossed the line there when I said what I said. It was wrong and I should never in a million years have said that. I am sorry and I was wrong.”

She said. I chose not to respond and good thing too because she was not done.

“However, I just want to make this point very clear, if you ever lay your hands on me again, I swear to God I will wait for you to sleep and in the wee hours of the morning when you have your morning glory, I will take a razor and I will cut off your penis! Do you understand me?”

She said calmly. Maybe too calmly. You see Xhosa women are different from other women in that they are crazy enough to actually do it. They are not the type to poison you and all fancy things like that, nah its too complicated, they are blunt and to the point. Consequences for what?

I asked if Zimasa was okay. I guess it was not exactly the best question to ask at that moment but I figured going up to her room would be worse. My wife looked at me funny and for a moment I thought she would not answer but she did.



“She will live! She deserved that one too! For a long time she has been dressing up provocatively in this house and I warned about this. You are my husband, this is our house so she must know how to dress appropriately! I am going to bed!”

She stood up and left me standing there. When the things that happened tonight happen to you for a moment you allow yourself to get a bit confused. I was not sure what to do next. Whether to go up and speak to her again, go to my study and work which I doubt I could or just relax and pretend all this had not happened. I was now one of those statistics which I never wanted to be, a domestic abuser.

I decided that tonight for the upteenth time I should sleep in the guest room. Yes, I was fast becoming a guest in my own house with the number of times I was finding myself in here. I made sure I closed the doors and locked myself in because I was not sure what my wife will come with overnight. I had not meant to hit her and I know it sounds so cliché but really she had that one coming. I am very anti violence against women. It was her who had insisted I go to Zimasa’s room and yes she had not said I must stand there when Zimasa was naked but the only reason why I had not knocked was because she specifically instructed me not to. Then there was that line about other men sleeping with her. That hurt. A lot. As I was thinking through all this I got an sms. It was from Khanyi.

“Either you are one incredibly patient guy or you just plain stupid but today at least you finally showed you still have some man in you. Asthandile told me what happened and I am totally with you. She deserved it and next time take a belt!”

I was not sure what to say to this. I thought Khanyi would advise her so called friend to leave me but she was in my corner. This woman could not be trusted so I decided not to reply. At some point I fell asleep. I am not sure I even dreamed that night.

In the morning I woke up and I bathed in the guest room. I then went upstairs so I could change for work. When I got there the door was closed. I knocked first. She did not answer. There was silence. She was still ignoring me. This was going to be a long day. I needed to dress though so I can get ready for work so I opened. The scene was the last thing I expected.

The bed was neatly made up. Had my wife gone to the gym this early. It’s been a long time though since she did a morning session. I went to the wardrobe and that’s when I noticed it. The luggage was gone. I opened my wife’s wardrobe and there was nothing left just hangers. Her lingerie drawer, fine with black people it’s a panty drawer but still that too was empty. I don’t know what I was expecting to find when I went to check her cosmetics in the bathroom by they too were gone.

Asthandile had left!

I was not sure whether to ululate or to panic but love is a very stupid thing! I panicked and tried to call her. Her phone was off. Ok its what I needed for now just breathe I told myself. I went to Zimasa's room and guess what, same thing, bed made and things gone! This had really happened! She probably went to Khanyi's place and was trying to scare me! I was not going to bite. There was no note or anything like that, that's for white people, black people don't have time to write! Even when committing suicide it's not often I come across a case were a black person actually left a suicide note!

I got ready for work regardless and even found time to whistle a happy tune whilst I did it. I got a call from my boss and he sounded exasperated but excited. He said that no matter what I had to be in the office at 0800am because we had a very very important client, once who would take our firm to astronomical heights. I cannot remember the last time I heard him this happy. It was 0649am on the clock so decided to leave immediately.

My car keys stay in my pocket. I walked outside and opened the garage. My car was not there! My evil wife had taken my car meaning I had to go find her keys. I ran back to the house to look for them. I tried calling her again and zero. I searched for a good 20 minutes and eventually I found them. Now I was getting late. I ran back to the car and reversed out of the garage! The car drove funny. I closed the garage and went to open the gate. On the way back from the gate I realized why it drove funny, the left front tyre of the car had a punched and by the gash in the tyre I had no doubt in my mind how it got there! Xhosa women! Asthandile had done this! She had deliberately slashed one tyre because it forces u to fix it on your own!

I needed to get to work! The train was my best bet but in in Cape Town this early the trains are so packed you will be standing outside literally!

When I got to the gate a car pulled up. It was a police car with blue lights flashing.

She had called the police!

The witch!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 93

It's funny hey when I went to turn myself in I was so sure that it was the right thing to do because I was in charge of the situation. Now however seeing them there I was so terrified. What had she told them? What is it about police that is so terrifying. In America their log is to Protect and Serve but in

South Africa it should be to Intimidate and Bribe. Where the lights really necessary? Why were they trying to scare my white neighbours like this? I walked up to the gate and asked them how I could be of assistance. These cops I was not familiar with that's for sure. They asked if Mxolisi Sibani lived here and I replied by asking what this was about. They said they were here for Mxolisi Sibani so I should not ask stupid questions and I told them they were on private property so unless there was a warrant of some sort I was not obliged to answer. They threatened me saying I was defeating the ends of justice. I told them that I was not. They were at my gate and they were being rude. The lady cop apologised and took a pink paper. It was an arrest warrant.

"I am Mxolisi."

I said.

"Then you are under arrest!"

The guy said. They immediately walked in.

"I didn't do anything to her!"

I said. I don't know why I lied but it just came out.

"One of our of officer was arrested in connection with a murder that took place in our cells and I am certain you know which one. Please out of respect as a fellow defender of the law get in the car. I don't want to cuff you!"

He actually became polite. In my head I was asking myself whom I would call. I didn't want the people at work to know. Eish my boss had said important client. What now?

I went into the car and they drove off. My life flashed before my eyes. Imagine I had worked so hard to end up in prison for a woman who was probably hired to seduce me. I was avenging her when this happened now I was about to pay for it dearly. When I got to Wynberg police station the booking officer was someone I knew very well. Once or twice I had helped him with his wife's maintenance problems. Immediately he told the two officers I was with that I was one of them and he won't do this. South African Police! You got to llove them. They said that they had no choice because a charge had been laid against me. He told them that he vouched for me and a lot more higher people would do likewise. Name dropping in South Africa is a business and a lifesaver. He said he would call in a few favours and made it clear that if they dared put me in a cell he will make sure that he will take their jobs! It was weird because he was inferior to them in position but for some reason they seemed to listen. He said he would personally make it go away. I must emphasise that as an officer of the law, which as a lawyer I am, by allowing them to do this I was becoming an accomplice. I had a duty to report them but compare this to going to sit in a prison cell and you would understand why I was gladly corrupt. The arresting officers then turned and said if I gave them r10 000 each they would make sure this case never saw the day of light. I was relieved.

I said let's go to the bank and we do it now but they said it would be too obvious. They knew where I stayed. Ok fine they were right! In South Africa if you look carefully money can buy you anything. Ask Oscar, 5years for murder! It's not about skin colour but about money. They said if they were seen dropping me off they would definitely get into trouble but tonight they would come collect. He specified that if the money was not there he would arrest me because he had given me a chance. I thanked the man bribing me for my hard earned money as though I had received a Get Out Of Jail Free Card into heaven. That's how happy I was.

Now for work. An important client meant that my boss was not lying when he said I was to head one of the new branches. They only did this when they were promoting someone. You would be given a big account to show your worth that's why I could not afford to be late. I rushed to work. I took the train and because now I was in Wynberg it meant that I was catching the train at the beginning of the line. I could not stop at home to get my case though. The train was not as full as I thought so at least. When I got there I found security officials everywhere. I knew automatically we had landed a big fish. In Cape Town because of parliament we get to hang out with politicians. They have more problems than most and we had never had one. I could see why they wanted a black face in that meeting. When I got to the boardroom my boss gave me a look that could kill. I ignored him, apologized for being late and told them this morning my car was stolen. Every man understands what that means meaning they were now being sympathetic. I was introduced too our client whom all I can divulge was that he is a minister in an important portfolio. Lawyer client confidentiality unfortunately. This case will take me to the very top I felt and who knows even judge maybe. Wow! Three hours, fifteen minutes and a thirty minute interruption due to phonecall HE could not miss later the meeting was done. They stepped out.

"I have it in mind to remove you off this case because you are proving unreliable!"

My boss said as he walked out. I apologised and said I was at the police station and at some point they had put cuffs on my hands thinking I had said I had stolen it. Don't know if he believed me but who cares!

When I got to the bank, I wanted to withdraw the money. The lines were long which made it even more irritating. I was hot. I was sweat. I was cranky. What's worse, the lady in front of me was carrying a big back of money with many statements. This was going to take a while.

Eventually it was my turn. I asked the pretty teller for 20 000, took out my card and inserted it. It's a credit card.

"I am sorry sir but you have insufficient amount in your account!"

Insufficient amount? Is she mad!

“No ma'am you are mistaken. I have r287, 000 in that account!”

I said with a smile.

“Unfortunately not sir. From here I can see that an amount of R286, 988 was transferred this morning as cash by a Asthandile Sibani!”

My wife had cleaned me out. Joint account!

She left me r12.

I fainted!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 94

When eventually I came to it was with a start. It was as though I was having a bad dream. Something cold and wet was on my face was on my face. The bank security guy had used water to wake me up. For a moment I did not realize where I was. How could I? It all happened so fast and I was not even sure what had had happened. One moment I was standing the next I was on the floor. I was not in any physical pain but the heartache. Money at times is more important than love! I know women like to lie to themselves that love is more important and will rather be poor just to be happy with the men they love! Really? How many poor people do you know that hide their misery in their alcohol, often abusive and generally angry at the world. As far as I am concerned my love is linked to taking the best care of my wife and providing for her not only food and shelter but also peace of mind that today's meal is not the last meal on the table! That is money. That is waking up every morning and saying my family should have extra. That is a man to me! Ok fine fainting makes me question my manhood but where it any other occasion I would have been embarrassed but at this point I was panicked! What the hell had happened? I woke up dizzy and confused. You know love makes you make stupid decisions. When I married wife, out of community of profit BUT with profit and loss, it was my idea that our bank account should be joint! Why? Because she was unemployed and I felt as though I was insulting her giving her a monthly stipend as though she was my domestic worker! She was already an unemployed housewife meaning it's pretty similar. Her job was to take care of me and feed me which is much unlike a domestic worker the difference being the sex which in her case again I rarely got! Stupid woman.

At this point I knew I needed help. I spruced myself up and walked out. The bank had called an ambulance which is even more embarrassing but I was fine. I apologized for causing a scene and

the bank teller Tizah Nyirenda as was written there about scaring her like that. When we opened that account it was me that had insisted on it. The bank had advised us to always have two signatures but I had told them that because I sometimes work out of town we should be allowed to conduct business etc when we are apart. There therefore was no reason for us to always sign double. She was therefore in every right to take the money as technically it was hers too. That's the dumb side of love. We all act like we the first people to ever discover it and fall into it.

I called Dalu to come pick me up. I told him I had fainted in the bank. Obviously he was concerned and he came immediately. He asked me if I was sick and I told him know. I told him Asthandile had left me and took all my money on a day when I needed r20 000 most. He asked me why I needed the r20 000 and I was not for one second tempted to tell him the truth. I told him he had to trust me on this one but it was a matter of life and death. Daluxolo was that friend who had your back through and through and rarely ever asked questions. This time however he told me that he was extremely concerned about me because lately I was edgy and always in a rush! Well he was right I was. He told me I was stressed up and messing up at work which was very unlike me. It was when he asked me if I was on drugs that finally for the first time today I managed a genuine laugh. That was funny. I reassured him I was not and told him that it had something to do with the Asthandile's friend who was raped. I had told him the story briefly when it happened so he had an idea. He said he will transfer the money and I said no! Please not in my account. Asthandile was out there somewhere!

Ah bad choice of words! He started asking me why she had left. This time I told him the truth of as much as I knew. Told him about her boss and all those things. He was so disappointed in her but typical Dalu he turned around and asked me what role I had played in because this didn't just happen. He reassured me that he was on my side but I too must sit down and self reflect. He told me when it comes to divorce often the person breaking up with the hellbent on proving that they were right. The conversation and lecture was not long but it hit home. Finally I had the r20 000. Dalu dropped me off at home and thank heavens I did not have the train. I called some guys to come fix my car and the tyres! Women are cruel. Asthandile and don't ask me how had taken the spark plugs from inside the engine meaning the car was not working. How did she even know how to open the bonnet? I had underestimated her but it's ok now I was fully awake. I had to go buy the sparks though.

In the evening the police came. At least I was clearing my mess. The one who had been so rude to me in the morning took out an envelope with a disk. He said that things had changed because the evidence they had against me being part of the conspiracy was overwhelming. The video showed me going to see the deceased as well as they had a voice recording of me putting the request for him to be punished. He said for the evidence to disappear that will cost me another r50 000 on top. I

wanted to cry. Now they were really extorting me. 24hours ago I could have raised the money but now. I was in trouble. I begged them to reconsider but they refused. I was given 7days to come up with it over and above the 20 000 I was paying now.

When they left I found myself on my knees asking God why he had abandoned me. Fair question. Two minutes later the doorbell went. Standing there was Khanyi. God had answered me! This was the reason why he had abandoned me.

“Asthandile is at my place. She does not know I am here though so how do you want to handle it?”

Honestly people like Khanyi are dangerous but handy! I could feel she wanted me to react but again I had to ask myself what she stood to benefit from this. I also asked myself this, what could I benefit...

My wife had life insurance. I took it out on her and I was the beneficiary.

Could I do it?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 95

I know it's a harsh thought to think of killing someone but with what they had put me through over the last months I wanted revenge. It was no longer just enough just to walk away. Everything I had done to this point had me apologizing or backing down. There was no way I was going to let Asthandile walk away with my money. No! That would be very presumptuous of her if she thought I would. You see, a lot of people do not respect intellectuals as people who can survive on the streets. We are push overs at best that's why they do not take us seriously. Not this time! I was hurt and I was angry. I am not naive to the consequences but I felt that these two women were setting me up. Everything that had happened so far seemed to be designed to draw me to a certain conclusion. They wanted me to ask for the divorce. Khanyi standing in front of me ratting out her friend just seemed too well orchestrated for me. If I went to that house I knew now I could hardly control my temper. I would end up in prison.

I told Khanyi that it was fine she can stay there with her. I was not her enemy and I was not going to start treating her like that. Khanyi gave me that look where I could see she wanted to ask if I was stupid or something. She was right! I was stupid but I was no longer going to play my cards open the way I always had. I told her that Asthandile was a grown woman and loving her should not be the death of me. I told Khanyi that one day she will fall in love, truly in love and that will be the day she will understand why my intention was never and will never be to harm Asthandile. She came and sat down next to me and joked at how I had aged since the last time she saw me.

There was someone at the gate. It was Sean some guy I knew who was a mechanic. I had called him to come check out the car. I did not trust my wife so much that I had to check if the brakes were still and so on. I went outside with Khanyi to watch him work. My wife had not done a lot of damage though so the car was fine. He put in new spark plugs as well because she had removed two. At least tomorrow I will go to work not hanging out of a train. When he left Khanyi walked me back into the house. She asked me if she should make me something to eat and I declined.

Usually when you have problems at home the first thing that suffers is your work. Relationships just make you not function well when you go back to work. If you lose your job you blame evil spirits for giving you bad luck when it was you who failed to separate home from work. With that said Dalu had been right that I had been slacking off at work and it was starting to show. I did not need to lose my job too over and above everything I had lost lately. I told Khanyi that not today, I needed to work so I showed her to the door. When we got there she turned around and she kissed me. I didn't touch her or grab her ass like how most guys kiss. I acted as though I was not interested. She looked me in the eye, squinted a little then said she thought I needed that. I closed the door as soon as she turned and didn't even bother watching her leave! I went to my library and started to work. Trying to concentrate on one thing though when you have so much on your mind is so hard but after an hour of trying I got it.

In the morning I got a call from my bank firstly checking up on me after I collapsed inside one of their banks and secondly asking if my money had been stolen. I explained that my wife and I were going through a divorce and she had cleaned me out. They said there was now foul play therefore because we had a joint account so there was nothing they could do to help. I understood what they were saying and I told them that. When the bank man hung up it just felt as though the world was sucking me in. At least my wife's car was moving again. I got in and got to work at 7am. In a law firm you are hardly ever the earliest though but that's fine. My boss came into my office and closed the door behind him. He told me that yesterday he had felt that I had let him down. He asked me if there was something happening in my personal life because this was very much unlike me. I explained to him that this was a once off thing and I will put everything else behind me. The thing with having a white boss is that to them your work comes first screw your family but if it's one of them they say, 'take all the time you need'. Yes I know I went there but won't go further. I briefed on the case yesterday and because I had hardly slept I had my case law on point. It was a case we could not take because it was not a winnable case. Moreover some of the people we will be going against I discovered were loyal clients of ours so the conflict of interest would be too great. My boss though impressed by my work was annoyed at the fact that the big shark we had always wanted to represent would not be ours. He even walked out angrily.



Left to my own I told myself I will have the same routine as I always have. I was not going to fall apart. If those police officers had a recordings of me then I could have recordings of them trying to bribe. In law sometimes we hire people to do surveillance for us to conclude a case or beef up the evidence. I knew a guy so I called him. He was in my office within the hour. I gave him keys to my house to go do his thing. A lot of people think these things are only found in movies but that is so not true. He brought back my keys and told me that everything was in place. He gave me a remote to just press when I needed to start the system. I felt like James Bond black cousin!

As I was smiling now because I had a plan five people walked into my office, three I hated and two I loved with all my heart.

It was Asthandile and her parents! What the fuck were they doing here now? If it was on any other day would have called security and please let my boss not see them!

Behind them were two others that made me smile and say in shock,

“Mama,tata nenzani apha?”

Translated,

“Mum, dad...what are you doing here?”

And to be fair they looked angry as he'll. My mother is legendary when it comes to causing a scene!

O the shame!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 96

Growing up we all had that friend who had to leave early from playing because his or her mother was that strict and controlling. We all knew that kid that used to day, “guys you don't know my mother!” Well I was that kid! My mother could cause a scene that even the craziest of people avoided. We never haad service delivery strikes in my section of Mdantsane because my mother was the one who would go to the municipality and get things done. Who needs an army when you had my mother. She had a temper like no other and a mouth that would put Julius Malema to shame! That's my mother for you and now she was in my office where I had just met with my boss whom in his own way had given me a warning. My wife knew my mother was petrifying on her best day yet she had brought her here. What the hell? To my work place. Whether you are educated or not, it's within us black people to want to stare and all my colleagues who were black were staring. Thsi was not good. You build an image around of being clean cut but when the rurals come that

goes away in an instant. I thought she was at Khanyi's? When did my wife get them here? I bet you she had used my money the one she had stolen to fly them in.

"Molweni molweni!"

I said trying to look excited but much as I tried my face I am certain looked like I was constipated after eating guavas and on the toilet seat!

"Hlale phantsi ngoku!!!"

That was my mum and she was not subtle in how she said it. She was seething. In English she had said,

"Sit down now!"

My mother had just told me to sit down in my own office. I sat down so fast that's how much fear I had in me. Even at my age I still said, you don't know my mother! I was hungry earlier on but now I was fine. My mother had that effect on me. Asthandile's parents seemed to have a look of glee on their faces. You know when you have someone you dislike and you see them put in their place there is that look of gratification that comes with it. That was what they had. I am sure their evil hearts were doing catapults of joy. Why do we have a love hate relationship with in laws though! When you marry their daughter they are excited that their child was not one of the many that will never see the alter unless as a bridesmaid. That was them when they knew she was marrying a man who could afford a wedding without taking a loan. However, I think they thought they will be getting money from me every two weeks simply because I was a lawyer and they had gotten a rude awaken. I fell from being an amazing son in law to a stingy abusive son in law in their eyes! Some parents really think that son in laws should be banks.

I looked at the woman who was supposed to be the love of my life. Asthandile was crying. Wow! This woman was on some other level. The sad part about this even now was that seeing her in tears like this broke my heart. Was I that weak? Was I like all those women who stay in abusive relationship simply because they are in love?

"Listen here, we did not send you to school to be one of those men who beat up women tata!"

My mother said. She called me that as her way of showing me respect usually but in this case it was meant to be a way of making me humble myself!

"How do you hit a pregnant woman? How really then want to divorce her after that? Where did you learn such things? When you brought Asthandile home you asked us to love and protect her like she was you so now here we are! We are protecting your marriage!"

I felt like aa child. I opened my mouth to tell my side of the story but before the words even came out my mother spoke!

“I don’t want excuses! You know me, next time this beautiful wife of yours complains I will come back here, strip my clothes in front of everyone and cause a scene that will make those shit throwing fools proud!”

Firstly no! I did not want to hear my mother talk about stripping. Secondly it took me a second to realize what she was saying. She was talking about those protesters who have been throwing human waste at the madam and her government. Finally I doubt she would actually do it but she was serious about one thing, causing a scene. My mother does not make veiled threats. She is very blunt and for as long as I have known her aka from birth, she is good on her word! The woman is scary and fearless. Note how my father had not said a word through all this! Yup, now that’s a kept man! My father was I am ashamed to say terrified of her.

Ahem! Someone else finally cleared their mouth. It was Asthandile’s father.

“Please my son, take your wife back and go fix your yourselves. Just because at work they said you are moving overseas does not mean you should leave her behind. Your success is her success!”

To him I wanted to explode! Is this all he had heard! What about her cheating? The bastard child she was carrying? What about all that?

“I am so upset I am not going to sleep here. I will sleep on the bus!”

My mother said turning to everyone and stood up. I did say she was so dramatic.

“Please don’t make me come back!”

She said and actually walked out. My father finally found a voice but not towards me. He spoke to Asthandile and her parents and told the parents that they were leaving but Asthandile must stay here! They had done their part.

Stunned now! I was left alone with Asthandile and I wanted to explode. Then I remembered,

I still needed all that money for the police and the only one who could help me was the same witch who had stolen it. I swallowed the grapefruit sized lump in my throat and went in front of my wife and said,

“I am so so sorry my baby. I am so sorry. Andazi what got into me. Please my wife, my life, please please come home!”

I was on my knees. I actually had tears coming down my cheeks. They might have been fake but the thought of jail can make an Oscar winning actor out of you just ask Pistorius!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 97

It's easy to think me a wimp but considering I needed that money to stay out of jail I would have licked her ass if I had to. She was my get out of jail card and if I had to grovel for that money I would. I am not stupid. I don't know how long she and her friends had had to plan this but with that said what I already had a plan in my head. She won't know what hit her! A wise man does not just press the attack button without thinking first. They had thought this through and I must say they had pushed well and hard enough. My turn was coming. The only thing she had to do was pay that money and she will see why lawyers get away with a lot. I will play the fool for now I don't mind.

"I am so sorry Thandi, I don't know what got over me. These last few weeks I have just been angry at the world and I took it out on you!"

I said pleading on my knees to my wife. Another thing people forget, I am a lawyer and I can convince the Queen of England herself that she was lesbian and she would believe me.

"When Khanyi came to the house to tell me where you were I did not react because I was so scared you would push me away. I am so glad you got the parents to come talk us back together again!"

You see beautiful people tend to believe that people around them should worship them. In their heads they tell themselves that they are irreplaceable which is why men especially would do anything to get them back. I looked at her face when I mentioned Khanyi's name to see whether she was surprised that her friend had come but she totally was not. It's like it was a matter of fact. I had given her a bit of rope now. Let's see what happens next.

"I am coming home. I am so sorry that I left you the way I did."

It had only been two days, that does not really qualify as leaving me because look who came crawling back but obviously could not tell her that. I had to be polite. Even now. I asked to wait for

me if she wanted or to go home. It was still early in the day so she chose to go home. The plan was to spoil her and pamper her so she can give me back my money.

Ten minutes later Dalu came to my office. He said he thought he had seen Asthandile and I told him that yes it was and explained what had happened. He told me that I was a wimp because it was me entertaining this rubbish that's why she was treating me like rubbish. There was hatred in his voice and contempt towards her. I did not want to tell him about the new police demand though because it would make matters worse so I just said I would handle it. It just got busy after that. Lindiwe was on my case about some documents I had not delivered to her office. I had forgotten we were working together on something. She was nice though and kept on rubbing her tummy as though to hint at something. She invited me for dinner even which I declined. She was on a charm offensive and this was a nice side of her I don't recall seeing. Apart from my wife coming to the office I actually had a pleasant day. I needed that money and I had so many plans of how to get it back. Worst case scenario I would sell my car and pay those guys and be done with it. She was back meaning that my car was back too. I can work with that.

When I got to the house there was a car I did not know. It was not parked in the driveway blocking but more on the side so I drove past it and parked behind my car (the one my wife had taken). I had my car back. I actually smiled. when i walked in i saw it was my wife's boss! Really? sitting on my couch at that! i think he was crying i am not sure bu fuck it> I think he had meant to talk to me ut the moment he so me he panicked and stood up and moved to the corner of the room. He better run!! I locked the door behind me!

I would rather go to jail I had had enough. I took off my belt and I started to hit her. I had come from a non violent man to a the worst kind of man. I was tired. I was angry. I told her that this time if she left she must not come back. She can bring whoever she wanted even Desmond Tutu for all I care but I would not take her back! She was my wife and if she thought that thing between her legs belonged to every rich man out there she had another thing coming! Yes she was pregnant but I was not going to be sympathetic to her!

"How dare you bring that man to my house? How dare you?"

I asked her. She was crying trying to jump out of the reach of my belt but today I was going to beat her up like the child she was! I was done! I was fed up! She had to go!

“He came to tell me that he has just been told he has HIV?”

At first it didn't register what she had said as I was whipping her ungrateful ass! Then I stopped, what had she said? Honestly I don't think in the situation we were in that now was the time to deliver such news! Did she want me to kill her! Was she trying to make me sympathetic towards him? I had a baby on the way with Lindiwe meaning... Dear God!

“Mxolisi what about our baby? I know you think it's not yours but he had a vasectomy six months ago after his wife got pregnant!”

This was a nightmare! How long was this affair of theirs but worse,

I had been exposed to and now exposed others including now seeming two babies to HIV!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 98

What would you do if you woke up one morning to discover that you are HIV positive and the person who gave it to you is lying right next to you? Fair question right! Fine I was not positive but her recklessness had exposed us to this situation. Again here I was beating up a pregnant woman and I really wanted to stop but I could not. I was not going to hit him again for I dealt with him the last time. Now it was her turn. I don't and will never condone any violence on a woman yet here I was. I was angry and I was beating her as though she was a child. She was jumping from one end of the room to the other to try stay out of the reach of my belt. Eventually the wimp of a boyfriend she had came to stop me. He pushed me back and protected her from the last few blows.

“That's enough man! You will kill her or induce a miscarriage of your child!”

He said holding his nerve! It was not my child it was hers and his! I stumbled back and sat on the couch. All I could think of was HIV positive. That's all. Everything was forgotten. I did not want to die. Some of us are old enough to say ARVS have not always been there so I have lost friends to this disease. I wanted to cry but I was too angry.

Eventually the commotion died down. Funny enough it was a knock at the door that caused. Keeping up appearances my wife immediately ran upstairs so as not to be seen. I went to open the door. Thank God it was no one of importance just Zimasa. She immediately hugged me and said thank you bhut'wam for taking us back. I had forgotten that when Asthandile left she had left with Zimasa. Marriage just has too much baggage.

"Go upstairs I have guests. We will talk later!"

She walked in and did her molweni to her friends father. I noted that she had no recognition in her eyes towards him meaning that she haad actually never met him. He just said hello and looked the other way. He had not moved from where he stood but once she went upstairs he sat down and started.

"I met Asthandile a few months ago at the gym. It started off as just talking and teasing the gym instructor who takes for the classes until one day we decided to have coffee. I don't know whose idea it was but it happened!"

I am not sure I wanted to hear this but I also had no energy to stop him. He continued,

"There was one day it rained a lot. You were supposed to pick her up but you said you got delayed at work. I dropped her at your place. It was that day she kissed me! She was crying because she was convinced you were having an affair because I think the first month after that coffee she called you so often and you always had an excuse!"

He stopped again I think hoping I would intervene but to my credit I did not. He must finish!

"From then on things developed faster than I thought. I might have taken advantage of her loneliness I don't know but she loves you. Yes she made a mistake but there is very little that woman won't do for you. I am sorry that I played this role in your marriage but I hope that somewhere somehow you will forgive her!"

He said. Was this man for real. Did he really think I was going to forgive her? I wanted her to suffer! He stood up, took out a piece of paper and put it on the table before he walked out. I was too tired to pursue him. I sat there for an hour staring into space. I did not move. I did not sleep I just stared into space. I was lost in thought when someone shook me and startled me in the process,

"I know you said I must not come down but am hungry. Must I make you food?"

It was Zimasa. I had forgotten that part. I told her yes even though I was not hungry. I looked at the paper on the table, the one he had on the table. It was a doctor's report which proved that he had a vasectomy. This means that the doctors had surgically stopped him from reproducing meaning he was not physically capable of having a child. Asthandile really was having my baby unless she had another man I was yet to discover! I took the doctors report and put it in my study because I was going to follow up to see if it was legitimate. These people had played me for so long no more taking chances.

"I know now is a bad time but may you please go with me to school. I have to bring a professional to school and you being a lawyer will make me sound cool!"

Zimasa said in the background. I think I said yes but my mind was so far away unfortunately. I was not thinking about her or anything other than Asthandile, baby, pregnancy and obviously HIV. This was too much to take in.

I then went upstairs to the bedroom. The door was not locked. I opened the door at the very moment I had a chair fall in the room. As soon as I opened, I saw the chair actually still bounce once on the ground as above it, with two of my expensive ties, Asthandile was dangling by her neck, feet twitching like a finger on the trigger of a gun but most importantly in midair!

AAHHHH!

I screamed running towards her!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 99

Only the most evil of people will let a person die on their watch. I was angry at my wife, hated her even but I would never actually let her kill herself especially in front of me. We had our differences and call me weak or pathetic, I was not going to abandon her. An obvious part in me thought she was doing this to play her games on me but I was not too sure. When you are about to lose everything what would you do? At times when we make mistakes and think there is no solution we make even bigger ones and this was one of them. I lay her down as she was gasping for air. She had to catch her breath.

"Why Asthandile why?"

I asked her as sat over her.

"Why would you do something so stupid?"

I wanted to cry but I was so angry to even know what reaction to make. She just stared at me like a



fish out of water and started crying. I try checking her neck to see if she had any bruising from my ties and yes she did. The marks were so visible it's a wonder she didn't break her windpipe. Gimmick or not she could have hurt herself really badly. I had played a part in this whether I liked it or not. Had my marriage come to this where one of us had become suicidal?

"I don't deserve you! I am the devil! What I did to you was evil and there is no other word for it! Please just let me die because I deserve everything I get!"

She said turning her body away from me. I wanted to tell her that she could die I didn't care but first she must leave my baby behind but obviously it's not something I could say out loud. Taking your own life is cruel and selfish. People who have done this before will never know what pain they left behind. The ones left behind will never know whether to mourn you or be angry at you.

"Today you beat me up like I was a child. Even my parents last used a belt on me when I was in primary school. Do you know how embarrassing that is? Do you have any idea how little and insignificant I felt? In spite of all that I still believed that you were right and I deserved more! That is what has become of me! I can start by saying I am so sorry but sorry does not even start to cover all the bad things I have done to you!"

She said to me. I was not sure what to say but I had to say something.

"I won't lie I am angry at you but you are still my wife. I did not bring you all this way for me to send you back home in a coffin. We are better than this, we were better than this!"

I said trying to reassure her. For some reason all she said had flown right over my head. She had too many lies so I could not trust her to be genuine. I had to think of a way out. Another thing people must realize is this, if she dies by her own hand, any life policies she has become null and void as in they will not pay out! After all the premiums she had paid out and I had paid out, all insurance policies would never pay-out that's for certain. I was therefore not going to leave this to chance.

"Please get Zimasa to get me some water..."

She said softly. I must say I was failing to read her. What was she going to do next? I called out to Zimasa. I was not going to leave the room. What if she finished the job? Zimasa came in. She is not stupid, she saw the tie and the chair. She immediately asked what happened. I ignored her question and told her to fetch her water to drink and to run water for me in a bath. She did not ask too many questions but I could see she was concerned.

"A bath is not necessary!"

She said but I told her no, it was very much so. She needed to relax and breathe. There is a reason why I wanted it. A belt leaves marks on your body and I could not take her to the hospital if I wanted to, just to check if she did not cause any damage on her throat with those marks. It will be obvious that I beat her and that could have further complications. When the bath was ready I turned to Zimasa and said,

“Tell no one about this especially the people back home. You know the drama they will cause. We, you and me need to handle this here!”

I asked her or rather told her. She understood but said now she was too scared to sleep alone in a room considering this. She asked if she could sleep on the floor in the bedroom and watch over Asthandile with me. I told her it was fine. I will call her after the bath. I took off my wife's clothes as she stepped into the bath tub. I decided that I should join her in case she switches to death by drowning.

This was the first time my wife had shared a bath in years. She felt awkward and brand new. I could see all the marks my belt had left on her and much as I was angry at her, guilt swept over me. I had done this. Twice now I had laid my hands on her. I was now an abusive husband. The thought just killed me inside. I was a monster. I talked to her all this time whispering to make sure she knew I was still there. All she did was cry. We stayed in the water until it got cold. I dried her and myself, dressed her for bed even and took her to bed. She was cold. I am not sure if it was because of the bath or if it was in my head.

“Where is Zimasa?”

She asked me. I told she was in her room. I had forgotten about her. I told her she was in her room. At that moment Zimasa walked in. She asked Asthandile if she was fine. To her credit she said she was it was just a misunderstanding. In my head I was screaming what kind of misunderstanding can cost you your life.

“Can I sleep here on the floor? I can't sleep alone with all that's going on!”

She asked again this time to both of us. Asthandile said it was fine she could but turned around and asked me after she had already responded. I said it was fine meaning we would take turns to watch over her. She said she did not need to be watched over but I insisted. We have a very big bed. Eventually we agreed that Zimasa did not have to sleep on the floor. Besides I had work to do so at some point I was going to sneak out of bed and work so it was a win win.

With my wife in the middle, Zimasa on the other side cuddling her we settled in for bed. It was not awkward at all for some reason.

It was then the sms came in,

“We are outside, here to collect our money. No excuses!”

It was the police I was bribing!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

CHPATER 100

Why will these people not give me a break? I was not going to hide. I gave Asthandile a sleeping tablet. She did not protest because I told her she needed to rest and this would give me peace of mind that she will be ok. I called Zimasa outside the bedroom door and told her that I will sleep on the couch so that she could sleep with Asthandile. Told her that it would be weird for us to share a bed. She offered to go back to her room but I said no. I was cool with it. I understood her gesture. It was not sexual. She was trying to be there for Asthandile. People who don't know compassion are quick to say never without willing to understand why. For now though I had to deal with these corrupt police! I had a plan. I decided that I should take the initiative and be on the front foot. I responded to them and told them I was coming outside. Daluxolo sleeps early and he switches off his phone by 9pm. I know this because on several occasions when I wanted him to bail me out or come celebrate with me after things have gone well his phone would be off. I had a plan and it included Dalu. When I was downstairs I called Dalu, it went to voicemail. This guy was so predictable.

“Officer Matshaya do you really have to come this late. My family is sleeping and this midnight business does not work for me!”

I said out loud. He laughed and so did his partner. To them this was all a joke. They did not care that what they were doing was wrong.

“Officer Lusiki how can you approve of this?”

I asked her.

“Don't you have a family to attend instead of harassing me so late at night!”

The thing is, women are always so quick to react. They act so self righteous and as though they are more wronged to start with.

“Leave my kids out of this. It is your money that pays for Westerford so just pay up and we will be out of your way!”

She said. Westerford was not a school that could be afforded on a policeman's salary. She must have been making so much money off her cases then. Everyone wants the best for their children I

understand but if a lifestyle audit was to be done on some politicians, government officials and yes police, one can easily tell that some of the things they own will never equate to the income they earn. And they say fighting corruption is hard, pshhh, they have not even tried! I could see that they knew they had me in a corner and for the first time I actually wanted it this way.

“Enough of this chit chat, where is my money we need to go? You not the only one we have to see!”

Matshaya said cheekily. He was so sure of himself. The bravado of this man to come to another man’s house and say such shit is remarkable but doesn’t this happen always when cops are involved.

“The amount of money you asking for just to lose a docket is too much. I don’t have 50 000 lying around officers what do you want of me? You are going to have to kill me I can’t afford it!”

He laughed first and turned to her and said,

“This guy does not know who he is messing with! It’s my money because I told you how much I wanted and you refused. Do you want me to take out my gun and show you what it can do advocate?”

He said with such disdain. He fiddled it for it and for a moment there I thought it was coming out until she said,

“Stop it Matshaya, we don’t need guns here. He owes us money and he will pay it up!”

At least she was playing the voice of reason.

“These lawyers think they are so clever. They earn so much and don’t share with some of us. Well I am here to get some of that money you show off with? Look at you living large here in the suburbs whilst some of us have to deal with the bucket brigade!”

He said. I had no idea what he meant but ok.

“I don’t have the money officer...”

I started to protest but did not even get to finish the sentence. He moved so quickly and before I knew it he had punched me and I was on the ground. He kicked me twice and I shouted,

“Don’t kill me, don’t kill me!”

He did not seem to care what I was saying. I managed to stand up and the first thing I did was take out my phone. It’s light was shining and yes what I had planned was working.

"I have taped our conversation and forwarded it to three different people. You are in a conference call right now so you can take the phone all you want but I have asked everyone to tape this. The license plate on their car is..."

I shouted as Matshaya advanced towards me! At that moment the neighbors switched on their lights. I am not sure if it was because of the commotion or if it was timed. The female officer was now in panic.

"Matshaya let's go. This is bad. Let's go!"

She said. The fear in her voice was palpable. So much for beautiful Westerford! I had tricked them. I had taped the conversation. Well not taped but had forwarded everything that had been said to Daluxolo's phone.

"If we go down you know you go down too right because of the murder case!"

He hissed. He was furious. I switched off the call button and responded.

"Are you that stupid? I am a lawyer meaning I know enough to not even spend a day in court. You are a cop and you know how much the media love stories of corrupt cops and as a black cop you know the Madam would just love to make an example out of you!"

I said. In Cape Town if you are the wrong black you know exactly what I mean. We are all refugees after all and I guess he will have to be deported! He was angry but he knew I was right. He walked backwards.

"I want my money back the one you took. I want it in my letterbox by tomorrow morning 730am before I go to work. It is not a joke and it is not a deposit. You go your way I go my way. I will keep the recordings for safety."

I said as they walked away. I could see Lusiki was already crying. What happened to that tough swagger she had shown earlier. Fight fire with fire. I was smiling and found myself whistling as I walked back into the house.

"What was that all about?"

Zimasa asked. She startled me so much that I jumped backward. I had not seen her coming. I am certain she had heard everything.

"It's nothing. You should be with Asthandile!"

I said.

“She is passed out. I wanted to tell you that, I mean I wanted to ask you if my friend can sleep over tomorrow. We want to swim and study. if it's a bad time I understand”

She asked me.

“Which friend is this? I have only met one of your friends.”

I said innocently.

“Yes her. Please think about it!”

She said and went back upstairs. Think about it? There was nothing to think about. I had found my courage!

Revenge is a dish best served cold!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 101

I know most people believe that two wrongs don't make a right but at times if we are to be honest to ourselves, doing a wrong gives you so much more satisfaction than doing the right thing. It's not that I am a firm believer of a tooth for a tooth but this time I was going through with it, fuck my conscience and turning the other cheek! Zimasa was saying that her friend, my enemies' daughter was coming to sleep over, an enemy that could have given me HIV? If I said no that would be turning the other cheek and there will be no satisfaction in that. You can spoil such people. You teach them a lesson they will never forget. Asthandile wanted me to cheat? Now I was going to do it in her face! I was going to kill two birds with one stone. Zimasa also asked for pocket money and I told her I will give her the following day. I was not about to piss her off now so I thought I should keep her happy. I asked her more about the details of her sleepover and she said they wanted they wanted to study and also just chat that's why it was not a train smash if I said no. Those were her words not mine. I told her that as long as she lived in this house she can have friends over but with permission and they behave. She was not in prison. That made her laugh but with that phase one was in motion.

I slept in the guest room downstairs but made sure I woke up early. I wanted my wife to find me close by if she woke up. Fortunately Zimasa also woke up early as around 5am she was usually already getting ready. School started early for her. My wife who had slept on a sleeping pill was still sound asleep when I went upstairs. I had already sent a message at work saying I would be late. I had almost forgotten, I went outside to check my letterbox. In it I found an envelope with a lot of money in it. I honestly smiled. Finally the tide was turning. Finally I was getting back my mojo. The

police had clearly gotten the warning. The threat had worked. I refuse to pay for someone else's child's school fees! Asthandile was still sleeping but I was not going to wake her up for now. I bathed and got ready for work as I always did. I then went to wake her up and told her that we had to go somewhere. She was reluctant to wake up but she did not argue. She still had that guilty look on her face so I doubt that for the next couple of weeks that feistiness would come back. She did not even ask where we were going that is what trauma does to you I guess. I kept talking to her as though everything was normal. At first she was not replying much but she eventually started making muted responses. This was very good. I made her breakfast but she said she was not hungry. My wife is usually that woman who takes an age to bath and dress up. I always tell her that if God was her then the world will still have not been made because He would still be bathing and putting on his make up before he decides which colour best suits his makeup! She would get so angry when I got impatient but she never changed. Today however in thirty minutes she was done. When she walked down the stairs I could not help but stare at her beauty. Beautiful yes, but evil!

Outside I went straight for her car the one she had left me with when she ran away with. She stopped when she saw that and she asked me if I wanted my car keys back. I said no. I told her it was ok because it was just a car and not worth fighting over. I think I made her feel kind of stupid but that was not the aim. She can keep the keys. I was not going to fight over keys like we had one car in the house. We were not going far. We were going see our doctor. I needed peace of mind on my condition. I was tested of everything from stds to HIV. It's not an easy thing to do. I know that they have desensitized us to HIV and AIDS but doing that test knowing that you could have exposed yourself is hard. I was scared. I was petrified more the word. She too was tested. She seemed to have resigned to her fate. He did two tests, the rapid one which gives you results within thirty minutes then the long which includes sending your blood to the labs. On the rapid one I was found negative which was a huge relief I won't lie but Asthandile he said the results were inconclusive. They needed more tests to see if the HIV antibodies were in her and the fact that she was pregnant meant that she might have to take preventative measures soon! Karma is a bitch! Much as I now hated my wife I felt sorry for her! Note, he did not say she was positive!

The silence in the car as we drove was only broken by her constant sobbing. I did not know what to say to her. I even offered to go get a second opinion but she said no. She looked at me and said,

"I think you must leave me because I brought this on myself and to us!"

She said. I reassured her telling her that I had no intention of doing that and how was she going to raise a child alone!

"I am going to abort!"

She said. What the hell?

“No I don’t support that!”

I said calmly trying not to cause alarm.

“It’s my body and it’s what I want!”

She said as we got home. She went straight upstairs!

What now?

There was no way in hell that I was going to allow her to abort my child! I will hang her myself if she did that!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 102

I love children let’s just start there. I am a successful man, employed and I can take care of my family. I will never make an excuse not to take care of my children. With Lindiwe’s baby if it was mine I will take care of it regardless of whether she wants me in the child’s life or not! Now that brings me to this woman trying to first kill herself now kill my baby! Hell no! It’s not weakness that makes a man love his children regardless of who the mother is. I know when you marry one and you have kids outside she tends to hate the fact that you love those kids too. Asthandile will just have to be strong the day she finds out about Lindiwe. Maybe I should tell her? Most men don’t have the guts to tell their wives when they have fathered another child whilst in marriage. I don’t blame them though because our women tend to turn into psychopaths once they know. Women don’t have forgiveness in their hearts unless at some point the pastor asks them to forgive. I could just see Asthandile right now if she knew how she would react. The woman was a problem now when I had no baby mama now imagine what she would be like if she knew I had one. She would probably kill the baby mama, child and myself in a heartbeat. She had no brakes this one. I had to tell her somehow though because it was a secret too big for me to keep. With her trying to hang herself and more it was not the easiest thing to do though!

Knowing that you are negative has to be the most relieving thing you can come up with. I did not have to wait for my annual December 1st experience to check. My boss called asking why I was not in the office again. I did not hesitate to tell him that my wife had tried to commit suicide and we were at the hospital to check if she did not break anything. He was shocked, surprised, saddened all at



once and said that he was sorry to hear that and I should take some time to get her help. I was certain I had kissed that promotion goodbye but at this stage too much was going on. I was not worried that he would tell many people because unlike my dark skinned brothers, white people in my office for all their bullshit understood the importance of privacy. If I had told any other person I am fairly certain people who are not part of my inner circle would know. Personally though I felt it was time we went back to Mdantsane even if it was for a weekend. Lately my wife had a habit of making us sleep at a hotel everytime we went back home. It's like she was ashamed of whom we were now and where we came from. This time however I was going to make sure we would sleep in Mdantsane and I actually hoped that either water or electricity will go. I wanted her to see what she had lost out on because you can be rest assured that it's so rare for that to happen here in Rosebank. If water goes out here they announce it on the news and apologize profusely but in Mdantsane it's so often no one gives a fuck anymore! Just be strong!

Asthandile and I decided to stop in Rondebosch so we could eat something. Last night she had not eaten and she was still saying she was not hungry. I don't blame her though. The doctor had scared her enough to make her realize that she really had messed up. I was not going to rub it in. I told her regardless of what the results said I was going to stay with her. I could see she wanted to say thank you by how her lips curled up but she stopped. That's like saying thank you after sex? In fact I have always meant to ask, what do you say after sex? Asthandile had problems. She was on the verge of losing her husband and home, could be HIV Positive and already suicidal. I wish I lived in America where I could have her put in a psychiatric hospital. Ok fine am kidding but that's where she was headed. It was then Dalu called me. I had forgotten all about him.

Dalu told me that he had heard the voicemail and he had made copies because this is what he thought I would want. He said he was scared for me but we must do the right thing. We must hand this over to the police investigative unit. I told him that I did not want to because I had dealt with the matter. As long as I had the recordings you would be safe as they would be too scared to come near me. I asked him to make sure we had copies. He seemed reluctant about this and I could hear it in his voice. I explained to him what he already knew that if we reported them then the case would never die as it would now involve more police. Dalu being the lawyer that he was reminded me to trust in the law otherwise I would compromise myself. Dalu was that friend who was so righteous that at times instead of turning the other cheek and walking away he would go to war to keep himself righteous. If you have such a friend you would know how annoying it is at times.

“I have a legal duty to report this as a lawyer and as your friend I think you need an intervention. Don’t worry I will represent you even but I have to take this to the directorate. You will thank me some day! You might not see it now!”

Self righteous prick!

I stood up so fast and I ran to my car!

I had to stop him!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 103

We all have those friends we used to drink with and party with. Friends who would do notorious things in the name of fun until one day they come to you and preach abstinence, sobriety and Godly ways. Ninety nine percent of the time it’s because they have become born again and they behave like they are the first people to discover that Jesus Christ is real! Well with Dalu I can’t say exactly the same if you consider that he was Muslim and all but he was exactly like that. He could be holier than thou when he wanted but now was simply not the time to pull that on me! I had dodged a bullet and at this stage he was the only one with the recording. Even I did not have it! Asthandile had to take a taxi back as this was important. Crap, I didn’t say bye to my wife as I just ran out. I ran back. She was still sitting staring at me like I had gone crazy.

“Mxolisi... and then?”

She asked me. She was right? And then?

“You are probably going to be angry at me but I have to leave you here! It’s an emergency and it’s bad please my wife if ever there was a time you could give me a free pass please I beg you this is it!”

I explained to her. She looked me straight in the eye as though my eyes could tell her whether I was lying or not. That shit is bullshit by the way because if it were why bother having lawyers and courts.

“Ok fine you can go but you owe me!”

She said and gave me a peck on the lips. Why was I disgusted though that my wife had just kissed me? Eish. Tough. I will worry about that later.

Main Road in Cape Town has to be the narrowest road you can think off when you are in a rush. I should have taken the highway ah. I was annoyed with my thinking capacity when under pressure no wonder why Asthandile always was ahead of me! What an idiot! Eventually, and I say this with reservation I got there and guess what, he was not there! I called him but he did not pick up his phone. His PA, her name is Sinoyolo, said that he had an appointment with some police guy. I had the sinking feeling that I was more than just too late! Dalu was oldd fashioned, if he was in a meeting then his phone was either on silent or off. That was how it worked. Sinoyolo knew Dalu and I were close so she told me where exactly he was. It was quite close. Two things though with that. It being close meant that I could be there very quickly but the bad part was that it meant he could have been gone for a long time.

When I got there I found Dalu by the water thing.

“Please tell me you haven’t done it!”

I asked him immediately. He had not seen me approach him from the back. He was startled more the word.

“What are you doing here?”

He asked me but I was interested in that. What the hell was he thinking. He was ruining me.

“Did you hand over the tape?”

I asked him. He did not hesitate to answer as all self righteous people do who think they are in the right!

“Yes I did. They all listened to it and they have already been investigating that department meaning we looking at a commission of enquiry kind of scenario!”

He sounded very proud of himself. He could see the look on my face was one of doom and gloom so he continued,

“I am just doing the right thing!”

He said. He was genuinely surprised that I was doing think of stopping him. I asked him what the end result would be if he did this? I told him that it would mean that I too would be investigated and what would happen? If I paid a bribe that would mean that I was an accomplice to the crime making

me criminally liable and that would ruin my law career. For the first time he blinked because I think it sank in! There are always consequences and people take that for granted.

“Ah I didn’t think of it that way!”

He said,

“You are fucken lawyer for crying out loud Daluxolo do you realize what you have just done! Do you?”

I was gutted!

“But that also means I would get in trouble if I don’t continue the case as I am in possession of criminal information so now am directly involved!”

He was right unless he was my lawyer. We were now in this together and there was no turning back.

“There is the person in charge. He is the one with pink shirt!”

Daluxolo said. It was even pink but who cares because I had a bigger problem.

He was white and this meant I could not bribe myself out.

I was fucked!

He walked to us and we were introduced by Dalu who now seemed a bit unsure of himself.

“I am Jerry. I don’t think we need all the formalities.”

I laughed nervously as he said that.

“I didn’t realize that you will be here with us. I thought your lawyer was just searching to see what we can do?”

He said directing us to his office. My mind was so far away at this point.

“Look I spoke to my superiors and I am afraid to say that you might be arrested yourself as this is quite damning to all involved!”

He said. This is exactly what I had feared. Dalu immediately started to protest but our “friend” Jerry cut him off,

“It’s out of your hands. This is as serious as it gets and I am sorry to do this but officers are already on their way to take you in!”

He said calmly. Take me in?

What?

“You can’t be serious! We brought a case to you for help!”

I protested.

“Indeed I am. You darkies think you can play with law. You have another thing coming!”

Silence!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 104

I always laugh when I hear people who say that now that we are free and independent apartheid is dead. Really? Have you ever been to small towns especially where the white man is still king of all? In Cape Town you get pockets of such people that think that black people are after a free ride. They work you harder, shout at you louder, argue with you at every mistake but what kills me the most is how they try and put you in your place at every turn. I will give an example, at work when Lindiwe and I got sent to deal with the unions it was not because we were the best of the best but because it was black people causing problems so black people must deal with them. That’s why at work most of the clients I saw were darker skinned. Anyway I asked him by what he meant by that. He quickly said that he was not being racial which is what I thought he would say. He went on to say that he could not help us because we were in league with the officers and now that shit had hit the fan we were trying to worm our way out of it. Dalu tried to speak up because I think he thought they had struck a deal earlier and now this guy was turning on him.

“Like I said they are part of an ongoing investigation. We have enough start witnesses so chances are we can’t offer you a deal if you give evidence. It will be up to the Commission of Enquiry what happens to you!”

He said turning back to me. Dalu stood up and said to me we must leave. He said this man was not honourable and had betrayed him. The man just laughed but we walked out nonetheless. Dalu had made a bad situation worse.

I had to go back to Asthandile though. I left Dalu standing there looking like the fool he was. I had intended to give him back the money he had loaned me when I had to pay off the first time but now was thinking twice. Yeah fine, I am that black person stingy with paying back debts. I don’t do it on purpose that’s why I always try not to borrow. As I drove back to my place again I had a lot on my mind. I did not seem to be coping mentally with all that was happening. I needed to get away from it

all. I called my wife to see where she was and she said she had decided to take a walk home. It was not far and the fresh air would do her good. This meant I got home before her. She did not take long though. She asked me what was going on and at first my intention was to lie to her. You know how we men lie to our women with the excuse that we are trying to protect them. I don't know why it's in our DNA to assume that women cannot handle the truth and should stay in a bubble. It's not protecting them to be honest it's belittling them. I do it all the time so let me not try and come out like a hero. I decided to tell her everything with obvious exception of me fucking her friend. My punchline though after telling her of the beating up of Khanyi was,

"I know how much you loved her so I had to do something because what happened to her could have been you and that I could not live with!"

She was very quiet when she listened and was not the interrupting sort. Her tears started flowing down her cheeks and she went on to say,

"I did not realize that I put you through all this. She is my friend and you did everything you did to protect me! I know you love me but I never thought you loved me this much!"

She said in what was either honesty or ignorance! Dwee woman of course I loved you! You and your lying cheating ways! She hugged me and said she knew someone who could help. At times I wonder if my wife was ever really a housewife in my home! How could she possibly know someone who could help in this scenario? I however chose not to ask her. My wife was starting to scare me and I did not recognise her anymore. Too much was going on with her. Fair enough though because a lot was going on with me too.

As I was sitting with her I got a call from Zimasa. She asked if I could come pick her up from school. I asked what was wrong and she responded,

"My friend is sleeping over and it would be kind of cool for us not to walk. Besides it's about to rain!"

I think Asthandile heard me because she said it was a good idea too. She needed to nap because that walk had exhausted her. It was not about to rain, or at least I think so what were these people talking about. At least tomorrow was a holiday meaning that I could have a weekend in the middle of the week and not have to deal with Dalu. I was mentally and emotionally tired but decided to do so.

I picked them up outside the school gate. The first thing I noticed was that her friend had transformed herself. The first time they came to my office she was wearing a longish skirt, big blazer. Today she was wearing a very short uniform and a school cardigan. It's not ego, usually a man can tell when a girl or woman is putting on a show for them. The pervert gene in men is not very far away unfortunately. I was already turned on by my enemy's daughter!

She sat in the back seat and proceeded to ask me a lot of questions on the way home. I asked Zimasa if Asthandile had met her before and she said no. I told them both that it would not be a good idea to say her who her father was because Asthandile was having problems at work so it would look wrong. Like all teenagers, they readily agreed because they all want to act and be seen as grown up. When we got home Asthandile was on the phone. I don't think she heard us because the curtains in the bedroom were closed and the TV downstairs was still old. The girls went into the garage to do something I am not sure what.

When I got upstairs I heard her on the phone talking in harsh whispers. All I could hear her say was, "No... I am fixing things with him and he is willing to forgive me so no, we need to cool it off!"

She was talking to a man. She went on to say in her annoyed voice,

"I didn't say I am breaking up with you so stop being dramatic. Take care of your pregnant wife..."

I didn't hear more because I think she hung up. I went downstairs as Zimasa and her friend walked into the house cheerfully.

There was no way I was going to fail in my mission of fucking his daughter!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 105

Isn't it obvious and human nature that we seek for temporary fixes for everything. In my head all I could see was a man who had destroyed my family. He had made a liar and a cheat out of my wife. He had walked into my home and destroyed not just a marriage but a dream. I could not sleep well anymore and every time I suspected my wife was up to something. No one can live like that! Being in a relationship where you are constantly made to doubt yourself is incredibly difficult. People might say just get up and divorce her but those are people who have never been married. Divorcing someone is admitting you have failed before God. This is not like just dating yet how many people do you know who are just dating but are in terrible relationships. In marriage for better or worse is a burden that you don't simply walk away from. I had my flaws but I had never brought my drama home. It's not an excuse but it's fact. How many times had this man come to my home? There are married women who have no qualms about sleeping with a man in the same bed as their husband. As I had been blind to all that was going on I was certain this has happened in my home. When someone then says to me I must be the bigger man I honestly don't know what they mean when

they say just walk away without getting your pound of flesh! Revenge is not always weakness, it's setting things straight. If they are consequences I will deal with them as they come!

My wife was a light sleeper so I poured her juice. The doctor had given her sleeping tablets so I took them with. Right now she was still sucking up to me so I would not have a problem with her. It was her medication so I was not doing anything illegal. When I got to the bedroom she turned around and said,

"Oh you are back!"

Of which I smiled and said yes. She did not seem fazed or concerned at all about this.

"Are those my sleeping tablets? Eish, I don't feel like taking them. I promise you I am fine I won't do anything stupid today!"

I smiled then gave a serious look and put on my serious voice and said,

"Please Asthandile let's not argue. This is for both our sakes. You need the rest and not to overthink. Overthinking corrupts the mind, often destroys happiness as it creates problems that never existed in the first place!"

I honestly don't know why I said that but it left her with a blank face as I had thoroughly confused her peasant brain. She took the pills and drank them. I had juice and a glass of water so she also drank the juice saying she was thirsty. I made sure she had swallowed and she even got annoyed saying she knows what's good for her health. So says the woman who had just refused.

"I have something to tell you so please don't get mad..."

She said about ten minutes later. I could see she was getting drowsy already. She was not sure whether to tell me though because she seemed hesitant and also with trying to stay awake it was kind of hard. I told her I would not get mad because she was opening up to me.

"In the name of honesty, he called me and asked if we could still be together. I didn't tell him no over the phone because he does not seem to get it. I know it's not your place but I want to go make it clear to him that we are through and I want you to be there personally to see it. MXolisi I fucked up, you can never forgive what I did but I promise that if you do not divorce me I will make sure that every single day I breathe in this world would be sorely to make you happy. What I did can never be forgiven I know but God willing you will find it in your heart to..."

She didn't finish as she fell asleep right there in my arms. What she said changed nothing for me though as my heart was now cold towards her. I gave another ten minutes then I pushed her off me.



I wanted to see if she would wake up so I was not too gentle either. She didn't wake up, probably dreaming about her boss. Now this was going according to plan.

When I got downstairs I could not find the girls. It was already after 1030pm. Could they have snuck out? I went outside by the pool and they were not there. They were going to be in so much trouble I was thinking when I smelled that sweet smell of marijuana coming from the garage side. These kids were smoking weed in my garage! The garage door links to the kitchen however someone lost the key and we still hadn't gotten around to getting a locksmith to open it from outside.

I snuck up to them and they didn't even hear me. They were talking in whispers and giggling like the teenagers they were. They were even sitting in the dark so as not to arouse attention. I opened the door and immediately switched it on. What I saw was enough to drive a preacher wild! The look on their face was priceless. No other word for it. They were also drinking and there was a young Coloured boy with them. As soon as he saw me he ran past me as though the wind itself was chasing him. I saw him effortlessly jump the gate it was hilarious. The girls immediately jumped up.

"Please don't send me back to East London"

Zimasa pleaded. Ezile on the other hand was about to cry.

"I guess I spoiled the party. Can I have some weed?"

I said walking in as though I was a Sunday school teacher. I took a puff and I sat down.

"I last smoked this in university!"

I said casually which was an absolute lie. I had totally confused them.

"Goodness it's strong"

I said faking a cough. Amateurs!

"Are we not in trouble?"

Asthandile asked!

"You are if your aunt finds out but from we are cool. Ezile why are you crying? Nothing is going to happen I wanna hear all about you. Zimasa pour me aa drink please but not from that guys cup please!"

She laughed nervously but I knew I had won her over.

"I thought you wanted to swim what happened to that?"

I asked stupidly. I had to lighten up the mood quickly.

“We decided getting high first would make it epic I guess!”

She said.

“Are you sure you are ok with this?”

Zimasa asked again as she handed me the cup. I told her that she needed to just relax as I took a swig out of the cup.

“Come sit on my lap,”

I said to Ezile. She was reluctant until Zimasa teased her and said,

“My uncle is not going to bite you silly! See I told you that you are too uptight, you need to loosen up!”

That’s seemed to spark her to life!

“Come on Zimasa! I am 18 already.”

She was a bit high and typsy. She sat on my lap and I could feel her young ass squish into my laps!

I was getting laid tonight!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 106

I know the bible says somewhere that when someone harms you, you must turn the other cheek. Yes I have read the same bible as everyone else but I also believe that there are times when you have to step up and fight fire with

fire. You cannot always be the one who plays victim and with some of the divorce cases I have seen at work most women are victims in the marriage right up to the divorce settlement! Too much bible is what makes him not learn his lesson, you are angry at him one moment then forgive him the next day because umfundisi says so! Fuck that! I was going to show her and him that they had started a dangerous game and with the wrong person! How long was I supposed to play dead though! Every time I was on the receiving end and much as I had to think ahead to what misery they will throw my way next I had to accept they were busy having fun at my expense. If I was a woman I would be saying why am I always the one crying but with men and our ego the tears simply don’t come that easy. I had a lot bottled up inside me and here was his daughter, hopefully his pride and joy and I was going to break her virginity. I was not going to hurt her. I was not going to force her either. I wanted her to fall in love!

Sitting on my lap I asked them who the guy was, the one that ran away. Zimasa laughed and said if she told me Ezile would never forgive her. I turned to Ezile and asked her to tell me herself but she refused. Instead she was blushing and looking rather embarrassed. One thing I have learned with age is that if you tell a woman these next five words she will tell you her deepest darkest secrets. "I promise I won't judge..."

Works like a charm. I said that to her and that was that. Zimasa is that kind of friend that wants to have the final say and would sell you out just to say she is the one who said it.

"He is a guy from school! Ezile wants to lose her virginity so he was the lucky guy to do that!"

I won't lie I kind of felt sorry for her. Like I said at introduction point when I first met her, she was not the prettiest girl in the world. I know people tell themselves that God made everyone beautiful but if they read Animal Farm they would add "... but some are more beautiful than others!" Well unfortunately that will not be said of her. I could get why she would want to lose her virginity to just anyone because she was clearly single and had been single for a long time if not forever.

"Why would you want to lose your virginity to someone who knows nothing about sex? He will only pump in and out and won't take care how he does it!"

Ok that was kind of preachy but what else could I have said. I immediately changed the topic and asked them to tell me about them and what was going on in their lives. Zimasa obviously took over the show but surprisingly she spoke a lot about school and how she was so frustrated by it. All this time mind you they were drinking and smoking weed. I was not drinking and they did not urge me to either. Why would they? Besides Russian Bear is not for me! Every now and again I would prompt Ezile to say something and a few words would come out. With time though and alcohol she started loosening up. I asked them what had happened to the swimming and the moment I did they went and ran into the pool. This gave me a chance to go check on Asthandile. She was totally passed out meaning I had time. I went to the pool to join the girls.

Zimasa got a phone call and immediately complained how her battery was almost flat. She walked away from us so I suspect it was guy. I turned to Ezile,

"When last did you kiss a guy?"

I asked her. She had not been expecting that question and was a bit shy to answer then she said it was the guy who ran away today.

"Come show me what you did?"

I told her. She looked towards Zimasa for help but Zimasa was already on her way inside the house to charge her phone.

“Your wife is...”

I quickly cut her off before she spoiled the moment,

“My wife is sleeping upstairs and won’t wake up. Come before Zimasa comes back!”

She swam towards me a bit scared but I did not move. I was in the water also by the pool’s edge.

I kissed her. Now it’s time to dispell another myth. It does not matter how hot or ugly a person is, all women’s lips basically feel the same. Yes some have thicker or thinner lips but the sensation is the same. Only when she has too much lipgloss on is it disgusting because it feels like condom lubricant. Pretty girls tend to think that their honeypots have a nectar jucier than the rest of the morat world but reality check it feels the same and most dicks don’t mind as long as they get some.

I enjoyed the kiss so much I got brave and put my hands in between her legs. She was in a bikini but at least where she lacked in beauty she more than just compensated in her beautiful body. I pushed her bikini to the side and started fingering the 18year old. Asthandile did not like being fingered meaning I was a bit rusty at it. I tried so much to be gentle and by the way she was clutching at me I was on the right path. Even in water this kid was wet. It was so slippery down there I knew it was only a matter of time before I gave an orgasm as clearly I was masturbating her.

“Ahem ahem!”

I heard from the back!

“Mxolisi what are you doing?”

Zimasa said shocked with her legs over her mouth. I did not immediately reply and I didn’t stop!

“Nothing, just having fun!”

I said confidently.

“You have just ruined everything!”

She said and I could see it in her eyes a sense of betrayal.

What did she mean though when she said I had ruined everything?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

CHAPTER 107

I was not sure what she had said. I mean I heard her but I was not sure what she meant. Zimasa was a peculiar girl in that she was not only promiscuous (hence the reason why she was chased away to come live with us) but she had this uncanny ability of being the sweetest girl you can ever meet. It's one of those things where as a parent if you knew her you would most definitely warn your child to stay away from her. She was a bad influence, always a ring leader and a trouble maker. She was very manipulative that much is certain so I could not be sure what she was saying exactly.

"Zimasa do you have to raise your voice that high though?"

I asked her furiously. She quickly shut up and walked to the pool furiously.

"I am sorry Zimasa he kissed me!"

Said Ezile clearly more intimidated by her more experienced friend. With girls it's always like that. There are leaders and there are followers. It does not make a difference where you are. Ezile seemingly lacked in confidence hence why she followed Zimasa around like a little puppy. That was not my problem though as long as I could could Zimasa in line.

"I want in. I mean you can't really expect me to stand around and do nothing. You are the one who chased away the other guy in the first place so you can't leave me hanging!"

She said getting into the pool. What exactly was she saying. She did not come to us but stood where she entered. I was a bit nervous at first so I asked her what about Asthandile of which she replied, "What about her?"

Her voice had a slight slur showing she was a bit over the tipsy limit. I swam to her and without anymore I kissed her straight on the lips. You could tell the difference in experience. She was not sloppy like her friend. I told them both that I was not comfortable doing it here in the swimming pool so we had to go back in the garage.

"Why can't we do it in the house? You know Asthandile sleeps like the dead and I know she is on medication even!"

Zimasa asked. I told them the risk was too great. Maybe in future when I knew that they were not screamers. Screamers are those girls that shout out and scream during sex. They have ancestors who were pornstars because they are loud. Personally I find it annoying and too much of putting on a show. It's embarrassing walking out the house and the neighbors are looking at you funny. They say they can't help it because the dick is so good but who are they kidding! The girls agreed and we went to the garage. Thank heavens it was a warm night because coming out of the pool and that breeze would have killed us.

As soon as we got into the garage Zimasa jumped me and started kissing me passionately. Ezile stood there just fascinated or shocked by all this. Zimasa called her over when she finally let go of my burning lips. It was Ezile's turn I guess. Eish. Why or why? This girl kissed like a vacuum cleaner with a short circuit. It was messy, sloppy and wet. I did my best not to push her off till I felt my shorts being pulled down. Zimasa was sucking my dick! Where do these 18-year-olds learn all these things. I was now at this stage fingering Ezile as she was standing. She was not a screamer though which was good. I told Zimasa to get me my condoms which were in the car. Most men keep condoms in the car. We have our own secret places but with me I never hid them. Asthandile knew them and since they were always there never assumed anything bad about them. As long as I replaced them in the morning that's what's important. I was really going all out to hurt her. Part of me hoped she would find out I won't lie. No regrets. When a guy is horny he can do the stupidest things. We seem to lose all reason at that moment no wonder why we always end up having babies on one-night stands. It's true, at that moment we think with our dicks and nothing else.

Zimasa said she wanted to go first and I said no since Ezile was losing her virginity she had to go first. That's the problem with a threesome. First question is "threesome with two girls or two guys" of which usually the girl always says two guys whilst you the guy say two girls. Secondly is who goes first. No one wants seconds but Zimasa was just going to have to wait. I was not a total bastard but her first time had to be special or resemble special. All that fingering had made her so wet so as soon as my condom was on I hit her one time! I know I said I would be gentle but ah, shit happens. It's creepy to be honest how all the images of her father and my wife just swamped my brain. I could picture that fool fucking my wife. All that anger just fueled me up and I was like the Hulk getting angry and thrusting harder at the same time! I wanted her to feel it and go tell her precious daddy who had fucked and made her a woman. Now we were even. I had his pride and joy on my dick screaming like the bitch the father was! I didn't last long but she seemed to have enjoyed immensely.

"What about me?"

Zimasa asked. What about you I thought? Eish I had to fuck her too now! I said I needed to breathe a little lemme go jump in the pool and I will come back for her.

I put on my swim shorts and went and jumped into the pool. I am not super man. I needed ten minutes to recover. Zimasa followed me and she stood at the pool's edge.

"I have always wanted to have sex in the pool. Can we do it here?"

She asked.

"Is that so? With who?"

Someone asked her from the behind her. It was Asthandile. At that moment behind Asthandile Ezile staggered out of the garage have naked...

Tonight!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 108

Of all the rotten luck in the world did she really have to wake up at this moment. I had given her the right dosage I think of her doctor recommended pills yet there should stood. They promised 12hour sleep but clearly they were made in China or something. She looked drowsy yes but she was fully awake. black people do not sleep walk, that's witchcraft to us. Why did she come downstairs though? I really must sue this company that made this sleeping pill! Come on now! Was she really up? For the love of God can't this woman do something right for once! Really now! Much as I wanted to punish her and humiliate her I also did not want her to catch me at it! She was standing there and I don't think she had heard the whole conversation. Zimasa froze almost giving it all away. That's the problem with getting in trouble with young people involved. They cannot think on their feet. I had to come up with something quickly.

"Asthandile come join us!"

I said laughing pretending it was all normal.

"You should come hear what these kids get up to!"

I said continuing my laugh,

"If you give me a daughter I will sue you ah ah the stories I have heard today!"

I said in an obvious lie. I did not act guilty or anything like that. I made it seem like it was a matter of fact. Asthandile wanted to lose her temper but the way we acted so casual about really put a spanner into any tantrum she might have had inside her! Lying is easy but making it plausible is where the work is.

"No Mxolisi you can't be having such conversations with them they are too young!"

She said not exactly snapping but her voice was in distress. I think she wanted to shout but it just was not coming out.

“Ah my love come on. If the kids can't be free to talk and ask questions amongst us who then can they talk to. It's harmless fun and we all learn from each other. Don't be a party pooper. Come in and swim with us!”

I said urging. I knew she would never get in. For someone who grew up in a coastal city she had this uncanny fear of cold water let alone at night. She said she was fine and was sleepy in any case. She had been forced to wake up because she had to pee. I told I will walk her back to bed then. She did not seem to mind. She smiled and said yes please. I was being extra nice something which I had not been in a long time. I dried myself walked after her. She asked me to dry again because she did not want me dripping in her house. I did so. When we got upstairs she asked me to take of my shorts because I was going to catch a cold. I told her I was going back to swim but she insisted. She stood in front of me, went on her knees and put Junior inside her mouth. Since I started writing my memoirs this was the second time my wife was giving me a blowjob! Like what the hell! I was quite nervous she would smell Ezile off me but she didn't. Two minutes in she said,

“I just wanted to see if I still turn you on with my touch!”

Dwee woman you didn't touch me, you sucked me like a lollipop! I was hard again and I was horny.

“No sex tonight sorry. I am too sleepy! Goodnight and please switch off the light behind you!”

She said with a grin on her face! Really? Had this just happened! Again my wife had shocked me because this was not the Asthandile I had married. She got into bed and turned around. I thought she was kidding but she was not. In two minutes she was out cold. I put on my wet pants but now they felt cold. My hard Junior started to go down. It's not a myth ladies cold water calms that shit down faster than it goes up. When I got downstairs both girls were in the pool.

“Please remind me not to marry a lawyer because you guys lie so well ah ah ah!”

Said Zimasa!

“Like honestly how did you come up with that lie! She even forgot what we were discussing!”

Zimasa asked me. I brushed it off and instead asked Ezile if she was ok. Most girls want cuddling after they lose their virginity but she was getting none of that unfortunately. Instead she said,

“Ah Zimasa it's your turn I can't have sex alone!”

Crap I had forgotten Zimasa. I felt guilty for Ezile because her level of innocence was really shocking but I had no regret whatsoever. Zimasa didn't hesitate.

“I am going to teach you how to sleep with a guy. It's a good thing he is mature enough to know how.”



She said so calmly. I won't go into detail but that some of the best six I have had. I was tired when we got done and all I wanted and needed was my bed.

When I got upstairs all I wanted to do was pass out. There was a message on my phone though which read,

"I had lunch with your good friend Lindiwe and she told me interesting stories about you and her. We need to talk!"

That was from Khanyi but more importantly what did Lindiwe say to her?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 109

You know at times there are people you try to pretend do not exist and you do this by trying not to think about them, talk to them or be in their presence. Khanyi I had worked so hard over the last couple of weeks to try and deny her existence. She too had not aided much to me in a bit and for a while I had allowed myself to believe that she had forgotten about me. Wishful thinking I know. You know how many relationships end simply by you forcing the two of you to drift apart. You blame it on time, money, work or anything else just so not to blame yourself. Usually at some point that person will meet someone else and they will accuse you of neglecting them not exactly cheating on them. That's what I had been aiming for with Khanyi. Did not want her causing a scene so it was best not to go and break her heart if she had one and rather let her down gently through my actions. Well now she had changed the game!

I did not panic call her or anything. Instead I replied and simply said,

"Ok cool!"

I am told that response is often annoying to many but what else could I say. Why had Lindiwe not called me though? Did this mean that Lindiwe had done all the talking whilst Khanyi just sat there and listened? Highly unlikely! Another thing that bugged was that Lindiwe and Khanyi had not gotten along from the time they had met. Why then would Lindiwe all of a sudden start opening up to Khanyi? Again that did not make sense. I decided to call Lindiwe. She was awake which I did not find surprising because I already knew she was superwoman when it comes to work. Truth be told a woman who works hard on her work is super sexy not just work hard on your hair and nails! There are women who will do anything just to look good no wonder why they end up dating sugar daddies so they can post pictures on Instagram!

The first thing she asked me was why I had not been to work and I explain that I have been going through marital problems but nothing too hectic. At times it really is easier telling the truth as opposed to creating a lie which you will then be forced to try and maintain. Everyone our age understands what marital problems means and very few will ask too many questions as they know it's personal and private. She sympathised with me and then asked why I was calling so late as it was not like me. I apologized for that of which she said it was cool as she was due for a break and she would rather speak to someone she liked meaning me! Flattered. I told her the message Khanyi had sent me and lied that I was clueless as to why.

"Please don't tell me you have something with her too come on man that would be just sick!"

She said. Some questions guide you to how you must respond. She had already used the word sick meaning that obviously I was going to deny any involvement. She told me that Khanyi had indeed called her and asked for lunch to clear the air. She had denied her that request because why would she need to clear the air with someone who was not even her friend and she might never see again in her life. It did not make sense to her so she had denied. That is how the conversation had ended. Lindiwe said she did not want to deal with these ghetto mentality people so she was never going to entertain her. I knew why she was saying that, the incident between them at my gate. They had a grudge so I knew I was safe for now. We spoke a bit more about work and that was that.

So Khanyi had tried to trick me into telling her about Lindiwe and I. Yes I was now a step ahead but this was a problem. Khanyi knew something or suspected something! Why on earth was she so fascinated by my life though? Hadn't Asthandile told her we are fixing things or had that been a trick too?

When I went to sleep I clearly had a few things to think about. I was tired though after all the things that had happened. Sex is hard work. I didn't even see the girls. As soon as my head hit the pillow I passed out.

"Please go check if Pick n Pay is open. We need a few things for the braai!"

My wife said shaking me up! What time was it? I checked the time and it was after 9am. Wow had I slept that long?

"Which braai is this?"

I asked her annoyed at being woken up.

"I invited Khanyi and some people to come through. I also used your phone and invited Dalu, his wife and that lawyer lady you went to Jhb with. Loosen up Mxolisi this will be fun!"

She said excited. My wife loved hosting things even though she hated cleaning up.

“But why did you use my phone?”

I asked her,

“One, because I did not have their numbers and two, it had to be like you were the one doing the invites so they can’t say no. Everyone invited confirmed so don’t worry your friends love you!”

She said because kissing me on the lips and saying I should get up!

Another day, new drama!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 110

If there is something us black folk understand how to. Do its throw a party for no reason. Even when we don’t have a budget for it we will have a gathering. For some reason a braai however is not considered an expense nor a party especially when we tell ourselves that we are having just a few friends over. Again I tried to protest and tell her what a bad idea this really was but she argued that she had not only invited the people and there was no way she was uninviting them. It was embarrassing and it was a good thing this thing of at least trying to make peace with everyone. We had been fighting so much with so many people hence why we needed this for ourselves and them. A distant part in me understood her point. I had been an angry person of late and so many bad things had happened in that time. Make love not war I told myself. This was a spectacularly bad idea for me though but if this was the day the truth came out then so be it. I was tired. Every person I know for a fact that no matter how much they loved a person or an ex, there reached a point where you were tired of the fights, lies, drama and at that point no matter how much you knew you would lose you just didn’t care anymore. This was me now. I did not care. My wife had cheated on me and tried to set me up with her friend so that I could cheat too and then she would get a divorce. This had backfired in that the friend had played double agent and I think at some point fell for me. On my side I had taken revenge to a new level, I had slept with that friend, a colleague from work whom possibly was carrying my baby, my wife’s little cousin and the daughter of the man whom my wife had cheated with. In simpler terms my wife was Palestine and I was Israel. She threw a stone at me and I hit her with a machine gun. Ok if I put it like that I feel kind of bad but those were the facts. What a marriage?

Even when I got dressed I was still murmuring angrily to myself. A braai! Really with all that was happening in my life it was the last thing I wanted. She was insistent if not playful in the way she was

asking. I asked her where the girls were and she said they were still sleeping but she was waking them up as they should go with me. Goodness! Now that it was daylight I really did not want to look them in the eye. We have all had that moment where in the morning after you can't look at the girl in the face and in my case it was two girls. I had broken one's virginity meaning she was now attached to me forever and I had fucked my wife's cousin. Ok I lie, nowadays a girl's virginity means nothing to her. White people have this thing of saying you will always remember your first and cherish that person but black girls it's different. Nowadays these kids cannot keep their legs shut I doubt they even remember how special their first time was. Imagine having sex at 15 can you even spell the word special. I did not feel filthy, more like triumphant but somehow my small victory felt hollow. I had wanted to do this so badly and now that I had I was not too sure I should have. I asked my wife why she was inviting my colleagues over and she said it was because they were an every day party of my life. Somehow I feel Khanyi had something to do with this. My wife simply was not a calculated person. I used to say my biggest regret in marrying my wife was that she was pretty dumb. She was beautiful yes but there is nothing more depressing than coming home and finding that you can't have a conversation with your wife because she was that ignorant about the world. If I changed to watch news she would get angry and say I was being inconsiderate and if I advised her that she needed to know about the world it would be like I am asking her to commit suicide. What's worse is that whenever we went out with my colleagues if we had a conversation where everyone was contributing she would make a comment or suggestion about the conversation so ludicrous often I wanted to sink into the ground. She couldn't even tell you we had nine provinces and name them. Once she asked if Nelspruit was the province and Witbank it's capital. I kid you not. When I tried to correct her as politely as possible after people looked at her in shock obviously she said I had humiliated her. She was genuinely angry as though I had asked her to tweeze her pubic hair in public! Stupid woman! Read a book. My point though is this sudden devious cleverness had taken me by surprise! It's true then that no matter how dumb a person is when it comes to cheating their geniusness sips out.

When we got into Pick n Pay the girls started asking for things that were not on the shopping list. Ezile though still a bit shy was opening up quite nicely. Even though she was uglier in the sunlight I comforted myself by saying that she had a remarkable body. I guess it was God's way of balancing things for the poor child. You can't be that ugly and have a body that looks like a stone too! I don't know why my wife wanted us to have this braai. The guilt factor in me died down really quickly though about me sleeping with both these girls because regret usually is a luxury for people with time on their hands. I did not have that. It was done. So many people focus on sins of the past as though they can go in the past and fix them. That will never happen and truth be told not even in the bible did someone go to the past. The girls wanted chocolates. Like seriously what is woman's

obsession with the one thing that is guaranteed to give them the pimples they hate so much. After we picked up a few things I remembered that we needed charcoal. Truth be told charcoal is to a braai but matches is to a smoker! It's the one thing you always forget. Most people who braai make that one mistake and forget it. Ever asked a smoker why they never have a lighter? Mmmm that's my point. I told the girls to stay in the line but they refused saying the Pick n Pay was practically empty so we should go together. Charcoal is at the back so we pushed the truly all the way back. As soon as we turned Ezile said,

"Daddy!"

Her voice was in what I could call a mixture of shock and excitement. I think my heart skipped a beat because I had wanted him to see me with his daughter and better yet to know I fucked her but there was a problem.

When we turned the corner we did it all together as I was in front. He was facing the wine section meaning he had his back to us. However, he was not alone nor was he standing in a position that he could hide it. With their backs to us, his hand was resting on the ass of a young lady whom after she turned was wearing a baby blue sweater marked in big white letters, UCT!

He quickly tried to remove his hands of her ass but before he could explain what he was doing he saw me and recognition of my face turned to horror!

"What are you doing with this man?"

He asked in shock.

"He is my best friends brother in law. You know her and have met her several times!"

She said,

"Hello Mr. Matshaya!"

Zimasa said waving slightly but unnecessarily.

"Who is this girl? Another one dad! Your wife is home pregnant and another bitch!"

Ezile asked angrily. I was just yah, shocked is not even the word. She practically shouted it making the few people who were in Pick n Pay!

"I am not a bit..."

The girl tried to speak but before she finished her words Ezile punched her so hard she fell into the magazine shelves.

“I fucked this man dad so fuck off!”

Ezile said to her father and stomped off. It did not register at first what she meant and 5seconds later I said,

“Huh”

Pointed at myself and found myself saying,

“No!”

It was instinct not cowardice I just froze as overzealous security came rushing to us!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CCHAPTER 111

At that moment I just wanted to slither away into nothingness. I was so embarrassed for him, the girl on his arm, myself and yes for Ezile. What do you say to your child after she sees you cheating with someone her age? The security guards were upon us and asked us to leave. Imagine kicked out of pick n pay. Thank heavens it was early morning and there not really that many people. I managed to negotiate with one of the guard and I paid for my things. Ezile was nowhere to be seen. She had marched out of the shop angrily. Zimasa had gone with her. I took my shopping to the parking lot. Whatever happens today at the braai shit was going to hit the fan. What Ezile had said would surely provoke an attack from this fool. In front of everyone. Imagine. I tried calling Zimasa but her phone was off. I figured that because we had come here so unexpectedly she had left it at home. Even He was nowhere to be seen. People were staring at me but I acted as though nothing had happened and calmly went to my car even though inside me everything in me was saying I should run.

When I got home my wife asked her where the girls were. I told her the whole story including the part where Ezile said she had fucked me. My wife totally dismissed it because she did not even blink twice. To her Ezile had said that to spite her father. My wife went on an on about these disloyal men and how the poor child must have felt. It was so hilarious. Note I had not mentioned who the man in the shop was. She called him an unsavoury dog who must be hanged by his promiscuous dick. Lol. Yah neh. When a woman is not the victim or the perpetrator she has so many words to insult someone else who is cheating. She was actually quite offended on behalf of Ezile. She said we must go look for the girls and I said no because the walk home will help them clear their mind and besides Ezile was with Zimasa so they will be fine. Again I say this, I don't think my wife really knew who Ezile was because after I finished the story I asked my wife if she wanted to know who the man was.

At first she said no because she did not want to know such dogs in her life but as with most women, curiosity hit her hard. By the end of the conversation she was begging to know. I picked up a bag of charcoal and started to walk out when I turned and said,

“It was your Boss boyfriend. Ezile is his daughter you know that right!”

I said then stopped to see her reaction. My wife looked confused. All that insulting swagger was totally wiped off her face. She had turned ash then red at the same time. If she could speak I am sure she would be saying,

“What the fuck!”

But the words did not come out. When someone likes someone you can tell! My wife was so hurt but I thing because of me she would not allow the tears to come out! I was not going to walk out because allowing her to cry for him would be too nice of me. I looked her straight in the eye as if daring her to cry. I think my wife had thought she was his ‘main side dish’. Guys have so many sides nowadays there is a main and the rest. It’s humbling to be second to a kid I guess. What I don’t get is this, if you are a side dish, why do you cry over the guy cheating on you because he is already cheating on his main? Women are twisted really.

“Is something wrong Asthandile?”

I asked her trying to hide the sarcasm dripping off those words like thick animal fat after a braai at the after tears of a politician’s funeral. She tried to speak but the words just wouldn’t hit her. I am sure at this point she wanted to tell me I was lying but how could she because that would be defending him in my face. That she could not do as she knew there would be consequences. I had hurt her. That much I had no doubt. It hurt for me to because this was my wife hurting over another man.

“If you want to go cry go because I can see that you are dying too! You honestly thought you were the only one!”

I said cruelly to drive in the dagger and started whistling as I walked out. I was actually quite angry myself but let her suffer for now then I will have my wrath later. I was ready for whatever came that day. I didn’t have long to wait.

Thirty minutes later an enraged man was at my gate. He hooted and I could hear him shouting from the door,

“Where is your husband? Where is that shit? He fucked my daughter! I am going to kill him?”

I was at the back cleaning the braai stand. I couldn't help but chuckle. Whose daughter was on his arm earlier and how many times had he fucked her! Funny enough I was not even scared. This man clearly was dumb. Not only had he been busted by his daughter, pushed by her, possibly dumped by that kid now he was coming to be beat up by me. He should never have gotten out of bed this morning. I could hear my wife screaming,

"How many other girls are they?!"

She did not even ask about his daughter and I. She was Moore concerned at being just another number. I was on my way to the house when I heard him shout at her,

"Stop acting important. You were just another bitch I fucked and it wasn't even good in any case! Ima kill that..."

I heard something break, then a thud on to the floor! Oh fuck, what had she done! I ran!

When I got into the house there was a broken vase and next to it, his body lay bleeding and from where I stood,

Motionless!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 112

Had she killed him? Instinct made me jump to him to check as I was so terrified. A person dying in your house was a terrible thing and already with the police on my ass I could not afford for another thing like this happening in my home. The bastard was still alive! He was still breathing! Thank heavens! I looked at my wife and shouted,

"What the fuck were you thinking? Are you trying to go to prison over your sugardaddy boss boyfriend? Are you that stupid?"

I asked her! That was brave of me considering she had almost killed a man for insulting her but I was right! How dumb could she be really? She just had her hands on her mouth in shock at what she has done. I went to the kitchen and took the water container out of the fridge. I then went and poured the cold water on him which made him wake up with a start. He jumped up so fast you would never think that at any point he had passed out.

"You crazy woman!"



He shouted at my wife holding the place where his head was breathing. He saw me holding the water jar and I think he thought I was going to clobber him again because he stumbled backwards. She had hit him really hard.

“I am going to press charges against you and your crazy family!”

He said threatening my wife and I. I looked at him and laughed in his face.

“One, you are in my house! Two, I am a lawyer which means I have so many friends and three, you are already fighting with your daughter, you mistress and possibly your wife so why would you be that stupid to pick a fight you won’t win. Go home and call it a day!”

I said to him. He did not expect that but he dragged his sorry ass out of my kitchen. There was blood on the floor.

“Clean this mess up!”

I said coldly to my wife as I walked out to see that he was really leaving! What a useless woman crying in front of her husband for another man. Serves her right!

It was not ten minutes later before I heard a familiar voice come up from behind and say sweetly,

“Hey you!”

It was Khanyi! It had been a while since I last saw her and she looked quite good. I greeted her with a smile not that I was too happy to see her, she was probably the reason why my wife ended up where she was today! Spineless! I heard another car pull up and two minutes later Dalu and Lindiwe. They said they had not come together rather they bumped into each other at the gate. I guess this was happening after all. Dalu was not with his wife though because he said she had gone to her cousins place for some female only event. I looked at him disinterested because I was still angry at him. My wife came out and she was now wearing a loose fitting white summer dress with sandals on. She look gorgeous I must say.

Everyone started making small talk. I was not sure how Lindiwe would handle my wife and Khanyi but she seemed to be holding her own quite well. I was expecting something to happen at any point so I was tense.

“Can I pour you some wine?”

I heard my wife say at some point to Lindiwe. She declined and said she could not drink because she was pregnant. I heard my wife say,

“Congratulations. I understand it’s my husbands baby. Must be nice!”

She said loudly enough for all of us to hear and turn. It was starting! Lindiwe was stumped she had totally been taken off guard by that remark but I had not. Like I said was expecting drama.

“Say that again Asthandile. Whose baby did you say she was carrying?”

Asthandile took a swig of her wine and said out loud,

“Yours dear husband! You think I invited her here for the fun of it. Isn't she wants to share my man with herself so let us then share everything. I am tired of the sneaking around and the lies. I am often the one accused of indiscretions but here is your...”

Lindiwe immediately stood up and said,

“I am leaving!”

Of which my wife said,

“I am not fighting with you sisi. I want us to discuss what's going on in front of people so that we don't kill each other in the street!”

She was so calm as she said this, too calm! I know my wife! This was a very bad sign. Dalu who at this point knew nothing turned to me and said,

“Is this true mfundini?”

It was my turn. This was a do or die moment. Like I said, I was now prepared for this confrontation and I was ready for the next step.

“Yes it's true! And I have no apologies!”

Asthandile looked down at her feet. I think she had expected me to deny it but me saying it out loud like that really hit home.

“You guys have a lot to discuss. I don't want anything from your husband. You can keep him. I can take care of myself financially.”

Lindiwe said not proudly but assertively enough. She was defending herself. It was then Khanyi spoke up and said,

“Mxolisi how could you do this to your wife?”

This witch.

“Are you serious right now?”

I asked out loud. She was trying to cause a fight between my wife and I.

“Yes I am serious! You are a lying cheating husband! Sies!”

She spat on the ground!

“You are such a whore! Sfebe!”

She cursed. Her rant didn't last long though for someone jumped on her and started beating her up!

Guess who!

My wife!

The war was only about to start!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 113

What do you do in such a situation? Do you jump in to stop it or let them exhaust the anger on each other? It's not as easy as people think it is. These two needed this moment and hopefully this will be the end of all the drama. Grown women fighting, no comment! I think we were all stunned by the sudden turn of events because Dalu and I the so called men at this party literally just looked at the scene in front of us. We did not move an inch and if I had a beer in my hand am sure at this point I would be sipping it. Fuck that little green frog with its tea! These were the two best friends or rather co conspirators of this whole mess we were all in all and here they were turning on each other. My wife is Xhosa. I know people say stereotypes are fake and what not but she lived up to it. She did not have a quick temper per say but her capacity to commit violence was worth every penny. I don't think Khanyi, though slightly bigger than my wife was a match for her. Asthandile was throwing punches and kicks like a man, none of that flapping arms around like what most women do in a fight.

“You ruined my life!”

My wife screamed at her best friend! Khanyi started off being defensive but I think because my wife's punches actually hurt she was now fighting back and losing. Hell, this was a but down. Dalu made a move to intervene and I cautioned him to stop with my hand. At some point Khanyi's top was torn in the front and her boobs were now being protected by her bra only. Girls beware, men love chick fights! Yes they are brutal but when you start tearing each others clothes then that shit is sexy. I however had to stop it at this point. I moved in to pull my wife off her whilst Dalu pulled off the semi naked Khanyi. The man had a tent in front of his pants. Must be tough being Muslim and all. When last did he touch a semi naked woman I wondered. The two women were still trying to jump at each other but we stopped it.

“Enough! That’s enough!”

I screamed at them. Khanyi was breathing heavily out of anger and I think Dalu was holding on a bit too tight now.

“What do you think this changed?”

I asked them both. They looked at each other stupidly then my wife walked away into the house. I could hear doors slamming and so on. Khanyi asked me for a tshirt so she could leave. Hers was shredded in the fight. I went upstairs and got her something. She used the downstairs bathroom in the guest room to clean up then she too left. I guess the braai was really done.

Witnessing your wife fighting is not a nice thing. It’s a low moment in your marital life. I had to face this woman in the house. It’s actually shameful that with all my so called intelligence this is the woman I had brought home to my parents and said I have a makoti for you please accept her. I had sent a dowry to this woman’s home and said I am here for your daughter. She was not even worth a goat as far as I was concerned now. It was my fault I know. She was beautiful yes but I had married someone whom deep down I knew did not full love nor understand me. Most beautiful girls only understand themselves. They love themselves too much to find time to try and understand you. How do you compete with the mirror and self indulgence plus all those men that remind them everyday that they are beautiful? It’s not easy. I was not surprised I was here at all.

Dalu came to me and said,

“Mxo, you need to sit down and talk to your wife. After all is said and done you made another woman pregnant, your colleague at that hence it’s your responsibility to always apologize!”

He said. There is this belief that if you cheat on a person, no matter what goes on to happen, you must humble yourself and take the blame for everything. This includes when they are wrong. Nah, I was not doing that. I nodded my head though just to agree with Dalu so he could leave. I did not want company.

When he was gone I knew it was time to confront my wife and I guess her me! She had snuck up on Lindiwe and I think she thought I would not notice. When I opened the door she was sitting on the edge of the bed staring into space!

“Are you really pregnant?”

I asked her as soon as I entered. I think that was not the question she expected to hear.

“Why do you care? Too busy making other women pregnant whilst your wife is at home!”

I ignored her retort and asked the same question.

“Yes I am! Why? Now you don’t believe me! Do you want us to go to the doctor again to confirm it?”

She snapped!

“If you are pregnant why are you drinking and why are you getting into physical fights!”

I continued. I did not raise my voice! She stopped and immediately clutched her stomach.

“Wouldn’t you drink too if you found out that your husband, the man you love is fucking other woman at work! You like to act self righteous and holy when you have done worse than me! Stop it! You so evil Mxolisi!”

She said sitting down now as she had stood up.

“Why did you hit Khanyi?”

I asked her but she looked the other way.

“You do know that with what has just happened if I call her she will tell me all your deepest darkest secrets! Is there something you want to tell me before I do this?”

I asked taking out my phone. My wife immediately jumped up and flew for my phone,

“Please don’t call her! I am begging you!”

It was more instinct than reason that made her do this but after all that had happened it made me wonder,

What more could she possibly have to hide?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 114

I am not a bad guy. I am not looking to find more evidence that my wife was evil but all this stuff was literally falling on my lap. I doubt very much though that she had expected that to come out but in her desperation those words had slipped out. Now that it was out in the open she realized it and tried to act cool about it. How though? What would you do if you know your wife was so bad already and worse was out there. I froze. This person was not the woman I thought I had married. Much as I was curious to know a huge part of me said walk away from this. She would just lie anyway. It’s like we both paused at the same time because she too stopped everything she was doing. I think she thought I would hit her because she moved backwards. I was not sure what to do or say because I was not even sure what had just happened.

“Asthandile what am I going to find out that you don’t want me to know?”

I asked her when I finally got my words. She said it was nothing I can call her if I like since I was hell bent on making her look guilty. That’s what I expected. When you confront someone and they know they will lose they argue that you already have the answer in your head.

“Asthandile I am not going to beg you to tell me but if I find out myself I will divorce you on the spot. That much I will guarantee you!”

I think it was my tone that made her realize that I was not bluffing. She immediately jumped up and came to me and said,

“Mxolisi please, I beg you! Let this go. It’s not worth it. We have enough problems of our own to add to them would be courting disaster!”

I can assure you most people will assume that this will only make me want to know more what was going on but she had a point. This would be a disaster. It’s one thing to think you want a divorce but to actually go through it is quite another. Getting a divorce is emotionally exhausting and many don’t know this, very expensive. It was time to walk away. I needed a new apartment where I could just run away to. I will leave her in the house alone for a month or two so that she could see what she was losing. This evening I was going to just walk out of my marriage, drive out and never come back. The next time she will see me would be in court. I had already moved the rest of our finances around. In my plan in a week she would be penniless and she was going to need me. That’s what she forgot. It was not just about the love I had given her but also the financial support. Women take it for granted that just because I earn more than you does not mean I did not work for it. Yes in marriage the money is meant to benefit us both but at the end of the day, when SARS comes to tax someone, it’s me the legal and true owner of it. It’s as simple as ABC.

“I am not going to call her. I don’t want to know.”

I said calmly leaving the room. This surprised her and she came to me and said she was sorry. She just did not want to fight anymore. I just looked at her and shook my head. She had no idea what was about to come next.

“I know I have wronged you in so many ways. I am willing to overlook what happened with Lindiwe. I don’t mind. I will do whatever you want. We can go for therapy. I can go to my parents even if you want space. Please all I am asking for is that we stick together and work through it!”

She cried. She actually went on her knees and was crying,

“Remember that through thick and thin we were told in our vows. This is the thin. Please Mxolisi you know you mean everything. I will never leave the house again. You can take my phone and keep it even. I will just be your wife. I can send Zimasa back home for it to be just us. I can do that. Just don't leave me please!”

She begged. We were standing outside the main bedroom door by the stairs leading to the lounge. I was not sure where this sudden burst of emotion had come from. My mind was made up. I told her to let go of me and I left.

When I got downstairs my phone was ringing. Asthandile had actually followed me downstairs. I don't know what more she expected me to say to her because I was done with this conversation. I took my phone. It was Dalu. I rejected his first call, his second and only when he called the third time in a row did I pick up. When someone rejects your call twice it means they are busy. I know what he wanted. He wanted to see if I had not killed my wife and vice versa. I know he was concerned but really he must chill I will tell him when I am ready.

“Dalu I am still a bit busy right now!”

I said coldly. Dalu was the type to start talking as soon as you picked up but this time he did not. After five seconds he said,

“I take it you have not heard...”

sounding a bit sombre. What now? I had too much to deal with right now.

“Lindiwe had an accident on the way back from the braai!”

He said. My first thought was, my baby! Had she lost my baby! I asked Dalu that.

“Yes Mxolisi she lost the baby!”

He said. It felt as though someone had sucked the air out of my stomach! I really was cursed by these so called ancestors! I couldn't even scream out.

“There is more Mxolisi...”

Dalu said almost in a whisper. I was listening,

“She is dead Mxolisi. Lindiwe is dead!”

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 115

Lindiwe? There had to be some mistake! In all that commotion I had not seen her leave. I had not seen her go. She must have slipped out when Dalu and I were too busy watching the fight. Had she? This was not correct. I asked Dalu again if he was sure and he said that the police had called him because when she came she had come from Upper Alma, my street but that road I blocked by the railway line so she had called to say she was a bit lost how does she get back to lower Alma from there. He was therefore the last number she called hence they called him. He was not lying though. He was not lying. My knees could not carry me. I felt myself sinking to the floor. What the hell was this? Was this some joke. I thought back again to the last moments I saw her, my wife had just shocked her by saying she knew about the pregnancy, after that I could not remember anything else. O God no, my baby, my baby was dead. I was never going to know whether it was a boy or girl even. My luck also.

Asthandile came and asked me what's wrong. Like she cared anyway. I hated this woman more and more by the day.

"You did this!"

I pointed a finger at her angrily.

"You did this! I hope you burn in hell!"

She was very surprised by it all and probably confused.

"What have I done this time? Did you phone Khanyi?"

She asked then put her mouth on her hands. She was still worried about the secrets Khanyi was carrying. What the hell was wrong with this woman.

"What ever she told you she is lying! I am going to sue her for defamation! I did not do it!"

She said again before I even answered. I did not care. I wanted her to tell me why my baby was dead. I stood up to go outside. I wanted some air. I needed some air.

"Did you know that Lindiwe had a 4year old son or daughter, I can't quite recall?"

I asked her!

"Why are you asking me about her? Did she dump you? Is that it? Is that why you are telling me to burn in hell? Are u serious right now?"

She asked me coming to confront me. She loses her temper quickly this one.

"She is dead Asthandile. She is dead."



That stopped her in her tracks and I mean this literally. She actually stopped in mid stride and stepped back.

“What do you mean she is dead? She was just here!”

I had tears in my eyes.

“You killed my child!”

I said and this time walked outside! I did not want to be near this cursed woman. I hated her.

When I got to the gate I bumped into the girls. They had missed out on all the action. Ezile seemed to have calmed down now. She had gone back to that shy girl all in the space of two or three hours.

“Is everyone here?”

Zimasa asked me as soon as she saw me. I was hurting. I opened my mouth to speak but I choked.

“Everyone left!!

I said when I finally managed to speak. I walked past them and just started walking. I walked towards Mowbray, passed it and ended up in Observatory then lower Main where there have this arty bars and restaurants. I was hungry but I had no appetite. I sat down in one of the bars and ordered a drink. I needed something to get my mind working again and off thinking of this but it was not working. One drink became five and five became ten until the bar man serving me said that he was cutting me off because there was no way I would be able to walk home. I took out my phone and called the only person at that moment I could think off, Dalu. He did not pick up. I really did not want to go home to Asthandile. I found myself calling Khanyi. I told her where I was and to come get me. She sounded surprised that I would call her but also happy.

It took her 45min to get to me. Thank God she had her wallet because it was only then I realised that I had no wallet. She paid my bill and we got into her car. Ten minutes later I asked her to stop the car, right there on the highway and I threw up. Shameful waste of alcohol. She was patient with me, gave me some water she had to clean up and took me to her place. Note I did not ask her to take me to her house, she just did.

When we entered her place I noticed that it was not the same place wwe had come when she was raped. She had moved. Now she moved in her security high fence wall. I was too drunk though to ask but I remember thinking, should our woman really live in fear and cages everyday because us their men want to rape them? No one is safe, it is the saddest thing really... then I passed out.

I woke up about five hours later. I was on a bed and my shoes were off. I had not thrown up again but the hangover I had was on some other level. Nothing beats an afternoon hangover. I raised my head and it felt like someone was hitting it with a hammer. Serves me right.

“Are you ok?”

Someone said from behind me. I had not seen her. She was sitting on a lazy boy behind me. She had a book and a glass of wine, how ironic in front of her.

“Why did you allow me to sleep so long?”

I asked her. She said something about me needing the rest. I know why I slept so long, the previous night is when I had spent time with Ezile and Zimasa so we hardly slept. It was not just the alcohol. Thank God tomorrow was Sunday.

“I was not sure what to cook for you but you must eat something. I hope you don't mind but I took off your shirt and washed it for you because you messed it up. My washing machine is not connected yet so washed it by hand.”

She said calmly. Did she just say she washed my vomit? At this stage in our marriage I think Asthandile would have said go jump in the pool or used a hosepipe on me.

Then I remembered, Mxolisi focus, Khanyi is the enemy here. I must not trust her.

“I came here to ask you about something. I want the truth.”

She looked at me a bit confused but she said she will try and be honest,

“What is Asthandile hiding from me? I am tired of the lies please be merciful and tell me so we stop all the secrets!”

She looked at me straight in the eye and without hesitation said,

“No! I will never betray the confidence of a friend whether or not we have fallen out!”

Now what!

\*\*\*\*\* The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 116

Betrayal is a dish best served cold. When two women fight expect all the secrets to come out. It's amazing girls can throw all their toys out of the cot when they fight each other especially where a man is involved. Loyalty when it comes to a fight between girls is like dignity in a prostitute. Nothing and no one is safe. If one girl feels like you are happier at her expense she will go to your man and

spill everything that you did in Mozambique with that other dude. Men wiser than me when we they want to know what their wives or girlfriends have been up to simply pick a fight for you. Usually and honestly you hardly ever see it coming. Your friend for many years can betray you so fast you will think she is rushing to the front of line because Jesus had come back and only had one free pass into heaven for the person that got there first. This is why I was dumbfounded at her response. I clearly had not expected that. If you consider the fact that they had just had a physical fight where my wife had accused her of all that yet here she was standing up for her. What kind of nonsense is that? I would have thought she would throw her friend under the bus something which Asthandile had just done. There are some people you just can't be loyal to.

"Did Asthandile call you before I came?"

She said no and asked me why? I smelled a rat. They clearly had spoken. She took her phone and came to show me that their last conversation was before she even got to the house that morning. Friends like these are keepers. Someone who will not betray you come what may. Problem is, they were not even friends from last I checked. I was not going to ask more.

"I am going to run you a bath, you smell!"

She said but more in a teasing voice than anything. I did not take offence because a could smell a slight odour myself. If you are non drinker honestly how do you stand to be with someone who drinks. Alcohol smells very unpleasantly. She was going all out to be sweet. Maybe she was trying to seduce me again so she could spite her ex friend. It certainly looked like it but I was not up for it.

I was not going back home though and since I had no car and no wallet I decided I was going to stay here for the rest of the day. I will sleep on the couch. The chemistry I once had or rather felt for Khanyi was gone. She did not even look that attractive anymore. That's the problem with a side dish, it's like, it's like gum, loses its flavour after a few chews! She said she was going to cook for me a proper meal the way a woman should for her man. Eyebrows moment but I just ignored her.

"Is your DSTV working?"

Was my response. There was soccer to be honest I was not being rude. She did not seem to care though because she replied yes and went to the kitchen. Five minutes later I could hear her singing gospel music. Honestly this singing whilst you are cooking just makes you spit in our food. I am just being honest but try telling your mother that and she will moer you like a stray dog that has entered a black man's house. Women don't get it, for most men, before God created them, he created soccer! I can concentrate on it all day. If you are Xhosa like me He then created rugby and cricket. At some point He realized that whilst you are watching soccer someone has to cook and pass you a beer and this is were you come in! Yeah call it sexist but soccer and beer just go hand in hand and I can't

stand up during the game. Even to pee. I am sure you feel the same way about Isibaya if you are Zulu, Muvhango if you are Venda and if you are from Pretoria Skeem Sam, Khumbule'khaya if you are from. The Eastern Cape! Whilst on that subject how do you girls that are not Tswana but are dating a Tswana guy survive that funny Pretoria guy talk? I would get irritated in moments then hang myself. Its like they are rapping in cursive! Khanyi though it seemed was having a good time. She brought me a washing bowl for my hands, a wipe the works. She said normally we should sit on the table but seeing that I was watching soccer she will make an exception... heaven!

It's funny how much as Khanyi was doing all the right things kitchen wise I could not see her as a wife. She was just not the type and so many women are like that. Not marriage material. Once a man takes you as a side dish chances of him ever seeing you as a wife are zero to none because already you have shown no self respect. She started telling me about her plans. She had applied for jobs in Gauteng because she wanted to move from this place. However she had been putting money aside because she wanted to start her own business and already had a few clients. She also revealed to me that she had a BCOM Economics degree and the day we had sex she had actually been celebrating that she had passed her Honors. She never got a chance to tell me that because of what happened next. I felt a bit guilty and looked down. Awkward moment indeed. Is this how it feels when the topic of rape comes up when you are sitting with a rape victim? It can't be easy. I congratulated her. She said she wanted me to join her in the business as she respected my logic and could be an asset in giving her idea etc. The conversation though serious was full of purpose and quite intellectual. I enjoyed it immensely. I say this everyday, a woman with ambition and drive is the sexiest. It's not about how you look but about how you think! Did not even see the soccer score funny enough. I helped her with dishes at some point.

She took me to my room and said,

"Sorry it's a bit small but I hope it will do. If you prefer the couch you can use that too but I am certain you will be fine. There are extra blankets also. Tomorrow morning 830am we leave for church."

She said as calm as a sleeping baby. Eh this woman was playing house with me. Now we had to go to church together, what the fuck was this? As soon as I closed the door she came back to my room and said,

"Why didn't you tell me that Lindiwe is dead?"

She was genuinely shocked and even seemed out of breath!

"I thought your friend told you!"

She snapped,

“I told you I have spoken to her until now when she sent me this,”

She showed me an sms which read,

“That bitch is dead. Car accident! God punished her for trying to still my man. Watch your back!”

I swallow spit!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 117

One, how did Khanyi know that the “bitch” in question was Lindiwe since clearly she had been informed via sms. Two, had my wife just confessed to having something to do with the “bitches” death and finally three, had she just threatened Khanyi! This was a moment. Khanyi did not seem worried at all by this and I was now confused as to whether I was being played yet again or this was serious. Asthandile really was starting to unravel and funny enough I didn’t start this, she did. Be careful what you start because often you can’t finish it. Most men underestimate what women are capable of yet our jails are full of women who have committed heinous crimes. High profile women right down to the scum that comes with the lie they share jail cells. I know this because I have seen them so why deny the fact that my once sweet wife was capable of this. In spite of everything that had happened there was one thing I had never done and for the first time ever in my marital life, I took off my ring negatively. I did not want this woman anymore and truth be told she was scary.

“I am really sorry for your loss. As you know me and her started off on a bad note but we had started talking in Ernest recently and she was actually a nice yet complicated lady.”

She said. She could see I had tears in my eyes and she moved in and hugged me. This was the first time we had had physical contact since she picked me up. Don’t worry, we were not going to be like white people who when they are crying can have sex, happy they have sex, emotional for any reason sex! Black people when we mourn we are so dramatic I doubt our dicks even go up! Your wife will not give you sex for months after someone she cares for days. That one I can guarantee. She stepped and took her leave.

“Please don’t forget tomorrow it’s church and I will wake you up nice and early!”

She said when she left for her room. I had no will to stay away and in moments I was fast asleep. Dead to the world.

Morning honestly did not seem that far away because as soon as I put my head down I felt as though I was being woken up. She had actually made me breakfast.

“Shouldn’t we eat after we come back?”

I asked her naively and she laughed saying I will starve if I do that but I did not quite get her. I ate.

I could do with church. Khanyi told me that one of their sister churches would be visiting today so it would be packed and fun. Devine intervention for everything I had gone through was certainly needed. Khanyi went to one of these new age happy clappy churches. It was foreign to me. They had a band, pastors younger than me even, and even the mam mfundisi looked like she had just stepped out of a plane for overseas. I literally stared at her the whole morning and for the first time in my life I was looking at a woman I swear was more beautiful than my wife. Was this the turning point? I found myself shaking my head to try and concentrate. What’s worse they were talking about temptation? Really? She was wearing a knee length skirt and sitting just an angle facing the congregation. It showed you just enough to want to keep on looking just in case she makes a mistake. Ah mam mfundisi was turning me into a pevert. And mistake she did make, I spied a little white V from under her skirt and if I was light I am certain I would have blushed. No wonder why these new ages attract so many young people, it was like attending the church version of a party. The congregation was young but as with all born agains they looked and sounded holier than thou. The ironies of life I tell you. There were also more, way more women than men and a lot of young children. When you looked at most women’s fingers what I found missing were rings. You don’t need a statician to tell you this, most single mom’s after the betrayal turn to God and become born again. I am not that wise though I must confess because I read it in a book somewhere.

After church they had a meet and greet. Church had taken 4hours imagine. No wonder why she had made eat. This was crazy. Most churches take less than two hours but clearly here things were different. I was actually tiredm It so happened that when we stepped out of the door, way behind anyone else we found someone actually waiting for Khanyi. It was the mam mfundisi. The sweet ironies of life. They greeted and Khanyi turned and said,

“This is my sweet friend Mxolisi, he is like a brother to me and one of the best lawyers in Cape Town!”

That was her introduction of me. I was like a brother now. I was not sure whether to be offended or to ululate that she had moved on from me. I greeted the mam mfundisi who told me she was so glad I had decided to visit them. She motioned over someone and introduced me to someone else,

“This is my little sister Yolanda Cele remember that name, she is doing her articles and I think you too will have a lot in common!”

She was as beautiful as the sister but that comment from the sister made her talk,

“My sister Lusanda thinks I have something in common with everyone that mentions law and I don’t know where she gets that,”

She said extending her hand for a handshake. This girl was confident no doubt. Straightforward and to the point.

“Khanyi leave your brother here, he is in safe hands. Did you bring the plans for the party?”

She asked her. Khanyi said they were in the car and asked her to accompany her too take them. Hold up! What about me? I had a look of panic on my face.

“Don’t worry I don’t bite.”

She said after seeing my discomfort.

“So what brings you to our church? Did yours burn down?”

She asked with a serious voice and when she noticed I was surprised by that question she said,

“I am just kidding. Loosen up. We not in court Advocate!”

It’s not that I was not loosened up as she put it but rather things were happening too fast. I was used to passive women like my wife before she went crazy not a straight talker. The only other person who spoke like this died just yesterday and here I was. She was like little Lindiwe without the attitude.

“I got bored and decided to try something new. Khanyi, my friend...”

I said pointing at her as she walked to the car,

“Has been inviting me for a while now so today I decided what the hell...sorry, heck and I came!”

She laughed.

“It’s ok you can say hell. I say fuck and shit like everyone else!”

My bad! Thought these born agains don’t curse. We spoke a bit about her and a bit about me. I noticed she looked at my hands a lot as I spoke and I was not sure why. Khanyi and the mam mfundisi did not take long. Khanyi was holding what looked like a proposal document. We did not stay much longer and we said our goodbyes. Yolanda gave me her numbers and I in turn gave her mine. I apologized for not giving her card but I told her that I normally didn’t bring them to church because this was not a business meeting place. She laughed and said everything is a business, especially church! Her sister looked annoyed at that comment and her, well, she looked like she did not give a rat’s ass!

Khanyi made me drive. She said I would look pathetic if I was to get into the passenger seat. Funny enough she was right. There is no way that girl was not going to turn and look. Problem is, Khanyi drove a lime Mazda 2 of all cars! Humbled! I even managed to stall once as it was a manual and I drove an automatic. When I got home I had an sms which read,

“Great driving there Schumacher! Y”

I am certain that was Yolanda referring to me stalling. I smiled.

“Nice move there player!”

Khanyi said. I think she had seen my smile.

“What move?”

I asked innocently.

“By taking off your ring you made yourself available.”

O crap that explains it. The reason why she kept looking at my hands had been to see if I was married or not.

What was my next move?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 118

Is it not always the case that usually when you are with someone you feel like you will never find someone more beautiful, more charming or more loving. Falling in love with a person often means you feel like if you lose them you will never be able to replace them. That's the fear we have in all of us. Yolanda had just reminded me that, well that it's not entirely true. I was interested in her. She did not look nearly as good as my wife and the last Zulu woman I knew, Khanyi did not really serve as a good example for the rest of her tribe. I would be damned if I went there. What she had shown me though was that everyone is replaceable no matter how good you think they are. I am a realist I guess. This thing of living on fantasies is for fools and in this I am so much the fool. Khanyi warned me to stay away from Yolanda because she was just a child I should not be seeing her as a potential. I laughed at her saying with Asthandile I had my hands full. She seemed annoyed at that statement but tried hard not to show it.

“I want to take you to this place I know for lunch. I sometimes go there with my friends just for a chilled outing.”



She said changing the subject. I told that I am open to knew places. It was on Long Street, this African restaurant that played music when you were eating. I had been here before once but it had been at night. I pretended however that I had never been here to give her the moment. She asked if she could order for me after I pretended to be confused by the menu. She joked that since she was paying it was only right. Then she surprised me,

“Mxolisi I am happy that you are staying at my house and you can stay as long as you want but not like this. You need to go home and sort things with your wife. You are too respectable a man to be sleeping on a couch!”

She said looking me straight in the eye as though to show me that she was serious. I had not expected that. Khanyi had turned from being seductress praying mantis to friend giving marital advise. What game was she on now? I nodded in agreement and told her that it was my intention.

“So what are you going to do about your marriage?”

She asked me candidly and truthfully I told her,

“I don’t know!”

I won’t lie lunch was a blur because I was thinking of what I was going to do next. It’s not easy. I had to go home and face my demon. An elephants tusks are never too heavy for it right. I asked Khanyi to please drop me at home but promised her I will be back. She was very reluctant and all the way home she begged me to reconsider saying that Asthandile was not normal and only an idiot who touch that woman with a pole. Maybe she was right but I had to go make it clear that I would never run away from my home like this. Khanyi asked me if I would rather be dropped off at the corner because she did not want Asthandile to know where I had slept. I agreed because she was actually right. This would only pour fuel to the fire. She dropped me up the road and I walked down the road slowly.

When I got into the house Asthandile was sitting in her morning gown eating yoghurt and biscuits. She loved crushing Marie biscuits into yhogurt and then eating them together. It had never caught on. It was surprising to think that this was the same woman who could be so vicious and so cruel. I stood in the doorway and looked at her for a while. This was my wife, my better or worse and through thick and thin. I remembered those vows so well when I walked in. The door was not locked so I open the door which made her turn and immediately she ran up to me and hugged me crying,

“Mxolisi where have you been, I have been so worried!”

I said nothing but I don’t think it would have mattered because she was still talking,

“I know we have our fights but disappearing like that my husband. I called your phone until I turned blue. Why did you not get back to me? What did I do to deserve this?”

She was right. I had been harsh. I opened my mouth to respond then she put her finger on my lips,

“It’s ok. I don’t care where you were! You were mourning about your friend. I understand. I am sorry. I am just glad that you are home!”

This is when I got my chance to sit down and I asked her to sit down.

“Asthandile, tomorrow I am going to see my lawyer and I am going to ask them to serve you papers,”

I said in a calm and very steady voice.

“Papers? Papers for what?”

She asked me confused.

“We can’t hurting each other like this. These are divorce papers!”

I said without changing my sombre tone. I took off my ring one last time and for some reason now that I was doing it in front of her it felt heavy. It’s like it did not want to get off but I got the job done. I stood up leaving her there but before I got to the stairs I heard her stand too and in what was more like a hiss than a tone she said with bated teeth,

“Over my dead body Mxolisi!”

She said,

“I won’t sign them and I will never divorce you!”

She said defiantly!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 119

What are the chances of a husband and wife sitting at the breakfast table and one says “I want a divorce” and the other says “Okay, let’s do it!” those chances are slim to none. First comes the tears then the anger then the denial that this is actually happening then to that person who the divorce has been asked of, that overwhelming feeling of failure. Yes it comes across as you failed on that one very simple and basic thing that is called to love another person and make them love you back. They do say to love another person is to see the face of God and if that’s true then your face clearly is that

of the devil since he did not even see it. Note I said he because when a man asks for divorce especially in African culture it really is a slap on the face. It's a statement like no other and getting back up from that insult is often easier said than done. With divorce usually, one person will initiate and the other will resist, simple mathematics I suppose hence I was not the least bit surprised that Asthandile would fight back. Her cash cow was gone but this was not even about money. She was not the girl I thought I met in high school, loved so much that one day I married her. No, she was evil, manipulative and downright dangerous. I had reached a point where I was scared to sleep in my home because she could burn in my home.

"Mxolisi stop let's talk about this please! Ndiyaxolisa, mna nomyeni wam wam sizokwenza yonke into osicelayo uba masiyenze"

I cannot remember the last time my wife called me her husband but in short she had just asked me not leave her. I stopped at the stairs for a brief moment and I walked up the stairs. She sat there crying on the stairs. I expected her to go through a few phases but I did not care. I walked upstairs, took a small bag and started packing. I needed clothes more than anything. I hate shopping. I packed as much as I could then I looked at my bed one last time. Her side, the one that had been slept in was still undone. My side was neatly done. As no one had slept in it. I was about to walk out of the bedroom when Zimasa walked in and said,

"We missed you yesterday. Sisi Thandi cried all night and Ezile and I had to watch over her. Is everything alright?"

She asked me then she came from behind me and saw the bag.

"Where are you going?"

She asked me. I did not have words for her. She was just a child and she would never understand.

"It's not my place but please do not do this. Please I am begging you. She is not a bad person she just needs your attention!"

She begged me on behalf of Asthandile. Maybe she was right maybe she was wrong but the fact remained, I was done. I walked past year without shame or sorrow then I stopped,

"I will send you my forwarding details,"

And went out. She was crying too. Divorce hurts so many people but I was not looking back. When I got to the bottom of the stairs I remember I had one question to ask Asthandile,

"How did you know about Lindiwe and me?"

She did not look up and I actually thought she would ignore but she whispered,

“You forget when you were in Pretoria my sister came too see you! I have always known about your other women Mxolisi, I am not a fool. I don’t get how you get to walk out of our marriage for me committing the same crime I did I really don’t. We can work this through!”

Well said but it was done. I walked out of the house, into my car and I drove out. I was not going to Khanyi’s house, I had decided on a longer trip.

I was on my way home to Mdantsane! I wanted time away from everything but I also wanted to make sure that where ever Lindiwe was to be buried I was going to be there. It’s so weird that much as I never fell in love with her or anything funny like that I could not help but wonder what could have been. For one we were having a baby together something which I cherish very much. I don’t believe in fatherless kids and much as Lindiwe had said I could choose not to play a part in her life that was never ever going to happen.

I had two missions for Mdantsane, one, I was going to see my parents and tell them I was leaving Asthandile then secondly, the tricky one, I was going to tell her obnoxious parents that I was bringing back their daughter where I found her. This time they can find her the rich husband they had always wanted for her.

I had driven for about two hours when I realized that this woman never loved me. We did not have many happy moments actually in this marriage. Yes before all this we hardly fought but I can’t truly say without conviction that we were happy. Content yes but happy I strongly doubted. The thought just made me feel stupid really. My phone was connected to to the car so when Dalu phoned it stopped the music that was playing. I answered and he said,

“How are you holding up?”

I told him I was fine as can be expected but was driving to Mdantsane. I explained to him that things were just not good I needed to breathe. I also told him that I had told Asthandile that I was going to divorce her. He listened attentively as though he understood where I was coming from which is why he caught me by surprise when he said,

“You have to turn back immediately because it is going to look suspicious?”

What the hell was he talking about now? I was confused as I think I have always been!

“What is going to look suspicious?”

Dalu kept quite for a moment.

“We pulled strings with the police and Andre was allowed to do a quick look over of the car. Someone cut Lindiwe’s brakes. When police figure this out they will look at her last movements!”

He warned.

No this was a joke come on now. It can't be...

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 120

Andre was our in house investigator at the firm. With law you deal with a lot of unscrupulous people and Andre was that buffer between them and us. He was really good at his job and I am certain when the bosses sent him it was for a good cause. Another thing people forget easily, lawyers are exposed to the scum of South Africa and at times this scum can come after you. It made perfect sense then for this move and seemingly it had been justified and vindicated. I stopped my car immediately. Thank God there was a garage close by but regardless I needed to check my own brakes. What if she had cut mine too? My car stopped immediately without a hustle and I breathed a sigh of relief. I did not know much about cars so I drove my car literally at 20km an hour to the garage about 7km away and that took a while. I figured if the brakes fail at least I can jump out and live. At the garage I asked the guy to check my brakes and he brake fluid. He said everything was. I turned back for Cape Town. Imagine! I had not even gone that far and already I was heading back with my tail in between my legs. This was beyond disturbing. Dalu was right, if I had to the Eastern I most certainly would have been seen as probably suspect number one. She was pregnant with my child, dies from cut brakes coming from my house and to the outside world I was happily married to my wife. As the Americans would put it, I had the motive and opportunity. My motive would be that I did not want my wife whom I loved very much to find out hence I had to get rid of her. This was brilliantly set up against me.

I have always believed that when you love someone you protect them. I loved Asthandile so much once and now that love had turned to hate. However, and most importantly is the irony of the fact that she was probably going to need a lawyer...soon! what the hell had she been thinking? Another thing that bugged me was who had taught her how to do that? The most I know about cars is changing a tyre and possibly the battery if I had to. That's it. How would she be able to know what the brakeline was? It's impossible to imagine. She was in trouble if this was ever figured and killing a lawyer means no sane lawyer would come to her aid.

I got into town as it started to rain. It rained so much I even had to park the car on the side of the road. Thirty minutes later I called Dalu as during the rain the network had been disrupted. I asked him to see me and he said he was already at Grand West with Andre. Brilliant. I will get to see the

two people I wanted to see most. From where I was it was not too far. When I got there they were in one of the restaurants. Dalu stood up and shook my hand then hugged me,

“I am sorry for your loss!”

He said. I wanted to correct him and say she was not mine in the first place but figured out he was talking about the baby. That thought was weighing me down. Because of me both the baby and her had lost their lives. Andre shook my hand and got down to business,

“I have no doubt that there was foul play here. Her fuel line was severed and if we can find where the car was parked before she drove it then we will be able to see where it was leaking.”

He said in a concerned voice. That was going to be impossible though because that rain would certainly have washed away anything that is evidence. It was both a good and bad thing. The good thing was it would never be traced back to as having happened at my house but the bad thing would be we would never know if Asthandile did it.

“Another thing is, when I went to see the vehicle it was still outside in the open so I don’t know if they covered it yet with all this rain. Any fingerprints could have been washed off!”

He said a bit annoyed with himself because he should have demanded it be covered. Unfortunately because he had been allowed to see the car as a favour he had no grounds to ask that. I hate stories with too many variables. Even judges hate that because it’s cause for speculation.

When Andre left Dalu and I sat in silence. I don’t know what came over me I broke down in tears, right there in the restaurant. Thank heavens they had chosen a corner booth. I needed to get it out and I am not even sure what I was mourning for, my dead baby mama or my marriage. I had lost faith in this world. Dalu gave me a moment and asked me if I thought I was doing the right thing leaving Asthandile and I said yes. He said we seemed like a perfect couple so was there no way we could fix this of which my answer was no and justifiable so. Everyone from the outside has an opinion of your relationship which is usually wrong. Most couples just keep up appearances that’s why people see perfection in flaws.

It was then it hit me that I had no place to stay and indeed it was a Sunday. It had to be Khanyji’s then. I will find a place to stay tomorrow. The thing with Cape Town or anywhere else for that matter is that if you have money finding accommodation is not an issue. I did not want hotels because I had decided to do investigations of my own. This time I did not call ahead. She had said I can come back anytime right.

When I got to her place her car was in the driveway and someone was fixing it. It was the guy she had once brought to my house for dinner and he punched. Khanyi was standing over him asking a lot of questions. She was a bit greasy herself. Maybe they had sex whilst at it who knows.

Then it hit me, well not really, but it kind of made sense did it not?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 121

When something like this happens a lot of things don't look like they really are. Everything you see becomes suspicious. You honestly feel like you constantly have to be on the look out and that is not a nice feeling at all. The question was obvious? Could Khanyi have been the one who did it? I did say before that my wife was clueless about cars. How would she have known how to isolate or rather find the fuel line. It just does not make sense to me. With that said at the braai much as I did not remember my wife's every move I don't remember seeing grease on her. She could not have done it. Khanyi had arrived a bit later than others and because we were all at the back we would not have seen her nor who she came with. What if she came with this guy and whilst she walked in and we all saw her this guy was the one who did it and walked away. We would not have seen anything that's most certain. Now there was the fight? Was it staged? It was very weird for these two to fight considering how tight they were. A lot of things simply did not make sense. I stood there in front of them but I was not sure what to say. She looked up when she saw me and she smiled.

"I was not expecting you back here so soon!"

She said cheerfully. Had Asthandile not told her that I had left her? She came to me and said she was neither going to hug me nor shake my hand because she was too greasy. Fair enough.

"What's wrong with your car it was fine just earlier?"

I asked as soon as she stopped talking. When other men are fixing a car as a man you have act interested as though you too know what you are doing.

"It was making a funny sound and with people dying in accidents I wanted to make sure I had nothing to worry about."

She was scared too clearly and she too suspected Asthandile. Why else would she be checking? It made sense! Even I had checked my car meaning she was not doing anything out of the ordinary. I breathed a sigh of nervous relief. Why did she have all that grease though? The guy came out from underneath the car and he gave me a cold hello. he was bigger than the last time I saw him or maybe it was just the grease. I greeted him back and he said he was out. The last time I had seen him was in my house all dressed up for dinner but seeing him now in daylight with all that grease he looked very thuggish. Was it just my mind playing tricks with me?

When Khanyi was raped I had insisted that something was wrong and one of the guys, the big one had disappeared. I was thinking this too hard. No one lies about being raped and beats them self up right? The guy told her he was finished and he left. Clothes really do change a person hey. I could swear he was not the same man. She invited me in and told me to make myself at home.

“I asked Asthandile for a divorce today!”

I told her. She froze were she stood and made absolutely no facial expression.

“Why would you do a stupid thing like that? That woman loves you!”

She said. I told her I was not in a mood to discuss it but I thought she must know that the divorce papers will be drawn up tomorrow. She sounded genuinely concerned which confused me but I did not let it show. I am not sure what I was expecting from her but this was not it.

I did not even ask her for a place to sleep. She told me she was going to make supper but I told her I had no appetite. This was such a big decision for me I will probably throw up because of nerves. She said she understood but will make enough food just in case. I went to the room and lay down. I could not sleep. It was early but the last thing I wanted to do was think about all this. I took a pillow and put my face into it. I cried. Even men have emotions and this was not weakness. It was the tears I think that exhausted me enough to sleep till 4am in the morning when I woke up. It was strange not waking up next to my wife and knowing I might never do it again.

When I got to work everyone was genuinely sombre. The news of her passing was still filtering through. At some point the bosses sent a memo saying we were going to have a half day. To lose a colleague is not always the easiest thing. As I was packing a few things away Joseph walked in. Joseph Rakgatla one of our associates. We hardly spoke because he was usually away as his department was the one that actively sort clients. It was actually a surprise when he walked in and at that moment I was holding Asthandile picture frame.

“Why would you put such a beautiful picture in a box?”

He said seeing me put my wife’s picture away. He looked very confused and I answered him,

“I am divorcing her!”

I was very calm as I said this but it still felt awkward saying this out loud.

“How do you divorce such a woman, she looks like Pearl Thusi if not better!”

He said. Who the hell is Pearl Thusi I asked him? The name was vaguely familiar though, was she a former client or maybe one of those radio presenters I listened to in the morning. Joseph insisted on showing me. He took out his phone and googled this woman and that’s when I vaguely recognised her. I could see why he said



they resembled but oh well, I did not care anymore.

“No mate, work things out with her otherwise you will regret this but it’s non of my business!”

Looks matter to guys! Asthandile made other men envy or want to be me just by looking at her. She was thick in all the right places and when she smiled she had a slight quiver on her bottom lip. You had to pay attention to see it.

Snap out of it!

I told myself the moment I found myself day dreaming yet again about her. This was never going to be hard. I asked him which divorce attorneys I could use and he gave me a few. I chose the one on top. I wanted to get this over and done with.

When I got to their offices, I was immediately seen because I was a fellow lawyer so we help each other out. I even got a discount on the r5000 consultation fee. I had everything I needed inclusive of the prenuptial agreement I had made her sign long ago. As there was so much to take down he called in an intern to come take the notes.

Guess who walked in,

It was Yolanda Cele, the pastors wife’s sister I had met just yesterday morning.

I was so embarrassed I wanted to leave!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 122

At times it feels like you are being punished for something because things simply refuse to go right for you. That was me right now. Why could I not catch a break. They say you make your own luck and I was trying but failing. Even with this imagine the misfortune I had to have had. When she walked in she literally stumbled. I was the last person she was expecting to see here just as much as she was the last person I expected her. This was awkward but she kept a straight face.

“Are you ok?”

Her boss asked her.

“Yes sir I am. Lost my footing there for a second but am fine.”

Well played.

“Mxolisi, I am sure you know how it works. She will ask all the relevant questions and we will take it from there. Don’t worry you are in good hands. She is our rising superstar so I have all the faith that she will be sufficient for now!”

I just nodded and thanked him then he walked out leaving me alone with Yolanda. I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me because it felt as though I was a failure. Make no mistake about it, you divorce a person or get divorced because you have failed. Good or bad, wrong or right you have failed in this thing called marriage. I was married in a church because I believe in God and defend my religion but the art of forgiveness when betrayed is not something that ever sank into me at church. I am not Jesus!

“This is awkward!”

She said trying to break the silence. It was indeed.

“I don’t think I can do this with you, can’t they give me another person to work with...”

I asked her. I could not even greet her or look her in the eye! Of all the law firms why had I picked hers. If I believed in fate honestly this would be it.

“Please don’t request for another one. I need this. You know with us interns we have to scrap for every little thing we do otherwise we are stuck doing research. Please I need this to remind why I became a lawyer in the first place!”

She was right. I remember when I was intern I lived in the law libraries researching for other people. It is a painful tedious affair but I did it wholeheartedly because one day I will be the one bossing them around.

“It’s ok you can stay but I just did not expect you that’s all and this is hard!”

I said, the last part just kind of slipping out.

“It explains the ring line the other day. I thought you were just some loser that takes off their ring when their wife is not there!”

She said chuckling a bit which also made me laugh.

“I wish. I am the loser that has a wife cheating with God knows how men, hires another woman to seduce me so she can divorce for me for the peanuts I make as a lawyer. I have had it!”

She looked at me straight in the face and exclaimed,

“You are joking right... about the her hiring of other women!”

That was a bit unprofessional of her but I don’t blame her because when I think about it too, the story sounds kind of ridiculous. There is one thing my wife had greatly miscalculated, with Lindiwe dead, she could not

accuse me of cheating and win because she could not prove it. This means that the provision in prenuptial agreement was now void. She was going to get nothing!

“It is true.”

I said curtly. She saw that she had crossed a line and apologised. She asked me the relevant questions and we wrapped up in about two hours. There was lot to write. Her boss came back at some point and we discussed assets and money's that will have to be divided. I took out my prenup again and it clearly stated in the section under Desolution of Marriage:

4.1.b In the event of one spouse cheating and proved, only 10% of the estate shall be allocated to them and household goods shall be forfeit.

That was the key to the whole agreement. They were going to evaluate all our assets in financial terms then divide the estate 90% to me and 10% to her. Obviously she was going to fight this tooth and nail. No way she wanted to go back to Mdantsane with nothing. Some people forget where they come from when they get comfortable. Yolanda wrapped up and left the office. We concluded our business and I went back to the office. It was almost empty when I got there as almost everyone had taken the half day offer given for Lindiwe. People and work! I had nowhere to go. I had to look for a place to stay that was fully furnished. I was grateful that when Asthandile cleaned out my accounts when she came back she had returned it. I checked that account and transfered half to my account. I was not going to be that cruel.

This is Cape Town. So many houses are owned by white people who left in 1994 because the baboons were taking power and when they left, they rented them out. With Zille in power though Cape Town has become more racial hence finding a house was not easy. I found a lot of fully furnished places but the moment you mentioned your surname they would either hand up or tell you it was not available. One lady so sweetly told me that “we don't rent out darkies! Good day!” it was an eye opener. After about thirty or so calls I had three places to view, two in Newlands and one in Pinelands. At least there was progress. Only problem is all three were only available in a week meaning I will have to stay with Khanyi longer. That was not a nice thought. I went to our HR lady to ask for Lindiwe's family details as I had to pay my respects. She gave them out to me and told me the firm was planning something.

I called the next of kin number which I was given and I caught her brother. He sounded very distraught and he said that he was in Cape Town and was lost half the time. He needed help. I offered to take him around which he declined by saying one of his cousins had just arrived. She was going to be buried in Johannesburg he said. I told him I will see him there. He cleared his throat then said,

“What did you say your surname was again?”

He asked.

“Sibani!”

I responded.

“You are the man that made her pregnant right?”

I did not know what to say but yes.

“In my culture we cannot bury a child that does not belong to us and that baby was yours. Come prepared to pay us damages?”

He said and he hung up.

Did I hear him right?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 123

My first instinct was hell no I was not going to that funeral. Was he mad? Who pays damages for a dead person carrying a child that he is not even sure how he came to being. This was extortion. I am from East London and I am often how Joburg people are chancers and this guy was definitely one of them. He was stupid if for one moment he thought I would be falling for that con. Did he just say I must pay damages? He must have lost his mind. I hung up on him. He had just insulted the memory of his sister by trying to extort me. I was not going to the funeral! Why is this world so full of criminals though? Honestly what is wrong with black families though? A funeral does not count as a funeral unless there is drama. It's almost as though we need to drama to make it memorable. Without it I promise it is as though we cannot remember the person who died so we force issues anyway. I might as well force myself to swallow a bullet. These family funerals can get rowdy especially where money is involved and I was not about to get my ass kicked.

I remembered that Lindiwe had said that she had another child. I cant even recall whether she had said a boy or a girl. I wonder what had happened to that child's father. Would he now come take his child? Highly doubt that though. That's the thing with us men, we can abandon a woman regardless of whether she is successful or not, beautiful or plain, rich or poor. Was I being like those men now by refusing the unborn child?

Khanyi called and said she was on her way back. I told her I would also be there within the hour. I had never really had a wife who worked because when Asthandile went to work she used to come home so late and usually without telling me. Now here was Khanyi practically telling me her every move. Dalu called me and said we should meet up for about ten minutes because he had something to ask me. I was still in town so from his place it was not too far. I agreed and I went. His wife was not there, it was just him.

“Thanks for coming. How are you holding up?”

He asked me,

“I am fine regardless of what Lindiwe’s brother tried to pull!”

He was a bit surprised,

“Lindiwe’s brother?”

He asked,

“Yes him!”

I then proceeded to explain everything that had happened. He listened attentively then at the end he asked me what I was going to do of which I told him I was not going. How could I go with a barrel of gun pointed at my head? Dalu advised me to go. He said I must do the honourable and not shame Lindiwe’s memory in death! This guy smoked something we all don’t! Was he mad? Hell no I was going to embarrass myself like this. I asked him why he had invited me over and he said that it was because Asthandile had called him and asked him to talk to me about our marriage. I was quite annoyed that he had picked up the call at all. I told him that my mind was set on divorce and I was not changing that anytime soon. He said as a friend of the couple had a duty to at least try but I was not hearing it. I stood up and left. He can go advise Asthandile.

When I got to Khanyi’s she was already making supper. She was wearing an apron and had taken off her work clothes to wear shorts. I can’t believe this is the same woman whom in the morning before I went to work had me checking my brakes. That’s how much I did not trust her yet looking at her cook she was so normal and appealing.

“You are later than I thought, what happened?”

I told her I stopped at a friend’s then was searching for a place to stay. She seemed a bit annoyed at the last bit.

“Honestly you don’t have to waste money like that. You can stay as long as you want and who knows you and Asthandile can work things out!”

She said.

“Never!”

I snapped back. Fuck! She had set me up. She was testing to see my feelings for Asthandile and the glow on her face after I said that betrayed it all! Should be more careful in future.

I pause, if a man is a good man and another woman is not appreciating this, should you as a single woman take your chances and go for him? It’s selfish I think to judge someone for seeing a good opportunity and ceasing the moment. Khanyi however was dreaming if I could allow her second class ass my future. No offense to housemaid but even now, next to my evil soon to be ex wife, I would rather marry the Aunty next door.

Women don't get it! If you present yourself as an over sexualized beast, no matter how hot you are, as a man I am happy just fucking you not wedding you! Stability at home is important not watching your back and checking her phone every time. I was here because I needed a place to stay for now not to be play husband, a role I had failed!

“What's for supper?”

I asked her with a smile. She said it was a surprise and supper would be ready in an hour. I was not that hungry.

“O I bought something new today can you give me a second opinion?”

I agreed. She went upstairs. I had to go through my prenup so I sat myself down and started writing up all my assets. This would help in speeding up the case.

“Ahem ahem!”

Khanyi cleared her throat from behind me. Why didn't she take longer? Just when I was going into the zone. I turned...

There stood Khanyi in lingerie. It was not just any lingerie, it was a fetish themed fantasy one piece nurse uniform like, with garters and heels. She was so sexy that much I don't doubt.

“Do you like it?”

She purred at me!

My eyes watered that's how good she looked.

She needed a response and boldy I responded,

“You look so cheap!”

Turned around and went back to my work!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 124

I think I shocked her beyond measure. I shocked me to be honest because she did look that hot but I was not going to be seduced by her again. That's like the ANC asking Julius to come back! Come on now! Lessons learnt!

“Yho!”

That was her response! I had hurt her feelings and I was certain she would kick me out. She went back upstairs. I debated with myself whether to chase after her or not and apologise but I chose to sit. When she came back down she went to the kitchen without saying a word. Ok fine maybe that was a tad bit too harsh. I went to her and said,

“If you want I will move out in the morning!”

She was horrified by that statement!

“No! Why would you want to do that? I am sorry ok. I came off wrong and I am sorry!”

She apologised. Had I misread the signs.

“It’s just that you have been there for me like no one else and at this moment I would do anything not mess up this friendship we have struck!”

I said calmly. Lol, did I say ‘lol’ well I can’t help it, nothing sucks more than being friendzoned. It’s like being given a blowjob by the woman of your dreams and being left halfway. You are glad that finally she has done it but angry at that it was not quite what you hoped for. It’s a poor man’s compromise. She smiled uneasily but I could sense she was cursing behind that smile. Picture that outfit on Asthandile though, Mmmmm maybe!

I went to sit down and this asset thing was making me think of her even more. I actually missed her!

Dinner was surprisingly very pleasant. We joked and teased each other through it. I did not want to rile her up after that insult. She was happy. She worked very hard to show me that she was cool with me. When a woman wants a man there is nothing she will not do. I helped with the dishes and we watched tv together afterwards laughing at stupid things.

When we said goodnight she went to her room and I went to mine. I took a shower first then started getting ready for bed. I opened the closet to take out pajamas. The wall was thin and I could hear her on the phone.

“... I love him so much. I think he will come around because I am going to be on my best behavior! This is a man you keep!”

She said. She went quiet which made me think that whoever she was talking to had gone quiet!

“You snooze you lose! She cheated on her man with that loser. I did not set that up. All I did was introduce them and I did not know the fool would fall for a married man. Funny thing I actually warned that he was a player and she said it was better than Mxolisi whom she called a wimp. Well then, why should I regret going for him?”

She said. I don't think she knew I could hear her so this was no set up. It made sense though because I had suspected this before. No wonder why she had been so forgiving. I had sat down on my bed side when I got a call. It was Zimasa.

"Please come home. Please come work things with her. She has been crying non stop for two days now I am so scared. She does not eat, she does not sleep, has not bathed even. Please I am begging you do not do this!"

She pleaded with me. Here was a 17 year old trying to keep the ship from sinking. I felt a bit embarrassed but my mind had been made up. She told me that her parents were coming to intervene. They were expected the following day. I already knew how this would go. Her parents were not going to fight for us to stay together. Not them. They were coming to tell her that she must fight to take everything. I did say they were very ambitious when it comes to their daughter and in the eyes I had not been good enough. One thing that Asthandile had miscalculated greatly was the fact that by killing Lindiwe they had no way of proving that the baby in her was mine meaning she had nothing to fight the prenuptial agreement. I had to prepare regardless. As soon as I put the phone down an sms came in...

"Please sir do not humiliate my family. You need to pay damages for my daughter. We are mourning but we need to do things right. Lindiwe's mother!"

O crap! This was getting out of control I had to do something before they showed up in my office or my home!

It does not even make sense!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 125

So much was going through my mind but there was no way I was going to be extorted by a dead woman's parents. Hell no! I had better things to worry about like my soon to be ex wife! People often say that loving someone is a strength, it's like seeing the face of God but that is so not true because often it's a weakness. How often do you get told after breaking up with someone that you are better off without that person and note, from the very same people that told you that. That's the bullshit reality of life. Yes we need companionship and someone to love and be with it but at times being alone is better. That's the fear is it not? The fear of being alone coupled with that of finding someone new to replace her. I think that's the difference between us men and women. Women don't know when to let go but men with our selfishness we pack up and leave. I had played a part in this which I must acknowledge but this woman deserved nothing from me after I was done with her. Why was I still playing nice though? I could not bring myself to deal with her without emotion.



I took the day off and no one really questioned it because of the pending funeral. I wanted to relax and breathe. Khanyi called about two hours after she left and said she had to run to Jhb last minute as one of their planned concerts was falling apart. She will be back tomorrow. She called me when she landed as well with her hotel phone because her meeting was going to be a late one. I did not want to stay in the house all day so I decided to go through my phone and see whom I could have dinner with. It was not easy. When you are married you have few friends that are genuinely yours and not shared by you and your wife. I found someone.

Yolanda and I found ourselves having a late lunch at the V&A Waterfront. With Khanyi gone at least I could breathe a little and go out. She was the only one I knew who was not attached to my wife nor my friends. She was not entirely sure though that this was a good idea but she came nonetheless.

“I was surprised when you called me because you did not seem too happy with me yesterday when I took down the facts of your case!”

She said as soon as she was seated. She was right I was unhappy with her but that was not the end of the world.

“O come on really? That’s not even an issue!”

I said deflecting.

“I hope you won’t be like other men that find a new girlfriend when they go through a divorce!”

She said calmly. What was she talking about now?

“Why do you say that?”

Was she trying to warn me not to hit on her which I was not to be honest.

“No I am just saying that it’s pretty disgusting that on the one hand you have a woman crying at home fighting to get you back and on the other you are busy selling a new girl dreams. Finish what you started before you pursue a new thing. It’s only fair for all involved!”

You see the problem with divorce that is worth highlighting is that it can take ages. That’s just the reality of the legal system and also the fact that with Asthandile for example who was dragging this process it could be forever. Her advice therefore though not without foundation at time would be self punishment. My wife is the one who had led us to this and for a long time to come I will be punished by society for this. If you tell a woman when you meet her for the first time that you are going through a divorce she will probably walk away because no one in their right minds wants someone with that much baggage. If you lie about it or don’t mention it, when it eventually comes up it becomes that you lied to her and the foundation of your relationship is based on a lie. That’s probably worse than the first one but either way you lose.

“I am not pursuing someone at the moment. I am just tired. I want to be happy and to laugh again. You know, to be human! The last few months have been all about anger and revenge and I cannot do that anymore. I need peace in my life!”

I told her. She smiled and said that I was a wiser man than I looked and we both laughed. She put me at ease. I had no reason why to pretend with her. I missed that in a person.

“Is there something that’s going on between Khanyi and you?”

She asked me.

“Of course not. She is a friend and at times I am not even sure about that friendship. She is temperamental so I tend to keep my distance!”

I said confidently. That was not a lie though.

“I am glad to hear that because I would not want to get on her bad side. I won’t even tell my sister we went out otherwise it could be drama!”

I could see what she was doing. She was asking me not to tell Khanyi we went out. She was not exactly being subtle. I had a good time and just before we left I got a message on my phone.

“I know you said I am cheap but I did not leave the house for you to take Yolanda out! Come on Mxolisi! You are going through a divorce and already you are out! She is too young for you! Stay away from her!”

My first instinct was to look behind me. How the hell did she know I was here? I had not told anyone and I am certain Yolanda had not either! I kept a straight face as I walked her to her car. We were not parked too far apart so after she left I was in mine in a minute or two. My phone was connected to the car phone so when it rang I answered through the car as I was driving now. It was a private number.

“Mxolisi how could you?”

It was Asthandile! What did she want?

“I can’t believe you would go stay with Asthandile at a time like this? Are you fucking her too like you did Lindiwe? Are you? She is my friend Mxolisi how can you be so cruel?”

She asked me. Honestly though, I really did not care! I told her that I did not have to answer to her anymore and hung up. It was a 20 minute drive to her place. When I got there I was whistling because I had had such a good day. No time for negative people in my life. I walked out the car with a bounce in my step. As soon as I walked in the house, out of nowhere stepped out a crying Asthandile with a baseball bat!

“Say what you said on the phone again!”

Before I could even answer she swung the bat so hard...

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 126

There is this misconception perpetuated in society that a baby mama is the scariest thing that can haunt a man after a relationship gone south. I beg to differ, an ex wife is scarier because she does that whole 'last kick of a dying horse' thing. A baby mama fights out of desperation and usually the case she still loves you and hopes you will see the light and stop your nonsense. This is why most men in spite of all she may do, still get the occasional shag out of her and this is even when she knows you are with someone else. To a baby mama what causes the drama is that she feels as though you tricked her into leaving her with a baby that's why she knows what drama really is. She actually fights for you and the child you share. An ex wife on the other hand hates you, pure and simple. You will have embarrassed her in front of her family and friends by leaving her and that my friends is an unforgivable sin. In her head she failed after crossing the finishing line. That's like having a heart attack the day you won the lotto. Imagine!

She caught me on the arm. Fortunately because of the tight space we were in she didn't have enough swing room to cause too much damage but it hurt nonetheless. I immediately jumped on her and held her. She fought me trying to wiggle herself out of my grip. In the process the bat fell. She started screaming that I should let go of her. I knew if I held her longer it will cause the neighbors to come and we could end up having an Oscar situation where people start claiming to hear things that never happened. I shouted at her to calm down and talk as opposed to shouting without purpose. That angered her even more! She told me she had more than just a purpose. I made the mistake of letting her go and a half a dozen of punches landed on me. She was stronger than I thought. Eventually I managed to secure her again but this time the anger in her I think overwhelmed her and she broke down into tears. I let her go. Look, I know I was divorcing this woman but the way she was crying now just made my heart sore. It is not weakness it is human. I gathered my soon to be ex wife in my arms and this time I held her and allowed her to cry in my arms.

"What has possessed you?"

I asked her. I told her that this was not her because this violence would land her in jail. I warned her that there would be no coming back from this because she seemed hell bent on destroying herself.

"I told you once that I do not think I want to live without you but you thought I was joking. You don't take me seriously. You think I am dumb and cannot think for myself. How do you think I feel right now with all this?"

She asked me.

"I am not having an affair with Khanyi. I never did and never will!"

I said when I managed to get her to calm down. She looked confused because she had been so convinced at that end.

“I came and I asked her for a place to sleep for a couple of days. I can show you the papers from the rental agencies. I can’t move in now!”

I explained.

“Then how do you think I feel knowing that my husband, the man that I loved, left my house and moved in with my best friend, the very woman who could have led us here?”

She asked me. Tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I don’t know what you are talking about! Remember you chose not to tell me the whole truth about Khanyi and you so that’s not my problem!”

She looked at me and tensed up. It was as though she wanted to say something but she really was stuck.

“I want to tell you, really I do but if I do this you will never forgive me even in your sleep...”

She said and walked to the door,

“Please let this go, please I beg you!”

I did not follow her. The curiosity was killing me because much as I wanted to ignore it, what really had they been up to. My arm was sore though where she had hit me. It was starting to swell. I went and put some ice on it. She was really angry when she had hit me. It’s true though, what would you do if your man dumps you then moves in with your bestfriend? It’s easy to say she had lost it all on her own when truth be told I had cornered her into desperation.

As I sat down to lick my wounds my phone rang. Goodness what is this thing with phones almost always being the bearer of bad news. I had noticed that almost everyday my phone was the source of my misery and this time it was my father. Yes I have one of those and he is as scary to me today as he was when I was growing up. Thank heavens he rarely called.

“Ndandiyobona uTat’ Matshaya wathi ukuba unyana wam wayezokwenza eyona mpazamo yakhe yankulu ebomini bakhe.. Ushiya umfazi wakhe.. Isgiqbo sakhe sasizo hlukanisa, sixabanise usapho lwakhe lonke”

Really! Sorry in English he had just said that he went to see Mr Matshaya and had been warned that me divorcing my wife would bring havoc and destruction to my entire family.

Mr. Matshaya was a sangoma and very respected in my father’s world!

Not my world!

“Mxolisi!”

He shouted when I did not respond. I hung up!

Network!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 127

I don't know if you have noticed by now that I never talk about my father. He is a hard tradition and stubborn man. He has no compromise in his beliefs and between us we have a hectic clash of ideologies. He believes in things to do with ancestors and so on where I am christian by choice. Yes he goes to church and to him what kind of a black person are you if you attend a church that does not wear uniform and worse, what kind of a church is it that does not wear one! Unfortunately for him his church has faith healers and people who faint in the name of deliverance which makes it pretty scary stuff indeed. Ironically he was not always like this but when he got diagnosed with diabetes and told he could not drink anymore it was as though someone had bewitched him. He took this to heart and sort to cleanse himself. I remember when I first went to university, I was staying in Kopano Residence at UCT. He escorted me and when I was allocated a room he insisted on praying for it and throwing water to protect me from evil spirits. Thank the heavens I had no roommate but my neighbor across, Kevin Davies, saw this and for my four years in that residence he never said a word to me! Must have scared the Coloured boy shitless lol what happened to us being all “black”!

I must be forthcoming, another reason why Asthandile's family did not like me was because my family was considered backward because of such tendencies. At time when I listened to some of my father's sayings I could not blame them really. I too had those moments where I hated myself. Hanging up the phone was my first instinct because a man like my father takes planning for. Now that I knew what he wanted I could think of what to say. He was the type of man that whatever you say could be used to punish you. I called him back.

“Did you hang up the phone on me?”

He asked me angrily. I explained calmly and respectfully to him that no, it was not the case, we were having network issues!

“Are you divorcing your wife?”

He asked me! It was then it hit me, I had not told my side of the family about the divorce. Yes they had come through the one time when Asthandile called them and that was it. Had my father told his sangoma about us? What the hell?

“Yes I am leaving her!”

I stood my ground!

“Ishuuuuuu!”

He said and whistled at it,

“My son don’t do that? What are you trying to achieve by that? You think we all didn’t have problems at the beginning of our marriage? Don’t be like this? Don’t run away from problems, be a man and fix them!”

He said begging me. I cannot for the life of me, remember a time my father had ever begged me. I am being honest here. He was as proud as a peacock that one. My father loved Asthandile that much I knew. He often joked that when you have money you need a beautiful wife. I think in his head Asthandile was that woman who would give the money he thought I had credibility. My mother often warned him that there are no clever yellow bones in Mdantsane to defend me which would annoy him to no end. I knew she was joking to defend me but he still got very defensive. When Asthandile and I got married he told everyone in NU6 that could listen about how his lawyer son is marrying the princess of Mdantsane. People thought he was mad but I just saw the pride in him. This is how I knew that I had really disappointed him. He loved my wife.

“Baba, things are really so bad, I have been fighting but enough is enough. I can’t stay with a woman who sleeps with another man. That’s what I refuse!”

I said to him. He kept quiet.

“I will not allow this. If you leave that woman you will leave this family!”

It was his turn to hang up! I could feel his anger all the way there were he was but he was being too dramatic. Come on now. To get rid of this woman however I was willing to do whatever it takes. That much I don’t care. My father had to just relax and either help me or get left behind. I am sure right now he was shouting at my mother for not talking to her son. My poor mother, forever defending me. Maybe I really needed a sangoma because I really was cursed! My father was a single minded. This meant that I will have to fight him too just to get rid of this filth in my life. People don’t get this, the reason why most people avoid divorce at all costs is because marriage is not just about two people, it’s about families. He had made me think but I think turning back now would be trapping myself for life.

Since Asthandile had left I had not bothered to check if she was really gone. What for? She said bye. She had hit me too hard. Women are mysterious people indeed. I had to cover my bases though. I decided that I must call Khanyi and tell her of this development. I had the distinct impression that her next stop as soon as she could was to go attack Khanyi at the office. That would be epic though. Two women fighting is hot... just saying! I did not know her number by head so I had to look for her. When she phoned earlier she had used the hotel phone so I decided to use that too. She picked up immediately.

“I was hoping you would call,”

She said as soon as she picked up. This woman had no chill.

“Is everything ok?”

She asked.

“Yes but...”

Something stopped me, I could smell fire but where fr...

What the fuck?

I ran outside only to be stopped by the garage door by flames And it was spreading really fast. It was as though there was an accelerant!

What had Asthandile done?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 128

There is nothing that evokes fear more than a fire because all of us have been burnt at some point. It hurts and we know what it does so when someone cries fire we know what we are on about. It is not child's play and normally it happens in Joe Slovo Informal Settlement which is actually not too far away from here. Fire is something you really see in the suburbs but regardless we all stir. Now it was in my home. First there is panic then there is action. When you are in a neighborhood or estate and scream that you are being robbed or raped even, no one comes. Black people are not curious like that! We don't want to get involved nor be seen as part of the problem. Scream fire on the other hand and see how quickly we jump to his or her aid. Why? Simple, we don't want the fire to spread to our own homes because most likely we are not insured meaning we will lose absolutely everything. I screamed as loud as I can that fire and true to what I had said people immediately started coming out. The security at the gate called the fire department. This fire really was possessed by Lindiwe's ghost because most of the 'white' neighbours came out with fire extinguishers to fight but failed. The black neighbours (inclusive of Coloreds) we had hosepipes but the flame would not die. Eventually the fire department came but it was too late. In fifteen minutes the house was down. It was over.

I looked at the mess that I was certain Asthandile had done. This is bad. This is really bad. I sat down on the side skirt of the road. You cry. The tears just come. It was not even my home yet I was this devastated.

Everyone just looks at you because they don't know what to do. There were so many people around us but I

had never felt so alone in my life. People were staring at me as though I had shit my pants. I did not not know anyone here because I was a guest myself. The fire department group leader on site came to me.

“I understand you were in the house! That was a close one!”

He said. Close? That’s wrong. The house was gone and there was nothing more to it.

“What caused this?”

I asked with a hoarse whisper.

“Come with me!”

He said as he pulled me up from my ground sit. It was painful walking through the shell that was the house. He walked me to some exposed wires in the garage.

“It was most likely an electrical fire sir! The wires am looking at suggest that but obviously a fire investigator will say more!”

He said,

“One thing is certain though, you were very lucky because your garage was open meaning the fire went out as opposed to being inward. If that was not the case you would have been trapped inside and most certainly dead!”

I swallowed spit, scratched my head and sat down! He tapped me on the shoulder then walked away. Fuck, it was about to rain!

I had lost my car but insurance am sure would cover it but Khanyi, poor her, she had lost everything and now I had to call her!

Where do I even start?

I had been on the phone with and hung up when I smelled the fire. Funny enough she had not called back when I did. She picked up almost immediately and said,

“Sorry I didn’t call back, I was about to but I got another call and blah blah”

She said. She was obviously cheerful so what ever phone call she had received it had put her in the right spirit,

“Khanyi I have some bad news...”

I said when she kept quiet,

“What’s wrong?”

She asked,



“I ddont know how. To say this but the house, your house, burnt down!”

She paused then she went totally quiet I thought she had hung up,

“Hello!”

I said.

“I am still here! Was Asthandile there today!”

She asked very calmly.

“Yes but the fireman said that it...”

I responded trying to explain but she hung up. I think there was about to be a showdown. Had I just thrown Asthandile under the bus. Why would she think she would do something like that though. Fire is not something we play with as black people. It’s not us! Ten minutes later I got my response. My phone rang, it was Asthandile.

“What the fuck Mxolisi firstly how do you burn a house down then secondly how do you then blame me for it? Is that really how low you think of me? I can’t believe you would think that low of me!”

She said before she hung up the phone. I was not even given a chance to speak.

Where was I going to sleep tonight but more importantly, must I tell the police and investigators my suspicions?

This could mean jail for Asthandile and for a long time at that!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 129

There is a school of thought that when you divorce your wife you hate her. It is supposed to come naturally with the divorce settlement but I believe that’s a white people thing. As black people we often don’t hate each other because somewhere somehow your extended families integrate. Logic often dictates that don’t entirely close that bridge. I decided against sending her an sms because that is something that can be used against her in court. It’s a good thing that she had called too instead of sending me an sms. Now more than ever I had to sleep at home. My wife if a court was to charge her had both motive and opportunity. The security cameras at the gate would prove that she was there just before the fire and worse the fact that her husband was sleeping at her friends place. Any court would eat that up. What was I supposed to do? I was running in circles here to be honest because I needed to get rid of this woman once and for all but not like this. One of the neighbors offered to drive me and I asked him to take me to Rosebank, where my house was.

His name was Bhejane and he said he worked for the Parliament as a communications officer. I could see he was avoiding the fire topic because I was rather down. He started telling me about the spoilt nature of members of parliament and how all this drama was a wake up call for them. By drama I think he meant the boys in red giving the rest of the parliamentarians a run for their money. I could not help but wonder why in this moment, at this time, this was relevant. It was not. It really was not! Maybe if I was discussing politics then yes he had a good point but I was not. I guess he was just trying to help me not think of my situation because that's the only explanation I had. When we got there my house looked deserted. It's as though no one lived here. I thank Bhejane and he gave me his card. He asked for my number and for a moment I thought he was hitting on me. Just kidding. I gave him. He said he was going to follow up on me and besides he might need a lawyer soon.

I open the gate and I walked in casually. The yard was a bit messy and I wondered if she had fired our gardener. I don't know why I felt like doing an inspection of the yard like it mattered anymore. It was filthy. This woman must go back to Mdantsane Sies! I did not need keys to the house because I still had them. Black people don't change locks, that's a white people thing! I walked in and the tv was on. Zimasa's books were on the kitchen table but she was not there. I decided to go upstairs.

When I open the door what I saw was enough to drive a preacher mad. There was my wife, sorry soon to be ex wife, on my bed, on her knees with a man fucking her from behind like the bitch that she was. I swear I froze. It took them five seconds to even notice that I was there. My feet would not move! I am not a pevert I just could not move. It was only when Zimasa opened her door, next door to this room mind you and said,

“Uhhmm!”

That they looked my direction and Asthandile jumped up I think almost breaking her boyfriend's dick because he held his member in pain. This right in front of Zimasa!

“What the fuck do you want here Mxolisi?”

Asthandile said trying to cover up. She was already red because of the sex but I am certain she was even more flushed now that I had caught her.

“You!”

I said pointing to the guy,

“Get out of this house if you want to live?”

I said angrily!

“No! Stay! My husband is the one leaving! He does not live here anymore!”

The door lay back in the bed.

“Lady of the house has spoken my bru! She has a sweet pussy too!”

Colored guys! They have a way of being fearsome when really they are not! I moved so fast and I punched him three times in quick succession. He stood up to fight back but I had anger and momentum on my side. I beat that man so bad by the time he left his eyes were closing because they were swollen. Guess what, Asthandile did absolutely zero to help him. Even Zimasa just stood there with her hands covering her mouth. I don't know why I was angry because I had left her but it was not even a week! In my house in my bed! At some point he broke free and ran out of the house naked as the day he was born. I turned to Asthandile! She clearly thought I had forgotten her and after seeing what I had done to her boyfriend she knew she stood no chance.

“Get out!”

I said to her.

“No!”

She said trying to be defiant! She had braids on So grabbing her was not easy. I pulled her by her braids and had a firm grip then I dragged her down the stairs.

“You are hurting me Mxolisi!”

She cried trying to break free! I was blinded by rage! I didn't hit her though. She was screaming clearly causing a scene! When I got to the gate I through her out as a police car drove up. In the back of their car was the man I had just beaten up still naked. He must have bumped into them as he exited the gate. One of the officers jumped out to stop me!

“What the hell do you think you are doing?”

He asked me throwing me to the ground.

“Officer that's my wife and I caught her in bed with that man! You can arrest me because if I catch her in my house again I will kill her!”

I shouted. I did not care anymore! I hated her! I wanted her dead! The officer stood me up and looked at the naked man in his car and the woman in a night gown clearly naked underneath.

“Ma'am is this your husband!”

He asked Asthandile who was crying now. She standing there and I was here still holding a few of her braids I had pulled out.

“Yes officer but he was not even supposed to be here!”

She said. The officer looked at her then me and said,

“I am sorry about the inconvenience sir!”

Let go of me, got into his car and drove off! Asthandile was left standing there, I was a bit confused also but I locked my gate and turned my back. People forget that police are human too! When I got to the house Zimasa was standing there not sure what to do,

“Should I leave too!”

She asked me,

“Sit down and do your homework!”

I shouted at her. She jumped at the force of how I had said it and went back to the table!

I sat down to think!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 130

A lot of women know that their men are cheating but because they have never actually caught him in the act, it is hard for them to just walk away. When you are married this feeling is worse because you are trapped by so much and it will take one hell of a push for you to actually get a divorce. Seeing your wife or husband having sex with someone else is like that someone taking a hot knife and piercing your heart with it. It is more than a betrayal as it actually hurts as though it is an open wound. That is how I felt. That moment you walk in and find someone on top of her. Now I understand why they are so many cases of murder after one partner has been caught in bed with another person. I thought I was going to go mad really. It's hard to come down from such heights of anger in seconds, it really is. I could feel my breathing eventually start to get lower and lower but it was still higher than normal. I hated this woman! To think I had thought of protecting her from the fire incident. To hell with her, she was dead to me! I know I was not overreacting because much as I had started the divorce proceedings, the papers were not even completely drawn up...or where they? This was a new man mind you, in her bed that is, which begs the question, how many men exactly was she sleeping with when we were married? I would not be surprised if it was more than the one I already knew! She had said she was pregnant, she was possibly HIV and yet here we were! She was dead to me and I meant that! Zimasa had to get a transfer and I was selling this house! It was not an overreaction I really wanted to leave Cape Town as far away from this memory as possible. Imagine walking into your wife, in your bed and catching another man in the process of fucking her like a dog. It's called doggystyle because when you sit down and are honest it's degrading and exactly how dogs do it! They did not name it that because they thought it was so sexy, they named it that because the image it portrayed was filthy! I called the lawyer I had seen, the one who Yolanda

worked for and he said that the papers were actually complete and could be served that week. I asked him to make sure that happens. He asked me where they should be delivered to and I realised that because I had chased her out that could prove tricky. I am sure he will make a plan though. I needed peace and this was it.

I told Zimasa to pack all of Asthandile's stuff. She was pretty stunned to be fair when I said that. I didn't smile.

"Are things really that bad where now you are moving her out?"

The kid asked me but very cautiously,

"I know she is a bit of a whore for what she did but surely there is a way back. You slept with us and nothing happened to you? She deserves to be punished because she got caught but that does not make it right!"

She continued. I am not sure if she was saying that I should dump her or what. I was quite stunned by her reaction as a woman. I am the one who had left the house, I am the one who had moved in with another woman and I am the one who like her had cheated on her making another woman pregnant yet she was adamant that the bitch or whore in this situation was Asthandile! Do women even know when to stand up for each other? I am certain if Dalu was to hear this he would tell me that by starting divorce proceedings against her I had made the first official move into breaking up with her. It was not my fault though, women are known to judge it's other more harshly so why should I care. The bitch was out that's all I wanted.

"Just do what I say!"

I said calmly. I went and lay down on the couch but I felt compelled to do something to make sure that there was no turning back. I called her father. I told him exactly what had happened and that his child was out of my house for good. He always acted as though his daughter was made of gold but for the first time I think after the disappointment of her marrying me, she broke his heart when he realised how cheap she was. I don't think he meant to say it but he responded by saying,

"Eish, how are we going to finish the wall at her grandmothers house if you leave her!"

I hung up!

People don't usually don't get it, their parents can be gold diggers too! I was not too perturbed about the father though because I knew that they were like that. Note how he did not even ask about Zimasa. Around 10pm I got a call from Bulelwa. I had not spoken to her in a very long time but I was quick to do the maths, she was with Asthandile.

"Is it ok if we meet tomorrow?"

She asked me on the phone. She sounded sombre. I told her that If it was about Asthandile then no I was not interested because that door was closed now. The divorce was happening and it was final. She said she

understood that much but still we needed to be civil and discuss before we make a mistake this monumental. I could hear Asthandile in the background crying.

“Ask her why she burnt down Khanyi’s house with me inside it?”

I said angrily.

“She did what?”

Bulelwa asked in shock!

“Oh so your friend did not tell you that she burnt down her other friends home? That is just great. Now you can sleep with one eye open!”

I said to her. I heard her say,

“How could burn down Khanyi’s house? Get out of my...”

The phone hung up as she was screaming. I wonder what was going to happen next... no I lie! Fuck her..

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 131

There is one asset that a couple that are divorcing often forget to acknowledge and this is how you divide your friends between the two of you. As with all stories there are two sides and usually no matter how neutral your friends want to be, a side is taken. Bulelwa and Khanyi were not my friends, they were my wife’s friends and if truth be told I did not want them as my friends either. However, with the way the dice was rolling she was going to lose them too. Now that Bulelwa had thrown her out where was she going to go. Don’t get me wrong, I was totally unsympathetic, in fact I was happy that she was getting what was coming to her. I am no fool, women like Asthandile are so beautiful that getting another man hooked will not take her long at all. Thus why for me her suffering now was satisfaction enough. Bulelwa has sounded really angry when she hung up so I crossed my fingers she would follow through with it. It’s funny how far we had come since that day they came swimming and where we were now! Life I tell you.

After that phone call I called my father again and this time he did not seem to defend her nor did he bring up his so called prophet. He was shocked obviously at what I had just witnessed. I intended to burn every bridge so that I would not at any point want to take her back. Once beaten twice shy. It was already evening at this stage. I decided to go double check the gate to make sure it was locked. I did not want her in my house. When I got back I looked for Asthandile’s phone assuming that in that scuffle she had left it! No luck there though! Eish! It’s fine though. The divorce was good enough for me, no need to torture myself even more with

unnecessary evidence. I had to call Khanyi though. To be honest I did not want to talk to anyone that day but I had been responsible somehow in her house burning down so I had to.

Zimasa came to me and said that Asthandile's father had called her and asked her to do what ever it takes to make sure that I do not break up with their daughter. She said they told her not come home if she failed. I could not believe. How could they do this to a seventeen year old? We do not want to acknowledge something as black people, when you live with a relative whose parents are deceased, you tend to abuse them! Zimasa's story was not as dire but it was similar. It did not take a genius to see that she was not Asthandile's biological sister by the way they treated her. Now she had to do whatever it takes. How deep is that? I told her that we will talk later I have calls to make. She stood there crying as I went upstairs to call Khanyi!

"I don't know what to do!"

She said as soon as she picked up, Khanyi that is. She had failed to get a flight back so she will have to arrive tomorrow. I was not sure what I would explain to her about exactly what had happened as face to face it was so different. She had lost everything!

"Where are you sleeping tonight?"

I lied and said I was sleeping in a hotel. How could I possibly say I was back home with all that had happened? It will be like slapping her in the face.

"When I get back I will have to call Bulelwa so that I can sleep at her place. She just tried to call me now actually but I missed the call and before I could call her you called!"

She said. O crap, I had just lied and said I am in a hotel and now most definitely if she called Bulelwa she would know that was not true. Honestly at times men tell unnecessary lies!

"I spoke to her today as well. I threw Asthandile out of my house and she ran to her place. Bulelwa called me asking if there was a way of Asthandile and I fixing things again and getting back together!"

I told her. I could always say yes, I threw her out but I could not sleep in the same house with her.

"Why did you throw her out?"

She asked a bit confused,

"I thought you said you did not want that house anymore so what were you doing there!"

That was easy,

"I had to get clothes. When I walked in I found her in bed with some small Colored boy!"

I said.

“That must be Gabriel...”

She said on her side almost instinctively!

“Wait, you know him?”

I said shocked to the core! What the hell was happening here.

“Never met him but Mxolisi stop being stupid! You are a lawyer for crying out loud act like it! All those late hours you kept at the office whom do you think was entertaining your beautiful Asthandile? Why do you think she was often too lazy to get fucked by you? It is because she was already satisfied! In that very same bed you would share that night!”

She said in what came out as more of a snap! I felt the air sucked out of my room as now obviously I tried to remember how often she refused sex. It was too often to count! Sometimes however she would relent after I begged her or showered her with presents!

O Crap!

“Yes I know what you are thinking right now...”

Khanyi continued,

“Where there times you slept with her after someone else had fucked her? Right, that’s what you are thinking?”

She asked me, I did not answer but it was exactly the thought on my mind!

“Of course! All the time in fact. think of everytime you smelled dettol in your bathroom. That was your wife after a session!”

I was stunned. I could not remember Dettoll but I could remember the amount of time she rejected me!

“The point is, get the fuck over her already! It’s getting old already. You a man for crying out loud! Act like it!”

She hung up!

How did she get to be the angry one though?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

Chapter 132



I wanted to punch the wall, I wanted to punch something, I don't know what but something. I worked so hard because I wanted to give my wife the best ever future. We had one salary in the house which means I had to put an extra shift. She supported this and even encouraged it. Fuck, now it felt as though she only encouraged it because it would mean that she had spare time to get people to come to the house I was paying for and sleep with her. Dear God! How many times had I slept with her same day after she had slept with someone else? Did they use condoms? I wanted to throw up! She did not even have the decency of keeping it a secret as all her friends knew. I was the fool. I was the idiot. When they looked at me I am sure they laughed at me. I was pathetic. Playing Mr. Lawyer there when ndiya tyelwa! It's what I call eating humble pie.

“Zimasa!”

I shouted. She came running and asked what was wrong.

“I am hungry make food!”

I said. It was already 930pm and I had refused before but who cares! She could see my anger and feel it. Poor child had school the following day.

“What must I make?”

She asked,

“Why the fuck are you asking me? You live here with that whore of a sister so make a plan!”

I barked. I was so angry I could have hurt her. I don't know what had gotten into me but when I looked at her all I saw was Asthandile. Zimasa came to stay with us because she was already known for sleeping around so the gene clearly was in her family.

I found myself sitting on the couch yet again thinking about God knows what!

I won't lie, I have to share most of the blame for this divorce not coming through. I have more excuses than Pitso Mosimane and that's saying a lot. Divorce is not something you just do no matter how bad things are. People who have never been married or people that are dating only seem to think that when you are married you can just dump a person. How many times have you heard of both men and women standing by each when one is accused of crime inclusive of murder and rape. It's not weakness or a bad heart, lack of conviction nor cowardice but rather the fact there is that overwhelming fear of abandonment. Don't take love so cheaply and for granted. Some times you fight for the marriage because indeed it is worthy of fighting but other times as in my case, you finally come to your senses and pack your bags and find the road. That think line for me had been crossed. I hated her. I wanted her to go drown in Jackzorro's and KayVee's tea spoon for all I care! That's was what I wanted and one more thing, I was never going to get married again! Women are shit and yes they tell us constantly how bad we are as man but cut the bullshit, in the last ten years for a sheer lack of pride

and self worth, women are just as bad as men. 50\50 has never meant more than it does now and Asthandile was not one of a kind, she is one of so many! Phew, needed to vent!

“The food is ready!”

She said to scared to look me in the eye. The poor child had made me bread and eggs. I was about to bite her head off but I could see the fear and exhaustion on her face.

“Thank you. I am sorry I shouted at you earlier!”

I said. The way she ran so fast to her room made me feel so ashamed! She did not deserve for me to take it out on her. I went to bed soon after but with a heavy heart. Not in that bedroom of course but on the couch downstairs.

In the morning I decided to drive Zimasa to school because I still had so much guilt in me. I was going to be late for work but I had to. She was very nervous about it but did not dare to refuse the offer. I gave her r100 for the days pocket money which was a lot if you consider she only got r500 per month pocket money. I saw Ezile and she waved. Her father was the one dropping her off and when he saw he made a run for it.

At work the mood had lifted somewhat but when someone is missing you can tell. It was not the same. My personal assistant told me that my boss was waiting for me. What now? I was not interested in talking to anyone. I went to his office.

“Sit, sit, Mxolisi glad you came today was worried about this!”

He said as soon as I entered.

“Is everything ok sir!”

I asked him.

“Yes everything is fine under the circumstances. We have decided that Dalu and you are going to represent the firm at Lindi’s funeral!”

He said as though it was a good thing. This racist bastard! They were not even going to attend their own colleagues funeral. We were not the biggest firm and in fact they had worked closely with Lindiwe on many cases. She dies and they decide to send two black employees to represent her. I was so disgusted.

“No sir, Lindiwe was your protégé you have to attend this funeral with us!”

I said curtly and coldly. He saw I was not kidding and there was no way out.

“Yes of course I will arrange that!”

He said. These white people want to act as though we are things and not people. Someone had died! Now was not the time to expose your true nature. Bury her with dignity for goodness sake. She deserved a good send off. I was so annoyed.

“Just make sure you two prepare. That will be all!”

I stood up and left and it was then I remembered,

Lindiwe’s family wanted damages and after that little speech to my boss I now REALLY had to go there!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

### Chapter 133

I know we are not supposed to say this but nothing excites black families more than funerals. Two things happen at funerals, we get to spend money but more importantly we get to settle grudges! Maybe it’s the raw emotions of the occasion that causes that lapse of dignity and etiquette. Funerals are the one time you don’t want to be the wife to the rich uncle of that family because that is when it is often decided how so very proud you are and you must be humbled. That’s who we are and it’s a war burying someone you love. This is why I was not particularly keen on this funeral. This time the family did not have to focus on each other but on me. There was no evidence that I had made their child pregnant yet I was guilty as charged. That’s black people for you. Once they convince themselves that you have done something wrong they will not change their mind even if there is proof. There is this family I was watching on the news who lost someone in Nigeria when that church collapsed and even with DNA to match they still refuse to bury their sister because they don’t believe it’s her. Drama! I was not going. We are stubborn to the point of self destruction. I needed a plan and a plan immediately! I had not wanted people in the office to know this but I had to! It just came out!

“My wife just filed for divorce unfortunately. I cannot go. I have to attend to this!”

I declared boldly in my boss’s face. Dalu looked down in shame because it’s not really a nice thing to say that your wife is dumping you.

“I am sorry to hear that! I thought you were such a happy couple!”

He was being genuine and he was right. Uptight as she was, whenever Asthandile came to the office she was always super friendly. At a few office parties she would talk to everyone so it’s easy to assume that we were so happy. He was genuinely shocked.

“Looks like it’s me and you Dalu!”

Divorce is one thing every man understands because in our heads she will try and milk you for everything she did not work for. Her excuse is that she cooked and cleaned when truth is, you hired a maid for her to cook and clean and guess what, you are the one who paid her salary too! I knew my boss had gone through that so it was something that would win me the argument! Dalu looked as though he was about to say something.

“Speak man what’s on your mind?”

My boss asked him?

“She is divorcing him because he was having an affair with Lindiwe so he has to be at that funeral!”

Dalu said. He stood up and he walked out leaving my boss's jaw on the floor with shock! My jaw was not too far off either because what kind of a bitch move was that! He was my friend and he was doing this to me!

“Is this true Mxolisi?”

My boss asked immediately. I did not respond!

“If you do not attend that funeral you will be fired with immediate effect!”

He said sternly. He had cause too for dismissal. We had a company policy that actually forbade relationships in the office because the potential of the company being sued was not worth the risk. I know a lot of people argue that whatever they do outside of work hours is their business but the reality most men know is that if that relationship turns sour she will come at you with full force!

As for Dalu though...

This friendship was over!

Fuck all self righteous people! If I could make lightning to strike people like Dalu, the one I would be preparing for you tjoooo, it's probably still doing push ups! I don't when I had become this angry person but I think divorce that to you. I stood up and left my office to go straight for Dalu. He saw me coming and immediately stood up and motioned me to follow him. That was his mistake I intended to punch him but that most certainly would have gotten me fired. You can't afford to lose your job when you are getting a divorce!

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

I screamed as soon as we entered the basement parking? I was so angry at him.

“No Mxolisi, what is wrong with you?”

He responded.

“Your wife and you are getting a divorce which I know you do not want to share the blame in but you know you played a huge part in. A woman died you fool, a woman who was pregnant by your baby and you

happened to work with and now you say you will not be going to her funeral? Are you for real right now? You used to be a man of integrity and honor now you are this pathetic little shell. I am your friend and you can hate me for making you do the right thing but it must be done! It must be done!”

He said in defiance. Had I really become that, a pathetic little man.

“I take the blame everyday for the part I played in this mess!”

I said in response.

“No you do not and stop kidding yourself! Thinking about it in your private thoughts is far from the same as actually talking to your wife or whoever you choose to talk to about. How do you kick her out with no clothes on her back? You have become angry, clumsy and mood because you walk around carrying all this anger and for what? I am ashamed to know that you do not even want to bury Lindiwe, really mate? Really?”

He said.

“Wait Dalu, I told you about his family wanting me to pay damages!”

I remembered now that I had told him. When her brother had called Dalu had been there with me I think.

“Why don’t you want to pay? You made her pregnant did you not? So who is supposed to pay? Learn to take responsibility for your actions and stop blaming everything on others because you are only embarrassing yourself!”

He said and walked out of that basement. Had I just brought this man here for my own intervention.

I was going to the funeral but not because of Dalu, but because I did not want to lose my job. Something also hit me, how did Dalu know I kicked Asthandile out with no clothes on like he put it unless...

It made sense,

When Bulelwa kicked her out she went to sleep at his place!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 134

It made so much sense that she had gone to sleep at Dalus place. He was my friend and in her head he could talk sense into me. In every marriage there is a couple you trust to counsel you when you stray of which Dalu and his wife had to be ours. I was not curious at all as to what she could have told them but was angry at Dalu. He could at least have told me! At my braai he had been there when things played out the way they had and a witness to how Lindiwe had died. In fact it was him who told me of the accident! Now he was giving her

shelter. I immediately called my lawyers for the divorce papers to be delivered as now I knew where she was. Thanks Dalu. He said it will be done within the hour. Best news all day. I did not get to savour the moment though. Had more pressing issues. Khanyi called and said that she had arrived in Cape Town. I had almost forgotten about her. She had left her car at the airport so she drove straight to her place to see with her eyes what was left behind. I also drove from work to meet her there. She got there before me and when I got there she was sitting in the car she'll shocked! It's hard to explain to someone on the phone hence why seeing it for themselves tells more than just a story. She was beyond devastated.

“What am I going to do now Mxolisi? I have lost everything!”

She asked me as soon as she saw me. She was right, she had! Losing your property to fire is not something you can take mildly.

I told her I would help her pay for a hotel because if she came to the house it would only cause more drama. She said she would not have come in any case because too much had happened she just wanted Asthandile and myself to stay the hell away from her. I was a bit shocked.

“Ever since I met your wife everything I touch has fallen apart. I am done. Please I beg you do not call me! Please!”

With that she left. Had that just happened? She was right in a way but I did not know how long they had truly known each other so I could not even judge whether or not she was correct. Too many secrets. I got a call from my lawyer saying that the divorce papers had finally been served. Best news ever! I drove home where I found Zimasa packing her bags. I asked where she was going and she said that she was too scared to stay here because she was certain I was going to beat her up at some point. I told her not to be stupid. She had school to attend and I was not going to throw her out. The decision was hers really. I am not sure I meant that but I had to say it. Why would I be punishing her for she was just as child at the end of the day?

My father called me saying that he had gotten a visit from Asthandile's family. He said it was her father and uncles and they had begged for them to meet Asthandile and I. I could hear that he was trying to be very calm and polite. I told him that I could not do this anymore so I would not attend such a meeting. I told him that I had already given her divorce papers and he said he knew that already.

“I have never told you this before, back when I worked in the mines, your mother cheated on me...”

He said cautiously. I am not sure if I was supposed to believe that and no, who wants to hear that their mother was a cheat! Come on now!

“I found out and when I came back she was not even staying at the house but with that man!”

I could hear the anger in his voice. This had to be true.

“I took my tjambok and I went to his house to get my wife. I beat them both up until the community stopped me! Imagine finding the woman you paid lobola for, gave a white wedding when I didn’t have a cent to my name, then she repays you like that, imagine finding her bent over his parafin stove cooking for him? It was a humbling moment. My wife, your mother came home and that fool turn out he had two other women pregnant at that very same time! One of them poisoned him eventually!”

My father concluded. Either he was a very good story teller or he had just told me his darkest secret. What was I supposed to do with that information? I told him I will think about it just to get him off the phone.

Two days later I had still not heard from her and I had tried to call countless times. I was on a plane headed for my doom no doubt. Dalu was right. Some demons you have to confront. Johannesburg from Cape Town is not that fair when you don’t want to get there. My boss had flown in on an earlier flight so I was alone. When you live in Cape Town I have to say it is quite a scary experience coming here. This is because whilst in Cape Town there are so many white people and Coloured people, Jhb has so many black people. I know I am black but Jhb makes you want to check if you are still carrying your wallet. Regardless of that though it’s not like Cape Town were people of color have to carry passes to walk in some neighborhoods! I can’t say therefore I was happy to be here. At least I got to the hotel in one piece. I just wanted to put my head down because I could not eat. My stomach was talking to me but I totally ignored it. So much on my mind.

I got a call. It was from Dalu. I ignored it but after he called five more times I answered! I should have switched off my phone.

“You can’t keep on avoiding me?”

He said casually.

“What do you want mfundini?”

I asked him. I was quite irritated by him because he was one of those guys in the past the community would have put a tyre around and burnt alive! He was a traitor who said what ever he wanted and when it suits him.

“I am outside your door open up!”

He had said he was not coming, now what? I went to the door and when I opened there he stood actually smiling.

He didn’t see it coming to be fair!

I punched him so hard on the mouth I actually felt his tooth break at the impact.

I closed the door.

Goodnight!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 135

I am not a violent man. In fact I find violence as the lowest form of humanity and should be the last resort. Some see it as weak I guess but for me fighting is the last thing I want. What for? We are so much better if we make love and not war! Dalu had crossed a line. Fine he never got into the kind of trouble that he would need my back up on but I am certain I would never throw him under the bus the way he had done me. If I needed help making excuses I would have asked him for it not as opposed to him not knowing what's good for me. I hated this. One woman had turned my life upside down. He knocked again and I told him to go away. He listened. Left alone to my thoughts I now had to worry about Lindiwe's family. I was going to tell them straight up that I did not have money to pay damages because the truth is we never had sex. Ok that argument sounds like an excuse and won't work. I was going to tell them that the baby was not mine how on earth did they come to that conclusion? That sounded better. Had she told them that I was her baby daddy? In the morning I went for breakfast where I found my boss and Dalu there. I could not possibly sit alone so I had to go and join them. It was so awkward. My boss immediately told me how Dalu had been stupid enough to assume he could take a walk in Jhb at night because someone tried to mug him. He had been punched in his efforts but nothing was stolen. He had not run to snitch on me then because if he had I am certain I would have been fired. With that said breakfast was just sombre. We all did not know what to say to each other I actually looked forward to going to the funeral. Eventually we got done and left.

When we got there my boss introduced us as from work. Someone went to call her brother because we had been expected as we had a part to play in the program. When they came to us, me especially because my boss had walked a short distance with Dalu to greet some colleague that had flown on their own colleague from Cape Town. Even the union had sent a representative. The brothers were big. Forgive me I must correct myself, they were huge! How on earth were these two gorillas born out of a woman? I looked at the mother, a tiny woman to be honest and honestly God is great! They looked like Nigerian bouncers and what's worse is that one introduced himself as Judas which just killed it. Did this tiny woman name her child Judas? It's a good thing he was big then because with a name like that he would get beat up every day in a white school! I managed not to laugh as I steadied myself after this bad decision I had made agreeing to come here. I have expected the other brother to be called Iscariot when he introduced himself as Lance. Yeah I know, from Judas to Lance! Speechless!

"I am surprised you came. Most people in your situation would not have come!"

The one called Judas said. Now that simply was not going to help the situation. He was being nice to me.

"Can we discuss in private because you sent me a message I was not quite sure what you meant?"



I said as confident as possible even though I was dying inside. He seemed confused but he agreed and the brothers and I went outside with them. Now I really had no one to defend me if these man mountains were to man handle me.

“You said I must pay damages but I would like to understand for what?”

Again they did not expect that.

“I understand my sister was pregnant and you were the father?”

I put on my biggest shock face and told him that I was clueless what he was talking about.

“Are you calling us liars?”

He asked me. I told him no but what proof did they have that I was the father. They took a phone out and showed me messages. It was Lindiwe’s phone. I was so shocked it was the last thing I expected.

The last message she sent read,

“I can’t believe you allowed your wife to humiliate me like that. I never wanted to come but I thought you invited me to be close to your baby but it...”

The message had remained a draft because it was not sent. I know this because I never received it. Was it coming to me? Or had she died in the car accident because she was smsing someone about me? The pang that went through my chest at that point! She had died because of me. Why did I have to suffer like this? Now I will never forgive myself.

“What do you have to say now?”

He asked looking at me,

“I don’t know what to say? We were supposed to discuss it that day but that’s just it, we never slept together!”

I said to him. I did not know what else to say.

“We don’t want your money. We just want you to name the child so that the ancestors will accept him. We were not asking for money. You can give us r100 just as a symbolic gesture. No one expects you to marry a corpse!”

He said possibly annoyed at the way I had responded. I had misread their intent but that’s why I said black families all have different laws and traditions. I accepted what he said and he said he would arrange it. That went well. Now I could breathe. It was decided that for us our boss should speak as he represented the company. He did not seem too perturbed by the idea because lawyers love to speak!

The funeral, well it was a funeral. We buried her and they were a few minor glitches here and there but nothing spectacular. I meant the uncles as promised and what started of as r100 ended up as r1500. All in all I had paid for my sins. My phone had been off and when I switched it on I had an sms from Asthandile.

I was flying back that afternoon so I already had everything in the rented car. As soon as we left there I headed to the airport. When I got home all I wanted to do was rest. That's all. I wanted to lie down and think of life. I was exhausted.

I opened the door to the house and I got the shock of my life. It was empty! My house was empty. The only thing left in the entire house was a tissue, tooth brush and soap.

Asthandile!

I picked up my phone and I remembered the sms she had sent which I had never opened. This time I did!

"I heard your woman is being buried to day. I came to pick up my things!"

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 136

The problem with this country is that when ever you bring out the issue of stereotypes no wants to look at the facts. I read somewhere that Xhosa women always feel victimized when it comes to being accused of going ratchet on men. I am from Mdantsane and any Xhosa woman who thinks this is an exaggeration must clearly just sit down. Xhosa women were made by God when he decided that his painting was done but boring, it needed a little flavour and drama! You can travel the breath of this country and I can guarantee you that no other tribe can bring drama like a Xhosa woman! That one I can stand before St. Peter himself and swear on it! Asthandile therefore was no exception even though I most certainly did not see this one coming. You know when I say I lost energy! This woman when you punched she punched back. She was really the type to poison you the way she was so sneaky. I found myself laughing. This woman honestly was the devils spawn! How did I ever find her really? Does marriage really change people that much because this was not the girl I remembered at all.

Most of our property was bought through the joint account meaning that my wife technically owned it too. No its not because I am dumb, when you are married, you genuinely believe that you will be together forever and rightfully so. Why get married planning to divorce. Love is blinding if that's the word to use. I could not accuse her of theft and win it but in the divorce on the sharing of asserts I could use it in my advantage. Being the whore that she was this was now a matter of no retreat no surrender! I called Zimasa to ask her what happened. She said that she had gone to sleep at Eziles place because Asthandile had told her not to come home. She said that Asthandile had spoken to Eziles father for her to be allowed to stay with them for a bit whilst she sorted out things. I was not at all surprised. She was always going to run back to any man who feeds

her. I had to go to the police station though regardless to open a charge. I know I had no case but I would have the proof that she took all the property. Insurance would also want to know as again all this I will be able to use in court when it came to sharing.

At the police station as my luck would have it I found the officer who had driven by the day I was fighting with Asthandile. He recognised me and even laughed when I walked in. How professional! Have you ever wondered how they recruit police officers? It's like they go and look for the rudest, uncultured people at times because that was uncalled for. I know am generalising but there are so many complaints about how police treat you in station than I care to mention. There therefore is truth in what I am saying.

“Eh chief I see you not chasing each other today!”

He said. That was his opening line. Wow. Lucky me! There is something called professionally people but who am I kidding, this is South Africa.

“I would like to report a crime please!”

I said to him. He looked at me as though he was expecting what I was about to say and said,

“Let me guess, she took everything?”

How the bloody hell did he know that? He could see the shock in my face and went on to say,

“Don't be alarmed man, we see a lot of that so that day when I didn't arrest you I knew you would get your ass handed to you! It was not because I was so charitable chief!”

This guy really was a wise ass. I maintained my composure and I laid my charge. He kept on making snide comments throughout but I just wanted to get out of there and go somewhere where I could rest. I had already travelled from Jhb to Cape Town hence I really did not need this.

I had no one to call. I could neither call Dalu nor Khanyi. That's how alone my world had fast become. I booked into a bed and breakfast. In the morning I will see what to do. I was not going to call Asthandile. That's what she wanted me to do. She wanted me to beg. No chance in hell that was going to happen. Maybe I should sell the house whilst am at it! Was that a good idea though? I had no reason why to stay here. I could get myself a flat or something.

It's funny how life goes at times. Around midnight, in the uncomfortable bed of my BnB I got a call. I intended to ignore it but because I had not put my phone on silent when I slept I had to pick it up.

“Am I talking to Mr. Sibani?”

A white ladies voice said so formally. I remember thinking to myself “what now” but I replied in the affirmative.

“This is Grooteschur Hospital your wife has been hurt rather badly we would like you to come in!”

I almost said it's none of my business but it sounded serious. I said I would come! What had she done to herself this time? Really? This was getting old. I took my time getting ready because she probably had inflicted this on herself. That woman was plain stupid and I don't say that lightly. As a man you are told you can't say such about a woman as it's abusive but what happens if it's true as in this case? When is it abusive? A whore whether male or female is still a whore because that's how you describe a person with multiple partners unless you are the president of course, then that's polygamy!

When I got to the hospital I asked around where to go. I was directed to the burn unit! Burn Unit? Did she pour paraffin on herself or something? I won't lie I was now genuinely scared now until I saw him, her former boss was sitting outside her room. Even from here I could see he had a bandage around his hand. I walked towards him and he stood up. He looked not sure what to do.

“She is in surgery right now they had to do something to her?”

Why was this thing talking to me? If we were not in a hospital I would have beaten him up again. I was getting used to this fighting business but I had to ask him what happen.

“She came to give Zimasa money as she was going to the Eastern Cape. When I was talking to her...”

He hesitated,

“My wife, my pregnant wife...”

I knew she was pregnant already why was he emphasising it,

“She came out of nowhere Mxolisi and she threw drain acid at us. She caught me on the hand but it caught Asthandile on the face and neck!”

My jaw just dropped!

I bet you didn't see that one coming!

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 137

Not the face! Have you seen how when women fight each other they target the face. Why? It's her passport, it's her ticket, it's her identity so attack there and get the first scratch in then you have one the fight. It's very significant. Even abusive men tend to stay away from the face because they know that one day when they are sleeping she will pour a pot of boiling water on you. Even the most cruel of men really try stay away from a face because it means a lot. It's like cutting the arm off someone who does construction. I think you get the point. I stood there and thought of a lot of things. With beautiful women (and I am certain ugly ones too) the

face is their most important asset before the brain or even dignity. Beautiful people love themselves just go to Instagram. All beautiful women have over a hundred pictures on Instagram and get so many followers because of that beauty. No wonder why they are so conceited. Their face is their male ticket, they get away with a lot because of that and no wonder why other women hate them. Men fight to get them, pay and take them on holidays simply because of their face. It's not about us respecting them for their intellect because usually it is not there unless they are educated. I say all this in an attempt to understand what could be going through Asthandile's mind at this moment. With the way this fool (her boss) had said it, the face was badly affected. She was screwed.

It's funny or maybe sad is the word how in all that had happened, I had forgotten about her, the pregnant wife. Why are people so cruel though, men especially? I had met her husband having an affair with a university student as well as my wife and not once had I thought of warning a fellow citizen. What is this Ubuntu bullshit is this country lies to each other about? No wonder why only now people are screaming Rhodes was white \Rhodes must go iits because we have no sense of community unless we killing foreigners. I should have told her. I was not a stranger. Her husband was sleeping with my wife for crying out loud. When you have an affair with a married person the number of people you affect are more than your selfishness can comprehend. That's just it. When they were doing what they were doing they totally disregarded her and myself. How did she manage to sneak up on them though? He was lying? She caught them in bed? There was no other explanation and what's worse, this time she caught them in her house clearly!

"You are lying to me! If you don't tell me the truth I am walking away right now and this becomes your problem!"

He looked at me and sat down. He put his head in his hands and said,

"Eish. My wife was supposed to be in Jhb. I was not expecting her till next week."

He started to explain. See, he needed no motivation!

"She did not tell me she was coming and by the looks of it she arrived yesterday. She caught us you know... She said some lady called her and said that she must come. I suspect Khanyi of course!"

He said with so much regret in his voice. This man was a serial cheat so why would he have regret.

"I didn't even hear her enter. Asthandile was on top that's why it hit her more..."

He kept quiet. Obviously I did not want all the details.

"Where is your wife now?"

I asked him. I am not sure if he thought I sounded angry or what but he shook as he told me that she had been arrested. I stood up to leave and his voice was the only thing that stopped me,

“Are you not even going to see her?”

He asked me I think surprised at the fact that I had come all this way and had not even made an attempt to see my wife.

“I don’t sleep with ugly women!”

I said and I walked out. What did this guy expect. He had just told me that she was riding his dick now he expected me to play husband. For most people cheating is now a matter of fact that’s why it means absolutely nothing to them. That’s why he expected me to be ok with it. I could beat him up right now, he had one hand after all but what was the point. I actually pitied them... nah, I lie! Voetsek!

I drove out and headed for the police station he had mentioned. I wanted to see this evil woman who had put a stop to Asthandile’s life. I was lucky that the police man in charge here was actually someone I knew so he allowed me to see her. That’s not before I paid a r100 for coke. Have you ever noticed that when these police ask for a bribe they say it’s for coke! Is it because they cannot afford coke I don’t understand and which coke is this that costs r100. When she was brought to me did not know who I was. I have never felt so sorry for someone as I did for her now. She was towards the latter stages of her pregnancy which made her look even worse. I could see she had been crying. She was not the victorius conquerer I had thought she would be having taught her lying cheating husband a lesson. Take a moment and consider how you woul feel walking into your own home and finding your husband fucking another woman in your bed, in your sheets and in your bedroom? I know how it feels because Asthandile had done it to me! When I introduced myself she cried.

“Please I don’t know what got into me! I was so angry I wanted them dead! Now I am going to jail for a long time. My baby will be born in jail!”

She cried.

“Why are you going to jail?”

I asked her which I am certain confused her to no end...

“B..b..because I poured acid on your wife!”

She said. I looked at her with the most sincere look I could master and I have never been more confident in my life as I said,

“You are not going to jail. I am your lawyer now and I will fight with everything that I have that your child will be born normal!”

I stood up and smiled at the confused lady,

“What kind of thank you would it be if I allowed my hero to go to jail?”

I said smiling and walked away whistling

“Hakuna mathatha ain't no passing phrase, it means no worries for the rest of your days, it's a problem free, philosophy!”

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 138

Women need to get over themselves because they are not the only ones that get scorned. They make such a loud noise as to how much we abuse them as though they don't abuse us? I sympathize, I won't deny it, at what women go through but why is there no one who ever questions what they do to us? I was not sorry when I heard that Asthandile had been hurt, even if she had died I don't think I would have been affected much and with that said I will also not apologise for my callousness. I was gatvol! When you get married many men will tell you that what your wife falls from being an angel to a devil. I know of so many men who will tell you how after work they don't want to get home early just to lessen the time they spend with their wives. Ladies, when your man is taking too much overtime, sometimes it's not that he is having an affair, it's because he does not want to be home with you. I know some will say that why not just divorce her then if you are that miserable but divorce is simply too expensive! Imagine the cruelty though, you can't even afford to dump a person. Life really has too many ironies. Meeting Asthandile's boss's wife had made me the happiest man alive homeless as she. Had done what I could not do. I thought of not calling her parents to tell them what happened but that would be too cruel. I phoned three times and I got voicemail. I called Zimasa and she too did not pick up. Where was every one? I decided to call Khanyi to ask her why she had told his wife. I just wanted some kind of clarity I guess.

“Mxolisi what is it? I asked you never to call me again!”

She said with annoyance in her voice as soon as she picked up her phone! She sounded like a woman with a bone to chew even though I had done absolutely nothing to her. She is the one who hit on me lest she forgets so she must get off her high horse.

“I wouldn't have called but why did you tell on Asthandile to his wife? Now your boss's wife poured acid on her and it's bad!”

For a moment she went quiet. I even thought she had hung up before she then said,

“What the hell are you talking about?”

I explained what had happened and she listened attentively which was weird because she was behind this.

“Mxolisi, listen here, when I said stay away from me I also meant that I am staying away from you, your wife and your drama!”

She shouted on the phone,

“I am not done! I got raped because of you, lost my house because of you, lost my dignity because of your wife and I put in notice at work to get away from my boss because of your wife and him so when I say I am done I mean it wholeheartedly that I want a clean slate!”

She preached!

“I didn’t ask you all that, you are just trying to confuse me!”

I reprimanded her! She was trying to confuse me with her stories. Imagine just a few days ago we were living together.

“I had nothing to do with what happened to wife! I did not speak to his wife! I don’t have time for childishness! Please leave me alone or I am going to get a protection order!”

She said and hung up. This woman thought she was clever. She had broken up my marriage and thought she could just walk away and go create a new life for herself just like that. Isn’t it how it always works though?

My phone was ringing and it was Zimasa. After that conversation with Khanyi I debated on picking up because I knew that it would be some kind of drama as usual. I did not want this. I had actually forgotten that I had tried to call her earlier. My heart would not let me though. I really was a sucker for punishment.

“I need your help!”

She said in tears. Why couldn’t this family just not leave me alone? I was suffering from Khanyi syndrome too!

“I have nowhere to sleep, please book me a bus to go back home!”

Stupidly I asked her,

“Why can’t you sleep at Eziles’s place?”

I asked her. Fine that was a bit presumptuous of me but considering that her mother was in jail it made sense.

“Because I beat her up. She is the one who told her mother that Asthandile was there now look what has happened!”

I was very confused. Khanyi had been telling the truth but had Asthandile really gone there when the girls were there? Had she no ounce of self respect left in her!



“Ok fine where are you?”

I asked her and she said she was walking on Main Road. She was at the not too far from Newlands stadium so I asked her to wait by the brewery. I picked her up from there and the child just broke down into tears.

“I don’t want to ever get married. If this is what people do to each other it’s really not worth it!”

She said. Now here was a realist finally. Dreaming about big weddings for what? I did try to reassure her that 10 percent actually worked and she could be that 10percent so she must not give up. That’s the truth they don’t tell you. I booked her a bus and it was leaving in the evening. She could not go get her things though because Ezile was not picking up. It was odd though, why was my wife’s boss more concerned about my wife and not trying to get his wife out of jail. My thoughts were disturbed by a phonecall from none other than Dalu!

“I think we need to talk! There is too much bad blood between us lately and that needs to be addressed!”

He said calmly.

“Can I come to the house so we can discuss this?”

He said.

“No you cannot. Your friend took all the furniture the house is empty. I am staying in a BnB so we will talk at the office?”

He asked if he could come visit aand I said no. I told him that I will pass, let’s rather do it at the office and he agreed. I was just trying to get rid of him. It was going to be a long day though. I took Zimasa to my BnB so she could freshen then I went to buy food. I was not taking her out. I was going to buy McDonald’s.

On my way back I got a phone call from an unknown number.

“Is this Advocate Sibani?”

The person on the other side asked.

“Yes sir it is!”

No one actually ever calls me that.

“I have some bad news, your client Mrs Nokwanda Ngwenya has had a bad accident. An ambulance has just taken her to the hospital!”

Who the hell was Mrs Nokwanda Ngwenya?

“We could not find her husband so she asked us to call you?”

My confusion was short lived though! I figured out who it was.

It was my wife's boss's pregnant wife!

"Prepare yourself boss, it's really bad!"

He concluded!

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 139

Have you ever noticed that for many people when you are unlucky in love you are almost always unlucky in so many other things. I don't know how quite to explain the bad luck that comes with being in bad relationship. Perhaps it is the fact that you are always angry, sad, crying or fighting your partner that makes you make bad life choices. Truth be told, marrying that person was a bad life choice on its own no wonder why I felt like such a failure now for marrying Asthandile. I am guilty of being a typical unoriginal black man who seeks beauty, yellowbones, big ass before brains. Yes am part of that shallow minded South African middle class black men who think light skin is beautiful before checking the substance in it! Asthandile was only doing what she was always bound to do...cheat! This yellowbones are a problem! They are constantly told how beautiful they are hence it gets to their head that they can get whomever they want and usually "whomever" is limited to the more money the better! What of Nokwanda Ngwenya though? What was her crime? This man had ruined her.

As fate would have she too had been rushed to Groote Schuur where my wife was. They were not in the same section though. Again I asked for directions and eventually I found where they had put her. Hospitals are so depressing I tell you. My wife was here and I had not seen her and here I was off to see the wife of what should be my enemy and the very same woman who had put my own wife here in the first place. This was a bit twisted. I felt more sorry for her than I did for my own wife and that did not make sense to me no matter how justified I thought I was. With no friends and her family so far away I am certain Asthandile must have been feeling so alone right now! She deserves it I guess, I don't know! When I got to Nokwanda's room her husband was there. I guess they had found him after all. Initially I decided to make a U turn but because I was already here and she was my client after all I went to see her.

"What do you want? This is my wife stay away?"

He asked me when he saw me! The nerve of this man! He was actually angry and I could see he was crying the hypocrite!

"Did you stay away from my wife? Did you not make her your scuffin?"

I asked him with an I don't give a shit attitude. I think that just provoked him even more!

“Look here man, why are you so angry? I was not the only man fucking her and you know it. We all shared her. You could not satisfy her meaning you most certainly did not own her!”

He said standing up to me. I really wanted to punch him again but we were here in the hospital there were too many witnesses! I let him run his mouth a while longer!

“You need to get off your high horse! You slept with both Khanyi and Lindiwe!”

He said which made me raise my eyebrows,

“Oh, you think I didn’t know? Of course I knew. Everytime I fucked your wife she would say so! I would make her say your name when I fucked her just for her to know how so fucken worthless you are!”

This man was on a roll,

“I know you want to punch me, or her for that matter but that will never change all the nasty things I did to her! Not one thing nor will it change the fact that you cheated too! You go around angry, chest pumped out like aa peacock when other men are handling your pride and joy!”

Too late! Before he said anything else I punched him so hard breaking two of his front teeth! It’s what he wanted! I walked in to see his wife. Even if she was pregnant she was not pretty enough to have wanted to revenge fuck so again this bastard had one over me. He was right about one thing though, I too had cheated on my wife yet I had made her crimes seem worse than mine! Oh well, she was not born with a dick and society and other women judge her worse than me.

That policeman had not been lying! It was bad. She looked as though she had been beaten up so how could he have said she had an accident. She had definitely been stabbed in the stomach but from what I think I noticed they had stabilized her. There was a glimmer of hope. I decided to leave and go see my own wife. Seeing this woman had just made me sad. I walked past the motormouth and he was bleeding through the mouth. He did not approach me again and I think it was so he could save his other teeth. Initially I had planned not too Asthandile but now here it was harder than I thought when I first looked at her. She had bandages everywhere and all I could see were the eyes.

“You can’t see me like this!”

She said as soon as I walked in and she turned around. I could hear she was crying but I could not see the tears.

“Please leave Mxolisi please leave! I have nothing to live for now. It’s my fault not yours so no need to lecture me!”

She said yet I had not said anything at all. In fact she was the one who had done all the talking. Seeing her helpless like this made my heart so painful. She was still my wife after all. It was my turn to have tears flow

down my face. My phone rang and my first thought was Zimasa! Eish I had forgotten about her. I picked up without checking. It was a man's voice! It was my wife's boss!

How did he get my number and what the fuck did he want?

"I hope you are happy! My wife just died!"

He said on the other side crying. I was tempted to say,

"You can have mine!"

But this was actually very sad!

Was this karma for what she had done to Asthandile?

\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 140

That news felt like a hammer blow! She was dead? Ah Dear Lord why though? Had this woman not suffered enough. I actually felt sorry for my enemy, my wife's boss because losing someone is not easy. It really is not. He had shouted that it was all my fault and much as I knew it was anger speaking he could have had a point. Dead! Imagine that. The world is cruel and this was something I had least expected. Going to jail simply is the last thing you should ever wish for! I told him that I was sorry for his loss but he was not on the phone anymore. Most men are like this, when you have her, you take her for granted, when she is gone, it is the end of the world. These are not crocodile tears but actual regret but in his case it took someone to actually die before he woke up! Too little, too late!

Life has a way of being cruel. The people that should die, like Asthandile have a knack of surviving and it's always been like that. The ones that die are the so called sweet ones whom life happened to them. Had she not gone to jail she most certainly have lived. Who was to blame though? The daughter that reported to her mother, her for taking the law into her own hands, the husband for failing to keep his dick in his pants or my wife, the mistress who wanted what did not belong to her or me, the man who had thrown out his wife eventually leading to this confrontation. I lost all the energy in my knees and I felt myself fall to the floor. I could not lift my body weight in that moment. I had met her so briefly but she had touched me so much I even wanted to represent her.

Ezile! That poor child. I called Zimasa immediately to tell her. She said she had not heard about it. She dropped the phone but not before saying she will call me back. Ten minutes later she called back and said Ezile

had not handled it well at all and that she needed to go be with her friend. All was forgotten at this moment. I told her to wait there because I was going to drive her. It had to be a very emotional and painful moment and with the father at the hospital someone had to be there for her. I found Zimasa at the BnB and she literally jumped into the car when I parked. She was crying. It's funny that with the way I wanted to distance myself so badly from this family, I was always drawn back in.

When we got there, there was a familiar car outside. By the looks of it they driver too had just arrived as she was still in the car. This was going to be awkward after the fight we had just heard. She did not see until I was literally outside my car. This is how people get hijacked in driveways, they don't have a sense of awareness to look at their surroundings something that will take them but a moment. I walked in with Zimasa as Khanyi got out of her car. For the first time she noticed me and she cursed out,

“Shit, really!”

She was quite annoyed that I was here. I walked into my enemies house for the first time and I must say his home was impressive. It's a fact what people say then that money can buy you anything including married women. This man had money by the looks of it. The house was beautifully furnished and even though I was not so aware of brands and so on I could see these things were expensive. That's the problem with rich people, they always want more! He had a beautiful home and a wife child and another on the way yet he had wanted more! Look were it got him! We found the door open and there on the floor Ezile crying. It was the saddest thing I had seen in a long time. Her father clearly had told her over the phone and now she had to deal with it alone.

“Aunty Khanyi! Help me! I want my mother back! Please Aunty Khanyi, please!”

She cried when saw Khanyi walk in. Khanyi had walked closely with her father so she was very familiar to her. She then saw Zimasa and jumped up into her friends arms. You would not believe that these two had just fought. Khanyi moved in and gave them a group hug. She sat them down on the couch and went to what I can only assume was the kitchen because moments later she brought in tea. Three cups, one for each of them and none for me! Very petty. she did not utter a word to me. It was interesting to note how very familiar Khanyi was with this house but I could not ask now as I was only causing more unnecessary tension by being here! I stood up and went outside. I needed some air. By right I shouldn't be here! At this stage I was craving a cigarette but I don't even smoke. Those people seem to find relief in the most stupid of vices and right now I needed that. I need a vice to fill up this pit in me. My wife was in hospital and I wished her dead! What kind of a self respecting man does that to a woman or another person for that matter? It's no secret I wished her dead. I really hated her that much.

“This is Dr. Masipa from Groote Schuur, I am calling in connection with your wife!”

He said. Was he calling to say she was dead, please say that I beGged my inner evil self!

“Yes Dr. What can I do for you?”

“Sir we have been waiting for you. We need you here to give us consent on a few procedures which will limit her scarring and the open window literally has fallen to an a few hours since you are not arriving! We can’t do this without you!”

He said and waited to hear if I was coming or not!

The irony was not lost to me though at this moment. My wife’s beauty was now in my hands! I had the power to make her decent again or live her like this forever.

How is that for revenge Asthandile?

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter 141

I am not sure how cruel a person I really am but when you are pushed into a corner then you are capable of finding the deepest darkest pits in yourself. When you are in your right state of mind there are a lot of things you say you will never do because you are such a good person but truth be told, unless you are put in a situation which challenges you then you are unable to judge what your true self would do. For one, are you willing to kill someone else to protect the ones you love? Are you willing to abort a pregnancy for the greater good? See what I mean, when you are not in the right situation you are unable to actually be objective on the matter because that added pressure to do something or else is not there. You start to think of getting arrested or being judged by others but in that moment all that goes away. Survival of the fittest instinct takes over. So many things had happened in the last couple of days it was not natural. I had to find a moment just to breathe to make things settle down. Not a moment to myself also meant that I was not at my happiest. Now I knew why a normal person can have a stroke. It’s too much work to just exist at times.

I decided on going to the hospital. All the way my heart and mind were telling me that I must let her suffer. That would be her penance for the woman who had died, Khanyi’s house I am sure she had burnt down, Lindiwe she had most likely killed and two marriages she had destroyed! Why did she get to walk away still looking like an angel? I almost stopped the car and went for a drink. Let her suffer for life! Let her! I did not want her anymore! Why should I care? Often forgiveness I overrated! When I got to the hospital, I sat in the car for what seemed like hours to be honest. I was torn between letting her suffer her own fate and doing the so called right thing and help a fellow animal in need! Yes I called her an animal! She deserved the SPCA the way she was selfish and mean. Ok fine, I was starting to sound like her. I was here now in any case. I went inside to hospital and found the doctor who had called. He was quite annoyed at how long I had taken but I

snapped at him and told him that I was here right? He needed to chill because he did not know that I changed my mind last minute otherwise I could have walked away. I signed my consent form.

“Are you not going to go in and see her?”

He asked me as he noticed I was about to leave! I stood there and looked at him with my hands on my waist and said,

“No! She is not my wife anymore!”

With that I walked out. I was avoiding seeing her because I knew if I did I will feel sorry for her and get emotionally attached to her situation. I wanted all this to be done with. Where was her lover anyway? When I got to the car I found myself stuck. I got an sms from the bus saying it had an hour delay. I sent Zimasa message and reminded her that this time she must come out with all her things. She said her battery was almost flat so when I come I must come in to call her. She had left her charger at the BnB. Nothing sucks more than travelling with a flat battery. I decided I was going to pick her up now so she could come charge her phone before she left! It was already 730pm when I got to the house and you would swear it was midday the way it was still so light out. That’s Cape Town for you. I tried the gate bell because I saw that he was back already and I did not want to talk to him. No one came. I called her but her phone was off already. I hooted but no one came! Crap, I had to go in and possibly see this loser again. I walked in and I had not even gone far when he walked out! Here we go!

“How dare you come to my house?”

In fact it was not even a question, more of an expression said with so much anger. I tried to explain what was happening to him but the man was already mad with grief. I honestly don’t understand people at times. Where was he all this time when his wife was suffering from his neglect yet now here he was losing it.

“I dropped off Zimasa earlier on am just here to pick her up man. Please let’s not make this worse than it already is!”

I said to him with my hands raised to up almost in surrender stance to show him I was not here for war. I really was not. Too much had happened meaning not every fight at a time like this can solve anything!

“Worse? How worse can this get? My wife is dead you stupid fool! This is worse!”

He shouted at the top of his lungs. Why was he screaming though? This guy had serious issues. It was definitely time for Zimasa and I to leave.

“I will be out of your way in a minute!”

I said calmly making sure I did not let this time bomb explode even further. He was not done though!

“I am not like you! I have so many mistakes but I love my wife! I lost not just her today by my son who was in her womb! That is two people in one evening! Then tell me how that is not worse! How dare you even say that?”

He said angrily.

“I am sorry I used the wrong words. Please just call me Zimasa so we can leave. You have a lot to deal with so I don’t want to be in your way.”

He looked at me for a moment and I even thought he was going to fight again but he didn’t. He actually went still and seemed to have calm down. At least.

“Stay here! Don’t come any closer to my house!”

He said which I think I understood at this moment and I was not going to fight. As soon as he left my phone rang! Finally my wife’s parents were calling back! Where had they been all this time?

“Mxolisi what do you want? We get it you are leaving our daughter so stop calling us!”

Why was everyone fighting me today though? Why?

“There had been an accident!”

I started. I told them what had happened, in detail how another woman had caught her in bed with her husband and the acid. Everything. They were so quiet as I did so all I heard were groans and then tears. I guess the truth hurts. Where had they been though? I am certain they were going to find her a new rich husband!

I thought I heard something so I turned to face the gate but whilst still explaining. That’s when I felt it. Something pierced me from the back. I could actually feel the plunge of the knife as it went inside me. As it sank deeper I am sure it cut something as I lost all energy. That bastard! He was now trying to murder me! As I fell to the ground I remember thinking, I had not even gotten to divorce my wife and here I was leaving her with everything. This is how I started my story, how I never divorced my evil wife! The only way of escaping her was death.

As my knees hit the ground, I turned to look at him, my attacker! This man just knew how to make mistake after mistake.

It was not him, I saw females legs. It was Ezile, no, maybe Zim...

I could not breathe properly and I choked on my own blood,

The legs moved forward I think to finish off,

I passed out!



\*\*\*\*\*The End \*\*\*\*\*

