

My phone rang and when I noticed it was Siphon I picked it up so fast. He told me he just found that his wife of 7 years has been sleeping with her colleague for the past three months OMG!! What worries him more was she was pregnant and he wasn't sure if he's the father. I listened attentively as Siphon told me his problems. At some stage I thought he was gonna cry. I have known Siphon for quite some time. He was 10 years older than me but we became very good friends when I moved to Pretoria 2 years ago. We come from the same hood in Ga-Kgapane, Tzaneen in Limpopo. He was friends with my uncle when I was still a kid. He used to give me money and buy me presents because 'I was a cute and clever kid'. Whenever he was home he would pick me up at school...and my friends would be so jealous. My uncle always warned me that when my boobs grow he will never allow him 10 metres near me, Little he knew was I had a 'baby crush' on him. It happens to most girls as part of growing. My classmate had a crush on my dad and it pissed me.

To be honest, I never heard Siphon so sad and down. He told me how he was there when his wife lost her job. He made sure she had everything most women can only dream of. To make matters worse, she didn't even deny it when he confronted her. I only met her twice or three times. She's one of those yellow bone Xhosas from East London. Siphon asked if he can come to Sunnyside to clear his head. Oh, I forgot to tell you. I stay in Sunnyside at a flat called Flamarion, Joubert Street. It's not far from the popular pub, House 22. I'm a nursing student doing my 2nd year. You should see me in uniform...I look so sexy, a sexy yellow bone from Limpopo. Whoever told you Limpopo doesn't have yellow bones lied to you! Unless if he was talking about girls from Malamulele lol.

I told Siphon I was about to study but he could come. It took him less than 30 minutes he stays in Centurion. My roommate was at home in North West, so it was just me, myself and i in the flat. I asked Siphon if I can offer him a drink and he asked if I have whiskey. I laughed cause the last time I checked he didn't drink. I told him I only have Four Cousins Sweet Rose in my fridge and he said I can pour him a glass. Most black girls from Limpopo love Four Cousins. Maybe it's because it's cheap. I poured myself a glass too. He started telling me about his marital problems and how he

never cheated on his wife. The more glasses he drank the more emotional he got. He was standing next to the window and when he turned to look at me I saw tears flowing on his face like Victoria Falls. I stood up from my bed and gave him 1 of those warm hugs It lasted for about 2 minutes and the next thing I felt something moving on my thigh. Shit!!...did I just turn Siphon on? I was a bit embarrassed, I looked at him and he kissed me on the forehead, I wanted to push him but something happened between my legs. I must confess, it takes only 2 glasses of wine to make me tipsy and horny. Siphon kissed me and I kissed back. He didn't waste time, he took off my t-shirt and pushed me to the bed. I wanted to say no but the wetness down there stole my words. I mean Siphon is married and he's like an uncle to me. What the fuck was I doing? As I was digesting what was going on, he took off my little skirt and quickly took off his clothes minus socks. Whooooooooo....ja it's true what they say about men from Limpopo lol bundu if u ask me! His dick was twice my nerd bf's. I got wetter & wetter, I asked him if he has condoms and he said he doesn't carry them because he doesn't cheat. Nxa...wtf was he about to do with me?

As he was about to get on top of me to do what Limpopo men do best, I heard a key turn at the door.

Shit....WTF

THE END

Episode 2

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I normally hate the F- word but at that moment it was the only word I could think of. I was panicking because I didn't know who was at the door trying to unlock. I mean, my roomie was in NW and she's the only person who has a key to our room. Men will only be dogs when coming to sex. Instead of getting off me he whispered "I won't be long. It will take only 10 seconds". Shit I was so annoyed at him at that moment. No wonder his Xhosa wife cheated on him. What kinda man comes within 10 seconds? I pushed him so hard he almost fell. Everything happened within seconds. I looked at the door and noticed my key was still in the keyhole, therefore the person trying to unlock won't succeed. I gave a sigh of relief. No one

wants to be ambushed naked in the bedroom with a man, especially if that man is someone's husband. I asked who's at the door and Kea answered "Ke nna. Kopa o bule Shaz". WTF is Kea doing in Pretoria? She's supposed to be in NW with her family. Why didn't she tell me she's coming back? I told Sipho to get dressed and sit on the bed and pretend he was never naked or saw my wet pussy. I could see his dick was still up and hungry, I even saw some colourless liquid oozing out of his hard cock. They call it pre-cum if I'm not mistaken. I quickly dressed and headed straight to the door to unlock for Kea. When I opened Kea was so happy to see and gave me a hug. It was so awkward cause I was still wet and her presence spoiled my fun nxa.

As soon as she got in Sipho announced that he's leaving and apologised to Kea that he's not leaving on her account. I could see he was so mad at her for disturbing lol. He stood up and left without even looking at me. As Kea was unpacking her bag I noticed Sipho forgot his underwear on the floor. Luckily it was next to my single bed and Kea didn't see it. I quickly kicked it to hide it under my bed. This Sipho dude thou, what kinda man wears those old-fashioned undies called 'shortpen' in 2014? Maybe they are still the in-thing in Limpopo. Kea told me she had to come back early because she has an interview for call centre job in Centurion. Most Tswana girls make good call centre agents, they have beautiful voices. I listened to Kea's stories mostly about the church service the previous Sunday bla bla bla bla. Mxm I was so flippin' bored. I wanted a dick not bloody church stories. I liked Kea but we were so different. She is 22 and I'm 20. She's unlike other Tswana chicks I know. You'd swear she was a Venda chick. If she had to choose between life and church she'd mos def choose church. She loved her church more than anything on earth. She wasn't working but she contributed 10% of her monthly allowance to church. She was studying Psychology thru Unisa. I've never heard her talking about boys, not even her baby daddy. She only told me she has a 3 year old son. Like Kermit says, it wasn't any of my business who she shagged. I'm not one of those nosey girls who would pay \$100 for gossip.

My fone beeped and it was a Whatsapp text from my BF, yes my nerd BF Dumisani. He told me he's coming to drop the R300 I asked. Sometimes I didn't understand Dumi. I mean in this age of EFT's, eWallets and Cash Send nigga still preferred go becha ka letsogo. Kea said she's going to some Bible group of some sort. This girl thou, she just came back and already she's going to Bible groups or

what what. Mmmhhh on the other hand, her leaving suited me well. I know Dumi is not a big fan of sex but today wa nyela, I'm gonna screw the hell out of him. I don't even know why I'm in a relationship with this guy. He rather talk about how reptiles are cold-blooded animals and how 1-celled animals like amoeba were the first organisms on earth than give me a good fuck. We only had sex 5 times since we started dating in February this year. I didn't complain cause I got it somewhere lol. I loved him thou, my Zulu prince.

He knocked at the door 5 minutes after Kea left. I opened and after kissing me on the cheek he got in. I didn't waste time, I pushed him to the bed before he could start his reptiles kak talk. Before he could utter a word I was on top of him kissing his long ears and neck. Nerd or no nerd, I could feel tent erecting on his swagger pants and my punami smiled. I undressed him and let him undress me. I slowly kissed his lips and chin while my hand was playing with his soft balls. Step by step, my kisses and licking went downwards until I reached his hard cock. Compared to Siphos, his dick was a mere cigar but I didn't complain at that moment cause I wanted a dick badly. My mouth is so small but there was no difficulty putting all of it in my mouth. Dumi made some sounds like that of a dog barking "hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu". Then I remembered he's a Zulu boy...you know they love barking. As my lips and tongue were busy playing with his hard cock, I felt a shower of sperms in my mouth. WTF did this nigga just come inside my mouth? I can give any guy a BJ but fuck man, don't come inside my mouth. It's disgusting and nauseating. Sperm tastes like a mixture of raw egg and sea water. I never gave this nerd a BJ before I think it was just too much for him to handle. I quickly got off him and ran to the bathroom to wash my mouth.

When I got back to the bedroom Dumi was still lying on my bed with his eyes closed and smiling ear to ear. What fuck was he celebrating? Early ejaculation? What pissed me off was his dick was down and soft. Nxa men can be so selfish, just because he came he doesn't care about my needs anymore. My phone beeped and it was an SMS from Siphos, it read:

"I hate you Sharon. You took advantage of me because I have marital problems. You got me drunk so you can sleep with me. I'm glad we didn't get to do anything. I don't ever want to see you again, SLUT"

WTF.....

The End

Episode 3

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I didn't know how to react to the sms. I know they say black girls don't turn red when angry but at that moment I turned maroon. The yellow bone me turned into a maroon bone. I mean, this guy came to my place, asked for booze and started kissing me. Now he's accusing me of taking advantage of him. I was so mad at him right now that my pussy dried so fast like biltong ya kudu. He won't get away with this, that I promise. I will teach him a lesson he will never forget. Nxa he has a nerve. I looked at Dumi lying on my bed still smiling and I hated him at that moment. I actually hated all men in the world. All men are heartless and think they can mess with us and get away with murder. I screamed at him to stop smiling cause there was nothing to smile about. My screaming gave him a fright that he fell off the bed. The scene was so funny that I almost cracked. I remembered I'm so mad at men and I maintained a straight face. Sometimes I think this dude is not ok upstairs. Instead of standing up he kept lying on the floor like a hungry crocodile. His eyes were glued to something under the bed. I won't be surprised if he starts analysing the temperature under the bed. Nxa nerds can be boring sometimes. He slowly stood up and had something red in his hands. Shit I'm busted, Siphos 'shortpen' was in his hand and the look on his face was so pregnant. It's like he was waiting for me to confess. Now the funny scene turned into a horror movie for me. Dumi is not a violent guy unlike most Zulu men I know. If he was a Zulu guy from kwaMashu I'd be on my way Steve Biko Hospital or Two Mountains Funeral Services right now. He threw the shortpen at me and it hit my nose. I know it happened so fast but I swear I smelled urine on Siphos shortpen. Maybe it's time men started carrying wipes with them so they can wipe the piss remains on cocks. As soon as he was done getting dressed, he left without saying good bye. Lol this dude is such a drama queen. What happened to talking? Why is he jumping to conclusions? As I was standing in the middle of my room trying to brew what just transpired someone opened my door. WTF!!!! I wasn't in a mood for another visitor. Before I could see who it was, I saw 3 R100 notes flying all over my room. Shit, this guy is angry at me but he didn't forget he came here to give me R300. He just threw the money and left. He's such a sweetheart, a sweetheart with a small dick. I'm not a gold digger but I appreciate a guy who gives me money.

Now my mind went back to Siphho. I had to think of ways to punish him. How am I going to make him pay back? I thought about Googling 'Ways to hurt an Ex' then I remembered he's not my ex. A perfect idea dawned in my mind and believe you in me, I'm going ahead with this. You can judge me all you want, I don't give an Alexandra rat's ass. Siphho must pay for that sms. I'm going to his place to cause havoc. I took my phone and called JT. Oh by the way, JT is a lesbian friend of mine. Shim has been asking me out for days but I turned her down. I'm a believer of nature, positive and positive will never attract the same goes for negative and negative. I believe in punami + dick finish and klaar. Although I turned her off, she remained a very good friend of mine. She stays in Pretoria CBD at a flat called Nyasa by Andries Street...oh it's called Thabo Sehume these days. Nxa ANC and name changes. She picked up her phone ka 1st ring. This girl is such a boy. She was like "ola ntwana, o grand?". I told her I don't have airtime and I want her to drive me to Centurion if she doesn't mind. She went "you know for you I can drive to Giyani". Lol I was flattered, JT thou. I told her I'll wait for her at the robot Corner Joubert and Rissik and she said she'll be there in 10 minutes. I took Siphho's shortpen and put it in my bag and headed straight to the robot to wait for 'shim'. Within 7 minutes she picked me up and we headed to Centurion. What I like about her is she's not nosey. She didn't even ask what we were going to do in Centurion. Maybe she's Kermit's brother...ouch I meant sister. The security guards at Siphho's complex knew me well, I actually told him he looks cute few weeks earlier so I didn't have to sign in. I knocked at Siphho's townhouse and the Xhosa bitch opened and let me in. By the way, I asked JT to remain in the car. Siphho was watching news on eNCA when I got in. Hayi men and news thou. He reminded me of my dad. He watched news from 7pm to 10pm. He only gave us 30 minutes to watch Generations/Fire-rations. Siphho was so shocked to see me. I didn't waste time with greetings and shit. I took out the shortpen from my bag and threw it at Siphho and 'loudly' whispered "next time don't forget your privaties after good sex". The Xhosa yellow bone turned red immediately. She jumped on Siphho like Rey Mysterio of WWE. She hit him so hard I saw blood coming out of his big nose. That's what you get for messing with Shaz. I laughed so hard my thin ass released a warm fart. Siphho got a chance to escape and ran to his bedroom upstairs. Is this guy really from Limpopo? I expected him to show the bitch who the man was in the house. Now it was just me and the Xhosa bitch in the sitting room. She walked towards me with that 'I-wanna-beat-you-up-bitch' look. I felt so brave at that moment. She tried to hit me but I ducked and pushed her so hard that she fell hard

on her stomach. I was expecting her to stand up so I could finish what I started. I'm a Limpopo girl, I grew up eating pap and morogo as breakfast, not bacon and eggs.

She was wearing a white mini skirt and when she fell I saw the yellowness in her on her thighs. WTF, she was crying...crying as in someone who is in deep pain. Nxa Xhosa bitches and attention seeking faking tendencies. I walked towards her to hit her on the head then something caught my eyes, a red stain on her mini skirt. The pregnant Xhosa bitch was bleeding between her legs.

WTF did I just do...did she misc....

The End

Episode 4

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Maybe I should change my name to Mathata. I've been experiencing a string of bad luck lately. Maybe it's high time I went to Moria. Most people from Limpopo go to Moria when most things in their lives don't go well. I can always ask my lesbian friend to drive me to Boyne (Moria) right now. She did promise she can drive me to the end of the world. Seeing blood coming from between a woman's legs is some scary shit. At first I thought she was on periods but remembered she's pregnant. Part of me wanted to help her but I thought what if she grabs me and bite me to death. You never know with Xhosa women, anything is possible with them. I once saw them fighting for a piece of meat at some party in Centurion. Looking at her I could see she's in deep pain. I've never experienced miscarriage and don't know how it feels but from what I heard it's painful, both physically and emotionally. I ran upstairs to call Siphon. I screamed for him to get out of the bedroom and he replied "no, I'm not coming. Lethosa le le nyaka go mpolaya (This Xhosa wants to kill me). I told him she fell and she's unable to move. He unlocked the door and ran downstairs. I followed him with the same pace. Instead of helping her, he ran straight to the door without even looking at her. Then I remembered stories of Xhosa women beating up their men. I think Siphon was one of those men, a victim of men abuse. I screamed "Fool, your wife is bleeding from the pussy". I think that stopped him from running. He immediately went to her and asked if she's ok. This fool thou, he can see she's bleeding and he's asking if she's ok. She went "Sbhanxa ndini ndisezintlungwini. Ndiyafa kaloku" (You moron, I'm

in pain. I'm dying). You know a person is in pain when they use their native language. Siphon asked me to help him carry her to his car. I was reluctant for a minute but the look in her eyes triggered sympathy in me. I helped him to carry her to the car and as soon as we put her inside I told Siphon I'm leaving. I don't think he heard me cause he went to lock the house and opened the gate.

I remembered my lesbo friend has been waiting for me for over 30 minutes. It was getting dark and I had school work to do. When I got to JT's car she was smoking cigarette and listening to some kwaito song by Mapaputsi. This chick is such a man. She could read my face that I wasn't fine. When she asked what's wrong I cried and asked her to drive me home. She didn't ask many questions and within 15 minutes we were in Sunnyside. My phone beeped and it was an SMS from Siphon. It read: "I took my wife to Unitas Hospital. If the baby dies it's your fault. Hope satan eats you for lunch in hell".

I maintained a cool face cause I was not in mood to explain what transpired to JT. But deep inside I was burning and furious. Didn't he say he's not even sure the baby is his? When we got to my place I asked JT to park her car inside our garage cause I didn't wanna be alone at that moment. Although me and my roomie didn't have a car, our apartment was allocated a garage. When we got into the garage I asked her if we can just chill in the car for few minutes and she said "No stress ntwana". I told her to half-close the garage door cause I didn't wanna hear noises from outside. When she got back into the car I was crying. It was a bit dark in the garage but she could tell by my sobs that I was crying. She wiped my tears with her palm and said "Ntwana whatever it is, it will pass". She didn't even ask why I was crying. That's one of the reasons I like this girl. She asked me to get out of the car so she can hold me in her arms to make me feel better. What a 'gentleman' she is.

She held me in her arms for about 5 minutes without saying a word. I felt so warm and at peace in her arms. I softly whispered "JT, kiss me". It was like she was waiting for me to say that. She kissed me so softly and passionately and I kissed back. She made me forget about the whole Siphon drama. Her lips were so soft like the sponge we use to wash dishes and I kinda loved the taste of the sweet she ate after smoking. She did something I didn't expect, she put her hand inside my leggings and fondled my almost excited clitoris. This lesbian is so naughty bathong. I almost said "dawg stop it" but it felt so good I shut the fuck up. My

punami was getting wet and it felt so good. At that moment Mgarimbe's Sista Bettina was playing ka low volume in her car. When the 'samanyobinyobi' part came she went down and pulled my leggings down.

She used her long tongue to

THE END

Episode 5

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

You know there are things that you tell yourself you will never ever do. I never thought I'll ever let a lesbian see my punami. Now I believe when they say 'never say never'. I didn't even know how lesbians do it. My cousin told me they use toys. I always wondered why a girl would dump the real thing and opt for a toy. With all that has been happening to me lately, I wouldn't blame myself for doing what JT made me do.

She made me stretch my legs a bit so she could have a full access to my nanana. She squeezed my butt with her hands and said 'ntwana, ezi ya gago e causa havoc' (Babe, you have a fine ass). Lol that almost cracked me, I guess it was her way of talking dirty. She was practically on her knees while her head was between my thighs like a piglet on her mom's breast. Her tongue was long and a bit thick so when she softly attacked my clitoris with it, I felt like a little kid after receiving a new toy from her father. I've been muffed by several guys before but this lesbian was on another level. My body went cold... warm... mild... cold... warm... mild and I almost screamed like those girls on ETV after-12 movies then I remembered we are in a garage. She paused for a moment, I think to catch her breath and I quickly said "Don't even think of stopping now...don't you dare. Finish what you started". It was like I gave her a Red Bull cause she started licking with my clitoris like a cat lapping delicious milk. You know that nice feeling you get when you 'earbud' your itchy inner ear? That's how I felt at that moment. My cake emitted some discharge and it has never happened to me before. My whole body vibrated for about 30 seconds... I don't know how it happened but I found myself whispering "I love you JT, I love you JT, I love you JT" and she went "le nna ka o ncanywa ntwana". After those spasmic vibrations JT went up and kissed me like I have never been kissed before. Shit this girl is a muffing mafia. As I was enjoying

the kiss my phone rang. I ignored it, you'd do the same if you were in my shoes. The person called again and JT opened the car door for me to answer my phone. Nxa it was my roomie, she forgot her keys inside our room and she wanted me to open for her. Nxa this mozalwane chick doesn't have timing bathong. JT said I can go upstairs and he'll wait for me. I said no, he can leave cause I wanna study. I pulled up my leggings and opened the garage for my muffing mafia. With that we did our GOOD byes and I headed to the lift.

When I got inside the lift there were 2 girls and as they were getting out of the lift the other 1 said to her friend "chomi, were you eating fish?". WTF, I thought to myself, my pussy doesn't smell like fish. Maybe they were talking about a fish from Fish & Chips. When I got to 6th floor I found Kea waiting for me impatiently. Like duh, it's not my fault she forgot her keys. On the other hand, I was happy she bought supper for us. You'd swear this girl had a crush on Cyril Ramaphosa. She loved McDonald's like nobody's business. She asked me why I'm smiling and I told her I'm happy to see her. I couldn't tell her about the muffing mafia cause she'd probably call Mbhoro, Pastor Chris, Pastor Chifhiwa and all pastors to come pray for me. You know how bazalwane discriminate against gays and lesbians. As soon as we got in the room I took a bath and ate supper. Dumi called and asked if I'm ok. I told him I'm fine but can't talk for too long cause I'm studying. He said fine, he'll see me tomorrow. I wish he could turn lesbian tomorrow. I studied for about 2 hours and slept afterwards. I had a very beautiful dream. I was in Mauritius with some hunk and everything was just so cool nje. Maybe these are the kinda dreams people have after getting a super muff.

In the morning I woke up early cause i had a morning class. I hate Friday classes, it's so difficult to concentrate. I wished Kea good luck for her interview and left. I attended 3 classes and after that I headed back to my place. It was around 2pm and Kea wasn't back yet. Maybe she went to her Bible what what. I took a nap and only woke up when Kea opened the door. I checked my phone, there were 10 missed calls. 2 from Siphon and 8 from Dumi. I wanted to call Siphon but my heart advised me against it. He probably wanted to blame me for the miscarriage if his wife miscarried. I called Dumi and he said he was on his way to my place cause I ignored his calls. I told him I was sleeping and he said I must be ready in 30 minutes. We are going to chill with his friends at Industrial Shisanyama. The mention of Industrial made me hungry. Their fish is off the hook. I took a quick

bath and put on my favourite shorts, t-shirt and Tomy sneakers. Dumí came to fetch me and we headed to Industrial. There were 2 guys in the car. Dumí introduced them to me but I only caught the name of the 1 sitting on the seat behind Dumí. He said his name is Kabelo. He's one of those handsome yellow bones who would make you wet by just looking at them. Industrial has 2 parkings, the one by the Car Wash and another 1 is hidden at the back. Dumí chose the hidden 1. We went inside and drinks started flowing. Beside their delicious fish, Industrial is also known for the nice music they play. Around 10 PM Dumí's phone rang and he ran outside to answer it. Few minutes later Kabelo's phone rang. He also went outside to answer it. Now it was just me and the other guy. He wasn't a nerd like Dumí, we actually had a very cool conversation. While we were talking some guy wearing an EFF beret and overall came to where we were sitting and asked if he can have my number. I asked if he's too blind to see I'm sitting with a man and he left without uttering a word. Lol these guys think they can expropriate everything without compensation, including girls. It was kinda getting cold so I went outside to look for Dumí so he can take me to my flat to take my jacket. I looked all over but he was nowhere to be seen. I thought maybe he's in the car, so I headed straight to the parking. From 3 metres away, I could see there were 2 people in the car and it looked as if they were kissing. WTF...it can't be Dumí, he's too nerdy to cheat. My heart was beating heavier and faster. When I got closer I couldn't believe what I saw....

Dumí and Kabelo were

THE END

Episode 6

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

As women, we know men cheat. We get all angry and make all sorts of threats to our cheating men but we end up forgiving them. But imagine your man cheating you with another man, I'd die. I'm sure you all heard of the phrase 'all men are dogs'. In my mind Dumí was not one of those dogs. Although he denies it, I think I broke his 'dicknity' (breaking of a guy's virginity). Coming to think of it now, Dumí had gay tendencies. His room was very neat for a man and he has more male Facebook friends than females. He read magazines like Drum and Move, he

carried his man bag everywhere, he hated beer and preferred cidar. He hated sport except for wrestling. What kinda man watches a bunch of half-naked men with six-packs fighting? Shit, maybe I'm having exaggerated thoughts. As I got closer and opened the door I noticed they weren't kissing, Kabelo was comforting Dumi who was sobbing heavily. Dumi's head was on Kabelo's shoulder and from few metres away it looked as if they were kissing. When he saw me he started crying so loudly like Mawande when she first heard of Caleb's death. I was more than confused. What the hell was going on? Did Dumi find out about the muffing mafia? But that's impossible, no one saw us. I asked what's going on and Dumi couldn't even talk. I opened the door behind the driver's and sat inside the car, still fucken confused and panicking. What if Dumi's doctor called him to tell him he is HIV+? This guy came inside my mouth? Can I contract HIV via a blow job? My mind was wondering all over and I started panicking. Then I remembered doctors prefer to do it face to face. I don't know why but I joined the crying. I noticed many girls do this and start from early age. I remember when I was still 7 I once found my aunt crying in her bedroom and I joined the crying without knowing why she was crying. When I asked why she crying she said her boyfriend broke her heart. I was so confused before I didn't see any blood on her t-shirt. Kabelo said he'll leave me and Dumi in the car so Dumi can tell me what happened. Now the confusion turned into fear. Why would Kabelo give us privacy? This means whatever happened had everything to do with me. Did Sipho find Dumi's number somewhere to tell him I killed the unborn baby? OMG!!!! At the moment I felt the womb of the earth open and let me in. My temperature started rising and I got out of the car planning to run. Dumi asked where I was going, his voice was interrupted by heavy sobs. Oh, now he can talk??? I said I'm coming to sit on the front seat. It took him about 5 minutes to finally calm down. He went "Baby, the ... the, the call..." He kept quiet for about 30 seconds and I thought this guy was deliberately trying to torture me. Is he talking about the call from Sipho? He continued "the call I got was from my sister. My parents were involved in a car accident. My dad is no.....more and my mom is in ICU". Part of me was relieved it had nothing to do with me but I started crying. It's not nice lose parents. Both my parents were still alive but I don't think I'll cope if one of them divorce the earth. Kabelo came back with the other guy and asked Dumi to sit ko back seat cause he couldn't drive in that emotional state. I sat with Dumi at the back. He's such a mama's boy. He lay his head on my breasts and I almost got 'excited' then I remembered he's mourning. It kinda made me feel bad. When we got to Dumi's

place he told us he wants to be alone to deal with the pain. He asked Kabelo to drop me at my flat. I told him he can't be alone in that state and he said he'll be fine. He asked Kabelo to bring the car in the morning tomorrow cause he must hit the road to KZN. With that, me, Kabelo and the other guy left. Kabelo asked if we can drop the other guy first and I said cool. We dropped the guy at some suburb just after Hatfield, I'm not very familiar with East suburbs. Now it was just me and Kabelo in the car.

We drove in silence until we got to Sunnyside. When we got to my place it was around 12am, in Sunnyside 12am is like 5pm. People were still going up and down. Before I could say good bye he said "I don't feel like sleeping. I'm scared I'm gonna have nightmares". I didn't say anything. And he asked if mind to go have 1 or 2 nyana at House 22, just to ease the pain. I was reluctant at first but I thought, it won't hurt. I also wanted to mourn my 'in-law'. You know most black people run to the bottle to ease the pain. I asked him to give me 5 minutes to go to my flat to get something warm to wear and he said sharp. When I got to my room Kea was not there. She left a note on the fridge. It read: "roomza I'm going to All Night Prayer ko Mamelodi. See you tomorrow". Do people still do this fridge note thing in this age of Whatsapps and BBMs? Maybe her pastor told her social networks are things of the devil. I put on my jacket and headed back to the car. It's only a minute drive from my place to House 22 and when we got there it was still packed. Do people ever sleep in Sunnyside?

I saw some bitch I once shared a bf with back in Limpopo and she gave me a funny look. I returned the favour and she faked a smile. Her name is Maite but apparently she calls herself M-Tee these days. That's how hoes from my hood roll when they get to big cities. She was with some dark big-bellied guy wearing an ANC t-shirts and drinking Jameson. I guess he's 1 of those small time tenderpreneurs from Limpopo. Their bench was the only one with a sitting place. We had no choice but to sit with them. She went "Hawu Shaz, how are you mokgotsi? O skaars jong". I wanted to tell her to drop the act cause I knew she was faking it but I didn't want Kabelo to see the bitchy side of me. I noticed most girls from small towns and villages don't talk to their home girls when they get to big cities. They'll be going "I don't have time for haters". Lol why would I hate someone who goes to Jeppe college? She introduced me to her BF, Never-die from Giyani. I almost cracked. Tsonga parents give their kids funny names. I went to school with some Tsonga

chick called Next. He said I can call him Nerves. I introduced them to Kabelo and we started drinking. I think Kabelo was one of those weak guys, by 2am I could see he was sloshed that he struggled to walk. Luckily I didn't stay far, I wouldn't let him drive me in this state. Maite and Never-die announced that they are leaving, I told Kabelo we should do the same. Yerrrr he was driving kak, luckily we weren't far from my crib. He parked the car outside my flat's pedestrian gate and said he'll sleep in the car. Ncoooh, what a responsible guy!! He knew he was too drunk to drive. I told him my roomie is not around. He can sleep over if he doesn't mind. He'll sleep on my bed and I'll sleep on Kea's. He locked the car and we went up to my room. Within 10 minutes nigga was snoring. I took off his shoes and socks. One of the reasons I hate drinking wine is that it makes me horny. My pussy was so wet, I tried to play with my finger but I made the 'craving' worse. I even thought of calling the muffing mafia but it was almost 3am. I looked at Kabelo and asked myself what would happen if I unzipped his pants and played with his cock? Would he get a hard on in a 'black-out' state?

There was only one way to find out...

THE END

Episode 7

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Most people seem to think only men have a right to crave for some action. And many old-fashioned men think only men can initiate sex. Men are so selfish, especially those who go to traditional African churches, I won't mention names. I was dating some guy by the name of Matome from Jane Furse in Limpopo last year...oh Matome. He had a huge dick for days and he could shag me until my pussy blushed. He's one of those guys who drank Ultra Mel and peanuts everyday. I used to sleep at his place on Wednesdays cause it was his 'off-day'. One day he went to bed early while I was watching Muvhango. So when I finally joined him I decided to give him an ambush blow job in his sleep. Nigga jumped off the bed with the first lick. He went "tjo tjo tjo tjo...Ye ke meleko straight. O dia bjang? O nagana o mo Diplomat neh?". While saying that he took his church uniform and hid it in the closet cause he believed the devil sent me. He told me to take my stuff and voetsek cause he didn't have time for magosha. He basically kicked me out for

wanting to initiate sex. Enough about dinosaurs (oh, I call my ex's dinosaurs). I looked at Kabelo and the more I looked at him was the more my wetness got wetter. His lips looked like they weren't capable of uttering insults and his nose was so cute. Part of me said "no Sharon, don't do it. He's Dumi's friend for heaven's sake" and the other part said "girl, you know what to do". True, I knew exactly what to do. I was already naked so I didn't waste any time. I went to my bed where Kabelo was sleeping. Nxa the fool was sleeping on his belly. What kinda man sleeps on his belly? His snoring sounded like Seakamela of Skeem Saam's car. I thought of giving up but no, I wanted some fun. While I was thinking on what to do next, he rolled himself over and now he was sleeping on his back. Perfect position, I thought to myself. Wait, what if this nigga is faking everything? What if he's pulling an act just to get some action? But he didn't look like that type. I slowly unbuttoned and unzipped his pants and put finger in inside. WTF, it took me some searching before my finger could feel something. For a minute I thought I was dreaming. I've seen small dicks before but to say this one was small would be an insult to the word small. I even took my phone to make light so to see it clearly. Shame bathong, it looked so small, cute and innocent....like a newly born rat (not Alexandra rat). I could give it a blow job my my ear lol. Now I believe what Mashabela said about Tswana guys. I took 3 pictures which I planned to send to my girls the following day...I had to zoom 3 times to get a proper pic. I know it's cruel but hey, we live in an era of smart phones, everything must be captured. I buttoned and zipped his pants and retired to Kea's bed with a 'disappointed' pussy. This guy should quit alcohol, I touched his Corsa Lite 1.4 and he didn't see or feel a thing. He woke me up around 7am to tell me he's leaving and to apologise for being drunk and inconveniencing me the previous night. I almost asked him to apologise for disappointing me too. I asked him if he had a girlfriend and he said yes with confidence. I almost cracked, what kinda girlfriend settles for that tiny thing? Maybe she's one of those Christians who plan to have sex after marriage. She'll have a surprise of her life ko honeymoon shame. I told him to send my warm regards to my boo.

As soon as he left I made Kea's bed and slept on my bed. I was still a bit sleepy so I went back to lala land. When I woke up around 14h00 Kea was sleeping on her bed. I'm glad she didn't bother me when she got in, I was gonna pinch her thin ass. I checked my phone and there was an sms from Siphon. It read: "Hope you are happy. My wife miscarried. It's all your fault. God will punish you one day". I was

so furious and I wrote the very first thing that came to my mind, “Don’t pretend as if you are not happy. You told me you are not sure the baby is yours. Maybe this is a blessing in disguise”. I switched my phone off immediately after sending. Most people do this after sending an ugly text cause they don’t wanna see your come back. I took my other phone and called my mom. Everyone has 2 phones these days, a smart phone and one of those R100 phones. Thanks to weak battery life of smart phones. My mom was so happy to hear my voice. She asked about school and all sort of things. Before I hung up she reminded me to remain the good girl she raised and stay away from boys. I said I will mommy. Parents must wake up and smell the coffee, as soon as girls from Limpopo pass Kranskop Tollgate they throw the good girl shit away. If you want your daughter to remain a good girl, send her to University of Venda or Vhembe FET College. After speaking with mom I called Dumi and he told me he’s in KZN already. The call lasted for few minutes cause he was in hospital. Kea’s phone rang and it woke her up. Kea looked so beautiful. She looked like a beautiful version of Noluntu Memela. I always wondered why a beautiful girl like her would be single. But anyway, it wasn’t my business. She was married to her church. After the call she told me it was her pastor. He was taking her to Fountains Valley (a popular park in Pretoria) for a braai organised by another Pastor from Arcadia. Ja it pays to be a loyal church member neh, now she gets invitations from Pastors. She asked if I’ll go with her and I said no, chilling pastors aint my scene. She begged me so humbly and I said cool, as long as we don’t pray every 5 minutes. We both laughed. We took a bath and got ready for Pastor. By the way, I’ve never seen the pastor before. Within an hour he called and told Kea he’s downstairs. I wondered how he knew where we stayed. Maybe he drops Kea now and then after the All Night Prayers. When we got downstairs there was a black Land Rover parked in front of our flat. Damn, I love big cars. When we got in the car he introduced himself as Pastor Adeyemi. Shit these Nigerians are all over, I thought to myself. They have churches almost every street in Pretoria. He asked Kea why she never told him she has a beautiful flatmate. I was flattered but I could see Kea wasn’t happy about that compliment.

When we got to Fountains he didn’t park his car where many people were, he parked under the trees to the far left-hand side of Fountains main gate. We walked for about 2 minutes to join the braai. There were about 10 people, 6 ladies and 4 guys. The guys spoke in Nigerian accent but all girls were South African. I was shit bored...a boozeless braai with Pastors aint my type of fun. Around 18h00 I

saw a familiar face, Never-die. He waved for me and I walked to him. I told Kea he's a guy from home. He asked me what I'm doing with makwerekwere and I told him he should not call fellow Africans that. I hate that tendency with black South Africans, we call black foreigners makwerekwere but call white foreigners tourists. I see it as self-hate. He apologised and asked if I mind to join his crew. I told him I don't want Maite to kill me. He laughed and said there's nothing going on between him and Maite. I was like "Duh, what were you doing with her ko House 22 at 2am?". He deliberately ignored my question and led me to where his group was sitting. There were 6 guys and 2 chicks, that made me the 3rd chick. I assumed the other 3 guys were still hunting. Guys do that all the time. They go to pubs/parks without their partners with the aim of finding a one-night-stand there. When you ask why they go 'you can't go fishing with a fish'. Never-Die offered me a can of Hunter Gold. I don't like it but it was better than chilling with pastors. Most girls who drink Hunters Gold have mkhabas. Never-die said I can drink as much as I want cause they bought 24. This fool was making it obvious he was trying to get me drunk so he can chow me. He doesn't know me, they don't call me phunyukabang'phethe for nothing. After 5 cans I asked Never-die if I can go take my phone which I left with Kea and he offered to accompany. When I said no he said I must give him my number, in case I got lost. Lol this guy was making it obvious he wanna ride me. I gave him my number and left. When I got to where Kea was, there was nobody. Shit, did they leave without me? I headed straight to where Pastor Adeyemi parked his car to check if they left. Maybe Kea and the pastor were waiting for me in the car. I saw the car but couldn't tell if there was someone inside because it had tinted windows and it was dark. You know with modern cars when you open the door the interior lights go on automatically.

I opened the door and a white g-string fell off the car. WTF.....

THE END

Episode 8

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

What I saw reminded me of some chick I went to Modubatse High School with. I think her name is Nthabiseng. She was every teacher's favourite. She was one of those very intelligent and disciplined girls. I tried to befriend her but within a week

I played far from her. I mean, most of us broke virginity in grade 10 at the age of 15 or 16 and we bragged to our friends about it. One day during break I boasted to her that I slept with the most popular guy at school and she went mad at me. She preached to me about teenage pregnancy and HIV/AIDS. She told me my future will be ruined if I don't stay away from boys. She even quoted me Mark 7:20-23: "It is what comes out of a person that defiles. For it is from within, from the human heart, that evil intentions come: fornication, theft, murder, adultery, avarice, wickedness, deceit, licentiousness, envy, slander, pride, folly. All these evil things come from within, and they defile a person." That was too deep. That was the last time I chilled with her. The entire school was shocked when a rumour that she was hospitalised and almost died because of abortion by one of those Dr Pipiyenkulu from Central Africa. Her close friend told us she was impregnated by a new pastor in her church. That's why I don't have a best friend. The so-called besties are the very first people to spread rumour about you. When I was at home last month I saw her cleaning at Fish & Chips ko Modjadji Plaza. She looked pregnant and uglier. Nxa these goody goody girls are not good at all. I know after the Nthabiseng saga I told myself I'll never believe these bazalwane girls but with Kea I thought she's a real deal. There was no element of naughtiness in her. She was either at church or library. When her phone rang it was either her parents or someone from church. I went thru her phone now and then and I never saw any flirty texts or pictures of hunks or hot boys. Every girl has a picture Lungile Radu or Maps Maponyane in her phone. We do fantasize about having them as BF's. When I was dating Matome I used to think of Maps whenever we kissed. As much as he had a big dick, he was a terrible kisser. He kissed me like he was blowing a vuvuzela. Kea never had such pictures in her phone. Her phone was very clean. So when the white g-string fell off the car my eyes immediately went up and I saw a scene I thought I'll never see in my life. Kea was on top of Pastor Adeyemi pulling a wild 'Y-itjukutja' like a possessed girl. WTF, where did she learn all that, Bible Classes? As soon as they saw me pastor pushed Kea so hard that she almost hit the car roof. That exposed the pastor's uncondomed dick for few seconds and I was like OMG, so it's true what they say about Nigerian dicks. For a moment I thought pastor had a snake between his legs. I envied Kea at that moment bathong. As Kea was looking for something to cover her naked body with, pastor went "Oh my lordo my lordo my lordo. What's dze helloo is goiii onooo? Oh my lordo she sow meeeeyo. Chinekeeeeeee". I almost laughed at the Nigerian accent but I didn't wanna make Kea feel uncomfortable cause I could see a blanket of embarrassment

all over her face. She quickly got dressed and ran away. I have no idea where she ran to. Pastor was not dressed but he cover his bazooka with a towel. This guy is no good...he keeps a towel in his car? For what? Wiping Kea's discharge? He shouted "Kia cum bark, cum bark nouooo" but she kept running. Now it was just me and almost naked Pastor Adeyemi in the car. The pastor was a very charming dark muscular man with a great deal of sex appeal. I could see on the towel that he still had a hard on. I wish it was possible for him to share quarter of his dick with my Dumi, he'd still be bigger than him anyway. Now I see why Kea walked funny after her All Night Prayer sessions lol. Pastor gave me the shit story about how pastors are also human beings and get tempted now and then. I didn't hear half the things he said, my eyes were glued to the towel covering his manhood. I think he noticed that cause at that moment he switched off the lights. He didn't seem embarrassed by what transpired like Kea, he actually tried to justify it. WFT, these pastors aren't good at all. He told me to get out so he can get dressed. I almost told him I don't mind to watch him getting dressed but I didn't wanna appear like a hungry slut.

I tried to call Kea but her phone rang in the car. We walked all over Fountains Valley looking for Kea but she was nowhere to be seen. So many thoughts were going thru mind? What if she committed suicide? What if she tried to walk to Sunnyside and got kidnapped by Boko Haram? I can imagine Twitter tomorrow: #BringBackOurKea. We walked back to the car and pastor suggested we drive to Sunnyside, maybe she got a lift to the flat. I asked the Pastor if he was married and he proudly said yes, he was married to the most beautiful woman on earth. WTF, if she's the most beautiful woman on earth what the hell was he doing with my roomie? I repeat, most men are dogs. They always brag about their wives being beautiful and smart but they go and have external relationships. I asked if he's having an affair with Kea and he said NO, it was just a once-off temptation. I asked if he ever had a once-off temptation with other girls from his church and he threatened to drop me off in the middle of nowhere if I didn't stop asking stupid questions. I apologised but I didn't mean it. I don't trust Nigerians, I heard stories of how they drug girls and turn them into prostitutes. But Adeyemi didn't look dodgy, he was fucking my roomie. I doubt he'd do any funny stuff to me. When we got to my flat he said he'll go upstairs with me to check if Kea is there and I agreed. To our surprise, Kea wasn't there. Now I was panicking. The pastor said we must pray for her safety. Nxa, does this nigga think God will listen to him after

what he did? He closed his eyes and prayed for about 20 minutes. I think he was praying in tongues cause all I heard was “wacha wachu wachi wacho wachu.....Amen”. He said he’ll wait for about an hour or so, maybe Kea will come back, I said cool. My body was sweating from the long prayer, I asked him if he minds if I take a bath and he said he doesn’t mind cause he wanna prepare for tomorrow’s sermon on his tablet. Hope he’s going to preach about adultery. Our flat was a bachelor, which me and Kea commonly referred to as a room, so the bathroom door was at the corner next to the window. I took my towel and toiletry bag and went to the bathroom. Our bathroom didn’t have a key, like most bathrooms in Sunnyside flats. My body was so tense...liquid massage did me good.

As I was busy bathing I saw the bathroom door opening sloooooooooowly. What The Fuck.....

THE END

Episode 9

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

You know when you bath you get to think about life and stuff. It’s the same with me, I thought of the past 3 days. Siphon almost shagged me but we were disturbed by Kea, Dumi came inside my mouth and his tiny dick collapsed, I wanted to shag Kabelo but his dick was nowhere to be found. The only pleasure I got was from the muffing mafia. My punami hasn’t been penetrated in days. To be honest, I was longing for a hard cock inside me. Life is not fair, Mamoruti Kea is Mrs Goody Goody but she gets it all, a hard Nigerian cock. What must one do to get that lucky huh? Attend All Night Prayer sessions?When I saw the door opening, I wasn’t scared or frightened as some would think. I was very happy and looking forward to Pastor Adeyomi’s Nigerian snake. I felt my blood flowing to the right places and my clitoris longed for some friction. I actually planned to give it to him via Doggie style. I know most girls say that style is for bitches. Call me a bitch or whatever you want, Doggie is the ish. It makes you go to places you have never been to, especially if the guy has a huge cock and no mkhaba. I’m one of those average height girls, medium curves, size 32, 34C tities, a butt like Boity and legwegwe (bracketed legs). So when I bend over to give a guy a doggie, they normally come

before penetrating if they are weak. I wanted to give it all to Pastor Adeyomi. What Kea doesn't know won't kill her and no one has monopoly rights over his dick. The good thing is he didn't even need to 'foreplay' me, I was already auto-foreplayed. All I wanted, A HARD COCK. Shit, the door opened and a figure I didn't expect appeared. This Kea girl is like a witch. She has a tendencies of being at the wrong place at the wrong time. Is this some sort of revenge cause I spoilt her fun earlier? Oh, I forgot...she's my roomie and had every right to be here. But why now huh? We looked all over for her and she only appears now? At that moment I wished Oscar Pistorius could appear with his gun and shoot this killjoy thru the bathroom door. Kea noticed I was angry and disappointed and she said "Shaz, I know you are disappointed and I understand". Wow, I was shocked, I thought she'd be mad at me for wanting to share the holy dick. She continued "I know you don't expect me....", she paused. Nxa ja vele I didn't expect her, I thought to myself. She continued, "I know you didn't expect me to do what I did in the car". Shit we weren't on the same page. She was apologising for riding the pastor and I thought she was apologising for disturbing my mission. She told me she doesn't know how it happened cause she was sitting in the car with pastor and the next thing she was on top of him. I asked her if he raped her and she said NO. I asked if she enjoyed and she said yes. Nxa this girl is confused. I told her there's no need to apologise to me, I'm the one who should apologise cause I spoilt her fun. She said maybe God sent me to stop the whole thing cause He knew it wasn't right. I almost yawned at that comment. How can a person apologise for using their body parts? These chicks who pretend to be Mrs Googy Goody do shit behind closed doors and when caught they come up with shit stories. Kea rode Pastor Adeyomi in the car, period. If I was Judge Masipa I'd say it was a premeditated shagging. I told Kea to go attend her Pastor cause I wanna finish bathing. I was kinda still horny. I emptied the tub and lay inside with my legs wide open. I gently fondled my already excited clitoris and it felt so good. I put 2 fingers inside my nanana and slowly went in and out. In my native Sepedi language they say "tjie e phala morogo" figuratively meaning something is better than nothing. I experienced almost the same feeling I had when JT gave me a super muff and I started making those "oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ah ah mmm....." squeaky sounds. I think Kea heard me cause at that stage she asked if I'm ok and I told her "I'm singing Alicia Key's song...No One. Oh oh oh oh oh....oh oh oh oh oh oh oh....." I don't care if she believed me or not, I was in cloud 32 at that stage. She asked me to be quick cause Pastor wanna use the bathroom. Nxa this girl is on some mission to spoil my fun tonight. First it was

Adeyomi and now my D-I-Y. I wiped myself with a towel and put on my PJ's. Pastor got into the toilet as soon as I got out. I took a quick look at his pants and noticed the nigga's tent was up. I think he heard my X-rated sounds and got horny. Men will always be men...even pastors. I wouldn't be surprised if he was going to wank in the bathroom. He better not use my face cloth to wipe his cum...I thought to myself. After 5 minutes he flushed and came to join us. There was no any shitty smell from the toilet. Lol I was right, he was jerking off. This nigga is such a pervert. I looked at him and he had one of those guilty looks in his eyes. I couldn't control myself, I started laughing and Kea asked what's funny. I told her nothing but continued laughing. Pastor was kinda irritated and he announced he's leaving and invited me to come to church in the morning.

Kea wanted us to talk but I was not in a mood to listen to stories about how she feels dirty and blah blah blah. She must get over it, she fucked the pastor and I saw it. With that, I said night and surrendered myself to the lala land. She woke me up around 8am to prepare for church. I didn't wanna go but remembered I promised the wanking pastor that I'll go. Her church was not far from our flat, I think 3 or 4 streets away. When we got there it was already packed and people were dancing and singing. Kea was quite popular cause everyone was greeting her. Some woman who Kea identified as Pastor's wife came to us. Is this the woman Adeyomi said was the most beautiful woman on earth? She is like a female version of Mr Ibu. "Sister Kea, we wish all young ladies could take a leaf out of your book. You are young and beautiful but your commitment to serve God is amazing. Not these girls who go around sleeping with married men"...said Adeyomi's wife. Kea smiled and thanked her. Deep down I could see she was fucken ashamed. She looked at me and I almost cracked. From goody goody to badie badie lol. When the pastor got to the stage there were screams from the entire floor, especially the section where most young beautiful chicks sat. He read few verses which I didn't even hear cause I was busy uploading my pictures on Instagram. The girl sitting in front of me was busy chatting on Whatsapp. I zoomed her phone with my eyes and noticed she was sending her naked pictures to someone. Lol these church girls are no good.

Pastor Adeyomi preached about girls who sleep with married men. He spoke about how they are pests in the communities cause many marriages collapse because of them. He was like "we must pray for these girls because satan is using them. Can I

hear hallelujah?” and everyone screamed amen. Kea stood up and walked towards the exit. I could see she wanted to cry. Nxa this pastor is bloody fake. How can he chow my roomie and preach about it in church? He’s the one who needs prayers cause he’s hiding his dirty life behind church. I planned to give him a piece of my tongue after church. After an hour or so he closed the service and everyone left. I waited for him outside and as soon as he saw me he smiled and acted all happy to see me. He thanked me for coming to church and asked if I enjoyed the service. I told him I’ve never hated a pastor but he’s gonna be the first. I asked him “how can you have sex with Kea inside your car and preach about it in...”

Before I could finish that sentence a familiar female Nigerian voice behind me said:

“Yhooooo, Chinekeeeeeee.....”

THE END

Episode 10

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

If there’s something I learnt about watching Nigerian movies is that if you mess with them they’ll eat you alive, especially when coming to their men. I once watched this movie where a 75 year old wheelchair-bound wife was beating a young lady like she was Floyd Mayweather. I think at some stage she stood up from the wheelchair and gave that chick a shit beating. They can walk from Soweto to Midrand just to beat a man snatcher. When I was young I always told myself I will never ever mess with married Nigerian men. When I turned back to look if it was really Mama Adeyomi’s voice she smacked me so hard I almost cried in tongues. I don’t know how hell looks like but at that moment my eyes saw darkness, I think it was hell. Is she really a pastor’s wife? Isn’t she supposed to pray for her cheating husband to stop cheating instead of beating up innocent girls like me. Pastor Adeyomi tried to talk to her but she couldn’t hear any of it. She kicked him so hard that he almost fell. Is this the pastor’s wife or a Nigeria version of Dr Malinga? Luckily some church members saw the fight and they came to my rescue. This woman is possessed shame? Couldn’t she wait for them to go home so they could sort the problem out in private? A church should be a place of prayer and good things, not a wrestling ring. Pastor Adeyomi was so embarrassed. The

more the church members who came to my rescue tried to calm her down it was like they were giving her that R10 fake energy drink called Dragon. About 5 men were trying to prevent her from continuing with the beating and she fought them so hard as if she was getting paid to beat me. This is bad luck, Kea got fucked and here I am getting beaten for something I didn't do. I shouted "you should be ashamed of yourself ugly woman. All these for a mere dick? If you satisfied your man in bed he wouldn't have a reason to cheat on you with young ladies from his church. Use that big mouth to blow him, not to insult innocent people". After that I ran for my life. I ran so fast I could see some dust following me. I looked back to see if she was following me and but all I could see was dust. That's how fast I was. Even Caster Semenya couldn't run this fast. I wasn't in a mood for more Nigerian beating. All I knew was Pastor Adeyomi will either sleep in hospital or at Avbob tonight. I'll buy Daily Sun tomorrow cause I know it will be on their front page. I can imagine the headline: "Nigerian Pastor killed by wife in church".

When I got to my place Kea was packing her clothes. She told me she's going home to clear her head. I was so angry at her, she's the one who enjoyed Adeyomi's snake and I got beaten and now she's running away. Instead of supporting me she's running away. WTF is wrong with these bazalwane mara? What was she thinking when she slept with a married man? Actually, Adeyomi's wife should beat both of them. Adeyomi for cheating on his ugly wife and Kea for knowingly sleeping with a married man. Shit, I remembered I also slept with married men before. I felt like a kettle. Kea said I should help her to carry her bags to downstairs where a cab was waiting. I told her I was in pain and in no state to carry bags. With that I went to the bathroom to bath. The water was cold but I didn't mind, my temp was still high from the running and the beating. Kea knocked at the door to tell me she was leaving and I almost said "whatever bitch". I think she didn't wait for my response cause she closed the door before I could answer. After bathing i studied for about an hour but if you ask me what I studied I won't tell a thing. All I could see was the ugly eyes of Mama Adeyomi. What if she comes to finish me off while I'm sleeping at night? She probably knows where Kea stays... OMG, I started panicking. Nigerian women are so stubborn and their fight can continue for 1000 years. When they die their daughters take over and so on. If they were like this with Boko Haram those kidnapped girls would have been at home long time ago. We would be singing a different tune now: #OurGirlsAreBack. I called the girls I know to ask if I can come sleep over and all

of them were either at their boyfriends' cribs or their phones were off. Mxm when days are dark bitches are occupied. I remembered I haven't eaten since the morning. Kea normally did all the cooking, with her gone now I had no choice but to go buy a takeaway. I thought of going to buy food at Something Fishy at SunnyPark but I decided against it. What if I bump into Mama Adeyomi? I decided to go buy Spatlho/Kota (township bunnychow) at some Somali shop next to House 22. I put on short pink dress, white All Star sneakers, sun glasses and straw hat. Although I was going to buy food metres away from my crib, I had to look good. I'm not one of those chicks who would go to the mall wearing pyjamas. A girl must look good at all times. As I was walking to the shop, a red Golf 7 Gti stopped next to me and the driver shouted "Shaz". You know us girls have a habit of pretending we don't wanna look at a driver when they stop their beautiful cars next to us, deep down we know we want to see the beast behind the wheel. The only time we don't want to look for real is if the car is cheap, especially one of those R699 a months cars. I kept walking and the driver shouted "Shaz" again. I kept walking. You know when you are hot and confident you'll play hard to get knowing a guy will never leave until he sees your teeth. He stopped his car and got out. Damn, it was someone I didn't expect, Never-die. He asked why I'm being funny to him. I told him I thought he was a Nigerian. He laughed and said "I know I'm dark but I'm not that ugly". I almost cracked cause most Nigerian guys looked like Taye Diggs compared to him. He asked where I was going. I couldn't tell him I was going to buy Spatlho, so I made up a lie that I was just walking. He asked me to get into the car and I didn't hesitate. Where I come from a Gti is like a girl magnet.

We drove around Pretoria while he was telling me about politics. How he regretted supporting Zuma in Mangaung cause he's a liability to the ANC. I don't even know what Mangaung is. Truth be told, most girls have little interest in politics. That is why when you go to political rallies 90% of the attendants are males. I think he noticed I was bored and he started talking about fired Generations actors and I started talking. I was hungry but my pride didn't allow me to tell him to buy me food. I asked him where his girlfriend Maite was and he said he has not seen her since the night I saw them together and that she's not his girl. I kinda enjoyed hearing him saying she's not his girlfriend. She's one of the girls I didn't like. She deserved to date taxi drivers or college students, not Gti guys like Nerves. He asked if I would love to grab something to eat and I said I'm not that hungry but

could do with a light meal. I was lying obviously, I was starving. He drove us to Spur Hatfield. We ate and after eating he ordered me red wine and bought Heineken for himself. Now I see where his mkhaba came from. Most guys who drink Heineken have mkhabas. Julius Malema used to drink it and got disfigured in less than 2 years. We sat at Spur till late. I was actually enjoying his company. Thanks to the red wine I was having. Remember what I told you about the effect red wine has on me? Around 11pm he said we should leave and I nodded.

When we got in the car and tried to kiss me and I asked if he got me drunk so he can kiss me and he said maybe. Wow...how arrogant!!! I found it charming thou. We kissed for about 2 minutes and he drove off. Nigga drove so fast that he even skipped red robots. Within 5 minutes we were at Southern Sun Hotel . He parked his car and within 2 minutes we were in his hotel room.

I was very horny....very horny. I missed 4 opportunities in the past few days and I was not willing to let this one slide. I took off his t-shirt and he returned the favour with my dress. Within seconds we were both naked. He pushed me to the bed and I widened my legs. I asked him if he has Nigerian relatives and I think he thought I was referring to his complexion cause he said “am I that dark?”. I said “no, your dick is big”. Why do men smile whenever we tell them they have big dicks? Sometimes I think they’d chose big dicks over big brains. He wanted to kiss me but I said “no, don’t kiss me...I want you inside me. Do you have condoms?” and he said “condoms for what? Do I look sick?”

I gave him funny look and

THE END

Episode 11

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Many people make decisions that will affect them for the rest of their lives when they are under the influence of alcohol. Last year during my former class mate’s 21st birthday party me and 2 of my girls drank and finished two bottles of Skky Vodka and did things we are not proud of. The strangers who bought us those Vodkas made sure they got something in return for their money. We got so drunk that when they asked us to follow them to their cars we didn’t have a capacity to

say no. You know when you are hot you can go to any party broke but you'll never struggle to get booze and food. On many occasions you can milk guys dry and get away with murder, but you won't be lucky all the time. They fucked 2 of my friends without condoms and I only got lucky because our I was on periods, heavy flow to be exact. The guy who was allocated to me got so pissed and he made me blow him for 3 hours none stop. Those girls are mothers now and they don't even know those guys. Imagine not knowing your baby's father, crap. My periods saved me#TeamPeriods lol. You know when someone asks if they look sick they actually make you more suspicious. Most people think just because someone is not thin it means they are healthy. That's wrong, for all you know someone as big as Khulubuse could be sick. I was so horny and I was actually planning to shag him, condom or no condom. But that question made me more concious. He tried to penetrate but I told him to stop and I could see he was getting irritated. His dick had that colourless liquid that most guys have when they are very horny. I told him I won't get laid without a condom. He stood up and headed to the closet and took something from his bag. WTF, this guy was testing me. He had condoms all along and he wanted to see if I'll shag him without a condom. My head was angry at him but my pussy smiled cause it was finally going to be tjukutja'd. He stood next to the naked me and showed me something, a note from a Doctor. Shit, this guy had everything planned. It was his HIV test results and he was negative according to the note. I told him even if he's negative I'm not ready to fall pregnant. He went back to the closet and came back with a packet written Escapelle. WTF, what kinda guy carries Morning After pills? He made me more scared. He went "now you have no reason not to ride me. Come here and tell me who your daddy is". He was licking his lips as he said that. I told him he must go buy condoms cause we aint doing anything without a condom. He got so angry and accused me of being a spoilt brat. I told him I wanted him badly but I can't risk my health. He said "Come on Shaz, let's do it. I promise I won't come inside you". Lol I have heard that before. Most guys will tell you they won't come inside you, but when the COME comes they lose control. That's how many girls fell pregnant. I was not a teenager anymore, no fool can fool me. He tried so hard to negotiate but I told him "no condom, no patapata, Nervy". If there's one thing guys are good at is pussy negotiating. If they used same skills to negotiate business deals most of them would be millionaires. He got so angry that his complexion turned navy blue. For a moment I thought he was gonna force himself on me. He took his phone and headed to the bathroom. Didn't this guy learn something from Reeva Steenkamp

about taking a phone to the bathroom at night? I could hear he was talking but I couldn't get clearly what he was saying. Who the fuck was he talking to? Maybe he was asking the hotel to organise him condoms. I knelt down and said a short prayer: "I beg you God, make him find condoms. If you were a woman you'd understand. Amen". He came back and told me he's going to buy condoms. I told him to hurry cause my pussy aint the patient type. He put on his jeans and vest and left.

I remembered I don't have a toothbrush with me and I called to tell him to buy me one. His phone ran on the mini table right next to me. Fuck this guy forgot his phone. Within few minutes his phone beeped and it was a Whatsapp text. Girls are curious by nature, especially when coming to their men's phones. I know Nerves is not my man, but I was about to fuck him. So he's my semi-man. I checked the text and it read: "Boo I forgot to tell you when you called. Please bring my handbag when you come. I put it inside your closet. I need it cause my keys are inside. The gate is not working tonight, you can get in and park the car where you normally park it". I checked the name of the texter and he saved it as 'Peter Security guard'. I checked call register and the last call was to the same number. Why the fuck would a security guard called Peter refer to him boo? Is Nerves gay? I've never seen an ugly gay guy with a big belly. I was confused. I checked the profile picture and there was a picture of a very cute baby. Now I got more confused, a gay with a cute baby? I went thru his phone album and there were hundreds of naked pics of girls. I also saw Maite's pictures. Nxa this bitch had stretch marks all over her bum and thighs. I transferred the pictures to my phone via Bluetooth. I planned to embarrass Maite with them. This nigga must learn to lock his phone if he's gonna forget it all over. I headed to the closet. The bag 'Peter' spoke about was hidden behind some big bag but detective Shaz found it. I opened it slowly and there were girl-stuff inside...tampons, wipes, panty-liner, cologne, lips stick etc. WTF, Peter the security guard carries a bag full of girl-stuff? I was getting worried now. I went deeper and guess what I found? An ID book. I opened it and the owner's name was the name I'm very familiar with, Maite Constance Modika. I was furious, I was mad. Just because I didn't wanna have sex with him without a condom he left me here and went to Maite's space?

I called a cab and got ready to hit the road. I knew exactly where Maite stayed. I'm glad she mentioned in her whatsapp that the gate at her flat is not working. I'm

going to show them a horror movie they've never seen before. First he gets me horny and leaves me hanging, secondly he leaves me to go fuck that stretch-marked hoe. I felt cheap and played. I took Maite's bag and went outside to wait for the cap. I told the driver I'm going to corner Jorrison and Plein street, Sun Villa flat. The driver noticed I looked angry and he asked if everything is ok. I told him to google Kermit. I doubt he understood what I meant. Within 7 minutes I was outside Maite's flat. I paid the cab and thanked him. I saw Nerves' car parked at a parking bay next to rubbish bins. I opened the rubbish bin, took trash and decorated Nerves' car with it. Maite's bachelor flat was at the 2nd floor so I didn't have to use the lift. I got to the door and tried to open and booom, it swimmingly opened.

...OMG, WTF....

THE END

Episode 12

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Imagine going to Camp Nou to watch FC Barcelona vs Real Madrid only to find that it's Moroka Swallows against Supersport United!!!! You got there expecting to see Lionel Messi only to find Siyabonga Nomvethé running up and down aimlessly. That's the situation I was in at that particular moment. I went to Maite's place expecting to find her riding Nerves but I saw less than I expected. I stood at the door frozen not knowing whether to get in or go back. "Sharon Letsoalo, Her Majesty from Ga-Kgapane. Still looking as gorgeous as the last time I saw you. What are you doing here this time of the night?", he asked. I wanted to speak but it was like someone put a sponge inside my mouth. This shit is not what I expected. "Come in and tell me what brought you here cause the last time I checked you and my cousin were like Osama Bin Laden and George W Bush. Did things change?", he said. The person in front of my eyes was Thabiso Modika, Maite's cousin. He's the guy who broke my virginity. You know as girls we always feel something in our hearts whenever we bump into the guy who stole our 'innocence', especially if we don't see him regularly. I almost screamed #BringBackMyVirginity. I haven't seen Thabiso in almost a year and seeing him again brought back memories of that particular night. Before breaking my V he made me feel so special and made many

promises to me. He told me he'll love me forever and when I graduate from tertiary he'll put a ring on my finger. He promised we'll grow up together and have 2 beautiful kids, Sharon Jnr and Thabiso Jnr. To be honest, small things like these charm young girls. We all want to grow up, have a handsome husband and beautiful kids. That's the image I had back then about me and Thabiso. After breaking my virginity his attitude towards me changed. He started making excuses not to see me and eventually he told me he can't date a high school kid. Many girls go thru this, a guy who de-virginate you is unlikely to be your husband. My heart was shattered but I'm cool now. As 2 PAC once said, Life goes on."Thabiso Modika, what are you doing here?", I asked curiously. He said he came to see his cousin and they have been drinking since late afternoon. I asked where Maite was and he told me she and Nerves went to fetch Maite's handbag and Nerves' phone at Nerves' place. I almost told him the handbag I'm holding is Maite's but decided against it. "I'm waiting for them to come back so I can leave. They are using my car", he said. Now it makes sense cause I was about to tell him Nerves' car is packed at the parking lot. He offered me a glass of wine but I refused. You know wine makes me excited downstairs. I asked him how he knows Nerves and he said they do business together. Oh now I see, that's how that slut met Nerves. He asked how come I never knocked when I got in and I told him I did and nobody said come in, so I entered. The fool believed me lol. His phone rang and he went outside to answer. Nxa indeed a leopard never changes its spots. When we were dating he never answered his phone in front of me. Even if it was his brother calling he'd go far where I could not hear his conversation. While he was outside my mind went back to Nerves. What kinda game was this guy playing? I mean, he left me at his place and now he's taking Maite to the very same place where he left me at. Was he trying to cause a fight between us? You know there are guys who still think for girls to fight for them it meant they are 'hits'. Most guys with money think they can play girls and get away with it. They are the reason we have many Zodwas in the world.

Thabiso came back and told me it was Maite on the phone. She was telling him they'll be a bit delayed cause they wanna pass by McDonalds to buy food. I asked him if he told her I was around an he said no. Then he said something I didn't expect, "well, we have enough time to do it before they come back, for old time's sake". I thought he was joking and I laughed at him foolishly. Before I could utter a word his lips were on mine. I pushed him and said "no, it won't feel right. You

are my ex for heaven's sake. You broke my heart and you expect me to open my legs for you? Don't be selfish". It was like he was deaf, instead of listening, he locked his lips with mine again. That's what guys do when they don't have answers, they resort to kissing cause they know once a girl is in that mode they'll never make more yada yada. It felt good but I felt cheap. I know I didn't sleep with Nerves but he had seen my wet cookie less than 2 hours ago. I felt like a hooker that gets shagged by different cocks every hour. I pushed him again and told him I'm not comfortable sleeping with him at Maite's place. He told me what she doesn't know won't kill her and that we'll be done before they come back. I wanted him badly but sometimes a girl must put her morals first. If I shag him tomorrow him and Nerves will be discussing how sluttish I am. That's one thing I admire about guys. They can go for the same chick and still remain best bombas. With us girls it's a different story, we can hate each other for 20 years for a 5 cm dick. I told him we'll do it some other time. I thought he was gonna stop but he became more determined to seduce me. I was gradually getting wet even thou my mind was not 'wet'. Since I was wearing a mini dress it made it easier for him to massage my thighs. Shit this guy doesn't forget easily, when we were dating I once told him my thighs are very sensitive. I think he used that to his advantage. My W-spot is on my thighs. Oh, W-spot is the 'Wet-spot' – I get wet when a guy gently rubs my thighs. My mood changed from protesting to wet-ecitement. He kissed me everywhere, neck, ears, nose and chin. Maybe the missed opportunities I had the previous days were a blessing in disguise. Maybe God wanted me to reconcile with the guy who broke my virginity. He went up my thighs and pulled down my undies. I wanted to protest but he was one step ahead of me. He pulled my dress up and started licking my nipples. I wasn't wearing any bra, my breasts are still 'fresh'. He took off his pants and shirt...and ohhhh, his manhood was bigger than the last time. I jokingly asked if he fed his dick with Scott's Emulsion and he laughed. He wanted to go down on me but I told him we don't have enough time cause Maite might pop in anytime. I missed many chances to have my nanana un-itched and I wasn't looking forward to another disturbance. He took a condom from his wallet and put it on while I was kissing his juicy lips. I commanded him to lie on the bed and let me show him what I learnt since we broke up. He complied and I got on top of him and did the do. I sat on top of him and gripped my legs around him with my knees facing 'forward'. It was like I was sitting on a chair...but this particular chair made me feel heavenly. I slowly pressed my bum downwards and I could feel his warm cock entering me. He roared like a hungry

lion and that made me increase my up-n-down speed. Shiiit...I was finally getting it. OMG I came twice within 5 minutes. Thabiso's cock was hitting the right corners. At some stage I couldn't feel the joints of my legs, that's how good his dick was. When his time to come came, he was like a horse after inhaling dagga smoke. He grabbed my small body and pressed my bum against him. I felt as if his dick reached my womb and it felt WOW. Guys look funny when they come, the black things in his eyes disappeared for few seconds and he was mooing like an ox being castrated. He was like "ah ke a rota, ah ke a rota oooooooooohhhhhh ke rotile (ah I'm coming, ah I'm coming ...ooooooooohhhhhh I came)"

Immediately after he came he said we must quickly get dressed before Maite pops. That's one thing most guys don't get, women wanna be cuddled for few minutes after sex while still naked. It makes us feel cheap when you shag us and get dressed immediately afterwards. I'm not a hooker for hell's sake. But anyway, I understood cause we were not at his or my place. We got dressed and I asked him to pour me a glass of wine. My plan of revenge on Nerves for leaving me hanging disappeared with my sex draught. I was full now and had no reason to trouble Nerves. He can go to hell with his larger than life dick. It was after midnight and I asked Thabiso to accompany me to my crib cause I didn't want Maite to find me at her place. Before he could answer the door opened and someone stormed in. Shit, it was Maite and she looked furious. She was like "someone stole my handbag at Ner...". Before she could finish that sentence she saw me...then her bag. I could hear Nerves was talking outside, I think he was on a call. Who could he be talking to this time of the night. She asked what the fuck was going on and Thabiso said "nothing. Sharon cam....". She interrupted while he was still talking "bitch what are you doing in my flat? Who brought my handbag here cause I left it at Neverdie's place?". She walked towards me and I climbed over the bed and ran towards the door. At that moment she saw a used condom on the floor and she got mad. She grabbed a bottle of wine and threw it so hard at me. I ducked and it hit something behind me.

I turned to look what the bottle hit and there was blood all over.... WTF

THE END

Episode 13

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Ever been in a situation whereby you do something impulsively? Most people are in jail today because of acting out of anger or strong emotions. I remember when I was in grade 11 I once used the 'F' word on my Maths teacher after she embarrassed me in front of my classmates. She made my grade 11 year a living horror. She even gave me lower marks in maths even though I was good. Problem with acting impulsively is you will never reverse the action. I personally believe Oscar Pistorius did what he did because of 'sudden' anger. Had he given himself a chance to calm down he wouldn't be in the situation he is in right now. He's lucky Judge Masipa or Masepa was lenient on him. I always read about people being hit by stray bullets at malls and feel 'ncooooh' for them. Imagine you are at the mall doing your things and the next thing you are hit by a bullet that was meant for another person. That's what happened to the security guard of Maite's flat at that moment. Maite is one of those loud chicks that want people to hear when they insult someone. I'm sure her voice reached the security guard and he was coming to warn her. If you ever stayed in Sunnyside flats you will know what I mean. The security guards show up the minute you start shouting, especially if they once asked you out and you showed them your middle finger like Floyd Shivambu. It's like they punish you for not wanting to ride them. This security guard didn't even have a chance to warn Maite, the bottle hit him on the forehead and he fell like Pastor TB Joshua's building. Within seconds there was blood everywhere. At that moment Nerves had just dropped his call and he was coming in to join us. Bad things happen to good people. Why didn't the bottle hit Never-die on his forehead instead of the poor security guard? Maybe the bottle knew it stood no chance on him, his forehead was so big and ugly that it would make the bottle break in no time without him sustaining any injury. Maybe that's the reason his parents named him Never-die. You know if there's something that scares the shit out of black people is blood. If a person dies without bleeding it will take us moments before we believe he's dead. But if you fall and sustain a small injury that leads to bleeding you are likely to hear "yooooo mmawwweeeee, thusaaaaang (I don't know what 'yooooo mmawwweeeee' is in English)". When Maite realised what she did she started shaking and asked Never-die to check if the security guard is still alive. I almost laughed thinking that Never-die saved her number as Peter Security Guard in his phone. Instead of checking his pulse or heartbeat, Nerves asked the guy if he's still alive. You can take a person out of Giyani but you will

never take Giyani out of him. How do you ask someone who is visibly unconscious a question? Obviously the security guard didn't answer because he was unconscious. Nerves looked at us and said "munhu loyi ufile (this person is dead)". Maite walked towards them slowly while crying, I thought she was going to confirm if he's really dead. When she got to the door she went "Modimo o tla ntshwarela (God will forgive me)" and ran away. Lol this bitch though, she killed a person and now she's running away. I wanted to call the cops immediately to arrest her but Thabiso stopped me. I can imagine Maite in those orange overalls. Me and Thabiso joined Nerves next to the 'body' and I used my nursing skills to check if the security guard was indeed dead. Lol Nerves is such a cow. The poor guard was still alive but he was bleeding badly. I took one of Maite's white t-shirts and tried to stop bleeding. That was Sister Sharon Letsoalo in action. I'll put it in my CV that I saved a life. I told Nerves and Thabiso that they must take him to hospital before he dies. I asked Thabiso what's gonna happen if the security guard's bosses discover that their employee is not on duty? Thabiso said I shouldn't worry. They carried him to Nerves' car and when they got there they were met by the trash I decorated the car with. Nerves dropped the security guard like he was a bag of cement. That's how men love their cars. They value their cars more than life. The security guard made sound for the first time...he went "achuuuu yhooo". I told Never-die that only one person could have done this shit on his car, Maite Modika. I think he believed me because he said "ni ta xi dlaya (I will kill this thing)". I smiled secretly.

Nerves used Thabiso's car to drive the guard to Steve Biko Hospital few km's from Maite's flat while me and Thabiso remained behind to clean his car. I felt so stupid cleaning the mess I caused. Within 5 minutes we followed Nerves. Thabiso is such a pervert. He asked if he should park a car so we can 'do a quickie' and I said hell no. Men think with their dicks shem. When we got to the hospital Nerves was talking to some doctor in tsonga. I think he was asking him to help the guard as soon as possible. He told us he knows the guy from home. You know in public hospitals if you don't know someone you can die while queuing for help. The nurses will tell you they are still on tea break. That's why I want to work in private sector. I asked Thabiso to drop me at my crib because I had an 11am class the following day...well, it was the 'following day' already as it was after 12am. But you know with us darkies, until we see the sun, it's not the 'following day'. Thabiso told Never-die that he's dropping me at my place and he'll be back. I could see Nerves wanted to ask me questions but he couldn't do so in front of

Thabiso. He told Thabiso “don’t do anything I would do with her” and faked a smile. Only if he knew Thabiso made me reach multi-orgasms not long ago, #TeamThabiso.

Thabiso drove with me back to Sunnyside. He tried to call Maite but her phone was off. I told her maybe she committed suicide and he gave me a funny look. If she dies I’ll go to her funeral in my shortest mini-skirt, just to say bye bitch in style. When we got to my place Thabiso wanted to go up with me for another session. I told him I was too tired and sleepy to ride him. He said cool but I must call him after my last class the ‘following day’. I said sharp and headed to my flat.

I unlocked the door and quickly ran to the bathroom before switching on the light. Everybody knows their place, you can walk with your eyes closed and you won’t bump into anything. My pussy was still warm from Thabiso’s shagging lol. After peeing I took off my clothes while still in the bathroom and then headed to the bedroom. I switched on the light and guess what....

There was someone sleeping on Kea’s bed. WTF.....

THE END

Episode 14

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Your place is your own space. That’s a place where you dance naked, a place where you pull wooden mic performances without worrying about people judging your singing, a place where you finger yourself without worrying about perverts watching, a place where you release thunderous farts. You do most things you wouldn’t do in public at your place. But imagine if your place was a Big Brother house, everything you do would be captured on camera. I doubt I’d feel comfortable in such environment. Now imagine after undressing myself in the bathroom with no knowledge of someone in my crib and the next thing there’s a person in the room. I almost soiled myself. The difference between men and women when faced with an intruder is men will turn into a defensive mode and try to fight the intruder OR run for their lives. As women we don’t run or defend ourselves, we’ll either freeze or scream...whichever comes first. With me screaming came first when I saw the intruder on Kea’s bed. Although the person

covered themselves with a blanket from toe to head, I could see it was not Kea cause of the body size. Getting dressed fast and running away should have been my first reaction but me being a girl I screamed “Yhoooooooooooo”. I think my screaming gave the intruder a fright cause he jumped off the bed so fast that he fell off the bed and quickly grabbed something under the bed and pointed it at me. WTF, it was pastor Adeyomi pointing a gun at me. Before I could digest what was going on I felt warm liquid flowing down my thighs. Shit, I was pissing on myself. It’s easier for someone to laugh at this kinda situation if they’ve never been there. I had mixed emotions at that moment and lost control of some of my body parts, bladder being 1 of them. When pastor Adeyomi noticed it was me he put his gun down and quickly rushed to hug me cause he noticed I was traumatised. Do pastors carry guns? I thought the power of God acted as a protection for them. I was still naked but the shock made me forget about it. It was only after few minutes that I noticed I’m naked and in a man’s arms. This pastor is such a pervert, within few seconds I could feel something hard on his pants. I pushed him hard and quickly ran to the toilet and closed the door. I remembered the toilet door doesn’t have a key and felt more unsafe. He stood by the door, knocked and asked me to come out so he could explain. I shouted for him to leave me alone. He tried to explain that Kea forgot her ~~keys~~ in his car while they were at Fountains Valley and he used them to get into the flat. He said his wife took his cards, car keys and all the money he had in his wallet because of the fight they had earlier. He had nowhere to go cause the wife called all his friends to explain what happened and they all disowned him because he disgraced the church. I was so mad at that time and the more he tried to explain was the more he made things worse. I told him if he doesn’t leave I’ll call the cops to arrest him for attempted rape and burglary. I don’t know why I thought of that but when you feel how I felt that time you’d use whatever you had to chase away that pervert. Then silence followed. I waited for another 5 minutes and the silence continued. That could only mean 1 thing, the pervert was gone. I cautiously opened and door and zoomed the entire room, there was no sign of Adeyomi. I checked under the bed and in the closet, he was gone. I gave a short sigh of relief. I quickly went to lock the door and left the key in the keyhole to prevent Adeyomi from opening from outside. You never know with Nigerians, he was probably waiting for me to pass out so he could come back and hit me with his black snake.

I took my phone and called Kea. I wanted to give her a piece of my tongue for introducing that dodgy pastor to my life. She picked up after 3 rings and asked why I'm calling her so early in the morning. Before I could answer I heard "Babyooo, cum bark sleep ma louve". It sounded like a voice of a Nigerian man in the background. WTF, is this chick at home or in Lagos? What happened to the goodie goodie Kea I first met? Or was that the real Kea? Maybe she was living a fake life all along. When you go to tertiary you get to meet different characters. Some live fake lives just to fit in and others remain themselves. Some chick will tell you where she comes from her family is the richest only to find out that NSFAS is paying for her studies and wears Jet and Marabastad clothes. Some go as far as taking pictures next to their neighbour's houses and boast to us that it's their houses. I know a chick from home who always uploads pictures on Facebook and all of them are in dope houses. When people comment that her crib is off the hook she'd comment with 'thanx hun, 1 day I'll invite you'. Nxa fake bitch. I'll never live a fake life to fit in. My mom is a nurse at Ga-Kgapane Hospital and my dad a Storeroom Supervisor at Shoprite in Tzaneen. We are not rich but at least my parents can afford to put food on the table. I don't see why I should lie to my friends that my mom is a doctor and my dad is a senior manager at Shoprite. To hell with fake bitches. I was starting to believe Kea is one of them. I called again and I think she ignored my call. I called for the 3rd time and she did the same thing, you know that thing when you call and it rings once and then gives you that 'number busy' shit. Nxa I'm sure she was on top of the Nigerian dick. I typed this sms to her:

"Wena Kea, please do me a favour, I don't care who you date or fuck at your fake All Night Prayer sessions, but next time tell your Nigerians not to sleep at my place without my permission. I found your pastor bf sleeping in our flat when I came back few minutes ago. I was naked...can you imagine how I felt?"

As I was about to sleep she replied:

"You need a prayer Sharon. I was gone for hardly 24 hours and already you are sleeping with Adeyomi. Now that you feel guilty you make it sound like he came uninvited. You should be ashamed of yourself for being a slut. You probably led him on as you always do with other men. I'll come fetch my stuff on Wed. I can't share a flat with a slut"

WTF...Kea? No it wasn't her. Maybe the Nigerian voice next to her responded. But how did the Nigerian know about Adeyomi...I thought to myself. Shit, it was indeed Kea who responded. How could she accuse me of leading Adeyomi on? I wanted to respond but didn't have energy. One day she'll pay for this. I'm Sharon Letsoalo, she must google me. Nobody messes with me and gets away with it. I retired to lala land with a heavy heart. I woke up around 10am and prepared myself for classes. On my way to college I called Dumi to check if he's ok. His phone was off. I dropped him a Whatsapp that I miss him and hope things are going well. His 'Last Seen' was 12 hours ago. When I got to college I switched my phone off in order to concentrate. I always wonder how people concentrate in class when they are on social network. After my last class I switched my phone on and called Thabiso as promised. He said he'll come fetch me after 20 minutes. While I was waiting my phone rang, it was my mom. I ignored the call as I was not in a mommy mood. Thabiso arrived within 15 minutes but he was not alone in the car. There was a woman carrying a baby in the front seat. I got in the car, at the back. My heart was sore cause normally the front seat is reserved for wives/gf's and side chicks. I kept wondering why that woman would sit where I was supposed to sit. I mean, Thabiso and I shagged several hours ago for earth's sake. Before he could ignite the engine he introduced us:

"Sharon, meet my wife and baby." And then he turned to the woman, "Baby, this is the cousin I told you about. She is" Before he could finish that I was out of the car. A metre away from me I saw a brick.....

THE END

Episode 15

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Unlike men, most of us girls experience some sort of emotional attachment to people we screw. It's not necessarily love, but just a feeling. We expect a guy to show some respect and decency after sex, even if we are not in a relationship. I'm talking about normal girls, not your professional mogwanthis. A guy can shag you today, bump into you the following day and not greet you. So imagine how I felt when Thabiso introduced me as his cousin to his ugly wife. I know Thabiso is an ex who broke my virginity and I don't have any ownership over him. When I slept

with him last night he didn't say anything about us getting back together or something like that, but fact is he had sex with me. Actually, I made love to him. No normal girl wants to be treated as a sperm dish. I didn't expect him to bring me a bouquet of flowers or an engagement ring, but I expected respect from him. Bringing his wife when coming to pick me up was very disrespectful and childish of him. I picked up the brick and looked at the car. Suddenly the baby started crying. You know in my culture it is believed that when something bad is about to happen the baby will start crying for no reason. When a relative is about to die, the baby will start crying uncontrollably. I kinda believed it cause the day Thabiso dumped my ass after breaking my virginity, my little cousin cried a lot that particular morning. Maybe it was a sign. So when the baby started crying I looked at Thabiso and I got more mad. I walked around the car to Thabiso's side. I could see he wanted to start the engine and speed off but he froze. Before I could throw the brick a very familiar voice behind me went "sthandwa, wenzani? (Love, what are you doing)". You know there's a ghetto side of you that you don't want your boo to know about it. Hearing Dumi's voice at that moment almost made me faint. As far as I was concerned he was in KZN helping with funeral arrangements. You see why I hate surprises? Most times the surprier turns into the surprisee. "Babe, you didn't tell me you are coming back. I missed you. Why is your phone off?". Obviously I was trying to avoid his question. One of the reasons I loved Dumi was because he was easy to fool. He was very intelligent but not streetwise. He was like that 10 year old kid that could fix a computer but fail to tie his shoe laces. "My phone is off so I couldn't phone to tell I was coming. I forgot both my chargers in KZN. I'll charge it when we get to your place". I think the conversation between me and Dumi gave Thabiso a chance to reverse his car. I noticed the window on his wife's side was down and I went "sorry usi, please tell your dear husband to stop sleeping with his cousins...". I wanted to speak further but that fool sped off before I could finish what I wanted to say. Nxa men think they can mess with us and get away with it. Dumi asked me what that was all about and I told him I know Thabiso from home and he impregnated his cousin. That's why I wanted to mess his car with a brick. My nerd bf believed me and he was like "damn, that's incest sthandwa. Hope the baby won't be born with abnormalities". I almost yawned. Dumi always believed whatever I told him and he didn't have follow up questions. Other guys would pull a Gerrie Nel on you until you confess.

Seeing Dumi made me kinda feel guilty about what happened last night. He was going thru tough time, mom in hospital and dad dead. I cheated on him with a cow and now I'm the one feeling bad. Men like Thabiso deserve to be castrated. I wish God could take his big dick and give it to my sweet Dumi. When we got into the car and he kissed me on the cheek. While driving to my place I asked him how things are at home and bla bla bla. I expected him to be all emotional and stuff but he was cool about everything. I guess he made peace with the fact that his dad is gone. When we got to my place he asked for a charger cause he wanted to check his messages. I asked him why he didn't buy one of those cheap Chinese chargers and he said he didn't wanna waste time. I asked him why he's in Pta and he said he came to fetch some important documents. He checked his messages and when he saw my Whatsapp text he was all smiles. He came near me and gave me a kiss I've never experienced before. I kissed him back and he pushed me to the bed. WTF....is this the Dumi I know? Maybe it's his twin....I thought to myself. The Dumi I knew would rather talk about how snakes digest food than have sex with me. What did he learn in KZN? Maybe he had a wife back in kZN and she taught him a thing or 3. I felt a bit guilty that I slept with Thabiso the previous night. But if there's one thing that kills guilt faster than confession is giving your man best sex ever. We kissed for about 5 minutes and I got aroused. Normally with Dumi I got aroused not because of how he touched me, I got aroused cause I loved him. I tried to take off his t-shirt and he quickly went "stop right there, in Zulu culture we are not supposed to have sex during the mourning period". What an anti-climax!!!! I answered "to hell with culture. It's not like Shaka is gonna wake up from the dead and kill you with a spear". That almost made him laugh. Men will always be men, nerd or no nerd...culture or no culture. Men think with their dicks, period. He tried to stop me from undressing him but his small dick was in gear 5 already. I know this might sound funny, although Dumi's dick was small, it looked so cute lol. I continued undressing him and this time he didn't tell me about the culture shit. He was now in a dick-thinking mode. If you want your man to give you his bank PINs, get him horny. Men don't THINK when they see a pussy. I wanted to blow him but I thought of what happened the last time. So I didn't waste anytime, I took his chubby dicklet and put it inside me. I almost laughed cause it was tickling me inside. By the way, we weren't using a condom. Within 1 minute 30 seconds he came. I could tell he was coming cause he did his signature tune "hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu". To be honest I didn't expect a porn star performance from him. I didn't love Dumi for sex, I just loved him nje. Loving him was a cute thing to do.

There are many women out there who have been with small-dicked bad performers for years. 95% of them are fucking someone else. You stick with your man because you love him but you go fuck outside cause you need a good fuck. It's called life. I asked Dumi to muff me and he said "eeeeuuu...with the stuff in your pussy?". WTF, it was his come for heaven's sake. Men expect us to swallow their come but they find their own come disgusting. I left him lying naked on the bed quickly went to the bathroom to wash off his sperms. When I went back to the bedroom Dumi looked like someone who has seen a ghost. Before I could brew what was going on, Kea was standing next to the door 100% naked.

She went "you slept with Pastor Adeyomi last night. Pay back time".

THE END

Episode 16

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

The taste of a dick can change a behaviour of a girl overnight, especially canned food (virgins). You get excited and think 'you have arrived'. Many girls grow up as church going good girls who respect their parents and other grown-ups. But as soon as they taste a dick everything changes. You start spending most of your time chatting with the V-breaker on BBM and Whatsapp, when your mom complains you snap. You go as far as telling her you weren't there during her youth. But this kinda behaviour doesn't last long, you'll be back on track after 2 heartbreaks. When you are still in love with the V-breaker you think the world revolves around his dick. The day he dumps your ass, you feel the world is over for you. You meet the 2nd guy who plays you and leave you after the 1st shag. Then you come down to mother earth. It's called life. Kea wasn't a virgin when she met pastor Adeyomi. I know so because she told me she has a kid...unless if she lied. I wouldn't put it past this girl. Over the past few days she showed me a tikiline-side of her I've never seen before. Maybe it's because Adeyomi's holy dick is huge. She felt as if he was re-breaking her virginity. I was pissed at her for showing up announced and stripping naked in front of my Zulu prince. He wasn't even her type. She preferred snake-long dicks, not Dumi's dicklet. What made me more mad was the accusation that I slept with Adeyomi. I told her I never slept with her big snake married boyfriend and she asked if I never slept with him how do I know he has a big

snake. “Stop being bitchy, I saw it the night he was fucking you in his car like a slut at Fountain....” Before I could pronounce ‘s’ she jumped over me and gave me a warm clap. WTF, this girl must go to Pastor TB Joshua’s church. Before she could give me a second clap I ducked and she fell next to her bed. Now it was my time to show the fake mozalwane I can also be a bitch. I didn’t wanna kick her innocent face, I wanted her guilty bums and big pussy. I kicked her twice on the bums and before I could go for the pussy a shocked Dumi jumped off the bed and held me back. I wanted to finish the bitch off. I’m tired of bitches acting like saints whereas they know they stand a better chance of winning Bitch Idols. My cousin once told me that when he wants to score an easy chick he goes to church. I didn’t believe him then but Kea makes me wanna believe him. While the holy bitch was trying to stand up Dumi asked if I slept with Ademoney what what. I looked at him with that ‘Dude-R-U-4-Real’ look and said “Babe I know my pussy is a bit big for your small dick but it doesn’t look like the Big Hole in Kimberly”. I immediately noticed my comment was mean and rude. Before I could apologise there was a knock on the door. Shit, I wasn’t expecting any visitors. I asked Dumi to take his clothes and go get dressed in the bathroom. I wrapped myself with a towel and asked Kea to get dressed cause we didn’t know who the knocker was. Instead of getting dressed she ran to the bathroom....still naked. I wanted to run after her but the knocks got impatiently louder. I turned and walked towards the door. The plan was to tell whoever was knocking to voetsek so that I could deal with Kea. She went too far and I had to teach her a Limpopo lesson.

When I opened the door a face I didn’t expect smiled at me. What’s up with black people and surprises these days mara? It was my mom and her colleague who happened to be Maite’s aunt. I could see my mom was happy to see me and I had to fake happiness but I knew my mind was in the bathroom. My mom went “morwedi wa ka yo mo botsebotse (my very beautiful daughter)”. I smiled and returned the compliment – “my beautiful mom”. We hugged and did those unnecessary niceties we learn from the soapies. I asked her why she didn’t tell me she was coming to Pta. She said it was a last minute decision and she did call but I ignored her call. Shit, she was right, I did ignore her call. She told me she was in Pta to do some stuff at the Nursing Council. Maite’s aunt asked if she could use the bathroom and I quickly told her my roomie was bathing. She it’s fine cause it’s a girl and I told her my roomie is the private type and she hates when people enter the bathroom when she’s bathing. I lied cause had she opened that door hell was

gonna go loooooosssseeee. My mom said she's hungry and we should go to Spur. She said I must quickly get dressed cause Maite's aunt was pressed. I asked my mom if they can wait for me outside while I'm dressing and she said no cause I'd be slow. Nxa this woman was becoming a Mission Impossible. I didn't wanna go out to eat, I wanted to beat the hell of the naked bitch who was hiding in the bathroom with my naked man. While dressing I heard a soft voice going "hawu hawu hawu hawu" from the bathroom and my blood boiled. Nxa it has only been a minute and Dumi was coming already. My mom asked if my roomie was bathing with a dog and I told her she was probably singing. After getting dressed we left my place. When we got where my mom parked her car I told them I forgot to lock the door they said "Mos there's someone up there, she's probably done bathing". My mom was disturbing my mission bathong. I wanted to go back to the flat to deal with Kea Nine-9. We got in the car and drove to Sunnypark Mall. This woman loved Spur ribs like nobody's business. When we got to Spur she ordered Spur ribs, buffalo wings and spinach. Maite's aunt and me ordered the same. While eating Maite's aunt asked if I sometimes see Maite and I said "Me and Maite are best friends. I was with her yesterday". She was so happy nxa. I asked my mom if I can go make a call and she jokingly asked if I'm going to call my bf. Lol I told her I'm going to call my roomie. She gave me a go and I went to the parking lot. I wanted to make sure I had a freedom of speech. I called Dumi 10 times and he didn't pick up. I called Kea and her phone was off. I remembered I had Adeyomi's number. I called him and he picked up within the 1st ring. I flirted with him 4 about a minute and I could feel he was getting excited. Nxa men can be stupid sometimes. Nigga is fucking my roomie but gets excitement from flirting with me. I told him I'm home alone and very bored. Before I could finish that he told me he'll be at the flat in 5 minutes. I hung up and went "Yessss, that's my boy....Kea won't know what hit her".

Before I could leave the parking a red Volvo C30 parked to where I was standing. The driver opened the window and I could see he was looking at my boobs. I wanted to tell him shit but before I could breath a word he went "I'm not staring at your boobs. I'm staring at your heart". Lol men and lame pick up lines, it was kinda cute thou. He managed to score a smile from me. He got out of the car and introduced himself as TT Matshwi but I should call him TT Scott. When he said Scott I thought of Scott of Generations, the guy who had more than 10 girlfriends. I lied to him that I'm Lerato. Most girls lie about their names when they meet a guy

for the first time and Lerato is the common name we use. He took my hand and kissed it softly. Lol nigga was trying to push charm. I told him I'd love to chill and chat but mommy would be worried. He asked for my number and I told him I rather have his. He didn't protest and gave me his digits. When I left I could feel he was looking at my bum and I deliberately twerk-walked.

I chilled with mommy and Maite's aunt for about an hour. I asked them if they are sleeping at my place and they said they'll be spending a night at Hotel 224 in Arcadia. She said I can go sleep with them and I said NO cause I had a test the following day. On our way to the car we bumped into TT Scott and he winked at me. My mom looked at me and said "you must stay away from such boys. You can see he's one of those guys who puff and pass". Lmao I never heard my mom saying such things. Only if she knew I had his number already. When we got to my flat Dumi's car was still parked outside. I almost asked myself where Adeyomi parked but remembered the wife took it. My mom dropped me and said after doing their stuff at the Nursing Council tomorrow they'll head back to Ga-Kgapane. I asked her to pass by my college before she leaves.

I know the plan was for Adeyomi to find Kea and Dumi at the flat but when I got into the lift I panicked. What if Adeyomi beat Kea to death? I got to the door and tried to unlock...it was not locked. I pushed it slowly, switched on the light and guess what!!!!

Dumi was lying in a pool of blood

THE END

Episode 17

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

My parents sent me to Pretoria for my Nursing Diploma, not to cause drama everywhere I go. You know there are days when you feel God is angry at you and has given satan freedom to punish you. That's how I felt. The security guard at Maite's place got hit by a bottle because of me, Adeyomi was beaten by his wife because of me, Siphos wife miscarried because of me, Thabiso might be in deep shit with his wife because I told her he's sleeping with his cousins, now Dumi was lying in a pool of blood because of me. In most of these cases my thinking was

guided by emotions. I act before thinking and by the time I regain my proper thinking capacity, someone is hurt. Why didn't my parents name me Ebola Letsoalo or something? I was becoming ebola everyday. Everything I touched turned bad. I quickly closed the door behind me cause I didn't want nosey neighbours to see a person lying on the floor in a pool of blood in my flat, well maybe I exaggerated. It wasn't really a pool of blood but there was a lot of blood. I wanted to scream but that would grab the neighbours' attention. I didn't wanna raise alarms before knowing what was going on. I quickly ran to the bathroom to check if there was no another person lying in a 'pool' of blood. My heart was beating very fast, something told me Kea was dead in the bathroom. I slowly opened the bathroom door with my eyes closed. I didn't wanna see whatever was in there, I used feet to feel if there was something. When my feet felt nothing, I opened my eyes. I noticed there was a used condom under the basin. Did Dumi really fuck Kea? The thought made me wanna kill Dumi for the second time if he was dead, cut his dicklet and sell it to a sangoma. My phone beeped, there was an sms from Pastor Adeyomi. It read:

“Ti o ro ti o ba wa onilàkaye. Iwo o kú bi aja kan. You set me up”.

Obviously I didn't understand the first part. It was probably one of Nigeria's languages but I got the second part very well. I went back to the bedroom to where my Zulu prince was lying. My legs were heavier and my heart was beating fast. As a student nurse blood wasn't a big deal to me, a big deal was Dumi dying in my flat. What was I going to say to his folks? I don't even know them. I didn't even know how he 'died'. As I was busy with my thoughts, Dumi coughed and I almost fainted. I have read stories in the Daily Sun about dead people talking in villages around Venda. Before I could react he said “Kea..... Nguwe lo? Ngiphethwe ikhanda (Kea, is that you? I have a headache)”. I could see he was indeed in pain and still half-unconscious. Part of me was happy he's alive but hearing the Kea name from his mouth made me wanna puke on his dicklet. I went to the fridge and took cold water. I poured it all over his head and I could see now he was regaining his full consciousness. I had no time to waste, I wanted answers. What I found surprising was he didn't have any open wound. Nxa this nerd, maybe Kea gave him a holy blow job and he hawu-hawu'd twice and fainted. I helped him to stand up and sit on Kea's bed. I didn't want any blodd on my bed. “Zulu boy, explain to me what happened. Start with the blood on the floor. Tell me everything you

remember”. He struggled to talk for about a minute. He said some dark Nigerian guy stormed into the flat without knocking while he was getting dressed and Kea was still naked. Nxa I wanted to ask if he fucked that bitch but I wanted to know the entire story first. He told me how the Nigerian beat him on the belly twice and tried to strangle Kea but she managed to escape, grabbed a knife and stabbed the dark dude twice on his right shoulder. WTF, Kea the goodie goodie girl has turned into a ninja and slut. I asked him to continue and he said he doesn’t remember anything after that point. Lol the Zulu boy probably fainted from fear after seeing the stabbing. I asked him if he slept with Kea and he said he doesn’t remember. I asked him about the used condom in the bathroom and he said he doesn’t remember being in the bathroom. WTF, this dude thinks I’m a fool. Before I could continue with further questions he asked “Are you sleeping with Nigerians? Kea told me you slept with that Nigerian guy? How could you? How could you Sharon?”. I showed him the door “baba, get out of my flat”. Nxa I had no time for stupid questions. He fucked that bitch, she lied to him about me sleeping with Adeyomi and now he wanna pull a reverse psychology on me. People like Kea deserve a VIP ticket to satan’s Shisanyama. “Baby let’s talk about this. We both did wrong things and I forgive you. Let’s talk as adults”, he said. I was angry at him, I was angry at the entire world. I kept asking myself what had happened to Kea and Adeyomi and also about the funny language SMS I received from Adeyomi. I didn’t understand the language but I had a feeling it wasn’t something romantic. “Dumi, you and I will talk as adults the day your dick becomes an adult. Please leave my flat because I pull a Kea on you”. He left without looking back. I know he was going thru tough time in his family but fucking my slut roomie cancelled all sympathy I felt for him.

There was no fucken way I was gonna sleep in that bloody room. I called my mom and told her I changed my mind about sleeping at the hotel. She asked what effected the change of heart and I told her I just wanted to be with her. She asked if she should come pick me up and I told her I’ll catch a cab. I said that without thinking, maxi cabs are expensive even for short distances in Sunnyside. I called JT and her phone was off. She was probably muffing some chichi. I couldn’t call Thabiso or Never-die because of what happened. There was another name left, TT Scott. Niggars gave me his number, I might as well use him. Most girls do this, they have a database of numbers of niggars who drive. When we wanna go somewhere we know who to call. Pity some guys think we call because we like them, shame. I

called TT Scott and he said I must send him ‘coordinates’. Mmmh power of technology. Where I come from when you direct someone you’d go “I stay next to the yellow spaza shop after the bridge. There’s a mango tree next to the gate”. I sent him ‘my location’ via Whatsapp. I took few things I might need for the next day. Within few minutes TT Scott found me waiting downstairs. When I got into the car he was like “I know I’m hard to resist but I didn’t expect you to miss me this soon”. Shit, I almost got out of the car because of his arrogance but I remembered I needed Minister of Transport. I faked a smile and told him where I was going. He asked if I’m going to my boyfriend and said I don’t have a boyfriend. I could see he wanted to smile and he said “I heard that lied before”. I didn’t wanna entertain him, all I wanted was a lift from him...nothing more. He asked if my mom worked for government. Huh...why was nigger asking awkward questions now. I said “Yes, why?” and he was like “I saw gold on your tooth. Most kids of government employees have bling bling on their teeth”. Lmao TT Scott was a funny motherfucker. Coming to think of it, he was right. Most kids of teachers and nurses have bling bling on their teeth. Thanks to GEMS.

He dropped me at the hotel and promised to call me the following. Before leaving he shouted “dedicate the first one to me”. Lol this guy should be called TT Scomedian. He didn’t believe me when I said I’m going to my mom’s hotel room. I called my mom to ask for her room number. I got into the lift and pressed 6. I was the only person in the lift. It went up and stopped at floor 3...I guessed it was probably because someone was going up from that floor. The elevator opened and I almost fainted.

Two people I didn’t expect were standing in front of the lift....WTF#DeadnBuried

THE END

Episode 18

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

There are some people you never wish to bump into, Matome is one of them. Remember Matome from Jane Furse? The guy who shagged me til my pussy blushed? The guy who dumped me for wanting to blow him. He’s one of those guys I sometimes sit and ask myself how I got to date him. He wasn’t romantic or nice, the only thing he had was a big cock. He hated make-up and short clothes.

What turned me off about him is that he was very stingy. I once forced him to take me to Spur and when we got there he only ordered one plate. When I asked him if he aint gonna order for himself he told me he'll cook pap when he gets to his place. He sat there with me throughout dinner while drinking water. He was so stingy he didn't even buy himself a decent drink. Sometimes I'd go to his place and find him eating brown bread and ultra-mel (milk) on his pay day. When I saw him at the hotel I was kinda double-shocked cause there was no way he was gonna pay for the hotel. Secondly, I was wondering what he was doing with Maite. The last time I saw her was when she ran away after hitting the poor security guy with a bottle. Matome spotted me first and he was like "Maite mogatsaka, ga re tsamaye ka disteps. Ga ke kwane le dijezabel (Maite my love, let's use stairs. I don't like Jezebels" and she responded by saying "Same here babe. Jezebels make my blood boil. Let's hit the stairs". I quickly got out of the lift and gave her a hot clap on her right cheek. She returned the favour by hitting me on the shoulder and before I could give her another one Matome was between us. He went "voetsek difebe, le nagana plek ye ke tarven tsa Limpopo (Piss off bitches, you think this place is a Limpopo tarven). With that he left and walked down the stairs. Maite wanted to follow him but he told her she must not follow him or else he'll drag her with her legs till her bum turns maroon. While she was still screaming for Matome to come back I quickly got back into the lift and went up. With Matome gone the bitch would probably eat me alive. I can't believe she called me a Jezebel. I mean, she's double-crossing Never-die with Matome. Girls like Maite are like a lose paper, they go with the direction of the wind.

I got to my mom's hotel room Maite's aunt was reading Daily Sun and mom was busy on a callI think it was my dad and it sounded as if he was interrogating her about this and that. Men are like that, when the wife is away they'd call every 30 minutes just to check if she aint doing shitty stuff. They'll ask questions like "are you alone?" and if you give them 1-word answers like 'yes, no, yes, no' they get mad. They think you are with someone and you are scared to talk. She gave me a phone and me and daddy talked for few minutes. I could tell he was happy cause he knew if I'm with my mother it meant she was not with another man. That's how stupid men are. If a woman wants to cheat she'll do so right under your nose. She can even fall pregnant by your neighbour without you knowing. That's an advantage of being a woman, when I'm pregnant I know 100% that the baby is mine. A man can never be 100% sure. Coming to think of it, my little brother looks

like some doctor at the hospital where my mom works. I'm not accusing my mom of anything, I'm just saying nje. While I was busy with a call someone knocked at the door. Maite's aunt opened and the most irritating voice said "thobela mmane (hello auntie)". I told dad I G2G and went straight to the bathroom after the call. I sat in there 4 over 20 minutes until mom asked me to get out and say hi to my friend. I had no choice but to be in the same room with the bitch I fought with not long ago. She was on about how we so tight like sisters and how we spend most of our time at Library. My mom was like "Sharon, with a friend like Maite you'll never be like most girls from home who came to Gauteng for nightclubs and endless boyfriends. Maite was raised very well and I feel safe when you are friends with her". Maite was all smiles...nxa the bitch was such a snake. Only if they knew she was the opposite of what they thought of her. Most girls from my hood act all goodie goodie when they are at home but turn into ninjas when they are away from parents. Maite announced she wanna leave cause she wanted to study. Nxa bitch, she was probably going to whore her pussy to the highest bidder. My mom asked me to be a good girl and walk Maite to the elevator. I told her I was tired but she forced me. Maite was like "Areye chomi hle (Let's go buddy) and I almost said 'chomi ke mmao'. We got out of the room together wearing fake smiles. As soon as we got to the passage she took her phone out and called someone "Hey, Never-die. Please come fetch me at Hotel 224. I wanna give it to you all night long", she said. Nxa this bitch is fucken childish, she was doing that to spite me. Before hanging up she was like "I love you babe. You are the only man I love". Bitches aint loyal shem. I walked back to the room and told mommy I'm too tired...just wanna sleep.

In the morning my mom gave me a lift to college. I wanted to cry when we did our good byes. She told me not to cry and gave me R500 to catch a taxi to home on Friday. Nothing puts a smile on a girl's face like money. If a BF gives you money your pussy gets wet even before he touches your body. That's how we girls love money lol. After my last class I felt stranded, I didn't know where to go. I didn't wanna go back to my bloody room. I remembered I have friend-cum-sister in Mahube Valley, Mamelodi. Nomsa was one of those people I regarded as a sister even thou we were not blood-related. She stayed in Mahube Valley with her husband, a Ndebele guy from Kwaggafontein, KwaNdebele. They had one of those 2-bedroom bond houses. His name is Hector Skhosana if I'm not mistaken. Almost all Ndebeles are Skhosanas lol. I called her and asked if I can visit her for the 2

days nyana. She was actually happy to hear that. She said I must pack my bag and she'll pick me up after work. You see, having a friend-cum-sister helps. I went to my flat to take few things for the next 2 or 3 days. The blood was still on the floor and the smell made me wanna puke. Around 5pm Nomsa and her hubby picked me up and we headed to Mahube Valley. This couple seemed so in love. They both worked in Centurion so they used 1 car to work. They left together in the morning and same ish after work.

I didn't have classes until Friday. So there was none much to do. I slept, woke up, ate, did house chore etc. It's always a good thing to help with chores when you are a visitor. On Wednesday and Thursday Nomsa and Hector left around around 6am in the morning to work and on both days I woke up around 10. I kinda felt normal after all the drama that happened in the last few days. I switched off my smart phone and used the cheaper 1. I didn't want anyone to contact me, not Dumi, not TT Scott or whoever. I was on holiday lol. It was a bit lonely during the day but channel 172 – TLC and 173 – Style kept me busy. I also did a lot of studying. On Thursday night Hector took me and Nomsa to a popular Mamelodi pub called Jack Budha for drinks. We didn't drink much cause they were going to work the following day. I was kinda in a Phuzza Thursday mood but I understood we had to leave early cause they had to go to work the following day. Hector was a cool guy. When we got back to Mahube Valley I passed out within 20 minutes cause I was tipsy. I woke up around 10am the following day. When you know you are alone in the house you can comfortably walk naked in the house, especially if it's hot. I slept in my undie....and because of the booze I had the previous night I was very pressed. You know that feeling when you feel your bladder is about to burst, that's how I felt. I quickly opened the door and sped off like Caster Semenya rushing to the bathroom. Holy shit...I accidentally bumped into Hector by the passage and fell on my back.

His eyes were glued to my

THE END

Episode 19

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I've been in many awkward situations before but having your friend or sister's man looking at your naked body is very uncomfortable. I've seen Hector several times and he's quite a cool guy but I was not very used to him. Not your church type but a very decent and family-oriented man. I've never heard Nomsa complaining about him cheating or going out til the wee hours of the morning. Actually, he was that type that take a wife with whenever they go out. He was the kinda guy you wouldn't mind if he befriended your boo. So now imagine me lying there naked and him standing right next to me with his eyes glued at the area below my navel. I said "I thought you were at work. I'm sorry Mr Skhosana". I don't even know why I referred to him as Mr Skhosana. He went "I wish" and his phone rang in the bedroom before he could continue with whatever he wanted to say. He walked backwards with his eyes still glued at my nakedness. I quickly stood up and rushed to the bathroom. I think I sat in the bathroom for over 20 minutes. Hector knocked at the door and asked if I'm ok. Mxm he knew very well that I wasn't ok. How could I be ok when he saw my apple? Doesn't he know it's rude to talk to people when they are doing privacies in the bathroom? I told him I have a stomach bug and he said "Nomsa called. She wanted to know if you are still leaving today. She asked me to drop you in town". OMG...dropping me in town? That would be helluva awkward. I told him I'm still leaving and he said I can prepare myself as he had to go drop something at his friend's place at the other side of Mahube Valley, Ext 1. I knelt down and said a short prayer. Imagine bumping into him in undies again? I'd die. I waited for him to leave and went back to the bedroom. My mom called to ask if I'm gonna need more money and I told her I'm sorted. I told her I still had the moola she gave me on Tuesday. If it was my dad I was gonna take the money. Girls can be hyenas when coming to money, but we think twice before milking our moms. I can milk my dad or boyfriend's money until he's dry but when it's mommy I consider many things. I was not in a mood to sit in a taxi for over 5 hours. Imagine sitting at the backseat of Inyathi for 5 hours...by the time you get to Tzaneen you'd be half dead. I switched on my BlackBerry and logged on Facebook. I updated the following status:

"Anyone driving from Pretoria to Ga-Kgapane today? I need a lift"

I updated almost a similar status on BBM and Whatsapp. Most girls do this on FB and hope a guy texts her. We know if it's a guy we'll just flirt with him and not pay. Unless if he's a ZCC member. Those ones will make you pay the exact

amount you were gonna pay in a taxi. And after that he's gonna expect you to give him your number. I thought it was a Limpopo but I noticed girls from Mpumalanga, KZN and North-West do it too. I took a very quick bath cause I didn't want Hector to find me still in the bathroom. My phone rang and it was Nomsa asking if Hector told me he's gonna drop me in town and I said yes. Nomsa was so sweet, imagine if I told her Hector saw me naked... she'd die. I checked Facebook and my status had 23 comments and 1 like. You know I always wonder why people like status updates that do not need a 'like'. Some guy once updated a status 'My father was involved in a car accident and he's gone. I can't stop crying' and some fool liked it. What's there to like about someone dying????? I went thru comments and noticed most guys who commented were going Polokwane or Mokopane. Mxm black people and failure to understand. If I wanted a lift to Polokwane I'd have said so. Other comments were from girls. I was not in a mood to be in a car of some bitch stranger I didn't know. And I knew a girl would never give me a discount. I checked Whatsapp and there was only 1 text.....from Scott TT. He was asking why I didn't tell him I'm from Ga-Kgapane. I told him he never asked. I asked if he knew the place and he said he was from that side too, about 20 kms far east of Ga-Kgapane. He told me he's going home but he can only leave after 5pm as he's still at work. Ja neh, Gauteng is full of people from Limpopo. They should rename it Gaupopo. Mmmmmm it was my lucky day. He didn't look like those stingy guys who would make a beautiful lady like me pay. I asked him where he works and he said Sandton. To be honest, the name Sandton drives many chicks from Limpopo crazy. The mere mention of it make us think the guy is earning. We forget there are cleaners, cashiers and parking assistants in Sandton. I told him I'll wait for him at Sunnypark. I had to dress to kill if I didn't wanna pay. Call me a whore or whatever you want, most girls use their looks to get things for free. I rocked a mini skirt that exposed my yellow thighs, a top that left bare some skin between the skirt and da top. I had a very cool tattoo on my right thigh and it only becomes visible when I'm sitting 'sexually-motivated'. I drank many smirnoff guaranas because of it. It drove perverts crazy. I repeat, men can be stupid. How can a mere tattoo empty your wallet? It's not like you gonna fuck a tattoo.

Hector came back and asked if I was ready. I said yes and we hit the road. The first 10 minutes was kinda awkwardly silent. I couldn't even look at him in the eyes. But I could tell his eyes were on my thighs. Girls kinda enjoy when guys steal a view of our sexiness but we hate it when a guy stares as if he has never seen thighs

or a bum before. Hector broke the silence and asked about my studies. I knew he wasn't interested but used it as a silence breaker. Most guys do that when they don't know what to say. We spoke about so many things....from Nomsa to cars. To guys a conversation is not a conversation until they talk about cars. I asked him to drop me at my place cause I had to pack my bag and he said cool. We got to my flat and before I could get out he went "if I'm gonna see what I saw this morning whenever you visit, then you can come whenever you want. You have the most beautiful body I've never seen before. Pity I met Nomsa before you". I got out of the car and rushed to the gate without looking back. Guys are like this, they can date your friend and still flirt with you. The compliment flattered me but I felt a bit guilty. Nomsa is a very good friend to me. I got to my room and packed my weekend bag and waited for TT Scott. I Whatsapp'd to tell him to pick me up at my place.

Around 6pm TT Scott called to tell me he was downstairs and offered to come up to help with bags. I told him it's only 1 bag and I can manage. Lol it was 1 overloaded bag. You when you go home you take your best clothes. I wanted girls from home to 'feel' me. When I got to the car TT Scott was drinking Heineken and playing Ifani's Milli. At least he had good music taste. I got into the car and we hit the road. He's such a sweetheart, when he bought his Heineken he bought me 12 Guaranas. Nigger has no full stop when he talks. I didn't even feel the trip cause within 2 hours we were almost in Polokwane. I was kinda getting drunk and the topic turned to sex. TT Scott was telling me how he enjoys being blown blah blah blah. When we got to the Meropa Casino robot, it was red...TT Scott wanted to drive thru the red robot and I told him not to behave like a taxi driver. He listened and stopped. I looked at him twice and before the robot could turn red I quickly unzipped his pants and took his bazooka out. I think he was kinda expecting it because he didn't look shocked. I bent over to his seat and started blowing him. I think the robot went green-red twice but he didn't drive thru, he was still moaning like a lion in Kruger National Park.

Booooooooooooooooooom!!!!!!!!!!!! the next thing we were surrounded by blue lights....

THE END

Episode 20

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

If you have stayed in Sunnyside before you will run for your life whenever you see blue lights. Sunnyside cops are ruthless, they don't care if you are a female or not. They don't discriminate based on gender or social status. When they do their crackdown which normally starts at 1am, Esselen Street in Sunnyside becomes blue. They arrest anything that walks like an injured penguin. Most girls walk like injured penguins when drunk. I remember 1 night me and my girls were walking from a nightclub called Europa and the cops stopped us. We were so sloshed and rowdy. They asked us to lie on the ground to search us. Imagine a beautiful girl like me lying on the ground. They searched us as if we were hardcore criminals. They even searched our hair for drugs. My coconut friend asked them not to mess her expensive Brazilian weave and the cop was like "it's Brazilian in Brazil, not in South Africa. Nxa fake hair ya masepa". I don't think he knew how much Brazilian hair cost. I could tell he's one of those guys who forced their chicks to have 'natural hair' in the name of 'you look beautiful in your natural form'. That's the excuse most guys use when they don't wanna spend. The cops found nothing on us but pushed us into the police van. I was so mad I insulted the cops and they gave me a warm clap. I spent the night in the police cells. Ever since that night I run for my life whenever I see blue lights. Now imagine this, I was blowing a guy at the traffic light and we were both under the influence of alcohol. I know Polokwane cops aren't as ruthless as Sunnyside cops but a cop is a cop everywhere. I don't think TT saw the police car approaching us cause his eyes were still closed and he was busy moaning like a lion in the Kruger National Park. I don't know why guys do that, they always close their eyes and go 'mmmmweeeeh aaaahhh mmmmmweeeeh aaaahhhh....don't stop baaaabeeeee' when we blow them. One day they'll open their eyes only to find a baboon blowing them. I tried to raise my head but TT Scott quickly grabbed my small head and pressed it against his bazooka. He was like "no no noooooo ahhhh mmmmmweeeeh don't stop please ah ah ah I'm about to come. Please poooleeeeeesssss tog". I don't know how it feels when guys come but I think it's the nicest thing on earth for them. If a guy is about to come and you jump off the bed, you are likely to hear an insult or language you never heard before. I once tried it with Matome. I could tell he was about to come cause he was moaning like a lion and I jumped off the bed. He went "Sharakwaaaa bhada bhada kong woooooo twiiiiiiii". Even today I don't know which language he used. I even

tried to google it but got no results. So when TT Scott said he's about to come I knew it was gonna be difficult to stop the bj'ng. I forcefully pulled my head up and told him to fucken open his eyes cause the cop car just stopped behind us. I think the cop word did the trick cause he opened his eyes so fast that his spectacles almost fell off. Within few seconds the cop was at the window. TT Scott rolled down the window and the cop went "Eh le kae papao? Ke kgopela le tšwele ka ntle. (How are you sir? Please get out of the car). There were 2 male cops and 1 female. Have you noticed how cheeky the female cops are at night? I'm not sure if they saw me blowing TT Scott cause his car has tinted windows. We stepped out and the male cops searched the car. The female cop searched me and she was like "you must brush your teeth sesi. Your mouth smell like a dick". Shit...I wanted to tell her where to get off but remembered the night I spent in Sunnyside police cells. Sometimes I think cops think they are Jesus when they are in uniform. I just gave her a 'respectful' look and said nothing. I looked at TT Scott and noticed he forgot to put his bazooka back into the pants. Lol I almost laughed cause he was still up. I signaled for him to hide his 'tool' and luckily he understood me. I couldn't control myself...I found myself laughing and the fat ass female cop thought I was laughing at her. She was like "Let's see if you gonna laugh like that when you sleep in a cold cell". The male cops found half-empty booze cans and asked if we have been drinking and we TT Scott said yep but it was only 2 Heinekens. The darker male cop asked TT Scott to follow him to the car. Does South African Police Service ever employ yellow bone male cops? TT Scott looked all relaxed as if he wanted to sleep in the police cells. The female cop followed them and the other mild dark one with a big head remained with me. He asked if the driver is my boyfriend and I told him he's my brother. He asked me to give him my phone and when I asked why he said I must follow instructions or I'll sleep in police cells. I handed him my phone and niggas buzzed his phone with my phone. Nxa he should have told me he wanted my number. I asked him why he did that and he said "you just bought your freedom". I don't know what he meant and I don't care. TT Scott came back to the car and took his wallet and went back to the cop car. If there's one thing our cops love is 'bribe'. Within a minute the cops were gone. You see, in South Africa money can buy you freedom. I asked TT how much he offered them and he said "R1000. Don't worry babe, it's peanuts to me. I can pay all of them their salaries and still be richer than them". Mxm we have so many Rick Rosses in South Africa. I didn't complain cause I didn't wanna pay, I paid with the blow job. We got into the car and he asked me to finish what I started, BLOW JOB. WTF, do men ever

learn? I told him NO WAYS and he said I must blow him when we get to Ga-Kgapane.

It took us about an hour to drive from PLK to Ga-Kgapane. I directed him to my place and when we got there I could see the TV was still on thru the window. He told me to drop my bag cause I'm sleeping at his place to finish what I started. Lol nigga was arrogant...he wasn't even asking me, he was commanding me. I told him he'll have to wait til my mom sleeps cause she's never gonna allow me to leave that late. He said cool. I went inside the house to find only my dad watching TV. He said mom was sleeping and he wanted to make sure I got home safely. Ncooohhhh my daddy is such a sweetheart. He told me they put my food in the microwave. I told him I'm not hungry but very sleepy. I didn't wanna chat cause TT was waiting. We did our good nights and went to our respective bedrooms. When my dad snores the entire house vibrated. So it was easy to tell when he was sleeping. Within 20 minutes the house started vibrating. I put on my sleepers and sneaked out of the house. When I got out of the gate TT Scott's car was nowhere to be seen. WTF....did he get impatient and left without notifying me? I called him and his phone was off. I got so mad I deleted his number immediately. I went back to the house and slept with a painful heart and wetful punani. TT Scott looked like those guys who had a bevy of girlfriends everywhere, he probably got impatient and called another girl from my neighbourhood. I tried to do myself with a finger but I made the wetfulness worse. I gave up and switched off the light and tried to sleep. Girls can support me on this one, it's not nice to sleep with a wet pussy. Before I could fall asleep my phone rang. I answered it and before I could say hello the caller said "come to the gate quickly. I can see the TV is off". Shit it was TT Scott. I wondered which game he was playing. I was in PJ's already....those sexy PJ's from Mr Price. I put on my sleepers again and headed to the gate.

When I got there he was not in his car, he was inside some Golf VI GTI. When I got to the car I heard telling the driver he'll see him the following day. WTF was this guy planning. He got off the car and told me he was too drunk to drive so he parked his car at his friend's place. I asked him if he was gonna walk to his place and he said he'll sleep at my place. I told him my dad was in the house and he said he'll leave early in the morning. We argued for 10 minutes and he said he'll sleep outside the gate if I don't want him to sleep inside the house. He was trying to make me feel guilty. Guys know we have soft hearts and they use it to their

advantage. I told him to take off his sneakers cause my dad might hear us. He was asking me stupid questions and I told him to shuuuush cause if daddy heard any voices someone was gonna die. I tactically opened the kitchen door and we sneaked in. My bedroom was at the end of the passage so it was the furthest from the kitchen. I locked the kitchen door silently and led TT Scott to the passage. I felt like a teenager. 3 steps to the passage...

Boooooooommmmmmmmm.....someone switched on the passage lights.

THE END

Episode 21

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

When I was 13 or 14 I had weight problems. I wasn't fat or obese but gained a bit of weight. I was size 30 and all my girls were size 28 or smaller. I felt ugly and it affected myself esteem. Most little girls go thru that stage. So I started starving myself to effect weight loss. At home we normally sit together around 8 to eat supper. So whenever mom dished up I'd grab an apple or banana. At first my dad was against it but he got used to it. What he didn't notice was that around 12 midnight I'd wake up and sneak to the kitchen to grab something to eat. I did that for about 3 weeks without anyone noticing. My dad thought there was a rat in the house and my mom suspected witchcraft. If you are from Limpopo you know we suspect 80% of bad thing are a result of witchcraft. People drink and drive and when they are involved in car accidents they blame witchcraft. People blow their salaries on booze and when they are broke they blame witchcraft. My parents even went to consult a popular sangoma from one of the villages surrounding Ga-Kgapane and the sangoma told them my great-grandfather is not settled in his grave, so he comes home every night as a sign that we should slaughter a bull. They paid him R1500 for that. Do sangoma ever say 'I don't know?'. One night I got so hungry that I became bloody dizzy. I got out of my bedroom and sneaked to the kitchen. My mom had cooked my favourite meal that night and I could feel my salivary glands secreting saliva uncontrollably. I opened the pot and started eating...in the dark. The food was so nice I even forgot that I was 'stealing'. I normally spent less than 2 minutes 'stealing' but that particular night I went for over 5 minutes. I was chowing the last drum stick and boooooom....my mom

switched on the light. Getting caught red-handed is not nice. I wanted to say 'I'm sorry mama' but I couldn't cause my mouth was teeming with seven colours. You know white parents will take a kid to a psychologists cause of such things. With real darkie parents there's no such shit....a belt will be your psychologist. She whipped me till I developed instant red stretch marks on my thighs.As I stood there ice-frozen with TT Scott behind me, my mind went back to that night. I think it took my mom about 30 seconds to digest the picture in front of her. She switched off the light and switched it on again. I think she thought she was dreaming or something. She switched off and on against and we were still there. You know when shit hit the fan the last thing you should do is open your mouth cause you will swallow shit. I was expecting my mom to shout at me or kill TT Scott. She walked towards us in silence and whispered to TT Scott that he had 3 seconds to get lost or there'd be blood in the house. He didn't waste anytime, within 2 seconds he was out of the house. I expected my mom to give me a hiding or tongue lashing but she went back to her bedroom. I stood in the kitchen motionless for more than 30 minutes. I dragged myself to my bedroom but I couldn't sleep till early hours of the morning. Do you how emotionally torturous it is for someone not to punish you when you have done something wrong? I would have preferred my mom to whip the hell out of my ass than to ignore me. I tried to call TT Scott but his phone was off. What if the poor lad got mugged. Ga-Kgapane is not a crime haven but if drunk guys bumped into the yellow bone TT Scott they'd mos def mess him up.

I woke up at 7am the following morning and fixed my mom breakfast. She ate it without saying a word. My dad worked on most weekends so it was just me and my mom. My little brother was not in the house but I was scared to ask my mom where he was. We sat for hours without talking. I eventually broke the silence and told her I'm sorry. I told her how that guy was stranded and I told him he could sleep in my lil bro's room. I went on and on and on and on while she listened attentively. When I was done talking she was like "You are lying Sharon. I knew it. He's the boy I saw at the mall when I was in Sunnyside. I even warned you to stay away from him type. You repaid my advice by bringing him to my house....with both me and you father in the house. What happened to my daughter huh? Tomorrow I'm taking you to a prophet in Venda. You have been bewitched". I wanted to argue further but I knew I stood no chance. I went to my bedroom and threw myself on the bed. I think I slept for about 3 hours cause when I woke up it was around 4pm. I checked my phone and there were 11 missed calls from TT

Scott, 3 from Dumi, 1 from Thabiso, and a Please Call Me from Kea. I wondered what the bitch wanted. I had no business with her. I called TT Scott and he asked why I ignored his calls. I lied to him that my mom confiscated my phone and only gave it back now. I asked him what happened last night and he told me he slept at his ex's crib. WTF, I hung up. He called and I ignored his call. He sent a Whatsapp: "if you don't answer my calls I'm coming to your place. Your mom would be so happy to see me". I called him immediately and he told me he'll pick me up around 18h00. I asked where we are going and he said it's a surprise. You'd swear black people discovered the word 'surprise' after Boko Haram kidnapped the girls. Everything is 'surprise' to them. They even call sex a surprise. I told him my mom was still mad cause of what happened last night and he said "you are a girl, make a plan. Is not like your mom will kill you". TT Scott sounded like those guys who would dump a girl on Facebook and like their own status. He said whatever he wanted to say without thinking about how it will affect the second person. After the call I asked my mom if I can go see a friend 3 streets away and she said cool but I must be back before 8pm. I took a bath, dressed up and said bye to mommy. She told me I mustn't say a word to daddy about what happened last night cause he would kill me and feed my corpse to the dogs. I didn't want TT Scott to come fetch me at home so I walked to High Point, a small shopping complex not far from my crib. I think I bumped into about 7 guys and almost all of them wanted to try their luck and I showed them my middle finger. One of them went "Mxm you think your pussy is made of gold. You will die and I'll fuck your corpse". Lol I cracked. I called TT Scott to tell him to hurry up and he said 10 minutes. While I was waiting there some ugly chick told me I look beautiful and I replied "I know, pity I can't say the same about you". I don't know if she cried or what...but her face looked like a male version of Whoopi Goldberg.. TT came within 10 minutes as promised. I asked where we were off to and he said aMorobi, shisanyama. I've been at the place before, it wasn't my kinda place but I couldn't say no cause I wanted to be away from my crib for few hours. I prefer the likes of News Cafe and Cofi but when you are in my hood NewsCafe is a shop where hoes gather to gossip and Cofi is a hot beverage lol.

When we got to the shisanyama there were few expensive cars such as Ranger Rover, Golf VI, Beemers, Mercs etc and there were also cars mostly driven by hustlers....the likes of Citi Golf and Tazz. TT Scott was quite popular, every Tom, Dick and Maria was greeting him. We sat in a group of the guys who drank

whiskeys and cognacs. Some guy who had VW keys in his hand kept winking for me and I kept ignoring him. TT Scott offered me Skky Vodka and Cranberry. The shit is nice, I love Skky Vodka. One of the guys started playing music in his car and we started dancing. Some village hoes tried to wanna outstage me but no one paid attention on them...all eyes were on Shaz, including their BF's eyes. TT Scott told me to sit down but I told him he's not my father. Before 10pm I could feel I wasn't myself anymore...that's what Vodka does to people. I think I puked more than 8 times. I looked for TT and he was nowhere to be seen. Some guy gave me water and told me to go rest in his car till TT pops. I told him I rather have more Skky than water. He gave me Skky and opened his car for me. I got into the back seat and continued with my drin.....

Gosh...my head was killing me. I looked around and I was in a room I was not familiar with. There were pictures of soccer players on the wall. Shit who does that in 2014? I was naked and my body was kinda tired. I opened the curtain and the sun was shining. So, it was probably midday. "Fuck...what happened last night?" I asked myself. I looked around the room and I counted 7 used condoms. OMG....WTF... I tried to connect the 'DOTS' but my brain was blank. There were so many dots but I couldn't connect them. The last thing I remembered was some dude asking me to get into his car to rest. As I was busy thinking, the door opened....

A guy entered the room....WTF...

Episode 22

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I always hear stories about people who don't remember things they did the previous night after hitting the bottle. The scariest I've heard was about a girl who got drunk and when she woke up the following day her ears and fingers were gone. Apparently some sangomas use human body parts to make muti. My reaction is always 'WTF....who on earth drinks to that level'. Booze is meant to be enjoyed, not abused. I'm the proud type, I handle alcohol not the other way round. I've always been of a view that girls who puke and fuck around when drunk should be arrested. There are thousands of girls all over the world who fell pregnant and they don't know who made them pregnant. Most of them terminate their

pregnancies because they don't wanna raise products of 'blackouts'. My aunt's name is Mabjala (The mother of booze), I think she was conceived under the influence of alcohol. Booze aint loyal.....Imagine me standing in a room I've never been to before 100% naked. When the door opened I was expecting TT Scott to appear. But the room didn't look 'Scottish', he didn't look like the type that hangs posters of Shoes Moshoeu and Maradona on the wall. There were bottles of Carling Black Label and Castle Milk Stout all over the room. I even saw a the Bafana Bafana Kappa T-shirt. The last time Bafana Bafana used the Kappa kit was somewhere in 1998. TT Scott is into Fabiani and Cognacs. Now imagine a face I've never seen showing up at the door, some bald dude with yellow teeth. I felt like drying. Like WTF, yellow teeth + 7 used condoms in some dodgy room. I didn't even know where I was. I quickly grabbed one of the bottles on the floor and started wielding it. I told him if he ever steps forward I'd hit his teeth so hard and he'd be the first black bone Coloured. With my other hand I took a blanket and covered my privaties with. He closed the door behind him and told "bofa lephondo ngwana (Take a chill pill, baby)". Part of me was relieved when he spoke the language I'm familiar with. Imagine waking up naked in a foreign country. I've read about Nigerian men drugging girls and taking them to Lagos to turn them into prostitutes. I rather commit suicide than let someone pay a pimp to fuck my gold pussy. Yellow Teeth told me I should be thanking him instead of threatening to hit him with a bottle. I was so mad at that moment, why the fuck would I thank a Boko Haram? I could imagine my name trending on Twitter - #BringBackOurSharon. He showed me an open wound on his arm, "they stabbed me while fighting for you. Some guys wanted to gang rape you and I fought them. You were so drunk you didn't even know your name or where you come from". I looked around the room hoping to see a rope or alephirimi (popular Limpopo poison)...I wanted to end my life. I asked him if I wasn't with TT Scott and he answered "Thithi Sekoto ke mang? (Who is Thithi Sekoto?)". I asked him if I was with anyone when he found me and he said I was walking at a very dangerous area. OMG....Sharon Letsoalo is dead. I told him to get out to give me a space to get dressed. He complied without hesitation. My clothes were all over the room and it made me very worried. My undie was nowhere to be seen. My pussy didn't feel like something happened to it. Normally the morning after a sex-busy night a pussy would have a dry burning sensation, especially when you pee. But if nothing happened to my pussy, why was I naked? Who used the 7 condoms? I kept asking myself many questions. For the first time in my life I felt cheap and sluttish. I

looked for my handbag but it was nowhere to be seen. It was probably in TT's car....that was me trying to 'console' myself. I told Yellow Teeth to come in. I asked him who used the condoms on the floor. Before he could answer tears were flowing down cheeks. I was expecting him to tell me how he fucked me like a bitch the whole night. 7 rounds? That's like a death sentence. The highest a guy has hit on me is 4. The likes of Dumi went once and hawu hawu'd. He took a deep breathe before opening his mouth. I don't remember someone saying something positive after a deep breathe. I've never been a victim of rape but I've seen victims before. Some of them are unable to engage in sexual intercourse even today. It's a very traumatic experience. Yellow Teeth went "Ha ha ha these condoms were used by me on my girlfriend. I fucked her 5 times plus bonus". I almost screamed with joy but remembered there were 7 condoms on the floor and that I woke up naked. He said he doesn't know about the 7th condom cause he only used six. I asked him where I was when he fucked his girl and he said I was lying right next to them. WTF, Skky Vodka should be banned in South Africa. How can people fuck right next to me and I heard nothing? He continued, "when me and my girl left this morning you were still dressed so I don't know how you got naked and about the 7th condom". Shit...I didn't wanna hear more. I asked him to lend me his phone and he handed it to me. Shit, who uses 3310 in 2014? I called my phone and it was off. Fuck, some bitch nigga stoke my phone...no, maybe I gave it to someone under the influence of Skky Vodka. I wanted to call my small phone but remembered I left it at home. I humbly asked him to take me home and he said I must eat first. My head was pounding and I didn't have appetite. Even if I had appetite I doubt I'd eat his food. He'd probably serve me pap and bread with sugar water. I told him I'll eat when I get to my crib and he said cool.

When got out of his room and got into his Toyota Venture. OMG...my hair was a mess and I'm being driven by a Venture/Taxi driver. Some nigga was like "Eh makhi, o ja yellow bones these days? O mpsa bra ya ka (eh neighbour, you fuck light-skinned girls these day? You are the man)". Gosh, what if he did chow me? The mysterious 7th condom stressed me. I kept thinking of the story to tell my parents. Most girls do this after sleeping out. Sometimes we come up with stupid stories just to avoid being grounded. My former classmate once told her mom that she got lost on her way home and spent the whole night looking for her place. Her dad gave her a super ass whipping. I asked Yellow Teeth to drop me at High Point, the small shopping complex a stone throw from my place. I didn't want him to see

my crib. He looked like those guys who would pop at your crib smelling booze and call you 'my wife' in front of your parents. I got off the car, thanked the dude and started walking towards my crib. Yellow Teeth screamed, "Ngwana, o siile puluma (babe, you left your undie) in my car last night. Come take it.". WTF, he was so loud guys who were at the shop heard him and they started laughing. I took my undie and ran home. I wondered how I left my undie in his car. When I got to the gate my heart was beating very fast. My father's car was not in the yard, I assumed he went to his Sunday society (social gathering). I got into the house thru the kitchen door and I found my mom writing on a paper. When she saw me she jumped up so fast and gave me a hug I've never seen before. I was shocked cause I expected her to be mad at me. She went "Thank you Lord, thank you God. My daughter is alive". I started crying when I saw tears running down her tears. When she calmed down she told me some girl 7 houses from my crib was gunned dead the previous night at a party. When she couldn't get hold of me thru my phone this morning she thought something bad had happened me. I didn't wanna tell her I lost my phone. She told me she's mad I didn't sleep at home...but happy I was alive. She didn't even ask where I slept. Moms are like this this, she can be mad at you but once your life is in danger their anger disappears and they turn into a protective mode. I asked where daddy was and she told me he went to look for me, and he had a sjambok in his car. No dad wants a young daughter who sleeps all over. That's a fact, if you are a young girl and you don't sleep at home, your dad is stressed. Some mothers can understand, as long as you are safe. Some mothers will go as far as telling you to bring groceries when you come back in the morning. I asked my mom what she was writing on the paper and she went "I was writing a letter to Khumbul'ekhaya". I know it's not funny but I almost cracked. Khumbul'ekhaya is for Xhosas bathong. She told me to go bath before dad comes back. She advised me to go sleep at Maite's aunt's place cause dad was on a war path and would mos def beat the hell outta me. I told her I have a class the following day and had to leave for Pretoria. To be honest, I had no class. The thought of my dad beating me terrified the hell outta me. I also didn't wanna bump into people who saw me drunk last night. It was around 1pm so there were still taxis to Pretoria. I took a quick bath, had a light lunch and asked mom to drop me at the taxi rank. Luckily the taxi only needed 1 person to vamoose. My mom kissed me and gave me R1000. She was like "don't worry about your dad. I'll make up a story". Lol moms aint loyal.

I didn't even feel the entire trip cause I was sleeping most of the time. I had 3 terrible dreams and I was getting raped in all of them. In one of the the person who was raping me wore a Kaizer Chiefs T-shirt. Shit, it was probably the guy with yellow teeth. Yellow teeth and Kaizer Chiefs t-shirt are a bit similar. It was a bit dark when we got to Pta. So I got off in the CBD and caught a taxi to Sunnyside. I couldn't wait to get to my place and sleep. My body was still heavy and I kept thinking of the 7th condom. I got off at corner Rissik and Joubert streets, a stone throw away from my flat. From distance I could see Dumi's car parked outside. A girl can spot her BF's car from distance. I was still mad at him for sleeping with Kea but seeing his car made me smile. After everything I've been thru the previous night hugging Dumi would do well to me. But Dumi didn't have keys to my room and I thought he returned to KZN to deal with his family issues. As I approached the car I noticed there was no one inside. He was probably waiting at the door for me...that's something Dumi would do. Dumi had some whiteness in him. You know with white couple when the chick is angry the boyfriend would camp outside her house until she forgives him. With black boyfriends you sulk and get mad at him now.... and he goes to fuck your friend, just to spite you. I got into the lift and went up. Guess what, Dumi was not at the door. Maybe he went to buy food for us, I thought to myself. I unlocked the door and switched on the light.

WTF....2 people were snoring on my bed. There were 2 used condoms next to the bed..... #Sigh

THE END

Women know men cheat and we learn to live with it. Your girlfriends will give you classified files about your man's cheating habits now and them and it hurts. You will confront him but without evidence he will deny everything. Men are very good at denying things. I once had a fling with a guy and I'd confront him whenever I heard rumours of him cheating. He was so good at denying things he did I almost thought he was Jacob Zuma. He'd always ask me if I saw him with whoever I accused him of cheating with. In about 2 months that we dated there were rumours that he chowed about 5 girls. Imagine a guy crossing you with 5 girls. If he was rich I'd name him Tiger Woods but because he was poor I nicknamed him Tiger Sticks. One night I went to his crib unannounced and found him busy with a girl. I angrily asked him why he's fucking another girl while he's still with me. I expected him to jump off the girl and apologise. But nuh, he did

something I didn't expect. He slowly got off the girl, pointed his dick and said "heh nondindwa, yinto ka bani? (bitch, whose thing is this[referring to his dick])". That was the last time I dated a xhosa man. Seeing Dumi and Kea lying on my bed brought back old memories. I know Kea and Dumi fucked before but I didn't have eye-evidence cause I didn't see them. I saw the condom in the bathroom but I couldn't prove beyond reasonable doubt that they fucked. It was possible that Dumi wanked with a condom on, you'll never know with these nerds. They were lying on the bed looking so tired like lions after unsuccessfully chasing an impala. Kea had her right leg on Dumi's fat bum. I noticed Kea had a tattoo of the letter 'A' written in italics on her right bum. I don't know whether it was old or new but I've never seen it before. I wondered what the letter stood for, Adeyomi or Ass-giver maybe. Lol imagine having a pastor's initial tattooed on your ass. Maybe she thought it would grant her a short cut to heaven. I walked a bit closer with many thoughts still running thru my mind. I noticed there were 10 empty bottles of Savanna Dark and 2 full ones. Modimo wa kgotso, they probably had a mini party which led to Kea swallowing Dumi's dicklet with her possibly big pussy. Imagine riding Dumi after shagging Adeyomi. It would feel like stepping down as CEO of Coca Cola and becoming a cashier at Shoprite. I thought of taking one bottle and pulling a Maite on Kea but my heart said I shouldn't. In most cases when a guy cheats with someone we know we tend to blame the girl. That was my impression at that moment, I blamed Kea for seducing my Zulu prince. Was he still my boyfriend thou? I mean, I had chased him like a dog few days earlier. I stood next to the bed for more than 5 minutes contemplating on what to do next. It was like God and satan were fighting to give me advices. God advised me to leave them alone and go sleep at a friend's place. God's advices are always sober and sound. Satan's advices are reckless but they give you satisfaction. Nothing pleases a person than making an enemy suffer. Yes I said it, Kea and Dumi have become my enemies. I couldn't believe they were so drunk that they couldn't even hear someone entering the room. Savanna Dark aint no child's play, It's Dry but it will show you darkness. Dumi was a weakling when coming to booze, 3 drinks were enough to knock him down. Anyway, I wasn't the right person to judge people on drunkenness especially after what happened the previous night. I decided to take God's advice, go sleep at a friend. But I had to dilute it with satan's element. I searched Kea's bag and took her phone, drivers licence and bank card. I also took Dumi's phone from his pants and switched it off. I took few books and clothes and put them in another bag. I switched off the light, locked the door and left.

I knew Nomsa's phone number by heart cause it was 1 of those numbers with many 3s and 0's. I called her with my small phone and explained my situation. I didn't wanna lie to her. I could hear she wanted to cry. She was such a sweetheart and she cared wholeheartedly about me. She said she'll come pick me up in Sunnyside but I told her I'll catch a taxi cause it was before 9pm. She asked if I'm sure and I said yes. I wish I knew JT's number by heart cause shim was gonna drop me in Mahube Valley without charging me. I had 2 bags but they weren't that heavy. I bumped into some guys who looked high, probably from nyaope (a popular drug) and they offered to carry my bags. If you stayed in Gauteng before you will know we have those kinda boys everywhere, nyaope boys. Some of them will pretend to help you carry bags but rob you as soon as you got to a darker spot. I accepted their offer but told them we gonna use streets that are full of people. I had to cover my ass, I didn't wanna get robbed by nyaope boys. We walked down to Esselen Street, turned at Steve Biko (Beatrix) Street and headed to Church Street. Those streets are forever busy, Monday to Sunday. Oh I almost forget to say, before getting to Church Street I gave them Kea and Dumi's phones. They were like "aaahhh die siza o sure..... o..... nyaka..... go..... re.... fa..... difounu tseeee (My sister are you sure you wanna give us..... thesephones?". Nyaope boys speak very slow when they are high. You can count to 100 while they are still trying to greet you with a simple 'how are you?'. I told them I joined a new church and they told us to give away our phones. They excitedly asked where that church is cause they wanted to go collect phones. I told them it's in Rankuwa. Lol they'd probably go to Pastor Lesego's church, the pastor who made people drink petrol in the name of Jesus. I felt so good after donating the phones to the less fortunate. I got into a taxi to Mamelodi. My thoughts were teeming with what I saw at my flat. I had no choice but to look for another flat. It was few days to month end so it would be easier to find another flat in Sunnyside. If you go to Sunnyside on the 30th or 1st you are likely to bump into 1000 people carrying beds on their heads. I also thought of TT Scott, since I lost my phone I didn't have any means to contact him. I wanted to ask why he left me on Saturday night. While still thinking about my life I remembered I forgot to tell my mom I got to Pta safely. I sms'd her and she sms'd back with 'take care my girl'. Ncoooh my mom didn't deserve a ninja like me as a daughter. I got off at Denneboom taxi rank and caught another taxi to Mahube Valley. Nomsa called to check how far I was and I told her I'm 20 minutes away. The taxi driver was playing loud music and it was pissing me off.

Complaining was no option cause taxi drivers in Mamelodi are very rude. 80% of them are from kwaNdebele.

Within 20 minutes I was at Nomsa's gate. Shame, poor girl was waiting for me outside the gate. Girls like her deserve a VIP area in heaven. She gave me a hug and told me it's ok to cry. You know, even if you were not planning to cry but when someone tells you it's ok to cry your tears are likely to flow down your cheeks. We walked to the house and she walked me directly to the guest bedroom. She sat with me for an hour comforting me like big sisters would do. My crying got a bit serious that she even suggested to take me to hospital. I think it wasn't about what I saw anymore, it was more about what happened the previous night. I told her to go sleep cause she was going to work tomorrow. She said she'll take a day off to take care of me but I told her sleeping will heal my heart and will wake up very refreshed tomorrow. With that she went to her room. I tried to sleep but my mind was very busy. Around midnight I heard Nomsa screaming 'sexually' and Hector moaning like a tiger. Shit, that's what I hate about visiting couples, you get to hear wrong things. I tried to close my ears but I made things worse....I could not hear a thing but my imagination went wild. I was imagining Hector naked on top of me. The imagination made my pussy wet. I think I only fell asleep around 3am. It wasn't a problem cause I didn't have a class. I had another bad dream. The Kaizer Chiefs t-shirt guy I dreamt about the previous day was forcefully shagging the hell out of me and after that he made that 7 sign we do with our index finger and the thumb. I didn't understand what he meant.

Around 6am Nomsa knocked at door to tell me she was off to work. She also told me that Hector is off as he wasn't feeling well. I replied with "ok sesi. See you when you come back". I felt a bit refreshed and rejuvenated, the power of sleeping. Thank God she told me Hector wasn't going to work....I was gonna walk in the house naked again. I woke up around 9 and did some cleaning and other house chores. Hector was locked in his bedroom the whole morning. I didn't wanna bother him cause he was sick. Around 12pm I ran a bath, I was planning to take one of those long bath. Liquid massage helps when you are going thru stuff. I soaked myself in warm water for about 30 minutes. It felt so good and refreshing. I was even singing Beyonce's Pretty Hurts song. Everyone turns into a Beyonce when they are in the bathroom. I heard Hector's door opening and I thought he was probably going to the kitchen to make some food. I continued with my singing

“Ain’t got no doctor or pill that can take the pain away
The pain’s inside and nobody frees you from your body
It’s the soul, it’s the soul that needs surgery
It’s my soul that needs surgery....”

The next thing the bathroom door opened and a naked Hector entered. His penis was half Adeyomi’s dick but it was 6 times bigger than Dumi’s. Before I could react he got into the bathtub and said:

“Ever since I saw you naked on Friday, you are always in mind....”

WTF.....Boooooom.

THE END

Episode 24

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Friendship matters to girls. We have BFFs, girlfriends, sister-friend and our bitches. Let me break it down:BBF – the kinda friend we share almost everything with. Commonly, you have known them from primary school. If the FBI was to investigate you, they’d start by questioning them first. Girlfriends – these are friends we don’t know much about their backgrounds but we click. We mostly meet them at tertiary or on social networks. Bitches (My bitches) – these are friends that will never give you a sound advice. You gossip and party with them. The friendship don’t last as they are likely to fuck your man, bloody back stabbers. They are more like your social groupie. Sister-friend – an older girl who’s more wiser and mature than you. You tell her girls’ stuff that you can’t discuss with your mom. She’s forever there to help you up when you bite dust. She’s more of a sister than a friend.Nomsa was a friend-sister to me. She was the bigger sister I never had. Betraying my relationship with her was not in my best interests. So I always viewed Hector as my sister-friend-in-law and I never imagined seeing his dick one day. I know girls aint loyal but sleeping with your friend’s man is not ayoba. I was lying in warm foamy water and Hector was standing like an American soldier in Iraq. He had 1 of those sky is the limit dicks (a dick that faces up when horny). Every girl loves a good fuck, a fuck that takes you to paradise and back in 3 seconds. But if that fuck belongs to a

sister-friend, a girl must hold her donkeys. I quickly grabbed a towel and covered my boobs. My pussy was semi-invisible because of the foam. I angrily told Hector to get out of the bathroom or I'll call Nomsa and tell her you are harassing me. He replied "don't pretend not to want it, I saw the way you looked at me last Friday. Be a good girl and stop pretending as if you don't want me". OMG, he was so bloody arrogant, more like TT Scott. Hot guys have some kind of arrogance that pisses me off and excite me at the same time. Imagine a hot guy like Maps Maponyane telling you "let's go fuck", chances are your pussy will say yes yes yes yes yes yes before your mouth breath a word. Even if you say no but your pussy will always have a desire to get laid by a hunk like him. But imagine a fat unsexy guy like Choppa of the late Generations telling you same thing, you'd probably take off your heels and hit the hell out of his huge belly. And most hot guys know this about us girls. I told him I have a boyfriend and would never cheat on him, especially with a married man. He was like "you mean the boyfriend that slept with your roomie? I know everything". WTF, Nomsa told Hector everything? That's the disadvantage of telling a married girl your problems. They tend to loosen their tongue after sex....only if they get a good fuck of course. The way she was screaming last night could only mean one thing, Hector was a good fucker. The thought of Hector being a good fucker tickled my pussy a bit. I told him he knows nothing about my relationship and that when Nomsa comes back I'm gonna tell her everything. He said I should stop acting like a virgin from Swaziland and go with the flow. I wrapped my lower body with a towel while still in the water to make sure he doesn't get a glimpse of my gold punani. I stood up and tried to walk out of the tub. He was still standing up with his dick very UP. Before I could 'slowly' run to the door he held my hand....wet hand and said "Sharon, you look beautiful. The guy who slept with your roomie is a fool. I would never cheat on a beauty like you". Lol I almost laughed. If you want a guy to give you compliments you've never heard before, make him horny. He'll compare you to things that don't exist. Some guys once told me I look like a sovelation. Till today, I don't know what sovelation is. Guys are very creative and convincing when horny. If they wrote exams under the influence of horniness, most of them would be PHD graduates. He told me he won't shag me, he just wanted to taste my lips. He promised if I kissed him he'd let me go. Men are cunning and calculative motherfuckers. Most girls broke virginity because of cunning and tricky guys. He'd tell the poor virgin he won't penetrate and the next thing nigger is inside your small thing. He'd hold you so tight you won't even push him. The next thing, your virginity is history. I told

him I'm not a kid and such tricks won't work on me..... I didn't finish that sentence, he pulled my towel and threw it into the tub.

WTF...I wanted to run to the bedroom but his other hand was locked to mine. He pulled me next to his body and started kissing me. At first I didn't kiss back but his lips were so sweet they reminded me of JT. His hard cock was rubbing against my belly and it made me shiver with both excitement and fear. He's Nomsa's hubby for heaven's sake. His tongue was like a yoguetta stock sweet, he kissed me so gently that I had a tsiiii tsiiii sensation in my ass. He licked my ears, neck and nose gently. I whispered to him "stop...HecHec ... Hector....Nomsa is my friend". He was like "sa mkgwera ke sa gago (what belongs to your friend is also yours)". Lol I didn't even know he could speak Sepedi. I respect the power of a horniness, it can make a guy speak Shona. He continued with the kissing while his hands were massaging and gently rubbing my fine ass. His tongue went behind my ear and I almost screamed 'papa yoooooo'. Most guys don't know this, the area behind the ear is very sensitive and when a guy licks it gently, your body sends sexual BBM's to the pussy. But if you taste like sweat + omo washing power the nigga is likely to stop licking you. Most people don't wash that part and it creates a deposit of dirt. This Hector guy knew which places to go to. His tongue went around my neck while the fingers played with my nipples. It felt so good I almost asked him to divorce Nomsa and marry me on the spot. He softly pushed me back and looked straight into my eyes...he had brownish bedroom eyes that would make a girl reach orgasm without touching her. He made me sit on the edge of the bathtub and stretched my legs. It was like he was reading my mind, he did things my body longed for. Most guys fail to read a woman's body and that's the very important part of love making. Women sends bodily instructions and if a guy is good, he'll follow the lead. Most guys kiss you twice and the next thing they want to penetrate. That's why we have millions of women who have never experienced orgasm. Sex is art and a good artist must know how to perform. He kissed my lips, my chin, my neck, my breasts, belly, navel until he knelt down in front of me. My eyes were closed and instead of seeing darkness I saw paradise. He kissed the inner sides of my thighs and it felt billionly. His tongue slowly circled my clitoris twice and when he went for the 3rd time I could feel goosebumps popping all over my body. My hands grabbed the tub on both sides to avoid falling but at that moment I couldn't feel them. I went 'ah ah ha ha ha oh oh oh mmmmmh oh ah oh ah ha'. My clitoris and Hector's tongue became JayZ and Beyonce, they fell in love. The

greatest thing about Hector is that he noticed I loved being tongued on the clit...but he didn't over-stay on it. Most guys would stay on the clit for an hour just because you made the right moan when he licked it. No, we don't want that. We want a guy who'll lick the clit and other parts too...especially the inner lips of the pussy. Over-licking the clit will over-stimulate it. He muffed me for over 10 minutes and I came countless times. I must admit, JT has nothing on Hector.

My body felt weak, not weak as in weak weak but weak as in I don't know how to explain it. That's how my body felt. He made me stand up and kissed me. He was quite a good kisser, he gave me real passionate kisses. Not the fong kong kisses we see on Our Perfect Wedding every Sunday. He slowly turned me around and made hold the bathtub with both hands while my ass faced him. I know guys wants a girl who knows how to bend her body. Your bending my create a 'u', not an 'n'. If you want a guy to punish your vjayjay bend as if you drawing something on the floor...he'll fuck you like a hooker just to punish you for being a turn off. But if you want him to make good love to you, stretch your legs, the middle part of your back must bend downwards while your ass and shoulder are elevated. It's called the 'u-bend'. I told him to condomise and he was like..."I have everything covered". I didn't even know where he got the condom from but he had 1. He put it on and daaaaaaammmmmnnnnn....I could feel his banana entering me and tears of joy invaded my eyes. He started gently and slowly but when I started moaning a bit louder and emotionally he changed his gears to 3-4-5 and when he got to 6 I lost control of my senses. The orgasm I experienced was something I've never experienced before. It was like a wave in my inner body. I think my heart stopped beating for 10 seconds and my lower body was vibrating. I could feel he was coming cause he was like "ooohhh fhu oooh fhu oooh fhuuuuuuuuuuuuuu mxxxx ohhhh me me me me I caaaaaaaaaaaaaaMeee"... He stopped for few seconds and he took his banana out my pussy went 'bbbbrrrrrrruuh' like a fart.

I was motionless for about 5 minutes while he stood behind me, I think he was trying to regain his energy. He carried me to his bedroom and we cuddled for about 30 minutes without saying any word. I always enjoy those silent moments after sex. It felt good but guilt kicked in. I felt bad for sleeping with Nomsa's man. She'd hate me if she found out. I asked if he minds driving me to the mall to buy a new phone and he agreed. Luckily Mahube Valley has a shopping complex and it aint far from Nomsa's house, so it didn't take us time. I wanted to take one of those

R599 Nokia phones but Hector told me to take Samsung S5 and he paid. The power of pussy lol. We didn't take time cause he didn't want to find Nomsa at home. On our way back I asked him why he told Nomsa he was sick and he said "don't talk to me, talk to my lawyer" and we both laughed. When we got to the house he helped me with phone settings and headed to his bedroom to play 'patient'. Oh, he saved his number in my phone before heading to his room. I charged my phone and when it had little power I started taking selfies. Selfie are the new big thing in the girl's world. Samsung takes dope pictures. I undressed my top and took a pic of my boobs and face. I looked like a million dollar babe.

I watched a bit of TV and ended up passing out on the couch. I was woken up by Nomsa opening the door. She came to couch and gave me a hug. She thought I was sleeping because of the heartbreak. Before going to the bedroom to check on her 'sick' hubby she spent about 10 asking with me if I'm feeling better blah blah blah. Shit, you could cut my guilt with a knife. Betraying someone who cares about you aint cool. She went to the bedroom and spent few minutes with 'our' man. She said we must go buy takeaways. We used Hector's car, the one we used to go to the shopping complex. While Nomsa was glued to the road, a kinky idea visited my mind. I took out my phone and went thru the pics. I sent my half naked pic to the only number saved in my phone, Hector's number.

I almost fainted when Hector's phone beeped in the car. It was on the the driver's seat. Within seconds it was in Nomsa's hand....

WTF..... #GodHelpMe

THE END

Episode 25

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

There are top 3 factors that break friendship between females, viz; back stabbing, gossiping and jealousy (not necessarily in order). Back stabbing can be anything from sleeping with your friend's man to going behind her back to clinch a deal she told you about. Gossiping is in almost every girl's DNA. If gossiping was a subject at schools no girl would fail it. Most guys would fail but bitch ass niggas would give girls a run for their cents. Jealousy is birthed when a friend has

everything you dreamed of. When your friend is in a happy relationship while your man treats you like Priska of the late Generations, you are likely to develop negative feelings towards her. Sometimes you'll look at your friend's man and think 'I wish I had a man like him'. Not that you are planning to ride him. But if an opportunity arises, it's not easy to say no. And that's where a friendship starts developing cracks. You can pretend all you want, but once you ride your friend's man things will never be same. You'll actually start looking for anything negative about her....from her cooking to the way she walks. Her happiness will be your sorrow. Anyway, it's life. Nxa guys like Hector should be killed. What kinda black man leaves his unpassworded phone in a car knowing he shares his car with a wife? Remember my ex Matome? His phone's password was like a paragraph. It takes him about 30 seconds to type in the password. He never allowed me to touch his phone, not even to check time. When I asked if he's hiding his other girls in his forever locked phone he told me he doesn't date midgets, so no one could fit in his phone. From where I was sitting I could see that Hector's phone didn't have a password. I started sweating and I thought of grabbing the phone from her. I think she noticed something was not fine with me cause she asked if everything was alright and I nodded. I wanted to say yes but the temperature in my mouth was below freezing point, my words froze like an igloo in Greenland. She still had the phone in her hand and she was taking her time to open it. I think she was waiting to join the main road cause it's straight, she'd check the message without worrying about messing her driving. When we got to the main road she clicked on the message without looking at it. The modern generation is good with these smart phones, you can type an entire paragraph without looking at the phone. To me it was a matter of life and death, for Nomsa to see that picture meant the end of our friendship. I was not ready to lose her as a friend. I know I fucked her man but I still had a special place for her in my heart. I didn't wanna lose her. I opened the door while the was in motion with the thought of jumping out. She braked the car, I think she pulled a handbrake. If I wasn't for the seatbelt the car would have vomited me. She asked "what the fuck do you think you are doing?". That was the first time I heard Nomsa using the F-word. I didn't know what to say and she repeated the question. I had to think very fast cause I could see she was getting irritated. I said "Sesi, I'm sorry.... I think I'm better off dead than alive. Dumi hurt me and I don't wanna live anymore". The trick worked on her cause she put Hector's phone back where it was and concentrated on me. She gave me a lecture about how it's not worth it to commit suicide because of a man blah bla blah blah

blah blah etc. She went as far as saying “one day you’ll find a good man who’ll never cheat on you, a man like Hector”. I almost laughed but remembered I’m heartbroken in her eyes. When a woman trusts, she trusts for real. It was quite clear Nomsa trusted Hector with all her heart. After what Dumi the dicklet nerd did to me, I was of belief that there’s nothing called good man in this world. Actually, Goodman is a popular name in Limpopo. If you go to a place like Moletji, several kms from Polokwane you are likely to bump into names like Goodman, Goodboy and and Goodbaby. Imagine having a grandfather called Goodbaby. Nomsa U-turned and headed back home. I asked if she aint going buying food anymore and she said she wanna make sure I’m ok first. Shit, imagine such caring person discovering you slept with her man. It was starting to eat me inside.

Hector was lying on the couch when we got to the house. He was watching news. If men got paid for watching news they’d be richer than the Nigerian multibillionaire Aliko Dangote. They read newspapers during the day and watch news at night. I rather watch Style (channel 173), Food (Channel 175) or TLC (Channel 172). When he saw us he was like “that was quick. Were you driving like Michael Schumacher?”. Nomsa told Hector that “Sharon is not ok. Please take care of her. I won’t be long”. Hector looked at me like he was suspecting I told Nomsa he fucked me. I signed for him to relax. Nomsa left and it was just me and Hector in the room. He stood up and came to where I was sitting and took his banana out. He was like “suck me before she comes back”. That’s the thing with married men, if you give it to him once, he turns you into his bitch I wanted to suck it but shit, I remembered his phone was still in the car. I got out of the house so fast you’d swear I was Marion Jones. When I got there the car was nowhere to be seen. When I got back into the house Hector asked why I ran so fast. I told him I sent a naked picture of myself to his phone earlier cause I thought he had his phone with him. I told him about the earlier incident in the car blah blah blah. I could see his face turning blue with anger. He grabbed a cushion and started hitting me while calling me all sort of things...bitch, slut, jezebel, mogwanthi, sfebe, man snatcher, home wrecker, big pussy, bimbo etc. I wanted to cry but I understood why he was mad, I fucked up. He ran to the bedroom and came back with a small phone. With a fear in my voice, I asked who he’s calling and he said “I’m calling your ugly mother”. Shit, that was not nice. He was calling whoever he phoned all sweet things in the world...babe, bae, hun, love, sweetheart, bubu etc. It was only when he said “she’s here with me” that I picked up he was talking to Nomsa. WTF, how childish can

men be. He was doing everything to spite me. I planned to tell Nomsa everything the following day. She's a very good heart, she'd mos def dump him and still be my friend-sister. It was only when we heard the sound of the car outside that he hung up. I wanted to tell him shit but he was like "before you shit with your mouth, you should thank me cause I saved your friendship. I called Nomsa on my phone so that she wouldn't have a chance to go thru my messages. That's why I only hung up now cause she's here. Next time keep your sluttish pictures in your phone". WTF, men think kak, I would never have thought of such a plan. His last sentence hurt me thou. No girl wanna be called a slut by a man, it's very rude and offensive. If you go to Capital Inn (a pub forever teeming with prostitutes in Arcadia) and call one of the hookers a slut they'd mos def beat you up. Before she could park the car in the garage he was there. I guess he didn't want her to check his phone.

She brought KFC Family Treat and bread. Truth must be told, black people love KFC. I asked Nomsa if I can leave with her as I had a morning class and she said yes. She said she'll drop me in the morning and that I should also wait for her in the afternoon. Hector was like "it's gonna be a long day for me, I'll be all alone the whole day in the house". We ate and retired to lala land afterwards. It was my lucky night cause Nomsa and Hector didn't make any sounds. I logged on FB and updated my status "don't trust your man to a point of leaving him with your friend in the house. Men aint loyal. #night". Nomsa was not on Facebook, so my update was out of her reach. Within 3 minutes my update had 10 likes. Some nigga inboxed me "nice status. Can we chat on Whatsapp?". Nxa probably some horny motherfucker trying his luck. I blocked him immediately. Every girl receives these kinda inboxes everyday, unless if you are ugly beyond reasonable doubt. In the morning I left with Nomsa and she dropped me at the college. Before leaving she asked me to give her my new number. When I got to the classroom door I found a notice "class postponed to tomorrow". I was fuming, how could they postpone without notifying the students. I went to the office and angrily asked many why why why questions. The principal gave me one look and said "check your phone. We sent sms's yesterday". Shit, I was left with an egg on my face. I lost my phone and didn't do a sim swap. It was around 8h30am and waiting for Nomsa to knock off at 4pm wasn't something I planned to do. I decided to catch a taxi back to Mahube Valley. It was a blessing in disguise cause I wanted to talk to Hector in private, wanted to tell him we weren't being fair to Nomsa and that we shouldn't

fuck again. I walked to corner Church and Van Der Walt Streets and boarded a taxi to Mahube Valley. I got to Mahube around 10am. Nomsa's house had 2 garages, so it was difficult to tell whether the cars were in or not. The gate wasn't locked, meaning Hector was in the house. Before knocking at the kitchen door I heard funny noises coming from the house. A female was going 'ah ah ah ah ah ah mmmm fffffuuuuuuckkkkkk me harder' and Hector was going "mmmm ah fhuu fhhuu u good ah ah ah ". Shit, it sounded the exactly the same way Nomsa sounded 2 nights ago. She probably came back home after dropping me. Ncoooh....she wanted some shagging privacy. My phone vibrated and it was a 012-number calling. I ran to the yard corner to answer.

It was Nomsa calling me from work....

WTF.....

Episode 26

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

You know the most difficult thing to do is telling your friend that her man is a manwhore, especially if your friend is one of those girls that believe their man does not have cheating genes. I remember I once told a friend that her man was double-crossing her with some hoe. Instead of thanking me for being a good friend she got so mad and accused me of jealousy because I never maintained a decent relationship. I showed her screen munches of the conversation I had with the chick telling me how good the guy was in bed, I even showed her a picture of them kissing but she didn't wanna hear any of it. She accused me of photo-shopping crap to ruin her relationship. She was like "I know your type. You go around ruining people's relationship so they can be like sluts like you. You think I'm weak like the girls you always mislead. My relationship has nothing to do with you girlie". I was hurt by her words but I took Kermit's advice. I haven't seen the girl in ages but I was told she attempted to commit suicide because she found the guy in bed with the very same hoe I warned her about. Anyway, it's life. Nomsa called to ask me for suggestions to do something nice for Hector, to thank him for being the best hubby ever. She said she was thinking of taking him to Free State for Macufe (an annual festival) or a weekend in Durban. You know, I almost told her I thought girls like her only exist in fiction novels and movies. Part of me felt guilty,

here she was planning to spoil a nigga who fucked her friend and currently busy with another hoe. I tried to talk her out of it but it was like I was talking to Zodwa of Generations. She went on “Hector is one in a million my sister. Millions of men play their wives all the time but Hector is not that type. He sleeps at home everyday and when he goes out he takes me with. He showers me with presents all the time. I mean, how many men would have allowed a heartbroken friend to live with us until she sorts herself?”. I don’t believe in korobela(love portion) but at that moment I thought Hector did something to the poor girl. She went on and on and on and on and I was pretending to be listening. Black people excel when coming to abusing their office phones. My mind was in the house. I wanted to see the bitch Hector was fucking. When she was done bla bla bla’ing she told me she’s gonna knock off at 18h30 cause they were busy with some difficult client, so I must catch a taxi 2 Mahube Valley. Her last sentence was “I love you neh, you are like a little sis to me. Hector’s sister-in-law lol”. I felt uncomfortable whenever she mentioned his name.

Now it was my time to bust Hector and his bitch. I looked around me to see if there was a brick or something I could use to kill the bitch. Yes I said kill. Nomsa is my sister and it’s my right to to fight her battles. I know I also shagged Hector but it was a once off mistake. I’ll watch Prophet Mbhoro’s tv show on Sunday, touch the screen while he’s praying and God will forgive me. Unfortunately Nomsa’s yard was very neat, there was no stick or a brick to use. Then again, violence would get me into trouble with the authorities. I slept in a police cell before I didn’t want a repeat. I decided to sneak in and take a video of the manwhore and his bitch having sex. I had a key that Nomsa gave to me and fortunately for me, their door wasn’t one of those noisy doors. You know in some houses they have doors that sound like sirens when you open. They go ‘tswiiiiiiiiiiiiii’ whenever you open them lol. I set the video camera on, sneaked to the door and tactically opened it. I think it took me about 10 seconds just to unlock the door. I prayed that wherever they are, they shouldn’t be facing the door. I opened the door slowly and got in....still sneaking like a leopard. Booooooommmmm....my eyes couldn’t the view in front of them. Hector was sitting on one of those 1-seater couch busy masturbating and ‘watching’ porn. He didn’t even see or hear me coming in cause his eyes were closed. Why the fuck play a porn video if you gonna close your eyes. Oh, apparently guys can be turned on by squeaky sounds of girls going ‘ah ah ah ah ah’, maybe they create their own images. I stood there motionless for over 30

seconds with my phone busy recording him. I know most girls find the scene of a man wanking turning on, well it's a turn off to me. It's like going window shopping at KFC. When my man is horny, I fuck him. His hands are for massaging and 'fingering' me. Imagine sharing a man with his hands...WTF. I can only tolerate masturbation if a guy is that type that comes quickly during the first round. Apparently many guys do that, they release the first round via masturbation and when you get there you think he took time come and compliment him. Lol, we know your secret bafowethu. The first time I had sex with Dumi he came with 5 seconds during the first round and his dick went soft afterwards. Just imagine a guy coming with your first 'ah'...nxa sies. Hector seemed to be in cloud 77, at some moment he went "Fuck me Sharon...fuck me babe....you are better than Nomi". WTF, did the nigga name his wank-star right hand after me? I didn't know whether to be angry or take it as a compliment. With the phone still recording him, I grabbed the remote control and pressed 'PAUSE'. With his eyes still closed he went "Nxa power failure, fuck Eskom". I couldn't contain my laughter, I went "kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". They say men don't multi-task but Hector was an exception. He opened his eyes, jumped, swore, apologised, cried, moaned and whistled at the same time. As I was busy laughing a shower of sperms went "phaaaaa kgwahlaaaaaa" in my mouth. The bloody dog came and his dick was facing my mouth. I'm not good with physical science but I think the speed of his come was about 120 km per hour cause they didn't even stop in my mouth, they passed straight to the oesophagus. I involuntarily swallowed his salty sperms nxa. I quickly ran to the bathroom and he followed me. He stood at the toilet door and said "bloody witch, I want you out of my house today. You brought nothing but trouble in this house". I ignored him and continued with the gargling. I didn't wanna entertain him cause I knew he was angry because of embarrassment. Like Chris Rock once said, no guy wanna be ambushed when jerking off.

Hector's insults were interrupted by his phone. He picked it up and went "hhheelloooo.... babe". His voice was still a bit shaky, maybe it was a hangover of coming lol. I think it was Nomsa telling him she's knocking off late cause I heard him saying "your job is too demanding. You must just be a house wife babe". When a man starts saying you must be a house wife you must know he wants to control your thin ass. After washing my mouth I went to the sitting room and asked Hector who was done with the call to take me shopping with his money. He was like "Nondindwa sbefe ucabanga bonyana ngiyisidhlayela sakho, angeke unuke

nepeni yami (Bitch, you think I'm your fool. You will never get a cent from me)". You know a man is serious about what he's saying when he uses his mother tongue, especially Ndebele men. I laughed and said "it's fine honey, I guess I'll have to send the video of you wanking to my girls. Just like you, they love porn". I said that with a straight phone. He jumped at me, grabbed my phone and smashed it against the wall and said "you will blackmail your mother, not me". I smiled and told him I already sent the video to my 3 emails. I was playing a very dangerous game, I've watched documentaries on Investigations Discovery channel 171 where men kill girlfriends and bury them in the yard. He looked at me with red teary eyes and said "fine, let's go to Colonnade Mall. But tomorrow you must leave my house. We can't go to Menlyn Mall cause I don't wanna bump into people I know". He was right, Menlyn is like a Bree taxi rank these days. Every Tom, Dick and Matome shop there these days. We didn't waste time, we headed to Colonnade Mall. It's not very far from Mahube Valley cause we used the R513 road. When we got there the first thing he bought me was another Samsung S5 then we went to Foschini, I bought 3 Sissy Boy jeans, went to Legit and bought 3 tops. I so wished we were at Menlyn Mall. Colonnade doesn't have many 'black' shops. We headed to Edgars and I bought 2 Guess jeans and a Fantasy perfume. After Edgars we went to Spitz and I took 1 pair of Carvella. In Limpopo you haven't arrived until you own at least one pair of Carvella. I wanted to go further but he begged me not to 'exhaust' his credit card. I kinda felt bad and told him "to be continued ndoda". It was around 3pm when we headed home. The disadvantage of going shopping with a man is they'll always hurry you up.

When we got to the house Hector parked his car outside, he didn't even open the garage door. He was like "I'll park the car inside the garage later. I'm tired. Hector unlocked the front door of the house and I followed him in with plastic bags in my hands.

Boooooom...I couldn't believe my eyes, Nomsa was standing in the sitting room with her eyes glued to the TV. Shit, the TV was still on....with the 'paused' porn movie Hector was 'watching'.

WTF....

THE END

Episode 27

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

One day I was in a taxi from Pretoria to Joburg and some woman sitting next to me was on and on and on about how everything she touches turns into disaster. You know those people who think a taxi is Sis Dolly. She was undressing all her problems for everyone to see. She went on about how her employer pays her peanuts but pays other staff members well; about how she always meet bad guys; about how she has so many debts bla bla bla bla. I almost told her to pay her debts and stop whining. I mean, people drown themselves in debt and when they fail to pay they cry. If you can't afford it don't buy it, period. She asked what must she do to live a normal life like other people. A Zulu guy sitting behind us cleared his throat so loud that everyone turned to look at him...you know most people do that before they say something rude. I say a 'Zulu guy' cause he was playing 'Mfazomnyama' on his phone, without ear phones. Zulu guys love doing that, they get in a taxi and start playing music of their choice on their phones without ear phones. I love the fact that they are proud of their music. My home peeps forget about Limpopo music the minute they pass Kranskop Tollgate. He paused his music and went "Wemama, wemama, yeka kusibangela umsindo. Hamba uye eThekwini uyokhipha ibhadi oLwandle (Lady, stop making noise and go cleanse your bad luck at the sea in Durban)". We all cracked. Now standing there at Nomsa's house made me think of that Zulu guy's advice. Maybe I'm the one who needed to go to Durban to cleanse my bad luck. So much happened in a short period of time. My Zulu prince chowed my roomie, I killed Siphos's unborn baby, Maite wanted to kill me with a bottle, TT Scott got me drunk and abandoned me, I fucked my friend's hubby and she was about to find out. Part of me said run away but running has never been a solution. You know the saying that goes 'you can run but you'll never hide'. I think Nomsa thought Hector was alone cause she didn't immediately switch off the TV but as soon as she saw me she quickly switched it off. She was like "sorry Sharon, Hector can be irresponsible sometimes. I always tell him to make sure he hides his dirty dvd's when we have visitors". I was confused, I expected Nomsa to be mad and throw tantrums. If I was in her shoes there was gonna be a flow of blood. Like some chick once said "we can share his dick but not the credit card". Hector apologised and kissed her lightly on the cheek then headed to the bedroom. WTF, Hector aint loyal. I was expecting him to stand there...in case she asked difficult questions. Now it was just me, Nomsa and my

plastic bags. She offered to help with the plastic bags and we walked to the bedroom. Before she could ask any question I told her that I bumped into Dumi in town and that he was so apologetic. “Sesi, he went down on his knees and asked me to forgive him. There was tears in his tears and I could tell he meant every word”. She wanted to say something but I interrupted. “He even took me shopping, he spent thousands on me. Real retail therapy my friend” I said. Truth be told, girls will always be girls. Shopping is our best friend. If you want to see how good in bed your girl is, take her shopping. Immediately when you get home initiate sex, she’ll fuck you like you like somebody’s business. She’ll lick your balls like as if they taste like vanilla ice cream. Nomsa was like “My sister, maybe he regrets what he did. Judging by these plastic bags, the guy is in love with you. Dumi didn’t look loaded the last time I saw him. Ha ha ha you must milk him dry”. Shame, only if she knew the cow I was milking dry was her man. “Maybe it’s the money from his parent’s Life Cover policy. He wanted to come drop me here but I said no. I caught a taxi and luckily when I got off at the 4 way stop I saw Hector’s car”, I said that very loud to ensure Hector heard me well. I didn’t want him to tell her a different story. I noticed Nomsa was kinda naïve and gullible. I’m not married but I can smell a man-snatcher from miles away. Nomsa’s trust in Hector clouded her judgement and ability to spot wrongs. She was like TB Joshua’s followers, people can say whatever negative stuff they wanna say about him but his followers will never believe any of it. It’s called faith and belief. Anyway, the Bible says we must not judge:

“Judge not, that you be not judged. – Matthew 7:1

I asked her why she came back early cause she said she’s gonna work till late and she said the client left earlier than expected. So they let them go early to prepare for the following day’s meeting. She asked me if I planned to take Dumi back and I said yes but I’ll take it one step at a time. She was like “ja you must do that before o bolawa ke letswai (lack of sex kills you)”. We both burst laughing at her naughty comment. She started telling me how good Hector was in bed and that when he muffs her, her entire body shakes with excitement. I almost told her I know but thought of Avbob. Have you noticed that your girlfriends are likely to ride your man if you are forever boasting about how good he is in bed? Some girls would do it just to experience what you told them, not to spite you. Imagine dating a dicklet’d guy like Dumi, you’ll have nothing to brag about to your friends. Imagine

telling your girls “my bf has a small dick and he comes within 5 seconds”. You’ll be the joke of the year. Nomisa was not aware that she was creating jealousy and bitterness in me by telling me about Hector’s sex know-how. She made me crave for him more. I cut the Hector talk by suggesting we should go cook. She agreed and we hit the kitchen. For the first time in days I felt normal. I was doing the normal things girls do, peeling, cooking etc. Not the drama I’m always in. It took us hours to cook cause we were busy with mghozi (gossip).

Hector joined us around 20h00 to eat supper. You know black people in the townships we eat supper while watching soapies. We were watching Skeem Saam on SABC and Hector was angry cause he wanted to watch soccer on channel 203. He was like “This Skeem Saam crap must disappear like Generations”. Sometimes I think men love soccer more than their wives. I fail to understand how a man can spend hours watching other men running after a ball. I only watch soccer when Itumeleng Khune is playing, just to look at his fit thighs #hides. Nomisa was like “Babe, I saved some money. I want us to go spend the weekend in Durban”. He seemed so happy about the idea until Nomisa said “I think we must take Sharon and Dumi with”. He said it won’t be possible cause Dumi was history. Nomisa was like “you are behind my babe. They sorted their problems today and he even took her shopping. Can you believe he spent thousands on her? From a new S5 to designer clothes baby. You should do the same for me”. Hector almost puked lol. I wanted to laugh but didn’t want Nomisa to ask unnecessary questions. Hector said he’s going to bed cause he’s going to work the following day. Nomisa whispered to me “he he he he’s mad cause I said he must spend thousands on me. Mxm men can be stingy sometimes”. Only if she knew what he was mad about. We went to bed after watching Muvhango on SABC 2.

I took the SIM card from the smashed phone and put it in the new S5 and charged it. They normally say you must charge your new phone for 12 hours but I had no time for time mina. I switched it on and within 5 minutes there was an sms: “I want you to tell Nomisa you don’t wanna go to Durban. Oh, and with the money ‘DUMI’ spent on you , I’m gonna fuck you till your pussy sings ‘I believe I can fly’. I wanted to laugh out loud but remembered I’m a visitor. I replied with “You are the one’s who sing ‘I believe I can fly’ when I send screen shot of your message to Nomisa”. He relied “Fuck you + the angry emoticon”.

In the morning Nomsa gave me a lift to college while Hector chose to use his own car. It was a very long day as I had 4 classes. I waited for Nomsa to pick me up after work. Part of me wanted to go to my flat but I was not in a mood to walk into Kea and Dumi fucking. When we got to Mahube Valley we ate, watched TV and slept. I was kinda enjoying Mahube. I noticed Hector was moody from the morning but I didn't care. Next time he'll hide his dick when he sees his wife's friends. The following morning the routine continued. Nomsa dropped me at school in the morning and came to fetch me around 3pm. She told me Hector has been moody and she wanted some fresh air. She suggested we go Cubana in Sunnyside and I agreed without thinking twice. Cubana is the ish, the vibe and the environment are to die for, especially on Thursdays. A weekend starts on Thursday in Sunnyside. When a guy takes you there just know he wants to chow afterwards. No guy wanna spend money in an expensive place and then sleep like a 7 Star Okapi. She called Hector and told him she's taking me out for drinks.

We got to Cubana and ordered cocktails. I wonder who came up with that name. When I heard the word cocktail for the first time I thought they were referring to a foreskin. As we were busy drinking something or somebody caught Nomsa's attention and she was like "Shaz, close your eyes". I closed my eyes and within 20 seconds she told me I can open them. WTF....Dumi and Kabelo were standing in front of my eyes. Dumi was like "Sesi Nomsa, long time no see hey. I don't know you are the Cubana type?". He didn't even greet me. Nomsa was all smiles.

She was like "Long time indeed. I'm glad you and Sharon fixed things. And oh...thanks for spending those thousands on her on Tuesday. Your really cheered her up"

#BOOOOOOOOOOOM WTF

THE END

Episode 28

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

The disadvantage of always lying is that the lies will always be your shadow, wherever you go. I know a girl from my hood who had 3 boyfriends, she fell pregnant and told all of them they are 'the father'. One stayed in Polokwane, one in

Tzaneen and the last one in Nelspruit. Luckily for her all of them were yellow bones, so when the baby came out 'yellow' all of them were convinced they were the father. The baby had everything she wanted cause all of them contributed financially. The mother always came up with excuses whenever the fathers wanted to meet the family to pay damages. Yes, in my culture if a guy impregnates a girl he's not married to, he must pay for 'damaging' her. Basically, if you have a baby outside marriage, you are damaged goods. The girl maintained the lies for more than 6 months. A very stupid thing sabotaged her secret, Pic Mix. Polokwane guy pic mixed a picture of him and the baby and made it his profile picture on Facebook. People were commenting about how the baby was a carbon copy of him bla bla bla bla and he replied with 'thanks'. His world almost collapsed when he got an inbox from a girl who identified herself as the baby's aunt. She was the Tzaneen guy's lil sister. At the end 'Polokwane' and 'Tzaneen' met and asked for paternity tests. She both came negative. The Nelspruit guy heard about the tests from the mother's best friend and he changed his number immediately. Best friends aint loyal. The poor baby is 'fatherless' as I write this. Living a lie has ugly consequences. Dumi was not someone you can count on to cover up a lie. He was too nerdy and naïve for that. I was so mad at Nomsa at that moment. Things girls discuss should remain private. Imagine if I told Hector the privities she always tell me about him. I know she meant no harm but it was not her place to tell Dumi that. Kabelo was like "Thousands? Dumi didn't you tell me you are broke? I even gave you R200 for petrol". Dumi wanted to respond but I kissed him with one of those super kisses that cover the whole mouth. I pulled his body closer to mine. I gave him 5 seconds to breath and he went "hawu hawu hawu". WTF, hope he wasn't coming. I know 'hawu hawu' is his signature coming tune. Nomsa was like "He he he I'd kiss him like that too if he had spent thousands on me". The bitch was on a mission to undress my lies. I even thought she planned the whole shit. Some niggars took out their phone and started recording a video of us kissing. That's black people for you, since the emergence of smart phones they record everything. What is smart about video-recording a couple kissing. These smart phones must be called dumb phones, especially BlackBerry. I once saw some chicks fighting and people were busy recording videos instead of stopping the fight. The other guy was even acting as a reporter while recording the video. After the fight he turned the camera to himself and went "Michael Baloyi, SABC, reporting live from Sunnyside". He probably sent the video clip to the entire world. I whispered to Dumi "let's go to your car. I wanna use my mouth to do something I know you

like”. I repeat for the 4th time, men think with their dicks. His face beamed with excitement like a cat after visiting Alexandra for the first time. You know Alexandra rats are the most nutritious in the whole world. Dumi led me to where his car was parked. The poor nerd was so excited he didn’t see I was playing him. He had parked his car behind Sunnypark mall, the free parking next to Tony’s Liquor. That’s where most people who don’t wanna pay for parking park. I was a bit tipsy but thank God I wasn’t drinking wine. Time flies when one is having fun...I wasn’t even aware it was after 6h30pm. It was a bit dark so it wasn’t easy for people to see the happenings in the car. I wanted to give the nerd a blow job but the Polokwane robot scene visited my mind. When you live a life of a liar you will do whatever it takes to cover your lie. I was like “Remember Hector, Nomsa’s man? He bought her expensive presents and I got so jealous. So I took the money my mom gave me and bought stuff for myself. I lied to Nomsa that you bought me the stuff”. I could see he was disappointed I used his name to lie. He wanted to talk but I ‘shuushed him...I put my hand in his pants and he froze for few seconds. I played with his dick and within 50 seconds he was like “hiiiiooo hiiiiooo hiiiiooo hiiiioooo”. It was probably a remix of ‘hawu hawu hawu’. I wanted to laugh but before I could do my hand was sprinkled with something, Dumi came by a mere few seconds hand job. Nxa this guy should just apply for a job at the Sperm Bank, he’d be a Senior Executive Sperm Donor within a week of appointment. I took my hand out and wiped myself with his pants. I wanted to tell him to go to Men’s Clinic but remembered I was on a mission to cover up my lie. I didn’t wanna lose Nomsa as a friend. If she finds out Hector is the one who bought me stuff she’d be devastated. I knew Dumi very well, after coming he agrees to everything. If I was to sell insurance to him I’d give him a hand job first and make him sign for all policies after coming, including handbag cover from First for Women.

I told him we must go back to Cubana to rejoin Kabelo and Nomsa. On our way back I told him I forgive him for sleeping with Kea as I know she was the one who seduced him. Obviously I was lying, I wanted to make sure he doesn’t blow my cover in front of Nomsa. He was like “my love I didn’t even enjoy shagging her. Her pussy is so big I thought I was sleeping with a donkey that just gave birth 2 twins”. I slapped him so hard that he fart and asked “so you slept with that bitch?”. I know I found them snoring naked on my bed but hearing him saying he slept with her made me mad. I wasn’t even sure he fucked her real and now the fool was confessing. He said it as if it was a normal thing for him to sleep with my roomie.

He said something I didn't expect, "if you do that again I'll tell Nomsa I didn't buy the shit". Crap, he caught me off guard. I didn't see that one coming. He continued "actually, tonight you are sleeping at my place. You told Nomsa we are back together right?". Modimo was kgotso, people can change overnight. From naïve nerd to the blackmailer. I blame Kea's big pussy for the change. I apologised and we walked back to Cubana.

When we got back to Cubana Nomsa and Kabelo were chatting and laughing like old friends. I expected it, gay-looking guys make friends easily with ladies. But if Kabelo happened to be gay it would mean Dumi might also be gay. It wouldn't be a bad idea if they were gay thou, with small dicks there'd be a minimum pain in the ass. Dumi told Nomsa that I'm the best thing ever happened to him and that when I grow up he'll put a ring on 'it'. Lol I almost laughed, imagine spending the rest of your life with a dicklet and making sons with dicklets like their father. The thought of sons made me remember I had sex with Dumi without a condom the last time we shagged. We ordered another round of drinks. Nomsa's phone vibrated and she showed me a Whatsapp from Hector. It read:

"babe don't leave neh. I'm coming to Sunnyside. We'll leave together + we aint going to work tomorrow cause of the Durban trip".

Hector was acting like a woman. He was all moody since buying me clothes and now he wanna come have fun. Nomsa was nonetheless happy her man was coming. I felt somehow, imagine 2 guys you fucked under the same roof. My phone vibrated and it was an sms from Hector. It read:

"Read this in private. I told Nomsa I'm about to leave Mahube Valley. Go to the flat called Naledi, at Greef street between Esselen and Kotze streets. It's not far from Cubana. When you get there go to Floor 2, apartment 206 and open the door, it's not locked and there's no one inside. When you get in you'll find a note pasted on the fridge. Follow the instructions on the note. You will thank me afterwards. Tell Nomsa you are going to see a friend at McDonald's and you'll be back"

Tjo, the sms gave me mixed feelings. What if Hector hired people to kill me? I knew he wasn't happy about the blackmail to buy me stuff. Guys can kill you for their money. I know a guy from my hood who killed his kids because he didn't wanna pay maintenance. But he wouldn't send an sms with his phone cause if I die

cops would be on his ass. I learnt a thing or 2 during Oscar Pistol-ius's case. My mind said I should not follow the instructions on the sms but my heart said I should go. As always, my heart won. I told Nomsa and Dumi that Maite, the girl from home wanna see me at McDonalds. Dumi was like "don't be too long bubu". I almost said "bubu ke dicklet". I walked as fast as I could. When I passed Europa (club) bitches in mini-skirts were queuing to get in. Lol most first year students think Europa is the dopest club when they get to Pretoria. They discover the likes of Moloko and News Cafe later. I got to the Flat (Naledi) and chose to use stairs. From outside, I could see lights were off. Before opening the door I said a short prayer "God, I know I've been drinking but please protect me". I opened the door and looked for the light switch. It was easy to find it cause it was right next to the door. I headed to the fridge and saw the note. It read:

"Open the door on your left and switch on the light. The switch is right next to the door". I wanted to run out of the flat but my curiosity was against it. You know what they say, curiosity killed a cat and the last I checked I was not a pussy. I slowly opened the door and switched on the light...

Booom WTF....he was lying on the bed with a rose in his hand, COMPLETELY NAKED.

THE END

Episode 29

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Most men are only romantic and adventures when they are with their side chicks. When they are with their wives they turn into mini-kings. He takes his side chick to a cinema to watch a romantic movies but when he gets home he wanna watch Bafana Bafana playing against Botswana. He takes the side chick on a cruise trip to Mozambique but the only time he travels with his wife is when they go to a funeral in Venda. He takes the side chick to all work trips and functions bur the wife's involvement is only to iron and pack his clothes. He takes the side chick to expensive restaurant but when wifey wanna be taken out he goes "didn't I buy grocery? We must not waste money unnecessarily". He muffs the side chick until she sings Beyonce's Best Thing I Never Had but the wife only gets a Dumi-inspired 1 round. He takes the side chick to expensive boutiques in Sandton but

forces the wife to buy clothes at Edgars and Truworths (with her money). He buys the side chick Brazilian and Peruvian weaves but the wife only gets a weave bought at Marabastad. Maybe wives are to blame, side chicks are not lazy to 'tjuketja' as compared to wives. There's no side chick who'll complain about a headache everyday. Wives have a tendency of faking headaches when they are not in a mood to have sex. I tried it with my ex Matome and he told me "Ga ke je hlogo, ke ja kuku (I don't shag the head, I shag the pussy). He gave me panado and shagged me. Imagine going to India and bumping into your mom when she told you that she's at home. That's how I felt at that moment. In my mind Hector was on his way from Mahube Valley to Sunnyside. His dick was up and hard, it's like he was prepared for me. He went "close the door and come a little bit closer". He reminded me of Brandy's song, Come a Little Bit Closer. That's song Thabiso played when he broke my virginity. Whenever it plays I feel pain in my pussy. Girl will never forget a song a guy played when he broke their virginity. Imagine if he was playing Sista Bettina lol. I asked Hector what the hell he was doing and he was like "with the amount of money I spent on you, you have no right to ask questions. We just need to make sure Nomsa doesn't find out and you must get rid of that short shaka zulu boy. I don't care if you lied to Nomsa that he's the one who bought you clothes and phone. Now stop interviewing me and blow the hell out of my dick". There's something about me that I don't really like, arrogant guys turn me on. Matome is a chauvinistic sexist arrogant pig but I liked him, TT Scott is also arrogant but part of me liked him. Mentioning his name kinda made me miss him even though he fed me to the monkeys in Limpopo. Hector was very full of himself and I found it turning on. I asked him where the owner of the flat was and he told me he went to Bloemfontein for this year's edition of Macufe. He was like "he doesn't stay here full-time. We only use this flat for special projects". WTF, niggas use the flat as their 'shag pad'. I got so mad I started throwing my arms all over the place while insulting him. I mean, what the fuck, all I was to him was a mere project. He grabbed and held me tight in his arms. Instead of continuing fighting him I melted, I felt his naked dick on my belly. He turned my head up to look at him, seeing his juicy lips made me wanna give him a quickie right away. He kissed me on my forehead and told me I look gorgeous when angry. I wanted to smile but I didn't want him to think he had powers over me. Girls do that all the time. We get all mad and it takes a present to make the anger evaporate. However, we will never let the guy see our smile. I pushed him to the bed and told him to close his eyes. He was like "is it pay back time?". He closed his eyes and I tried to

Hector was running so fast it was so difficult to catch up. I didn't wanna arrive at Cubana same time as him cause I didn't wanna raise suspicions. When I passed Europa I couldn't believe what my eyes showed me, a red Volvo C30 with a registration number I was very familiar with was parked there. It was TT Scott's car. My heart was paining after what Hector said to me, I wanted someone to cheer me up. TT swcott was a funny character and would be the best person to cheer me up. I went closer to his car and I got so disappointed when I noticed there was no one inside. I waited for about 5 minutes and he didn't appear. I will come back to check if he's back later, I thought to myself. Now my thought went back to Hector. He was so angry and I was afraid he was going to do something stupid.

As I was walking up the stairs at Cubana I noticed there was a commotion inside. Bouncers and security guards were trying to stop what seemed like a fight. I tried to push people to go check what was going on but people were busy dancing and not making a way for me. I finally managed to get closer to the commotion. Fuck, it was Hector beating the hell out of Kabelo. Shit, he probably thought Kabelo was the guy who charmed his wife. I will never understand men, Hector was fucking me right under his wife's nose but now he was all worked up because Nomsa told me she got charmed by some dude. Men think they have monopoly over cheating. Cheating is like Mathematics, what happens on the left hand must also happen on the right hand. Hector was beating the hell out of Kabelo and insulting him "I will show you who I am. I know your type. You probably have a wife but you go around seducing other people's wives.". Lol I almost laughed, that was more like an anus telling those village pit toilets "you smell shit buddy". The bouncers tried too hard to stop him but he was too powerful for them. If you want to see how powerful a man is tell him his wife is cheating. Even the short skinny guy who wears side 13-14 years t-shirt will immediately turn into Batista. Kabelo wasn't even fighting he was busy screaming "please don't kill me dude yhoooooo please" and Nomsa was trying to pull Hector back but she was too light for him. Dumi was nowhere to be seen. He was probably hiding in the toilets lol. The bouncers called back up and they eventually managed pull Hector back and handcuffed him. Nomsa was mad at Hector at that moment, plus she was tipsy. She was like "Hector what got into you? Uyahlanya (are you crazy?). He looked at her and dropped a weapon of mass destruction:

“I’m disappointed in you Nomsa. You fucken cheated on me with this moffie (looking at Kabelo). Anyway, we are even....I fucked your friend”

WTF.....

Episode 30

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Anger makes people say things that they tend to regret when the anger evaporates. I remember some distant aunt once told her husband that the kids he thought he fathered weren't his kids. They were fighting about how the wife wastes money while the hubby is the one who sweats everyday to put food on the table. The argument turned ugly when the husband told her she must go back to her mother's house. She was like “Nxa I should have done that many years ago. You are not a man. That's the reason your neighbour made you kids. You are dark but all your kids are light in complexion.”. The poor man suffered a stroke and died in hospital. It happens everywhere, when anger invades a person's brain they don't think straight. They only notice afterwards that what they did was wrong. A former friend once shagged her boyfriend's best friend out of anger. She accused the bf of cheating and out of anger and thirst for revenge she shagged his buddy. Unfortunately they didn't use a condom and the guy was hiv+. She's positive but lucky for her HIV/Aids is not a death sentence anymore. She has regrets but unfortunately she cannot reverse what happened. Anyway, ke life. Like I said before, Nomsa wasn't just a friend to me, she's a sister who I ran to whenever I had problems. She always gave me a shoulder to cry on when things were not going well in my life. Losing her would feel like losing a biological sister. Hector acted unnecessarily because of anger. She didn't even say she slept with whoever she was talking about but Hector being a jealous man jumped into a conclusion that she was cheating. Nomsa looked at Hector and asked him to repeat what he said. I think she believed she didn't hear him right the first time. You know when you trust your man to the maximum you will never ever believe any negative thing about him. It's like those parents who believe their daughters are all goodie goodie, if you tell them their daughter is a hoe like Kea they can even kill you or eat you alive. Most of those of those daughters make kids from different fathers even long before they reach 21. Yes 21, I once attended a 21st birthday and the birthday was pregnant with her 4th kid. Instead of giving her a key they gave her a book titled

“How to Close Your Legs”. I expected Hector to say something different but he repeated what he said. I wanted to run to Two Mountains Funeral Parlour and ask them to put me in a casket and bury me alive. The cat was out of the bag. The shit was 2 millimetres away from the fan. Nomsa started crying in a screaming fashion. She was like “How could you Hector? How could you Hector? When my cousin told me of the affair I defended you. When your friend told me about the affair I defended you. I thought they were jealous of our relationship”. Kabelo was bleeding and Hector was handcuffed by Cubana Nigerian bouncers. The other Nigerian dude was like “eh eh pipol gets outsa here”. They continued to push us to outside Cubana. Bouncers are ruthless. They could see Nomsa was crying and Kabelo was bleeding from the nose and they didn’t give a shit.

When we got outside Nomsa ran to the direction where her car was parked. I wanted to run after her but decided against it. She was a good girl but I didn’t know what was going thru her head. Some girls go crazy when they see a girl who slept with their man. They can even cut your clitoris with their teeth. People probably think girls from Limpopo would hit you with a daylight lighting if you ride their man. I asked Hector why he said that and he was like “It’s all your fault bitch. My marriage is about to die because of you. I regret the day I met your smelly pussy”. WTF, wasn’t my pussy smelly when he muffed my me like a cat lapping milk? This is how guys roll. When you give it to them they can even lick your used tampons but the minute things sour off they start calling you names. I once heard a guy telling a girl he dated for 6 years that he hates the way she walks. Apparently she walked like a 3-legged elephant. Didn’t he see it while they were together? Hector walked towards BP garage at corner Steve Biko and Kotze streets, not far from Cubana. I didn’t notice Dumi and Kabelo were right behind me when all that shit happened. Dumi was like “wee Kabalo. Wonke amantombazane ase Limpompo ayafana, ayizifebe. Bathanda umthondo ukudlula abazali (Girls from Limpopo are all the same. They are bitches. They love a dick more than parents). Let’s go, you gotta see a doc”. Before I could reply to what he said they left me standing there like Nelson Mandela’s statue at Union Building. I always get pissed when Zulus pronounce Limpopo as Limpompo, even president Jacob Zuma. That’s the reason I voted for EFF. I couldn’t vote for someone who couldn’t pronounce the name of my province. I didn’t have the keys to my flat cause they were inside my bag which happened to be in Nomsa’s car. All I had was my phone which didn’t have any contacts saved cause it was new.

A good idea said 'hello' to my mind, TT Scott's car was parked next to Europa. He was mos def in the area. I walked to where I saw the car and boom...it was gone. I was so disappointed and down. I logged on Facebook and updated a status: "I feel like dancing tonight. Who wanna take me out?". I changed my profile picture to some sexy pic in a bikini. Within 2 minutes my pic had 66 comments from guys. My ex Matome commented with "O rekisa marago Facebook sfebe (are you selling sex on Facebook bitch)?". His comment was liked by 25 people, all of them girls. Nxa bitter ugly bitches. I blocked him and all the bitches who liked his comment. I decided to walk to my flat even without keys. I hoped Kea was there...minus Adeyomi and his dick of course. As I was walking my phone rang and when I checked I couldn't believe my eyes, it was Nomsa. I ignored her calls. I was not in a mood to be interrogated. My hatred for Hector multiplied at that stage. He conducted himself like a bitch ass nigga. Had he not opened his big mouth I wouldn't be in this situation. Within 5 minutes my phone vibrated and when I checked it was an sms from Nomsa. It read:

"I'm sorry I left you in Sunnyside. I was hurt and not thinking straight. I'm in Mahube now. I drove like a maniac. The girl Hector is talking about is a close colleague of mine. She used to visit my house on some weekends. There were rumours that she's sleeping with my man but I brushed them off as stupid rumours designed to rip off my marriage cause I trusted my man. I still can't believe he slept with her. I'm hurt Sharon, I'm crying. I don't wanna be alone, please catch a cab to Mamelodi. I'll pay".

WTF, I was shocked and relieved at the same time. Wait, what if it was her strategy to make me go to Mahube so she could kill and bury me in the yard. These softies aint loyal, they turn into psychopaths when angry and hurt. You'll never know what people do behind closed doors. It's like these church going girls who wear long skirts, doek on their heads and boots in summer...especially those who stay around Boyne in Limpopo. I always thought they are shy and lazy in bed but many guys say they turn into sex kittens when horny. I was so deep in thoughts I didn't realise I was almost at my flat. I looked in front of me and the red Volvo was parked there. It was TT's car and he got out as soon as he saw me. I didn't know whether to smile or cry. He was like "oh thank God...thank you my Lord for answering my prayers". I didn't know what he was on about but I warmly melted in his arms when he gave me a hug. He smelled very good. It was probably one of

those expensive Cologne, not a R17 Shield from Pick n Pay. He told me he came to my flat almost everyday after work hoping to bump into me. He didn't know my room number and he asked the security guards but they told him they don't know any Lerato. Shit, I remembered I told him my name is Lerato. I found it romantic that he came to my flat everyday. I even forgot that he left me at Shisanyama a week ago. I didn't waste any time, I asked him to drive me to Mahube Valley to fetch my keys. He didn't hesitate or ask any questions, he started the engine and we headed to Nomsa's crib. That's one of the reasons I prefer guys who drive nice cars, they never complain about petrol. They take you from A to B without making a big deal out of it. He made stupid jokes and I pretended to laugh here and there. I was not in a mood for stupid jokes.

When we got to Mahube Valley Nomsa's car was parked outside the garage. I think Hector's wasn't there. I knocked at the door and asked Nomsa to open. As soon as we got in Nomsa was like "Gosh, why did you bring him here? This is the guy I was telling you about". Before I could respond I heard "WHAT"? It was Hector's voice at the door which was still open. Before I could respond.....

.....there was a gun shot....

WTF

THE END

Episode 31

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Where I come from we believe if things are not going well in your life you are either bewitched or your ancestors are mad at you. Mxm some ancestors are drama queens shem. If you think you are bewitched you either consult a sangoma(traditional doctor) or one of those prophets with rainbow ropes all over their bodies. But lately I noticed people visit charismatic churches like SCOAN in Nigeria and Incredible Happenings here at home. It might sound like a joke to someone who don't believe in these things but those who believe have faith in them. If you go to Limpopo you are likely to see many people with razor blade cut

scars on their chests and wrists. Some have colour blocking ropes all over their body. My mom wanted to take me to a prophet in Venda and I ran away. Maybe she had seen something in me that I'm too blind to see. With the shit that has been happening to me, it was quite obvious I was bewitched. My uncle once told me that some powerful witches can plant a tokoloshi in your body while you are still alive. I suspected Maite and Kea were behind my bad luck. Maybe it's time to 'consult'. A gun shot inside a house is very loud, especially if you weren't expecting any baaaaaaamm sound. After the 'bang' I went deaf for 30 seconds. The mirror on the wall behind me went 'pshaaaaahlllaaaaa' on the floor and there were glasses all over. Nomsa was on the floor motionless and TT Scott was nowhere to be seen, all I saw were his fancy Gucci spectacles next to the couch. Hector noticed his wife was lying on the floor and I could see the word panic slowly being printed on his forehead in Tahoma bold italics underlined. I was in a state of shock, wanted to scream but I was out of breath. Hector's eyes gathered tears in no time. I don't blame him, we all saw what was happening to Oscar Pistorius in court. Imagine Gerrie Nel on Hector's ass, he'd shit himself in the witness box and go "my lady, it wasn't premeditated but I'm literally in shit". He walked towards Nomsa. His walk reminded of Jean-Claude van Damme in the movie AWOL. He walked as if his balls were about to fall. He put the gun down and put his hand on her heart to establish if she was still of this earth. I was expecting the worst. In my mind I thought the bullet hit her and then hit TT Scott too. What surprised me was there was no any blood on the floor. When you are in a panic mode nothing seems to make sense. I saw a mild smile on his yummy lips, he was like "her heart is still beating, she's not dead...she's alive. Thank you God and fuck you satan". I don't know why he insulted satan cause it was all his own doing. He should have said 'fuck you me'. Nomsa probably fainted because of stress and the unexpected loud bang. Hector gave her a kiss of life and made some fresh air for her. The bullet missed TT Scott and Nomsa and hit the mirror on the wall. If he was a soccer player I'd think he played for Orlando Pirates. Orlando Pirates strikers are famous for shooting blanks. While he was busy with Nomsa a phone rang, I loved the ring tone. We checked where the sound came from but saw no phone or the owner. A voice from the small space behind the couch went "yoooooohhhhh mmmmaaweee, please don't kill me my nigga. I didn't do anything. I only came here to drop Lerato". I almost laughed my lungs out. Not even a baby would fit in that space. That's what fear does to people, you can fit inside one of those indoor rubbish bins. I once saw some fat guy running faster

than his thin friend after they heard a gun shot. Nobody wanna die. Even in church while the preacher is busy preaching about how the righteous Christians will go to heaven to be with God after dying...if they hear a gun shot the pastor will be the first to run for his life. Hector was like “dude, get the fuck out of my house before I shoot you”. TT Scott was like a fighter jet the way he ran so fast. He accidentally stepped on Nomsa’s foot while running and she gained her consciousness. Within seconds I heard vvvvvvroooooooooooooommmmmmm, it was Scott running for his life.

Nomsa asked what happened. I think she had a load shedding moment. She shook her head twice and went “Hector, did you kill that guy? Answer me...did you murder a person in my house? Answer me damn it”. Hector looked like a kid after being caught stealing money from mommy’s purse. I told her that Hector didn’t kill that dude and that the dude left. She was shaking with anger. She stood up and went “Hector Skhosana, I don’t wanna talk to you right now. Get out of my house and go to your whore. GET OUT. Sharon is the only person who cares about me”. Hector went down on his knees and started apologising. She took a vase on the side table and threatened to kill him if he didn’t leave in 10 seconds. Never mess with an angry wife. I felt bad cause I was part of the problem and Nomsa was convinced I was the only one who cared. I felt like a pastor who prays for people and ask them to pay afterwards. I thought God’s powers were free. Ja neh, capitalism is everywhere, even in churches. Hector noticed his wife was serious, he took his gun and left. As soon as he left Nomsa started crying as if someone told her the world was coming to an end tomorrow. I offered her a glass of water and persuaded to go sleep in her bedroom. I wanted to lie next to her but it was difficult. I felt responsible for her problems. Part of me wanted to confess but my heart crushed the idea. Confessing might get you an emotional relief but it has uglier consequences. The Bible says:

“Confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you may be healed. The earnest prayer of a righteous person has great power and produces wonderful results.” – James 5:16

Yes God will forgive you because He loves you but the bitch you slept with her husband will go as far as praying to God that you get killed by a lightning or fall into a hole full of poisonous snakes and scorpions. It’s not a joke, God hears all sort of funny prayers everyday. I once heard a woman praying for her man to have sugar diabetes. Apparently he was fucking around and she wanted God to punish

his dick. I left Nomsa in her room and went to sleep in the other room. I could hear she was sobbing heavily but I was not in a position to comfort her. It was difficult to fall asleep as many thoughts were running thru my mind. I wanted to call my mom but she was probably sleeping. Luckily, around 3am lala land kidnapped me.

I was woken by Nomsa around 8am. She told me she was going to kwaNdebele for a weekend. Why do women do this whenever faced with problems? It's not like problems will vanish after the 'exile'. I told her that if she's leaving I'll go back to my flat and she said it wasn't necessary cause her mother-in-law called her and told her Hector came home when I chased him. Hector told his mom that Nomsa kicked him out cause he almost killed the guy she was cheating on him with and that the guy was naked. Luckily Hector's mom wasn't the noisy type, she called Nomsa to a meeting so she could hear both side of the story. Some mothers would see red and ask their son to divorce 'ngwana wa moloi'. Black mothers take their sons' sides all the time, especially if he's the type that gives them money all the time. I call them Monsters-in-Law. I walked Nomsa to the car and she told me they'll be back on Sunday late. We hugged and did our good byes.

As soon as she left I switched off my phone. I was tired of all the drama and wanted to have some 'me' time. It was Friday but I didn't feel like going out. I went back to bed and slept almost the whole day. I switched on the phone and called Nomsa to check if she arrived safely. I switched off the phone again...ate and studied till 8pm. I watched Skeem Saam, Isibaya and Muvhango. South African soapies are nice shem. I went to bed after the soapies. I switched on my phone as soon as I woke up the following morning, it was around 11am. There was only one Whatsapp text from TT Scott. I remembered I gave him my new digits on our way to Mahube on Thursday night. I apologised to him for what happened and he said cool. I BRB'd him and told him I wanna clean the house and do house chores. I called Nomsa and she told me the family is about to meet. I cleaned, cooked, bathed and watched TV till late afternoon. I called Nomsa and her phone was off. I was kinda bored and thirsty, so I took one of Nomsa's red wines and started drinking. That was the biggest mistake. My pussy started singing 'oh happy day' after the 3rd glass. I was sitting on the couch and wearing a mini skirt, so I stretched my legs wide and started fingering myself. It felt so good....ohhhhhh. My phone rang and it was TT Scott. He told me he was at a party at Mamelodi Gardens and asked me to catch a taxi to join him. I didn't respond...my finger was

employed underground and it was better than Dumi's dicklet. I went "ah ah ah ha" and TT Scott asked what I was doing. I told him and he was like "Shit, you just made my dick gain weight. If I wasn't scared of that Chuck Norris guy I'd come". I told him I'm all alone as Nomsa and Hector were in kwaNdebele. He was like "I'll be there in 15 minutes". I told him to hurry up because I'll dry up and that he must put on the condom while in the car cause there won't be anytime to waste. I was like "I'll be bending for you on the couch...the gate is not locked and I won't lock the door. Just get here and do me. I give you 7 minutes". It was a bit dark, so I didn't worry about nosey neighbours. Within 5 minutes I heard a car parking outside. WTF, I know Mamelodi Gardens aint far from Mahube Valley but 5 minutes? Ja men love sex for real. I quickly took off my clothes and bent my fine ass towards the door. The wine I had made me more brave and shameless. I was ready for TT Scott. Within a minute the door opened and

Boooooommm, a woman's voice went "Sharon, what are you doing?"

THE END

Episode 32

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Truth be told, when you are house-sitting someone's house you tend to do things you'd normally not do if they were around. You do worse things when you know the exact day of their return. Some go as far as sleeping in the main bedroom. My mom once told that her friend used to work for some rich couple. They used to let her house-sit whenever they go to their fancy overseas. So one weekend they told her they are going to Cape Town and she invited the husband as soon as they left. They had told her that they gonna spend the whole weekend away and it was news to her ears and pussy. On Friday they spent the night in the main bedroom and even wore the couple's nightwear. The following the woman rushed to town to buy some stuff...so it was just her Weekend Special in the house. While the wife was away the house owner came back unannounced. When he got into the house he was met with a picture he didn't expect, Weekend Special was sitting on the couch sipping the owner's whiskey and smoking cigar. You could tell he was not used to the cigar cause he coughed every 2 seconds. He didn't know the man in front of him was the owner of the house. Apparently Weekend Special said "mrena, I don't

know who you are or where you come from but you are disrespectful. This is my house and you just throw yourself in. Do you know who I am?”. Before the owner could respond my mom’s friend entered and she wet her madam’s expensive clothes she was wearing and fainted on the spot. Weekend Special got the beating of his life. The woman’s voice repeated the question, “Sharon, what are you doing?”. Shit, with my bum still facing the door, I turned my head to check who was talking. I knew the voice very well but I thought my ears were lying like Jacob Zuma when he told parliament government didn’t use our tax money to upgrade his Nkandla residence. Like I said before, Nomisa was like a sister to me and I didn’t make a habit of doing masawana in front of her. Nomisa was standing at the door with her right hand covering her mouth to show she was shocked by the dunudunu in front of her. Hector was standing behind her with a fertile smile on his face. Nomisa repeated the question for the 3rd time and Hector was like “babe, don’t be hard on her, she’s just a kid bathong”. Nxa nigga was probably fucking me with his eyes. I quickly jumped and hid my lower body behind the couch. I was like “uhm eh eh uhm I was about to bath and wanted to double check if I locked the door. I didn’t know you were coming back”. They walked in and Hector wanted to walk straight to where I was standing and Nomisa told him to close his eyes till I’m dressed. He complied and I quickly grabbed my clothes which were lying on the floor and got dressed. Nomisa is quick to believe shem, I told her so many lies and she believed all of them. I stole a peep on Hector’s pants and noticed his dick was very up. A pussy is more powerful than United Nations. Maybe women should establish an international organisation and call it Pussies United. We’d mos def control all the men in the world. I don’t know what happened but the power went off. It was probably one of Eskom’s power blackouts. Nxa they should just call themselves Ass-kom. A week hardly passes without us experiencing blackouts. But part of me smiled, it was difficult and embarrassing to face Hector and Nomisa at that stage after what they saw.

Suddenly, there was a male voice from the door. It went “Rato Rato Rato. You are such a kinky girl, you switch off the light to make the game more interesting. I brought your meal just the way you ordered it, condom on and ready to take you to sexual paradise”. Shit, it was TT Scott. Hector and Nomisa’s presence made me forget about my little movie with TT Scott. For the first time in my life I was happy Ass-kom pulled a black out on us. It was so dark I couldn’t even see the couch in front of me. Nomisa and Hector went silent after hearing TT Scott’s voice.

Before I could act I felt a hand touching my ass. I knew it wasn't TT Scott cause there was no movement from the door into the house. TT Scott whispered "give me a hint of where you are. My dick is a natural pussy navigator, it can smell a wet pussy from miles away". I wanted to say 'shut the fuck up fool' but before I could open my mouth the power came back. The room was lighter than before. The hand that touched my ass was probably Hector's cause he was the one standing next to me. TT Scott was standing at the door naked with a condom on his bazooka. Nomsa looked at me and ran to her bedroom. TT Scott was like "what the fuck, bitch you set me up for Chuck Norris to kill me. I hate you". He ran for his life afterwards. Hector was like "so you invited a guy to come fuck you in my house?". He looked angry, I don't know if it was because I was gonna fuck a guy in his house or the fact that another man was gonna fuck his 'side chick'. I have a feeling he saw me as that...his side chick or sperm dish. I whispered "pervert, don't act all saintly on me. You fucked me and I can tell your wife now. You have a lot to lose as compared to me. You and I are 2 sides of the coin. If I am Al Qaeda your are Boko Haram". He walked to his room without uttering further words. I sat on the couch cause I didn't know what to do. I sent my mom an sms: "mommy, I'm coming back next weekend. I want you to take me to that venda prophet".

Nomsa appeared from the bedroom as soon as my sms went thru. She was like "my friend, there's no easy way of saying this, Hector wants you out. I know you are still young and wanna experience things but what you did was wrong. I tried to defend you but failed. I think he's serious cause he even offered to drive you to Sunnyside right now". I didn't know what to say, so I went to my room and packed the little things I had there. Hector knocked at the door and told me he doesn't have the whole night. I heard Nomsa saying "babe please don't be hard on her". I wondered what Hector's mom said to them. They looked as if they never had any problems 2 nights ago. I was happy for my friend, I know I was partly a source of her problems but she deserved to be happy. They solved their problem without involving western solutions, the so-called marriage counselling. I don't mean to be old-fashioned, but I believe black people should give our ways of solving problems a chance. When we get married we involve our parents and elders, we should do the same when our marriage is facing rough patches. After packing I told them I'm ready to go. Hector kissed Nomsa and told her to start packing cause they gonna leave around 5am. I wanted to ask to pack for what but heard Kermit's voice saying "none of your damn business bitch". Nomsa hugged me and told me to take

care. She told me that if Kea gave me tough time I must call her and she'll make a plan. Nomisa was actually a fool, you know your man has seen another girl's pussy but you are fine with him driving her at night. She seemed like those girls who started dating after the age of 21. She was too trusting for my liking. Men are weak, if they see a girl's pussy their imagination go wild. They'll do whatever it takes to taste that pussy. They are like Tembisa rats, if they see you walking to your house with a KFC bag, they'll strategically camp at your house till they get a taste of you StreetWise 2.

I got into the car and we headed to Sunnyside. Hector was rather sweet, the change of mood kinda surprised me. He told me I was lucky Nomisa was a good friend. I took my phone out and started with my friends on Facebook. I was not interested to listen to his bullshit. My phone vibrated and it was a Whatsapp from TT Scott. It read "Hope Chuck Norris shot your ass to death". Lol only if he knew Chuck Norris was being sweet to me. When we got to my place I thanked Hector and told him we'll meet one day. He was like "I'll walk you up, Nomisa said I must make sure you are settled.". I didn't protest, so we got into the lift together and went up. I unlocked the door and it looked as if there was no one in days. Maybe Kea went to Nigeria with Adeyomi or she was in Steve Biko Hospital with a 'torn' pussy. I told Hector he can leave as I was ok. I was pressed so I got into the toilet. I heard the door going 'gadlaa'. I was relieved Hector left and my heart went "bye bye drama". After peeing I took my mini-skirt and top off and went back to the bedroom.

Boooooom...WTF, Hector was standing in the middle of my room 97% naked.

THE END

Episode 33

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Guys are the most insensitive creatures I know. They have a tendency of suspending their brains and hiring their dicks as thinking organs. He screws you once and he thinks he can nationalise your pussy without compensation whenever he wants. Nxa EFF mentality. But if a girl goes after a guy she once fucked and demand some good fucking, she'll be labelled a desperate whore. The guy would probably go update a status on Facebook that "Girls can't get enough of me".I

think Hector thought he was a hit. I mean, he had just came back from kwaNdebele to sort out problems he had with Nomsa but already he wanted to fuck a side dish. Men are a 2-legged version of a dog. When they see a pussy their thinking develops squares and triangles. If God got rid of pussies 98% of men would commit suicides, the remaining 2% would be gays. I looked at Hector and his dick looked stressed. It was big and hard but it didn't have the swagger I've seen before. I asked "what the fuck do you think you are doing Hector?". He went silent and tried to walk towards me. I told him to stop being childish and get dressed. He was like "don't pretend as if you don't want me. I know your pussy is wet as we speak. You can't resist me". I told him I will never ever fuck him cause the last time we did he sucked. Yes I know it's mean but he left me no choice. Guys have some cheap ego planted on their dicks. If you tell a guy his dick is small and that he sucks in bed you'll be doing a great deal of damage on his self-esteem. It's like telling a girl she has gained weight and that she should stop wearing short things cause her thighs have developed terrible stretch marks. Guys like Matome can say that to a girl. They boost their self-esteem by crushing our self-confidence. I noticed Hector's dick was dancing cha cha cha backwards. It looked like Kaizer Chiefs fans after a goal from the opposition, they disappointedly sit down in a systematic fashion. I was standing next to the laundry basket, I took my jeans and put them on. That was my way of saying 'nigga, I'm not your sperm dish'. He gave me one look and said "nxa you think your pussy is special. I'll go back to my lovely wife. Nxa you are just bitter I spoilt your liitle party with that guy and that I solved my problems with my beautiful wife. You'll never find a man like me". I could sense from his voice that my word hit deeper. He was saying all that shit to recover his bruised ego. I was like "with pleasure abuti, go back to your beautiful wife. And get dressed, my eyes are allergic to small things". His dick aint small, I was saying mean things just to spite him. He approached me with an intend to hit me and I went "if you touch me I'll scream hard. Imagine what my neighbours will say when they find you naked busy hitting a woman". He said "all your male neighbours will kill me because you are their skaftin and the females will defend me because you are fucking their me...". He didn't finish that word cause I kicked his balls so hard he immediately went down on his knees. Nxa I was pissed, imagine being told you fuck all your neighbours. Even prostitutes would find it offensive. I felt bad I kicked Nomsa's supper but I felt happy I defended myself. I'm Sharon Letsoalo, I don't take shit from anyone. I heard a little voice in my head going 'you go girl'. He stood up and got dressed...I could see it was difficult

cause he had pain written all over his face. He staggered to door and I asked if he wants ‘phinda mzala (a repeat kick)’ and he went “go to hell legosha (whore)”. As soon as he left I started singing:

“Girls, we run this motha (yeah!)
GIRLS!
Who run the world? Girls!
Who run this motha? Girls!
Who run the world? Girls!
Some of them men think they freak this like we do
But no they don’t
Make your check come at they neck,
Disrespect us no they won’t.... Who runs the world!!!”

It felt so good to have my place back, no Kea, no dicklets, no anacondas. I changed the bedding on my bed. It smelled of Kea and Dumi and Adeyomi. Kea should be called a DJ of Sex. She’s good with mixing things, mixing a dicklet with anaconda. The wine I had was gone and I had a mild headache. I took my phone out and started reading people’s updates on Facebook. I kinda felt nauseous and rushed to the toilet to puke. The puke wasn’t much but the nausea didn’t go. Mxm it was probably the wine I drank at Nomsa’s place. I washed my mouth and went back to bed. I called TT Scott and he didn’t pick up. He was probably angry cause of what happened earlier. Within few hours I passed out. I had a weird dream, I was in Limpopo and the Kaizer Chiefs t-shirt guy was handing two dolls to me. I took them and threw them into the bin. He started laughing like someone was tickling his ass. I woke up around 7am and the nausea was getting worse. I tried to yawn but puke came out instead. It was a small volume but it was disgusting. Maybe it was because of the disgusting dream I had and hangover from the wine.

It was Sunday and I didn’t have any plans. So I decided to prepare for church. I thought of going to Adeyomi’s church but remembered mama Adeyomi was an ass-whipper. I decided to go to the one in Pretoria Central at Jacob Mara street. There was a church not far from my flat but I didn’t like it. I’ve never seen expensive cars parked there. Most churches are no longer what they used to be, people go there to show off their cars and clothes. I’ve never seen a Bible verse that says ‘thou shall drive a Range Rover to church’. Girls dress up as if they are going to a beauty contest and they prefer to sit next to handsome men. Some hoes

go as far as checking-in at church on Facebook just to ensure guys know she's around. I put on a knee length black skirt, a white peplum and black stilettos. I looked like 'ousi nyana (I don't know what ousi nyana is in English)' lol. I grabbed my polo handbag and headed to church. Luckily I didn't have to carry the Bible cause I had downloaded a Bible App on my Samsung S5. Imagine carrying the Bible at my age in 2014. I walked for about 100 metres from my flat and some guy driving a black Audi A5 offered me a lift. As a girl you know you are dressed to kill and look hot when a guy offers you a lift. I'm talking about guys who drive nice cars not a 1985 1400 bakkie. He asked for my number and I gave him my old number. He smiled like a hunter after killing an impala. Only if he knew I had no intentions of doing a sim swap. I think he told me his name is Colgate Mudau. Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa the name Colgate killed the hell outa me. I laughed 'internally' thou, it's rude to laugh at people's names. He dropped me at church and promised to call later. I was like "thanks for the lift, and by the way I love your white teeth". He thanked me and left. I doubt he detected the irony in my compliment.

The pastor read Matthew 6:14-15

"For if you forgive men when they sin against you, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you do not forgive men their sins, your Father will not forgive your sins."

He preached about the power of forgiveness and it liberates one spiritually, mentally and emotionally. I agreed with him. I thought of forgiving Dumi, Maite, Hector, Thabiso, Matome, Kea, Mama Adeyomi and all people who wronged me. After church someone tapped me on my shoulder, it was Siphso. Damn, he was the last person I expected to see. I didn't know he attended that church. I wonder why he passed so many churches all the way from Centurion and chose this 1. It's normal I guess, people skip many churches in South Africa and head to Nigerian churches. We exchanged greetings and he told me he forgave me for what I did. Wow, I respect the power of God. I gave him a hug and thanked him. I felt like a new person. He asked me to go to with him to his place to ask for forgiveness from his wife. I said NO NO NO NO. I was never gonna endanger my life by going to his wife's house. He called her and put her on loud speaker and she was very fine with me going to her place. I had no ground to say no...so I got in Siphso's car and we headed to Centurion. When we got there the wife looked all happy to see me. It

felt uncomfortable but I guess she had moved on. I sat on the couch and she was like “let me make you a drink”. I felt so happy, my life didn’t have any drama. She went to the kitchen and within a minutes she came back with a pot full of boiled water....

She went” Sifebe ndin wabulala umntwana wam ngoku ufuna indoda yam,namhlanje uzawuhamba kulendlu usisidumbu (Bitch you killed my baby and now you want my man? Today you will leave this house as corpse)”

WTF

THE END

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WTF

THE END

Episode 34

Bible encourages us to forgive as I quoted previously. Human beings fight all the time but for God to forgive us, we also need to forgive those who erred against us. It is there in The Lord's Prayer that we were taught at school. Women will forgive you for insulting them, they'll forgive you for stealing from them, they'll forgive you for gossiping about them, they forgive you for visibly displaying your jealousy towards their achievements. But there are 2 things women find difficult to forgive: 1. Snatching their men 2. Killing or hurting their kids. We develop an emotional attachment with our babies long before they are born, that is why women cry when they miscarry. I've never been in that situation but I'd have a permanent scar in my heart. I looked at Siphos wife and all I could see was anger in her eyes. They were so read you'd swear they worked for Vodacom. I have heard stories about Xhosa women beating the hell out of any chick who dares to snatch their men and I believed them. I had not seen Siphos in ages and here I was being accused of snatching him. Instead of helping me, Siphos hid his fat ass behind the couch. Hiding behind the couch seems to be the in-thing to my boys. Nxa I have a bad luck with these cowards. Siphos, TT Scott and Dumi were probably born from the same womb. I don't know how it happened but she stepped on Siphos PlayStation controller which was lying on the floor, slipped and lost the grip on the deadly pot. The next thing I heard was screaming and lot of nx nx nx nx nqx words coming from her mouth. When Xhosa women are angry or in danger they speak deep Xhosa not the isiXhosa Lite. I looked at her and noticed the water only did damage on her left hand and right thigh. Mxm luck hoe, I wanted the boiling water to turn her into a pink bone. I saw a chance to run and didn't waste any time, I grabbed my handbag and ran for my dear life, imagine running in a skirt and stilettos. The trip to Venda prophet visited me again. I didn't even know where to catch taxis to town cause I only went Centurion in Siphos car. That's what you get for dating guys with cars, you end up thinking you are driving. Ugly girls are better because they are used to using public transport. They even know which hand signs to use to stop taxis.

I didn't even know which part of Centurion I was at. I just walked and walked and finally got to what seemed like the main road. In South Africa you know you reached the main road when the traffic is dominated my taxis, especially iNyathi these days. One taxi driver pointed up and I nodded. He stopped and I got in the taxi. That's the taxi jargon in Gauteng, no need to talk. We just sign with our hands

nje. I was the only person in the taxi and it made me feel uncomfortable. I always read stories in the Daily Sun about girls being kidnapped, raped and brutally killed. Luckily some 2 guys go in at the bus stop next to Zenex. The hot guy sat on the seat in front of me and the ugly one with shaggy hair chose to sit next to me. Nxa I was expecting the hot one to sit next to me. Uglie looked like one of those guys who worked at construction sites and very poor. Not the kinda guys I'd fall for. Imagine dating a guy who gets paid R2000 a month and lived with his parents. It would take him 6 years to save for my Malaysian weave. I prefer guys who spend and not make you feel guilty afterwards. Poor guys will make comments like "I've never spent this much on a girl. You are very lucky". Mxm nigga, spend if you wanna spend, I don't give a toss about how much you spend. He greeted me and I greeted back with the 'duh' attitude. I took out my earphones and put them in my ears. That's the strategy girls use when we don't wanna be bothered by guys. I played music so loud just to make him hear I have no interest to talk to him. He took out an iPad from his bag and logged into FNB website. I took out my shades and put them on. They are best when coming to taking secret peeps, no one will see you are watching. Uglie transferred about R5000 to someone. I took a closer look and noticed his balance had 6-digits. WTF, his balance was more than my mom and dad's combined annual salary + bonus. I wondered why a guy with such money would use a taxi. It's like he was reading my mind, he clicked on the email icon and typed "Hi love, I sent someone to come fetch you in Rosebank. He's using my Range. I'm in a taxi to Pretoria now. Le tla nkreya at my office (you'll find me at my office)". Damn, the word office drives girls my age crazy. We automatically assume the guy is monied. I immediately took off my head phones and put them back in the bag. I sat straight up to ensure my boobs popped out like they were about to explode. I think something caught his attention outside the taxi and I used that opportunity to pull my skirt up a bit to bare my yellow thighs. Uglie, no he's not Uglie anymore...he's Black Bill Gates – BBG, he asked "was the song you were playing that boring?. You only listened to it for less than 3 minutes". Damn, I think he noticed I was trying to avoid him. I replied with a million \$ smile "no love...uh oh uhm I mean sir, I wanted to listen to Eddie Zondi on Metro FM then remembered he died early this year. The other guys are boring so I decided to switch it off". I don't know how I came up with that lie but it worked cause he didn't ask further questions. He asked for my name and I didn't lie...I told him my name in full, Sharon Letsoalo but my friends call me Shazyonce and before he could tell me his name his stupid phone started ringing. He talked on

the phone for like 15 minutes and 3 seconds. He was on about High Courts, Judge Masipa and prosecutors blah blah blah. He was probably an advocate. Mmmmm I can imagine him saying “my lady, would you marry me”. He apologised for the call and before we could continue with the conversation his phone rang again. At that moment we were at the Cnr Jacob Mare and Van Der Walt Street robot, I was supposed to get off there but I decided to pass. I wanted BBG to ask for my number. I’m tired of losers like Dumi. He got off at Schoeman Street and I did the same. He did the ‘sharp’ sign with his thumb while busy with his phone and walked away, he didn’t even give me his number or ask for mine. I didn’t even know his real name. Mxm I was so disappointed. I thought of following him to his office but decided against it, I’d look desperate and dick-hungry.

I started to walk to Sunnyside. It was only at that time that I remembered what had happened at Siphos house. I know I was responsible for causing the miscarriage but that bitch had no right to boil me. She should have told me to leave her house. Now she caused harm to herself. When I got to the robot next to Louis Pasteur Hospital someone called my name. The voice came from a red Golf 7 GTI. Damn, it was the one and only Never-die. He invited me in and I said no. I was not in a mood entertain bitches like Maite. I told him he must go to his wife Maite. Girls love doing this and normally we expect the guy to say he’s not with the hoe anymore. Nerves told me “forget about history. Let’s talk about the future. Come on Shaz, get in the car and we’ll talk on our way to Busy Corner”. WTF, who told him I wanted to go to Busy Corner? As much as I like rich guys I hate the fact that they impose decisions on us. I haven’t seen this guy in ages but already he wanted to take me to Busy Corner. He was like “cool then, let me drop you at your place”. I agreed and got into the car. He turned right at Mandela Drive and drove up. Instead of turning left at Rissik Street to drop me at my crib, he continued straight. I think he expected me to scream or be cross at him but I disappointed him, I just went “cool, as long as I’m home before 8pm. I have a class tomorrow at 10am”. He was like “now you are talking ximatsatsa xa mina xa ku saseka (my very beautiful girl). I almost said ‘xima-what-what is the black sack between your legs’. I asked him about Maite and he told me he prefers not to talk about history. When we got to the Fountains robot he turned right and then left to join the Ben Schoeman Highway. Immediately after turning some big-assed metro cop stopped us. She was like “o driver koloi e smart abuti (you are driving a nice car bro). He thanked her and we passed. She didn’t even ask for a licence or something. I think she thought

he was alone and probably wanted a marriage, nxa biatch. My nausea came back and I asked him to stop and he said he can't stop on the freeway. I saw a KFC paper bag in his car and puked inside it. He stopped so fast and told me to get the fart off and puke outside. I don't know why he was all worked up cause I asked him nicely to stop and he refused. I got into the car and he asked if I was pregnant and I laughed at him until he dropped the question. Imagine me being preg, duh!!!!.

When we got to Busy Corner it was packed. If you wanna see beautiful people, beautiful car and beautiful environment go to Busy Corner in Tembisa around 5pm. It's one of the dopest Shisanyamas in South Africa. I wish to see Mzolis in Gugulethu, Cape Town. We managed to find a table outside and I was happy. I prefer to sit outside cause I got to see all hot guys. Never-die offered to buy me wine and I said no thanks. I didn't want to be under the influence of wetness. I told him I'll have Smirnoff Guarana and he was like "typical college girl from Limpopo". Mxm I didn't give a damn about what he thought of me. He bought me 6 and bought Jameson for himself. Guess who came to our table? Maite Modika. Nxa this girl was like All Star sneakers, she's everywhere in South Africa. She didn't greet Never-die and she was like "Sharon, you don't get tired of eating my left-overs neh? Anyway, make sure you use a condom with him". Never-die stood up and punched her like he was punching a guy. I wanted to kiss Never-die at that moment, what he did was very romantic. I'd blow his dick anytime if he punched Maite again. Bitches like Maite don't deserve VIP treatment, they deserve punching treatment. The security guards grabbed Never-die and told him to leave. He didn't even fight them. He looked at Maite and said "ni ta ku dlaya xifeve (I will kill you bitch)". Before we could reach the car I puked again. I didn't blame myself, seeing Maite's face made puke. Nxa she made us leave Busy Corner prematurely.

Never-die was driving like a manic. I told him I get nauseous when he drives fast and he told me he didn't give a fuck. I could see he was angry. Within 25 minutes we were in Pretoria. He stopped at Shell garage and I asked him why and he said he's going to buy condoms. I asked why and he said "because I'm sleeping at your place tonight". I didn't argue with him. As soon as he got out of the car I took a pad out of my bag and placed it in my panties. If he thinks he's smart, I'll show him what smart is. I'll simply tell the fool I'm on my periods and it's heavy flow

kwaaaa. He bought 3 packs of Rough Riders and 4 Red Bulls. WTF, imagine 9 rounds from a Tsonga guy!!!! I'd walk like a penguin the following day mos. When we got to my flat Never-die parked his car next to the gate. As soon I as I got off I saw the security guard pointing his finger at me. He was with 3 policemen. They probably wanted to arrest Never-die for punching Maite at Busy Corner. They walked to us and the skinny one asked "are you Sharon?" and I told him yes. He was like:

"You are under arrest.....".

I puked.... WTF

THE END

Episode 35

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Sleeping in police cells or jail aint pap and vleis. I've been there before and it was the kinda experience I wasn't willing to go thru again. When you get in there you automatically feel like you are a criminal even if you know deep inside that you are not a criminal. Even Oscar Pistorius is paying Adv Barry Roux SC R50 000 a day to keep him out of jail. Imagine a beautiful yellow bone like me in an orange suit. I'd turn into an orange bone. The cops weren't friendly, they were mean and rude. And one of them looked familiar, he looked like some guy who once asked me out and I told him I don't do ugly skinny guys. He was probably being bitchy because of that. Suddenly there were spectators around us. Black people love drama bathong. Some chick was even recording everything with her fone. Some chick went "maybe she stole someone's clothes on the washing line. She's always wearing things". Never-die was as shocked as I was. He asked the cops why they wanna arrest me and the skinny one jumped in "you are under arrest for assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm. You have the right to remain silent, whatever you say can and/or will be used against you in the court of law. If you can't afford a lawyer the state will provide you with one. You know what you did to Ms Grootboom in Centurion". Nxa Xhosas and imported surnames, Mthimkulu is now known as Grootboom. Where I come from cops don't read rights or any crap for anyone. They tell you nine-9, "morena, namela van. Re na le mmereko o montši kudukudu (sir, get inside the van. We have a lot of work to do". By a lot of

work they mean eating mogodu and pap at Sis Joyce eating house. That's why most South African cops have big bellies, they are forever eating. Bheki Cele must come back to make them do 'Chest Out, Stomach in'. Nerves asked if they can come to some kind of understanding man-2-man. The skinny cop asked what kinda understanding and Nerves said it bluntly "jojo (bribe)". The cop who has been quiet all the time jumped in "you want to bribe us? Huh? You know I can charge you for bribing the officer of law?". Mxm what an actor!!!! I've seen cops doing that before. They act as if they don't want your money while deep down they know they want it. Never-die apologised and told them to arrest me. I started crying and the one cop was like "lizard tears don't scare us". I think he wanted to crocodile tears. The skinny cop started pushing me like I was some kind of his slave. Never-die called someone, I don't who but he was referring to him as 'comrade' and he said something about the provincial commissioner blah blah blah. Damn, politicians are very powerful and connected shem. He was probably talking to a minister or something...or even Jacob Zuma. I've seen him wearing an ANC t-shirt once and he had the 'comrade' look. The cops locked me in the van and drove to Sunnyside police station with me. Never-die's car followed us. When we got to the station some dude who looked like a senior cop was waiting outside. Before they could unlock for me the senior-looking cop called the cops who arrested me and talked to them for few minutes. As they were talking I closed my eyes and prayed for them not to take me to the cells. As soon as I said amen the skinny cop opened the van door and told me to go home. I have doubted the power of God before but at that moment I believed fully that God does listen when we pray and he responds timeously. I wish cops were as fast as God when we report crimes. Constable Skinny told me there's been a misunderstanding and he apologised for the way they treated me. He even opened the gate for me and I found the senior cop outside talking to Never-die. When I got there the cop told Never-die "She seems beautiful and innocent. Those incompetent cops will get warnings". I was flattered by the compliment and thanked him. He said I must take his number so that I'll call him whenever I have problems in future. I took his number and saved them as Captain Fat Comrade. Before we could leave he asked me to buzz him. I could see Nerves was uncomfortable but I buzzed Captain Fat Comrade. I guess that was his way of asking for my number. He probably saved my number as 'prisoner 35'. Nerves and I drove to my flat in silence. I wondered what was going thru his mind. You know when ugly guys are quiet they look as if they are about to cry.

When we got to my place I immediately went to the toilet. I was nauseous but nothing came out. I tried to shit but only released a thunderous fart. If I was in Limpopo neighbours would run for their lives thinking a lightening is on its way. When I went back to the bedroom Never-die was lying on his back on my bed. His belly was so big that I even mistook it for a continental pillow. He was like “baby, if it wasn’t for me you’d be in a police cells right now. It’s time for you to return the favour”. I knew what he meant but I was in no mood for sex. I was nauseous and kinda stressed cause of the whole police shit. I told him I’m too tired, sick and stressed to make him happy but promised to make it up to him the following day. He was like “I can always call the cops to come arrest you and I’ll bail you out tomorrow”. Nxa guys who threaten girls in order to get laid should have their dicks cut and sold to sangomas in Venda. I told him I’m on my periods and he accused me of being an ungrateful liar. I pulled the skirt up and showed him the pad i inserted in my panties. He asked “shit your periods are misbehaving like EFF MPs in parliament. Why tonight of all days nxa”. I told him I’ll give him the best BJ as soon as I’m done with my periods. Shit, that was the biggest mistake. He was like “clever girl, your mouth aint on periods right?? Blow the fuck outta me or we can do anal”. WTF, imagine a Tsonga penis in my ass. My anus would be like a pussy after delivering a big-headed baby. I told him I’ve never engaged in anal sex... Before I could finish talking he gently grabbed my head and kissed me. I kissed back but the more I kissed him was the more my pussy got biltong dry. It was a bit unusual cause my pussy was normally very forward, ya phapha nje. One touch and I get wet. Never-die was like “you know I used to be a taxi driver? I’m used to driving thru red robots”. Lol I almost laughed. When guys are horny they say the most stupid things they’ll never say when ‘sex-sober’. I remember Dumi once said “babe, you make me feel a e i o u” while I was blowing him. I told Never-die “yesterday some taxi driver got thru the red robot and he was knocked by a speeding truck. He’s dead”. I think my comeback sent shivers down his balls cause he stopped kissing me. Before I could celebrate my victory...he took off his pants and asked me to take off my top. He started kissing my tits and for the first time I felt the ‘tsii tsii’ feeling in my pussy. I was not getting horny, it was just my pussy being anti-revolutionary. My nipples are very sensitive, sometimes I play with them and they send 911 to my pussy. His dick looked bigger than the last time I saw it. I have heard stories about Tsonga guys having a dick tree. They plant a tree and whenever the tree grows, the dick does the same. He probably had the tree back at home. I told him to lie on his back and the smile on his face told million

words. His dick was the size of a newborn baby...a dark baby. It was so dark you'd swear it was smeared with kiwi shoe polish. I looked at the dick head and it looked as if it was gonna shout 'avuxeni maseve'. I slowly licked the pee hole on his dick and he went "mananohhhh". I don't know what it means but it sounded funny. I circled my tongue on the edge of the dick head and he went 'hallelujah...'. I stopped a bit and said "I didn't know you were religious" and he went "amen". I put the entire dick head in my mouth and went back and forth twice and he started speaking in tongues. His dick tasted like a mixture of custard, salt water, raw egg and mayonnaise. I don't know why but I enjoyed that particular taste. If it was food I'd think I'm expecting. He went "faaaaasssstttttteeeeerrrr pppppplllleeeeeaaaaasssssseeee". Lol he wanted me to go faster but he was speaking slow. I increased my speed and the next thing...boooooooooom!!!! there was puke all over and Nerves was like "xitombo xa n'wako". That's like a 'senior' insult in Tsonga. The mess looked like Sunday 7 colours meal and his dick looked like wors. I could feel another puke was coming and I stood up and ran to the bathroom. I spent about 5 minutes in the loo and when I went back to the bedroom Nerves was nowhere to be seen. Nxa he used my top to wipe the mess on his dick and belly.

I was starting to get worried about my puking. As a student nurse I knew it pointed to one thing, I could be pregnant. I brushed off the thought but deep inside I was worried. I tried to think of the guys I shagged recently...Dumi, Thabiso and Hector. I condomised with Hector and Thabiso but there was no way Dumi's sperms entered my holy pot. Imagine being pregnant with Dumi's soon. He'll be a laughing stock of his peers. I wonder how Dumi's dicklet looked like when he was a baby. It probably looked like a navel or badly formed clitoris. I started cleaning my flat to avoid thinking about pregnancies. After cleaning I was a bit hungry. It was probably because of the puking. Luckily there were corn flakes and long life milk. I had 'breakfast' for supper lol. After eating I had the craving for mayonnaise. I wanted to call Siphon to ask why his wife laid charges against me but thought I'd cause more drama. I didn't want another Muvhango in my life. Fighting a Xhosa woman is like trying to force a Muslim to eat bacon, you'll never win. I retired to bed. I had another weird dream. The Kaizer Chiefs guy was playing soccer and he scored 6 goals. The 7th goal was ruled offside.

The following morning I woke up around 8am. It was Monday and I had a 10h00 class. It was a very long class cause I had a mild headache. The lecturer ask if I'm ok and I said yes. He was like "you must stop drinking on Sundays". I almost told him to mind his bloody business but didn't wanna be in his bad books. After my class I decided to go buy pregnancy test kit. The girl at the pharmacy looked at me as if she has never seen a person buying pregnancy kit before. She asked if I'm trying for a baby and I went "NO, I'm trying for....KEEP YOUR THIN ASS OUT OF MY PRIVATE LIFE NXA". The government must force all pharmacies to have Kermit as their employee. The walk back to my place was very long. I kept thinking of what I'm gonna do if I'm pregnant. My dad would probably disown me. You know most fathers get mad when their daughters fall pregnant. If they had a choise to lock our pussies they'd gladly do so. My day would probably have stop 'nonsonso' and electric gate on my pussy. The funny part is when a son impregnates a girl parents don't disown him. It's a man world we are living in. You'd swear girls impregnate themselves. The punishment should go both ways. You can't preach equality and practice inequality. As soon as I got to my crib I headed to the bathroom. I took a sample of my urine and 'dropped' it on the test thingie. I went back to the bedroom, put the thing on the table and waited for 5 minutes and I must admit, it was the longest 5 minutes of my life. My eyes were glued on the test thingie waiting for a line or lines to appear. I knew how it worked cause I once helped one of my former classmate with it. High Schools are like Pregnancy Contest Centres these days. One school in Eastern Cape had about 50 pregnant learners last year. The test thingie was taking time to react...so I left it on the mini table and went to the toilet to buy time. When I went back to the bedroom a tired-looking Kea and Adeyomi were standing in the middle of the room next to the mini table...

Kea was like "Sharon, are you....."

Episode 36

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

There are some things in your life that you don't want anyone to see, especially if you have not seen them yet. Imagine someone seeing your HIV result before you see them. By the end of the day it would be public knowledge. Some girl once told her classmate that she slept with her teacher to get good marks. Within an hour it

was all over the school. That's how ruthless girls can be. You tell her something in confidence and she broadcasts it to the entire world via Whatsapp and Facebook. In my next lifetime I want to be a boy, with a dick as big as Adeyomi's. I will chow anything with 2 legs and 2 middle body holes. Kea looked at me and asked "Sharon are you pregnant? OMG Ade hope you are not the father. If you are I'll make you walk from Pretoria to Lagos naked". I grabbed the test thingie from Kea and looked at it...fuck, it confirmed my biggest fear, the results came back positive. My world changed completely at that moment. Where I come from girls go to Gauteng to study but less than 50% go back home with degrees and diplomas. The rest take LLB (Lots & Lots of Babies) to their parents instead of real degrees. I never imagined me being the LLB type. Kea is such a petty bitch, instead of asking how I'm feeling she was on about Adeyomi being the baby daddy and crab. I prayed for my puke to come, I wanted to shower her with some. Adeyomi was like "eh eh Kia, me aint da fada eh eh". Kea was like "sorry my love. With bitches like this one you never know. She probably doesn't know who the father is". Her words pierced thru my heart. Basically she insinuated I sleep around with every Tom, Dick and Mashudu. I jumped over her and slapped her cheeks. I expected her to hit back but she didn't. She was like "shame it's not you, it's hormones. Sharon the preggie". I wanted to hit her again but Adeyomi came to her rescue. He was like "Chinekeeeee... Kia kom on maan. Behaav lak a woman of God eh eh. Are you maddooo". Lol Adeyomi's accent put a smile on my face. I always wonder if Nigerians think our accent is funny. Kea said "I'm sorry my handsome Ade. Let's do what we came here for and leave. I can't stand pregnant people". I asked what they came for and she told me she came to fetch all her things cause she was moving in with Adeyomi. I was like "good luck. That woman will beat the hell out of you until your ass and pussy become one thing. Adeyomi won't help you cause he's scared of her". She gave a bitchy smile and said "shame only if you knew preggie. Adeyomi and his wife are divorcing. She went back to Nigeria. I'll be Mamoruti Kea Adeyomi very soon". Shit some girls are brave, imagine marrying a guy like Adeyomi. I can't stand that anaconda every night. Guys like Adeyomi must pay double for lobola. Imagine a guy breaking your virginity every night. Kea started packing her stuff while Adeyomi was busy on his fone. As soon as she entered te bathroom Adeyomi was like "bebe Shuron you know me loove you huh. I wii marry you and da baby. You know Ke....". Kea appeared from the bathroom before he could finish whatever he wanted to say. I think he wanted to say something about Kea. I'll never understand the creatures

called men. Kea was moving in with him but there he was trying to propose me. Men aint loyal. He froze for a second and then sang “Ke.. ke...ke na le modisa...”. WTF, it was the first time I heard a Nigerian guy singing that hymn. Ja it’s true that when you are cornered you automatically become multilingual. Men are the most creative animals I know. After packing all her stuff Kea went “thanks for letting me stay in your little baby-making pigsty preggie. I’m going to stay at a beautiful mansion. Let me know if you gonna need a job in order to feed your baby. We might need a helper”. Shit, Kea was not the Kea I first met anymore, I take my hat off to the Nigerian dick. It changed Kea from the sweet girl I met to some sluttish straatmate. She gave me the flat keys and left with Adeyomi.

From what I hear from my girls who have kids, they kept it to themselves for few days after finding out. I’m not a coward, I didn’t wanna suffer alone. Being pregnant for the first time is not a child’s play. And anyway, if Kea knew, the whole world would know. Kea can’t keep any of her holes shut. I can imagine the looks I’m gonna get from my neighbours when I home, Ga-Kgapane. You know there are those neighbours that when you graduate they won’t breath a word but if it’s something negative they’ll come to your crib just to check if what they heard is true. My dad was once involved in a car accident and our next door neighbour came to check up on us. She just passed me next to the window without greeting and shot straight to the house. I don’t think she saw me cause I was sitting at the corner. Her hunger for mghozi blinded her. I heard her asking my mom some caring questions and my mom couldn’t answer. She just kept on with the crying. Eventually the neighbour gave up and left. As soon as she got to the gate she called about 5 people and told them my father is dead. When my dad was released from hospital she was again the first person to come and she was like “You were in all my prayers ntate Letsoalo”. Nxa bitch, she was the one who spread rumours that my father is dead. Mandoza must release a song called these neighbours aint loyal, it’s fine he can sing it in isiZulu. Enough about nosey neighbours, I have bigger problems. I took my phone and called my mom. Whatever problem you might be in, your mom knows best. Moms have a solution for everything. You’d swear she was busy chatting on Whatsapp when I called cause she picked up within the first ring. You never know with moms these days, they flirt on social networks. She was so happy to hear my voice blah blah blah and asked me how I was doing. Before I could answer she interrupted and start telling me about the nosey neighbour’s daughter. She was like “you know I’m so proud I have a responsible daughter like

you. Our neighbour's daughter came back from university 2 days ago. Can you believe she's 7 months pregnant and her parents only found out last week?". I accidentally went "what the fuck" and my mom was like "heyi wena, o roga nna (hey you, are you insulting me?". I told her it was not me but my TV and she was like "you must stop watching polography". Lol dead by 'polography'. I thought she forgot about the pregnancy neighbour but she kept going, "if you fall pregnant before you complete your diploma consider yourself motherless, fatherless, houseless, lifeless and deadful and tokoloshful". She said that so softly but I knew she meant every word. My mom reminds me of Facebook people, they'll tell you something nasty and end it with a 'lol'. They'd go "chomi o sfebe lol (my friend you are a bitch lol)". I told her I'll call her back as there was another call coming. I was lying of course and don't judge me cause you do it all the time. I was in deep shit, pregnant and if I told my mom I'd be everythingless.

I tried to call Dumi and an automated voice went "you have reached your call limit....". Shit I hung up. That woman's voice irritates the hell outta me, especially if you wanna make an important call. I think they must use a voice of an EFF member. It would probably go "your revolutionary airtime is exhausted. Please recharge before.....no no no, we cannot pay for air because air is free. We demand nationalisation of air without compensation so that we can call for free". I sent Dumi a Pleas Call Me and he called immediately. I was not thinking straight and had to share it with someone, especially if that someone is a possible father. I asked him to come to my crib as we had something important to discuss. Within 30 minutes he knocked at my door. He didn't even greet me, he was like "whatever you wanna say, I don't want you anymore. I'm done with you. You are like an ebola with 2 legs". I didn't say anything but showed him the pregnancy test thingie with 2 lines to show I was pregnant. He looked at it and asked "is this a thermometer?". OMG this guy thou. I think they should have named him 'Dumb' instead of 'Dumi'. I told him it's my pregnancy test and that I was pregnant. He zoomed me with his eyes and looked at my belly as if he was performing paternity tests with his eyes. I told him the baby I'm expecting is his. He looked at my lower body and went:

"Habe! Uyangihlolela ntombazane yompedi . Uhamba wehlisela iphenti wonke amadoda lawa ohleka nawo bese usulela mina, uyanginyela (you are telling me shit

you Pedi girl. You go around taking your panties off for any guy who smiles at you and now you claim I'm the father. Don't come with shit)".

Yho, I've never seen or heard Dumi uttering such words and you know people are really mad when they insult you in their mother tongue, especially Zulus. I wish his dick was as big as his insults. He left me in the flat without even saying good bye. Ja neh, when the going gets tough, Dicklet gets going. To be honest, I wasn't even sure Dumi was the father. Yes we didn't use a condom but I doubt his sperms reached the promised land. And the way he denied any responsibility for my pregnancy clearly shows he knows his sperm is not capable of making a baby. If his sperm was juice it would be Super 7, not one of those 100% juice from Woolworths. Actually, I didn't want Dumi to be the father. Thabiso condomised and I saw the used condom afterwards. Hector also condomised but I don't remember seeing the used condom afterwards. My pussy was even very wet after the bathroom action. It was probably because of his 100% juice sperm. It actually made sense now, Hector took off the condom during sex or he made a hole to allow his seed to go thru. I don't know why guys do that, why do they put on the condom if they gonna pierce it? It's like those skinny hoes who eat and force puking immediately after eating. I decided to let Hector know I was pregnant. I felt like a bitch though, being pregnant and not knowing who the father was. I didn't even know how far I was cause I didn't use the digital pregnancy testing kit. Actually, I didn't even wanna know...Hector's the father, period. I didn't have airtime but had data bundles. So I took a picture of the tester with those 2 stripes and sent it to Hector via Whatsapp followed by the following text: "Hi Hector, it's Sharon in case you deleted my number after everything that happened. That's the pregnancy test results on the picture. I'm expecting your baby". I waited for his response but none came thru. After 10 minutes of waiting a call came thru and it was Hector. I hesitated before answering. I went "hhhheee heelllooo Kwezi's father". I don't know where that came from, it just went tsupuuu from my mouth. Hector remained silent for about 10 seconds and I heard:

"How could you Sharon?"

WTF, it was a female voice.....

THE END

Episode 37

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

My aunt once told me that if you are dating a married man, you must never ever initiate communication. You must wait for him to contact you. It didn't make sense back then but now I know what she meant. Like they always say, when the shit hit the fan, the shit hit the fan. She asked again, "Sharon, how could you?". I wanted to hung up but my hand froze. It was like some bitter ancestor was forcing me to listen to her. In my hometown Ga-Kgapane it's quite normal 'go bethana ka stena (to snatch a man)', especially if the guy is one of those felebs (Facebook celebrities). You tell a girl that you met some guy and he's very interesting bla bla bla. Within few days you see the very same chick uploading a picture of her and the guy on Facebook. When you confront her about it she tells you "is not like you are married to him". That's the reason I stopped hanging with bitches from home. Maite is one of them. Nomsa was different from my home girls. She was a very humble and caring friend. She has always been there for me whenever I needed a shoulder to cry. Such people do not deserve to be hurt or played by their friends. Hearing her cry made me wanna commit suicide. She continued "I gave you a home to stay in when you were going thru deep shit with Dumi. I treated you like my own sister. Is this how you pay me for being good to you". At the state she was crying emotionally. I wanted to hung up but still something held back my hand. She proceeded "how long have you been sleeping with my husband? How long Sharon? You didn't even condomise. Do you even know your HIV status? Sharon, I loved you like my own sister. Right now I wish you could get knocked by a train from town to Soshanguve. I know they are forever fast, chances of survival are minus one". WTF, why was she blaming me only? Is not like I raped Hector or something. No wonder the world is ruled by males, females never blame men for any wrong doing. They always put their own gender in the wrong. The only female president I know is in Brazil. Joyce Banda of Malawi lost elections this year. Maybe they didn't vote for her because of gossiping. Just imagine a gossiping president. Beyonce was probably high when she wrote that song about girls running the world. Maybe she meant 'who runs comrade marathon, GIRLS?'. I finally gathered the courage to hung up. My head was spinning. I sent my mom a Please Call me. Moms can talk shit but they love their daughters. Instead of saying hello she was like "how much do you want? I know you want money when you sent more than 1 Please Call Me in one day". Lol she was actually right, I only sent

many Please Call Mes when I wanted money. Most youngsters do that, you make up a stupid story to your mom in order to score cash from her. Moms are easy to deceive because they have soft hearts, unless if your mom is one of those bitter women who are still angry because your father left her. My classmate once called her mom and told her the college need money for SRC elections. She poor woman didn't even know what SRC is...she sent money within an hour. Benefits of having an uneducated parents. I told my mom that I just wanted to hear her voiced and she believed. I actually wanted her about the pregnancy but my courage divorced me.

My conversation with Nomsa drained me. I had no energy left in me. I decided to take a walk. I walked towards Esselen Street cause I knew I'd see many faces. You know when you see many faces you tend to forget about your problems. As I was walking I saw a red Volvo and for some silly reason I thought it was TT's. I ran to it only to find that a girl was behind the wheel. She looked at me and said to her friend who was seated on the passenger seat "nxa megwanti ya Sunnyside thou, ke sure ne a nagana gore ke monna and ke tlile go reka kuku (Sunnyside sluts!!!! She probably thought I was a man and wanted to buy some pussy)". Fu*k I felt so cheap but I don't blame her for saying such, I acted like a bitch. I was hungry so I decided to go buy something at the Fish and Chips inside SunnyPark Mall. Most girls love fish and chips but pretend they don't eat such, especially in front of guys. You know girls like that. She grew up eating pap and fried eggs but after spending 3 weeks in Sunnyside you tell her of pap and fried eggs and she goes "eeeeewwww". Nxa eeeeeewww ke motete pretending bitch. When I got to SunnyPark I couldn't believe my eyes, I saw the guy from the Centurion taxi, the Black Bill Gates (BBG). I pretended if as I didn't see him and kept walking. Instead of walking to Fish and Chips I pretended as if I was going to Spur. Imagine a guy seeing you going to a cheap food outlet!!!! He'll never take you to an expensive restaurant. I put on my cat walk and started shaking my bum as I walked. You know that walk that says 'I'm sexy and I know it'. Pregnancy doesn't mean your life should stop, you must continue with your life. I didn't even want the bastard in my womb. My mom made it clear that pregnancy before graduating will make me everythingless. He shouted "Sharon, Sharon.... Don't tell me you forgot me so fast. I know I'm ugly but come on...I'm sure you remember my nose". Lol I almost laughed. His nose was bigger than Dumi's dicklet. He was so ugly he didn't have to buy a costume for Halloween. He was Halloween himself.

Luckily he had money. If baboons had money some girls would go ‘mmmmh he’s so hairy and cute. What a hunk!!!!’. It’s not a secret, girls love loaded guys. I know there are those girls who wanna act goodie goodie and act as if they date for love. Crap, we all love guys who can afford to spoil us rotten. Imagine dating a 30 year old who still depend on his mom for money. Oh, maybe I’m generalising...but I know most girls love loaded guys. Maite once told me when you sleep next to a poor guy all your dreams turn into nightmares. BBG asked what I was doing in SunnyPark and I told him I was going to buy food at Spur. He was like “mmmm a woman with class neh. You eat Spur food during the week”. Lol he was probably being sarcastic, with his money Spur was probably a cheap restaurant to him. Only if he knew I only had R30 on me. Being a guy that he was, he offered to buy me any meal I wanted at Spur. You see, that’s why I prefer rich guys. A poor guy would buy you KFC StreetWise 2 and start acting as if he paid he paid R100 000 lobola for you. I bought food and after that he offered to drive me to my crib. He kinda made me forget about the pregnancy and shit. His topics were very mature and intelligent. He didn’t talk much about his private life but I didn’t care. Normally when a guy avoids talking about his private life you must know he’s either married or he’s a player of note. When we got to my flat he walked me up to my room. Wow what a gentleman. He didn’t even stay or try some funny business, he just said “oh you stay here? I’d love to stay and chat but I have a dinner meeting. I’ll come hala tomorrow. Fortunately he took my number this time. As soon as he left I ate and retired to lala land. Around 2am my phone rang. It was Hector’s number. I didn’t wanna answer cause I thought it was Nomsa but my heart told me to answer. Fortunately it was Hector. He went:

“Listen to me bitch, maybe in Limpopo sperms go thru condoms because your shangaans and vendas don’t have condom sizes but that shit doesn’t happen to us Ndebeles. I used a condom and the shit you are carrying is not mine. I regret banging that forever open pussy. You must name it Sasol Garage cause it’s open 24/7. If you thought Nomsa was gonna dumb me you are mistaken, I told her you once tried to seduce me and I told you to go to hell. If I were you I’d drink Eno and wish the fatherless shit in your belly dies”.

WTF, that was the most insensitive crap I’ve ever heard. I was not hurt he denied paternity, I was hurt he said my pussy was like Sasol Garage. I decided to be a big girl and ignore the shit he said. I had another weird dream. The Kaizer Chiefs guy

wasn't playing soccer this time around, he was dancing like Dr Malinga. Instead of doing the signature kick into the air he was kicking my belly. He kicked me so hard and I started bleeding from my pussy. While kicking me he was singing "I'm a father to be....don't kill me Mr officer.....". I woke up around 11am the following morning. I felt kinda tired but didn't know from what. It was probably because of the dream I had. My phone had a missed from an unknown number and 3 from Nomsa. I wonder what she wanted. If a girl claimed my man made her pregnant I'd never wish to see or talk to her again. The only wish I'd have for her is for her to have a baby that looks so ugly you'd swear the baboon is the baby daddy. While I was checking my phone an sms came thru. It was from Nomsa and it read: "you almost fooled me. You don't even know who impregnated you. Check Dumi's Whatsapp profile picture". Shit, I didn't even know she had Dumi's number. I checked and Dumi had a photo-shopped picture of me with the text 'pregnant but she doesn't know the father...'. My heart told me to check his Facebook page and guess what???? He had the same pic and for the 1st time his status had more than 10 comments. You know once something negative reaches FB you are finished. Dumi was such a bitch nigga. He was probably bitter because God gave him a small dick and he was taking it out on me.

One thing about me is that when I'm angry I don't think straight. I opened the drawer next to my bed and took out all the pills in there. I sent my mom a Whatsapp text that read "I will always love you. Take care of my lil bro. I'm sorry"

THE END

Episode 38

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Every decision has consequences. You cannot plant a mango tree and expect it to bear bananas. You cannot swim in a pool full of crocodiles and expect them to be romantic to you. You cannot shag an anaconda-dicked man and expect to walk normally afterwards, unless if you are huge. You do not walk in Alexandra with a bag of Streetwise 2 in your hand and expect the rats to treat you like you are some Desmond Tutu. Alexandra rats are notorious for assaulting people and stealing their takeaways. Apparently they once robbed the KFC at Pan Africa Mall. I took a pen and started writing:

“I have never been a coward or someone who runs away from problems, but this one is bigger than me. I’ve made mistakes in life and I’m paying badly. I am pregnant and I don’t know who impregnated me. The guy I had unsafe sex with is denying paternity. The other guy happens to be my friend’s husband and now that she knows I slept with him she wants nothing to do with me. I feel like a little monster. My mom expects the best from me, she told me I’ll be everythingless if I ever fall pregnant. Imagine how she’s gonna react when she learns that her only precious daughter doesn’t even know who impregnated her. My father expects nothing but a diploma, not LLB’s. If I go home with this thing in my belly I will be the topic of the year, more especially since my mom has a tendency of telling our neighbours that their sluttish daughters can learn a thing or 2 from her precious daughter”.

My phone rang while I was busy penning my letter. I checked and it was my mother. I ignored her call and she called about 3 times more. I put my phone on silence and placed it upside-down. I continued with my letter:

“I let my mom down, I let my father down, I let my favourite teacher down, I let God down, I let myself down. The only people who are celebrating are my enemies and the thing called satan. satan is responsible for my fatherless pregnancy.”

I checked my phone and there were 3 Please Call Mes from Maite. I know they were from Maite cause their were personalised. Damn...what a cheap slut. She sleeps with different men but she can’t afford to buy airtime. She must ask Khanyi Mbau to train her to be a Benefiting Girlfriend (BG). You can hate and Judge Khanyi Mbau all you want, I love her dearly. She doesn’t open her legs for spatlho or 2 Litre bottle of Lemon Twist or Savanna Dry. Her pussy made her drive a Lambhoghini and other sport cars. The likes of Maite get banged by different men all the time and all they get is a lift from House 22 to her flat. An imaginary voice was like “knock knock Sharon. Who are you to judge Maite? It’s like a baboon telling a crocodile ‘you look ugly’”. I responded to Maite’s Please Call Mes with a Whatsapp text “I won’t be a problem to you anymore. Delete my numbers bye 4 good”. My text had 2 ticks to show my Whatsapp went thru. BlackBerry tendency, she had BIS but didn’t have airtime. She replied within seconds. She was like “u mom c’lled. Sh’s worid bwt u. I dnt lyk u bt u mom ws kinda cryin. Pls ansa her cols”. Bitch likes using Mxilish. If you didn’t know her you’d think she’s lazy to type in normal English, I know her very well. She’s dumb like that, spelling has

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I was surrounded by whiteness and there were

WT.....

THE END

Episode 39

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

The only good thing about being unconscious is you get to rest from worldly things. You even save money cause there are no any expenses like airtime and takeaways. I remember when my little brother got hit by a car and spent 3 days in com, his first sentence after gaining consciousness was “mama where is my Ben 10 t-shirt?”. It was an emotional period for my family. My mom spent fortune on sangomas and prophets. You know in Limpopo we believe every negative thing that happens is triggered by witchcraft. Even if a guy comes quickly like Dumi, he will suspect someone cast a spell on him. Maybe that’s the reason people believe there’s too much witchcraft in Limpopo. I felt high, drunk, drowsy and dizzy. I looked around and saw people wearing white things and the first thing that came to my mind was I was in heaven. The one who was standing closer to the bed looked so heavenly, I assumed he’s Moses. I could blurrily see he was talking but due to drowsiness and dizziness I couldn’t tell what he was saying. I assumed he was talking some heavenly language, in tongues maybe. I wanted to raise my head for them to give me attention but I couldn’t, I felt weak. I assumed I walked from earth to heaven and I was tired. Imagine walking from earth to heaven? I doubt they allow taxis in heaven, South African taxi drivers are so rude and mean. They’d stress God in one day. Imagine ‘mageza’ stopping at God’s gate while He’s busy healing patients and start hooting while pointing the finger up....”Town, town, town, toropong makgowa”. Imagine 4-4 masihlalisane in heaven lol!!!! Within few minutes Moses pointed at my eyes and he started smiling. The 2 guys who were with him joined him in the smiling business. Maybe they’d just received an instruction from God that I was officially welcome in heaven. I tried to think about

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When I opened my eyes things were a bit clear. My hearing was also better and I could hear some tiii tiii tiii tiii tiii tiii tiii sound. It was only then that I noticed I was in hospital. Damn, there I thought I was in heaven with my Maker. I tried to remember what happened to land me in hospital but my mind visited a city called 'blank'. There was some sharp pain in my abdomen. I tried to remember again but I was showered with no luck. As I was thinking my mom got in the ward. She kissed me on the forehead and started crying. She said a short prayer and read one of her favourite Bible verses "Praise the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits— who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit and crowns you with love and compassion," – Psalm 103:2-4. She kissed me again and told me how much she loved me and that she would do whatever to make I don't repeat what I did. She went on and on and on about taking responsibility for what almost happened to me. She was like "I know you are at a very volatile stage of life and I should have been there every step of the way. I should have been a friend to you and let you tell all your problems. I thought I raised a very strong girl. I never imagined you committing suicide my baby. God why didn't you show me my daughter was troubled. Now she lost her baby....OMG OMG". She then started crying. It was at that moment that the pills incident invaded my mind. I didn't understand what she meant by "lost the baby part". Maybe she meant she almost lost me. Shit, my mom was all emotional and I thought she was going to die. Mothers have a special bond with their daughters. You get to see that when you are sick, your mom can even lose weight in 2 days. I'm talking about real mothers, not those who sell their daughter for money. My neighbour used to tell her daughter to bring some 'braai pack' whenever her maxi taxi driver boyfriend came to fetch her. She was only 14 then. The girl has 7 kids now, their names are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I wonder what name she's gonna give to her 8th daughter.....Monday² (squared) perhaps. The nurse came in and ask my mother to get out cause her crying would delay my healing.

As soon as my mom left the nurse was like "bofebe ga bo pateli ngwanenyana (being a slut doesn't pay girlie). Now you almost died because you think that little thing between your legs is everything. You are lucky you made it. You must be

someone I didn't expect entered. Nomsa Skhosana entered the room and was wearing a big smile on her face. I was happy and shocked to see her. Apparently some people lose memories after going thru a mental blackout, I guess I was strong. I didn't remember everything that happened but I remembered the last chat I had with Nomsa and it wasn't nice. She had a bouquets of flowers and a basket full of fruits. She was like "hey little sister, how are you feeling?". I signalled with my eyes to show I acknowledged her greetings. She looked at me without saying anything for about 5 minutes. I was starting to panic. You don't screw another woman's hubby and expect her to give you a round of applause. Remember how Adeyomi's wife reacted? And guess what, she's mamoruti. No woman wants to share her man's dick, not even pastor's wives. Nomsa's face started changing from beautiful to monkeyish and crocodilish. She searched her handbag and took out something. It looked like a syringe with a needle....it looked as if it had some dark liquid in it. She went:

"You have been searching for Aids all over the world neh, I'll give you a short cut bitch"

WT—ooohhhh

THE END

Episode 40

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Good girls are only good girls when things are going good for them. They turn into little ninjas whenever you press a wrong button on them. I wish all girls were like me, I'm what you see. What you see is what you get. Take Kea for an example, she was acting all goodie goodie when I first met her and look at her now, a senior ninja who screws Adeyomi's holy dick. Nomsa was not like Kea but they had similar mental zigzags. They have witch tendencies. You'd swear they were born somewhere in Limpopo. I wanted to plead with Nomsa not to harm me but daaaammnnnn, I was still too weak to have control over my body. If I was a famous person they'd say I was 'critical but stable'. Remember that was the key phrase when president Mandela was in hospital. They kept telling us he was critical but stable. It's like saying 'I had sex with him but I'm virgin'. It didn't make sense to me....well, unless if you slept with Dumi's friend Kabelo.

Remember how I searched for his cock all over? Nomsa held my hand and looked at me straight into the eyes. She went “Hector has always been a good husband. I only noticed negative changes when I introduced him to you. Sharon you seduced my man and now it’s time to pay”. I really fail to understand us girls. When the baboons we call our boyfriends or husbands cheat, we blame the person they cheated with. That’s the reason men keep cheating, they know we won’t blame them. If your man is a saint you claim he is, he will run away whenever girls try to seduce him. The fact that he penetrated, screamed hawu hawu hawu and came shows he was a willing player. I looked at Nomsa and my eyes were written ‘I’m sorry’ all over but the bitch didn’t notice, ja she was a bitch. From sister to bitch....it’s a promotion. All she wanted was to inject me with hiv+ blood. I know none of us is safe from hiv/aids but being injected with it is the worst form to get it. It’s better if you get it from enjoyable sex, like the one I had with Hector in Mahube. But if I were to choose between getting Aids from a dicklet like Dumi’s and injection, I’d choose.....never mind. Nomsa continued “I’m not doing this because I hate you, I’m doing it out of love. Sometimes tough love is what kids need to tow the line”. WTF, did she call injecting a person with hiv tough love? What is tough love anyway? Love should be love at all times. It’s like a woman denying her man sex and calling it tough love. Nxa your tough love will lead to ‘tough makhwapheni’. She closed her eyes and said a short prayer that ended with “.....I love her but I have to do this to satisfy my heart. Forgive me Lord.....Amen”. Funny part is as she was praying I also closed my eyes.

Immediately after her amen I heard another ‘Amen’ from the door. It was a male voice. Damn, it was Hector....I think he only heard the Amen part cause he didn’t look worried on his face. I mean, if your wife was about to be a satan you’d mos def be worried. He gave me a 1 second look and looked away. That’s how guys roll, when they want your pussy they can look at your face all night long without blinking. Guys are very good at using girls as their toys. A guy can screw you today and treat you like swine flu patient the following day, or the immediately after coming if you were a frozen Goldi chicken. It’s even worse if his wife finds out. He’ll tell her anything negative about you until she believes you are a devil. I could see Nomsa was trying to hide her needled syringe and deep inside I started smiling. Hector became my hero immediately. If I wasn’t on a hospital bed I was gonna unzip his pants and show Nomsa how to blow a man. Plus she didn’t have the blow job face, she looked like that type that blows as if they are blowing air

into a balloon. Eish, the thought of blow jobs made my clitoris go ‘grr grr grrr’ a bit. I smiled cause it was a sign all my gears were still in good condition. It was probably a sign that I’m almost fine. Nomsa was like “how did you know I was here? Were you coming to check up on your bitch? Or were you coming to fuck her again?”. Really, how did she think of her husband bathong? I know Hector is a pervert but just imagine banging a bed-ridden patient!!! Hector was like “we have to go to kwaNdebele. They’ve been trying to get hold of you but your phone is off. I called the tracker company and they directed me here. That’s when I remembered your friend....uhm the bitch is dying here. Your mom was rushed to hospital. She suffered a stroke”. Nomsa went “WHAT” and she fainted. As she was going down Hector tried to grab her. Within seconds I heard him screaming....and went “shit, some sharp object pricked my arm”. OMG, I knew what pricked his arm. He ignored his arm and screamed ‘nurseeeeeeeeeee nurseeeee’. The nurses came and Nomsa was whisked out of my room. My mind was glued on Hector, I kept wondering if there was any movement of blood. The nurse came back and injected me with....I almost pissed on myself thinking about about the syringe I saw earlier. She told me it was some what-what to make me sleep.....

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As soon as the nurse left my mom, dad and Maite walked in. I expected my dad to whip out his belt and traap the hell out of me. You never know with dads, if you fuck up they can whip the hell out of your ass to a point of dying. Mom can go all cross but they have forgiving and forgetting hearts by nature. But I don’t blame him hey, no father wants a girl who fucks around irresponsibly. I looked at Maite and she had a ‘loving sister’ smile on her. Bitch was probably thinking of a way to finish me off. She was like “my friend, I’m glad you came back to this world. I’m

glad I made it on time before something bad happened. You are like my sister chomi”. My mom’s eyes were filled with tears. Mxm the bitch could fool my mom, but not me. My mom went “you are lucky to have a friend like her. We came here yesterday and you were sleeping. The Dr told us about a girl who fainted in here”. Damn, it was the following day already. Ja hospital can make a person a fool. No wonder I felt much better. For the first time I was able to whisper and move my limbs. I removed the breathing thing from my nose-mouth, whatever they call it. I didn’t go to a model c school, It wasn’t necessary for me to know such things. I whispered to my parents that I love them. I did the same for Maite but deep inside I didn’t mean it. Don’t care if she saved my life, she probably thought she was gonna appear on the front page of Daily Sun. Nxa bloody attention bloody seeker. My mom and dad said they were going to buy food. Maite was like “please buy me a Bic Mac from McDonalds”. I almost whispered ‘Duh, is there a Bic Mac from KFC?’. My parents left me and Maite in the room. As soon as she was sure they were far, she sat next to me on my bed and went:

“Sesinyana wa di miscarriage and suicides, listen to me and listen carefully. I didn’t save your life because I care, I did it for your mother”. I whispered “votsek go to hell sfebe”. She laughed and went “if I were you I’d behave. I took pictures and videos of you while you were dying. If you nywee nywee a lot I’ll upload them on You Tube and Facebook. I’ll use my fake accounts to do so. Now listen carefully, when you get out of this place I don’t want you next to Never-die or my cousin Thabiso. One little mistake I’ll make you famous....very famous. I’ll make you more famous than Barry Roux”. WTF, what kinda psycho does that? Who takes a video of a person dying? I turned my head to look away from her and guess what, Nomsa’s syringe was right next to my hand. I slowly held it in my hand and turned again to look at Maite. She was sitting comfortable next to me on the bed.

I slowly raised my arm and

THE END

Episode 41

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Most of the time revenge hurts the revenger than the revengee. You know there are girls who would sleep with your boyfriend just because they hate you. Most of

them get unlucky and fall pregnant or contract a disease. When you are in a mood for revenge you forget about condoms. Imagine falling pregnant in the name of revenge. If you are Tsonga you probably name the kid Revenge...lol Revenge Ngoveni. My former teacher used to quote Douglas Horton a lot. His favourite quote was "While seeking revenge, dig two graves – one for yourself". The only reason I memorised it was because I'm a revengeholic. You don't mess with Shaz Letsoalo and sing about it the following day. I believe in 'An eye for an eye'. I don't care if it makes the world blind. My heart told me to go on with my sordid act but a silent voice in my head said "Sharon, don't be stupid. You always share men with Maite and your bitch rivalry won't die now. Your stupidity will backfire on your thin ass". WTF, if these imaginary voices were men I'd support a call to castrate them. They always come at a wrong time. My imaginary voice was right though, the bitch called Maite had a tendency of running after my men. And it has been like that since our pre-school days. It's true what they say, a leopard never changes its spots. But with Maite it's gonna be 'a bitch never changes her slutty tendencies'. I whispered "Maite, I'm tired fighting with you. You saved my life and I will forever be grateful for that. When they discharge me I'm gonna throw my old ways and join Mbhoro's church". Nxa the bitch was smiling from ear-to-ear hearing my nice words. Only if she knew my words were wrapped with a bucket full of shit. I just wanted her out of my face. While she was smiling she dropped the syringe to the other side of the bed. I wondered how it landed on the bed after pricking Hector. Shem poor Hector will discover bad news soon. But HIV/AIDS ain't a death sentence anymore. With good nutrition and medication one can live longer and normal life. Maite was like "cool little sis, Truce?". I whispered the same word back. Nxa I hate people who take advantage of sick people. It shows cowardice. If there's something you wanna tell me, say it when I'm alive and kicking. It's like those guys who develop a crush on a girl but lack balls to tell her. If the girl dies they cry louder than family members. They go as far as telling the casket "I love you". Bullshit, cowards make me wanna have periods.

The Dr walked in and behind him I saw my parents. My mom was like "we are back my beautiful daughters". Lol Maite smiled the 'loudest'. I don't blame her though, my mom was probably the only person on earth who gave Maite that kinda compliment. The Dr told me I'm free to go home on condition that I'll have someone to take care of me. My mom told the Dr that she'll be taking me to Limpopo to recover but the Dr advised her it would be better if I stayed in Pretoria

cause I needed counselling. He recommended one of his colleagues and my mom agreed. I actually wanted to go home but the thought of seeing ugly guys everyday made me be cool with Dr's recommendation. Truth be told, my hood has ugly guys jerrrr. But you only see their ugliness when you go to bigger cities. The guy who used to be a hit during my high school days looks like Reneilwe Letsholonyane now. Now I see why most people dump their high school sweethearts when they go to tertiary. As soon as the Dr was done with his instructions and recommendations he left the room. My mom followed him to do paperwork. I was happy I was going to be discharged. The funny part is I had lost track of time. I asked Maite and she told me Sunday 14h00. WTF, I was at the hospital the whole week!!!!!! I remembered my mom said something about the baby being lost bla bla bla and it kicked in in me that maybe Khwezi is....

My mom came back and she packed my stuff. She told me that they'll be leaving for Limpopo today cause my dad exhausted his leave days and his manager was calling everyday and that the lady who's taking care of my little brother in their absence wanna go to her boyfriend in Giyani. That's the disadvantage of being black in South Africa. Most employers, especially whites, don't give a damn about your family's well-being. They want you at work to make them money. They choose the number of days you can be away for. But when their cats and dogs are sick, they can even take a whole month leave just to take care of the pet. Where I come from if a dog is sick you say "voetsek Sporty" whenever it tries to come next to you. I asked my mom who's gonna take care of me if they were leaving and she said I'll stay at Maite's place until I feel better. She said she'll be back next Sunday cause it's gonna be her 'off' weekend. I told her Maite has things to do and won't have time to take care of me. Maite jumped in and went "no no no, you are like my sister Shaz. I'll stop whatever just to make sure you are well taken care of". My mom was so happy. If she was a millionaire she'd have given the bitch half a million at that moment. My dad kept saying "Makoma, nako nako nako (time time time)". Lol it was funny hearing my dad using my mom's African name. He was in such a hurry to leave as if he didn't care about me. Dads aint loyal bathong. Maybe his manager told him 'no bonus' if he aint gonna be at work the following day. You know nothing makes a black employee happy than the word bonus. Even if the bonus is R200 they smile.

My dad drove us to my place to get my stuff first. I couldn't go up so Maite went up with my mom. Mxm the bitch was trying too hard to please my mom and my naïve mom was falling for her act. She probably had an agenda. Girls like Maite don't do anything for no reason. Maite and mommy came back with my bag and my parents' bag. Luckily they also brought my phone. We headed to Maite's place. As we drove via Esselen Street my dad was like "moerskond, no wonder girls fall pregnant all the time. This place looks like a war zone and the soldiers are prostitutes". Maite laughed like she was mad and my mom was like "Piet, stop it". I knew it, my dad was mad at me for everything. Mxm but anyway, what can you expect from a black man called Piet. As soon as we got to Maite's place they made me lie on the bed and my dad was busy rushing my mom. Within 30 minutes they left....my mom gave Maite money before leaving. Within 20 minutes Maite told me she's going to buy food. Nxa the bitch was probably running to Mr Price to buy clothes with my mom's money. RT is very popular among girls from Limpopo, especially first year beeshies.

I think I had passed out cause when I opened my eyes it was dark. Luckily the curtains we open, so it wasn't pitch black dark. There was a glass of water, yoghurt and my medication on the table next to the bed. I had yoghurt and took my medication. I closed my eyes to try to sleep. I wondered where the bitch vanished to. She promised to take care of me whereas she knew she had no plans to. I heard the door opening. I closed my eyes as if I was sleeping. She sounded drunk and there was also a male voice. She switched on the light and went "shem, this monkey looks like an angel when sleeping". My heart started beating very fast and I thought of opening my eyes and giving her a piece of my mind but remembered she had damning evidence against me. I slightly opened 1 eye and noticed the guy was Never-die. WTF, didn't he tell me Maite was history? Never-die was like "she's sleeping....she won't hear a thing". Maite said "she's gonna wake up if we do it on the bed. Let's use my study table. Hit it from the back Poo". Lol Poo, maybe she meant 'Boo'. Nigga was so horny he didn't wanna waste time. They both undressed and walked to the study table while kissing and making irritating sounds. Never-die's dick looked like a black belt. I was sick but my pussy wasn't sick. It was singing R Kelly's I Wish I Wish I Wish. Luckily they weren't facing me, only their butts we facing me. Maite dunuza'd and Never-die was behind her. A million dollar idea visited me. I remembered I had my fone under the pillow.

They were too busy to hear ‘small’ sounds. I tactically took it out and switched the video camera on....

50-50kwaaaaaaaaaaaaa

THE END

Episode 42

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Sometimes you need to think like tsotsi to outsmart a tsotsi. Most of the time we fail to defeat our enemies because we fail to match their game on the field. If you are fighting and your opponent is using a stick, you cannot rely on your fists only to fight. Find a stick or whatever and moer the hell out of her ass. Nothing excites girls like watching live porn. Never-Die was banging Maite like he paid her \$2m for a shag. She was screaming in silence cause she didn't wanna wake me. The stupid thing was doing it with the light on. Maybe they thought I'm fast asleep cause of medication. People like Maite have a tendency of thinking they are smarter than their peers. The bitch thought by blackmailing me she had a leverage over me. Maybe she never watched any soapies. Cause soapies teach us that there are bitches who cannot be bitched around in this world....remember Ntsiki of Generations? Cheryl of Isidingo? Thembeke of Scandal? I'm talking about devils who would do whatever to protect themselves. I'm that kinda woman. Never-die's bum was too big for a man. When he went in and out his bum seemed as if he was twerking lol. He went on for about 20 minutes without coming. Most guys come within 5 minutes during the first round. Others come within 30 seconds, the likes of Dumi. They go 'voooo' once and the next thing your pussy is wet with their come. And those kinda guys have 'come' for days jong. Maite was whispering:

“dia babe....dia babe Dia babe oh oh oh dia babe yho mmaweeee dia babe. Yhhooo mmmaweeee wa ntsamaya bbe”

If I was a guy I'd be turned off. Lol imagine hearing dia babe during the action. I'd prefer 'oh babe...fuck me, fuck me oh ah ah ah'. She had her legs stretched and sbunu up to give him full access from behind. My pussy was so wet I wanted to scream “FUCK ME TOO” but I knew it would be a bad idea. Maite's stretched legs were vibrating and I knew what it meant, Never-die was hitting the right

corners. She was on cloud 999 and I so wished to be in her stilettos at that moment. When a guy fucks you good he becomes your sex partner for life. Even when you get married if he calls and want some action, chances are you will deliver without hesitation. That's why I always advise guys to make sure they satisfy their girls in bed cause if you don't her ex who used to fuck her good will do it for you. Ke life boss!!!! Never-die started going fast. It was like someone inserted new Duracell batteries in his dick. He was like "yho mananooooooooo xitombo xa nandzikaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa ka ka ka ka ka kaaaaaa". I couldn't control myself...I released a supa laughter. You know one of those '...kkkwaaaaaaa tl tl tl tl tl'. I think my laughter gave Nerves a fright cause he took out his dick from Maite's pot and looked at my direction. The next thing I saw a cream white liquid missile coming out of his dick and heading straight to my direction. I'm not a speed expert but that shit was faster than Gautrain. It went 'pshaaaaaaaaa' on the bed. Nerves was like "voe voe voe voe.....voetsek suicide sfebe". Maite was still dunuzing there motionless. I think he made her come several times that she lost control of her body. When Never-die took his dick out her pussy went 'brrrrrr'. It looked as if it was pouting lol. Pouting has become a big thing in recent days. Every chick pouts when taking a selfie. Some of your mouths look like Maite's happy pussy when you pout.

I tactically stopped the camera and hid it under the pillow. It was my insurance against Maite, probably First 4 Women. She thought she had me by the balls. Shem skobonkie sa modimo, she won't know what hit her. Never-die was so angry you'd swear someone stole his car. He accused me of witchcraft and all kinda negative crap. Maite finally managed to compose herself and she used the towel next to her to cover herself. Never-die got dressed and went "nxa next time when you commit suicide use Alephirimi sfebe". He banged the door and left. Maite was like "what did I say to you? Tow the line or I'll upload your video on You Tube. Why did you spoil the special moment with my man mara huh"?. I told it was unfair of her to have sex in my presence. I reminded of the promise she made to my parents that she was gonna take of me. She was like "cool, next time when Nerves come here you must take your sick ass and go sit in the bathroom until we are done. My life won't stop because you are sick....and I didn't send you to commit suicide". Yho the bitch was fuckin' ruthless. Her words were not nice but I managed to control my anger. I had insurance against her and if I told her about it she was gonna smash my S5. I had to wait until my health is back on track to back it up. It was

about 10MB so sending it to someone via Whatsapp would chow my data bundles. I decided to be nice to the bitch. I apologised and asked why she never used a condom with Never-die. She was like “unlike you, I’m on a pill. I won’t fall pregnant”. Nxa the bitch had a PHD in Stupidity from University of Fools. Pregnancy was all she could think of. Didn’t she know about permanent diseases like Aids? I asked if she knew Never-die’s hiv status and she was like “does he look sick to you? He looks fresh and healthy unlike you. Anyway, he’s the only guy I sleep with”. I gave her 30 seconds expecting her to say she was joking but the bitch was hell serious. There are many girls like Maite out there. They perform hiv test with their eyes. The fatter the guy, the more they believe he’s -. But if you are skinny like Kop of Rhythm City forget about getting laid without a plastic.

I gave up and retired to lala land. She came to sleep next to me. Shit, the smell of fish and alcohol made me wanna puke. If I was still pregnant that smell would me miscarry. The following morning left me and went to school. I kinda missed college hey. I was falling behind and exams we approaching. Luckily my parents went there to nofify them of my health problems. No one sms’d to check how I was doing. Nxa black colleges. Maite was such a witch, she knew very well I was sick but she left without preparing me any breakfast. I tried to wake up...it was difficult but I managed. My legs were so heavy and I was a bit dizzy. It was probably side effects of my medication. I was wearing my pink pyjamas and when I passed next to the mirror I got a glimpse of my ass. I know they say we must not blow our own trumpet but fuck that shit, I had an ass to die for. The pyjama was in my ass line and it divided my ass into 2. If I was a guy I’d go for gurls like Sharon Shaz Shazyonce Shazniz Letsoalo lol. I made myself some soft porridge and took my medication afterwards. I think I was getting better. It was kinda hot so I switched on the fan and lay on the bed....on my tummy. I watched the ‘insurance’ video and I couldn’t stop laughing. While laughing the door opened and 2 dark guys stormed in. WTF, why didn’t the bitch lock the door. One of the guys was like “Maede, da boss wants his moni eh eh. You said u gon pay last week buts u dzidnt huh...”. I detected from their accent that they weren’t South African. I tried to tell them that I’m not Maite but they thought I was lying. They became more angry and aggressive. The one with a 4-corner head was like “My bruda she tinks we jokkin eh. Let’s show shit”

After saying that he unzipped his pants.

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 43

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

If there's one thing I hate is paying for someone's sins. It's like someone sitting next to you farting and leave the room immediately. People will give you snaaks looks as if you are the one who fart. At least with a fart no one will hurt or kill you, they'll just give you those piercing looks as if their asses are VIP's. I jumped to the other side of the bed and started begging them to leave me alone. I jumped so fast I even forgot I was sick. 4-Corner acted deaf, it's like he wasn't listening to anything I was saying. I looked at his unzipped pants I saw something that looked like an arm of a Venda baby, a very dark arm. I wondered what he was doing with a baby's arm in his pants. I started shaking thinking he was one of those ritual killers. We call them 'Mae Mae' in Limpopo. Oh shit, I looked closely again and noticed it was not an arm, it was a dick. Yho mmaweee, that dick made Adeyomi's dick look like a mere cigar. If Adeyomi's dick was Limpopo River then 4-Corner's dick was Nile River, if Adeyomi's dick was Mount Kilimanjaro then 4-Corner's dick was Mount Everest. Fcuk man, such dicks should be banned from fucking. Actually they should be used to punish prisoners, especially those who rape. If you know such things will be waiting for you in jail you'd think twice before committing crime. I can imagine Pistorius' thin ass being penetrated by that THING. I wiped my eyes twice just to make sure what I saw was really real. I was like "please don't rape me. I just got discharged from hospital and I'm still sick. I beg you hle. I'm not Maite. God will give you a VIP seat in heaven if you leave me alone". He went "eh eh, God wii give you VIP seats in harven if you pay baak the mooney". I thought to myself '...WTF, #PayBackTheMoney... are these guys EFF members of what? Nigerian EFF members?????'. Rape is not a child's play, especially if you are raped by a Nigerian dick. If I were to choose between being raped by 1 Nigerian guy or 11 Tswana guys I'd most def choose 11 Tswana guys. At least I'll be able to walk normally after a day or 2. But if it's the Nigerian guy you automatically qualify for paralympics afterwards. 4-Corner walked to me with his dark dick looking at me like a snake looking at a fat Alexandra rat. He held me on my shoulder and his hand felt like a brick. Imagine being fingered by his

finger...it would trigger periods. His other hand went down to my ass and squeezed it. I tried to scream but he covered my mouth his own mouth. I won't call it a kiss cause it looked as if he was trying to swallow me. I bit his tongue and he moved back and slapped me so hard I saw periods coming out of my mouth. The other guy was laughing so hard you'd swear he was watching Leon Schuster's Mr Bones 3 movie. Nxa bloody fool. 4-Corner walked back to me with his dick still exposed. I tried to kick it but he held my small leg and threw me to the bed. Before I could react he pulled my pyjamas. Before he could do whatever he was planning....

BOOOOOOOOOM, the door opened. It was Maite followed by Never-die. Maite was like "bitch you don't waste time neh. You just got released from hospital for attempted suicide and miscarriage and already you are fucking? In my flat nogal....you are such a" She didn't finish that sentence, the laughing guy hit her head and she fell like some building in Nigeria. I raised my head expecting Never-die to be a man and help us. He was like "Xikwembu xi ta ni komela, Ma-Niger!!!!!!". He ran away and left us in there with those thugs. Nxa men like him deserve to have 3 vaginas, they are men for nothing. He's the type that would let thugs rape his wife right in front of him. I screamed "Maite, please tell your people I'm not Maite". The guy wanted to hit me but his phone rang before he could. He answered his phone with respect as if he was talking to God. After the call he was like "it was the boss. She paid the money 10 minutes ago. Let's leave". He kissed me on the forehead and went "lucky bitch". He left me lying on the bed and they left. I don't know if I was traumatised, angry, shocked or what what, but I wasn't in a good state. My whole body was shaking. I looked at Maite and she was also shaking, still lying on the floor. I looked around her room and saw a baseball bat. I took it and went straight to her. I didn't waste any time, I hit her twice on the her bum and on her back. I went "e hwa mpsa. Nxa masepa". I don't know if she fainted or what, but she wasn't talking. Call me ghetto or whatever, but what I did to her was nothing compared to what the Nigerians almost did to me. Her phone was on the floor and I took to check if it was locked. Fortunately it wasn't, I sent the sex video to her phone via Bluetooth. I took a piece of paper and wrote 'if you ever lay charges against me I'll make you famous. Check the video in your phone'. I packed the few things that I had at her place and left. I was not completely healed but my anger substituted the pain.

Fortunately I had money with me. I caught a maxi taxi and it dropped me at my flat's gate. When I got to my place I ate the fruit that I had in my bag and took medication. Guess what, reality started to kick in. I started thinking about Maite. What if I had killed her. The police would find fingerprints on the note and come arrest my ass. They'd also see the video and charge me with illegal pornography or what what. But knowing South African cops, they'd probably save the video in their phones and share with their friends. I thought of calling Nomsa to give me a hiding place but I thought of what I did to her. Dumi was no option and TT Scott didn't look like the type that would do me those kinda favours. While I was still thinking a Whatsapp came thru. It was an insulting sms but it put a smile on my face. It was Maite, it read: "o moloi loi loi loi loi like your mother. I will eat you alive if you ever distribute that video. Never-die has connections all over the country and he will kill you". I was relieved she was still alive. I replied with "Lol you are alive bitch. Leboga badimo, I wanted to kill you.....lol". I lol'd but what she said kinda made me think, Never-die knew where I stayed and it would be easier for him to get me killed. Problem was I didn't know where to go. A name appeared in my mind, some guy who always post religious stuff on FB. I met him twice in town and he was interested in me. He went by the name of Azwifaneli Mudau. Venda names are just funny nje. What kinda parent names their kid Azwinefali? Luckily he's the type that have their phone numbers on their FB profile. I called him and introduced myself cause he didn't have my new number. He was so happy to hear my voice. I made up a story about my ex wanting to kill me cause I dumped him bla bla bla bla and I wanted a place to free clear my mind. He didn't even suggest cops, he said he had a backroom at his place and I can use it for free until I sort my issues. He even offered to fetch me and I agreed. He stayed in Mamelodi, A3. I told him he'll find me at the Spaza where they sell spatlho next to House 22. I couldn't wait at my place, Maite and her Never-die would mos def come to my place to finish me off. He sounded excited. Maybe he thought he was gonna score or something. But Venda guys are not like that, especially those who go to church religiously. If he was a Pedi guy I wouldn't have asked a favour from him. Pedi guys think with their dicks nje.

Within 45 minutes he found me waiting for him. He was driving 'Le Nna Ke a Bereka' aka Polo Vivo. He greeted me with excited voice and told me we should pray for my ex cause demons were controlling him. He quoted about 55 Bibles verses within the 1st 15 minutes of our drive. I yawned 55 times. His phone rang

and he spoke to whoever he was talking to in Tsonga. After the call he told me “it was my cousin. Apparently his girlfriend has been experiencing some bad luck lately and he wants me to pray for her”. Lol I almost laughed wondering what kinda bad luck he was talking about. When we got to his place in Mamelodi I almost soiled myself....

The cousin he was talking to was....OMG..

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 44

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

If trouble was a boy, I'd say he was stalking me. It's like whenever I try to run away from him, he's following me. You know those stalkers who stalked you from the love letter days, then mxit, then Facebook and now they steal all your pictures from Instagram. From distance someone can say I invite trouble, but to be honest I'm just a good girl from Limpopo who try to avoid trouble. Maybe my ancestors were mad at me. You know us blacks we always suspect amadlozi are mad at us when things go wrong. Maybe it was time to slaughter a sheep or a goat and brew ntakunyisa (traditional brew). But my ancestors were skhothanes, they'd mos def prefer a full chicken from Nando's and Hennessy. I asked Azwifaneli if the dark ugly guy next to the red GTI was his cousin and he was like “yes, that's my cousin. His father is my mother's only brother. Why do you ask? Is it because I'm also dark”. Lol as if there were non-dark Vendas. Shit no wonder Tsongas and Vendas make dark babies, if they don't marry from their own ethnic group, they go next door lol. But the good thing is most Venda and Tsonga girls are beautiful despite their dark complexion. They are better than those ugly Yellow Bones. Azwi asked why I look like I just saw Lesilo Rula and I told me I wanted to go back to Sunnyside. He was kinda surprised cause I was the one who told him I wanted to be away from Sunnyside for few days. He asked why and I told him about my counselling sessions and he was like “no counselling session can be better that counselling from God. Believe in your Almighty God and all your problems will vanish”. When he said that I thought of TB Joshua, hope his problems will also vanish. #BringBackOurBodies. He quoted 1 Peter 5:10 “And after you have

suffered a little while, the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ, will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you". Damn he didn't even have the Bible in his hand but he quoted that. He was one of those guys who knew a Bible verse for any incident. Imagine having a man like that, you'll ask him to fuck you and he'll quote 100 verses. By the time he's done your pussy would have turned into a dessert. Nxa anticlimax or should I say anticlimate as they say in Bolobedu.

He parked the car right behind the GTI and got off. He went to the house for whatever reason and came back. I wanted to get off but I was scared. Maite was probably the girlfriend Azwi was talking about and she'd mos def wanna pull a bitchy stunt on me. Azwi came back and opened the door for me. Under normal circumstances I'd find it romantic but at that moment I felt like he was throwing me in a pool full of crocodiles and snakes, Maite being a crocodile of course. I hesitantly got out of the car and Azwi asked again why I look like Maria the day Jesus was crucified. Nigga puleeeez, he spoke as if he was there during Jesus's crucifixion. Before I could answer Never-die was like "Muzwala, are you fucking this jezebel?". WTF, I don't know the Bible like Azwi but I know what or who Jezebel is or was. Azwi closed his eyes, looked up and went "God forgive my cousin for swearing. He's being used by devil". Never-die was like "Muzwala, let's leave God out of this. If you are fucking this thing you are digging your own grave. She's a mobile ebola". I think Azwi's 55 Bible verses had an effect on me. The normal Shazyonce Shazie-Zee would never let any dark nigga talk kak and get away with it. I stayed calm and never responded to the insults Nerves was showering at me. I knew Karma is a bitch, his day was coming very soon. I wonder who came up with this Karma bitch thing thou, away...Kermit. My eyes were trying to zoom who was in Never-die's car but the windows were tinted, It was difficult to see who was in inside. I made up my mind that it was the bitch Maite. I wondered why they wanted Azwi's prayers of all people. Maybe he had a direct line to heaven. Azwi was like "Muzwala, the Bible says we should not judge. Only the man upstairs can judge". Never-die went "don't make me a fool wena cuzie, your house is not a double storey. Which upstairs are you talking about?". That made me laugh. Nerves gave me a funny look and I walked backwards towards his car. I didn't trust him, his eyes were so red like they were about to spit fire.

While walking backwards I heard the door of Nerves' car opening. I turned to look and the first thing I saw was a white a All Star and a thin leg. I knew Maite in and out and at that moment I knew that leg didn't belong to Maite. Maite had scars and huge botries (calves). As soon she completely got out of the car she was like "Never-death, ke sona sfebe se ke se boneng in your phone (is this the bitch I saw in your phone?". I was lost for a second. How did my pictures get into Never-die's phone? I didn't have any memory of him taking me pictures or me sending pictures to him. Never-die looked at Azwi and went "Muzwala you see. I told you she needs prayers. She's possessed". At that moment I walked to the direction of Azwi, he was the only sane person I could feel safe standing next to. The girl was like "mpotse, ke re ke sona sfebe se nah? Ke tlo o bontsha masepa kajeko. O tsamaya o ira banyana di-stupids mara mo go nna o fihlile Park Station die bla. O ntebelle pila, ke hlaha ko Soshanguve. Ga ke difebe nyana tse tsa gago tsa go hlaha ko dipolaseng (tell me, is this the bitch? I'll show you shit today. You go around playing girls but you won't do that shit to me. I'm from Soshanguve. I'm not like those girls from the villages)". WTF, a girl from Soshanguve? From what I have heard from friends, girls from Soshanguve are ghetto like that. They can stab you to death for a guy. Apparently the police cells in Shosanguve Police Station have more females than males. Never-die was like "Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi, Tshidi...". Nxa I was right, Never-die deserved to have virgin pussies installed on him. If he didn't drive a panty-dropper aka Golf Gti no girl was gonna fuck him. Instead of calming the situation he was busy saying 'nywidi nywidi nywidi nyweee nyweee nyweeee'. The so-called Tshidi grabbed an empty bottle on the floor and broke it. She took the upper part of the bottle and walked towards me. To be honest, all Tshidis I know are good girls. That particular Tshidi was mad ka high grade. She was like "le tlwaetsi go shapa batho ka ditena difebe ke lena. Nna ga ke dlale masepa. Ke sega sbefe kuku e sa nyela (you are used to snatching men bloody bitchy. I don't take shit. I will cut your pussy bitch)". I expected Azwi to help me, instead he knelt down and started praying in tongues "shada marika thaathaaa adacadabra what what Jehovah alshadaaaaah....". WTF, even his prayer couldn't stop that bitch. Realising my life wasn't safe, I ran for my life. Luckily when Azwi went to the house he didn't close the door. I ran straight the door and closed it. I was fortunate it was one of those doors that lock automatically when you close from inside. I thought those doors were for hotels only....hayi vhoAzwi mrena. She banged on the door but ...kwaaaaa it was locked.

I walked to the window that had a view to where the cars were parked. The window had one of those cheap curtains, so I could easily see thru. Tshidi was walking back to Never-die still screaming and nigga ran for his life. He locked himself inside his car. At that moment neighbours were watching everything via their walls. Disadvantages of living ko kasi, there are so many Daily Suns. Azwi was still on the floor praying. The next thing Tshidi had 2 bricks in her hands. Psatlaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....both of them on windscreen of the Gti. Luckily none of them hit Never-die. I've never seen a guy getting out of the car so fast. I thought he was going to run away as usual but he ran straight to Tshidi. He beat her so hard her white All Star sneakers turned red within 3 minutes. It was only then that Azwi stood up and with the help of neighbours they managed to stop Nerves. A guy can be a softie or what what, but if you mess with their wheels, they'll show you marago a mmao. He wanted to kill that skinny girl with flamingo legs.

I was kinda traumatised by what just happened. I didn't wanna go outside to be part of that drama. On my right I noticed their was a room that looked like a bedroom. I dragged my legs and opened the door...

WTF, I couldn't believe what my eyes showed me....

THE END

Episode 45

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

A bedroom is one's private space. People do stuff that are unknown to the outside world when they are in their bedrooms. Remember Matome my ex? He had a notice on his bedroom door. It was written: "You enter at your own risk. I will not be held responsible for any pregnancy, limping because of sexual activity, shock or what what. Whatever you see is none of my business". It looked childish and immature then but it kinda made sense. I still have the picture of my grandparents having sex in my head. I once budged into their bedroom without knocking and I saw a picture I didn't expect. My 60 year old grandmom was on top of my grandfather pulling teenage moves on him. If you thought old people don't do patapata you are lying to yourself. I stood at the door for few seconds still contemplating on whether to enter or go back. Curiosity is a bitch, once you see something your mind will automatically turn into a Shwashwi mode, especially

with us girls. I did a little surveillance of the bedroom and I saw two white towels next to the bed. One of them had brown stains that looked like shit. Not far from them I saw packs of condoms, they actually looked open. It could only mean one thing, the condoms were used. The person lying on the bed had earphones on both ears and it seemed like he was playing loud music. He was lying on his belly 100% naked. I thought to myself that maybe he was Azwi's friend. I wondered whether the girl he seemingly fucked was still around. I had an 'eeeeuuuuu' moment, what kinda woman leaves dirty towels on the floor after a shag. I also wondered why the brown stains on the towels. I know we sometimes discharge some stuff during and after sex but they are not that brown. They are actually cream whitish. I walked closer to the bed with my heart beating very fast. They say curiosity killed a cat. Fuck that shit, I hate cats. In Limpopo we think cats are used by witches at night. I tapped the guy on his leg and without looking at me he was like "duh, kopa o ntlogele toe. Askere o tsamaile wa nshiya wa lata sfefenyana sa gago. Tswa mo go nna please Zwizwi (Please leave me alone. You left me here to go fetch our little slut. Give me a break please Zwizwi)". Lol Zwizwi. His voice sounded very girlish and sulky. It could only mean one thing, he was mos def gay. And another possibility was that by 'Zwizwi' he was referring to Azwi. O-M-to-the-G, I never imagined Azwi being gay. Actually I've never seen a Venda gay. Imagine a Venda gay going "ndwaaaaah vhafhuwi". I tapped him again expecting him to look at me but still he spoke without turning his head. He was like "Azwi kopa o ntlogele please. Tonight motete wa ka is off limit, tsamo ja mogwanthi wa gago. O nketsa bari askere (Azwi please leave me alone. My ass is off limit tonight. Go fuck your bitch".

Boooooom, s/he said it all. Azwi was gay. Instead of being shocked I was so happy. Girls love gays. Gays make good friends to us girls. I was already imaging myself going shopping with choma.....wwwuhhhhh, I was so excited. I decided to walk back to the sitting room. I checked thru the window and saw Tshidi crying uncontrollably. Never-die was examining the damage to his car while nosy neighbours fed their eyes. Tshidi looked like an opposite of a ghetto tough-acting chick I saw minutes ago. She was in Azwi's arms crying like a learner at a funeral of her favourite teacher. Azwi was such a caring guy bathong, shem choma ya ka. Seeing that Tshidi was in a weak state, I opened the door and walked outside. When Never-die saw me he went "nxa". I didn't give a damn, it's not like I was the one who smashed his windscreen. I looked at Tshidi again and my heart bled for

her. Well, I exaggerated when I said her entire body was covered with blood but she was bleeding from the nose and mouth. She also had a 'blue eye' and a small cut on her cheek. That's the prize of wanting to be Chuck Norris while you know you are a mere motsetserepa kwaaaa. Azwi took her into the house and I followed them. He was such a caring guy, he asked her to go wash herself in the bathroom. He noticed the 'gay' door was open and he quickly rushed to close it. Duh, only if he knew I already saw his secret. Mara that gay was brave shem, imagine a huge Venda dick in the ass. No wonder I saw brown stuff on the towel. Maybe Azwi's dick reached very far. You know when wipe after shitting we only wipe the 'surface'. While Tshidi was washing her blood in the bathroom I told Azwi that I won't be sleeping at his place anymore cause of the drama that took place. He tried to talk me out of it but I had already made up my mind. He offered to take me back to Sunnyside but I refused. He walked me to the car and I took my things. Nerves was busy on a phone and didn't even pay attention to what we were doing. He was probably talking to people to come take his car. You know with these modern Golfs you gotta take them to VW when they have a problems. It's not like a Tazz that you can call your drunk neighbour to come fix it. Fortunately Azwi didn't stay far from the taxi road. He stayed at the outline street not far from the hostel.

A taxi came and I did my goodbyes. While sitting in a taxi I started thinking about my life. It was like trouble was addicted to me. I went to Mamelodi to stay far from trouble but it followed me. Tears started flowing on my face. The guy sitting to me asked if I was ok and I told him my boyfriend passed away. I had to lie, imagine telling a guy all the troubles I've been thru. He was like "I'm sorry, maybe it's a blessing in disguise. My girl dumped me yesterday. Maybe God was preparing me for someone better, someone like you. I can treat you better you won't even miss your dead boyfriend". WTF, I know I lied to him but what he said was very insensitive. See what I mean when I say men think with their dicks!! You'd think he was joking but he wasn't. In the townships and villages these kinda things happen. Immediately after the funeral of a husband there'll be a guy who comes to check up on your mom everyday. After few weeks your mom forces you the call the guy uncle...jikijiki the guy spends all his weekends at your crib. Ke life boss. I decided to ignore the guy. I took out my phone, plugged earphones to my ears and played 'Sfiso Nwane's Kulungile'. Eish that's a song to play when you are going thru masepa. I got off at Sterland and walked to my flat still playing the song. As soon as I got to my place I knelt down and prayed for full 5 minutes. That's what

music does to people. If you play Gospel, you feel closer to God. If you play RnB and Soul you wanna fall in love. If you play Kwaito ya se Durban o nagana go jewa fela. After praying I sent Maite an sms to apologise for whatever I did to her. I also sent an sms to Nomsa to apologise for what I did. I felt good afterwards. Both of them didn't reply but I didn't care. I did my part and it felt so good. Don't underestimate the power of a prayer. The next four days were just normal nje. I ate, had my medication, went to my counselling sessions, prayed, spoke to my mom, slept and lil bit of studying. All my social networks were deactivated. I didn't want anyone to disturb my healing process.

On Saturday morning I woke up feeling better and fresh. I felt like a million dollar babe. The counselling sessions worked magic on me and the fact that I prayed every night was a bonus. My medication also helped with regard to my physical health. I decided to take a bath and go window shopping at Sunnypark. I put on the guess jeans Hector bought me, pink Aca Joe golfie and my Carvela. When I got to Sunnypark I started at Spitz. Lol if you are from Limpopo and your mom works for government, you are likely to own more than 3 pairs of Carvela...especially if your mom is a teacher. While I was admiring 'em shoes someone spotted me from outside Spitz. He came directly to me and greeted me as if he knew me. It was only after hearing his voice that I noticed it was guy from the Centurion taxi guy, the Black Bill Gates (BBG). He asked me to pick whatever I wanted and I thought he was joking. I picked up a pair of red Carvela and yes, he paid. He then offered to buy me lunch at Cappello and I agreed. We sat at Cappello for about 3 hours and I enjoyed his company. He was having Remy Martin VSOP and I was having orange juice. I couldn't mix medication with alcohol. Around 7pm he suggested that we go to a party in Amandasig, Pretoria North. I was kinda feeling safe and comfortable around him, so I agreed. Gosh, nigga was driving an X5. That's the kinda guys I like, I sat with him for hours and he never mentioned what he drives or what he does for a living. Niggas who earn R8000 a month and drive Vivos and Figos will talk about their cars until your ears go deaf. We got to Amandasig just before 8pm and the party was off the hook. It was a pool party but almost all blacks were sitting far from the pool. Only few white chicks were swimming. I've never been to a party of white people, so seeing them kinda got me mentally drunk. BBG was by my side all the time, I felt so special. Shit, being sober at a party sucks. I asked BBG if I can take a sip and he poured me my own glass of Remy Martin, he mixed it with Play. While BBG was talking to some BEE looking guy

some skinny white chick came and offered me something that looked like a roll of dagga. I was too drunk to say no. I took a puff and coughed. We both laughed and I tried again. She was like “I have something better in the house. Follow me....”

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THE END

Episode 46

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

People think apartheid in South Africa was a matter of white people moering the hell out of black South Africans and forcing our people to carry passes all the time. It went further than that. Apartheid had a very deep psychological impact on black people. We still suffer from apartheid hangover. Black people still see whites as superior beings who are always right. A white person can tell a darkie not to drink rain water because it's not healthy and the darkie won't. But if a darkie tells another darkie the same thing, you are likely to hear 'ah mxm wa nyela Matome'. We are always on a mission to be accepted by white people. That's why we want our hair to look like theirs, we apply artificial blushes even thou we know our dark skins don't blush, we apply chemicals to make our skins lighter, we change our accents to sound like theirs. Do you see why they find it easy to screw us?I followed the skinny white chick to the house. God gave white people many things but an ass aint one of them. As I walked behind her I stole a view on her bum and shame bathong, her ass looked like a flat belly, sshwapha nje. As soon as we got into the house I noticed there were beautiful girls all over. I wondered whom the house belonged to ...but fuck, I was too drunk to ask many questions. She invited me to follow her upstairs. We got inside the room on the right after getting off the stairs. WTF!!!! my drunk eyes widened. There were 4 people in the room, 1 white guy and 3 black girls. 1 girl was busy blowing the dude and the other 2 were sniffing some white powder. In my hometown of Ga-Kgapane we have naughty girls but what I saw that night was very foreign to me. I've done naughty things myself but blowing a guy in front of other girls...eeeeewwww. They were all naked and they didn't seem to mind. The guy who was being blown had his eyes closed and was going "ohhhhh go babe....blow it like a horn. Ahhhhh ohhhhhh you good bitch you good motherfucker.....". We always say white people have small dicks but that white dude had a dick for days. He was probably one of those whites who grew up in farms around Giyani. The white girl who came with me was like "guys, meet my friend. Make her feel welcome. She was bored outside". She left immediately after saying that. WTF!!!! Did she just feed me to the lions. One of the black girls was like "loosen up chomi. We won't eat you bathong, let's have fun". Her accent sounded very 'Soshanguvish'. I immediately thought of Tshidi. Where I come from fun means drinking and having sex with your boyfriend, not the satanic shit I was witnessing. She gave me a rolled R50 note and told me to use it to sniff the white powder on the table. The white guy didn't even notice me, he was enjoying the joys of blow job. I wanted to run away but the Remy Martin VSOP in my head was like "don't be a village girl, this is Pretoria,

not some bundu village in Malawi. Loosen up a bit and enjoy. Remember, YOLO”. It was right actually, we only live once. The white guy was like “Go easy on the power Sexy. Come join Daddy Cool afterwards. Next time dress appropriately when you come to these kinda parties”. That was an ouch moment and he kinda hit my self-esteem a bit. All girls were either naked or half-naked and I was in jeans and a golfie. I felt like a girl from Malamulele in a group of Yellow Bones .

Before I could sniff the stuff the door opened and I heard “What the fuck is going on here?”. I looked behind me and it was a very angry BBG. The blowing chick stopped blowing the white guy and went “do you want some big boy?...I can blow your anger away”. BBG was like “fuck you, dumb ass bitch. Girls your age are blowing multiple degrees and you are busy blowing multiple dicks. This is my girl and I don’t want shit with her”. Wow I was flattered, he referred to me as his girl. I wasn’t even aware we were dating. You know with us black girls it’s not dating until we hear ‘I love you’. The white guy was like “Come on Nkosi. Don’t act all saint on me”. Nkosi? That was actually the first time I heard of his name. Remember the day we met in a taxi he never told me his name cause of the several calls he was busy with. The white guy continued “You are getting weak bru....getting all worked up because of a new pussy??? Loosen up bru. Your wife is at home man, this one is just a hoe you’ll forget about in no time”. Nkosi, yeah I’ll call him Nkosi going forward, pushed the blowing chick off the white dude and kicked him twice on the belly. I was so proud of ‘my man’. Every girl wants a Chuck Norris who will defend her from guys like Whitey. He called me a hoe and he deserved to be kicked, period. Nkosi was like “leave my wife out of this” and gave him the last kick. I saw tomato sauce oozing out of his mouth. Nxa there I was thinking Nkosi was defending me kanti he was defending his probably ugly wife. Nxa that was a turn off moment. I thought of blowing Whitey just to spite him but I didn’t wanna be kicked too. Nkosi looked like those guys who would beat you until you gain weight. Whitey was like “screw you dude, screw you dude. I don’t wanna see you again. Leave my property before I call the cops”. Nkosi grabbed my arm and we left the satan room full of naked Soshanguve bitches. Nkosi didn’t even say good bye to his friends, we headed straight to his X5. If it was a Vivo I’d say ‘headed to his car’. He asked me if that’s the kinda life I lived. I wanted to answer him but Remy Martin was going deeper and deeper, so I just ignored him.

“Babe, I told you the conference might take longer than expected. I really miss you and the girls. I will come home tomorrow. I love you and the girls neh. Cheers!!!!”

At first I thought I was dreaming. My head felt as if ZCC men were dancing mkhukhu inside, it was pounding. The more I tried to fully open my eyes was the more it became worse. I looked around and noticed I was in my room, on my bed, still dressed the way I was last night. Nkosi was by the window busy with his phone. I assumed the person he was talking about to was his wife. The girls? Shit, I’ll never understand men. Nigga had daughters but he was fooling around with college girls. I always wonder if fathers ever think that their daughter will go thru the ish they make us go thru. I know a very popular sugar daddy from my hood, he chowed almost all girls my age from Ga-Kgapane. But his daughters are forced wear long skirts and keep natural hair. If he hears a rumour of a guy wanting one of them he deals with him very fast. What a hypocrite. Life must be like Mathematics, what happens on the right-hand side must also happen on the left-hand side. When Nkosi noticed I was awake he showered me with a smile and asked if I slept well. The guy was so ugly bathong. Even when he smiled he looked as if he was about to sing one of those songs they sing at funerals....”Molokolleng, a tsamaye a ye legodimong”. I told him I don’t remember how I slept cause I was drunk. He was like “you must slow down on booze princess. Things you were saying last night were funny”. I asked him what I said and he was like “you went on about pregnancies, miscarriages, suicides bla bla bla bla. You didn’t make any sense. You must consider drinking juice or just water”. WTF!!!! Did I??????? OMG... But it seemed as if he thought it was booze talking, not me. It gave me a little relief. I asked him where he slept and he said he hardly slept, he was busy with work on his tablet. I asked him why he let me sleep in clothes and he told me it’s against his culture for a man to take off a woman’s clothes. Lol culture my foot, when a guy is horny he’ll take your clothes off in less than 3 seconds. He was probably trying to score points and it worked. He asked me if I mind to go with him to a meeting and I asked what kinda meeting. I had to ask, imagine if he was going to a political meeting and I had to sit there listening to revolutionary crap. He said one of his clients is going thru a messy divorce and he’s representing him. Damn, I was right, nigga is a legal eagle. I’m sure he won his cases because of his looks, ugly looks. I wanted to ask more about his work but he said he doesn’t feel comfortable talking about it. Wow, he scored another point. Some guys would remind you every 2 minutes that they are lawyers, especially those who were

average students, the <55% kinda students. You'll ask for directions to Reserve Bank and he'll go "You go straight and turn left...bla bla bla. You know after graduating with LLB I used to work there". Lol, just to make you know he's a lawyer. I don't blame them thou, some girls get wet and drop panties just by hearing the title lawyer.

I told him I'm going to take a bath and he asked if he should join me and I hesitantly said no. I was not sure if my pussy was 'mentally' ready to see any dicks, call it pussy psychology or whatever. He said cool, he'll bath after me. Wow, guys like Nkosi should be put in museums after dying. He was unlike many guys I knew. Normally guys would force to wanna bath with you ka masepa. While taking a bath I could hear Nkosi busy on a phone. Lawyers and phones thou...hayi. After bathing I wrapped myself with a towel and went back to the bedroom. Nkosi was busy on a call and when he saw me he hung up and went "wow wow wow wow wow...o sshalaphala sa ntombi ngwana batho. You are shining bright like a diamond in the sky". Lol I didn't expect that lame line from a lawyer. He stood up and gave me a hug. The towel loosened and fell like the US Twin Towers. I still had a mild hangover headache and when he massaged my head it felt as if he was praying for my headache to go away. I think he wanted to kiss me but he had not brushed his teeth. If there's something I can't stand is a morning kiss before brushing teeth, especially after a night of drinking. I whispered "your honour, I'm not ready for sex". And he was like "I know, and I won't have sex with you until you are ready princess". Wow, his sweet words ran straight to my clitoris, I felt it blush. He gently pushed me to the bed, with my bum on the bed edge. He went down on his knees and ooohhhh...I knew where he was going. His fingers played with my nipples and I almost shouted "your honour, my nipples are guilty of happiness". He slowly moved his fingers downwards as if he was drawing a map on my body. I don't know how to explain the feeling but it was out of this world. My pussy was smiling and crying at the same time, call it mixed emotions. He tenderly widened my legs and licked my well-shaved pubic area. You know the feeling is good when your ass start reacting. It happens whenever I get sexually excited, my ass goes 'tii tii tii tii'. He went down a bit and placed his tongue on the tip of my aroused clitoris....oh damn. Damn nigga was giving me an alphabet of muffing, from A to Z. He had a long tongue, I didn't even feel his lips, it was just the tongue doing the doing. I was going "ah ah ah babe it's nice ohhh ohh ohh don't stop babe....OMG.... Mxit babe ohhh". WTF, I don't even know

where that Mxit came from. When you feel nice, words come out of nowhere. He went down on the lips of my pussy and I couldn't help it ...I screamed "Nnnkkkkkoosssiiiiiiiiiii". I thought he was gonna stop but he went back to the clit and used his wet lips to squeeze it innish and outish. Damn, I climaxed several times and by the time he was done my headache was gone. He helped me to stand up but I couldn't feel my legs. I wasn't vibrating this time, I felt legless. His performance deserved a rematch. I wanted to tell him to lie down on the bed but the coming sensation stole my words. I just pointed to the bed and luckily he got me. I took off his pants and within 3 minutes of his dick in my mouth he was talking in tongues. I licked the dick head and he went "oh Jesus, oh Jesus, oh God, oh Jesus....of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Act, Roman, CoriCoriCori...". Damn, nigga was getting sexullay religious. He was screaming the books in the New Testament but a sexual hiccup caught him before he could say Corinthians lol. My mouth went in and out faster and when he grabbed my head with his hands I knew Bafana Bafana were coming, I got off his dick and I saw 2 missiles oozing from his mrengerenge like fireworks on New Years Eve.

We lay on the bed in silence for about 30 minutes. His phone rang and I heard him saying "give me 30 minutes". He reminded me of the meeting. He took a 5 minutes bath and we headed to the meeting. Luckily he had a clean shirt in the car, he didn't look like someone who didn't sleep at 'home'. The meeting was at Dros in Hatfield. It reminded me the night I went there with Nerves. He called his client to check where he was sitting.

WTF, his client was someone I knew very well.... #DeadBySmallWorld

THE END

Episode 47

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

If there's one thing I hate about a cities like Pretoria is the fact that you are likely to bump into your ex's every second day. It's even worse when you bump into him while you are with the current, yes Nkosi. He was still new in the picture but I had a good feeling about him, his wallet scored him few points. Most girls act all goodie goodie and pretend as if they don't want a well-walleted guy. Bullshit, a guy's financial muscle has an influence on your feelings. A romantic poem will

make me smile but it won't buy me a diamond bracelet. I rather date a small-dicked guy with money than a guy with mrengerenge but with no money. Big size won't buy me a Brazilian weave or Carvela. When Nkosi's client noticed that Nkosi was with me, he was like "Uhm, what's going on here? Is this some kind of a Leon Schuster prank, joke or what?". I knew exactly what he meant and I pretended as if I was clueless. Nkosi answered "I don't know what you are on about but this beautiful lady won't be joining our meeting. She'll have a lunch on the table over there while we discuss our legal matters. Don't stress about her". Shame poor Nkosi was in the dark, mental load shedding I'm telling you. His client was like "forget I ever asked anything. You can send a bill for this fruitless meeting, I don't care. I'll find myself another lawyer. I don't trust people who associate themselves with a witch, a witch that is responsible for my failed marriage". Nkosi was getting more confused. I kept quiet when he looked at me. I pretended as if I was more confused than him. His client continued "you know what, maybe this is a blessing in disguise. I'm going home to reconcile with my wife. Thank you for your help sir. One advice thou, run as soon as possible before something bad happens to you". With that he left us stand next to the table. Nkosi looked like he had just seen an ugly naked ghost. He was like "babe, what the hell was that all about?". I looked at him with my sexy eyes and went "babe, you know most guys when they go thru a divorce they don't think straight. My uncle was exactly like him, things he said didn't make any sense". Nkosi agreed with 'babe' and told me we should just forget about that mad client. I internally gave a sigh of relief. I thought the client was going to tell Nkosi about our history. Well, he did but Nkosi was too slow to understand him. Clever in court but slow on the street lol. I didn't give a shit thou, 'babe' was still mine. I kinda found it funny that all of a sudden we were referring to each other as 'babe'. That's the power of nakedness. Before seeing my bare sexy body he referred to me as Sharon. I always believe as a girl you must wait for the guy call you with a pet name before you call him with one. You must never appear desperate in front of a guy because once a guy's ego is ballooned he'll think he's a HIT, fuck you and dump you like a hot vatkoek.

We sat and ordered drinks. I wanted to have booze but I remembered he told me I was saying nonsensical ish the previous night. I ordered orange juice and Nkosi cracked. He was like "babe I know you want some booze. It's fine you can drink some wine, I'll take care of you'. I lol'd and thanked him for being a sweetheart. I told him I'll only have 2 glasses cause I was going to college the following

morning. To be honest, nursing was starting to bore the hell out of me. The thought of quitting crossed my mind several times. The only thing that stopped me from quitting was I didn't have a strategy to approach my mom about it. Just because she was a nurse she wanted me to be a nurse. Yeah yeah I know I once said I love nursing but people change all the time, don't judge me. I felt much better and Nkosi's presence kinda made me forget the trauma I went thru. He was actually better than that the counsellor that kept asking me about my childhood and shit. It's not like my childhood had anything to do with my pregnancy and attempted suicide. That's the reason most black people prefer sangomas and prophets when they go thru trauma. A sangoma will shake her bones, ask you to blow and tell you that you almost committed suicide because some relative who died in 1902 was not settled in his grave. She will advise you to slaughter a black and white goat and wash with its blood. You can say 'eeeewwwww' but that's an original way of dealing with trauma. Nkosi was such an interesting guy bathong...he said the right things to me. He joked, looked me in the eyes, touched my hands now and then and complimented me. His sense of humour was out of this world shem. Men always say we are hard to understand. That's bullshit, we only want a guy who'll make us laugh, smile, glow and up our self-esteem. A guy who will never run out nice topics. We want a guy who will listen when we talk. You know when a guy compliment you it enhances your self-esteem. Nkosi was that guy. He was an intellectual but he chose his topics carefully. He didn't talk about things that would make me feel blonde. Most guys think by acting all smart and talking about their jobs non-endlessly will score them points. And it's always guys who earn less that talk as if they are millionaires. Ever heard Motsepe boasting about his money? Guys who do that end up being lunch boys. I'll only miss that kinda guy when I need Minister of Finance or Transport. Yes I might open my legs for him and fake orgasm just to make him feel like a hit, as long as he provides. Not out of love, but out of 'you scratch my back – I scratch yours' basis.

They are right when they say time flies when on is having fun. We sat at Dros for over 5 hours and I didn't even notice. He paid the bill without complaining. Guys from Ga-Sekhukhune in Limpopo will never pay without complaining. They will go "eh eh gape nna ga ka tlela go jewa mo Gauteng. Patela half le nna ke tla patela half (I'm not in Gauteng to spend money on chicks. Pay half and I'll pay the other half). You think I'm joking but I'm not. Matome once did that at Fish and Chips. We bought a R49 meal and he made me pay R24. Nkosi drove me to my place.

Being the gentleman that he was, he walked me up to my flat. Most guys will drop you at the gate and rush to their TUT first year students. It was only when I saw my bed that I remembered I had wine. My pussy was blushing like it had just seen a diamond dick. I wanted to make the first step but I didn't wanna seem forward. He gave me a hug, kissed me on the forehead and went "I have to go. Don't call me after 18h30 between Monday and Thursday". With that he left me, just like that. That's one thing I hate about guys....he can see you are horny but he leaves without quenching your sexual thirst. He was the one who made me drink wine and now that I was horny nigga was running to his his wife. Nxa she was probably some dumb ugly bitch with stretchmarks everywhere including her clitoris and he was using the sexy Shaz to get an erection. He was probably going to think of Shazyonce when fucking her nxa. Guys can be selfish you know. When they want a shag they can even promise to make you a beneficiary of their life cover policy. Some guy once promised to kill his wife and give me his entire spousal cover benefit payment. That's the crazy thing we hear when guys are horny. Nkosi was acting like a skhothani of kuku nxa.

While I was still nursing my anger and wet pussy my phone rang. I looked at the screen and it was TT Scott. He told me he was passing next to my place on his way to Industrial. I was like "ooohh aaaahh really!!!! I'm in bed naked....and bored". I made those sounds deliberately to catch his attention. Call me a bad girl or whatever. In Sepedi they say 'Ngwana yo a sa lleng o hwela tharing'. He went silent for about 10 seconds and went "par.... pardon?". I repeated the same words "I'm in bed naked....and bored. Do you wanna come join me?". Within a second I heard 'kkkhhrrrrrrrrr kkhrrrrrrrrr ccchhrrrrrrrrrr'. It sounded like a sound of tyres screeching. I thought TT Scott was involved in a car accident. I went "hello hello hello....are you ok? Hello helloworld". Luckily he responded, he was like "ja ja jjjja I'm ok ngwana. I was making a U-turn". Lol when guys think of a pussy they can go as far as endangering their lives. I reminded him of my room number and told him the door is not locked. As soon as I hung up the door opened. "My love, the elevator took forever to come. Maybe it's a sign I should stay till a bit late?". I started panicking, I wanted to call TT Scott to tell him not to come but there was no way I was gonna talk in front of Nkosi. I decided to send him a Whatsapp text and only 1 tick appeared....meaning his data services were either off or he was out of data. Nkosi was like "are you ok babe? You seem unsettled. I thought you'd be happy I came back. Put your phone down and come to papa". He tried to massage

me but my body was very tense. I tried stand up and go lock the door but he held me back and said went “I can give you a repeat of what happened this morning”. I faked headache and he was like “even better, you know my tongue is your headache doctor... Come on babe, stop playing hard to suck. I know you want it.”

Boooooommmmm....the door opened.

WTF.....

Episode 48

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

The situation I was in reminded me of Blackberry Curve 8520. Still remember it? It used to be the ‘it’ thing some years ago when BBM dominated instant messaging services. Girls used to buy it just to see the ‘via Blackberry’ signature when updating a status on Facebook. It was a very cool phone back then. If it was allowed to give parents blow jobs, I’d have given my dad a million \$ BJ the day he bought me that phone. I was so happy and could wait to brag to my friends the following day. It had 1 weakness thou, it functioned on its own way, at its own time. It would function properly the whole day until the moment your crush calls. It would freeze for hours. As soon as you ask your mom to lend you her phone, the Curve would unfreeze out of the blue. I mean, Nkosi saw I was horny but he left. Now that I made alternative plans to get laid he popped back nxa. When the door opened I knew who it was and my heart was beating faster than laxative shit. Nkosi stood up very fast like a soldier in Iraq after seeing an American flag. TT Scott stormed in. Guess the fuck what, he wasn’t alone. He was with some tall yellow-bonish guy. My panic turned into anger. TT Scott was probably still bitter about what happened at Hector’s house and wanted revenge. He probably brought his friend for a group shag. Like really now, only loose girls like Maite do group shags. I was offended I wanted to beat the hell out of him right there. Nkosi was like “Sharon, what the hell is going on here. Who are these people?”. I could sense anger and jealousy from his voice. That’s how selfish men are. He can have 20 side chicks but if one of them finds love somewhere else, he gets mad. I wanted to tell him TT Scott was my man but it would be a bit risky, I didn’t know Nkosi that much. I watched so many documentaries on DSTV channel 171 and saw how men kill their chicks for cheating. I had to be strategic,

when you are always in trouble your mind adjust. You gain the ability to think quickly and get out of tricky situation unharmed. I looked at TT Scott and he looked all confused. Imagine confusion combined with horniness lol. I went to TT Scott hugged him with a big smile on my face. I was like “hello big brother, I told you I hate surprises. Why didn’t you tell me you are coming mara huh? Wa bhora you know?”. TT Scott’s friend laughed so hard if I was Oscar Pistorius I’d have killed him on the spot and hope Judge Masipa will only find me guilty of culpable homicide. I think TT Scott read the situation very fast cause he put on his best ‘act’. He was like “uhm, I’m sorry...little one. You know I prefer to surprise you”. Guys like TT Scott are for keeps shem. Nuh nuh nuh, actually I think he wasn’t doing it for me, he was saving his ass. He probably didn’t want a repeat of what happened at Mahube Valley. Remember the Chuck Norris situation? Nkosi was like “oh you have a brother? You never told me. Anyway, let me go back to my wife. I’ll call you”. Nxa and the fool had to mention ‘wife’. TT Scott’s friend laughed again and TT told him to shut the fuck up and respect the in-laws. Nkosi kissed me on my ear and left.

As soon as the door closed TT Scott was like “I know a very good sangoma in Tembisa. She heals people like you”. WTF, people like me? What the fuck was he on about? The yellow bone guy stopped laughing and looked at me as if his eyes were undressing me. I asked TT what he meant by girls like me and he went “girls who are suffering from ‘nawa’”. WTF, I felt insulted and disrespected. Basically, he meant I was always horny. I wanted to insult him but his friend jumped in. He was like “Bafo, look at the brighter side. If she has a ‘nawa’ then we are lucky. By the look of things, your little sister didn’t get any from your brother-in-law who ran to his wife. So uhm, you sister’s ‘nawa’ is probably still itchy. Let’s scratch it”. I think he expected me to get all worked and react under the influence of anger. I did the opposite, I maintained my cool and gave the super Shazilicious smile. I walked towards him with my mouth pouting as if I was about to take a selfie. I was like “do you want some big boy? Huh, you want some?”. He didn’t have to say yes, I looked at his pants and there was ‘yes yes yes’ written all over. That’s how weak men are, a mere mention of sex can make a guy have a super hard on. If women walked naked on the streets there’d probably be an ocean of sperms everywhere lol. I stood right in front of him and pretended as if I wanted to kiss him. I used my other hand to feel his manhood and damn, if nigga’s cock had a voice it was gonna go “Boooooommmmm”. TT Scott was like “mara bafo, she’s mine. You can’t have

her before me. I only brought you here to protect me in the event of another Chuck Norris situation”. TT’s friend wanted to respond but I used my knee to knock the hell out of his balls. He went ‘poo fase’ with his hands between his legs. I was like “didn’t your mom teach you to respect women? Next time you’ll put lil-lets tampons on your mouth before saying shit nxa”. I expected TT Scott to help his friend but he was dead with laughter. That’s boys for you. He was like “Bafo, kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa askies. Speed kills, arrive alive”.

While TT was still laughing I heard a knock on the door. I wasn’t expecting anyone so I ignored the knock. It got louder and louder and TT was like “I have a bad feeling about this knock. I’m going to hide in the bathroom. Safety first baba”. I opened the door and a mad-looking Adeyomi stormed in. Before I could open my mouth he took out his gun and pointed it at me. He went “ware is Kia? You hiding her here huh? Ware is her? I wii kill all of you if you dzont tell ware she is”. I looked at TT’s friend on the floor and noticed there was some liquid flowing next to him, I don’t know if it was sweat or urine. You know too much drama in one day can turn you into a tough cookie. I told Adeyomi “bona mo le-Naija ke wena (look here bloody Nigerian). I don’t have time for your bitch. She moved out akere? So leave the shit out of my flat and go look for your bitch some else. Or better, shoot me”. I think he was taken aback by the way i reacted. I hate it when people make their problems my problem. When they were lovey dovey he didn’t even think of me. Now that that there’s trouble in paradise he wanted to involve me. I wondered where Kea was. She probably graduated from dating a pastor to a bishop or pope.....lol. He pointed the gun at TT’s friend and within seconds there was a smell of shit in the room. Adeyomi asked if I was hiding Kea in the room and I told him to go check. As soon he headed to the bathroom TT’s friend saw a chance and ran for his life. When Adeyomi opened the bathroom door I heard “yhooooo mmmmmmmaaaaaawwwweee sebata kgomo yhooooo”. It was TT screaming from the bathroom. It aint funny but I couldn’t help it, I cracked. A sound of a man crying is just funny nje. Adeyomi came back to the bedroom and told me if I ever see Kea I must notify him as soon as possible. While he was still talking TT came out from the bathroom running. For a moment I thought he was going to hit Adeyomi but he passed so fast you’d swear he was under the influence of paraffin. He went ‘nyammao toko’ and vanished. Adeyomi looked as if he wanted to cry shem...poor fake pastor. He said bye and left.

With so much drama in one day, it would be difficult to concentrate on my books. I decided to take a nap with the aim of waking up at 12am to study. I set the alarm and slept. My alarm rang at 12 and yes....I studied for over 2 hours. In the morning I went to college and library afterwards. I had missed so much because of the drama I always attract. After Library at around 14h30 and went to grab late lunch at KFC, you guessed right, StreetWise 2 aka 'better than nothing'. It felt so nice to live a normal life like other girls my age. The walk back to my place was very enjoyable. I enjoyed the looks guy gave me. When you are hot you are hot. While unknocking the door I saw two cops coming towards me. Their faces were dressed with sadness and I could tell something was wrong. As soon as they got to my door one of them greeted me and asked:

“I’m detective Lesego Maake. Do you know Kea Dinake?”

Uhm.....

THE END

Episode 49

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

When was the last time you saw cops and they delivered good news to you? These guys always carry bad news, especially if they come to your place. I think the solution should be firing all existing cops and replace them with gay cops. Gay people are a happy bunch shem, they’d never carry bad news. Imagine gay cops in pink uniform!!! Even when they arrest you they wouldn’t go all arrogant and aggressive on you. They’d probably go “uhu darling, you are under arrest bathong. Mara o hot hle chomi....okare nka tsea selfie le wena (you are hot. Wish I could take a selfie with you”.I asked the cops why they asked me if I knew Kea. The other cop who didn’t introduce himself was like “look madam, we have no time for games. Do you know her?”. I told them she used to be my roomie and she moved out. They didn’t believe me, so they asked to get into the flat and look around. I permitted them to do so and they found nothing. I asked them why they were looking for her and the cop asked how well I knew her. I told them I know her as Kea the goodie goodie turned badie badie with an uncontrollable appetite for big dicks. The cop got angry and told me they were on duty and not in a mood for stupid games. Mxm bloody fool. He asked a question and when I answer he gets

pissed. Maybe he was a dicklet and got offended by the mention of big dicks. He was like “look, Mr Adeyomi was found dead in his house this morning and we were told she stayed with him. Now she disappeared into thin air”. OMG, I couldn’t believe the guy I saw less than 24 hours was dead. I didn’t like either Adeyomi or Kea but death aint a child’s toy. What made me more said was the fact that the world lost another big dick. Why Adeyomi and not Duma mara huh? I wanted to tell cops I saw Adeyomi the previous night but I didn’t wanna be a witness. These cops aint loyal, you’ll try to help them and the next thing they make you a bad person. Oscar Pistorius’ case taught me a thing or three about courts and law. I couldn’t stop thinking about Kea. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise that she moved out. She would end up killing me. But....what if she killed Adeyomi because she couldn’t cope with his anaconda. Imagine that mrengerenge in your pussy everyday, #IDie. I know a pussy stretches but so does the condom, and it bursts sometimes. The last time I saw Kea she walked as if she had freshly boiled eggs in her ass. The cops gave me their business card and asked me to furnish them with information should I hear anything about Kea.

As soon as they left I locked my flat and closed all windows. I couldn’t get the picture of Adeyomi out of my mind. My flat was one of the last places he visited. If he became a ghost he’d mos def haunts my flat. Imagine a ghost with a big dick in my room demanding blow job!!! You’d think these things don’t happen but if you read Daily Sun you will know that in Limpopo ghosts are not a mystery anymore. I once read a story about a ghost committing suicide in Venda. I took salt and sprinkled it all over my room. In my culture we believe ghosts and witches are allergic to salt. It didn’t take away my fears but I felt a bit safe. My phone rang and it was TT Scott. I picked up and I actually expected him to be angry at me. On the contrary, he wasn’t mad. He went “please don’t hung up. Listen to what I’m going to tell, it’s very important”. I gave him my attention and he was like “bona, my offer to take you to that Tembisa sangoma still stands. Your life is not normal. Whenever I’m with you shit happens. First it was Chuck Norries and yesterday it was Rambo. I must admit, although shit happens I can’t seem to get you out of my mind. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t love you. I just find your personality intriguing and difficult to forget”. I wanted to respond but what he said made me both happy and angry at the same time. The sangoma part suggested I was mad or bewitched. The other part was cute cause I was forever in his mind. I apologised to him for all the mess I always cause when he’s around and promised to make it up to him. I

wanted to tell him 'Rambo' died but my heart went against it. TT seemed like one of those guy who hated good girls and preferred girls who are full of 'Generations (drama)'. I mean, if I were in his shoes I wouldn't wanna see Sharon again. As soon as he hung up I headed to my books. You can be beautiful with a Nicki Minaj's ass but your beauty is not a diploma or degree. Beauty and sexiness will fade as you grow but your qualification will remain. That's one area where most beautiful girls go wrong, you get the attention that you get from boys because of your looks. Some go as far as quitting studying because they have guys who spoil them. A pussy is like a kwaito song. It's popular while still new and once there's a new hit, the popularity drops. A guy can take you to supa expensive restaurant in the world but once he gets tired of your pussy he'll dump your ass because you could shout 'I am hot'. I can do shit with my life but I told myself I don't want to be that woman who depends on a man for survival. I studied for full 4 hours and I only stopped when my eyes started going itchy. Is there a person who can raise their hand and say 'I enjoy studying?'.

After studying I decided to take a bath. I felt hungry but the news of Adeyomi's death made me lose my appetite. Nkosi called me while I was lying in warm water. Men love controlling everything. He was the one who told me no calls after 6pm but now nigga was calling me. I picked and his voice sounded so happy. He told me his law company scored a new big client and they are going to celebrate at Cappello in Sunnypark. He invited me to join them. I was tempted to go but I told him I was starting with exams soon and he understood. I advised him to take his wife and he replied angrily "if you ever mention my wife again I will kill you. You must know your place girl. You hear me?". Why do cheating men get all worked up when side dishes speak of their madams? Maybe he was embarrassed of her. I don't blame him though, most women forget their duties after marriage. Men will always be boys until their dicks say 'amen to diabetes'. If you gonna wear full puluma with leggings and Tomy Sneakers and have hair that looks Loftus Stadium pitch after a game of rugby between Bulls and Sharks, your man will mos def invite bo-Shaz to special events. Do you expect your man to walk with you in public when you walk like vhoMakhadzi of Muvhango even though you are barely 30? I apologised for mentioning his wife and promised not to do it again. He hung up and within a minute my phone vibrated. I checked and there was an sms from Nkosi. It read: "hey Pinkie, don't you wanna go Cappello in Sunnypark? I can come fetch you". WtF, just because I turned his offer down he was looking for

another girl to go to Cappello with. Men aint loyal. Within 5 seconds another sms came in. It read: "sorry, that was not meant for you". Now I understand why people like Kea kill their men. I texted him back...I told him I changed my mind and I'd love to go to Cappello as long as he promised to bring me back before 11pm. He told me "wear something that says 'I'm hot and dating a lawyer'. No too much make up and those fake blushes". That was gayish, what kinda man tells a woman how she should wear her make up. When a guy starts telling you how to look just know he doesn't love you, he wants you to be his trophy girlfriend. Something he can boasts to his perverted friends about. Maybe his wife was on of those women who abuse make make-up. You know those women who look like an Indian version of Nicki Minaj when wearing a make-up. I finished bathing and wore a red Freakum dress I bought ko Legit and black stilettos. I looked at the mirror and I saw a young beautiful lady. Nkosi called to tell me he was downstairs.

"Daaaammmmmnnnnn, you look stunning woman", that was his first sentence when he saw me. He opened the door for me and I felt like a Queen Elizabeth. It's not everyday that a guy opens a door for the lady. The era of romantic gentlemen vanished with the 20th century. I asked him about Pinkie and he told me she was a friend he normally hangs with, nothing serious. No side chick wanna share a man with other side chicks. I wanted to have a monopoly of side-chickism over him. Within 10 minutes we were at Cappello. There were 7 people, 4 guys and 3 ladies. He introduced me to all of them as 'his babe'. If it was possible for eyes to ejaculate, those guys' eyes would have given me 4 rounds plus bonus. The girls' looked at me with jealousy-filled eyes. One of them told me she was Advocate who-who what-what. I almost told her "bitch I didn't ask. Being an advocate won't make you beautiful.". She probably wanted her title to compete with my beauty. Booze was flowing left, right and centre. I wanted to drink juice but Nkosi asked me nicely to have wine or something strong nyana. Their topics were very legal and political. They spoke of the Oscar and Dewani cases, the Nkandla saga, Marikana commission and EFF's disciplinary hearing in parliament. I only paid attention and contributed my 2 cents comment when they talked about Senzo Meyiwa and Kelly Khumalo. Thanks to Drum magazine. Maybe it's time I started reading reputable newspapers like Mail & Guardian. One of Nkosi's colleagues kept looking at me. He had beautiful and juicy lips. While Nkosi was busy debating Jacob Zuma's scandals Mr Juicy lips moved closer to me and started talking about things that related to me, Itumeleng Khune and Minnie, Kelly

Khumalo etc. The more we spoke the more I liked him. He was a charmer of note with a voice to get wet for. Someone must teach Nkosi one thing about women, when you take a woman somewhere you must give her at least 75% of your attention. He was so deep in debate he even forgot I existed. I tapped him on the shoulder and told him I'm going to use the bathroom. He said 'cool' without even looking at me. Duh, was Hlaudi Motsoeneng's fake qualifications more important than me? Cappello @ Sunnypark doesn't have toilet, so everyone use the mall toilets which were a walking distance away. Before reaching the toilets there's about 10 metres passage which one had to walk thru. It was while walking there that someone tapped me on my shoulder from behind. It was Mr Juicy Lips. Since it was during the week there were not many people going to and coming from the toilets, it was just us. He didn't say much, he held my chin and kissed me gently. I was under the influence of wine and you know my weakness right? I kissed him back with my eyes closed and it felt so good. While kissing I heard:

“Sharon, what are you doing?”

WFT.....

THE END

Episode 50

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Why is it that when two people cheat, only the female is branded with negatives name? It takes two to tango. It takes a pussy and a dick to have sex. The funny part is boys will never label their fellow boy a fool or any negative name, they will hail him as a hero. With us girls it's different, if a girl is generous with her pussy we will never call her a heroine, she's a bitch – period. Mr Juicy Lips was such a good kisser. Most guys don't know this, a kiss is on the top 5 girls want in a man. Dating a guy who can't kiss is like driving a car with a flat tyre. You will go from A to B but you won't enjoy the drive. His kiss was like taking a trip in Nkosi's X5. When I heard the voice I pushed Mr JL and he was like “hawu hawu hawu for the why now?”. It was at that moment that I realised Mr JL was a Zulu man. I looked at the direction where the voice came from and Matome was standing there with Maite. She had a phone in her hand, she either took a pic of me kissing Mr JL or worse a video. Matome was like “I feel sorry for all the holes on your body. If's it not your

pussy, it's your mouth. If it's not your mouth, I'm sure it's your ass. Soon they gonna do your ears. Are you able to keep your holes closed mara. Kissing in toilet is just so low, modimo wa kgotso". Matome's mouth did not have speed humps or tollgates, ne a nya ka molomo all the time. Nxa I still wonder how I got do date a monkey like him. Mr JL told me I'll find him at Cappello when I'm done with my people. Matome continued "shem poor man. Only if he knew he shares you with other dicks of all sizes and forms kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". I hit back with "Mxm you can make fun of me all you want Matome, I don't care. But you should start by judging your slut friend. She's sleeping with some shangaan guy called Never-die". Matome was like "WTF, shangaan? No wonder her pussy is loose lately. O tla ntseba botse (I will teach her a lesson) today". Immediately after that I headed to the bathrooms. I did number 1 in one of the bathrooms. I must admit, compared to other black malls, SunnyPark toilets are always clean. After doing my thing I washed my hands. I looked at the mirror in front of me and noticed Maite was standing right behind me. She like "Why did you tell Matome about Never-die bloody suicide miscarriage bitch?". I looked around for any weapon I could use to finish off the bitch but there was none. I thought of biting the hell out of her but my teeth had better things to bite. If she was a cake she'd probably be a maroon forest. While I was still thinking she slapped me on the forehead and tried to run. She accidentally dropped her phone and because she was running fast she didn't see it. Lol she reminded me of my Volvo friend, TT Scott. His best weapons are his legs. I used my stilettos to break the screen until the light was gone. After that I dumped it in the loo and tried to flush it. It didn't go but I was happy it was swimming. She slapped me, I messed her phone. And the winner is: of course me.

I walked back to Cappello and Nkosi asked why I took too long and I told him I was busy on a call with a friend. I think Mr JL heard me cause at that time he gave me some funny look. Nkosi went back to his stupid debates. I stood up and went to sit next to Mr JL. He immediately stood up and went to join the debate. That's men for you, they only give you attention if they think you gonna ride them. Now that Matome said shit about me Mr JL was giving me a cold shoulder. I tried to yawn to sent hints to Nkosi that I wanna leave but yho nigga was so deep in debate you'd swear he got paid for it. After few minutes I saw Mr JL walking to the toilets with the ugly advocate. Mr JL was probably one of those guy with amplified appetite for sex. Or maybe he was trying to make me jealous. Mxm bitch ass nigga. Since we were sitting at the balcony I could see people getting in and going out of

SunnyPark. I saw Maite crying like a little. She probably thought someone stole her phone. Shame only if she knew I turned it into Chad le Clos. The lawyers stopped debating about legal ish and the topic turned into sex. You see, I'm not the only girl who suffer from 'alcohol-hornysm'. One of the female lawyers was like "some men are weak, especially these cute ones. He'll come within a minute and the next thing he'll be snoring next to you". For the first time Nkosi kept quiet, nigga preferred debating Jacob Zuma than real things – sex. Maybe he was shy because 'his babe' was part of the crowd lol. 2 by 2 the lawyers went to the bathroom or wherever. You see, that's the thing about talking about sex while drinking. People get horny and end up shagging whoever they are with. It's even worse with colleagues. If you check very well, some of your siblings look like your parents' colleagues. Remember I once told you my little brother looks like some doctor at the hospital my moms works at. Shit happens at work functions. Next time your man tells you he's going to a work function, give him condoms. No wonder kids start drinking and shagging from the early age, they were conceived under the influence of alcohol. Nkosi's phone rang and he went to the far corner to answer. I know I was just a mere side chick but yho I got so jealous. He came back and told his colleagues "I gotta bounce. National Office needs me". I added one and one and got 3. The National Office he was talking about wasn't work, he was talking about his wife. Guys are childish like that, they always categorise the people they bang according to the way they feel about them. I was probably his Provincial Office or deputy National Office if there's such. Imagine boasting to your friends that your are the main chick only to find our you are a mere Municipal Office lol. You know there chick who suffer from Main Chick Syndrome (MCS).

We walked to the parking lot in silence and I could tell something was troubling him. His mood got worse when we were in the car. Every little thing got to him. He was like "nxa these traffic lights are forever red nxa nxa. The car in front of me is so slow nxa nxa nxa nxa shit. Nxa mxm nxa one of my friends talks too much". Men are like that, if he's still having fun with the side chick and madam calls, they get mad. Why marry in the first place if you gonna complain when she wants you home? It's like buying a Range Rover Sport and complain about how it chows petrol. Mxm like you didn't know before you bought it. Men cheat because wives become less entertaining. Wives cheat because they don't get enough attention at home. It's a fact that side chicks get more quality time than National Offices. Ke life boss. He didn't even open the door for me or walk me up to my flat, he just

kissed me and drove off. I was looking forward to getting our first real shag but hey, God probably had other plans for me. Hope they didn't include my finger. I wanted to study but the wine I had and the fact that my pussy was disappointed killed my studying mode. I decided to go to lala land. I had a terrible dream. [Me and Nkosi were surrounded by water and something black started beating up out of the blue. I couldn't figure what the black was but it gave both of us helluva beating. Nkosi disappeared and the continued on me only. I wanted to run but it felt as I was leg-cuffed]. My whole body was wet with sweat when I woke up. Lol hayi drunk dreams aint loyal bathong. I drank water and decided to study. I think it was around 3am. What I like about drinking wine is it doesn't give you a nasty hangover. I had an 11h00am, I decided to study for 2 hours. You see, I'm a bad girl with sober ambitions. I slept just after 5am. Wednesday and Thursday were just normal days for me. Went to school, library then my crib. Nkosi called me at least twice a day. I felt so special. Every girl wants a girl who'll call everyday, especially if he uses his cell phone. We don't want to be called free phones from work. But imagine dating a guy from kwaMashu, he'll send you endless Please Call Mes everyday.... (Please Call 'Me love you') lol. On Thursday night Nkosi called me with good news, he wanted to us to go spend a weekend in Durban. What a wow news. I wanted to call someone to boast but remembered I don't have any friends and there was no way I was gonna tell my mother. Kea was a fugitive, Maite was a bitch and Nomsa was out of the bitch. Maybe I should look for new friends, preferably a Xhosa girl. She wouldn't judge me, the life I live would relate to her. Nkosi promised to pick me up at 17h00

Since I didn't have anyone to tell, I updated a status on Facebook – "Next stop is Woza eDurban. Blowing Money Fast beeshes". Many guys commented with 'Can I join you girl?' and one guy commented with 'We are not interested'. His comments got 55 likes from girls only. Nxa bitter beeshes. On Friday morning I went shopping, a girl gotta look gorgeous on her first day at the beach. I didn't wanna have 'I am from Limpopo written all over me'. You know girls from Limpopo would wear a 'Swimming' with a hole on the ass when they go swimming. I wanted to look super sexy, a million dollar beach babe. Around 16h50 Nkosi came and he helped carry my bags. He was like 'damn woman, we are not moving to Durban. It's just a weekend thing. So many bags?'. Lol I'm a woman, I didn't wanna run out of clothes in a foreign city. And year, I wanted to

take many pictures. We hit the road at exactly 17h30. Nigga was driving like a maniac and didn't even care about cameras. Within 2 hours and 30 minutes we were in Harrismith. He bought 2 Red Bull energy drinks and we continued. Within 3 hours we were in Durban. He told me we were in Umhlanga Rocks. I checked in on Facebook. I was so happy and couldn't wait to see Durbs during the day. We checked in at Breakers Resort. I wanted to make love but Nkosi told me he was tired. Duh, girl tendencies. What kinda man gets tired for a cake?

In the morning I gave him a morning glory but it wasn't a wow. He came within 5 minutes and went "eish I hate Durban weather. It makes me come quickly". Lol guys always give lame excuses when they come quickly. Some dude once told me he came quickly because his grandma was sick. Lol like really now. My Saturday was off the hook. He took me to Gateway Mall, then we went to Ushaka Marine World. Wow Durban is so beautiful. I wish we had a sea in Limpopo. I can't swim, so I was just walking in water – darkie tendencies. After swimming we ate our lunch at Moyo. The view of the ocean from Moyo was off the hook. I think I took about 1000 pictures, pouting and dunizing on 80% of them. One of the waiters was like "sorry sis, uphuma eLimpompo". I said yes and he was like "hawu no wonder". We left Moyo around 17h00. When you drive on the M4 you can smell the ocean. My entire body was smiling, from forehead to clitoris. Moses Mabhida Stadium is the ish when you see it live, OMG. When we got to the hotel we did another round. It was better than the morning round but I didn't come. His phone rang and it was one of his colleagues. He told him we checked in at Breakers Resort at the same room they once used when they came to meet some client. After the call he told me we must go to have drinks at News Café. I took a bath and wore a purple cocktail dress with matching peep toe stilettos. The News Café at Chartwell Dr was packed when we got there. It was the first time I saw a wild side of Nkosi. He was dancing like there was no tomorrow. I don't know how many tequilas I had.....

On Sunday morning a knock on the door woke us. Nkosi shouted "go away" but the person kept knocking. My head was pounding. Nkosi got up and went to the door. I think I heard about 250 'F-words' in 10 seconds. He opened the door with a fat swear word suspended on his lips.

WTF....Nkosi fainted.

THE END

Episode 51

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

If you are from the inland provinces they'll tell to go wash your bad luck at the sea. I did a lot of darkie swimming aka walking in the water but things were still the same. Imagine going to a doctor only for your sickness to get worse. I was still naked so I quickly got off the bed, grabbed a towel and wrapped myself. I waited for few seconds to see what made Nkosi faint. My heart was beating fast as if I was passing in some haunted place in Moletji. The door opened fully and I yawned. I didn't because I was tired or bored, I yawned because I suddenly became sleepy. The woman was so dark I thought she was the night. She looked like a product of a dark human being and a cute baboon. I swear if someone had to take her a picture it would be 5GB or more. A video would be measured in Terabytes. There was something beautiful on her thou, her hair. It looked like virgin Malaysian hair. Her eyes looked as if they used batteries to see. Her forehead looked like Jacob Zuma's head. Her nose looked like if she breathed lengthily the entire Durban would have a 'load shedding' of oxygen. She got in, closed the door and kicked the fainted Nkosi on the belly. She was like "so this is where it all happens with my husband?". WTF, she spoke English. I expected her to speak some unknown language. My ears expected to hear something like "chipidi pido pidi pudi popo pipi pidi pididi chiiii". Wait, did she say "my husband"? Remember how I explained Nkosi's ugliness? She looked 10 times more ugly than Nkosi. She looked like the first generation of Venda people. She continued "little girl, are you sleeping with my husband?". She was walking towards me as she was saying that. I was like "So..so sorry Sir...I mean madam". Shit I made her eyes turn maroon when I referred to her as Sir. You can say many things to a woman but never ever insinuate that she looks like a man. Imagine someone saying you look like KK of Muvhango. That would send me to a second suicide.

I told her Nkosi never told me he was married. Obviously I lied to save my ass. She was like "didn't you see the ring on his finger? Was it your mother who put it there?". I told her there was no ring on his finger. I noticed Nkosi took off his ring on Saturday morning. Married men do that if they gonna walk in public with side chicks. If he has a ring and the side chicks doesn't have, people can easily see he's

a bloody cheater. So to be on the same level they take off the ring. maNkosi walked backwards and used her foot to check Nkosi's ring finger, boooooom it was naked. Her complexion turned so dark you'd swear Plascon tested their new range of black paint on her. I don't know if she was crying or her eyes were on periods, I saw liquid flowing down her cheeks. I think ugly people should be banned from crying, they look super scary when crying. They must laugh or smile even when they are hurt or angry. She looked as if she was wearing a Halloween mask on her face. I looked around to see if there was an emergency exit but there was none. The sliding door led to the balcony and I couldn't jump from 6th floor. The only door I could use was the one behind her. She walked towards me with TT's speed and I ran around the bed. While running my towel loosened and I tripped. I fell next to the bed and the next thing the Monster was right next to me. She was like "today I will teach a lesson. Next time when a man asks you out you will call Home Affairs to check whether he's married or not". She started kicking me on my belly, my back and thighs while throwing unheard of insults at me. I tried to scream for help but she promised to shoot me and feed me to the sharks if I made noise. Her kicks felt like I was being knocked by those bricks government uses to build RDP house. I was screaming silently "yho yho please mama please mama I beg you mama yhooo yhooo mama". She replied "you call me mama but you sleep with my husband huh. Do you sleep with your mama's husband?". She only stopped kicking me when Nkosi made sound.

She left me and went to attend her husband. This woman was a witch, she didn't even touch my face but my body got the beating of my life. I wanted to stand up but the pain was unbearable. I just lay on the floor helplessly. I wanted that monster to finish me off. She was blaming me for being fucked by her ugly hubby. That's how ugly women roll. If you snatch a man from them they can even eat you alive. That's because it's difficult for them to find love. I don't know what triggered Nkosi's consciousness but whatever it's, I thank it. Nkosi was like "what's going on?". He sounded like someone who just woke up after a night of drinking free booze. Phela free booze is more alcoholic than the booze you buy for yourself. The woman kicked his face like she was kicking a rugby ball. I think the kick answered his question cause he went "I'm sorry babe. Please forgive me my wife and mother of our beautiful kids". He said two wrong, first he called her 'babe'. It sounded wrong cause she looked more like his mother, no no his grandmother ...no no no actually she looked like his ancestor. Secondly, he said

‘mother of my beautiful kids’. Do you really imagine KK of Muvhango and Whoopi Goldberg giving birth to a baby that looks like Gabrielle Union? Almost impossible, if you know what I mean. She kicked Nkosi again and shouted “you were poor when I found you. Now that I paid for your studies and you are a top lawyer you think you can cheat on me with this straatmeid. You will know me well when we get to Pretoria”. She opened the door and I thought she was living. 2 security guys walked in and she instructed them to pack everything that does not belong to the hotel. I pulled a duvet and covered my valuable assets. I wondered whether those security guards belonged to the hotel or she brought them from Gauteng. You never know with rich people. They packed everything, including my stuff. The security guards left and she instructed Nkosi to get dressed. She was like “let’s see if you can use your pussy to get to Gauteng bitch”. They left and I remained alone in the hotel room.

I looked around for my phone and guess what, it was nowhere to be seen. I tried to use the hotel phone but it went ‘tuuuuuuuuuuu’ in my ears. Can you believe the Monster took all my clothes. I thought of going to the police station to report her but she looked very powerful. The cops would actually insult me for pulling a Kelly Khumalo on the Monster. There was a knock on the door and I almost died with fear. The knocker went “cleaning service. Anyone inside?”. I opened the door and the cleaner got in. She was singing Hlangiwe Mhlaba’s Dwala lami song. I complimented her nice voice and she thanked me. I made up a story about my husband beating me up and leaving me in the hotel. She told me that she’ll help me report the issue to hotel management but I told her my man was a powerful politician in Gauteng and if we reported the issue he’d kill both of us. She suggested that we kneel down. She prayed for men to stop abusing woman and I prayed for men to stop cheating on their abnormally ugly wives. She told me she’ll help with clothes and R20 to get to town. I shed a tear and thanked her. She left the room and came back after 5 minutes. She was like “this is all I could find in the storeroom”. She handed me red a overall and boots. I wanted to say eeeewwww but remembered I didn’t have a choice. I put them on and looked like some pantsula chick on Jika Majika. She directed me to where to catch taxis to town and wished me good luck.

Being stranded 600 kms from home without money and phone is a nightmare. I caught a taxi to Durban CBD. I asked the guy I was sitting next to show me where

I can hike cars to Johannesburg. He was like “hawu hawu hawu uphula egoli?”. Nxa Zulus and barking, everything is hawu hawu hawu. The guy showed me where to get off and directed me to a spot where I could hike cars to Joburg. I heard the ‘kodyo kodyo kodyo’ sound from my stomach. It was hunger knocking. When I got to the hiking spot there were more than 30 people. I only had a R10 change I got from the taxi. It wasn’t enough to get me to Joburg. The thunders in my belly got worse and some woman I was standing next to offered me a banana. Cars stopped and people with money got in. I tried few drivers but they told me to voetsek when I told them I’ll pay them when I get to Gauteng. One guy driving a Citi Golf stopped and when I got he was like “red overall? You are an EFF member. Voetsek go ask Julius Malema for a lift”. Men aint loyal nxa. The overalls and boots made me look like a hobo. If I was in a mini skirt and sexy top they’d be fighting to give me a lift for free. I stood at the hiking spot for hours. Just after sunset a truck stopped. I ran to the driver’s side and told him I’m going to Joburg but only have R10. He looked at me like I was crazy and went “uzongibhebhisa na (are you gonna fuck me)?”. I was glad he spoke a South African language but what he asked for was just too much for me. But you what they say, ‘desperate times, desperate measures’. I thought for a minute and hesitantly said yes and he invited me in. He was wearing one of those leopard print vests and had beard all over his face. It’s like he read my stomach, he offered me bread as soon as I got it. Brown bread with water nxa. He drove in silence and I ended up passing out. “Vuka vuka ntombazane. Isikhathi sokukhokha manje (wake up girl. It’s time to pay now)”. I was still a bit sleepy so I asked him if we can do it when we get to Joburg. He asked 1 question “you want me to drop you here? We are 50km from Harrismith and it’s raining and very dark outside”. He had parked his truck on the side of the road. He said we must get off and do it outside. I told him it’s not safe cause lions might kill us. He was like “ithunyelwe umamakho lelobhubesi (did your mom send that lion)?”. I asked him if he had condoms and he went “mina ngingumZulu, uNdlovu... Gatsheni, Boya benyathi, obusonga busombuluka, Mpongo kaZingelwayo, Nina bakwaNdlovuzidl’ekhaya, ngokweswel’abelusi, Zaze zeluswa intombi uDemazane, Nina bakwaKhumbul’amagwala, Nina bakwaDemazane Ntombazana, Nina bakwaS’hlangu sihle, Mthiyane, Ngokuthiy’amadoda emazibukweni, Nina bakwaMdubusi! ANGiWASEBENZISI LAWOMASIMBA (I am Ndlovu, I don’t use that shit[condoms])”. I don’t know why Zulu men do that, they always recite their praise poems before something stupid. I have heard stories about truck

drivers chowing hookers without condoms, stories about high HIV/AIDS rate amongst them. Imagine getting Aids from such an ugly man, even ARV's won't help. He continued "uyanginika noma uyehla (are you giving it to me or you gonna get the hell out)"

I looked at him and said "....."

THE END

Episode 52

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

"Sometimes, all that is required of us is to come to a decision, a decision which would determine our course thereafter, which is sudden, which is made in an instant and not out of introspection. Because the more we happen to brood, the more we burden the mind, with doubt with dilemma, whether to or whether not to. Sometimes it is this decision that furnishes to be the highlight of our lives, it may cause us to diverge from our paths and lead us to new ones or narrow down our destinations altogether, either way it cherishes significance." – Chirag Tulsiani".....baba, do you have daughters?" I asked him with tears rolling down my eyes. I have faked tears to get out of tricky situation before and it worked like magic. When you fake something you do it to the best of your ability. It's like those girls who fake enjoying sex, they do it so good a guy end up thinking he's the sex machine. But when they are really feeling him only the body speaks, not the manufactured sounds they do when they fake. I continued "how would you feel if a stranger wanted to sleep with them without a condom in the middle of nowhere? I will give you the best blow job and sex when we get to Gauteng. You can even sleep at my place and I'll cook you nice food. Please baba". While I was talking he listened attentively and I could tell he was digesting my words. He was a human being after all. I know Zulus can be stubborn but everyone has a good side in them. He went "bheka la nondindwa, abantwana bami abafani nawe. Angeke bahambe indawo abangazazi bengena mali and expect amadoda abasize mahala. Letha lekuku ngibhebhe (look here bitch, my daughters are not like you. They wouldn't go somewhere without money and expect men to help them for free. Come ride me"

I opened the window and the rain was getting worse. It was so dark one would bump into Nkosi's wife without noticing. I love sex and that's not a secret but having unsafe sex with a stranger truck driver was not something I was going to do. I know a girl from home who used to sleep with some dude for money to buy food for her siblings. The guy preferred not to use condoms and the girl is HIV+ with +2 kids. She did what she did for her family but things backfired on her. I opened the truck door and got off. There was no tree close by to hide under and the raining was pouring harder. Ndlovu ignited the engine and drove away. Within a minute I was soaking wet and the overall became heavier. I was happy about my decision to protect my health but on the other hand I was angry at me for endangering my life by walking in the middle of nowhere at night. I knelt down to pray "God, I know I hardly communicate you or go to church every Sunday. I know I'm not a good girl and mom won't be proud of me. But I'm still your daughter and as a father it's your duty to protect me from bad things. I believe in your power Lord that I will get to Pretoria alive. If you did it for Moses you can do it for me. You made him walk thru an ocean. Please make me fly to Pretoria. I beg you dude. In the name of Jesus Amen. PS: please kill Ndlovu. You can make it an accident or lightning". I always say that never undermine the power of a prayer. Within 5 minutes the rain stopped. I know atheists will claim it stopped because it was time to stop. I believe it stopped because God listened to my prayer. God is serious about service delivery. ANC must learn a thing or 2 from Him about service delivery. We are tired of seeing violent service delivery protests. I started walking on the side of the road hoping one car would stop and give me a lift. I was humming some church song as I was walking "le ge nka tsamaya tseleng ya leswiswi, o lebone la ka Jehovah". I walked for about 30 minutes and no car stopped. I looked around to see if there were any signs of farm houses but there was nothing. My overall and boots were wet and cold but spiritually I felt warm in the name of Jesus. I saw a tree by the side of the road and I decided to stop and wait for the darkness to vanish. I decided to stand and support myself with the step to avoid falling asleep. Imagine a Lion chowing you in your sleep.

I don't know how it happened but I fell asleep standing. When I opened my eyes I could see miles away from the tree and I forged a smile. I looked at the sky and thanked the Man upstairs for making me survive the cold middle of nowhere night. I'm a big fan of the TV show 'I Shouldn't Be Alive' and I have seen human beings survive in terrible and unfriendly South American forests for more than 30 days.

What I went thru was just a ‘hand job’, not even a BJ. For over 30 minutes cars just passed as if I had placard written ‘I have Ebola’. Black motorists didn’t even look at me. Jah eh, when days are dark blacks are white. I continued walking and deep in my heart I knew a good Samaritan would come and help me. A black BMW stopped about 50 metre from where I was. I ran like I’ve never ran before. When I got there the driver asked where I was going and what I was doing in the middle of nowhere so early in the morning. I told him I got a lift from Durban and the driver dropped me because I didn’t wanna sleep with him. The motorist was so angry and said such men’s cocks deserve to be cut and served to the lions. He invited me in and I got in the back seat, in my soggy clothes. He asked me where I was going and I told him Pretoria. He was a white man with tattoos all over his body. He introduced himself as Jean, born in France but has been living in South Africa for the past 2 years. In my whole life I never imagined a white person helping a stranded black person. Maybe it’s time I considered voting for DA or FF+. The heater made me very warm. When we got to the next garage he bought me coffee and a sandwich. I ate the sandwich within 5 seconds and Jean laughed. At least he had a sense of humour.

I took a nap and when I woke up he was packing his car in some yard. He told me we were at his place in Joburg. I asked him why he brought me to his place and he was like “I wandz to gives you zee dry clothes”. His accent sounded funny but I said cool. For some unknown reason I trusted that Jean guy. He was a stranger but I felt safe with him. We got into the house and he advised me to take another nap. He promised to take me to Pretoria in about 2 hours. He led me to another room and offered me a dress which he claimed belonged to his daughter who was probably the same age as me. I threw myself to the bed and closed my eyes. He promised to wake me up in an hour or two. I tried to fall asleep but my mind was teeming with the ordeal I went thru the previous night. Within 30 minutes opened the door and he asked if I was sleeping. I pretended to be in deep lala land and ignored his question. He left without closing the door fully. I heard him talking and assumed he was having a phone conversation. I got off the bed and tiptoed to the door. I hid behind the door and eavesdropped on his conversation. He went “Look here ma men, boreeng you mans here. Ze girls will be goods for Russian market. Dzey love girls with bootifule asses and boobs. I will feedz her drugs until you mans is here. Elle est belle. Nous allons faire de l’argent m ami”. WTF, Jean was into human trafficking business. OMG modimo wa kgotso, my life was like the

Middle East...nyakanyaka everywhere. I looked around the room and saw a cricket bat right next to the door. I held it tight in my hands and got ready to strike. When your life is in danger you must do whatever to save it. I heard him walking towards the room I was in and as soon as he pushed the door I aimed for his forehead. I heard 'phoooo..... ghulughudlu'. I didn't see any blood but he was on the floor unconscious. I went "nxa ke tla o bolaya ramarete ke wena". I didn't waste time, I searched for the wallet in his pocket and it had more than 20 R200 notes. I took the money and left his wallet. I was already wearing the ugly dress he gave me so I put on my wet boots and headed to the main door.

Before I could touch the key I heard a knock....

WTF.....

Episode 53

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I'm not a soccer fan but if your team is leading by one goal and the other team equalises just before full time, your heart will be very painful. It's even worse for men. Some go to bed hungry when the score goes against what they wished for. I was on a verge on winning but.....My whole body froze. My life was becoming some sort of a thriller movie. My mom wanted to take me to a Venda prophet and I said no. TT Scott wanted to take me to a sangoma in Tembisa and I said no. I went to Durban and baptised myself with sea water but Bra Mathata was still my ass. I tiptoed back to the room and when I got there Jean was gaining consciousness. I grabbed the cricket bat and gave him another hot one on the forehead. I was doing it for all the girls he sold to his Russian perverts. His phone vibrated and when I checked it was an sms that read "boss, we are at the door. Please open". I felt some thin sweat running thru my ass line. I had to think like James Bond, Sharon '007' Letsoalo in action. I replied to the sms with "meet me at Rosebank fast. I use new car". I had to mention the new car part because surely they had seen his car outside. I wanted to check thru the window if they had left but any movement of those thick curtains would trigger suspicion. I waited for 3 minutes and when I was sure the knockers were gone I unlocked and slowly opened the door. Luckily, the coast seemed clear. I closed the door behind and locked it, in case that French dude gained consciousness. I wanted to run but that neighbourhood was so quiet and any

running would arouse suspicion. The good thing about Joburg is you can check which side of Joburg you are by looking for Sentech and Telkom Towers...oh and the tall Ponte Building with a Vodacom electronic billboard on top. But unfortunately I could not see any of them from that place. I saw some gogo sweeping about 5 houses from Jean's house. I asked her where I can find taxis to Joburg CBD and she directed me to the 3rd street. I walked as fast as I could and luckily when I got the a taxi came within 3 minutes. I gave a sigh of relief. I was finally free like a bird.

When I got to Joburg CBD the first thing I did was to look for a shop to buy new shoes, I was +R4000 richer remember? I beat that Frenchie at his own game. They don't call me Shazwnegger for nothing. The taxi dropped me not far from Noord aka MTN Taxi rank. That rank has more Zulu men that the entire Pretoria. Imagine Shaz in some ugly floral dress and garden boots. There was no time to look for expensive shops, so I bought fong kong shoes at some Indian shop. I thought of grabbing something to eat but thought otherwise. Jean would probably look for me at that particular rank if he gained consciousness. I decided to walk fast to the Gautrain Park Station. Gautrain is so expensive but when you have money like me, you won't feel it lol. Thanks to government for Gautrain hle bathong. I was in Pretoria in less than 40 minutes. I was hungry so I decided to go grab something at the Chicken Licken corner Scheiding and Paul Kruger streets. I bought about 16 hot wings, 5 mini loaves and a can of fanta grape, black people call it groovy. Don't judge me, if you spend more than 36 hours without eating decent food you'd do the same. I picked the table at the corner and started eating. The guy sitting on the table opposite mine was like "It must be your pay day today. So much food?". I gave him a mischievous look and went "abuti, if you have small pipi and erection issues don't take your stress out on me. Go to Men's Clinic and learn to mind your problem nxa. Nxa I hate people with microwave tendencies". The chicks he was with laughed at him so hard and he told them if they continued laughing he'd cancel his order. The bitches kept quiet. Shuuu that's how cheap some girls have become these days, you buy her R19,99 wings and you can control when she must open her mouth.

After eating I decided to walk to Sunnyside. When I passed Andries (Thabo Sehume) street I remembered JT my lesbian friend stayed there. I headed to her/his building, Nyasa. I knocked at her door and some anorexic looking girl opened. She

was like “o mang ka roko e snaaks so (who are you....with an ugly dress?”. If you want to make a girl feel small, speak negatively about her dress code. Well, that dress was not mine but bottom line is I was wearing it. She continued “meriri ya gago okare ke Rwandan weave. When was the last time you too a bath? I smell snoek fish”. I kept my cool and asked her if JT was in the flat. She asked what I wanted from JT cause he doesn’t do girls who are allergic to water. I wanted to leave but JT appeared from behind her and as soon as s/he saw me his/her eyes beamed with joy. He was like “tsek sfebe, move out of the way. I wanna unlock the door for princess. While you are at it, take your ugly bag and leave my flat”. The bitch had a tail between her legs, JT put her in her place. Nigga was so happy to see me. He gave me a hug and went “ntwana ke eng? Why okare o spana dikontrakeng. O nkgga sthitho and your hair look messy (what’s wrong babes? Why do you look like someone who works at a construction site)”. I told him I’ll explain everything when the skinny bitch leaves. The bitch took her bag and left. That’s JT for you, when she sees me no one matters. She told me she has been trying to call but my phone was forever off. I told her I was mugged and have been without a phone for weeks. She asked why I look messy and I told her I went to a party last night and the guys tried to rape us so I ran away naked and some woman gave me the clothes I was wearing. JT had a habit of believing whatever I told her. Even if I had told her I was in heaven and God kicked me out for twerking and taking selfies she was gonna believe it. She ran a bath for me and I took the longest bath ever. After bathing she gave me her T-shirt and old Adidas track pants. I wanted to take off my dirty underwear but I couldn’t cause it acted as my wallet for the thousands I had. If the money you have now smells like a fish, just now it was the one I stole from Jean lol. I felt new and more beautiful. I told her those wanna-be rapists stole my bag and my key was inside. He was like “don’t worry ntwana, o ka nna wa ghidla mo go nna. I’ll take care of you”. Lol he was probably planning to muff me the entire night. The thought of muffing reminded my pussy that it was still alive, the pussy Ndlovu wanted to chow. Hayi ke life mrena. I told JT that I will ask the security guards if they had a spare key for me. With that said, he drove me to Sunnyside. JT loved loud music, kwaito music. He was playing Alaska’s Moshito o tswela pele so loud that the money in my underwear started vibrating. It kinda felt good and hornifying, I was having sex with money. Money was blowing me fast.

I couldn't believe my eyes when we got to the parking area outside my flat. Nkosi's X5 was parked right next to the gate. JT detected my shock and asked why I look as if I just saw Pinkie Pinkie in the toilet. I asked him to wait in the car as I was going to ask the security if they had a spare key for my flat. I got off the car and headed to the security houselet. I asked him if he saw who parked the X5 and he described a man who matched Nkosi's looks. I asked if he was with a some dark ugly woman who looked like a more ugly female version of Robert Mugabe and nigga laughed so hard and told me no. I got into the lift and went up. I don't know whether I was angry or happy Nkosi was at my flat. Maybe he came to check if I managed to come back. Luckily the door was not locked. I opened and uhm....Nkosi was sitting on my bed naked reading one of my magazines. As soon as he saw me he was like "bbbbbbabeeee, I fa fa fa found the keys in the the the your brrrr bbbbbb bag and I came to cchhheck eeeee eeeeeee if you are back". Before I could answer a female voice from the bathroom went:

"Babe, are you singing? I'm almost done."

WTF.....

Episode 54

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I have said this before that men think with their dicks. If God cut their dicks all of them would be thinkless. Imagine a fool leaving you 635kms away clotheless, moneyless, carless, homeless, phoneless and whateverless and the next thing when he gets to Pretoria he takes a bitch and go fuck her at your place? What kinda ruthless thinkless bitch ass nigga does that? This is the reason why some women poison men. God would probably understand if I poisoned him at that stage. Even Judge Masipa would understand. Men like Nkosi deserve to be VVIPs in hell, satan will give them a preferential treatment (burn them first with petrol).If there's one thing I mastered since I moved to Pretoria was to think before acting. I had to be tactical about all my moves. I was becoming a chess player, had to think about my opponent's next move before acting. I looked at Nkosi straight in the eyes and said nothing. You know what they say 'Silence is louder than a lion's roar'. He was like "I can explain. It's not what you think". Normally when men say that they are in deep shit. The best thing to do is to keep quiet and give them a tie to hang

themselves. He was like “eh I came here and uhm uhm uhm and my little sister offered to accompany me like like uhm it’s a long story because she’s my little sister from another father eh eh eh eh you see mos”. You see, the difference between men and women is when men are caught they try to explain and whatever comes from their mouth is just bullshit nje. I once caught an ex on top of some chick and when he saw me he was like “oh my Lordo Lordo babe she’s raping me, she’s raping me”. Nxa how can someone rape you when you are the one on top busy going up and down like a Chinese male porn star. The funny part was he didn’t even stop, he carried on ‘being raped’. It’s a different story when women are caught. Instead of making a fool of ourselves by saying senseless nyoso, we just scream or cry. We do not say anything incriminating or stupid like our counterparts from the weaker gender lol. The chick in the bathroom was like “babe, are you still singing? You can win a wooden mic title shem. But at least there are things you are good at, like banging me till my pussy sheds tears of joy”. I must admit, her voice was very beautiful and melodious. Hope she wasn’t a ‘mooi van voice’. At that state Nkosi’s complexion turned dark blue, he looked more like his wife. Maybe she was his mother and he didn’t know. Still I kept quiet and just looked at him. He was like “I’m sorry about what happened in Durban. It was very unfortunate that woman turned up announced. One of my colleagues sold me out”. Lol he was applying microwave tactics, he had nothing to say about the current situation and was trying to blanket my brain.

The bathroom door opened and part of me got jealous. The girl was so beautiful she made me look like some Muvhango actress. She looked like a model from the Caribbean. Guys from my hood fuck those kinda chicks without condoms just to impregnate them. They know chances of her dumping them are slim when she has their baby. That’s the reason many beautiful yellow bones from Ga-Kgapane have kids. When she saw me she was like “babe who is this thing now? Can’t she see we are having quality time in our own private space? Nxa black people and gate crushing tendencies!!!! She must go to her place....she looks like those girls from ko mekhukung in Phomolong ko Mamelodi”. My mom taught me one thing about life, she once told me that “your mouth must never be under the influence of laxatives. Be sure of what you want to say before saying it to avoid looking stupid”. The girl continued “Mike why aren’t you covering your assets? Are you gonna let this mogwanthi look at my food just like that?”. Still, I kept quiet. I didn’t keep quiet because I had nothing to say, I was in deep thinking. I wanted to

punish them hard and had to come up with a super plan. The bitch was probably one of Nkosi's Street Office. He even told her a wrong name. I know for sure his name was Nkosi cause his colleagues referred to him as Nkosi. The fact that he told me his real name and the bitch a fake one meant something. Nkosi was like "Flora shut up". Lmao what kinda parents name their kid Flora these days. Like that's a name for maids during apartheid years. Some names should be banned: William, Johannes, Flora, Florence, Maria, Magdalene, Phinius, Philippine, Frans, Francinah, Wilson. Imagine a guy called Wilson asking me out, I'd puke. When you think of Wilson you get a picture of a bald guy wearing Brent Wood, hempe ya lentariana and Grasshopper or Omega (shoes) with at least 3 fake necklaces and a gold tooth. Flora was like "shut up for what? Or do you know her?". She was acting all feisty and tough.

I walked to the kitchen and grabbed the biggest knife in my flat. When they saw I had knife they both ran to the bathroom and locked themselves. Lol bloody fools, they played right into my hands. I took their phones and X5 keys, locked them in the flat and left. I also took the the key that used to belong to Kea. When I got downstairs JT was outside his car dancing to Mdu's Chomi ya bana. I opened the X5 and luckily I found what I was looking for, my bags. I took them and put them in JT's car. I went up to the flat and used the small windowlet above the door to throw X5 keys into the flat. I heard 'ghudlu ghudlu ghudu' sounds from inside....the fools were probably running back to the bathroom. While going back to downstairs I went thru Nkosi's phone. Luckily it was not locked. Advice number 1: if you cheat, keep your phone locked at all times. I checked messages first, there were many messages from Wife. I almost puked when I saw naked pictures she mms'd to Nkosi. She looked like an old obese sea lion. Nkosi probably lost erection after seeing those pics. I used Flora's phone to send Nkosi's wife an sms. It read: "you thought by leaving me stranded in Durban would make your husband stop cheating? Shame poor ugly woman. Your husband is cheating us with some bitch and they are together right now. If you don't believe go check yourself. I'll send you GPS coordinates and the flat number. Oh and my advice, consider having a face surgery and bleach your skin, maybe he'll stop cheating". I send her coordinates and the flat number. I sent her another sms that I'll put key to the flat under the X5 front wheel. I went thru the Flora's phone and one contact was stored as 'Love'. I called the number with Nkosi's phone and asked the guy if he knew Flora. He told me she's the girlfriend and was a month pregnant with their baby. I

told him she was busy having sex with another man and if he doesn't believe me he should go to the address I was gonna sms details shortly. He started breathing heavily and I hung up.

I got in JT's car and I asked him for full blast. You can call me a reckless bitch or whatever you want, but after what I went thru I had to do something that would give me emotional satisfaction. I know Nkosi was a lawyer and would probably want a revenge but I also had my way. He was a man after all. I'd seduce him and cry rape afterwards if he tried some hlaforara on me. Like I said, they don't call me Shazwnegger for nothing. I asked JT to drive me to Marabastad. When we got there I saw some nyaope boys and I gave them Flora and Nkosi's phones for free. In all this drama JT never asked anything, whatever I said or asked she'd just go "sure ntwana, ke stele"; "ke taba ntwana. Is waar". After Marabastad we went to JT's place. I think she wanted some patapata but I was not in a mood for tongues. She offered me wine but I told her I only needed water. Wine makes my pussy rain and I didn't want my pussy to be touched at that moment. My bags were still in JT's car but I had the handbag with me. I went to the bathroom and took the money out of my undie and put it in the handbag. I tried to switch on my phone but the battery was dead. After an hour or so I asked JT to drive me to my place to check coast. I was looking forward to seeing Nkosi and Flora running naked on the street with the sea lion running after them. It was getting dark and cold. So JT gave me her hoodie. I looked like a tomboy. We used Jacob Mare(Jeff Masemola) Street and as soon as JT turned at the cnr Rissik and Joubert Streets I almost pissed myself.

I saw many red and blue lights outside my flat.

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 55

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

When you see blue lights outside your place, you know someone messed up and they are about to be taken police cells. But it's a whole different story when you see blue and red lights. They normally go together if blood spilled. The worse

scenario would be death. My mind ejaculated many thoughts and they all reached one conclusion, the ugly sea lion murdered Flora or Flora's boyfriend murdered Nkosi. That's the case in most cheating scenarios, instead of dealing with the cheating partner, people go for the person the partner cheated with. My fears escalated. I mean, if everything happened in my flat cops would mos def question me. Nkosi's lawyer friends would make sure I get maximum sentence for being the mastermind behind his murder. Black people love drama and bloody scenes. You'd swear there was a derby game between Pirates and Chiefs the way that place was teeming with curious onlookers taking videos with their phones. Taking Nkosi's wife a video at night would be a waste of battery. Only darkness would appear on the video. Taking her a picture with cheap phone like BlackBerry Curve would make it freeze for 8 days. Even pic mix would crash if you tried to edit her pictures to make her look like a human being. I asked JT to park at the other side of the street under a tree. I didn't want someone to recognise or link me to the murder. I surveyed the area with my eyes to check any unfamiliar cars. Nkosi's car was still parked where I left it. Beside the ambulance and cop cars, there was an Inyathi parked next to Nkosi's wheels. I got off the car, used JT's cap to hide my face and walked to the scene. JT remained in the car. I looked around to see any dead bodies but there was none. I checked under the X5 wheel to establish if the key was still there and dzaamn, it wasn't there. It was getting quite obvious that the scene had everything to do with Nkosi's ugly wife. I went to one of the onlookers and asked what was going on and she went "apparently a couple was fighting and the wife shot dead her husband and turned the gun to herself".

I went down on my knees and started crying. I made up my mind that the ugly monster killed our man and then turned the gun to herself. She was probably still alive cause she'd need more than a bullet to crack her skull. A bomb would be perfect for her, not just any bomb but a weapon of mass destruction. While I was on my knees crying I heard people screaming. I stood up and threw my eyes to the direction of those screams and I saw a picture I wasn't expecting. Nkosi was running like a madman, 60% naked and his wife was behind him throwing insults I never heard before. She had a sjambok with her I could tell she whipped the guy several times cause he was bleeding. The cops who were outside grabbed Nkosi's wife to stop her from further whipping. She pushed them as if there were some papers. Damn, that woman had power for days. Now I see why Bheki Cele wanted a gym in every police station. Those cops looked like Castle Like addicts. She

overpowered them just like that. Luckily she tripped and fell on the steps next to the gate. For a minute I thought it was an earthquake. People tried taking video and I heard some girl saying “tjoh.... we need an iPhone 10 for this woman. My video only shows when her teeth are exposed”. I wanted to laugh but it would feel ruthless and mean. Nkosi saw an opportunity and he quickly opened the X5, reversed thru the cars and drove away. I hid myself behind the iNyathi to avoid being seen by that woman. The cops helped her up and started talking her. I wasn't close enough to hear what they were saying to her. They were probably telling her to avoid walking at night as she was a danger to other people. All of a sudden she got all aggressive and started pushing the cops and telling them how they will die poor. More cops joined and they carried her to the back of the van. My confusion grew in size. If Nkosi and his wife were not dead, who shot who in the building. While I was still thinking Flora and some guy who appeared old enough to be her mother's grandfather appeared from the building. They didn't look happy but a bit shocked because the cop cars they saw outside the flat. He opened the Inyathi for her and they left.

At that stage I was more than confused. I went back to JT's car and he was playing Spokes H and minding his business. He was kinda weird and strange. A normal darkie would never sit in the car while there was a scene closer. We have this abnormal thirst for mghozi. I told her some couple fought and killed each other and she went “ntwana, mense ba ratana abnormally. A never ke go bhodise neh (babe, people love abnormally. I will never kill you). But I'd kill myself if I ever hurt you”. Lol what a romantic lesbian. If all lesbians are like her then we should dump all men and start dating lesbians. I got off the car and went back to the scene. Luckily I saw the cop I once met at Sunnyside Police Station and he explained everything to me. His story corresponded with the one the onlooker told me. Part of me was sad Nkosi's wife was the one who got punished. I wanted Nkosi to suffer for sleeping with a bitch at my flat while I was stranded in the middle of nowhere. Another part of me was happy the ugly monster was taken by the van. I whispered to the cop “if you make the ugly woman who beat her man spend 2 nights in jail, I'll make you the happiest man the next time we meet. Hopefully I won't be on periods”. I looked at his pants and nigga had a tent, sies. Man will always be dogs. He was like “I can excuse myself from this scene. My boys will manage without me. We can use the back of the van and I'll make that woman sleep in the cells until she turns into a yellow bone”. Lol like really, imagine the

beautiful Sharon Letsoalo getting fucked inside a police van, eeeeeewwwww. No wonder crime rate is so high. Our cop cars are being used as quickie pads. I skillfully moved closer to him and touched the tent. He went “weee weee weeee” like a police siren. I think he came lol. I was like “if you be a good boy and do as I asked, I’ll make you sound like an ambulance siren next time”. I went up to my flat and everything was a mess. My room was rearranged and it smelled of a cheap vagina. It was probably God’s way of telling me I needed a new place. That place was full of senyama nje. So much drama in a short period of time and it was time I moved to another place. Luckily my books were in the closet and those ghosts didn’t mess with them. I took my books and headed to JT’s car.

When I got there she wasn’t playing kwaito anymore. She was playing Anthony Hamilton’s Her Heart. Suddenly the mood in her car changed from ghetto to romantic. We bought pizza at Roman, Cnr Celliers and Esselen streets. Oh, Esselen is called Robert Sobukwe Street these days. How do you name a street full of clubs and tarvens after a very intelligent and smart struggle hero? May his soul rest in peace. They should have renamed the street after some guy from Nkandla. We headed to JT’s place and I bathed after eating. There was only one bedroom at JT so she gave me the bed and slept on the couch. I decided to sleep naked cause it was hot and I felt safe with JT. Around midnight I felt something touching my ass. Lol JT was busy massaging my bum and whispering sweet nothings. I told her I was still stressed after everything and she went “sure ntwana. Ne ke dlala ka lerago la gago nje. Nothing less, nothing more, nothing medium”. We cuddled and I had a beautiful night. In the morning I bathed and she fixed breakfast for me. After eating she offered to drive me to school but I told her I preferred to walk.

After attending my classes I decided to walk straight to JT’s place. Just outside my college there was a red Audi A4. It had tinted window so I couldn’t see who was inside. The driver opened the window and went “call me a pervert, player or whatever, I saw you getting in the building this morning and my heart told me to wait for you. The last time I saw this beauty was when my mom was still alive. My dad was a lucky man and I feel luck runs thru my veins. I’ll be honoured if you accepted the offer to drive you to your place”. I was flattered and saying no would be stupid. Every girl wanna hear compliments all the time. They even mean a lot when they come from a stranger. He got out of the car and opened the passenger door for me. As soon as I settled, a sound and voice from the back-seat went:

“.....kkkrrrrr khahla..... Don't move, shout or try to get off....”

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 56

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

#sigh. There are 2 most common things we don't wish as women; being rape and being kidnapped. Sometimes they go hand in glove. If a bunch of guys kidnap you chances are they will rape you. Some chick I knew from college once got kidnapped and raped by 5 guys everyday from 5 days. Just imagine ±5 rounds of forced sex every fucken day. Luckily her kidnappers weren't Vendas or Nigerians. If 5 Adeyomis rape you everyday your pussy will automatically be O-shaped even when you are sleeping. She attempted to suicide twice. I looked at the driver expecting him to tell me his friend was just joking but he told me to stop looking at him if I still wanted to eat pap. Normally a girl would panic and start screaming in that situation but I didn't. It was probably because the shit I've been thru in the last few weeks had hardened my heart. He hit the accelerator and drove via Mandela Drive. He turned left at Proes Street and headed to the west. He turned right at DF Malan (E'skia Mphahlele) Drive and headed to the Wonderboom direction. As soon as we passed Wonderboom train station he stopped the car and the guy at the back got off to pee. I checked his dick thru a mirror and my heart almost skipped a beat because of lust and fear. Lust because it looked so big and yummy. Fear because of a potential rape. I was not ready to have a forever O-shaped pussy. When the guy fished with his peeing he told me to jump to the backseat. I wanted to argue but the driver showed me a gun between his thighs. I dropped the seat and jumped to the backseat. The other guy in the backseat told me to lie on his lap and never ever shake my head. I said no and he slapped me. Nxa you could tell he was those guys who had no respect for women. Real men do not hit women. They only get physical with women in the bedroom. Guys who hit women are weak in the bedroom. They hide their sex weakness behind abuse. I followed his instruction and put my head on his lap. I think they were trying to make me lose direction of where we were. Within 30 seconds his dick started acting up. I wanted to tell him

to behave but was scared he would give me another hot clap. They drove for about 30 minutes and finally the car stopped.

The driver was like “if you behave, there won’t be any blood. This place is far from anything. No one will hear you if you scream. So be a good girl until the boss comes back”. They took me to some one-windowed hut. I looked around and shit, we were surrounded by trees only. The place looked like a farm. My mind kept thinking about all people I offended. The French guy was the prime suspect cause I hit him and stole the money but if it was him they’d take me to Jozi. I thought of Nkosi but he didn’t look dodgy. He didn’t look like someone who would have some dodgy niggers calling him ‘boss’. He didn’t have the Georgie Zamdela appeal. The last suspect was Nkosi’s wife. Maybe the cops released her and she used her contacts to track me down. The guy who had a hard on in the car remained with me in the room and the other two were outside. I asked him why they brought me to the farm and told me to shut up. I went “I noticed your dick was in a festive season mood earlier. If you tell me why I’m here maybe I can let it have the Christmas cake”. I looked at his pants and noticed the hard on was rebuilding-up. That’s men for you. If they had to choose between having money or sex for salary, 80% would choose sex. Some would work on weekends just to have an extra salary – blow job. You think this is a joke but it’s not. Most men spend their salaries on prostitutes. So it’s just like working for a pussy. The guy went like “shhh don’t make noise. The boss would kill me if I tried anything. We have been looking for you for over a week now. One of my fellow-boys was shot dead last week because he failed to capture you”. Shit, I was getting scared at that point. I wasn’t aware there were people who were trying to capture me. I went “but how does a handsome guy like you do this kinda job?”. I lied to him, in truth his head looked like that of a frog. You could swear by the way he smiled that no one ever complimented him before. He was probably one of those guys who quit school because other learners gave him funny nicknames. Froggie lol. High School kids are more ruthless than prisoners. He was like “why did you do what you did mara huh? Do you know what the boss does to people who do what you did?”. I told him I was in the dark about whatever he was saying. Before he could answer the door opened.

A midget with a gun in his hand walked in. He gave me one look and shouted “Lion, Lion, Lion come here”. The guy who was driving the A4 walked in. He was

like “I’m here boss”. I was in a very potentially fatal situation but hearing a guy referring to a midget as ‘Boss’ made me wanna crack. The ‘boss’ was so short he’d need a stepladder to lick my boobs. If I was standing up and he wanted to muff me, he’d mos def do so standing. His shoes were ‘longer’ than his height. And you know what they say about guys with bigger shoes sizes.....they come from Venda or Giyani. That’s the reason Venda midgets walk as if they are about to fall, it’s the mrengerenge between their thighs. The midget took out his phone and showed it to Lion and went “Look at this picture. Do you see that girl? Huh do you see that girl? Do you see a scar on the girl’s face? Huh huh? The bitch ran away with my diamond and you and your fools bring me a wrong girl? Kneel down”. Lion knelt down and the midget started hitting his face like he was some naughty primary school kid. Lion kept apologising but the midget was fuming mad. After hitting Lion he went “take this ugly bitch out of my face now. I don’t care what you do with her. I want the real whore before the sun sets or else your blood with flow”. Shit the midget referred to me as an ugly bitch. Lion went “sorry boss. We went to the college our contact told us about and as you can see from the pic, they are both yellow bones and except for the scar, there’s some similarity”. The midget went “fuck similawat-wat. I’ll kick your lazy bum nxa shit”. Lol I almost laughed about the ‘kick the lazy bum’ comment’. The highest he could kick was the heel. The guys carried me back to the car and used duct tape to cover my mouth and a cloth to for my eyes. I heard the guys arguing about what to do next with me. Lion said they should kill me and burn my body. I started sweating and my heart was beating fast. The hard on guy was like “jitas, the boss gave us few hours to get the right girl. Let’s drop this bitch at the highway and do the job before that midget’s anger grows. Nxa only if his anger could be his height. He’d be a giant in 2 days. His anger grows everyday”. The other two guys agreed and they let me off at some busy road. You see, complementing an ugly guy pays. His mind was probably teeming with the thought of fucking me one day. Truth be told, our pussies run the world.

I experienced a ‘load shedding’ moment for about a minute and it was only after I saw the R80 on the road sign that I realised I was on the Mabopane highway. Luckily they gave me my handbag. I looked for my phone but it was nowhere to be found. My purse was also nowhere to be found. Fortunately I always put R50 in the small pocket inside the handbag. In Pretoria taxis are everywhere and they will hoot for you even if you are walking towards an opposite direction. I caught a taxi

to town. My head was dizzy and the hangover of the duct tape on my lips made them dry. It was at that moment that I decided I should go home the next weekend. I had to see the Venda prophet my mom spoke about. I got off at Andries and Vermuelen Street and walked up via Andries. When I got to JT's flat it was locked and my knocks were unanswered. I went to check her parking bay and it was empty. I decided to sit at the door and wait for her. I sat there for hours and hours and JT was nowhere to be seen. I wanted to go to my flat but the keys were in JT's flat. Beside that, it would be unsafe. I thought of friends around the CBD but no name came up. My life was too busy to have friends. And whenever I made friends, they somehow turned into enemies. Some guy who I saw earlier entering the apartment next to JT's asked if I was ok. I told him I was waiting for my friend and I can't call her cause my phone was stolen. He offered his phone and I told him I don't have my friend's number. To be honest, that dude would make any girl wet. He was tall, dark and handsome with a voice like Wilson Nkosi. His lips were like those of Jason of former Generations. He had legs of a soccer player. He went to his apartment and came back after about 10 minutes and offered to shelter me until my friend came back. I said "no, I'll be fine. She's probably on her way back". Truth is, I wanted to take his offer but my pride was too bloated. He didn't even try to persuade me, he left without uttering more words. He came back after an hour and at that moment I was getting cold. I took his offer and we entered his apartment. There was pizza on the table and he offered me a slice. I was a bit reluctant to eat, as girls normally fake it, but ended up eating. After eating he offered me a glass of wine. My body was tense I thought to myself that a glass of wine wouldn't hurt. He asked few questions about me and I did the same. He told me his name was Vincent. Our conversations somehow turned sexual and they were very funny.

After my 4th glass it started 'raining'....

THE END

Episode 57

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Before the digital era strangers used to be 'strangers'. These days you meet a person at a party and the next thing you are naked next to him. Girls used to find it

shameful but it's actually a norm these days. A girl can hit a one-night-stand on a guy. Some guy I know from home used to tell me that he targeted stranded chicks. He'd appear all gentlemanly and once they felt comfortable he'd fuck the hell out of them. And from a girl's point of view, fucking a stranger can be cool but it leaves a hangover of guilt afterwards. In my culture rain is a sign of happiness and luck. Maybe my ancestors were trying to tell me that I was safe with Vincent. He walked to the window and closed it. I think it was because the water was wetting his couch thru the window. Normally after a fourth glass I'd get very wet underground but that particular night my normally naughty pussy was acting all Christian. Maybe it wished to be virgin again...or maybe the wine was fake or had expired. Apparently there's a wine called '4 Bazala' in KZN. Maybe this Vincent guy was a Zulu from KZN and he was feeding me some fake wine. The funny part about him was he was glued to his phone for almost 20 minutes. We were having a sexually arousing topic and he was busy on his phone. Normally guys would give a beautiful girl like me some attention when the topic gets 'underground' with a hope of scoring some. I even went as far as checking the guy's pants and it was level. I thought to myself that he was either gay or a Swati guy from White River. That place has churches like every street. Swati guys take the 'sex before marriage is a sin' thing too seriously. Nigger can get you drunk and take you home under the influence of wetness without attempting to fuck. That's why most girls prefer Pedi guys. There's no Pedi guy who'll chill with a girl and not attempt to fuck, especially niggers from gaSekhukhune. They love pussy someone told them the world is out to run out of pussies. If pussy was a soccer team it would be Kaizer Chiefs to them. Vincent's phone rang and he went to the bedroom to answer. Normally when a guy does that he's either married or in a steady relationship. If not, he's gay and he doesn't want you to know. Anyway, he wasn't my boyfriend and it wasn't my place to judge.

When he came back from the bedroom he was like "I wanna go fetch a friend. Are you coming with me or you gonna continue drinking your wine here?". I asked him the gender of his friend and when he said a girl I felt safe. Being in a company of two guys can be a challenge. When a guy is alone he might be shy to do ugly things to you but when they are two or more they can rape you and boast about it to their friends the following day. That's how brainless and dickful boys can be. I told him "cool you can go. If I'm not here when you come back just know I went back to my friend's apartment. She's probably back or on her way back. I'll go

check. If I'm still here when you come back with your female friend, won't she have a problem?". He was like "relax, she's not Mrs Uptight. She actually prefers crowd". He said he'll be back in about 30 minutes. As soon as he left my curiosity started playing games with me. Don't judge me, girls are natural private investigators. Once we get curious we will snoop everywhere just to find something exciting. Most of the time we find the unexpected. I once went thru Matome's wardrobe and found an XXX Large panties. I actually started thinking nigga was gay. Like who the fuck leaves a wine drinking beautiful woman and go fetch another bitch. I mean, even virgin guys know wine is aphrodisiac. It's like fingering a girl and say 'good night' as soon as her pussy starts raining tears of joy. I took my wine glass and headed to his bedroom. His bedroom was spotless clean and he had white bedding. There was a treadmill on the other side of the bed which explained why he looked so sexy and well-built. I believe a guy should look good. Have you noticed how so many South African girls are starting to date Nigerians lately? That's because Naija boys work out and they look yummy. Most South African men hate working out and have beer bellies. Thanks to Heineken and Castle Lite. They bang you and after a 5 minutes round their beer bellies start vibrating. If you don't believe me go to Virgin Active Sunnypark this afternoon. You are likely to hear more "chinekes" than South African languages. But if you go to Industrial Shisanyama at the very same time, you'll find dozens of South African boys with pot bellies. Anyway, I Kermit. I opened his closet and nigga had expensive and fashionable labels. Mmmmmm he probably had a well-paying job. None of the clothes he had looked like they were from Truthworths or Markham. You know most darkie guys have accounts from those shops mos. I think it's a sign of saying 'I have arrived'. If you go to a party and you see niggaz wearing identical shirts, just know they bought em at Markham or Truworths. I saw an Apple laptop on the table next to the bed. May Steve Jobs rest in peace. He left the world with super toys. He should have designed Apple Vibrators thou – Smart Vibrators. I pressed some key and there was light. My mind went WTF.....Vincent was watching porn on his laptop before he came to fetch me. I clicked on play and shit....OMG, it was Black on Black and the nigger had a dick for days.

I wondered why Vincent watched porn on his own thou and further more he didn't even attempt to take advantage of me. How do you watch porn and leave a girl hanging. It's not like I was looking for a fuck from him nature is nature. Every girl enjoys it when handsome guys attempt to get some. It makes us feel sexy and

attractive. Hayi go tsamaya ke go bona mxwee stru. My pussy got so wet and my nipples were itchy, itchy in a fun way. I don't know how men feel internally when they watch porn but I know for sure it takes us girls to the heaven of wetness. The clitoris develops some hunger to be played with. The walls of the pussy develops and eagerness for friction. I was like "WTF, nigga said he'll be back in 30 minutes. I have enough time to go a bit naughty". I put my hand in my jeans and started pleasuring myself. It felt a bit good but jeans are not user-friendly when coming to self-service. That's the reason many girls prefer mini-skirt or leggings, they know in case of emergency they don't have to call 'AA' lol. I decided to take off my jeans to give my fingers maximum access to my underground structures. Don't judge, every girl has done some outrageous ish under the influence of wetness. Especially these girls who acts godly in public. They do most outrageous things in private. Most of them used to have bigger fingers but now they have decreased in size. Ask yourself why. I know a girl who used to finger herself in the loo whenever she visited my uncle. She had a crush on him for days. I fondled my clitoris and my entire body shivered. In my mind I was fucking the porn star in the movie. When he went deeper on the girl I put my finger deeper. What made it more interesting was the fact that I kept checking time to ensure I don't go over 25 minutes. It's like having sex in a parking lot, it's mind blowing cause you run against time. The fear that someone might walk on you makes it more adrenalinic. If the girl was on cloud 9, I was on cloud 8.5. When she went "ah ah ah ah ah" I went "oh oh oh oh oh". When she went "fuck me babe" I went "fuck me fingie fingie". At some stage I closed my eyes and let my imagination go wild. I thought of every big motherfucker who fucked me good and dammmnnnn, the feeling was heavenly. My other hand was busy fondling my boobies. Nipples and madam clitoris are like identical twins, they get happy at the same time. At that moment they were being identically fingerised.

I opened my eyes to check if I haven't exceeded my SLA and booooooommm..... Vincent was at the door his eyed glued to me like he was watching the Lion King at Market Theatre. You know, when your man walks into you wanking, it's embarrassing but in a sweet and sexy way. But when a stranger walks into you wanking, in his own house....it's a whole new story. It's even worse when you are sober. I went "ah ah ah ah you said 30 minutessssssss". He took a long pull from what looked like a roll of dagga. He exhaled the smoke in a dramatised fashion and for few seconds his face was invisible. I was drunk and my thinking capacity was

below 50%. I didn't know what to do or how to react. From what I heard niggaz who smoke weed can hit a girl for no reason. The porn movie was still playing and nigger was hitting it from behind. If there's any girl who don't like doggie she should be killed with immediate effect. Doggie takes you to a world of milk and honey. Bitches be like "I don't like doggie. It makes me feel like a bitch". Fuck that crap. If you are a bitch you are a bitch, period. Doggie or no doggie. #HandOffDoggie viva doggie viva. Vincent was like "mmmmmmh h h h h bad girl, I like I like". He took another puff and when he exhaled the entire room was invaded by weed smoke. I don't know if he was trying to get me high or what but it was working. Wine + weed is a very terrible combination. He took more heavy puffs and all I could see was 'whiteness' in the bedroom. I don't know if it was because I was high but when I tried to touch my pussy fingers went for the ass. I got lost on my own body. When the smoke disappeared I looked at the door and Vincent was nowhere to be seen. I rubbed my eyes twice and looked again. Booommmmm..... a drunk-looking JT was at the door with a bottle of Amstel in her hand. I don't know whether it was the secondhand weed smoke playing with me or Vincent was a magician. I was seeing things nje. JT went "ntwana, o betha tse difeng bjanong?". His voice sounded like an echo. I tried to recompose myself but wine and weed were being counter-revolutionary on me.

Vincent appeared behind JT 100% naked and went "let the games begin".

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 58

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Sometimes fun comes in many different forms. I don't remember waking up one day and tell myself that I wanna do craze things. Most things happen randomly and I believe they make my life more interesting. I live my life to the fullest. I don't wanna be bitter and moody when I'm in heaven because I lived a boring life on earth. Elbert. Hubbard once said "Do not take life too seriously. You will never get out of it alive".....still under the influence of dagga and wine. I took a pillow and hid my black forest cake. I tried to understand what Vincent meant by games. Imagine being horny, high, drunk and confused at the same time. It was like a

church service happening at Ocanto Latino tarven. Those who don't know Ocanto Latino, it's some tarven at Esselen Street in Sunnyside. I have never seen a woman there. It's always teeming with dodgy looking guys. My mind told me that JT and Vincent set me up for a threesome. Vincent was like "I lied about going to fetch my friend. I went to buy marijuana. I found your friend at her apartment's door and told her you are waiting for her in my apartment". While he was talking I looked at his penis. It's true that most sexy and cute South African men are not gifted in the department of underground entertainment services. Well, he was bigger than Dumi but it was small. If dick were cars Dumi's would be a Smart and Vincent's Golf4 2.0. Vincent continued "I knew when I first laid my eyes on you that you are a craze bad girl and I love it". I think JT wasn't aware that Vincent was naked cause he was behind her. She turned to look at Vincent and her face changed when she saw his nakedness. She hit Vincent with the Amstel bottle she had in her hand. Luckily the bottle hit him on the belly. She kicked his knees until he fell to the ground. She was like "yeh wena rantswitswana, o tlwaetsi go tsea advantage on stranded girls. Shaz ke medie ya ka and ke tla go causetisa marikana if o nagana tlo go betha pop mo yena (you bloody small dick, you are used to taking advantage on stranded girls. Shaz is my chick and I'll beat the hell outta you if you think you can try your luck on her)". Lol JT referred to me as his girlfriend and I didn't even know. I quickly got off the bed and tried to stop JT from beating Vincent. Cute guys are cowards bathong, he wasn't even trying to fight back and I think I saw tears coming from his eyes. Imagine a guy getting a beating from a girl and crying, what a turn off!!!! I tried to pull JT but she was too strong for me. She continued kicking the helpless poor Vinny and shouting at him. One line killed me. She went "You think Sharon is your sexual lotto neh? Thatha machance, thatha my beating. I will panelbeat you seun". What made me wanna laugh was the fact that Vincent's dick was still up.

The whole picture looked so wrong. Vincent naked on the floor, me also naked and the dressed lesbian kicking the hell out of naked Vinny. I threw myself between JT and Vincent. JT tried to push me but I tripped and fell on top of Vincent. I don't know if it was God's plan or what, my middle body fell on his middle body. His dick went 'vudlu' in my already wet pussy. JT was like "What the mtete!!!!!!". He tried to pull me up but because he was drunk he fell on top of me. My blood went 'tjrrrrrrrrrr' when JT fell on me cause Vinny's dick dug deeper. Vincent stopped crying and started making some funny sounds. He was like " mmmmmmmphaaaa

mmmmmphaaaaaa mmmmmphaaaaa oooyaaa oooooiiyyyyyaaaaa grrr phaaa etje”. To be honest, the act was not planned but it kinda felt good. JT finally managed to stand up and she quickly pulled me off Vincent. I think she wanted to beat Vincent again but before she could nigger went “aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh” and I saw sperms going ‘pshaaaaaa’ on JT’s face. Lmao nigger came. I almost told him to visit Men’s Clinic. What kinda man comes that quick? JT was like “voetsek nyoso ke wena. Marete a mmao. Why o nrotela?”. Vincent was like “sssssorry bra ya ka. My brake pads are finished”. Before she could hit him again we heard a knock of the main door. We all froze and listened if what we heard was really a knock. The person knocked again and Vincent asked JT if he could go check who was knocking. JT ignored him and told me to get dressed. I quickly got dressed and Vinny did the same. When Vincent walked to the door JT was like “ntwana, kuku nyana e ya gago e nyaka electric gate”. I was offended but I didn’t respond.

Vincent opened the door and some gay looking dude walked in. He was like “babe I didn’t know you had guests. It’s fine I’ll come back later. Mara why go nkga nnywana so”. WTF, the gay looking dude referred to Vincent as babe. Ja neh, it’s true that these cute guys aint loyal. Most of them turn gay. Now I see why most girls date ugly guys these days. You know an ugly guy will never be gay. When was the last time you saw a gay guy that looks like KK Mulaudzi of Muvhango? JT was like “go nkga nnywana ya mmao sfebe. Shaz, haak...touch let’s go”. Lol the drunk JT had insults for days. We left and he banged the door behind us. When we got to JT’s apartment she asked why my phone was off the whole day. I told her I got mugged after school and the tsotsis took my phone. She was like “it was probably stupid tsotsis cause real tsotsi wouldn’t take the phone only, they’d also take the bag. Oska warra, ke tla o chunela plan kaosane. Ke expecta coupla mashadara tomorrow (don’t worry, I’ll make a plan tomorrow. I’m expecting couple of thousands tomorrow)”. I told him that I waited for him at the door and that guy invited me over when he saw me. JT told me next time I shouldn’t go to apartments of people I didn’t know cause next time they’ll rape me. She was like “they will kill you and use your body parts to make muthi. You know people use body parts to attract customers to their businesses. Your pussy will mos def attract many male customers”. WTF, that punch line hurt me. She sat on the couch and within 5 minutes she started snoring.

I took a short bath and headed to the bedroom. I had those weird dreams about the Kaizer Chiefs T-shirt guy. He was teaching kids to count from 1 to 10. When he got to '7' all kids started laughing uncontrollably. In another dream I was at Pretoria Zoo and a baboon started throwing shit at me. Nxa I hate snaaks dreams. The second dream was probably about Nkosi's wife. I'm sure when she goes to the Zoo baboons look at her and ask themselves how she escaped. When I woke up in the morning JT was nowhere to be seen. To be honest, I didn't know what JT did for a living. I missed my mom's voice but I didn't have a phone to call her. I didn't have any classes so I decided to go look for a place to stay. I took a bath and had cereal afterwards. JT came back while I was eating. She had a six pack of Amstel and a bottle of 4th Street wine. I told myself that I aint gonna taste that wine. No after the comments she made about my pussy the previous night. She gave me another bag and there was a brand new smart phone and a small phone. She was like "ke tsa gago, ntwana". He told me the small phone was his but I should use it when I go somewhere and leave the smart phone in the house. She said i can use the sim card in the small phone until I do sim swap or buy a new card. I kissed him on the lips and said "thanks njunju. You are the best BFF I ever had. I'll repay you one day". She went "ska warra ntwana. Ke Klein water".

I asked her if she minded to go flat-hunting with me and she said it was not necessary cause she was fine living with me. I told her I wanted a quiet space to study and she also needed her own space. She finally agreed and we hit the road. Looking for a new place is easy in Pretoria. You just go Burgers Park and you will find hundreds of paper adverts pasted on the wall. I remembered I didn't notify the current landlord of my plan to leave the Flammarion flat. JT told me I should call the landlord as soon as I find a new place. I saw an advert for one bedroom in Sunnyside, Kingsway and I called the number. The good thing was the flat wasn't far from Industrial and Sunnypark. It was convenient for a 'Johnny Walker' like me. The owner was a woman with a dead voice, it's like her voice had died from singing or screaming. She told me "you are lucky cause me and my husband are at the apartment right now. You can come view it if you want. Don't mind my voice, I'm a bit sick". I told her to give me 10 minutes. When we got to the pedestrian gate I called her and she gave me the flat number. JT told me she'll remain in the car. I told the security guard where I was going and he gave me the visitors book and told me to sign. I wonder what they do with all the names. I wrote a false name, Maite Modika. As soon as I got in the lift some guy was "please hold the lift

for”. He got in the lift and complimented my beauty. He introduced himself as Edgar DS Rathelele. I could tell he wanted my number but he was shy to ask. He got off at the second floor and told me he would to see me again. I smiled and he gave me his business card. Hayi, boys and business cards these days. Gone are the days of writing number on a piece of paper. I got off at 3rd floor and knocked at the apartment the owner directed me to and the door opened.

Booooooommmmm.....two faces I didn't expect were right in front of me.

WTF

THE END

Episode 59

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

When I was a high school girl I used to struggle with Mathematics. Actually, I hated the subject with passion. To me it was some shit that was designed to make our schooling lives difficult. When was the last time you saw someone smiling after writing a Mathematics test? Honestly, the only guy I saw smiling is my former classmate Eva Kgatla. She was one of those learners who could teach fellow learners when the teacher was absent. As intelligent as she was, no guy gave her attention. If I had met Nkosi's wife back then I'd think they were a mother and daughter. God spent hours on her brains and 3 minutes on her looks. Shame skobjana sa Modimo. My mom being a caring mom told me her colleague's son was good with Maths and he was willing to help me. I was so happy and expected him to be some intelligent hunk with beautiful eyes. I almost swallowed my Maths text book when we got there and some small-dicked nigga who pulled a one-night-stand 'hit-n-run' happened to be the so-called Maths genius. It's difficult to react in such situations. When he saw me he went "hawu hawu hawu" and I checked his pants to see if he came. The last time he hawu hawu'd his dick coughed some cream-whitish liquid. Dumi was the last person I expected to see. The fact that the woman told me she was with her husband amplified my shock. I was shocked to see Dumi cause the last time I checked he wasn't a husband. I mean, who would marry some with a dick the size of my lil brother's pinkie finger? Yes, I dated him but it wasn't for sex. He was my 'boyfriend-of-convenience'. I was shocked to see the woman cause I didn't expect her to be my ex's wife. She was so thin you'd use

her as a teaspoon to stir your coffee. Most guys say skinny girls have bigger punanis. If it's true, then Dumi's dick was a toothpick in her coffee mug. I wanted to turn and leave immediately but curiosity wanted to kill cats. The wife went "What's wrong baba kaMduduzi? You look like someone who just saw mgijimi?". Duma faked a cough and shook his head. I could sense that a fart was about to hit the fan and I positioned myself strategically. I stood next to the door in case the woman was another female version of Jean Claude Van Damme. Zulu girls don't mess around, you mess with their hubby and they fuck you up. Especially if they regard you as a yellow-bone from egoli. Venda women are the generally the coolest. They won't cause a scene or beat you up. But if it rains, may God bless you. You will be dealt with, strategically so as politicians put it. She shook my hand and introduced herself as Nompumelelo or Mpumi in short. She hand was so tough as if she worked with cement everyday. I imaged that hand hitting me and my blood boiled. While we were doing the intros Dumi's phone rang and he went outside to answer it. I think the call as an escape emergency exit lol. That's a mistake most men do, if the main meets the side....do not run. Stay there and manage the situation like a man. Wrong things might be said in your absence.

She showed me the apartment but my mind wasn't there anymore. I was curious to know when she got married to Dumi. I know he wasn't part of my life anymore but I wanted to know the truth. I kept asking myself if he married her before we started dating. I mean, we broke up weeks ago and there was no way he could have met someone and married her in that short period of time. She even referred to him as Mduduzi's father. The last I checked it takes a 9 months to make a baby. Unless if you are in China. It takes about 9 weeks to make a fong kong baby. After showing me place she asked if I loved and I went ja. I spotted a gold ring on her finger and my mind confirmed that she was indeed married. What surprised me was Dumi never had any ring on his finger. I spent so many sexless nights with Dumi and he has never received any wifey calls. Actually, I went thru his phone coupla times and I never saw any pictures of kids or skinny wife. We discussed rents, deposits and stuff and I told her my mom will deposit the moola the following day. Obviously I was lying. There was no way on earth I was gonna stay in a flat owned by Dicklet and potentially Vaginaful. Dumi would probably use the spare key to sneak in and kill me in my sleep. Mpumi was actually very sweet. She smiled like every two seconds. I took my chances and decided to ask her personal questions. But before asking I complimented her weave. If you want a woman to open up

about something, compliment her. We love compliment wholeheartedly and whoever compliments us automatically becomes a sweetheart in our eyes. She was like “It’s Brazilian. Mduduzi’s father lost thousands here”. Mxm like I asked if she hair was Brazilian or what what!!!! I was like “ncoooh, how old is Mduduzi?” and she told me he was four and that there’s also a little girl who was born a day after her in-laws were involved in a car accident. We named her Duduzile. I wonder why blacks do this; they always named kids according to the current incidents at the time of birth. Mapula was born on a rainy day; Mabjala was conceived after a night of drinking. WTF, if I was AKA Dumi was Cassper Nyovest. He most def won the game and I didn’t see it coming. To me Dumi was just some nerd who could only cheat if a girl seduced him like the bitch Kea did. She was probably in jail for killing Adeyomi. I haven’t heard about her in ages. She continued “we had Mdu when I was in matric and my father forced him to marry me. You know how Zulu fathers are lol. My husband asked me to move to Joburg last week. So this flat used belong to my in-law and he left it for me in his will”. Zulus refer to every place in Gauteng as Joburg or egoli. Even Marabastad is egoli to them. Lol the kids were probably Dumi’s fathers. Why on earth would a Zulu man leave something for his makoti in his Will?

I faked a smile and went wow every 2 seconds. Deep in my heart I was cooking a plan to make Dumi pay for playing me. Like WTF, I was his side chick and I didn’t even know. Imagine being a mere Municipal Office while you think you are United Nations. There are girls who don’t mind being the other girl, as long as the guy is honest from the beginning. In reality, being a side chick has more benefits than being the main girl. When he fucks you he goes an extra kilometer. The main will get the leftover round. Sit down before you praise him for that long round nana.....it was probably his 4th. Side chick enjoyed the first 3. Anyway, ke life boss. I was shocked Dumi’s dicklet produced babies. I was like “you must be the luckiest girl ever. I heard Zulu men are German machines in bed”. She laughed and went “ubaba kaMdu is really good shem. Uyaishaya into’yakhe”. I coughed so hard I almost died right there. I actually thought the guy I saw was Dumi’s twin or something because that description didn’t fit Dumi in all angles. Dumi walked in while we were talking and went “I was talking to umzala from eThekwini. He’s moving to Pretoria next week and he’s willing to pay more than we are offering. I say we give it to him. I’m sure this poor woman won’t mind”. Mpumi protested but at the end Dumi won. He was very authoritative with her. The Dumi I knew was a

pushover of note. Mpumi's phone rang and like her hubby she went outside to answer.

I was like "look here Mr Rantswitswana, you gonna pay my rent for the next 3 months at the place I'm gonna find or else I'll send all the pictures of us kissing to your wife. How can you be so heartless? Why didn't you tell me you have a wife back at home?". He was like "Over my dead body.....I rather die than give you my money. Go to your Nigerian men and suck their dicks like you always do". Lol he was being cheeky with me. I went "Oh, you have suddenly grew bigger balls now? Maybe your dick should do the same. We'll see who's gonna have the last laugh when your wife finds out about us. I have her number remember?". At that point Mpumi walked in and asked what we were talking about. Dumi went "ma kaMdu, I was apologising for inconveniencing this this poor lady. She understands and she's actually on her way out. Thanks girlie and good luck with finding another place". I did my goodbyes and left. When I got to JT's car she was playing EFF's Tshela Thupa song and dancing like a comrade. Lol hayi bo JT mrena!!!! I told her about everything that happened and she was like "Ntwana, oska stressa. O tla bloma le nna til o kreyia stedie". JT had the right words when she's sober. As we were driving back to her flat, I saw headline on the Pretoria News poster "Fake nursing college shut down". It never occurred to me that they were talking about my college until when we drove past it. There were cop cars and students were throwing stones smashing windows. WTF, my parents had spent thousands on a bogus nursing college. My dad was going to die of heart attack. We never learn as black students, they always advise us to check if the institutions are registered before we enroll but because of excitement we don't. Some offer unregistered courses. I know a girl who did LLB specialising in Catering at some college called Sawa Sawa Unive-City in Sunnyside. My head was spinning and I started crying. JT was like "Ntwana, askies. Bona let's go to Channel M. A drink or 2 will help you to calm down". I told her I didn't wanna go to Channel M and that she should drop me at my flat. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to prepare a way to tell my folks about the whole saga. JT agreed and she drove me to Sunnyside. JT walked me up to my soon-to-be-ex-apartment and told me she was leaving as soon as I threw myself to the bed. My place looked like a war zone. She opened the door and instead of leaving she closed it and came to lie next to me. She was like "Ntwana, yazi a good JT kiss is therapeutic? E re ke go bethe ka leroma mabhebeza". JT had a habit of saying small stupid things to

make me smile and it worked. I turned around and JT kissed me passionately. She tried to take off my top but before she could.....

.....someone opened the door without knocking. A female voice went “Yho nna mmawe Pitori e re.....”

WTF....

THE END

Episode 60

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Parents don”t get it neh. When you send your kid to study far from you, you must give her a space to breath. No kid wants parents who will rock up at her place unannounced. Most parents die of stroke and heart attack because of these ambushing tendencies.”.....Pitori Pitori Pitori.....” Before JT and I could react my mom grabbed my small rubbish bin and threw it at us. She was hurling all different kinds of insults at us. Women from my hood can swear from day, especially those who go to church every Sunday. Homosexuality may be legal in South African but many conservative parents still see it as taboo. I know of a father who once found his only son in bed with another man and died on the spot. Our parents are from another era. A girl kissing another is still seen as a taboo. In their eyes it”s ungodly for people of same sex to engage in sexual activities. It”s legal, they must chill. It”s not like JT was going to impregnate me or something. This is South Africa, not Uganda. Remember Uganda passed the Uganda Anti-Homosexuality Act, it was previously known as the Kill the Gays bill. Uhm, there I was defending gays as if I was one and I wasn”t even dating JT. We just kissed nje. JT stood up and went “Eh mamazala, o tsubile nyaope ya fong kong. Batho ba nyaka go jana and o no ilahlela nje. O bjang mara huh, how are you? Tsek sgogogwana (woman, did you smoke a fake nyaope? People wanna fuck and you just pop in just like that. Piss off old woman)?”. OH shit, my mom turned darker than Nkosi”s wife immediately. I was like “JT, that woman is my mom”. JT was like “Shit, oh no.... No no no no. Mama please forgive me. I didn”t mean to insult you. I thought you were a cleaner or something”. The last sentence angered my mom more. Nurses have pride and would never ever wanna be associated with cleaners. You should see how they treat cleaners at public hospitals. My mom pulled some Bruce Lee moves and the

next thing JT was on the floor crying for help. I tried to talk to my mom and she went “shut up sfebe. I”m not your mother anymore”. Some words sounds so wrong when they come from an adult”s mouth. JT was screaming like a pig “yhooooo yhooooo mamazala wa mpolaya (mama you are killing me)”. I pushed my mom to the bed and JT saw an opportunity to run and used it wisely. Now it was just me and my mom in the flat. She was so angry her eyes looked like they were about to ejaculate blood. Her mouth looked as if it was gonna spit fire. Her hands were shaking like a vibrating Nokia 3310. Remember it was one of the first cellphones to vibrate. I was like “please forgive me mama. JT is just a friend and I am not a les....”. She interrupted before I could finish that word. She was like “Sharon, me and your father work very hard to pay for your rent. Is this how you thank us? By bringing boys and sleeping in the flat we are paying? Is this how I raised you Sharon”. It was at that stage that I gave a sigh of relief. My mom didn’t notice that JT was actually a girl. It’s better being caught with a guy than a girl. My mom was a Christian and a very conservative traditional Lobedu woman. I was lucky because JT was one of those lesbians who look like males. She had a flat chest and was a bit chubby with very meddlesome eyes. Her voice was a bit deep for a girl and when she walked you would swear she had springs under her shoes. In Pretoria we say “wa chesta”. My mom started crying out of the blue and I cried back. Nothing pricks a daughter’s heart than seeing her mom crying. She was like “you should audition for Skeem Saam and act as a female version of Leeto. Your dad forced me to come to Pretoria today to find out what’s happening with your college. We heard about the story on Thobela FM this morning. Your dad is angry because he told you to go study at University of Venda and you refused”. Mxm my dad was crazy. Imagine a yellow bone like me studying at the Universality of Venda. All students would greet me in English thinking I’m a Coloured from Cape Town. My mom continued “now he’s blaming you for all the money we wasted. He told me I shouldn’t come back home if I didn’t have all the money we paid for your nursing course. Sharon you are stressing me man man man. Why was your phone off anyway?”. My heart was bleeding because of the trouble I was causing my family. I found myself sobbing non-stop. My mom was even losing weight on the spot. I wanted to apologise but the sobs gulped my words. My mom continued “Let’s go to your college. I wanna hear the entire story.

I am working in the morning tomorrow. I have to drive back to Ga-Kgapane today”. I didn’t protest and we drove to my college. On our way she asked “who is

that boy?“. I told her ‘he’ was just a friend and she asked if I kiss all my friends. She gave me a long lecture about boys blah blah blah yawn yawn yawn. I had heard everything she said before. A street away from my college we saw cop cars, ambulance, smoke and nyakanyaka at the college premises. It was probably students going violent. That’s how we solve problems in South Africa. We burn tyres or anything that can catch fire. Ask ANC councilors, most of them lost their houses to fire. Thanks to their corrupt tendencies and failure to deliver on their promises. My mom turned right and we headed back to my flat. She told me to pack my bags cause there was nothing more to do in Pretoria. I cried and told her there was no way I was gonna go home. I told her if she forced me to go home I was gonna commit suicide or run away from home. She tried to reason with me but I hardened my neck. She took her phone and went outside. She spoke on her phone for about 30 minutes and when she came back she was like “phone the owner of this place and tell her/him you are moving out. I will pay penalty fees if there’s any. You are going to stay with your uncle in Pretoria Central. I spoke with him and he’ll be very happy to stay with you until we find you another place and school. I am not negotiating this, it’s final”. Shit I had no choice but to follow her instructions. After calling my landlord I packed my clothes and books. Nxa my books looked like crap. I wasted time and money with that stupid college. I asked my mom which uncle I’ll be moving in with cause none of her siblings were in Pretoria. She mentioned some distant relative I once met at a family get-together popularly known as ‘GA RE TSEBANENG’ in Bolobedu. He looked mid-thirties and very uptight. He was one of those niggers who didn’t know how to use their good looks. He was a hunk for days but he chose commitment prematurely. If I was a handsome hunk I’d chow anything that has hole between her legs (ass excluded) #IfIWAsABoy. We drove to his flat and we were there with 10 minutes cause it wasn’t far from Sunnyside. We found the wife waiting for us at the gate. I didn’t like the flat but it’s better than going home.

The name of the flat was Ceres, between Paul Kruger and Andries Streets. It wasn’t very far from JT’s place. I met the wife twice at funerals and she didn’t look like the marriage type to me. She was just too tjatjarag for my liking. She explained that my uncle was at work and would be back at night. Her name was Gugu Mahlangu from kwa-Ndebele but grew up in Tembisa. Kwa-Ndebele has 2 surnames, Mahlangu and Skhosana/Skosana. The rest are just additional nje. She helped carry my bags to their 2-bedroom apartment. She put my things in the

smaller bedroom and told me to feel at home. My mom stayed for few minutes and left. Around 7pm my so-called uncle came back and he was so happy to see me. He reminded me of how naughty I was as a kid blah blah blah. I almost told him to shut the fuck up. I hate it when people remind me of the things I did as a bambino. To be honest, uncle Sello looked yummy and younger than his age. Gugu was lucky shem. After eating he told that he was tired and wanna rest. When they went to their room I did the same. Within 10 minutes Gugu was screaming like a porn star being fucked by a huge dick. I tried to cover my ears but shittttttt.....my pussy was wetter my tongue. It went on for over 40 minutes and I struggled to sleep for hours. The porn star sounds went on for the next 2 days and I made up my mind that moving out would be the best option. What made everything worse was the fact that Sello loved walking topless in the apartment. At his age he had a 6-pack and it made him look yummier. On Saturday morning Gugu took me shopping to get my mind off things cause apparently I looked stressed. Only if she knew my source of stress was her porn sounds every night. After shopping we went back to the flat and found uncle Sello cooking. Damn, every girl wants a man who can cook. Gugu told Sello that she must go fetch her sister's daughter in Joburg as they discussed last night. Ceres aint far from Bosman Taxi rank and Sello walked his wife to the rank. He told me he'll be back at bit late cause he wanted to watch Mamelodi Sundowns vs Moroka Swallows game at his friend's place. As soon as they left I decided to take a bath. I played music with my phone and sang along to the sounds of Beyoncé. It was only when the water got cold that I decided to bid the bathroom good bye. Because I was alone in the apartment there was no need to wrap myself with a towel. I thought of the incident that happened at Hector's place and laughed. Luckily there was no one at the passage. I got into the bedroom in my birthday suit and boooooommmmmmm.....nigger was lying on the bed topless.... WTF.....

THE END

Episode 61

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Being naked in front of Hector weeks ago was embarrassing but he wasn't a family member. He was just a friend's man. But being naked in front of a male family member is bloody embarrassing bathong. It's like taking a bath in front of your

dad. Imagine your dad looking at you and complimenting your attractive assets. I'll know on the spot that nigga aint my real father. But things happen out there. Go read Daily Sun if you don't believe me. Some niggers out there sleep with their daughters. Imagine being a grandfather and father to the same person. I once read about a man who slept with his daughter and her daughter. He became a father and great-grandfather to his son and a 'son-in-law' to his daughter who happened to be the grandmother of the son he fathered with his granddaughter. Some complicated shit neh? For a moment I was hit by mental load shedding. I stood motionless shocked at what I just saw. I had a towel in my hand but the thought of covering my assets was never born in my mind. It was not because of my uncle's 6-pack that I froze, it was because I expected to be alone in the flat. Gugu was on her way to Jozi and uncle told me he was going to watch a soccer game at his friend's place. I have read stories about people duplicating themselves. This is Africa, anything is possible. I think he was also shocked to see me cause his eyes went wider than a prostitute's pussy. He was like "what the hell are you doing in my bedroom naked? Are you crazy?". It was only at that stage that I noticed I was in the wrong room. The doors were closer to each other and because I was in a Beyonce mood I used the wrong one. I could see from the look in his eyes that he thought I wanted him. I was like "sssoorrrryyy malome, I I I got in the wroooong roooo rooooo.....". I quickly turned back and ran to my room. My face was covered with a blanket of embarrassment and shame. Sello probably thought I was a slut. I hate people who talk left and act right. He told me he was gonna go watch the Sundowns game at his friend's place and the next thing he was in his room. I heard sounds coming from his room and thought he was probably telling my mom to come fetch her nawa-ful daughter. Or maybe he was telling his wife to come back for a fuck. Nobody sees Shaz's body and not have bodily effects. I'm not Matshidiso of Muvhango but Chinua Achebe would write a poem about my ass and boobs.

After about 30 minutes he knocked at my door. I was wearing the unsexiest jeans ever. I didn't want him to have any dirty thoughts about me. He gave me R100 and went silent for few seconds. I actually thought he was buying sex from me and was about to tear it in front of him. I looked at his pants and the dick seemed as if it was singing 'amapantsula a jabulile'. You know those guys with big dicks, it's big even when it's down. Not the likes of Dumi with dicklets. Before I could breath a word he went "I'm craving hot wings. You know where Chicken Licken is right?". You see, one of the reasons I didn't wanna go to Limpopo was my dad would send me

around the whole day. 'Go buy bread'; 'go fetch your brother at school'; 'prepare me breakfast'; 'go say hi to your mom' blah blah blah. It's like they punish you for being young. I left and rushed to Chicken Licken without asking questions. I was still embarrassed about the picture he saw earlier. Chicken Licken at cnr Scheiding and Paul Kruger streets aint far from Ceres and their service is normally very fast. I was back within 25 minutes. Luckily Sello was not topless. He was with some man which I assumed was his friend. I put the Hot Wings in the kitchen and headed to my bedroom. Sello was like "please prepare me and Mr Masemola food. We want bread, polony, wings, atchar and coke. I almost screamed "bosso, your wife is in Joburg. I'm not your wife". Men from villages are like that, they think women are just things they can send all over. I see it as woman abuse. I prepared them food and headed to my bedroom. I could feel Mr Masemola's eyes on my ass. Nxa men will always be boys. Sello was probably telling him he saw my fine ass. I decided to play with the smart phone JT bought me.

After 2 hours or so I heard female voices from the sitting room. I opened the door to check and it was aunt Gugu and some girl. Gugu was like "come baby girl, come meet my niece from Joburg". WTF, when she said she was going to fetch her sister's kid in Joburg I expected a 5 year old. The girl in front of me looked early 24's. Why would she go fetch that old girl in public transport nogal? Wasn't she old enough to travel on her own. Nxa I hated her already. I'm not a fan of spoiled brats. She was wearing leggings and some brothel-inspired top. If you are a girl and you still don't have sex appeal wearing leggings, commit suicide. There's no hope for you girlie. Leggings can turn an ugly chick into a dick magnet. Gugu went "Sharon this is my niece Zandile. Zandile this is Sello's niece Sharon". All Zandiles I know are bitches and man snatchers. We both smiled and gave each other hugs. When she hugged me her bum faced Mr Masemola and nigga couldn't hide his excitement. He went "jjjjeerrrrrr madoda...moerskont" with his tongue licking his dry lips. Sello asked what's wrong and Mr Masemola went "eh uhm Sundowns almost scored". I looked at the TV and Teko Modise was throwing the ball, no one attempted to score. He was just being a pervert. I don't blame him thou, Zandile's ass looked hot in those leggings, 'jealous down' hle. When she walked her bums twerked automatically. As sexy as they were, mine were sexier and classier. Gugu was like "me and Sello are going on holiday, Kenya, tomorrow morning. We thought you'd be bored alone so I went to fetch Zandile to keep you company. We'll be away for a week. If you ever need anything, call Mr Masemola

and he'll help you in our absence". Damn I heard so much about Nairobi National Park and Masai Mara. I so envied them. But anyway, one day is one day. Mr Masemola was like "I'll make sure you are safe kids. Give me your numbers before I leave". He smiled like King Mswati III after choosing intfombi ntfo lol.

Gugu deployed me and Zandile to the kitchen for peeling. We had a girl talk and I discovered she was quite a cool chick. She asked me to call her Zee. I almost asked her to call me See but it sounded funny lol. She called me Shazniz. Within minutes we were beste bombas and my pre-hatred for her turned into liking. After peeling we cooked and ate. I was not used to being indoors on Saturday nights but that particular night I didn't wish to be anywhere. Zee was the ish, she told me so many funny stories about the guys she fucked and how she milked them money. She told me she once BJ'd some Zulu guy called Hambanathi Khumalo and he recited his isithakazelo (a zulu reader will translate) 15 times:

“Mntungwa, Mbulaz’omnyama,
Nina bakaBhej’ eseNgome,
Nin’ enadl’umuntu nimyenga ngendaba, Nin’ enadl’ izimf’ezimbili ikhambi
laphuma lilinye, Lobengula kaMzilikazi, Mzilikazi kaMashobana,
Shobana noGasa kaZikode, Zikode kaMkhatshwa, Okhatshwe ngezind’ izinyawo
nangezimfushanyana,
etc.....”

She claimed he went ‘hawu hawu’ twice and fainted after coming. I didn't wanna believe her story but her lips we so big she'd make any man scream. We talked until 4am. I also told her about Dumi, Hector, TT, Thabiso, Siphon, Nkosi, Neverdie, JT and Matome. She was like “only 9? Not bad. You are still a good girl. You will graduate one day ha ha ha ha ha”. Around 10am Mr Masemola knocked. Gugu and Sello had asked him to drop them at the airport. He took us along. Damn nigga was driving a black Range Rover Sport. After dropping the couple he took us to Maponya Mall in Soweto. Wow it was my first time in Maponya Mall and I was so happy to be there. He bought us drinks at News Cafe. The waiters greeted Zee like she was some celeb. I could see some jealousy in Mr Masemola's eyes. After News Cafe he drove us to Vilakazi Street in Soweto, the only street to have houses belonging to 2 Nobel Prize recipients in the world, Desmond Tutu and Nelson Mandela. Wow I've been in Gauteng since 2013 but that particular day I saw more than I saw in almost 2 years. I saw OR Tambo International Airport, I saw

Maponya Mall, I saw Mandela's house and guess what, the day was still young. Oh and we were travelling in style. Range Rover Sport aint a Vivo papa. We had drinks at a popular restaurant called Sakhumzi, just a stone throw away from Mandela's house. Now I see why girls go for older guys. They'll never take you to Europa, Concerto Caafe or Zoom Zoom, they take you to reputable places. Me and Zee took thousands of pictures, pouting in all of them of course. Mr Masemola didn't wanna appear in any of them. We all know why. From Soweto we headed to Busy Corner in Tembisa. We chilled there until 10pm. Busy Corner will never disappoint you on Sunday. Mr Masemola's phone rang and he went to his car to talk. He left his wallet on the table we were sitting at. Zee searched it and pulled out 3 R200 notes. She was like "this is how you teach a horny man a lesson. This guy has been looking at our asses since this morning. Don't worry, he's too drunk to notice".

When Mr Masemola came back he told us we should leave. Me and Zee protested but he told us there was a better party in Pretoria. We were drunk and wanted more booze. Luckily I wasn't drinking wine, Shazpussy was acting all Christian between my legs lol. He drove us to some house in Silver Lakes, one of Pretoria's posh suburbs. We played Black Motion Ft Xoli M's Rainbow song from Tembisa to Pretoria. That's a song and half. When we left Busy Corner he said we were going to a party but when we got there, there was only one car parked, an Audi Q7. I was confused cause where I come from we measure the party according to number of cars. A party with one car?????? Mr Masemola led us to the house. It was not just a house, it was a huge beautiful house. Inside the house there was only one fat guy. He was so fat if he sat on an iPhone it would turn into an iPad. Mr Masemola was like "we are all adults in here....let's do what adults do". Before I could digest what he said, Zee was on top of Mr Masemola.....

BOOOOOMMMM.....

THE END

Episode 62

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I've always enjoyed being a ring leader of my crew. In high school I was a ring leader most of the time. There was a year that some bitch toppled me and I didn't

enjoy my school that particular year. When you are a ring leader you get to decide who fucks who. Your subordinates will never ever shag a guy without your permission. If a guy was hot and popular you'd want him for yourself. If you are at a party you get to decide who goes for the hottie first. But when you are a tail you always get the leftover and most of the time, leftovers aren't the tastiest meal ever. I looked at Zee and Mr Masemola and shit...things were getting hectic, right on the couch not far from me. She was on top of Mr Masemola licking him like he was some KFC ice cream. I was kinda getting excited by the whole picture. I looked at Fats and my whole body shivered. I imagined that 150kg on top of me and my whole body trembled. Fats went "don't be a kid. Come to papa and get some sweet sweets". I looked at his big belly and saw nothing sweet about it. His cheeks looked as if they were visitors on his face and were about to go back home. He had huge wrinkles on his head and for a moment I thought he was gonna say "mama do you have OMO washing powder in your house?". He also had about 3 gold necklaces. Maybe he was trying to be Rick Ross. Zee stopped and came to me. She whispered "don't be a brat. That dude is fat and he probably has a small dick. He won't even penetrate you. Just go with the flow and we'll milk these fools thousands, if not millions" in my ear. You see, she had appointed herself as a ring leader and was giving me instructions. I looked around the house and there were pictures of some beautiful woman and a cute kid all over. Fats was probably a married man with kid(s) but there he was trying to score a cookie from a sarafina. Zee walked to the direction of the door and switched off the lights. I think she noticed I was acting all shy. She dark-walked back to Mr Masemola and all I could hear was "mxw mxw mxw ahh". Lips were employed between them. I was standing there in the dark not knowing what to do next.

Within a minute I heard Zee screaming "oh oh oh oh fuck me Masey...faster and deeper oh oh oh oh oh fuck me hl hit hit it it hit". Shit, I've seen bitches before but Zee was taking the cup. She was so forward and never wasted any time. Hearing her squeaky sounds made me wanna be in the game also. I think it's better to watch people doing it. Hearing them makes you gonna to another world. Your imagination send terrorists to your underground structures with buckets full of water. The next thing your clitoris will be drowning in the abyss of wetness. While I was thinking I heard a fat hand touching my ass. I wanted to jump but the next hand grabbed my belly. I heard a whisper "ssshhhh....papa is here to make you happy. Relax and enjoy the game". He carried me in the dark and walked with me.

I couldn't see where we were going and I was scared we would bump into something and fall. Imagine Fats falling on top of me, I'd be 'the late' within seconds. I could feel we were going up the stairs and I went "re tlo wa Tsekeleke" and he went "this is papa's house. I know every corner. Relax and enjoy the game". Mxm people with small dicks love doing that. They'll tell you how you gonna enjoy only for them to reach 3cm of your pussy and come within 4 seconds. The lights were on upstairs so I got a chance to look at Fats at a very close range. He wasn't ugly but the wrinkles on his head were kinda terrifying. If his head was the earth they'd most def be the Himalayas. We stopped at the door of some room and he looked straight in my eyes and went "do you always look this beautiful or it's only when you see me". Lol he was trying to be funny and I gate him a 1 out of 10. I wanted to go back downstairs but the sounds Zee made were so tjtjarag and I reversed my thought. Nxa Zee chose a Ferrari and left me with a truck. She was getting it all and I was going to get it 'almost close to nothing'.

He gently lifted my chin up and his lips greeted mine warmly. Damn, his lips looked dry but when they touched mine they felt so soft and tender. We kissed for about 10 minutes by the door and shit, my pussy threw away the Bible and invited satan. His kiss + Zee's sounds downstairs sent my pussy to the City of Moisture and the City Mayor, Ms Clitoris was breathing heavily. He was fat and possibly small-dicked but he knew how to kiss. It's true that God cannot give you everything. I must admit, any guy who kisses me well deserves to see my inner thighs. I don't want a guy who'll kiss me like he was singing Shembe hymns. Make my pussy wet when you kiss me, not my clothes. Saliva must exchange between our tongues, not all over our clothes. He used his other hand to open the door and we entered the most beautiful bedroom I've ever seen. The bed was so big it couldn't fit in my mom's bedroom. It was the size of my our lounge. It was not queen or king size, it was probably Prime Minister size. There was another picture of that beautiful woman in the bedroom and I didn't give a shit at that moment. I actually started having my own ambitions of having my picture in that room. He slowly took off my clothes and slowly pushed me to he mega bed. He only took off his shirt and his belly had rooms. I understood why he didn't take off his pants, it would be so embarrassing for him. He went down on his knees and opened my thighs. Before I could ask what he was doing nigga was licking my navel and his hand playing with my boobies. Shit some men are brave. I was a stranger who he just met few minutes ago and already he wanted to go down on

me. Eeeeeewwww x10. He kissed my navel, went up and played with his tongue on my nipples and finally my lips. He kissed me so gently and deliciously that I unconsciously went “Fats, you are the sexiest man I ever met?”. I don’t know where that came from but yeah shit I said it and I meant it at that moment. Maybe his kisses were alcoholic. He was like “papa heard that rumour before. I’m sexy and I know it”.

I was so horny and wanted something inside my v-jayjay. And I noticed that he was just teasing me, he had no plans of tonguing me. So I asked him to switch off the light. My aim was to finger myself in dark. I couldn’t do it in the light cause it would kill his self-esteem. Imagine a guy jerking off in front of a horny me, I’d cut his dick off and put it in a microwave for 10 minutes. He was like “you have a cute pussy and it looks so innocent. Are you sure you are not virgin?”. Lol what a weird compliment. My pussy was a veteran of note. He switched off the light and immediately I heard him taking off his pants. Lol I was right shame, poor Fats. You all know the mathematical formula (Fat body + Money = Small Dick). He lay on the bed and went “come on top and show papa what you got”. Lol hayi his confidence made me laugh. He was like Orlando Pirates fans, always confident before the game but they’ll be nowhere to be seen after the game. I had ‘chokoh chokoh’ sounds and asked him what he was doing and he went “I’m putting on a condom”. I couldn’t help it and I went “ha ha ha ha ha condom on what?”. Maybe they made XXS condoms, who knows. In the dark, I got on top of him, put my legs on both sides of his big body and went down with confident and contempt. Before I could reach his body I felt something hard and thick touching my pubic area. I was like “Fats, why are you blocking me with your arm now?”. Immediately I felt his hands touching my bums. He went “what arm love?”. Shit, it was not his arm, it was his mrengerenge. I quickly got off him and asked him to switch on the light. I know of a joke that small-dicked niggaz use vibrators to fuck women. I didn’t wanna be a victim. He was like “what’s the matter now my McFlurry?”. I kept quiet and he switched on the light. What-to-the-Fuck, he had a long and thick dig. For a moment I thought the booze I had was playing mind games with me. I was like “are you Venda or Shangaan?”. He laughed so hard and told me he was a Sotho from Bloemfontein. Whoever told you fat guys are not gifted must go to Bloemfontein. Or maybe Fats was a rare breed. He lay on his bed again and went “eja papa”.

Before I could go on top of him again the door opened and Zee stormed in. She was like “get dressed, we are leaving nxa”. Fats was like no ways but Zee went “yes ways. Nxa I told your friend not to come inside and he fucken came inside me. Shazniz get dressed and we are living. I hate guys who think they are wise. Let her go if you are not a rapist chief”. I got dressed and I could see Fats was disappointed and mad. If his dick could talk it was gonna say “for the why mara huh”. I thought Zee was joking. When we got downstairs she was still screaming and hurling all ugly words at Mr Masemola. That’s a disadvantage of chowing small kids, when we are angry we stop seeing you as an adult. We see you as a kid. “Take us home”, Zee screamed. Mr Masemola was like a kid after failing a Maths test. He took his keys and drove us home. I was mad at Zee. She was selfish and stupid. Now I missed an opportunity to taste the very first huge dick from a fat guy. Mr Masemola drove us in silence and dropped us at the gate. When we got to the flat Zee took out some tabled and had them. I didn’t ask any questions, I hit lala land. In the morning she woke me up and went “breakfast is ready lil sis”. I woke and damn, she prepared delicious looking breakfast for us. She was like “I’m sorry about last night. Mr Masemola said something about that fat guy’s ex dying of HIV and I wanted to save you. Luckily you had not done anything with him. I saved you Shazniz. I wanted to believe her but part of me thought she was just bullshiting me. We spent the whole day indoors and around 5 she was like “mind if I invite some friends from Joburg? They are white and moneyed”. I gave a nod and she called them. She was like “I’ll send you My Location via Whatsapp J”. I thought to myself ‘it wouldn’t be bad to taste a white dick....especially after last night’. She bathed first and put on her floral leggings. I bathed next and put on matching leggings and a sexy top. She told me the white niggers love black chicks. Around 7pm Zee’s phone rang and she went “I think they are in Pretoria already”. She spoke for few minutes and gave them the apartment number. Within a minute we heard a knock.

Zee opened the door and boooommm....I felt urine warming my thighs.

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 63

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

From my High School days I always had a fear of those things. Most black people don't take some phobias seriously. I have some distant cousin who is claustrophobic and her parents thought she was just being a spoilt brat. She once stuck inside an elevator with her mom and started crying like a mad kid. Her mom beat the hell of her thinking she was being a brat. It was only when she fainted that her mom started taking her seriously. I am herpetophobic. I have abnormal fear of reptiles, especially lizards. Normally I close all windows when I'm indoors. But that particular night it was hot and I think Zee opened the windows. The lizard probably gained entry thru the window. An old block of flats like Ceres would likely attract lizards. When I saw it right next to the couch I was sitting on I lost control of my body parts and wet myself. It may sound hilarious for someone who's not suffering from any phobia. I screamed so loud I am sure God heard me. Zee turned and ran back to check why I was screaming. I didn't even see Zee's guests entering cause I was shaking and standing on the couch. One of the white guys stood behind me and carried me as I was about to fall. The other white guy went "what's wrong? Is everything fine?" . I don't know where she got it but Zee had a knife in her hand. The guy who asked what's wrong produced a gun and started looking around the apartment. Zee had friends who carry guns.....'Red alert'. If TT Scott was there he would have ran for his dear life. That dude is a coward for days. Zee was like "Shazniz what's wrong? Were you having a nightmare awake?". With a quaky voice I went "I saw a lizard over there. It wanted to bite me". They looked at each other and started laughing at me foolishly. I was upset and embarrassed. The gun dude was like "shit girl, all that noise because of a mere lizard? What a welcome!!!!". The dude who carried me was like "she's probably herpetophobic". Zee gave one of those looks and went "herpepe-what? What the fuck is that? Is that some ebola or something". The white dude explained in detail and wow.....I was charmed already. Nigger was charming and smart. If he was black he'd probably say "Ke suspecta boloi. Re ya Moria tomorrow (I suspect witchcraft. We are going to Moria tomorrow)".

It was after the white dude put me down that I noticed I rained on myself. My fear evaporated and a hail of embarrassment fell on me. I doubt the dude noticed cause he never looked at my middle body. That's a difference between white and black guys. A white guy will look at your lips, nose, mouth and belly and be charmed. Wa dlala wena, a black guy will not go for such shit first. They scrutinize strategic

areas first. A nigga will look at your ass and go “Ka mmao, cheri ye e pakile banna (this chick has an ass for days). In Sepedi they say “nku re reka mosela (literally meaning on a sheep, we buy a tail and figuratively meaning the nicer ass she has, the more we’ll gun for her). I think Zee noticed my predicament and went “guys give her some space to compose herself. I will introduce you to her afterwards”. I ran to the bedroom and lay on the bed for about 10 minutes. Imagine wetting yourself in front of people you see for the first time. Thank God they were white though. If they were black they’d probably nickname me ‘6-9’ or ‘no brakes’ or worse ‘Lizard’ lol. I got undressed, wrapped myself in a towel and sneaked to the bathroom. I took a very quick pussy bath and sneaked back to the bedroom. I put on a black mini-skirt without an undie and a Kaizer Chiefs top. I wanted to look sexy in a khosified style. Have you seen how sexy girls look in a Kaizer Chief jersey? I can’t say the same about the other team. I didn’t mention a name lol. I went back to the sitting room and joined the crew.

Shit, when I got there Zee was sniffing some white powder with one white dude. The other white dude was smoking marijuana. To be honest, it was my first time seeing a white guy smoking dagga. I thought they only did sophisticated drugs. The marijuana dude offered me a puff and I said no thanks. There was no way I was gonna smoke in front of strange white guys. I don’t mind doing crazy stuff in front on my black niggaz I meet for the first time, but makgowa aowa!!!!? They offered me a glass of Jameson and I took it with open arms. Lol those white guys were black people trapped in a white man’s skin. Jameson and Lemonade combination is like Dj Euphonic and Bonang, beautiful and nice combination but shit happens as time goes on. Zee was like “guys this is my beautiful cousin Shazniz. Shazniz, these are my partners in crime, Greg and Daren. I call them Sphiwe and Siphon lol”. Lol Zee was one crazy bitch. I wondered how she met those guys. Greg was a bit chubby and had tattoos on both arms. He was the one who had a gun in his hand earlier. Daren on the other side was a clean sexy boy with blue eyes. He was the one who carried me when I was under the department of water affairs. Greg gave me a hug and squeezed my ass in the process. Daren also gave me a hug and complimented my beautiful ears and nose. Lol what did I say about white guys? Zee connected her phone to the sound system and played some nice hot house jams. Shit, some white people can dance the black way. Greg danced all styles that blacks do at clubs. He finished me when he did ‘bula masepao’ and ‘hlokoloza’. Zee was dancing like a slut, she touched her pussy

whenever she danced. She bent her ass and Greg was behind her doing some kunye kunye moves I've never seen before. I did the caracara dance and no one looked at me. .

While we were dancing someone knocked at the door. I went to the door and some security dude was like "my name is Ola the security officer. Your music is loud and other residents are complaining". He had a Nigerian accent but it was a bit diluted. That's a disadvantage of staying at flats in Pretoria. Broke people will always complain about your noise levels. If you don't want noise, go buy a house ko Waterkloof nxa. I apologized and told him we'll lower our noise level. He left and I told my crew about our noise. Zee was like "fuck him. Tell him I said NOISE MY FOOT. Actually, let's go to Europa in Sunnyside". WTF, Zee was a social criminal. She stayed in Jozi but knew Europa. I changed into jeans and Tomy sneakers and we left. The white boys were driving a blue Velocity. Lol they probably stayed in Soweto or Alexandra. Behind their car there was a white BMW M3. When we got to Europa it was packed as if it was Saturday or Friday. Where do people get energy to party on Monday mara? Anyway, that's Sunnyside for you. Everyday is a weekend. We drank and danced until 1h30am. If you ever see me drink Zappa again kill me. We left Europa and when we got to the spot where we parked our car I noticed the white M3 parked not far from us. We got in the car and Greg hit the accelerator. We used Esselen Street and as we approached Nelson Mandela Drive cops stopped us. Zee got out and I don't know what she said to them but they let us go. Greg didn't even show them his driver's license. I don't know if my drunken mind was playing games with me but I think I saw the M3 again. We turned left at Nelson Mandela Drive and turned right to join Vissagie Street. We passed 3 streets, Prinsloo, Van Der Walt, Andries and turned left at Paul Kruger Street. We drove up for few seconds and turned left to join Jacob Mare Street. Greg parked his car opposite the Ceres gate and we all got off. We had a group hug and the next thing the white M3 came speeding.

We all turned to look and the next thing I heard gun shot. I fe.....

THE END

Episode 64

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

The disadvantage of hanging around with strangers is you don't know their history. Some of them may be ex-cons or fugitives but because you know nothing about them you won't see anything wrong when you chill with them. Just imagine hanging with Ananias Mathe without knowing his past. Maite once dated some dude from Mamelodi. It was a love at first sight kinda thingie. Within a day she had his picture as her Whatsapp profile picture with the status 'MY FUTUE HUBBY' complementing it. She got a shock of her life when one night cops stormed his room while they were having sex and tried to arrest him. He took out a gun and attempted to give them a fight. Unfortunately the cops killed him before he could do any shit. Everything happened right in front of Maite. When she inquired why they wanted to arrest him they told her he killed 3 people, hijacked 7 cars and raped an 87 year old woman. She fainted on the spot, naked. That's a risk of strangers. Everything happened so fast. I heard 3 gun shots and the next thing there was blood between us. For a second I thought the bullet hit me because my eyes went dark, all I could see was pitch black darkness. I actually thought I died and went to hell. I was expecting to see Satan and Osama Bin Laden waiting for me at the gate. Don't tell me you think Osama Bin Laden is in heaven. That nigger would probably bomb Jesus and appoint himself the Son of God, or worse, try to topple God. After the shots the M3 sped off. Daren was like "shit, those nobodies probably tailed us to Pretoria. Help me carry Greg to the car before the cops get here". It was then that I noticed Greg was shot. Till today I still don't know how 2 bullets only hit one out of four people who were having a group hug. Maybe it's because Greg was the tallest amongst us. He was bleeding from the chest and right shoulder. I don't know where the 3rd bullet hit because other than Greg, nobody was shot. I was shaking and panicking and Zee was like "fool, stop acting like drama queen nxa. This is GP, not Limpopo. We are in shit and we must act fast". Daren and Zee carried Greg and put him in the backseat. I could see curtains moving from the apartments facing the streets. Black people are addicted to mghozi bathong. I took the front seat and Zee sat with the wounded Greg at the back. He was whimpering like a dog after being hit by a speeding car.

Daren drove like a maniac when we left the 'crime scene'. He was like "We need to get out of this place before cops come. Those guys used to be our dealers and now that we dumped them they want to scare us. It was clear they didn't wanna kill us. It was just a scare tactic. My dad will smoke all of them. We need to get Greg to our doctor in Centurion before he dies. If we take him to a hospital they ask

endless questions”. It was the word ‘dies’ that made me start crying hysterically. He used Andries Street to exit the city. He turned right at Mandela Drive and headed towards Fountains Valley. When we passed Fountains Valley I remembered the night Mamoruti Kea fucked Adeyomi inside his car. Maybe God was punishing me for Kea’s sins. God has this tendency of punishing good people and letting the Maite’s and Kea’s of this world go untouched. Anyway, God works in mysterious ways. Daren was like “Zee, tell your bitch she’s making noise and I am unable to think”. I was like “bitch ke mmao kolobe ke wena”. Zee laughed and Daren was like “what did she say?”. Zee told him I said it’s sexy when he calls me a bitch. Lol obvious she lied, I said “bitch is your mom you bloody pig”. He took out his phone and called someone whom I suspected was his dad. He listened attentively as if someone was giving him instructions. I looked at the backseat and noticed Greg’s bleeding was getting worse. Zee was using some t-shirt she found in the car to minimize bleeding. She didn’t even have gloves on. She was putting her health in danger of being infected with HIV. Just imagine getting HIV that way!!!! It’s like choking from the smell of food you never ate.

At the first traffic light just before Kloofsig train station he U-turned and headed back to Pretoria direction. He was still talking on the phone. I started panicking and crying hysterically again. At the Fountains Valley robots he turned left and headed towards Voortrekker. After a kilometer or 2 he parked the car by the side of the road. In all that entire drama Zee was calm and never asked any questions. It was like everything was normal to her. Within 5 minutes some ambulance-like vehicle popped and parked behind us. I expected paramedics to but I got a shock of my life when two fat white guys in T-shirts written ‘Kill or Get Killed’ jumped off and within a minute carried Greg to their car. They avoided locking eyes with me and Zee. When they were done I heard one of them telling Daren “kill these bitches and follow us”. They sped off without lights on. There was no any lizard at that place but I my pussy ejected ice cold urine. From the direction of Zee I smelled shit, she either farted or soiled herself. That place was so deserted. It was between 2 and 3am on Tuesday morning so a chance of some God-sent car passing was very slim. Me and Zee were standing outside and Daren on the other side of the car. He took out his gun and pointed at me then at Zee. He went “bitch, the world would be boring without your pussy. Don’t fart a word about what you saw”. With that he got in the car and sped off leaving us stranded in the middle of nowhere. Zee’s clothes were bloodied and wet. I was mad at Zee for introducing

me to Greg and Daren. At the same time I was happy her pussy saved our lives. I had tears in my eyes and she hugged me and went “everything will be alright. Don’t stress lil sis”.

She took out her phone and told someone we are stranded and he should come pick us up. I think that person didn’t wanna come cause she went “Are you sure you don’t wanna come? Check the picture I’m gonna send you just now. If you don’t come it will be all over social media in few hours”. She hung up and went throw her pictures and sent a naked picture to someone. I didn’t quite see the man on the picture but his manhood was exposed. She saved his number as “New Release 5”. Within 30 seconds of sending the picture her phone rang and she gave ‘New Release 5’ directions to where we were. Within 20 minutes a Ranger Rover Sport pulled over right in front of us. WTF, Zee had naked pictures of Mr Maemola in her phone? She went “little sis, you still have a lot to learn about life. You must always have insurance when you deal with these front-tailed animals called men. And I’m not talking about First for Women, I’m talking about First for Perverts. I got in the backseat and Zee took the front one. He gave Zee one look and when he saw blood on her clothes he went mad. He was wearing loose shots and a vest. Zee looking calm as always told him shut up. He wanted to talk further and.... she put her hand in his shots. His anger turned into “oh God, oh God ah ah ah”. He drove under the influence of ‘Zee Hand’. When we got to the Fountains robots it was red, Zee released his manhood and blew him with me watching from behind. When the robot went green she raised her head and went “are you still angry Sir?”. He was like “nnnnnnnoooo I am hhhhhhungry”. Shit, Zee was on some level. I felt like I was watching some Hollywood movie and Zee was a ‘Starring’. Masemola drove in silence and Zee was busy on her phone. I hoped she wasn’t taking another naked picture or Masemola aka New Release 5. She told him that she’ll explain everything later and that he should not be scared. She also told him that it’s better if he didn’t take us to Ceres because it was not safe. He said he’ll take us to his friend’s flat in Gezina. So we used Mears Street (known as Steve Biko these days, may his black consciousness soul rest in peace). Just after passing the Walker Street, cops stopped us. Nxa Sunnyside cops are like bats, they become extra active in darkness. And they mostly target expensive cars because they know that a rich driver will give them a fat bribe. Mr Masemola pulled over and about 3 cops came. They were like “out out out....all of you”.

Zee was like “shit, the blood on my top”. She took off her t-shirt, hid it under the seat and got out of the car topless.

.....WTzee.....

THE END

Episode 65

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Former president of Burkina Faso whom I’m told is an inspiration to Economic Freedom Fighters (EFF) once said “You cannot carry out fundamental change without a certain amount of madness”. Greek poet and writer Nikos Kazantzakis once said “A person needs a little madness, or else they never dare cut the rope and be free”. Both quotes insinuate that in this world we need a little bit of madness to achieve some things. I only spent few days with Zee but it was evident that she had an element of madness in her head. When she got out of the car Mr Masemola was giving the cops his driver’s licence. Everyone stopped and looked at Zee’s direction. The cop who had Mr Masemola’s driver’s licence in his hand dropped it. I don’t think he was aware he did that. Zee had the sexiest body ever. If I was a guy I’d mos def go for her type. She had bigger boobs that looked new from the box. Her belly was flat like those chicks who advertise fat free food on TV. Her bum was not more attractive than mine but it could cause traffic on the N1 in the morning. Zee headed straight to them and went “You said we must all get out. My drunk friend puked on my t-shirt and I threw it away. Can you please do what you wanna do so we can quickly go home. I’m cold as you can see”. I was still in the car but I heard everything. And I think I’m the only one who heard what she said cause I could tell all cops were having sex with her mentally. The other cop looked as if he was coming. A red VW Golf 6 went thru the red robot but the cops did nothing, I doubt they saw it. Zee was like “hhheeeelllllooooooo, did you hear what I said?”. One cop whistled and went “ka mmao, modimo o phala baloi straight. In 7 years that I’ve been a cop I’ve never enjoyed my job like today. Ja modimo le ka leoto wa ragela straight”. I wanted to laugh but I thought it would anger the perverted cops. Zee touched her boobs and squeezed them a bit and went “can somebody please hear me out? I’m cold and wanna go home. Did we do something wrong?”. While they were talking a female cop appeared from the cop car. She

was like “ke eng? Ke legosha? Sies ke bona ka matswele okare magapu”. I expected Zee to humble herself but she went “what did you say, Sir? Oh, sorry...I meant madam. Your chest is so flat for a moment I thought you were a man. Did you sell or exchange your bum for mkhaba? It’s so flat like your career is to sit down the whole day + overtime. Everything is flat except for your belly lol. You were saying?”. I could see embarrassment oozing from the female cops’ eyes. I thought the male cops would be angry at her but they all laughed at their female colleague. She went back to the car and for a second I thought she was going to call for backup or something. Instead she sat in the car. I seemed as if she was crying or maybe Zee’s words made her more uglier. One male cops was like “thank you for putting her in her place. She thinks she’s all that nxa”. Lol Zee probably fuelled office politics. Or rather street politics cause Sunnyside cops are forever on the streets. Mr Masemola was getting impatient and he asked if we can leave. The cops nodded while their eyes were still glued at Zee’s ass and boobs. She bent down to pick Mr Masemola’s licence on the ground. Well, it was more than bending, she literally mini-twerked and did a dunu-dunu right in front of the cops. It took her like 40 seconds to pick the license. The only body parts that were moving on the cops were their eyes and dicks. After picking the licence she headed to the car. It was like the cops’ eyes were bees and Zee had beehive on her fine ass.

As soon as we left I looked back and noticed the cops were jumping up and down as if they were kids after seeing a container of Ice Cream. That’s men for you. Remember what happened to Bill Clinton? Remember what happened to Jacob Zuma? He said in court that he chowed that Kwezi woman just because she was wearing a kanga that revealed her thighs. Yes, I’m talking about president Jacob Gedleyihlekisa Zuma aka Msholozzi. Apparently he claimed that he took a shower afterwards to minimise the risk of contacting HIV. That’s how a male brain functions, they see a female flesh and all brain cells rush to the dick. Mr Masemola broke the silence and told Zee “if I had a daughter like you I’d donate her to some charity in Iraq. They’d test suicide bombs on her”. Instead of being angry she laughed as if Mr Masemola complimented her. That chick if from another planet ka mmao. Maybe her mom conceived her while on a pill. When we got to Mr Masemola’s friend’s house in Gezina I was fucken tired and hungry. Mr Masemola told us that his friend stayed in Centurion and they only used that house for special and urgent projects. Zee was like “is it your shag pad? I can tell, it smells of ass lol”. Mr Masemola didn’t reply, instead he did his goodbyes and told us he’s going

back to his wife. He said he'll bring lunch during the day. I think it was around 5am at that time. Zee wanted us to go look for a place to buy booze and I told her all I wanted was a comfortable bed. Zee slept on the couch and I hit the bedroom.

Normally after seeing horrible things I tend to dream about the Kaizer Chiefs guy. But that morning I had a beautiful dream. I was in Maputo with some prince charming and he went down on his knees. He asked the big question in front of Our Perfect Wedding crew and I went "yes yes yes I'll marry you". The next thing I heard a loud laughter right next to me. I opened one eye and Zee was next to me laughing hysterically. She was like "kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa you killed me there Shazniz. I asked you if u want some cereal and you went 'yes yes yes yes I will marry you'". Shit it was only then that I noticed I had a romantic dream. I told her about my dream and we both laughed. She was like "maybe Mr Masemola will propose and make you his secondary wife when he comes back". I checked the closets and found clean towels. I took a shower and wrapped myself with the towel afterwards. There were also new toothbrushes and I made my smile more white. Mr Masemola and his friends were probably the rich type that shag a new chick everyday. Why else would they have clean towels, toothbrushes, cereal and other stuff in a house where nobody stayed at? Zee searched all over and found a bottle Red Label and started drinking it. I tried one glass without mixing it and the taste was bad. I think cognac taste better than whiskey. Well, one day when you date rich men you will know the difference between a cognac and a whiskey. I started drinking some wine I found in the house. When Mr Masemola arrived with food the Red Label bottle was half-empty and I only had one glass. Me and Zee only had towels on and when we moved around the house Mr Masemola experienced some sexual load shedding moments. He looked at me more than he did at Zee.

After eating Zee continued with her whiskey and I did the same with my wine. Within an hour the whole bottle of Red Label was finished. Zee staggered to the bathroom singing Mgarimbe's Sista Bettina. 10 minutes passed and there was no sound from the bathroom. I went to check her and found her lying in the tub with her legs facing up. It was a funny view and I captured her on my phone. She's the one who taught me to always have insurance. This one would be 'First For Bitches' lol. I called Mr Masemola to help me carry her to the bedroom. We lay her on the bed and before I could leave the room Mr Masemola pulled my towel.

He was like “I never wanted her in the first place, I prefer classy women like you”. Well, my ears received the compliments with flying colours. Like I said before, my body parts work as a team when I’m under the influence of wine. When my lips smile, other parts do the same. When I wet my lips with a tongue, something happens downstairs. I looked at Zee and she was snoring like some drunk old man from Hammaskraal. He wanted to kiss me but I was like “no, don’t. Just put it in”. Who needs foreplay after drinking wine? It’s like putting water that just boiled in a microwave. Mxm waste of precious time. I lay on the edge of the bed and put my legs on my shoulders, with my hands supporting my feet. In short, I gave Mr Masemola full access to my Capital City. He took off his pants in like 3 seconds. I was like “don’t make love to me, fuck me”. With his feet on the floor, he bent towards me with his automatic rifle pointing to my Capital City. He started by gently stroking my clit with his dick head and it felt ‘ooooohhhhhhhh’. I closed my eyes and went “go in Maizemoola.....go in please.”. When your are horny and longing for penetration your tongue changes how you pronounce words. His dick went ‘vuuuuutluuuuu’ inside the dark walls of my nnamodze. It felt so good and I told him to go harder and harder. Within a minute he went “yyyyyyyyyyoooooo mooooooo eeeettshiya ahhhh ke rotile, ah nna ke rotile straight. Ke rotile finish and klaar”. WTF, nigger came within a minute. I was still horny and I was like “voetsek masepa, I still want you. You gonna fuck me until I’m satisfied. Or else I’m gonna cut your dick with my teeth”. He pulled out and his dick looked like an ice cube on the floor in a scorching hot Limpopo heat. I was so furious I wanted to hit him and bite his lazy dick nxa.

While furious and venting out my anger at the useless dick I noticed something on the headboard....

WTF....

THE END

Episode 66

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Men just don’t get it, coming before she comes and your manhood retiring to slumberland is a crime against kukusm. It’s like preparing for your wedding for months and a day before the big day your would-be husband gets involved in a

terrible car accident and dies. It's very painful barena. If you know you have a problem of Bafana Bafana hitting the nett fast, rather engage in D-I-Y aka warm up match aka masturbation before the big match. One of the reasons I will never forget my Jane Furse ex Matome is the fact that he never reached the finishing line before me. He made me come several times before he could shower my holy hole with his heavy spermatozoa. That's the reason my putty pout whenever I bump into him. Some men come by merely looking at a yellow bone's thighs. It's like looking at a bottle of Skky Vodka and blacking out. Maybe such guys should go to Venda and buy mphesu. Apparently it enhances men's sexual performance by 258.12%. I have on several occasion seen my mom force-feeding my little brother when he was still a baby. He would cry and kick her but she would continue feeding him. That's what I had in mind when I saw a one of those promotional knives with a beer opener you get when you buy booze at Tops. I think someone put it on the headboard to open beers when drinking in the bedroom. I took it and used my teeth to open the sharp part of it. Yes I used my teeth, I can ne ghetto like that when I want. Nobody teases Shazyonce's pussy and gets away with it. I felt like Zee at that moment. I noticed over the past few days that she doesn't let anyone take her for a ride. Mr Masemola smiled and asked if the booze I drank was spiked with fake nyaope. He was so relaxed without an element of embarrassment in his voice. Nxa what kinda man comes quickly and act all normal as if he won mo-China? I jumped at him and before he could speak further I had his huge balls in hand. I had the knife in my other hand and went "mrena, get your dick up and fuck me again or else I'll do other girls a favour by cutting this drama queen penis of yours". I squeezed his balls a bit to provoke some pain. He went "yhooooo yhooooo wa mpolaya satan".

His screams woke Zee and her first sentence was "ditokoloshi, what are you doing? Is this some kind of low a budget porn movie?". She took off the towel and threw it on the floor. She bared her beautiful and sexy body and all of a sudden I felt Mr Masemola's dick going 'vavavoom'. WTF, nigger fucked me and came within a minute and his drama queen died on the spot. I was still naked in front of him and his dick suffered sugar diabetes. A drunk Zee wakes up from the dead and jiki jiki Masemola's dick is pulling a Lesilo Rula on us, rising from the dead. I must be honest, I suffered some self-esteem issues right there. It's like dressing us for the guy you like only for him to get charmed by the girl passing by the street. It's like cooking a meal you regard as one of your best cooking only for him to ask

you where he can find the nearest KFC. Zee was like “I also wanna be part of the movie. Come on, light – camera – sex-tion”. She was moving towards Mr Masemola as she said that. I left Mr Masemola’s balls and he went “Zee my zizi, do what you do best”. She said something that triggered fear in me. She went “do you have condoms in the house?”. WTF, she finished a whole bottle of whiskey and she still remembered there’s something called a condom that is used to prevent transmission of sexually transmitted diseases. Me on the other hand let a one-minute man come inside me. I didn’t even know his HIV status and I also put myself at a risk of falling pregnant. Mr Masemola shook his head and Zee went “Shazniz did you sleep with him without a condom?” I nodded and she slapped me twice and fell while trying to go for the 3rd slap.

“Bitch, you don’t sleep with a nigger who drives a one million rand car without a condom. Do you know how many bitches he slept with before he dumped him dirty sperms in your forever thirsty pussy? Do you want to die young or fall pregnant?”. Mr Masemola was like “what are you on about cause I also slept with you without a condom? Stop being dramatic and suck my dick. You can see it’s happy to see your vjayjay”. Zee replied “nxex nxe nxe you wish loverboy, your dick never recorded a mark in my pussy. I gave you my thighs and you were too drunk to notice you chowed thighs. I’m not a stupid girl from Limpopo like Shaz. Ke ngwana wa Jozi maboneng nna, papa”. The tipsiness I had in me evaporated and I was left a cloud of fear and panic in my head. I got dressed, left the bedroom and went to sit on the couch in the lounge. I looked at the bottle of wine I had earlier and went “I hate you bitch”. I took out my phone and checked my Facebook. Maite’s status went “imagining fooling pregnant by a mens you hardly not know well. Some girls are chip like Drosty Hof wine kwwa”. I blocked her on the spot. I was tired of reading her bad English and senseless status updates. While busy on Facebook I heard squeaky sounds coming from the bedroom. Zee was going “ah ah ha ah fuck me fuck fuck me harder Masey. You are the best thing since Peanut Butter ah ah ah”. The sounds went on for over 5 minutes. Nxa Mr Masemola went for extra miles with Zee but he didn’t even go for an extra millimetre with me.

I saw a R20 note on the table. I took it and went to catch a taxi to town. There was no way I was gonna stay there while Zee and Mr Masepamola were busy fucking. I wasn’t feeling comfortable about how I was dressed. I felt like some township girl who was a victim of a one-night-stand the previous night. Guys can be ruthless,

he'll tell you all the sweetest words in the world at night before chowing you. Shame, you will see a different man in the morning. He'll rush you to leave before you could even yawn. I got off at Prinsloo Street and walked up the street. Just before crossing Skinner Street some nigger in a black Merc waiting for the robot to open lowered the window and went "why is a beautiful girl like you walking alone? What happened to South African gentlemen?". I am not a fan of pick up lines but I found myself smiling. I smiled because he said I was beautiful and according to me I looked tsunamish. Any guy who sees beauty when you feel less beautiful deserves your smile. I smiled but kept walking. The robot opened but he drove slowly while talking to me. The taxi driver behind him went "voetsek" but he didn't care. He parked the car after robot, got out and opened the passenger door for me. He was like "I'm not taking no for an answer. I can see you are tired from walking and I'm taking you to your place. I don't want you or your number....I just feel I should drop you at your place". Wow.....normally such words would make my pussy blush but at that moment it was my heart that blushed.

The poor gentlemen kept his word, I directed him to Ceres and he drove me there. I told him my name and that I'm a nursing student blah blah blah. Well, there was no way I was gonna tell him I'm a forced dropout from a fake college. When we got to my place he just went "bye, we'll meet one day". I had a wow moment, he meant it when he said he didn't want my number. God should make more men like him and kill the likes of Masemola and all men who come quickly. I begged him for his name and he went "Mofenyi Malepe". The name sounded familiar but I couldn't add the dots. I asked him what he does and he went "I am an author. I actually just released a book called '283: The Bad Sex Bet'. I can give you an autographed copy if you enjoy reading". I was in a wow'd state, I never received an autographed book before. Most guys I meet offer me money and booze. Mofenyi Malepe offered me a book. I looked at the book cover and it had the 'read me effect'. A picture of two girls in high heels with their G-strings on the knees standing in front of some dude. They say you must not judge a book by its cover but I broke the rules. I thanked Mofenyi and got out of the car. He drove off and as I was about to walk to the gate. A voice from a red Golf 7 GTI went:

"ja neh, once a bitch, always a Sharon"

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 67

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

‘Lefties’ are the most irritating peeps in Shaz’s world. Oh, a Leftie is a guy who never owned a car and doesn’t even have a drivers licence but love the front seat like nobody’s business. They can kill you for occupying the front seat. Bear in mind, not every guy who occupies the front seat is a Leftie. Lefties can be distinguished by their conduct when they are sitting on the front seat. When they see a girl, they’ll be the ones making noise, whistling and trying to hit on the girl even before the driver opens his mouth. When a girl asks for a lift they’ll be the ones asking where she’s going. Some go as far as trying to micro-manage the driver. He’ll be telling the driver “drive 60...80. Indicate, slow down...open the window; reverse; don’t smoke in the car”. Nxa WTF, imagine someone telling you what not to do in your car. When the owner of the car goes on holiday they lose weight. I know a Leftie from Ga-Kgapane who died of heart attack when his friend/driver died in a terrible car accident. People thought he died because he loved his friend. Bullshit, he died because there would be no Leftiesm for him lol. May his soul rest in peace. Maybe he’s a Leftie in Judas’ car in heaven. I zoomed the GTI with my eyes and noticed the drivers’ seat was unoccupied. The only occupied seat was the Lefties’ seat. I walked towards the car to establish the motherfucker who insulted me. Only my close girls have a right to call me a bitch. When I was closer to the car I noticed the voice came from the one and only Matome from Jane Furse. That guy was like a mosquito in my life. Yes, he was a ‘Messi’ in bed but that didn’t give him a right to verbally assault me. I was ‘mxm ke wena again? Will you ever buy your own car Leftie?”. I looked at the car and it looked exactly like Never-Die’s car. I didn’t know his registration number but it started with a V. Matome was like “will you ever find your own man Shagron Letsoalo? All men you shag are either taken or taken. Your pussy is addicted to occupied dicks”. Lol I was actually getting used to Matome’s verbal diarrhoea. That nigga didn’t have ABS on his mouth. He was one of those guys who would walk with you from the house to a party without saying anything. But as soon as he sees people he’d tell you how bad you look in jeans. Part of me told me he still had a thing for me. Why else would he insult me whenever he had a chance? He was like those guys who would post shit on Facebook about the ex but send a nice

message via inbox. Matome was like “when was the last time you took a bath? You look like someone who spent the whole night at an all night prayer ya prostitutes and mentally-raped people”. At that stage some girls were passing next to the car and he spoke audibly just to make sure they heard what he said. They looked at me and giggled. I was like “voetsek difebe. Le tshega masepa nxa. Le maoto a di-kiss-kiss”. Matome laughed so hard and went “that’s my girl. I’m glad you flushed that snobbish ‘duh duh’ attitude and adopted the ghetto one. Now I can marry you and build you a 2-room house at Jane Furse. Plus my mom needs someone to cook for her”.

While he was urinating with his mouth Maite appeared from the gate. Ja indeed bad luck followed me everywhere. Pretoria was becoming very small for me. Maybe it was time I moved to Giyani or Venda. The weather is bad but a chance of bumping into a dickleted one-minute man was nil. God gave them many dickful guys and few yellow bones. Maite was like “wena here? Who husbands are you fucking here? Or are you that peoples who help us drivers to park our car?”. I was like “kweee you a driver? Mpsa e ka fofa without wings”. While I was talking she took out the GTI keys ‘hoola-hooped’ them on her finger. WTF, there was no way that bad English daughter of a bitch could drive a nice car. Actually, I was right. That car belonged to Never-Die. Being the bitch that she was she took his car and gave her other boyfriend a lift. She left him in the car and went to fuck another boyfriend at Ceres. Nxa she should start a Blog and name it ‘Diary of an Ugly Bitch Named Maite’. She got in the car and started the engine. She played ‘Started from the bottom and now I’m here’. Nxa bitch, she should have played ‘I started by giving my pussy for airtime and now I give it for 2 minutes inside a Golf’. She threw a R5 coin at me and went “o tla reka colgate, car guard. O nkg a molomo sfebe”. Shit, now you see why I have a cat-rat relationship with that pig. Pigs will forgive me for comparing them with that thing. Matome was like “babe, let’s go to Fish n Chips and leave this thing here. She was dropped by a Merc and she’s probably going to trade her generous hole to another guy in this building. She stays in Sunnyside mos, she’s here for lerombhozo”. Lol Fish n Chips he said. Anyway, Maite deserved to be taken to such places. They kissed with me watching. I think both of them were trying to spite me. I took out my phone and took 2 pictures. They didn’t even see me cause their kiss lasted for more than 30 seconds. Matome probably bit the hell outta her tongue. Kissing was never his strong point. After the kiss I showed them the middle finger and left.

When I got to the flat I took a bath. I was hungry but I had something to take care of first. I walked to the pharmacy at Paul Kruger Street to buy morning after pills. I fucked without a condom with a one-minute man and there was no way I was gonna run a risk of having a baby with that fool. Kids born of a one-minute round tend to be bitches if they are female. Maite was probably conceived during the first round. Actually, I think she was conceived during a one-night-stand on a cheap bed. If they are males they'll be like their fathers, come within a minute and be proud about it. I got to the counter and told the lady wearing a white coat what I wanted and she loudly asked "you want morning after pills?". I angrily replied "no, ke nyaka loaf of brown and scrambled eggs". Nxa that bitch wanted everyone to know I accidentally fucked without using a condom. That's why I prefer to be serviced by male pharmacist. They will never make you feel cheap or judge you, they are very professional. Bommannywana will always make you feel like a slut as if you slept with their father. She told me there was no need to be sarcastic as she was just trying to help. I told her I wanted morning after pills and she gave me some form to fill. To this day I still wonder why they make us fill that stupid form. Why can't we buy those things without too much administration? They must introduce that law when buying booze and they'll see masepa. Imagine telling a drunk guy to fill a form before buying a beer. He'll probably use the pen to stab the hell out of you. After filling the form they gave me my parcel and i left. Luckily they are not expensive. Maybe government should start giving them for free. Lol guys who hate condoms would mos def carry 90 of them in their pockets. I passed by KFC and bought Street Wise pap.

When I got back to my place....ooooops my uncle's place I sat down and started reading the book Mofenyi Malepe gave me, '283: The Bad Sex Bet'. I went for about an hour and suddenly my finger was inside my underwear. Yho yho yho yho that book make one visualise a scene and the next thing your downstairs is flooded. If I was Julius Malema I'd say "Mofenyi Malepe should be nationalised". I'm normally not a reader but for the 1st time I read 50 pages without taking a break. Fuck 50 Shades of Grey, '283: The Bad Sex Bet' is the ish and it's written by a black South Africa. Actually, I always hear people saying that us black people don't read. We do love reading but we prefer things that we relate to. What's the use of reading about some rich Spanish prince and some skinny white girl from Scotland? We want to read about pure African things that we relate to, period. I took a break from reading and called Zee. Her phone was on voicemail. I decided

to call mommy and she was so happy to hear my voice. We spoke for about 30 minutes and she promised to send me money to come home for December holidays. You'll never speak to your mom without her sharing some gossip. In case you wondered why women gossip too much, we learnt it from our parents and they learnt it from their parents. She told me that the daughter of our neighbour gave birth and her Tsonga boyfriend named the baby 'Selfie'. Apparently they took a selfie while fucking and the girl fell pregnant. That's the reason they decided to name the baby girl Selfie Nkuna. She also told me about some auntie who slept around. She told me she saw her at their hospital's queue for ARVs.... I immediately told my mom that my battery was about to die and hung up. My mom had a habit of talking about dangers of sex as if she was a virgin. She was like one of those pastors who preached about how sex before was a sin while they were sleeping with almost all yellow bones in the church. Yes we know many pastors in the so-called bazalwane churches prefer chowing yellow bones. Mxm pastors must practise what they preach, period. Ephesians 5:3 says "Let there be no sexual immorality, impurity, or greed among you. Such sins have no place among God's people". I tried to call Zee again and her phone was still on voicemail. My body was a bit tired, so I decided to hit the bedroom.

I was woken by a knock on the door. I checked my phone and it was around 3am. I asked who it was and a drunk sounding Zee went "vula ntombi yase Limpopo". I opened and she was with some dark skinned Caster-Semenya lookalike. They were both sloshed. They didn't even greet me, they both headed to the bedroom I was sleeping in. I didn't wanna talk too much so I decided to sleep on the couch. I woke up around 10am in the morning and there was a note next to me. It read "see you around 8pm. Went to hustle, Queen Zee". Ja neh, go tsamaya ke go bona straight. My hair looked messy with an old weave. I decided to go for short hair. It was not because I was broke or something, I had money but I just wanted something new. I know most girls go for natural look when they are broke. Lol competition is tough out there. That's why some girls opt for fake weaves, especially those who use child social grants. Shame on you, Zuma is trying to help you to feed your kids and you use the money to buy fake weaves to attract men so that you can make more kids. My favourite salon was at Esselen Street in Sunnyside. So I decided to walk there. After doing my hair I decided to go spoil myself with a meal at Spur SunnyPark. I just wanted to have a drama-free day nje. From the Spur entrance I noticed Maite and Never-die at the balcony. Shit, that

bitch was like a fake Polo handbag, she was everywhere in Pretoria. They looked so happy and in love. I looked around and saw some little girl. I asked if she has a phone and she said yes. I asked her to switch her Bluetooth on and sent her pictures of Maite and Matome kissing. I gave her R20 and told her “you see that guy sitting with a girl by the balcony? Go and show him this picture”. The little girl was so happy and she walked thru the entrance and headed to the balcony. I saw her talking to Never-die and showing him her phone.

Never-die stood up and

#whistling.....”

THE END

Episode 68

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I know I said this before. But if there's one thing I admire about boys is that their beefs don't last forever. They fight today and after a day or 2 they chaisa with fists and move on. With us girls it's a whole new different story, if a bitch messes with me, she'll never ever see my smiling teeth. Girls are the only people who can have a beef from creche until the day they receive their first old age social grants. My late grandmother used to hate some woman not far from her house. In years that I spent with her I've never seen them talking. I once asked her why and she went “ngwana-ngwanaka, that woman is not good. She once told your grandfather that he has a beautiful smile. I will never forget that day. It was on Wednesday 14 February 1973 at 13h32. I was pregnant with your aunt. I will never ever forgive that witch. She wanted to steal your grandfather from me cause he was a foreman”. She had tears in her eyes as she narrated that incident. I wanted to laugh but her tears broke my heart. Yeah, that's bitches for you, we don't forgive so easily. I know some of you are not on talking terms with your former friend just because she bought same dress as yours. We call it 'jealousy' lol.Never-Die stood up so fast and I was sure he was going to strangle that bitch. I was ready to go buy a nice outfit for a funeral, a purple mini-skirt without an underwear would do. If I was a guy and a bitch kissed another guy in my car I'd cut her tongue and insert it in her pussy. Instead of beating the hell out of her he stood up, shook his head and headed to the exit. For a moment I thought I was dreaming. What kinda man does that?

When he got to where I was he greeted me and asked if I'd like to have lunch with him. I was like "mxm I don't do lunch with cowards. And oh, I hate left-overs. Now that Maite dumped you, you want me? Sorry checkers buti". Obviously I lied when I said Maite dumped him, I wanted him to react. Men always wanna be the ones doing the dumping, when you dump them their cheap ego melts. He was like "nxa she didn't dump me, I dropped the bitch like she's hot. Hot as in temperature hot, not the other hot. Ni karhele hi xitombo xa yena xa ku dyiwa hi mani na mani". I laughed so hard the entire mall experienced a mini earthquake. I think my laughter irritated Nerves who was already in a bad mood cause he left me standing there. My mission was done and I whistled again. He didn't beat her up but I'm glad I exposed her bitchsm. I know I aint perfect but Maite was like an FC Barcelona of cheating. I was just a mere Jomo Cosmos FC.

While I was standing there celebrating my half victory I saw Maite fighting with the waitresses. I walked closer to establish why she was fighting with them and I learnt that it was because of the bill. Nerves left without paying the bill and as always the bitch didn't have a cent on her. Maite is like those girls who go to a club moneyless and hope to find a guy who'll sponsor their drinks. That's how most bitches get raped. I'm not promoting or condoning rape but it's not a secret that mostly when guys buy you drinks they expect some 'thwaa' afterwards. I am of a belief that when you are too broke to buy your own drinks, stay at home. It's not like you gonna die. Why sell your pussy for 6 Savanna Dry and Spur ribs. Guys must also stop thinking that buying us drinks gives them a right to penetrate us. Ja we live in a fucked up world mxwe struu. I took out my phone and recorded the whole thing. Zee taught me well to always have 'First For Bitches' insurance in my phone. I think she tried to run but one dark waiter grabbed her t-shirt and it went trrrrrr, tearing for days. That's what you get when you buy clothes in Indian shops next to taxi ranks or ko Small Street in Joburg. You know those t-shirts with a R20 sticker on them. I once bought 2 Sissy Boy jeans at Small Street in Joburg and I got a surprise of my life when I got home. They had that Sissy Boy thing on the back pocket but when I checked the labels inside they were written RT. I gave them to Selfie's mother and she was so happy. At that moment I went closer and zoomed the video just to make sure I got a proper video. Nxa my battery died while I was busy recording. These smart phones aint loyal. They are fast and smart but their battery life is kak. Is like a guy with a huge dick but suffering from an Early Ejaculation Syndrom (EES). The manager joined his staff and gently pulled

Maite inside the restaurant. I think they took her to one of their offices. My mind was horny with happiness at that point. I decided to walk to my place...uhm, I mean my uncle's place.

The walk from Sunnyside to Central is very short cause you meet so many different people on the way. I always laugh when I bump into girls with fakes blushes on their cheeks. Imagine a girl from Venda faking blushing. Like duh, you need a very light skin to blush. Black girls try too hard to look like white women whereas they (white bitches) rather die than look like us. Some black chicks go as far as dying their pubies blond thinking they'll have sex like white girls. Nxa sies, appearance colonisation sucks big time. We must be proud of how we look. We must stop thinking how we look makes us look inferior. Steve Bantu Biko once said "Being black is not a matter of pigmentation – being black is a reflection of a mental attitude". I thought I'd find Zee at my uncle's place but she was nowhere to be found. I charged my phone and called my mom while it was still charging. We talked for about 5 minutes and I hung up when she started talking about her neighbour who apparently bought a fake phone named Samson Ass 5. I tried to watch TV but there was nothing exciting. So I decided to read the book Mofenyi Malepe gave me, 283: The Bad Sex Bet. The last time I read it I found myself wet downstairs. Like I told you before, I'm not into reading but 283: The Bad Sex Bet kept my eyes glued to the book for hours. It was when I read pages 85-86 that I noticed Mofenyi Malepe was a 'psysexopath'. Who the fuck fucks a woman right on her dead husband's grave?

He goes on page 86 "Right there in front of the dead I was humping in earnest widow in front of her dead husband's grave. Call it THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX. When we were done I politely asked her to tell her husband, that was for the first beating where he accused her of cheating; told her to tell him, we were going to make days like those the norm when she thinks of all the other times he beat her up for cheating when the poor woman remained loyal to him".

I stopped right after reading that line. Some men think beating a woman will make her love them more. What they don't realise is they are giving birth to a monster inside her heart. If you want to beat your wife, use your penis or a tongue. Just imagine your widow being fucked by another man on your grave just to say 'this is for abusing me nigger'. Ja ka mmao Mofenyi Malepe ke Starring. He surely doesn't believe in ghosts. Imagine if the ghost came out and demanded a

threesome lol? Daily Sun would be the first to report about it the following day. I put the book down and went to the bedroom. I undressed myself, lay on my back and gently put 2 fingers in. Don't judge me, blame the book. It's easier to judge me before you read the book. One day you'll shake my hand and say "Shazie-Shazie, you told me". Self-fingering is nice when you are very wet. When you bend your fingers inside it gives you some sensation that makes your ass itch nicely. To be honest, my fingers were better than Dumi. They could be a better porn star than that KZN boy. Don't tell anyone, I nicknamed my middle finger Matome Junior. That's how good it was. I named my left pinkie finger Dumi, you all know why. Guys probably name their hands after us. Imagine Hector naming his hand "Sharon Letsoalo Jnr" lol. Naming a hand Maite Modika Jnr would make a guy contract a Sexually Transmitted Infection by wanking with that particular hand. I found myself going "oh oh oh you are good Mato-my you good baby Mat Jun...oh ah...". Guess what, I came twice. Who needs a man when you have a Mat Jun? Just after wanking there was a knock on the door. I quickly got dressed and went to open the door. It was Maite and Mr Masemola. He kissed the hand that I was wanking with and went "mmmmh were you eating fish?". I went no "I was scratching with anus with it" and I left the apartment. I was not in a mood to be in a company of Mr Masemola and Zee.

I decided to go sit at Burger Park, just few minutes from Ceres. I found an empty bench and sat there by myself. Some guy wearing an EFF beret came to where I was sitting. Ja these nigger are everywhere in their red berets. He was like "I was passing by but your beauty expropriated my heart without compensation. My heart will be filled with revolutionary happiness if you allow me to nationalise your phone number. They call me Fighter Senganga". I laughed and told him to get lost. Imagine a guy pulling that kinda pick up line on you. While I was laughing at the revolutionary pick up line a voice behind me went:

"You thought I would find you neh...."

WTF....

THE END

Episode 69

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Nature has a therapeutic effect on people. When one goes to a park alone they expect some calm and peace of mind, especially when they are stressed. Some people go to shrinks or commit suicide when things aren't going well in their lives. Why commit suicide and leave this nice world? Suicide is like a person's way of telling God "you can't fire me, I quit". When I'm stressed I go to a park and admire nature. The trees and grass at Burgers Park are so beautiful they make one's heart develop dimples. When you are sitting there minding your own business you don't expect anyone to disturb you. Hearing the voice behind me unexpectedly nearly made my heart freeze. You know if someone you didn't expect tiptoed behind you and screamed something it would take some seconds before your brain establishes the owner of the voice. Even if it's your mom or boyfriend. My ears were still mesmerised by Fighter Senganga's revolutionary pick up line. I slowly turned my head and Zee was standing behind me with an obese smile on her face. I was angry cause she made my thinking go wild. I actually thought it was Nkosi's wife aka Sea Lion or the bitch Maite. But I doubt they'd allow Nkosi's wife in the park. They have a 'no animals' sign at the gate. They should have a 'no bitches' sign for the likes of Maite. Zee was like "I was passing by the street and saw you sitting alone. Is everything ok? Mr Masemola left and I decided to take a walk. Why did you leave without telling me where you are going? You don't wanna know what Masemola gave me. Anyway, are you ok?". That's Zee for you. She'd say 100 things and ask 2389 questions at the same time and expect you to answer all of them. I told her I needed some fresh air after everything that happened. She was like "mama's baby ncoooooh. This is Mjondolo girlie. Survival of the fittest ha ha ha ha ha. Uzoba strong lil sis. Let's go to Bloemfotein. A friend of mine is going there tonight and I think he can do with some company. Don't worry we'll be back before Sello and madam come back". I asked her who the friend was and she went "some dude from a place called Gaborone in Botswana. Don't stress he's safe, he's a pastor. When she mentioned that I thought of Pastor Adeyomi, or should I say the late Pastor Adeyomi... I stopped trusting pastors because of that dude. Entlik many pastors aint loyal. The kids of women who go to the same church as my mom look alike. They are all dark with big eyes. Guess what, the pastor is dark and he has big eyes. I told her I aint in a mood to travel with strangers and she went "mxm wa bhora shem". Her phone rang and she told whoever called "Eish jo, mission failed. The cousin I told you about is on periods. Next time chief"

While we were talking I saw JT walking with some yellow bone chick in the park. Part of me got jealous and I decided to scream her name. When she saw me she went “ho ho ho ntwana, ntwanaa, ntwanest. Your beauty massages my eyes. O skaars okare pipi e nnyane ko Venda. O grand mara jo (you are so scarce like a small dick in Venda. Are you ok dude)?”. Lol hayi things JT said always made me crack. She was wearing baggy jeans, a t-shirt written ‘Nyoso Ke Mmao’ and dirty All Star sneakers. Naturally, there was a cap on her head. She was like “ke mang lepsatla le o blommeng le lona ntwana? She’s so beautiful okare she never goes to toilet”. I laughed and asked Zee to introduce herself. Zee went “my name is Zandile but you can call me Zee or Z-D or Zan Dee or Zah”. Lol I never heard of some of those nicknames before. JT’s yellow bone was like “JT, can we leave babe? I’m hungry here and there”. JT replied “hayi maan bofa di-brake. Can’t you see I’m busy with important here? Go buy spatlho or something. You’ll find me here. It’s not everyday that you get to see 2 beautiful ladies at the same time”. The chick went “like really JT!!!! Is this how you gonna treat me when you see these ugly bitches. You are so”. She didn’t finish that one. Zee jumped on her and within 10 seconds I saw dust on the grass. She beat the hell out of that bitch. JT laughed and went “eh eh ngwanyana o mo pila so ke Jackie Chan? Ka mmao e ke talente. Trappa sfebe se nyele Zuu (wow a beautiful girl like you is Jackie Chan? This is real talent. Beat the hell out of that bitch)”. I pulled Zee back and the bitch ran away. Zee was like “ke tla go bontsha masepa sfebe. Nxa le tlwaetse go tella batho difebe”. JT looked so happy that Zee beat the yellow bone. She was like “Zee or Z-what-what, you made my day. That bitch thinks she’s Obama’s wife. I’m tired of her soapie-queen attitude”. For some reason, whenever Zee was around me I developed a good heart. The Shaz I know would have been the one beating that bitch. But instead I was feeling sorry for that yellow bone.

Zee said we should go back to the flat as it was getting windy. She invited JT to join us as if they were friends. JT suggested that we should go buy some booze before going to the flat. I said no and Zee was like “are you crazy? How can you say no to booze? It’s not like we gonna use your money”. We went to the bottle store by Paul Kruger Street and JT bought 2 bottles of Skky Vodka and 4 cranberry juice. WTF, 2 bottles of Skky Vodka during the week is like an application to a premature mental death. She was smiling ear to ear like JT was Father Christmas....or rather Mother Christmas if there’s such. As we were walking back to the flat I saw a car with the registration number I was very familiar with parked

next to KFC. It belonged to Hector. I assumed he was inside KFC so I decided to go check. I really don't know why I wished to see him but my heart wanted to see him. I told JT and Zee I'll find them at the flat and they didn't even give me any attention. They were talking as if they knew each other for years. Zee was a character and half bathong. She clicked with everyone just like that. When I got inside KFC I spotted Hector at the queue. I hesitated at first but gathered courage to approach him and said hi. To my surprise he was so happy to see me. He gave me a hug and asked if he can buy me something. I was craving StreetWise Pap but it's so embarrassing to ask a guy to buy you such a cheap meal in front of people. I told him to buy me anything that is suitable for a gorgeous girl like me. He laughed and bought me a burger.

After taking our order we went to his car. He kinda looked a bit thin and less hot. He asked about what I have been up to and I lied that I joined some church and I was a choir leader. I told him I was about to graduate and was looking forward to working. He listened attentively as I lied to him. When it was his turn to tell me what he has been up to he started sobbing. I remained silent until his sobs died. What happened to 'MEN DON'T CRY'?. Men of nowadays are so fong kong. No wonder they scream louder than us when having sex. We even compete for a mirror with them. Modern men aint loyal. He went "Nomsa left me. She tried to forgive me but it was not easy for her. Whenever I went home late she would think I was with you. She even tried to scare you off when you were in hospital. She told me she came with fake blood and threatened to inject you with it. It was just a desperate attempt to get you out of my life. She stays in Centurion with her cousin now. It's not your fault, I blame myself for taking advantage of you. I'm a fool". I didn't know what to say, so I told him we should go join JT and Zee at the flat. He agreed and we drove to the parking next to Ceres. We took our food and headed to the apartment. On our way up he told me he took leave from work cause he wanted his broken heart to heal. When we got apartment one Skky Vodka bottle was almost empty. Zee and JT were dancing like nobody's business. To my surprise, they weren't playing kwaito, they were playing deep house. JT danced like a man and Zee like a hooker trying to attract horny niggers. Hector stared at Zee for about a minute like his eyes were seeing thru her clothes. Nxa, Zee's ass always attracted eyes of every guy. I introduced Hector to Zee and JT. The lesbo mixed Skky and cranberry for us and we joined the party. It was around 10pm that I noticed my eyes were seeing double. Zee and JT were kissing on the couch. Hector was like

“mmmmh, let’s join the party”. JT said in a drunk voice “yho yho ka mmao Zee is the shit. Sharon, wena you have dry lips. Zee’s lips are like Ster Kinekor’s popcorns. See me now see me no more. Abashwe”.

I whispered to Hector “maybe we should take the party to your house. I see we are not welcome here. I can’t stand lesbians”. Hector agreed and before I could close the door Zee and JT went “COMDOMISE ha ha ha ha ha ha”. On our way to Mahube Valley Hector was saying senseless things. He was like “Nomisa can go to hell. You see that house, it’s yours. You are moving in with me. I’m gonna dump that bitch and marry you. Plus she can’t shag. She just lies there and let me do all the work. Wena. You are like an automatic car in bed...trap ‘n los wayawayaya”. His words were music to my ears. Every girl wanna have a house of her own. Nomisa was out of the pic so it was my time to shine. When we got to his house he undressed me in the lounge. He kissed me while fingering me. I felt so awe-to-the-some. Me and Hector had a connection for days. He knew where to touch. He told me to dunuza so he could enter from behind. I bent it like Beckham and told him to fuck me hard. He was like “shit, lemme go take condoms in the bedroom. Don’t move neh...sexy”. I remained in the position he left me in. I wanted him hard and harder. I wanted to make sure he enjoyed it to the fullest cause I didn’t want him to change his mind about me moving in. Take lessons girls, if you don’t want him to change his mind about something, give it to him like you are a hooker. We have resources to control men, so let’s use our vaginas to the best of their abilities.

I heard kkrrrr khahlaaa.... “So bitch, you thought you could break my marriage and get away with it...”

WTF.....

Episode 70

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Wikipedia defines DREAMS as follows: Dreams are successions of images, ideas, emotions, and sensations that occur involuntarily in the mind during certain stages of sleep. The content and purpose of dreams are not definitively understood, though they have been a topic of scientific speculation, as well as a subject of philosophical and religious interest, throughout recorded history. The scientific study of dreams is called oneirology. Dreams mainly occur in the rapid-eye

movement stage of sleep—when brain activity is high and resembles that of being awake. REM sleep is revealed by continuous movements of the eyes during sleep. At times, dreams may occur during other stages of sleep. However, these dreams tend to be much less vivid or memorable. I went “yhoooooo please don’t kill me Hector, please don’t kill me. Just fuck me. Please don’t kill me, fuck me until you see steam coming from my pussy”. Suddenly I heard a voice going “Sharon, Sharon, Sharon wake up. Are you having a nightmare? Sharon, Sharon”. My whole body was wet with sweat and my head felt as if Dr Malinga was kicking my brain inside. I opened one eye and noticed someone sleeping next to me. I opened the 2nd eye and noticed it was Zee. Shit, I had a terrible dream about Hector trying to kill me. I was naked but with socks still on. I asked Zee how I got to the bed and she went “You told Hector you wanna go with him to Mahube Valley and when he said no you started throwing whatever you could get hold of at him. The poor man tried to sweet-talk you but you couldn’t take any shit. You literally undressed and bent it like Beckham in front of everyone and told Hector to fuck you like he was fucking a prostitute. Shazniz, I’ve never seen you like that. You must stay away from Skky Vodka”. Shit, I actually thought she was joking until I went to the sitting room and found pieces of broken glasses and vases. Zee continued “Hector is such a good guy, he said he didn’t wanna take advantage of you. You went to the toilet and blacked out in there. Hector left when I carried you to the bedroom. Shaz you must slow down on booze. You passed out in the loo, can you believe it? JT wanted to lick your pussy in that state and I told her to get lost. Lesbians aint loyal”.

I asked Zee to stop telling me about what happened last night and gimme something to cure my hangover. She went to the kitchen and came back with raw eggs in a glass. She told me to drink and I went eeeeeuuuuu. Raw egg tastes like sperms of a guy who drinks everyday. I closed my eyes and went halakasha on the glass. I wonder who came up with that remedy. Black people are the most creative people on earth. After drinking raw eggs she gave me grand-pa for my headache. Zee was becoming a sister figure to me and I liked it. I went to the toilet to do number 1. It was when I was sitting there doing my thing that I noticed a used condom next the laundry basket. I flushed my number 1 and took a closer look at it. Shit, it had ‘cum’ in it. WTF, some shit happened the previous night and Zee didn’t say. There was only one real man in the apartment, Hector. And there were 2 real women, me and Zee. My pussy didn’t have any sexual hangover, therefore,

so I was not chowed. There was only one suspect, Zee. I wanted to ask her but she was a bully of note. She'd probably tell me shit or make me feel small or cheap. I took the used condom, with a toilet paper of course, and went to the sitting room. I was like "Zee, Hector is such a cow. Can you believe he wanked wearing a condom? maNdenbele ke dibhari thwii. What kinda man masturbates ka condom? If he was my real bf I was gonna dump his ass". Zee was like "no no no no something is snoek-fishy here. When I took you to the bedroom Hector and JT spent few minutes in the bathroom. What if....you know what I mean". Lol no fucken way, JT was a hardcore lesbian. There was no way she could fuck a guy. She didn't even have feeling for men. Zee was probably trying to cover her gorgeous ass. I decided to let it go.

My phone rang and it was a private number. I answered and it happened to be the one and only Hector. I hate people who call me with private numbers. It's like some greeting you wearing a balaclava. I asked him where he got my number and he said from Zee. Banna, I didn't even know he had Zee's number. Zee looked like those chicks who would snatch a man right under your nose and pretend as if nothing happened afterwards. He told me he wanted to check if I was ok cause I acted like a possessed woman the previous night. I told him I was ok. He told me that he wanted to come and check me up. I said cool and that he must bring something nice. That's how we girls roll, we love nice things. And by nice things we don't refer to something under R100. I know some niggers would buy a Lunch Bar and regard it as a nice thing. After the call me and Zee started cleaning and other chores. When we were done we cooked together. Zee was good in the kitchen. I know I can cook but Zee took the trophy. After cooking Zee took a bath and i did the same when she was done. I think I'm one of the luckiest girl on earth. There was a big mirror in the bathroom and I took a closer look at my body. I didn't gave even a small line of stretch mark on my body. My boobs still resembled that of a Swazi virgin at Umhlanga aka Reed Dance ceremony in Ludzidzini. My bum was on point, Kenny Kunene would eat Sushi on it. While I was admiring my body Zee went "Sharon you have a visitor. I'm off to Menlyn with Mr Masemola". She didn't even tell me who the visitor was and I heard the main door closing.

I got out of the bathtub and wrapped my middle body with a towel. When I opened the bathroom door Hector was sitting on the couch reading a magazine. As soon as

he saw me his dick went ‘dzuuuuuuuub’. It was easy to see cause he was wearing sweatpants. I don’t blame him, I’m sexy and I know it. If you still look unsexy immediately after bathing you should consider looking for a place to stay at the zoo. He stood up and went “wow wow wow wow wow wow wow wow wow wow wow wow...etc”. I told him to stop it cause he was making me blush. I did a little surveillance on him to check if he didn’t have a gun. The only gun he had was the mrengerenge in his pants. I told him to give me few minutes to get dressed. He nodded with his eyes still mapping my entire body. I went to the bedroom and let loose the towel. Just before I could start applying lotion on my legs the door opened...and closed. Hector looked at me and went “remember the first time in the bathroom?”. When someone who has seen you naked before enters the room while you are naked you don’t jump. Unless if you have an ugly body. I went “Hector, please hle. Not now. I had a nightmare about you. You undressed me and while I was waiting for you to enter me, you took out a gun and”. He put his index finger on my lips and went “sshhhhh...the only gun I can shoot you with is here”. He held my hand and made me feel his manhood. Damn, it was so hard you’d swear it had a bulletproof. He took off his t-shirt and asked me to lick his chest. I laughed and told him I’m a vegetarian. He was like “I’m a pussyterian”. He took off his pants and held me closer to him. I could feel his very hard cock on my belly and my blood went ‘jidiidiiiiidiiii’. I was like “in my nightmare you promised to marry me”. He whispered “anything is possible Sunshine”. Guys can promise you earth and heaven when they want to get laid. I wanted to speak again but his lips barricaded my words. I tried to remember the last I got it well and Oh Gosh the kissing was so good. When you kiss with your eyes closed you get to see things that don’t even exist. If a guy kisses with your eyes closed and all you see is darkness, he’s a mediocre kisser.

I slowly went down on my knees while he was still standing up. I took one look at his dick and it looked as if it was about to say “God bless our food before we eat. Amen”. I tip-tongued his dick head slowly, then tongued the entire dick head. With his cock head was wet enough with my saliva I put it in my mouth in a sucking fashion. One mistake most girls do is rushing to put the dick in their mouth before lubricating it. The friction must be ‘well-oiled’ if you want him to scream his great-great-grandmother’s name. I went back and forth with my lips and nigger started moaning with his hands holding my head tight. I was slow and gentle. Blow job is not a job, take your time and don’t rush as if your are chasing a deadline. His

dick was big so I made sure it didn't go very far. Imagine puking while giving head. I also made sure there was minimal teeth contact. A dick is not a toothbrush. I pushed it to my inner cheek and moved it up n down my cheek walls. It was at that moment that he went "voetsek voetsek voetsek voetsek voetsek voetsek tsek tsek oh mama yhooo". I stopped and asked what's wrong and he went "It's nice nana nana don't stop Mrs Skhosana". That made my pussy go wetter....the Mrs part. I decided to give his dick a break and went for his balls. Like they say, 'don't play the man, play the ball'. I licked his balls gently while my hand was playing with his dick. He went "ho ho ho ho ho....". I stopped and asked him if he was Father Christmas and he went "ho ho ho ho ho" again. Lol I got nigger's mind blown up with my blow job..

I stood up and took out a condom from my bag and gave it to him. He wanted to put it on but his hands were shaking. I guess he was suffering from Shazyonceliptis. I put it on his dick for him. I turned around, held the bed with my legs still on the floor and bent it like Beckham. I didn't want any muffing business, I just wanted him in. He didn't waste any time, he held my bum with one hand and use the other one to direct his mrengerenge to the promised land. My pussy was wet and the friction gave me a super sexual sensation. He started gently and slowly and it felt so good. I stretched my legs more and told him to fuck faster. Nigger went all Chinese on me. He started going faster and further and I started screaming "oh oh oh oh Hec Tar ah ah oh fuck me nigga wooo wooo ahhhhh". My arms were getting weaker and weaker and I ended us put my head on the bed. My body temperature increased my my heart was beating faster. He turn me around and put my legs on his shoulders. When he entered I felt as if my pussy was pulsating. He went in and out several times and my temperature reached all time high. My nipples got bitter and the clitoris smiled. My pussy got wetter and my legs started vibrating. Shit, I was experiencing an orgasmic sensation. I went "aaaaaaa oh oh oh ah ah ah you good Skhosi, you good babe...oh ouh no puni puni ahhhh". He went "what's my name" and I responded "Starring aka Senyobi ah ah Ah ah oh oh". When my spasmic vibrations died and he pulled out and looked at me. I was like "I love you, babe". If a girl tells you those words immediately after sex just know you fucked her good. He looked at me in a weird way. All of a sudden I felt saliva going 'phaaaa' on my face. Nigger spat on me. He was like "that's what home wreckers bitches like you deserve nxa".

WT....I grabbed the nail clipper next to the bed and

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 71

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Guys must take this as a lesson, girls are very vulnerable after sex. We wanna be loved and appreciated. I'm talking about normal girls, not those hardcore alcoholics and prostitutes. The reason we want to cuddle after sex is because we want you to make us feel you cherish our bodies. I know to guys sex is just sex. To us it's emotional and psychological. Nothing hurts like a guy treating you like he met you at Capital Inn or Royal. It's like a guy telling you he'll pay you for having sex with him. Unless you are a hooker, you will get offended. You can fuck me until my pussy sings "I'm sorry for everything, that I've ever done" but don't ever spit on me after sex. I had just had one of the best sex ever and my pussy was still in a jovial mood. The last thing I expected was a nigger making me feel like a slut he fortuitously bumped into at Oxford Street. I tried to slash his mrengerenge with the nail clipper but he quickly ducked and I missed the target. I was not thinking straight at that moment. My body is a temple and everyone who sees my naked body and fucks me should respect me. 1 Corinthians 6:19-20 "Or do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, whom you have from God? You are not your own, for you were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body". Hector violated my temple and made me feel like some delela he bought at Marabastad. I attempted to slash him for the second time but he ducked again. While ducking he lost his footing and accidentally his head went 'phooh' on the wall. The black things in his eyes vanished and all I could see was the whiteness. Like the World Trade Centre twin towers in New York, he went down. The first thought I had was to use the nail clipper to circumcise his for the second time but panic hit me before I could. He looked dead or about to die. Imagine dying and going to heaven naked. Virgin Mary would probably be the one welcoming him and afterwards she'd be known as just Mary. I checked his pulse to establish if he was alive and luckily he was, he had fainted.

I decided to give him a CPR, most black people call it mouth-to-mouth. I gave him a different one, mouth-to-dick. Men love sex than any other thing on earth. I'm sure if you gave a dead man a BJ he'll re-live just to 'come' and re-die immediately afterwards. The good thing was his dick was one of those stubborn ones. In the situation that he was in, his dick was still in a revolutionary state. I used my mouth to play with it for about 2 minutes but he showed no movement. My panic elevated to another level and I decided to save my ass. I got quickly dressed, packed my bags and left the apartment. Luckily I had short hair and didn't have to waste time on the mirror fixing my hair. I didn't lock the door for in case he gained consciousness. He showed me he blamed me for his marital problems and he was probably gonna kill me if he gained consciousness in my presence. Some men deserve to have pussies installed on their bodies. What kinda man holds a grudge nxa? When I got to the gate Ola the security asked if I was going home for Christmas holidays. Damn, security guards are more curious and nosey than Indians. They always wanna know everything and everyone about the place they are guarding. I told him I'm taking my laundry to the laundrette. I passed quickly before he could shower me with more questions. He was probably gonna ask if my underwear was part of the laundry. It was when I got to the mini-mall called Station Square next to Bosman Taxi rank that I noticed I left my bank card on the mini table in the bedroom. I couldn't use my phone to bank cause the SIM card I used for cell phone banking was no longer working. I decided to walk back to the flat. Just before the car gate at Ceres, I noticed uncle Sello's car going thru the gate. He was alone in the car. WTF, it wasn't Friday yet and nigga was back. Maybe he wasn't in Kenya as he claimed. He was probably in Warmbath or somewhere in Mpumalanga. Bo-darkie ba rata go claima straight.

At that moment I was in a situation I didn't wish to be in. If I went to the apartment, hell would break loose. Uncle Sello would probably kill me and tell my mother I brought a man to his house. Hector was also acting like an asshole and would probably try to kill me. At the same time, I needed money to go home. Going to the bank to make a new card would take me ages and I didn't have time. I got in one of those Asian shops just before the Ceres car gate and bought R5 airtime. I called JT and told her I needed her help. She asked where I was and I told her. After hanging up I heard screams and whistling outside. Before I could go outside to check I saw a naked man running by the street. WTF, behind him was uncle Sello with a sjambok. I hid in the store to hide from Sello. Lol I couldn't help

it but laughed my ass off. Some people have village tendencies, like who the fuck chases a naked man in a capital city? That's some village ish. I know women from my hometown who would go to the street wearing only 'onoroko' just to insult the hell out of the neighbour. JT got to the shop I was at and the first thing she said was "eh ntwana le etsa mobile porn or what what? Die mense ba shianisana ka di 4-5 in daylight. Ka mmao Pitori dia boa mxwee struu". JT's language was ghetto and sexy at the same time. I told her the situation I was in and she cracked. She was like "ntwana, o skhokho. You should have cut his balls". You see why I love JT, she's always on my side. I wanted to ask her for money but before I could I noticed it wasn't necessary. My uncle was out of the flat busy chasing Hector and the apartment was empty. I decided to take advantage of that. I left my bags with JT and quickly ran to the apartment and fuck....when I got there the door was locked. Who the fuck locks a door when they are about to chase somebody? Uncle Sello was starting to seem like a psycho to me and I didn't like it. But anyway, if I was a man and found another man naked in my house I'd cut his balls with an axe.

I ran to the elevator and pressed G. When the elevator door at ground level my uncle was there sweating like a fat old man after having sex with an energetic skinny teenager. I pretended not to know what was happening and gave him a fake hug. He was breathing heavily and the sjambok was still glued to his hand . I asked him why he looks tired and he angrily asked "who was that naked baboon in my house? Ke mang?". I maintained a straight face and went "a naked baboon? A baboon in a residential area? Malome, I suspect witchcraft. Uhm...mara all baboons are naked mos". He was like "voetsek maan, I'm talking about the naked man.". I was playing with his mind but I could see it was about to backfire on me badly. The sjambok hand was horny for violence. I looked down and went "I left Zandile at the flat and went to Sunnyside. I only came back now and the door was locked. I was going to buy airtime to call her now". I could see he was buying my story and my brain smiled. I asked him where aunt Gugu was and he told me some shit happened and he'll explain when we get to the flat. Shit, nigga was dragging me back to the flat and I wanted to leave. We got inside the lift and I noticed tears gathering in his eyes. He asked if I ate fish and I said no. As soon as he unlocked the door I ran to the bedroom to get my bank card. He headed to the loo and I saw an opportunity to run for my life. As I was approaching the door someone opened it from outside. Boooooom, it was the one and only Zee ka nama. Now shit was about to hit the fan. I lied to uncle Sello and Zee would mos def tell her the truth.

She had so many bags from different shops; Guess, Acca Joe, Legit, Spitz etc. Poor Mr Masemola, he probably blew his credit card on her. She was like “can’t you see I need help?”. I helped with the bags and as soon as we put them down I told her I’ll be back in a minute. As I passed next to the toilet window from outside I heard uncle Sello flushing. I whispered to myself “good luck Zee. I still love you. I’ll check Daily Sun tomorrow to see if you are still alive”. I ran to the shop where I left JT and shit, the lesbo wasn’t there. I looked left and right and there was no sign of JT. While looking I heard screams of a woman from the Ceres car gate. I listened carefully and realised it was Zee screaming. I remained hidden in the shop and I heard Zee going “kill me, kill me. Did you see me with that man cause I was in Menlyn? It was that bitch Sharon who fucked that guy, not me. I hate you le pipi e nnyane nxa. I’m gonna send our naked picture to my aunt. You are acting like a sheep whereas you know very well you are a wolf. Fuck you Sello, fuck you”. Instead of helping the poor girl black people were busy taking videos. Nxa the bitch deserved to be beaten, she called me a bitch. I wanted to go panelbeat her ass but I was scared Sello would finish me off. Nigger was such a Kea, he acted all goody goody all the time kante ke sfese sa monna. Men aint loyal bathong.

JT appeared from the Paul Kruger Street direction and went “eish ne khaphile sfebe se seng ko KFC. O mnate.... fede fede?”. I didn’t answer her question but asked her to walk me to Bosman Taxi Rank. I walked in a way that my uncle and Zee wouldn’t see me from where they were. When we got to the mini-mall next to the taxi rank I withdrew R550 and headed to the taxi. I kissed JT and she went “ntwana, o vaye grand. O ntshware ka 072- when you get home. O groete mamazala le papazala. Enjoy your festive season and baloi ba ko Limpopo ba ska o shapa ka legadima lol”. I got in a taxi to Tzaneen and within 10 minutes it was full. You could tell it was going to Tzaneen cause almost all passengers were dark. About three guys were playing loud music with their phones. Like really now, what happened to using ear phones? Imagine the guy sitting next to you playing Benny Mayengani, the guy behind you playing Dj Janisto and the one in front playing Thomas Chauke. When the driver started the engine I put on the ear phones and listened to some nice house jams. The guy sitting next to me tapped me on the shoulder and went “sesi, wa e tseba kosha ye ya Benny Mayengani? E dia artchar iyooo yoooo (Do you know this Benny Mayengani song? It rocks big time)”. I looked at him with disrespect and told him I’m not his friend. He was like “voetsek, o nagana o special toko. O reke koloi nxa (Piss off. You think you are

special you bloody asshole”. Lol nigger insulted me for not wanting to talk to him. I decided to ignore the fool. As they say, ignore a fool to avoid more stupidity. When we got to Naboomspruit now known as Mookgophong the taxi stopped for us to pee and buy food. The place was packed with people heading home from big cities. There were also many cars with the GP registration numbers. Some were so old you could tell people bought them for less than R1500. Ke Desember boss, everyone wanna be mobile. You buy a skorokoro for R1500 and use R10 000 to fix it cause it will get stuck every 2 hours. By the time January dawns nigger is broke and forced visit loan sharks. I wanted to buy ice cream at KFC but it was so packed you’d swear they had a magnet that attracted blacks only. I decided to just get off and stretch.

While stretching I noticed a red Volvo C30. I zoomed the registration number, I smiled. It was TT Scott’s car. I took my bags and told the driver he can leave without me. I crossed the road and walked to the car. Within few minutes TT Scott appeared with 3 guys and some dark chick. When he saw me he wore a big smile on his face. I had that effect on him. We can part way on a very negative tip but whenever we bump into each other we would start afresh. He gave me a hug and kissed me on the lips. The guys with him were like “ah ah ah mfana, o masepa. Cheri ye botse so? O berekisa melemo khane (Yho dude, such a gorgeous chick? Do you use love portions?)”. I smiled and told them not to flatter me. As always he looked stunning in Fabiani golfie and Gucci spectacles. He asked who I was with and I told him the guy I was traveling dropped me cause I didn’t wanna kiss him. He was like “masepa, nxa such guy must be beaten up. We don’t need such animals here in Limpopo”. He took out R200 note and gave it to the dark chick and went “go catch a taxi. My future wife is here”. Hell broke loose, the chick lost it. She insulted me like I was the one who told her to go catch a taxi. She was like “nxa future wife ya masepa. I’m a woman and le nna ke nyaka monna. Ke tiya toko ya le yellow-bone e nye nna”. TT was like “hayi maan, voetsek monyamane. I don’t want you, I only gave you a lift. Tsamaya”. She went “ke nna Mokwape wa Mmalekutu nna. You will regret this wena monnyana wa sfebe (I’m Mokwape the daughter of Mmalekutu. You will regret this bloody bitch)” and left. When someone from Limpopo hits you with those kinda threats you must be worried. We got in the car and hit the road. My phone rang and I switched it off without looking at the caller ID. It was probably Zee or Sello. TT Scott played my

favourite house track, Dj Merlon ft Mondli Ngcobo – Koze Kuse. Damn I found myself dancing and singing along. That's my festive song.

When we passed Mooketsi there was a sudden thunderstorm. Damn all the way from Gauteng the weather was friendly and now that we were few minutes from home it changed. In Limpopo it's scary when the weather is like that cause some people use it for their special projects. The weather got worse when we got to Ga-Kgapane. TT Scott dropped me at my crib's gate, kissed me and drove away.

I grabbed my bags and while running to the house I heard a thunderous sound. I saw different colours....followed by darkness. The next thing I

THE END

Episode 72

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

In years that I have stayed in Limpopo I've never physically seen a victim of a lightning. I've never seen a house that was hit by lightning. I only read about it in the Daily Sun or watch it on Muvhango. When reading Northern Sotho literature, especially a book called Taukobong by EM Ramaila, you learn of how people used lightning to fight their battles. Apparently if you had haters, they'd strike you with a lightning. It didn't stop there, they'd go as far as hitting your grave with another lightning just to make sure you don't become an ancestor. So I grew up fearing thunderstorm and rain cause I knew people like Maite hated me for my beauty. For a moment I didn't feel my head and legs, I felt dead. The sound was so loud for a moment I felt I was standing next to Sunnyside's Europa speakers. Those speakers are so loud they make you dance automatically. After a minute or so my eyes could see but it was a blurred vision. I don't know if my mind was playing mind games with me or what but I heard a voice going "pasop, next time you won't get lucky. Consider this a warning shot bitch". The voice sounded like that of the girl who was in TT Scott's car. Damn, I remembered she told me "ke nna Mokwape wa Mmalekutu nna. You will regret this wena monnyana wa sfebe (I'm Mokwape the daughter of Mmalekutu. You will regret this bloody bitch)". OMG, ugly bitches aint loyal. My mom came running to the gate and cried when she saw me standing there frozen like a lazy chick during sex. In English they call it trauma. I felt my joints going th th th th th and it was then that I was able to control my body. The

first thing I checked was my pussy. Just imagine a lightning stealing your pussy. Beauty without a pussy would be like a Golf 7 GTI without wheels. It wouldn't be a panty dropper anymore.

My mom helped me to walk to the house. As soon as we got there the rain stopped, as in completely stopped. She gave me warm water and wrapped me with a blanket. It was her, my dad and Maite's aunt in the house. My dad was such a pussy sometimes. He enjoyed hanging around with my mom and Maite's aunt than other men. Men like him tend to be gossip-stars. Worst part is they were watching some chic flick and nigger was so glued to the TV. He didn't even ask if I was ok. The warm water made me feel better. Actually, my name is Sharon, the real Die Hard. That bitch tried to kill me and failed. My mom's phone rang and she answered. She was like "What!!!!!" and gave the phone to my father. My father went "What!!!!!!!!!" and hung up. He screamed "little bitch...no wonder you didn't tell us you are coming back. You are just like your moth.....". I think he wanted to say "...mother" but my mom gave Koko Mantsha's look and he went "you are just like your mother-in-law". His eyes turned red like he was praying for rain to come back so he could finish me off with another lightning. He told me to take everything and voetsek from his house. My mom tried to protest and he was like "shut up. You are the one who taught this brat these shenanigans. She doesn't even look like me". That comment made my mom go mad "what are you saying Piet? Are you saying she's not yours? Aren't you the one who broke my virginity in the toilet at your grandmother's place? Answer me...answer me Piet". WTF, I was conceived in a toilet? I took my bags and ran to the gate. I didn't wanna hear more. I was probably conceived during the first round nxa. My father looked like those lazy niggers with small dicks. Ja I said it and I won't reverse it nxa.

Maite's aunt came to the gate and told me I could stay at her place until I sort things out with my parents. I didn't wanna be under the same roof as Maite but I was desperate at that moment. My relatives were in the villages and I was to 'pretorian' for a village and pit toilet. I asked her if Maite was back and she told me she's on her way back. There's something about chicks from my hood, we can fight away from home but when we are at home we suspend our beef in front of parents. Maite was the master at that game. We once fought in Pretoria and went home the following day. She bumped into me and my mom at Tzaneen Mall and she was all smiles. As soon as we got to Maite's aunt's place she put my bags in

Maite's room and we sat on the lawn outside. Her place wasn't far from my place, so I kinda felt I was still at home. Home 2000 is one of the beautiful townships in Ga-Kgapane. Most people who own houses there are nurses, cops and teachers. That's the reason girls from there own at least 3 pairs of Carvela and have bling bling on their teeth. Thanks to GEMS and Polmed. It was December but it wasn't as noisy as the villages a stone throw away. Within 30 minutes a white BMW GT stopped at the gate and madam Maite was inside. I think she wanted to kiss the driver good bye but her aunt was watching like a hawk. The driver had grey hair and he looked Mandela's age before he died. BoMaite mrena, no taste at all. Imagine sucking an old dick, it would feel like eating sponge. I wouldn't be surprised if old people's sperm is 'powdered'. She got off and madala drove off. She gave me a hug of the year. She was like "hey hey lil sis, you still look gorgeous hle bathong. Your skin is so light. Okare o pregnant". With a smile on my face I whispered "pregnant ke mmao le boyfriend ya mokgalabje". She smiled back and whispered "mokgalabje ke papao wa gay" and loudly went "I love you hle Shaz". We went into the house and aunt prepared food and drinks for us. Around 6pm Maite's grandmother came. She was like "tomorrow morning we are all going to Moria. We'll come back on the 25 December for kheresemose". That woman's word was final. Nobody argued with her, not even the mayor. I didn't wanna spend days in Moria but with the bad luck that I suffered over the past few months I agreed. Is not like a had a choice anyway.

We spent those few days in Moria and I must admit, it wasn't bad at all. I felt closer to God than ever. The only boring thing is they don't allow smartphones there. I wanted to take selfies to share with you lol. There's none much to write about except for those toilets. After shitting your pussy will have a shit-hangover-smell the whole day. I'm sure some of you think I gave some 'moholo' a blowjob until he shouted 'Kgotsong'. Lol no I'm a bad girl but I respect religion. Anyway, ZCC men in uniform are not attractive. We got home during the day on the 25th, Xmas Day. As soon as the monster gogo left, I changed into my Sissy Boy jeans and some tight top I bought at Legit. Maite wore a red mini-skirt and a white top. I almost asked if she knew Valentines was in February and not December. But hey, I was staying at her place and didn't wanna anger the bitch. And spending few days in Moria with her diluted our beef. We were kinda getting along. Within an hour or so the BMW GT madala was at the gate. I got in the back seat and Maite took the side chick seat. Madala introduced himself as Bra Mjita. I almost cracked. He was

probably one of those rich old men who didn't wanna grow up. As soon as we hit the road he started playing Koze Kuse. Lol some old men aint loyal. I was expecting Hugh Masekela or Oliver Mthukuzi or Bhudaza. Like I expected, we were going to the shisanyama I was at when TT Scott left me, gaMorobi. When we got there it was packed with cars, 70% with the GP registration. Limpopo turns into Gauteng in December bathong. Some niggers were speaking some fake Zulu they learnt in Tembisa and Alexandra. We found a spot to park a car and took out the camp chairs to sit on. I made sure I sat far from Bra Mjita. I didn't want people to think I'm fucking an ancestor. Whenever I saw someone wearing a Kaizer Chiefs t-shirt my blood boiled. Maite was busy flirting with Bra Mjita while I was flirting with my Hunters Gold. She had the guts to refer to him as 'babe' lol. How do you call someone's grandfather 'babe'. While sitting there a white Merc AMG parked next to us. Shit, the driver was someone I met in Pretoria, Edgar DS Rathelele. Remember the guy who gave me his business card at Kingsway Flat in Sunnyside? Ja that dark guy with fat lips. He was alone so I asked asked him to join us. Luckily he agreed. Ka mmao Gauteng makes Limpopo small. We sat there until it was dark. Bra Mjita said he was tired so he went to rest in his car. I went to the loo to pee and left Maite with DS. On my way to the loo about 10 guys tried their luck and I just smiled. Their bitches looked at me as if they were about to unleash a lightning on me. That's how bitches from home behave when they see nigger from Gauteng. Bonus and 13th cheque drive chikitas crazy. That's the reason most of them give birth in September, they get fucked in December for few savannahs and Hunters Dry's. I did my peeing business and almost got a shock of my life when I got back to where we were sitting. DS and Maite were nowhere to be seen. DS's car was also gone. I called Maite and the fone was off. I didn't have the business card DS gave me so I didn't have his number. I knocked on Bra Mjita's car's window and when he opened I asked where Maite was and he was like "Maite is you". I pinched his small nose and asked again and he pointed to the empty chair in front of his car. I took the camp chairs and put them in the car. I took the front seat and told Bra Mjita to drive me home. I think it was only at that time that he noticed Maite pulled a 'run-away' stunt on him. He was so angry he started breathing heavily. We got to the main road and headed to Ga-Kgapane, Home 2000. I told him maybe Maite was bored cause he was sleeping in the car and decided to go home. Obviously I was lying. That bitch was probably fucking DS somewhere in the bushes.

When we got to Home 2000 he parked at the gate and I went inside to check if Maite was there. As expected she wasn't at home. When I got back to the car Bra Mjita was more than angry. He showed me an sms on his phone. His credit car was swiped at some hotel in Tzaneen. He was like "that bitch has one of my credit cards". I wanted to laugh, Maite was the ish. She stole Mjita's credit card to book a hotel to sleep with another man. He told me to get in the car and we headed to Tzaneen. Nigger was driving 60km/h cause the road had many potholes. When we got to the hotel another sms came in, his card was swiped at a pub called Mzansi in Lenyenye. Bra Mjita gave a sigh of giving up and booked us in at that hotel. He booked 2 rooms but I was surprised when he followed me to my room. Shame poor old man wanted to get me arrested. At his age you shake him twice and he'd die. He tried to kiss me but I stopped him. I unbuttoned his pants and reached for his dick. I gave the poor khehla a handjob and he screamed "yyyhhhhooooo yhooooo yhoooo wa mpolaya. I I ay ay I will give yooooou the other credit card". Shame, se rotile within 4 minutes. In the morning I took a bath and told him I wanna go home, in a taxi. We drove to the ATM and he gave R2000 in hard cash. He was like "if you are not like her I'll give you more. I'll buy you a car. You are very good in bed". Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa being old sucks. I gave him a 4 minutes hand job and he praises me for being good in bed. I kissed him on the chick and he went "yooooh mmaa...ke rotile". I left him standing there with wet pants. As I was walking to the taxi rank I saw a group of people buying something. When I got there...shit, it was Mofenyi Malepe selling his book, 283: The Bed Sex Bet. I waited until everyone was gone and went to him. I thought he had forgotten me but he gave me a Mo'smile as soon as he laid his eyes on me. He told me that he updated on Facebook that he was in Tzaneen selling the book and people came in numbers. He asked me where I was going and I told him home in Ga-Kgapane. He was like "ja ke batho ba Pretoria fela mo gae. Le nna I'm going home to Namakgale from here. Actually, if you don't have plans why don't you go with me to Phangweni Vibes, Cooler Boxing Day, in Namakgale?". Namakgale is a popular township in Phalaborwa, about 100 kilometres east of Tzaneen. I didn't wanna go but when Mofenyi told me Donald and Lulo Cafe would be performing there I wet myself immediately. Those niggers are so hot you can reach orgasm by just looking at them.

Mofenyi drove me to Home 2000 and when I got there Maite was still not home. Her aunt was so excited a black Merc dropped me. I think she's one of those

parents who judge their daughters' achievements by number of expensive cars that drop them. Mofenyi told me the theme is All White so I donned a white mini skirt, white top that expose my beautiful yellow belly and white All Star boots. All yellow bones look great in white colour. Even the black bones look cool but those darker ones look like Orlando Pirates fans. I grabbed my handbag and we hit the road. We talked about his book, life and so many things but nigger never talked about chowing me. It was surprising for someone who chowed more than 283 chicks. When we got to Namakgale he said he's gonna drop me at his friend's restaurant and go to his place for an hour or so. And after that all roads will lead to Big 5 Arena. He dropped me at Fish & Chips. I'm told it's the only restaurant in Namakgale lol. His friend, the owner of the restaurant was waiting for me outside the restaurant. He was a bit chubby but looked energetic. He looked like those chubby guys who would fuck you until your pussy whistled "happy new year". I hoped Mofenyi was not selling me to the highest bidder. He introduced himself as Kgothatso Mashile, Mofenyi's best friend. The name rang a bell.... Shit he's the guy I saw on Our Perfect Wedding months back. Mara banna, will I ever find a single man in this world mara? We sat in his restaurant and first thing I asked if madam was around and he was like "relax ngwana, the coast is clear". Imagine wifey giving you a beating in December. Daily Sun would put me on the front page. They cover everything in Phalaborwa, from elephants farting to a tokoloshi eating sushi on naked old women's butts. Kgothatso was actually an interesting guy. He had a sense of humour and danced to any sound. Even when I laughed he danced. Mofenyi came back and we headed to Big 5 Arena. Kgothatso was like "hope I don't smell di-chips ha ha ha ha ha". We all cracked.

When we got to the event we were accompanied by some guy to the VIP area. They didn't even ask for tickets. Shit, I felt famous and rich. When you are a nobody they'll ask you for a ticket 100 times even when you are displaying it. I was given a cocktail and the guys had whiskey. While drinking I heard the MC of the event going "macheri baNamakgale le botse mara le ka se phale macheri a Pitori. Maybe it's because le dula kgaufi le Kruger National Park. Le tshwana le diphoofolo". It was at that time that I noticed it was Mashabela Galane. I wanted to laugh out loud but I remembered I was in the VIP area. Whoever came up with this VIP area thing killed us. The real mnate is in the ghetto area. Some guy and 2 chicks wearing all white joined us. He introduced himself as Jonas Malatji aka Noko but never introduced the 2 girls he was with. So I was sitting between Jonas

and Kgothatso. They were speaking to me at the same time and I didn't know who to listen to. You know when you are sitting down wearing a mini your thighs get attention from guys. Mofenyi signalled to me that I should sit next to him but I couldn't. It would be awkward. Anyway, I didn't wanna do Mofenyi, I just wanted to friend-zone him. Nigger would probably chow me and write a book about it. Whenever Jonas tried to speak to me one of the chicks would go "walk me to the loo babe, I wanna pee". Mxm bitch was probably trying to mark her territory. The bitches drank whiskey like it was Nespray. I think they got sloshed cause they started dancing like sluts from Mafikeng. Kgothatso also stood up to dance. Jerrrrrrr nigga was bloody good on the dance floor. Whoever said chubby guys can't dance should suck their toes. Jonas whispered to me "don't you wanna kiss in the rain?". Before I could answer he went "follow me before these peeps notice there's chemistry between us". Lol nigga had confidence for days. Who told him there was any chemistry? Maybe he meant meteorology cause it was raining. But I found myself following him. Instead of kissing in the rain he led me to his car which was not parked with other VIP cars. It was outside and in some semi dark spot. It was a black SUV. He was like "how much are you gonna pay me for giving me the longest hard on since I was born?". Before I could talk he pulled back his seat, grabbed me and sat me on his lap. I was wearing a mini so my thighs were exposed. When I'm drunk stupid things drive me crazy. He squeezed my butt and pushed me towards him. He unzipped his pants and I saw uuuuuuu. It should be part of the Big 5 and be named the Big 6. Nigga was so fast and skillful and it was like he knew what to do. With my G-string still on, he shifted the string a bit and gently pushed his Big 5 in. All the cocktails I had ran to my pussy. Imagine the combination of cocktails and a cock in my pussy. I felt aaaaaahhhhh mxawwwaaa. He grabbed my hip and helped me swing up and down with his Big 6 hitting me hard. You know having sex in a public area is very oooohhh...that adrenalin rush. I felt my pussy going 'mxwe mxwe mxwe mxwe' and that's when I knew I was being fucked hard and well. I started making the noises "ah ah ah ah ah ah hhhaaaapy belatttttttted Christmas". Fuck I came and nigger was still going strong. That's what I call a man.

All of a sudden I heard 'chwwwwwwaaaaaaaaaaaa'.... Someone smashed the window.

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 73

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

If someone disturbs while you are eating a delicious meal, you'll be mad at them but it aint a biggie. If someone interrupts while your favourite soapie is playing, you'll be mad but it aint a biggie. If someone disturbs you while you are studying you'll be mad but it aint a biggie. But if someone disturbs you while you are having sex.....no no no wait, if someone disturbs you while you are getting a very good fuck from the Big 6, you will get mad and wish to be Osama Bin Laden and bomb the fuck out of their ass. The first thing I thought was maybe one of those bitches in the VIP area followed us and wanted to kill me for riding her man. Or it was Mofenyi Malepe. I know how guys roll, if he takes you to a party he automatically thinks you are his girl even though he never asked out. Instead of stopping shagging me Jonas wanted to continue. Nxa men think with their dicks ka mmao. I once read a story in the Daily Sun where a man was stabbed 44 times while having sex. Why didn't he run for his life with the first stab? Jonas went "don't worry babe, I have money. I'll replace the window tomorrow". WTF, we were in a potential danger and all he cared about was satisfying his Big 6. I quickly pulled myself up and jumped to the other seat. It was only at that stage that his sober thinking kicked in. With his dick still exposed, he opened the door to check who smashed the window. As soon as he set his foot down the person who smashed the window went "what the fuck are you doing with my chick in your car mpsa ke wena?". Before Jonas could answer the question that dude threw quick punches at Jonas. It was semi-dark but I honestly didn't know that dude. I was shocked he claimed I'm his girlfriend. While they were still paying WWE Smackdown I surreptitiously opened the door and ran to the VIP area. I doubt they saw me cause at that stage they were rolling each other on the ground.

When I got to the VIP area Mofenyi was nowhere to be seen. Luckily I saw Kgothatso and those 2 bitches. I told Kgothi about the fight outside and we all ran there....me, Kgothi and the 2 bitches. When we got there Jonas was on top of the nigger beating the hell out of him. Kgothi didn't even ask any question, he started helping Kgothi to beat that guy. No wonder we have more male than female prisoners. He didn't even ask why they were fighting but because his friend was

involved he joined the beating. It was raining and semi dark, so people never saw anything. One of the bitches screamed “nooooooo please leave him alone. He’s my baby’s father. Please leave him alone. Why are you beating him?”. She tried to pull Kgothatso as she screamed. It was at that stage that the boys let the nigger off the hook. Instead of running for his life or thanking his baby mama for helping her, he punched her so hard on the face. Within 2 seconds she was on the ground and her white clothes turned black. WTF, I wondered why he did that and he was like “bitch, you will never change. You disappeared with this motherfucker and he was fucking you in the car. Maybe that little rascal you claim is mine is actually his. Plus she has a big head like him”. The bitch stood up and went “Voetsek Abel. You are a fool ka high grade. Did you see me fucking someone in the car? I only went to the loo with my friend Lolo and went back dancing afterwards. Nxa you always have stupid thoughts in your mind. That is why I dumped. You are nothing but just a baby daddy to me. You are not a man enough for me. Maybe you should die and come back after 3 months as Abel: The Legacy. O ntlwaela marete le pipi ya go lekana le ya bana ba crèche”. Lmao the last line killed me but I couldn’t laugh. He wanted to beat her again but Jonas and Kgothatso manhandled him. Jonas explained that he was alone in the car busy with a call and that nigger smashed his window. Nigger didn’t even listen, he walked away with the tail between his legs. I think the small pipi comment diluted his anger and turned it into embarrassment. Telling a guy he has a small dick is like telling a girl she is fat.

Jonas told us he’s gonna have to go home to change cause it would make him look like a hobo from Tembisa if he went back to the VIP area looking like that. He also wanted to park his SUV and come back with the GTI. The bitch, Abel’s baby mama was like “please give me a lift. I also wanna change. I look like a hobo from Pretoria”. I asked “have you ever been to Pretoria or you just see it on TV? You look like those girls who only know Giyani and Tzaneen”. Jonas told me not to be mean to other kids. Truth of the matter is I was angry she wanted Jonas to give her a lift. Well, they came together to Big 5 but there was a 3rd person. Jonas was fucking me and her no good boyfriend interrupted and now it seemed as if she wanted to finish off where I started. I told Jonas I also wanna go change and Kgothatso was like “Change to what because you don’t have clothes here? Let’s go back to the VIP area. Mofenyi is probably worried about us”. Jonas and the bitch left. The 2nd bitch, I and Kgothatso went back to the VIP area. When we got there Mofenyi was dancing with some bald yellow bone. Kgothatso went to him and

they spoke for few minutes. Mofenyi gave me a funny and disdainfully shook his head. I continued with my drinking until Jonas and the bitch came back. She was wearing the shortest skirt ever. When she walked I could see her bum. Nxa maybe she was a hooker. If Kgothatso's eyes were dicks the bitch would have been pregnant with triplets by now. Nigger literally stopped whatever he was doing and goggled her with his eyes. Just before 2am I saw Mofenyi, the bald yellow bone and Kgothatso leaving. I ran to Mofenyi and whispered "I am all yours. Fuck the 283 you fucked. I am Sharon Letsoalo and I can ride you better than all of them. You'll write a book bigger than the Bible about me after my bewitching performance". He audaciously looked at me and whispered "look at me girlie, I don't do leftovers. Even when it's microwaved it is still a leftover to me. Google Mofenyi Lekhura Malepe if you don't know me well. Tšhaba re fete". With that he left me standing alone like a statue.

Jerrrrrrr my face became blue with embarrassment. Kgothatso probably added 1 and 1 and concluded that I was the girl Jonas chowed in the car and told Mofenyi. But why would Mofenyi be angry if I rode Jonas. It's not like he asked me out or something. And anyway, he had his bald yellow bone. I went to Jonas and told him I wanna sleep. He was like "the night is still young. You can go sleep in my car. I'm still having fun". WTF, night still young at after 2am? Isn't cross-nighting for high school kids and bazalwane with their all night sex....nxa I mean prayer? I had no choice, so he walked me to the car. I saw a half-empty bottle of Skky Vodka and helped myself to it. I don't remember what happened next. When I opened my eyes the sun was shining and Jonas was sleeping next to me on a bed. I loudly went "What the fuck!!!!". My screaming woke Jonas who slept with his shoes on. He was like "Are you up my sun rise?". I think he wanted to say sunshine. He explained that we were at his grandmother's house. Apparently I was drunk he had to carry me from the car to the house. I told him I'm not interested in further explanation, I wanted to go home. He told me he wanna go do some stuff at his place and he'll come back and drive me to Ga-Kgapane. He said he'll lock the door to prevent his grandmom and cousins from bothering me. 10 hours went without him coming back. I was hungry and my body was also heavy because I had not bathed in ages. Luckily there was bottled water in the room and I drank it...not for thirst but for hunger. I was angry and hungry. I smelled horrible and terrible. Nigger came back around 8pm with Fish & Chips, Lemon Twist can and a tooth brush. He apologized and as he was about to tell me some shitty story I stopped

him. I didn't have any energy left in my body. I ate like dog and drank like a thirsty cat. When I was done he said he's ready to take me home. I didn't argue and yeah, we drove in silence from Namakgale to Ga-Kgapane. He took my phone and called his number. I think that was his way of taking my number. When we got to the gate he said "I'm sorry". I got off and left without saying anything.

Maite was still not home. I went straight to her bedroom and slept. The next 3 days I didn't do much. I was forever indoors playing a good girl. Maite's aunt asked about Maite's whereabouts and I told her I don't know. Jonas called about 10 times in those 3 days. My heart eventually forgave him. On the 31st around 4am I received a call from Jonas. He asked if I had a passport and I said yes. He was like "We are going to welcome 2015 in style at some beach in Mozambique and you are going with us. Be ready in an hour". Show me any girl who would say no to that. I took a bath and packed my bag. By 5h30am Jonas called and said he was at the gate. I was lucky because Maite's aunt was working nightshift. There was a Toyota Fortuner, Ranger Rover Sport and Jeep Wranger. All cars had 4 people each except for the Fortuner which had 3 guys. It was driven by Jonas. The front seat was empty so I occupied it. The Ranger was driven by Mofenyi and Kgothatso was driving the Jeep. I thought to myself 'to hell to bo-Dumi and Hector. I roll with the big boys now'. Within 6 hours or so we were at Komatiepoort, Lebombo Border Control. Traffic wasn't bad on the 31st. We sorted documents issues and boooooom I was in Mozambique for the first time. We drove for less than an hour from the border to Maputo. Contrary to what most South Africans think, Mozambique is beautiful. We drove around the capital city for about 30 minutes and left. Jonas told me we were heading to Macaneta. We got to some river called Incomati in Marracuene area. Because there was no bridge we had to use a ferry to go to the other side of the river. Imagine 3 big cars in a ferry, I almost wet my pants. From there we used we used some untarred road to our destination.

From our chalets in Tan-N'-Macaneta I could hear the sound of the ocean. I was so excited. We had chows and after that we changed into bikinis/shorts, took booze and headed to the beach. Oh-My-to-the-Gosh, I've never seen such natural beauty in my life. Of the 11 people there I only knew Khothatso, Mofenyi, bald yellow bone and Jonas. There rest were new faces to me. There were 5 guys and 7 girls.....all of them yellow bones. Hayi Limpopo guys and yellow bones. The other girls were like "we all read 283: The Bad Sex Bet and got horny. Unfortunately we

are not part of the 283 that got lucky. We are here to fix that problem”. Mofenyi was like “khwa khwa khwa get drunk first. I don’t want you to remember what happened. A re jeng zaka ya buku... Tshaba re fete” Jonas had a sound system so em bitches were dancing like there’s no tomorrow. Around 23h30 Jonas suggested that we should go do it for the last time in 2014. Like a chick following a hen I followed him. Shit when we got to the chalet we found of the chicks busy doing herself with a vibrator on the couch. I immediately got horny. Jonas didn’t waste time; he pulled down his shorts and attacked her with his naked dick....right in front of me. She screamed like she was high on something. I wanted to leave but I was like “fuck I aint leaving without a good fuck”. The girl went “ohhhhh mamayhooooo wa nandzika oh oh oh”. I took off my bikini and lay on the other couch with my legs wide open and said “I also need a good fuck before 2015”. Being a pervert that he was, he left the poor girl started attacked me. The girl screamed that she wasn’t satisfied but nigger continued fucking me.

She screamed “dude stop, I’m HIV+”

WTF....

Episode 74

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

HIV is one scary virus. I know scientists have discovered medications that enables people to live longer healthy life with the virus but hayi no no no. My mom is a nurse and she always tells me about stories of people dying of Aids. South Africa has more than 6 million + people and I really didn’t wanna be part of the statistics. I have been a very careless girl lately and reality was about to hit me harder. The thought of taking pills everyday made me wanna go throw myself in the ocean. I looked at the bitch and expected her to retract what she said. Jonas was like “What the fuck? Are you drunk or what? Don’t mess with me bitch. I will fuck you with your fake Aids”. As he said that he pulled out and went straight to her. I thought he was going to beat her or something but he did what I didn’t expect. He turned her around and penetrated her from behind. The bitch started screaming like she was some tired low-paid porn star. My fears elevated to another level. If the bitch confessed that she’s positive and Jonas still went for her it could only mean one thing, Jonas was also positive and he didn’t care anymore. He was probably one of

those guys who go around spreading HIV. That was probably the reason he shagged me without a condom at Big 5. He didn't even worry using a condom because he knew he had nothing to fear. That's witchcraft at the highest level. If you know you are positive you must have some decency to ensure a condom is used. I looked at them and they didn't even show any sign of caring I was there. Jonas was banging her from behind like he got a tax relief from doing that. She was one of those chicks with 'watery' bums and it went 'bjarra bjarra bjarra' when he banged her hard. Normally seeing such things would make my underground structures flow with happy liquids but at that moment it was as dry as kalahari desert. I touched my pussy with a finger and it felt like an expired kudu biltong. There are three main things that dry a pussy faster than anything: broke nigger, foul balls smell and fear. For me it was fear and panic that dried my forever moisturised pussy. HIV or not HIV, Jonas was a starrng of shagging. He deserved a Ballon d'Or of fucking.

I put on my bikini and ran back to the beach crying. Remember we were in some sandy bushes in Mozambique and it was dark. I'm not nyctophobic but sometimes darkness plant scary ideas in my mind, especially after watching a horror movie. But darkness was the last thing in my mind at that moment. The 4 minutes walk from the chalet to the beach felt like a lifetime. It was like I walked from Pretoria to Lagos. Imagine what Boko Haram would do to me if they bumped into me wearing a bikini. They'd probably kill the hell out of me and send the video all over the world. They are the only black men on earth who think of killing when they see a woman. A normal black man would think of shagging he hell out of her. May God save Nigeria cause Badluck Jonathan is failing. When I got to the beach they were doing a countdown10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2twentiiaiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeee fifteeeeeeeeeeeeeen. Suddenly guys grabbed any chick next to them and strated kissing them. There were 10 guys and 4 girls (me included). Mofenyi was kissing the bald yellow bone. Actually, I'm not really sure if they were kissing cause they were ngwenya was on top of ngwana wa modimo. I think he was 283'ng her. The girl who was partnerless looked at me and went "xikwenbu xi ta ni khomela. It's not like we gonna die or something". She grabbed and pulled me closer to her sexy body. Her lips reminded me of JT's. She kissed like a man and I ended up horny. Suddenly everyone except Mr 283 and his baldie stopped kissing and started clapping hands and screaming for me and my kisser. Her kiss made me forget my problems. I felt so healthy and loved. Some bitch had

a camera with her and she started taking a video. I hate bitches like that when I'm having fun. She was probably going to distribute that video to all her fellow bitches. After the kiss everyone started dancing and making their stupid New Year resolutions. Some bitch was like "my resolution is to marry a rich and handsome man". I wanted to shout "fuck you bitch, how will a rich man will marry you when you are busy kissing random men in a foreign country?". Another bitch was like "Ayobaness, 20-fit-in". Like really, fit in where? Maybe she wanted the guys to fit in their dicks in her thin ass. When Mofenyi was done with his 283 business or whatever he was doing he came straight to me and came me a hug, he went "Happy nnyo year". Lol I replied "ha ha ha ha ha happy dick year Mofenyi Lukhura Malepe. Don't even try your luck. I don't do left overs. Even if it's microwaved it's still a leftover to me. If you don't know me well Google Sharon Shaz Shazyonce Shaz Shazniz Shaznyonyo Shazyoyo Shezi-Shezi Letsoalolangwana wa Piet. Tshaba re bine". With that I joined the other dancing group. Jonas came back without his Hiv+ pussyfriend. He came straight to me and went "look, that girl is not sick. She just wanted to leave you so she can have me all to herself. My dick would go down if she was really sick. Guess what, her plan worked like magic. I doubt she'll be able to walk for the next 3 days thou. Ledlozi la ka warn me before I chow sick girls. I only use a condom when I do my wife. I don't trust that Mdantsane woman. They don't call me Snajo for nothing". Like what the fart, there are many guys who have Jonas's mentality. If ancestors wanted to protect us from HIV+ they would help us find a cure for HIV/Aids, period.

Jonas shouted "I dare all you chikitas to show off your bodies. Can I see some stretchmarkless butts and". Before he could even finish talking, them chikitas were already naked. Ka mmao, satan had taken off the world while God was busy celebrating New Year with Jesus and Moses. It's like Jonas had a remote that controlled those girls. He shouted "twerk twerk twerk twerk" and they all started twerking. One of the girls was skinny and had a thin ass. When she twerked her ass looked like it was preparing to fart one of those 'thweeeehiiiiii' farts. Girls with skinny asses must make peace with the fact that twerking is not for them. Just imagine Pfuluwani of Muvhango twerking. Vhafhuwi would kick her out of the royal house for provoking Venda gods. Twerking is for the likes of Matshidiso of Muvhango fame. I was the only girl still with a bikini on. Mofenyi came to me and went "I thought Mother Teresa died years ago. Are you trying to be an African virgin....i mean version of her". I started crying and he held me in his arms. I don't

know if I was imagining things but I think his Hercules did an 'Amandla' at that moment. Well, if you want to know what "Hercules' is go read page 29 of 283: The Bad Sex Bet. With a soft voice he went "I didn't mean to offend you punchu punchu. I'm sorry nana". I was overwhelmed by emotions at that stage. I stuttered "I I I I I I I I I I was having a 3-sum with Jonas and some girl. He started with her and when my turn came she shouted she's Hiv+. I don't wanna die Mo. I am scared". Instead of feeling sorry for me nigger went "kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa" and sneezed afterwards. He was like "you are such a stupid and naïve girl Sharon. That's an old trick in the rules of 3-Some. The unsatisfied party will scream something scary for the competitor to run for her life. Don't you know rule #13 of 3-Somes?". His explanation made me feel better but I was not satisfied. He told me that in the morning we will head to some lodge called Praia do Sol that he owns in Bilene, not far from Xai Xai. He continued "We'll leave for home on the 2nd and my doctor friend will hook you up with Combivir. If you got the HI-virus in the last 72 hours it will fight it out. I am Mofenyi, ke fenyia everything. Now take this bottle and have fun". He handed me a bottle of Johnnie Walker Blue and told me to drink my sorrows away. I drank half the bottle at one go and

When I woke up my head was pounding. I looked around me and saw a note written 'o taiwa too much marshmallow. Slow down on whiskey.....oh and you are in Bilene now. We went clubbing in Xai Xai. We'll see you when we come back. My phone was next to me and when I checked time it displayed 01.01.2015 20:36. WFT, did I really sleep the whole day? I felt like a high school kid. I didn't even know where Xai Xai was. I tried to call Mofenyi and Jonas but there was no network. I dragged myself to the kitchen and drank water. After drinking water I went back to bed. I didn't have any appetite for food. I woke up around 3am and I was still alone in the bedroom. Yeerrrrrr I was missing out, they were probably still partying the storm out in Xai Xai. I went to the kitchen and ate some left overs. Luckily there was a TV at that lodge. I decided to watch since I couldn't sleep anymore. All channels were boring so I ended up watching news. One channel had Breaking News with the headline "Club burns down in Xai Xai due to electrical fault". Panic rained on me. There were so many 'What Ifs' going thru my mind. I switched off the TV and went back to bed. I had a dream but it wasn't clear. All I could see was red. I woke up around 6am and still there was no one. I switched on the TV and all I could see were paramedics and fire firefighters. I got dressed and

went outside. I saw some 2 guys in a van and I went to them and explained the whole story to them. Luckily they understood English. They told me that they knew the club in Xai Xai and promised to take me there. I sat in the middle in their van and the driver hit the accelerator. When we got to the main road the road sign said Xai Xai was on our right but the dude turned left. He explained to me that they were taking the short cut. I didn't worry cause they looked very decent. One of them said to his friend "Ela não sabe que está indo para estupra-la". Now that made me uncomfortable. When people speak in the language you don't understand in front of you they are mos def talking about you. They turned left to join some small gravel road that looked like it was last used before Osama bin Laden died. I asked where we were going and he told me to shut up. I screamed and he went "if you want to go back to South Africa dead keep screaming. He had a gun in his hand at that moment. We got to some spot and they stopped the car. The driver pulled me out of the car while his friend was recording everything with his video camera.

The driver went "Undress yourself or die....."

WTF.....

Episode 75

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I watched movies where children of rich people are kidnapped and the parents are told to pay ransom or they'll never see their kids again. All kidnap situations are tough. It's even worse when you are kidnapped in a foreign country. Just imagine dying in Mozambique in the middle of nowhere. Imagine if no one finds your body. In my culture if your body is not properly buried you will never be an ancestor. I know you will say I'm crazy but I have this dream of being a sexy ancestor. I wanna be that modern ancestor that wears a mini skirt and crop top. I wanna be that ancestor that doesn't demand traditional beer and a goat when you do rituals. I wanna be that ancestor that demands Skky Vodka and a bucket of KFC. I wanna be that ancestor that wants male strippers when people want 'good luck' from the ancestors. Wouldn't that be cool?I played tough and told him to shoot me because there was no way on earth I was going to undress for an ugly ape like him. Maybe I wasn't thinking straight or something but I felt brave at that

moment. Men are used to using their physical strength to take advantage of women. Some go as far as using weapons just to get laid. It shows mental weakness and under-development. Real men use their tongues and wallets to get laid. He looked at his friend who was busy video recording everything and went “Ela acha que estamos jogando. Vou matá-la”. The camera guy shook his head and went “Vamos matá-la e estuprá-la cadáver”. They both burst out laughing. I got a short relief. I thought to myself that if they wanted to kill me they wouldn’t laugh. Maybe they just wanted a video of a beautiful girl in their camera. I decided to play along. I pouted and blew a kiss to the cameraman. The other guy came closer with a gun still in his hand and told me to stop playing stupid games cause he didn’t have the whole day. I asked him what he meant and instead of talking he punched me hard on my belly. It was at that moment that I realised those thugs meant business. I went down on my knees cause the pain in my belly was unbearable. I prayed for him not to hurt me and that I’d give him whatever he wanted except for the punani because it was on sick leave. I don’t know where that came from....I just farted it with my mouth nje. I wanted to tell him my parents had money but I thought it could endanger my life further. Movies taught me that’s a biggest mistake a victim of kidnapping could ever do. If you tell them your parents are rich they will seek ransom and that might prolong the kidnapping. I asked him if he was a member of Boko Haram and he responded “no no no those are small boys. I am a member of Boko Ha-rape”. He said it with pride like raping was a honour. I begged him further to leave me alone. He threw another punch on my face and my nose started urinating blood. As if that was not enough he kicked me on my back and screamed “get undressed bitch. We are not South African rapists who sing you a Lionel Richie song before getting down to business. We are not playing here. Or you want me to cut your pants with a knife?”.

I stood up and hesitantly pulled my pants down. He shifted a bit to give the camera guy a better view of me. He screamed for me to take my top off and I obliged. Imagine me standing there in front of 2 dark men with nothing but my g-string on. I wanted to run but I knew I’d never be faster than a bullet. I closed my eyes and internally said a short prayer “God I know you will never let your child go thru this. You opened the ocean when Moses and his people were in danger. I don’t want you to open any ocean here. Just give me wings so I can fly out of this place. Amen”. You can be an atheist, satanist, moloi or whatever but when you are in deep shit God is the only protection you can think of. When I opened my eyes the

nigger had his jeans off. WTF, I asked God for protection and the opposite happened. Maybe satan hijacked my prayer and gave those tokoloshis more evil powers to continue with their sordid act. He told me to take the g-string off and lie on the ground. I looked at the ground and there was nothing but sand and grass. Shit that was quite a drop in life. From getting shagged in Range Rovers, Queen beds and posh hotels to being raped on some sandy ground. I cried and told him God will punish him. He went “if that little God of yours comes here we’ll rape him too”. It was at that stage that I learnt I was dealing with heartless motherfuckers who wouldn’t hesitate to eat a person alive. What kinda person says that about God. It was the most distasteful thing I ever heard about the Man upstairs. Part of me said I should just let them kill me but eish, dying aint pap and vleis. I took the g-string off and lay on the ground on my back with my legs closed. The guy who was recording came closer to catch the best view. The other guy gave him the gun and told him to shoot if I tried some monkey tricks. He forcefully opened my legs and directed his huge dick to my very dry and shocked vagina. I normally call it a pussy or v-jayjay but it felt like a vagina that day. I cried louder and he took a cloth from his jacket and covered my mouth with it. He tried to penetrate but because his dick was huge and my vagina was dry it couldn’t go in. He used his saliva to wet his dick head and my traumatised vagina. He went 1 – 2 – 1 – 2 and his manhood forged a way thru my vagina. I wanted to scream from the pain I felt but he had the cloth on my mouth. The pain was unbearable and my nose was still bleeding. I tried to close my legs but he was too powerful for me. I felt like something was removing my womb and the friction caused a cutting pain on my vagina lips. He was even biting his lower lip to show that he was applying all his powers to sexually abuse me. The pain wasn’t only physical, it was also emotional and psychological. He raped me for full 10 minutes that felt like 10 hours. I heard him screaming like he had just won lotto jackpot and I knew he was coming inside me without a condom. It was for the first time that a guy screamed on top of me and I was crying. His sperms were like 10 litres cause I felt them showering the strategic areas inside me. He came with his dick and the only wetness I had was on my eyes and nose. He got off me with a very satisfied smile on his face.

The camera guy whistled for his friend to show him that ‘he was the man’. I was still lying on the sand with my legs open and eyes teeming with tears. I heard the cameraman telling the rapist that now that he was done with me he should finish

that stage that I remembered I got raped. Tears started flowing on my face. It was when I tried to stand up that I noticed I was bleeding from the vagina. Imagine a combination of anger, stress, fear and pains. If I didn't die that day I will never die. I took the g-string which was right next to me and wiped the blood from my pussy. I didn't understand if the blood was caused by the rape or if it was my periods. I had not seen periods ever since I had a abortion-cum-miscarriage. My ass was full of sand and grass. I got rid of the shit and quickly got dressed. There was no sound of cars or people nearby. I tried to run but it was painful. I was walking like a toddler that just learnt to walk. That guy's penis is more of a weapon of mass destruction than a dick. I walked for about an hour on that small gravel road before I could hear sounds of cars. I kept asking myself why I left the lodge with strangers. Ever noticed how some random decisions always lead you to deep shit? It's like cheating on your caring and good husband on some low life who is allergic to zipping his mouth. You shag him knowing he will tell the whole world but you still go for it. You will only get to regret your decision when your hubby dumps you. I got to the road but the thought of asking for a lift sent fear to my heart. Some guy riding some old looking bike stopped and spoke some language that sounded like Tsonga. I can understand Xitsonga but his sounded very difficult. I told him in South African Tsonga that I was lost and wanted to go to Bilene. Luckily I remembered the name of the lodge and he said he'll take me there but I'll have to pay him 290 Metical. I didn't even know what the amount was in Rands but I agreed. I tried to get on the bike but experienced some burning pain in my vagina. I had no choice but to force myself. I was so worried about getting sick and pregnant. I was also worried about Mofenyi and his crew, about the club that caught fire. If they died in the fire I'd be stranded in a foreign country and I wouldn't be able to go get the HIV reversal pill from Mofenyi's doctor friend. I was fucked. My life just went from Sharonlicious to Sharonhell-ass. Tears were uncontrollably flowing on my cheeks and my head was getting heavier and heavier. The bike was so slow and it made some irritating noise. It was like those guys who scream louder during sex while doing 'nothing' satisfying. Eventually we got to the lodge and I asked the guy to wait outside. I saw the 3 big cars parked in there and I forged a smile. I was relieved nothing happened to them. Not that I cared, I just wanted Mofenyi to take me to his doctor. I tried to walk straight but it caused pain to me. I didn't want those people to know I got raped. Apparently 60% of rape victims go to their graves with the secret. I don't blame them, some black people will give you a shoulder to cry on when you tell them but as soon as you

leave your ordeal will be discussed on Whatsapp and BBM for the next 12 months. I got into our lodge and found everyone sleeping on the floor and couches. I went to the bedroom and took my gold bracelet and went outside to give it to the biker. I didn't have any money with me and didn't wanna bother other people. To my surprise when I got there he was gone. WTF...uhm, maybe it was God. I remember my Sunday school teacher used to tell us that God comes in many forms. Maranuh, I doubt God speaks Xitsonga. I went back and headed straight to the bathroom. I bathed for about an hour. I felt like my entire body was dirty. After bathing I went to the bedroom. I checked time on my phone which I had left on the bed and it was just after 12pm. I woke Mofenyi and reminded him of the Dr. I tried to look normal....I didn't want people to get suspicious. Everyone woke up and showered. They asked where I was and I told them I took a walk. They told me about a club not far from where they were catching fire and how they spent hours there taking videos and helping people. Like WTF, I was shit worried and got raped because of them and they were busy with stupid videos.

We all packed our bags and hit the road. The vaginal bleeding was still in a process and I had a pad in my undie. I fell asleep as soon as we got in the car. I only woke up when we got to the border post. Mofenyi called me to the side and told me that his Doctor friend said we should go straight to his house in Aqua Park, Tzaneen cause his surgery was closed and he was hosting some of his colleagues from the hospital he worked at....a braai kinda thingie. After passing the border I got into the Range Mofenyi was driving and the other 10 people used the Fortuner and the Jeep. Mofenyi and I headed straight to Tzaneen while the other group headed to Namakgale. I didn't even feel the trip cause I was sleeping most of the time. I had terrible dreams about rape. It was around 8pm when we got to Aqua Park, Tzaneen. Mofenyi called his Doctor friend when we got to the gate and he opened for us. It was one of those remote-controlled gates. Mofenyi was like "I also told him to organise morning after pill for you. Next time you must learn to close those legs. Don't be a female version of me. Or you wanna write your own book?". We drove in and we could hear jazz music coming from the house. He sms'd Mofenyi to get in. I hesitated but Mo told me to relax cause no one knew the reason we were there. Mo opened the door and.....

Boooooooooom!!!! A female voice went "Sharon?????????????"

WTF.....

Episode 76

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Rape is worse than murder because it kills the victim slowly and painfully. Especially if you decide to deal with everything internally. Most girls feel betrayed by God for not protecting them. Some get angry at themselves for attracting the rapist. I read on the net that 80% of girls keep it to themselves because they don't wanna be judged or told they are lying. Imagine telling someone you got raped and they tell you that you are lying."What are you doing here?", she asked me. Shit, the last thing I expected was someone I knew. Especially if they were the type that gets mentally horny when they talk about other people's issues. You know that type that would call you at 3am just to tell you about a colleague who got dumped by her boyfriend. I forgot her name but she used to work with my mom at Ga-Kgapane hospital. I think my mom said she moved to some Medi Clinic in Tzaneen. I didn't wanna respond to her because I knew she was gonna tell my mom whatever I told her. What surprised was that the braai looked like something more than just a braai. The mood was just too cosy for a braai. They were playing Anthony Hamilton and Luther Vandross' music. Mofenyi told the nosy woman he was looking for Dr G and she directed us to the room upstairs. She was like "enter at your own risk". Mofenyi laughed and went "ha ha ha ha ha he's my friend after all. Risk is part of our game". The woman still wanted to know what I was doing there but I ignored her. I followed Mofenyi upstairs. All I wanted was the preventive pills and to go home and sleep. I didn't care whether the nosy woman told my mom she saw me at the Dr's place. Well, she probably thought I was Mofenyi's partner and came to the party. Anyway, my parents had kicked me out, I didn't report to them. Maybe if they had not kicked me out I wouldn't have gone to Mozambique and the rape would not have happened. When we got upstairs I couldn't believe my eyes. Remember I once said my little brother looks like some doctor who worked with my mom? Mofenyi's Dr friend was the very same guy. Shit, I hate this small world crap. Next time you gonna shag a guy only to discover later on that he was your mom's toy boy. But it wasn't the Dr that my eyes couldn't believe, it was his company. She looked at me with an embarrassed face. I couldn't even face her cause she was wearing only a t-shirt and an underwear. It was quite clear the doctor was giving her another kind of medical attention filled with a lot of vitamin 'D'. She quickly went back to the bedroom when she saw I wasn't comfortable with her in that state.

The Dr directed us to another room which looked like his study. I was still shocked about what I saw. I didn't expect to see her in that state whoring herself. The doctor had a ring on his finger for hell's sake. When we got to the study the doctor looked at Mofenyi and said "mchana I owe you a bottle of good scotch for the good work you did. Hope my wife was not part of the 283 ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". They both laughed like sleeping with many women was like eating popcorns. But it was better because Mofenyi never raped any of the women. They voluntarily opened their legs for him. The doctor looked at me and went "I don't blame whoever chowed you without a condom. I'd do the same. Wa baba ngwanenyana". His words went straight to my heart. After what I went thru he made me feel like I deserved it. He didn't know what I went thru but his words were just wrong nje, especially coming from a Dr. Maybe he was only a doctor a work. People change when they are outside work environment. Ever noticed how so many nurses are fat? They don't eat healthy food. The only people who act the same at work and outside work are South African taxi drivers. Apparently they drive thru the red robot at work and in the bedroom. You tell him you are on periods and he goes "so?". I think Mofenyi noticed I was not comfortable with the Dr's sexist comments and he told him to give us the stuff. I was quiet most of the time, I only spoke when he gave me the stuff asking if there are any instructions I must follow. He replied "Mo knows more than me. He'll help you kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". I failed to get the joke in what he said. But because I wanted his help I faked a smile. Mofenyi and I thanked him and walked downstairs. I was relieved I won't be pregnant or sick but what I saw really shook my brain. I was both shocked and shaken. There are some things you don't expect adults to do. Mofenyi gave me instructions as instructed by the DR and I saved my life. He told me I was 99.9% safe from the virus and pregnancy. My heart was still sore I was raped but I felt better I wouldn't be sick or carry a product of rape. Mofenyi drove me to Ga-Kgapane. We did our goodbyes at the gate and he hit the road.

Maite was at home watching some series when I got in the house. When she saw me she stood up and gave me a hug like she hadn't seen me in ages. She was like "happy new year girlfriend". Mxm there's nothing happy about this stupid new year. I was missing 2014 already. So many things happened in 2014 but I never got raped. To men this might sound dramatic. You may think rape is just like any other sex....like a kinky kinda sex that most girls engage in. No, it's totally different. When someone rapes you they shoot down your self-esteem and self-worth. A dick

is supposed to make you wet downstairs, not on your eyes. A dick is supposed to make your heart beat fast because of joy, not because of fear, anger and emotional pain. When someone rapes you they kill the inner you. I'm gonna unapologetically say this to all men who rape "FUCK YOU. I WISH GOD COULD MAKE YOUR DICKS PERMANENTLY AND SMALLER THAN DUMI'S". I tried my best to hide my sorrows from Maite. Had I told her what happened in Mozambique she would probably create a bogus Facebook account and post about until I decide to commit suicide. That's how bitchy she was. She was just like her aunt....I still can't believe I s...ah never mind. Maite offered me juice and started telling about how she'd be moving in with Edgar DS Rathelele in the eastern suburbs of Pretoria. She told me that he even suggested they make a baby to show how serious he was. Shem, poor Maite. Guys would say whatever shit just to see the monster inside our panties. Some guy once promised to buy me a house in Dubai. Guess what, he was a cashier at Chicken Licken. There's nothing wrong with being a cashier at Chicken Licken but at least make promises you can afford, like buying me 6 Hot Wings. I asked Maite if she had sex with Edgar and the smile on her face said it all. Ja guys aint loyal....there I thought he liked me and he went for someone he had just met. I asked her about the madala Bra Mjita and she went "Ah this one. He blocks the credit card and thoughted I will go running back for him. I don't wants to see him anymore. Why have a old dicks if you can h.....". Hayi Maite's English was as ugly as her kiss kiss legs. Her phone rang before she could proceed. I don't know who it was but I think he said he was at the gate and she told him to come in. The person knocked within a minute and guess who? The one and only Bra Mjita. He was wearing a pink t-shirt written 'Swagger 4 Life' and a NYC cap. Mxm old men like him should be killed. Imagine your father wearing such crap. He'd probably wanna chow all your friends.

Bra Mjita greeted me like it was the first time he saw my face. You'd swear he wasn't the guy I gave a hand job and came within minutes. Maite led him to her bedroom and he started smiling. Within 3 minutes I heard him screaming "yhoooo yhoooo yhoooo yhooo yhooo ke ya hwa nna mmaweeeee". I stood up fast thinking Maite was killing the poor old man. Before I could open the door I heard him screaming "I loooooooveeee you My My My Maite.... Yhoooo yhoooo yhoooo tjonna yhoooo ke ya phela ka mmao. Yhooo nna yhooo ke ya rota nna. Ntshware marete babeeeee". It was at that stage that I laughed my ass off. For the first time since what happened in Mozambique I laughed for real. Bra Mjita's

screams were followed by a 5 minutes silence. The door opened and Bra Mjita walked out of the house....you'd swear he was using electricity the way he was so fast. Maite appeared from the room with a huge smile on her face. I asked "aren't you the one who said you don't wanna see Bra Mjita ever again?". She mischievously smiled and showed me a credit card. She was like "you must learned a thing or two from me. I suck his sponge balls and he gived me credit card. He is a stupid ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". I faked a laughter but deep inside I called her a bitch. I don't see a difference between girls who get fucked by their 'boyfriends' and expect to be given something afterwards. She was like "tomorrow me and you is going shopping in Mall of the North". I changed the subject and asked her where her aunt was and she was like "at some party in Tzaneen". Obviously I knew where she was. I thought of telling Maite what I saw but changed my mind. I asked Maite if I can sleep in the spare room and she agreed. I just wanted to be alone. The spare room had a huge mirror and I stood there for full 30 minutes looking at myself. I thought of all the naughty and bad thing I have done. It was then that I noticed I was not different from Maite and her aunt. I was not different from Zee and Kea. I was not different from any other bitch out there. I slept with Nkosi, Hector, Dumi, Jonas, Siphon, Mr Masemola.....in 2014 only. If you are a girl and you slept with more than 3 guys in one year, you must consider going to church. I once woke up in a house I didn't even know with 7 used condoms on the floor. I gave TT a blowjob in the middle of a road. My parents kicked me out because of my dirty ways. What did that make me? Those rapists probably smelled I love giving pussy freely. I deserved to be raped. I was conceived in the toilet after all. I lay on the bed and cried for hours. I think I passed out crying because when Maite knocked on the door it was around 8am. I helped her with domestic chores and took a bath afterwards. I asked Maite if she had the Bible and she told me it's in her room. It still looked new. It wasn't surprising though, I doubt a bitch like Maite would read the Bible. I doubt God knew she existed. I took the Bible and went to the room I slept in. I randomly opened the holy book and it landed my eyes on this verse:

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" – 2 Chronicles 7:14

It was probably a sign that I should repent. I knelt down and prayed for more than 20 minutes. While I was praying Maite was busy singing outside

“Cheers to the freakin’ weekend
I drink to that, yeah yeah
Oh let the Jameson sink in
I drink to that, yeah yeah
Don’t let the bastards get ya down”

After saying Amen something told me that I should go home and apologise to my parents. I knew my father was probably at work so it would even be better to speak to my mom first. I told Maite I’d be back and walked to my crib. I was confident my mom would forgive me because God was with me. My dad’s car was not in, to my relief. The kitchen door was locked. Normally when my mom was home alone and sleeping in her room she would lock the kitchen door. So I walked to her bedroom window with the aim of knocking to ask her to unlock for me. Few feet from the semi-open window I heard her screaming like someone having enjoying sex. ‘Is my mom fingering herself?’...I thought to myself because daddy’s car wasn’t in. Curiosity is a bitch, instead of walking away...I tiptoed to the window and shifted the curtain a bit....

Gooosshhhh....WTF.

THE END

Episode 77

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Women are human beings just like men. We also have sexual feelings and desires just like men. The difference is men come 99% of the time they engage in sexual activity. It’s different with us women. Most women have never experienced orgasm. Just because you do her every night does not necessarily mean you make her reach the promised sexual paradise every night. Some fools go as far as thinking going for too long guarantees her an orgasm. Let me educate you, a guy who knows which right buttons to press can make a girl reach orgasm even before he penetrates her. By the time he penetrates she’ll be multiplying her happiness. Anyway, the point I’m trying to get at is men should try to make some effort to

satisfy madam or else she will seek help from someone or something else. It was quite obvious my mom was 'eating joy'. Her legs were 160 degrees wide open and with her eyes closed. She was going "ah ah ah ah oooohh... achuuuuuu yho nnaaaa yhooh. I'm about to come...um um um um about to come. You are good Denzel. Piet is an amateur compared to you. You must teach that boy how to be a man". WFT, imagine your mom having a vibrator named Denzel. That was so embarrassing. The vibrator was so big it looked like Adeyomi's anaconda. I wanted to walk away but like I said before, curiosity is a bitch. I wanted to see further. I actually thought of taking a video and blackmail her with it but I thought it would be stupid. Imagine the video landing in wrong hands. I can imagine kids making fun of my little brother at school. It was when she whispered "fuck me Denzie...show me whatcha got" that I tiptoed back to the kitchen door. Gosh, I never imagined my mom saying such things. I doubt she said same stuff when going down with my dad. He looked like the uptight and old-fashioned type in bed. He'd probably send her back to her mother's place if she tried some kinky crap with him. I stood at the door for 5 minutes without knowing what to do. What I had just seen was the most embarrassing thing I've ever seen my mom doing. It's like walking into your dad jerking off. 5 minutes later my mom was still making squeaky sounds. It was obvious she wasn't planning to stop anytime soon. I felt pity for my dad, imagine your wife telling her toy you are whack in bed. Lol there's no hope for you. I tiptoed back to the window and I saw the worst scene ever. At that stage my mom had bent her ass and giving it to Denzel from behind. She was sucking her left hand middle finger while the right hand was busy with the huge vibrator going in and out. WTF, I wondered where my mom learnt those things because without any fear of judging, there was no way my dad did those things. Shit mothers aint loyal. Maybe she learnt from that pervert Dr, the one who chows Maite's aunt.

I went back to the door and loudly knocked. She stopped with her disgusting sounds and went dead silent. I knocked again and this time she went "ke mang na? Who's there nxa ag maan sies". It was clear she was fucken pissed for being disturbed. Without saying anything, I knocked again. She angrily shouted "voetsek moloi. Ke busy maan. Who are you?". It was funny but I didn't laugh. I told her it's me and she went silent. I think she didn't expect me and the fact that she used a swear word made it a bit awkward for her. She went "uh uh oho...I was taking a bath. I'm coming now nxa". Within 3 minutes she opened the door and let me in.

Lol my mom had a glow on her face. She wanted to shake my hand and hug me but only went for a hug. I know I came from her pussy but it was fresh back then. There was no way I was gonna shake her hand after what I saw. Her hug felt so warm but she smelled of fish. We hugged for more than 5 minutes without saying a word. It was quite clear we missed each other. Tears started flowing down my face. Moms have that effect on their parents. Even men in their fifties cry in front of their mothers when they have problems. If you don't believe me watch Kumbul'ekhaya on SABC 1. Men from Eastern Cape cry when they see their mothers after many years. I used Eastern Cape men as an example because Kumbul'ekhaya's stories are mostly of people from Eastern Cape. I know girls from Limpopo love Xhosa guys, please advise them to go home at least once a year. I wanted to tell my mom about what happened in Mozambique but the words got stuck in my throat. The only words I could speak were "sorry mama" and she replied with "it's ok my girl. It's ok. Go lokile go lokike". We sat on the couch and I cried for over 20 minutes. My mom closed her eyes and started praying to God to protect and save her family from evil spirits that have taken over her daughter's life. I joined the prayer in silence and asked God to make her mom stop using toys and pay attention to my dad and her kids. After the amen she immediately started gossiping about her neighbour who's cheating on her hubby with a boy eleven years younger. She also told me that she's glad that I decided to come back home because Maite's aunt was a witch. I asked how is she a witch and my mom couldn't provide a concrete answer. She was like "she doesn't even greet me at work these days. Maybe she tried to cast a spell on me at night and failed. I'm protected and highly favoured by the Mighty God". WTF, they weren't on talking terms? It was probably because of the pervert doctor. Maite's aunt 'hit my mom with a brick' and my mom was acting like a bitter bitch.

I changed the topic and asked about my father. She told me he went to work but he was knocking off early because it was Saturday. She told me not to worry because she knew ways to soften him. I wondered what ways she was talking about. After what I saw earlier I didn't know my mom anymore. We did house chores together and after that we watched TV and engaged in girl topics. Around 4pm I heard the gate opening....it was the one and only Piet Letsoalo ka nama. He opened the door and the minute he laid his eyes on me his complexion turned navy blue. He was like "voetsek, get the fuck out of my house. I told you I don't wanna see you ever again. A bo re hwaaaa. Ga ke na morwedi wa sefebe nna". My mom was like

“Please Piet, she’s just a kid. She needs us”. My dad didn’t wanna hear any of it. He was still fuming. She whispered something in his ear and suddenly his face was beaming with huge smiles. She walked to the bedroom and he followed her like she was a magnet and he was attracted to her. Within 5 minutes they came back and my dad had sweat all over his face. Like really, sweat for 5 minutes. I don’t really believe in this love potion crap but I think my mom had used it on Mr Piet Letsoalo. My dad’s anger had vanished. He explained to me that as parents they work hard to ensure me and my little brother are taken good care of and that we should show appreciation by respecting them and conducting ourselves in a good way. He was making sense and i agreed with him. I haven’t been a good daughter to my parents since I moved to Pretoria. My mom preached to me about the importance of respecting parents because it was written in the book of Exodus in the Bible. Mxm what a hypocrite. She was busy vibrating herself not long ago and now she was acting all godly. My dad dropped a bombshell “tomorrow morning we are taking you to the prophet in Venda. We need to solve this probably before it escalates to a bigger problem”. I protested and he showed me the door. Parents can be fair sometimes, I didn’t want any prophet or whatever shit. I didn’t even believe in those stuff. I looked at my mom expecting her to take my side but she nodded showing that she agrees with my father. Damn, I was screwed. After the prophet talk my father drove me to Maite’s place to take my stuff. Maite’s aunt was still not there. I explained to Maite that I decided to move back to my crib and she acted all disappointed. Mxm the bitch was good at pretending. Hope Edgar Rathelele knows what he’s dealing with. On our way back he called someone and they were talking about Tshwane University of Technology popularly know as TUT. After the call he told me that they’ll be sending me to TUT after the prophet trip. He said they don’t allow walk-in registration this year but his friend Marcus Mboweni is some senior what-what there and he’ll make a plan. I was excited about TUT. It was my first choice before my mom forced me to do nursing at that bogus college. TUT has beautiful girls and I’d fit in just right. The only negative thing I always hear is that TUT girls are well-known for opening their legs easily. Apparently guys who drive nice cars go to TUT when they want an easy pussy.

That night I slept excited because of the TUT thing but sad about the Venda trip. I already had a picture of the prophet in my head. I thought of some tall and dark man with an anaconda between his legs. When a person mentions Venda man the first thing that comes to mind is dark complexion and a huge dick. Around 5am my

dad knocked at my door and told me we have to be in Venda before 8am because the prophet must help me before his church service starts. I took a quick bath and wore the longest dress ever. My dad said I looked beautiful and ladylike. When your father gives you such a compliment, you must automatically know you look terrible. Fathers see things the opposite way. Akere they don't want other boys to look at your fine ass. The drive to Venda was amazing. If you love and appreciate nature you will enjoy driving to Venda. We got to some village called Tshitereke. I expected my father to ask around but it seemed like he knew exactly where we were going. He was probably a regular there because the prophet addressed him with his full names. No wonder he never gets any promotion at work. Instead of working hard he believes the prophet will get him a promotion lol. The picture I had of the prophet was not totally wrong. He was very short with huge feet. You know what they say about guys with huge feet. He was wearing a long white coat and had rainbow-coloured ropes all over his body. He asked my dad to sit outside and took me to some room. He lit about 7 candles and sprinkled water on my face. He prayed for about 30 minutes and after that he told me that my neighbours have bewitched me. He claimed they took my underwear and used it to make me lose control whenever I thought of sex. Their aim was for me to be HIV+ and die young. WTF, that was some scary shit. I don't believe in this prophecy shit but nigger made sense. I was always in deep shit because of my pussy. He went "...and because they used a very strong muthi, I'll have to go pray on top of the mountain, Thavha ya Tshadzume at midnight. You cannot leave today, your father will come fetch you tomorrow. Ni songo vhilaela, ndi do ni thusa. Musidzana wa u nakha ano nga sa inwi ha ngo tea u vha na thaidzo dzi no nga hedzi". Wit that he went outside and explained everything to my father. I didn't even complain, I was still shocked by what he told me.

My dad left and church people started jotting in one by one. I told the prophet I didn't wanna join the church service and he took me to some room with only one small window and dark curtains. There were multicoloured ropes and bottles of water all over. Some church woman brought me food and lots of fruits. Venda is a home of mango, banana, avocados and many other fruits. After church the prophet told me that he's going to the mountain and he'll only be back around dawn. There was none to do for me. So I spent most of the time sleeping. Around 1am I was very pressed. So I decided to go outside to look for a place to pee. It tried to hold on but the piss was burning my bladder. It was so dark one would bump into a

Venda guy without noticing him. I went behind the house and did my thing. As I was walking back to the room....

....A hand covered my mouth and I heard “ssshhhhhh”

WT....venda

THE END

Episode 78

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

There are some situations in life that you wish someone would pinch you and whisper ‘it’s just dream’ to you. I’m sure all of you have been in those situations before. When you get mugged and the thugs take your handbag with all your personal belongings inside, you wish someone could wake you up and tell you it’s just a dream. That’s actually how I felt when I was raped in Mozambique. Remember the day Nkosi’s sea lion panelbeat the hell outta me and left me stranded in Durban? I felt it was just a dream. Remember the day I woke up in some house with condoms all over the floor? I felt like it was just a dream. Some real situations look unreal until you get your senses back.”Mulitsheni ni ye u edela ndi client yanga “. The voice didn’t come from the person who had their hand on my mouth, it came from right in front of me but I didn’t see any person. I thought of the stories about ghosts raping women in Venda. I remember I once read another one about a Venda ghost demanding a blow job from some girl. It’s only in Venda where you find perverted ghosts. Suddenly the hand let me off the hook and the person apologised and sounded like he was walking away. I know I don’t have the strongest sense of sight but I swear there was no one in front of me. I screamed and tried to run to ‘my room’ but I bumped into something in front of me and fell. It was when I was on the floor that I realised it was the short prophet. If he had not smiled I wouldn’t have picked up he was a person. All I could see were his white teeth. Him and that dense darkness looked like one thing. He made it worse by wearing dark clothes. I was shaking with fear. He helped me to stand up and told me to go rest. He explained “it’s only me that is allowed to walk in the yard after 12am, hence that ‘thing’ handled you”. Did he say ‘that thing’? Wasn’t I handled by a person. Hayi....#VendaThings.

I couldn't sleep for the remaining hours of the night. The thought of the 'thing' handling me frightened the hell out of me. Worst part was the door didn't even have a lock. I felt like my father had sold me to his prophet. Maybe he was punishing me for being a naughty kid. There are many stories in Africa where prophets and sangomas end up marrying their female clients. They hypnotise you into believing your problems will only disappear when you marry them and become their sex slave. Just imagine me marrying that dark short thing. I thought of what the prophet said about neighbours stealing my underwear and bewitching me with it. As much as I didn't wanna believe him part of me believed him. All the ups and downs I experienced had one root, my forever raining pussy. I changed my thoughts to girlie stuff, like what I was gonna wear in the morning. I didn't even have a toothbrush or face cloth. I also remembered that I left my handbag in my father's car. 'Piet better be in Venda as soon as the sun rises or else I'll tell Denzel to keep screwing his wife', I thought to myself. Around 5am the prophet opened the door without knocking and told me to follow him. I followed him to his 'consulting' room and he had a plastic tub full of water. He was like "get in musidzana. There's no time. Your father is on his way to fetch you". I asked him if I should get in the water with my clothes on and he was like "Ni vhona u nga maraho anu o itwa nga gold thi? Musidzanyana a thi na tshifhinga tsha u tamba nne, ndi ko shuma hafha, bvulai zwiambaro. A thi nga edeli na inwi nne, ndi funa vhasidzana vha mivhili". WTF, nigger was crazy. There was no fucken way I was gonna bare my sexy body in front of that dude. I protested and told him there was no fucken way on earth I'd be naked in front of a stranger. He closed his eyes and held the stick he had in his hand tight and started praying. I don't know how it happened but when he said "Amen" I was in the water. He placed the stick on my pussy and started praying in Tshivenda. I didn't hear half the stuff he said because he was very fast. After praying for me he went outside and came back with a towel. He gave it to me to dry myself. He was like "from now on your private part will behave like a private entity, not a public one". He gave me a bottle full of water and told me to pour 7 drops whenever I bath. He also gave me a multi-coloured rope and told me to 'belt' my waist with it. I agreed but deep inside I knew there was no way I was gonna have that thing on. Just imagine prince charming undressing me only to be greeted by a rainbow on my waist... it's creepy. He went "oh, you must not have sex for the next three weeks for this treatment to work". WTF, that's like telling a lion "you must be a vegetarian for the next 3 weeks"

Luckily my father arrived as soon as I was done with the prophet. He paid him and we left. I was sleeping most of the time in the car. Within about 2 and half hours we were in Ga-Kgapane. My father left for work as soon as we got home. My mother was also at work. So it was just me and myself at home. The first thing I did was to take a bath. After bathing I had breakfast and headed to bed to sleep. I had a weird dream. I was in Venda on a mountain and the prophet was having sex with me. After sex I felt some burning urge to urinate and he told me I will meet tokoloshi if I go urinate. I ignored his warning and went to urinate anyway. I fel.... Damn, my phone rang and woke me up. It was my father checking if was ok. I told him everything was fine. He told me that Marcus Mboweni, his friend who happens to be some medium-to-big shot at TUT was expecting me in 2 days time to help with registration. That was music to my ears. I was fed up with Limpopo and its extremely hot temperatures. I missed Pretoria big time. Couldn't wait to make new friends and start my life afresh, with no sex as per the short prophet's instruction. I cleaned the house and after that I started packing my clothes. Call it a girl thing, when you are going to a new institution you always wanna be that well-dressed girl. You don't wanna look like you just came back from a bishop's funeral. I wondered if my father had organised accommodation for me. If there's one thing I didn't want was to stay at Res. I wanted my own bachelor or a one bedroom flat. Both my parents were working and could easily afford it. I called JT to touch base and let her know I was heading to Pretoria in few days. She was like "eh ntwana, are you still alive? I thought ditokoloshi tsa Limpopo ate you kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa. Wat se dah?" We spoke for more than 40 minutes. Thanks to the power hour. I felt so emotionally refreshed after talking to JT. She knew how to make me smile. She was like "eish ntwana always ga ke ringa le wena motete wa ka o shapa kwasa kwasa (always when I talk to you my ass gets excited)". Lmao hayi boJT mrena. After the call I checked people's updates on Facebook. Little bitches were on about going to varsity for the first time blah blah blah. Mxm only if they knew only 30% would come back with degrees. The rest would bring back babies, especially those who were planning to go to Pretoria. That place has some sort of fertility effect on girls from Limpopo. You go home in September and all girls you used to bump into in Pretoria clubs are 'pushing life' (heavily pregnant). And most of them give their kids Setswana names, eg Goitsewang and Gontse. I got bored with Facebook and started watching Nigerian movies. Desmond Elliot is my favourite Nigerian actor. He's tall, dark and

handsome. Not that thing I saw in Venda; short, dark and ugly with feet bigger than his legs.

My mom came back from work around 6pm and she just said 'hi' and headed straight to her bedroom. Luckily she came back with my little brother. I missed him so much. I hated his spoilt brat tendencies but deep down I had mad love for him. My mom opened her bedroom door and told us not to bother her because she was very tired. Shem poor woman. My brother wanted to watch channel 308 and I said NO cause I was still watching a movie. He ran to mommy's room to report me but within few seconds he came back crying. I asked why and he went "ma ma ma ma ma mommy has something between her legs and she's crying and saying Denzel Denzel Denzel. Is mommy sick?". He was crying terribly as he said that. Gosh my mom was so hooked on her Denzel and it was embarrassing. I told my little brother that mommy is fine and what he saw was what mom does when she's tired. I honestly didn't know what to tell him. He went "sesi can I do it when I'm tired". I was tempted to say 'voetsek brat, mind your own cartoons'. Kids can be irritating with unanswerable questions sometimes. I changed the channel to 308 to let him watch his Avater: The Last Airbender cartoons. Mxm because of my mom's uncontrollable 'bean' I had to watch cartoons. I decided to cook cause I knew Piet Letsoalo was probably on his way back. And anyway, I didn't want my mom to cook for obvious reasons. My dad came back and the first thing he asked was if I bathed with the prophet's water. Gosh, like really now. I dished up and for the first time we ate together as a family. I looked at my dad and saw me in him. I looked at my little brother and he looked nothing like me or my father. Ja neh, mothers aint loyal. After eating I decided to go to bed. Luckily I didn't have any nightmares. The following morning my parents went to work. It was my last day in Limpopo so I decided to enjoy it. I still had money in my account so I decided to take my little brother out for lunch at Spur in Tzaneen. The little chap had mad love for his Ben 10 t-shirt. I wanted him to don the Nike t-shirt but yena he wanted his Ben10 one. Damn, walking from Home 2000 to the taxi rank was a mission and half. When I passed High Point shops some niggers whistled and shouted "hoyi hoyi lePakistan". Mxm ghetto mentality at its worst. We got to the taxi rank and boarded a taxi to Tzaneen. When we got to Spur it was so empty. 'Ke January boss', I thought to myself. We chose the table outside, ordered meals and within 10 they were ready. Lol that's how slow business was that day. It was so nice living a normal drama-free life. Spending time with family, doing house chores etc...

While eating I saw TT Scott walking in. I don't know why but I was bloody excited to see the nigga. I felt like a high school bitchlet after seeing her crush. I zoomed to check if he was alone and I saw no bitch next to him. My new year resolution: no fighting with bitches over a man. As soon as he walked to the side I was sitting at I walked to him and gave him a huge hug. TT being TT gave me his lips and I kissed him. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and went..."Sorry, he's mine bitch....."

I turned around and....Gosh the bitch was like Holy Spirit, she was everywhere...

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 79

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Mxm some people are like mosquitoes. The more you try to avoid them is the more you gonna bump into them. You go to a shisanyama on Friday you bump into them. You go to a restaurant on Saturday and you bump into them. You go to church on Sunday and you don't find them because they are busy shagging someone's man. It's even worse if it's somebody you used to respect. I don't know if she was trying to be funny or what but there was no way TT Scott would do a chick...no, actually a chicken like her. She wasn't even a chicken, she was an ostrich. I looked at TT Scott hoping he'd tell me he's not doing her but nigger was all smiles. He even took off his spectacles to have a better look of her. She was like "ha ha ha ha I'm just joking Sharon. I just wanted to see how you'd react ha ha ha ha". Nxa she even had the guts to laugh. I didn't see any joke in what she did. That's the thing with adults, once you see their naughty shenanigans they start treating you like you are their friend. Just because I saw her naked with the doc she planted a seed in her head that I was her friend. Nxa old ass bitch. TT Scott found the whole thing funny. He laughed as if he was watching Trevor Noah's Craze Normal. I wanted to tell Maite's aunt that if she's bored she should go the doctor's house and whore her pussy...but a little voice behind me disturbed me. My little brother came running screaming "auntie auntie auntie". He looked so excited to see the doctor's sperm dish. She hugged him and offered to go buy him ice cream. I didn't trust her anymore, a thought of her raping my lil brother crossed my mind. I

can just imagine his small crayon getting lost in a Kimberly Hole. TT Scott went “who’s that naughty woman? I wouldn’t mind hitting her from behind ha ha ha ha”. Mxm as if that was funny. I asked him what he was doing in Spur all by himself. Before he could answer some chick walked straight to TT and kissed him lightly on the lips. She was like “sorry I’m late babe. Hope you didn’t wait for too long”. Shit I wondered how many lips kissed TT daily. I had kissed him not long ago and some random girl popped from nowhere and kissed him. She was like “and then? Who is this?”. TT was like “Oh, this is Sharon, some distant cousin I discovered on Facebook few weeks ago. Sharon, meet my other quarter Boitumelo”. She was like “but you can call me Boity. Most of my friends call me Boity”. Mxm Boity my foot. Since when did all Boitumelos become Boity. Her ass was so flat and thin she’d have to multiply it by 7 to qualify to be Boity. It’s like a dark girl with eyes that look like they can see thru a wall calling herself Beyonce. TT went “cousie, I’d love to chat further but me and bae have a lot to talk about. Greet auntiza when you get home”.

With a tail between my legs I walked back to my table. To say I was bitter would be an understatement. TT literally embarrassed me in front of his skinny ass bitch. Mxm she wasn’t even as beautiful as me. That’s me trying to console myself. I took my phone and switched the camera on. I think TT told her a joke or something cause she laughed so hard I could even see her eppiglotis from where I was sitting. I took about 6 pictures of her while she was laughing like a mad man. I chose the ugliest one and uploaded it on Facebook with the text ‘some bitches don’t deserve to eat at Spur. You can tell she’s the type that normally eats at taxi ranks and bus stations kwaaaaaa. I wonder what he sees in her’. Within 5 minutes there were 10 comments from guys lol’ing and kwa-kwa’ing. One girl commented with ‘I know that girl. She’s so beautiful and smart. You are jealous Sharon’. Mxm I deleted the comment and blocked the bitch. When you are my Facebook friend you must agree with whatever I write or I delete your thin ass. My rules are very clear. You can’t go to Moria and expect to be served bacon. My little brother came back and he had a huge smile on his face. Maybe that ostrich gave him a blow job. We finished our food and I paid the bill. Yes I said ‘finished’. When girls eat without a guy on the table we actually finish our food. We only eat half our food when there’s a guy around. #It’sagirlthing. I passed by TT’s table when leaving and released a warm silent fart as I passed. I heard TT Scott going “mmm mmm Boitumelo o tshuntje? Mmmm mmmm o dio ba toko sies”. Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa

she who laughs last laughs the loudest. I decided to pass by Lifestyle Centre, one of Tzaneen's malls to buy vegetables. I wanted to cook my parents a meal they wouldn't forget. It would be my way of softening them in order to milk them thousands. Luckily after buying the vegetables I saw a Golf 6 GTI of some guy from my hood. He opened the window and asked if I was going home and I said yes. I took the front seat and my brother took the back seat. Nigger was playing gospel music and he didn't even trying to make small talk. There was a rumour that he was playing for the other team. Apparently his boyfriend bought him that GTI. Ja I don't know what gays give these guys. We have vaginas, the most delicious things on earth but nobody buys us GTI. Gays have only one hole that stinks but they get GTIs. Mxm the world is not fair. Nigger even knew where I stayed cause he dropped me right at the gate. I gave him a R20 note and he was like "no darling. You'll buy the young man scoppas or ice cream. It was nice seeing you again". Lol he said that as if we had a good conversation or something.

My brother went to play with his friend and I started with the peeling. My phone vibrated and it was a Whatsapp text (hello) from a number I didn't know. I checked the profile picture and it was a picture of a man and a woman. The status read 'she's the love of my life'. I responded with a "who are you?". I don't take shit. If I don't recognise your number or picture, screw you. He read my text and never bothered to respond. Nxa bloody fool, I blocked his bloody ass. I don't know why people greet you on Whatsapp and when you respond they ignore you. That's some childish Mxit tendencies. I continued with my cooking and within 2 hours I was done. I took a bath and went to rest on my bed afterwards. My phone rang and it was a 012-number. Most people don't answer landline calls in January, especially if they know they took loans in December lol. I answered and I heard a Barry White voice. Nothing charms me than a man with a deep voice. He was like "can I speak to to Ms Sharon Letsoalo please?". Tjoo that was a bit formal for me. I asked him what he wanted from Sharon and he explained that he got the number from 'her' father to help with TUT registration. Wow the man with a hot voice was Marcus Mboweni, my father's friend. He asked if I blocked him on Whatsapp cause his texts weren't going thru. I told him I thought he was a random stranger and apologised for appearing rude. He said cool and explained that he will be expecting me the following day. He said he spoke to my father and he'll sort everyday. I asked him how he knew my father and he told me "Bra Piet is a good friend of mine. He saved my marriage and I will forever be thankful to him. He's

my hero". I wanted to ask how my father saved his marriage but didn't wanna sound like a Ndebele woman. Ndebele women are the black version of Indian women. They are so nosey and love gossiping. They even gossip about their own kids. Marcus told me that I should call him as soon as I get to Pretoria Central and he'll send his wife to fetch me. I told him that I already made arrangement with a friend for temporary accommodation and he was like "Nonsense. My wife and I will never let a daughter of our friend stay with a friend while we have a big house. You are coming to our house and I'm not taking no for an answer. Anyway, we promised your dad we will take care of you". It seemed like I was fighting a losing battle. My father was playing a game I didn't like. Staying with your father's friends would be like staying with your own parents. I'm not a dog that they can control. I wanted my own freedom. If they had planned to make me stay with Marcus and his wife they'd regret their decision.

I was so pissed after the call. I didn't even join my parents that night when they had supper. I told them I didn't have appetite and my mom thought it was because of excitement. I almost screamed 'excitement is Denzel nxa'. My mom came to my room after eating and gave me a huge lecture about behaving blah blah blah. I told her I'm not a first year student and that she should save the lecture for my little brother. She told me to stay away from boys and concentrate on my book. I was like "Ok mama, I will buy myself a vibrator and name it Denzel. In that case I won't have a reason to go after boys". She turned pitch black with embarrassment and walked out of my room. Shit my comment was uncalled for. I wanted to call her and apologise but she was already gone. My dad woke me up in the morning and told me I should prepare cause I was leaving with him. I told him I'll catch a cab and he said nope. That was Piet for you. He acted all tough with me but bowed down to my mom's sometimes bossy attitude. No wonder a toy was chowing his wife. I wore a pink and white floral dress and white All Star boots. I wanted to look simple but sexy. When you are a yellow bone with curves and an ass like mine you know you drive men crazy when wearing a tight dress. My dad dropped me at the taxi rank and gave me R2000. He was like "I will deposit TUT money into Marcus's account". WTF, my parents were treating like a first year from a small village somewhere in Matatiele. It was still very early, the queue to Pretoria wasn't bad. Wish I could say the same about Joburg queue. It was so long you'd swear people got paid to stay in Joburg. Most girls on the Joburg queue were dark. Now I see why most people from Joburg think Limpopo people are dark. If you

want to see Limpopo yellow bones go to University of Pretoria, Medunsa and TUT. Even Tsonga chicks become yellow bones when they study at Tuks (University of Pretoria). If you want to see dark bones from Limpopo go to UJ Doornfontein (DFC) and Wits. I know many Venda guys study law at Wits. Truth be told, you can say whatever you wanna say about Venda people but they have brains for days. Brains and Big Dick (BBD), a combination that drives Shaz crazy lol. I got into a taxi and sat next to some boy who looked like my little brother. I tried to make a small talk and asked him where he stayed. He told me Aqua Park and I asked if his father was a doctor and with a shocked look on his face he said “yes”. Shit, that doc aint loyal bathong.

The taxi left and immediately I passed out. That what happens when I take long trips. When we passed Petroport my phone rang an. It was Mofenyi Malepe checking up on me. Ncooh that was sweet. Men should make a habit of calling their women just to check up on them. Don't only call to ask “where are you? I'm coming to fetch you tonight”. You must call just to say ‘I miss you’. Those small things mean a lot to us women. Other small thing that means a lot to us is when you give us access to your bank accounts. It would make my pussy wet before you even touch me lol. 20 minutes to Pretoria I called Marcus to let him know I'm almost in Pta. He told me his wife will wait for me at corner Bloed and Andries (Thabo Sehume Streets and that I must check a red BMW X5 when I get there. I got off at the end of Bloed Mall and I saw an X5 not far from where I got off and I walked to it. Nyaope boys offered to carry my bags and I told them I was fine. The other one was like “eeeehhhhh mmmmaaaarrrrraaaa ssssseeeeeesssttttteeerrrrr attttllllllleeeeeaaaaasssstttttt zzzzzaaaammmmmaaaaaa mmmmoootttthhhhoouo kkkkkaaaa 5 rand”. Lol nyaope boys speak so slow it's so funny. The only time they speak fast is when they talk about money. I got to the car and a very beautiful woman got off and gave me a hug. I don't even know how she knew it was me because I was 100% it was the first time she saw me. She was like “I saved your Whatsapp profile picture, that's how I knew it was you. She looked early to mid 40's but she was still very beautiful. Coffee colour in complexion but her beautiful would make Shakespeare write many sonnets. I got in the car and she called Marcus to tell him she was with me and that we were heading straight home. I got jealous when that deep voice went “don't cook, I'll bring something. I love you babe”. Mmmm no wonder she put him on loud speaker, she knew he would say sweet things only. She said I can call her by her

first name, Pearl. She told me they stayed in Phillip Nel Park, a suburb next to TUT main campus. When we passed Tshwane Leadership Academy, few minutes from TUT she was like “let’s go surprise Marcus. Plus I haven’t been to his office since October last year”. From personal experience I know surprising a man is not always a good idea but I kept quiet. You don’t wanna give unwanted advices too early. When we got to TUT the security guards didn’t allow cars to go in but they allowed Mrs Mboweni’s X5. She parked not far from the bus terminals and we walked to some building which I believed was where Marcus’ office was based. She didn’t even knock....she just opened the door and went

“.....Ssssssssssurprise.....”

Boooooommm.....she saw more than she expected.

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 80

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I always try to advise my girls that surprises are for women, not men. 90% of the surprises on men tend to surprise the surprier more than the surprisee. I remember some chick I went to that bogus colleges with once tried to surprise her man who stayed in Mabopane and she got the surprise of her life. When she got to his place there was a beautifully decorated marqeu by the street. She asked some kid what was going on and it turned out that her Zulu boyfriend was marrying his 2nd wife. She fainted on the spot and they rushed her to Dr George Mukhari Hospital. She was in coma for 5 weeks. If you want to surprise a man, give him a blow job in his sleep. He’ll love you forever when he opens his eyes. But be careful if he’s from gaSekhukhune. He’ll probably go “voetsek, o tshwaregile moloi jou moer. O romilwe ke mmago?””What the fuck?”, Pearl said with a shock written all over her face. The scene caught off guard too. I expected to see a hunk with a deep voice in that office not 2 skinny men kissing. One of the guys went “sorry ousi, a wa tsenwa (are you mad)? Didn’t your mom teach you manners? How can you just throw yourself in someone’s office without knocking? Weitsi basadi ba fa Gauteng le tella spinya (You know women from Gauteng are disrespectful). Like ruri

now...dah duh dhweeee”. The other gay guy went “I I I I ndi-sorry sis Pearl....(I’m sorry Pearl)”. The Tswana gay interrupted “wa re ndi-sorry ndi-sorry ndi-sorry ya sbono!!! Ga a ne di-manners. Ke lapile ke basadi ba senang maitseo, molelle a tswe (sorry my foot. She lacks manners. I’m tired of women who lack manners. Tell her to get the fuck out)”. OMG this is getting out of hand now. I thought Mashabela was just joking but it seems he was on the bean. It seems every second gay in Pretoria is either Tswana or Xhosa. I don’t blame them thou, Xhosa and Tswana men are gorgeous and cute. I wonder how they would cope if they were to be chowed by a Venda mrengerenge lol. The Xhosa guy went “Mfondin thula uthi tuuu! Ngumfaz’ womphathi wam lo. I’m sorry ma’am. (Dude shut up. This is my boss’ wife). It’s not what you are thinking. Ndicela undixolele ndiyakucela sisi”. His voice wasn’t girlish anymore, he sounded more manly. You could see he was shaking with fear. The Tswana dude was pouting and acting like he didn’t give a damn lol. I found the whole scene funny nje. Gays can be dramatic and drama-queenish sometimes. Pearl didn’t even say a word. She took out her Sony Experia Z3 and called her husband. She looked very angry. She was like “fuck voice mail”. The Xhosa dude explained that Mr Mboweni went to a meeting and he’ll be back after an hour or so. Pearl went “Nxa. Let’s leave Sharon. This moffies drive me nuts”. The Tswana gay whispered “moffie ke mmao”. Luckily she didn’t hear him.

We drove in silence until we got to her place which was just 5 minutes away from TUT. I really failed to understand her anger. I mean those guys weren’t shagging, they were just kissing. Maybe she knew something about her husband that I didn’t know. She broke the silence as soon as she parked the car in the garage “I’m sorry for the way I reacted my girl. That’s not how I normally handle issues”. I told her it’s cool and that I would have reacted the same if I found men kissing in my husband’s office. She helped me to carry my bags and put them in my new bedroom. The house was gorgeous and huge. Take any girl to a beautiful double story and she’s likely to get wet just by the beauty of the house. There were pictures of Marcus and Pearl all over the house but I didn’t see any pictures of kids. I gathered some courage and asked if they had any kids. She was like “I had 3 kids and they all died at birth. I gave up but Marcus wants us to try again. I’m tired of going thru that pain. I just wanna be me, the wife and a friend to Marcus”. I wanted to ask how my father saved their marriage but changed my mind. Maybe the wife didn’t know about whatever my father did. She asked if I wanted to get

married and have kids one day. I smiled and told her I'd love to marry a rich white guy and be a house wife. The biggest mistake of my life. She gave me a lecture on how I should be independent and work for my own money. She was like "look around you, the biggest victims of abuse are women who depend on men for survival. He'll beat you to pulp knowing you will never leave him because without him you'd be a nobody. Go to school, get educated and make your own money. Even if you get married your husband will respect you". Damn I was not in a mood for a lecture but she had a point. However, I still believe that as women we should not use our financial muscle to disrespect men. A man will forever be the head of the house. It was difficult to read Pearl, she had both softie side and a no-nonsense feminist side. She asked which career path I wanted to take and she was impressed with what I told her.

She showed me around the house and afterwards we sat by the veranda and had a girl talk. She told me about the guy who broke her virginity and how she couldn't walk properly for the whole week. I asked if the guy was Venda or Tsonga and she said he was Zulu. It was hard to believe but I took her word. I told her about Dumi's hawu hawu moments and we both cracked. Wow me and Pearl clicked. You'd swear she was my age. She made me feel free to talk about whatever I wanted to talk about. Maybe she was those women who read Cosmopolitan and Fairlady. My mom reads Daily Sun and Sowetan. I asked her what she does for a living and she told me she was a director at department of higher education and training. Wow I wanted to be like her already. She's beautiful, had a husband with a deep Barry White voice, drove an X5 and lived in a beautiful 4 bedroom double storey. Everything seemed well for her. She was like "and I worked hard to be where I am. I'm not like those women who opened their legs to succeed in life. A pussy is not a CV or a degree". Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa that one cracked me. Ja some women have too much airtime bathong. Marcus came back and joined us by the veranda. He bought pizza for us. Yho I expected some fancy meal. I strategically surveyed Marcus' body and frame and he was quite a looker. He had brown eyes and didn't have a pot belly like most men in his age group. Whoever told black South African men that a big belly is a sign of I HAVE ARRIVED killed them. Every 2nd guy you bump into look pregnant, especially those who drink Heineken. Only if they knew that mkhaba is an enemy of progress during sex lol. But some big-bellied men will show you flames in bed. You'll go there expecting him to go 'ha ha' and sleep but he'll shag you until you forget your

mother's name. You'd swear they have an electronic 'mphesu' in those big bellies. Marcus shook my hand and introduced himself formally. He wasn't as casual as he was when we spoke over the phone. Maybe he was suffering from 'Near Wife Syndrome'. You can tell a guy is suffering from that when they act all formal and very manly when their wives are around. Meet them at shisanyamas when you want to see their true colours. He'll do caracara dance right in front of you.

Marcus told us that his friend gave him double tickets to go watch some play at State Theatre. He wanted me to go with his wife but I told them I was a bit tired from the long trip. They understood and asked if I'll ok by myself and I told them I'm a big girl. To be honest, I've never been to a theatre and I doubt I'd find it interesting. I prefer going to cinema. Sterland movies are cheaper lol. As soon as they left I took a bath and lay on my bed. Mmmm my room had everything I wanted. From a bathroom, TV to a study table with a laptop and printer. Some families are lucky. I took 3 selfies and uploaded them on Facebook. I wanted to write "haters can go jump into the valley...I've arrived" but my heart said no. Every girl is forever on about haters on social media these days. Even a girl who failed matric twice and does nothing for a living would be on and on about haters on Facebook. Mxm who would hate someone like you bitch? You are not Beyonce. I called Zee to check if she was angry with me and to my surprise she was happy to hear my voice. She was like "where are you hiding bitch? I miss you like crazy dawg....you must bring your fine ass to Jozi soon". We spoke for few minutes and I hung up. I called my mom and told her the Mbowenis seem like good people and she told me I must behave. She ended the conversation with "...next time don't go thru my closet because you will see things you are not supposed to see. Love you, bye". Lol she was probably talking about Denzie. I wanted to read 283: The Bad Sex Bet but I wasn't in a mood to think about Mofenyi's dick and get wet. It wouldn't be a good idea because I was instructed not to eat mrengerenge for 3 weeks. I was on some dick-fasting period I was kinda tired from the ±360km trip from Tzaneen to Pretoria. I switched off the light and closed my eyes and the next thing I was in dreamland. I don't know how many hours I slept but when I opened my eyes I saw the door opening. I rubbed my eyes twice to make sure I wasn't dreaming. My heart was beating faster and faster.

The door opened and

THE END....

Episode 81

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Rape isn't only a physical action, it plant a seed of paranoia and fear in you. Whenever you are faced with a dodgy situation the first thing that comes to your mind is rape. One wise mind named Gavin de Becker once said "most men fear getting laughed at or humiliated by a romantic prospect while most women fear rape and death". It might sound like some funny quote but it's true. Most of us fear rape, followed by death. Even those Divorosong near Soshanguve prostitutes who get chowed for R5 fear rape. I was on full alert ready to fight anything with a tail in front. I planned to bite the wanna-be rapist's dick and throw it at Marabastad. The door opened and the light went on. Before I could scream I realised it was Pearl. She was like "you look as if you've just seen an ugly ghost Sharon. Are you ok? I just came to check if you have settled in well. We just came back from State Theatre". Damn, you could measure my relief in kilogrammes. I got off the bed and gave Pearl a hug. She laughed and asked if I've been drinking and I went "I I I just missed you. I thought you were gone for good". My heart was beating fast and I was sweating. She went "ha ha ha ha I know I'm an interesting woman but we were only out for just 3 hours. Wait Sharon..... Are you sure you are ok? Your heart is beating fast and you are sweating terribly?". There was no way I was gonna tell her about the rape incident. I had to think very fast to come up with a story that she would buy. It's difficult to open up about rape. Some people will start treating you differently and it makes the healing process difficult. And again, I didn't know Pearl well yet...maybe she was from kwa-Ndebele. You know most Ndebele women find it difficult to zip their mouths. If they used their mouths to give their men super blow jobs than gossip about others, there would be fewer cases of cheating. No I reverse my statement, these dogs with tails in front will cheat no matter what. If Itumeleng Khune could cheat on Minnie Dlamini, who the heck are you? Ke life boss. I told Pearl I had a nightmare. She laughed and told me it's quite normal to have nightmare when you are sleeping in an 'unfamiliar' place. She kissed me on the forehead and went "let me go perform my conjugal duties". Hayi educated people and bombastic words. I Googled the word 'conjugal' as soon as she left and damn.....lol Pearl was being naughty.

I couldn't sleep anymore so I started chatting with JT on Whatsapp. We started flirting and she asked me to send her a picture of my breasts. What a naughty

lesbian. If there's one thing I learnt not to do was to send my private parts to anyone. People aint loyal anymore. You send a picture to them and the next thing it will be trending all over the net. Ask Khanyi Mbau if you don't believe me. Her pussy is all over the net because some ass nigger leaked her nude pictures. She's lucky because she has a cute pussy. Just imagine someone leaking one of those vaginas that look like leaves of a cabbage lol. I told JT to send me a picture of her pussy first and guess what, she sent it. It looked like a mouth about to say 'Amen'. I laughed for more than 20 minutes. She called me and I didn't pick up. She sent me a sad emoticon and I replied with a laughing emoticon. I switched off my data services and retired to lala-land. The worst thing about visiting people for the first time is not knowing what time to wake up. Some families have funny cultures. They expect you to wake up at 5am just because you are a woman, even if you are not going anywhere. Luckily no one woke me until I received from a call from the 012-number around 9am. It was Marcus telling me to take a bath cause he was sending someone to fetch me. He reminded me not to forget my matric certificate and ID copy. I took a shower and wore my Sissy Boy jeans, a white Nike t-shirt and Tomy sneakers. Call me cheap or whatever, I love my Tomy sneakers. They are very comfortable, more comfortable than All Star and Carvela aka Limpopo's Finest. After an hour or so Marcus called me and told me someone was waiting for me at the gate. Pearl was not in the house, so I assumed she was at work. I took my Polo handbag and headed to the gate. I loved my Polo bag shame. Oh and it wasn't fake like the ones I see girls carrying everyday. Just because it's written Polo doesn't necessarily mean it's a Polo.

When I got to the gate a black Ford Figo was at the gate. OMG, the Xhosa gay guy was on the driver's seat. I got in the car and the first thing he said was "nuh nuh choza, those sneakers are a no-no sana, even for ama-freshers. Competition is tough girl. You are going to TUT main campus, not University of Venda". I didn't even say a word, I got out of the car and ran back to the house. I changed my Tomy's for the Carvela Hector bought me. When I got back to the car the gay went "oh hayi Lipompo girls and Carvela. You'd swear there's a Carvela factory in Pietersburg". Nxa nothing pisses me like someone who pronounces my province's name as Lipompo. And only Xhosas still use the name Pietersburg. When we got to TUT Marcus asked if my driver behaved well. I wanted to tell him he made me feel small but the Xhosa gay gave me a cute and charming smile. I told Marcus shim was very good. There were so many long queues at TUT. What made me

smile was the fact that there were more girls from Limpopo than any other province. I could tell they were from Limpopo by their fashion sense. Please don't ask me what they were wearing. There were also coupla Xhosa girls. I could tell they were Xhosa cause they looked at Marcus with "please call me" eyes. I love Xhosa girls. Knowing right people helps, what took other people more than 2 hours took me less than 20 minutes. We went back to Marcus' office and he told me that Pearl's brother was on his and he'll give me a lift back to the house. I asked Marcus what my dad did for him and he said he'll tell me the day after my graduation. Mxm he should have said he didn't wanna tell me.

Someone knocked at the door and came in. Wow...I don't have a word to describe him but if he was food, he'd be sold at Woolworths. He was wearing a Fabiani golfie, blue chinos and LV semi-formal shoes. You could tell he wasn't your R7500 a month salary Toyota Tazz driving kinda guy. It was when Marcus addressed him as 'sbali' that I noted he was thee "Pearl's brother" that was supposed to give me a lift to the house. I could see from his chest that he frequented the gym. He went "Hi Sharon" and instead of greeting back I almost wet my jeans with all kinds of liquids. You know a guy is hot when whatever word he utters sounds like "I love you". Even if he goes 'Fuck You' to you it will sound like "I love you". When you don't feel a guy he can recite you the most romantic poem ever and by the time he's done you'll be snoring or having a nightmare. I wondered how he knew my name. Oh, maybe Marcus briefed him about me. Marcus went went "Sbali meet Sharon. Sharon meet my brother-in-law Jab....", he didn't even finish the introduction. Nigger extended his arm to me and went:

"Jabulani Mkhwanazi... Spheshu, Madubandlela, Somlomoti, Sodilakazi, Nkwaliyenkosi, Ndonga, Shamase, Mwelase, Sontuli, Somkhele, Lele, Khowa, Mayanda, Dlebhu wabeSwazi, wena owagula wamis'intamo, Mashukumbeya, Mthendeleka, Mtubatuba wena owawulobolela amadoda, Wena owathenga istimela, Ninemali nina Bakhwanazi, Veyane, Mpandeyamadoda, Mpande ayiphikiswa oyiphikisayo uyazithwala, Gwagwa liyagwagwa umbane wezulu, Owaciba ngomkhonto eSikhwebesini kwapheph'inkosi yamaNtungwa, Owasingath'ihwahwa kodwa wangaledlulisel'mlonyeni, Mgidla, Lomafu,

Nkwenkwezi, Sikhumba kaMthethwa kaMantewane, Gagisa!you can call me JB”

It was not his words that made me and my pussy smile simultaneously, it was his Zulu accent. I still couldn't believe he was Pearl's brother. There was nothing 'Zulu' about Pearl. She looked more Swati or Pedi. And it's very uncommon for Tsonga men to marry Zulu women. Most Zulu girls are scared of mrengerenges, hence they prefer their own Zulu men or Tswana guys. I was like “nice meeting you JB”. His phone rang and he went “Sorry for a second, it's my wife”. WTF, all good Zulu men are either taken or taken again. After the call Marcus told him that he'll find the parcels in the study room. With that me and JB left. He told me that he stayed in Centurion and only came to Phillip Nel Park to fetch some tender documents at Marcus' place. I thought to myself that if I wasn't on a prophet-prescribed 'Dick-Diet' I was gonna rape the hell out of him. Everything he said was just sexy nje. Pity he was married. When we got to the house he parked the car by the street and we walked to the house side-by-side. He went to the study room and came back after few seconds with a white envelope in his hand. He looked at me and went:

“Uhm, I won't beat about the bush, let's have....”

WTF....

THE END....

Episode 82

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I think life is not fair to us women. A guy can meet a girl today and make sexual moves on her and no one will label him a he-bitch. Actually, he'll be a hero to his friends. When a girl does the same she's labelled a bitch. Even other girls will label her a bitch. That's the reason most leaders in the world are males. Males stick together. Bitches will be the first to grill you the minute you go off the rails. When was the last time you had a guy complaining about another guy being a chowaholic? But we always hear a bitch telling other bitches that some bitchy bitch is a bitch? Let's just admit, bitches aint loyal.”.....sex”. Before he could finish that word Pearl appeared from upstairs and went “WT-what what!!!! Have what JB?”.

He looked confused for a moment cause he wasn't expecting anybody in the house. I know guys call it confidence but to us girls it's different. When a guy you just met tells you straight that he wanna have sex with you it kinda makes you feel like a sperm dish. It makes you feel like you have a sticker written 'sama nyobi-nyobi' on your forehead. Similarly, if no guy makes moves on us we feel ugly and less attractive. JB looked like a thief caught stealing in a shop. JB looked at me and went "on the beach. Let's have sex on the beach. You know it right?the popular cocktail? Vodka, peach schnapps, orange juice, and cranberry juice? My sister knows I love it. I always make it whenever I visit this house". Damn, when coming to stupid things men are the best thinkers. His answer was a masterpiece but I didn't believe it. I cracked and told him he should go lie to the kids in some Day Care Centre in Tembisa cause the ones in the suburbs will just look at him like he soiled his pants. Pearl smiled and said "I know you love it. And you do it better than your bar man. You should take Sharon to your club one day". Ouch, I was left with an egg on my ass. I thought nigger was bluffing only to discover he really love the cocktail. Oh and he owned a club.....mmmmhh. Some names are not on though. Imagine going to somewhere in Venda and telling some gogo that you love Sex on the Beach. She'll probably go "He ene nwana mutuku, u amba hani nga ha vhudzekani na nne mufumakadzi mungafha naa? Mikhwa yawe I ngafhi? Nxa,tshisidzana tshetshi tsha zwiraho zwitukutuku." Apparently the popular drink that side is called 'mahafhe'.

JB went to the kitchen and mixed some things and brought me a glass full of some beautiful orangish-coloured drink. At first I hesitated to taste it. I mean, that name gives you an idea that it might taste like fish or something related to things between the thighs lol. On the contrary, it tasted delicious. Ja neh, JB was a man of many talents. I wondered if he also had talents underground. JB asked Pearl if he could show me around Pretoria. Lol he probably thought I was a fresher still fresh from Limpopo. Only if he knew I knew Pretoria like the palm of my arm. From Lusaka in Mamelodi to Rankuwa, Olieven to Refiloe in Cullinan, Silver Lakes to Hammaskraal...etc. Pearl told him as long as I don't stay out till late, he's welcome to show me around. He asked if he could use the X5 and his sister said cool. Ja some families are so in love. My dad would demand an affidavit signed by the chairperson of African Union Commission DR Nkosazana Dlamini-Zuma and United Nations General-Secretary Ban Ki-moon before lending me his car or worse, God. And it wasn't even an X5 mxm. I went to my room planning to

change into a short dress but thought it would make me look like I was applying for mrengerenge from JB...nuh he aint from Limpopo, it can't be a mrengerenge. Maybe just a 'mrenge'. Pearl walked us to the garage and went "wena JB you better not sell my girl to your rich friends. She's still young and innocent". Lol I laughed at the compliment. Only if she knew I've seen bigger dicks in one year than she has probably seen in 10 years.

JB hit the accelerator and we headed towards TUT. When we got to traffic lights next to the cemetery we turned right to Rebecca Street and headed towards Church Street. It's called WF Nkomo these days. One day you'll wake up to find your street named #PayBackTheMoney Street. Anything is possible in South Africa. I thought he was taking me to town, Hatfield or Sunnyside but nigger turned right when we got to Church Street. He told me he was taking me to Atteridgeville. He turned left at Transoranje Road, next to the Shell garage. I always panic when people use a road I'm not familiar with. I've met guys who talk too much but JB was like an FM. He talked like he was on some paraffin. If his words were cars they do a motorgate from Bloemfotein to Sebokeng. He only pissed me when he spoke badly of his wife. Apparently she didn't like giving head. The last time she tried she puked for 3 days. As much as I don't like people who badmouth their wives...but like really now? Does God still make women who don't give their men blow job? That's like serving your man pap and beetroot without meat. I will tell you truth ladies, men love blow job. I don't know how it feels but sometimes I watch porn and the expression on their faces just say it all. He can forget your name as time goes on but no man forgets how good you are with your mouth. If you want your man to speak in tongues, use the tip of your tongue to gently lick the space where the dick head meets the sick stem. You are likely to hear "adacadabra shanda marika thaa thaaa chezula phezulu taaaaaaa". Enough about BJs and adult stuff, I must respect the prophet's sex-diet. We turned right at Maunde Street. Few minutes after passing Lucas Moripe Stadium he turned left at Sekhu Street, just before the Engen garage. We passed 2 streets and he parked at the gate of some beautiful house. He called someone and asked whoever he was calling if the coast was still clear. After the call he told me to wait in the car.

Damn, JB took more than 20 minutes and I was getting impatient. The worst part was I didn't even know what he was doing in the house. I logged on Facebook and checked in. I wanted to leave a trail in case JB was planning something negative.

My phone rang and it was a private number. When I answered the caller went “who am I talking to?”. I was like “you are talking to your mother’s mother’s mother nxa” and hung up. Nxa some people can piss you. Why ask me who you are talking when you are the one who called? Who the hell did you call? The person called again and asked me not to hang up. He was like “It’s me, me me Hector”. WTF, after months and nigger decided to call. I asked him what he wanted and he went “I won’t beat about the bush.....there’s something important I wanna tell you. Please see me today or you might never ever see me again. Please don’t say no. I’m at Sunnypark right now. Please come please come”. He sounded so serious and suicidal. If there’s one thing I didn’t want was someone dying and mentioning me in their suicide letter. I asked him where he got my new number and he said I shouldn’t worry. He hang up and I started sweating. The last time I saw him I was drunk and Zee told me I was misbehaving. I also had a terrible dream about him trying to kill me. I was confused, panicking and curious. JB came back with a huge smile on his face. When he got in the car there was some funny smell...a smell of fish + choice condom. I asked him what he was doing in the house and he smiled and said “I was praying”. I opened the window and asked him to drive me to Sunnypark. I noticed there was some hair on his lips. Sies, he was probably muffing some woman with a forest between her legs. The hair looked so long you’d swear the girl or woman had a Brazilian weave between her thighs lol. Hayi bo JB ba bona mehlolo mrena. He drove me to Sunnypark and parked opposite Europa. He told me to hurry up cause he wanted to take me somewhere. If you have been to Sunnypark Mall before you will know that the open space in front of the mall entrance is always teeming with people. When you are there you see Rhapsody’s and Nando’s right in front of you and Cappello and Spur on the floor above. As I was walking there my phone rang and it was a private number again. Hector’s voice went stop right there and don’t turn around. I stood right there facing the entrance. Within few seconds I heard his voice right behind me. He was like “turn around and remain silent”. When I turned around nigger was on his knees. He went “my ancestors have been sending me signs and I tried to ignore them. I can’t ignore them anymore. It is not in the stars to hold our destiny but in ourselves.....”. A moment like that would make any girl melt with excitement, joy and happiness, especially if it’s in a public space. But I was shocked.

He continued “....Sharon, now that she’s out of the picture, will you...”. The next thing I heard a gun shot.

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 83

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I always hear people saying black people are lazy. Well, maybe they are lazy....until they hear a sound of a gun. I remember few years ago on a New Years eve we were at some popular pub called Mzansi in Lenyenye and some dude fired 3 shots. Within 10 seconds the pub was empty, from +1000 people to less than ±10 peeps in less than 10 seconds. Guys with big bellies ran faster than skinny guys. Even chicks in high heels ran so fast you'd swear they were running after Usain Bolt. The sound was so loud I felt my punani twitch. My ears and eyes went blind and deaf respectively. I tried to run but my legs locked. It was like someone chained my legs. It was like that moment when you are coming....but that time it wasn't in an enjoyable fashion. When my eyes finally decided to steal the view of my surroundings I noticed I was the only one in that open space. Niggers and bitches ran for dear life. Even the guy who was on wheelchair was no where to be seen. I wanted to run but still my legs were frozen like a lazy girl in bed during sex. God should block punanis of girls who act like they are in a fridge when having sex. I always ask myself if they see Goldi chicken as role models. I zoomed my surrounding expecting to Hector but nigger was nowhere to be seen. All I could see was a red underwear, one shoe and 2 socks. Even today I still wonder where that undie rained from. It's true that when a man is facing death he can do the unexplainables. After a minute or so people started coming back. One woman kept saying "did they shoot her? Did they shoot her?". I thought she was referring to me and I started crying. It was when I surveyed my body with my hands that I noticed no bullet when thru my skin. It turned out that the bullet was shot from the street, Esselen. I wonder what kinda gun they used cause I've never heard that kinda loud sound before. It was very loud. I wish I had Captain Mangena of Oscar Pistorius trial fame to explain to me.

I followed the crowd to the street and when we got there some Nigerian looking guy had blood oozing from his arm. A South African guy was busy swearing and saying "they should have finished off this lekwerekwere. These people are

everywhere in South Africa. We don't even have a space to walk". WTF, that comment made me angry. I hate xenophobia with passion. Why do xenophobic black South Africans only target and hate black foreigners? You call black foreigners makwerekwere and refer to white foreigners as tourists. We have so many white foreigners in South Africa but you will never hear that they were beaten for being foreigners. In fact, black people welcome them as if they were sent by God. These the very same people that come to our country to commit crimes. Dewani and Ronovan Krejcir come to my mind. I will never hate a fellow black person just because they come from a different country. I am an African and I'm African. We have so many shops owned by white foreigners but you will never hear that they were looted by black South Africans. They only look shops owned by black foreigners. Let us get rid of these uncalled for hatred against our own people. We are all equal before God's eyes. The guy continued "we must go loot their shops. Plus I don't have grocery at my place". He said that as if it was a normal thing to say. I tapped him on the shoulder and went "sies buti, if you want grocery at your place you must work like other men". He looked at me and went "nxa sfebe, wa jumpisa gore o jewa ke makwerekwere. Ke sure le kuku ya gago e lekana le ya elephant kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". I moved away from him cause I could feel my blood was about to boil. I asked some guy what really happened and he told me a Nigerian guy and some South African dude were fighting over a girl and the SA guy pulled out a gun and shot the Nigerian. Like really now? Do we still have guys who fight for bitches in 2015? That's so 70's when it was fashionable to stab another man with an okapi for a woman. Ja never underestimate the power of a pussy. You go to a tarven where there are men only and you'll never see any fight there. A bitch pops and suddenly niggers start feeling all macho and butch.

I left the crowd and walked to where JB parked his car. I was amazed he didn't join the crowd to see what happened. I know black people are curious for days, especially where blood is concerned. No wonder people were busy taking videos, they wanted to prove that they were there in case the incident appears on eNews at night. They'll be screaming "I was there, I was there" as if they were paid with a blow job for witnessing people fighting. When I got to the car JB was not inside. Shit nigger said he'll wait in the car but now he was gone. JB aint loyal mxm. While I was waiting Hector came running from the Greef Street side. He was sweating from head to toe like he had been running on a treadmill for hours. When

he got to the car he went down on his knees again and said "...as I was saying before we were interrupted. Sharon Lets.....". I put my finger on his lips and told him to shut the fuck up. He was starting to behave like a psycho. He wasn't the Hector I knew. Maybe it was my fault, he had a good relationship with Nomsa and everything went wrong after I shagged him. He didn't have the ring on his finger anymore, meaning he was right Nomsa was not in the picture anymore. Oh, I thought the last time I saw him was the night I got drunk. I remembered nigger fucked me and spat on my face afterwards. Shit, you must be worried when you forget the day you had sex. It could only mean one thing, your pussy is employed overtime. The thought of him spitting on my face after sex brought back the anger I that day. I angrily went "mrena, stand the heck up and leave my sight before I embarrass you in public? I'm not Sharon of 2014. I'm Shazyonce The Legacy. I will slice your balls wa nyela". Lol I felt like Zee. He begged me to hear him out...luckily JB appeared asked what was going on. I went "I was waiting for you and this mad guy came from nowhere to harass me. I don't even know him". The next thing I heard "phaaaaaa" and Hector crawled and ran simultaneously. He shouted "hope she infects you with her ebola, aids, malaria, tsendi, chicken pox and permanent bad luck". Instead of being angry I found myself lol'ng uncontrollably. The hot and good-in-bed Hector was behaving in a Zodwastic way. Remember Zodwa of the late Generations? JB said he was no longer in a mood to drive around. He said we should go back to Phillip Nel Park. We drove to Spar Tops in Arcadia first to buy drinks. He bought himself a bottle of Hennessy and bought red wine for me. I asked him who said I wanted booze and he just laughed and paid. After buying we headed to Phillip Nel.

His car was gone and there was no one in the house. He called his sister and she told him that Marcus took her to some new restaurant in Midrand. Ja life of rich couples. Most old couples from my hood only go "out" together when they go to funerals on weekends. JB was like "it's just me and you in the house". He was offering me a glass of wine as he said that. I took one sip and ran to my room afterwards. Remember the multicoloured robe the prophet gave me? I belted it on my waist. It was for security reasons. Nigger drank half the bottle of Hennessy and my red wine was almost finished. What made me happy was the fact that the wine didn't have any tsi-tsi-tsi effect on me. My punani was as dry as a wallet of a broke nigger. JB switched on the sound system and played Ciara's Ride. Damn it was like he knew I was crazy about that song. When it got to the part...:

“He love they way I ride it
He love they way I ride it
He love they way I ride it
He love the way I ride the beat
Ride ride the beat, How I ride it”

....I found myself doing the Ciara moves. I don't even know how I mastered them but the way JB was looking at me I knew I was on point. When the song ended he repeated it. It was obvious he was enjoying my moves and the wine I was having gave me more vum-vum to dance. The next thing JB carried me and walked up to my room upstairs. I actually enjoyed the ride. To me it was part of the fun generated by wine and Ciara. He put me on the bed and without saying any word he took off his jeans. WTF, I was drunk but I got turned off. What kinda man takes off his jeans while the girls was still fully dressed? He was like “Angifuni ikuku, just blow me”. WTF....nigger had a foreskin and the thought of me sucking him made me wanna puke. No offence, I know Zulus don't have initiation schools but there are doctors in KZN bathong. Blowing a foreskined dick is like eating chicken with its feathers. My phone rang and he told me I should ignore it. I ingored it but when it rang for the 2nd time I picked up. It was my mother. She was crying badly. She went:

“You your your youryour fatherhiii hiii hiii your father”

THE END

Episode 84

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

You can be as strong as The Undertaker but when your mom calls you crying you will have an earthquake in your head. She can be bitchy and strict but the minute you hear her sobs your heart will start experiencing ‘period pains’. Moms are naturally strong people. Fathers can come up with defensive arguments that they are stronger than women blah blah blah. Bullshit, women....mothers have more strength than these animals with tails in front. We are talking about people who tolerate dicklets for years just for the sake of a relationship. Your father will just contribute a seed and stop there. Your mom is the person you bond with from your liquid stage till you are a complete human being. “A daughter without her mother

is a woman broken. It is a loss that turns to arthritis and settles deep into her bones” – Kristin Hannah”Mom what about my father? What did he do? Is he ok?”, I asked my mom. She went “hiii hiiii hiiii hiiii your father”, then I heard the ‘tuuu tuuu tuuu tuuuu’ tone. She either hung up or her battery died. I wondered what my father did. Maybe he had found out about the paternity of my little brother and kicked my mom out. Nuh...my father was scared of my mom, he probably moved out and left her with the house. OR maybe he found my mother busy with my step-father Denzel and beat the hell out of my mother. I can imagine how a man would feel if he found his wife busy with a toy, especially if the toy is a mrengerenge compared to his ntsitswana. His ego would probably be circumcised. If a man I sleep with every night wakes up in the middle of the night and go jerk off in the bathroom I’d feel less of a woman. I want my man to look at me and ejaculate mentally before he even sees my yellow thighs. I called her and my call didn’t go thru. Mxm my mom had this habit of letting her battery die and not charge her phone immediately. She’s lucky my father wasn’t the insecure and controlling type. Some men would kill you if they call and your battery is dead. Remember Matome my ex from Jane Furse? He once threatened to kill me cause he called and my phone was off. When I told him my battery died he told me I should have used the public phone to notify him. Like duh, who uses public phones these days?

JB went “come suck daddy’s lollipop”. I looked at the foreskin and it looked like a girl pouting for a selfie. It looked so cute lol. My mom’s call kinda shifted my thinking. I wasn’t interested in doing anything with JB anymore. Maybe it was the prophet’s juju. He saw I was about to break the DD (Diet Diet) and he made my mom call me. I decided to be honest with JB. I told him I was undergoing some spiritual treatment and wasn’t allowed to taste a dick. He looked at me and went “hawu hawu hawu weh ma!!!! What treatment is that? I’m sure you won’t die by going ‘tsupuuuuu’ once on my dick with your tongue”. His dick was going up and down as he said that. You could see it was hungry for the honey between my thighs. Nigger literally went down on his knees to beg to suck it. “Please maLetsoalo, please suck my lollipop” I wanted a polite way to tell him I can’t suck his foreskin but couldn’t find it. So I told him straight 9-9 “hayi mrena, your lollipop is still wrapped. I prefer to eat unwrapped lollipops, if you get my drift.....”. I think my comment offended him cause he immediately put on his jeans and walked downstairs. Ka mmao basadi re bona masepa straight. I mean,

normally when you get to the bedroom you expect a guy to kiss-kiss and touch-touch, then undress your top. But a guy who takes off his pants while the girl is still fully dressed in a no-no to me. Maybe it's a KZN thing lol. Within a minutes JB came back with a knife and scissors. He was like "cut it now....cut it. Just because your Vendas, Shangaans and Pedis in Limpopo go to a mountain for few weeks to be cut doesn't make us Zulus half-men. Don't insult my culture please. My dick can do the same job as a Venda man". I giggled and said "ha ha ha you can't compare a lizard with a crocodile ha ha ha ha ha ha". He didn't find my joke funny. Luckily he was dressed at that stage, the view of his foreskin was starting to make me wanna puke. I'm not disrespecting anyone's culture, a foreskin is a no-no for me. Whether is on a Venda man or Zulu or Sotho or what what. Imagine a foreskin on a Venda dick. It'd would look like an exhaust of a truck.

While arguing about the foreskin the door to my room opened and Pearl walked in. When she saw the knife and scissors in JB's hands' she screamed "yhooooooo please don't kill her, Madubandlela. I was lying about what I said about her. She's young and innocent. (Ungambulali, ngiyakucela. Usemncane unuka ubisi, usemsulwa! Engikutshele kona ngaye akusilona iqiniso!). She will never ever look at Marcus that way. I had my wires crossed". JB was like "relax sis, it's not what you think. We were just....never mind". WTF, Pearl thought I was eyeing her Marcus? I know I'm not a saint but I never expected an educated, beautiful and smart woman like Pearl to be that insecure. Normally it's the ugly wives with low self-esteem that think every woman is out to get their hubbies. Women must learn something. You can be all insecure and what what, but if your man want to cheat on you he will. He can even chow your little sister right under your nose. Bofa lephondo mama. I took my phone and left them in the room. I didn't know where I was going but I couldn't be in the same house as Pearl at that moment. I was really starting to love an admire her. I couldn't believe she thought that of me. I didn't know Phillip Nel Park, so I didn't know where to go. I just walked without knowing where I was going. Pearl called me and I switched off the phone. I was trying to rebuild my life, not to sleep with my father's friends. People like Pearl are dangerous. They smile with you when you are around but as soon as you leave they change their tune. She's like those Christians who preach sex before marriage is a sin when they are in church but as soon as they are outside they turn into sferbs. I walked for about 30 minutes around without knowing where I was going. The stupid me forgot to take some money. I switched on my phone and called JT

and told her what happened. She was like “Ntwana, ke na le sfebe nou but she can go to hell. Plus se gana go offara ntho e monate”. Send me your location via Whatsapp. I sent my location and switched off my phone afterwards. JT was my knight in shining armour shem. Maybe God was trying to tell me I should just forget about men and do lesbians. I was waiting at the traffic circle corner Normal Eaton avenue and Staatsatillerie road when JT appeared. She was like “ntwana, oska stressa. JT is here now”. She asked if I had something to eat and I told her I was fine. When we got to her place I went straight to bed. She slept on the couch and I had the bed all to myself.

I had a terrible dream. My dad and the doctor that look like my brother were playing Playstation, Fifa 15. The doctor won 3 consecutive games and started laughing at my dad and calling him a loser. Instead of supporting my dad, my mom was cheering whenever the doctor scored. At some point she went “what’s the use of having hands if you don’t know how to use them Piet?”. My father started coughing and my dream took a radical turn. My dad was wearing a white gown and had some smoke on top of his head. My mother and the doctor were wearing black clothes busy shouting “Piet is a loser... Piet is a loser”. My little brother was running behind them with Denzel in his hand. It was when my little brother put Denzel in his mouth that I felt someone calling my name. I opened my eyes and JT was standing next to me. She was like “Ntwana, o lora masepa. You were busy shouting ‘loser loser loser’. Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa o lora masepa ka mmao”. I was sweating and scared. I asked JT to sleep next to me. It was like she spent 100 years waiting for that moment lol. We cuddled the whole night and it felt so good. When I woke up in the morning she had just finished showering. Luckily she had a new toothbrush. I brushed my teeth and took a bath. I walked back to the bedroom in my birthday suit and she was like “ntwana, ezi ya gago e ka ponyedisa Pope, ka mmao e ira havoc”. I lay on the bed on the bed facing the ceiling. I went “Something on my body is itchy. Do you wanna scratch it with your.....you know?”. She didn’t waste any time, like a cat running after a legotlo la go paka, her tongue visited my nipples. Many guys can learn a thing or two from JT. She was very gentle on my body. Some guys would lick you as if they are preparing to chew and swallow you afterwards. JT was gentle. She licked my nipples and used her finger to play with my asshole. I never had anyone put their finger in my ass but it felt differently nice. She went up and licked my ears. She was like “your ears taste like vanilla Ntwana”. I smiled and told her to ‘press G’ on the elevator. She

understood what I meant and slowly and lickingly went down. She opened my legs and tenderly used her finger to rub the outer lips of my almost excited pussy. When she fondled my clitoris I went “ahh ooh mmmmm ahhh goshhhhhh....lick toe”. My pussy was....ohhh damn getting wet. Her finger was almost the same size as Dumi’s dicklet but it was good at the job. Mxm her phone rang and she was like “Eish ntwana, I’m expecting an important call. BRB”. Ag what a turn off....I was getting in the mood and she chose to answer her stupid phone. I took my phone and switched it on. There were many missed call notifications from my mom, Pearl, Marcus and unknown numbers. I decided not to call them cause I knew they wanted to ask where I slept. I decided to log on Facebook. 5 people had written on my Timeline. The first post from some girl from my hood read:

“Nobody deserves what happened to you and your family Shaz. I can’t believe your mom is

OHH Noooooooooo

THE END

Episode 85

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I applaud social media for always being the first to break news. But there are some things that you do not want to hear about for the first time on Twitter or Facebook. Imagine learning that your steady boyfriend of 3 years is getting married on Facebook, it would break your heart deadly. Imagine learning that your boyfriend is dead via Facebook, you’d be broken with a minute. Social Media does not have feelings, people say whatever shit whenever they want. Some go as far as creating bogus accounts just to say shit they are scared to say with their real accounts. If you have a weak heart it’s advisable that you stay away from social media. For a minute I thought I was dreaming. I immediately called my mom and her phone was off. I wanted to read the other posts but my mind was teeming with fear of bad news. Tears started rolling down face. When JT saw I was crying she told whoever she was talking to that she’ll call later. That’s what I call a ‘gentleman’. A ghetto guy would tell you to shut the fart up cause he was busy with an important call. He won’t even ask you why you are crying. Now I understand why most girls go for lesbians these days. They understand our feelings better. She looked at me with a

concerned look and went “Ntwana ka verstana o rata di-chips tsa JT (I know you love how JT shags you) but I didn’t expect you to cry. Bofa lephondo ngwana...entlik bofa kuku (take a chill pill babes), I’ll give it you until you sing hallelujah hosana. They don’t call me JT for nothing. Ke JT gai one, gai 2 wa rota”. Under normal circumstances I would have found her silly comments funny but I was sad, mad and scared. I found her comments stupid and foolishly boastful. I think that’s how girls are, we always blame wrong people when we experience unwanted emotions. I remember I used to blame my ex Matome whenever I experienced period pains. He would tell me to blame the biblical snake and Eve. I grabbed the cushion on the floor and started hitting JT with it. I was screaming “I hate you, I hate you, I hate you”. Instead of reacting angrily to my actions, she laughed and went “Ka mmao 2015 e re bontsha masepa. Keng ntwana, nare o tsubile nyaope ka Bluetooth or Wifi? (2015 is showing us shit. Did you smoke nyaope via Bluetooth or Wifi?”. I stopped hitting her and lay on the bed on my belly. I felt like someone stabbed my heart with a very sharp knife.

JT’s voice changed from a joking one to a caring and concerned one. She asked “Sharon, are you ok? I’m sorry if I hurt you. Please talk to me....I hate seeing you like this”. It was easy to tell if JT was really concerned about something. When she spoke pure English without her habitual tsotsitaal I knew she was really concerned. I wanted to tell her about what I saw on Facebook but I didn’t know how to start. My sobs were getting louder and emotionally heavier. She gave me a glass of water and tissue and went “you’ll tell me what’s bothering you when you cool down. Whatever it is it won’t defeat the power of God”. WTF, it was the first time I heard JT mentioning ‘God’. I was shocked to the Z. She put her hand on my head and started saying “fire fire fire.... fire.... fire”. I wanted to shout to her to stop but my phone started ringing. I checked and it was Pearl. I ignored her 3 calls and Marcus called me afterwards. I did the same to his calls. They probably wanted to tell me the bad news. After about a minute another call came thru, it was a private number. Some people think they are smart, when you ignore their calls they hide their number and call you again. Like duh, obviously if you call me now and call again immediately after I ignored your call with a hidden number I’ll know it’s you fool. Another call came thru with a number that looked familiar but it was not saved in my phone. I ignored the hell out of it. It was like people were in a competition of calling me. I received an sms from the same number after about 3 minutes. It read:

were so teary I couldn't even see properly. They helped me walk to Marcus' car which was parked outside the gate. I will not lie to you, losing a parent is not pap and vleis. You will feel as if there's nothing inside your head and belly. Sometimes I think physical pain is better than an emotional pain. I was hurting inside. My whole body felt lighter but my heart was heavy. I felt like there was a 36-wheeler truck in my heart. Marcus and Pearl tried to quote Bible verses and what-what for me but nothing could make me feel better. I kept thinking about my little brother. With my dad gone and mother possibly in ICU he was probably swimming in sorrow and pain. When we got to Phillip Nel Park there were 2 people in the house, JB and some girl. She had a ring on her finger and I assumed she was JB's wife. Nxa stupid fool, he wanted to chow me just the previous night and there he was trying to play loving husband with that ugly yellow bone. Ever noticed how ugly yellow bones think they are all that? Mxm not all yellow bones are beautiful. I walked to my bedroom with Marcus and Pearl behind me.

Marcus told me that they have arranged with JB and his wife to drive me to Ga-Kgapane that day because they had important meetings the following day. They promised they'll both drive to Ga-Kgapane the following day to support me and the family. Marcus' phone rang as he was talking to me. He told me it was my uncle trying to find out if they found me. Mxm some uncles you'll only hear of when there's a funeral or lobola negotiations nxa. The issue of JB and his wife driving me didn't sit well with me. I didn't mind JB, but having a wife of a man you saw his dick not long ago in the same car for almost 370kms was not something I was willing to go thru. I just nodded as if I was agreeing with everything. As soon as they left my room I called Mofenyi and told him about what happened. Mofenyi was one of those people I'm glad I didn't shag. Friend-zoning him was the best decision because it would be easier to use him whenever I wished to. After all, he's the dude who saved me from possible HIV and pregnancy after the rape. He quoted Steve Jobs "No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new". Wow I didn't expect that one from a recovering sex addict. But hey, he was the author of the fastest selling book in South Africa. I asked him if he was back in Gauteng and when he said yes I asked if he could drive me home. He agreed without hesitation. I don't know if it was because he felt

sorry for me OR if he just wanted to help a friend in need. I told him to wait for me at corner Andries and Jacob Mare streets in about an hour. I packed my bags and Pearl helped me to put them in JB's car. Nxa JB's wife was too loud for my liking. She questioned everything JB did. Pearl kissed me and told me to be strong. I asked JB to drive me to JT's flat first cause I wanted to fetch some stuff. His skinny wife was like "is it necessary thou? We still have a long way to go". I ignored her and directed JB to JT's flat which was a stone throw away from the place I told Mofenyi Malepe to wait for me.

They parked the car not far from the gate and I went up to JT's flat. She was playing Solly Moholo's music when I got there. 10 minutes or so Mofenyi called and told me he was at corner what-what and what-what. I kissed JT and told her I'm off to Limpopo. She wanted to walk me but I said it was not necessary. Damn, Mofenyi parked his car not far from the Mkhwanazis. I headed to JB's car and asked him to open the boot. I took my bags and told him they can go back to Phillip Nel Park. The ugly yellow bone and her husband got out of the car and asked what was going on. Before I could answer Mofenyi walked to where I was and gave me a hug. I told JB's wife that Mofenyi was driving me to Limpopo. With some cheek in her voice she said "What? Why did you waste our time? Shame on you little girl. You just lost your father and here you are busy with men".

I looked at her and went "Busy with men? Oh....or you wanted me to be busy with your foreskin'd man?"

.....I saw blood within 5 seconds....

WT-Booooooom....

THE END

Episode 86

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

"Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,

Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,

And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.” – Holy Sonnet XI think some people don't get this, when you just learnt of a beloved one's death your emotions and thinking capacity will not be stable. It happened so fast. The way she went on about it you'd swear she used to star in those kung fu movies. I think she hit him on the mouth because the red juice was oozing from his mouth. I expected him to beat the hell out of her to teach her a lesson that women do not hit men, especially Zulu men. Zulu men are naturally stubborn and most of them are sexist. They hide their sexism behind culture. Remember what president Jacob Zuma said about the woman who accused him of rape? He said in his culture when a women is wearing a short kanga it means she's ready for sex. He continued to ride her for 15 minutes, yes 15 minutes. I know guys 50 years younger than him and they can't go for more than 5 minutes. Viva Msholoziva. JB's ugly yellow bone went “did you sleep with her? How does she know about private life?”. I almost asked ‘when did a foreskin become a private life?’. JB went “babe I'm thorry. I'm very thorry, it's not what you sthink...”. It was at that stage that I noticed she knocked out one or two of his teeth. He continued “I left my phone on the table and she saw the picture that I sent to you few days ago”. I laughed at the lie and the next thing I felt something warm on my cheek. The bitch slapped me so hard I miraculously saw Piet's face. She was like “voetsek bitch. Who gave you a right to go thru my man's phone? I'm gonna make you follow your freshly dead father”. Some women were making obvious that they were raised by bitches. What kinda woman fights on the street? She messed with a wrong woman. No one slaps Shazninja Letsoalo and get away with it. I grabbed a Heineken bottle that was on the ground and threw it at her. I wanted to kill the bitch on the spot. It was not the fact that she slapped me that made me angry, the comment about my father drove me mad. How insensitive can some bitches be. I was mourning my father and she had the guts to mention my

dad. She pulled some Matrix moves on me and the bottle hit JB who was behind her.

“You want to kill my man bitch? Hope you have a medical aid cause I’m going to half-kill you”. I ran and hid behind Mofenyi who was shocked by what he just saw. JB’s bleeding was getting messy. He was lucky cause the bottle hit his chest and it didn’t break. The ugly yellow bone bitch wanted to throw more punches at me but Mofenyi blocked her. He was like “hey Jackie Chan!!!! O nwele paraffin na? Voetsek maan...oska nyaka go re tena maan (Hey you Jackie Chan!!!! Did you drink paraffin? Piss of off man). If you don’t stop the shit you are doing I’ll send you to maternity leave. Google Mofenyi Lekhura Malepe if you don’t know me. The last girl who behaved like you in front of me got punished by Hercules”. Nxa the bitch was like a mosquito after tasting blood of a virgin. JT appeared from the gate. It was probably because of the noise she heard. There were couple of people watching the live ‘movie’. I was the main character and the ugly yellow bone was a mere supporting cast. JT asked what was going on and I explained. She walked to the yellow bone with a smile as if she was going to negotiate to end the fight. The next thing the bitch was lying on the group with blood oozing from her nose. JT was like “you mess with Ntwana, you mess with JT. Next time you are bored you must go to Capital Inn and make yourself useful. Voetsek nxa. O tlo iketsa Floyd Mayweather wa sfebe (you think you are Floyd Mayweather bitch)”. JB tried to intervene but his bleeding kinda made his strength fade. He looked like someone who was hit by a terrible babalaz. He was like “abuti please leave her. She made a mistake. She’s my wife”. Lol he referred to JT as ‘abuti’ meaning a brother. She looked like a guy that day. She was wearing Timberland boots and red overalls. Maybe she was planning to join EFF and help them with #PayBackTheMoney campaign. JB helped his wife to stand up and they walked to the car with tails between their legs. Well, for JB it was foreskin between his legs lol.

The funny part is they didn’t leave, they sat in the car and UYB (Ugly Yellow Bone) was busy talking on her phone. Maybe she was calling her dentist, surgeon, sangoma, moruti etc. JT showed her marago a koko’age. JT looked at Mofenyi and went “Shaz ke mang bari ye? Wait...no no no this can’t be!!!! Ke dah man wa go ja macheri a thousand a fetsa a skreifa puka (is this the guy who chowed thousand chicks and wrote a book about it?) Ka mmao modimo o phala baloi. Nna I was expecting you to be some skinny dude after all the exercise”. Mofenyi and I

cracked at JT's comment. Mofenyi nodded to acknowledge he was indeed the guy JT read about. She continued "ntwana o skeema jwang motho o so mara hey? Een dag o tla skreifa puka ka wena kwa kwa kwa kwa. Eish I'm sorry for laughing. I forgot you just lost your father ntwana. O vaya nako mang?". While we were talking a police van parked next to JB's car. UYB got out of the car and spoke to the cops. After talking they headed straight to us. The next thing JT was nowhere to be seen. I didn't even see her leave. The cops greeted us and we greeted back. UYB pointed me with her ugly finger and went "it's her. She beat me and my husband. She's a danger to community". The cop looked at me and laughed. He was like "Aowa mmago, are you sure it was her?". The other fat cop was like "officer let's not waste time. She'll answer questions at the police station. I'm hungry. I wanna go buy spatlho and chips before magogo closes her kiosk". Nxa it made sense why he was so fat like a pig. Instead of concentrating on his work he was busy policing food. They told me to get inside the van and when I said no they pushed me. Mofenyi was like "don't worry, I'm coming with you". I cried and told them my father just died and I was on my way home. The fat cop was like "we hear those kinda lies everyday. You are sleeping in a police cell tonight mmago". Ja UYB and her foreskin'd husband were ruthless and heartless. How do you get a mourning person arrested? When we got to the police station they didn't even fill those useless papers, they sent me straight to a cell. Mofenyi was busy with a call as those fools pushed me into that cell. Within 20 minutes a female cop came and called my name. I followed her and Mofenyi was waiting for me in some office. The female cop was like "next time tell your niece to behave or else she'll spend a night in a police cell. Before you forget, I want the book". Huh Mofenyi told her I was his niece. Men and lies thou. She walked with us to Mofenyi's car and he gave her a copy of 283: The Bad Sex Bet. Ja neh, in South Africa you better have connections to survive. It seemed Mofenyi had connections everywhere, from doctors to cops. If the cop wasn't ugly I'd think he chowed her. If you looked at her from distance you'd think she was a man.

When we got in the car Mofenyi went "why do you always get into trouble whenever I'm around? Do I look like Barry Roux to you". I laughed and he told me "It's a question, not a joke nxa". Ouch he was angry and I didn't blame him. He drove like a maniac. We were in Polokwane in less than 2 hours. He literally gave me a silence treatment for 270kms. He opened his mouth for the first time when we passed gaSekgopo. He asked how I was feeling about the whole thing and

instead of replying I started crying. He gave me bottled water and tissue and continued driving. When we got to my hood I tried to compose myself. I wanted to be stronger for my little brother's sake. I asked Mofenyi to park outside the yard and remain in the car. I didn't wanna give my family a wrong impression. As soon as I opened the gate some 4 distant aunts came to me crying. They hugged me and started saying things that made me cry. They were like "shame the kids are still young. I wonder who'll take care for them now that the father is gone". It's that kinda shit that make orphans cry for days. I took my lil brother and went straight to my bedroom and locked us in for 30 minutes. We lay on the bed and I cried like I've never cried before. When I closed my eyes I saw my father's image. I woke up, changed into a long dress and walked to Mofenyi's car. I wanted to take my brother with but Selfie's mother told me it wasn't a good idea. My mom worked at Ga-Kgapane government hospital but now that she was sick they took her to a private hospital in Tzaneen. Mofenyi was very supportive shem. It's one of those things that make a girl fall in love with a guy. Other fools would demand to have sex with you even when they see you are in a very deep pain. Luckily when we got to the hospital I saw my uncle. He had tears in his eyes. He hugged me and went:

"My baby, your mother.....your mother"

THE END

Episode 87

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Hospitals are not my favourite places, especially if someone you love dearly is a patient. The only people you normally see laughing and joking there are nurses, especially those at public hospitals. I remember visiting my mom at work and she was telling Maite's aunt that some patient had died few minutes ago. They then continued to joke and laugh as if a person dying was just nothing to them. Death is a big deal to us black people. When a person dies we change....we change the way we walk, the way we talk, laughing is kept minimal. We even change the way we greet.".....your mother is still in a critical but stable condition". WTF, that's what we were told about Mandela when he was in hospital and nigger died after few weeks. That's more like saying 'Bafana Bafana is winning but losing'. I gave him a funny look and he went "the doctors are not promising anything. We just have to

pray for her to come back”. WTF, he said that as if my mom was gone. I almost said ‘praying your foot!!!!’. My uncle was one of those guys who hated church with high grade. I doubt he believed in God. The only time you’ll see him at church is when there’s free food or if he wanted some churchgoer girl. He gave Mofenyi a snaaks look and went “Who are you? Are you the son-in-law? You better be a millionaire because my niece is not cheap. She’s still virgin and any guy who wants her hand in marriage should prepare to part with a 6-digits amount or +20 cows. I will be heading the negotiations”. Mxm that’s what I don’t like about some uncles. They always see us as some goods they can sell to the highest bidder. That’s the reason most guys abuse their wives. I mean, if a guy spends +R100 000 for lobola he’ll mos def expect a super service from you. Imagine a woman who can’t even blow her hubby costing that much? I will tell my mom I don’t want my man to pay more than R20 000. Lobola is just a token of appreciation to me. I don’t see it as a business transaction. Mofenyi told my uncle that he was just a supportive friend. I could see he wanted to laugh at the virgin comment but he was afraid my uncle who think negatively of him.

My uncle directed me to the ward my mom was at and I walked there with very heavy legs. Mofenyi decided to go back to the car to give me a space to ‘communicate’ with my mom. Yes we do communicate with people even when they are in coma. We even apologise for some shit we did donkeys years ago. As black people we believe a person should not die with a grudge on you because they will block your paths to success when they become ancestors. My phone vibrated and it was JT. She went “Ntwana ne ke checka gore o vaile mjonjo. Hope mamazala o grand”. JT was the best thing to ever happen to me. She was so caring. Only if all men were like her. I told her I just got to the hospital and would update her later. After the call I walked to my mom’s ward. I was walking so softly and slowly cause part of me told me to be prepared for something bad. The door was half open as if someone just got in. My ears picked a voice coming from inside. I opened the door silently and guess what? The doctor that looked like my little brother was sitting on the chair next to the bed sobbing. I heard him saying “please don’t die babe. That guy is out of the way now. There won’t be an obstacles now because that fool is gone. We can raise our son together and live happily. Please don’t die”. You could tell he was talking from the heart because he didn’t even hear me enter. When he called my father a fool I almost jumped at him and bit his nose off. What kinda black speaks bad of the departed? I always suspected he was

my brother's son but hearing him say it almost made me faint. I couldn't help it but ask myself if I was Piet's daughter. Shem women can be social criminals neh. I can't believe my mom slept with another man without a condom. He continued "I'm opening a surgery in Nelspruit. We can take our son and go stay there. That no good slut daughter of yours can keep your house. I'm sorry for telling you this now, but she came to me to.....". He didn't finish that one. I jumped on him and started beating him like I was possessed. He screamed and ran out of the ward.

Nxa what a coward. I wanted to kill him. He chowed my dad's wife and now he was disrespecting him. Some men don't know where to draw a line. He even had the guts to call me a slut while he was the one who chowed anything with a hole. Nxa I hate men who think they are all that. I sat on the bed and started crying. I asked my mom why she did what she did to my father. I asked her why she had a child with another man while she was married. I asked if I was Piet's daughter. I know I looked like my father but after what I just heard it was difficult to be 100% sure I was my father's daughter. Now I understand why most men go mad when their wives and girlfriends cheat. It's because men will never be 100% sure that the baby is theirs. We women are lucky because since we carry the babies in our wombs, we will be 110% sure that the babies are ours. I looked at my mom sleeping motionless and I felt love and hatred for her at the same time. I loved her because she was my mom. I hated her because what she did to my father was cruel. Some nurse came in and asked if everything was ok. She probably heard the doctor screaming. I told her everything was fine. As soon as she left I told my mom I hated her and left. Obviously I didn't mean it. I was just angry. I walked straight to Mofenyi's car because I didn't wanna bump into that pervert doctor again. I prayed he was not with Mofenyi. Luckily when I got to the car he wasn't there. Mofenyi was actually selling his book 283: The Bad Sex Bet. He told me he updated his FB status that he was at the hospital and nurses came running. To be honest, I believe everyone must have a copy of that book. Like I said before, I'm not a reader but I enjoyed that book. The good thing is it was written by a black South African. He asked "is my book cheap? I think R200 is reasonable". I didn't respond to his question. I was still fuming and hurting. The nurse that bought Mofenyi's book looked like hungry cat. She was making it obvious that she wanted Mofenyi to ask for her number. Nxa bitches with no pride. I was like "can we leave now? That low class bitch is wasting our time". Mofenyi got in the car and we drove home. He

dropped me at the gate and left. Mxm he was probably going back to that nurse. Men are like bees, once they see something colourful they'll go back again.

I went straight to my bedroom and locked myself inside. I updated this status on Facebook:

“Losing a father is the second most painful thing on earth. I will always love you papa. Rest in Peace. The worst part is my mom is in ICU. I feel like someone cut my heart with a sword. Sometimes I feel the real God is dead and there's a new God that thinks like Baleka Mbete”.

Some fools liked my status. I don't know if they liked the fact that my father was dead or what. These days people like everything on Facebook. You can update a status that you got admitted at hospital and some fool will like it. They even like greetings nxa. Some comments were very comforting and giving hope. Especially the one from Zee. She quoted Psalms 147:3 “He heals the broken heartened, binding up their wounds”. Ja ka mmao, people will surprise you. Zee actually qualified to be deputy satan. I didn't expect a bible verse from her. Some fools were asking what happened to my father. Their surnames were Skhosana and Mahlangu. I told you before that Ndebele women are very curious by nature. I slept and woke up the following morning. Arranging a funeral is not a child's play. Luckily both my mom and dad's family were hands on. I didn't even do a thing for the days leading to the funeral. I went to hospital everyday to visit my mom and locked myself in my bedroom when I was at home. It was only on Friday, a day before the burial that I tried to help with this and that. People from different areas were starting to come in numbers. Zee, uncle Sello and other relatives from Gauteng had arrived on Thursday, the day before. Around 1pm I saw a face that was familiar to my eyes and I almost collapsed with shock. It was Kea, my former roomie. She gave me the longest hug ever and quoted Psalm 46:1 “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in times of trouble”. Lol bitch was still a churchgoer. I wanted to ask her about Adeyomi but chose not to cause she was there to support me, not to be interrogated. I wondered how she found my place. Oh, some guy who appointed himself my spokesperson posted my address on my Facebook Timeline. Hayi guys will do whatever to win a girl's heart. He wasn't even my type. I spent most of my time with Zee and Kea. They were acting all goody goody. You see what I meant when I said death change the way black people behave.

Selfie's mother told me that the body would arrive at 6pm and I should not go anywhere because according to our culture I had to be the to welcome my father as the first born. Zee and Kea were there for me every step of the way. Pearl and Marcus were also there but we didn't talk that much. My mood only changed when Nomsa arrived. I was shaking when she gave me a hug. I thought she wanted to kill me. You don't ride your friend's man and expect her to smile with you. But death has powers to unite people. Just before 6PM my aunt from my father's side called me and my little brother to my mother's bedroom. She was one of those aunts that hated my mother. I didn't like her cause she always wanted to control my father. When we got to the bedroom some woman I have never seen before was sitting on the mattress with a girl and a boy that looked 9 and 12 years old respectively. I don't know if I was imagining things or what, but the girl looked exactly like me. I asked my aunt why the woman was sitting on the mattress because according to our culture it was supposed to be my mom sitting there. She cheekily went "this is your father's other wife and this girl is your little sister"

There was a 1.25L bottle of Lemon Twist next to me. I grabbed it and

WTF....

THE END

Episode 88

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Many of you will agree with me on this one. Your father can have many sisters but there'll always be the one that thinks as if her brain is controlled by Eskom. When the family makes a decision on something she'll always be the one pushing for an opposite decision. She'll be that aunt that hates your mother with passion for no reason. She'll even go as far as trying to hook up your father with some bitch just to get your mother out of the picture. She'll expect your father to buy her kids stuff even if they have an employed father. When your father tells her he doesn't have enough money she'll automatically blame your mother. When your father dies she'll be the bitch trying to run everything and imposing unnecessary decisions on the family. She'll be that aunt that brings surprises to your father's funeral. Most black families will relate to this...I went 'phoo phoo phoo' on my aunt's head with the bottle and the next thing there were pieces of bottles and blood in the room. I

didn't give a fuck about the consequences. I wanted to kill that witch. She knew my mom was fighting for her life in hospital and she had the guts to let another woman sit/sleep in her bedroom. You can disrespect a person but disrespecting her bedroom is a no-no. I was shaking with anger. My aunt was very skinny so when I hit her she fell like a bamboo. I knew she had not fainted or died because her hands were moving. She was actually swearing at me and calling me a tokoloshi that my mom sent to sabotage her brother's funeral. That's how stubborn that woman was. I mean, if a bottle as hard as a Lemon Twist bottle break on your head you only have 2 choices, you either faint or die. She was bleeding but she was trying hard to stand up. There was another bottle next to the so-called wife. I grabbed it with the intention of finishing off the witch but the so-called wife forcefully took the bottle from me asked me to calm down. I shouted "shut up man snatching bitch. Calm my foot". You can call me a ghetto bitch all you want. You can judge me all you want and say I need anger management classes and shit. Fuck anger management classes. Wait until some random woman tries to take over your mom's bedroom. I was defending my mom. I know she wasn't a saint but the bedroom was still hers. And on the other hand I was furious about how my aunt introduced that fake wife to me. It was like she didn't care. People like her don't deserve to be called aunts. Killing her was the only solution.

"Yhoooo yhooo yhoooo thusang. Tokoloshi e nyaka go mpolaya....yhooooooo", my aunt screamed as she was being attacked by hungry nyaope boys in Marabastad. The first person to enter the room was the one and only Zee. My aunt was lying on the floor screaming and I was trying to grab back the bottle from the fake wife. I lied to Zee that the woman was trying to hit me with a bottle. Her face turned navy blue on the spot. She was like "WTF, baloi ba Limpopo!!!! The poor girl lost her father and you wanna kill her? She took off her heels and started attacking the woman. You see why I love Zee? She knows how to react when there's a 'situation'. The woman's son and daughter stood up and tried to get Zee off their mom. I saw a chance to grab the bottle and finish off the witch called my aunt. When she saw I was heading to her direction she started screaming and before I could reach her the door opened and some family members entered. My aunt fainted. I think it was because of the bleeding and 'fear' of being Lemon Twisted again. My uncle, the one I bumped into at the hospital asked what's going on and the fake woman went "She is.....". Zee interrupted before she could continue and said "when I got in here this woman and her kids were attacking

Sharon. She wanted to hit her with a bottle but missed and hit that ugly slender woman over there. If it wasn't for me Shaz would have been dead by now. I can't believe she tried to kill a girl who's mourning her dad. How heartless can people be mara? God will punish her". Damn, WTF Zee was the ish. She said that with some seriousness on her face and I could see everyone believed her. I feel sorry for a guy who'll marry her. She'll cheat and come up with a very convincing story. When all that shit happened my little brother was standing next to a window frozen.

My uncle went "WHAAAAT? SHE DID WHAT?". I could see veins popping on his forehead. My other uncle from my dad side, rangwane Gilbert was also furious. My grandmother gave her sons funny names, Piet and Gilbert. Naming your son Piet or Gilbert in 2015 would be tantamount to child abuse. Uncle Gilbert went "I told Matlakala from the beginning that she was not supposed to bring this woman here. Now her stubbornness almost killed her. This woman is not my brother's wife and she will never be. We are not even sure these kids are the late's kids. Nxa Matlakala is full of matlakala maan". Oh by the way, Matlakala is my stubborn aunt's name. The name suited her just fine. My uncle continued "Mosadi nyana ke wena (hey you bloody woman), take your two piglets and leave my brother's house. You tried to kill both my niece and sister. We will deal with your issue after the funeral". She tried to protest but my uncle told her he had the capacity to forcefully remove her. While she was packing her stinking stuff the other family members carried auntie Matlakala to the car. They wanted to take her to hospital to have the wounds stitched. Uncle Gilbert was like "they should just admit her until after the funeral. We are tired of her drama nxa". I loved Gilbert. He was the only family member who was forever on my mother's side when she was under attack from her in-laws. When the woman was done packing her shit we escorted her out. It was embarrassing with everyone watching but I didn't care. I wanted the woman gone. I felt victorious and knew my mom would be very proud of what I did. Some fools were recording a video of that woman being escorted out of my house. Ja people think having a smart phones makes them smart neh. Kea came to me to ask what was happening and when I told her she was like "Like father like daughter. Eish sorry, that came out wrong". She left my sight immediately. I was about to ask her if she was high from Adeyomi's ghostly dick.

As the woman got in her car which was parked outside my yard Selfie's mom went "Voetsek bitches. You thought you will take my sister's men. Your friend Matlakala is not here to protest you". Lol she loved English but it didn't love her. Her love with English was not mutual. I wondered why the fake wife was driving herself. It showed her family didn't approve her side chick ways. I saw dozens of black cars heading to my crib. They were moving slowly and had hazards on. It was at that stage that reality hit me. My father was indeed gone and the only place I would be able to meet him was in my dreams. I started crying uncontrollably. Selfie's mother and Zee held me side by side. The cars stopped next to the gate and some sexy men got off and opened big rear door. I watched as they carried the golden casket and slowly walked to the house. Mxm some woman was crying more than everyone and I didn't even know her. She was probably one of those attention-seeking women who go funerals just to cry. I once went to a funeral in Atteridgeville and some woman was crying like the person who died was her father. When people tried to calm her down she went "ebile mo ke ira gannyane. You should have seen me in Soshanguve last weekend. I cried more than this". It was heartbreaking to see all people who loved my dad crying. They made me cry even more. As soon as they took my dad's body in the house I asked one of my cousins to drive me to the hospital. I didn't care if it was visiting hours or not. I just wanted to hold my mom's hands and cry next to her. Moms are our pillar of strength. When we got to the hospital I ran straight to my mom's ward. My heart had tears and I knew seeing my mom would make me feel a bit better. One nurse tried to ask where I was going and I ignored her. I opened the door to my mom's ward and....

....Boooooom, the bed was empty...

WTF....

THE END

Episode 89

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I believe suicide is not a solution to problems. But there are days where you think death is better than the suffering you go thru. Imagine losing all your family members in one day. Your heart would reach menopause on the spot. I know some

chick who survived a car accident that killed both her parents and her dog. She was more worried about her dog than her mom and dad. Mxm white mentality. Black people see dogs as dogs. Even black-owned dogs know they are dogs. You will never get across a dog that competes with a human for the front seat in Tembisa. Well, back to the girl. When she learnt that her parents died in a terrible car crash she committed suicide. If you have never went thru shit n your life you'll think she was a fool. I leaned down the wall and went down until my sexy bum greeted the floor. I felt like someone had cut liver and donated it to the lions at Pretoria Zoo. The last time I visited my mom she was still unconscious. There was no way she could have recovered and moved to another ward. There was only on explanation, my mother had followed her husband Piet. I closed my eyes and went "God, why are you doing this to me? Why why why why why? Why didn't you kill Maite's aunt or my aunt Matlakala? Why my mom? Why my mom God? Please bring her back God. I promised I will pray everyday if you do. I'll even learn to pray in tongues because I heard it's the language you understand fast. Please God, I beg you. Amen". A prayer will always be the first thing you think of when faced with mathata. As I was sitting there praying some nurse entered. I quickly stood up and asked where they have taken my mom to. She gave a sigh and went "didn't they tell you? Your mother recovered a bit during the day and your father and some prophet took her. We tried to stop them as she was still very weak but failed. Your father seems to believe in spiritual healing than western one. We called your brother when the whole thing happened and he promised he'll try to negotiate with your father". To be honest, I thought the nurse was high on some mixture of dagga, paraffin and urine. My dad was dead for heaven's sake and my brother was too young to have a phone. Another nurse entered the ward and she asked what I was doing cause my mother was in the next ward? I was like. "Huh!!!!!!!!". I quickly went outside the ward and noticed she was right. I was so stressed I entered the wrong ward. It happens to whole lot of us when we are stressed. Nxa I wasted my prayer for nothing.

I didn't waste more time, I quickly ran into the right ward and my mom was lying on the bed peacefully. You'd swear she wasn't the same woman who cheated on my late father. She looked like she was God's Personal Assistant. I held her hand and closed my eyes and went "God please forgive me for what I said earlier, except for what I said about Maite's aunt and Matlakala. Thank you for keeping my mom alive. Me and my brother still need her. Please take her out of this

unconsciousness. I wanna hear her voice. Amen”. I started telling my mom what went down earlier that day. I told her about the shenanigans aunt Matlakala caused. When I told her about the fake wife something miraculous happened. My mom opened her eyes. At first I thought I was imagining things but after thoroughly observing her I was 100% sure I wasn’t imagining things. Ka mmao, no woman wants another woman next to her man, even after death. Even the pastor’s wife can forget her position in church when she discovers pastor has been chowing some of his church members. I happily whispered “mom, mom are you back? Mom mama... Mma are you back mommy?”. It was when she slightly nodded that I knew my mom was back. Shit, I asked myself if it was my prayer or the fact that I mentioned the other wife that brought my mom back to life. It didn’t matter anyway, I was just happy mmaLetsoalo was back. I went to the corridor and screamed for the nurse. One nurse came running and as soon as she got next to me she was like “uhm, this is not a public hospital. Next time don’t scream like that wa kwa? Leave our ghetto tendency at your village”. Mxm some black women think working at a private hospital makes them Kim Kardashian or Beyonce. She quickly went to my mom’s ward and I could tell from the smile on her face that my mom was fine. The nurse pressed something and the next thing my mom’s boyfriend doctor slash baby-daddy entered. He didn’t even greet me, he just told me to get out. Mxm he acted as if he owned my mother. Well, maybe now that my dad was no more he owned her. He actually looked good in that white coat. My mom had good taste. Maybe my dad should have used that popular Zimbabwean muti that locks the dick in the pussy when someone chows your wife.

I went outside as per the doctor aka casanova’s instruction. I decided to go to my cousin’s car to check if he wasn’t getting impatient. When I got there he told me we had to rush home because they needed me. I protested and told him my mom was out of coma and we should wait for the doctor to brief us. He was like “I got an sms from Selfie’s mother. Check it”. He handed me the phone and the sms read:

“Your are with Sharon? Please please tell him short brother is cry waya waya and is not stop. Please came bag assomblief tog”.

Damn, someone should advise that woman to stick to her language. She was not doing the Queen’s tongue any justice. But anyway, as long as I understood what she was trying to say it was cool. My brother probably felt lonely or the events of earlier were replaying in his head. I decided to leave. I had to play a mother role to

my brother. Within 20 minutes we were at home. The number of people in our yard had increased. Some were helping with food and others were busy complaining about not getting any food since they got there. Nxa some black people thou, you'd swear they were only there to eat. I doubt they even knew my dad. Why don't you go buy yourself a takeaway or something. People should stop treating funerals as restaurants. Some even go as far as carrying chillis and aromat in their pockets. I went straight to my brother's bedroom and I found him lying on the bed with Selfie's mother. I thanked her for sending the sms and complimented her 'good' English. She was like "Thanks you sweetheart. I will teaches you neh?". If it wasn't for the situation I was in I would have cracked for days. I gave my little brother a hug and told him everything would be fine. He told me he wanted to see his father and I almost told him to go to the hospital. I gave him R20 and promised to buy him KFC ice cream the following day. The little man loved ice cream with passion. I switched on my phone and gave him to play the game Candy Crush. Kids of today, they don't play like we used to do. All their games are technologically based. We played skipping, skop die bal and chicago in our days. I left him with my phone and went outside. I found Zee with some village-looking girls outside and I asked her where Kea was. She told me the last time she saw her was about 30 minutes ago. Apparently she was talking to some pastor she claims she once met at some church conference in Bela Bela. Hayi Kea and pastors. While we were talking Eskom blessed us with load shedding. Mxm the reason I will never vote for the ANC is because of this Eskom load shedding crap. Imagine having no power at the funeral. It's even worse when you are in Limpopo because most people are dark. You'd accidentally bump into some dark brother there lol. Luckily my uncle had set up a generator. He also provided gas stoves for cooking. I love a man with Plan B.

Kea came back and she had a huge smile on her face. Zee started sniffing like she was one of those sniffer cop dogs. She was like "no offence but I smell fish here. Actually, a rotten fish and I hate fish". Lol I could sense Kea wanted to bury herself at that stage. Zee had this tendency of farting with her mouth. She left us standing there and went to join the ladies who were peeling carrots. A black funeral without carrots is like a 21st birthday party without a cake. I asked Kea where she was and she was like "I was sitting in Pastor Mogale's car outside the gate. I met him at some church conference last year". OMG, Pastor Mogale was a very popular Pastor at my hood. He wasn't popular for forcing people to eat grass

or drink petrol like Pastor Lesego from Ga-Rankuwa, he was just hot nje. He kinda looked like Van Vicker, a popular Ghanaian actor. Many girls from my hood were members of his church, especially yellow bones. I guess when he screamed “praise the Lord” they all got baptised between their legs. I asked Kea if they were eating fish in the car and with a mischievous smile she went “ha ha ha ha no, we were doing church things”. Ja these church girls aint loyal. She did church things with Adeyomi remember.

Because of the visitors, I decided to go sleep in my brother’s bedroom. I think I passed out within 5 minutes. Around 3am my phone which was under my little’s brother’s pillow rang. It was a private number. When I answered the caller hung up. Mxm I was pissed. That’s high school Vodacom nightshift mentality. Nxa who on earth calls you at 3am with a hidden number and hung up when you answer. I put the phone back under the pillow and tried to fall asleep again. After about 5 minutes I saw a figure of a woman next to the door. I sharpened my sight and zoomed the figure and the next thing I heard my mom’s voice going:

“Ssssharon, don’t

WTF....

THE END

Episode 90

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I think brain is the most complicated and complex organ on a human body. It records millions of things that you do daily. It also remembers hundred of people’s names that you bump into everyday. A brain is like a living Smart Phone. Well, I’m not talking about BlackBerry Curve Smart Phone. I don’t even know why they call that thing a Smart Phone because there’s nothing smart about it. They should call it a smart fridge because it freezes more than a fridge. What I find interesting about the brain is the ability to make a person fantasize or daydream. Do you ever wonder how you do that? What I find more interesting is the dreaming part. Do you ever wonder what makes you dream? Ever noticed most things you dream about at night are somehow similar to things you saw during the day? I wonder what prostitutes dream about at night lol....”Sharon....Shhroon”....the voice

sounded like an echo or reverberative sound you get when you scream inside a cave. Girls with big punanis will relate to this one. Their punanis make echoes when they are being muff'd by big lipped guys. If you don't know whether your punani is big or small, listen the sounds it makes when you are being lapped by a big-lipped guy. Instead of 'mywa mywa' it will go 'bvaaa bvaaaa hooooooooohhhh'. Suddenly my mom's voice turned into a cry of a boy. "Sesi sesi sesi tsoga. Sesi tsoga tsoga". I went "yhooooo mama" and quickly raised my head. My brother got a fright and fell off the bed. It was at that stage that I noticed I had a bad dream. I looked around the house to check if there was a woman and there was no one. My mom wasn't in the house. I gave my brother a hug and told him I was dreaming. He asked why I was shouting 'mama mama' and I told him it's because I missed her. I checked my phone and there were 3 missed calls from hidden numbers. Some dreams are fucken scary bathong. It's like watching a horror movie minutes before going to bed. My brother fell asleep within five minutes. That's what I miss about being a kid. They forget things fast and easily. I still remember the fool that had sex with me and came within 5 seconds 3 years ago. I knelt down and prayed for 5 minutes. After praying I opened the Bible app on my phone and read Deuteronomy 31:8 "It is the Lord who goes before you. He will be with you; he will not fail you or forsake you. Do not fear or be dismayed".

The verse made me feel safe and better but still I struggled to sleep until Selfie's mother woke me up around 5am. My mood was sombre because it was the day I was going to bid my father farewell. Sometimes I don't understand why people say 'Rest in Peace'. How can you say rest in peace when your children are fatherless? I bathed my little brother and took a quick shower afterwards. It was difficult for me because I had to mourn and be there for my little brother at the same time. I chose a black suit with a white shirt and black tie for the little man. I put on a long black dress and matching stilettos. I complemented my dress with a black hat and a shawl. I know I was going to my dad's funeral but I didn't wanna embarrass my late father in front of the masses. I wanted people to know my father could take care of his kids. I also knew that in my mother's absence I'd be the chief mourner. Another thing I considered is the issue of photographs. People take photographs and videos at funerals these days. Imagine me looking like some hobo and people upload videos of me on You Tube. Shit I'd die. A woman must look good at all times. Just after dressing I heard someone shouting some things in Venda language. I checked thru the window and saw the short Venda prophet busy

sprinkling water all over our yard. Maite's aunt entered the room and asked me how I was feeling. It was until that moment that I noticed I haven't seen her the whole week. She was probably beefing with my mom. Maybe they were beefing over the player doctor. Hayi mxm, old ass grown women be behaving like high school mini-bitches. I told her I'm trying to be strong for my little brother.

Kea, Zee, Nomsa, Pearl and Selfie's mom also came. They all gave me hugs and told me to be strong. Zee came closer and whispered "damn, you look hot ngwana. All men will be drooling at you. You'll probably have a husband after the burial". If it was someone I would have slapped her with a hot clap. But Zee was my crazy big sister and I knew her mouth was rotten. I whispered to her "thanks bitch. You look like you are going to work.....at Royal Hotel in Joburg". She was wearing a black mini-skirt, white blouse and a matching black jacket. By a mini-skirt I mean a mini-skirt. If she went to a funeral in some KZN village wearing like that they'd either kill or beat the hell out of her. I don't understand why some cultures have strict rules at funerals. It's not like the dead person will be horny or something. And these so-called cultural rules only oppress women. What did Helen Joseph, Lilian Ngoyi and Winnie Mandela fight for? For us to be dictated what to do by men in the name of culture? My lil brother was like "sesi, will you buy me ice cream when the sun is out?". I said yes and smiled. Shame looking at him made me wanna cry. I could tell he wasn't aware of the happenings around him. My phone vibrated and it was an sms from JT "Ntwana, ke fetsa go landa nou nou. Die plek is baie ver. Are you sure we are still in Mzansi? Phela skorokoro sa ka se stakile about 7 times. Anyway Ntwana, JT is here to support your ass. Ke tla o jaja after the funeral. Plus ndawo nyana e ya gago okare e tshwere difebjana tse mtororo". Wow JT and Zee should just marry and become one. They lacked sense of occasion. Everything was a joke to them.

My grandfather's brother, great-uncle came to the room and told me that according to our culture I must lie at the entrance as the first born when they take the casket out. I asked why and he went "the reason we have many people dying from diseases like Aids is because you young generation question everything about our culture. Just do it and stop asking many questions". Zee was like "but mkhulu, people die of Aids because they sleep around without condoms. It has nothing to do with caskets". Shit Zee had an opinion about everything. She wasn't the type that zipped her mouth when she didn't understand something. I should have told

her that in Limpopo we do things differently. An old person is 'right' all the time, it doesn't matter whether he's making sense or not. I told my great-uncle that it's cool, I'll do it. While we were talking some sangoma came in and smeared some petroleum-jelly-like thing on palms. I asked why she did that told me it's our culture. Hayi blacks, we are the lost race. Not long ago a prophet was busy with his Christian stuff and now traditional muti. No wonder black girls forever try to look like white chicks. Fake long hair, make-up to make us look lighter, fake blushes etc. If God wanted us to blush he would have made our cheeks lighter. I followed my great-uncle's instructions and lay on the floor at the main door. When the casket passed over me I nearly wet myself. It was the scariest thing ever. My aunt helped me up and she helped me walk to the marquee which was erected on the street. I was glad they didn't opt for a stretch tent. Black funerals are becoming like weddings these days. People hire events coordinators just to make an impression to friends and enemies. After the funeral they struggle to repay the loans.

Luckily the funeral service in the marquee was very short. All speakers spoke well of my father. Except one Shoprite employee that told us that my father was the reason he never got promoted. Nxa who says that at the funeral? I was shocked at how so many people came to my father's funeral. In Limpopo we measure the success of a funeral by the number of cars and people who came. My father's funeral was a success. After the home service we headed to the cemetery which was about 3 or 4 kilometres from my crib. When we got there were about 4 families being burying their loved ones. There are more funerals than weddings in Ga-Kgapane. The families decided to conduct one service in the cemetery to save time. They had a beautiful small tent next to my dad's resting place. We were told to sit in there. The other family had brass band and I don't wanna lie, it was so loud that they reminded me of Europa in Sunnyside. The pastors preached for about 20 minutes and afterwards asked us to close our eyes to pray. While they were praying he was interrupted by a woman's voice:

“Le boloka bjane monna wa ka nna nkheyo? E ka se tsowe e phasitje ntho yaneo le e diyaho. (How do you bury my husband in my absence? What you are trying to do won't succeed)”

The entire cemetery went silent and everyone looked at the direction where the voice came from.

Boooooommm... #FuneralThings

THE END...

Episode 91

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

I don't know if it's attention seeking or Last Minute Action Syndrome (LMAS). A person will have the whole week to act but they will wait for the last minute when people are wrapping up things and they drop a bombshell. It's like those bitches that hear you are throwing a party and not say anything about it. On the day of the party they call and complain that you didn't invite them. Why didn't they ask on the day they heard about the party? It's like an ex-wife that hears that the former hubby is about to marry a new wife. They wait until the day of the wedding and try to cause havoc there. And they don't just cause havoc, they hit at the moment when everyone is there to witness everything. Everyone in the mini tent stood up except for me and my little brother. I could see other people had started taking photos and videos. Ja Daily Sun mentality I'm telling you. What happened to respecting a prayer? When you pray you must never let anything disturb you. Even if someone scratches your ass when you are still communicating with God you must say Amen before you attend him. At first I thought my mom got miraculously healed and headed straight to the cemetery. But that voice wasn't my mom's. And I know my mom wouldn't cause a scene in front of those people. She was a very proud woman. You know how nurses roll mos? My second suspect was the fake wife. I started looking around for stones to deal with the bitch. There was no way I was going to let another woman claim my dad's dead body. If the woman watched Muvhango too much I was going to show her Yizo Yizo – The Legacy. Some women go around snatching married men in secret and wait for after death to show their wrinkled asses. My name is Sharon Letsoalo, those who don't know me must search me on Google. I don't take shit from anyone. My phone vibrated and it was an sms from Zee. It read "chomi, if it's that bitch again we gonna put in the hole next to your father's resting place and bury her alive. Anyway, there's nothing alive about her. She looks dead. She deserves to be chewed by ghosts". I wanted to respond but I didn't know what to say. I just put my phone back in the small bag I had.

It was after the widow from the other family stood up that I noticed the woman was not referring to my father, she was referring to the other family. Have you seen how humble and soft the widows look at funerals of their husbands? But that day I saw a different version of a mourning widow. The woman was like an action movie star the way she stood up and walked fast to the noisy woman. It was the first time I saw a fat woman walking that fast. Ga-Kgapane cemetery does not have lawns or grass like the ones we see in the suburbs. There was red soil everywhere. So when the fat widow walked in black clothes all I could see was red dust behind her. You would swear she was a truck or Gautrain on the road. Within seconds I heard the woman who was making noisy earlier making different noises. She was screaming for help “yhoooo lelo le le ya mpolaya. Thusang.... (this woman is killing me....help)”. It was difficult to see what was happening because there was dust everywhere. Luckily male mourners separated the women and the dust settled. I honestly wanted to laugh but I couldn't because of the situation. The black clothes they were wearing had turned into some dusty red uniform. The fat woman still wanted to beat the hell of the noisy woman but the male mourners overpowered her. Like really, you fought for a dick when it was still alive and you still do it after its death. Hayi I'll never understand women. I wish I could stay a girl forever. I'm still to see men fighting for a dead woman at a graveyard. Maybe I should read Daily Sun more often. My phone vibrated again and it was another sms from Zee. It read “Ha ha ha ha did you see John Cena and Big Show?”. Hayi bo Zee mrena, everything is a joke to them. Remember I told you there were multiple burials that day. We had to halt everything because of that fight. People were busy taking videos of the whole thing. I put a shawl over my head because I didn't wanna appear in any of the videos. Imagine a CEO of some company proposing marriage 10 years down the line only to be met by a video of me in some dusty cemetery. Oh Gosh.....

The noisy woman and her entourage were kicked out of the cemetery and the services continued. The affected family apologised to all of us for what had just happened and for wasting our time. The pastors continued with the prayers. I doubt God listened to those prayers, He was probably still laughing at what just happened. I think God has some sense of humour. Unlike satan, I'm sure you'd crack a joke for him and instead of laughing he'd take his fork and do what he does best. Good luck to Chris Rock and Mashabela if they don't make it to heaven. After the prayer the MCs continued with the programmes. I felt like everything

was happening so slow. I just wanted us to get done with everything. The moment for the caskets to go 6 feet down arrived and people started crying hysterically. For some reasons unknown to us me and my little brother didn't cry. We watched the casket going down hand in hand. The bitches who didn't even know my father were the ones crying. Nxa some people are in love with attention. I felt as if something was stuck on my throat. I wanted tears to come up but my eyes were as dry as a pussy in front of a broke guy. After everything was done they put the wreaths and flowers on top of the grave. The MC's announced that all family representatives should, in less than 2 minutes, give words of thanks. The other families started and some old man spoke for over 15 minutes. That's darkie for you when he sees a microphone. The MCs said 2 minutes and he goes more than 100% overboard. When the slot for my family came they called Mr Gilbert Letsoalo about 3 times but he was nowhere to be seen. The MC said any family member could come forward in the name of saving time. Selfie's mother went forward and grabbed the microphone. I whispered to myself "God help us". I don't even know why she did that because she wasn't even a Letsoalo. I wondered where my uncles disappeared to. Maybe they wanted to be the first on the food queue. Selfie's mother

went:

"Thanks you for opportunities to said words of thanks you for all. Sbali is good men and family is very sad. I thanks you all for came here from difference place and proverbs. We love you support and everythings. Even tomorrow if we die please know you welcome all. Talk is cheap because they is no time. Thanks you"

With that she came back to the tent and took a seat. I could hear people were secretly giggling. I wanted to laugh myself but the situation didn't allow me. My phone vibrated and I knew it was Zee making fun of Selfie's mother. So I ignored it. Selfie's mom sat there as if she was some heroine or something. I think she felt she saved the family from embarrassment because there was no one to talk. The MCs announced that we were done with everything and we should go back to the houses of the those who lost their loved one to eat. You should have seen the smiles on people's faces. Ja ka mmao people love food. When we got home I headed straight to my parents' bedroom. Part of me felt like I would find my dad lying on the bed. Boom, I couldn't believe my eyes. My mom was in the bedroom sitting on the wheelchair crying. We hugged for about 10 minutes and she whispered "I'm sorry I was not there for you my baby. I'm sorry my baby. Where is your little brother?". I couldn't even respond to her, my eyes were filled with tears. She told me to compose myself because she wanted me to call someone. She

went “call Sechaba Bofolo on 082 410 5280. You father had a life cover policy with Old Mutual and he’s the Financial Advisor. He probably know about your father’s death because we also have a Sanlam funeral cover through him. Call him now and organise a meeting. I know he always has time for his clients”. Wow we had just buried my dad in her absence and all she cared about was money. Maybe she had reasons to do so. After all, mothers know everything. I didn’t wanna anger her in her state. I called the number she gave me and Sechaba picked up within the first ring. I introduced myself and told him the situation. He set up the meeting with my mom the following Monday. I found myself smiling after the call. Not because of the conversation, but because he treated me with respect and of course his voice. I told my mom how everything went with the funeral preparations but left the negative stuff. I didn’t wanna send her to the hospital again. I didn’t even ask who dropped her.

I changed into jeans and a black top. I didn’t want the mourning status to follow me everywhere. My mom told me that I should tell Selfie’s mom and uncle Gilbert that she was back. I went outside and told them. Selfie’s mom was like “oh my Lordo is guddoh, amen”. I spotted JT speaking to Kea and Zee and went to join them. I forgot to tell you what she was wearing at the funeral. She was wearing some baggy black jeans, a black t-shirt and a black sweating written ‘Re Kaofela’. Zee was like “Shaz, show us around your hood. Let’s go throw a mini After Tears some at a pub or somewhere. I’m thirsty and all these dark gogos here are creepy eeeuuuu”. I wanted to go tell my mom I was going somewhere but knew she wouldn’t let me. So I decided to leave without her permission. I also wanted to give her a chance to digest everything. She was in a good company with Gilbert and Selfie’s mother. On our way to JT’s car I saw many of my friends and I was humbled by their presence and support. TT Scott, Mofenyi Malepe who gave me a huge hug, Jonas, Edgar DS Rathelele, Tshepo Meech Maake, Makholomela Malatji, Thabiso Modika (ex), Matome (ex) and many people I met in Pretoria. Maite was also there trying to be relevant. She was standing next to Edgar’s Merc like it was hers. Some of them didn’t even notice me because they were busy eating, especially Matome. I saw Marcus with some dark skinny guy and he called me. He greeted me and went “this is my cousin Doctor Mboweni. He says he knows you from Facebook or Twitter or what-what”. Before I could respond the skinny guy went “I always comment on your updates. You know me as Dhat’madzala Vaga’bond Mbowmbie”. Lol he was one of those guys who posted

random updates on Facebook. He looked different in real life. I gave him a hug and left. Me, Zee, Kea and Nomsa headed to JT's car. Before I could open the door a male voice went: "Sharon....". Before I could turn to look Nomsa went "What the fuck!!!!!!". Goshhhhhh.....
THE END...

Episode 92

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Cause if you shoot a bullet someone dies. If you drop a bomb many die. You hit a woman, love dies. But if you say the F-word... nothing actually happens – Richard Curtis

Everyone to look at what Nomsa was WTF's. The word fuck is on everyone's tongue these days. But if you say it in a public place chances are you'll attract attention. Even babies use the f-word these days. I once heard a toddler going "fuck, I'm craving some fucken milk". I ignored the person who called my name and concentrated on Nomsa. I asked why she was WTF'ng and she went "I just remembered I forgot to switch off the geyser and there was only 30 units of electricity left. My fridge is full with meat. If those units are finished my meat will be....OMG I don't even wanna think about it. I have to drive back to Gauteng". Ja ka mmao Matebele ba rata nama (Ndebele people love meat). Driving almost 400 kms just for meat. I'd let it get spoilt and buy new meat. It's not like it was elephant meat that Mugabe ate at his birthday party. I tried to persuade her to stay for few hours but she hardened her neck. She actually walked to the house to fetch her stuff. Zee was like "ha ha ha maybe she's referring to another kind of meat. You know, the meat-meat that women eat uncooked". We all laughed and JT who was getting impatient in car went "la zwakala or le planna go flya (are you coming or you gonna fly)?". Lol I know she was just joking but I hate this perception that people have about Limpopo. People think we use brooms and bread as a mode of transport. These are nothing but pure myths. If it was true we wouldn't have bus stations and taxi ranks, we'd have broom ranks and bread stations. I can imagine the queue marshal standing next to Sasko loaf brown going "4-4 masihlalisane" lol.As I was about to get in the car the male voice went "Sharon" again. Shit it was my ex Matome. I asked what he wanted and he went "ganti these days o jola le di-

lesbians? That's why le dipula dina ka di chance. Lefaase le ya fela mxwee struuu". Before I could answer JT got out of the car and went "papa wee, ke tla o trappa mahlo nyana a ka mpama wa bona spoko sa Muama Gadaffi. Le tella batho ka high grade and bonus". Lmao Matome had no come back. All the guys who were around the car cracked. Matome put the tail between his legs and walked away. Zee was like "shem skepsel sa modimo, no sa satan". Selfie's mom appeared from the gate and some guys started laughing. I think they were laughing at the things she said at the cemetery. I wonder why us black people roll like this. When a white person breaks seTswana or Swahili we smile and praise him. But when a black person rapes English we laugh and label them stupid. One guy went "are you Good-Enough's wife". She looked at him and went "hey you all sies maam, we are in death and you laugh?". I couldn't help it, I also find myself laughing. This thing of believing people who are mourning should not laugh is not on. Laughing is therapeutic. I got in the car and my favourite aunt shouted "bye-bye my childs. Don't be later neh". It was a bit unfair for me to leave all those people who came to support me but at the same time having people feeling sorry for me every 5 seconds made me wanna puke. I just wanted some fresh air. I directed JT to some pub called Mphenama in Ga-Kgapane and Zee didn't like it. She was like "no offence, but can't we go to Cofi or something?". I explained to her that the last time I checked the nearest Cofi was at Savanna Mall in Polokwane. Bolobedu tenderpreneurs used to take me and other beautiful girls to Cofi and Jembe when I was in high school. That's how most girls fall pregnant or get sick in Limpopo. Tenderpreneurs in big cars take them to nice clubs and expect them to open legs afterwards. When you are 16-17 you think getting chowed by a rich guy makes you the it-girl. Mxm money cannot be sexually transmitted bathong. Truth is, those niggas don't give a rat's thin ass. They just want a break from their home-cooked loose vaginas and need something tight for a change. Zee was like "let's go to Polokwane then. Maybe I can bump into Juju babe". Hayi typical, whenever you mention Polokwane or Seshego people think of Julius Malema. You'd swear he's the major of Polokwane. JT was like "mara vele Ntwana, plek e e tletse ma-Ben10. Let's go to Polokwane". They mentioned Polokwane as if it was 5 minutes away. From Ga-Kgapane to Polokwane is about 100kms, that's like an hour drive. It's like driving from Pretoria to the Vaal just to have fun. I was outvoted so we had to hit Polokwane and they promised we'd be back early. Kea never said a word. She was probably thinking of eating pastor Mogale's holy dick. Some of these

Christian chicks hide their sferbsm behind the Bible. Most of them visit Marie Stopes at least twice a year. Anyway, who am I to judge? #Kermit

The drive to Polokwane was very nice. Zee and JT are a terrible combination. My belly was hurting from excessive laughing. Even mamoruti Kea ended up laughing. Zee asked JT what kind of condoms lesbians use and JT went “nna be betha nama nameng. Condom for the who? For what? For the why?”. We all cracked. Shame, they made me forget about the dark cloud in my family. That’s what friends should do. No that friend that reminds you of the R25 you owe her when you need her support. A friend must make you forget about your problems. When we got the traffic lights next to the Mall of the North JT turned right and we drove to the KFC just next to the mall. JT loved KFC like nobody’s business. I suggested that we should go buy a platter at Cofi and she crushed it. After KFC we headed straight to Cofi. It was not packed because it was still a bit early for Polokwane’s nocturnal party animals to come out. Anyway, Polokwane is not Sunnyside. In Sunnyside you can go to any booze place anytime of the day you’ll find more than 100 people, from Europa to Cofi, Ocanto Latino to Cubana, Cafe Conterto to Industial, House 22 to Stars. No wonder Sunnyside is nicknamed ‘Mama ga mponi’. Me and Zee ordered cocktails and JT ordered Castle Lite. Kea said she’ll have water with lemon. Zee was like “hayi suka maphepha wena Kea!!! You can order a drink. Don’t worry about the money”. Lol it was like she had read my mind. Most people who are stingy to pay for drinks opt for free water lol. She ordered guava juice. After about 2 hours Kea said we should leave. Zee and I went “are you mad?”. JT went “next time we’ll drop you off at Moria when we come here”. Kea stood up and went to the loo. Zee stood up and whispered something into the ear of a guy who was sitting next to us enjoying his whiskey. He gave her a glass of his whiskey and she poured half of it in Kea’s juice. Me and JT laughed like she did something wise. My phone rang and it was Selfie’s mother. I immediately switched it off. It was not in a mood for her ‘unEnglish’. Kea came back and she drank her juice without complaining. You see, I told you these church girls aint loyal. JT disappeared for about 20 minutes and came back with some skinny yellow-bone. She introduced the girl as Mokgadi, Mogaetji or what what....one of those names only found in Limpopo. JT told us that she’s going to drop the girl at Flora Park and will be back shortly. Mxm she disappeared for more than 4 hours. Nothing sucks than the driver disappearing and switching the phone off. Some 3 rich looking guys asked to join us and before I could talk Kea shouted “you are

welcome”. Lol compliments to the whiskey. After an hour or so Kea and the other guy were kissing like they have known each other for years. Zee asked the guys what they did for a living and one of them went “we make lot of money for living”. My clitoris went ‘ting-ting’ from hearing that. Yes, girls heart money. The waitress came and the guys told her to give her whatever we drink and a bottle of Johny Walker Blue. Wow wow wow I was wowed. I had lost a track of time but I was sure Saturday had died and it was Sunday. Zee went “girls let’s go to the ladies”. Instead of the ladies, she directed us to the exit. She was like “if a guy spends that kinda money on you he’ll expect something in return. I’m not giving my cute punani to those Limpopo boys. I called my friend to come rescue us. He’s waiting with a car. Let’s make it snappy, he’s waiting at McDonalds”. Kea wanted to go back to Cofi but Zee went “voetsek sfebe. O naganne go jewa fela”. Ouch, that was uncalled for. I was worried ka JT. When we got to McDonalds Zee’s friend was waiting for us in a blue Audi S5. Ja Polokwane boys drive. Nigga told us to get in the car cause it was cold. His phone rang and he was like “ja, ja you’ll find me at McDonalds”.

Within 5 minutes 3 faces I didn’t expect appeared.
Gosh WTF.....
THE END...

Episode 93

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

But if these years have taught me anything it is this: you can never run away. Not ever. The only way out is in – Junot Díaz

We all tried to hide our faces but it was useless because the car didn’t have tinted windows. Zee told us to hide and I told her it’s useless. It’s like trying ask Denzel to moan. While I was planning our next move Kea opened the door and ran to the guy she was kissing at Cofi. Nxa I was so pissed I wanted to take the Bible an hit her stupid head with it. She had suspended her brains and used her punani to think. That’s what happens when you drink booze with people who drink once in a while. Alcohol takes control of their bodies. That’s how most girls who were raised in strict families fall pregnant during the first year of their tertiary education. They are not used to independence and drinking. The minute they taste Savanna Dry and a dick they think they own the world. One of the guys was busy with his phone and

Kea's 'boyfriend' was shocked to see Kea there. He asked what the hell she was doing because they were waiting for us at Cofi but before she could answer Zee jumped in and went "I was craving Big Mac. We came here to buy Big Mac and were planning to come back to Cofi. What are you guys doing here?". The dude sounded convinced until Zee's friend who came to fetch us went "no no no no Noxolo, stop lying to my friends". Lol did he just call her Noxolo? Kwa kwa kwa she probably gave him a wrong name and nigger thought he was important. If a girl gives you a wrong name, just know you don't stand a chance with her. He continued "gents I was called to come because these girls were stranded. Entlik what's going on here?". Zee's eyes turned red, if she had a gun she would have pulled an Oscar Pistorius on that dude. I think she expected him to back her story. Unfortunately he was the honest type. If he was my boyfriend I'd wait for to ask for sex tell him "go screw 'honesty'" The guy who was busy with a phone was like "oh I see, so you are the type that milk guys and run away? So you told yourselves you gonna chow our money and run away?". What the fart, it's not like we invited them to come sit with us. We didn't even ask them to buy us drinks. That's what I hate about guys, they think they have some BEE shares on our bodies. Especially these rich niggers who think their wallets are panty droppers. I couldn't take the shit anymore. I got out of the car and showed my ghetto side. I was like "dude listen here, we didn't ask you to buy us shit. You asked to join us and decide to spend money on us. If you think we are the type of girls that go around targeting rich people at clubs you are mistaken malome. We have our own money and we can pay it back right now". Kea was like "I don't have any money to pay back. Talk for yourself". Nxa bitch was starting to piss me off and I was about to cause havoc for her. I was trying to do damage control and her comments were not helping. The guy she was kissing pushed her and told her he has no time for low class bitches. Kea asked "who is the low class bitches now bae?". She even called him 'bae' sies. Nigger responded "all of you". Zee didn't waste any time. She took off her heels and started hitting the guy. She was shouting "bitch ke mmao jou moer". The other guys tried to intervene and from outside it seemed as if they were ganging up on Zee. That girl was stubborn you'd swear both her parents were taxi drivers from kwaDukuza in KZN. People who were at McDonalds came to calm everyone down but Zee was uncontrollable. It was like somebody pressed 'play' on her and forgot where 'stop' was."Entlik, ke WWE ya eng die plek. Or le practisa go loya. Or ke World War 3?". Shit, my heart was happy for seeing JT but the fact that she disappeared for too long made me cross. We were in the shit because she

was gone for hours. Now she was bloody talking about WWE and what what shit? Fortunately people managed to take Zee's heels and separated her from the guy. Her hand kept going to his balls. I think she wanted to squeeze them. Most girls do that when they fight with men. The guys got in the Zee's friend's car and hit the road. I think they drove towards Cofi. Maybe the other guys were going to fetch their cars. JT was like "Eh Ntwana, the girl I was with know how to shake sbono. You should have seen her moves man. Yerrr Modimo ga a fe ka letsogo. Le ka leoto wa ragela. Bona that one ko mo nyala ka di Our Perfect Wedding style". Nxa she said that as if she didn't see what had just happened. Kea knelt down and started praying for the guy to come back. I think she was suffering from 'Permanent Adeyomi Dick Hangover Syndrome (PADHS). I told JT to shut the fuck up because it was her fault that we were involved in some ghetto beef with the guys. I told Kea to stand the shit up before I kick her ugly lips. JT was like "eh Ntwana, respecta Modimo toe. Ngwana batho ne a rapela. May God bless you. Fire Fire Fire Fire obrigado". It was difficult to stay angry at JT, she said the most random things ever. She directed us to the place where she parked her car. Zee was the first to get in without making any sound. I sat at the back with Kea and Zee took the front seat. I knew I'd pass out within few minutes. Kea passed out within 10 seconds and started talking in her sleep. She was like "God bless our food before we eat Amen". Nxa who dreams about such stuff. Hayi #ChurchThings. I think we all passed out except for the driver. JT screamed "wake up bitches. We are home". My head was heavier than the word heavy. We love drinking but the morning after is always a mess. It's like having sex without a condom. It's very nice but it may lead to undesired results. I looked around me expecting to see Selfie's mother or some ugly neighbours but I was met with a picture I didn't expect, we were at Nyasa, JT's crib in Pretoria Central. I looked at Zee and we both went "what the fuck!!!!!!". JT went "You bitches were snoring while I was looking for roads to go back to your hood. I got lost about 100 times and decided to head to Pretoria. With the power of almighty Lord and JT's driving skills we got here in one piece. Modimo o phala baloi". I love JT with all my heart and think she's the best thing since peanut butter, but her tendency of thinking with her ass sometimes pissed me. We had just buried my father and I wasn't supposed to be ±400kms away. We still had stuff to sort at home. Zee was also angry cause she had left her stuff in Limpopo. Talking about stuff, we also noticed we forgot our handbags inside the Polokwane guy's car. Luckily my phone was in my pocket. Zee and Kea had everything in their bags. I looked at them and all I could see was

‘PISSSED with the capital P’. I could see Zee was about to go all violent on JT and decided to defend my lesbian friend. I told Zee that it’s also our fault because we had passed out. Zee got out of the car and left. Kea followed her. They were not thinking straight. Instead of coming with a plan on how to get our bags back they were sulking. No wonder the world has more male presidents than females. Males face the problems and strategise on the best solutions. Women get emotional and sulk. Honestly, I also didn’t feel like being in JT’s company at that stage.

I left even thou I didn’t know where I was going. The Mbowenis were probably still in Limpopo and I didn’t have keys. But a thought crossed my mind, I didn’t see JB in Limpopo. Maybe he was at the house. He wasn’t my favourite person and I’m sure he hated me but desperate times call for desperate measures. I wanted to go back to Limpopo but I didn’t have money. I also wanted my clothes at Phillip Nel Park. I switched on my phone and called him. Guess what? He was at Phillip Nel and the good news the wife was not there. I asked him to come fetch me in town and he didn’t even ask questions. That’s an advantage of being beautiful. You can ask a guy to jump and he won’t jump, he’ll fly. I waited for him at corner Andries (Thabo Sehume) and Vissagie streets. He got there within 15 minutes. The first thing he asked me was “did you sleep at brewery or something? You smell like” I think he didn’t have the ugliest word he wanted, he shut up. I told him I couldn’t cope with the pain at home and decided to come back to Pretoria. He said he understood because people dealt with pain differently. Mxm what a soft target!!!! When we got to the house I ran straight to the bathroom. Luckily, I had some of my toiletries in the bedroom. I bathed and afterwards I decided to just lie in water. When you use expensive foam bath you’ll know how it feels to just lie in warm water. Even my pussy was enjoying getting nicely warm. When I touched it with my finger it smiled. Jerrrrr it reminded me I had not tasted a Lunch Bar in ages. Thanks to the useless prophet. My phone which was right next to the bath tub rang and it was my mom, I ignored it. The plan was to ask JB to drive me to Limpopo. Telling her I was in Pretoria would drive her to hospital again. I closed my eyes and continued to talk my clitoris via my fingers. Call it sign language if you want.

JB entered the bathroom and the first thing I saw was his extended foreskin....
WT...Foreskin...
THE END

Episode 94

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Love is something far more than desire for sexual intercourse; it is the principal means of escape from the loneliness which afflicts most men and women throughout the greater part of their lives – Bertrand Russell

I went “what the fuck do you think you are doing?”. I thought that would scare him to back off but nigger got in the water. Part of me told me I should hit him until he divorced himself from the bathroom but another soft part of me said there was no harm in letting him bath with me. Anyway, I longed for a back scrub. When you are single or not in a steady relationship you get to miss simple things in life. You miss getting a back scrub, you miss pillow talk, you miss being spoilt, you miss nagging, you miss sulking and expecting your man to beg you, you miss morning glory every morning. You miss whole lot of things that normal couples do. I’m not talking about those who have been married for years. I went “I’m gonna let you bath with me if you promise to behave”. He was like “I’ll be the ‘goodest’ boy ever. You won’t even notice I’m here”. Mxm guys can be tricky when they want something they’ll play all goody goody until you soften up, then they hit. Most girls will agree with me on this one. We have all heard the line “I won’t put it in, I’ll just place my dick head on your pussy lips. I promise I won’t go in”. You will believe that line at your own risk ousi, once he puts it in there’s no turning back. I told him “I also need some silence. One word I’ll cut your extended fores... I mean I’ll cut your forehead”. Shit, I almost said a wrong thing. Most guys get offended when you make fun of their foreskins. Truth is, that thing looks ugly and unattractive. A dick is ugly itself but a foreskin takes the ugliness to Phd level. It’s like a dark girl wearing green blushes and eyelashes. We lay in water for over 10 minutes without saying a word. I could tell he was very horny. I was also hungry for something but I wasn’t sure his dick was it. I continued using my finger to play with my finger. It felt nice and I accidentally went “ahhhh mmmmm”. It was like he was waiting for that moment so that he could say something. He went “I wish I was your finger. It gets to go to places I could only dream of”. Damn, I actually thought the foam hid my finger and nigger could not see a thing. It turned out he was aware of my little date with Denzel Jnr aka my finger. I sheepishly looked at him and went “ag don’t be dramatic wena JB. Is it a crime to scratch my belly when it’s itchy?”. That was me trying to pull a Mac Maharaj on the issue. Oh those

who don't know Mac Maharaj, he's president Zuma's spin doctor. His job is to post-decorate Zuma's misguided utterances and he's very good at it. I kinda thought of Hector at that moment. Well, he had turned himself into a psycho but that won't delete the fact that he's good in bed. He's not only good, he knows which buttons to press on a woman's body. The first time I had sex with him in the bathroom my pussy visited heaven 3 times. God should make more men like him. Women would be the happiest people on earth. Yes, sex makes women happy. If your female colleague or fellow student is always grumpy in the morning you must blame her man. A good fuck would make the most 'serious' and unfriendly girl in town to smile for no reason. A dick is a shrink and Minister of Recreation. Shit, thinking of Hector kinda made my wetness downstairs to intensify. It was like someone opened a branch of Rand Water underground. The bathtub in my room was one of those big ones we normally see on TV. 3 medium sized men would fit in. It was like a mini-swimming pool. JB lay on the other side and faced me. All of a sudden I felt something fighting my finger for the clitoris' attention. At first I thought his big toe invaded that sacred area by mistake but I noticed he did it design. He was trying to initiate some patapata sessions. He was acting like guys who go to church regularly. Those guys who hold positions in church and are very loved by the pastor and his wife. They have this tendency of wanting to do something but scared people would judge them. When they want to have sex with you they'll start acting all funny hoping you'll end up opening your legs. Fu*k that cowardice crap. I want a guy who sees a jams and come with 2 slice of bread and initiate the eating. I asked JB what he was doing and he went "I'm knocking". I went "the door is locked and I lost the key". He smiled and went "well, I have a master key. I can open any door". I kept quiet for few seconds and went "that's good of you. The problem is, your master key will only unlock the first door. The second door needs a code and I forgot it". He looked at me with defeated eyes. I removed my finger and let his toe 'toe' me. He went "I'm a tech-locksmith. I deal with codes everyday". I've never heard of such a thing called tech-locksmith since I was born. He probably made it up just to make sure I don't have a come-back. Guys are addicted to winning all the time. His toe 'toed' the area between the clitoris and the holy hole and honestly, it felt nice. It's like not eating pizza for months, the day you eat it you'll extra-enjoy it. My pussy had been suspended for quite some time and the friction made me wanna scream in tongues. I couldn't take the 'niceness' anymore, I got out of the bathtub, wrapped myself with a towel and walked to the bedroom. I could feel someone with wet feet was

following me. The voice behind went “Sharon, I love you. I can’t hide it anymore. I think of you a lot lately. Please be my girlfriend”. Nxa nothing turns me off like a guy who lies like it’s a normal thing to do. He had a wife and was in love with her. He only used the words just to score a round or 2 if he was lucky. I wish someone could tell guys to stop playing with those 3 words because we take them seriously. He repeated “I mean it, I love you. I know you are thinking I’m saying this now because I’m horny but truth is, I’m in love. It’s one of those things that only God can understand. I didn’t wake up and decide to love you, I fell in love because my heart wanted to. Love is like rain. Sometimes you see clouds gather and you think it’s gonna rain but it doesn’t. The day you least expect rain, it comes”. He held me from behind as he said that. He was good with words but I knew he was lying. He sounded like a politician promising people heaving and earth before elections only to disappear into thin air after elections. I almost shouted ‘amandla comrade’. I whispered “drop the act dude. We both know what you want. Just say it straight and stop saying things you will regret immediately after coming. I’ve met your type before. You behave like a fly when it sees a fresh shit. It sit on the fresh shit for few minutes and move to another freshly delivered shit afterwards”. I think he didn’t expect that cause he let off me as soon as I talk a little pause. He went “I maybe appear like a Zulu player to you but that’s not my game. I love you and my heart has a space for only one girl”.

I wanted to tell him to get lost but I felt the towel leaving my body and his uninvited hands landing on my nipples like the Guptas landing at Waterkloof Air force Base. Like I said before, my nipples are like a remote control that opens the doors to the heavenly pot. They were so sensitive you’d swear there was an electric cable that connected them to my pussy. I wish my body had an izinyoka to steal the cable. I asked JB to stop but he moved the gear to number 2, then 3. He turned me around and kissed me on the neck. We were still standing and I could feel his manhood poking my naked body. We locked lips and kissed until the temperature on my lips shot up. It was when he went down and kissed my nipples that I found myself licking my lips with excitement. The emotional pain I had gone thru over the past week made me long for excitement or anything that brought a smile on my face....or any part of my body. We find therapy in different places. I told him “stop with ‘window-shopping’ swipe your credit card. I am ready”. He understood my language. He tried to gently push me to the bed but I turned and faced the bed instead. I asked “are you gonna drive me to Limpopo?” and he went “yes yes yes

yes honey”. I heard him opening a condom and wondered where it came from. It was probably in his ass cause he didn’t have any pockets. I didn’t wanna look at it, I’ve never seen a foreskin’d guy putting on a condom and I had to thirst to see it. I only used my hand to feel if the condom was on his rifle. I put elbows on the bed to support my body, stretched my legs with my bum facing up and went “show me you love.....”. Before I could finish that sentence I felt warmth saying hello to my holy hole. My wetness made the movement smooth and ohhh nice. He bent a bit down to reach for my breasts while slowly going in and out. I gently moved side-to-side to help with with the swiping and it felt ‘OMG-shhhhhhhhhhh’. I went ‘faster Zulu boy, faster....’. He was a silent assassin, my screams were countered by his deafening silence. It’s kinda dodgy when a guy fucks you in silence. Well, I don’t expect my man to scream like a bitch but a little moaning and roaring does it for me. I shouted “roar zulu boy, moan for me”. He went “mmmggg mmmmmggh mmmmggghh” like he was about to do number 2 aka shit. When he went deeper, his dick reached as far as Giyani. When a guy hits you from behind it feels as if the dick flirts with the womb the deeper he goes. He started going frantically fast to a point that I lost a grip and my face ended up on the bed. I told him to slow down and he went “(yhooooooooo ah ah ah oh oh yiiiiiii mama yoooo amadlozi akwaMkhwanazi ayeza (the Mkhwanazi ancestors are coming)”. He came and within 30 seconds he slowly took it out. Shit it wasn’t a long session but I enjoyed it. I just threw myself on the bed on my belly. My pussy longed for more but it was happy. I went “babe, are you still driving me to Limpopo?”. Lol ‘babe’, it one of those habits girls have. We have a tendency of referring to guys as ‘babe’ after sex, even if he aint thee ‘babe’. My question was not answered. I turned my head to check why he was quiet and he WTF.....

THE END

Episode 95

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Do you believe a man can truly love a woman and constantly betray her? Never mind physically but betray her in his mind, in the very “poetry of his soul”. Well, it’s not easy but men do it all the time – Mario Puzo

At first I thought I was dreaming or still under the influence of Rand Water. Sex can make a girl high if the guy was good. He fucks you to a point of not knowing where the door is. Well, it only happens when the guy is good. When the guy is bad you feel poor afterwards, even if it's month end and you just got paid. I went "babe" and still there was silence. I could feel the process of anger germination being generated in my heart. I mean, as a woman I expected him to cuddle or just lie next to me. He had said he loved me after all. It's not on to just have sex with a girl and disappear afterwards. No girl wants to be treated like a cheap prostitute after sex. Even prostitutes don't wanna be treated like prostitutes after sex. When a guy leaves immediately after sex you get an impression that his sole mission was just to release the liquid pain in his scrotum. Mxm I felt used and useless. If I had a pair of scissors I would have hunted him down and circumcised him on the spot. I wiped my disappointed punani with a small towel and headed downstairs naked. I wanted to check where the fool was. He had no choice, he had to drive me back to Limpopo ka masepa. I heard a voice coming from one of the other bedrooms and headed there. I tiptoed and opened the door silently. Luckily when I got in he was facing the window and he didn't see or hear my foot steps. He told whoever he was talking to on the phone that he was waiting for the Mbowenis to come back so he could leave. He was like "Babe, can't you call a cab? I'm still in Pretoria and was planning to come back when my sister and Marcus are back. Or I can send one of my friends to come fetch. Are at your favourite salon?". He listened for few seconds and went "ok babe, I'll come fetch you. Give me an hour or so".Nxa I was furious. He promised to take me to Limpopo, and to me a promise is a big thing. I wanted to go all violent and psycho on him but thought otherwise. I needed him more than he needed me. It was a 'must' that I go to Limpopo. Or else my mom would be the target of Ga-Kgapane's serial gossipers. If gossiping had ranks like in the military, my neighbour would be the Commander-In-Chief. Some people are playing with talent shem, Daily Sun would make good use of them. I went behind him and gently moved my hand around his waist and went for his balls. His dick went 'ddrrrr dddrrrr'. It was growing at a speed of 150km/h. He had probably used "imbiza" a day before. I'm told Zulus who use that thing regularly will ride you until your pussy repent. He went "bye I'll call you" and hung up. I expected him to tell me kak or scream at me but he didn't. You know why, I had his balls in my hand. I always wondered how guys feel when we play with their balls. Most guys go 'sssssssssss ahhhhhhh' when I play with their balls. Lol maybe they have their g-spot on the balls. He went "sssssssssss ahhhhh I was talking to my

uncle”. Mxm another lie. When did an uncle become ‘babe’. Sometimes I think guys have a part in the brain called ‘lie’. They lie even about things that do not need a lie. You see him rocking a wedding and you asked if he’s married and he goes “I’m as single as a moon. I’m just decorating my finger. Maybe I’ll marry you”. I told him I was not a high school kid and he should stop with his stupid lies if he wanted us to be ‘good friends’. I turned him around and kissed him tenderly on his lips. I didn’t wanna give him a chance to think or reason. Well, the only thinking he was allowed to do was with his dick. I said this before, don’t underestimate the power of your vaginas ladies. Men go gaga when they see or think of our underground resources. Men automatically stop thinking logically when they are horny. You can tell him you are sick and chances he will still shag you without a condom. His capacity to think logically will only resurrect after coming. Anyway, ke life boss. I told him to squeeze my bum and he followed my instructions. I wanted to create an environment whereby I called the shots and he became my slave. I wanted to use sex to influence his ‘psychology’. My lips were on his and my right hand was busy playing chess on his balls. I could feel by the pressure on his lips that he wanted to groan in a pleasured fashion because of the chess I was playing on his balls with my fingers. My lips briefly left his horny lips and he went “ah ah wee maaaa hawu”. I pulled the foreskin backwards and rubbed his pink dick head and whispered “check-mate”. I don’t know if he wanted to cry or what but his eyes were so red you’d swear they were sponsored by Coca Cola. I locked his lips again and I adjusted my pace to medium. What I liked about him was his dick was very ambitious. Most guys’ dicks die after the first round. JB’s dick was like Vuyo of Hansa fame, it was a big big dreamer. It wanted more. A one round dick is counter-revolutionary. It’s like someone give you a starter and when the time for main course comes he tells you he’s out of food. Bullshit, I want a three course meal. I’m not a ‘kota’ kinda girl when coming to sex. I led him to the bed which looked like a paradise. All bedrooms in the Mboweni house were super cool.

I told him to lie on the bed and imagine he was in heaven about to be welcomed by Virgin Mary. The word ‘virgin’ excited his dick cause the foreskin went ‘tsupu’ when I mentioned the word lol. Hayi men will always be dicks ka mmao. I asked him where he put the remaining condoms and showed me under the pillow. WTF, did the Mbowenis keep condoms in all bedrooms. Or....maybe JB used that bedroom as his slaughterhouse. Ja guys aint loyal. I know many guys who hide condoms in boot of their cars. Especially in the hidden area of spare wheel. I took

out one condom and gently dressed his thick dick. He lay on his back and I gently directed his cock to my wet pussy. I wanted to give him the 'Girl on Top (GoT). I didn't move up and down, I literally twerked on top of him and within a minute the silent assassin turned into a vuvuzela. They don't call me Shagron for nothing. I slightly bent towards his upper body and started moving my bum back and forth in a medium pace. I went 'vu vu vu vu vu vu vu vu' and nigger went "ah oh oh oh Sssssharon und'nza ntoni kaluk". Shit, I made the Zulu man speak isiXhosa. I knew he was feeling heavenly when he started twerking upwards. My heart went "ke tla o bontsha masepa Zulu boy". All of a sudden he slowed down and closed his eyes. I stopped to study what was wrong with him and he shouted "don't stop sthandwa, amadlozi akwaMkhwanazi ayeza. Go faster". Lol what kinda man slows down when they come? Most guys go frantically faster when they release missiles. I let my body loose and lay on his chest. I could see the sense of satisfaction on his face. After few minutes of silence he went "I'm divorcing my wife". I didn't say anything. Men can be fools, niggers can dump a wife of 5 years because of a 5 minutes sex. I stood up and went to my bedroom to get dressed. He did the same. I took my handbag and asked him to lead me to the car. He didn't ask any questions, he was still under the influence of Shagronics. He pressed what-what on his GPS and he typed Polokwane. I smiled secretly kwaaaa.

Nigger was singing Izingane Zoma's songs. When a person sings his traditional music after sex you must know you put an A+ performance. He switched his phone off to avoid calls from his wife. When we got to Polokwane he wanted us to book in at some hotel. I told him "a wise man does not eat all his food at once, he leaves some for tomorrow". He played the song "If tomorrow never comes by Ronan Keating". When we turned left at Total garage in Ga-Kgapane I started thinking of what lie I was going to tell my mom. JB asked why I was deep in thoughts and I shook my head. Several metres from my crib I saw paramedics pushing a stretcher towards our house...

WTF.....

THE END

Episode 96

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

What gives me the most hope every day is God's grace; knowing that his grace is going to give me the strength for whatever I face, knowing that nothing is a surprise to God- Rick Warren

My head started spinning immediately. The only person I could think of was my mother. She probably hit another health jamming when I ignored her calls. It was so stupid of me to leave my place hours after burying my father. I should have stayed to support my mom and little brother. I blamed Zee, JT and Kea. They should have decided against the decision to go to Polokwane. I told JB to drive a bit slow because I wanted few seconds to emotionally and mentally prepare myself for the worst. You know that feeling you experience when something bad has happened in your family? Ja that was what I was going through at that moment. JB went "maybe if we go book a lodge around here you'll be in a better emotional state. You know sex heals ma....". I told him to shut the fuck up or I'll cut his foreskin with my teeth. Ja it was insensitive of me to say that but nigger was being an insensitive cunt himself. He looked at me like he was about to swallow me with his eyes. I expected him to go all Zulu-aggro on me but nigger went "kulungile babe, I'm sorry for that bad taste joke. But it wasn't necessarily to involve my private parts". Lol calling a foreskin a private part sounded wrong. He should have called it an 'extra' or something. If his dick was food, his foreskin would be 'gravy'. When we reached my place I headed straight to the house. The paramedics were entering my mom's bedroom when I entered the house. I heard Selfie's mom going "please don't dies. Please please I beg God up in earth please make she don't dies". I felt my short hair evaporating from my head and feet feeling lighter and heavier at the same time. It was like having sex with a huge dick. It's nice and painful at the same time. One paramedic tried to block me from entering my mom's room. He went "we don't want many people to enter, we need a space to perform our job". I was like "no no no I'm going in with or without your permission. It's my mom dying in there. If needs be, I'll push your skinny ass". He looked at me like I was a lunatic and went "oh your mom? The last time I checked moms were female. The person who suffered a heart attack in there is a male pastor who was praying with your mom and other people". Shit, I could feel a breeze of relief and embarrassment covering my heart. I wanted to shout 'thank God' but it would sound wrong because a human being was fighting for his life. I wanted to thank God it wasn't my mother. And anyway, who suffers a heart attack when praying? I've never heard of a pastor dying while praying. Maybe he opened

his eyes during the prayer and accidentally saw Selfie's mom's thighs. I know God does not protect perverts. Ask Pastor Zondo if you don't believe. If God wanted to protect him that leaked video would have been miraculously wiped off from the world. God performs miracles. Go read Acts 14:10 in the Bible if you don't believe me. I waited in the lounge for the paramedics to carry the pastor out of the bedroom. The skinny paramedic I had an argument with earlier gave me a funny look and I winked with both eyes and pouted in a rude manner. He went nxa and I returned the favour. I ran to my mom's room and it was only her and Selfie's mother. My mom didn't even greet me, she continued talking to Selfie's mother like I was not in the room. I went "mama, I'm sorry. I couldn't cope with everything happening here and I left with my friends to Tzaneen. They booked hotel and a spa for me. I should have call...". Selfie's mom interrupted and went "askies????? Booked Spar for what reasons now because Spar is sold food and 'groza'". Shit, me and her were obviously not on the same page. She was talking about Spar supermarket and I was talking about spa as in a spa. Explaining to her would confuse her even further so I chose to strategically ignore her. Her stupidity wasn't that bad, it made my mom laugh. It was nice to see her laugh again. She told me next time I should not just disappear and the habit of ignoring her calls should stop, no matter what. I apologised again and we smoked a peace pipe. Moms are understanding and cool, just like that. A father would make sure there's a Barry Roux vs Gerrie Nel battle before he lets you off the hook. They explained to me about what happened with the pastor and I wasn't interested. I was just happy my mom was recovering well. Mom told me that we have a meeting with the financial advisor, Sechaba Bolofo, the following day and she wanted me to be there. I was happy I was going to see the guy with a telephonic voice. I hoped he wasn't a 'mooi van voice (MVV)'. Selfie's mother went "Sharon, please". I left the room before she could speak further. I was not in a mood for another session of English assassination. The funny part was she spoke her native language with everyone except for me. It was like someone told her since I moved to Pretoria I became lengamla.

I remembered I left my zulu guy in the car outside the yard and headed there immediately. I noticed many people have left. Only those who stayed around remained behind. And I know most of them were only there for food. Hayi darkies and food. People gain weight on weekends because of funeral food. My phone rang and it was Mofenyi Malepe. He asked how I was doing and if I needed anything.

He asked a dangerous question. How do you ask a girl if she needs anything? Girl don't need anything, we need everything. I told him it was nice of him to call and that I'll tell him if I needed anything. Before he hung up he told me he'll be delivering his book, 283: The Bad Sex Bet for the woman who was at the Doctor's house the following and would pass by afterwards. I told him to pass by before he delivers the book because I don't wanna smell the woman on him. I knew very well he was talking about Maite's aunt. I wonder how she knew about the book. She probably heard from Maite because the bitch had been telling everyone in Ga-Kgapane that Mofenyi was a close friend of hers. Mxm bitch didn't even read the book. We did our goodbyes and I went to JB's car. He was busy talking on the phone when I entered. He put his index finger on his lips to sign that I must shush. He continued with his conversation "no my love, you must understand I'm a businessman. I wanted to seal that deal. I'm sorry I couldn't come fetch you and that my phone was off. If all goes well we'll go to Zanzibar next month. I love you". WTF, not long ago nigger was promising me to dump that witch but now he was busy declaring his love and promising holidays I can only dream of. That's what married men do when they are about to come or if you just shagged them well. He'll promise to move mountains for you but when he's done with you, you'll only be part of his statistics. He was messing with the wrong girl. You don't mess with Sharon Letsoalo and think you'll get away with it. I'm not a side chick that you'd shag and lie to and expect a bucket vanilla ice cream afterwards. I grabbed his phone, opened the door and ran to my yard. I knew very well he would not run after me because there were dozens of people in there. I ran straight to my bedroom and locked myself in. The call was still active and there was a lot of "love...love are you still there? Babe, babe huh banna". I went "hello" and there was a 10 seconds silence. I went "woman to woman, your man didn't go to any business meeting as he told you. He's with me in Hartbeespoort. What a beast he is in bed!!!! Oh and he told me how you suck in bed, that's why he's planning to divorce you and marry me". I could hear her breathing heavily on the phone. She went "Bitch I'm going to kill you. I know you are the bitch from Mafikeng who claimed to be pregnant with my hubby's baby. I'm coming to kill you. I'm calling the tracker company and they'll tell me exactly where you are". Shit I never thought of that. I hung up and looked for Selfie's mother. I gave her the phone and told her to go give it to the guy in a big black car outside. She didn't even ask questions, that's how she liked me. I wondered who the Mafikeng bitch was. Selfie's mother came back within a minute and went "yho Sharon, that man in big

black car is want to eat me. Him says voetsek votsoek bitches and all everyone. What do you do with him kanti?”. I laughed and told her not to tell my mom. She winked and continued with her chores.

I checked thru the curtain if JB was still outside and luckily he was gone. My phone rang and it was JT. She went “ntwana, ne ke vraeza gore...”. My battery died before she could continue. I decided not to charge it and helped Selfie’s mother with cleaning. I heard some old man going “ngwana yo wa Piet o pakile straight (this daughter of Piet has an ass for days)”. I think he was trying to whisper to his friends but it came out loud. I chose to ignore the perverted old man. His dick probably had more wrinkles than his face. If I undressed in front of him he would suffer a dick attack and die on the spot. Around 19h00 I went to the house and switched on the TV. One relative I don’t even remember her name, told me it was inappropriate to watch TV soon after the funeral. Like WTF, I wanted to watch Our Perfect Wedding. I sulked and retired to my bedroom. When I woke up the following morning there were a lot of noises outside. I opened the curtains in my room and shit, I saw a black big car parked next to our gate.

WTF.....

Episode 97

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 9, 2015

Every day we have plenty of opportunities to get angry, stressed or offended. But what you’re doing when you indulge these negative emotions is giving something outside yourself power over your happiness. You can choose to not let little things upset you – Joel Osteen

The first thought that visited my mind was to go search for my father’s gun and shoot UYB’s thin ass. She probably forced JB to drive all the way to Limpopo after the previous night’s call. I didn’t have any regrets. JB told me he wanted to dump her after having sex and what I did should be considered as a favour from someone who cares. Anyway, I was tired of being a serial dater. I wanted to settle and be like other girls. I dated coupla guys in 2014 and none of the relationships worked out. Dumi was sweet but he had almost nothing between his legs, dicklet. Nkosi was sweet but his sea lion shaped wife was a high risk. TT didn’t appear like a relationship material. Hector has turned himself into a mobile psycho. 2015

should be different. I wanted to love and be loved. Sometimes as women we must put our pride aside and go after the love we want. What's the use of saying 'I will never go after a man' and coupla years down the line you are 50 bitter and lonely. Hayi sorry checkers, not me. JB said he wanted to dump that woman for me and that's what he's gonna do. I was tired of people treating me like a cheap cigarette. They smoke you and pass you to the next smoker. When they are all done with you they throw you away. I am Sharon Letsoalo, not a cigarette. I put on my jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers. I made sure I tied them very well. The last thing you want is losing a shoe while fighting in a battle. I quickly brushed my teeth and did a 6-9 (urinating). I went back to the bedroom to check via the curtain if there was someone in the car. There was no one in the car. The noises were getting louder in the yard but I couldn't see the source (of the noise) from the window. I decided to be brave and walked outside the house. Some girl who was about 3-5 years older than me was the one making noise. She's one of those girls who won the beauty contest at Primary School and still thought she was all that. Only if she knew she won because the principal of that school had a crush on her pastor father. She was the daughter of a pastor who had a heart attacked in our house. She was accusing my mom of attempting to kill her father like she killed Piet. She accused my mom of being a witch. It's quite popular in Limpopo, when a husband dies, the wife is painted a witch. But when a woman dies they say "she died because of her promiscuous ways". At that stage I didn't care much about the girl and her accusations, I wanted to see the owner of the car before dealing with the 'rat'. Yes, she looked like a rat. She had a thin head with teeth that looked like that of a rat. My mom was not arguing with her, Selfie's mom and other female family members were attending her. I went outside the yard and guess what, the big black car had a Limpopo registration number. It was not JB's car. Damn, part of me was relieved. If it wasn't JB's car, it was obvious it belonged to the Rat. I had to teach her a lesson. I looked left and right and there were no people closer. There was a broken Amstel Lager bottle and I used it to perform a caesarean on one of the tyres. Nobody accuses my mom of witchcraft and get away with it. I went back to the yard with a cheeky smile on my face. One thing I learnt from Zee is playing sweet will turn you into a victim. I stood in front of her and went "sesi, if you wanna leave in one piece, I advise to take your seshwapha and o vaye (take your flat ass and leave). Wow for a sec I felt like JT right there. She looked at me and went "like mother like daughter. What are you gonna". I slapped her hard on her face and the next thing I saw dust running after her. She was running for dear

life. Selfie's mother shouted "beat him. Beat him. She thought she's a clever mara she is a stupid stupider stupidest. Haak jou moer". May God bless Selfie's mother. The Rat got in a Corsa Lite that was parked not far from the big black car and drove off. Now that raised a question....who did the black car belong to? Fuck I messed up. Some rich looking dark fat woman who sat not far from the incident stood up and went "the Society sent me to sort some issues but i see the timing is bad. I'll come again later". The name printed on the car key in her hand matched the name of the car I performed caesarean on. I almost confessed but Zee's voice in my head went "don't you dare do that shit skeem". I played good girl and humbly apologised for the scene. I offered to walk her to the car and she was like "you are such a good girl. I have a son your age, you must visit sometimes". I looked at her ugliness and drew a picture of her son in my mind. Well, a gorilla will most likely give birth to a baby gorilla. My hands are clean lol. She saw the flat and went mad. She looked around for suspects and there was no one closer. I went "mama, I suspect the pastor's daughter. She probably thought the car belonged to my mother and did this. She will rot in hell I'm telling you". She didn't waste time, she was like "I know where the pastor stays and I'm going there now. Read funeral notices in the newspapers tomorrow and you'll see her name. Fucken blood squirrel". You see, I'm not the only one to notice she looked like a rodent kwaaaa. I went back to the house victoriously whistling. I was becoming a mini-Zee. Oxford Dictionary should have a new word: Zeeism – the state of thinking like Zee. When I got to my room my little brother was playing with my phone. Damn, I gave him my password in December the nigger-let still remembered it. The risk with letting him play with the phone was sending wrong pictures to wrong people. Imagine him sending my naked picture to Facebook? It would trend 10 times more than Khanyi Mbau's naked pictures. I'm hot and I know it. Luckily my phone rang and he handed it to me. I answered and some nigger went "hello, who is this? Is this Sharon?". I went "no, it's Princess Diana. Who did you call wena?". Nxa I won't repeat it but you know by now that I hate people who call me and ask who they are talking to. He went "Eish sorry, the thing is uhm, I think uhm the thing is....eh wa bona gore uhm....". Nxa what a goat, he didn't even know what to say. I went "bona mo pudi ke wena, if you are suffering from poverty of things to say, go watch Muvhango or something. If you are bored, go the zoo and watch animals. I don't have time for mambo jumbo". I hang up. My little brother went "Sesi, what is jumbo mambo?". I told him mambo jumbo is

some nice juice. My mom called me for a meeting. I yawned twice. Post-funeral meetings with uncles are depressing.

When I got to the sitting room my eyes stole a view of some fine brother. My mother introduced him as Sechaba Bolofo, the financial advisor who handled my father's investment and insurance portfolio. Whooooooo, it wouldn't be a boring meeting after all. I made sure I sat next to him. His cologne said a lot about him. Many guys don't know this, a man's cologne says a lot about him. You don't come to me smelling like you just fixed a Totota Cresida and expect me to give you my number. A man must smell good. We sat down, just the 3 of us...me, mom and Mr Bolofo. My mother looked at Sechaba like he had Denzel in his pocket. It was so embarrassing to see her looking so charmed at someone young enough to be her son. Some mothers' hearts must be handcuffed. He started by offering his condolences and then got down to business. He explained he had my father's full portfolio. Apparently Piet had a funeral cover with Sanlam and a Life Cover with Old Mutual. He also had a short term insurance for his car, bond cover for the outstanding amount on the house and disability cover. Wow, I knew my father wasn't dumb but I didn't expect him to be that smarter. Most black families' lives change after the death of the head of the family. Every parent must have someone like Sechaba Bolofo in their lives. It's important to think about what's gonna happen to your family after your death. It was quite obvious Piet loved us dearly. I found myself shedding tears. Sechaba offered me a tissue. Wow, what a gentleman. My next boyfriend should be a financial advisor. All of a sudden my mom started shedding tears. He gave her a tissue and I could see she was trying to hide her smile. Mxm if she wasn't my mom I'd apply Zeeism on her. Sechaba helped us fill the forms and explained that the life cover benefit will be discussed after the reading of the Will if Piet had one. He helped us fill the forms and stuff. After everything he gave us an opportunity to ask questions. My mom went "are you married? Uhm sorry, I meant can I recommend you to my friends from the stockvel?". He smiled and said "yes, you can ask them to email me on sechaba@lineo.co.za or call 082 410 5280". My mom saved the number in her phone. I wondered if it was for her personal use or for the stockvel ladies. She was still wearing black but wanted to walk Sechaba to the car. I put my foot down and said no. I walked him to the car. Mama Selfie went "oh brothers o beautiful maan. Is like from TV". We laughed and continued walking to the car. Nigger didn't even try to flirt with me like most guys who are charmed by my irresistible sexiness, he

remained professional to my disappointment. He gave me his business card in case I wanted to talk to him about my father's policies. He said bye and hit the road. WOW....

I went back to the house and looked at my mom. I said "mxm" and walked to my bedroom. Zee called me and told me she got the hand bags back. I was happy and told her I'll see her in few days. I wanted to call Marcus to check if I was still welcome to go back to house but I didn't know where to start. But I didn't matter that much anymore, with daddy's life cover money I could rent an expensive apartment anywhere in Pretoria. I called JT and she went "ntwana bathong, entlik o waar? E tla hier mo town, ke nyaka go ringa le wena ka ane dinge (where are you? Come to town, I wanna talk to you about something). Hope you are not misusing your pussy neh. Give it time to mourn ha ha ha ha ha". I ran out of airtime before responding her stupid comments. Mofenyi called me to tell me he cancelled his trip to Ga-Kgapane because of an interview at some radio station. The next 4 days nothing exciting happened in my life except for non-ending post-funeral rituals. I was just looking forward to going back to Pretoria and make new friends at TUT. On Friday night I updated a status on Facebook asking for a lift from Ga-Kgapane/Tzaneen to Pretoria/Joburg. There was no way I was going to use a taxi. Many people commented offering me free lifts. Some of them didn't even have wheelbarrows or bicycles. Hayi black dudes and taking chances. An sms came thru I checked and it read "Hi Sharon, I got your number from a friend of mine TT Scott. I'm driving to Pretoria tomorrow and he said I must give you a lift. My name is Tsebo Mashatola but you can call me Xavi". Wow Facebook things run very fast, TT Scott probably saw my status and told his so-called friend. Problem with sms's is you can't see how the person looks. I wanted to see how the so-called Tsebo Mashatola looked like before agreeing to his lift. There was no way I was gonna drive with someone I'd be scared to look at for 4 hours. I took a bath and retired to my bed. Around midnight I ran out of sleep and started reading updates on Facebook. I heard a sound of a car parking at our gate. After few seconds I heard my mom's phone ringing in her bedroom. You know sound runs fast at night. Within few seconds I heard footsteps and the door unlocking, opening and closing. Jiki jiki the door opened again and I could tell there were footsteps of 2 people. I got off my bed and opened my door... Booooooommmmm, I saw my mom in a black night and

WTF....
THE END

Episode 98

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 10, 2015

Continuous persecution of widows and orphans is a crime. Even the Bible says there is a specific place in hell for those who oppress widows – Imelda Marcos

At first I thought I was dreaming or sleep walking or sleep dreaming if there's such. I know my mom is not angel and that she was still of active age. But I didn't expect her pussy to be itchy so soon. It's unAfrican. In my culture a woman must wait for 6 months before she engages in sexual activities after her husband's death. I don't know who wrote that rule but it's quite clear he suffered from erectile dysfunction. A normally sexually active man would never give a pussy a 6 months sabbatical leave. I guess respect of the dead was the motive behind the cultural rule. Actually, it wasn't the fact that my mom was with a man that made me open my mouth with disbelief, it was who she was with that made my eyes to be full of shock. My mom has pride and in my eyes I never imagined her going for someone like Mulimisi of Muvhango or Nkabinde or Isibaya. I went "mama, so soon? Like really now? My father is barely a skeleton and already you are bringing men in his house? What lesson are you sending to me? Is this how things are gonna be in this house going forward? Why didn't you go to his house in Venda or go book a hotel somewhere? This short man that looks like a frustrated baboon won't sleep in this house. Go ka nyewa!!!!". My voice was full of anger as I said that. I didn't care if she was my mother or not. Respect is earned thru good deeds, it doesn't come from the sky like rain. I hate adults who conduct themselves like kids in front of us and then expect us to respect them as adult. Nxa tsek toko. My mom went "SHARON, watch your mouth young lady and lower your voice. What do you take me for. This man is here to cleanse this house. Can't you feel it's teeming with a dark cloud?". I could see an element of embarrassment in her eyes. I looked at the short prophet's from Venda and there was a 'tent' of his white kung fu lookalike pants. It wasn't a tent, it was a huge marquee. I wanted to believe my my but hayi....it was hard to believe. These prophets have a tendency of cleansing with dicks instead of water or prayer. He had a bottle of water in his hand and that made me believe him a bit. I apologised to my mom for what I said and she just

went “nxa uhm”. The prophet splashed water all over our bedrooms and the sitting room. I could see his manhood was still longing for the promised land. Ja Venda dicks are stubborn. They don’t sleep until they supper. After doing his shit he said bye to my mom and left. I walked him to the door and locked as soon as he got out. I didn’t want any mangamanga business. My mom was so angry a cow could fit in her mouth. I didn’t care, I went back to my bedroom.

I had a funny dream. In my dream my mom was naked and busy with Denzel and I was sleeping next to her busy with my own version of Denzel which I named Azwindini. We were competing on who would come first first. Denzel was so good my mom came 3 times and I didn’t even come. When I woke up in the morning my pussy had that feeling that we girls get after having sex with a huge dicked guy. You know that feeling that makes you feel like someone seasoned your pussy with periperi mos. I know I don’t believe in superstitions but I couldn’t help it. I thought the Venda prophet came back as tokoloshi while I was sleeping and shagged me. If you read Daily Sun you know what I’m talking about. I decided to go to my mom’s bedroom to ask if she’s feeling well. Before I could knock I heard her whispering “uuuuuuhhhh Denzieeeeeee oh Denzieeeeeee deee... Rest in Peace Piet”. WTF, I gave up. I concluded at that moment that my mom needed professional help. I brushed my teeth and prepared breakfast. It was difficult looking at my mom straight in the eyes knowing what she was doing. My little brother was his bubbly self. I kinda missed Selfie’s mother. I called her and a male voice went “Mrs Nkuna’s phone speaking”. Lol it was probably Selfie’s father. I asked where Selfie’s mother was and he went “I have no ID. Maybe spanza”. I hung up and continued with eating. My little brother went “sesi, don’t talk on the phone when eating. It’s bad table manners”. My mom went “tell her baby boy”. I almost shouted “go tell Denzel nxa”. My phone rang and it was Tsebo Mashatola asking me to send him ‘my location’ and to get ready. Yho nigger was very forward like a morning urine, I had not even agreed to his lift. He had a voice of a player....well, a soccer player. I told him he should come around 12pm because I wanted to watch omnibus of Generations aka Boringrations – The Legacy. He said cool. My mom asked who I was talking to and I said “a friend of mine, Denzel deee”. My answer closed her mouth. I went to my bedroom and called Marcus. I told him I was coming back and he just said “cool”. He didn’t sound happy. I guessed that fool JB told him what happened.

I took a shower, packed my bag and watched TV until Tsebo Mashatola called to tell me he's at my street. This 'my location' shit is not accurate. He actually parked 3 houses from my crib. My phone rang again and Tsebo asked if the girl he saw in the yard was me. I said no and he went "uhu, that's a relief. I don't wanna traumatise my car". The girl he was talking about stayed 3 houses from my crib. She was so ugly you'd swear God was on sick leave when her parents made her. The worst part was she was a yellow bone. Being ugly in yellowboness is like a car without a bumper. I stood next to my gate and waved at the yellow Mini Cooper next to ugly's house. He u-turned and drove to my gate. He got out of the car and the first thing I noticed was his fashion sense. There was swagger written all over him. No wonder he was TT's friend. His clothes looked new though. Hope he didn't buy them to impress me. He was a bit shorter than me but handsome with a smile that said 'date me at your risk'. I gave him a hug and he smelled divine. He went "to introduce myself formally, appropriately and officially, I'm Tsebo Xavi Mashatola from Relela" and I went "I'm Sharon Letsoalo. I stay here". After the greetings I went back to the house to take my bags. My mom gave me R2000 and told me not to waste it. Lol she was probably bribing me to forget about Denzel. When I walked back to the car Tsebo was talking on the phone. I don't think he saw me coming. He went "ah ah manngwiii, TT....khe botse onya. Ene khe pakile monna. Okare khe dula ka hare a tv ya plasma(OMG TT, she's very hot. She has a dope ass. She looks like she from a plasma TV)". I cleared my throat and he went "uhm ah ah ja Chiefs is playing kak man. I want them to lose all remaining games so that Pirates can win the league. Sharp bye bye dude". I pretended as if I didn't hear the first part and he opened the door for me. We hit the road. The first 10 minutes were very awkward because we didn't know what to say to each other. But as soon as he noticed I loved laughing he started making jokes and I couldn't stop laughing. I'll be lying if I say I didn't enjoy the trip. What I like is he didn't even hit on me. TT probably told him I was his girlfriend. I know guys love playing number 5 on girls they like. He dropped me at the gate and promised to call me later. It's nice being a beautiful girl, from Ga-Kgapane to Pretoria for free. If I was ugly he'd probably give me R10 to buy inkomazi and drop me at the taxi rank.

When I got in the house it was just Mboweni and his wife. They seemed happy to see me and apologised for not saying goodbye before leaving Limpopo. Pearl said I must rest a bit cause she's taking me, Marcus, JB and his wife out. She said after everything that happened I could do with some fresh air. She wasn't your typical

black woman. A typical black girl can win R3m lottery but she'd still expect her man to pay for the meal with his R6000 a month salary. I said I was too tired to go out but she insisted. Well, I wasn't tired, the thought of seeing UYB made me wanna puke. Another problem was the fact that I told her kak on JB's phone. What if that guy confessed and she put me on her hit list. I don't trust non-Limpopo yellow bones. [Hello to yellow bones from Eastern Cape lol]. Marcus went "it would do good to you Shazy". It was kinda awkward when he referred to me as Shazy. I went to the bedroom and called JB. He went "hello Isaac...yes yes, the deal is still on. We just need to inject some capital into the project and it's all systems go". I went "Isaac ke mmago wa lezulu le foreskin okare ke hosepipe ya di firefighters". He was probably with that ugly yellow thing and pretended as if he was talking to a business associate. Imagine being a side chick and going thru that for 5 years. Anyway, who would wanna be a side chick for 5 years? After 2 years you are no longer referred to as a side chick, you are dried food. If he told you he'll leave his wife for you and after 5 years you are still a side chick, just forget about marriage. Ask your single mother if you don't believe me. She's still waiting for him to leave his wife....and it has been 18 years. After 20 minutes JB called me sounding like he was in a toilet. He whispered "sorry, you sounded like my gay business partner Isaac. What were you...". I hung up. Nigger was a liar ka high grade mxm. Around 7 Pearl asked if I was ready and I said yes. We used the X5 to drive to the Spur not far from Wonderboom Junction Mall, the Arrow Ridge Spur by Lavender Road. When I saw the black SUV my blood started singing dihosana. It was quite obvious JB and 'mobe' were there already. The waiter asked "table for three" and I quickly said yes. Pearl went "ha ha ha ha, she's joking. We are joining that couple over there". Mobe aka UYB waved her ugly surprisingly almost dark hand at us. Maybe she had bleached her face. Number of artificial yellow bones is increasing in South Africa. I call them 'Amakhosi Amahle aka Kaizer Chiefs', yellow and black. We got to the table and everyone was happy. I sat opposite JB. I ordered ribs, buffalo wings and calamari. That's what I normally eat when I go to Spur. Pearl ordered us a bottle of wine and beer for the gents. Shit, why wine bathong? I was the only single one there and she had to buy wine. Oh some women are brave. I silently, under the table, took off my heel and put my toe on JB's pants. His dick went 'vvvvvvrrrruuuuuu'. Lol men are so weak. He went "oh nana". Mobe asked what's wrong and he went "I was stung by a mosquito". I almost laughed. I did it again and his eyes turned red, yellow and almost turned green. Lol he was a robot. All of a sudden his wife went "Sharon, can we have a word

outside?”. I was about to swallow some wine when she said that and I think a drop missed the oesophagus and went to the trachea. I coughed for about 2 minutes. After coughing she stoop up and went “follow me, just for a 2 minutes private girl to girl talk”. I stood up and strategically grabbed a knife on the neighbouring table. I wanted to apply Zeeism in case of emergency.

We walked to the parking lot and she

Oh na na na WTF

THE END

Episode 100

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 10, 2015

That was one face I wasn't expecting to see. Pretoria CBD is not as huge or complex and populous as Joburg. It's a common thing to bump into people you know in the street of Pretoria. But when you play outside the CBD you don't expect to bump into some dinosaurs from your past. I was like “you, uhm uhm I wassss not expecting to see you here”. He looked at me and smiled. He still looked dark. People like him become coal when they die. He went “what happened to your phone? I have been trying to call you for months with no luck?”. I told him I changed my number to avoid calls from people I didn't wanna talk to. Men think time heals everything. That is bullshit. Time is not a psychologist. If you hurt me this year me or endanger my life today never ever think I'll welcome you with open arms when I see after few months. Well, I'll talk and be civil to you but it doesn't mean I've forgotten the history. He was like “I see you still have a big mouth. I missed that about you. I also missed other things”. I faked a smile and looked away. He went “there's a sea food restaurant in Wonderpark Mall. We should do lunch there soon”. I was like “duh, who said I like sea food”. He smiled again and went “because I know you were eating fish today. I can smell fish on you”. WTF, I forgot to wash my hands. I was a bit embarrassed but pretended otherwise. I was like “ja ja I looove sea food. We actually ate at Ocean Basket before coming here”. I looked around the restaurant to ensure he was alone. The last thing I wanted was some ugly cow going all Mike Tyson on me. I told him I'd love to chat but I was with some people. He said cool but asked for my new number before leaving. I gave him my number and he called me on the spot just to

make sure I didn't give him a wrong number. I don't blame him though, some girl I know gives guys numbers of her mother-in-law whenever they ask for her numbers. Imagine calling and expecting a beautiful voice only to be met with a voice of a 60 years old lol. I think I should start doing it, give guys Selfie's mother's number. She'd probably go "voetsek jou moer. Why you calls me and said stupids issue?". Lol I love that woman.

I went back to the table and JB was acting funny. I think he saw me talking to Nkosi and didn't like it. That's how mean and selfish guys are. He had just sexually kuze-kuse'd his wife but was acting funny because I was talking to a guy. Mxm these people think the world revolves around them. And the truth of the matter is there's nothing special about men. Well, except for their wallets and big dicks. If you are poor and small-dicked, may God bless you. We continued with the drinking and Mobe was saying stupid things. Ja mixing alcohol and sperms can be dangerous. She was on about people who have no steady relationships and always running after other people's men blah blah blah. Mxm bullshit, these so-called wives always blame side chicks when their so-called husbands cheat. They forget those motherfuckers are the ones who ask these girls out. If your man is cheating and you find out, don't deal with the bitch, deal with your man. Stab his dick with a knife or something. Next time he'll think twice before making his dick a celebrity. She was like "my man promised me he'll never cheat again. No side chick will succeed in breaking this rock". Mxm I almost told her "maybe if you tie his foreskin with a shoelace he'll stop fucking around". She's lucky Marcus and Pearl were there. I'd have applied a 'verbal' Zeeism on her. She was behaving like a former side chick. These side chicks become very paranoid the minute they are promoted to the headquarters. They always think girls are out there to get their men forgetting that they used to do the same. If he cheated his wife with you, who the fuck do you think you are? Jesus' cousin? Just before 11pm the waiter gave us a bill and Pearl paid. Shit, I think women should not pay at restaurants when men are present. It's like we are defying God. We were not designed to give, we were designed to receive. A pussy is a receiver and a dick is a giver. Ayijiki lento, injalo nje, nature ke nature, period.

JB and his ugly wife used their car and I drove with Pearl and Marcus. On our way home I heard Marcus whispering to Pearl "don't stress maan, she's sleeping. Can't you see she's drunk?". Pearl switched on the light to confirm I was indeed

sleeping. I pretended to be sleeping and Pearl was like “shem she looks so innocent. One day we’ll tell her the truth”. I wondered what truth they were talking about. Hayi adult stuff. They switched off the light and all of a sudden I heard Marcus moaning like an ox being castrated. I opened one eye and booooooom, Pearl was blowing Marcus. These educated couples aint loyal. No wonder we have so many accidents on our roads. How can you blow a person who’s behind a wheel? Nigger even went through a red robot. Pearl stopped and went “don’t be too noisy, o tla tsosa ngwana”. Sies, I felt summarised. Imagine people blowing each other in front of you and calling you a kid!!!! That was not on bathong. After 3 minutes Marcus was like “babeeeeeee stop stop stop top op pppppp....ke kgaufi le go rota”. Pearl stopped and sat straight on her seat. She was like “babe, I think we are lost. I’ve never been here before”. The seemingly sexually drunk Marcus checked the GPS and guess what, we were heading towards Pretoria North. Ja I respect the power of Pearl’s tongue. He did a lot of turns and all of a sudden we were in some tunnel. It was only when we turned left near Sasol Garage at Transoranje Road that I knew we were in Phillip Nel Park. I couldn’t wait to get home and sleep. The night was nice but I saw more than my eyes could handle. When we got to the house JB and Mobe were at the gate. Mxm some people hate their house with high grade. JB was like “I’m too drunk to drive to my place. I’ll leave in the morning”. I didn’t open my eyes, I continued to pretend I was sleeping. Pearl told Marcus to carry me to my bedroom. Being the good man that he was he carried me. I felt his dick doing a ‘slyza tsotsi’ on my leggings. Shit, it was so embarrassing. I didn’t expect such from him. It’s true that men become dicks when a cake is around. He put me on my bed and mumbled “I wish Pearl was this hot. I’d even take a leave from work just to fuck her the whole day”.

As soon as he left the room I rushed to the loo to piss. I brushed my teeth and took a quick shower. My body felt liberated and I decided to sleep in my birthday suit. My pussy was tired of being a prisoner. I just wanted it to be free like a bird. Normally after a night of drinking I hardly dream. I don’t know what time it was and at first I thought I was dreaming. I felt something touching my bum. When I sleep I normally do it in an S-shaped manner. I put my bum out there....if you know what I mean. The thing that touched me navigated thru my ass line and eventually reached my pussy. My pussy was like a wetland, it was wet most of the time. I felt the thing slowly going in and it felt nice. It was only when I felt a hand touching my breast that I knew I wasn’t dreaming. I wanted to scream but JB’s

voice went “it’s me babe. I wanted to surprise you with a present in your sleep”. WTF, when did a foreskin become a present? I had mixed emotions at that stage. His dick felt nice inside and at the same time I felt like he was taking advantage of me. He went “just shush and enjoy this Zulu anaconda”. I almost told him to stop flattering himself because it was not an anaconda, it was a mere green mamba. Men have this tendency of believing they have huge dicks even when their dicks are just ordinary. It’s like someone calling his Polo Vivo a German machine. Porsche Carrera GT is a German machine, Polo Vivo is a German car. There’s a huge difference mrena. I told him to stop if he didn’t want me to scream. Instead of stopping he continued manoeuvring thru my holy pot. I must be honest, his dick tasted different that night or morning. I wasn’t sure what time it was but it was still dark. I S’d my ass further to give him an improved access. Luckily he didn’t a huge belly. A huge belly can sometimes be an enemy of progress. He lifted my left leg and put his right leg between my legs. His hands grabbed my small body and started swinging me up and down. If men were this creative with everything they would have found a cure for ‘wifey night headaches’ long time ago. I was still a bit sleepy but my punani was wide awake and enjoying every moment. I wanted to scream but he reminded me it was a stolen moment, so we should be careful. I whispered “what am I to to to to you” and he whispered “You are Sharon Mkhwanazi to me babe....in you I see my father’s cattle”. I was flattered and started helping him move my body. I always thought doggy was the ishniz but that position made doggy seem like a creche. He switched the position and got on top. He put my legs on his shoulder and went in – in – in and out and I felt like my pussy was in boiling water and in the freezer at the same time. The Zulu boy was on fire that night. Maybe he was born in Limpopo and moved to KZN as a baby. Those moves had Limpopo written all over them. It was an A+ performance from an unexpected source. All of a sudden we heard Mobe’s voice calling JB. Nigger jumped off me and ran to the loo, which was in my bedroom. Shit, I was still enjoy inkhunzi emnyama and that bitch had to disturb us. Who creams inside people’s houses that time of the night? Some people don’t have manners. I heard my pussy going “pppppssssssrrrrrr”. It normally does that if a guy takes his dick out fast. She opened the door and went “Sharon, Sharon....with a fake sleepy voice I went “mmmmhh what?”. She asked if I haven’t seen JB and I told her no.

Instead of leaving she closed the door and threw herself in my blankets. She went “he probably got a call from his club’s manager and left. He does that all the time”.

Nxa what a bitch, I wanted a dick, not some shapeless ugly yellow bone. She was a fool, nigger told her obvious lies and she believed him. What a waste of complexion and brains!!! She went on and on about JB and I wasn't interested about the shit she was saying. She told me she once shot a girl who wanted to snatch JB from her. Hayi that's ugly girl tendency. You snatch her man and she'd wanna kill you. I pretended to be sleeping and she shut up. Within 20 minutes she was snoring. I took her arm off me and tiptoed to the toilet. When I got there nigger was jerking off. Ja ka mmao the world is full of perverts. He wanted me to get in to finish off what we started but I told him "toko". Girls can't pick up where we stopped, everything must start from gear 1 once something disturbs us. He tiptoed out my bedroom and I went back to bed. Mobe was snoring like tractor at ZZ2. In the morning Mobe continued with her JB stories and I yawned to show her I wasn't interested. As soon as she left I received an sms from JB. He wanted my bank account number. I sent it without hesitating. That's like the best news a girl could ever receive. I received another sms. Nigger deposited R10 000 in my account. Another sms came in and it read: "I'm not paying you. I just want you to go and spoil yourself. I'm divorcing her today". I didn't care about the last part, the money was all I cared for...R10 000 my my my my. If you date one of those guys who earn R5000 a month you will not believe when I say he really gave me R10 000. Akere you are used to being given R250 for pizza and fake weave. I took a bath and had breakfast with everyone except JB. While we were having breakfast my phone rang. I answered and it was Nkosi. He said he wanted to take me to Cofi in Brooklyn instead of the sea food restaurant in Wonderpark. I was cool with it. I told him he should wait for me in town. I didn't want him to know I stayed in Phillip Nel Park. I didn't wanna disrespect Marcus and Pearl. Mobe asked where I was going and I went "Cofi Brooklyn with a friend". After eating I wore a white Levi's T-shirt and blue Sissy Boy Jeans and black stilettos. I complemented my clothes with my Michael Kors handbag. I just wanted to look simple, it was Sunday after all. Mobe's phone rang and she was like "Ohhhu my babe is calling....enjoy your date Sharon". She went upstairs and I left. While I was waiting for a taxi some guy driving a Golf 5 GTI offered me a lift. Lol niggers who drive GTI's think they are God's gifts to women. They charm 2 High School girls and think they own the world. I told him I'm meeting my dad in town and he believed me. All he wanted was my number. He told me his name is Morena. He dropped me at Tramshed and went "ask your dad how much he would want for lobala" and I told him he would have to sell his GTI and clothes to afford me. I

called Nkosi and he told me he'd be delayed by about 1 hour and begged me to understand. True to his word, after an hour he picked me up. I was angry he was late but pretended to be fine. We drove to Brooklyn and he told me that he's going thru a divorce with the Sea Lion. I could tell he wanted to tell me I'm the future Mrs Nkosi. Ja 2015 was my year, every rich guy wanted to marry me. Maybe the Venda prophet washed me with a 'Marry Me Portion'. He parked his car inside Brooklyn Mall parking and as we were about to walk to Cofi a female voice went "So bitch you are the reason my husband is divorcing me?". Before we could react.....

Episode 101

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 10, 2015

Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance of justice. Injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged – Samuel Johnson

"Jesus, son.... I'm tired for today. I dealt with many cases and I can't take it anymore. I have been dealing with many sinners from Nigeria. I need to wipe out this Boko Haram. They have been killing my innocent kids for no reason. Someone must have balls to deal with them. Ngizobabulala one by one", He said. He was wearing all white, including his Chuck Taylor All Star sneakers, had brown eyes and long beards. I was so surprised God could speak isiZulu. Maybe that's the reason president Zuma gets away with everything. He's probably God's distant relative. But nuh, God had a beautiful head with a mo-hawk hairstyle. He appeared charming in my eyes and I could see all girls on the queue were looking at him. Some Xhosa girl went "ndiyam'lovisha kaluk". Jesus went "you must take a break daddy. Me and Moses will take over. Next time you must drink some energy drink. I wouldn't approve Sbu's energy drink thou. He'd probably budge here with a can in his hand and shout "hoyi hoyi uSbuda looh". God went "Jesus how do you talk and chat on Facebook at the same time? Ag man, I will never buy you data bundles again. Who the hell are you chatting to?", God said with an angry voice. Jesus replied "sorry daddy, I was blocking Judas. He betrayed me again. Bloody traitor. I hate him daddy". God went "duh, I warned you about that nigger. He is no good and you should stay away from him. I sent Satan a Whatsapp text to come fetch him but I think that devil blocked me. Anyway, I don't care. Go lokile seun (it's fine son), I'll see you when I wake up. I leave these people in your capable hands.

Don't let your emotions cloud your judgement. Start with these new ones on the left". God pointed at my direction as He said that. I felt perspiration going down my pussy. God was hot shem. I didn't see him leave, he just vanished nje. I looked about 100 metres away and saw Nelson Mandela playing with kids. I was so touched. Jesus went "Who's next? Eh you, wena ngwanenyana wa le-yellow bone (hey you light-skinned girl)". WTF, Jesus spoke Sepedi. I must go read my Bible again, maybe Seshego used to be some kraal in Bethlehem during the Biblical times. I could tell he was indeed a Pedi man because he was wearing Carvela shoes and Levis 501 Jeans le skippa sa Nike. "Ngwanenyana, I don't have the whole day". His phone rang and I almost laughed at the ringtone. He had Benny Mayengani's Bhengu Bhengu as his ringtone. I laughed because I expected him to have a gospel music ringtone. He gave me a snaaks look and went "go down on your knees". I didn't understand so I went down on my knees and tried to to.....cough cough. He was like "hey ngwanenyana wa gafa na (hey you little girl, are you mad)? Don't come closer to me. Kneel 3 metres away from me". Shit, that was embarrassing. I thought He wanted me to kneel down and make him feel like a real man. He gave me one look and went "you are here by mistake. Go back. Boela morago. Neeeeeexxxxxttttt".

"She's up, she's up....doctor doctor, she's up. My daughter is back. Thank you God thank you Modimo. Ndza khensa Xikwembu. Ngiyabonga baba wase zulwini. May God bless you God". I had drips all over my body. I felt weak and there was a sharp pain on my left shoulder. My mom, JT and Selfie's mother were in the room. It looked like a hospital. I wanted to talk but they had that thing we always see on TV on my mouth. Shit, I noticed I had a dream about me in heaven. I don't think it was a dream thou, it looked so real. I swear I saw God and Jesus. I even remembered God telling Solomon that he was fed up with so many fake prophets and pastors on earth. JT looked at me with tears in her eyes and went "ntwana, ntwana, ntwana, ntwana hiii hiii hiii hiii hiii hhhiii hhhiii...". It was the first time I saw JT crying like that. It was like she didn't believe what her eyes showed her. I could feel tears gathering in my eyes. I didn't even understand why she was crying. She went "ntwana, ne ke dinka gore o bhodile. Ke leboga ledlozi for bringing you back. Lewe ya ka would be meaningless without that fine ezi ya gago. But I knew you are a fighter, o skhokho sa le die-hard, o nja, o starring, o lenyora son. O nja ya ka (babe, I thought you were gonna die. I think the ancestors for bringing you back. Life would be meaningless without that fine ass)". Lol I

can't believe she said that in front of my mom. Selfie's mom who was trying very hard to prevent tears from falling went "my son that dogs shot you and want to die you. My heart is very horny you back". I honestly don't know what she meant by that. Maybe she wanted to say honey or happy. JT was like "eh eh mamazala mos pelo ya gago e tla rota maduze nje". I could see my mom wanted to laugh. I guess she was just happy I made it. Selfie's mother went "people from home is tokoloshi. Them do gossip that you is died nxa. They will be disappointment shem. My son is back by popular demands". I heard the doctor who was standing next to my mom whispering to her that he's shocked I made it. According to him it was a miracle that he has never seen. He went "if you believe in God, you must go fasting for a year to thank him. If you believe in ancestors, slaughter the fattest ox for them and buy them the most expensive whiskey. Instead of replying my burst into a very emotional cry. JT and Selfie's mom joined her. They sounded like a choir of bad singers. The doctor chased them out because he wanted to run some tests on me.

To cut the story short, I spent a further week (out of coma) in hospital. When they released me Marcus and Pearl convinced my mom to let me stay with them until I was strong enough to go home or school. My mom took unpaid leave just to be next to me. Makoma Letsoalo (my mom) read me the following scripture everyday:

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths. Be not wise in your own eyes; fear the Lord, and turn away from evil. It will be healing to your flesh and refreshment to your bones" – Proverbs 3:5-8

To be honest, it kept me going. It made me spiritually strong. It made me try to be physically strong. I had a bullet wound on my left shoulder but the pain wasn't that bad. I had very strong pain killers. At Marcus' house everyone treated me like royalty. Nxa black people tendencies, they wait for you to get sick or die before they treat you well. I made a resolution that when I'm fine I'm gonna fake a sickness in order to get pampered. The boring thing was being in the bedroom 24/7. What surprised me was the absence of JB and his ugly wife. Even after 2 days at the Mboweni house they never graced me with a visit. Whenever I asked Pearl about JB and his wife she'd just brush me off. It's like she was avoiding talking about them. My mom hid my phone. So I was basically cut off from the

outside world. I just failed to understand the the whole secrecy crab. On the fourth day outside the hospital my mom announced that she was leaving. I asked why and she said my little brother at home needed her. She also told me that the financial advisor also wanted to meet her. Remember the hot financial advisor, Sechaba Bolofo? Nxa she probably missed my stepfather, Denzel Letsoalo. I hated that about my mom, she always put me second. It's not like my little brother was dying or something. Maybe she thought Denzel would rust or something. I was happy Selfie's mom was staying behind. Pearl and Marcus walked my mom to her car and Selfie's mom remained with me in the bedroom. I think she was angry my mom was leaving so soon but she was scared to tell her. My mom helped her family with money now and then so she didn't have the guts to tell my mom when she did something wrong. I think most middle class families have Selfie's mom in their lives.

I knew Selfie's mom could not keep a secret. I asked her what really happened and she went "My sister is self fish Sharon. She says I must not told you but me is Christian shem. Bible said 'do not liar because is sin in front of God's ears'. Is the same if I tells you or not. True is true, no another ways. You spend 3 week in hospital in coma because.....". Shit her phone rang before she could continue. She went "hellos Nkuna my darling wam'..... Yes Sharon ok now mara is sleeping on the bedroom. How is my children Selfie? Ncooooh I misses him hle batho ba modimo". I laughed and she ran to the bathroom and closed the door. You could tell by looking in her eyes that she really loved Mr Nkuna. I planned to buy Selfie a beautiful present after my healing. I was wondering why Pearl and Marcus were taking time to come back to the house. They probably tailed my mom's car to the highway. I know my mom had a problem with directions, especially in a big city like Pretoria. She was used of driving in small towns like Modjadjiskoof. I decided to stand up to stretch a bit. I was tired of forever being in bed. My legs and body were stronger enough for me to walk. In fact, my body was ready for sex lol. While trying to get off the bed, the door opened and she went:

"This time you won't get lucky my bitch...."

Boooooommmmm.....WTF

THE END.

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## LETTERS SECTION

Hy shaz.

M 22 years of age nd iv been dating my Bf for 7months now. My bf is thee definition of boring. We kinda stay 2geda in tembisa bt he is always in pta. He never let's me in on his life, he is stingy bt loves receiving. We always fyt abt finances cos sumtym he daznt pay rent. Dnt get me rong I love him very mch nd wen it cums 2 making love he is vgud. Da thing is I feel he daznt hv tym for me wich makes me go 2 my ex wenever he is not around. Cos my ex is evrythng he is not. On top of dat he wants a baby with me. I dnt wanna regret in future. Wat must I do pls hlp.

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 102

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 12, 2015

“Education is the best friend. An educated person is respected everywhere. Education beats the beauty and the youth” – Chanakya

I found myself screaming. I don't know where it came from but I felt like my life was in danger. When Pearl said 'this time you won't get lucky' I thought she was referring to me. I don't blame myself, I spent 3 weeks in hospital with a mysterious bullet wound just above my heart. No one wanted to tell me what happened and it made me more paranoid. It was like everyone was a suspect except for Selfie's mother. She loved me like I was Selfie's sister. If I was her daughter she would probably name me 'Pouting' or 'Picmix' lol. Both Pearl and Selfie's mom dropped their calls and ran to me. Pearl asked what wrong but I couldn't answer, I just continued crying. They looked around my bedroom to check if there was an intruder or something. They even checked the windows. Marcus came and asked Pearl why I was crying. Pearl just shrugged her shoulders because she didn't know why I was crying. Marcus hugged me gently and told me everything would be ok. He smelled so good if he was food I'd eat him for breakfast, lunch and supper. I'd even snack with him. I love a man who smells good. Not those guys who smell as if they are a plant used to make paraffin. When you sleep with a man who smells good in a manly way you come even before he touches your pussy. I can't say the same about those who smell like they have 200 armpits on their bodies. Sometimes I believe ugly babies are sperms from smelly daddies. When you ride him instead of coming you'll go. Honestly, if Marcus wasn't family I'd

seduce him. He reminded me of my good friend Mofenyi Malepe. There was no way I was gonna give birth to an ugly baby.

Marcus went "I'm gonna ask my friend Dr Zungu to recommend a shrink for her. I think she's still traumatised". I could see Selfie's mother was lost. I doubt she knew about shrinks and trauma. Pearl supported her husband "ja you are right babe, she needs professional help". Selfie's mom jumped in out of the blue.... "No no no nee nix she don't wants this professor help or what what. This kids is witched because people is jealous because Sharon o beautiful and handsome and is packed in the back". Lol she managed to put a smile on my face. But what she said had an element of truth in it. Apparently some areas in Limpopo people can strike you with a lightning for having a nice ass. If Beyonce was from Limpopo she would be the late Beyonce by now. Selfie's mom continued "let's stop down and pray please". Marcus and Pearl knelt down and Selfie's mother led them in a prayer. She went "good morning God. How are you? God, father, papa, Xikwembu xa matima, I asks you in name of Jesus please kill all witch in Limpopo....". While she was busy praying her phone rang and she went "sorry God, Nkuna is called. ....Hello babe why called in wrong timing? Mxm that's why you is poor shem. You made God hungry". She hung up without giving the poor man a chance to talk. I opened my one eye and I could see Pearl and Marcus were laughing internally. She continued with her prayer "sorry for the distance God. Nkuna is fault. Please God, Sharon is good kids and respect parents and mother and dead father. Please protection her everyday. Ndza khensa Tatana Xikwembu xa matimba. In name of father, son and holiday spirit Amen". She complemented her prayer with a hymn, 'ho lokile ho lokile'. Black people love singing. Funeral, party, bash, wedding, rally, court, soccer game etc, we always find a reason to sing. Even when we are angry we sing. After singing Selfie's mom went "you see, no professor help. She smile now. Bosso ke mang?"

To cut the long story short, it took me about four weeks to heal. My mom called me everyday to check up on me. Selfie's mom left as soon as I learnt to use my left arm. That woman is God's gift to the Letsoalo family. JT was also there for me. She visited every week. She even developed a crush for Pearl. Zee and Kea visited me twice. What shocked me was how they became BFFs. What an unlikely pair!!! It's like the Dalai Lama being friends with George W Bush or Julius Malema being friends with Steve Hofmeyr. I hate that racist Steve Hofmeyr nxa. Juju must expropriate him without compensation and throw it in the sea. What made me sad was the fact that on 14 February I was still in coma. I didn't get a chance to be spoilt by some hunk. Hope you guys enjoyed your Valentines Day. My highlight was my first day at TUT. I was lucky there was a strike, so I wasn't very behind with school work. It's a normal in South Africa, every first term there would be strikes all over South African universities because of lack of funding. Oh

before I forget, I met a new friend at TUT, her name is Pulane. She's from Bushbuckridge in Mpumalanga. At first I was scared of her. Apparently that place has more 'dangerous' sangomas than any other town in South Africa. Apparently if your mother or father aint a sangoma no one will take you seriously. Luckily Pulane wasn't a sangoma's daughter. Not that I have a problem with sangomas. She was 25 and had been at TUT since for the past 7 years but she was still doing first year modules. What surprised me was how famous she was at TUT. Staff, students and male black lecturers knew her. Well, maybe it was because of her beauty. And she knew fashion. I can safely say she was the best dressed girl at TUT. Everyone wondered how she afforded such expensive clothes. She didn't have a rich father and her mom was a cop. We met when I went to Marcus' office and I found her sitting on his desk. She left as soon as I got there. We met again after 3 days and we became good friends. She was like a sister to me but she wasn't in Zee's league. Well, in short....that's what you missed about my life. I didn't write much in my Diary because I was still recovering. Don't stress, going forward I will write everything in my Diary. Hope Pearl and Marcus didn't read it when I was in coma. Oh before I forget again, I was still phoneless, remember Denzie's sidechick confiscated my phone. She actually sent me R5000 to buy a new phone and do a sim swap. I chose to keep the money in my account for rainy days. Another thing worth telling was my sexual soberness for weeks. My pussy was a Christian, not a fake Christian.

One Friday morning I woke up and prepared for my class. JT made a promise that every Friday she'd drive me to school until Jesus comes back. Marcus and Pearl were already gone. I invited JT in to have breakfast with me. I offered her cornflakes and she was like "ntwana, ga ke je masepa. Real 'men' eat real food ha ha ha ha ha. Ke vreaeza something meatish". Lol she was such a black man. You'd swear she was from some village in Giyani. Apparently men that side prefer pap and vleis for breakfast. Maybe Tswana and Zulu men should try it....who knows, it might Shangaanise the thinglets between their legs. I gave JT last night leftovers and I had cornflakes. After eating she drove me to varsity. She was playing music so loud you'd swear she was a taxi driver from Mabopane. Those niggers have super music systems in their Siyayas. Even gogos in that side of Pretoria prefer loud music. JT was playing Rabs Bafhuwi's Count Your Blessings. That song is so hot it could make Bishop Lekganyane's wife dance kuze kuse. Pulane was waiting for me at the bus terminals when JT dropped me at TUT. She was like "chomi, we have to bunk today's classes. There's more to life than studying. Anyway, missing one or 2 classes won't hurt kill us. I know the lecturers for today's classes, I'll make them give you free marks". Like WTF, she was like a stupid version of Zee. No wonder she was a 'veteran' student. Soon they'll erect a statue of her at TUT. Hope student won't run the [#PulaneMustFall](#) protest lol. I told her there was no way I was gonna miss a class. I was like "I don't wanna be a first year for



7 years like you". I thought she'd be offended, she actually found it funny. I wonder what parents say about such kids. Some kids are lucky to have parents that take them to varsities and they mess with the opportunity. Most of them end up working as waiters and call centre agents. Some become cheap prostitutes that sell a cake for R20 with 50% discount if the client is lucky. Pulane took something out of her bag and handed it to me. I opened it and it was a new phone, Sony Z3 Xperia Compact to be exact. I was flipping wow'd. She was like "it's a present, all yours friendo". I was like "what were you saying about bunking classes? I guess missing one class won't hurt". Luckily one bus was about to leave. We used the bus to go to her place. She stayed at Tambotie in Sunnyside. Everyone who stays in Sunnyside knows where Tambotie is. When we got there she had another surprise for me. She bought me a beautiful black mini-dress. She was like "this dress was made for you chomi. It's all yours". I asked her where she got the money from and she said her savings. I didn't believe it but didn't care. She changed into a beautiful red boobtube and I donned my black number. She was yellower than Amanda du Pont. Yellow Bones look very hot in red dresses. Her phone rang and she went "we are coming". I could tell by the number of guys whistling that we looked like million dollar babes.

When we got to the street, Leyds Street, Pulane led me to a densely tinted white Porsche Cayenne. She took the front seat and directed me to take the back seat.

I took one look at the driver and he went "You!!!!..... What da Fuckoooooooo....."

OMG.....

THE END

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LETTERS SECTION

Hi Shaz,

My letter is short and to the point. What is the best sex style when you go down with a man like Dumi?

Regards,

Frustrated girl – Lebowakgomo

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 103

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 13, 2015

“The love of family and the admiration of friends is much more important than wealth and privilege” – Charles Kuralt

You know, when someone looks at you and say “What The Fuck”, your brain go blank. You don’t know whether he’s about to beat the hell of you or not. That’s how I felt at that moment. His accent sounded Nigerian. I thought maybe he probably saw me with Adeyomi or something. I didn’t have many foreign friends in my circle. I’m not xenophobic or what what, but I find it odd that Nigerians are chowing South African girls left right and centre but you are unlikely to bump into a South African guy chowing a Nigerian girl. Maybe it’s because of our South African men’s shortcomings in the bedroom. Imagine used to eating 4 slices for breakfast only to be given half a slice. Pulane went “What is wrong Richard”. She asked with a smile on her face. I don’t blame her for asking, nigger’s mouth was so wide-open the late Adeyomi’s dick would fit it without any struggle. He went “no offance ma loove, why didn’t you tell meyo dat your friend is hottooo? What da fuck!!!! ‘I’ you sure I am not dreaming? What the fuck? My Godoo is an artistoo”. I was flattered and at the same time felt awkward. Imagine you are sitting on the front seat with a man and he compliments the girl behind him. If it was the me of 2014 I would have cut his mouth with a razor. Pulane didn’t seem to mind thou, she just smiled and went “you didn’t ask bubu. You should have asked me for her picture”. Richard was darker than life with a big head. If he didn’t drive a Porsche I’d say he was ugly. The car he was driving made him look hot and attractive. Being broke and ugly is a curse. If you don’t have looks you better be a ‘hunk’ in the pocket. He said something very stupid, I honestly didn’t expect it. He went “Bubu, do you mind if she sits in fronts?”. Pulane’s Amanda duPont complexion became a bit orangish from that comment. He was obviously making her jealous. I thought to myself that maybe she wasn’t his girlfriend, she was just a bitch that he only calls when he needed to eject some vanilla ice cream from his balls. I told him I was fine at the back seat. He said “ok, next time you gon sits in da front hey”.

He drove us to Cofi in Sunnyside, DTI complex. Shit, I expected something better. Just imagine dressing up only to be taken to Sunnyside. I thought Nigerian men knew better. I know South African men would call and ask you to dress up because he’s taking you out. You put on your best dress and he takes you to McDonald and buy you a Big Mac meal. I wanted to complain but I was afraid because I didn’t know the dude. When Richard got off the car I managed to see him clearly. He was muscular like most of his countrymen. The only difference between him and his

fellow Nigerian was his small shoe size. I wondered if there was a correlation between his shoe size and other sizes on his body. Anyway, I kermitted myself. If South African men built their muscles like Nigerian men they wouldn't be complaining about Nigerian men chowing their women. Hayi we are tired of seeing men with stretch-marked bellies bathong. SunnySide Cofi is normally empty on Friday afternoons, so it was just us and few other people. Maybe it wasn't a bad idea after all. All waitresses and waiters greeted Pulane. They even knew her name. You'd swear she was all over billboards in Pretoria. No wonder she was a veteran student, she was forever out having fun forgetting her books. It's true, veteran student who hold Phd's in first year modules know every club in town, they go to A-lister parties and date popular guys. Richard went outside to answer his phone and that gave me a chance to ask Pulane questions. It's a girl thing, when we see a guy for the first time we develop an urge to wanna know so many things about him. Before I could ask questions I saw a very popular dreadlocked Kaizer Chiefs player entering Cofi. His name is.....eish I forgot his name. But I've seen him couple of times while watching the game with my late dad. I loved his legs shem. Soccer players look great in jeans and golfies. I wanted to run to him to ask for a selfie with him but Pulane told me to sit the hell down. I didn't understand why she did that. I wanted to upload the picture on Facebook to make my haters jealous. Before I could ask Pulane why she did what she did, the player walked straight to our table. I could feel my clitoris pouting at that moment. I got the feeling I normally get when I watch Trey Songz music videos. The player went "Pulane, long time no see. You have been ignoring my calls...why?". Pulane went "after what you did to me, you have the guts to talk to me. Please leave before my man comes back". Soccer players are known to be cowards, he didn't even protest. He left and I got angry at Pulane. She didn't even give me a chance to greet him. I gave her a funny look and she went "relax, he's my on and off boyfriend. We'll see him tomorrow. Tonight we are entertaining Richard and his friends. Richard gets jealous when I talk to other men. He promised to buy me a car, so I don't wanna mess things". WTF, where I come from the most expensive thing a guy can buy for you is lunch at Spur and a card from CNA. A car? Ja maybe South African girls don't go for Nigerians for big dicks as we all thought, they want cars. Well, I got couple of thousands before but a car? Hayi, maybe she had a pussy made of gold and diamond. Or maybe she knew how to dance Y-tjukutja in bed. Never underestimate the power of sex.

Richard came back and asked who was the guy we were talking to. Pulane went "it's some random guy who was trying his luck. I told him to fork off". Richard smiled and gave Pulane a peck on her lips. He ordered cocktails for us and whiskey for him. He kept looking outside like he was expecting someone. I asked him what he did for a living and he mentioned about 20 things....including running 8 colleges, printing company, clubs, a church, salons, boutique etc.

That's Nigerians for you, they don't sleep....they make money. But owning a church and a bottle store is just dodgy nje. Anyway, hustling is hustling. He asked me what I did and I told him what I was studying. He went "that's a good choice hah. You wee waak for me when you done neh?". I said yes with a big smile on my face. We drank for about 3 hours. Richard was such a funny guy. He was telling us about his childhood in Lagos and I couldn't stop laughing. I asked him how he started his businesses and he just told me he raised money, came to South Africa and became rich. His phone rang and he told someone to "get in". Some dude who looked like the late Adeyomi entered. I almost spoiled my g-string with some brown stuff. It was only when I heard his deep voice that I knew he wasn't Adeyomi. But you never know with Nigerians, maybe Adeyomi died and came back with a deep voice. They probably created an App that brings people back. By the way, what happened to [#BringBackOurGirls](#)? Did it expire? The first thing the guy asked before greeting us was "you must be Sharun. I am Sir Chukwu. Did you like da phone?". WTF, the phone was bought by a stranger? Was Pulane trying to auction me to the highest bidder. I was so pissed at her at that moment I wanted to slap her small eyes. Nxa some girls think they run the world. She should have at least told me the phone was bought by some Nigerian. The guy looked at me and went "hey hey don't stress ma loove. Puli wanted to call you da ada day but you didn't have a phone. So I donated one from ma phone shop. I aint trying to buy someting from you. Was just helping a friend's friend. That's all-oooooh". He said that with innocence written all over his face. I wondered where Pulane aka Puli met rich people. I told him I loved the phone big time.

Sir Chukwu went "maybe we should take the party to my house. This place is getting too crowded". Pulane jumped in and went "Shaz, you must see his house. There's a bar and cinema. There's every kind of booze you can think of". To be honest, I wasn't interested in big houses or whatever. Girls who spend most of their time chasing guys with big cars and houses end up with no houses of their own. Imagine sleeping in 200 big houses, big beds in your lifetime only to die in an RDP house. I didn't wanna be that girl that brags about sleeping in big houses and being driven in big cars only to die houseless and big carless. I told myself that my pussy aint a burger that any Tom, Dick and Dumisani could chow anytime. I told Pulane and her Nigerians that I didn't tell Pearl and Marcus that I would be late. So, I wanted to go home. She pulled me outside and went "Shaz, you need to flush this village mentality in the toilet. You are starting to bore me now. These guys are nice to us and this is how you thank them? Come on, it's not like we are going to fuck them or something. I'll give you a pad to put in your panties in case they try their luck. You'll just tell them you are on periods". WTF, was she even listening to herself? I think God was punishing me for whatever reason. I seemed to attract abnormal friends only. Kea acted goody goody only to show me her true colours later on. Maite and Zee were also from another

planet. JT was the only friend who was normal. Maybe God was trying to tell me there's nothing wrong with homosexuals. I told Pulane that I didn't care about her stupid plans, I just wanted to go home. "Look, you are a good friend have been there for me when I started at TUT but bitch please, you don't control my life". Sir Chukwu came to where we were and asked if everything was fine. Pulane told him I wanted to leave and he went "it's cool, let's drive her home. She's probably tired". Wow, I didn't expect him to understand. He actually offered to drive me home. I didn't have a reason to say no. He drove me to Phillip Nel. I asked him to drop me at some block of flats known as The Heights because I didn't wanna risk being seen by Marcus or Pearl. He gave me his business card and told me to call him whenever I needed anything. He didn't even attempt to kiss me. He actually scored coupla points their.

The following morning I was woken by what sounded like Pearl and Marcus fighting. I listened carefully and my name was mentioned couple of times by Pearl. I heard her saying "I can't pretend anymore Marcus. Sharon must go. My hatred for her is reaching abnormal levels and I might end up doing something stupid. I tried to do it for you but I can't anymore. I miss my brother. I don't even know whether he's alive or dead. It's been more than a month since he went to look for.....". I opened their door without knocking and went "what happened to JB? Where is he?". Pearl switched from the screaming bitch to a cool and calm lady. Ja such people are dangerous. I guess she thought I didn't hear them. She went "go to your room baby girl, Marcus and I are just having some disagreement about something". Wow, I was referred to as 'something'. I ran to my room, took a quick shower and changed into jeans and a crop top. I thought of calling JT but I wasn't in a mood of laughing. So I called Sir Chukwu and asked him I was ready to go to his place and that he should wait for me in town. I took a taxi and got off at corner Du Toit and Vermuelen. Sir Chukwu picked me up within 25 minutes. We drove for about 25 minutes to his place. He stayed at a posh suburb of Silver Lakes in the east of Pretoria. Ja Pulane was right, the house was huge. The interior decor looked like something from Top Billing. He made me brunch and after eating he poured some juice for me. I told him I preferred wine and he poured me red wine. I drank 5 glasses within an hour. He was having a beer. Something I noticed about me was that whenever I was pissed my vagina took over the functions of my brain. Sex diluted my problems. You can judge me all you want but that's how I am. Maybe I needed professional help or prayers. I was pissed at Pearl for pretending to love me. I was pissed at Marcus for not telling me what happened to JB. I was pissed at everyone and everything. Sir Chukwu stood up to pour me another glass of wine and I followed him. I was above tipsy but not drunk, I was 'tiprunk'. Before you blame wine, I wasn't even horny but I asked him to kiss me. Damn, nigger was a bad kisser. He kissed me like he was biting another man in a fight. I decided to stop the kissing business and drove my hand to his pants. I touched his manhood and it

was.....

He went “wait, wait....I am .....

WTF.....

THE END

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LETTERS SECTION

Dear Sharon,

I am a man aged 45 from East London. I have been following your story since episode one and I must admit you are a great writer. I have a problem with my manhood. It only erects when I'm with my mistress. My wife is more beautiful than the mistress but I find her less attractive. I love her and don't have any plans to divorce her. I can go for over 5 rounds with my mistress but only 1 is enough with my wife. What tips can you give me to change the way I see my wife?

Thx

Anonymous

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 104

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 15, 2015

**“Alcohol may be man’s worst enemy, but the bible says love your enemy”
– Frank Sinatra**

What a turn off. Naturally women are the ones likely to halt sex to say some useless things. Men are known to be sexual carnivores that would chow anything with a hole between legs and balls on the chest. No offence to flat-chested girls. I am hot and I know it. Most guys gets a hard on by just looking at me. Now I had a nigger there, a Nigerian nogal, had my hand in his castle but the king was still sleeping. He wasn't even sleeping, he was either dead or fainted. Sleeping people

breath, that one felt lifeless. What I mean is, his dick was softer than a sponge we use to wash dishes. My self-esteem suffered a bit right there. I couldn't help it but think the hospital stay stole my shazylicious sexy body. I took my hand out and asked "what the hell is wrong with you now?". He looked at me like he wanted to cry and went "bebe, I tink you should go heh. Dis cun't be right". WTF, why did he agree to pick me up in the first place if he knew he was gonna chase me like a dog suffering from ebola. It's like filling a trolley with grocery only to dump it by the till and leave. I asked him why and he went "aktually, don wan talk bout it". I was like "what kind of Nigerian are you? A Nigerian that fails to ignite the engine? Hayikona, ka mmao Modimo o dira mehlolo. Are you sure you are not from Mpumalanga?". He didn't even laugh, he grabbed his car key and opened the door. Like Mmusi Maimane said, he looked like a broken man. We drove in silence until he went "aktually, whats you saw der is because....ah is because my wife aktually never mind hey". WTF, chinekeeee do single guys still exist? I haven't seen one in ages. What's the use of saying something, stop halfway and say never mind? It's like putting on a condom, muff the girl and when she's all wet and ready for mrengerenge you say 'good night'. Lord have mercy!!!!!!

I told him to drop me at Sunnyside. With the way my day was going retail therapy was the only solution. Every girl knows shopping is the best thing since g-string. I wonder what the therapy for broke ass girls is. It's probably fish and chips. When he dropped me at Esselen Street in Sunnyside he went "aktually, I'm sorry heh. Ngiyaxolisa". Mxm sorry my left foot. Why do Nigerians assume all South Africans are Zulus? I wonder what was up with his wife and it it had anything to do with his dick. She was probably ugly and his dick was traumatised. It happens, some dicks are sissies. I decided to start by making myself more beautiful. I kept natural hair for too long and it was time to pimp myself. The foreigners in Sunnyside know the art of doing hair. There's one I used before and I decided to go there. She normally preferred appointment but I am Sharon Letsoalo, I make things happen. With or without appointment. Luckily when I got there she had just finished doing another girl's hair. The good thing was she had her own weaves. She told me she had a hair supplier, Tsholo from Black Diamond Hair. You can email her if you want virgin hair tmsebata@webmail.co.za. I chose virgin Peruvian weave. I was tired of Brazilian weaves, they are overrated. She was so fast you'd swear there were 3 tokoloshis helping her. I looked in the mirror and saw Miss Universe. Except for Chukwu, all men would have a problem getting their hungry

eyes off me. Mr and Mrs Letsoalo produced a masterpiece shem. I also did my nails, I chose stiletto). After that I called JT. It's fortunate that I knew her number by heart. Maybe it's because it ended with my date of birth, 2405 (24 May). I wanted her to drive me to Menlyn for shopping. Just imagine a beautiful girl arriving at Menlyn in an Inyathi taxi. It would look wrong in all angles. Taxis are girls who do Marabastad weaves. You know those weaves that look like dreadlocks after 2 days lol. JT's phone was off and I got a voicemail. It went "yho yho slyza tsotsi... JT wa bantwana here. Leave your message and gender and ke tla go bhelela. Terms and conditions apply". Lol hayi some voicemails are weird nje. Imagine if a potential employer was calling for an interview. I thought of going to Pulane's flat but it wouldn't be a good idea. If you have a friend that loves fashion and expensive labels, leave her when you go shopping. She will make sure you take staff that are inferior to hers. Especially popular girls like Pulane. She had almost every brand of handbag you can think of. Her Pulane's punani worked for her shem. She was actually a prostitute in disguise. By the way, I'm not talking about Pulane aka maponapona of Twitter fame.

In the absence of a driver I decided to take a maxi taxi. They are so expensive but money wasn't a problem. Like they say, YOLO – you only live once. Shopping in Sunnypark is a waste of shopping, there are few shops there. If you go to Sunnyside clubs on Saturday night you are likely to spot more than 100 girls wearing similar things. Akere they do most of their shopping at Mr Price. I took a maxi taxi near Rhapsody's in Sunnypark. All drivers turned to look at me. The other one was like "jerrrrrrr Le-yellow pounu le le pakile straight. This one o mo ja without a condom". Lol taxi drivers in Pretoria are perverts. They see a sexy girl they they develop a wish to chow her. Their counterparts in Joburg are different, they see a hot chic, they beat her. The driver tried to make a small talk but I wasn't interested. I decided to call my mom but a voice of a man answered. WTF, I asked where my mom was and he "She's sleeping". I hung up because I didn't wanna hear further. My mom was from another planet shem. We almost had an accident because the driver was literally looking at me instead of looking at the road. He went "askies mara if you were a man o be o tla understanda. Gape o senakangwedi seilatsatsi sehlapa ka maswi. Ge nka ja wena nka nona. Ebile nka o nyala same day baloi ba Moletji ba nyele". Lol trust guys from Moletji to ask a girl out like that. I gave him a funny look and told him I only do loaded guys and he went "same to you". Hayi, he was indeed from Moletji. When I got off at Menlyn he said I

shouldn't worry about paying. He gave me his business card. Wow I didn't know taxi drivers have business cards. Menlyn is every girl's heaven. There are so many shops and you get to bump into hot guys. It's not like Carlton Centre where you only see guys that look like they were conceived in the dark. I shopped for full 3 hours. Luckily I didn't have my old phone that notified me whenever I swipped. I was blowing my money fast like Rick Ross..... HAA! I'm a big fan of Guess, shopping is not complete until I buy something from Guess. I decided to go buy a handbag there. I chose a cream-whitish one and the price was also cream-whitish lol, R2800. I didn't care about money, I had R10000 from JB and R5000 from my mom to buy a phone. I felt like a mini-Motsepe. As I was about to give the cashier my card to pay, a voice behind me went "don't worry about paying, I'll cover it".

WTF, small world indeed. The guy behind me was Tsebo Mashatola. Remember the stylish guy who gave me a lift from home couple of weeks ago? It was him offering to pay. Guys have this thing of thinking spending money on girls will make them chick magnets. Anyway, it works on other girls, not me. I prefer to friend-zone big spenders. When you are beautiful with a sexy body like me you'll get a lot of guys wanting to buy you this and that. When you are ugly you have to work hard to get things. No wonder Venda has few malls. I didn't even ask if he was sure he wanted to pay, I put my card back in the purse and let him pay. You could tell money wasn't a problem to him by his dress sense. I'm not good with male labels but I could tell the clothes he was wearing were expensive. He reminded me of TT Scott. Talk of the devil, TT entered the shop. Tsebo was like "he's with me. We came to Menlyn together". Wow there I was with two handsome guys. Even the cashier wished to be me. She looked at TT like she wanted to blow him on the spot. TT was like "ah ah bra o patela bag ya go tura so? Ro nwa ka eng na (bro you are paying such an expensive bag? What are we gonna drink with)? I only spend that much when I'm sure I'm gonna chow, finish and klaar". Ha ha ha ha he was still the TT I met in 2014. A straight talker of note. Tsebo was like "money is not a problem boy. Watch and learn big brother in action". TT gave me a hug and complimented my hair. Tsebo also gave me a hug and complimented my fine ass. Lol I wonder what guys see on our asses. When you are dressed they concentrate on the ass like they gonna chow your chocolate box. When you are undressed they forget about the ass and concentrate on the punani. TT was like "since Tsebo aka Xabi bought you a bag, can I offer to pay for drinks?". Those guys just knew how to up my mood. I even forgot the happiness-miscarriage during the crawling hours

of that Saturday. I took the offer without thinking twice. At least I knew TT wouldn't expect anything in return. He was my friend. If you fail to have sex with a girl in the first 2-3months you might as well give up. They were using Scott's Volvo, so they offered to put my bags in the car so we could go have some drinks at Cubana Menlyn. While walking to the car we bumped into Maite Modika. Hai we love Menlyn for the cool shops but it's like every girl I knew shopped there. She literally screamed when she spotted Tsebo. She was like "Tsebo Mashatola, ke wena mara? Tjo o skraars hun". I grabbed Tsebo's hand and gave him a warm passionate kiss right in front of Maite. I was like...with a model c school twang "babe, we better rush to Cubana. I'm thirsty you know. Menlyn is too crowded hle. Every Tom, Dick and Maite shop here". TT Scott went "kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa hai ouch bo Sharon mrena. Sorry girl, it seems Tsebo is taken. Mara nna I'm not". She was like "I'm not your type buti". He took off his spectacles and went "ag shame, I was just playing ngwanenyana. Obviously I won't share a girl le pensioners. Your skin is so dry is quite obvious they feed you with aged sperm". I laughed until Maite disappeared. TT made my day. Anyone who takes my enemy down a peg is my friend. Tsebo laughed and went "dude, thanks for putting her in her place. She has empty pride that one. Tshaba re fete.... Let's go". Lol boys will always be boys. I didn't even know Tsebo knew Maite. But hey, the bitch was famous for all wrong reasons. They put my bags in the car and we drove to Cubana which was just a stone throw away from the mall.

TT kept his promise. He called round by round. Him and Tsebo were having a Hennessy and I was making love to my pink drinks. The good thing about being in a company of guys is that you get to listen to them talking bullshit about other girls. Obviously they will pull that line "...but wena you are not like them". That's boys for you, when you are not around you'll probably be the topic. TT told us about some girl who was so obsessed with him that she even offered herself to him even though they weren't dating. According to him, he never did anything with her. Whether it's true or not...only him knew lol. Time flies when you are having fun. I didn't even see it getting dark. Around 9pm Pulane and some skinny girl rocked up. She was kinda surprised to see me. She came to our table and gave me a hug. Tsebo was like "Modiiiiimo....I think I should move to Pretoria". He said that while whistling. I gave him a funny look and he gave me a guilty smile. Pulane and her skeleton sat with us. TT asked them what they drink and the skeleton was like "water, I'm on a diet". WTF, she didn't have any flesh but she was on a diet. For

the what? For the why? If she lost another kilo she'd be able to fly. She ordered water with lemon and Pulane ordered a cocktail. After 30 minutes or so Pulane's phone rang. She went outside and came back after 5 minutes. She called me and we walked outside together. She led me to some white Range Rover Sport. She opened the door and told me to get in. I was drunk and following her instructions was kinda funny lol. When you are drunk stupid things feel so good. One look in the car I saw Chukwu. He apologised for what happened earlier blah bla bla blah. When I asked him what was wrong with him he took out some white powder and before he could talk the door of his Range opened and a male voice went...

“Sharon, get out of this car”

Ayeye....WTF

THE END

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## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 105

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 28, 2015

“Be the Ceo of your life” – Zee

At first I thought it was TT or Tsebo, but the voice sounded very unfamiliar. I was kinda shocked because the man I was 100% sure we never met before knew my name. I looked at Chukwu who was still busy with his white powder and asked him what was going on. The man who asked me to get out of the car grabbed my new beautiful weave and grabbed me out of the car. Chukwu did nothing to help me. When I was outside the car my mind wandered all over. I'm not the type of girl you can mess around with and expect to get away with it. You can push or pull a girl with any part of her body but going for an expensive weave is an invitation of Boko Haram on your body. I opened the door and asked the fool why he pulled me like that. He went “because I wanted my man to myself. Pulane told me he's with Sharon in the car”. WTF, Chukwu gay? Jerrrrrr some men are brave. How does one allow a Nigerian cock in their behind? It would probably feel like permanent constipation. If this gay population continues to grow like this by 2030 there won't be any men left. I went “sorry, how can a man be your man?”. He

pointed a finger at me and told me to have respect. I looked behind me to check if there were any obstacles between where I was and the Cubana entrance.

Mmmmmhhh, with God's grace there was no obstacles. It was like a Free Way from Joburg to Bloemfontein. I gathered a Red Bull inspired energy and with maximum force I slapped him on the face. I could tell he experienced some load shedding moment and I used that opportunity to run away. I don't know if it was my shoes or alcohol, I tripped and fell after few seconds. It was at that stage that I thought I had signed my death warrant. Without even looking back I screamed "yhoooooo mama yhoooooo thusang. Gay e ya mpolaya".

I heard "Sharon, what's wrong with you? O nwele bjala ka reverse na?". I looked and it was Tsebo next to me. I quickly stood up and hid behind him. I thought the gay dude was on my tail. I looked to the side of the Range Rover and it wasn't there anymore. Shit, God must ban falling. It's very embarrassing for a girl to fall in public, unless if you are falling in love. Tsebo could see I was shaking with fear and he hugged me. He was such a pervert, instead of hugging my body he went for my fine bum and squeezed em. I don't know why guys love doing that. It's cute when the guy is hot. But when he's ugly it's a nono. You can even have him arrested for sexual harassment. Tsebo stopped hugging me and went "Sharon you are wet. O thapile maan". He sniffed on his fingers as he did that. He was like "ah ah ah things of people straight. It smells like urine. Sharon o rotile?". Nxa his question sounded wrong in many ways. I told him the guy I was with in the car accidentally spilled some Nigerian coffee on me. I had to mention the coffee was Nigerian because most South Africans believe most Nigerian things smell bad. It's actually not true because Nigerian food smell divine. Even the guys smell like they were born in a perfume company. Only those who are aquaphobic will smell badly, irrespective of their nationality. I honestly didn't know how the urine escaped from my locked cake. It was probably because of fear of being beaten. I kissed Tsebo on the forehead and begged him to accompany me to the car to get changed and made him swear it would remain our little secret. He was like "cool but terms and conditions apply". Tsebo had TT's car keys with him, so we headed straight to the car. Luckily I had bought Sissy Boy jeans of the same colour, so no one would notice I changed. I asked Tsebo not to look because I also had to take off my wet g-string. He was like "cool" but I could see he looking at me 'via eye angles'. Expecting a guy not to look when a girl is undressing is like a boy giving a girl his credit card, drop her at a mall and expect her to spend \$10 only. I also changed my

top. Tsebo knocked on the window and asked if I was done. Mxm nigger just wanted to see my fine I assets. Now the problem was what to do with my damp g-string. Ag fu€k, I stuffed it under the seat.

Me and Mr Mashatola walked back to Cubana. I think my drunkenness saved me from embarrassment. Being found on the ground by a guy would be embarrassing for any girl under normal circumstances. Well, being drunk is not normal circumstances. On our way back Tsebo told me I look gorgeous. Wow, that upped my confidence. Guys treat beautiful girls differently from the 'other' girls. I guess if I was ugly he would have taken me a pic and sent it to Facebook just to tell the world an underground aquatic accident happened on me. Once again, my looks saved me. He was like "next time we should go out without crowd, just the 2 of us". I don't know why but I found myself laughing at what he said. It wasn't a joke but it was funny. I guess that's what happens when one is drunk. He continued "as long as you promise your ABS brakes down there will be in good condition". Ouch that was below the belt. I didn't see it coming. I showed a serious face and he laughed. When we got to Cubana the thin bitch who claimed to only drink water was having some Ciroc Vodka. Mxm talk about 2-faced chihuahua. 'Nywe nywe nyweee diet diet ya masepa nxa'. She was probably trying to act goody goody to score points from the guys. Some girls can act shem. I have seen girls acting like Jesus' little sisters in front of pastors just to impress them. Bullshit, you must be yourself wherever, whenever regardless of who you are with. Well, except for when you are with people who give you money. If you don't give me money, middle finger up to you. TT and Pulane were cosyng up to each other like they have been friends forever. That's what I liked about TT and Tsebo, they were so sociable. Maybe I should name my first-born son some T-name. Not Terence or Thabang though, I don't want my son to be a slow learner. All Thabangs and Terences were slow learners at school. I asked Miss Skinny-Kinny why she was drinking from my glass and sitting on my chair. She was like "duh dhweee is it written your name on it. Don't come here with your voet voet nonsense?". I was like "no it's written your mother and grandmother's names nxa". TT calmed me down before I could go all Floyd Mayweather on her. After an hour or so TT and Pulane disappeared. They didn't even tell us where they were going. So it was just me, Miss Skinny-Kinny and Tsebo. Tsebo was sitting right next to me telling me drunk sweet-nothings. You know when we are drunk we love sweet-nothings. A seemingly bored Miss Skinny-Kinny went "sorry, am I invisible? You have been

ignoring me since Pulane left with that charmer dude”. I didn’t even look at her, I was like “maybe if you added some meat on those bones you’d be visible. Now sit down and stop whining like a pregnant pig in its first trimester”. Lol I didn’t even know where that came from. I’ve never seen a pregnant pig. Tsebo laughed like he had just inhaled Nitrous Oxide. It made me feel good that he laughed at my punchline. When a guy who’s giving you attention laughs when you make fun of other girls, it makes you feel good. It’s called ‘Elimination of Competition (EoC)’. One of the things I learnt from the University of Zeeism.

TT and Pulane came back after what seemed like 5 hundred and 2 thousand and hundred and one and 2 hours. Those who follow president Jacob Zuma will know what I mean. Pulane was all smiles like a girl who just got kissed by a celebrity. Bitches be going like “Celebrity XYZ kissed and made love to me”. Mxm get out of here slut, you threw yourself at him and he chowed you. He doesn’t even remember your name. Now sit down and stop boasting about masepa. That’s what I always wish to tell them lol. Back to Pulane and TT. Nigger had a look....you know that look mos, the ‘Yes Yes Yes’ look we normally see from guys after a session of mrenyelation. Well, if you do it in the dark you wouldn’t know it. I decided to mind my own business and not ask questions. Tsebo sniffed TT’s fingers and went “kwi kwi kwi kwi kwi you are the dawg mchana”. Lol I don’t know why guys do that. Hayi Men will always be Boys. We drank our last round and decided to leave. I don’t remember who paid the bill and I didn’t care. Pulane passed out in the car within a minute. Maybe it was because of the vitamin D she got, if she got it of course. Miss Skinny-Kinny asked TT to drop her at her boyfriend’s place. She called him and said he must wait at the gate. Luckily he stayed in Brooklyn which was not far from Menlyn. I almost died with shock when I saw who was waiting at the gate. Nigger was 20 times bigger than the girl. Shit, for him to be on top of that skinny girl constituted a criminal offence according to me, Assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm. Actually, attempted murder would be more suitable. Some guys are cruel shem. After dropping her we drove to Sunnyside. When we got to the gate at Pulane’s flat Tsebo was like “I think we gonna have to crash here. Our driver is too drunk to drive home....nxa I mean too drunk to drive home”. TT wanted to say he was still strong enough to drive but Tsebo interrupted “mchana, think for other kids asseblief ki ki ki ki”. I knew exactly what he meant. We woke Pulane and all staggered to her flat. She threw herself on the couch and passed out within 2 seconds. TT threw himself on the bed

and started snoring. I looked at Pulane and she looked so beautiful and innocent. I still wanted to ask her why she let me go to her friend's Range when she knew his boyfriend was there. Tsebo looked at me and went "ssssooo!!!!". I looked back at him and went "eish wait, I need to go to the bathroom. I wanna change my tampon. Nxa I hate periods". I don't know if I was imaging things or what, but I think I heard TT who was snoring going "kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa she's lying yhuuuuwiiii". I quickly ran to the bathroom, locked myself and did number 1. Obviously I wasn't on periods. Thinking of it, I had not seen normal periods in months after my attempted suicide and miscarriage cum abortion which was starting to worry me. Guess what, I passed out in the bathroom. Nxa alcohol can turn a person into a fool shem. I walked back to the bedroom and there was a snoring competition, Snoring Idols Season 1 lol. TT and Tsebo were sleeping drunkily peacefully on the bed, wit a one metre space between them. With my clothes on, I calmly threw myself between them and retired to lala land. I had a funny dream. I was changing gears of a very huge truck in my dream. I wonder what it mean. Khorombi will translate it for me.

In the morning when we woke up the guys were gone already. My bags were still in TT's car. Thank God I had his digits. Pulane took a bath and told me to the same. I asked her why so early and she was like "duh, it's Sunday. We are going to church sesi". Shit, all girls in Sunnyside are like...programmed. They fill clubs and pubs on Saturday night. Come Sunday morning they all go to churches and act all goody goody in front of the congregation. Even the girl who was so drunk to a point of forgetting her mother's name would be the one leading the church choir the following Sunday. I bathed and Pulane lent me her dress. We went to some church in Hatfield. The pastor preached about being thankful. He read 1 Thessalonians 5:18 – "Give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you". I felt like he was talking to me. Many people helped me but I have never said thanks. The Mbowenis gave me a place to stay for free but I've been a bit disrespectful to them. The way I left the previous day was uncalled for. I should have sat with them and tried to iron things out instead of throwing a tantrum. After church I told Pulane I was heading home, Phillip Nel Park that is. You see why we need God in our lives? He shows us the way. I took a taxi to Phillip Nel Park. I found myself playing Gospel music on my phone. I was anointed by the holy spirit. Praise the Lord!!!!!! When I got to the house the X5 was parked outside. I smiled because it meant they were indoors. When I got inside

Marcus was sitting on the couch drinking what looked like whiskey. I sat down and greeted him. He looked drunk. He told me Pearl was at church and it was only him in the house. I took a deep breath and went “uncle Marcus.....”

He stood up and came to sit next to me. He said “Babe girl, now that it’s just me and you in the house I might as well tell you this. I Love You and .....

Booooooommmmm!!!! WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 106

BY [SHAZ](#) · APRIL 29, 2015

“You only live once” – Unknown

The phrase I love you is not something you can just play around with. It can make or break a girl. Many guys use it just to get in the undies of an unsuspecting victim. A guy says I love you and we just melt nje. When uncle Marcus said those words instead of melting my feet froze. In fact my whole body froze except for my punani. I have a very romantic pussy bathong, it loves beautiful words. Before he could continue his phone ran and it gave me a short relief. He was like “Madzala Mboweni what do you want? I’ll call you later. Bye”. Lol Madzala was the skinny nigger I met at my father’s funeral. Marcus who was getting very serious sat even closer to me. He went “give me your hands”. I reluctantly gave him my hands and he held them with his strong manly hands. He looked at me in the eyes and repeated it, “I love you. I love you from the bottom of my heart “. It was a bit uncomfortable but part of me was getting excited. Actually, I had noticed few weeks ago that he wasn’t happy with Pearl. She was becoming bossy and a nagster. I looked at Marcus with puppy eyes and smiled like Rachel Kunutu after the first kiss from Kwaito of Skeem Sam fame. I wondered if it was him or the whiskey talking. He stood up and went to the bedroom. He came back with his one hand in the pocket and I knew he was going to propose. I quickly got off the couch and ran towards the main door. I love you is I love you. But a married man proposing is a bad luck. Unless if you want to be like the Mukwevho brides in Muvhango.



The door opened before I could even touch it. It was Pearl who had just come back from church. She was in high spirits. I think husbands should no longer celebrate when their wives come home happy after a church service. Ever heard of Pastor Zondo? Well, Google 'Zondo Video' if you don't know him. Many churches have his kind. She might be smiling because she was Zondofied. Pearl asked why I was breathing heavily and I told her the stairs made me tired. Pearl told me to go sit down because they wanted to talk to me. WTF, I wasn't going to be Marcus' second wife even if they gave me the X5. I decided to sit down and listen to them. Marcus started by quoting 1 Corinthians 15:33 "Do not be deceived: "Bad company ruins good morals". WTF, it sounded very wrong coming from a person who had a glass of whiskey next to him. He continued "like I said earlier before Pearl came in, I love you and want what's best for you. I love you as a daughter to me". Ouch, WT-Love....I got my wires crossed. Eish I was embarrassed but didn't wanna show them. They gave me a lecture about morals and whatever shit. It was only when Marcus told me to stay away from Pulane that I almost told him to fly a kite in Sebokeng. The very same Pulane is the chick I first met in his office. Now that she was too busy for him she was a bad girl. Nxa men think they run the world. Marcus told me they discussed some issues with my mom and going forward I'll have to report my every move to him. He told me he wanted my timetable to check my classes so that he could monitor me. Pearl was busy nodding as her husband set those rules for me. I felt like they wanted to treat me like the girl who killed Flabba. Ja 2015 is not the year of yellow bones. If you had plans to bleach yourself, put it on hold until further notice. After the lecture they called my mom to tell her all went well. Mxm what is 'all'? Pearl told me that she'd be going away for a week for work related stuff. She begged me to be take care of the house because Marcus would be busy. I nodded. I wanted to ask about JB but my question was suppressed.

I went to my bedroom, knelt down and prayed. "God please protect me from the boring life ahead. Amen". I called TT to tell him I forgot my plastics in his car. He promised to drop them the following day. I decided to call Selfie's mother. I had a habit of calling her whenever I felt a bit under the weather. She was so happy shem. She was like "oh my kids. How are you mara? It's good to see your voice again hle". I could hear Selfie crying in the background. Selfie's mom went "Selfie, Selfie stop sound maan. You see mama is calling nxa. Take and talk ". I think she handed him the phone. Talking with a kid on the phone is the most

beautiful thing ever. You just go “nana nana nana. Punju punju tiki tiki nu nu nu “. Selfie went “papa dada”. Wow he referred to me as papa or daddy. Mr Nkuna in the background went “asks when are you came home with simbas”. I hung up. May God Bless Selfie. Pearl called me to come help with the cooking. I was not in a mood but I just pretended to be happy. We cooked while Marcus was reading his City Press and watching news on eNCA. Maybe women should start paying lobola so we can also enjoy the benefits. After cooking we ate and played happy family. After eating me and Pearl watched Big Brother Mzansi. I’m really not a fan of that thing. It’s like peeping through your neighbour’s window to check what him and his family are doing. I love Our Perfect Wedding. I wouldn’t take my wedding there though, I want my wedding to be shown on Top Billing. Dear Future Husband, take note.

The Mbowenis retired to bed and I continued with TV. All of a sudden I heard Pearl screaming from the bedroom. Before I could run to help I heard “ah ah ah mmmmmhhh oh babe”. Mxm some people need screaming tips tjoh. Wooden Mic screaming in the bedroom is a nono. Maybe Marcus went harder on her because she was leaving. If men had an option of asking their wives to leave the pussy behind when they go somewhere, I’m sure 90% would consider it. Yho just imagine leaving your pussy with someone like the late Adeyomi, it would look like mogudu when you come back. Leaving it with Dumi would only have 0.00002% damage on it. I decided to go to my bedroom and had my earphones on, on full blast. I didn’t wanna hear their shit. It was unfair of them to do that so loudly, especially after that long culture. It’s like your bishop telling you not to eat pork only for him to fry bacon right next to you. Maybe it was time to buy my own Denzel and call him Trey. I decided to check Facebook to keep myself busy. I had 3 inboxes. One from nigger who had been sending me inboxes for over 3 years without me replying. Some niggers don’t get it shem. The next one was from some Meriam Johnson who wanted me to email her. Mxm I hate those kinda inboxes. The last one was from Zee who was fuming she couldn’t get hold of me on my cell. Luckily she left her number. I called her immediately. I expected her to snap but she sounded happy to hear from me. She told me she was at Industrial Shisanyama in Sunnyside with some friends having fun. I told her I was under house arrest and she laughed. She went “after so many months of teaching you, you are still a fool. What a waste”. Zee was a straight talker, if she believed you are a fool she’d tell you straight. I explained my situation to her and she went

“listen and listen carefully. Wait for them to sleep and sneak out. Take your running shoes and clothes and put them in your handbag. I’ll come within an hour or so. Don’t disappoint me”. Zee was like that bully at High School that expected everything to go her way. She didn’t even wait for me to explain further and she hung up. I took off my earphones and tiptoed to the main bedroom’s door. There was no any sound. I guess they were tired after those screaming sessions. I tiptoed back to my bedroom.... stuffed leggings, vest and light running shoes in my handbag. I changed into jeans, t-shirt and white All Star sneakers. Oh yes, I go with the flow. White All Star sneakers are the in-things. If you don’t have them, find yourself a sugar daddy. As I was dressing I noticed some red spots on my pantyliner. Shit, I was finally seeing my periods. It wasn’t something to celebrate but I was happy. Maybe lying to Tsebo about it triggered em. I chose a pad over tampons. You know those ones with wings that tickles you if you don’t place them well. I waited for Zee’s call. She sent an sms to tell me she was 3 houses from my house. She reminded me to make sure my bed looked as if someone was sleeping. I tiptoed like a cheetah going for a sleeping rabbit. Opened the door as quietly as possible and boooommmmm....I was free.

Guess who the hell Zee was with in the car, Mr Masemola and Fats. Gosh, did she really have to resurrect those dinosaurs? I wanted to go back but Mr Masemola begged me not to. I was actually looking forward to meeting new faces, not expired faces. She asked me if I didn’t forget my running gear. I wonder what was the aim of the running gear. Maybe there was a Comrade Marathon in Sunnyside. Anything is possible that side of Pretoria. When we got to Industrial Shisanyama it was so packed you’d swear it was not a Sunday. I almost puked when I saw Maite sitting on Never-die’s lap. Ag you see why I don’t go to Industrial Shisanyama on Sundays anymore? It’s like half the population of Pretoria goes there on Sunday. Maite saw me and waved. I showed her the middle finger. I was with Zee and felt safe. We drank and drank until my stomach couldn’t take it anymore. I must admit, I had fun that night. Fats and Mr Masemola didn’t even try to score some from me. Around 12am there was a fight. I looked closely and it was Maite and some chick fighting for Never-die. The girl was like “ke ngwanyana wa Pheli, o tla nkitsi pila kajeko. Ke monna wa ka o”. She grabbed an empty bottle and went psatlaaaaa on Maite’s head. The next thing there was blood all over. I couldn’t help it but found myself smiling. I was happy they dealt with her. Fats said we should leave because it wasn’t safe anymore. Ja fat guys are afraid of violence shem. As we passed next

to the bottle girl I shouted “finish her off”. Zee found it funny. We drove to some house in Danville. I was glad I wasn’t far from home. The house looked like no one stayed there. It smelled of emptiness. The fridge and the bar were full though. It was probably one of their shag pads. We drank until the wee hours of Monday morning. I could tell Zee was hungry for a dick. She kept putting her hand in there to play with herself. She actually suggested we steal the car and visit some guys in Hatfield. I said no and she was like “come lick me then”. Lol I’ve never seen a crazy biach like Zee bathong.

We both passed out and when we woke up it was around 6am. Shit Marcus was definitely going to kill me. I woke Zee up and she told me to leave her alone. I screamed in her ears and told her it’s 6am. She was like “stooooooooopppp that bitch. Put on your running gear”. I was like “are you mad? You want me to run home?”. She went “are you mad? Do as I say and stop whining like a girl”. Hawu bathong, aren’t I a girl? I put on my running gear on and after that walked to the car. The 2 dinosaurs were still snoring. She started the engine and told me to get in. When we got to the traffic circle next to the Phillip Nel post office she told me to get off and run home. I was like “WTF why?”. She told me “so that when they ask you where you were, you can simply say you went for an early morning jog”. Oh, I actually never saw it like that. Zee was a genius. She was like “make sure you sweat sweetie”. My head was heavy and I was still drunk. But I jogged like nobody’s business.

Just few houses’ my house I saw 2 police vans and an ambulance.

WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 107

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 4, 2015

“Perversion is just another form of art. It’s like painting or drawing or sculpting. Except instead of paint, us perverts use sex as our medium” – CM Stunich

The scene reminded me of what I saw when I went home to find an ambulance parked at the gate. I was sweating from the jogging and hangover. I kept asking

myself what transpired. Marcus didn't look like the type that would beat a wife to an ambulance state. And Pearl didn't look like the type that would hurt Marcus. Maybe Marcus sexed her harder and tore her pussy. He was a Tsonga guy after all. I decided to be brave enough to walk there. Pearl, Marcus and some people who looked like neighbours were there watching everything. Shit, Zee's plan would pass under such circumstances. I walked straight to Pearl and asked her what was going on. She was shocked to see me because she expected me to be in the bedroom sleeping. She went "and then? Where were you?". I smiled and said "hawu, can't you see? I went jogging. I want a body like yours. I mean at your age you still have a body of an 18 year old". My words defocused her detective tendencies. She beamed with joy and told me if I really wanted a body like hers I should jog more often. Lol I almost laughed because my body was 20 times more hot than hers. I asked about the ambulance and cops again and she told me that there was a shootout between cops and some criminals less than an hour ago. Apparently they shot one of the tsotsis. She went "you probably missed the shoot out by few minutes. You know what, I'll pay gym for you. Go register at the one in Sterland. Most students work out there".

As the paramedics were carrying the tsotsi on a stretcher to the ambulance. I decided to catwalk to the house. As I passed next to the ambulance I heard 'phaaaaaa' behind me. The perverted male paramedics who were carrying the tsotsi accidentally dropped him because they were probably looking at my ass. A police dog in one of the cop cars went 'mmmmeeewwwe'. Now I understand what they mean when they say 'men are dogs'. Just next to the gate another neighbour-looking guy whistled and went "My name is Peter. I stay at house number 4 from here. I am a qualified engineer and..... ". He didn't finish what he wanted to say. Some woman who was standing few metres away went "Peter mogatsaka, let's go back to the house. NOW". I quickly walked to the house before someone went Sea Lion on me. I only noticed Marcus was walking behind me when I tried to close the door. A short peep on his pants I saw a huge marquee. Lol men are dogs indeed. I went to my bedroom and called Zee to give her a report. I told her about the stretcher accident, the police dog, Peter and Marcus' marquee. We both laughed so hard you'd swear we were high. Zee went "my friend, I'm putting on my torn leggings now now. I'm coming there. I wanna cause havoc with high grade". I hung up and decided to take a nap. My bed was so cold you'd swear an ugly couple had just had sex on it.

Few minutes in my struggle to snooze, Pearl came to my bedroom. She reminded me that as per the discussion we had the previous day, she was going away on work purposes and made me promise I'd behave like a good girl. I made a cross on my heart and promised I'll be the sweetest girl ever. She said "good girl. And another favour, please call me whenever Marcus is not at home after 21h00 or if you hear funny sounds in the bedroom. You'll understand when you grow up". I smiled and promised I'll be her James Bond...at a cost. She laughed and promised to send something later. I gave her a high five and she left. Making money is Gauteng is so easy shem. I was becoming Sharon Money Mayweather Letsoalo without working lol. I decided not to go to attend classes that day, my body was just tired nje. Pearl came to say goodbye buy and told me she'll send the parcel later. Marcus left for work and I was all alone in the house. I decided to take the real nap but notifications on my phone kept disturbing me. My periods were misbehaving, I ended up struggling to sleep. I decided to call Zee to come. She told me Fats and Mr Masemola left her at the house and she was bored. I told her to catch a taxi and tell the driver via Normal Eaton Avenue. She remembered the place because she once visited me after my discharge from hospital. She asked if the ambulance and police were still there and she was disappointed when I said no. Lol she wanted to cause havoc. After talking to Zee my friend Pulane called to tell me I'll find her at the bus terminals. She wanted me to meet some guy. I told her I wasn't feeling well. She asked if Marcus was at work and I told her to call him. I was not going to play middle man between Marcus and Pulane nxa. And again, I was on Pearl's payroll. She reminded me to bring back her dress. I was like "duh, it's not like I'm gonna eat it. It's just a Mr Price dress mxm". I don't know why she had to remind me because I knew I had to take it back. Hayi Bushbuckridge tendencies.

When Zee called to tell me she was at the door I went downstairs to open for her. She looked like a victim of an earthquake. She was like "don't give me that look sferb. Yes I didn't bath or apply make-up". She looked funny without make-up and her hair looked like she had just had some kinky session with a dicklet. You know guys with small dicks will pull your hair just to make sure you have at least one pain on your body. If they can't give you pain in the pussy, they'll cause it on the heard. If a girl is bald, chances are the boyfriend has a dicklet. May God bless Dumi aka Mdu's father... hawu hawu hawu hawu. I gave her my travel toiletries and told her to bath and beautify herself because I didn't feel safe around her. She

looked like a horror movie actress. As soon as she was done bathing and fixing her hair we sat in the lounge and started gossiping. Monday gossip is the best. Pulane called again to tell me there was a guy she wanted me to meet. I told her to bring him to church on Sunday. I was just being sarcastic nje. She wanted to turn me into a hoe. She was testing her pimpres skills on me. Mxm unRoger that!!!! After the call there was a knock at the door. Now I see why white people lock their gates all the time, they avoid uninvited visitors. When I opened it was the guy I had seen earlier, Peter from the 3rd or 5th house. WTF, what did he want? I asked him what he wanted and he went "well...as a matter of fact, the thing is..uhm actually the fact of the matter...". I rolled my eyes and told him to talk or f#cken voetsek. I didn't have time to play games with perverted neighbours. Have you noticed how guys with biblical names are the biggest perverts on earth? Moses, John, Peter, Aron, Abraham, Judas, Paul, Solomon etc. Look around your area and you'll know what I'm talking about. They gave them wrong names. They should have named them after the names of Day of our Lives actors. He went "well, I saw Marcus leaving and I just came to check if everything is fine. You know what I mean....?". I told him "no I don't know what you mean mrena". The machine gun in his pants had cocked and seemed ready for a battle. I smiled and asked him "konje you said you are an engineer right?". He went "yes yes yes yes, a qualified one with honours and studying towards my Masters" with confidence. I was like "maybe you should apply your engineering skills on your dick. It seems to have a mechanical problem". I closed the door in his face.

Zee was dead with laughter. She asked who I was talking to and I told her some pervert from the neighbourhood. She was like "I love the way you handled him. You learn very fast my girlie". Lol she said that as if she was 10 years older than me. We continued with our gossiping. I was lazy to do house chores. There was no rush because Marcus was only coming back after 16:00. Don't judge me, most girls will relate. We only wash dishes around 16h00 knowing it's time for mommy to come back. Well, that day gods were not on my side. Marcus came back around 14h00 because 'he was tired'. Being educated is a plus bathong. When you are tired you just knock off whenever you want. Go to school fellows, it's important. He remembered Zee and greeted her with a hug. He asked me to prepare him something to eat because he was starving. Yho he was treating me like a deputy Pearl. While I was busy in the kitchen him and Zee were busy talking and laughing. Zee only laughed like that when she was charmed. You know that 'hi hi

hi eish wena mara' laughter? After preparing food I dished up for uncle Marcus. Nigger only ate like 15% and said he was full. I was offended them. Naturally, Zee found it funny. She whispered to me "hope he's not a 15% guy in bed ha ha ha ha". He went to his bedroom after eating. Around 18h00 Zee wanted to leave but I convinced her to sleep over. She agreed and helped me to prepare supper. After eating we watched soapies. Marcus was watching with us. He loved Muvhango like nobody's business. We all know why, Matshidiso. Zee started yawning non-stop. I asked if she wanted to share a bed with me or preferred the guest room. She chose the guest room because apparently I snore a lot. We did our 'good nights' and all retired to bed. Around midnight a call woke me up. It was Pearl asking if Marcus was at home. I told her yes and she hung up. Hayi bitches who don't trust their husbands!!! I don't know why but I was wet underground. I wondered why cause I didn't even have a '50 Shades' dream. I decided to go tell Zee about Pearl's call. I thought maybe a little gossip would dry me underground. Zee's room was locked. That was a bit weird but I walked back to my room. I woke up around 8am the following morning. Marcus had already gone to work. Zee was in the lounge singing "oh happy day". She sounded very happy. Maybe the bed in the guest room was very comfortable. I had a 10:30am class that morning. So I took a very quick bath. As I was about to get dressed Zee called my name and quickly asked me to come downstairs. I quickly ran downstairs, with just a g-string on. My periods were very lighter.

Shit, one look...HE was standing there....

WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 108

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 6, 2015

"To say that one waits a lifetime for his soulmate to come around is a paradox. People eventually get sick of waiting, take a chance on someone, and by the art of commitment become soulmates, which takes a lifetime to perfect" – Criss Jami

When you are indoors with a female relative or friend it's quite normal for us girls to walk naked in the house. I don't know about men. Apparently the ones with big



underground structures don't mind. Mr Masemola looked like he had just seen something from heaven. He didn't even blink or move his head. It was like he was watching a porn movie and didn't wanna miss a second. Sometimes I think men have extra sexual organs, the eyes. It's like they shag you with their eyes. Maybe government should consider introducing eye condoms. I turned like a gusheshe and ran back to the bedroom. I might have brushed his belly before but I didn't expect him to be there to see my precious assets. I wondered what the hell on earth he was doing in Marcus' house that early. Mxm it was obvious though, the bitch called Zee invited him over. I got dressed like in 3 minutes. I wanted to show Zee she wasn't the 'starring' she thought she was. The little she could have done was to tell me her ugly boyfriend was downstairs. She didn't even know Marcus that well but already she was bringing men in his house. Some girls do not know where to put or full stop, actually she didn't even know where to put a comma. Imagine if Pearl walked in and found my friend with another man in her house. She would probably think I turned her house into a free motel. I looked all over the bedroom looking for a weapon. The only things I could find was a toothbrush. Mxm houses of rich people are such a bore. If I was in some village house I would have found a moria of weapons under the bed. If you don't believe me you must check what black South African men carry when they are on strike. I decided to take one of my heels and headed downstairs. I wanted to show both Zee and Mr Masemola marago a noga.

Booommmm, Marcus entered the house the same time I set my foot downstairs. Jerrrrrr his habit of coming home early since his wife left was becoming a bore. I still had the shoe and my hand ready for action. Now with Marcus in the picture I had to change my game plan. Marcus went "who is this man and what is he doing in my house so early in the morning?". Zee went silent like she had just seen the ghost of Osama bin Laden. I expected her to talk because because Mr Masemola was there for her. I told Zee to answer Marcus' question. She looked at him with a huge smile and went "he's Sharon's friend. He knocked and I opened the door. I don't know what he wants". What???? I waited for about 10 seconds to give her a chance to say "I'm just kidding". She didn't, she kept a serious face and stood by what she said. Marcus didn't look angry at what Zee said. He just said "Sharon, I know you are an adult but please meet your friends outside my house. Pearl wouldn't be impressed if she was here. And please go for men your age". Tears, anger and hatred gathered in my head in less than 2 seconds. I found myself on top

of Zee hitting her with my shoe. Marcus and Mr Masemola managed to separate us. Nxa I was tired of acting like a kid in front of her. It made her feel in charge. Just because a lion smiled at an impala doesn't mean the impala is the new king of the jungle. Nxa how could she tell such a green lie in front of me. Marcus was like "heyi chill Sharon. I won't tell Pearl. Just tell this guy to leave my house". Mr Masemola spoke for the first time "sorry to disrespect you sir. I was not told this house belongs to another man. Actually, Zee is the one who called me to fetch her. She left some of her stuff at my place". Wow I felt like kissing Mr Masemola at that stage. Marcus looked at Zee and the bitch was trembling with fear. I didn't know people like her were capable of shaking. I handed him the shoe to beat the hell out of the liar. Instead of beating her Marcus looked at Masemola and went "dude, you have the guts to come to my house. Who the hell do you think you are. An old man like you going after kids?". He punched Mr Masemola so hard there was beetroot oozing from his big nose. I didn't understand his anger. He never mentioned mang-mang dating kids when Zee lied that Mr Masemola was there for me. Why go all aggro and violet because the guy was there for Zee? I decided to leave the circus and go back to my room. I had a class at 10h30 and didn't wanna miss it. I could still hear them arguing from the bedroom. Hayi bo-Zee mrena. I wondered why Marcus reacted that way. It was like she was his vice Pearl.

I changed the fighting gear I had on and wore normal clothes. I didn't wanna look like a female Chuck Norris in class. I heard the sound of a car outside, I was not Marcus', it was obviously Mr Masemola's. He probably lost the battle and left. I hoped he left with that whore or else I would design a mo-hawk on her pussy with a kitchen knife. I looked through the window and only saw Marcus' German machine. I looked at the mirror and twerked for 30 seconds. I feel sorry for girls with thin asses, when they try to twerk you can hear bones crying for mercy lol. I heard Marcus slamming his bedroom door and laughed. Lol nigger behaved as if Zee was his girlfriend. Hayi maybe they did something I knew nothing about. I took my bag and left. I was surprised to see Zee's shoes next the couch she was sitting on earlier. Lol she probably left in a rush. There's a gate to TUT from the Phillip Nel Park side but I was lazy to use it. Most students who stay at The Heights use it. I decided to wait for a taxi. I walked via Morkel Street towards the main taxi road. It was nice for a change to be that girl that walks. Just when I passed the small street that leads to The Heights, a BMW GT stopped and the driver lowered the window. WTF, it was Peter. I don't mean to judge but he didn't

strike me as the BMW type, he looked more like the Toyota Corolla type. He offered me a lift and I said no. He promised he will just be my chauffeur for a day, nothing more and I still rejected his offer. Luckily a taxi popped and I jumped in. Mxm men who drive beemers think we are incapable of saying no.

When I got off just before the TUT main gate nigger was right behind the taxi. He followed the taxi until it got to TUT. He practically begged me to let him drop me inside the campus. I wanted to say no but I was scared he would cause a scene. Some guy who was sweeping the area next to the security main house was like “nxa bana ba TUT ke masepa fela. You’d swear when they were born their parents made them drink petrol. Hayi the way they love guys who drive....no maaan”. I wanted to give him a piece of my mind but couldn’t do so in front of Peter. When you are inside such cars you must behave accordingly. Unlike when you are in a Picanto when you can lower the window and swear like you grew up in Qwa Qwa. Yes Basotho can swear for days. As soon as the security guys opened the boom gate for us I asked why he was stalking me. He was like “stalking is not the right word. I just followed you because I wanted to get to know you”. I looked at him and went “ok, my name is Sharon Letsoalo. I was born and raised in Ga-Kgapane. I stay with my uncle Marcus. I don’t date guys with Biblical names, I don’t date stalkers, I don’t date married men, I don’t date guy 10 years older than me. Finally, I’m not virgin”. He laughed for about 30 seconds. What a turn off. He probably didn’t have a comeback. Maybe he was one of those guys who use their cars and wallets to think. He went “let me cut my story short, yes I am married but no happily so. I want you to be my girlfriend. I promise I’ll take care of you. Actually, my days as a married man are numbered. If you say yes now I will start with divorce process right now. Maybe you are the key I have been waiting for. I mean, did you see my wife yesterday? She’s too ugly for me.....”. There was a stationary car in front of us, so he stopped and I used the opportunity to get off his car. He shouted “Charmaine, Charmaine come back please. I’m not done”. I looked back and said “Charmaine ke mmao jou moer”. Nxa what the hell did he think he was? I mean, how can you badmouth your wife in front of a kid you hardly knew? For all we know that wife probably dated him when when he had nothing. Now that he was well off and driving the latest German machine she was ugly. Men like that piss me off.

Pulane appeared from nowhere and the first thing she asked was about the BMW guy. WTF, it was like she was stalking me. I told her he's just some guy who offered me a lift. She wanted more details and I told her "what details because I just told you he offered me a lift". Hayi some girls can't control their clitoris when they see German cars bathong. You'd swear she had just seen my hubby Floyd Mayweather. We walked to the class and I spent 90% of my time chatting with JT on Whatsapp. I missed my friend hey. She told me she was busy with some project but would pick me up after my last class. The second and last class was interesting because the lecturer was hot. He looked Brazilian. I'd eat him raw like sushi anytime of the day. After my class I called JT to ask if she was still coming. She went "bofa lephondo sfebe, ka landa nou nou. Wait for me at the gate. I don't wanna bump into some skaftin inside the campus". Lol JT and skaftins. The best way to enjoy a friendship with a lesbian is to friendzone them. Otherwise she will be a pest on your ass. Pulane said she'd go to my crib with me because she wanted her dress. I knew it was just an excuse to see Marcus. Before I could even say no she was like "I know Marcus' wife is not around. I just want my dress nje. Nothing more, nothing less". Men are fools, Marcus definitely told her Pearl was out of town. When I get married I'm gonna install cameras in my house just to prevent my hubby from doing silly things. We walked to the gate and found JT waiting for us. As always she was playing her kwaito – Troompies to be exact. I kissed her on the lip and she was like "eh dintshang? O tsogile ka right today? Uzovusa ipipi yam' ha ha ha ha (eh what's up? You woke up happy today heh? You'll give me a hard on)". That was funny. She spoke as if she had a dick. She looked at Pulane and went "sfebe se looks familiar. Aren't you the girl that had a girl-on-girl sex video that went viral in 2013?". Pulane denied it and JT was like "oright. But she looks like you. I used to use that video go skomora (to wank)". Lol hayi things JT said. We drove to my place and JT was telling me what she has been up to since the last time I saw her. When we got home I was surprised Zee's shoes had disappeared. Marcus probably threw them away. Pulane was like "I'm coming now". She headed straight to Marcus' room. She knew exactly where it was. JT was like "mogwanthi o ga a na di brick straight. How are you? Unjani mara huh"?

Within a minute I heard loud screaming from Marcus' bedroomm

Ayeye.....WTF

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 109

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 8, 2015

“In this life, we have to make many choices. Some are very important choices. Some are not. Many of our choices are between good and evil. The choices we make, however, determine to a large extent our happiness or our unhappiness, because we have to live with the consequences of our choices” – James E Faust

My dad once told me, when people ignore your advice and act without thinking, give them a rope to hang themselves. I told Pulane it was a bad idea to come to Marcus' house with she just ignored me like some fool. You can date a married man but going to his house knowing the wife stays there is very disrespectful. I know I have done it before but I'm older and wiser now. Similarly, a married who takes his side chick to his house is equally a fool. Your bedroom should be a Mecca of your relationship, not play ground for your and your sluts. I switched my camera on and waited for action. Within a moment I went “light, camera ....and action”. Pulane came out of the room running like a Moroka Swallows player. I was recording the whole thing. She ran down the stairs so fast you'd swearing she was acting as a stuntman in some Drunken Master Chinese movie. If I wasn't with her in class earlier I'd think she had an overdose of Red Bull. Marcus was running behind whipping her with a belt. He kept insulting and calling her all sort of things, from hooker to a wheelbarrow. I'd commit suicide if the guy I'm riding compared me to a wheelbarrow. He basically meant she had a big hole. He grabbed her neck and pushed her outside the house. Actually he pushed her outside the yard. She was like “Marcus voetsek....you sleep with me and now you wanna drop me like I'm not hot. I'm going to report you to the University management that you sleep with students. You will get fire. Mxm sies one round one minute man”. He went “voetsek, I went for one round because your pussy tastes like expired home-made popcorns”. I could help it but laugh. Men are only men when their wives are around. When madams are out of town they become boys again. JT went “kwa kwa kwa kwa di tla boa mos mo. Shaz ke fraeza popcorns, I wanna enjoy this romantic comedy (lol it's happening here. Shaz give me popcorns)”.

“What's going on? I was in the loo doing number 2 and heard some noises coming from here?”, Zee who wrapped herself with Pearl's towel said. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming. I didn't see which room she appeared from. But if

she had Pearl's on it could only mean she was in her room. She looked like someone who had just experienced multi-orgasms. I looked at Marcus and asked "Marcus, are you sleeping with Zee in your wife's bedroom?". I asked with a very serious face. Zee was like "how is it your business if he's sleeping with me? You are not the only one with a pussy". JT went "hooooooo hoooo ema pele tickyline ke wena, you don't talk to Shaz like that in front of me. Ke tla o trappa wa ntsha spinya ka ditsebe sferb-nyana ke wena (I'll beat you until you fart with your ears you little bitch)". Marcus went "shut up. All of you. I am not sleeping with anyone. And you must respect me. I am not your age". Duh, men think just because they have balls and a dicks they automatically qualify to be respected. Respect is not like chieftaincy or kingdom that you inherit because of your blood, you must earn it. I said "with all due respects Mr Mboweni, if you wanted me to respect you, you wouldn't sleep with girls my age in your wife's bedroom. I wonder what Pearl will say when I show her a video of you and Pulane fighting. Oh, and the picture of Zee in her towel. Good luck". With that I told JT to leave and walked to my bedroom. Before leaving JT screamed "Be careful Ntwana, hope you are not on his hit list. Dai man nkare ke hitman ya di-kuku (this guy is like a hitman of punanis)". I locked myself in the bedroom, put on earphones and started playing loud music. I was playing Sam Smith's Stay with me and Lay me down. That guy's songs can make a nun wanna fall in love and forget about her virginity.

I passed out listening to music. It was very dark showing I was in lala land for couple of hours. I took off the earphones off. There was some sound of music coming from downstairs. I checked my phone and it was around 11pm. I wondered if Zee and Marcus decided to throw a party. Zee was an earth version of satan bathong. Like I said before, she will probably be the Secretary General of United Nations of hell when she dies. Satan will probably appoint her the very same day she kicks the bucket. I didn't have energy to go downstairs to talk to them again. They were both adults and were capable of making decisions about their lives. But I was on Pearl's payroll, it was my duty as her employee to deliver what she mandated me to do. I thought of calling her but it was a bit late. I checked if she was online on Whatsapp but her last seen was about 3 hours ago. I decided to call JT to ask for better advice. Her phone rang twice and she picked up. She was like "eish Ntwana wa disturba maan. Ke ja marago ebile ke kgaufi le go rotela sfebe se (you are disturbing me. I was about to come inside this bitch.". A voice in the background went "JT, are you gonna talk to your bitches in my presence? Be

serious babe”. JT said “voetsek, bitches ke papago wa gay (bitches is your gay father)”. I asked JT if I should tell Pearl that Marcus was sleeping with Zee. Without even applying her mind JT went “exposer difebe di nyele Ntwana. Good night James Bondress”. She hung up. I sent Pearl an sms telling her I was suspecting Marcus was cheating. She was probably sleeping because she didn’t respond.

After an hour or so the music was still playing. I decided to go tell them they were making noise. WTF, when I got down stairs Marcus was by himself drinking whiskey. He looked drunk. I asked where Zee was and he said “I don’t know and I don’t care. She bewitched me”. It was probably alcohol talking. He went on and on about how he was addicted to sex and blow job. I told him he shouldn’t discuss such things with me because I viewed him as a father figure. He burped and went “if God didn’t want you to hear some of the things I say God would make that “piiiiii” sound we always hear in the movies when someone says ‘fuck’. The bottle of Chivas was half empty, saying he was drunk would be an understatement. He was literally finished. Half the things he said made half sense. He even told me the last time Pearl gave him a blow job was during the Fifa World Cup in 2010 just after Simphiwe Tshabalala scored the first goal of the tournament. Banna banna banna, does God still make such women? If you don’t go down on your man...I have 2 words for you: GOOD LUCK. He offered me a glass of whiskey and I told him he should go sleep. He protested but eventually I won. He staggered to his bedroom and I went to mine. I immediately switched off the light and slept. Early in the morning I was woken up by something snoring next to me. I opened my eyes and Marcus was sleeping next to me. Before I could react I had sounds of someone walking up the stairs.

Pearl’s voice screamed “after everything I’ve done for you this is how you thank me?”.....

Booooooommmmm..... mmaweeeeee

THE END

Diary of a Side chick – Makhwapheni Episode 110

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 13, 2015

The truly scary thing about undiscovered lies is that they have a greater capacity to diminish us than exposed ones. They erode our strength, our self-esteem, our very foundation – Cheryl Hughes

Remember last year I once said my parents should have named me ‘Mathata Letsoalo’? Well, Mathata means problems. I just felt problems were following everywhere, even places where I tried to keep myself away from unnecessary problems. It was like God appointed Minister of Problems in his cabinet and the lazy Minister only concentrated on me. Nxa it was probably Judas Escariot. I was lucky Pearl was shouting while walking up the stairs. Imagine if she had just quietly waltzed into the bedroom and found that stupid man naked in sheets. I don’t even know how he got in there. It was like he sneaked in like a bloody fake midnightthief. It was a lesson to me that I should lock my door whenever Pearl was away. Shit, it was at that moment that I remembered I sent Pearl a text telling her Marcus was cheating. I couldn’t stop imagining the look on her face after finding Marcus in bed with me after I warned her about him cheating. The imagination made me wanna commit suicide on the spot. I quickly ran to the door and quietly locked it. The fool on my bed didn’t do me a favour, he started snoring like some coloured guy from Eldorado installed SS Lumina double exhaust on his nose. It was like he was farting with his nose. I tiptoed back to the bed and put a pillow on his face. He wanted to jump but I whispered “Pearl is back”. At first he gave me that look that said “stop lying bitch”. It was only when he heard her calling for his name in their bedroom that his snoring turned into heavy breathing. His whole body suddenly became an Atlantic ocean of sweat. He whispered “what am I doing here?”. Nxa what a stupid question. I whispered back with sarcasm “you are here to play golf mxm”. He replied “I don’t do 3-hole gold courses”. Mxm he was trying to be smart forgetting he was in deep shit.

I think when she noticed her husband was not in their bedroom, she headed straight to the guest room. I heard her opening and shutting the door. I told Marcus to go hide in the closet because I knew my bedroom would be Pearl’s next target. Nigger was 100% naked and I also slept in my birthday suit. He whispered “close your eyes”. I half closed my eyes and he tiptoed to the closet. Shit, his dick was indeed of Giyani ancestry. If it was a phone it would probably be one of those first Nokia cellphones. His balls looked like Mayweather’s fist. The thought of Mayweather made my punani wink a bit lol. Like I calculated, Pearl knocked and tried to open



my bedroom door. What's the use of knocking if you gonna try to open before you are told to come in? Nxa that's a township tuckshop tendency. When she noticed the door was locked she called my name. I wore my PJs and opened the door. She was wearing fury and anger on her face. I could see some of her veins were even blue. To say I was scared would be an understatement. I could see she was surveying my bedroom to see if there was any sign of her husband. When she noticed he wasn't there she sat on my bed. I got in my blankets and waited for her next move. She was like "tell me everything, don't leave anything. I paid you well to be my spy. He's not in the main bedroom but when I look at the bed it seems someone was sleeping on it last night. The cars are still in the garage". Shit, and she had to mention the paying and spying part. Was it really necessary? It was a bit awkward because I knew Marcus was listening. He'd probably kick me out. I'd do the same if it was my house. I wouldn't wanna stay with a spy in my house. I was like "some girl from Sunnyside was here. I know her from TUT. Maybe they used her car to leave". I lied about the car part because I didn't want her to suspect Marcus was still in the house. She asked if I knew where in Sunnyside the girl stayed. I quickly said yes to avoid further questions. The biggest mistake of my life. She went "change your clothes, we are going to Sunnyside. Change your clothes now". Shit, changing clothes meant I had to open the closet and that fool was in there. She was like "I see you are lazy to wake up. I'll go fetch clothes for you in the closet". I quickly got off the bed and went "no, I'm not lazy auntie Pearl". She laughed and said "ha ha ha if I didn't know better I'd think you are hiding a boyfriend in there. Make it snappy...you'll find me in the car". Crap, that was a narrow escape.

As soon as she got out of the car I opened the closet and whispered "you owe me big time and you gonna pay". He went "you owe me big time for being the spy and you gonna pay". Hayibo....that sounded like a line from a Nigerian movie. I took clothes and closed the closet. I got dressed and my phone rang. It was Pearl telling me to hurry up. Mxm it was like we were going to an important meeting. I switched on the camera, opened the closet fast and took Marcus a picture. The good thing about Sony phone is that it takes perfect pictures in just less than a second. I ran like a possessed woman before he could digest what I just did. I wanted 'insurance', I had to apply Zeeism even if she wasn't my favourite bitch at that moment. If he threatened to kick me out I'd use the picture as my 'way out'. No one wants their naked pictures trending on social media, especially when they

are in the closet. When I got to the car Pearl was waiting impatiently. I asked her what she was going to do when we got to the girl's place. She went "take a notebook and pen. You will take notes which you will use when you grow up. It will be even better if we find him in bed with the girl". My initial plan was to take her to Pulane's place but realised it would be risky. Pulane was like Mac Maharaj, she would spin the whole thing to make me look bad or spill the beans of what she knows about Marcus. I didn't want that to happen. I decided to take Pearl to my old flat, Flammarion. I knew some stranger probably moved in after I moved out. I planned to act all surprised when whoever lived there opened the door. When we got to the gate the security guard who had a crush on me went "hawu, you are back?". Pearl looked at me like she wanted know what the guard meant. I went "ja sort of. Open the gate please. We'll talk later". He opened and went "your sister is hot hey". Mxm security guards do more flirting than the actual guarding. And they know all girls who stay at the buildings they are protecting. We got in the lift and went up. The place brought back many memories, Kea, Adeyomi, Thabiso, Maite, TT Scott, my former Zulu prince Dumi aka 'Hawu Hawu' and his friend Kabelo, Nkosi and the Sea Lion, Never-Die etc. When a girl counts you as 'etc' just know you didn't matter. Oh the place also reminded me of the muffing session with JT in the garage. Wow...I'll never forget the Muffing Mafia. When we got to the door I knocked. I was shaking because I didn't know who stayed there. For all we knew it was some witches from Kubukiland. Pearl looked ready for action. She went "knock harder". I knocked harder and the voice went "yhooo motho wa Modimo, I am coming". I don't know if I was imagining things or what, the voice sounded very familiar. I was probably my imagination.

The door opened and Kea was standing right in front of me. I almost toilet'd myself on the spot. Before I could even talk Pearl pushed the door and soldiered into the flat. She pushed Kea and headed straight to the bed. Somebody was sleeping on the bed, his whole body covered in a duvet. I think Pearl thought it was her Marcus. She pulled up the duvet from the bottom and nigger's lower body was exposed". Pearl screamed "yhoooo noga....a snake yhooooo there's a snake". The nigger jumped off the bed and ran towards the window. Black people are scared of snakes shem. The guy went "whah is da snake huh....whah is its. Chinekeeeeeeeee my Godooooo I dayoooo". WTF, another Nigerian for Kea. It's true, once you go Nigeria, you'll never go small. Pearl was like "huh, it's not a snake. It's a dick". WTF, it was only at that stage that I noticed the guy's dick resembled a fat black

mamba. How does one have sex with such a beast? Kea's pussy was probably the Big Kimberly Hole. Nigger ran to the toilet to hide his weapon of mass destruction. Kea who was shocked went "Sharon, explain....and explain now or else someone is going to die". Pearl jumped in and went "where is my man? You sleep with my man and then sleep with your Nigerians? Huh...you love it in different sizes and forms neh?". I thought of running away but that would have been a stupid move. I missed Zee at that time. She would have come up with a strategy to save my ass. I really didn't know what to say. When the Nigerian heard Pearl saying Kea was sleeping with her husband he came back to the bedroom with a towel wrapped around him. He looked yummy and delicious like spykos. You'd swear he had a 3rd hand that was trying to reach out to something. Nigger's dick was huge. Nigerians should give guys from North West and Eastern Cape their secret. The guy went "Kia whats it its dat I hear you sleep with hah maan? Is dats true? Are are are you cheating on mee"?. Nigger asked with a calm face and Kea looked confused. Before she could answer Pearl's phone rang. She answered and went "Marcus, where the hell are you?". After the call she grabbed my hand and said "Let's go". We left the poor couple standing there confused and shocked. I felt bad for Kea. My plan backfired big time. Pearl told me that Marcus said he was at the house. She drove like she was trying to be Michelle Schumacher, a female version of Michael. When we got to the house Marcus was in the sitting room wearing red overalls and working boots. If I didn't know better I'd say he was going to parliament to sit next to Commander-in-Chief Julius Malema. He said he was at the back of the house doing the garden. When he got in the house he was surprised to see Pearl's bag. Wow....I didn't see that one coming. Jerrrr men can lie yhooh. I looked at Pearl's facial expression and I think she believed him. She went "go take off those boots. You are messing my tiles". As soon as he left his phone which was on the table vibrated. Pearl grabbed it and went thru it. I saw her mouth wide-opening. It was an sms from some number. It read:

'Babe, I'm at the gate. I came to apologise for my behaviour. I thought I should come apologise before that witch called your wife comes back from bofebeng. I couldn't sleep last night. Please open for me'.

Pearl turned pitch black and went "Sharon, go open for her"

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 111

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 15, 2015

“If you see me on Friday, you’ll see different material on Saturday night” – Katty Griffin

I had to think fast. I didn’t want any of Marcus’ shenanigans to be linked to me. I told Pearl I can’t go to the gate because I didn’t the person at the gate. I told her what if it was a serious killer or worse, a rapist. She told me that Marcus would not go for such girls. Lol duh what an empty statement. Basically, she admitted that Marcus cheated and she knew his type. I told her if she knew Marcus’ type then she should go open. Sometimes a girl must stand her ground and refuse to be used. She was like “heyi sisi, we started this together, we gonna end it together. You are the one who told me my husband is cheating. I paid you for this remember?”. WTF, some women have ‘shoulders’ shem. Instead of following her instruction, I loudly called for Marcus to come downstairs. Pearl tried to stop me but I didn’t care. When Marcus came downstairs I told him one of his sperm dishes was at the gate and Pearl wanted me to open for her. With that said, I ran to my bedroom and locked myself in. I put on my earphones and started playing loud music. I didn’t wanna hear or know the crap happening outside my room. After playing ‘Kulungile by Sfiso Ncwane” on repeat for what looked like hours, I decided to take off the earphones. I expected some deafening noise but to my surprise the house was very quiet. I knocked on the main bedroom door but there was no response. I checked the whole house and nobody was there. I checked the entire yard for any sign of human flesh or blood but there was nothing. I checked in the garage and one car was out. I started shaking, I thought maybe they went to kill each other far from home. I couldn’t stay in such a house, I had to leave. I didn’t wanna be a witness in marriage murders. Being a witness is not pap and vleis. Oscar Pistorius case taught me a thing or 2. I took a quick shower, packed few clothes in my small bag and kissed my teddy bear Juju goodbye.

I walked to the street to wait for a taxi. I kept praying that I don’t bump into any man with a Biblical name. Fortunately the taxi came and I boarded. I decided to take the back seat because the other seats were occupied by one or 2 people. Just

before Rebecca Cemetery another passenger boarded. Nigger was wearing blue jeans and an ANC t-shirt with a picture of some man with a big head. Nigger decided to sit next to me. He was like “eh chief, I offer my revolutionary greetings. Have you paid already?”. WTF, what kind of a man calls a lady ‘chief’? I looked at him without responding. He was like “chief, are you able to mobilise your capability to exhale verbs, nouns and adjectives with your mouth?”. WTF is wrong with politicians and unnecessary fat words? I told him I haven’t paid yet and he went “Do not engage in a process of worrying, my wallet will be honoured to pay for your mobility fare. You will back me back one day”. Mxm instead of advising his president to #PayBackTheMoney he wanted me to pay back one day. What a fool!!! When we passed Marabastad I called JT. I wanted to crash at her place for the next few days. Her phone was off. It was unlike her to switch off her phone. Maybe she still had her ‘project’ and didn’t want any disturbance. Other than JT I didn’t have anywhere to go. I couldn’t go to Pulane’s place because she was a wicth. I couldn’t go to Kea’s because I valued my vagina’s tightness. The other people I knew were just pussies with 2 legs nje. I decided I should just go to JT’s place and hoped to find her. I got off at corner Vermuelen (Madiba) and Andries (Thabo Sehume) streets and walked towards JT’s flat. The ANC nigger followed me. I decided to let him walk with me. From experience, boys who are into politics are not really dangerous. I knew he wouldn’t hurt me. He was talking about things I didn’t even care about, things I didn’t know. I’m not the type to spend the whole day watching Julius Malema and Jacob Zuma exchanging words in parliament. He went “you know I know Zuma personally? I can call him now and let you engage him”. Duh, as if talking to Zuma was a sexy thing. Zuma would probably say “hello ntombazana. Awuleth’ umshini wam” and start giggling. When we got to JT’s gate I told him I reached my destination. He handed me his phone and asked for my number. I looked at him and smiled. I dialled my Bank Account number and handed the phone back to him. I went “use your phone number as reference. I’ll call you as soon as I get an sms. Bye comrade”. With that I left him standing there shocked. He was like “chief, you are being counter-revolutionary now. Do I look like an SBV truck? But anyway, vote wisely next year. Viva Msholoziva viva”.

I walked to JT’s apartment and knocked but no one opened. It was quite clear there was no one inside. I waited for about 30 minutes hoping for her to come back or switch on her phone but luck was not on my side. I decided to walk to Sunnyside. I didn’t exactly know where I was going but...I just decided to head to Sunnyside. I

thanked myself for taking a small bag. Imagine going up and down with a big bag. I tried to call JT again but her phone was still off. I called TT Scott. Before I could even talk he went “eish I didn’t forget about your parcels....I’ll bring them to Pretoria soon”. I heard a voice of a girl going “babe, who are you talking to now?”. He immediately said “bye my brother. We’ll talk soon”. Shuuuu I didn’t expect that from TT, he normally swept the floor I walked on. I immediately logged on Facebook and uploaded a very sexy picture of me. I tagged TT Scott on it just to show the bitch he was with that I am sexy and I know it. Say nnyweee!!!! I walked to Sunnypark to do some window shopping. Yep, that’s every girl’s emotional masturbation. When you feel down you just go to the mall and wash your eyes. Sunnyside is the only place in South Africa where the streets are always full of people, Monday to Sunday – 6am to 6am. I wondered if those people worked or studied. Just before I could walk inside the mall I heard a voice coming from Rhapsody’s, which is just next to the mall entrance calling “Charlotte, Charlotte....ppssss ppssss Charlotte”. I looked and it was Peter. Jerrrrr nigger was like MTN, he was everywhere. Nothing turns me off like a nigger who forgets your name and call you with names of housewives. Most Charlottes I know are housewives. He waved for me to join him and I accepted the offer. It’s not like I had anything better to do. I’d just use him to push time until JT on’d her phone. The guy he was with left as soon as I joined him on the table. I asked him why he wasn’t at work like other men and he told me he had just had his last meeting for the day. Wow I wouldn’t mind working like that, last meet just before midday. He looked different from the guy I met few days ago. He was in formal attire. Nothing charms me like a man in formal attire. But don’t come to me wearing an orange shirt, yellow trousers and pink shoes and expect to charm me. That’s not even formal, it’s fear-mal. He ordered me food and after eating he ordered me drinks. I chose vodka because I just wanted to forget mathata a lefase. Nigger started telling me about his job...he even showed me his salary slip. It was very fat but what was the purpose of showing it to me? It was like he didn’t believe he would reach that stage in life. Mxm he wasn’t making sense. He then started making moves on me. Typical bitch ass nigger. He shows me his salary advice and makes a move immediately after that. I drank 3 glasses of vodka in a space of 15 minutes. If beer is a train, whiskey a car then vodka is a jet. You will get to your destination very fast. They don’t call it Skky for nothing. I started making noise and greeting every passer-by and telling guys they look hot, just to turn Peter off. It was so embarrassing that he immediately paid the bill and we left.

When in his car I pretended to be sleeping. Nigger touched my breast more than 3 times. He said to himself “nka ja mo nka nona straight. Sfebe se se botsana ka mmao”. When you are drunk they can call you anything from bitch to Mugabe, you won’t take offence. I half-opened my eyes to check where we were heading to, I noticed we were on our way to Phillip Nel. I suspended my fake sleep and went “entlik, where are we going?”. He told me his wife was working until late so we were going to his place to do something ‘useful’. I went back to my fake sleep. I fart about twice and nigger opened the windows. I released the final one – master of all farts. You know the one that goes ‘fffffffssssssssssss fffsss sss ssss’. He stopped his car and went “voetsek get out. Yesseses...o nyaka speiti”. I got off his car. After all, I was 2 minutes away from the house. My pussy could not be bought by a pay slip. I’m not your typical village girl. Further more he wanted to take me to his house because the wife was at work. Why not take me to what-what Sun hotel? I didn’t even check the garage, I headed straight to the house. The vodka had make me forget about the drama in the house. Alcohol will not solve your problems but it will give you a break. When I got in Marcus who had a glass of whiskey in his hand stood up so fast you would swear he was a soldier in Iraq after hearing some unusual sound. He went “Pearl, you are back babe?”. When he noticed it was me I saw his face wearing a mask of disappointment. A face of a disappointed man can make you more drunk. His face looked alcoholic. He told me his wife took her clothes and left. He was crying as he said that. I don’t know why but I joined the crying choir, I hit soprano while he cried in tenor. What a duet!!!! I hugged him and because we were both drunk we lost balance and he fell backwards. I fell on top of him.

Imagine us on the floor, me on top of him and lips 3 cm apart.

....WT-marcus

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 112

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 18, 2015

“I don’t know the question but I know sex is the answer” – Woody Allen

Ever been in a situation whereby you are not really hungry but someone offers you some food? The kind of food that you like. Chances are you won't say no. That was the situation I was in at that moment. When coming to uncle Marcus I always drew a line. He was more of a father figure to me. He was the guy I'd take to a parents' meeting, not a bedroom meeting. It was one of those spontaneous electric moment. I felt his manhood stretching upwards and his heart rate increasing by 55.3%. He brushed my ass with his hand and I didn't tell him to stop. I wanted him to stop but the words were stolen by my confusion and curiosity. I mean, Zee and Pulane slept with him and kept going back. I was curious of what made them keep going back. It wasn't money because Pulane loved boasting, she would have told me long time ago. It was probably something on his body. He had this innocent old chap 'charm' that I really liked. If he wasn't Pearl's hubby I'd have pulled a slow one on him long time ago. He moved his strong hand up on my back and gently pushed my head towards him. I felt his soft lips dancing cha cha cha on mine. When you take time without having sex the day you do it... it's gonna be like a prisoner seeing an outside life after 20 years behind bars. Part of me felt guilty kissing the man I regarded as my father. Part of me felt guilty kissing a married man. But hey, there's no rule that says 'married men don't deserve fun'. And the guilt made me more angry. When you feel guilty about doing something, chances are you won't stop and if an opportunity arise again, you'll damn do it. He turned me around and the next thing he was on top of me kissing me like my lips had custard on them. You know a guy is a good kisser when you get wet the minute his lips say avuxeni to your lips. We were still on the floor and it felt uncomfortable. I whispered "let's go to the bedroom". He whispered back, "your wish is my command".

He got off me and helped me stand up. Instead of parading to the bedroom he stopped me and started kissing me again. He was like Hashim Amla of kissing. He was captain fantastic. He tenderly took off my top and threw it to the floor. He kissed my neck and unleashed some gentle love bites on my ears. It felt like something I never experienced before. Love bites can send a girl to Miami without flying. Well, only if the guy knows his job. Some guys would bite you like you are an impala biltong. Imagine having elastoplast all over your ears and neck after sex lol. He went to my boobs which were 'standing tight' at that moment. He was like "you have breast of a virgin". The compliment sent a fire-filled sensation to my pussy. It twitched and it felt very good. I was like "maybe it's because I'm still a



virgin". He licked my nipple and whispered "ha ha my late mom died a virgin". I found his sarcasm sexy. Still standing he turned me around and stood behind me. I could feel his bazooka stroking my upper bum area. By the way, I still had my pants on. He was still dealing with my upper body. That's what I call a man who knows foreplay. Not those fools who head straight to taking off your pants the minute you get in the house. I hate guys who suffer from poverty of patience. You must be patient and take your time to get the girl in the mood. That's why we have starters before the main course. They are meant to trigger your appetite and make you look forward to the main course. Even soccer players warm up before the game. A successful foreplay will be succeeded by a successful sex. From behind me he started fondling my horny breasts while his sexually educated tongue was busy licking every part of my neck. By a mere touch on my bum I could feel his dick was a high calibre equipment. I could feel God was not stingy when he made it. Some guys' dicks are so small you'd swear God shouted 'nix mapha' before doing them lol. Pearl was a lucky woman. Her sulking would probably be short-lived. Who would permanently leave a guy with such assets? If I were Pearl I'd fight for my man, case closed.

After what seemed like 20 minutes of foreplay on my upper body, I turned around and took off his top. He returned the favour by taking my pants off. I hit back by also taking his pants off. He was lucky my periods had stopped. And you know how horny a girl becomes after periods. It's like someone presses the horny button inside our punanis after menstruation . Maybe I should #AskMmusi who presses the button. We were both naked in the middle of his lounge and his dick looked like something from a Nigerian porn movie. It qualified to be a resident of a snake park, if you know what I mean. He kissed me on the lips, then the nose...moved lower to my chin and neck, he then kissed my nipples and I went "chi ta ta kin oh na aa na na". I don't know which language is that but I found myself speaking it. You know the guy is good when he makes you speak in teeth. I say teeth because that was not speaking in tongues. He stretched my legs a bit and send his finger down the city of le good life. He sweetly fondled my excited clitoris and exhaled and inhaled heavily. The sensation I felt in my ass at that time was priceless. Damn his finger knew the terms of its employment and executed them very well. It deserved 10/10 appraisal rating. I went "Marcus, stop...you are a father figure to me". I honestly didn't want him to stop but telling him to stop felt like the right thing to say at that moment. Every girl has done that at some point whereby you

tell the guy to stop but not expect him to really stop. Marcus replied “today I’m not your father figure, I am your father finger”. His finger went inside my very wet pussy at that moment. Wow from father figure to father finger in 30 minutes. I respect the power of the game Adam and Eve invented donkey’s years ago. He pushed me to the couch and made me stretch my legs. I thought he was going to enter me at that moment but nigger went down on his knees. My hands were on my breasts busy engaging in some soft brushing. I was doing justice to my sexually activated body. He started my licking my navel and the neighbouring areas. When his tongue finally landed on my clitoris I found my legs vibrating with some sexual healing excitement. He tenderly licked the east and west site of te clitoris and suddenly my eyes could not see nothing but darkness. I literally went blank for few seconds. I grabbed by his ears and went “aaaaaaahhh aaaaahhhh mmmmmhhh wooo wooo whooo hhhhhh mxwa mmmm mmm bbbb”. He stopped a bit and went “must I stop?”. I screamed “yes no yes no yes nooooooooooooo”. Shit, nigger made me reach the big O. Any guy who makes you reach the big O from a muff deserves the full mean, period.

He stood up and carried me to bedroom. It was not your normal carrying like the one you’d do to a bag of cement. I had my legs wrapped around his waist and arms around his neck. He held my bum to prevent me from falling. He couldn’t even see the way but we didn’t fall. It was like my bum was his another sense of sight. When we got to the bedroom I decided to take the captaincy belt, I pushed him to the bed and took a good look at his dick. It wasn’t Adeyomi-huge but it was huge. It’s indeed true what they say about people from that side of Limpopo. If it could release a sound it would be a ROAR of a lion. A dicklet like Dumi’s or guys from North West province would probably release a sound of a newly born calf.... ‘moooooo’ (note the small letters lol). I went “uncle Marcus...did you enlarge it?”. He was like “no... And please don’t call me uncle Marcus, I’m uncle Bae”. I couldn’t help it but laugh. I got on top of him and started kissing him. He made me scream and it was my chance to return the favour. I wanted to him to sing a remixed version of Rihanna’s Only Girl (In the World). I wanted him to sing it as Only Guy (in the world). I didn’t waste time, I want down and lollipop’d his think, hard, solid and high-spirited cock. I started by soft-licking the urethral hole and nigger started moaning. If I didn’t know better I’d think he singing Oleseng’s song. His cock was so chubby I struggled a bit to put if in my mouth. I decided to only concentrate on the dick head. Honestly, a dick head is the ugliest shit on earth. It

looks like a head of an offspring of a human being and an ape. I sucked the cock head until Marcus started barking like a hungry dog. If he was Dumi I'd know he was coming or about to come. Remember Dumi's 'hawu hawu hawu hawu' coming moments? Marcus whispered "mmmmm stop, let me come on top". Communication during sex is important, but I prefer it to be done via body language rather than spoken words. I lay on the bed and stretched my legs....and went "make me happy uncle Bae".

He looked at me and went "...I am your ....."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 113

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 20, 2015

"No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new" – Steve Jobs

".....my my, Sharon you are my, actually never mind. I can't continue with this. Let's pretend nothing happened. I was drunk". He immediately left the bedroom and went downstairs. Every part of my body paused functioning, except for the pussy. My pussy is like a toddler after eating lot of sugar. It does not sleep easily. Unless if there's a broke nigger around. Like I said before, nothing dries my punani quicker like a broke nigger. I lay on the bed with my legs stretched not knowing what to do. I mean, for satan's sake, we were coming on very well and I was looking forward to an el classico performance from uncle Bae. What kind of a man goes down on a woman and leave her wet and hungry afterwards? Many guys starve out there and he decides to be a pussy skhothane. I screamed "uncle Bae....please come back finish what you started. You can't just leave me like this". Nxa some men are like Chinese chameleons, they change colours without warning you. Nxa Uncle Bae ya masepa. Maybe he meant 'Uncle Bye'. Why else would he leave me in that condition? I was also curious what he wanted to say about me. I

was still drunk and my capacity to think was under the influence of hornysm and alcohol. I decided to run downstairs to check what was wrong with him. Shit, Uncle Bye was nowhere to be seen. I took my phone and went to my bedroom to call him. His phone was off. I left my phone on the bed and went back downstairs. To be honest, my self-esteem suffered a bit at that moment. Any girl would probably feel like that. Maybe he saw something wrong with me. I was dripping wet. If my pussy was Moria then my wetness would be Putco buses in Easter. I looked for Marcus everywhere, in the stove, fridge, under the couch...even in the vase. The whole place was Marcusless and horny-Sharonful.

I threw myself on the couch and lay with my eyes closed. I had my legs wide open like I was waiting for God to deliver a miracle. I decided to use my finger to play with my clitoris. Desperate times call for desperate measures. My clitoris was so excited I had to choose between playing with it or run a risk of permanent dryness. Yes, that's how clits sulk. They organise their own strike and it's called dryness. If you struggle to get wet ladies, it means your clit is on strike or a go-slow. Politicians would call it a Revolutionary Pussy Uprising lol. Fingering yourself with eyes closed can take you to Thathe in few seconds. It was not a dick but it was better than nothing. Spatlho/ikota is better than hunger bathong. While I was busy I heard footsteps outside the house like someone was walking towards the door. My pussy smiled knowing Marcus was coming back. Maybe he had a change of thought and decided to come back and finish what he started. Marcus didn't really strike me and a man who leaves the job half done. I mean, Pulane would have left him long time ago if that was the case. He knocked of the door and I almost laughed. Maybe he was trying to play sexy games. I love a man with a sense of fun. I was like "ha ha ha funny....come in Uncle Bae. I'm ready for you". Maybe leaving me upstairs was his strategy. He probably wanted me to very very HUNGRY & HORNY, they call it H&H in Eastern Cape. With my eyes still closed, I heard him open the door and enter. I wanted to meet his games halfway, I decided to keep my eyes closed to elevate the fun and imagination to another level. I went "please don't waste time, come enter me bae-bae boo-boo". Within seconds I felt a hand touching my thighs. It felt a bit soft thought. I went "bae-bae, don't touch-touch, just enter-enter". He didn't waste time, I felt something enter my very wet pussy. With my eyes still closed I screamed "please stop using your thumb....I want a dick. I want the real thing". It was when I felt both his hand on my body



She was like “what is going on here? I heard the noises from the gate”. Her eyes were met by a very unfamiliar scene....the drunk Marcus on top of the naked me. Any wife would react like the way Pearl reacted, she fainted. The house was immediately dressed in some gloomy silence and panic. Marcus got off me and I ran upstairs. I locked the door. I pushed the bed to the door to ensure nobody opened it. I didn’t know what to do. I thanked my lucky stars because my phone was in the bedroom. I didn’t know who to call...so I decided to call Selfie’s mom. She picked up and went “my handsome kids. Long time long talk. How you mara?”. Instead of answering I just cried. She went “why cry mara? Is persons died or what what?”. I hung up and decided to call JT. I knew chances were her phone was still off but I tried anyway. She went “eh ntwana, ne ke re ke tlo o bhelela maduze nyana. Sfebe se sa phone ne se fedile battery”. I told her she should come to Phillip Nel Park asap because something bad happened. She was like “eh Ntwana wa ntshosa? What happened? Did someone hijack your precious pussy?”. I hung up. I was not in a mood for small jokes. I placed my ears on the door to try to listen if there were any sounds from downstairs. All I could hear was sound of Marcus crying and begging Pearl to gain consciousness. I also heard Peter’s voice going “I am sorry bra ya ka. I’m sorry bro”. After few seconds I heard Peter screaming...followed by silence.

Then Marcus’ voice went “REST IN PEACE”.

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 114

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 25, 2015

“Let us never know what old age is. Let us know the happiness time brings, not count the years” – Ausonius

I quickly moved the bed, unlocked the door and screamed “nooooooooooooooooooooo”. It was one of those screams that reverberated in the entire house. In my mind I thought Marcus either killed Peter or aunt Pearl had kicked the bucket. I knew running downstairs had a danger element attached to it but I didn’t care. I wanted to stop Marcus from doing further damage. When I got

downstairs Marcus had a gun in his hand pointed at Peter. Pearl was still on the floor unconscious. I was relieved but hey, I'm a black person. We are scared of guns. Unless if you are an inkabi from KwaZulu Natal. Marcus went "stay right there you little witch. Since you came to this house we have bounced from one problem to another. I can't believe you are my.... nxa today I wanna end this shit. I'm going to kill all of you and turn a bullet to myself. God will understand. The world will be a better place without all of you. The real victim here is my wife. I hate you for what you are doing to her. As for you Peter, your wife will one day understand. You have disrespected my house. What kind of neighbour are you? You won't see the gates of heaven I'm telling you". Men are selfish, instead of taking part of the blame he was blaming everyone except himself. I'm not the one who forced him to sleep with Pulane. I'm not the one who forced him to sleep with Zee. It was him and his big ambitious and forever hungry that led to the problems he was experiencing with his wife. I decided to be brave and apply Zeeism to get out of the shit I was in. I didn't have anything to lose. I went "uncle Marcus, you are partly to blame for this. You cheated on Pearl with Pulane and Zee and now you wanna act like a saint. Peter came here to bring my bag and found me naked. I was naked because I had just had sex with you. Peter wanted to rape me and luckily you got here in time".

"Marcus, Marcus....you had sex with who? Marcus.... Marcus Mboweni Marcus answer me? You had sex with who?". That was the voice of Pearl who was still on the floor. We all thought she was still semi-dead and everyone was taken aback by her sudden resurrection. She stood up and went "Marcus answer me now or shoot me. Did you sleep with Sharon when I was away? You cheated on me with Pulane? Marcus.... Marcus MARCUS MAKHASSSSSS". Nigger went 'bhu fatse'. He fainted. I think he faked that one....I don't have any evidence though. Men are very smart, when they are cornered they'll either fake crying or fainting because they know we have soft hearts. Peter saw a chance to escape and he ran for his life. I thought of doing the same but I didn't know where to go. My phone and clothes were still upstairs and couldn't leave without them. I decided to play with Pearl's emotions. I started crying and went "aunt Pearl....Peter wanted to rape me. He wanted to rape me. I'm traumatised. I need help aunt Pearl". She softened up and her eyes became bright. I knew at that stage that I managed to get her where I wanted. Women are very sensitive to rape matters. We know it shatters the girl for the rest of her life. She opened her arms and invited me to an embrace. The biggest

mistake of my life. I went for a hug but I got more than I expected. If I didn't know better I'd say Pearl was Chinese as a kid. The kicks she unleashed on me were an HD movie material. I found myself crawling on the floor with her behind me going all Bruce Lee on my ass. I wanted to fight back but she was 3 steps ahead.

Whenever I tried to raise my head she would kick me on the stomach. The good thing was she never hit my face. I had no choice but to fake fainting. I closed my eyes and lay emotionless. I heard her locking the main door and walking upstairs. I was shit scared. I didn't know what she was going to do upstairs.

I looked at Marcus from the floor and noticed he had his one eye open. I whispered "it's all your fault Marcus. We are in this shit because of you". He opened both his eyes wide and went "don't you dare blame me bitch. You are the one who seduced me. What we did has bigger and bad consequences culturally. You are.....". We heard Pearl walking down the stairs before he could finish what he wanted to say. Mxm typical man, they fuck up and when their shit is exposed they blame everything including culture. Wtf did culture have to do with him struggling to have his zip closed. Nxa sies maan. I heard Pearl opening the fridge. I couldn't open my eyes for the fear of my fake fainting being exposed. I relied on my ears to 'see' what she was doing. I heard footsteps heading towards me and my lungs started vibrating. I thought she was going to finish me up. The next thing I felt cold water on my face and I screamed "yhooo mama yhooo". She looked at me and went "I packed your clothes. Get out of my house and never come back. I packed everything you own in this house. I don't wanna ever see you. If you ever set your thief pussy in my house I will literally cut it with a kitchen knife and throw it to Peter's yard. Do you hear me? Even if I die don't come to my funeral". When people say 'even if I die don't come to my funeral' you must know they hate you with passion. Most black people use that phrase when they are angry. I looked at Pearl and she looked different from the sweet motherly lady I met last year. She looked like psycho girlfriend. I looked at the bags she packed for me and almost cried. Without a car there was no way I was going to carry them. She handed me my phone and went "call your many men. I'm sure one of them will be able to help you in return for a pussy. I just want you out of my house". I called JT and her phone was off again.

I took my bags one-by-one and put them outside the gate. Pearl was watching me like a hawk as I did that. Marcus was still in his fake fainting world. Who faints for



such long time lol? After taking my last bag I went “aunt Pearl, I’m sorry for whatever you think happened. It was not my fault. Your husband is a serial cheater and you are blinded by love to see it. I didn’t even have sex with him...he only muffed me. He told me you are like a frozen chicken in bed. That’s why he cheats on you. Maybe you should invest in....”. I didn’t finish that one. She hit me so hard my eyes showed me my great-great-grandmother who died long before Mandela was born. I saw stars and fire at the same time. I grabbed my bag and ran for my life. Pearl came to the gate and locked it. She went “hope some nyaope boys rape you”. Shit, what kind of woman says that to another woman? I hit back “go take sex lessons bloody frozen goldi chicken. Le kuku ya fong kong nxa”. She didn’t have a come-back. She walked to the house and closed the door. I took my phone out planning to call potential rescuers. Guess what, my stupid battery died. Nxa why is it called SmartPhone when it is not smart enough to see I was stranded. It was late and it was unlikely that I would find a taxi at that time. I had no choice but to go to Peter’s house. He told me his wife wasn’t around so I knew it wouldn’t be a big problem. I remembered the house he showed me was his....but I wasn’t really sure. I couldn’t even see the car from outside. I decided to take a risk and knock at the house he showed me. I knocked for about 10 times but no one opened. I decided to go back to the street. I sat for about 30 minutes without knowing what to do. Some black Polo GTI appeared and stopped next to where I was sitting. The driver opened the window and went ” eh I didn’t know Phillip Nel had prostitutes”. I went “prostitute ke bommao”. He laughed and asked if my husband kicked me out. I told him “ja I found him sleeping with another woman and when I got angry he kicked me out”. I wanted him to feel sorry for me. The trick works on many men. That’s how most women win cases in court. He asked if I wanted him to drop me somewhere and I said town. He helped me to put my bags in the car. He was very neat, sweet and didn’t look like someone who would hurt a woman. Besides being desperate, my gut feeling told me to trust him. I asked him where he came from that late and he told me he was playing Fifa 15 with his friends. Lol only men stay up till late to play game. He said he wanted to pour petrol at the Sasol garage, the one next to Transoranje Road. Instead of turning left to the garage, nigger turned right and drove towards the tunnel via Transoranje Road. In a panicking voice I asked where we were going and he went:

“If you know what’s good for you, shut up”.....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 115

BY [SHAZ](#) · MAY 27, 2015

The end of THE END is the best place to begin THE END, because if you read THE END from the beginning of the beginning of THE END to the end of the end of THE END, you will arrive at the end” – Lemony Snicket

I have always been of a view that only ugly dodgy looking guys are likely to be criminals or crooks. Handsome men commit white collar crime. I have taken risks before and sometimes got away with it. When Pearl kicked me out I had no choice but to take another risk. It was late at night and I couldn't sleep on the street the whole night. I am a believer of God, if God wants you to die you will die. But if He still has plans for you, you will not die before your time. That's a principle I live on. If it's not your time you can swim with sharks and crocodiles and emerge untouched. But if it's your day you can swim with the most handsome men and die from looking at a guy's dick. If it's your day you can choke on your favour food and kick the bucket. When he turned to the wrong direction I had no choice but to fight to save my life. I didn't care about the consequences. I was not going to be raped again or worse....be murdered. As soon as he turned he accelerated and kept telling me if I don't shut up he'll kill me. The world has indeed become a mini hell. I shut up and he went "good, now you are a good girl. But tonight I'm gonna show you what I do with girls like you". He didn't even know me but he said girls like me. I tried to open the door but failed. It's think it had one of those locking systems that only a driver can unlock, whatever they call it. I started sobbing and he told me he has seen tears of bitches before and he felt nothing. I quickly stretched my arm and grabbed his balls. He tried to remove it but I bit him on the face. I think I cut some skin there. He hit me on the head with his fist and I went dizzy on the spot. Before I could think of my next move I heard a hooter of a car. When I erected my eyes I saw a speeding car driving towards us with a Schumacher inspired speed. Before I could shout "yhoooooooooooo".....I heard a huge baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang...

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“Is she breathing? OMG this is not happening. Search the bags for possible contact details of her family.....”. It was at that stage that I realised I just had a near death experience. I tried to raise my head but it was heavier than 100 hard Adeyomi dicks. I threw my eyes around and all I could see were red lights, blue lights and orange lights. There were also a moria of black people. Black people are addicted to accidents. An accident can happen at 3am and you will find more than 100 black people there spectating paramedics and police as they work. Some will be uploading pictures on Facebook and Twitter as if it’s a cool thing to witness an accident – #FirstAtTheScene; #AccidentThings. Hayi aretsi!!!! One of the paramedics went “Oh we thank God she’s alive, she’s breathing. She’d probably faint when she sees the wreckage she came out of. We need to take her to hospital for check ups”. It was a bit dark but I could see one of the paramedics was hot. He had a Barry White voice and he kinda made the pain in my head go away. They carried me with a stretcher and took me to the ambulance. I whispered “please take me to a private hospital. I have a medical aid”. Lol there was no way I was gonna be taken to a public hospital. You can go there semi-sick and come back very sick, especial Bara in Soweto. Yes I said it, you can go report me to Aron Motswaledi if you want. I looked at the car which was surrounded by cops and black onlookers and couldn’t believe I survived with only minor bruises. When God is with you nothing can be against you. Romans 8:31 was echoing in my head as I tried to think how I survived the accident. I didn’t even wanna know what happened to the fool who tried to drive away with me. The lesson I learnt was I should never welcome lift from people I don’t know, no matter how desperate the situation can be.

At hospital they did their check ups and the doctor declared me uninjured. I looked at him and went “will I still be able to have sex? My neighbour once had an accident and her vagina became ‘the late vagina’. He laughed and told me as far as he was concerned everything was working like a well-greased machine. Lol it sounded wrong coming from a doctor. I was lucky he was an Indian doctor. If he was black he would have asked for my numbers on the spot. Black men go crazy when they hear the word vagina. He told me I should sleep overnight and can go home in the morning. It was already after 12am and I knew they just wanted to make a quick buck. Private hospitals will treat you well but when the bill comes you will sweat with your heart. After about 30 minutes the cops came. I was glad they had my bags. They asked me few questions and I told them what I

remembered. They told me the guy was rushed to hospital and chances are he wouldn't survive. I faked sadness but deep inside I wished they could tell me which hospital he was at so I could go finish him off personally. They told me I was lucky because I was wearing a seatbelt. Let's be honest, as much as men hate condoms and seatbelts they save lives. It seems men hate things that save lives. Nigger will do you without a condom and when you fall pregnant he'll claim he's not the father. Mxm some fools think sperms turn into coffee when they enter the pussy. In the morning I didn't know where to go. I had my phone but the screen was messed. I wish I lived in the error of 3310. Apparently the screen was so hard people as a weapon during fights. Smartphones are just like artificial yellow bones. They only look attractive and useful at first glance. I checked for my wallet and it was gone. Nxa they probably stole it. They only brought the phone back because the screen was smashed. I asked one of the nurses to lend me her phone. Luckily she had free minutes and let me call. I called JT and she agreed to come fetch me.

As soon as she saw me she went "eh eh eh Ntwana, jive ke eng nou? O jele cornflakes ka ka poison? Or o jelwe ke le Naija (eh eh babe, what's wrong now? Did you eat corn flakes with poison? Did you get chowed by a Nigerian?". I told her what happened and she started laughing. I was angry with her because it was her fault I couldn't get hold of her when I needed her. If she had popped the previous night none of the shit I was in would have happened. She went "ntwana, ke go chaela now and again that stop acting like starring sa movie wa ma-China. O tla raga pakete ya 9kg wa nyela girlie (babe, I tell you now and then not to stop living like a hero in a Chinese movie. You will die). Lift from a stranger ka 12am? You were testing God's power. Madimo ga se papago. Next time take care". Jerrrrr sometimes honesty is not the best policy. JT cared about me to a point that she wouldn't lie to me. She told me truth phaaaa. She had a point though. We drove to her place and as usual she was playing Kwaito music full blast. What kind of person plays kwaito in the morning. When we got to her place there was some girl I haven't seen before. JT was a les-whore – Lesbian-Whore. She had more girlfriends than most guys I know. She drove them crazy, especially when she donned her chinos and shirts. I told JT I wanted to rest because I didn't sleep enough the previous night. She looked at the girl who was sitting on the bed and went "haak, time to voetsek. Ke tla o bhelela jumbas. Mara le wena you are lazy. You are good at twerking in clubs but can't twerk in bed. Tendency tsa megwanthi ya Mamelodi". The poor girl didn't even argue. She put on her shoes, grabbed her

bag and left. JT didn't even give her money for transport. Maybe she stayed in the area. All JT's girls were like some slaves to her. She shouted 'jump' and they didn't even ask 'how high', they jumped like ZCC mukhukhu members after drinking 'noisy water' mixed with Red Bull. She went "gidla ntwana, nna ke sa ya go hustler". She started humming Rick Ross' Everyday I'm Hustling hit as she headed to the door. I slept for what seemed like a century. When I woke up I started thinking about the previous night issues. Pearl, Marcus and Peter. I wondered if they had told my mom what happened. I decided I will buy her a new bigger vibrator if she tried to punish me. Denzel was probably old suffering from diabetes. My other problem was not knowing where to stay. I had an option to tell my mom I needed my own flat but she would demand an explanation why I wanted to leave the Mboweni house...if they had not told her already. Another option was to find a married sugar daddy to fund an apartment for me. I couldn't wait for my father's life cover money to be paid. Maybe it was time I called Sechaba Bolofo, my father's financial advisor to ask what was holding the payment. I wanted to live like the cheese girls we always see on Rich Kids. Yes I wanna live a lavish lifestyle – YOLO.

JT came back around 10pm and she looked drunk. She was singing the struggle song – dhubula dhubula. She told me "after doing some projects I went to Soshanguve and majita bought me booze. Ntwana, ke downile masepa. I feel like I'm the coolest man on earth". Lol hayi lesbians think they are men. I guess the only time God remind them they are women is when they experience period pains. I wonder if rich woman like Beyonce experience period pains. She probably pays some poor girl to carry the pains for her. I looked at her and noticed she had blood on her hands. I asked why and she was like "ntwana, ne ke vaya le some chikita and her ex tried to cause havoc for me. I showed him World War 3. Ke mo trapile a nyela. He's either in a mortuary or Steve Biko Academic Hospital. The black doctors at George Mukhari hospital won't be able to help him. Ke mmontshitse marago a noga". She was showing me her Okapi 7-star knife as she told me that. Lol my lesbo friend was so ghetto and I loved it. She switched on the sound system and started playing 'Slyza Tsotsi'. She even knew how to do the song. It was like she was celebrating her WWII victory. She asked me to join her dance and I did. She made me forget my problems. While dancing somebody knocked at the door. It was the security guard telling the noise level was high and other tenants were complaining. JT lowered the volume and told the nigger to voetsek or she would

ask the Okapi to accompany him. Nigger ran without looking back. After 5 minutes there was another knock. JT thought it was the security guard again and she angrily went “fuck maan, the volume is low. Go tell the fucken tenants to bury themselves under their bed. Ba nyela, ke sound system ya ka e. A ka rekelwa le mataima a bona. Nxa marete a bona julle moer”. The person kept knocking until JT decided to open the door. The next thing I saw was JT falling on the floor with beetroot coming out of her mouth. The guy who beat her went “I told you it’s not over bitch. I will ki.....”

Before he could finish that sentence we locked eyes. He went “Sh sh sh Sharon what are you doing here?”

WTF....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 117

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 3, 2015

“And once the storm is over, you won’t remember how you made it through, how you managed to survive. You won’t even be sure, whether the storm is really over. But one thing is certain. When you come out of the storm, you won’t be the same person who walked in. That’s what this storm’s all about” – Haruki Murakami

At first I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. It was only after few seconds that I noticed what was standing in front of me was my Jane Furse ex Matome. He was as shocked as I was to see him there. He was probably the person JT was talking about earlier. It made sense because I knew Matome hated gays and lesbians. When we were dating he once beat some gay guy up for no reason. When I asked him why he went “God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve. He made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Sadam. Fuck gays and lesbians, they make me sick”. I don’t understand why a normal person would develop such hatred just because of another person’s sexuality. I think guys who hate gays are actually gay inside. I will forever condemn any kind of discrimination against the LGBT community. JT being lesbian doesn’t affect my life in anyway. I went “Why the hell did you do that?”. He looked at me like he wanted to swallow me and went “What the hell are doing in the flat of a lesbian? Are you sleeping with her? Shit I



won't be surprised, you were also born abnormal. Now leave me to show this thing she's still a girl. She will learn not to mess with our girls because she doesn't have a dick and balls". He was unzipping his jeans as he said that. It was like he was preparing to rape her or something. I screamed so hard the person in Mpumalanga could hear me. Within 5 minutes there were more than 5 black people. You will never go wrong with screaming in a black-congested area. Most of them had their phones ready to take pictures and videos. I sometimes believe black people were born to be journalists. When Matome saw people he ran for his life.

JT stood up and looked at the people who came to help. She went "voetsek tsek tsek tsek zonke bonke. You think this Camp Nou and you can watch Messi vs Ronaldo? Tsek vayang hierso. If you are bored go have sex with your mothers". I didn't get why she said that because those people were the reason that fool Matome didn't continue with whatever he wanted to do. When those people left she laughed and went "eish bhari tsa Limpopo di ya loya ka mmao (indeed people from Limpopo practise witchcraft). One punch and I'm on the floor. It was like o nshaphile ka tshipi ya tereni. Anyway, it's not over. Daai man ke tla mmotsha sebeta sa monang (I will show him a live of a mosquito). They don't call me JT for nothing. Ko mo shapa ka di kick tsa Van Damme a nyela (I will kick him with Van Damme kicks)". I couldn't stop laughing. I was angry at Matome for wanting to rape my best friend but to be honest seeing her fall like that was the funniest thing ever. Especially since she's always the one that commands some artificial power. I told her the guy was my ex and she went "no wonder o phela o le masepeng. Le nyobisa batho ba ba wrong (no wonder you are always in deep shit. You open your legs for wrong people). You must slaughter a goat and apologise to ancestors for opening your legs for that nincompoop". Lol it was unlike JT to use big words, maybe it was because she was still drunk. She went to the bathroom and washed her bloodied mouth. After that she said she was coming back. I begged her to lend me her tablet because I wanted to log on Facebook and she agreed. I wanted to check for places to stay online. There are many websites that people use to advertise "rooms to rent", especially in Sunnyside. I made a list of possible rooms to rent. I was tired of staying with older people with limited freedom. I think parents should let their kids stay alone to learn how to be independent. Imagine spending 12 years at school under parents supervision and when you go to tertiary they still want you to go thru the same shit. Fok I was tired. I wanted to be free like a bird. After jotting down numbers of rooms I wanted to rent I retired to lala land.

I didn't even hear JT come back that night. It was only in the morning that I had a company in bed. I slept naked and noticed I was a bit wet underground. I wanted to ask JT if she had any toys but I was scared. She didn't look like the receiver, she looked like the giver. Still under the blanket, I used my finger to play with my wet clitoris. I'm told guys also feel nice when they use fingers to play with the heads of their dicks. But I don't think the feeling they get is as nice as the one we feel. It's like that feeling that you get when you scratch a wound that is about to heal. You know that feeling that makes you wanna go 'ssssssssss ahhhh mxwaaaa'. It makes you swallow your saliva repeatedly. While I was busy self-servicing myself JT went "Ntwana, go take a bath. You didn't bath last night. I hate the smell of fish in the morning. Hlapa ntwana...or else di-sinus di tlo mbhodisa ka ya 6-feet underground". WTF, she just told me my pussy had some funny odour. I was offended but with JT the more you defend yourself was the more she offended you more. Apparently lesbians can smell a vagina from distance...maybe she was right. My pussy needed aquatic attention. I headed to the bathroom and took a bath. JT was a lesbian on another level, she had a picture of Tupac on the bathroom wall. There was nothing pink in her flat, everything was manly. After taking bath I asked JT to lend me her phone because I wanted to look for a place to stay. She told me it wasn't necessary because she enjoyed being with me. I told her I needed my own space because I wanted to study. She understood and gave me her phone. The first 5 I called were already occupied. The 6th one was still available and the landlord said I could come view it. I asked JT to drive me there and she agreed. The name of the flat was Jan FE Cilliers, right behind BP garage at Kotze Street in Sunnyside.

When we got there he was waiting in his orange Ford Focus ST. It is one of my favourite cars. Maybe it's because the teacher I had a crush on in high school drove it. Unfortunately he died of Aids related diseases because he could shaznize me. JT told me she wanted to go check some bitch at Arcadia and would be back in 15 minutes. Mr ST walked me up to the room I wanted to rent. It looked big, neat and beautiful. It was in a 2-bedroom apartment and he told me some girl stayed in the other room. The good thing was it wasn't far from SunnyPark and Cubana. The Mr ST kept looking at my cleavage and it made me feel uncomfortable. I told him I liked the room and would love to move in the same day. He demanded a deposit of R2000 and told me he would expect a rent amount of R2000 every month before the 3rd. I told him I'd give him my rent and deposit the following day. He looked

at my breasts and went “but it’s cool....a girl like you shouldn’t stress about small things like deposit. It’s my property after all. You can move in today without deposit. He asked if I had any furniture and I told him I had nothing and would buy a bed tomorrow. He was trying his best to hide the ring on his finger. I told him I appreciated his generosity and would take the offer of not paying deposit. I’m not the type that would act all Miss Independent and insist on paying something that was offered for free. Open your eyes ladies, if he feels rich enough to spend, let him. It’s not like he’s gonna spend your father’s money. He told me I could go fetch my bags if I had any and he would ‘fix’ the room. He gave me a key. Wow....my new landlord was a sweetheart shem. Luckily JT came back while we were still talking and she drove me to her place. My bags were still packed and we took them to her car. We decided to go eat first before heading back to Sunnyside. She took me to some dodgy restaurant and bought me pap and mogodu. I was the only yellow bone in that place. After eating she drove me to me my new place. We took the bags to my room and guess what, there was a bed and a study desk with a laptop. There was a note on the bed “welcome. I do this for all my tenants”. JT told me she had a bad feeling about the whole thing and I told her she was just sad I was moving out of her place. After unpacking everything I decided to take a nap on my new bed and JT left. I was becoming a friend of sleeping. When I woke up I was pressed.

I opened the door with an intention of going to the bathroom and my eyes were met with .....

WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 118

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 5, 2015

The battle you are going through is not fueled by the words or actions of others; it is fueled by the mind that gives it importance” – Shannon L. Alder

You know that moment when you think you are the only one in the house only to find a stranger looking straight into your eyes...yes that was my moment. She was more yellow than me with big lips and very visible cleavage. It was a bit awkward

because the landlord had not introduced us officially. He just told me there was a girl staying there. So mina I assumed she was the one. I went “uhm, where can I find the bathroom?”. I was actually looking at it as I said that, I just didn’t know what to say. She pointed at the loo with a finger and continued reading the Move magazine. I thanked her and headed to the bathroom. I sat there for about 15 minutes after peeing. I heard her talking over the phone and I could tell it wasn’t a friendly conversation. She sounded angry. I couldn’t hear clear but I think she was saying “I told you I don’t wanna share. Why didn’t you consult me before bringing another girl? You know what happened with the girl who used to stay in there. If this one tries the same I’ll hire a hitman for her. I kid you not”. I wondered who she was talking to but I suspected the landlord. Maybe he was fucking her and she felt I was playing in her territory. Mxm only if she knew that guy wasn’t even my type. I wore bravery and went back to the sitting room. I went “I am Sharon. I’ll be staying in the other room...I’m your new flatmate”. She didn’t even look at me, she just went “Ok. House rules, no leaving dishes overnight”. After that she went to her bedroom.

I stood there speechless not knowing what to do next. There was no way I was going to share a flat with such rude and cold person. It was a good thing I had not paid that dude anything. I went to my bedroom and packed some of my stuff. After packing I studied. After studying I took my phone to some Indian shop, I wanted them to fix it for me. What would we do without Indians mara huh? They can fix anything expect for the broken heart. Just imagine if they could fix broken hearts, 99% of their clients would be girls. They told me to fetch my phone after 3 days. I thought of buying one of those small phones but remembered my Sony used a nano sim card. Luckily I still had an old sim card. I just wanted to be connected nje. When I got back to the flat I found the landlord there. He asked if I settled in well and I said “yes and thank you”. He asked if I met my flatmate and I said no. I couldn’t lie. He knocked on the other bedroom and the girl came out. That time around she was wearing a huge smile on her face. The landlord went “you girls can meet, you know your names mos ha ha ha ha ha ha”. She started “I am Nwabisa February from Port Elizabeth in Eastern Cape”. I asked what her surname was and she went “hawu thixo, I just told you I’m Nwabisa February. Or are you deaf sana?”. Why do many Xhosas have unXhosa surnames? What kind of a black has a surname February? Isn’t February the second month of the year? Imagine a Pedi man from Seshego Zone 1 having the surname July. He would be the laughing

stock of the entire neighbourhood. In Limpopo we don't have fongkong surnames. I told her "I'm Sharon Letsoalo from Ga-Kgapane in Limpopo". She laughed and went "ki ki ki hope you are not a witch. I didn't know Limpopo has yellow bones. Are you sure your father is not from Eastern Cape? You mother probably opened her legs for one of my uncles. Ha ha ha ha ha ha I'm kidding. Nice meeting you". If the landlord wasn't there I'd have applied Zeeism on her. The landlord asked for my numbers and I told him I took my phone for fixing. He asked me to follow him. Nwabisa gave him a funny look but he didn't care.

I followed the guy to his car and he gave me a BlackBerry Curve. He told me it was his old phone and he wasn't using it anymore. I was becoming suspicious at that stage. From experience I learnt guys don't just spend money or give things to a girl for no reason. I saw the Bible in his car and thought to myself "ah, maybe he's a good guy. He was a Samaritan". I took the phone and headed back to the flat. Nwabisa went "be careful of that one, he's a player". I went "a player? Which team does he play for? Chiefs or Orlando Pirates?". She looked at me funny and went "No, he plays for Pussy Pirates". I could tell she was returning sarcasm with sarcasm. She was messing with a wrong girl. Xhosa girls have a tendency of looking down at girls from Limpopo. They see us as some rural naïve girls with a very low IQ. The truth is Eastern Cape is also rural just like Limpopo. The only difference is Eastern Cape has many yellow bones whereas Limpopo has a starvation of yellow bones. We specialise in Coal Bones lol. I told her I do not date or fuck landlords. She asked if I was working and I told her I was a student at TUT main campus. She went "I quit 2 years ago. Books aint for me". I asked if she was working and she went "me work? No". I didn't ask further questions. Her phone rang and she spoke for about 2 minutes. She told me her boyfriend was coming up. I decided to go rest in my room. I wasn't in a mood to meet boyfriends. I took out the sim card from the small phone and put it in the BB. It took 10 minutes to switch on. Anyway, what can one expect from a smartphone that goes ma me mi month mu. It was better that nothing though, at least I could log on Facebook.

I called JT and asked her to visit me. Moving to a new place is the can be hectic with boredom. JT told me she was entertaining some bitch and would come around after 8pm. I decided to call my mom. I always leave at least R10 airtime in that sim card for emergencies. Selfie's mother picked up. She went "Mrs Letsoalo's phone hello now. Mrs Letsoalo is enough now, message please?". I don't know what she

meant but it was nice hearing her voice. I told her it was me and she went “Oh nana ncoooh shem is there problem or wrong? You heard very bad my son. Is everytime ok?”. I laughed and told her everything was ok. I asked her about Selfie and she went “oh him grow grow grow big like resling man. He will travel taxi soon likes father likes son”. I still wonder why she preferred English when talking to me. She wasn’t doing the language any justice. She was literally raping the language. After talking to Selfie’s mom I felt hungry. The way she assassinated English made me hungry. I took my bank card and locked my room. I didn’t trust the Xhosa girl. As I was locking my room I heard noises coming from her bedroom. Whoever was fucking her was doing her good. I felt my pussy singing some Bob Marley songs. I tiptoed to the door and tried to peep thru the keyhole. Mxm the bitch had the key inside. I was disappointed. When she went “oh oh oh I’m coming...I’m coming I’m coming” I accidentally hit the door with my forehead. I immediately ran to the door. Imagine if they caught me at the door? I’d be 99.2% ashamed. I went to McD and bought myself a Big Mac. I’m black like that, I love Big Mac. When I passed Cubana on my way back to the flat some Nigger went “you are so beautiful I can give you my bank card and pin now. Problem is one though, Carvela. I don’t know you but I can tell you are from Limpopo. Go take off those Carvela and come back take my card”. Mxm some niggers know how to turn a girl off. He starts with a compliment and insult me afterwards. People who hate Carvela can’t afford it. I love Carvela and to hell with haters. Mxm toko ya Carvela. When I got back to the flat Nwabisa’s door was opening. The guy was probably done and leaving. I threw my eyes there wanting to see the beast that made Nwabisa scream like a dying sheep.

He appeared from the door and fok maan....the guy....

WTF....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 119

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 8, 2015

The real act of marriage takes place in the heart, not in the ballroom or church or synagogue. It’s a choice you make – not just on your wedding day, but over and

over again – and that choice is reflected in the way you treat your husband or wife”  
– Barbara de Angelis

I was expecting some muscular hunk with charms to die for. You know those guys who look like they shower with Red Bull. What I saw was far different from what I expected. I kept wondering how a beautiful smart girl like Nwabisa could date that kind of a expired goods. Anyway, Kermit has taught me to mind my own business. How does a 70+ old looking man make a young woman scream like that? Maybe the old man was from Venda or president Zuma’s older brother. I mean, at his age any hard activity might lead to death. Yes, sleeping with an old man can kill him. Some girl once gave some old madala a blowjob and nigger died from excitement. I looked at Nwabisa who didn’t show any sign of embarrassment. She went “intoni sana? You look like you have just seen a ghost. Are you ok?”. I gathered strength and went “ja I just saw a ghost. Actually, I just saw someone who is about to be a ghost”. She looked at me like she wanted to spit on me. I didn’t care, she asked a question and I replied. The old man looked at me and went “chief, mind your language. Your tongue seems to be on periods and you should consider dressing it with tampons to avoid saying things that have nothing to do with you. I am too powerful and will destroy you. Aluta Continua, the struggle continues. Viva”. With that kind of language he was probably a politician, a former freedom fighter. These niggers were in exile fighting for freedom for years and now that they are back they chow young girls. Nxa, they are reversing the gains of democracy.

I went to my bedroom and made love to my Big Mac with my mouth. Eaton a burger in private is the coolest thing ever. In public girls eat burgers like we are scared to hurt it. In private you have a right to go all ghetto on it. You eat a burger like you are a begger . I think I finished it in less than 3 minutes. If I was in public it would have taken me more than one hour. That how fake we girls are in public. After eating I called my mom’s phone again. Luckily she answered. I told her I moved out of the Mboweni house because there was too much drama. She asked what drama and I told her family drama. She asked where I stayed and I told her I found a beautiful room in Sunnyside. She was like “you should come back when you have time. There are some things we need to discuss”. Anything that could not be engaged via a phone was obviously of a serious nature. There was some tension between me and her and I didn’t like it. A daughter and mom should be friends and have that freedom to talk about anything. I told her I love her and she said bye. Ja

some mothers are mothers nje. In the morning I woke up and took a bath. I was looking forward to my classes for some reasons unknown to me. It's not normal to get excited over classes. Students will be with me on this one lol. When I got to TUT I made sure I didn't go to areas Marcus frequented. I didn't wanna bump into him. It was gonna be awkward. I saw Pulane and she literally gave me a cold shoulder. I decided to confront her and she went "I don't talk to selfish people. Please do yourself a favour and stop talking to me before things get uglier than they are". I left her. I didn't have energy for drama.

After my last class I found Marcus waiting for me outside the lecture room. I pretended as if I didn't see him but he shouted my name. I walked to him with the tail between my legs. He asked me to follow him to his office. He wasn't the usual smiling Marcus. He was very serious. When we got to his office he said "first of all I want to apologise for whatever you saw last night and the other night. I let alcohol control me and made stupid things. You and I are.....actually, we are not supposed to do what we did. Please don't ever ever tell your mom about it. Pearl and I will sort things out. Unfortunately she doesn't want to see you at the house. Where do you stay now?". I told him I found a place in Sunnyside and he promised to pay my monthly rent. I am the luckiest woman alive, I almost messed his marriage but he was still willing to pay my rent. Shem I wished he was my father. While we were still talking Pulane entered without knocking. Marcus told her to get the hell out but she acted as if she didn't hear him. She entered against his authority. She went "why? Because of this thing?". She pointed me with her finger as she said that. I noticed her nail paint was wearing off. I went "ha ha a thing is a girl who can't afford manicure. Look at my nails, French manicure sesi". Marcus laughed and went "you remind me of my mom. She was very cheeky". Lol of all people nigger compared me with his dead mom. That was some scary shit. He asked me to leave because he wanted to talk to Pulane in private. I went "don't forget to give her money for nails uncle Ba...I mean uncle Marcus". Talk in private my foot, he probably wanted to talk to her pussy in private. Men's brains are located in their balls.

I spent the next few days doing nothing but books and school. I studied and went to school. My rent and deposit were still unpaid and I had not seen the landlord since the day I moved in. I saw Nwabisa once a day. She spent most of her time in her room with that old man screaming. I was even starting to think he was paying her



to scream. I mean, at his age his dick was probably a sponge. On Sunday morning Nwabisa told me to bath and wear decent clothes. She told me we were going to church in Midrand. I also wonder why people travel miles away for church when there are hundreds of churches close by. It's not like the God we gonna pray there was a skhothane or a billionaire. There's only one God and He doesn't care where we praise Him. I took a bath and put on a knee length black skirt, red top, black jacket, red stilettos and a red clutch bag. I believe a girl's bag must match her shoes. I hate giving myself compliments but I looked like a million dollar babe. I took a selfie but it looked bad because I used a BlackBerry Curve. It made me look like a dark bone. BlackBerry aint loyal. I missed my Sony Xperia bathong. When Nwabisa saw me she went "wow, you look gorgeous sana. If I didn't know I'd say you are Xhosa". Basically, she meant only Xhosa girls were capable of looking that gorgeous. Ja Xhosa girls know how to summarise other ethnic groups. We went downstairs to wait for her chauffeur. Some fat nigger driving a Kia Rio picked us up. I thought we were going to Midrand only to find out the church was actually at Ebony. I don't know why people refer to Ebony as Midrand. To me Ebony is in Tembisa, period. Kyalami is in Midrand, not Ebony. The church was packed and there were many expensive cars. No wonder Nwabisa loved it, I know Xhosa chicks love guys who drive nice cars. The fat nigger dropped us and left. Some handsome dude welcomed us. He looked like something from Men's Health magazine. Nwabisa told me he was the pastor's son. Apparently he liked her. She showed me a Whatsapp text where he sent her the 'in love' emoticon. Mxm that doesn't mean anything. Maybe the poor guy was just being nice and she mistook it for something else. During the service they asked all newcomers to go forward. When I stood up and walked to the front I heard whistles, screams and vuvuzelas. For a second I thought I was at a pub or something. It's true that horny men are everywhere, including churches. We were asked to introduce ourselves and where we work. I didn't see the relevance of that. I lied that I was an accountant at The City of Tshwane. I didn't wanna be the only newcomer to say I was a student. The guy who welcomed us earlier was shaking our hands. While shaking mine he secretly gave me a note. I didn't know what was on the note at that stage but for some unknown reason my pussy got a bit wet. Immediately after the newcomer intros I went to the bathroom to check the note. It was written....

"No easy way to say this, ....."

Booooooommmmm.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 120

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 10, 2015

*“99% of all problems can be solved by money — and for the other 1% there’s alcohol” – Quentin R. Bufogle*

My entire life I have never imagined myself being married to a pastor or someone who goes to church ‘abnormally’. By abnormally I mean those people who would never do anything without the church’s approval. By being the pastor’s son, it’s only normal for you to be closer to church and church things. When I opened the note what I saw was more than shocking. I was actually expecting something like an invitation to some church function or something. The note was written “.....I have been praying for a wife for years since I reached the age of maturity. God took his time to answer my prayers. When I saw you I saw God’s answer to my prayers. I don’t even know your name or where you come from but in you God is showing me someone I can spend the rest of my life with. Someone we can raise our kids together”. I sat in the bathroom shaking. Not because of the sweet words, but because I never thought there are people who saw a wife or a mother in me. I was used to being called all negative things and there comes a stranger and see something many men failed to notice before. He wasn’t just a stranger, he was a handsome hunk who happened to be the son of the pastor. The note gave me mixed emotions and I didn’t know how to react to it. Where I come from love letters or notes are outdated. Boys will ask you out straight 9-9. On the other side, my lifestyle was not the pastor-family type. I was living my life on the fast lane and marrying into the pastor’s family would force me to live my life on ‘pass right keep left’ basis, or worse on the yellow line.

After leaving the toilet I didn’t go back into the church. I headed straight to the street. There was no way I was gonna face that guy again. To make matters worse my flatmate liked him. She would probably think I snatched him from her. Xhosa girls wanna be the one to be noticed first by a guy. If he goes for the other girl they develop internal beef. With my high stilettos it was a bit difficult to walk and I didn’t even know where I was going. Almost every car that passed slowed down to

look at me. Have you noticed how confident guys who drive cheaper or old cars are? They have the balls to try their luck on some classy looking woman. Imagine a guy driving a 1992 Toyota Corolla Sprinter with red fur seats trying his luck on a classy lady driving the latest Range Rover Sport. I walked for about 5 minutes and felt the dust was just too much for me. I remembered I was in the kasi of Busy Corner, the popular Shisanyama in Ebony. The last time I was there I was with Never-Die if my memory serves me well. I decided to catch a taxi to there. In a taxi I sat next to some light-skinned man wearing khaki ZCC uniform. It was the very time I see a male yellow bone ZCC member. The ones I normally see are darker than that cop-like cap they normally put on. Nigger went “eh mamoruti re ya neng kerekeng? Modimo a ka thabela batho ba go tshwana le wena kerekeng. Ke tla o direla polane ya tuku ya go bofa meriri (eh when are we going to church? I’ll give you something to cover your hair)”. I ignored him. I took out my phone and started checking Facebook posts. He went “ag votsek. O kganya okare o bopilwe ka gauta. Nxa le go tsamaya ka founu ya go cheapa... BlackBerry Curve is so 2010. Thaka tsa gago di tsamaya ka di iPhone le di S5. Ne ke o dira motho nyana (go to hell with your cheap phone. Your peers are using iPhones and S5’s)”. People like him make us hate their churches. How can you insult someone while wearing church uniform? He was lucky I wasn’t in a mood to insult people. I was gonna tell him shit he would walk from Ebony to Boyne in less than 10 minutes.

Luckily the taxi reached Busy Corner before my heart got smaller. It was so easy to spot Busy Corner because the place is forever packed on Sundays. It was around Midday but the parking was teeming with many beautiful cars. That place is frequented mostly by black middle class. I saw someone that looked like some DJ from my hood, Ceephonik Malematja. Watch the space, he’s the next big thing. Unfortunately the guy I saw was not him. I chose a table that wasn’t occupied. I just wanted to be alone nje. I bought myself 6 Hunter Gold cans. I didn’t want wine or anything that would make me horny. I had #PastorSonIssues to deal with. I looked around and almost every girl had the latest smartphone in their hands. There was no way I was gonna use the Curve in front of people, especially not after what the ZCC dude said. I actually switched it off. I didn’t want Nwabisa to contact me. It was possible she was the one who sold me to that dude. Within an hour more than 12 guys offered to buy me drinks or to sit with me. I kept telling them I was waiting for my boyfriend. One of them went “any guy who keeps a beautiful lady like you waiting is not ok upstairs. Take my business card, if he

stands you up I'll drive you home". I went "thanks for the offer but I have my own car". Sometimes lying is the only language guys understand. You tell him the truth he thinks you want him. My plan was to chill at Busy Corner to clear my head until 4pm and then catch a taxi back to Pretoria. Not having a car is a anti-revolutionary. Some 2 girls came and asked if they could join me and I said yes. I was kinda getting tired of every Tom, Dick and Matome asking for my numbers. Guys think when a chick is sitting by herself she's selling her pussy. Kwaaa not Sharon Letsoalo morwedi wa (daughter of) Makoma le Piet or Denzel. The girls introduced themselves as Malethabo and Jane from Pretoria. I also told them I was from Pretoria and we immediately clicked. They asked if I was driving and when I said no they asked how I got to Busy Corner and I told them my cousin dropped me. They told me I shouldn't worry because they'd drop me at my place.

They bought Skky Vodka and Cranberry juice. I continued with my Hunter's. I didn't wanna be Skky'd on Sunday. Before getting drunk they went on and on about how women should not depend on men blah blah blah. They were preaching feminism and independence. After couple of glasses of Skky they changed the tune. They went on and on about how they get so lonely and wanna get married blah blah blah. Ja it's true that women are not fake when we are drunk. The only thing we can fake is orgasm to make the nigger feel he has arrived, especially if he has money. They say money drives the world around. Bullshit, I say money buys you what you want. Around 8pm some 3 guys joined us. We didn't know them but in the alcohol world there's no such thing called a stranger. They told us they are also from Pretoria. They bought Jane and Malethabo another bottle of Skky Vodka and 6 Hunters Gold cans for me. The good thing about Busy Corner is they play jazz, afro-pop, R&B and Soul. So when you dance, you do it in a decent way. No twerking and sexually inviting moves. I don't know how it happened but we found ourselves dancing in pairs. The guy I was dancing with introduced himself as Masilo. I knew he was from Limpopo when he mentioned that name. Nigger told me he was a lawyer. Just before midnight the girls suggested that we should leave. The guys said they'll tail our car to ensure we are safe. From Busy Corner we used Olifantsfontein Road until we joined N1 North in Midrand. The guys were still tailing us. Jane, our driver, was busy on Whatsapp while driving. She smiled every 3 seconds. Malethabo told her to drive and chat especially when she's under the influence of Skky. When we got to Ultra Shell garage in Samrand Jane off-ramped and the guys followed us. The guy who was

dancing with Jane came to our car and Jane told us to go to the other car. It was obvious she was chatting to him on Whatsapp all along and bitch was going to get some dick. I didn't have a right to talk cause they gave me a lift. I sat in front with Masilo and Malethabo was with the other dude in the back seat. I heard some funny sounds from the back seat. I think they were fingering each other. We dropped Malethabo and the other guy in Centurion. I think nigger stayed there. Sometimes us girls allow alcohol to make us cheap. It's easier to sleep with a stranger when drunk. There are girls who sleep with different guys every weekend because of alcohol. I told myself I wasn't gonna be that kinda girl that Sunday. Masilo asked who I stayed with and I said alone. The smile on his face was priceless. Remember I told you my flat was right behind BP garage in Sunnyside? Ja, I told him we should buy condoms there. His entire body smiled, including the dick. As soon as we got to that garage nigger got off to buy condoms. While he was still buying I got out of the car and ran like I wanted to win a gold medal. It took me less than 30 seconds to get to my flat lol. The whole thing was exciting. I unlocked the main door and headed to the bathroom first. I was flipping pressed. After peeing I headed to my lala-room. The door wasn't locked. I couldn't remember whether I forgot to lock it or what-what.

I switched on the light and booommmmm....someone was sleeping on my bed.

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 121

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 12, 2015

The more stupid one is, the closer one is to reality. The more stupid one is, the clearer one is. Stupidity is brief and artless, while intelligence squirms and hides itself. Intelligence is unprincipled, but stupidity is honest and straightforward” – Fyodor Dostoyevsky

If you don't have a roommate you would not expect someone to be sleeping on your bed without your permission, no matter what. I'm a coward by nature and under normal circumstances I would have run for my life when I saw a fat something lying on my bed. If I wasn't closer I'd have mistaken that person for a

cow or an elephant. When that person snored my bed vibrated. If hundred of such people snored at the same time there would be an earthquake. What I didn't understand was why that person was sleeping on my bed. I couldn't see the face because it was covered by a blanket, but I could see the lower body. I couldn't even tell if it was a male or female or a hemaphrodite. I went "heyi heyi...who are you?". When I said that the person increased the volume of snoring. Even the windows started vibrating at that stage. My mind started wandering all over. I even thought maybe the landlord got another tenant because I had not paid yet. The alcohol in me told me to take out a hanger from the closets and hit the fuck out of that guy. I'm not the one to take advices from my mind when I'm drunk but I opened the closet and took one shoe and hit the person's toes. He went "yhooooooo thusang yhoooo thusang". WTF, what kinda man screams like that like. It was only when Nwabisa who threw herself in my bedroom said "what's wrong Flora?" that I noticed the person was not a 'he' but a 'she'. I was closer to the door about to run for my life. I know being ugly is not a disability but that woman qualified to apply for government disability grant. People are not beautiful when sleeping or immediately after waking up but not Flora. She was ugly and her name was also ugly.

Nwabisa went "Sharon, what did you do to her? She's the one who helped me to look for you all over Ebony and Tembisa. We thought you were kidnapped or something". I was lost as to what she was on about. Where did kidnapping fit in there. She continued "you just disappeared without a trace from the church service. Me, the pastor's son and Flora spent hours looking for you. What the fuck happened to you?". I looked at her and burped. It's so nice to burp when you have had the holy liquid. I went "before we talk about your kidnapping and what-what, what is this prehistoric creature doing in my bedroom? Isn't she the one we were watching on National Geographic few weeks ago. Phela this is a dinosaur. Call SPCA or SAPS or Mmusi Maimane. If people find us with this creature in the house they'll think we practice witchcraft. I'm from Limpopo, they'll think I'm the one who brought it here". When I ran away from Masilo I wasn't very drunk, but seeing Flora elevated my drunk status to almost very drunk. Her ugly face was alcoholic. Nwabisa slapped me on the cheek and went "you ungrateful little bitch. We spent hours looking for with with Flora and instead of thanking her you are busy insulting her. How are you mara huh? Unjani?". Flora asked Nwabisa to calm down because I was obviously drunk. Joh, she was speaking in bold italic font

kwa kwa kwa kwa. Nwabisa explained “ok I’m sorry. Flora dropped me here after our search for you yielded no results. We were aiming to go look for you in the morning. That’s the reason she slept here. She slept in your bedroom because I have company in my bedroom”.

Bitch!!!! I knew as much. I was like “so where must I sleep?”. She said I could sleep with Flora if I didn’t mind. I was like “no offence, I know I’m drunk but my eyes are still functioning normally. For fear of nightmares and possible fainting, I can’t sleep with them...I mean her”. She looked ‘many’, that’s why I almost referred to her as ‘them’. After arguing Nwabisa said I could sleep in her bedroom if I didn’t mind her guest. I didn’t even ask questions, I staggered to her bedroom. Hayi uFlora had an alcoholic effect on me bathong. The more my mind pictured her the more I got drunk. Club and Pub owners should hire her. Drinkers will just look at her and get sloshed. Her family were probably alcoholics, looking at her everyday would turn one into an alcoholic. When I got to Nwabisa’s bedroom the old madala was sleeping there. Nigger was so old all I could see on his body were ribs. Hayi bo Nwabisa mrena, girls her age go for guys with 6-packs and she goes for an ancestor with 6-ribs. Ja indeed money talks. I threw myself in the blankets and said “good night people and creatures”. Nwabisa came and joined us on the bed. Mind you, I slept with my shoes and clothes on. I had a funny dream, I dreamed about my ancestors. In my dream they came while I was sleeping and took off my shoes and clothes and started massaging me. In the morning when I was sober I couldn’t stop laughing, just imagine ancestors that know how to massage ki ki ki.

My laughter was stopped when I noticed I was only in my panties. I tried to remember how I got to get naked but couldn’t remember a thing. Well, maybe the ancestors dream wasn’t really a dream but something that happened. There was no one on the bed. I looked around and saw a note on the small table next to the bed. It read: “I went to do my hair in Centurion. See you later...you have a lot of explaining to do when I come back”. Ah fuck explaining. I was glad she was away, it gave me a chance to sleep peacefully. I went back to lala land and had another dream. This time the ancestors were sleeping next to me praying “God bless our food before we eat. Amen”. Hayi seeing Flora was not a good thing, suddenly all my dreams were about ancestors. So it means men who married ugly wives dream about ancestors everyday. But hey, beauty is the eyes of the beholder. Some say

‘real beauty is in the heart’. I’ll keep my opinion to myself before people accuse me of being judgemental. I don’t know how long I slept but when I woke up I tried to roll and my hand touched something. It was Nwabisa’s old madala. I was like “WTF shit, what on earth are you doing here?”. He went “sshhhh, I’m not here to fight or hurt you. I came back to sleep after dropping Nwabisa in Centurion. To be honest, I spent the whole night horny and this morning I couldn’t stop thinking about you. You are the sexiest woman I’ve ever laid my eyes on. Let’s do it just once and it will change your life forever”. Ja some old men have a nerve. He was probably the ancestor that took off my clothes the previous night. He continued “Nwabisa won’t be back until around 11. We still have time to make a little bit of fun. I’ll give you money, a lot of money”. WTF, that was insulting. He basically meant I was a prostitute. We all want money but when a guy promises you money for sex it’s very offensive. Before I could tell him shit....

He showed me a roll of R200 notes and went “it’s all yours Shining Star”.

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni 122

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 15, 2015

Believe only half of what you see and nothing that you hear – Edgar Allan Poe

There’s no person in this world who can claim they don’t love money. We all love money and are very capable of doing shitty stuff just to lay our hands on money. Even pastors love money. The money they collect in church aint going to heaven. God does not have a bank account. Many girls date for money. I think it’s not different from prostitution. I looked at the roll in Madala’s hand and my palm started itching. I couldn’t count it but I could tell it was more than R3000. Ja people have money to waste, especially men. No wonder Nwabisa wasn’t working, she was employing ‘Serope Mpererekele’ technique. I mean, WTF!!!! R3000 is someone’s salary but just because he was rich it was nothing to him. I looked at him and went “you think you can just buy me with peanuts? I’m not like other girls you chow and pay with your little money. I’m Sharon Letsoalo and I value my body. As you can see, this is a body and half not the amoebae you eat”. Deep down



I knew I wanted that money. I just didn't want him to think I was desperate. When guys detect your desperation they'll use it to their advantage and your heart will come out limping. He went "ok...I'll give my money to my amoeba then". He was preparing to leave as he said that. I quickly went "how about you give me the money and we'll do it next week? I am on periods now". He looked at me and nodded. For a moment I thought he bought my periods story and I gave him a huge smile. He cleared his throat and said "ok, I'll give you the moola on condition you prove you are on periods. I know you little rascals have a tendency of lying to us mature species". Nigger wanted to use his finger to feel if I had any blood underground. Shit, some men mean business. I walked to the door and locked it. Imagine being caught having sex with a soon-to-be-ancestor.

I was like "come fuck me". His eyes went wide. He went "I knew you had brains in you". Mxm men think brains are located between legs. I asked him if he had condoms and he went "I have enough to last us 3 days". He searched his pocket and produced 3 choice condoms. WTF, the last time I was fucked with free government condoms was when I was dating Matome. That shit smells bad. I only let him do me with Choice condoms because I was afraid he'd beat me. Men from gaSekhukhune don't take shit. He says jump you must ask how high or else a hot club will accompany you high. Madala didn't even wait for me to protest about the free condoms, nigger took off his trousers and put on a condom. His dick looked too tired for my liking. It looked like a very small version of a trunk of an elephant. If it could sing the only song it could sing would be 'In My Times' by Teddy Pendergrass. Ja things we do for money. I felt like a mini-prostitute. But hey, playing saint won't pay bills or buy me a Peruvian weave. Actually, you can judge me if you want to. Guys chow you for R100 pizza from Debonairs and you wanna act saintly. At least I did it for something bigger. I lay on the bed and stretched my legs. It was the first time I was sleeping with someone that age and I was a bit nervous. My pussy was not wet and he used his saliva to wet it. Shit, what a turn of!!!! He went "when I put it in please scream. It turns me on". WTF, now it made sense why Nwabisa screamed whenever he chowed her. Basically, he paid her to scream. He wasn't even gentle, he put it in so fast you'd swear he thought there was honey in my pussy and he was scared of bees. My pussy lips experienced some pain. I used my hand to move his dick a bit lower before I felt like nigger was hitting on my urethral exit. I put my legs over his little body and in vibrating fashion I pushed my body up. I up-twerked twice and suddenly nigger started

breathing heavily. I relaxed my legs and noticed nigger was losing his breath. He had his hands on the chest and was busy pointing at his trousers. I got off the bed, grabbed the trousers and threw them at him. He searched one pocket and took out what looked like an asthma pump.

While he was in a business of 'asking God to bring him back to earth' I grabbed the moola and walked towards the door. He struggled to speak. He went "wwwwait....come bbbbackkkk". I looked at him and went "wait for the what? For the why? For the how? I delivered my service and your resources failed you. You can't blame the weather reporter for a bad weather. Abashwe....touch let's go. Haaak". I walked naked from Nwabisa's room to my bedroom. Luckily skobonkie was not there. I had my clothes in my hand. I went to the bathroom and wiped my pussy. I didn't want the Choice smell to haunt me. I felt like a mini-bitch, a R3 grand+ rich bitch. You can judge me on your empty stomach and I'll smile on a full one. I changed into leggings and a sweater and left. I didn't want that old skorokoro to die in my presence. I think old people should stick to fucking their fellow oldies or lazy girls. Just imagine, one Shazylicious shake and nigger got an asthma attack. I decided to go to JT's place. I knew she didn't have any 'projects' on Mondays. I took my money with. I didn't want that madala to knock me. I used an 'A Re Yeng', some fancy buses in Pretoria, to go to JT's place. I was lucky because she was about to leave as I got there. She went "Ntwana, you look old today? Dintshang?". WTF, can ageing be sexually transmitted? I mean, I 'almost' rode that nigger and already I was looking old. JT's comment caught me off guard. It really made me become self-conscious. She went "get in the car. I'm off to Jozi for some business". I didn't wanna go far but hey, I didn't have a choice. I just wanted to be far from asthma attacks.

JT and I didn't talk much in the car. She was playing very loud music and dancing behind the wheel. Sometimes I think lesbians were made from YY chromosomes. I'm not a big fan of Jozi because I find it dirty. Pretoria is very neat. Joburg is dirty and overcrowded. She told me we were going to Braamfontein. I've only been to that place once. She dropped me at McDonald's Cnr Jorissen and Melle Streets. I guess she didn't want me to see the kind of business she was engaging in. I jokingly said "be safe. This is Jozi". She looked at me and went "don't abbreviate my intelligence. Ke nja ya teng nna. Jozi is my Camp Nou". Mmmm I loved her confidence. I ordered myself a burger and started eating. I missed my phone, the

BlackBerry I had had a very weak battery and it was off most of the time. While I was busy eating a very familiar face walked in. I don't know why but I got so excited you'd swear I saw Step-Father Christmas. The person I saw was Thabiso, the guy who broke my virginity. You can forget all ex's but the guy who broke your virginity will never be forgotten. You can ask your grandmother if you don't believe me. She probably still remember the number of minutes he spent on top of her. I greeted him with a hug but he didn't hug me back. It was like I made him feel uncomfortable. It was unlike him because he was the talkative and bubbly type. It was kinda embarrassing for me because people were watching. They probably thought "shame, a desperate yellow bone". I asked him what he was doing in Braamfontein and a female voice behind me went "he stays with me. Why are you asking?". Mxm it explained why nigger acted all edgy, his madam was around. I turned around and saw a woman my mom's age. She even had chubabas on her face. I don't know what chubabas are in English. I went "yho Thabiso, what a downgrade!!!! From a 2015 BMW Convertible to an 1960 Toyota Super 10 ha ha ha ha ha ha....". The last 'ha' was accompanied by a hot clap on my face. I didn't waste time, I also pulled a fast one on her expired face. She lost balance and fell. Before I could kick her, a male Nigerian accented voice went:

"Chinekeeee Sharun, Kia's friendo. Still da same huh?". WTF, the voice .....

WT-G.....

THE END.

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 123

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 17, 2015

Have the courage to say no. Have the courage to face the truth. Do the right thing because it is right. These are the magic keys to living your life with integrity" – W. Clement Stone

I'm not the type to get scared easily. But that voice made my entire body tremble with fear. I have watched many Nigerian movies where people die today and come back the following. I personally don't buy it but this is Africa, anything is possible. It took me 30 seconds to gather strength to turn and look at the direction where the voice came from. I didn't go for the face first, I went for the pants. I knew God was

in a good mood when he made Nigerian men like Adeyomi. I can't say the same about men from North West aka Bokone Bophirima and Kwa-Zulu Natal. He went "eh eh Sharun you can't even look at my face?". Before I could turn my head up to confirm what I thought it was, Ms Chubaba on the floor kicked my legs and I fell on top of her. Thabiso and some people who were inside McD intervened. But before they could get me off her I made sure I made her eat my snack. I have very strong teeth, when I bite a piece of meat will say goodbye to your body. The blood on her blouse corroborated my teeth's reputation. Thabiso grabbed her chubaba-infested expired girlfriend or rather gogo-friend and left McD. Some ugly guy helped me to stand up. Nxa of all people in that place help had to come from him. I almost said "no thanks". Being touched by ugly men in public is a sign of bad luck.

I looked around to check the Nigerian guy who called my name earlier. Flip, he was nowhere to be seen. I even checked outside thru the glass walls and he was nowhere to be seen. Or maybe I was daydreaming or hallucinating. Everyone inside McD was looking at me like I was some lunatic from Kuvukiland. That's why I prefer to eat in restaurant frequented by white people, they know how to Kermit themselves. I was like "what are you looking at? Do I look like Ster Kinekor? Don't know where the cinema is? Nxa tsek tsek tsek". I don't even know where I got bravery to say that. Luckily I was not in the township. Imagine behaving like that in a township like Diepsloot. Niggers from there were gonna eat me alive. They have a 99% shortage of gentleman. I saw JT's car outside the restaurant. I walked there before those people's eyes undressed me. When I got in the car JT asked "eh Ntwana, you look like you were in a wrestling match with a lion. Smoko ke eng? And ke vreaza o nchaele waar cause I know o rata go dlala ka leleme (what's wrong? And please tell me the truth because I know you love lying)". I told her what happened and she cracked. I needed a shoulder to cry on but my best friendly JT laughed. She laughed non stop from Braamfontein until we passed Melrose Arch. I told her about the Nigerian guy who disappeared before I could see his face and she went "Ntwana, tlogela go tsuba zol ya fong kong. Entlik, tlogela go mix'a zol ka paraffin (stop smoking dagga with paraffin). It will mess with your head. Entlik since you came back from hospital you have acting funny. What if spring se se one se tswile in your head? You must go home Ntwana. Pila pila you should go to Moria. Good luck to bra Lekganyane". JT was in a way right, ever since I left the hospital I've been acting somehow. It was like someone I killed was haunting me. Maybe it was time I went home.

When we got to Pretoria I asked JT if we could go drink 2 or 3 and she went “as long as you pay sfebe. Nna ke chaile like sthothane sa fake on Monday morning”. I told her she shouldn’t worry about money. She said she doesn’t feel like going out so we went to buy takeaways. She bought herself 6 Castle Lite dumpies and me 6 Hunters Gold. I loved Hunters Gold but problem is it’s not friendly to the belly. Most girls who drink Hunters Gold have big bellies. It’s like the female version of Heineken. Check how chubby guys who drink Heineken are. When you drink with JT you must make you don’t have a stomach bug. Or else you gonna laugh until your asse loosens up and release unmentionables. She was making some funny jokes and dancing for me. She was such a cutie. She looked so cute in her grey chinos and a tucked in white long-sleeved shirt. I don’t know what she did to her breasts but they looked like a chest of a muscular man under that shirt. I asked her if she ever goes on periods and she went “those things ke tsa difefe. Nna ke lepara, ke lenyora la Pitori”. After my last drink I asked JT to drop me at my flat. I was drunk. If you are a girl and you drink more than 6 without getting drunk ... May the good Lord bless you. She dropped me at the gate and left. Sunnyside was its busy self, especially the side where I stayed. Only if parents saw what their little bitches, sometimes known as daughters, did in Sunnyside. Shit, I was one of them. I decided to use the stairs. Some guy told me I look gorgeous and I went “I know”. Guys are getting smarter. They use compliments as pick-up lines these days. He compliments you and when you smile and say thanks he asks for your number. Not with Sharon Letsoalo, daughter of Piet. I’m 2 steps ahead mrena. I aint your typical Limpopo girl that you can charm with you model c English. Fak’imali uzobona.

I opened the door to our apartment and the first thing I heard were sounds coming from Nwabisa’s room. Bullshit man, no wonder the landlord didn’t want me to pay rent. No one wanted that room. Like WTF would tolerate those stupid sounds everyday. I even thought of stealing the old man’s asthma pump. You see what I mean when I say men are greedy and they think with their dicks. He almost died in the morning. Instead of nursing his health he was busying applying for another asthma attack. And you blame witchcraft when men die younger compared to women. I knocked on Nwabisa’s door and shouted “Rest in Peace”. I quickly ran to my bedroom. I called JT to tell her about the irritating sounds and she went “Ntwana, buy’a Aliphirimi and deal le da man. O ka se sokidiswe ke madala nyana wa go nkg a dikousu”. Lol JT’s advices were too radical for my liking. I called my mom after talking to JT. I think I was more normal drunk than when I was sober. I

never think of calling my mom when I'm sober. She was like "I was about to call you. Things are not well my daughter. I've been dreaming about your father a lot lately. I went to 3 prophets and they tell me one thing: you must marry a pastor or something bad will happen to you. Maybe that prophet from Venda will be a good ....". I hung up and switched off my phone at that stage. I couldn't listen to that shit anymore. Dreams of her husband had nothing to do with me. The prophets she visited were either high or horny. Many girls do things they don't wanna do because of these fake pastors and prophets. I girls who married people they don't love because the pastor said so. I wasn't going to fall into that trap. People drink petrol, eat grass and strip naked in churches because of these pastors and prophets. Read Mathew 7:15 and understand what it says about false prophets. Maybe my mom married Piet for church reasons. No wonder she cheated on him with men and toys. I slept with a heavy heart that night. In the morning I was woken by a knock on my door. I thought it was Nwabisa so I didn't even bother getting dressed. I opened the door wearing my undie only. Shit, the landlord waltzed in and went ....

"It's time to pay sesi....uhm".

WTF....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 124

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 19, 2015

"So you think that money is the root of all evil. Have you ever asked what is the root of all money?" – Ayn Rand

Some people lack visiting manners. Who the fart knocks on other people's bedroom door early in the morning? I wanted to hit him with my shoe but I remembered I was in his property. He wanted rent money but his eyes were glued to my punani area like it had an ATM to withdraw rent money from. I jumped onto the bed and covered my precious assets with a duvet. His eyes hit another target immediately, my boobs. My boobs are not huge, they are a normal size but they engineer a killer cleavage that drive men crazy. Many perverts bump into poles and walls while looking at my boobs. I covered my them and nigger was like "you are behaving

like Eskom now. Was that necessary?”. I almost said ‘necessary ke mmao’. Men think they have a birthright to look at our body parts. Do you ever wonder why men pay to go to strip clubs? That’s more like window shopping. It’s like a girl paying to go to Legit but not shop. I am tempted to say men are fools. He sat on my bed next to me. It kinda made me very uncomfortable but I maintained my cool. I didn’t wanna appear weak in front of him. He’d use it to his advantage. He went “do you have money?”. I looked at him and said “I understand this place is yours but you have no right whatsoever to enter my room without my permission. You should have called me first. Now you are here and I’m naked. How do you think that make me feel?”. He went “whoa young lady, it’s not a big deal. I just came to fetch my rent money”. I apologised for being hard on him and he said cool. I reached for my bag which was on the other side of the bed. I counted 10 R200 notes and handed to him. Instead of taking the money he went “nuh, it doesn’t have to be money and you don’t have to pay me now. You are a woman, Figure it out. I’ll back at 17:30”.

Do men ever think like sensible human beings without involving naked flesh? I could see thru that guy. He was probably used to using his ownership of property to chow girls. I’ve been tricked to bed many times and I was too old to be fooled again. I took a bath and left for TUT. I attended all my classes and for some reason my brain was very sharp that day. I thought it would be slow after the conversation I had with my mom the previous day. After my classes I went to Marcus’ office. I didn’t go there because I cared, I went there because he promised to pay for my rent. I can hate a person but when coming to money I suspend the hatred. Money makes me happy, that’s one thing I’ll never lie about. When I got there Pulane was sitting on Marcus’ desk. I greeted Marcus and gave him a hug. He looked at me and asked if I was ok. I told him I wanted to talk in private and he told Pulane to go wait outside. She was like “ok babe, be careful neh. Some girls are like scavengers. Ke bo lahla ke tope”. Some girls have no shame bathong. When you are a side chick you have no right to call another woman’s husband ‘babe’ in public. He’ll be your babe in private. A side chick that behaves like the main chick is like a ‘Leftie’, a guy who sits on the passenger seat but behaves as if he owns the car. I told Marcus I needed money for rent and deposit. He didn’t even ask questions, he asked for my bank account number and deposited R4200. Shit, I expected R1000 followed by a story about how broke he was blah blah. At that moment I wished he was my father. I’d be the happiest daughter ever. Imagine you just shout money

and he deposits it immediately. He was unlike those fathers who would give you a 30 minutes speech about funeral covers, grocery and what what expenses. He went “Piet is watching wherever he is. I made a promise that as your ...as his friend I’ll make sure you are taken good care of when he ...”. What I didn’t like about Marcus was how he got emotional whenever he spoke about Piet and taking care of me. It was like he was feeling guilty about something.

When I left Marcus’ office Pulane was still waiting outside. I was like “don’t you get tired of sleeping with married men? You know it’s not a career right? You should get your own man”. She laughed and said “he he he he at least I don’t pretend to be a good girl like other people. If your pussy had legs it would probably run away. The way you abuse it is not on. You should try giving it a break sometime...”. Shit, I didn’t see that one coming. For the first time in my life I didn’t have a come back. I walked to the bus terminals. Before I could board the bus some guy offered me a lift in his Corsa Lite. I thought of what happened few weeks back and said no. There was no way I’d take that risk again. He begged me and I still said no. Once bitten, twice shy. I got in the bus and got off at Pretoria CBD. I just felt like taking a walk from CBD to Sunnyside. This thing of always using cars aint healthy. I walked via Prinsloo (it’s called Sisulu now) street and turned left at Vissagie Street which led me to Kotze Street after crossing Mandela Drive. When I got to the BP garage next to my flat I remembered I had money. R4000 from Marcus for rent + the one that made madala suffer an asthma attack and I also had money in my saving account. My financial status was greener than that of some employees. I decided to go buy something at Mr Price. Mr Price is like culture to black girls. You can have R10 000 in your bank account but you’ll still feel the need to buy something from Mr Price. It’s like that ex who used to fuck you well. You can get married to the most successful guy in the world but you’ll still feel a need to go fuck that ex. I got to Mr Price and looked around. Some guy went “I am not a fashion guru but I can help you choose”. I smiled and told him I was ok. He left and within 30 seconds nigger came back with a black g-string. He went “this would suit you my dear. I wouldn’t mind paying for it”. Ha ha ha I found it funny. I laughed until my tears ‘came’. I told him black undies are for widows. He apologised and asked if he should bring a different colour. I told me no and he acted disappointed. He was like “by the way, my name is Ashley Phetole Malatji. I stay Polokwane but here for some business”. It’s only people from Polokwane who introduce themselves fully. I’m sure he was about to tell me



his dick size and his dog's middle name. I went "my name is Mpho from North-West". I decided to lie to him. Before he could talk some short beautiful girl tapped him on the shoulder and went "Ashley, babe...I'm done. We can go pay now?". The embarrassment on his face was priceless. You'd swear he had 3 hot boiled eggs in his mouth. Hayi men love taking chances.

I bought 3 tops, 2 leggings and a sweater. From there I went to Chicken Licken to buy hot wings. It felt so normal to do normal things like other girls. I was tired of drama in my life. After buying food I went to the shop to check if my phone was fixed. Luckily they were done with it and I was so happy. When I got to my flat Nwabisa and her ancestor-friend (and old boyfriend) were not there. I was happy because I wanted some me-time. I charged my phone and attacked the wings. After eating I called mama Selfie to say hi. She went "wrong timings son. Hello and bye for good". Before the call went off I heard a male voice in the background saying "come nice baby. Open feets". It was quite obvious my aunt was getting some lol. It was embarrassing but hey, she was a woman and had a pussy. I kinda got a bit horny. As soon as I switched my newly fixed phone on a call from a number I didn't know came in. I thought of ignoring it but my heart told me to answer. The person started by saying "please don't hang up, I beg you. This is the guy you met at church last Sunday. Can we please talk?". I remained silent and he went "I know it's weird but I want to marry you. I'm about to become a pastor and I don't wanna be a wifeless pastor. When I saw you I saw a pastor's wife. Can we please meet and talk?". WTF, I hung up. Was he even listening to what he was saying? Where the fuck on earth did he get my number? My blood was boiling with anger. I started punching my pillow with tears in my eyes. My bedroom door opened. I looked to check who opened it.

Nigger got in, closed and locked the door and took off his shirt.....

WTF.....

THE END

**Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 125**

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 24, 2015

“Love isn’t something you find. Love is something that finds you” – Loretta Young

Some men do not know where and when to hit brakes. I mean, you can’t just throw yourself into a girl’s bedroom and engage in nakedness. That’s madness at highest level. What was more disgusting was watching those wrinkles and grey hair on the chest. Old people should not be naked in front of people. It’s very traumatising. I didn’t even know what he wanted because the last he almost died when I Shaznized him. He went “did you really think I’ll let you run with my R3000 for doing nothing? I am not a fool? Gimme some pussy or #PayBackTheMoney”. I looked at him expecting to hear “you have been schuksed”. Nigger was dead serious. He even had tears in his eyes. He was probably one of those guys who cried when they are horny. Yes there are people like that. Maite once dated a guy like that. One day he touched me and the next thing he had tears in his eyes. “Did you hear what I said?”. I looked at him and went “are you threatening to rape me?”. Normal men get scared when the R-word is mentioned. No man wanna go to prison for rape. Apparently rapists turn into the opposite when they are behind bars. I went “it’s not my fault you almost died when I shook what my mama gave me. Next time you won’t have an asthma attack, you will die madala”. He tried to touch me but I threatened to scream. He was like “listen here meisie, I’m not here to play with you. I am here to get my money’s worth”. I grabbed the continental pillow and put it between me and him. He tried to come closer but I pushed him so hard he hit the wall and fell.

Panic rained on me. His eyes were closed but I could see he was breathing. I didn’t know whether to go help him or just let him die. When you are faced with situations like that you think very fast. Panic should not be tampons in your brain. I already had a story to tell the cops. I’d simply tell them he tried to rape me. Luckily I heard him groaning like someone had inserted a hot rod in his old ass. I couldn’t help it but laugh. He was like “help me, I think I broke my spine”. Mxm what a smart move, he probably wanted me to get closer so he could do what he came to do. He thought he was smart but I was 3 steps ahead of him. Before I could do something I heard Nwabisa calling my name from the sitting room. She was like “Sharon you have a visitor”. A visitor? None of the people in my circle knew where I stayed. It was probably JT. I told old madala to shush because I

didn't want Nwabisa to think I was shagging her ancestor-friend. Nigger hid on the side of my bed. I could tell he really didn't want Nwabisa to see him. Xhosa girls don't play, you mess with them and they'll cut your balls. Sometimes I suspected Zee was Xhosa. I put on my pj's and went to the sitting room. Holy shit, my visitor was the pastor's son. I didn't even know the nigger's name. He was the kind I would advise all my friends to run away from. What kind of man proposes a woman on the same day he meets her? I wanted to run away but Nwabisa advised me to chill and listen to the poor man. To be honest, if that dude wasn't a pastor-to-be and didn't have tendencies to propose prematurely I'd have shagged him the first day we met. To say he was a charmer would be an understatement. If he made you pregnant you wouldn't think of abortion even if he left you. You'd know you'll give birth to a beautiful baby. I'm not saying babies of ugly men should be aborted...uhm, you know what I mean mos. Nigger went "before we talk, can we pray?"

Nigger prayed for over 10 minutes. I opened my eyes during the last 3 minutes and I couldn't help it. Nigger was such a fine dude. He looked so gorgeous I wanted to undress him right there. If churches were teeming with men like him I'd go everyday, I'd even attend Sunday School just to see him. But marriage wasn't something I was ready for. It was funny how nigger wanted to marry me at the very same time my mom was telling me to marry a pastor. The coincidence was just too weird for my liking. When he said Amen his lips looked like they were about to kiss. A real kiss, not the shit we saw on Our Perfect Wedding few weeks ago. What I found weird was how I looked at him after the prayer. I don't know if his prayer had an effect on me or if it was the charm after looking at him, I just felt his presence was on point. He went "Nwabisa please give me and your friend a chance to talk in private". Nwabisa was like "it's ok. You can go to her bedroom". What a typical Xhosa girl, she was probably thinking of sex. The guy went "nuh, that won't work. I don't want to make her feel uncomfortable". Wow, what a gentleman. I like men who understand. I was also scared he would find Madala in my bedroom. Nwabisa went to her room to give me and pastor some space to talk. I broke the silence "maybe you should start by telling me your name and surname". He went "shit, didn't I introduce myself? I actually thought sister Nwabisa told you my name. I'm Obakeng Magubane. I'm born to a Zulu man from KZN and a

Tswana woman from Gaborone, Botswana. I stay in Midrand”. Yho a Zulu pastor. I couldn't stop thinking of pastor Zondo and his famous mrengerenge. He gave me a long personal profile and I almost yawned until he mentioned apart from being a 'trainee pastor' he was also running his father's businesses. I asked what kind of business. I wanted to make sure he wasn't into taxi business. I know Zulus run most taxi businesses in Gauteng. He told me his father was a property mogul and he also owned an IT company in Joburg. You should have seen a smile on my face. No girl wants to marry....I mean 'date' into a poor family lol. I started opening up and telling him about me. Obviously I told him what he wanted to hear, good things. He kept nodding and smiling when I spoke. The only time he opened his mouth was when he said 'wow'. That's what I call a good listener. I am a woman and a good listener will always score points on me. Not those guys who wanna talk endlessly. A good man will listen when a woman speaks, period. We spoke for almost 45 minutes. He wasn't a bad man at all. I wanted to ask him why he wanted me but chose to reserve the question until further notice. I told him he should go because I had a 9am class the following day, I wanted to study. He was like "I'm impressed you take your future seriously. Uhm, by the way....you don't have to feel pressurised. Get to know me first and then you'll make a decision. I'll see you tomorrow". He hugged me and left.

You know that feeling you get after seeing your celeb crush? I felt it at that moment. I didn't even like the guy at the beginning but he managed to change how I felt about him in less than an hour? Was it the power of prayer or what? Nwabisa appeared from her room and went "I want all details choma, don't leave a thing out". Tjooo women love news hle!!!! Instead of telling her about my conversation with Obakeng I started asking her questions about him. She claimed other than the fact that he was the good pastor's son she didn't know much about him. I frowned when she went "but what I know is that almost 90% of girls in his father's church are there because of him". I almost asked "is that the reason you went to that church?". Me and Nwabz went to chill in her room. She kept making fun of the smile on my face. Around 7pm I went to my room. Madala wasn't there anymore. He probably sneaked out when I was in Nwabz' room. I had airtime in my bag, I wanted to call my mom. Guess what, the money in my bag was gone. Nxa the old bloody ancestor stole my money. He even had the guts to leave a note. It read "it's

not personal love, it's business. Failure of delivery will lead to a refund". I was so angry I was gonna kill him if he was around. I didn't even know how much was left in the bag after buying clothes at Mr Price. My anger was diluted by an SMS I received from Obakeng, it read "good night Ms Letsoalo. I'm still smiling after the conversation we had". Wow, he knew how to make me smile. Guys should take a lesson, small things like that one put a huge smile on our faces. A call in the morning to ask how I slept will definitely make any girl's day. I'm talking about normal girls lol. I replied with "sleep well Mr Magubane". I didn't wanna open a platform for a chat. I had a bitter sweet dream that night. I was at my wedding and everything was going well until the Kaizer Chiefs T-shirt guy appeared from nowhere and gave me the 7th used condom. Everybody at the wedding started running, including the groom. Only his father, the pastor, remained behind with a huge smile on his face. It was difficult to interpret the dream when I woke up. In the morning I took a bath and prepared to go to TUT. While getting dressed Obakeng called me. He told me he was downstairs. I asked him why and he went "I drove all the way from Midrand just to come drive you to school". Wow, nigger was scoring points left right and centre. I took my bag and headed downstairs. I almost fainted when I saw him wearing a Kaizer Chiefs t-shirt. It was like I was seeing the guy in the dream. He dropped me at TUT. After my classes he came to fetch me. Instead of taking me to my place we drove to Union Buildings, the Administration Seat of South African government. At first I thought he wanted to introduce me to president Jacob Zuma but he told me he wanted us to take a walk in the Union Buildings gardens. He was different but I liked it. Just as we got off the car some woman carrying a baby came running.

She looked straight into Obakeng's eyes and went "I want money for ....."

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 126

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 26, 2015

"Moving too fast in a relationship is like putting delicate clothes in a hot dryer. Things will heat up fast but permanent damage will be done and it will be hard or possibly impossible to fix" – Brian Zilinek

That moment when you are walking with bae peacefully and some cow decides to spoil the moment by demanding money. Obakeng looked at the woman shocked and asked who the hell she was. She insisted that the baby she was carrying was Obakeng's and he should man up and take care of his sperms. I looked at Obakeng shocked, I didn't know what to say. In my eyes he was the pastor's son who wasn't capable of sowing his seed all over the world like other ordinary guys. I asked Obakeng "is this your wife? Have you been lying to me? God, please tell me this is not happening". We weren't dating yet but my heart was teeming with jealousy and disappointment. Until that moment Obakeng was gradually stealing my heart. I told myself that he should just forget about me. I was not going to put myself in a situation whereby my relationship would constantly be forced to deal with baby mama drama. Some baby mamas will do whatever it takes to be the shareholder in your relationship. Bitches be treating relationship like it's some Johannesburg Stock Exchange (JSE). Obakeng looked at me and went "I swear my love, I don't know this woman. I have never met her in my whole life". The woman reminded Obakeng of how they used to book hotels and fuck until the morning. Obakeng turned red and grabbed the woman with her hand and went "I will kill you woman, stop fucken lying. Fuck you maaaaan". I think he wanted to punch her. The woman quickly went "whoa whoa wait...you are on candid camera. We are shooting a comedy ha ha ha ha ha". She showed us some mini-bus and some nigger waved for us from the bus. My heart lightened up and I started laughing. I found it funny. Maybe it's because I'm a big fan of Leon Schuster. Obakeng on the other hand was very angry. I told him to chill because it was just a joke. He told me we should leave. Hayi some men lack sense of humour.

When we got in the car he closed his eyes and started praying. He went "Lord, please forgive me for what I almost did. I thank you for denying the devil an opportunity to use me....". My eyes were wide open. There was no way I was going to stress over a little joke. Obakeng was overreacting nje, which made me believe maybe he had a kid out there. Why else would he react like that? While he was praying I did something crazy. I leaned towards him and like a lightning my lips went 'phaaaaa' on his juicy lips. I kissed the nigger while he was praying. Instead of trying to kiss me back nigger wanted to continue with his prayer....with

my lips on his. It was like he was praying in tongues. I quickly sent my hand into his pants and felt his manhood. I wasn't going to act all goody goody in front of him. If he wanted me he had to see the real me from the beginning. No offence, but my sexual life aint governed by some verse in the Bible. My lips let go of his lips and my hand rubbed his dick head. Nigger went "ha ha ha ha Haaaaaa-AMEN". I was expecting him to kick me out of the car but nigger let me play with his dick for over a minute. His eyes were still closed like he didn't want to see me doing those things. By the way, it was during the day. I took my hand out of his pants and went "babe, can we leave now?". He opened his eyes and said "what you did is not right before the eyes of the Lord. We should marry first before we engage in such". Mxm what a hypocrite. He didn't stop me but he was acting all goody goody. I apologised and went "askies, I wanted to check if you had a dick ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". He gave a shy smile and we drove off. He dropped me at my place.

I decided to go buy a chocolate at BP Garage. Chocolates are every girl's tongue's best friend. As I entered the garage I bumped into some soul I didn't expect, Maite Modika. She looked lighter than her natural complexion. Bitch was probably using fake skin-lightening products. It has become a trend among African women. I don't mean to judge but I find it stupid. God gave you your complexion because he knew you would look beautiful in it. Changing it in order to be a yellow bone is like showing God a middle finger. She went "my home girl Sharon Letsoalo. How are you my skat". Mxm bitch greeted me like we were friends. I faked a smile and greeted her back. She waited for me to buy. After that she offered to walk me to wherever I was going. I wanted to say no but hey, walking with bitches is not a crime. I told her I was staying just behind the garage and she was like "oh nice, my ex used to stay here". I went "which ex because you have more than 100". She laughed and said some nigger from Mpumalanga. While walking up the stairs she went on about how we grew up together but now that we are big girls things have changed. "We are a home girls. We must gets along hle". Sometimes I thought she was Selfie's mother's daughter. Her English was on her own level. Queen Elizabeth would be very offended. I told her we should sort things out. When we got to my bedroom she was criticising everything, from my bedding to pillows. Now you understand why I hated her. She was like "hah Sharon, what kind of pillows are these? Okare you get them from your grandmother's Will ha ha ha ha

ha. Did you inherit them?”. I told her “they are actually very expensive. I don’t expect you to know them because you buy cheap Asian imports ko Marabastad. Don’t worry, I’ll take you shopping one day....Miss Artificial Yellow Bone”. Nwabisa entered my bedroom. She didn’t even knock nxa. When she saw Maite she turned pink. She was like “What the hell is this bitch doing here? Wena nondindwa, what do you want apha?”. You know a Xhosa woman is angry when she mixes isiXhosa and English. Maite stood up like she wanted to fight. Within 2 seconds she was out of the house. The way she ran you’d swear she was the Michael Schumacher of legs.

I was a bit lost. I asked Nwabisa what was going on and instead of responding she kept swearing. I couldn’t understand a thing because she was using deep isiXhosa. Whatever happened between her and Maite surely hurt or angered her. I decided to be a good girl and follow Kermit’s advice. It wasn’t my business after all. When 2 bulls fight, it’s the grass that suffers. But when 2 bitches fight, it’s the good girl between them that suffers. Oh, and that good girl is me #pout. When Nwabisa left I decided to study. Exams were approaching and I wanted to be ready. Eish I wasted time with that bogus nursing college. After studying I didn’t have anything to do, I decided to call Obakeng. I didn’t call because I loved or wanted him, I just wanted to test his brain nje. He picked up and went “hello future wife”. I was flattered. I went “I wanna tell you something. I know I look naughty but I I I am actually virgin. I never had sex before”. Nigger was silent for 30 second then he said “that’s even perfect. Indeed you were sent by God. I’m also virgin....I was waiting for the right per....”. I hung up. Fuck, I couldn’t stop laughing. Kwa kwa kwa kwa a virgin that old? WTF!!!! What a waste of looks. I couldn’t stop thinking of the kind of marriage we were likely to have. He would probably go for one round and think he has arrived. He called back and I didn’t pick up. He sent an SMS: “being a virgin is not something you should be ashamed of. You should be proud. I’m proud of you”. Lol nigger didn’t get it, I was ashamed on his behalf. The next few days nigger dropped me at school every morning. He was quite a gentleman and my heart was contemplating falling for him. Bitches at TUT were giving me funny looks because nigger had beautiful cars. On Sat evening he called to remind me of the church service the following day. I didn’t disappoint the following day. I used the Gautrain and got off at Midrand. Obakeng sent some guy to come fetch me. It



was like he wad given instructions not to talk to me. Nigger said no word until we got to church. I sat at the front row. Obakeng looked so yummy in a white suit. It was a very joyful service. Just before the end of the service, Obakeng called me to the front. I'm shy but church aint my territory, I was shit shy that day. I thought he wanted to introduce me to his father or something. He went down on his knee and went:

“Sharon Letsoalo, would you be my wife”.

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 127

BY [SHAZ](#) · JUNE 29, 2015

“Life is not a problem to be solved, but a reality to be experienced” – Soren Kierkegaard

At first I thought I was dreaming. We had agreed with that we should take our time to each other better but he choose to do something very stupid. Don't get me wrong, it's every girl's dream to be proposed with a diamond ring. It's even a bigger dream when the guy proposing you is handsome and rich. But in all honesty, I'm Sharon Letsoalo. I never had a relationship that lasted more than a year. Most guys I deleted or slept with were either married or in serious relationships. I've never seen myself as someone marrying a pastor. Obakeng was a good man and the few days I spent with him showed a very charming side of him. What worried me was how he wanted everything to move fast, on his terms. I am black girl from Limpopo. Where I come from we don't just agree to marry people we barely know. Unless if you are desperate for marriage. I looked at OB, yes I referred to Obakeng as OB, he was all smiles expecting me to say yes. At that stage I thought of a quote by the wise man, Leonardo da Vinci when he said “Marriage is like putting your hand into a bag of snakes in the hope of pulling out an eel”. The quote was relevant based on the information I gathered from friends and family members who were married.

I looked at OB and told him to stand up. Everyone in church, except for some jealous bitches, started screaming “say yes, say yes say yes”. Mxm black people. They were probably happy at the thought of eating food at my wedding. Black people love wedding food shem. If you don’t believe me throw a wedding party and not serve food. You won’t even get a chance to tell me how it went. Before I could say no I saw tears gathering in OB’s eyes. I couldn’t believe nigger wanted to cry in front of people. He was mos def a fake Zulu man. Zulu men don’t cry in public, no matter what. Go to any taxi rank if you don’t believe me. I looked at the congregation again and instead of saying NO I found myself “YESSSS”. I don’t know where it came from and I didn’t even mean it. Before I could rectify my mistake the entire church went crazy. People were whistling, screaming, ululating and blowing vuvuzelas. Who-TF carries a vuvuzela to church? I was so overwhelmed with emotions. I found tears running down my cheeks. They probably mistook my tears for tears of joy. Truth was I was shit scared and I was not ready to be Mrs Magubane. Just imagine marrying a virgin guy....he’d give it to you twice a month and think it’s normal. OB gave me a hug and told me not to cry. He wiped the tears from my cheeks. He was definitely not a Pedi man from Limpopo. You cry in front of a nigger from Limpopo and he’ll go “botsebotse nna ga ke kwane le motho wa matepe”. If you are unlucky he’ll sing you the song “Ga o lle madi, o lla metsi....”. OB took me to some church room that looked like a small office. I heard the pastor telling people that the service was over and they should go home.

After what seemed like 30 minutes the church was almost quiet. OB told me he understood I was still shocked and overwhelmed with emotions but he wanted us to go celebrate the engagement. I told him I wasn’t in a mood for celebrations and would rather sit in the office until I gathered strength to go home. He understood and we sat in the office for hours. I’m a strong girl, I’m not the type that let emotions replace my brain forever. I learned that from Zee. No matter what happened to her she would never let emotions take over her thinking. I decided to tell OB what was in my mind. He listened attentively as I spoke. I went “don’t get me wrong, you are a great guy and any girl would love to have a hubby like you. But, I feel you ambushed me. We agreed we gonna take some time to get to know

each other first before taking things to the next step. Proposing me in church put me in a very awkward position. I don't think I am ready to be your wife. Please forgive me....I cannot do this". Nigger's tears were always a blink away. I am a girl and any guy who shows emotions in front of me charms my heart. He went "I understand you very well, but when God shows you a particular way, you cannot derail yourself from it. Believe me when I tell you my proposal was not a product of being charmed or whatever, it was blessed from above. God wants you to be my wife. He answered my prayers and I cannot disrespect Him by letting you go. Please give it some time, you will get used to the idea soon. I can tell by how we clicked over the past few days. Give it some chance". Jooh, nigger said that as if he was chatting with God on Whatsapp and God told him I was the one. I decided not to argue with him. Once a person mentions God it's difficult to argue.

Nigger saw my silence as victory. He said we should close our eyes and pray. He thanked God for giving me courage to say yes and him the courage to propose to the most beautiful woman on earth. I guess God didn't like that one, we are all equally beautiful in front of God's eyes. After praying I told him I was hungry. He suggested that we go buy takeaways at some restaurant and I told him I was not ready to go outside. He decided to go buy food for me. He was quite a gentleman and he looked like the type I'd be able to boss around lol. As soon as he left I called JT to tell her what transpired. She went "eh eh eh eh o jewa ke holy dick? Ka mmao Modimo o phala baloi. Marriage is blind, who on earth would wanna marry setjatja sa go tshwana le wena mara? O chaele moruti nyana o wa gago a tlogele go rapela Modimo under the influence of paraffin. If he prayed sober God would have warned him against you kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". Before I could respond to JT the door opened. Shit, it was Obakeng's father....the senior pastor himself. I immediately hung up and composed myself. I wasn't the wifey type, I didn't even know how to conduct myself in front of him. He greeted me and stretched his arms like someone who was expecting a hug. It was kinda awkward but I hugged him. I expected a short hug but nigger grabbed me like I was his teddy bear. Something funny happened and I'm 100% sure I was not imagining things. I felt nigger's dick growing.....on my belly. He went "my son is very lucky to have a beautiful girl like you".

I pushed him back and he .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 128

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 1, 2015

“She calls you a bitch but she has 5 boyfriends. Anyway, it’s none of my business”  
– Kermit

I was bloody scared. I even thought OB set me up. A pastor is normally a very respected person in the community. You don’t expect some unbecoming behaviour from the man of God. When one has problems pastors are normally the people we run to for help. But these days things are changing. Pastors are not what they used to be. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not saying all pastors are the same. We still have good pastors out there. He said “no no no please don’t think somehow my girl. I’m just excited my son is finally getting married. It’s not what you think”. Mxm bloody skelm!!! If you are excited about your son’s upcoming wedding you should be excited in the head, not on your dick. He apologised for making me feel uncomfortable. He was like “I am a friendly type of a pastor, if you know what I mean. I’ll be retiring soon and Obakeng is taking over. I know with you on his side you’ll take the church to new heights”. I wondered if he meant ‘heaven’ by new heights. He gave me his number and told me to call him whenever I needed help with anything. I thanked him and he left. Obakeng came back with food after couple of minutes. I asked him about the kind of relationship he has with his father. He was like “he is my pillar of strength, role model and a friend. He’s one person who would kill a fly. He follows the Bible wholeheartedly and he hates people who cheat”. Wow, OB was obviously a big fan of his dad. I couldn’t stop thinking about what the old man did. Oh well, maybe I misunderstood everything. The poor pastor was simply trying to be nice....MAYBE.

Me and future hubby ate and after that I felt ready to go home. On our way to Pretoria he asked me to move in with him and I said I was not ready. When we got

to Sunnyside he walked me up the to my flat. He was like “I can’t let my future wife walk alone. I don’t want boys to hit me with a brick”. It sounded a bit funny when he referred to me as future wife. When we got to the flat the first thing Nwabisa noticed was my ring. She hugged and congratulated me. She started telling me about her cousin in Eastern Cape who designs wedding dresses and an uncle who sells cows somewhere in Western Cape. I told her to stop it because the date was not set yet. Trust a Xhosa girl to wanna take over your wedding lol.

Madala who appeared from Nwabisa’s bedroom went “ha ha ha ha ha wena? Getting married? Mihlolo kaJames”. He laughed so hard and went back to the bedroom. Luckily nobody paid any attention to him. Me and hubby went to my bedroom. I thought he would try to kiss me or something but he just sat there. I even changed my clothes in front of him and nigger’s eyes were glued to his tablet. He made me feel less beautiful. I went “do I look fat?”. Obviously I wanted him to look at me. Without even looking at me he went “no you look fabulous my love”. Maybe he was applying sex before marriage is a sin. He said “I don’t think this place is fine for a pastor’s wife. I’ll find you a decent place until we are officially married. I have heard many bad things about Sunnyside. I looked at him and went “hold your donkeys right there. We have been engaged for less than 10 hours and already you want to control me? I love Sunnyside and I aint going anywhere nigger”. I don’t know if it was me or Zee talking lol. He apologised and said he didn’t mean to sound like he was controlling me.

At around 18h30 he announced he was leaving and I almost blew a vuvuzela. What’s the use of spending hours with a hunk if he won’t ‘show you what he got’? Before leaving he gave me some bank card. He was like “this is for in case you need money. You can spend as much as you want. You don’t have to consult me first. I have to trust you with finances if you gonna be my wife. You should have seen the smile on my face. I almost twerked for him. I was actually right, he looked like the kind of hubby I would boss around. As soon as I saw his car leaving I immediately called JT. I told her pastor gave me a very rich card and we should go out. She went “eh ntwana, mos o shapile popo. Le nna ke batla sfebonyana sa moruti. Bona, ke dah in 20 minutes. Ro ja zaka ya moruti tl tl tl eshiiii”. After the call I decided to my mom to tell her about the latest developments in my life. When I told her he was a pastor she was so happy you’d swear she won Lotto by 5

numbers and bonus. I told her I wasn't sure I wanna go ahead with it because I felt I was still young and she went "I will literally kill you if you do that. I wasn't even 20 when I had you. It's payback time". I could hear her telling Selfie's mom in the background and as always she had something to say. She was like "alilililililili my son is growned shem. Witches is died of jealous". My mom laughed and I hung up. After talking to my mom I called JT again. She was like "Mamoruti ke vreaza o nrapelele toe. Ga ke na zaka ya gazol". I told her she shouldn't worry about small things. She was like "nxwee strue, kuku ya gago ya o spanela Ntwana. Keep it up. So bjanong ro chunang ka zaka ya collections from church?". I told her to hurry up because we're hitting Rhapsody's in Sunnypark. She didn't even say good bye, she hung up. That's how my friend loved booze.

Within 10 minutes she called to say she was downstairs. She went "before we go far, petrol assomblief. Re ja zaka ya kereke mos kwa kwa kwa kwa". I didn't wanna swipe, so I withdraw R2050. I didn't want the poor pastor to see what I was using the money for. They poured full tank for JT and we headed to Sunnypark Mall after afterwards. Rhapsody's is so nice on Sundays. It was packed but not that much. Luckily we found a table with 2 girls and they didn't mind us sitting with them. JT ordered a bottle of Jameson and I ordered cocktails. You know that moment when you just spend without thinking. It was hubby's money after all. Call it pre-lobola if you want. After couple of glasses JT was kissing one of the girls on our table. If JT was a guy she would have died of Aids long time ago. Chicks loved her and sometimes I got jealous. The funny party is she always made funny comments about them but they still wanted her. She was like "bona sferb, you are just my one-night-stand. Tomorrow we don't know each other...wa mvrestana?". She girl smiled like it was a compliment to be a O-N-S. Some hot guy kept looking at me. He was so hot you'd swear he was new from the box. You know when you are drunk you get charmed easily. JT was like "ntwana, this is not your church. Stand up and dance. Or you want them to play Winnie Mashaba for you?". Lol hayi bo-JT mrena. I stood up and we started dancing. The nigger who kept looking at me somehow came to join us dancing. JT was like "bofa lephondo chief. She's with me". The nigger apologised and left. My phone rang and it was Nwabisa. I ran into the mall to pick up. Unfortunately she hung up before we could

talk. I called her back but it seemed her phone was off. Maybe the battery died or something.

As I turned back to go back to Rhapsody's, I saw .....

BOOOOOM WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni – Episode 129

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 6, 2015

“Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see a shadow” – Helen Keller

There are some people you will never forget until you divorce the earth. You can forget some of your ex's if your punani is too busy. I mean, bitches will agree with me on this one. If you ride more than 10 guys a years chances are you will forget some after 5 years. We don't expect you to remember your 100 exs. But people who hurt you will never be forgotten. At first I thought the cocktails I had were playing tricks with my eyes. I almost fainted. I felt my entire body going weak. I wanted to run away but my legs went dry like a punani after discovering the guy is unemployed and broke. We locked eyes and I could confirm without any doubt that the person I was looking at was the guy who raped me in Mozambique. Victims of rape will agree with me on this one, when you see the guy who raped you it brings back all memories. You can go sober on the spot if you were under the influence of alcohol. Nigger was walking from SunnyPark entrance toward Rhapsody's. Pictures of him breathing heavily on top of me started playing in my head. I could even hear him breathing heavily on my neck. Something I never thought of visited my mind, the video they took that ugly day. If the guy was in South Africa it was possible that he brought the video. I couldn't stop imagining what OB's church would think of me had the video reached wrong hands. All of a sudden someone tapped me on the shoulder.

I had a terrible headache and my mouth was dry. It took me couple of seconds to notice I was on my bed, in my bedroom. I couldn't remember how or when I got there. I tried to think but I couldn't remember a thing. I thought it only happened to people who drank Vodka but it was quite obvious I failed to handle my cocktails. I noticed there was a person sleeping next to me. I pulled the blanket and it was JT. I was shocked because JT hated sleeping at my place. No matter how drunk she got she preferred her own bed. I pinched her cheek and she went "voetsek sfebe. Jou poes. Can't you see I'm still dreaming Lotto numbers". I wanted to laugh but the headache prevented me. I asked JT how I came back to the flat and how she slept at my crib. She told me how I fell inside the mall and no one seemed to know what happened. It was at that stage that I remembered I saw my rapist from Mozambique. I started shaking and sweating. If you have never been a victim of rape you'll will accuse me of being dramatic. Rape is not a child's play barena. It kills a girl inside and it might affect your relationships for the rest of your life. I asked JT to leave because I wanted to be alone. She was like "I know I fart when sleeping but I never thought sphinya sa ka se alcoholic. Next time sponge it with oxygen o tla ba grand Ntwana. Ka bona o downile strong". JT had a habit of turning everything into a joke. That morning I was not in a mood for stupid jokes. I told her to fork off. She was like "iyhooo period pains don't love you. E re ke vaye before o mpontsha Marikana part 2. Thanks for petrol and drinks last night Ntwana. I'll come back later for zaka ya moruti". She took her car keys and left. As soon as she left I tried to sleep but I couldn't. Everytime I closed my eyes I saw that goat breathing heavily on top of me.

I didn't know what to do. My eyes were teeming with endless tears. I took my phone and Googled sex videos in Mozambique. I surfed for over 30 minutes but couldn't find my video. I got a short relief but my emotions were still high. I was hurting inside. Normally JT would be the one comforting me but I didn't feel like telling her what happened the previous night. I called my mom and her phone was off. Selfie's mom's phone was also off. I just needed some shoulder to cry on. I wished my dad was still alive. He would give me his bold shoulders to cry on. Obakeng called me and when I picked up he went "hello Mrs Magubane. I was just thinking about you my beautiful future wife". Instead of blushing I found myself crying non-stop. I cried for over 20 minutes and he didn't hung up. He kept asking



“what’s wrong babe? Whatever it is we can find a solution. God has a solution for everything. Please don’t cry my love. God please help her. She needs you”.

Obakeng was different from guys from Limpopo. For 20 minutes I was just crying and not saying anything. He didn’t hung up or get impatient with me. I know if it was some dude from Giyani he was gonna go “Lexi xa penga. Xi lava ku ni hetela airtime ya mina. I’m not using MTN free airtime. Nxa o rhandza attention too much. Bayi bayi until further notice (this one is crazy. She wants to finish my airtime. You love attention too much)”. But OB was different shem. Part of me was starting to fall for him.

He called about 6 times when I hung up. After few minutes Nwabisa called me. I think he called her to check up on me. She was obviously not in the flat because she would have knocked on my door. Another number I didn’t know came in and I answered. The woman went “Dumela my daughter. It’s Obakeng’s mother. He just called me now very worried about you. Are you ok? He’s driving to Pretoria right now”. Shit, what a way to meet your future mother-in-law. She sounded so sweet and humble. She didn’t sound like those mothers-in-law who see their daughters-in-law as competition, MONSTERS-IN-LAW. I composed myself and gathered some strength. I went “I woke up missing my late dad this morning. When Obakeng called I was crying because I miss him so much”. She listened attentively as I told her my lies. She quoted Philippians 3:20-21 “But our citizenship is in heaven, and from it we await a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will transform our lowly body to be like his glorious body, by the power that enables him even to subject all things to himself”. She made me feel better. While we were talking Obakeng badged into my bedroom. He went “babe are you ok?”. I think she heard his voice because she hung up. Obakeng hugged me for about 5 minutes without asking any questions. When I broke from his warm arms he asked what was eating me. “Whatever it is, I’m taking you to Midrand with me so I can be able to take care of you until you are fine”. I looked him in his innocent eyes and my heart told me not to lie to him.

“I saw a guy who raped me”. He looked at the door and .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 130

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 7, 2015

“Throughout life people will make you mad, disrespect you and treat you bad. Let God deal with the things they do, cause hate in your heart will consume you too” – Will Smith

I wouldn't know what goes thru a man's mind because I am a woman. But based on what I have seen as I grow up, men hate sharing a pussy. Some would even dump for things you dated before you met them. I wasn't surprised by Obakeng's facial reaction that day. Part of me regretted telling him I once got raped. It was one of those things that came out of the emotional pain I was feeling. I honestly expected him to get out of that door and leave and never come back. I wished to be a fly in his brain to see what was going thru his mind. He looked at me and looked at the door. There was some uncomfortable silence for over 5 minutes with his eyes zigzagging between me and the door. I decided to break the silence “it's fine Obakeng, you can leave. I am a dirty woman. I was raped and maybe it's what God wanted”. Still he remained frozen without any words oozing from his mouth. It was difficult to read his face because he remained silent with a poo face. I got off my bed and went to the kitchen to drink some water. His silence was making me uncomfortable. When I got back to the bedroom he had tears in his eyes. Well, he looked like a sissy. I didn't expect him to cry because I got raped. He hugged me again and spoke for the first time after what seemed like eternity. He was like “nobody deserves to be raped. It was not God's doing, it was satan. Nobody deserves to be raped, not even prostitutes”.

After that he sat on the bed with hands covering his eyes. He looked as if it was more than my rape that was going thru his mind. I decided to go back to bed and sleep. My sobs were dead and his presence made me feel better. But his reaction was a bit awkward nje. I don't know if he was hurting he was going to chow damaged goods or what. I ended up passing out. When I woke up he was still

sitting there with hands covering his eyes. I thought of calling mamazala but I would not know what to say to her. I told him “you have just proven that you really care about me. I expected you to leave me but you are still here. You are a true pastor. But you don’t have to feel the way you are feeling now. It happened months ago and I won’t reverse it. It will die with time”. He took hands off his eyes and looked at me. He was like “I was raped as a teenager”. At first I looked at him in a funny way because I believed he was being a sissy. I mean, many guys would even pay in order to be raped by a woman. I didn’t see the big deal about it. We know men love punani more than anything, including money. That’s why they lose money for a punani. I decided to be sensitive. I asked “was she someone you knew or just some stranger woman?”. Instead of replying he started sobbing. Can you imagine how I felt right there? I was crying expecting my man to be there for me but the tables turned. I had to be there for my sissy future hubby who was hurting because some girl chowed him. He looked at me and went “it it it it was not a girl, I was raped by 3 men”. WTF, I didn’t know what to say. Nigger wasn’t a virgin after all....you know what I mean. I just sat there not knowing what to do. Some people are ruthless jong, how do you rape a pastor’s son? And gang of men raping another man? That’s an eeeewwwww.

We sat in silence for over an hour. If he was a girl I’d know what to say because I knew how it felt to be sexually assaulted. He was a man and I didn’t know how he felt. I went “maybe God showed you me because he knew we would relate. I thought you were going to break off the engagement after I told you I got raped. We will get thru this together”. For the first I felt the engagement was real. I felt it was true God wanted us to be together. He was like “you are right. God does everything for a reason. You know in church I met so many girls and I could see they were interested. I didn’t have any interest in them. But the minute I laid my eyes on you I felt like you were made for me. It was like God sent you to me, for me. I know we don’t know much about each other, but God has bigger plans for us. I am glad we are able to open up at this early stage of our relationship”. His words were both touching and encouraging. You can be a bitch or a girl living life in the fast lane, but bottom line is every girl wanna be married and have a stable family life. Even a bitch like Zee would say yes if a hunk like Obakeng proposed. You know those bitches who will discourage you to commit? You take their advice and

2 months later you hear a rumour that they are getting married. Maybe Obakeng was the angel sent by God to save me from the life I was living. Rape, abortion, the beatings etc. Maybe God wanted me to stop. I mean, why would he send me a hunky son of a rich pastor and not a taxi driver or a gambler? I stood up and asked Obakeng to kiss me. He hesitated but gave in after few minutes of persuasion.

After 5 minutes of kissing I stopped and asked him “are you sure you are virgin as you claim Mr Magubane? You don’t kiss like a virgin”. Instead of answering my question he grabbed his car keys and went “we shouldn’t be doing this before we get married. I don’t wanna be tempted love. It’s wrong in the eyes of the Lord”. I could see he was horny. There was a tent on his pants lol. Mzalwane or no mzalwane, kuku ke kuku mrena. He kissed me on the cheek and left. WTF, nigger had rejected a sitter. He was indeed the man of principles and morals. The only problem was his principles and morals couldn’t heal my wet underground structures. The talking had helped me forget about the goat I saw at Sunnypark. Pity the talking didn’t walk the talk to my pussy. Five minutes after he left I called him. I wanted to apologise for tempting him. Those who know me will tell you I don’t just go around apologising, even when I’m wrong. I just felt Obakeng was mpho ya badimo le Modimo. His phone was off. I wondered why he would switch his phone off after leaving my place. Well, maybe he was angry at me. Or better, he was still praying asking God for forgiveness. But erection is nature that God created. I don’t think God would be angry if one got hot underground. I decided to forget about him and concentrate on other thing. I thought of going to Sunnypark but I was scared I would bump into that animal. So I decided to study. It was amazing how my emotional state changed so fast. It was the OB effect lol. While studying I received a call from a number that ended with ...887. I thought it was OB’s mother because my memory told me her number ended with those digits. She was like “please don’t hang up, it’s Zee”. Yho the last person I expected to hear from. I was sort of happy to hear from here but didn’t wanna show. She had betrayed me. The truth of the matter is it was difficult to hate her. Zee was like the ‘female black’ version of Michael Jackson. That guy was forever in scandals but he was loved all over the world. Even presidents and prime ministers invited him for lunch. Zee had the Michael Jackson effect on me. She was like “I heard you are getting married to a rich pastor mtase. Bona, I wanna be the maid of honour. Hope

the pastor has handsome brothers”. Shit news travel faster than sperms of guys who come quickly. She didn’t even give me time to respond. She continued “meet me at Tramshed in one hour 30 minutes. Bye....there’s another call coming”. Bitch didn’t even ask me if I had plans mxm. I took a bath and changed into a dress and flat shoes. I rocked shades and earrings that matched my dress. I wasn’t planning to charm Zee, I just wanted to feel good. When you look good you feel good. I locked my bedroom and hit the road. As I was about to cross Steve Biko street, near BP garage, my phone rang. The number ended with 887. I went ‘hello’ and the person on the other line went

“There had been an accident. Please t.....”

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 131

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 8, 2015

“My great hope is to laugh as much as I cry; to get my work done and try to love somebody and have the courage to accept the love in return” – Maya Angelou

Some people lack telephone manners. They don’t even greet, they head straight to the core of the matter. It was neither Zee nor my future mom-in-law as I expected. It was some woman who for about 2 minutes didn’t make sense. I told her to take a deep breath and tell me exactly what happened. She was like “I dialled the last number in the call register. We were driving to Pretoria with Mrs Magubane and our car collided with some speeding taxi in Centurion. I don’t think she’s breathing”. WTF, I know most Centurion taxi drivers drive kak. Most of them are from Tembisa. I honestly didn’t know what to say because I didn’t even know OB’s mother. I told the woman to calm down. She was like “the phone is locked but I can access the call register. I don’t know who to call”. I told her to call the ambulance in the meantime and I’ll trying getting hold of Obakeng. Immediately after the call I called Obakeng and his phone was still off. I sent him a Whatsapp text and only one tick appeared. Shit, I didn’t know any of his relatives or their digits. I didn’t know who to call. This thing of rushing into engagement before knowing your person very well is not ayoba. If we were a normal couple I’d know

who to call. But because our relationship just rained from the sky I didn't even know which in-law to call. The person who called earlier called again and told me she called the ambulance. I thanked her and said "please remain calm. The ambulance will be there shortly". She went "who are you? Are you related to her? She saved your number as 'My New Daughter'. Wow I found myself shedding tears at that stage. The poor woman didn't even know me but she was referring to me as a daughter. I told the woman I was just a family member. What if she died before we officially meet? That thought crossed my mind.

Zee called to tell me she was waiting for me at Tramshed, Pretoria CBD. I was like "we gonna have to cancel. My fiance's mother has been involved in a car accident and I can't get hold of future hubby. I don't know what to do? Some woman called and told me she aint even breathing". Zee asked where the accident happened and I told her somewhere in Centurion. She was like "Centurion as in just around the corner? You are such a fool. Stop crying and take advantage of the situation. Get up your ass and go play hero there. His family will never forget you. Be a hustler, not a cry baby". Zee had ideas that even Google couldn't come up with. And normally all her ideas benefited one person, Zee. I told her I wanted them to love me naturally. She was like "clearly you are still a baby. Maybe it's too soon to be thinking of getting married meisie kind. Think of all your married female family members. Do any of them get along with their mothers-in-law?". Coming to think of it, most daughters-in-law didn't get along with the husband's family, including my own mom. Maybe Zee had a point. I was like "so, how do I play a hero? And how will that make them love me?". She said "don't be a foolish girl. Read between the circles, you save a life or pretend to care and you will still their hearts". I got her point. I hung up and called the woman who called earlier. She told me the ambulance hasn't arrived but the tow cars were there already. Sometimes I think car towers have abilities to smell accidents. They are always the first to get to the accident scene. Maybe they should be the ones driving the ambulances. I told the woman I was on my way. I tried to call Obakeng again but his phone was still off. I was actually starting to get worried about him. What if he was also involved in another accident? I don't know how virgin Christians behave under the influence of horniness.

Zee called and went “I’m driving some fool’s car. Tell me where you are and I’m gonna fetch you now now”. I sent her my location. She wasn’t far because within 5 minutes she was at my place. She was driving a blue Audi S3. I asked her where she got the car from and she went “from someone’s wife”. She looked more young and beautiful. She looked like someone who was sexually happy. Yes I believe good sex make people look younger and beautiful. If your neighbour or friend is looking older than her age chances are she aint getting good sex from her man. Bad sex make girls look older. When I was dating Dumi I looked 28 lol. “How are you Zee?”, I asked casually. She was like “I am happy. My new guy has a big dick, big stamina, big wallet, big house, big cars and a beeeeeeg nagging wife. I am the deputy wife and he fucks me everyday”. I asked if she enjoyed being the side chick because there was nothing special about it. She went “that’s very rich coming from you. All guys you dated had girlfriends or wives. You are a serial side chick nana. Don’t try to act all innocent because you are getting married to a pastor. Morals cannot be sexually transmitted sesi. I’m a pot and you are a kettle. Tshaba re fete”. Eish, I didn’t see that one coming. I didn’t have a comeback. I called the woman to give me her exact location. She told me Botha Avenue not far from Centurion Metrorail Station. Zee was like “I think I have a better idea. If the ambulance aint there when we get there, let’s finish off your future mother-in-law. By so doing we will be eliminating an element of competition, in case she decides to be bitchy in future”. I waited for couple of seconds expecting her to tell me she was kidding. The bitch was dead serious. When I said no she went “mark my words. You’ll remember them one day when she starts making your brain twerk backwards”.

We got to the accident scene same time as the ambulance. I failed to understand why they took time because that place was not far from at least 3 hospitals that I knew. That is South Africa for you. You call an ambulance and it comes after 2 hours. It seemed the taxi hit the driver’s side. It was bad but not to a point of killing a person. Mamazala probably suffered a shock and fainted. As always, black people were there feeding their eyes and some taking videos. I called the phone that called me to identify the woman who called me. I saw her and we went to her. I told her I was the one she was talking and she suddenly started crying. Zee whispered “ag I hate attention seekers”. I went to the paramedics and told them the woman was my mother-in-law. Nigger went “jerrrrrr intotana ya khe e no nhlanhla

ngamamphela. Uyababa o montle o vutha malankabe (her son is really lucky. You are hot)”. I almost laughed. He was one of those guys from Limpopo who try to be Zulus when they are in Gauteng. His isiZulu was rotten to the core. Every person from Limpopo has a cousin like that, especially the Pedi ones. I showed him the pinkie finger. My phone rang and it was Obakeng. He went “I’m sorry babe, my phone was off. I was still praying. After what happened I had to ask for forgiveness from Father above”. I was like “Listen Mr, why you were asking for forgiveness for being horny your mom got involved in a car accident. I’m at the scene in Centurion right now. She is unconscious but I think she’ll be fine”. He went silent. For a second I thought he had fainted. He took a deep breath and went “oh no this is not happening. Please tell the paramedics to take her to Netcare Unitas Hospital in Centurion. I’ll find you there. He hung up and within 3 minutes another call from a number I didn’t recognise came in. The person who called introduced himself as Obakeng’s uncle and asked “will my sister be ok?”. I almost told him “nigger I am neither a doctor nor God”. Sometimes people ask questions knowing you don’t have answers. I just chose to tell me she’ll be ok. I got in the ambulance and they drove to the hospital. Zee followed us with her guy’s car. They took her to one of those scary rooms and me, Zee and the other woman sat on the couch. After 20 minutes OB appeared sweating and breathing heavily. He went “I drove like a maniac. Where is she?”. Before I could stand up or respond. Zee was already standing and she went :

“Huh...Obakeng Wilson Magubane!!!!”

WT-Zee....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 132

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 9, 2015

“If you even dream of beating me you’d better wake up and apologise” –  
Muhammad Ali



People like Zee are like Wikipedia. They know everything and everyone. You can take her to Venda and she'll know half the guys there, including Mulimisi. I honestly didn't expect her to know my OB. He was not the type she would know. Actually, before meeting him he wasn't the time I thought I'd ever be involved with. My heart was beating very fast because I knew what was to follow. Jealousy and insecurity can drive you crazy, especially if you don't know the guy very well. In my head only one thing was ringing, Zee was Obakeng's girlfriend or ex girlfriend. Just imagine getting married to someone who used to chow Zee. She'd probably rock up while you are still having sex and claim what belonged to hers. Zee wasn't the type to mess with. Obakeng was like "Zandile, is this you? Still looking beautiful as the last time I saw you. How are you?". If I had an Okapi knife at that stage I would have scratched her face until OB reversed his compliment. Yes I was jealous he complimented her so-called beauty in front of me. I gently held OB's hand and kissed him on the cheek. That was my way of marking my territory. I wanted Zee to see he was mine, mine only. Zee went "oooho some people will never change. You don't even know the guy and you are throwing yourself at him. What if your so-called pastor future hubby walks in?". I felt like the earth could open and swallow me. Zee didn't have ABS in her mouth. She exposed me right in front of my future hubby. I almost said "toko yao (you bloody asshole)".

Obakeng went "actually, I'm the pastor she's getting married to. What do you mean some people will never change?". Luckily the nurse came before Zee answered. She asked for Sharon, the daughter-in-law of the patient. Wow I was humbled. The paramedics probably told her my name. I looked at Obakeng and he didn't even smile. Obakeng was like "you can talk to me. I'm her son". The nurse was too forward, she went "oh your are this lady's husband. You guys make a beautiful couple". She told us the old lady was out of danger but still critical. We were all relieved. She allowed Obakeng to go see his mom for less than 5 minutes. As soon as he disappeared I grabbed Zee's arm. I was like "what the fuck do you think you are doing? Do you want to cost me my marriage?". Zee was unapologetic. She sniggered and went "do I look like a prophet to you? How the fuck was I supposed to know the fool was the guy you are getting married to? The last time I saw him he was some cute guy I had a crush on. I tried all tricks but he

didn't even notice. He once saw me naked and he did nothing about it. He's the only person in the world to look at naked me and do nothing. He went to varsity with my cousin. That's how I got to know. I heard a rumour his father was a pastor but I honestly didn't know he was your future hubby". She continued chewing her chewing gum and humming some song I never heard before. She didn't see the potential damage she might have caused. I loved Zee but sometimes she was just too much for me. Obakeng was probably asking himself what she meant by 'some people will never change'. I was like "yes, I'm engaged to him and please stop saying stupid thing in front of him. I don't want to lose a good man because of your loose mouth". She laughed and went "ha ha ha but my loose mouth won't cost you a man, your loose pussy is what you should be concerned about".

Obakeng came back and briefed us about his mother's condition. He was very positive about her recovery. He thanked me for making sure his mother got to hospital in time. Apparently the entire family knew their soon-to-be makoti organised everything. OB turned to Zee "where is your cousin? I haven't seen him in ages". Zee told him the cousin was working in Cape Town. She continued "did you know he turned gay? Everyone was shocked when he came out of the closet. You guys were pretty tight at varsity. Didn't you notice some gay tendencies". Obakeng laughed and went "he looked pretty straight to me. In fact, he had couple of girlfriends. That's the reason I stopped being his friends. And how do you guys know each other? You and Sharon". She went "ah this one is my partner in crime". Obakeng appeared a bit shocked. He was like "partner in crime as in criminals?". Before she could open her big mouth I went "ha ha ha no babe, not that way. She meant we are very close. Her sister is married to my uncle Sello. You'll meet him one day. Zee is like a bigger sister to me". He smiled and asked "is she gonna be your matron of honour?". Before I could answer Zee was 10 steps ahead of me. She went "of course yes. We were just talking about it". Obakeng said he was happy it was someone he knew. I honestly didn't want Zee anywhere near my wedding. She would probably embarrass me in front of church people. Obakeng asked if he should drop us and Zee told him she was driving. He congratulated her and she accepted the compliment. Lol I almost told him the car wasn't hers. Obakeng and I walked holding hands and Zee was walking behind us. She was like "Shaz o pakile jong. No wonder Obakeng fell for you". The comment didn't sit

well with Obakeng. I was the first time I saw him cross. He was like “listen here, Sharon is not some girl you can just disrespect. She’s my fiance and you must respect her. She was chosen for me by God”. She didn’t even take offence. She just went “AMEN mfundisi wam”.

I apologised on behalf of Zee and told Obakeng that’s how me and Zee played. He apologised for overreacting and gave me a hug. We did our goodbyes and he left. Zee and I got in the S3 and drove to Sunnyside. She was like “I feel like drinking. And please don’t tell me you quit drinking because I’m gonna force you. By the way, how did you get to fool Obakeng into believing you are this good girl?”. I told her I didn’t have to fool him because our wedding was blessed from above. She laughed at me like I was a clown. People like Zee suffer from PDS aka Pull Down Syndrome. I was making something positive out of my life and she was negative about it. We all have friends like that and we love them. We decided to go to Spur SunnyPark to eat and drink. I was craving a very cold Hunter Gold. We parked the car inside the mall parking and walked to Spur. That place reminded me of the very first day I met TT Scott. Thinking of him made me wanna laugh. He was one of those guy I never rode but we had some crazy memories together. Remember what happened when he gave me a ride to Limpopo? Talking of Limpopo, I had to go home to officially tell my folks about the engagement. We ordered food and drinks at Spur. My plan was to drink on 2 Hunters Gold. I was preparing myself to quit. As mamoruti I could not drink. Zee was like “please look for a single guy. We’ll make him pay the bill and run away”. I almost told her I had Obakeng’s card but thought telling Zee would be risky. She would want us to go blow the poor man’s card at Menlyn. Pity there were no loners at Spur that day. I remembered I left my phone in the car. Zee gave me the car keys to go fetch it. I had only one Hunters Dry but I kinda felt tipsy. Truth be told, the car Zee was driving was a beauty machine and half. I got in the car and sat on the drivers seat. I took 2 selfies and uploaded them on Facebook #KolojiThings #ShazGP #Abashwe #ShazMrena. While I was busy picturing myself driving that car one day someone who appeared from nowhere, opened the door and went...

“So you are the bitch that is taking my husband? You think you are Mrs Ma.....”

WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 133

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 10, 2015

“Be careful not to mistake insecurity and inadequacy for humility! Humility has nothing to do with the insecure and inadequate! Just like arrogance has nothing to do with greatness!” – C. JoyBell C

Nothing hurts like being accused of something you don't know. At first I thought that lady was Leon Schuster shooting his next movie, plus she was his size. I looked at her and said “I don't who are you because I don't associate with people like you. Number 2, next time before you accuse people of taking your man ask yourself what your man's input was when they took him. 3rdly, if you don't wanna use your medical aid today get out of my way and go deal with your cheating man issues elsewhere. I have money to spend and people to see. Tshaba ke re pass”. I tried to get out of the car. The reason I was that brave was because I saw someone security guard walking around. I knew in case of emergency I'd scream and he would come to my rescue. Women must learn something, if he cheats and we go after the girl, nigger will never stop cheating because he knows we won't deal with him but the girl. We should prioritise dealing with motherfuckers who cheat on us. Squeeze his balls with pliers and next time he'll think twice before he turns his dick into a showground. The woman went “you have a nerve bloody bitch. You take my man and now you are being cheeky. I will deal with you today. He won't recognise you when I'm done with you”. Some women have ghetto written all over them. I told her “my man is Obakeng and he doesn't do your type. He prefers class, beauty and brains. Things you obviously lack GOGO”. The next thing I heard “phhhhaaaaaahhh” on my face and I saw darkness for few seconds. She went “you are sitting in my man's car and you have the guts to wanna lie to me? The very same car that is registered in my name. You are such a bitch. His name is not even Obakeng. He is Mashudu Mashau and I'm am Mrs Mashau”.

Shit, I added 1+1 and I got 1+1= Zee. The woman mistook me for Zee. She was probably Zee's man's wife and the poor lady thought I was Zee. Somebody please remind me why I loved Zee because I was forever in shit because of her. The

woman went “out of all men in South Africa why did you choose my man? Didn’t you see the ring on his finger? Do you know he has 3 kids? Do you know he has a wife?”. No offence, have you noticed it’s mostly girls with low self-esteem who fight for men in public? I’m still to see a beautiful independent confident woman fighting for a dick in public. I was like “wena motho wa Modimo, you hit a wrong person. I don’t even know your man. The person you are looking for is at Spur chowing your so-called husband’s money. I just came here to fetch my phone”. The more I tried to explain was the more I made her angry. She thought I was trying to pull a fast one on her. She was like “get out of the car, I want us to talk woman-to-woman”. She opened the door as she said that. I got out of the car and explained again that I was Sharon and the person driving the car was at Spur. She went “oho I see now. So it’s a misunderstanding?”. I was getting relieved she seemed to be understanding. Before I could answer her question ...she went all Mayweather on me. I tried to fight back but she was a bull fighter. Imagine what a beautiful yellow bone like me would do to such a beast. I tried to run but she grabbed me like I was a black plastic bag from Hussein & Sons Supermarket in Marabastad and threw me to the ground. I thought she was going to kick the hell out of me. I used my arms to cover my face. You can kick me anywhere but not my face. She went “next time when you see husbands of other people you will turn yourself into Caster Semenya and run away. Sharing is caring but not with my man”. I had no choice but to fake fainting.

“Stop it. Stop it Mantwa...stop it. What’s wrong with you? Do you want to get arrested? Are you ok in this ugly head of yours?”. I opened my eye a bit to check who was coming to my rescue. It was some light-skinned hot guy. He looked just over 30 and was wearing expensive clothes. The woman went “I’m tired of your bitches. I will kill them one by one until you stop cheating on me. Why did you give her our car? The car that is registered in my name nogal? Why did you. Bring me here knowing your bitch is around? Mashudu you are ruthless”. Shit, it was Zee’s boyfriend. He was quite a good looking chap. So his name was Mashudu but I doubt he was from Venda. Vendas that look like him are very hard to find. Maybe his Venda father married a yellow bone Xhosa woman and she diluted the Vendanness in him. No wonder ‘Mantwa’ was fighting for him, he probably had a mrengerenge. If he was Tswana she wouldn’t even bother fighting. Why fight for a toothpick? For the what? For the why? Mashudu went “you beat an innocent person. This is not the girl I gave my car to. I don’t even know her. She was

probably with my...I mean the girl I gave the car to. You see what you have done now? What if she presses charges against you?”. Instead of facing what she did the bitch ran away. I closed my eyes again to make it look like I had fainted for real. Nigger opened the front door of the car and closed it. He sounded like someone who was panicking. I could feel people were starting to gather around to spectate what was happening. He touched my neck to feel my pulse and after that I heard his footsteps leaving. I didn't wanna open my eyes because I could feel there were more than 10 people surrounding me. After about 3 minutes someone carried me and put me in the back seat car. My eyes were still closed, so I couldn't see who it was. I managed to open my eyes a bit....and it was Mashudu.

“Where are you taking me to? Are you going to finish me off?”, I asked in a voice of a someone who was about to die. I was in pain but it wasn't that bad. Mashudu almost jumped off the car because he didn't expect me to be in a 'speaking' condition. He was like “ssssooooorry, I am taking you to a doctor. I thought you had fainted”. I was like “who are you?”. I pretended as if I had just regained my consciousness and didn't know what was going on. Nigger was the honest type. He went “I'm Mashudu. I believe you came here with my side chick Zee. My wife found you in this car, my car, and mistook you for Zee. She beat you up until you fainted. Where is Zee”. Nigger was hot. I wondered why he married a crocodile like his Mantwa. I told him Zee was at Spur and I only came to the car to fetch my phone. I told him I didn't wanna see either Zee or the doctor, I just wanted to go home. He asked where I stayed and I told him. He started the engine and we headed to my flat. My bum was a bit painful. I asked “why do you cheat on your wife? He was like “well, boring sex and she has become too relaxed for my liking”. Some men can be arrogant. I mean, why not dump her if she aint what you want anymore. Men like Mashudu are the reason women turn into psychos. My phone rang and it was Zee. I was angry at her. I ignored the call. She sent a Whatsapp “bitch, where the hell are you still doing? Hurry up hle. Some 2 hunks just walked in. Hurry up, maybe we can get lucky”. I responded “please come to the car urgently”. I knew the car was gone, I just wanted to play with her stupid brain. I showed Mashudu the Whatsapp and he went “nxa, this bitch is a bitch. Is this how you guys roll?”. I told him not to insult me because I wasn't like his deputy wife. When we got to the flat the elevator wasn't working. I told him I can't walk properly. I was just acting like a brat nje. He was like “I'll carry you. Which floor are you going to?”. Nigger carried me up the stairs. He was probably used to

carrying avocados and bananas in Venda. At some stage his hand stroked my pussy area and it kinda felt nice. I'm not very sure but I think I was getting wet. Just as we got to my floor I saw someone I didn't expect next to my apartment's door.

He was like "Sharon!!!! Unbelievable....."

Booooooommmmm.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 134

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 13, 2015

"People in general are used to seeing me as the naughty girl because that's what they've always cast me" – Eartha Kitt

I didn't expect him to be there. My heart was beating fast like I had seen a ghost. I whispered to Mashudu to drop me. Mashudu went "wait, I'm kinda horny, I'll drop you when my dick say ndaa". Lol as for when a dick says 'ndaaa'. That was a dry Venda joke but I found it funny. I told him I wanted to talk to the guy next to our door and that he should drop me. He dropped me and I couldn't believe what my eyes showed me on his pants. Nigger had a hard on...no no, he had a hardest on. Damn, thank God I'm a woman. Men get horny whenever they touch a woman's skin. Carrying me of less than 2 minutes made nigger horny. How can you get horny carrying your girlfriend's friend? But oh, a dick doesn't have relatives. I asked "I haven't seen you in ages. What are you doing here?". The guy by the door was my landlord. He went "what am I doing here? I own this place remember. I'm here to check on my investment. But I see you have company. Let me not disturb. Give me a call in the morning. There's something important I want us to discuss". That moment when your landlord wants to discuss something important with you. He didn't even greet Mashudu. That's how guys handle competition I guess. Mashudu wanted to enter my apartment but I told him he was done with his task of carrying me and he should leave. There was no way I was going to let Zee's boyfriend enter my room. I went "no you can't come in. You are Zee's boyfriend. I don't want her to think I'm after her man. I have my own man. Go to Spur and

keep her company”. He looked at me and shook his head. I asked him why he was shaking his head and he went “I’m not in a mood for non-stop talk. That girl’s mouth is like Whatsapp that’s always online. It’s like she’s allergic to closing her mouth”. I laughed and went “would you prefer if it was her pussy that’s always online?”. He frowned and went “iyoooo, her pussy is on Cell C...free Whatsapp kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa”. I liked Mashudu’s sense of humour. If I wasn’t engaged I was gonna ‘hit Zee with a brick’ (snatch him from Zee). I told him to leave and he kissed me on the cheek and left. He was probably feeling guilty about what his wife did.

As soon as he left I went to my bedroom. I called Zee. She was like “uyabhora uyaz? Those guys are still here and I think they have money. We can milk them and run away. What are you fucken busy with? Talking to ntate moruti about how you are going to spend this week’s church collections? Bring your ass up here bitch”. I went “do you ever take life seriously? I like and respect you but I think you are selfish and stupid. You only think for you. You have Mashudu’s car but you still wanna go after other guys. You should be ashamed of yourself. If your pussy had a mouth it would probably sing ‘senzeni na’”. She went “voetsek, don’t try to be smart with me. What I do is none of your business. I hate this rural mentality of yours. Entlik I should just tell Obakeng about your past...or rather, your present. You are not a saint and don’t even try to act like one. I’ll expose you wa nyela my girl”. Wow I took a hell of a beating for her and she was still treating me like piece of dirt. I said “it’s ok Zee, you can insult me all you want. I don’t blame you, it’s how you roll. Just so you know, when I went to fetch my phone in the car Mashudu’s wife saw me and beat the hell out of me. She thought I was you. I have a blue eye as we speak and my ribs are painful. If it wasn’t for Mashudu she would have killed me. But it’s ok, I don’t expect you to feel pity for me. I’m just girl from Limpopo to you. If you want the car keys, you can fetch them from Mashudu”. I was talking from the bottom of my heart. Instead of responding she hung up.

I can’t say I expected her to say something. That’s how selfish she was. I wanted to call OB but I didn’t wanna bother him. I decided to sleep. I woke up around 8am



and prepared to go to school. I so wished OB could call to offer to drop me at TUT. When bitches see bae dropping you at varsity it kinda ups your social profile. I'm talking about a bae that drives a German machine, not a guy that drives Tazz or Golf Chicco. Who wants a man that compete with high school boys? After bathing I called Obakeng to ask if he was going to visit his mom at hospital. I asked out of caring but I also wanted to score some points. It's a known fact that most sons love their mothers. So any girlfriend that cares about their mother is possibly for 'keeps'. Nigger was so impressed I called in the morning just to ask about his mother. He went "you know I feel like crying. You are a special edition babe. Most girls would have forgotten that my mom is in hospital. I thank God for giving me an angel like you. I will update you about her condition later. Are you going to varsity?". I told him yes and he went "I'm sorry I won't be able to drop you at school today. Maybe I should give you one of my cars. I know public transport can be a horror sometimes". Before I could tell him to bring the car immediately my battery died. While I was looking for my charger the power said goodbye. For those who are outside South Africa, we call it load shedding. Check #LoadShedding on Twitter if you wanna understand what I'm talking about. I took my bag and went to catch a bus. I had only 3 lectures that day. After the lectures I went to Library. We were nearing exams and I wanted to be very ready. The funny part was I spent 80% of my time in library reading a magazine that I always had in my bag. After Library I remembered I had Marcus' card. I went to Wimpy to spoil myself with a delicious meal.

After eating I took a taxi to Menlyn. I wanted to call Obakeng but my phone was still off. I just felt like spoiling myself with my man's money. He was rich after all. I bought myself Timberland boots, brown ones. I bought the real one, not the one with an FNB logo. From there I went to buy myself a pair of white All Star boots. I wrapped my shopping spree by buying pink sleepers and pyjamas at Woolworths. When you have a man that is able to give you his card you must thank your God and ancestors. Some of you only see his money when he gives you money to buy bread in the morning. My OB wasn't a stingy kind of a man. He knew I'm a woman and had needs. He didn't want me to go seek money from other men. You can be Miss Independent blah blah blah but let's be honest, we all want a man who won't be shy to open his wallet for us. Even Oprah smiles when they give her money or spoil her with presents. It's a girl thing. After my shopping I went to my place. I think it was around 6pm. Shit, Nwabisa was busy with her bloody screams

again. I almost screamed to her to soundproof her bedroom. I took a picture of my Timberland boots and uploaded them on Facebook with the caption “when bae decides to surprise me with Timberland. I love you babe”. Don’t kill me for lying. I know many girls who buy themselves things and tell their Facebook friends that ‘it was a present from bae’. With me it was indirectly from bae because I used his money. JT was the first to comment. Her comment went “eh moruti wa go rekela lebotjotjo Timberland? Mos wena o tshwere moruti wa Modimo ka marete. With that kind of money spent, he deserves some balls licking #tithe”. JT’s comment gave me an idea. I immediately charged my other phone and switched it on. Tjooo OB tried to call about 5 times. I called him and first thing he asked why my phone was off. I told him about battery dying and load shedding. Luckily he understood. He asked what I bought for thousands of rands. Nigger probably saw bank notifications. I told him I bought Timberland boots. I could tell he wanted to complain but he didn’t have the right words. I went “please come to Pretoria. I miss you. I just wanna be with my future hubby”. I wanted to thank him the Shaz way for the money I spent. Yes I wanted to have sex with him. But I knew it wouldn’t happen when he was sober. After the call I quickly went to buy a bottle of Vodka and 100% orange juice. I mixed Vodka and juice and put it in the fridge. OB was in Sunnyside within 40 minutes. He looked so happy to see me. I was also happy. He told me his mom was recovering and I was like “we should celebrate babe. Let’s drink some juice”. I poured us some ‘juice’. He took a sip and went “what flavour is this? It’s like orange juice mixed with something”. I maintained my calm and went “ha ha ha babe, it’s orange + lemon juice. Call it a fruit cocktail. I think it’s nice”. He was like “you must mix more for me. I’ll take it home. I love this mixed flavour”. Nigger drank 3 glasses in like 30 minutes. With the 4th one half way finished he started singing “Avulekile amasango”. I almost laughed. I took his glass and put it on the floor. I took off my top and started kissing him. He actually kissed me back. We kissed for about 10 minutes and that made my pussy smile with joy. If it could talk it would probably scream “finally!!!!!!”. I was like “let me lock the door babe”. It took me less than 20 seconds to lock the door. When I went back to bed nigger had passed out. I was like “nxa wa nyela moruti. Today o tla nja ka masepa (to hell with you pastor. Today you gonna fuck me, like it or not)”.

I unzipped his pants and ....oh Nkosi yam’, chinekeeeeeeee.....

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 135

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 14, 2015

“Engage people with what they expect; it is what they are able to discern and confirms their projections. It settles them into predictable patterns of response, occupying their minds while you wait for the extraordinary moment — that which they cannot anticipate” – Sun Tzu

I hate judging but at the very same time I'm not the type to hide my views. When I saw what I saw in OB's pants I couldn't help it but show some disgust and eeewww. I love blowing my man and I expect his dick to be in a blowable state. But how do you blow someone with a foreskin? Well, his dick was bigger than other Zulus I have been with but the socks on the tip was a turn off. I was expecting a well cut dick, a yellow bone dick but I was met but what looked like old black leggings. His foreskin was bigger than JB's. Maybe it was because he had a bigger dick than JB. I immediately lost my appetite to ride him. I regretted spending my money to buy Vodka to get him drunk. I shook his head and told him to wake up. He went “praise the Lord...me I'm going to be a pastor. I am going to be a husband. I am going to be a father. I found a wife from Limpopo”. He was talking in a very drunk fashion with his eyes closed. I doubt he heard what he was saying but I was impressed that even in the state he was in, he knew was marrying me. Some stupid men forget the important things in life when they are drunk. I know a man from Ga-Kgapane who forgets his kids when he's under the influence of alcohol. One day he got drunk and told his kid “you look familiar. Are you sure we never met before?”. But it seemed OB remembered me. It was probably the first time my man tasted alcohol. Sometimes growing up in church denies one an opportunity to be educated by the streets. As much as I admire someone who was raised the church way I also believe one should be streetwise. Or else you will be the paying ground of your peers. The foreskin turned me off but part of me still wanted some action. Cerebos was attacking me left right and centre and I had to do something. I thought of putting OB's dick in a condom but it was still soft. Hayi

pipi tsa bazalwane ke mabujwa straight (dicks of 'Born Agains' are sissies). A real dick will raise its head by a mere mention of the word pussy.

I zipped his pants to hide the foreskin. I was so disappointed hle bathong. I tried to sleep next to him but the snoring was just too much for me. Ever noticed how disgusting a snoring of a drunk person is? Especially when you are horny and the person is too drunk to perform any duties. Sometimes I wonder how wives of alcoholics cope. I decided I wasn't going to sleep on an empty stomach. I went to the fridge and took one cucumber. The noises from Nwabisa's room were dead. I assumed nigger had suffered another asthma attack or died. I went back to my room and put a condom on the cucumber. It was a bit smaller than the late or should I say the early Adeyomi's dick. I switched off the light, lay on my back on the bed and stretched my legs. I started by using the cucumber to gently rub my clitoris and it felt heavenly. Some men do not take notice of the clitoris during sex. Some don't even know what the clit is. Let me educate you. If sex was food, then the clitoris would be spices or salt. Hope you get my drift...I don't wanna explain further. I slowly entered my punani and I felt my entire body shivering. Naturally the inner pussy is warm. When the warmth met the coolness of the cucumber it created some feeling that no words can describe. I felt my punani going wet and wet. I went a bit deeper and it felt as if someone was stretching my ass. It was nice and painful in a nice way at the same time. I moved the cucumber in and out in a rhythmic fashion and I found myself whispering things that didn't make sense. My eyes were closed my imagination was showing me some tall, dark and handsome hunk as I serviced myself. There's no way you can think of some short and ugly nigger that looks like Blade when you do yourself. You must let the imagination go wild. Within 5 minutes I felt my pussy constricting and relaxing at the same time. The wetness increased and my legs became temporarily paralysed. I couldn't even move the cucumber in and out anymore....I loudly went "aaaahhhh ahhhhhaaa haaaaaaa mmmmmm iii iii iiiiiii.....". The feeling I felt took over my body and brain. Amen.....

The most funny thing about D-I-Y is the first few minutes after coming. You find yourself smiling for no reason. That's what I did after my D-I-Y lol. I found myself smiling and at times giggling. Obakeng was snoring as I did all that. Shame, alcohol was not good for my bae. I took off the condom from my cucie...aka

cucumber. I put the cucumber on the side table next to my bed and went to the loo to flush the condom. I didn't want Obakeng to find it in the morning. Just imagine what he would think. I thought of throwing the cucumber via the window but thought "nuh nuh nuh that would be being ungrateful. The poor cucumber deserves some respect after the good service it rendered". Lol that was me talking to myself. If you have never spoken to yourself after good sex....it wasn't great sex. The aftermath of good fucking will make you go crazy for a short period of time. I put on my PJ's and slept next to my man. I only took off his shoes. I didn't want him to think I forced myself on him the following morning. Well, the aim was to force myself on him but after seeing 'Mr Forcie' I changed my mind. I wanted to lay my head on his chest but the snoring would make me deaf. We slept the 'Kappa' style the entire night. In the morning Obakeng woke me up before me. He woke me up and went "I have a terrible headache. What happened last night? I don't remember a thing". I didn't want him to suspect any foul play. I went "bae, you know I feel the same. I have a terrible headache. I suspect satan took over our bodies last night. I don't remember a thing. But I'm glad we didn't do anything unbiblical. Let's pray babe". We prayed for over 10 minutes. Let me not lie, I prayed for 2 minutes and OB went on for further 8 minutes. I was just waiting for him to say Amen. When he finally said 'Amen' I almost said "finally!!!!!!"

I went to the loo after the prayer. I bumped into Nwabisa in the sitting room. She went "it's not my place to say but you are about to marry a pastor. You shouldn't be bringing boys here. I heard you screaming last night. Obakeng is a nice guy and he doesn't deserve this". I smiled and went "actually, the guy in my bedroom right nice is Obakeng Magubane. I'm not a bitch like some people". I headed to the bathroom and did the morning thing. After that I went back to my bedroom. I couldn't believe what I saw, Obakeng was busy eating the cucumber I put on the side table. He went "yho babe, how did you know I love cucumber?". I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He went "this is one of my favourite veg. I like it raw like this. But how come it has some strawberry flavour?". I chose to ignore his question. He said we should bath because he wanted to go see his mom at hospital. When he said "we" I thought he meant we gonna bath together. Nigger said I should bath first. Mxm maybe he was hiding his 'Mr Forcie'. I bathed first and he bathed afterwards. While he was bathing his phone rang. It was a number saved as 'Mapule'. I answered.... "Obakeng's future wife speaking hello". The so-called Mapule hung up. Mxm bitches. Nigger didn't have a password. I was tempted to

go thru his phone. My head fought against the idea. I just removed Mapule's call from the call register. Obakeng came back from bathing fully dressed. Can you believe he got dressed in the bathroom? Hayi mihlolo ka James. We headed to Unitas Hospital. His mom was still stable but critical. Some guy Obakeng introduced as his maternal uncle Japhta also came. He looked 40'sh. His attire smelled money. He gave me a hug and told me he was looking forward to negotiating lobola on behalf of his nephew. I smiled. Obakeng's phone rang and he went outside to answer. You should have seen how I looked at him. It was probably the Mapule person mxm. When he came back he went "I have an emergency in Joburg. Uncle please drop Sharon in Sunnyside". With that he left. He didn't even kiss me goodbye. Soon after he left uncle Japhta and I headed to the car. Nigger was driving a black Jaguar. It was kinda awkward because I didn't know what to say to him. He was a bloody stranger. He broke the silent by asking if I was sure I wanted to get married to his nephew. When I said yes he went:

"I don't think it's a good idea. Obakeng is ....."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 136

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 15, 2015

"Happiness depends less on what happens to us and more on how we view the past positively, enjoy the moment and create the future" – Shannon L Alder

In most African cultures an uncle is one of the most important member of the family. Most decision pass thru uncle's ears before they are actioned. He's the guy who heads lobola negotiations and other cultural practices. An uncle-in-law is also someone makoti must respect with all she has. He's the guy who'll be solving your marital problems when they arise. So you can understand the awkwardness in that car. Especially when he started talking about his nephew. What sucked is how he didn't give me full sentences. He would say "Obakeng is ....you know, he is....". He didn't finish the sentences. I almost told him to shut the fuck up if he didn't

know what say. If he wasn't my future uncle-in-law I would have told him shit and asked him to drop me in the middle of nowhere. I was like "Malome, maybe you should tell me what you want to tell because we are almost in Sunnyside and I'm about to get off. I don't think it will help if you tell me it's not a good idea for me to get married to him if you never gonna tell me valid reasons". He went "eish, I think it's not my place to tell. You'll see it yourself as time goes on if you have not seen it already. Most girls he dated saw it within a week. But hey, it's not my place to tell like I said before. You'll see it". If I had a gun I would have shot his bald head. Why did he start with the Obakeng topic if he knew he wasn't willing to finish it? Some people deserve to be thrown into a crowd of suicide bombers nxa. I went "with all respect uncle. I think you are being unfair. If you weren't Obakeng's uncle I'd say 'Fuck you'. But I respect you because of Obakeng. Next time don't start something you aint intending to finish. Please turn right at BP garage. I stay over there".

When we got to the garage I got off the car. He called me and showed me the phone I forgot in his car. I was so pissed I even forgot my phone. He was like, let me take your number. Maybe I'll change my mind and tell you what I wanted to tell you. I wanted to tell him to go to hell but deep inside I was dying to know what he wanted to tell me about Obakeng. I gave him my number and he gave me his. He was like "please don't call me after 6pm. I don't want Madam to think I have makhwapheinis. Sharp ke tla o thintha ka 072". I walked to my flat with very heavy legs. I couldn't stop about what Japhta told or almost told me. Was Obakeng gay? Nuh he was cute but I didn't see anything gay about him. Was he married? As a future pastor I doubt he would keep such a big thing from me. His church didn't promote polygamy and he wouldn't have proposed in church if he was married. Was he HIV-? Nuh HIV is not a death sentence, I doubt he would hide it from a future wife. And as far as I was concerned he was still virgin. The only thing I could think of was maybe he had a problem with his penis. Maybe he was diabetic and couldn't get a hard on. I thought of how I tried to have sex with him more than once and failed. But if he had a problem with that he wouldn't have proposed. Why propose if you know you won't have sex with the girl? It's like a vegetarian buying meat know he won't eat it. The first thing I did when I got to my flat was to call Obakeng. I called 3 times and he didn't pick up. I was so pissed. I have never been

that very insecure girl but Obakeng wasn't just any boyfriend, I was fucken getting married to him. I couldn't stop thinking of the girl who called in the morning, Mapule or Mapula or Masepa or what what. Why the hell did she hung when I told her I was OB's future wife? I added 2 and 2 and they gave me 6. I sent OB an sms "you will marry that Mapula you are with because I'm calling off the wedding. You think I'm a fool wena ka bona. I'm not getting married to a man who leaves me at hospital and go f.. see other women".

He didn't even respond to my sms and that made me furious. I decided call his uncle Japhta. I asked if he was far and he told me he was still buying food at KFC. Hayi black people and KFC. He went "I know I'm hot but I didn't expect you to miss me so soon. What can I do for you Makoti?". I told him I was trying to get hold of Obakeng but he wasn't answering his phone. He went "typical of him. I told you he's not the marriage material. You will make me reveal things I don't wanna read at this stage. Just hang in there. Maybe things will be different with you". I begged him for 5 minutes to tell me but nigger was just laughing. It looked like a joke to him and I was serious. I decided to cut the call. After 10 minutes Obakeng called me. I went "yes". He took a deep breathe and went "what has gotten into you Sharon? Do you know I was in an important meeting with important people talking about important business and you just decide to call me 100 times and send me some funny sms?. What's wrong with you?". I went "please don't lie to me. You think just because I'm still young you can lie to me and get away with it. Your unc....". I almost told him his uncle warmed me against marrying him but thought it would cause tension between family members. I decided to leave it pending until further notice. I asked "who is Mapule or Mapula or what what?". He asked me how I know of Mapule and I told him not to question my question. He went "Mapule is my cousin, my aunt's first born daughter. Why are you asking about her? Did you hear something about her". Shit I messed up. Just imagine starting on a wrong foot with your future new family, a female one for that matter. Obakeng told me he'll head straight to Pretoria after doing some business and I told him cool.

I was still worried about what Japhta told me. My mind was still wandering all over. I called Selfie's mom. I told her I wasn't sure about the marriage anymore because I didn't know the guy very well. She went "shem shem poor my son. Me when I marry Nkuna he was deadly but now we together after years. Nkuna is



handsometimes and happy everywhere. You see marriage is build by trust, love and respect. No love no special”. Wow she gave me an advice I didn’t expect. Marriage is indeed built on trust, love and respect. I was falling in love with OB. I respected him but my trust was something I wasn’t sure of. Especially after the conversation I had with his uncle. I thanked Selfie’s mother for her motherly advice and she went “pressure is all mine my son”. I couldn’t stop laughing after the call. I called JT afterwards. She went “hoyi hoyi Ntwana, wat se dah? O batla re je zaka ya moruti again? Bona, I’m game mara I don’t have petrol. So zi keepa bo ma what”. Lol I told her she shouldn’t try to abuse my man’s money. I asked her what she thought of my so-called upcoming marriage. She went “Ntwana, judga hierso, good men are hard to find these days. Entlik, only 2 out of 10 ke good men, the rest are just niggers after a pussy. The way you told me about this pastor of yours, I think o bethile popo dah. He has money and ke le-virgin. O tla mo gaya blowjob and he’ll give you a metre(million) ha ha ha ha. Ntwana, nyala dah man o tlogele go balala nkare o hobo ya le-India”. It seemed everyone wanted me to go ahead with the marriage except for Japhta. After talking to JT I studied for hours until OB called to tell me he was on his way to Pretoria. I decided to be a naughty girl and test Obakeng’s manhood capabilities. I didn’t wanna marry a man with underground disabilities. I put on a sexy red lingerie and stilettos and waited for him. Within 20 minutes he called to tell me he was downstairs. I told him to come straight to my bedroom. He knocked after 2 minutes and I went “come in babe”. I was lying on my bed facing up...in my lingerie.

He opened the door and fuck....he wasn’t alone.....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 137

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 16, 2015

“To a man who was required to marry before he was allowed to have sex with his lover, marriage is a ‘righteous’ form of prostitution” – Mokokoma Makhonoana

Only your man should see you in lingerie, especially in the bedroom in a position I was in. I lying on my bed in a position that would drive any straight man crazy. My aim was to seduce Obakeng into making love. I respect the Bible and Christianity but this thing of sex before marriage should be reviewed. I mean, it doesn't favour both genders. Imagine discovering the guy you have been dating for 3 years without having sex has a dicklet. Maybe the Bible should have a provision for one unsinful test drive before marriage. It would help people to decide whether they want to continue with the marriage or not. The worst thing about that night was the person Obakeng was with. He was with his father. They just popped in and the old man's eyes went straight to my pussy area. In situation like that a normal girl would quickly look for something to cover the assets. Instead of doing that I froze. Obakeng went "oh noo nooo dad go back ....go back". Instead of going back the old man was still pushing to come inside. He went "wait son....wait uhm ah weeeeeee". Obakeng had to literally push him outside my bedroom. It was only then that I 'unfroze' and grabbed a throw to cover myself. Obakeng was such a fool. You could tell he never dated in high school and varsity. What kinda man takes his father with when going to see his girlfriend? Even pre-school kids don't do that. I was starting to have second thoughts about the stupid marriage. I could hear Obakeng asking his dad to go wait in the car. I think the old man didn't want to but Obakeng won the battle. The old man left and OB came back to the bedroom.

"I am very very sorry babe. I didn't know I'd find you like this. My father and I went to visit my mom in hospital. After the argument I had with you earlier I thought I should bring my father so we can pray. I felt like satan was infiltrating our relationship and I wanted my father to help us to crush him thru a player. Please forgive. I understand the awkwardness....". I looked at him and shook my head. I wanted to say something but I couldn't find the right words. I didn't wanna use the F-word because I had respect for him. But what I wanted to say was related to F-. He went "please tell me you forgive me. I'll do whatever you want. Just name it and I'll do it right now babe". I got him where I wanted. I was like "fine, I'll forgive you if you make love to me right now. I understand you don't wanna have sex before marriage but we need to be realistic here. I don't wanna have a bad sex marriage. Show me what you are capable of so I can know what I'm getting myself into. God forgives sins right? Yes he'll forgive you afterwards. God cannot

kill you because you had sex with your future wife, He'll understand. We don't call Him understanding God for nothing". Obakeng opened his mouth like he wanted to speak but no words came out of his mouth. He was probably taken aback by why I said. Sometimes pretending is not a good idea. Yes, it might benefit you now but over a long term you will suffer. I continued "you said anything and I chose what I want. I can see you are horny". He closed his eyes and went "satan please leave my life alone. I know I can beat this temptation". Just imagine your man referring to you as temptation.

Sometimes you need to take a risk of being kicked by forcing the horse to drink water. While he was praying I got off the bed and closed his mouth with a kiss. Yes, my kiss interrupted him while he was communicating with God. I held him tight to make sure he didn't run away. To my surprise he was kissing me back and he was quite a good kisser. When he wrapped his arms around my portable body I knew I was getting some. He was a man after all. I believe even if a guy is in coma and you play with his dick, chances are he'll get a hard on. Some will even come. I unbuttoned his shirt and took off his pants. You can accuse me of being bitchy, I don't care. I was trying to strengthen my 'marriage'. I was in lingerie and he was in undies only. Obakeng was well-built and very handsome. As we kissed I was imagining how our babies would look like. They were mos def going to be gorgeous yellow bones. I'm not saying all yellow bones are beautiful...no no don't get me wrong. Some yellow bones look as if they just came back from underground... like they were buried. My kids would look gorgeous because I am gorgeous and OB is handsome. Because nigger was tall, I could feel his manhood greeting my belly when we kissed. I had everything planned, I had a condom under my pillow. I walked backwards and pulled nigger to the bed. I told him to lose the undie and went "mmmmh mmmmh mmmmh". I don't know whether he was humming or meditating but I found it funny. I did it for him, I took off his undie. I reached for the condom under my pillow and peeled it. I was the CEO of that session. I pulled back his foreskin and put the condom on. I could tell he was feeling nice because he kept saying "oh God.... oh God .... oh God.....". Ja you can take a pastor out of church but you will never take church out of the pastor. His dick wasn't of Limpopo calibre but it wasn't small. It was the right size.

I lay on my bed and went "come babe". He looked at me confused and went "where do I put in it?". WTF....he was probably joking with me. I almost said "put

it in your ears”. Nigger got on top of me and I used my hand to direct his dick to my very wet pussy. He wasn’t moving. I told him to move in and out in a kunye-kunye fashion. Shit, nigger went in and out like he was dancing nae nae on top of me. When he told me he was virgin I didn’t believe him, but that night he proved he wasn’t only virgin....he never watched porn. Most of us broke virginity mentally via watching porn. Obakeng on top was frustrating. I decided to go on top. I told to lie on his back so that his dick faces up. What I liked about him was he didn’t argue, he followed all my instructions to the best of his ability. I got on top and kissed him. His dick was standing like a real man and my pussy was wet. Call it Our Perfect Combination (OPC) if you want. I didn’t even have to use my hand, I just sat on his dick and slowly the dick was being swallowed by my pussy. When it was completely in I moved up and down slowly. He held my thighs tight like he thought I was going to run away. Nigger was going “yho hoo hoo hoo hoo yhooo hooo hooo tjonana modimo wa ka...tjooo tjoo nna nna tjooo”. I went a bit fast and nigger screamed like I was killing him. After that scream I felt his dick dying inside me. Mxm he came ....before I could come. I got off him and wiped my pussy. He went “I did something I’m totally against just to make you happy, to prove I really wanna be with you. I’ll spend the next 7 days praying hard for God’s forgiveness. I don’t want him to punish me for this sin....something bad might happen”. While he was shitting with his mouth his phone rang. It was his father. He put the phone on loud speaker.

His father went “we need to leave now. Just got a call from the hospital. Your mom is .....

WTF ....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 138

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 17, 2015

“I am determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may find myself. For I have learned that the greater part of our misery or unhappiness is determined not by our circumstance but by our disposition” – Martha Washington

Obakeng loved his mom. His face beamed with joy whenever he spoke of her. The call from his dad moved him. He didn't even wait for his father to finish that sentence. He quickly got off the bed and got dressed. No offence, but a foreskin looks funny. I don't think I'll ever get used to it. I was happy I broke his dicknity aka male virginity. It wasn't the best sex ever but he had potential. I had to deal with the foreskin part first. Mission 1 to take his innocence was complete, the second one would be to force or persuade him to go cut that thing. He went "babe, I'll update you when I get to the hospital. I have a bad feeling about this. God is probably punishing me for the sin I just committed. Don't switch your phone off. I'll call you as soon as I get to the hospital". Obakeng was unlike most sons of pastors and church leaders. For some funny reason most pastors give birth to kids who take the opposite route. I know many PK's (Pastor's Kids) who drink until they close the club. I know many PK's who chow anything with a hole between the legs. Obakeng was a different PK. He conducted himself the right way and I was very proud of him. Zee called me. She was like "Mzala, can you believe what I just heard?". That's Zee for you. You can fight now and the next time she sees or talks to you she'll behave as if nothing ever happened. I asked her what happened and she went "the fool that beat you up suffered a heart attack. She is in hospital now. Karma is a bitch mzala. I am at her place now, sleeping on her bed. Ki ki ki ki ki God dealt with her". Some things are not funny but I couldn't help it, I found myself laughing. Zee was such a witch. How can you celebrate another human being's heart attack? That woman beat me up but she didn't deserve to lie in hospital because of a heart attack.

Obakeng called while I was on a call with Zee. I told Zee to drop the call because hubby was calling. She went "weeeeeeeeh" and hung up. Obakeng went "I just wanted to check if you were still up. I'll let you know when I get to the hospital". I told him I wasn't planning to sleep until they saw her status. He thanked me and said bye. I wanted to call JT but didn't wanna bother her at night. Zee called again. She went "I think we should do drinks tomorrow to celebrate the bitch's fall. I'm the obvious choice should she not make it. I also wanna get married. If people like you can get married then I know there's a light at the end of the tunnel". I told her I was not in the mood to go out because Obakeng's mom was in hospital. She went "it's not like you are her doctor. Whether you go out or not won't affect her health.

Come on mzala, let's go out hle". For the first time I said NO to Zee and I meant it. She was like "mxm wa bhora shem. This moruti guy has turned you into a zombie". I hung up. Zee was used to controlling everyone in her circle. It was time I showed her she wasn't God. Obakeng called again. He went "babe, my mom is not stable anymore, she's very critical. Doctors say she's getting worse. I am scared, very scared". I didn't know what to say. I know no one wants to lose a mom. You know mothers are our pillars of strength. When your mom dies you feel like she has taken some of your body parts with her. I said "babe, please be positive. Thru a prayer she get be fine. God will not take her now. I still want to have a mother-in-law". Whenever I used the words pray and prayer Obakeng would smile or say wow. That night we prayed together on the phone. After praying he thanked me for being there for him when he needed me most. He went "indeed you are a blessing from God. You are the best Sharon". I was used to being called Shaz but nigger used my full name. Anyway, I didn't mind. My name is Sharon after all.

I decided to sleep after the call. I didn't dream that night which was a bit awkward because I was used to dreaming every night. I had a class at 10am. I took a bath and then a bus to TUT. I was used to being dropped at school, the bus business wasn't for me anymore. It was for poor students lol. I attended my classes and after that I went to Marcus' office. I'm not a bad person, Marcus was a good man and he treated me like his doctor. It was only fair that I checked up on me regularly. While walking to his office some student asked for a minute to talk to me. He was one of those Lil Wayne wanna-be. He was trying to fake the American accent but to me he sounded like an Indian. He went "ey yho...can I take you out for lunch? Kno' what 'm sayin? Know I been lookin' at ya for the past coupla months and yeah girl...you rock ma world, you know what 'm sayin". I was like "I don't know what you are saying". He looked at me and smiled. I expected her to say something big but nigger went "ey yho, ima take you to KFC". Ha ha ha ha ha I literally laughed at him. Just imagine, he was abbreviating my social status. I had passed the stage of KFC dates. I was rolling with the big boys. I went "nigger...now let me tell you something, gerrara here man, know what I'm saying, shit". I was imitating the Nigerian actor Francis Odega, from the movie Back from South. I left him standing there with the tail between his legs. I was done with boys who could only take you to KFC for Streetwise one and buy you R12 airtime afterwards. I had graduated to a superior level of dating. Marcus was not at the office. I tried to call him but his

phone was off. I remembered I had not called Obakeng to ask about his mom. I called him and he had good news. His mom's health had changed for the positive. He went "praying for her helped last night. Thanks babe". We had a small talk for couple of minutes and he promised to come see me around 20h30. A night visit could only mean one thing, he enjoyed pata pata and wanted a repeat lol.

I decided to go use a taxi instead of a bus. I wanted to go to JT's place. I called to check if she was around and she told me she was around but 'busy with a project'. I knew she was busy with a girl but I went anyway. I knocked at her door and when she opened she went "eish Ntwana Ntwana Ntwana...no mara wena you are an enemy of progress hle. Mara I told you ke busy ka project. Ke sa ja motete nou. Vaya ke tla o bhelela ka dinako". She closed the door in front of my eyes. Damn, JT has never done that to me before. Whoever she was with was very good at her job. I didn't wanna be an enemy of progress, I left. My mom called to tell me I should come home for the weekend. She was like "we need to talk about your engagement. And your little brother misses you". It was at that stage that I remembered I haven't spoken to him in ages. I missed him more. I told mommy I'd be home on Friday and she was happy. Shuuu, I couldn't wait to see my folks. I also missed Selfie's mom. I passed by some bottle store and bought myself a bottle of red wine, sweet rose. I had to prepare for Obakeng's visit. I wanted us to do better than we did the previous night. As I was walking out of the bottle store, some nigger was parking an AMG right in front of me. Oh gosh I love that car. He got off the car and I felt my pussy going wet. He was tall, dark and handsome. You know those guys who advertise Nivea For Men on TV, he looked like them. He walked straight to me and went "I am not the type to beat about the bush, you look gorgeous and I'd love to know your name". Damn, he had a Tsonga accent and I found it charming. He definitely had a mrengenge. Just imagine a handsome man with a mrengenge. What a bonus!!!! Then I remembered, I was engaged to the pastor.

He offered a handshake and went "my name is ....."

Boooooommm 'wet'

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 139

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 21, 2015

“Over time, any deception destroys intimacy, and without intimacy couples cannot have true and lasting love” – Bonnie Eaker Weil

Nothing pleases me like seeing a hot brother driving a German machine. It's so frustrating to only attract attention of boys who never think beyond 24 Heineken and hubbly bubbly. The brother in front of me was so hot he even made me hide my ring. I was lucky we use right hands to greet in my culture. If it was a norm to use left hands he would have seen my ring. I didn't even get his name because my entire body was charmed. Nigger was those guys who would meet you today and make you feel guilty for not wanting to open your legs for him. Some girls might wanna play Miss Goody Goody and judge but most of us have slept with a nigger the very same day we met. I don't see it as bitchsm, it's called responding when your body calls. Nigger was like “hello!!!! Are you still here with me?”. Truth of the matter was I was there with him physically but my mind went beyond his physical self. I had mentally undressed him and imagining his dark Tsonga self on top of me sweating. I do not have any element of guilt, yes sometimes I look at some hot brothers and imagine them having sex with me. It's only normal. I went “my name is Sharon but you can call Shaz or Shazyonce or Shazninja”. He was like “I prefer Sharon. I don't like these childish names kids use o Facebook. I'd be honoured if you agree to go to Shisanyama with me. I'm going to eat pap and wors there. Please join me. It would be inappropriate for a man like me to have a delicious meal alone”. There I was thinking he was going to offer to take me to some expensive restaurant in Sandton. Mxm there was no way I was going to eat fattening pap at a Shisanyama. He was probably those guys who drive nice cars but not have money to spend on their girls. I was like “I don't do such places. I'm more into your Sandton and Rosebank”. He laughed and went “good luck with your Sandton and Rosebank. Ga ke jewe ke bana ba Sunnyside”. Nigger walked into the bottle store and left me standing alone out there.

Mxm maybe the car wasn't even his. It was probably his boss' car and he was trying to score some points. I mean, a guy who drives the latest AMG wouldn't



have a difficulty taking a girl to some fancy restaurant in Sandton. I know many guys who do that at home. They lend him a car for 3 minutes and he thinks he owns the world. He'll try to chow as many girls as possible. When I got to my place Nwabisa was cooking. That girl enjoyed life shem. She wasn't doing anything in her life but she always had money. She was what I call 'social entrepreneur'. I asked her what she was cooking and she said pap and wors. Lol it was funny because that was what the AMG dude wanted to buy me. I asked Nwabisa if she needed my help and she went "ja, I'm cooking for my new boyfriend. He's a Pedi man from Limpopo. Maybe you'll know how he prefers his pap. He told me he loves pap" I am not being tribalistic, but anyone from Limpopo will agree with me when I say Zulus and Xhosas cook whack pap. They don't cook it the way we cook it. Their pap is so soft you'd eat it with a straw lol. Something about us girls is we always wanna impress our so-called new men with food. I think it's a bit unfair. If nigger is serious he'll bring a takeaway from some expensive restaurant. I asked her to tell me about the new Limpopo man. She went "his name is Joseph Molepo from Turfloop". Lol when she mentioned his names and where he came from I created a picture in my mind: dark in complexion, government employee, drives a Toyota, loves pap and meat, a staunch ZCC member, loves formal clothes and a big fan of Oleseng and Solly Moholo music. It's not a secret most people from that side attend the biggest Christian church in Africa. She continued "he works for government in Polokwane. He's driving here to visit me". I didn't wanna ask further questions. But to be honest, I didn't see any future between a Pedi man called Joseph and a Xhosa girl from Eastern Cape. Pedi men love sex but they don't want cheating women. They can get physically violent when the girls fail to tow the line. Nwabisa was....to put it in a polite manner, a here and there kind of a girl.

I opened the bottle of wine and we started drinking. It was a good thing I bought the bigger bottle. Wine is very nice during the week, especially if you don't drink to get drunk. My phone rang and it was a good friend of mine, Pontsho Muhle Makwela. She was telling me she had launched premium ice cubes brand called Your Highness. I was so proud of her and wished her all the luck. I like it when black sisters do it for themselves. They inspire me. After Pontsho's call I received another call. It was from the one and only Zee. She said "we are bored. Can we come to your place?". I told her I was expecting hubby later but she could come only if she promised to leave before. I sent her my location. I asked her to bring a

bottle of red wine and she said cool. Before you judge me, I didn't want it for me, I wanted it for Nwabisa. The chick was drinking faster than my late alcoholic neighbour. She drank wine like she was drinking water. Within 30 minutes Zee arrived. She was with Mashudu and another guy. She introduced the guy as her BFF Douglas Ndlozi. I asked him if he was related to the handsome EFF spokesperson Mbuyiseni Ndlozi and he said no. Mxm I was disappointed because I wanted to ask for Mbuyiseni's number. That dude is too hot to be a politician...oh and he's a Phd student. Mashudu couldn't face me in the eyes. Nigger was heartless. His wife was in hospital and yena he was out gallavanting with his side chick. Zee and her crew brought wine and whiskey for the boys. The small gathering became a mini party. Black people don't need a budget to make a party. Just bring drinks and a party will be born. Me and Nwabisa went to her bedroom. I asked her if her man won't mind finding people in the house. She was like "he knows I love having fun. I doubt he'll have a problem". Talking of a devil. Nigger called to tell Nwabisa he was passing Hammaskraal. Nwabisa went "I regret not telling him I'm on periods". Lol I aint a guy but if I was a guy and drove for 300km to see a girl, I'd expect to get laid.

I decided to call Obakeng and lie to him that I was studying. I made sure the door was closed to avoid noises from the sitting room. He went "hello my love. Missing me?". I told him I missed him big time. I was like "babe, please don't come tonight. I have a lot of school work to do. I'm very behind hey...and it's you because you are always running in my head. I can't even study when I think of you". I spiced the last part just to soften him to give me a 'visa'. He understood and told me he valued my education. After the call I went back to the sitting room to join the drinking crew. After about an hour Nwabisa's Limpopo man called to say he was at the BP garage next to our flat. Nwabisa went there to fetch him. She came back with him after 30 minutes. She told me they had to go buy Joseph's Castle Life and another bottle of red wine. Trust a Xhosa girl to make a guy buy booze before he could even unpack his travel bag lol. She introduced him to all of us. He was the opposite of what I had in mind. He had a mohawk, Guess jeans with a golfie of the same brand and Limpopo's finest, Carvela. He was very handsome. Mxm what kinda parents name such a handsome soul Joseph mara huh? The party continued. Nwabisa played music and we started dancing. I was so jealous because Zee and Nwabisa could dance nae nae very well. When I tried it Zee went "ha ha ha ha mzala you look like you are waving for your pastor to come save you from

the devil”. Zee and Mashudu began being cosy to each other. Nwabisa was sitting on Joseph’s lap. Automatically, I was Douglas’ natural target. Me and Douglas got a bit closer but we didn’t kiss like the other 2 couples. The red wine was doing what it did best to me. My underground was getting wet and wet. Around 10pm Joseph and Nwabiswa disappeared to her room. Zee and Mashudu went to buy cigarettes for Zee. I don’t remember how it happened but me and Douglas started kissing. The next thing we were on my bed continuing with the kissing. My underground was very excited. Nxa my phone rang and it was OB. I told Dougie to be silent. Luckily we had switched off music. I tried to sound as sober as possible. OB asked what I was doing and I went “I was praying, now I’m going back to my books”. He said he was glad I put God before every I did.

He went “I’m actually by the door, I couldn’t sleep without seeing you. Please come open”.

Boooooooooommmm #Busted

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 140

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 22, 2015

“You can’t blame anyone else, ... , no one but yourself. You have to make your own choices and live every agonizing day with the consequences of those choices”  
– Max Brooks

At first I thought I didn’t hear him well. I went “babe, your line is a bit bad. I didn’t get that. Please repeat what you said”. I had heard him well but my brain was hoping for a different answer. It was unlike Obakeng to come unannounced like that. I mean, like WTF, going to a person’s place without her knowing should be declared illegal. Anyone who does that should be locked for the rest of their life. I was both angry and panicking. Angry because OB came unannounced and panicking because I was about to lose a chance to get married. Obakeng went “I said I’m at the door. Please come open for me. It’s very cold here”. It was not only the guy I was with that I was worried about, the booze bottles in the house made

me panic. I was like “I’m coming back. I have to go borrow Nwabisa’s key. I don’t know where I put mine”. After hanging up I told Dougie to quickly get up and go hide. He was “where must I hide? Why must I hide? Who am I hiding from? What am I hiding for? How will I hide?”. Nxa I hate it when people wanna play intellectual with me in serious situations. I was like “hey mrena, stop asking your stupid why, where, what, who, how and why stupid questions. My man is at the door and he has a gun”. Nigger got sober on the spot. Black people are scared of guns. I told him to take whatever shit that belonged to him in my bedroom and led him to Nwabisa’s bedroom. I knew she didn’t like locking her bedroom. So I just opened and pushed Dougie in. Nwabisa and Joseph were fucking at that stage. Nigger had Nwabisa bending and he was doing her from the back. Nxa she bitch lied when she said she was on periods. Nwabisa went “wwwwwwwhhht the the the the what what Sharon”. I didn’t have time for explaining. I just went “the pastor is here. I’ll explain later. Hide this guy in here in the meantime”. I quickly went back to the bedroom and put books all over my bed. I also put the open Bible next to my pillow. Everything happened within a minute, literally. The last thing I did was to take get on the chair and take out the sitting room light bulb. I wanted the sitting room to be dark. There was a lot of incriminating evidence in there and I didn’t want him to see it.

When I was satisfied all was in order I went to the door and opened. He went “what were you still doing? It took you more than a minute to open the door for me? Why is this place dark though?”. I went “I’m sorry, I was pressed. I went to the bathroom first. I was pressed. We don’t have a light bulb”. He told me to buy the light bulb tomorrow because it wasn’t safe to walk in such darkness. When we got to my bedroom the first thing he noticed was the Bible next to my pillow. The smile on his face was priceless. I opened a particular chapter on purpose, the chapter where I highlighted 1 John 1:9. You can go read it and you’ll know what says. Obakeng went “I’m glad you read the Bible regularly”. I was avoiding being very close to him because I smelled wine. I asked him why he came unannounced and he went “I’m your future husband. I don’t have to call first when I want to see you. It’s not like I need directions to your place. When I miss you I will come. If I don’t find you I’ll call to ask where you are”. I told him it doesn’t sit well with me especially after I told him not to come. He went “I’m not here to disturb your

studies. I understand you are a student and I must to give you some space to concentrate on your books. But come on babes, 30 minutes of your time with your hubby won't hurt". That was the first time I heard Obakeng reasoning in a defensive way since I met him. I was like "It's ok. If you come here and I'm not here...call me. But if my phone is off please don't blame me". I told him I wanted to go drop some classmate's book at 2nd floor. He asked me to close the door because he wanted to talk to his dad for couple of minutes. I took the book and left. I wasn't going to the 2nd floor, I wanted to make sure Douglas left.

When I got to Nwabisa's door I heard some noises coming from the room. They sounded like that of a girl who was being pleased sexually. "Maybe Douglas has left and Joseph was continuing feeding Nwabisa with his Limpopian bazooka", I thought to myself. Curiosity is a bitch, instead of turning back I opened the door and went in. Shit, what met my eyes was like a scene from a porn movie. They were having a bloody 3-Sum. I don't know if it was booze or Nwabisa was just being naughty. Joseph was hitting her from behind and on the other hand she was giving Douglas a blowjob. I quickly closed the door to avoid the noise from reaching wrong people. Douglas was like "ohhhh...don't just stand there. Join the party". I could see he was enjoying being blown. I found my pussy getting wet again. I didn't know what to do next. Douglas relieved Nwabisa's mouth from its duties and came to me. My mind thought of Obakeng but my bully dominant pussy thought of nothing but the delicious-looking dick in front of me. Douglas was like a beast possessed. He gently grabbed me and kissed me on my neck. I whispered "don't bite me...my man is here". It sounded wrong saying that. He pulled down my pants and left my top untouched. He made me kneel next to the bed and rest my elbows on the edge of the bed. He knelt behind me and pulled my torso against his. My pussy was so wet his dick didn't have to Google it, it just went 'sssssssss vohloooo'. He moved his hand down my abdomen and used his finger to stimulate my clitoris. Shit, the sensation I got was something outside of this world. I whispered "fuck me faster...faster". As he went in and out I could feel something at the base of my stomach, just above the pubic bone. Suddenly I felt my temperature rising. It was like a wave of heat covered my entire body. My heartbeat increased and I felt a tickling sensation inside my punani and that's when I knew nigger make me reach the big O in less than 3 minutes. As I was enjoying my heaven on earth Douglas went "oh shit, I forgot to put on a condom". He

quickly withdrew his dick from my punani and I almost screamed “marete a gago you bloody fool”.

He started searching his pockets for a condom and I sulked. After all, I had reached the promised land. The Obakeng factor also forced me to wanna leave. While I was getting dressed he tried to wanna put it in again and I told him “if you touch me I will bite that small penis of yours. I didn’t even feel you”. Nwabisa who was still busy with Joseph laughed. Bo Joseph mrena, nigger was a silent assassin. He didn’t make any noise and he was still going strong. He looked like those guys who would give you 7 rounds plus bonus in on night. Ja no wonder girls from North-West, Eastern Cape and KZN love boys from Limpopo. I strategically opened the door and tiptoed to the main door. I opened and closed it in a way that I knew would make noise. I wanted Obakeng to think I just came back from the 2nd floor. From there I headed to the bathroom. I wet my face cloth and used it to wipe the wetness off my pussy which was experiencing orgasmic babalas. I flushed to make it sound like I was using the loo. When I got the bedroom Obakeng was concluding his telephonic conversation. He went “bye and see you soon”. I told him I was sleepy and he told me he was also leaving. For some reason I felt insecure...especially after the ‘see you soon’ part. Nobody says that to their father. The thought of OB seeing something soon didn’t sit well with me. I begged him to sleep over. After 5 minutes of persuasion he agreed. When you cheat you will always think your partner is doing the same. OB went “that thing that we did the other day, it was nice”. I knew where the topic was going. I decided to crush it because I didn’t want to downgrade...couldn’t go from good sex to bad sex in one night lol. It would be like eating a Woolies cake and then one from Boxers afterwards. I went “the Bible is against sex before marriage. Let’s sleep babe. Good night”. In the morning when I woke up Obakeng wasn’t there. I assumed he left very early. I was so pressed so I decided to hit the bathroom. I bumped into Douglas in the sitting room. He went:

“I’m sorry about last night. You should go see a doctor as soon as possible. I am .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 141

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 28, 2015

“Shame is the demon that keeps many of us trapped in our pain; healing comes when we gain the courage to confront our demon” – J’son M Lee.

I have heard the acronym YOLO many times from people when they do reckless things. Apparently it means You Only Live Once. It’s very easy to shout the acronym when you are having fun. But when faced with a deadly situation you won’t even pronounce the YO in the YOLO. Nigger told me he was sick. He was infected with an STD. I continued to go to the bathroom and he followed me. In the bathroom he took out his manhood and showed me some cream-whitish stuff oozing from the dick. It was so disgusting I wanted to puke. He was like “I discovered this last week. I went to the doctor and he gave me medication but I only used it once. You are the only person I slept with since I found out about this. What worries me is that I think I came inside you. I’m not really sure but I’m sure I came inside you but I’m not sure sure sure”. I slapped him on the face and used my knee to knock his sick dick. I was like “nxa le tlwaela batho masepa. You slept with me without a condom and now you wanna play the caring card. I hate you for what you did to me. You will pay for this mrena”. Part of me was glad he was a man enough to tell me to go to the doctor but another one was furious he slept with me knowing he was sick. I was glad I wasn’t the one who gave him a blow job. I almost puked thinking Nwabisa sucked Dougie’s dick with that disgusting cream-whittish shit from his dick. Before leaving the bathroom and stepped on his head just to make myself feel better.

I went to the bedroom and started walking aimlessly. Let’s be honest, it’s embarrassing for us girls to go to a doctor and tell him or her you have an STI. But no matter how embarrassing it can better, it’s better than living with an infection. I have heard stories about girls with STDs having some bad smell in their punanis. Just imagine a guy trying to give you a muff and the next thing he faints from your bad odour. I’d commit suicide. I had 2 fears, being pregnant and being sick. The fool only spoke of STD, he didn’t specify with one. For all I knew he had big

diseases and I allowed him to eat from my honey dish. I was so stressed I even thought of committing suicide. I locked my bedroom, lay on the bed and started crying. I was crying because I was a fool. I left my man in my bedroom and went to fetch a disease from a goat I hardly knew. It was very stupid and irresponsible of me. I felt like I was being ungrateful to God who gave me a good man. I didn't know Obakeng that much but he appeared to be a good loving man. Many women out there would have wanted to have an opportunity like mine but there I was playing with it. Douglas knocked at my door and I told him to go away. He kept knocking until I threatened to call the cops. He eventually left. OB called to tell me he left early because of a meeting. He was like "babe, you were talking in your sleep last night. You mentioned the name Douglas about 4 times. Who is Douglas?". Shit, it wasn't raining but hailing for me. The motherfarter didn't only give me a disease, he also cast a spell on me. Why on earth would I dream about him? It's not like I knew him that much. I composed myself and went "are are aarreeee you for real babe? I think I should go home to see my folks. Douglas is my late father's middle name. I have been thinking about him a lot lately". I started sobbing. Well, I was faking it. OB went "oh ncooooooh, I'm so sorry my babe. Maybe I should come back to Pretoria. I'll be there in 2 hours. It's ok to miss your dad. It shows he was a good man". I told him not to come because I wanted to be alone.

After talking to OB I called Zee. I decided to tell her what happened the previous night and she laughed. She went "ha ha ha kwa kwa kwa tl tl tl tl what kind of satan are you mara huh? You left your pastor man in your bedroom and went to ride Douglas in the other bedroom? You deserve an Oscar of sferbing girl. Only if your pastor knew what he was getting himself into. Hope you used a condom with Douglas. Mashudu told me he has many girlfriends. Between you and me, I slept with him twice. Nigger made me come twice within 5 minutes. If he had more money that Mashudu I'd mos def make him my senior boyfriend". Shit, Zee wasn't making things easier for me. Did she really have to mention the condom part? I went "actually, that's the reason I called you. We had a very quick sex and didn't use a condom. This morning he showed me some cream-white stuff coming from his penis. Apparently he has an STD and chances are he infected me. I don't know what to do. I feel so dirty and stupid". She went silent for over 30 seconds. I went "hello are you there, Zee?". She was like "bitch, how stupid and reckless can you be? Do you want to die young? How can you have unsafe sex with a nigger you



hardly know? Didn't you learn something from watching Intersexions? For all you know you could be carrying the HI Virus. Nxa this girl is stupid maan. I'm so disappointed in you bra, like for real man". People like Zee can be real bitches. She acted as if she was always careful but truth is she was more reckless than me. I couldn't let her judge me like that and get away with it. I went "ag fuck you Zee. Don't act all saintly with me. I know I messed up but it doesn't give you a right to insult me like that. We both know you are allergic to condom. Mxm you have been sleeping on another woman's bed while she's dying in hospital and you think you have the moral authority to judge me. I need your help, not to be judged". I had to put her in her place. She didn't have a right to say those words to me. She went "ha ha ha mama wehh, I slept with Douglas with a condom. You shagged him without a condom. There's a huge difference there mama wehh. You could be sick, you could be pregnant...but hey, it's none of my damn business. If you need help go to a doctor. The last time I checked I wasn't a Medunsa graduate. Tshaba re fete...bye". She hung up.

Ja when days are dark friends are bitches. I decided to take responsibility for my own actions. I took a bath and went to the doctor. The receptionist asked what my problem was and I told her "I'll discuss that with the doctor". Mxm some receptionists are so nosey bathong. Her job was to make appointments and shit, not to know our problems. I didn't even use my medical aid, I didn't want my mom to know I was at a doctor. She'd probably ask me many questions. I expected a male doctor but when I got to the room it was a young female doctor. I asked where the doctor I normally visit was and she went "he's on holiday. But don't worry, I am as good as my colleague". It's so difficult for us girls to share our health problems with female medical practitioners. That's the reason most females prefer male gynaecologists. A male gynae will help you without judging you. A female one will most of the time make comments outside her medical jurisdiction. I told the doctor what happened and she went "what you did was irresponsible and dangerous. You shouldn't engage in such in future because it's dangerous". I looked at her and asked if she was virgin and she said "no". I was like "then shut the fuck up and help me. I'm not here for a lecture". She apologised and told me it wasn't a lecture but a very good advice. She took a sample of my urine and put something colourful in it. I didn't even know what she was doing. She advised me to do HIV tests which I agreed to. It's a good thing that we can do HIV tests and get results same day these days. I'm told back then people used to wait for days

before getting results. She wanted to offer some counselling but I told her to save her breathe. Truth of the matter was I was flipping scared. She was like “you must encourage the guy you slept with to go see a doctor as soon as possible”. I didn’t say anything, I just nodded. The couple of minutes I waited for my results seemed like a century to me. She put on her glass and looked me straight in the eyes. She wanted to give me a speech but I told her to cut the nitty-gritties tell me whether I was about to die or not.

She coughed went “you are positive and .....

WTF .....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 142

BY [RHU](#) · JULY 29, 2015

“Enemy number one was now the disease. It had a presence as solid as that of a person – I think all serious illnesses do” – AP

I was raised in a Christian family and we believe in God. We believe God gave us brain to think. God has given me ability to know that some of the actions in life have bad consequences. Unsafe sex and reckless lifestyle cannot be rewarded with smartphones. You cannot ride a sick somebody and expect a Samsung S6, you will get sick. I looked at the doctor and she had that look of a woman who was in a relationship with a cheating man. She looked like someone who would take her frustrations out on a beautiful patient like me thinking maybe I was one of her man’s side things. She continued “....well, you are positive in terms of the quick STD tests I conducted. Your HIV status is negative....at the moment. I advise you to have another HIV test in 3 months because you might be in .....” I quickly stopped her right there. I was like “look here doctor, I don’t care about this window or door period or what what. That shit is for white people. I am negative and happy. I will never have unsafe sex again no matter what. I learnt my lesson. She looked at me like I was mad. She went “I fail to believe why you are so happy. STDs are also very dangerous. They can have irreversible effects on your body,

they can be fatal. HIV is not the only virus you should be scared of". She was right, I know people who gave birth to babies that look like little things from the Zoo because of sexually transmitted disease. My happiness was inspired by the fact that I didn't have to be on some medication for the rest of my life. I sympathise with people who are going thru that process everyday of their lives, especially those who tried their best to live safe lives. Just imagine you are a poor good wife who doesn't cheat on her hubby only to be infected by the cheating dog. It's not nice. Life is not fair. The few minutes I spent with the doctor gave me some life-changing views on life. She continued "...well, it's your choice. But as a doctor I'm obliged to advise you to take another test in 3 months. And now that you tested positive for another disease, I'd advise you to tell your partner to seek medical attention as soon as possible".

She gave me a prescription, antibiotics and some medication. She told me not to touch alcohol while I'm on my medication. Jerrrrr I felt the punishment was just to extreme. My only crime was to have sex bathong. When I left her room I didn't even wanna look at people at the reception area. You know when you spend more than 30 minutes in the doctor's room and the queue is very long, you feel like everyone is looking at you in a snaaks way. I headed straight to the pharmacy at Clicks Sunnypark from the doctor. I gave the pharmacist my prescription and nigger looked at me like I had 'bitch' written on my face. I went "keng? Is it the first time you see a yellow bone in your life? Nxa le tlwaela batho sbono". I don't know why I reacted that way. Maybe it was because I felt like people could tell I had stupid unsafe sex and was sick. He went "no no no no ma'am I'm sorry if I made you feel offended. You look like someone who was crying. I was just wondering who could have made a beautiful angel like you cry. Angels like you deserve to smile, not to cry". Wow I didn't expect that one. You know when you feel you have done something wrong you feel like everyone can see thru you. It's like when you have cheated on your partner, you become very sensitive and edgy. I'm talking about normal people, not serial cheaters. Serial cheaters aka 'avulekile amasango' will cheat and act normal afterwards. I apologised to the nigger and told him I was going thru tough times in life. He told me to have faith that God will crash all problems I had in life. He told me he had just lost his girlfriend and kid and a terrible car accident but because he believed in God, he's able to deal with

the pain everyday. “Trust me my sister, God is great. God is powerful. God is love. When He is with you, everything will come alright”. Lol for a minute he made me uncomfortable. It’s not safe in South Africa anymore. A person talks about God and the next thing he gives you a snake to eat. Apparently snakes in some church in Pretoria taste like chocolate. Lord have mercy!!!!!!

On my way back to the flat Obakeng called to check up on me. He went “babe, I know this must be a bit awkward and heavy for you. I mean, we didn’t meet like the way most couples met. You don’t know me very well but we will get there. God will guide us all the way to the day I say ‘I do’. I just want to tell you that the days I have spent with you have made me more emotionally attached to you. I can safely say I am falling in love and the feeling is great. Soon you will be the best mamoruti my church has ever seen. Uhm, I’m not saying my mom is not the best ha ha ha ha ha”. Ja mxcwee stru, opposites attract indeed. He was the very same man I cheated right under his nose. Nigger was declaring his love to a woman who slept with another less than 10 metres from him. He was declaring his love to someone with pending HIV status. I say pending because of the so-called 3 months period shit. I didn’t even know how to respond to his sweet words. I just went “oh ncooooh that’s so cute babe. I’m also falling in love with you. You will be the best pastor ever my handsome PK”. He asked what PK was and I told him Pastor’s Kid. He laughed and went “mmmmmmmm maybe we should start planning how many PK’s we gonna have. I was thinking 4 and we adopt 2 more”. Lol he said 4 like he was going to carry half the kids in his belly. I wasn’t going to spending 36 months with a heavy stomach. I think God should have created a womb for men. He gave us a raw deal there. Pregnancy comes with its own complications. When you are not pregnant you experience period pains. Lord have mercy!!!!!! After the call with my handsome PK I received another call. It was from my mom. She didn’t even greet me. She went “what were you doing at the doctor and pharmacy? Are you sick?”. I was shocked she knew I visited the doctor. Like, I didn’t tell her I was going there. I told her I never went to any doctor. She went “I want you at home first thing in the morning tomorrow. Catch the first taxi or else....I’m coming to Pretoria. Maite told me she saw you at the ....”

I hung up right there. Now I understand why some peeps from home prefer to study in far universities like Rhodes and UCT. You know when you are there chances of another stupid daughter of a bitch reporting your every movements are

minimal. When you are in Pretoria, Joburg or Polokwane chances of bumping into someone from your hood are high. I had not seen Maite since the last time I saw her at the garage and didn't have any thirst to see her ugly face. I wondered what she wanted to achieve by telling my mom she saw me at the pharmacy. She didn't even greet me or something but she had the guts to tell my mom I was at the doc. Within couple of minutes I received 2 sms'. The first one was an SMS from FNB showing I received R450 from my mom. The second SMS was from my mom commanding me to 'COME HOME'. My mom only wrote in capital letters when she was angry. When I got my place I called Maite. I went "bitch, let me tell you something...gerrarra here. You know what I'm saying. If you have nothing better to do take your ugly face to an old age home and scratch old men's balls. Stop fucken stalking me. I am not your friend. Stop stalking me bitch. Nxa le maoto a di kiss-kiss. Le marago a go se lekane". She didn't even respond, she hung up. I called Obakeng to tell him I was going to Limpopo the following day. He offered to take me there but I rejected the offer. I told him it would be appropriate. While still sitting on my bedroom someone knocked from the main door. It was some policeman with a fat belly.

He went "where is our money?"

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 143

BY [SHAZ](#) · JULY 30, 2015

"You cannot hinder someone's free will, that's the first law of the Universe, no matter what the decision" – EA Bucchianeri

I was still fuming about what that ugly dumb snitch Maite did. She probably wanted my mom to lend her money or something. Nxa bana ba baloi. I looked at the cop and went "askies? What money? I think you came to the wrong flat and wrong person. I don't remember doing business with boys in blue". He told me he didn't have time to play. He was like "if you don't give us our money someone is

going to die”. I was lost. I didn’t even know what he was talking about. He was probably mistaking me for someone else. He went “yhe wena, you are used to being a tsotsi in Eastern Cape and you think you can do it here? Bring our money so we can leave. I’m not making empty threats here. I’m gonna kill you”. Lol that moment when someone who is supposed to protect you threatens you. When he mentioned Eastern Cape I knew he was talking about Nwabisa. She was the one from Eastern Cape, not me. I told him I was a Pedi girl from Limpopo. Nigger went “uyanya...you are from Eastern Cape. I can smell a Xhosa girl from miles away. Have you ever seen a yellow bone in Limpopo”. Ha ha ha ha ha it was funny but at the same time stupid. People have this belief that all people from Limpopo are dark. Actually, the 1st Citizen of Limpopo Premier Stan Mathabatha is a yellow bone. Not all Limpopo people are ‘Load Sheddings’. I told him my house mate Nwabisa was the one from Eastern Cape. Nigger didn’t believe me until I showed him my ID copy. He went “sorry for the inconvenience...I’m actually investigating a corruption case. I won’t go into details but thanks for your help”. Everything seemed so dodgy nje. I knew Nwabisa was using her cake as capital for survival but I never suspected she had dealings with Nkosinathi Nhleko boys. Ja you can stay with a murderer for years without knowing the person is a murderer.

As I was about to say bye to the cop, I saw Nwabisa appearing from the stairs direction. It was quite obvious she was from shopping because she had bags in both hands. Joseph was carrying other bags. I’m not talking about your Mr Price and Ackermans bags, I’m talking Gucci, Guess, Timberland, Sissy Boy, Polo etc. Joseph looked thinner than last night. It was probably because of the thousands he spent on Nwabisa. You can say whatever you want about Xhosa girls, I love them. They know how to put their mouth where the money is. Nwabisa had just met Joseph but was carrying bags a regular pussy donater could only dream off. You know those chicks who’ll go “I’m the main chick nywee nywee nywee” mxm main chick my foot. Bitches are living large out there and you are sitting down enjoying the worthless title. I don’t wanna be the main chick or side chick, I wanna be THE CHICK. The only queen in the castle. When Nwabisa saw the cop she dropped all her bags and ran away. The fat cop ran after her. Well, I won’t call it running...he moved after her. His belly was so big he couldn’t even run. He was just moving

nje. Poor Joseph remained there standing alone with a shock written all over his face. From the flat I could see Nwabisa passing BP garage running towards the A Re Yeng bus station. I couldn't stop asking myself what money the cop wanted from her. Joseph went "botsebotse nna yena re furaletswe ke badimo. Ke mohlolo mang ye re e bonang mo makgoweng mara? Aowa...ke spendile diketekete for motho jiki jiki motho o kitimisana le banna ba molao. Ah fok nna ke boela gae (in fact, the ancestors have turned their back on me. We see shit in the City. I spent thousands on her and now cops are chasing her. Fuck, I'm going back home)". I asked if he was indeed going back and he said yes. He said he was very disappointed. I went "mara le wena jo!!!! How do you spend such money on someone you just met?". He looked at me with his big eyes and went "eh wena ga o tsebe. Lethosa le le tseba mosomo. O ndiile ka kwa bosa wa nkwa. Ke re maabane ke kgile morogo ka ba ka tswa kudumela e sesane dipoung tsa marago. Limpopo o ka se e bone meragelo e me so (you know nothing. That Xhosa chick knows how to ride me. She rode me so good. I chowed her I even felt think sweat down my ass). Lol I respect the power of pussy. Now I see why my Limpopo boys fall victim to gold diggers, money talks kuku listens.

I couldn't keep my eyes off the bags. I told him he should wait for her to come back. He told me he would puke if she comes back. Mxm I think he was just being dramatic nje. He was with her minutes ago and he didn't puke. But hey, maybe he expected her to hold high morals. I went "I was actually planning to go home tomorrow. Maybe I can go with you now. You'll drop me at Polokwane and I'll find a taxi to Ga-Kgapane". He said cool + he could do with some company. I thought of calling my mom to tell I would be home earlier than expected but thought nuh...let me surprise her. I quickly packed few things I needed and me Joseph hit the road. We talked about so many things, from soapies to church. Suddenly we started talking about relationships. He told me he wanted a serious thing with Nwabisa but noticed she wasn't the kind to have a steady relationship with. He was like "you know, maybe I should have gone for someone like you. You are beautiful and the good thing is you are from Limpopo like me. Ke home ground advantage". I laughed and told him he was funny. As we approached Polokwane an idea dawned in my mind. The agreement was he would drop me in Polokwane but eish, the thought of using a taxi ...not ayoba. I decided to play the bad girl. I went "maybe if you drop me at my crib we can talk. You know what they say, anything is possible. Who knows, maybe you and I are meant to be

together”. He smiled and I knew I had him by the balls. I brushed his thigh and we almost had an accident. He was like “you know I have been thinking...you and Nwabisa are almost same size. You can take the stuff I bought her”. What a fool!!!!!! I brush his thigh once and he pays me with expensive labels lol.... I told him it would look wrong and he told me there was nothing wrong with it because he used his own money to buy those things. I was lying obviously, who on earth would not want to wear those expensive stuff? I decided I would keep them at Limpopo for whenever I ‘visited’ home. Taking them back to Pretoria would be an application for premature death. He went “will your mom be at home when we get there?”. I knew exactly where he was going and I gave him the answer he expected. I was like “nuh, I don’t think so. What do you have in mind?”. He said “I was thinking maybe we can...you know?”. I laughed and said we’ll see when we get to Ga-Kgapane. Nigger was all smiles both on his lips and pants.

When we got to Ga-Kgapane I directed him to my place. I was praying for my mom to be home so that I could use it to not do what Joseph wanted us to do. There was no bloody way I was going to sleep with him. I was sick and had a treatment to take. Shiiit, seeing my hood made me realise I missed home. You know that feeling you get when you see home after a long time, that’s how I felt. Limpopo can be many things but it has this homely breeze that says ‘you are home sweetie’. I asked Joseph to park his car few houses from my places so that I could go check the coast first. In all honesty, I just wanted my neighbours to see me carrying those bags from expensive shops. I wanted them to know ‘Sharon Letsoalo aka Shazyonce has arrived, nomakanjani’. Luckily I didn’t have a huge bag, I carried everything I had at once. I told Joseph to give me few minutes. He was like “ok babe, eish my dick is so excited. I can’t wait”. I faked a smile and left. I waved for all neighbours, especially with the arm that had the Gucci bag. I couldn’t help it, I was showing off. I wanted them to know I wasn’t the Carvela girl anymore. The gate wasn’t locked...which meant my mom was either in the house or not far from my crib. The house was locked. I checked the spot (under the mat) where she normally put the spare key and fortunately the key was there. I put my bags in my bedroom and headed to the fridge for water. I found 2 bottles of Heineken in the fridge. Tjoo my mom drinking Heineken? Mihlolo ka Moses....I thought to myself. I walked back to Joseph’s car. I faked a disappointed face. I went “eish, my mom and uncles are here dude. Nxa I’m so disappointed hey. I so wanted us to ... you know”. I could see he wanted to cry and I almost cracked. I



gave him a light kiss and told him I'd visit him at Turf the following day. He hesitantly agreed. I was like "but I don't have money for transport". Nigger gave me R300. Ha ha ha that's how you play a horny nigger from Limpopo. He left and I went back to the house. I went to my mother's bedroom and mxm, Denzel was on the bed. Hayi bo Makoma mrena. The poor vibrator had lost weight shem. I went to my room and closed the door. I called OB to tell him I arrived safely. While talking to bae I heard the sound of the gate opening. It was my mom's car. I said bye to bae and sat still. My mom had the house keys in her bag, the one under the mat was for in case she lost her keys. I could tell by the voices that she wasn't alone and her company was a male. I couldn't hear clearly but I think I heard the nigger telling her to undress. A silence followed and the next thing I heard sounds of our sofas screeching and my mom screaming in a, well, sexual way. I was so pissed shem. Just imagine your widow mom being chowed. I opened the door and holy crap....

My mom was being doggied on the sofa by .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 144

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 4, 2015

“To say that one waits a lifetime for his soulmate to come around is a paradox. People eventually get sick of waiting, take a chance on someone, and by the art of commitment become soulmates, which takes a lifetime to perfect” – Criss Jami

Most of us were made because our parents engaged in sexual activity. We know our mothers opened legs and fathers inserted their mrengerenges and dicklets and we were the end products. But no one looks at her mother and imagine her having sex. It's just a picture we don't wanna see nje. So imagine how I felt when I saw a boy in my dating age group hitting my mom from behind. From my high school days she always had a soft spot for him. When I was dating him she didn't mind. She always reminded me how cute he was and that we would make beautiful

babies. She was very disappointed when I broke with him. By the look of things back then I even thought she was going to give me to him for free without paying any lobola. I had seen the guy couple of weeks back and he was with a woman old enough to be my mom. I went “mama, Thabiso..... What the are you doing? OMG.....”. Nigger took his dick out, grabbed his clothes and ran away. My mom’s pussy went ‘fffffffffffshhhhhh’ when Thabiso took his dick out. It showed it had ages behind it. I honestly didn’t expect my mom to be a nun after my father’s death, she was still young and obviously had feelings. But for her to date my ex was something I didn’t expect, especially since she knew Thabiso. Can you imagine arguing with a guy and he goes “shut up, I chowed your mom”. Tjooo that’s American Pie material, not real life shit. My mom shouted “nxa didn’t I tell you to come back tomorrow? Now the prophet’s instructions won’t work because you disturbed the progress. You are such an EP, Enemy of Progress. I will punish you for what you just did”.

The little I expected from her was to show some shame and remorse. But nuh, that was not Makoma’s style. My mom was one of those women who wanted to be right at all times. She was an older version of Zee. I think she was a ring leader in her youth. I decided to leave her alone and go lock myself in my bedroom. I didn’t even get a chance to ask about my little brother because I was angry at her. I heard her closing her bedroom door and within minutes I heard sounds coming from her bedroom. Mxm she was probably raping poor Denzel. No wonder the poor vibrator lost weight, it was overworked. My mom was addicted to vaginal friction. I decided to put on earphones and listen to beautiful music. Nwabisa called to ask where I was and I told her I at home in Limpopo. She went “I’m sorry about what happened earlier. I owe that cop money and today they threatened to kill me. I had no choice but to use what God gave me to avoid death. Now I wanna go back to the flat but I didn’t know what I’m gonna say to Joseph. I know he’ll demand sex and in the state I’m in I don’t think I want to have sex with. He spent fortune on clothes and shoes for me. My only fear is if he gets angry and take the stuff he bought for me. I don’t really love him, I love his generous pocket”. I almost laughed because I knew I took everything. Life is not fair mrena, she got fucked and I got the moola, shoes and clothes without riding the guy. I told her “he seems like a good guy. Go to the flat and talk to him. You can made up a story. He’ll

understand you. My hommies from Limpopo are very understanding”. There was no way I was going to tell her Joseph gave me a lift to Limpopo. She would probably break into my bedroom and burn all my clothes. After the call I decided to call Selfie’s mom to tell her I was back. She went “oh nanananaa”. I don’t know what she meant by that. Maybe she was trying to sing Rihanna’s song. She continued “welcome bad son. Tomorrow vroeg vroeg me and Nkuna is there neh. Don’t move around neh?”. Lol English never had a crush on us. I wanted to tell her what I saw in the house but didn’t know where to start. It’s so embarrassing to discuss your mom’s underground matters with other people.

After talking to Selfie’s mom I decided to unlock myself from the bedroom. I missed my little brother and wanted to ask Denzel’s wife where the little man was. I knocked on my mom’s bedroom door but there was no response. I heard a sound of a car and from the window I could see a white BMW X5. Mxm it was the doctor dropping my brother. I took a zoomed look at them and my little brother was a carbon copy of that guy. I didn’t want my thoughts to play with me but couldn’t help it. That dude was possibly my brother’s father. I heard rumours of doctors chowing nurses during night shift. Maybe my mom was one of the victims. When the doctor left my brother ran to the house. As soon as he opened the door he dropped everything when he saw me. I wanted to cry, I so missed the little man. I kissed him and gave him a long hug. He went “mommy told me you are getting married and will have babies. Please make a boy because I want to play PlayStation with him”. He was pointing at a new PlayStation 4 that his father.... I mean the doctor bought him. Nigger was proving me right, I didn’t know many black guys who would buy another man’s kid a toy worth over R6000. Little brothers are so cute when they are still young and innocent. Once they start knowing the taste of pussy they start thinking they are the head of the family. I helped him to unpack his toys and take clothes to his bedroom. I asked him who bought him toys and he went “my uncle”. Lol in black families every guy who is close to your mom after your father’s death is called an uncle. I went “next time he comes here take a knife and chase him away. He hates me. If you do that I’ll take you to Pretoria in September”. The nigger started crying. Mxm I knew at that stage that my mom was raising a guy. I told him I was just joking. My phone rang and it was my mom. Lol she was calling me from her bedroom. She went “your uncles are coming tomorrow in the morning for a family meeting. I won’t tolerate any disrespect in front of them. Do you hear me?”. I hung up. I didn’t know what

to say to her. I decided to cook and my little brother offered to help me. I took a selfie in the kitchen and sent it to Obakeng. He replied with a Selfie of him praying. Apparently it's called a prayie. He called to tell me he couldn't wait to taste my food. I hissed and went "mmmmmmh which food my love? You mean the..... You know". I was trying to flirt with my man. Nigger went "I prefer spaghetti and mince with cheese. Can you cook that?". Hayi thixo wase Bolobedu. Nigger was so dumb he didn't even pick up I was trying to flirt with him. Go jola le moruti ke nyoso straight. Even my lil brother got it because he gave a mischievous laugh.

After cooking I dished up and we ate. My mom was still in her bedroom. She only came out when I went to take a bath. She was behaving like a high school kid who just broke virginity by a popular boy at school. You know a popular boy would act so nice before fucking you. He'd make you feel like the only girl in the world. As soon as you open your legs for him he shows you his true colours. He'll even boast to everyone about chowing you. If you are weak you'll spend most of your time in hidden corners. After bathing I went straight to my bedroom. I didn't feel like facing my mom. My brother came to give me a good night kiss. It's those kinda small moments that make one miss home when you are away. First night at home is always priceless. You sleep like a baby and wake up feeling like a rich adult in the morning. My mom texted early in the morning to remind me about the meeting. I decided to take a bath early and prepare breakfast. Obakeng called to check up on me and wish me best of luck for the family meeting. One thing men must learn about us women is we love attention and a man who pays attention. If I tell you I'm going to an interview on Monday, I want you to remember it and call to wish me good luck on that day. Don't just be the guy that only remembers the day my periods end. I thanked my hubby and told him I was going to officially introduce his name to the family. He sounded so happy and I felt the same. Around 8am the uncles rocked up. Selfie's mom and Mr Nkuna followed few minutes later. I was so happy to see Selfie's mom shem. I gave her a hug and went "let's take a selfie". She went "no Selfie is home not taken". I greeted the uncles and they told me I have grown. One of my maternal uncles looked at my little brother and went "this boy reminds me of my brother-in-law Piet. He looks exactly like his father". I guess that was him trying to cover his sister's sferbsm. God will forgive me for saying that about my mom but I can't call a spade a big spoon. I was glad my aunt wasn't there. Remember the one who caused a scene at my father's funeral. I

always wonder why our uncles are the ones given the powers to dictate what should happen with our futures. Well, it's understandable if he contributed to your upbringing. But some random uncles nje....aowa bathong. One uncle jokingly went "you are so beautiful and clever. We must charge them a million". Selfie's mom jumped in and went "no no no no millions is cheap like Tomy we wants thousand plus". Lol everyone cracked except for Mr Nkuna. After the laughter they asked me a question. "Are you ready for marriage?". Before I could answer my phone rang and it was OB. The uncles allowed me to pick up. I went "hello papa".

He went "I have changed my mind....".

Boooooooooommmmm.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 145

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 6, 2015

"A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment" – Jane Austen

I am a very fragile person. I know I act tough most of the time but there are times where the tough girl in me dies nyaa and replaced by the emotional and fragile me. I mean, we had spoken couple of minutes earlier and he was happy about the whole thing. I felt like the world could open and swallow me. Initially I wasn't big on the marriage idea but time made me fall in love with it. In OB I had seen someone who would treat me well for the rest of my life. Sex wouldn't be great but his warm personality would make up for it. Other factor I was worried about was the fact that my mom's prophet told her that I should marry or else urine would hit the fan. There was also a family factor. The thought of telling them nigger was pulling out made me wanna die. You know we have those families who would secretly wish the worst for you. The minute they leave your side they start gossiping about you and telling whoever cares to listen how bad you are. Selfie's mom could see something was wrong. That woman knew me very well. I could see there was some worry on her face. Obakeng went "hello hello, are you still there?"

Can you hear me?”. I hung up. I don’t know what he was expecting me to say or do but I wasn’t in a flipping mood for soapie speeches. You know the “it’s not you but me blah blah... You deserve better than me blah blah”. Shit I’m a girl and I know how it feels to be burnt. My tears were starting to visit my tears. My salivary glands went dry. Selfie’s mom went “and then? Is she ok? Please don’t die in front. Tell the wrong please”. I’d normally laugh at her English but that day my sense of humour had suffered a severe load shedding. I ran to my bedroom and locked myself in. Obakeng called me more than 10 times and I ignored his calls. Selfie’s mother knocked at my door and I ignored her. She went “my son my heart has headache. Please open and solve problems. I please you assomblief”.

I received an sms. It was from Obakeng and it read: “babe, I’m sorry you misunderstood what I said. I wanted to tell you I have changed my mind about being a pastor this year. I told my father he can continue being a pastor until early next year. I feel I still need to give you some space to prepare for your responsibilities as the pastor’s wife. It’s not as easy as most people think. That’s what I wanted to tell you. I was not talking about our wedding. If you could open my heart and look inside you’d see you are the best thing ever happened to me. I’m gonna say it now, I love you Sharon Letsoalo. We can make this work in the name of Jesus. God will guide us. Please answer my calls”. Wow I found myself sobbing louder, nigger was willing to delay what he always wanted just for me. His words were like a dick in a wet pussy. Most guys I know would never delay their dreams for a girl like me. Niggers would delay your anniversary celebration dinner just to go watch other men running, Kaizer Chiefs vs Orlando Pirates game. I immediately called him to apologise for the way I reacted. He went “I’m the one who should apologise. I should have been more specific. You showed me you also want this marriage and I appreciate it”. We had a short lovely conversation and after that I decided to go outside again. My mom was walking up and down like she had broken Denzel by mistake. The uncles weren’t too happy. You could see they wanted to eat me with their eyes. I apologised and lied to them that the call was from a friend telling me about our friend who was involved in a very deadly accident. Luckily they understood. I told them I was ready for marriage and my mom a betha mogolokwane. They told me I was free to go back into the house.

Apparently they wanted to discuss stuff I needed not to hear. I guess they wanted to discuss how much I was worth.

I called JT and told her I was at home to officially tell my family about Obakeng. She went “Kanti o serious ka dah man? Bjanong mos o feba ko kerekeng. Does he know you don’t even remember the day you broke your virginity ki ki ki ki ki ki. Good luck to moruti”. I laughed and told her she was just jealous I’m getting married and would give her minimal attention. We laughed about it and she wished me best of luck. Immediately after talking to JT, Zee called to tell me she was on her way to my flat. I told her I was at home in Limpopo and the reason why I was there. She went “kwaaaaaaa only if the poor guy knew you were carrying an infection between your legs. Anyway, I bought some vodka and didn’t wanna drink alone”. Zee didn’t have a brakes on her mouth, she said whatever she wanted without thinking for the next person. I went “maybe if you slowed down on booze and chasing married men you’d also find marriage. But hey, you know what they say...Marriage ain’t for any Tom, Dick and Zee. Bye bye love”. I checked Facebook and bitches from my hood were on about some wedding taking in Mesopotamia, another section in Ga-Kgapane. I read the comments and learned the bride was some girl who didn’t even pass grade 12. I knew her from high school. She was 2 classes ahead of me. She was known for dating teachers and married men. Apparently she had about 4 abortions. She started going to church few months ago and guess what, she found marriage in church. On the other hand some good girl who has been going to church since she was 5 and broke virginity after varsity only date assholes who are only interested in her pussy. Anyway, it’s life. There’s no formula to get married. I decided to go witness the bitch’s wedding. Don’t get it twisted, I wasn’t going there to research for my wedding.... nuh. I knew there was nothing to learn from the bitch’s wedding. I didn’t want an average wedding, I wanted a Top Billing wedding, not your average Our Perfect Wedding wedding somewhere in Mpumalanga.

I chose not to overdress, I didn’t wanna make girls from my hood feel like average girls. My mom asked where I was going overdressed like that. Lol village mentality, I wasn’t even overdressed. One uncle advised me to don a doek on my head because I was about to get married and I told him over my dead body. Selfie’s mom went “jealous mona shem. You looks handsome like Kim Darka... Carda what what sh sh”. I left before she went further. I think she wanted to say Kim

Kardashian. I walked to the wedding... It was about a 20 minutes walk. When I got there some bitches I didn't get along with in high school pretended to be happy to see me. They told me I look like a soapie star and I went "water loves me. I shower twice a day. You should try it". Aowa the girls looked like they lived on a desert. I didn't even want to be seen with them. I didn't want them to dilute my beauty and swagger. Some guy came to where we were standing and went "all invited guests should go inside the marquee". He was looking at me as he said that. One of the girls went thanks and nigger was like "duh, you know you weren't invited. I'm referring to this lady". Lol how you dress will determine how people treat you. If you dress like a female EFF MP at a wedding people will treat you like a maid. Because I had dressed well he assumed I was invited. The table he directed me was empty. I was the first occupant. The decor wasn't bad but you could see it was a low budget thing. Hayi manyalo a di-loan mrena. Some gay guy came to ask if he could join me and I said yes. Nigger started talking non stop like we knew each other for ages. Gay guys are like that hey. He complimented me from my hair to shoes. When a gay guy compliments you, just know you really look amazing. Those bitches are honest, they don't lie when coming to looks. I was concentrating on the gay guy I didn't even see some couple joining us on the table.

When I turned my head me and the nigger locked eyes and he went "Sssharon....."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 146

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 7, 2015

"Stupidity isn't punishable by death. If it was, there would be a hell of a population drop" – Laurell K Hamilton

Weddings at my hood will make you meet some dinosaurs from the past. You'd swear there's a Facebook page that informs people of the weddings taking place in the area. I knew he was from my hood but I didn't expect to see him there.



Secondly, I didn't expect him to be with the bitch he was with. I don't understand the tendency of Gauteng-based Limpopo boys, they work in Gauteng and when they go back home you'll see them in a company of the most famous yellow bone bitches who slept with half the guys who drive nice cars. Siphos went "hawu Sharon, long time no see. I didn't expect to see you here. What are you doing here?". Mxm I hate random questions. I was at a wedding like him and nigger thought asking me what I was doing there was charm. Did he think I was herding cattle? I told him I was doing what he was doing. What caught my eye was the ring on the girl's finger. Siphos went "I was with your uncle and he didn't tell me you are around. I haven't seen you since that day in Pretoria". The girl went "sorry sesi, can't you see Siphos is with a woman? O be le 'my come together' sesi. Respect other people's people please". I went "voetsek, sit down bloody side chick. Nxa go finish matric and maybe you'll qualify to talk to me". She looked at me and laughed like she had just seen Mashabela smiling. She went "you are behind times my girl. Babe tell him we are engaged". Modimo wa kgotso...Lol bo Siphos mrena. I asked him about his Xhosa bull fighter wife and he told me they divorced. I didn't know what to say, so I showed off my engagement ring which was obviously more expensive than the lucky packet ring she had on her finger.

The gay guy who was quiet all along went "sorry abuti, are you that desperate? Sfebe se se robetsi le most of my exes. Hope you wear 4 condoms...". Siphos's uneducated girl pulled a Floyd Mayweather punch on the gay and shim was on the floor in seconds. You don't wanna mess with gay guys. They are the real version of Mr Die Hard. Like Jackie Chan she rose from the floor and went for the girl, I don't even remember her name. I'll just call her Sfebenkie. Luckily guys from the neighbouring table doused the eminent fight. I sat on the chair and acted as if I was not part of the commotion. I didn't want my good name to be dragged into nonsense. Siphos took his whatever and they left. Hayi bo Siphos mrena. Doesn't he know dropouts like that bitch don't wanna see anything with more than 2 holes next to their man. The MC started the service by apologising for the little unfortunate event that happened. I call it a service because it looked like a church service. I almost dosed off. Everything was boring nje. People gave boring speeches in broken English. There were no white people there but people insisted on speaking English even though it was clear some had disability of English. I

uploaded the status on Facebook ‘some weddings do not deserve to be called weddings. #Yawn #BoringVibes #UglyWeddingDress #UglyBride’. The only memorable thing there was when the bride’s uncle went “thanks mkhonyana. We were about to give up on her but you saved us. Don’t pretend you don’t know her, especially males. She is the most famous b.....”. Luckily the Dj switched off his mic. It was at that stage that I decided no speeches from family members at my wedding. After the uncle’s inspiring speech I decided to go home. I left before eating. I could tell it was a low budget thing, I didn’t wanna eat pap and maotwana.

On my way home some car blocked my way. The driver was lucky I was in a good mood, I’d have decorated his car with stones. It was a red Mazda 3 Sport I haven’t seen before. Nigger probably wanted to try his luck. I didn’t even check who was driving, I moved to the other side of the road and continued walking. I thought he would get the message and leave. Nigger u-turned and opened the window. He went “I see you are still cheeky. I’m sorry about what happened earlier. I was going back to the wedding to apologise for my.....for her behaviour”. Siphos liked taking chances mrena. He offered to drop me a home. I knew it wouldn’t be a problem because my family knew him. Remember in Episode one I said Siphos used to be my uncle’s friend when I was a kid. I was lucky that uncle wasn’t around because he wouldn’t approve. On way to my place I asked where the madam was and he told me at his place. I asked why her of all girls and he told me he didn’t wanna talk about it. I asked him why he broke up with his wife and again he said he didn’t wanna talk about it. That’s men for you, I don’t wanna talk about it is their default answer. He asked who put the ring on my finger and I went “I don’t wanna talk about it”. Siphos begged me to go with him to some All White Braai at Tzaneen Dam. I said no at first because I didn’t want his bitch to bewitch me but after some begging I agreed. I told him I should go change into white. When we got to my place everyone looked drunk. Black people celebrate everything with booze. Even when a person dies they celebrate and call it After Tears. My mom was drinking Savanna Dark and Selfie’s mom was on some Hunters Gold tip lol. She wasn’t only bad in English, she couldn’t dance to save her life. When she danced it was like she was jogging in circles lol. I was glad they were drunk because they wouldn’t ask where I was going.

I went to my bedroom and put white leggings, a white top and white All Star sneakers in my Polo handbag. I couldn't wear them there because my top revealed some parts of my body and I didn't want my folks to see me in that way. I also put my white shades in the bag. I told them I was going to Plaza and my mom gave me R200 to buy her more Savanna. I took the money even though I knew I wasn't going to buy her shit. When we got in the car he asked why I wasn't wearing white and I told him not to worry. We passed by Shoprite Liquor at Modjadji Plaza, some of my hommies call it a mall. Lol paleeeezz.... That's more like calling VW Golf Velocity a German machine. Siphon bought himself a bottle of Hennessy XO and bought me a bottle of Skky Vodka. I wanted to get sloshed. I was in Limpopo and had nothing to fear. It takes about 30 minutes to drive from Ga-Kgapane to Tzaneen. I literally changed into all white inside the car and nigger almost caused 5 accidents. I didn't care because he had seen my bum before. He stopped the car not far from the house of the famous Limpopo millionaire Makapane and took me pictures. I must say, I looked hot. My top wasn't that long, so the leggings had exposed my nice ass. OB called and I told him I was going to town with my cousin. When we got to the dam there was an ocean of whiteness. Em brothers looked handsome and bitches looked like celebs. I didn't waste time, I asked Siphon to mix Skky Vodka and cranberry for me. Niggers were talking about politics. It was clear the host was some ANCYL dude because they were busy criticising Malema and his EFF. Hayi boys and politics. The Dj played my favourite song, We Are Lonely by Quentin Harris...

( What if I gave you a flower

Would you be mine for like, an hour? yeah

What if I did you a favor

Could I become your pleasure savoir? yeah

Can I talk to you for a minute

Can you open up your heart and let me in it? yeah

If you don't want 2, give back the flower

I'll go home, jerk off and take a shower.

You know

We are lonely, we are all we got....)

I found myself dancing. Siphon wasn't comfortable with me dancing because many comrades were looking at my ass. When it got dark Siphon wanted us to leave. I was so drunk and I told him to go to hell. He tried to drag me and I went "voetsek, go back to your Xhosa wife and ugly uneducated girlfriend. You are not my man and you have no right whatsoever to control me. Tshaba re bine". It was probably Vodka talking... Like they say, Skky will make you live life in the sky. I tried to punch him but lost balance and fell. The ground was a bit wet and I was wearing all white. You can imagine how I looked. I saw Siphon leaving. I don't know whether I blacked out or not but that's the last thing I remember about that night.

"wakey wakey.... How are you feeling this morning? "

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 147

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 12, 2015

"It has been said, 'time heals all wounds.' I do not agree. The wounds remain. In time, the mind, protecting its sanity, covers them with scar tissue and the pain lessens. But it is never gone" – Rose Kennedy

We all make mistakes and sometimes remake those mistakes. Yes the popular saying WE LEARN FROM OUR MISTAKES is very rosy but most of us don't practise it. I know a girl who had an abortion because she wasn't ready to be a mother. Few weeks later she had unsafe sex and fell pregnant again. You can judge her if you haven't been through what she went through. The truth is not everyone learn from their mistakes. My brother was standing next to my bed smiling like he had seen things he shouldn't have seen. I didn't even know where I was or what time it was. My vision was blurred and my head was pounding. It was like 2 fat gay guys were having sex inside my head. I tried to think very fast, like faster than



face and went outside to check the person who brought my stuff. It was only then that I noticed it was after midday. My mom was sitting in the sitting room watching Ezomoya on Soweto TV. I went “I’m sorry mama. It’s not how I live.... I think someone spiked my drink last night. I promise I will never touch alcohol again. I’m sorry I was sloshed”. She didn’t even look at me. She just continued humming the song she was watching on TV. I doubt she even knew the song. I almost said “I’ll buy you a new vibrator”. I decided to leave her and her moods and go check who was waiting for me outside.

It was a version of Siphho I have never before. He wasn’t the normally happy Siphho. I saw a combination of anger, disgust and disappointment in his eyes. He had my bag and shoes with him. He looked at me and went “you have changed. I have never been this disappointed in my entire life. My friends are still calling telling me never to bring hoes to their parties. First you beat me, then you tell everyone I have a small penis and how stupid I was. That was the last time I’ll ever take you out. And oh, I sulked and left you there. But I turned on my way home to fetch you. When I got there some guy uglier than a baboon was undressing you under a tree. If I was there a minute later he would have slept with you. When I tried to take you from him you told me the pussy was yours and I didn’t have shares. It was not easy but because I was the one who took you there I felt you were my responsibility. On our way back home you almost caused an accident, you were an irritating passenger. You literally took off your clothes and told me to fuck you until your pussy sang Ga e Duma ya Tsamaya. My advice... Stop drinking or you run a risk of losing your reputation, not that it’s good anyway”. I didn’t understand why he had to make that huge speech. He sounded like a worried and concerned boyfriend. I almost cried thinking I almost got raped again. Alcohol is good when you drink it wisely, if there’s such. I loved my bottle but it was quite clear the feeling wasn’t mutual. I went “I don’t know what to say. I feel like a dick right now. Not just a dick, a tired dick. I don’t know what happened to me last night but I promise it will never happen again. I’m sorry I embarrassed you in front of your friends. I promise I will make it up to you”. He shook his head and went “just pray and hope your pictures didn’t go viral. Anyway, I’m not here to lecture you. I’m going back to Pretoria today. Sharp”. He gave me my stuff and left.

I felt dirty. I was even scared to go back to the house to face my mom and brother. I opened my bag and my phone was in there. Siphho was such a sweetheart. He

didn't even steal anything. I know some guys would have stolen my stuff. I went to sit next to the gate. My phone had 18 missed calls. I didn't know some of the numbers. Obakeng called me about 4 times. I sent him a Please Call Me and he called immediately. He didn't even greet. He went "where were you last night and why did you sound drunk? You told me you don't marry virgins with socks in front of their dicks. What did you mea.....". I quickly went "gr gr gr gr your line is bad" and hung up. OMG the previous night damage was bigger than Jacob Zuma's head. I checked my call register and noticed indeed I made a 3 minutes call to Obakeng. I also called Marcus but I didn't remember anything about it. Yho nna mmawee shit. A call from a number I didn't know came in. I picked up and a male voice went "hi, Sharon. It's Ashley Phetole Malatji, the guy who wanted to buy you a black g-string at Sunnyside. Do you remember me?". I did remember but I lied that I didn't remember him. He went "it doesn't matter. I just wanted to ask if you are the girl I saw in one of my comrades' phone. You were wearing former white clothes and rolling on the ground. The girl looks exactly like you. Please tell me it wasn't you". I maintained my cool and went "no it wasn't me. I'm home in Ga-Kgapane and never took any pictures rolling on the floor". He sounded happy to hear that. He went "I knew a classy lady like you wouldn't do such. You are the most beautiful girl in Limpopo. You wouldn't do things that only makompo do. I'm going to Industrial Shisanyama, the one in Polokwane later. Can I come fetch you? My wallet is heavy and I want it to lose weight today ha ha ha ha ha ha". I told him I was sick and didn't feel like going out. He went "don't worry about that, my juicy lips can heal any sickness. Wena just send me your location I'll come later". I asked him where he got my number because I didn't have any recollection of me giving him my number. He went "uhm...well. I'll call you after 5 minutes bye". Lol nigger was trying to take chances. The issue of my pictures in people's phones didn't sit well with me. Obakeng called again but I ignored his calls. I didn't know what to say. It was Sunday, the day I had planned to go back to Pretoria but I was not in a stage to travel long distance. I decided to go lock myself in my bedroom. Obakeng called more than 45 times until I switched off my phone. The god of sleep stole my consciousness and I fell into a deep sleep. Morpheus, the god of dreams gave me a funny dream. In my dream 7 girls wearing black g-strings were beating the hell out of me. Some guy wearing all white stood there doing nothing to help me. One of the girls took out a knife and..... Lol luckily my dream was terminated by the god of urine. I was so pressed I immediately got off the bed and ran to the bathroom. It was either midnight or after midnight because it

was so silent. I switched on my phone and it was just after 3am. I couldn't believe I slept for over 12 hours on an empty stomach. Before I could switch off my phone again Obakeng called. Shit, what kinda person calls at 3am? I ignored his call. I actually put my phone on silent mode and put it under my pillow. I couldn't sleep after that. Around 6am I heard a knock on the door. My mom had probably forgotten to lock the gate. People from my hood would knock at your place at 6am just to share gossip. I woke up and headed to the door.

I opened the door and... OMG.

Lord have mercy.... WTF

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 148

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 13, 2015

“Living with integrity means: Not settling for less than what you know you deserve in your relationships. Asking for what you want and need from others. Speaking your truth, even though it might create conflict or tension. Behaving in ways that are in harmony with your personal values. Making choices based on what you believe, and not what others believe” – Barbara de Angelis

Some girls do not have pride. I know we get all jealous when our men cheat but sometimes we must have some pride as women. Instead of dealing with the girl you must deal with your dog. If you gonna beat every girl he cheats with you might as well make a career out of it. The first thing she said was “what the fuck were you doing with my man at the All White Braai at Tzaneen Dam on Saturday? Is that the reason you caused a scene at the wedding? You wanted my man all to yourself neh? I know bitches like you who use their fake beauty to lure our men to bed. O fihlile Park Station, you will never take my man. I will fight you until we reach hell”. The funny part was there was a locked ‘burglar’ door between us. Her threats were useless because there was no way she was gonna reach me. I aint stupid, there was no way I was going to get out of the house. Dropouts do not have hearts, they will beat you until you die over a man. She wasn't just a dropout, she



was dumb and stupid with no ambitions whatsoever. To girls like her been in Siphos life was a jackpot. She was probably going to be one of those housewives who couldn't even help kids with homework. I went "where do you get a liver to come to my place so early on Monday morning to accuse me of things I don't even know? That Siphos of yours is not even my type if I may tell you. He wanted me long before he even knew you but I said no. You see a ring on my finger? It's diamond sesi... and yes I'm getting married. Now please do me a favour and leave before you expose my brother, who's more educated than you, to bullshit. And oh, if Siphos loved you as you think... Why didn't he leave with you when he left for Pretoria yesterday? Let me guess, he cannot be seen with a nonentity like you in public kwaaaaaaa. Not that I blame him". She threw a black g-string at me and went "next time don't leave your shit in my mans car". Lol I kicked the shit back at her. "lol it's quite clear your man is busier than those girls at Diplomat. I know you dropped out of high school but I didn't think you were this dumb. This undie is too small to be mine. Look at my curves, it wouldn't fit. It's probably size 13-14 yrs from Pep or Ackermans. Your man is doing kids and you are busy chasing wrong people. My expensive bed is waiting for me....vaya mogwanthi". I closed the door on her face.

Some girls have serious issues shem. On my way back to my room my mom asked who I was talking to and I went "some bitc....I mean some girl. She came to ask if I was ok. I was with her at the party on Saturday". She didn't even reply. I think she was preparing to go to work. I went back to my bed. It was a bit cold and I just wanted to be warm the entire morning. I had classes but hey, Pta was miles away and I knew I wouldn't die from missing classes. I remembered my phone was under the pillow. The battery was dead and I charged it. Smartphones batteries are like dicks of weak men. My mom knocked and asked if she could have a word with me. I said yes and she entered and sat on my bed. She looked gorgeous in uniform. I still think uniform of nurses in private hospitals is beautiful. She went "I think I should have done this long time ago. We have somehow become enemies and it doesn't sit well with me. You are my only daughter and I expect you to be the closest thing next to my heart. I love you and want what's best for you. I never told you before, when I was young I made many mistakes. I was beautiful and every guy wanted a piece of me. I felt like I was on top of the world. Your grandmother

wanted me to be a doctor but because I paid attention to stupid things I didn't get good grades. At the age of 15 I fell pregnant by some Tsonga guy. The guy's father paid some doctor to abort the baby. It was illegal back then. But that didn't stop me from being that popular girl. Popularity ran to my head and I ended up doing things that I am not proud of. When I fell pregnant with you, my mom wanted me to abort because she had big plans for my future. I defied my mom because I knew I was carrying something special. I almost became nothing in life but Piet steered me to the right direction. My folks had given up on me but he believed in me. May his soul rest in peace. I wasn't always the best wife but I did my best to ensure my husband and kids live beautiful lives. Ngwanaka....beauty, curves, cleavage, nice butt will drive boys crazy but if you are not careful they will drive you to hell sooner than you expect. In a nutshell, don't make same mistakes I did. You might not be lucky my baby". She had tears in her eyes. My mom never spoke about her teens that intensively before. I started crying. She caught me off-guard. I didn't expect that lecture from her. I actually thought she didn't care about me. She continued "when I arranged for you to stay with Marcus I knew he would take care of you because he is your..... ". Her phone from her bedroom before she could finish that sentence. She quickly ran to her bedroom.

I put the pillow over my head and started crying harder. I felt like I got an H for being a daughter. My mom had an option to abort me but she chose me over a brighter future. She came back to my bedroom and told me she was late for work. My brother came to give me a kiss and they left. My mom sent me on some introspective mode. She was right, I wasn't on the right life path. It's not like I didn't know it, I knew but something kept pushing me to the very same path I didn't want to go to. It was like satan had deployed his angels to make me their special project. I wasn't dumb, God blessed me with sharp brains but I was using it for wrong reasons. I knelt down and prayed "Lord, Exodus 20:12 says 'honour your father and your mother so that your days may be long upon the land which the LORD your God gives you', I feel like I have violated that verse. I disrespected my mother and I'm begging for forgiveness. Please show me the way Lord. I know I have a potential to be the best young lady ever with your guidance. Please lead me to the right way. You gave me a good man but I keep fucking up... sorry dear, I meant messing up. In the name of Jesus, Amen". I immediately got off the bed after praying. I decided to engage in African therapy aka Spring Cleaning. When our moms are stressed and emotionally troubled they would clean the house

thoroughly while playing gospel music. While cleaning I felt some abdominal pain. It was probably period pains. I had forgotten the feeling. Since I had a miscarriage I never experienced regular periods. I didn't know whether I should take pain killers or not because I was still on the STD medication. I decided to drink warm water. Selfie's mom once told me it's good for pain. After cleaning I washed curtains and my little brother's bedding. For once in ages I was being a daughter and a sister. I needed the practice because I was about to become someone's wife. My whole body was sore afterwards. I decided to soak myself in warm water for 1 hour. After the warm water business I changed into track pants and decided to take a walk.

My walk was very short. I didn't go far because my abdominal pain was getting worse. For the first time no guy tried his luck on me. Maybe God listened to my prayer and decided to protect me from heinous predators. When I returned to my place I felt all new and refreshed. I headed to my bedroom and switched on my phone. I was glad my battery was 100% full. There was an sms from Sipho. It read "please stay away from my woman. She told me you went to her place and accused her of being a man snatcher. Stop that shit or I'll leak your video". In the name of Jesus I ignored his sms. There were so many missed call and voicemail notifications. I ignored them because I knew they were from Obakeng. I lay on my bed for several minutes thinking. I decided to call Obakeng and come clean about my life. I took a deep breathe and called him. His first sentence was "thank God you are okay. I was damn worried about you". How many guys would say that after they struggled to reach you for hours? Another guy would have accused me of being a bitch and all sort of things. I didn't beat about the bush, I told him to be at Sunnyside the following day for some serious talking. He asked if I was ok and I said yes. I felt mini relieved after the call. I didn't want him to find out later about my history. I wanted him to get into the relationship knowingly. In the afternoon my mom came back without my little brother. She told me he visited his uncle, the doctor. I asked no further questions. I told her I was leaving the following day and she said cool. We had a normal daughter-mother relationship that night. The following morning I took the first taxi to Pretoria. By 11am I was at my flat. Nwabisa wasn't there. I called Obakeng and he told me he was gonna come around 5pm. I prayed about 5 times between 12 and 5pm. Obakeng called to tell me I should come down. I went downstairs and saw his car parked at the small street next to Jubilee Park. I got in the car and he kissed me on the cheek. He went "I also

wanna tell you something very serious”. I said him cool but told him I wanna start. He gave me a nod. I started by “I’ve been praying a lot lately and God advised me never to build a foundation based on lies and secrets...?”. I spoke for about 40 minutes and he listened attentively. I didn’t leave a thing, I told him about my drinking and all nyakanyaka my pussy experienced. It was difficult to read his face because he didn’t show any reaction. I wrapped my talk by saying “I’m telling this because I love you. I want you to know what I am. Let’s build our future based on truth, trust and honesty”. I closed my eyes and waited for his response.

He went “Sharon Letsoalo..... ”

Booooooommmmm.....

THE END THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 149

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 27, 2015

“Confession is good for the soul, they say. I’d imagine this is true. But my sins were too convoluted. And from the little I understand—too damning” – Kate Karyus Quinn

When I was still a kid I was told honesty is the best policy. I don’t know who coined that phrase, if I knew him or her I’d ask for elaboration. I think it all depends on what you are being honest about. If my friend rides my husband and tells me about it afterwards I’d fu€k her up on the spot. I won’t thank her for being truthful and honest with me. Obakeng called my name and surname about 20 times. I could see his mind was googling what to say. I didn’t know what to expect but I was ready for whatever shit. You know what they say; I had prepared my bed and had to lie on it. If he wasn’t a PK he would have used the F and S words right there. It was a bit cold but nigger was sweating. I don’t blame him, at my age I had seen more dicks than someone’s mom. I am not proud but I can’t change the past. I can influence the present and the future but what happened in the past will never change. Obakeng went “get out of my car. I cant think straight right now. I wanna go home to clear my head. I want to be with my mother right now”. I didn’t

even know his mother was out of hospital. I begged him not to chase me out but nigger was hellbent on wanting me out of his site. I went “Obakeng please, James 5:6 says “Therefore, confess your sins to one another and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The prayer of a righteous person has great power as it is working”. What kind of pastor are you gonna be if you don’t wanna forgive and forget my past?. I love you and wanna be the best wife ever. I told you my past before I wanna enter this marriage without secrets. God advised me to confess. Please babe, I beg you”. He went “get out now. Please don’t make this difficult for me”. I had no choice but to leave his car.

I don’t wanna lie, I was hurt and regretted coming clean to him. It’s true that men find it difficult to forgive. They can hold grudge over something that you did 10 years ago. Actually, they can punish you for something you did while you were still inside your mom’s womb. It’s bullshit because we always give them a chance despite their dirty history. I dragged my legs back to my place. I didn’t know what to do. I lay on my bed and started crying. I decided to call Obakeng to ask him to come back. I didn’t expect him to pick up but he did. I went “babe please, I beg you. Come back toe. I’ll lick your ass if I have to. I’ll give you a blow job every morning. I’ll do whatever you want. Please come back”. With some cheek in his voice he went “is that what you did to the 10000 guys you slept with?”. F#ck I didn’t see that one coming. I didn’t expect him to say that. I went “excuse me? What did you just say?”. He took a sigh and repeated exactly what he said earlier. I hung up. Aowa I understand he was shocked at what I told him but he didn’t have to insult me that way. I thought of calling JT but I knew she would just judge me and call me a fool. I thought of my mom but didn’t want her to know what I told Obakeng. Imagine your mom knowing you slept with many men and that’s the reason you got dumped by your fiance. I decided to call Zee. Well, she was judgemental and bitchy but most of her advices made sense. She knew how to deal with situations. I told her what just happened and she listened attentively. When I was done talking she went “I know you are from Limpopo but I didn’t expect such stupidly from you. Why the hell did you confess? You thought he would smile and say ‘wow babe, your pussy is such a generous hard worker. I’m very proud of you. Come kiss me,’. Let me tell you something cause you know nothing, you shot yourself on your buttocks my girl. He will never forget what you told him. Even if

he takes you back, which is very unlikely, he'll always use what you told him against you. He'll remind you how your pussy has seen so many dicks whenever you fight. These kinda things you go with them to the grave. What he doesn't know won't kill him".

After listening to Zee I started blaming myself. We live in a world that claim to live by the Bible's teachings but I noticed people only do that when it suits them. People will preach forgiveness in church but fail to forgive their kids for small mistakes. Obakeng as a pastor shouldn't have reacted the way he reacted. Zee called to check if 'i didn't faint'. I told her I was cool and she asked if she should come keep me company. I told her I wanted to be alone because I wanted to calm my head down. She said cool and promised to visit me the following day. My phone rang and it was Sipho. He was jus checking up on me. Wow I didn't expect that from him after what happened. He was such a gentleman you'd swear he wasn't from Bolobedu. I know niggers from my hood would never take you seriously if you misbehave in a public space. They'll even give you a nickname which will be stuck on you forever. He asked if I was back in Gauteng and I told him yes. He asked if I was ok and instead of replying I started crying. He was like "keng Shaz? I didn't call to judge you or whatever. I'm over what happened last weekend. I just called just to check up on you. Actually, I'm coming where you are. Please send me your location". I sent nigger My Location via Whatsapp. I don't even know why I cried. I needed a shoulder to cry on. 30 minutes later Sipho called to tell me he was just around the corner. I changed into jeans and a simple top and headed downstairs. I bumped into some fat guy and he went "yellow bone curvaceous and sexilicious". I was like "yellow bone curvaceous ke mmao wa side dish nxa". When you are angry and sad you don't wanna hear stupid comments from anyone. Luckily the guy didn't retaliate. Thank God he was fat. If he was skinny he would have beaten the hell outta me. Skinny boys don't give a toss whether you are a girl or not, they'll beat the hell out of you if you disrespect them.

When I got to the car there was some beautiful girl sitting on the front seat. S#it I didn't expect Sipho to have some company. How do you give someone a shoulder when you have a bitch in the car? Hayi some men think ka reverse straight. I got in the back seat and greeted Sipho only. I deliberately ignored that girl. There was no way I was going to greet some nondindwa I didn't know. Worse part was she was more beautiful than me. I guess Sipho was trying to show me I was not all that.

Sipho drove towards Hatfield. I didn't even know where we were going and I was scared to ask. The girl was like "when is your Limpopo wife coming? You should have chosen a North West woman bra. Girls from Limpopo are ugly and old-fashioned. I heard they sleep in jeans kwaaaaaaaa kwaaaaaaaa kwaaaaaaaa". I felt my blood boiling. I prayed to God to help me hold myself back but God didn't respond. I saw a bottle of mineral water and I grabbed it. I didn't waste time, I hit the girl on the head and went "voetsek. What did you just say about girls from Limpopo? Nxa le tlwaela batho masepa jou moer. Ke tla o trappa wa nyela sfebe se sa nko e kima". Sipho nearby caused an accident trying to stop the car. When he stopped the girl opened the door and ran for dear life. Sipho tried to ask her to come back and she wouldn't hear any of it. He came back to car and shouted "why did you do that? She was just joking maaaaan. That's how we joke at work, we make ethnic jokes. Now it's gonna be awkward at work..... and she's my boss' daughter yerrrrr". I didn't respond, I just cried nje. He turned left and drove towards Centurion. Uhm his place looked different without the Xhosa ex wife. I asked him why he brought me to his place and he told me because he didn't want me to be alone. He prepared me food and after eating he led me to the spare bedroom. He went good night and went to his bedroom. Around midnight I kinda felt horny. Maybe it was because of the x-rated dream I had. I wrapped myself with a towel and went to Sipho's bedroom. Nigger slept with a light on. I got in his sheets and the warmth was out of this world. Obakeng had hurt me and I didn't even think of him at that stage. Well, I think many girls do sh!t when they are hurt. Some call ex's for a quick consolation shag. Nxa Sipho was wearing one of those Jet undies aka shortpen. What a turn off!!! I tried to feel his manhood and nigger was soft like sponge. He opened his eyes and went "go back to your bedroom. I'm never go have sex with you. I don't kick a dog when it is down". I tried to seduce him but nigger got off the bed and went to the other bedroom. I was like "mxm gay motherfarter". He woke me up at 6am and told me he's going to drop me at my place. Iyhooo I felt like an ugly side chick. I apologised for what happened the previous night and he went "you need serious prayers". He dropped me at my place and left. I took a bath and went to TUT. Varsity was kinda boring. I didn't enjoy it anymore. After my classes I called Obakeng and nigger ignored my calls. I called Zee and told her I was on my way to my place from school. She promised to be there in 20 minutes. True to her promise, she was at my place within 20 minutes. I told her Obakeng was ignoring my calls. She asked if we ever had sex and I said yes. She took my phone and typed an sms. It went "it's fine, you can dump me but

what am I gonna do with the baby I'm carrying inside me? I am expecting your baby". I was like WTF and she told me to relax. After 5 minutes she called someone and told him to bring a bottle of Four Cousins and 'stuff'. She directed the person to where she was. Within 10 minutes there was a knock at the door. Zee opened and 2 guys waltzed in. They both had dreadlocks. They gave Zee her wine and she started drinking. For the first time I said no to booze. Zee was angry but she didn't force me to drink. Ah, the next thing there was dagga on the floor. Zee was the first to smoke. At first I didn't wanna smoke but peer pressure fuƙked me up. I ended up smoking and it felt good.

The next thing my bedroom door wide opened and.....

WTF..

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 150

BY [SHAZ](#) · AUGUST 28, 2015

“There are moments when even to the sober eye of reason, the world of our sad humanity may assume the semblance of Hell” – Edgar Allan Poe

I get pissed off when people enter my room without knocking. That's one of the reasons I prefer to stay in a bachelor flat than a place where I will share with other people. Nwabisa was my flatmate but budging in my personal space without knocking was just not on. Imagine you are busy getting chowed by a delicious Venda dick and someone throws themselves in without knocking... Nxa. She was like “I felt the smell of weed from the door. I couldn't resist hey, I love this shit. Lemme take a puff”. She didn't even greet us, she just wanted to fill her lungs with the holy plant. The way she smoked it...She made it obvious she was a regular. I am naughty but smoking weed has never been my favourite hobby. I am the sexually naughty type lol. One of the guys complimented Nwabisa for her smoking skills. Mxm sies, people getting complimented for obtaining degrees and buying expensive cars and bitch got a compliment for smoking weed. I wasn't even jealous shem. JT called to greet me. I told her to pay me a visit. She was like



“keng? O batla go n’gaya kuku sfebe sa ka? Plus pipi ya ka e thirsty. Ka zwakala nou nou (what’s up? You wanna give me some pussy? My dick is thirty, I’m coming now)”. Lol I so loved my lesbian friend’s language shem. Zee asked who I was talking to and I told her JT. She was so happy because she liked JT. She kinda had some lesbiness in her. I think all bad girls have that in them. Nwabisa asked if we had enough booze. I was like “no you guys must leave. You can’t have a midweek party in my room. I have classes tomorrow and my future hubby wouldn’t approve...”. Zee gave me a snaaks look and went “hey tsek wena. Ungazoba serious sfebe. We are celebrating your freedom here. That pastor guy was going to spoil things for you. The marriage wouldn’t even last 3 weeks. You and that guy are like water and oil. Be happy he ended it”. Why do girls who are not in stable relationships love discouraging other girls not to be in serious relationships? Ask for an advice from them and they’ll tell you to end the relationship. Even if you and your man had a little misunderstanding. If you are lucky to go on with your wedding, they’ll only come to your wedding to look for negative things so that they can criticise.

Nwabisa went to her bedroom and when she came back she had 2 wines and a bottle of Jameson. I went to the fridge to take juice. I still had mental pictures of what happened in Tzaneen. I didn’t want a repeat of that. Before I could go back to the bedroom someone knocked. I was happy some people still had decency to knock. I opened and it was JT. She had a bottle of wine in her hand. Hayi they were indeed testing my alcohol abstinence. Isn’t it funny? When you are single looking for a serious relationship no one wants you. When you are in a happy relationship every Tom, Dick and Khorommbi wants you. It’s the same with alcohol. When you are a drinker no one offers you. When you quit people literally bring booze to your place. JT was like “Sfebe I brought wine because I wanna get laid. I know e etsa kukunyana e ya gago e jabule wayawaya. Ro jana vandag kuze kuse”. I was like “wa nyela ga ke jewe ke broke niggers like you my friend”. We both laughed and hugged. She went “I missed you skeem sa ka sa sfebe”. I let her in and we headed to the bedroom. When JT saw Zee she went “eh Modimo o teng straight. You are still alive? Did your parents bribe God to keep you alive? Wat’s e mpinch ya ka ya lerago la go twerka (how are you my friend with a twerking butt?)”. The weed guys laughed like there was no tomorrow. I don’t know whether

they were laughing at what JT said or the weed was weeding them. You know weed is funnier than Trevor Noah's jokes. Zee introduced JT to the guys and they clicked immediately. That's one of the reasons I loved JT. She was so sociable. She made friends quickly. The way she was talking to those guys you'd swear she met them ages ago. JT joined the weeding and within no time we were all high. Zee and Nwabisa were flipping drunk. I wanted me some wine but I was scared I'd be horny and drunk. Zee went "shit, I'm so horny. I can do with some tongue therapy". Yho some girls don't have ABS shame. I can be horny but I'll never say it in front of people. It's just embarrassing nje. The dreadlocks guys laughed again. Lol they laughed at everything. Whiskey and weed ain't a child's play I'm telling you.

JT didn't ask any questions, she grabbed Zee and started kissing her. Zee responded by kissing JT back. Yho bo JT mrena, she was behaving like a natural man. Nwabisa was like "oooooh I love this woman.... I mean guy. I want some too". The next thing Zee and Nwabisa were all over JT doing all sort of things. JT went "ke nja.... Ke nja straight hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu". One of the guys went "OMG... Zee I love your friends dude. They are not uptight". The other guy squeezed my ass and asked "who is your daddy?". I shouted "Piet". He grabbed me and we started kissing. The other guy grabbed me from behind and started massaging my beautiful boobs. I wasn't comfortable with whatever was happening but for some unknown reason it felt good. JT went "whoa whoa bitches... hold your donkeys bitches. Slow down yhooooooo maan. I'm not your vanilla ice cream. Ntshware ka ditsebe". I stole a view on Nwabisa and bitch was having fun. She even took her top off and asked JT to suck her boobs. JT was a master at that game. She was far better than the 2 dreadlocked guys combined. JT put her fingers between Zee's thighs and mo-girl started mewling like a virgin cat. Mxm the dreadlocked guys were only good in smoking weed but they couldn't even get my pussy wet. When they kissed me I felt like I was eating dry peanut butter. I went "leave me alone gents. It's quite clear this is not your field of expertise. I want me some JT". JT was like "Ntwana, come to papa and get some JT patapata". I thought the guys would be offended by my actions, WRONG. Niggers started kissing. OMG, no wonder they couldn't turn me on, they were playing for Banyana Banyana.

As soon as JT laid her lips on mine, my bedroom door opened and Obakeng walked in. Remember I once said he was light in complexion, that day he became very dark on the spot. If I didn't know him I would have thought he was from some remote villa outside Phalaborwa in Limpopo. The anger on his face made him uglier than Nkosi's sea lion wife. His lips were shaking. Zee went "ooooh another hunk. Join the party beeeibiiii". Obakeng grabbed one of the guys/gays and punched him hard on the face. JT went "eh Chuck Norris, dintshang nou? O nwele Red Bull ya go expire (eh Chuck Norris, what's happening now? Did you drink an expired Red Bull energy drink?)? This is not a boxing ring mrena. Bofa lephondo papa". Obakeng punched JT so hard I felt my saliva go dry. Zee wanted to say something but her words turned into something red coming from her mouth. Nwabisa was the only person in there who knew Obakeng very well. She didn't even breath a word. She stood up and ran to her bedroom. I went "babe please, it's not what it looks like. I can explain. Please don't do something you will regret later. Let's talk about this please my love. I beg you". It was at that stage that Zee realised who the nigger was. She got out of the room and sought refuge in Nwabisa's bedroom. The guys also ran for their lives. They could see the PK was on a war path. JT went "Ga ke vaye. If I die I will die with you ntwana. In sicknesses and in health, in riches and in poverty, in violence and in peace, I will forever be by your side till death do us apart. Aluta Continua, the struggle continues". I told JT the guy was Obakeng my pastor future hubby. Obakeng punched JT again and JT went "WTF, pastor o ke Steven Seagal mos. Mara wa nyela, ke tla mmontsha masepa vandag. I'm JT gaye one, gaye 2 wa nyewa". Obakeng opened his mouth for the first time and said "is this how you live? Is the baby you are carrying mine? Answer me damn it".

Before I could open my mouth there was a gun shot and I saw a river of blood.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 151

BY [SHAZ](#) · SEPTEMBER 8, 2015

"Everyone suffers at least one bad betrayal in their lifetime. It's what unites us. The trick is not to let it destroy your trust in others when that happens. Don't let them take that from you" – Sharrilyn Kenyon

Obakeng had shown me only the shining side that would make any girl wet in the heart. He was romantic, understanding and considerate. For all the weeks if not months I spent with him I've never seen a violent side in him. To say I was shocked that particular night would be an understatement. I was literally shaking. My drunkenness was hijacked by fear and shock. Ever been in a situation whereby you don't even feel your lower limbs? Yeah that's how I felt. The sound of the gun made me go deaf for few seconds. At first I didn't even see who the bullet hit. I don't know how it happened but it seemed like JT jumped between me and Obakeng and the bullet hit her right shoulder. She took the bullet for me. At first I thought the shot came from Obakeng but I realised after few minutes that one of the guys who ran away earlier fired the shot. I don't know whether the bullet's destination was me or Obakeng but the bullet landed on JT's shoulder and she was bleeding like nobody's business. The dreadlocked guy who fired the shot ran away. Obakeng and I literally froze. We didn't even know what to do. His anger was diluted and he had panic written all over his face. JT who was on the ground bleeding went "ntwana, don't panic, I won't die. Ke starring in this movie called life. God is not ready for me. I took the bullet for you. You are too beautiful to have bullet scars. I will find that fool and ke tlo mo sega marete a ka nail clipper". Wow I found myself crying. She was in pain losing blood but she was more concerned about my wellbeing. Now I see why girls date lesbians. They are the most caring partners on earth. Instead of helping JT, Obakeng went down on his knees and started praying. I thought he was going to pray for JT but he said something I didn't expect. He went "God, my Lord.... You know I am your loyal servant and obey you all the time. But tonight I'm going to do something out of the ordinary. I'm running away from this madness for good. I can't deal". He said his Amen while approaching the door.

At that stage it was just me and JT in my bedroom. My mind was coming back bit by bit. I was disappointed about OB's selfishness but part of me understood. Imagine walking into your future wife kissing a lesbian in a very x-rated environment. He was probably fuming, especially after the violence that occurred. I took one of my towels and tried to stop the bleeding. People in urban areas differ from those in the rural areas. In the rural areas people hear a gun shot and within

couple of minutes they gather to investigate. In the city it's every man for himself. The only time they'll come is when they see blue and red lights. And they'll only come there to take pictures for Facebook and Twitter. Some will even check-in and update #bloodthings #gunvibes #possiblefuneral. Ja that's what we have become as black people. JT smiled and went "if I die please make sure my tombstone is designed like a clit. Or else ke tla o pokela until your pussy retires". Hayi bo JT mrena, she was in pain but still made stupid jokes. I ran to Nwabisa's bedroom looking for backup. The door was wide open but there's no one inside. I think they had ran away. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know any of my neighbours. I opened the main door and luckily some nigger was passing and when he saw me covered in blood he asked me what happened. I succinctly explained what happened and he took out his phone. I went "nigger please don't tell me you wanna update your status. I'll beat you up if you do that". He looked at me like I was crazy and told me he was calling the cops and ambulance. It was only at that stage that the ambulance and cops thing clicked in my head. I still wonder why I didn't think of it. After making the calls we ran to my bedroom. JT was sitting on my bed smoking weed. I grabbed the weed from her and the remaining one on the floor and threw it out the window. I didn't want cops to find weed in my bedroom. The guy who was helping me asked JT to lie on the floor and relax his shoulder. JT tried to be stubborn but the guy told her to shut the fuc# up and do as she's told. It was the first time I saw JT taking instructions without questioning them. The guy asked for a clean towel. I gave him my white towel and he used it to cover the bullet hole. JT had thrown away the one I used earlier.

The ambulance arrived within 10 minutes and cops arrived 5 minutes later. Suddenly my place was full of people and there were so many flash lights. The cops had to chase people away. One girl went "I know this person. Ke some lesbian ya sfebe". JT who was on the stretcher went "Sfebe ke mmao jou moer". I almost laughed but remembered she was in pain. The part I hated most was answering the cops' questions. They took a statement from me. I decided to tell them the truth. I was lucky because JT was still alive. Imagine if she had died in my bedroom. They asked for phone numbers of everyone who was present and I did as they asked except for numbers of the dreadlocked guys. I think things we see in movies and Medical Detectives are not true. The cops didn't even take a pictures or gather any forensic evidence, they just asked me questions nje. The guy who called the cops was with me all the time making sure I was ok. One of the

cops who looked familiar went “aren’t you the one who used to stay at Flammarion? I think it’s you man. We once arrested you for.... “. Luckily his colleague called him before he could finish shitting with his mouth. I locked the flat and followed the paramedics and JT who was lying uncomfortably on the stretcher. I got in the ambulance with the paramedics and JT. I just wanted to be there for my friend. I kinda felt bad because she took the bullet that was possibly mine. She didn’t have a medical aid, so they took her to Steve Biko Academic Hospital. I hate government hospitals for obvious reasons but I’m kinda loving Steve Biko Academic. Maybe it’s because it was named after the father of Black Consciousness. May his black consciousness soul rest in peace. They wheeled JT to theatre or something and I sat on the bench. My phone rang and it was Zee asking if I’m still alive. I went “no, I’m dead and my funeral is on Saturday. Good bye and have a sad and poor life”. I hung up and blocked her number. I made a decision that she should be out of my life for good. She wasn’t benefiting me in anyway. She was like a bad omen. 89.23% bad things happened to me because of her. OB would still be by my side if it wasn’t for her nxa.

The guy who helped me appeared from the entrance. When he saw me he headed straight to where I was sitting. It was kinda creepy. I know he helped me when I was in a panicking mode but I felt like he was stalking me. He went “I couldn’t leave you to deal with this traumatising ordeal alone, I cancelled my plans just to ensure you are OK. You don’t have to say anything to me. I’ll just sit here so that you don’t feel alone until she’s ok”. I told him it wasn’t necessary because some family members and friends are on their way. Obviously I lied because I wanted him to leave. When I first saw him at the flat I didn’t look at him thoroughly. It was only when he entered the hospital that I took a good look at him. He looked over 30 but not 40. He wasn’t hot but he didn’t look Limpopish. He went “it’s fine, I’ll leave when they get here. I know what trauma does to people. I’d actually urge you to see a psychologist tomorrow”. Hayi nigger was getting all intellectual with me lol. I asked him how he knew about those things. He went “oh bad manners.

I’m Poloko Mokoena, a psychologist from Bloemfontein but now based in Joburg South, Mondeor. And you are?”. Lol it was at that stage that I noticed nigger was trying to push some charm. He said things that most girls would love to hear. He intentionally mentioned his career and address to charm me. I know his type. He looked like the type of Edwin Sodi. I went “hold up right there. Before you go far with your sugar-coated strategy to get into my panties, stop right there. I’m not

interested. I'm done with men. I know you are acting all nice and caring because you want to sleep with me. I know I'm beautiful and guys like you tricked me before. I am not interested in you". He laughed and went "ha ha ha you got it wrong Ms Uhm... Whoever. I am happily married with 2 beautiful daughters. And my wife is more beautiful than you. She actually knows I'm here helping someone who just experienced a shooting. I don't wanna sleep with you. Actually, you are not even my type. No offence, I love my wife. Forgive me for caring". Damn, I've never been that embarrassed in my entire life. I didn't even know what to say. Luckily my phone came to my rescue. It rang and it was Kea. She told me Zee told her about the shooting and was calling to check if I was ok. Mxm bo Zee mrena, she probably posted it on Facebook. I told Kea what happened and where I was. She told me she was in Capital Park and would be at the hospital in less than 20 minutes. She still cared shem. I was so busy on a call that I didn't realise Poloko left. I was kinda relieved he left. After what he said it would be difficult to face him in the eyes. Kea came after 20 minutes as she promised. Lol she was with a tall, dark and muscular dude and guess what? She looked pregnant. She gave me a hug and I whispered "and then?". She giggled. We sat for 21 minutes and she suggested that we go to her place for me to freshen up because I looked like a zombie. I wanted to see JT before leaving but Kea insisted that I should go freshen up first. We drove to some nice house in Capital Park and Kea told me it's her new home. The tall guy didn't talk that much. I took a bath in the guest room and lay on the bed afterwards. I think I passed out because when I opened my eyes I was covered in sheets and it looked like a morning. I was woken up by my phone ringing. It was a 012-number. The caller went "I'm calling from Steve Biko Academic Hospital. Do you know Julia Tubatse?". It took me 10 seconds to get she was talking about JT. I said yes and she was like....

"I have bad news....."

WTF...

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni – Episode 152

BY [SHAZ](#) · SEPTEMBER 9, 2015

“I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear” –  
Nelson Mandela

I hate it when people call and say they have bad news. I prefer to be told the news and I'll be the judge whether they are bad or not. I mean, when you say you have bad news automatically my heart start over-functioning or malfunctioning which might lead to deadly consequences. Someone once pulled the I Have Bad News crap only to tell me the chick who snatched my then boyfriend died. Like really now, how is that bad news? But that was a different scenario, bad news from hospital meant 2 things, death or patient got worse. I wasn't ready for both. I didn't want my best friend ever to die and I didn't want her to get worse either. I told the nurse to stop beating about the bush and tell me what was going on. She went “I think you need to sit down”. She was starting to rattle my temper at that stage. I went “listen here whoever you are, tell me what's going on or I'll come there and rearrange that ugly face of yours. I don't have time to play. Tell me what's going on assomblief. My patience is running out”. Instead of talking to me she told me to “hold on” and started talking to someone in the background. I couldn't hear clearly but she was on about the previous episode of Generations – The Legacy. I was bloody furious. It's people like her that give civil servants a bad name. People are running to private facilities because of people like her. When government disciplines them unions cry foul. Cry my beloved South Africa. Like how the hell does one talk about a soapie when the person on the other side is waiting for the so-called bad news? I felt abused and disrespected. I decided to hung up.

I immediately called Kea to come to the room I was in. Instead of Kea her man came to my room. It was a bit awkward because I was topless. I didn't have my pyjamas with me and whoever put sheets on my bed undressed me. It was probably because it was hot. Pretoria can be hotter than Limpopo sometimes. The guy went “Soli neh, Kia ish nots heeyeah. She at werk”. WTF, he didn't talk much last night, so it was the first time I heard his voice and accent at close range. I could tell he was a foreigner but he wasn't from English speaking countries. He was definitely not from Zambia, Zimbabwe, Nigeria or Kenya. I know our accents differ



according to which part of Africa we hail from but it was quite clear the guy was still in early stages of learning the queen's tongue. We have so many Kea's in South Africa, girls who prefer foreigners from other African countries. I don't even know why we call a fellow African brother a foreigner. I asked the guy to repeat what he said. I heard him the first time, I just wanted his accent to come out clearly. He went "Kia is outs for werk". I wanted to ask more questions but I didn't have time. I wanted to go see my friend in hospital. I kinda had a bad feeling. I told the guy to get out of the room to give me a space to get dressed. He complied and walked out of the room. My clothes were so dirty and I didn't have something clean to wear. Kea was not around to give me something decent and clean to wear. I decided to wear the old clothes. When I got to the sitting room the dark brother was watching some movie with a funny language. I was wondering what he was doing at home on a weekday while his seemingly pregnant wife was at work. Anyway, I learnt from Kermit to mind my business. I went back to the room I slept in and called Kea. Her phone was off and it kinda pissed me. Why switch your phone off when you know you left your friend with a man she didn't know....worse, he spoke unfamiliar language. I didn't have any money with me because it wasn't my plan to sleep in foreign houses. I had no choice but to ask the dark brother to drive me to the hospital. He didn't even hesitate, he took his car key and led me to the garage.

We didn't use the car we used the previous night, nigger was driving a silver Merc, CLA 200 to be exact. I'm not a big fan of cars but when a guy drives the latest CLA you must know he has arrived. I know girls my age should be charmed by niggers driving panty droppers like Golf 7 GTI but hey, you know a guy in a Merc CLA will not chow you in his car. He'll book a hotel and respectfully shag you. Niggers in GTIs will chow you anytime, anywhere. I wanted to ask what he did for a living but his dark complexion and brown eyes that looked he was not high but above made me shelf my curiosity. He didn't say a word until we got to hospital. I think it's creepy for a guy to be that quiet when in company of a beautiful girl like Shaz Letsoalo almost Magubane. Maybe Kea gave him strict instructions. Hayi maybe guys from other countries listen to their women. South African men act all deaf when given instructions by women. I thought to myself "maybe I should find myself a CLA driving man from West Africa". I laughed at my thought and driver looked at me like he expected me to withdraw my laughter. Right next to the hospital entrance I saw JT smoking a cigarette with some old man. I wasn't

shocked but my mind dried like taps of water in some village outside Gaborone. There I was expecting bad news about JT and the bitch was out smoking cigarette. She was still in hospital 'uniform'. I asked dark brother to stop the car. When JT saw me she went "sho Ntwana, hope o zwaketsi le Castle Lite or Heineken. Ndawu e e khinya mawaza. Nurses tsa die plek ke dikobo. Nna ke batla go vaya ntwana (Hi babe, hope you brought Castle Lite or Heineken. This place sucks. The nurses are so ugly. I wanna leave babes). I can't deal. I feel much better now. And you know I left transie Sunnyside, manyora ba tlo e bhathula". That was the most stupid thing I ever heard from JT. I gave her a very serious look and went "if you don't go back there I'm gonna leave this place and you'll never see me again. I rather lose you as a friend than see you die because of stupid reasons". She threw away the cigarette she was smoking and I helped her walk back to the hospital. She was like "o na le juba ya go vaya ka Benz? Ka mmao, o mover fast like sphinya sa levirgin (you have a boyfriend that drives a Benz? For real, you move fast like a virgin's fart). You got dumped last night and already o na le new release. Ntwana o kuku ya gago e na le sexual enchantment". I decided to ignore her. One of the nurses saw us walking in and called her colleague "Sister Betting, sister Bettina isn't this the patient that ran away? The one we sent a search party for earlier. I think her name is Julia". JT went "Julia ke mmao". Some nurse who looked angry even when she was smiling told JT to have manners. She made JT sit on a wheelchair and wheeled him away. I was relieved she was getting help.

I wanted to ask about the nurse that called me but my heart decided against it. I tried to call Kea again but her phone was still off. Maybe she worked underground and there was no network reception. A call came in and it was Obakeng's mother. She asked if Obakeng was with me because she had not seen him in almost 24 hours. Ja some mothers are obsessed with their sons neh. 24 hours and already she was asking about his whereabouts. I told her "I'm not Obakeng's PA" and hung up. She called again and I ignored her call. As I was walking to the CLA I bumped into Poloko and some very beautiful woman. Shit some people look like they weren't made via sex like us. She looked like someone from a magazine cover. Poloko went "I'm glad I found you. I couldn't sleep last night after the way I spoke to you. It was uncalled for. I came here to apologise". Uhm I didn't expect that one but I told him it was cool. He said the beautiful lady next to him was the wife he told me about the previous day. I greeted her and she seemed like a very sweet person. I told them I would love to chat but unfortunately had to rush to my place.

As I was about to leave I saw the CLA speeding off like the driver was running away from something. An awkward moment followed.... Uhm. Poloko asked why I looked like I had just seen a ghost. I told him the car that just sped off was supposed to drop me at my place. He told me they'll drop me at my crib. Apparently his wife had an interview at Sunnyside FNB in an hour or so. I thanked him and wished the wife good luck for the interview. When they dropped me at my place the wife asked for my number. She went "I might need friends if I get the job". I was not comfortable with it but I gave her my tens. I was surprised to find my bedroom very clean when I got to the flat. It was probably Nwabisa who cleaned it. I wanted to go thank her in her bedroom but I could hear she was having sex. Some girls love sex more than shopping shem. I decided to take a loooooong warm bath. After scrubbing my body for more than thirty minutes I just lay in water just to relax and think.

I heard "you are the reason my husband and father of my babies died. I will make sure you follow him bitch....". Then....I saw a yellow bone.

WTF....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 153

BY [SHAZ](#) · SEPTEMBER 16, 2015

"There are no coincidences in life. What person that wandered in and out of your life was there for some purpose, even if they caused you harm. Sometimes, it doesn't make sense the short periods of time we get with people, or the outcomes from their choices. However, if you turn it over to God he promises that you will see the big picture in the hereafter. Nothing is too small to be a mistake" – Shannon L Alder

I literally begged the yellow bone not to hurt me as I was as innocent as a dead lamb. I was shaking and sweating heavily. She produced a knife and went "if you make noise I will cut your head and uploaded the picture on Facebook. I want you to listen and do whatever I tell you. One little mistake you will be history". I

wanted to scream for Nwabisa to help me but the knife was too sharp and looked hungry for human blood. She looked at me for 3 minutes without uttering a word. She was looking directly at my pussy which was shaking with fear at that stage. She was like “so this is the pussy that made my man leave me and my kids? Let’s see if it’s gonna do the same when I perform an operation on it with this knife. Mmmmmh and that stomach? A caesarean scar would look very beautiful on that belly. Don’t panic, I won’t hurt you. I’ll make sure you experience minimal pain”. Tears started gathering in my eyes at that stage. I’m not a big fan of Daily Sun but I have read stories about wives slitting competition’s heads. I was shit scared and almost coloured water with products from my ass. I could see in her eyes that she meant every word. I closed my eyes and asked God to protect me. She laughed and told me “I doubt God knows you. He doesn’t take home wreckers seriously. Maybe you should ask your father satan to help you”. Before I could react she jumped into the bathtub without taking off her cheap clothes. She repeated that if I scream she would slit my throat like the way ISIS members do. She slowly grabbed my head and submerged it in water. I wanted to scream but water blocked my mouth.

“Sharon, are you trying to commit suicide? Sharon.... Sharon”. I felt a hand poking my neck. I managed to unarrest my head from the water and screamed so loud my mom probably heard me from Ga-Kgapane. All of a sudden I saw Nwabisa and some guy I’ve never seen before. Nwabisa went “were you having a daymare? You must stop watching horror movies”. She shouted to the nigger to leave. Nigger was feeding his eyes with the beach below my navel. Nwabisa asked if I was ok. I told her to leave me alone. I think too much drama and violence in my life led to that horror dream. I mean, a good writer like Mofenyi Malepe could write a top seller book about what happened in the past 10 days in my life. I wrapped myself in a towel and went to my bedroom. There was no blood on the floor but my mind could smell it. I tried to study but my mind was all over nje. I did what most of you do when you can’t study, I logged on Facebook. Lol dark girls I went to school with had suddenly become yellow bones on Facebook pictures. Re leboga filters and memeza. I’m still to see white women using filters to make them look dark. Anyway, it’s none of my business. What I also noted was how people posted pictures of food, but only food that looked appetising. No one posted pap and morogo. Ja Facebook has become a bragging platform for felebs

and sferbrities. I took a selfie of me and uploaded it on Facebook with the caption #NoFilters. I liked Tshepo Meech Maake's posts. Nigger is not ok upstairs lol. I found myself searching Poloko Mokoena on Facebook. He was with his wife on half the pictures he uploaded on Facebook. I added him and he accepted my request within a second. Eh, niggers who are forever on Facebook are dangerous. I think he recognised my profile picture because he immediately inboxed "to what do I owe a Facebook invitation from Her Majesty?". Lol I didn't respond.

I literally spent the next few days doing normal things for a change. I went to school, library and window shopping and spending most of my time indoors. I spoke to Selfie's mom and my mom everyday. I tried to call Obakeng with no success. Poloko inboxed me every morning to check up on me. Poloko's wife called once or twice to check up on her new friend. She sounded like a cool girl but I didn't trust her. I tried my best to ignore Nwabisa because I didn't wanna talk to her. I was actually planning to move out of the flat. It wasn't comfortable living in a flat that I almost witnessed my best friend dying. On Friday afternoon I went to hospital to fetch JT. I paid a maxi taxi to go fetch her. She was so happy she was finally getting discharged. I was also happy because I knew she didn't enjoy life in hospital. On my way to hospital Poloko's wife called me. I had actually saved her number as Spoko sa Poloko. I didn't know her name. That's what happens when people introduce their wives as 'wife'. She went "hey girlfriend. My girls and I are having a girls' night out tomorrow. I would appreciate it if you joined us. Please don't say no. I already told the other girls about you and they are looking forward to meeting my new beautiful friend". Damn I didn't wanna go but she asked in a very sweet way. I wanted to say no but I couldn't. I told her fine but I wouldn't be touching any alcoholic drinks. She said "cool, no alcohol for you. I am excited already. Cheers and see you tomorrow girlfriend". Something wasn't right, I sort of had a bad feeling. I called her back and asked if it was fine to tag a friend along. She said it was cool. "the more the merrier". Lol I didn't even know who to take along because I didn't have real friends. It was so funny how my friendships didn't last for over 2 months. Maybe the one with Spoko sa Poloko would last because she stayed in Joburg. JT was impatiently waiting for me when I got to hospital. She was like "Ntwana, mara ka Toyota Corolla Sprinter thixo wam"? Couldn't you hire a better car? Or why o sa spanisa transie ya ka? You have the keys mos". I went "Julia, stop being a bitch and appreciate I'm here". She looked at me angrily and went "if you use that name again ke tla go bontsha papago Piet. I'm JT wa

bantwana". I could see she was serious, so I didn't laugh. I wonder why lesbians hate their real names. When we got to JT's flat I helped her to walk up the stairs. The elevators were not working. Before going up she wanted to see her car. She wanted to check if it was parked properly. She was such a man lol. I chilled with her for couple of hours and left when it got dark. She wanted to drive me to Sunnyside but I told her I was cool. Pretoria streets are forever teeming with people on Thursday to Sunday nights, so there was nothing to fear. I used Jacob Mare Street until I crossed Mandela Drive and turned left at Gerhard Moerdyk Street towards House 22. The place reminded me of Never-Die and Maite. It was so packed with black people you'd swear they were serving free food. Some guys tried their luck on me but I ignored them. Do guys ever get tired of trying their luck? It's like when they see a girl something scratches their brains. Fortunately I got to my place in one piece. I was so tired I didn't wanna do anything. I decided to have a meeting with my bed and sheets. The way I was so tired I didn't even dream that night.

I woke up feeling fresh and happy. I studied from 8am to 10am. I didn't wanna fail the upcoming exams. Spoko sa Poloko called to ask if we were still on. I wasn't keen on it but I said yes. She told me to catch a Gautrain and she would fetch me from Park Station around 5pm. I took a bath and had breakfast. I was glad Nwabisa wasn't around. Immediately after bathing my phone rang and it was Obakeng. I was excited and shocked at the same time. When I picked up and said hello Obakeng went quiet on me. I begged him to stop playing games and talk to me but it fell on deaf ears. He hung up. I found it childish and psycho. Mxm bitch ass grown nigger. I called back and he didn't pick up. I left him a voice mail "may God punish you for torturing me". I looked at the mirror and realised my hairstyle was a bit old. I decided to go to my favourite salon at Esselen Street. Luckily my hairstylist wasn't busy. I opted for short hair with a Madiba line on the left side. Apparently yellow bones look more beautiful in weaves than in short hair. I think I look gorgeous in everything. Time wasn't on my side. As soon as I was done I rushed home to get changed. I decided to dress sexy. I wore a red bodycon dress and black high heels complimented by a small black handbag. I looked in the mirror and saw model. I practised cat walk in front of the mirror and I loved me. Pity there was no one to take me a picture. I locked the flat and headed downstairs. The plan was to catch a taxi to the Gautrain station. Luckily I saw some TUT lecturer and he offered to drop me at the station. Spoko kept calling to check how

far I was. My 'driver' couldn't stop giving me compliments. Before dropping me off I asked him to take me a picture. I stood next to his BMW and he took a very beautiful picture. I immediately uploaded it on Facebook with the caption #LoveLivesHere #Limpopo's finest #NoFilter #Naturallyyellowbone #NoMemeza. Piet and Makoma were in a good mood when they made me shem. If you are ugly, blame your parents. They probably argued about money before they made you. They are the reason you look like your ancestor Homo Naledi lol. Luckily the Gautrain left within minute as soon as I stepped in. I called Spoko as soon as I got to Park Station. Fortunately she was waiting for me at the parking. There were 3 girls (including her) in her Mini Cooper S. I was the fourth one. She introduced me to the girls and they all seemed like cool cats. They were already having red rosé in the car. I craved some but I didn't wanna drink. Apparently the plan was to go to Taboo in Sandton but we couldn't because Poloko was around Sandton. The second option was Busy Corner but one of the girls didn't like kasi set up. I looked at her and she looked like someone from rural North West, that side of Kgabalatsang lol. They settled for food at Smokehouse in Braamfontein and then drinks at Newscafe in Newtown. We had ribs, chips and calamari. They had wine and I drank orange juice. The place was packed with celebs, especially boys from Skeem Saam. Around 8pm we headed to Newscafe in Newtown. I must be honest, I don't know Joburg that well. Spoko parked her car at Newtown Junction parking and we walked to Newscafe. It was packed but not like the one in Woodmead. The girls ordered more wine and I went for Red Square Reload. Within an hour or 2 the girls were drunk and dancing. I joined in the dancing but dancing sober is worse than having sex with a big-bellied guy. I decided to sit down. My phone vibrated and it was an sms. It read "don't show any physical emotional reaction. The girls you are with are up to no good. Come to the parking now, I'm here to save you. My car is next to the Mini Cooper you came with. You don't have to worry about your bag, I'll make sure you get it. Just tell the girls you are going to make a call outside".

I looked at the girls and.....

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 154

BY [SHAZ](#) · SEPTEMBER 17, 2015

“When we are no longer able to change a situation – we are challenged to change ourselves” – Viktor E Frankl

I was very proud I remained sober the hours I spent with my so-called new friends. From experience, bad things only happened to me when I was drunk. It was probably a sign that God didn't want me to hit the bottle. I didn't expect any drama that night. The girls were the greatest company I ever enjoyed in years. The good thing was they didn't force me to drink. I know most friends would call me a bore for not drinking. Spoko and her friends were very accommodating and crazy at the same time. They danced to a point that all single guys looked at our direction. Some even offered to buy us drinks which we rejected. It was quite clear my new friends were abo Miss Independent. It was safe to reject the offers though; black guys expect something in return when they buy you a drink. Imagine being chowed for a cheap red wine, sies. So I was shocked when I received that sms. Part of me said I should show Spoko the sms but another part reminded me that I didn't know her. Maybe the person who sms'd me was a cop investigating the crimes they were involved in. I told Spoko I was going to make a call outside. I walked next to Ocean Basket and decided to call the number before going to the spot where I was directed to go. My armpits were sweating with fear. The phone rang and the guy went “make it snappy. Time is not on our side. Don't be scared, I am not a kidnapper or a terrorist. The parking has cameras all over. You are safe with me, believe me”. The voice sounded familiar but I couldn't think who it belonged to. I saw a security guard and asked him to accompany me to my car. Fortunately he wasn't Zulu. I know if he was a Zulu nigger he would have told me to fuck off. Zulu niggers don't take instructions from women.

The distance to the parking seemed very long. I trusted Spoko and didn't even think she was up to no good. In school they taught us “O se bone tholla boreledi, teng ya yona wa baba”. When we approached the spot Spoko parked her Mini Cooper my heart was beating very hard. I surveyed the place with my eyes and saw some guy sitting inside a Polo GTI . The security guy asked where I parked and I



pointed at the Polo. I told him to walk me there. Mxm I almost smashed the windscreen when I saw who was inside the car. It was Poloko. He was wearing a cap like he didn't want people to recognize him. I told the security guard I was fine and that he could go back to where he was. He went "o reng ka di number sesi wa ka. O botse okare lerago la ngwana wa 2 months". Lol I knew he was a Pedi guy when he asked for my number. Have you noticed how confident Pedi security guards are? They can ask for a number from a woman driving the latest Range Rover while they don't even have a bicycle. I told him we will talk later. Lol nigger saw that as a positive response and left the parking smiling. When I got in the car Poloko apologized for the stunt he pulled. I went "I am really not impressed with the childish stunt you pulled. I almost called the cops. I hate pranks with passion. What you did is not funny. Anyway, what are you doing here?". He looked at me for couple of seconds before opening his mouth. It was quite clear he was impressed by how I looked. He went "wow wow wow wow wow wow, you are the most beautiful girl I have seen today. I know I am not supposed to say this but you look far better than my wife". I told him to cut the nitty-gritties and tell me what he wanted. Nigger told me to loosen up and have some little fun. I didn't understand what he meant. I told him to elaborate and he tried to kiss me. I told him to fork off and opened the door to get out of his car. He also got out of the car and followed me.

"Sharon... Sharon, please don't leave. What did was wrong but I had my reasons. Let's go back inside the car and talk like adults. I promise it won't take more than 5 minutes. I beg you. I just wanna unearth the contents of my heart to you. I will go down on my knees if I have to. Please get inside the car". Well, I am a girl and any guy who wanna go down on his knees to beg me to do something gets my attention. He opened the door for me and I got in. He apologized once again and promised he will never attempt to wet my lips with his juicy lips. His phone rang and it was his wife Skyping him from News Café. He held the phone in a way that only his face would be visible. I almost laughed. I could tell he was the cheating type. He asked his wife if she was having fun. She was like "babe I am having fun. We are having fun. Can you see them in the background? Sharon is busy with a call outside. She is such a sweetheart. We must hook her up with one of our friends. I think she will be one of my best friends. We are so drunk but don't stress, you know I can handle the steering wheel. I will be home in one piece. Bye and I love you more than my Mini Cooper ha ha ha ha ha. I will show I love you in the

bedroom tonight. You better be ready for 'El Classico' performance. Bye love". It was quite clear she was in love. She didn't know me much but she was foreseeing a great friendship. Poloko went "please don't be mad at me. I am the reason my wife wanna be your friend. To be honest, I liked you the very same I laid my eyes on you. I knew you were the one for me. I knew by being my wife's friend you'll be closer to me. I don't love her like I used to and I think you will make a good replacement. I want to love you". Men are dogs, the poor woman had just declared her love and promised to give him the best sex ever but there he was chasing another skirt. Actually, dogs are better. Men are just some ruthless animals nje. I went "your wife will know about this. I am not kidding".

I got out of the car and left. I expected him to tail me but he didn't . When I got back to News Café the girls were dancing like there was no tomorrow. They didn't even ask where I was, they just continued dancing. I joined in the fun. I must say hey, it was the first time I realized you don't need alcohol to have good fun. I looked at Spoko and my heart almost bled. Men have a tendency of thinking with their dicks. Poloko had a good beautiful wife but he wanted to play her. Now I understand why some women turn into emotional wrecks and psychos. You give your all in a relationship only to be played like a Yo-Yo. Life is not fair. Around 1am the other 2 girls called their men to come fetch them. Spoko and I drove to her place. I expected her to drive kak but she drove like a sober person. That is what I call a professional drinker. They were staying in a beautiful townhouse. She fixed the guest bedroom for me and headed to her bedroom. I struggled to sleep. I kept thinking about what Poloko did and said in the car. Judging by the furniture in the house and the cars they had, it was quite clear Poloko was loaded. Imagine having a loaded hunk as a husband. Mmmmm dzammmmmnnnnn!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I had a chance to have one but messed things up. But anyway, things wouldn't work between Obakeng and I. He was a different character. While busy in thoughts some disturbing sound invaded my ears. Shit, it was Poloko and Spoko making love in their bedroom. Spoko was louder than a vuvuzela. I could tell from the sounds she was making that Poloko was hitting the right angles. You know when you are drunk you don't care who's listening, you make noise until the last kunye-kunye. The noises went on for over 2 hours. She even lost her voice and ended up whistling. I listened until the last sound, with my punani wetter than my tongue. In the morning we had breakfast after showering. After eating they dressed up for church. Lol I always find this church thing after a night of drinking funny. Spoko

went “baby, call pastor to wait for you at Caltex in Midrand. I’ll drop Sharon in Pretoria and join you at church later”. I was glad they didn’t force me to go to church. We used the Mini. When we got to the garage Poloko went “Hope to see you again Sharon. Later my love. There is the pastor”

I looked at the direction he was pointing at and .....oh shit!!!!

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 155

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 1, 2015

“To be honest, I missed all of you. Hope you enjoyed your September and looking forward to a fruitful October” – Sharon Letsoalo

At first I thought my eyes were dreaming. I thought what I was seeing was a mere dream. Spoko looked at me and asked if I was ok. I know they said a pastor would pick Poloko up but I expected some poor pastor who conducted his service in a tent or something. Shiiit, the pastor was so hot I almost sexually peed my dress. He was dark in complexion and wearing a white suit. You know that moment when you see a hot guy and lose control of your entire body? Yeah that’s what happened to me that day. My cake got wet on the spot. It wasn’t only him that caught my attention, the beast he was standing next to caught my eye too. Typically as a woman I don’t know much about cars but some wheels have a LOVE ME effect. Nigger was standing next to Jeep SRT8. I love that car with passion. I went “I think I want to go to church. We can quickly rush to Boulders Mall. I wanna buy a dress to wear so we can go to church. I wanna ask a favour from God”. As I was talking there salivating over the pastor some woman appeared from the shop and headed straight to the car. She kissed the pastor on the cheek and got into the JEEP. Mxm the bloody hot pastor was married. Spoko went “ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha someone is charmed. That is our pastor. He has been married to that woman for 6 years. They are a perfect couple. I almost got married to him but that bitch beat me to it. Poloko was my second option. Now stop looking at the man of

God. I must drop you in Pretoria so I can come back early and go join them at church”. I am not a bitch or something but some men are too charming to ignore. If he was one of those R2 tithing kinda pastors riding a red bicycle I wouldn't have recognized him. Money is power, truth be told. Not many girls would go for a broke nigger with their eyes open. Broke niggers should have limited rights to the pussy. I personally don't blame girls who want 'vul'umlomu' before they open their punanis. Moneyed guys chow in a decent manner. Broke niggers will chow you as if your pussy is the reason they are broke. 5 rounds for morning glory only lol.

I was so disappointed the rich pastor was taken. I got in the car and we headed to the Jacaranda City, that is what Pretoria is affectingly known to Pretorians. On our way Spoko was on and on about her husband. She was telling me how romantic he was and how he proposed. She even went to the bedroom issues. I was so bored but I pretended as if I was interested. The more I pretended was the more I fueled her small mouth to ejaculate more sweet things about her perfect husband. She was like “last night he was a beast in bed. He made love to me until my punani saw a lunar eclipse ha ha ha... Oh man. Pray to God to hook you up with a man like Poloko. He is the best thing since FILTERS”. When will married women learn? Telling an unmarried girl about your man's bedroom merits is like putting R2 coin in front of a nyaope boy from Mamelodi. She was literally selling her man to me and she wasn't aware of it. Most wives do that. And afterwards they cry foul when the girls seduce their men. A pussy is like a magnet to men. They see a pussy and automatically they want to see themselves inside. Spoko was lucky I didn't want to ride her man. I went “You are so lucky. Hope he is not one of those guys who cheat like cheating is some vest from Mr Price”. She laughed and told me “Not my Poloko. I'm sure if a girl undressed in front of him he would spit on her. That's how faithful my husband is. I don't even feel insecure when he is away. I even have access to his phone and Facebook”. Nxe nxe she reminded me of Nomsa. She trusted Hector with passion but he pulled a quick on her. Trusting a man is like believing your BlackBerry battery will last 24 hours. It's like believing you will find a yellow bone in Musina lol. It's like believing one day Bafana Bafana will win the Fifa World Cup. I told her then only man she should trust is the one who's

7 feet underground. The way men love cheating I'm sure they do it in the afterlife. We both laughed but I could see I hit a nerve.

She dropped me at BP garage next to my flat and drove back to Midrand. It was so embarrassing because everyone was carrying the Bible going to different churches and I was waltzing to my place. Sunnyside in one interesting place. On Saturday night 99% of the population is drunk. Come Sunday, the very same crew goes to church to act all holy. Let me not judge, maybe they go to church to ask for forgiveness for the crab they did the previous night. When I got to my place there were sounds coming from Nwabisa's room. Bandla!!!!!!!!!!!!!! We all love sex but that Xhosa girl was on another level. Her punani was like a slave during the apartheid era. I doubt it still had its tightness. But hey, what can you expect from someone who doesn't study or work? Her pussy was her office. It was so difficult to be in my room knowing what happened to JT. I tried to lie on my bed and close eyes but all I could see was JT's blood. I decided to re-read Mofenyi Malepe's book, 283: The Bad Sex Bet. When a book is good you can read it more than 100 times. Problem with the book was I got horny whenever I read it. It made me think of Mofenyi. He was the nigger who was always there whenever I needed him. But for the past few months he went all silent on me. Men friends are not loyal. I read few chapters and my punani couldn't take it anymore. I decided to read Sunday papers on my phone. Yes it's important for us girls to be in touch with the current affairs. I didn't wanna be that girl that only knows what happens on Skeem Saam and Generations – The Boring Legacy. My phone rang and it was Obakeng. I was wow'd and shocked. I didn't expect him to contact me. I was actually starting to make peace with the fact that he had left me for good. He went "today at church I preached about forgiveness and giving people second chances. I was thinking of you as I was preaching. I have never loved a person like the way I loved you. You stole my heart and made it your bedroom. Whenever I prayed I asked God to protect you and prepare you to be the perfect wife. However, you turned out to be something I didn't expect. As a PK, I understand sometimes the devil takes over our lives and lead us astray. I will pray for you to see the light". I was smiling from ear to ear. My man was finally coming back to bubu. I even stood up and did the nae-nae dance. I went "babe, thanks for forgiving. I promise you will never see anything negative about me. I promise papa". He went silent for few seconds and dropped a bombshell "I forgive you but I will never be with you again...in the

name of Jesus". OMG, imagine being dumped in the name of Jesus. He hung up and I was hurt.

I wanted to kneel down and pray but I knew it would be a futile exercise. Obviously God would take OB's side because he was a pastor to be. I didn't understand why OB called to tell me the crap he told. He should have kept it to himself. I lay on my bed and started crying. Mxm other girls were crying because of orgasmic joy and I was crying because I got dumped in the name of Jesus. I wanted to call JT and ask her to come heal my heart but I remembered she was nursing a bullet hole. I called my therapist, Selfie's mom. She knew how to make me feel better. Her words were just therapeutic. I called and she picked so fast you'd swear she was on Mxit when I called. Instead of talking I started crying. She let me cry for over 4 minutes and when I put a comma to my crying she went "my son, life is world. Sometimes is round sometimes is flat. Be strong and cries loud for help. Me is here when you sound pain in the heart. Don't panic please, everyone will be fine my son. Please cries no more because one day you will suicide you and you will die shem". I found myself laughing with tears in my eyes. She had that effect on me and I loved her for that. I think every person should have Selfie's mom in their life. Free therapy I'm telling you. The world would have fewer suicides. After the call I felt better. Viva Selfie's mom Viva. I went to the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. I whispered something Trisha Yearwood once said "what is meant to be will always find a way". I went back to my bedroom and changed into a short floral jump suit and sandals. I rocked em shades and decided to go out have a drink to calm my nerves. Industrial Shisanyama is the coolest place to chill on Sundays. But competition is too tough for us girl. Don't go there wearing cheap Chinese imports and expect to be noticed. When I got to Industrial I bumped into TT Scott leaving. He was with some skinny chick with a shining weave on her head. Nigger was dressed to kill as always. He was rocking a Burberry shirt and Timberland boots. I love niggers who know how to dress themselves. No niggers who dress like they are going to negotiate lobala for an ugly girl. The girl he was with went "TT, can we leave now?". I looked at her and went "hayi fake weave, I am not fat. He won't fit in my stomach. Relax I won't swallow your man". As I expected, TT found it funny and he cracked. I loved his sense of humour.

A drunken voice behind me went "Sharon....oh my daughter. What ....."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 156

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 7, 2015

“What you have to decide... is how you want your life to be. If your forever was ending tomorrow, would this be how you'd want to have spent it? Listen, the truth is, nothing is guaranteed. You know that more than anybody. So dont be afraid. Be alive” – Sarah Dessen

That moment when you know your father is dead and buried and some nigger calls you his daughter. I literally stopped breathing because the guy's voice sounded like Piet's voice. If I was high or drunk I would definitely thought weed or booze was playing with my mind. I sometimes read Daily Sun and once read about someone who bumped into his dead father in Thohoyandou. Well, such things do happen in Venda but I didn't expect them in Pretoria. I could feel gas filling up my jump suit and could sende liquid or something solid would be next. As I turned around to look at my father the girl with a fake weave went “ah papa...i was with my friend. He was helping me with homework”. I have told my dad lies before but I never made it obvious I was lying. The bitch was dumb. Who does homework at a booze place? My shock melted when I noticed the drunken man was referring to the chick. Shit, his voice sounded like my father's. He so reminded me of Piet. May his soul rest in peace. But I doubt he was resting in peace, just imagine being replaced by a vibrator, Denzel. The drunk guy went “voetsek, didn't I tell you not to go to this kind of places? Huh? You think you are old now? Did you drink? Your peers are at home doing homework and you are busy auctioning your vagina here. Voetsek, go home jou moer. I will never buy you an expensive weave again. I won't waste my R250 again”. Lmao her weave was indeed cheap. The way she had attitude you would swear she had money. That's how poor girls roll when they are wearing new shoes, they think they run the world. I kinda felt sorry for her though. Some fathers lack sense of occasion. No matter how angry you are it's wrong to embarrass your daughter in public. Nna I would have hit back on the spot just to embarrass him. I was gonna say “ah papa, le pipi e nnyane. No wonder I'm dumb.

Your dick is so small it didn't give me enough brain". With legs between her legs the chick walked towards SunnyPark. Eish sharing a name with such people is bad luck bathing.

The drunken guy turned to TT Scott and went "wena le 4 eyes, what are you doing with my beautiful daughter?". He was clenching his fist as he said that. I was expecting TT Scott to tell him crap. Before I could even blink TT went "eh nna nka se hwele cheap weave, tshaba ke kitime". The next thing I saw dust coming from TT Scott's Timberland. Nigger was running for his dear life. Lol some things never change. The drunken man smiled and looked at me. He went "you are so beautiful. Can I buy you a beer?". Mxm why do men who are protective with their daughters love doing that? I told him to go fly a kite in Giyani. Black people were starting to gather at the gate because they thought there would be a fight. Hayi bo-darkie mrena, they love fights and funeral food. I left the drunken fool standing there alone. Industrial was not very packed but there were people here and there. I took a stroll inside the place just to check if there were familiar faces. Fortunately there was nobody I knew....which was a good thing. I went to the bar and bought a can of energy drink. I didn't want to touch booze, I just wanted to get my mind off things. I saw an empty chair next to the fence and I sat there all alone. People were starting to jot in. Many guys were with their chicks. There was a large number of girl-groups, bo Ms Independent I guess. I craved wine but I knew the consequences. I didn't want to get horny. I wonder what the ingredient that makes us horny is. Some guy came and offered to buy me a drink of my choice. I looked at him and went "when was the last time you bought your mom airtime? Instead of spending money on people you don't know rather go buy your mom something. She will definitely appreciate it. As for me, I have money to buy my own drinks. Thanks for offering thou". I had to put him in his place. Some guys think their wallets are passwords to our punanis. I don't see a difference between a girl that opens her legs for cheap drinks and a prostitute.

While sitting there minding my own business I saw TT talking to some girls. I think he was taking numbers from one of them. Part of me got jealous because internally I wanted me some Scott. Fortunately he saw me and came where I was sitting. He went "sho Shazie. I didn't run away earlier neh. I'm used to jogging before drinking. It helps with the blood flow. Where have you been hiding? I have



not seen you in ages? You even gained some weight on your ass. Are you on some nur-insterate or something?”. I believe only players know names of contraceptive methods other than condoms. I would have taken offence had he said I gained weight. Gaining weight on the ass is not regarded as gaining weight at all. It means you will receive more attention from boys. TT went “do you mind if we joined you? This is a nice spot. Please tell other guys you are my chick, I don’t want them to hit on you. I know those animals won’t resist your looks”. I always laugh when guys do that. I gave him a nod and he called his boys. He introduced them but I didn’t even get their names. The booze started flowing and the good girl in me remained loyal to the promise that I won’t drink. They bought food and I only ate a small portion. I was very hungry but I couldn’t eat like a man in front of guys. It’s very embarrassing for a girl to do that, unless if you are from Soshanguve. Girls from Soshanguve don’t give a damn, they can eat the shit out of food in front of a guy they have a crush on. I wish I had their ghetto bravery. After eating I immediately went to the ladies. I was pressed. That’s what you get for drinking more than 3 cans of Play. Sometimes I wish I was a guy. I have never seen a queue at guys’ toilets. Sometimes I think some girls take vibrators to the toilets. I had to wait for over 10 minutes because some bitches were taking their time. Some girls should take mobile loos when they go to public places. I don’t know why but I think the energy drink I had was spiked with some wine. My pussy was wet, not from urine but something more exciting. Maybe it was a sign I was starving. I did the do and wiped both ‘liquids’.

As I was leaving the loo I bumped into someone I didn’t expect, Poloko. Who the fart goes to church and then a booze place afterwards? Nigger stayed far from Pretoria but he was always in Pretoria. He was like “I saw your check-in on Facebook and knew you were here. It’s not like I’m stalking you or something. My wife is doing hair at some salon around here and I didn’t know where to go. So when I saw your check-in I came straight here. I am so glad I found you. Can we go talk outside? The music is so loud here”. We walked to his car together. I think one of TT’s friends saw me walking with Poloko and came to the car. He went “eh Sharon, we are waiting for you there. Who is this guy? You think we are fools neh? You can’t eat our food and leave just like that”. You see why I hate guys who rely on their friends for booze? After drinking booze they didn’t buy they always think they can control anyone. They are like guys without cars, you give him a lift and he starts giving other passengers rules. I went “mrena, if your ass is itchy go

take your mom's vibrator and see what you can do with it. Who the hell are you to ask me stupid questions?" He went "mxm" and left. Hayi some guys think with their pubic hair instead of brains. I was so pissed I asked Poloko to drop me at my place. When we got to my hood nigger forced to walk up with me. He said he didn't feel like going back to Industrial. I told him it was cool as long as he behaved, no touchy touchy. Anyway, I knew I'd be bored so I didn't mind the short company. I sat on my bed and he sat next to me. He started by apologizing for misbehaving when we were in Newtown. He was looking at my thighs as he apologized. I looked at him and my mind started hearing the sounds I heard coming from his bedroom the night before. I also remembered how his wife praised his bedroom skills. He rubbed my thighs and my entire body shivered. He gently pushed and made me lie on my bed. His first kiss made my blood flow to the right place. And nigger smelled well...uhhhhu. He had probably used an expensive cologne. I love niggers who smell well. You can't smell like used cooking oil and expect girls to ride you. Before he could put his fingers somewhere between my thighs my phone rang and it was his wife. He told me to ignore it but I answered. She was like "I'm around. I wanted to go do my hair but I changed my mind. Let's go have drinks before I call Poloko to come fetch me. Please don't say no. I'm downstairs". Poloko didn't want me to go but I didn't listen to him. Having sex with him was gonna make me feel bad anyway. I took my bag and told him not to lock the door when he leaves. Poloko's wife was with some hunk. I gave her a hug and all of a sudden she pushed me and went....

"uhm wait, this cologne is....."

Boooooommmmm!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 157

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 8, 2015

"A beautiful girl with no ambitions is like a big dick that suffers from diabetes" –  
Unknown

If there is one thing I learnt wholeheartedly in life is not to mess with other people's husbands. Married women, especially those who think their husbands are saints will not hesitate to give you a short cut to heaven if they find out you ride their men. I was not in a mood for blue eyes and bruises on my gorgeous face. The first thought was to lend TT's strategy of running for my life but I thought against it. I stepped back to prepare for whatever was about to happen. I expected the nigger who was with her to intervene but he just stood there like an apartheid statue about to be defaced by EFF members. Spoko continued "that cologne .....My husband uses the same. Do you use male colognes my friend? Wait...you are not lesbian right? Don't tell me you have been looking at my ass all this time. Please come out clean, I won't judge you". Lol she said the most unexpected things ever. I expected her to go all suspicious and psycho on me like most women would do. You know those women who think their men possess monopoly over some brands of colognes. I laughed and went "no, actually my ex is around. I was horny and I called him for a quick one. Since I don't have a boyfriend I decided to call him. He is one of those guys who knows which buttons to press on my body. Pity he cheated on me and I had no choice but to leave him. You are lucky you are married to a great guy who doesn't cheat". The smile on her face when I said that was priceless. It was like a primary school kid after being told she has beautiful teeth. The way she trusted her man was not normal. She went "Ncooh you are so sweet. You left a good dick just to go have drinks with me. You deserve a man like Poloko shem. He's probably somewhere having drinks alone waiting for me to call him after doing my hair. Tell you what, let me not be a bad girl. Go finish your business and you'll join me at Cubana for drinks when you are done. Don't be too long because I don't wanna make my good husband wait for too long. And uhm....I brought this friend of mine for you. But I see I am a bit late. See you later my friend. Please dedicate the next round to me ha ha ha ha ha and please tell your ex to stop using that cologne"

I felt guilty but at the same time I found her naivety disgusting. She didn't even suspect a thing. I could tell she was one of those girls who broke virginity after matric. Lack of street experience I am telling you. She was probably one of those girls who relied on Google on how to know a man is cheating. i walked up to my

flat. Poloko was lying on my bed naked with his dick facing up like it was praying to God to throw down anything with a hole. His dick looked like one of those bananas from Venda. When he saw me his dick increased by 0.5%. He was so excited he almost moon-walked on the bed. He asked what happened downstairs and I told him everything except for the fact that his wife was with some hunk. I knew it wouldn't sit well with him. Guys who cheat react badly when they are told their wives might be chowing other niggers. Maybe it time women started applying mathematics in their relationships. What happens on the right side must also happen on the left side. You cheat, I cheat...period. He was like "you are such a wicked woman and I find it charming. I am glad you managed the situation very well. You deserve some good f#cking. Come here and greet this big guy". He was brushing his very erect dick as he said that. I could tell he was ready for action. He wanted to undress me but I told me to relax. I went "look, we are not dating or anything. Don't try to be romantic with me, leave that for your wife. I am just a girl you gonna have fun with and forget it ever happened afterwards. I am your friend's wife after all". Truth of the matter was my aim wasn't to betray Spoko, I was just curious nje. You know when people tell you someone is good in bed all you wanna do is get on top of him and ride him until he forgets whether he is Tsonga or Zulu. He'll only remember what he is when he looks at his dick lol. I asked him if he had condoms and he produced the free government condoms. It was quite clear he picked them up somewhere. Married men are not safe because they don't carry condoms. They don't want their nosy wives to find incriminating evidence in their possession.

I opened my closet and took out a strawberry flavoured condom. I told him next time I'd only give him a hand job if he made a habit of not carrying condoms. He nodded 100 times within 5 seconds. Men can do the impossible when they are under the department of horny affairs. I slowly took off my jump suit in a snaky fashion while my eyes were eyeing his comradely penis. I could tell he was getting impatient but I didn't care. It was my pussy after all. After taking off everything I headed straight to his dick. I was glad he didn't have a foreskin. Foreskinned guys who expect their girlfriends to give them blowjob should be arrested for women abuse. Imagine sucking that cream covered by the foreskin... Eeeewwww I die. He went "please let's do it now. My dick is about to explode. I have never seen such a beautiful body since my wife gave birth". I looked at him with seductive eyes and went "bhuti, don't blame me if your dick is a suicide bomber. If it

explodes, it's your loss ha ha ha ha ha ha. Now stop talking and let me do my thing. Just relax and let me drive this 14 wheeler". I slowly put a condom on his dick. For a second I struggled because his dick was big. It was difficult to believe he was a Sotho man. I never imaged Sotho guys having heavy things, except for the blankets they carry even in summer. He was still lying on the bed with his dick facing Jerusalem. I didn't need any foreplay that night. My pussy was already on cruise mode ready for mmereko. I just longed for super friction between my thighs. I put my legs on both sides of his body like I was about to ride a bicycle. I used my hand to direct his dick to the fountain of life and death. He roared within 5 seconds of his dick touching my pussy and I took a deep breath. I could feel his big manhood googling the walls of my inner vagina and it felt heavenly. I went slowly for about 4 minutes and when my pussy got well acquainted to his dick I started twerking on top of him. Nigger started rhyming in Sesotho. All I could hear was "helele mme weeeee helele mme weeeee!!!!!!". He suddenly moved his torso up aggressively and grabbed my body. You would swear his dick was AKA and my pussy was Cassper Nyovest the way he did it. I guess it was a sexual diss. I tried to maintain my composure but I could feel his dick was about to go from dust to dust. He screamed "I ..... AM ..... COMING MOSIMA WA MMAOO towe".

I don't know about other girls but I always come when I am on top. I am the kinda girl who don't prefer to have a sexual chauffer, I prefer to ride my boat the way I want. If I don't come I will partly take the blame. I got off him and ran to the bathroom to cool my pussy with cold water. The way it was hot it went 'chhhhhh chhhhhh chhhhhh'. When I went back to the bedroom nigger asked if I had another condom. I laughed and told him his wife and the guy she is with are waiting for me at Cubana. His face changed immediately. He asked which guy and I told him some talk dark and handsome hunk. Nigger got dressed in less than a minute and sped off. Lol hawu men are another breed ka mmao. He had just had sex with his wife's friend but got worked up when I told him his wife was with a guy. Men are greedy and selfish. Sometimes I doubt God is a male. He was lucky he didn't park his car right next to my flat. Spoko would have seen it and made me biltong on the spot. I took out my phone and called Spoko. Before I could talk she wanted details. I told her I'd tell her later. I went "please tell that hunk to come fetch me now, and I mean now". Luckily she didn't ask further questions. I was trying to save her ass. I changed into jeans and a simple print top. I made sure I didn't smell with the nigger's cologne. I walked downstairs to wait for the hunk.

He got to where I was waiting in about 5 minutes. The Hunk went “were you eating fish?”. I answered “no, I was eating a big dick. Do you have a problem with it?”. He didn’t say anything after that answer. We walked to Cubana in silence. When we got inside Cubana he led me to a spot where I assumed they were sitting at. When we got there Spoko was surrounded by 2 waitresses and she was crying.

She went “my my my my he.....”

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 158

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 13, 2015

“You were born as a no-mind. Let this sink into your heart as deeply as possible because through that, a door opens. If you were born as a no-mind, then the mind is just a social product. It is nothing natural, it is cultivated. It has been put together on top of you. Deep down you are still free, you can get out of it. One can never get out of nature, but one can get out of the artificial any moment one decides to” – Oslo

You know how awkward it is when you just had sex with someone’s husband and the next thing you see her crying. Some people are prophets, they can see things without been present. Maybe my mind was playing with me but I kinda believed she somehow knew I had sex with Poloko. The Hunk asked what was going on and she went “I went to the loo and when I came back my iPhone was nowhere to be seen. I bought it last week and I can’t afford to lose it”. What a relief!!!! I thought she was crying over something serious. Who the fart cries over a phone in South Africa? I mean, we lose phones everyday. These days we must just be thankful that it was a phone that was taken, not our lives. She was just being a drama queen. The Hunk looked at her and laughed. He went “your phone looks exactly like mine. I accidentally took it thinking it was mine. I am sorry hey”. She suddenly beamed with joy and relief. The waitresses were also relieved. I guess they didn’t want their place to be associated with phone theft. I know couple of clubs in Pretoria

where phone theft is part of their business. Spoko stood up from her chair and gave The Hunk a hug. The very same moment she hugged the dude Poloko walked in. I could see anger written all over his face. Shit, I wonder where the hell he went after leaving my place. He separated his wife from The Hunk and dragged her outside Cubana. Lol hayi men, he still smelled with my vaginal fluids and condom but there he was getting all worked up because of a mere hug. Dear God, please give men more brains. It seems to me their brains suffer from mental load shedding now and then. I was left there standing with The Hunk not knowing what to do. I didn't know what to say to him because I was not used to him. I didn't even know what was going to happen between Poloko and his wife. Poloko didn't strike me as the violent type. I knew he wouldn't lay his big hands on her. She was too beautiful to be beaten. The Hunk offered me a drink and I told him he shouldn't bother. When you are sexually full other men look like fools.

I decided to leave Cubana because the dude was boring. He looked like one of those guys with hot bodies and cold brains. I looked at him and my imagination saw a small dick between his legs. My pussy is not huge but I am allergic to small dick. I am minidickphobic. He begged me not leave but I showed him my smallest finger. As I was approaching the exit I saw Poloko and his wife walking back into the club hand in hand. Poloko was all smiles you wouldn't believe he was angry just few minutes ago. #LoveVibes I guess. She probably gave him a blow job or something in the car. Imagine blowing a dick that was digging another girl less than an hour ago. Damn, I would puke. Spoko went "where are you going so early? I thought you came here to meet my friend and have drinks. Let's go back in there and have drinks. We are in your home ground, show us how you do it in Pretoria". Poloko who was standing behind his wife at that moment was signaling for me to say no. I think he didn't expect to find me there. It was probably awkward for him to be in the company of his wife and the girl he just had sex with. I made it clear I was not interested in any kind of relationship with him. He had nothing to fear. Sometimes as girls we need to learn to draw boundaries. I know we can't always control who we fall for but I think falling in love with a married man is another form of witchcraft. Your relationship with a married man should be about sex and money. Keep your stupid feelings hidden between the lips of your thin butt. I decided to go against Poloko. I went "chomi you are right you know.

Let's go have fun. Plus the brother you brought for me is quite a looker. I can't wait to make noises on top of him". Lol Spoko gave me a high five and we laughed like some random girls from some village in KwaZulu Natal. Ever heard girls from Manguzi laughing? We walked back to the table and found The Hunk drinking by himself. He was so happy to see all of us. Spoko introduced him to her husband and they shook hands. The look on Poloko's face could cut bread into two halves. It was like he wanted to eat the poor guy alive.

Spoko wanted to force me to drink wine but I told her I was still on booze diet. By the way, her real name is Emily. I didn't like her name because it reminded me of some girl who used to think she was all that during my nursing college days. She probably mistook the fake nursing college for a medical university. And she wasn't even beautiful. I sat next to The Hunk and Emily sat next to her man. They were all lovey dovey and it was just too much for me. I don't know if Poloko was doing it deliberately to spite me or Emily was just being one of those touchy wives. You know those wives who think holding hands with their husbands in public will stop them from cheating. Mxm the animals called men will find a way to cheat even if you installed 24/7 cameras on their dicks. They would probably chow other chicks and blame Satan afterwards. Men are dogs, period. Whenever I tried to flirt with The Hunk Poloko would give me a snaaks look. I found it cute and exciting. So I kept kissing The Hunk on the cheeks just to get Poloko jealous. Emily thought I was falling for her friend and she was so excited. Only if she knew all I saw in him at that stage was just raw meat. I kept looking at his pants wherever I touched him and I saw no movement. He probably had some disability between his legs. Just imagine a hunk with erectile problems. That would be like a latest AMG without petrol. It would be like Jacob Zuma without his cute laugh. Poloko's phone rang and he walked outside to answer the call. The Hunk went to the loo. It gave Emily and I a chance to gossip. Gossiping and Shopping are number one on the girls' social culture. Emily went "yho Chomi, can you believe Poloko was angry at me? He thought I was cheating on him with that guy. I told him I brought that guy for you. He is not like Poloko but I think you guys will make a nice couple. And I think he's a tiger in bed like my man". Mxm only if the bitch knew I slept with her husband. Poloko and The Hunk came back and we continued with the drinking.

Before 11pm Emily was sloshed and she started misbehaving. I kinda didn't expect it from her because the previous night she had a lot but still managed to drive like a



pro. Poloko was getting irritated every time she said something stupid. Eventually he announced we should leave because she was swearing at every girl who looked at Poloko. It was kinda embarrassing but I understood. Alcohol doesn't have relatives. Blood is thicker than water, Alcohol is wiser than blood. The Hunk told Poloko he would walk me home. Emily jumped in and went "Sharon is not going anywhere. She is driving to us to Joburg or else I am not going anywhere. You can kill me if you want. I don't give a rat's clitoris". Lmao I burst out laughing. She was indeed sloshed. I think God was punishing her. Drinking after church is an insult to God. Poloko tried to make her understand I had to sleep at my flat but she put hands on her ears. I was like "It's ok, I'll catch Gautrain in the morning. I see we won't win this one. Let's just give up". We walked to the car and drove to Joburg. Because Emily was drunk she took the back seat and I sat in front with Poloko. Within 5 minutes she started snoring. Poloko and I kept looking at each other and smiling. He kept looking behind his seat to check if the wife was sleeping. When we passed Midrand he did something I was eagerly waiting for. I'm not a bitch but when a pussy is itchy, something must go down. He squeezed his naughty hand into my jeans and started dancing on my clit. I was already wet when he did that. Thanks to thinking about what we did earlier. Nothing excites a girl like stealing something in front of the owner. That adrenalin was a turn on. We were sailing next to the wind and I enjoyed it. By the time we reached their place my pussy was the Vaal Dam. I just wanted to get on top of him and ride him until his dick turned into a yellow bone. Poloko carried his wife to their bedroom and I went to the guest room. I was so horny I took off my clothes and lay on my back. I wanted the real thing but I knew I wouldn't get any. I even thought of calling Poloko but I was scared wifey was up. I decided to be creative and used my 3 fingers to xxxx my wet underground.

Just as I was enjoying the finger fuc'ng good the door slowly opened....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 159

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 14, 2015

“The worst pain in the world goes beyond the physical. Even further beyond any other emotional pain one can feel. It is the betrayal of a friend” – Heather Brewer

When you are busy getting an auto-fix you don't expect anyone to disturb you. I didn't lock the door because I didn't expect anyone to rock in unannounced. All I wanted was to feed my Vaal Dam and someone had to interrupt mxm. The light was off so I couldn't see who it was. This thing of dark curtains should be banned. I thought to myself “it must be Poloko”. Part of me was sexcited I was going to get the real thing. A finger can give you sexual satisfaction but it will never beat the real thing. Orange juice may taste like an orange but it is definitely not an orange. To get the real orange taste you must eat an orange. Injalo lento, ayifun'iruler. The person closed the door and stood next to the door for couple of seconds before making a move forward. I thought to myself “ha ha ha ha ha this fool is being consumed by guilt. Hayi married men bathong”. As soon as I heard footsteps walking towards the bed I stretched my legs and went “why waste time? Come and nae nae on me please...the waiting is killing me”. I said that with maximum confidence. The next thing I heard a burp that sounded like that of a woman. I quickly closed my legs and covered myself with sheets. Emily went “chomi I ammmmm not sleeeepy. Let's go to Soweto and drink. I shtilllll want to get sssslashed. I want to get wasted and my husband does not want to drive me to Soweto. Let's leave this boring guy and do our ladies outing. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha you know, you are the best friend ever. We met few days ago but I feel I have known you for years. Even my husband thinks we will make great friends. I will make sure I don't betray this friendship. Now get up and let's go pain Soweto red”. Wow some women have multiple characters. In the morning she was a church girl and when the darkness came she became a booze-whore. What a quick transition. I told her it was too late to go out and that it was unsafe. She went “nxa wa bhora you know. I will go by myself. I am a ninja-ninja nja nja nja”. The next thing she fell on the bed and started snoring within 5 minutes.

I thought she was just pretending but when 5 minutes passed I knew she was indeed in lala land. Alcohol ain't for the weak. I covered her with sheets and made her sleep peacefully. I tried to sleep but her snoring was just too much for me.

Apparently girls who snore louder have huge underground structures. Maybe Emily was gifted between her legs. No wonder Poloko wanted my punani, he was tired of his teaspoon stirring condensed milk inside a huge jug. I got off the bed and went to the kitchen. I wanted some water. I was only wearing a towel. I knew Poloko was probably sleeping and there was no way I would bump into him. Other than Poloko and Emily, there was no one else in the house. I didn't want cold water, I only wanted tap water. I knew exactly where the tap was so there was no need to switch on the light. When I tried to open the tap the towel accidentally fell. I didn't pick it up immediately, I continued with my water business. Before I could put the glass down I heard a whisper going "shhhhh don't jump or make noise. It's me, Poloko". It wasn't very dark in the kitchen because the blinds weren't completely closed. I tried to turn around but he held my shoulders and asked me not to move. I tried to grab the towel from the floor but nigger told me to relax and close eyes. I loved how he took control but I wasn't comfortable with being naked with him. It's one thing to ride another woman's man but doing it in their own house it just not on. It's like visiting Lekganyane in Moria with a lunchbox full of bacon and squeeze bottle teeming with cognac. I told him not to do whatever his dirty brain was feeding him but nigger acted stubborn. He made me hold the sink and stretched my legs. I bent my middle body downwards with my ass facing the sky like it was expecting blessings from the sky. He brushed my boobs and I felt my blood going cold and hot in a space of two minutes. I wanted to scream but he covered my mouth with his hand. He entered it from behind and I almost screamed Makoma's mother's name. I felt it hitting all angles in my pussy. I don't have the right words to explain how I felt. In short, the nigger was blessing me sexually. We came at the same time. My legs vibrated when his manhood shot liquid missiles into my holy pot.

I grabbed the towel and ran back to the bedroom with a huge smile between my legs. Emily was still snoring when I got back to the bedroom. I struggled to fall asleep. My phone vibrated and it was an inbox from Poloko. It read "if your pussy was a spice then my dick would be an Indian lol". I wanted to laugh out loud literally but didn't wanna wake up madam next to me. I responded with "if your dick was a taxi then my pussy would be a Zulu man". I put my phone upside down because I was gonna end up laughing out loud. I slept like a lazy angel that night. Emily and I woke up at the same time the following morning. She went "and then? How did I sleep in this bedroom? What the hell happened last night?". I explained

to her what happened and we burst out laughing. She remembered I was Monday and she quickly ran to her bedroom. What she didn't notice was it was already late. She came back with a disappointed face. She was like "Poloko has left for work already. I hope he is not mad at me". She was checking her phone as she said that. I saw her face wearing a smile. She showed me a Whatsapp text from Poloko. He was telling her how much he loved her. He told her he left his bank card on the dressing table and that she should go spoil herself with shopping. Wow Poloko was good at his game. He was using money to dilute his guilt. Apparently many rich guys do that to their partners. He fuc#s around and use money to clear his guilty conscience. She asked me to go shopping with her. Before I could say yes my phone vibrated. I checked it cautiously and it was an sms from Poloko. It read "leave as soon as you wake up. I have a surprise for you. Please don't say a word to my wife. She will drop you at the Gautrain station. The taxi says hi to the Zulu man lol". OMG.... Men!!!! I give up.

Emily was sad I wanted to leave but she didn't have a choice. I told her I had an afternoon class. She drove me to the Gautrain Station. The good thing about the Gautrain was the trains are very fast when compared to the Metrorail ones. Inequality at its best I'm telling you. I sat next to some old white man inside the train. He wasn't very old but I think 50-55. I greeted him and started chatting on my phone. He went "what is a beautiful girl like you doing in a train this time of the morning?". Ever noticed how white men love hitting on black girls lately. I could see by the way he looked at me that he was hitting on me. I told him I was going to an interview for a waitressing job in Pretoria. I was lying obviously. I just wanted him to shut up. He went "a beautiful girl like you shouldn't be serving rude customers in a restaurant. You deserve something better. Take my business card. Give me a call when you are free, maybe I can organize something for you depending on your skills". Jerrrr, skills? The only skill I could think of at that moment was opening my legs and blowing dicks. I thanked him and continued with the chatting. Luckily he got off at Rosebank station. I was uncomfortable with the way he kept looking at my sexy breasts. When I got to Pretoria station I was hungry. I decided to grab a burger at the McDonalds next to the station. Some guy who was behind me offered to pay for my burger and I said no. The disadvantage of being a beautiful yellow bone is every Tom, Dick and Matome wanna try their luck on you. It gets irritating especially if the guy looks broke. I told you before that broke guys make my pussy go dry. After eating I caught a metered taxi to

Sunnyside. The driver asked why I was smiling and I went “mrena, the guy I was with last night made me feel like a real woman. I reached cloud 9 twice in less than 5 minutes.... Uhhh Modimo wa kgotso”. Suddenly I saw a hump on his pants. Lol men are weak bathong. I didn’t even pay, I guess he forgot I had to pay. When i got to my flat I noticed my closet was open. I was sure I left it closed. You can imagine the shock on my face. I immediately walked to Nwabisa’s bedroom.

I opened the door without knocking and she shiiiiit, she was having sex with .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 160

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 15, 2015

“A large proportion of mankind, like pigeons and partridges, on reaching maturity, having passed through a period of playfulness or promiscuity, establish what they hope and expect will be a permanent and fertile mating relationship. This we call marriage” – C D Darlington

God of Abraham, God of Moses, God of what-what, why do my eyes only see snaaks things? Who do I always get associated with people whose pussies suffer from anti-rest syndrome? Nwabisa wasn’t my bestie but since we shared a flat she was somehow my friend. I knew very well she wasn’t a saint but I didn’t expect some things from her. Don’t get me wrong, I am not an angel myself but there are some things I will never do. I honestly didn’t expect her to be riding 3 guys at the same time. She was giving some Nigerian-looking guy a blow job and the other 2 entered her rear and front holes at the same time. The only time I saw such was when I used to watch my mother’s porn movies. Yes I used to steal her DVDs while she was at work. I broke my virginity mentally before even doing it. I never thought I would one day witness that crap live. Most of us love sex but having 3 guys at the same time is greedy and hoefull. I rather ride 3 different guys in 3 consecutive days, not at the same time. When they saw the door open the guys jumped like they had just seen a ghost. What I found strange was how Nwabisa

didn't jump or seem disturbed by the fact that I walked in them doing what they were doing. She seemed a bit weak and outside her normal behavioral patterns. She looked high. One of the guys looked at me and went "why don't you join us princess? There is enough for everyone. Mary told us she has a very beautiful and sexy flat mate. Come here and get nice things". Mxm and she called herself Mary. Judging by the size of his manhood, it was quite clear he was a South African ...but not from Limpopo. No wonder he was the one doing the ass. He needed the tightness for little bit of friction. The other two guys with tail-like things in front were looking at me like they expected me to undress and start stripping for them. I was pissed at Nwabisa for turning our flat into a pussy pub. I looked around and saw some powder that looked like cocaine. Shit, it made sense. The motherfartars drugged Nwabisa and gang-rode her. I quickly ran to the kitchen and grabbed the biggest knife ever. I went back to Nwabisa's bedroom and shouted "get the fu#k out of here or blood will flow. Voetsek marete a lena". I felt like Zee at that moment. I know she was gonna cause havoc if she was there.

The Nigerian-looking one went "eh eh are you madoooo? Cants you see we busy-yoooo". He said that with confidence as if he didn't see I had a knife in my hand. Nigerians dudes are the bravest niggers I know. They are like Zulus. They can fight people carrying guns with their bare fists. I went "Nxa this motherfucker thinks I'm joking. I'll show you your mother's black Nigerian ass today". I tried to slice his ears but he ducked and grabbed his clothes. He was the one not far from the door but the South African guys were the first to run out of Nwabisa's bedroom. The Nigerian dude followed them. When he ran his dick looked like a walking stick. Some guys are gifted ka mmao. I quickly ran and locked the main door. I didn't want those devils to come back. I went back to the bedroom and gave Nwabisa a glass of water. She was so weak she couldn't even hold the glass of her own. I don't know if it was because of drugs or the big dick that invaded her bodily holes. When you ride a Nigerian guy from the first time it is advisable that you take a break from work or school the following day, just to give your pussy a space to return to its normal size. With Tswana guys you will even forget you had sex. But hey, Tswana boys are cute and charming. I wanted to ask Nwabisa about my closet but I noticed it would be a waste of time because she was high. I went back to my bedroom and called the landlord. He was so happy to hear from me. Only if

he knew it wasn't a good-news call. I told him I wanted to move out because of my flat mate's whoring tendencies. He went "huh, that bitch is sleeping around while pregnant with my baby. I will show her who I am when I come back from Mpumalanga. Nxa she is using me. She has been staying there for free and this is how she thanks me. I will show her who I am". Jerrrr some girls think with their asses. I know many Xhosa girls are not faithful but they know how to play their game. They are very street-smart and know how to win without putting too much effort. Nwabisa was the opposite. She was dumb nxa.

I wanted to study but the live pornographic picture I saw earlier was playing over and over in my head. Library wasn't an option because I was waiting for Poloko's surprise. When a guy mentions surprise to a girl our curiosity levels become heightened. But when a guy from Giyani mentions surprise don't get excited. He probably means 'the tree has grown', which means the dick has also gained some weight. You know the Tsonga dick tree myth right? I called JT to check up on her. Since Emily came into the picture I gave JT the backseat. It was not fair because she was also there whenever I needed her. She picked up after few rings. She went "ola ola Ntwana. Wat se daar? Kanti dintshang these days o le skaars nkare o slender sa kuku e nnyane? Di reng mabebeza?". Lol she made me crack. I almost called her Julia but remembered she hated the name with passion. I told her my books were keeping me busy and she understood. She went "vele you must study. Bofebe ga se qualification. Keep your pen busy, not your pussy. O zwakala neng these side? Ke bolawa ke letswai hle. Etna ke bofolle letheka assomblief. Ke tla o gaya quickie nyana". Lol she was such a flirt and I loved her for that. After the call I just lay on my bed waiting for Poloko to call. I hate that feeling of waiting for a call, especially if you don't know what time the person is gonna call. It's like waiting for a Venda guy to ejaculate, you'll wait forever mama. Those niggers season their food with 'MPHESU'. I even passed out waiting for the call. I woke up around 18h30 and still there was no missed call from Poloko. I decided to call him. Guess what, he didn't pick up and nigger was online on Whatsapp and Facebook Messenger. It was quiet clear he was ignoring me. He returned my call after 10 minutes. I screamed and told him I hated people who failed to keep their promises. He went "stop right there. My sperms are not a wedding ring. We fucked but you still remain a nobody to me. I am married and I love my wife. I will call you when I am free. Please don't call me after 18h00 going forward. Bye".

I sat on my bed for full 30 minutes motionless. I didn't see that one coming. Poloko was just like other girls who slept with me before. They all play cool before you give them your pussy. Once they taste what's between your legs they start treating you like a nobody. But hey, the truth of the matter is when you ride a married man you must expect whatever comes your way. You can't swim with crocodiles and expect romance from them. They will eat you alive. I decided to let it go and sleep. By 11h30pm my eyes were still open thinking about Poloko and the ugly words he said to me. I wanted to let it go but hated the way he made me feel cheap. Yes I slept with a married man but that didn't change the fact that I was Sharon Letsoalo, the beautiful yellow bone from Limpopo. I eventually passed out and woke up the following morning just after 8am. There was an sms from Poloko. It read "Hey babe. You were running all over my head last night. I can't wait to see you later today. Keep smiling and take care". Wow some people think they are God's gifts to women. He didn't even apologise for what he said to me. He actually made me angrier and I developed a hunger for revenge. He wasn't aware he was messing with the wrong person. I wanted to call Zee for advice on how to deal with Poloko but I remembered I didn't wanna talk to her. While I was fuming there another sms came in. It read "I am sorry for the way I talked to you last night. It was uncalled for. Emily and I fought and I was in a bad space. I will apologise in person later today. Oh and that surprise.....mmmmh hhh wink". For some reasons I found myself smiling. I think that's our weakness as girls. An apology from a guy makes our hearts melts, especially if the guy fucks you well. No wonder many women stay in unhappy marriages for years. I decided to forget the crap he said the previous night. I bathed and went to school. I attended 2 classes and went home immediately after my last class. I was avoiding bumping into Marcus or talking to Pulane. When I got to my place Poloko called to tell me he'll land in about 30 minutes. I put on black lingerie just for him. I wanted him to forget about Emily for couple of hours. When he called to tell me he was at the door I told him to head straight to my bedroom. I stood up and prepared my lips to kiss him. When he entered I tried to kiss him but nigger gently pushed me and went ...

"I am not here to stay. My wife is waiting for me at home. I brought you this....."

WT.....shiiiiiiittttt.....

THE END



## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 161

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 16, 2015

“I will hurt you for this. I don’t know how yet, but give me time. A day will come when you think yourself safe and happy, and suddenly your joy will turn to ashes in your mouth, and you’ll know the debt is paid” George RR Martin

Sometimes I think men miss one thing. It’s heartbreaking to sleep with a girl and treat her like shit afterwards. Thing with us girls is, we don’t just sleep with any random guy for no reason under NORMAL circumstances. When we sleep with a guy it means something charmed us about him. I knew very well that Poloko was married to my friend but I didn’t expect him to treat me like I was some random girl from rural areas. He had a pack of condoms in his hand. He went “next time if you gonna have unprotected sex with a married man use this. You have put my wife’s health in danger by having unsafe sex with me. How often do you this this? Do you go around sleeping with married men without using protection? Anyway, take this money and go buy morning after pills. I don’t wanna have a baby with you”. I felt some thunders in my stomach. He didn’t only make me feel cheap, he literally murdered my self-esteem right there. Sometimes I don’t blame women for killing men. Imagine some animal with a tail in front making you feel like that. Work of satan I’m telling you. I decided not to show him I am broken inside. I maintained my cool and went “Ok Poloko, it was wrong of me to sleep with you without a condom. I was wrong of me to follow you into the kitchen and force my pussy into your penis. Next time I’ll remember to be a good girl and not do what I did that night. I am sorry for going after my friend’s husband. I wasn’t raised like that. I don’t know what got into me that night. It was probably because of the water I drank at Cubana. Next time I will stay away from water and drink wine. Maybe it will make my pussy dry so I don’t force myself ONTO you. Happy now?”. He displayed a shocked face. I guess he expected me to go all psycho on him or beg him. He looked like that type that dribbles girls mentally. He was a psychologist after all. Mxm I might be weak underground but my brain didn’t suffer from hornintitis. He threw the condoms and money on the bed and departed. Tears started flowing on my face. I felt violated emotionally. I was flipping mad and hated him at that moment.

Imagine going an extra mile to make yourself sexy only to be disappointed like that. He didn't even look at my body the way I expected him to do. He treated me like an ex he hated wholeheartedly. While I was lying on my bed sobbing the door opened. He went "what did you do to me Sharon? I thought by treating you badly I'll flush you out of my system. It didn't even take me a minute to feel guilty for what I said. I never cheated on my wife before and right now there are so many thoughts going through my mind. I do not want to betray my wedding vows but since I met you I have been feeling somehow attracted to you. Please try to understand my situation". Wow I wanted to talk but my mouth ran dry. He was playing some game I didn't know how to react to. I felt like I had a glass of cold water immediately after drinking very hot coffee. I looked at him and didn't have the right words to say to him. I think part of me liked him. Now I understand why some girls fall for thugs and low lives. Good guys struggle to find girls but some motherfuckers with minimum respect for women find girls left right and centre. I wanted to tell him to go back to his mother's womb but his eyes were too charming to a point of electro-sexifying me. He lay next to me on the bed and kissed me on the chin. I whispered "no Poloko, you made me feel cheap. Please leave, I beg you. I will pretend we never met. I will delete your number and you can do the same with mine. I will find a way to tell Emily to stop calling me. We don't have to make this difficult. I will go buy morning after pills just to make sure I don't fall pregnant with your kid". I was acting outside my normal behavioral patterns. Normally I would have smashed his head with something. But that day I remained cool and spoke like a mature adult. He brushed my head with his warm palm and told me not to talk as if he was the enemy. He kissed my nose and told me I looked gorgeous and deserved mega love. I hesitantly smiled and he kissed my chin.

Now I understand why Satan has so many fans. People are addicted to bad things. We do love our God but let's be honest, bad things are nicer than good ones. We drink, we party hard, we smoke etc and those things give us some kind of a high. It's like getting hooked to a guy who treats you badly. There's just something about rude and arrogant guys. He massaged me on my thighs and told me my skin is smooth. It was a compliment but my mind wasn't there. I was in a state of confusion. He kissed my neck and ears. He whispered something in my ear but couldn't hear it clearly. I think it started with the letter 'D'. He made me lie on my

back and slowly shifted the part that covered my nanana. I was still dry but when his finger said “siyawubona” to my clit I felt my pussy becoming a fountain on the spot. He fingered me for good 10 minutes without saying a word. When a guy is good at fingering you won't rush him to take things to the next level. He was so good I wished he could do it until Jesus came back. He was unlike those guys who finger you like they are playing an old piano. He touched the right areas. He played with my clitoris, especially on its roots. When a guy touches there you'll feel like nothing exists in this world except for your underground. For a moment I forgot all bad things he had said to me. From a villain to a fingerian in less than 15 minutes. When he was done fingering me he took off his pants and put on a condom, yes one of the condoms he brought. I was looking at his manhood with hungry eyes all the time. He didn't take off my lingerie, he just moved it a bit to enable his dick to attack my wet pussy. He lifted my right leg to make a space for rear entry. His dick went ffffffffvvvuuuuuuu inside my very wet pussy. I don't know if it was because the condom was very oily or my pussy had gained weight. He went on for about 20 minutes. Our third time having sex and I came again. Now I see why I kept opening my legs for him even when he insulted me.

Nigger was sweating from toe to head. I don't blame him, the sex style he chose demanded energy. We cuddled after the session. The next thing nigger started snoring. With him sleeping there I started thinking about the stuff he said to me earlier. For some reason I started hating him for disrespecting me. Maybe I was experiencing post-orgasmic stress disorder. I reached for my phone and switched the camera on. I cautiously put his sleeping head between my thighs and took about 5 pictures. I made sure my face didn't appear in all pictures. After that I got dressed, switched off his phone and hid it where I knew he wouldn't find it. I didn't lock my bedroom, I only locked the main door and left. I took a taxi to JT's place. I knocked at her place but there no response. I called and her phone rang unanswered. Hayi boJT mrena, she was not well but she was out mxm. I stood outside her gate hoping to see her car. Saw some girl passing and I greeted her. I went “sorry, I was here to see my friend but she's not here. May I please use your phone to send her an sms to tell her I'm here?”. Luckily I was too beautiful to be suspected of being a criminal. I pretended to search for phone numbers in my phone kanti I was sending the pictures via Bluetooth. Luckily her phone wasn't a BlackBerry, it was quick. I quickly searched for Emily's phone number and send all those pictures with the girl's phone to her. I deleted everything afterwards. I

gave the girl R20 to thank her for being stupid. I walked to Chicken Licken to grab something to eat afterwards. Nwabisa called to tell me she just opened the main door for some angry man who was busy accusing me of being a bitch and thief. I laughed and told her not to stress. After an hour and 30 minutes or so JT returned my call. She went “sfebe, dintshang ka di non-stop calls? Are you horny?”. I told her I am on my way to her place from Chicken Licken and she said cool. Just as I was about to enter the gate to JT’s place my phone rang and it was Emily. She went:

“Poloko angered me and I did something terrible. I am scared, I need you right now.....”

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END.

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni – Episode 162

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 20, 2015

“I am tired of people saying that poor character is the only reason people do wrong things. Actually, circumstances cause people to act a certain way. It’s from those circumstances that a person’s attitude is affected followed by weakening of character. Not the reverse. If we had no faults of our own, we should not take so much pleasure in noticing those in others and judging their lives as either black or white, good or bad. We all live our lives in shades of gray” – Shannon L Alder

Sometimes we do things without thinking about possible consequences. I knew very well there would be possible ugly consequences. I was angry for the way he disrespected me, I just wanted him to feel the pain. I am Sharon Letsoalo, the only daughter of Piet and Makoma Letsoalo and step-daughter of Denzel. No one messes with me and sing about it the following day. I fight fire with fire and hardness with wetness. I asked Emily what she did and she went “please make a plan to come. I am panicking and don’t have enough time. Please fly if you can. I really need you”. I could tell she was panicking because her voice was very shaky. She knew very well I didn’t have means of transport to get to her place. And besides, she stayed far. If there was no enough time then she needed someone who was closer. I was more than 70km away. I honestly wanted to be there to witness whatever she did to her cheating husband. I just hoped he was not dead. There was

no way I would be implicated because I didn't use my own phone to send those pictures. I learnt very well from watching medical detectives and forensic detectives how to cover my tracks. I went "my friend I want to come but you know I don't have a car. I don't even have a cent to use a metered taxi. Traffic is also bad this time. I think you must just tell me what you did so I can help you to think how to best sort it before you run out of time. Alternatively, you can call one of the girls we were with at News Café. They do stay in Joburg right? Please try one of them". She went "someone sent me pictures of my husband lying between the thighs of some ugly bitch....". I whispered "ugly bitch ke mmao". I think she didn't hear me because she was talking and sobbing at the same time. She continued "it was quite clear they were both naked. I was so hurt and angry because I never thought my man would cheat on me...". I whispered "you are not Beyonce bitch". She continued "so when he came back I smashed the windscreen. He got out of the car to try to stop me and I hit his head with a gold club. He's unconscious now".

Part of me felt pity for her but I was glad she dealt with Poloko on my behalf. His arrogance led to the situation he was in. You see, sometimes you don't even have to lift a finger to deal with a fool, just set a trap and he will be dealt with, strategically so. I told Emily to hide the golf club very far and call the ambulance. "You must tell them tsotsis tried to mug him and when all failed they resorted to violence. Just pray he doesn't die because if he does o masepeng choza". She immediately hung up. I guess she was calling the ambulance. Some women can be stupid hey. Her man was dying and instead of calling the ambulance she called someone who was far. I walked to JT's place. She was waiting for me at the door. She went "sfebe, I have been waiting for you for over 10 minutes. Ne o le waar?". I told her I was busy with a call with some friend. My phone rang again and it was Emily. She was telling me the ambulance was on its way. I told her not to panic. She said something I didn't expect. She went "the only reason I want him to live is because I want to know the bitch he was with. I swear Sharon, if I ever lay my hands on her, I will kill her. I will Google ways to kill a bitch without living any evidence. You must side with me on this one, GIRL POWER". I felt thin sweat down my ass. There was a high possibility of her finding out. I don't blame her thought, men cheat all the time but when he cheats with someone you know is another story. I went "my friend leave that to me. I will find her for you. Just concentrate on your husband and I will find a way to look for the bitc....i mean the girl". Shit, I almost called myself a bitch lol. After talking I explained to JT

what happened. I felt comfortable talking to JT. I knew she wouldn't sell me out. I advise all girls to have a lesbian friend. They are not tjatjarag like gays aka Whoo Shem. JT went "ntwana, why o sa joine kereke ya dinoga and petrol mara? Satan o dlala morabaraba ka wena son".

I knew Poloko was probably in hospital so there was no way he was gonna go back to my flat. So it was safe to go back to my place. JT offered to drive me and I said no. She was not completely healed but she wanted to drive. Some people are stubborn ka high grade ka mmao. I kissed her on the lips and told her to take it easy. She went "eish ntwana, you know ga ke verstani window shopping. Take off diaparo ke bolaye mzimba. Ke tla o tshwara ka leleme wa rota le ka dinko". Lol I laughed and left. She was such a pervert. When I got to my place the first thing I did was to remove the sim card out of Poloko's phone. I didn't want anyone tracing it to my place in case he died. Safety first mrena. That night I didn't sleep well. Emily called to tell me Poloko was admitted at Garden City Clinic. I was glad he would be taken good care of at Garden City. They should have taken him to Bara. The following morning I woke up with a headache. I think the fact that someone who fuck3d me very well was lying in hospital was starting to sink in. I was feeling guilty. I thought of calling Emily and confess but I remembered honesty is not always the best policy. Many people died because of honesty. I took a bath and went to school. Shit I bumped into someone I didn't expect, Marcus Mboweni. I tried my best to walk away as fast as possible but nigger held my hand and pulled me to his office. He went "why don't you call me anymore? Why don't you call your mom? I am not angry at you for whatever you did, you are my..... you are my late friend's daughter after all. I promised him I will take care of you. The house is so big and lonely without you and Pearl. Please come back. I will make sure we don't repeat the stuff that happened before". All I could see when he talked was his tongue muffing the hell out of my clitoris. I even thought of taking off my clothes right there and let me do it again. I went "I will think about it. I have a class in few minutes. I will call you tomorrow".

After my class I decided to go window shopping at SunnyPark Mall. After window shopping I bumped into the queen of whores Maite Modika. Shit I was bumping into all people I didn't wanna bump into. The smile on her face was priceless. I knew it was fake because she didn't like me and the feeling was mutual. She was with some skinny guy who looked as if he drank an overdose of Herbex Hlasela

Mafutha mixed with Bio Slim. I don't like fat niggers but skinny guys are worse. Imagine a 20kg nigger on top of you. Instead of coming you will go. Maite gave him a hug and told the nigger they would talk later. She turned to me and went "long time girl. How are you mara?". We exchanged our fake greetings and hugged. She looked rather lighter than normal and I knew it was not make up. She bleached herself to be lighter. She was that low self-esteem black girl who thought being like is more important than a degree. Nxa sies toko. She probably bleached her vagina as well to make it look light to attract more dicks. I think the only thing that deserved bleaching was her brain. Her brain deserved some blond bleaching. Emily called to tell me she was coming to Pretoria. She was tired of all the thoughts going thru her mind. Maite offered to walk me to my place and I agreed. When we got to my place she was on and on about how my room looked beautiful. She liked my bedding in particular. Like duh, there was nothing special about my bedding. Then she started talking about her married boyfriend from Joburg. An evil thought dawned in my mind. I went "you know what, you can have the bedding. We can take it to your place now. I washed it few days ago". I knew she wouldn't say no, she always liked free things even from our high school days. We put the bedding in a black plastic and went to her place. She had moved to Arcadia. If your man tells you he's in Arcadia just know he's buying a pussy. That place has more prostitutes than cute guys. Maite stayed at a block of flats called Nedbank Plaza at Steve Biko Street. On our way I sent Emily a Whatsapp text "I am at a friend's place. I'll send My Location in few minutes". My plan was working just fine. Maite was not a neat freak, her place looked like a floor of a factory that made fake g-strings. There were g-strings all over her place. She made her bed with the bedding I gave her and took couple of selfies and uploaded them on Facebook. You know a girl is a bimbo when she has more pictures than status updates on Facebook. We sat and she continued talking about her married man. It was like an achievement to her. After an hour or so Emily called to tell me she was at a place her GPS directed her to. We told her to sign in at the flat in front of her and come to 3rd floor. Within 5 minutes the elevator opened and she appeared. I gave her a hug and led her to Maite's room. I introduced her to Maite and as expected, the bitch continued talking about her handsome married man from Joburg. Emily's face changed and I secretly smiled. My plan was coming well. She took out her phone and looked at something....then looked at the bedding. It was quite clear she could see the similarities between the bedding I gave to Maite and what she saw on the photo. She angrily turned to me and went:

“Sharon, how could you?”. Before I could open my mouth she .....

Boooooommmmmmmmm.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 163

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 21, 2015

“Good girl doesn’t exist; you just have to choose between bad and worse” – MF Moonjazer

Generally I don’t follow bad luck, but luck follows me. Bad luck is suffering from Sharonism. Bad luck was addicted to me. I set a very good trap to cover my ass and make Maite the bad girl but the opposite happened. Emily slapped me so hard I almost became the Gupta’s airplane and flew out the window. I didn’t know why she targeted me instead of the ‘culprit’ in front of her. Just imagine setting a trap for an Alexandra rat only for the trap to trap you. I felt so stupid and defeated. Maite stood there confused not knowing what to do or say. I knew she wouldn’t defend me because she was a coward of high note. She would make a good match for TT Scott. Emily went “how could you Sharon? You pretend to be my best friend while you were busy giving my man your hoes? I can see this bedding looks exactly like the one on the pictures I received. Even the thighs. She is busy boasting about dating a married man in Joburg and that man she is talking about is my man. I am so disappointed in you. You are just like other friends I had before. You are jealous I am married and you are not. I will pray for you one day”. Shit, she was blowing my cover. I had to think fast under the influence of pain from the slap. But on the other hand I was happy Maite was dumb. I knew she wouldn’t be able to add one and one and get two. I knew she would add one and one and get eleven. Maybe she was somehow related to Jacob Zuma. Maite went “wait hle, what is going on here? Are you Mlungisi’s wife? Stop joking sesi please bathong. Mlungisi’s wife is dark and fat. Unless if you are his rural wife”. She was showing Emily the picture in the phone as she said that. WTF, who keeps a picture of their boyfriend’s wife in their phone? You look at the picture and do what? Say nnyammao sfebe? Aowa Maite was such a psycho bathong. Emily’s face softened and she apologised. She went “I think this whole Poloko situation affected my



brain. I am sorry”. Maite went “can I see the pictures?”. I immediately changed the subject and started talking about Uzalo, the telenovela playing on SABC 1.

I grabbed Emily’s hand and told Maite we were leaving. I didn’t want any further talk that would incriminate me. Maite wanted to ask further questions but I told her I wanted to do some stuff at my place. She was disappointed but let us go anyway. Eish I remembered my place was a no go area for Emily. She would see something and add one & one. I went “my friend, let’s go for drinks. You will be depressed more at my place. Let’s go do some Vodka at Europa”. It was during the week and not at night, I knew Europa wouldn’t be packed. That place is forever packed with students at night, especially male students front Venda. Now I understand why they call them VIP’s, Vendas In Pretoria. Most girls who used to do Europa when they were first year students hate the place now. They prefer the likes of Moloko in Hatfield. Thanks to guys who drive GTI’s, panty droppers mrena. We parked the car at Sunnypark and walked to Europa. It wasn’t packed as I expected. I didn’t want any alcohol in my system but I couldn’t let Emily drink by herself. I had to be there for her. I was the reason she was in that mess after all. We bought a bottle of Skky Vodka and sat by couches at the far corner. You could see the only people there were students. I was a student myself but I didn’t do students. That would be like Lionel Messi playing for Orlando Pirates. Yes my late dad used to make me watch soccer. I know what offside is lol. I didn’t want to get drunk, I only poured a drop of Vodka and lots of Cranberry juice. Emily on the other hand was drowning in the liquid. She was drinking like the world was coming to an end in few hours. After couple of glasses we started dancing to the hiphop music they were playing. I am not a good dancer but because I had a super ass guys looked at me whenever I danced. Emily was very good. Ja people hide their rat tendencies behind marriage. If you didn’t know you would swear she was a single horny bitch looking for a hard dick that day. Maybe she was trying to forget she put her husband in hospital. Poor girl, sfebenyana sa Modimo bathong!!!!!!!!!!

I was tipsy but not drunk. Emily was drunk and she was dancing with young boys. The problem I had with small boys was their tendencies of not wiping their mouth after eating. You do things with him and the following day he has pictures of you all over Facebook. For them is all about proving a point. Mature men might play you but they are unlikely to do childish things with you after the ‘do’. We sat down and continued with our drinking. Some boy who looked 17 or 18 came and asked if

he could join us. I looked at him with maximum disrespect. I wondered where he got the liver to approach us. I saw Emily secretly taking off her wedding ring and putting it in the bag. Shit these married bitches become mgijimis when they are hurt and drunk. She was looking at the boy and biting her lips like a high school girl charmed by an S-curl boy. I almost laughed. I told the boy “hayi voetsek, we don’t want takalani sesame here. Go play with girls your age. Can’t you see we are old enough to be your father’s boyfriend?”. Emily and I laughed and the boy joined in the laughing. He went “well, my father and I have same taste in women. He would be proud of me if he found me in the company of beautiful ladies like you. Please allow me to buy you drinks. It would be an honour”. I loved how he was good with words. It was quite clear he was a player of note. But he was playing on the wrong field at that moment. Emily whispered something in my ear and we both laughed. Emily went “give us money, we’ll go buy another bottle of Skky”. The boy took out an FNB Private Wealth card and went “spoil yourself, it’s on me. Don’t worry about the figures....it’s not a biggie”. My attitude towards him immediately changed. Money is money, it doesn’t matter whether it comes from young or old hand. If baboons had money girls would probably go “he’s so hairy and hunky. I love him”. He asked me to buy whatever we wanted and a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue Label for him. Emily and I were shocked beyond believable point. He went “oh, you can call me Benny Mampuru”. My pussy was smiling at that moment.

I knew we wouldn’t finish a second bottle of Skky Vodka. We just bought it out of greed. He was having his Blue like it was water. I asked him what he was doing at Europa alone. He told me he was tired of drinking with coconuts in the suburbs. Apparently he enjoyed the hood because people were not fake. Emily and I were giving him attention like he was Obama’s son. Truth be told, money is power. When you are a broke nigger, no matter how sweet you can be, majority of girls will not give you attention. Ke life boss. Time flies when fun is order of the day. It was dark when we left Europa and Emily couldn’t hide her panties were wet and her cookie was itchy. I am a naughty girl and that is not a secret. But my pussy has an age restriction. I found Benny hot and all that but I never imagined a boy who still had wet dreams in the morning having sex with me. He wanted us to go to one of his father’s houses but I told him I was not comfortable with it. Emily wanted us to go but I said no. She wasn’t thinking straight. Married women do not think with their brains when they are hurt, they think with the hairy things between their legs.

Emily went “in that case let’s book in”. Emily wanted us to book in at Holiday Inn at SunnyPark but Benny preferred Manhattans at Thabo Sehume Street. After checking in Emily didn’t waste any time, she started kissing Benny and taking off his top. I pretended to be sloshed and threw myself on the couch. I pretended to be snoring. I half-opened my one eye and witnessed a married woman being chowed by a teenager. I don’t wanna lie, I was so horny but I did not want to fuck that cheese boy. I watched them until the last lekunye. They both passed out after the session. When they started snoring I took them pictures with my phone. Remember the insurance right? First For bitches lol. I knew the pictures would come handy very soon. Emily woke me the following morning. I looked around and Benny wasn’t there. She wasn’t well on her face. She had a handwritten note in her hand. She handed it to me and I read it. It was written...

“We should have used a condom last night.... I am h.....”

Booooooom.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 164

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 22, 2015

“True happiness is to enjoy the present, without anxious dependence upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is sufficient, for he that is so wants nothing. The greatest blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach. A wise man is content with his lot, whatever it may be, without wishing for what he has not” – Seneca

In all honesty, having sex without a condom is nicer than doing it with a rubber. Don’t get me wrong, I am not in any way promoting unsafe sex. I am just stating the fact as I personally know it. As much as it is nice, there are many possible negative outcomes. So it is better to choose safety over monate. Imagine a married woman falling pregnant by a kid young enough to be her daughter. Imagine falling pregnant because you decided to take fun to another level with a teenager. Most wives would commit suicide. Researches all over the world show many people get infected after consuming a lot of alcohol. When you are drunk or high you don’t think straight. Those who used to watch Intersexions know what I am talking

about. I continued reading the last part of the note “.....I am happy I had an opportunity to make a beautiful woman like you scream like a first year student. See my number below in case you want us to do it again. Xo xo, Benny wa bantwana”. Wow, I didn’t know what to say. Nigger was complimenting Emily with an element of arrogance in his compliment. I think Emily was regretting doing what she did. I was smiling and laughing and she was in a gloomy mood. I asked if she was ok and she went “Sharon, I must go to hospital and confess to my husband. We will both go to church and ask the pastor to pray for us. What happened last night was not me. I disrespected my marriage and husband. I am not that kind of a woman”. Mxm you see why I hate befriending Christians, especially bazalwane? They always do kak with their eyes and punanis wide open and the following day they go on some regret tip. Nxa tsek, it’s not like Benny raped her. She was the one screaming on top of the poor boy. She even took off her wedding ring on to show she was ready to go naughty. In short, it was a premeditated naughty session. I went “oh poooooleeeeeeezzzz, stop that shit. You had fun with that boy. It’s not like you killed a person or something. Your man cheated and you did the same. You are even now. Stop being a Mother Teresa about the whole thing. Wash your pussy, go buy morning after pills and go home. Case closed...abashwe”.

We checked out and she dropped me at my flat. I was glad she didn’t wanna go inside. I didn’t have a class or any plans that day. And I was not in a mood to study. I think being a student is the most difficult stage of everyone’s life. Studying is just tiring nje. But we have to study because our parents pay a lot of money for us to study. I always ask myself why education is so expensive in South Africa. It’s like education has become luxury. I feel sorry for youth whose parents are too poor to afford our expensive education. Ok enough about education. I lay on my bed deep in thoughts. I was thinking of all men who slept with me over the past 6 months. I was wondering why none of them was still with me. Obakeng came close to putting a ring on my finger but I messed us. Dumi was cool but the nigger had a dick the side of a tampon. The rest were either married or in serious relationships. But if there’s a guy I missed most was Hector. Nigger knew how to fuck me until my pussy burped with joy. There’ll always be a guy in a girl’s life that she gets wet whenever she thinks of. Hector was one such guy to me. I also thought about guys I wanted but never got to date or shag, Mofenyi and TT Scott. I missed them, especially Mofenyi.....a pervert by high grade. Lol I ended up going

thru my ex's or former guys' pictures on Facebook. Hector had more than 1000 pictures of Nomsa in his Facebook albums. I think guys who do that are either cheaters trying to blind the girl OR they are insecure. I know many girls like it when their partners upload their pictures on Facebook. Well, I don't like it. The day things go bad he'll delete all your filtered pictures in less than 5 seconds. Thinking of Hector made me wet underground. Girls will understand, when a nigger fucks you well you get wet by just thinking of his name. I locked the door and started attacking myself with a finger. The good thing about self-service is that you won't have regrets afterwards. There was no Benny with his handwritten notes. It felt so good to gently polish my clitoris. I didn't come but I enjoyed. Only if it was possible to lick myself lol.

I literally spent the whole day doing nothing productive. Emily called me around 8pm to tell me Poloko was home but sleeping in the other bedroom. She went "I am happy kids are not here. Imagine how they were going to be affected by this. Can you believe he didn't even call me to fetch him? He called a cab to fetch him. I think my marriage is over". Mxm I was not in a mood to play Sis Dolly of marriage of a cheating horny couple. I felt ruthless though, I was the one sleeping with her hubby and there she was sharing her problems with me. I told her to give him time to cool down. She was like "do you think I should call Benny? That kid knows his story in the bedroom. I thought Poloko was an expert, Benny is a professor". I told her not to call immediately but wait for few days. I have been in the game for too long to know players hate girls who seem desperate. You must make him think he's not as hot as he thinks. Calling him within 24 hours will only make him think he is all that. She thanked my advice and said good night. I slept early that night. I didn't have any classes until Friday morning. So I had a boring eventless week, which is not a bad thing. On Friday I called Marcus early in the morning to tell him I was still thinking about his offer. I didn't want to bump into him at TUT and face useless questions. I took a bath and headed to TUT. I saw Pulane and she waved at me just before my class. I smiled and waved back. After my classes Pulane walked to me and asked if we could do drinks. I said no but she insisted. I ended up giving in. She told me she craved kasi booze and suggested we go to Soshanguve or Pheli. Soshanguve pubs are forever full of TUT students. I didn't want another Benny situation. I suggested that we do Jack Budha in Mamelodi. She was so happy about the suggestion because she liked the place. It's

one of those booze areas in Mamelodi that stood the test of time. Other clubs come and go but not Jack Budha.

We both went to our places to change. I was glad our beef was over, or maybe we were just faking it. Maite called to ask if I had plans. Lol she was starting to behave like we were friends. I am the type that didn't prefer to hang out with bitches from my hood, especially if they had a difficulty with closing their mouth. I told her I was going to Jack Budha with a friend. She screamed and went "I loves that place hle. You .... Are ..... so ..... not ..... leaving ..... me ..... behind. I am going with you. Actually my married nigger is coming. You don't have to worry about drinks. He will sponsor us. He have money like dust". She assassinated English again. I told her I will check with my friend if she was cool with it. I inboxed Pulane on Facebook Messenger to ask if she was cool with a friend joining us. She asked what kind of a friend. I went "some hoe from my hood. Apparently her sugar daddy is in town and in a mood to paint the town red. Nigger has money like dust". Pulane didn't even think twice, she told me it was cool. The more the merrier. Lol she was behaving like a Xhosa girl that one. I called Maite to tell her "game on". I opened my closet to check what to wear. I chose a white print crop top, white torn Sissy Boy pants and my pink Louboutin heels. I chose a handbag that matched my heels and then rocked shades. I looked in the mirror and fell in love with me. When you are in love with yourself, people will love you. Maite called to tell me she would pick us up with her man in 20 minutes. I wondered where the nigger worked cause it was around 3pm. Most black people are still at work around that time. I was so looking forward to clubbing away from the Sunnyside noise. I called Pulane to tell her to be ready. After about 15 minutes Maite called to tell me they were waiting downstairs. Maite loved competing with me when coming to clothes. I knew very well she was going to be jealous. Just imagine me in a crop top. I knew my ass and sexy yellow body were going to drive men crazy at Jack Budha. I wasn't wearing a bra, so my tits had complete freedom of expression. As I walked down the stairs I heard guys whistling and I thought to myself "Sharon Letsoalo has arrived". When I got downstairs a white BMW GT was waiting for me. I knew it was Maite's boyfriend because it was the only beautiful car there. She didn't like guys who drove cars you could buy with Mo-China winnings, she preferred guys who drove nice cars. You remember Never-Die, Edgar Rathelele, Bra Mjita etc? I opened the door and got in. The first thing

she did was introducing me to her bae, Mlungisi whom she referred to as Mlu. He turned to greet me. His face looked familiar....I knew him from somewhere.

Oh shit!!!!!! I knew him, he was .....

WTF...

The END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 165

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 23, 2015

“Listen to God with a broken heart. He is not only the doctor who mends it, but also the father who wipes away the tears” – Criss Jami

The world is indeed coming to an end. The people we respect and expect the best out of them are the very same people doing despicable things. At first I didn't believe it was him. I know most people cannot see a person once and recognize him when they see him for the second time. Not me, I see a person for 3 seconds and will mos def recognize him the day I see him again. Especially if the person has money or looks dead gorgeous. If the person is ugly I will only see him in my nightmares, especially if you are ugly and broke. The nigger shook my hand and complimented my looks....no, my gorgeous looks. Maite got uncomfortable for a minute. I knew very well she was jealous. She was wearing jeans and a Burberry top. I think it was fake because it looked different from the original ones I knew. Maite had all clothing labels you could think of. 95% of them were bought at Marabastad or Small Street in Joburg. Maite went “mkhaya you looks so beautiful hle. Can I have those heels?”. If I didn't know better I would think she was joking. She was dead serious. The guy didn't recognize me because he didn't see me the day I saw him in Midrand. He was the pastor who picked Poloko when Emily drove me to Pretoria. I remembered him very well, he was driving a Jeep SRT that particular Sunday and was with his wife. Ja, some pastors are not loyal. Pastor on Sunday and a player on other days. People like him are the reason Jesus is delaying his comeback to the earth. I directed the driver to Pulane's place. On our way there I texted Emily “chomi do you remember the pastor who picked up Poloko at the filling station in Midrand on Sunday?”. She texted back “yes chomi. That's my favourite pastor. When he preaches you will see God right in front of you. Pity you

didn't go to church with us. HE even preached about cheating and sleeping around. I so feel dirty you know... Anyway, why are you asking?". It was quite clear pastor Mlu played his cards very well. Emily spoke so highly of him. Only if she knew we were going to use her tithe to buy booze lol. I decided not to tell her the truth. I told her I had a dream about him and she laughed. She texted "maybe it's a sign you should join our church". Mxm church my foot. There was no way I was gonna join a church of cheaters.

Pulane's flat was teeming with people as always. Those who ever stayed at Tambotie in Sunnyside will agree with me that place is full of girls who are generous with their underground. Go there on Saturday afternoon and you will see dozens of expensive cars picking up bitches left right and centre. No wonder Pulane stayed there. It's not a secret her pussy didn't have a lock. I called to tell her to come to the entrance. When she appeared from the gate pastor started coughing uncontrollably. She was wearing the shortest mini-skirt ever. I think guys could see the edges of her fine ass when she walked. Maite frowned. She immediately went "babe, I think it's hot. I wanna go back to my place to wear something for this weather". Lol the bitch wanted to look relevant. She was the type that always wanted to look the sexiest in a group. #Self-Esteem-Issues. Pastor Mlu went "you look gorgeous sthandwa. No need to go change. You are the most beautiful thing in my heart". Lol I almost cracked with laughter when he said that. When you are a side chick you must never take compliments seriously. I mean, if she was most beautiful girl on earth he was gonna put a ring on her finger. She was just a service provider without terms and conditions nje. The day side chicks plant that in their heads will be the day they stop crying of heartbreaks everyday. Maite went "you are the most handsome man on earth hubby". Lol dead by hubby. Some side chicks are ambitious shem. Going around calling other women's husbands hubby is just too desperate whooo shem. Pulane saw me and got in the car. Pastor Mlu immediately adjusted the mirror. We all know what he wanted to see. I introduced Pulane to both of them. Mlu was smiling from ear to ear. Maite said "hi" with some attitude. I guess she felt threatened by Pulane's thighs. She must read the 1st Commandment of being a side chick: 'Never feel jealous or get insecure when he looks at or admire other girls. You are just like a hired car that he needs for a particular reason at a particular time. Calm down sfebe'. The pastor hit the accelerator and we headed to the most popular township in Pretoria, Mamelodi.



Pulane went “what happened to the music? Driver please play some music toe. We don’t want to sleep”. Lol some people lack ‘my-come-together’ shem. How do you get in somebody’s car and start demanding things? People who don’t have cars lack manners ka mmao. I expected the pastor to play Joyous Celebration or Sfiso Ncwane’s music, hope his mother’s fridge is full. Mlu caught me by surprise, nigger played Shumaya and I couldn’t contain myself. Pulane being mogwanthi that she was started screaming “ayooo yoooooh... wa sala wena. Ayoyo ayoba.....jaiva wena”. I could see Maite was disgusted. Lol some girls think sitting on the front seat make them shareholders of the car. Bitch please, sit down. For all we know you are not even a deputy main chick. I literally laughed my lungs out. God bless real pastors who are still loyal to the word of God. We used the N4 Freeway and off-ramped at M14 to join Waltloo Road that led us to Mamelodi West. People were going up and down when we passed Denlyn Shopping complex. Black people love shopping shem. When we got to Jack Budha it wasn’t busy. People in the townships don’t go out during the day. They wait for the darkness to climax before they paint the township red. Mlu insisted that we sit inside. I guess he didn’t want people to see him. Lol marriage life sucks shem, especially if your dick loves multiple holes. I think my booze break was over. I was tired of playing Miss Juice. Pulane and I ordered sweet rose red wine. Maite and her man ordered a bottle of Hennessy Very Special. Lol boMaite mrena, she didn’t even like Hennessy because of that funny taste. She was probably trying to impress Mlu. I’m sure if she met Malema today she would start singing revolutionary songs just to impress Juju. She was as fake as the Burberry top she was wearing. I wondered how she met the poor pastor. She probably prayed until she fell in church so the pastor could notice her. The first glass of wine tasted so heavenly. I missed wine so very much. Maite wanted to take a selfie with Mlu but nigger looked away from the camera when she clicked the camera. 2nd Commandment of being a side chick: ‘Don’t take pictures with him, he is married remember? Know your place bitch’. I almost said it out loud.

When darkness dawned people started jotting in one by one. I was glad it was a mature crowd, not the takalani sesame we saw at Europa. We were on our second bottle of wine when Pulane and I started dancing. I could see Maite wanted to join us but she was scared of Mlu. Nigger was sitting on the couch making love to his cognac. He didn’t even say a thing about being a pastor. I got tempted more than 10 times to tell him I knew the real Mlu. I thought against it because it was none of

my business. After all, he was the one sponsoring our fun that night. Maite started getting kissy-kissy with Mlu and nna le Pulane continued with the dancing. We caught some guys' eyes and they started dancing with us. One of them went "how much per round? I am willing to pay double". You can say whatever you wanna say to, but don't ever ever call me a prostitute. I can be broke for days but I will never ever sell my body for a living. I rather sell skhopas. I slapped the nigger so hard he probably saw his ancestors. He quickly sprinted out of the place before the bouncers showed up. I guess he was embarrassed. I taught him a lesson not to disrespect women. #GirlPowerToTheRise. Mlu saw me slap the guy and he clapped hands. Lol what kinda pastor promotes violence? If you want good house music, Jack Budha is the place to be. When the DJ played Black Coffee's We Dance Again from the album Pieces of Me everyone stood up to dance. Even Mlu was on his feet throwing some moves I have never seen before. I guess Black Coffee's music ushered him with the fun spirit...hallelujah. After dancing Maite called me to accompany her to the loo. When we got there she went "I have a situation. I checked in on Facebook and my boyfriend just called to tell me he's outside. I wanna go outside to beg him to leave. Please keep Mlu busy for me....busy as in make him not notice my absence. I trust you, I know you won't flirt with him. We are too old to share dicks". I was in a hurry to dance, I just nodded to whatever she said. It's not like I expected her to be a saint. She was the type that started dating at crèche. She headed straight to the exit and I went back to the spot we were sitting at. Mlu asked where Maite was and I told him she was shitting in the loo. 2 hours passed and Maite was still nowhere to be seen. Mlu told us he was leaving. Well, we were still having fun but we didn't have any means of transport except for Mlu's car. We decided to leave with him. He was driving like a maniac. I could see he was very angry. We dropped Pulane first. I expected him to go drop me next but he went "we are going to Maite's place. I want you to be the witness. I suspect she has some boy there. I have keys, I'm the one paying for that flat nxa. Bloody ungrateful bitch". Hearing him calling Maite a bitch made me wanna smile. We headed straight to Maite's place. The security guards didn't even ask question. It was quite clear Mlu was a regular there. He unlocked the door and I got my camera ready. I wanted to collect evidence for First For Bitches insurance lol.

He slammed the door open and yho yho yho.....

Boooooom.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 166

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 28, 2015

“Your attachment to unhealthy people and bad habits, which offer you no real control, is why you’re spiritually dying and living a life out of balance” – Shannon L Alder

Mlu was dark with fury on his face. I knew that he was going to do something bad when he found Maite. The people on the bed had covered their entire bodies with sheets. Hayi who does that after having sex when body temperature is high? Mlu walked to the bed and pulled the sheets like a lion making mincemeat of a lazy impala. To our surprise, it was only Maite there. Her eyes were wide open and wet with tears. I knew Maite loved drama but that night I was shocked. I kept asking myself which scheme she was plotting. I knew she left with her so-called boyfriend and expected to find her shagging him. Finding her by herself caught me by surprise. I must admit, I was so disappointed. I wanted to send her sex tape all over the net to embarrass her mxm. Mlu sat next to her and asked why she was crying. Mxm nigger was a fool. It was quite obvious he wasn't from the township. Guys from the hood don't believe easily. A guy from the hood would have searched the flat to look if there was no another nigger in there. Mlu's face changed from that of an angry man to a carrying lover. I was so disappointed in the nigger. If he was my ex Matome from Ga-Sekhukhune 3 hot claps would have landed on Maite's face before any question. Mlu stood up from the bed and fetched a glass of water for the crying Maite. Mxm her tears were probably fake. I went “where is the guy who fetched you in Mamelodi? Did he beat you up? Is he the reason you are crying? I swear I will find him and kill him if he hurt you”. That was not me caring about Maite, it was my indirect way of telling Mlu Maite was fetched by a nigger. I wanted to make sure he dumps Maite on the spot. He was a good rich man and deserved better than a thing like Maite Modika. Maite composed herself and went “yes, he beat me up. I went outside Jack Budha for fresh and he kidnapped me. He forced me inside his car and drove away with me. I screamed but no one could hear me. Mlu I told you my ex is a monster. He's following me wherever I go. Please

love, do something to protect me. I don't feel safe anymore". The stupid Mlu went "I'm sorry love. Don't stress, I will do something about it. I will hunt him down". AMEN, what a fool.

I must admit, Maite pulled a stunt that caught me by surprise, it was more of a Zee stunt. I underestimated her brain. Maite was one of those chicks who uploaded more pictures on Facebook than updated her status. If your friend or girlfriend does that, just know she is a bimbo. She has nothing intelligent to write other than showing off her skin to score attention from perverts. Mlu asked if he should drop me at my place and before I could answer Maite went "no, she's sleeping over. I need a friend right now babe. You can go to your wife, I am sure she's sick worried by now. I'll see you at church on Sunday". WTF, she was playing a funny nasty game. I didn't want to sleep at her place. All I wanted was to go to my place and do some little pussy scratching. I wasn't horny but I could feel it was coming. I told Maite I wanted to go to my place but she said something in our Khelobedu dialect. It was quite clear she didn't want Mlu to understand. She went "ledheke ke nyaka ntho ye o dhowe mane. Ape khennywana kha ka khe kha fisa". She basically meant "you fool, I want this thing to leave. My small punani is still hot". Lol my native language can be funny to those who don't understand it. I call it Queen's language after our Rain Queen Modjadji. I understood exactly what she meant and gave in. I went "it's ok Mlu. I'll spend a night here to support a friend in need. You can come check her up tomorrow if she ain't going to your church of...uhm ja". I wanted to say church of cheaters but thought it would sound wrong. Mlu kissed Miss Modika and left. As soon as he left I turned to Maite and demanded answers. She laughed and went "yho I almost got caught. My boyfriend went to McDonald's to buy us food. I'm 100% he is on his way back. That's the reason I wanted Mlu to leave as quick as possible. That dude shagged me like he wanted to kill me. it's like he was punishing me for going to Mamelodi without him. Hayi ke lekompo daai man"

I asked her how we were going to sleep because her nigger was coming back. She told me not to worry about it because she had a plan. Mmmhhhh bitch was on some plan tip. To her word, when nigger came back she went "babe, you remember the Sharon I told you I was with at Jack Budha? Ja, she lost her keys in Mamelodi and now she's sleeping here. Hope you don't mind. We will have our time next time. And thanks for food and theeee.... You know". Lol nigger was so

understanding. He was the opposite of what she described to Mlu earlier. I loved to hate that Maite, she had gained some brains the couple of months I didn't see her. Nigger left without arguing with her. He probably only agreed to leave because he had already launched his missile in her underground. I know a guy will never leave in the middle of the night before he chows you. I know a guy who once threatened to throw his chick out the window because she denied him service delivery. Nigger was so horny he wanted to kill her for her own pussy. Maite thanked me for covering her ass. I told her it was not my style but was happy I could be sinner like her for few minutes. She laughed and told me like my friend Kea who acted all goody-goody on for her to reveal her true colours later on. We both laughed. She just made me miss my old Tswana friend Kea and her drama. I told her I'd sleep on the couch because her sheets smelled of sea food. Because I could hit the couch her phone rang. She spoke for about 7 minutes. She was mixing Xitsonga and English. It was quite clear she was talking to a Tsonga guy. After the call she took her handbag and went "Eish mokhotsi, Never-Die is downstairs to pick me up. I tried to say no but you know how stubborn Tsonga guys are. You can leave with my keys in the morning. I'll fetch them at your place". Confirmed, Maite was such a 'MMAMPAKALA'. Her pussy was a modern day slave. Just imagine going to deliver service few minutes after opening legs to another guy. And the sad part she was going to give it a Tsonga guy. May God bless her pussy, Amen.

The following morning I woke up around 3 to go back to my crib. I was feeling a bit dizzy. It was probably because of the seafood smell I inhaled the entire night. For some reason I didn't like my place anymore. So much shit had happened there. I took a bath and decided to visit JT. I called her before leaving my place just to confirm if she was around. Luckily she was around and bored. Mxm when I got to her place I learned she lied when she told me she was bored. She had a bevy of about 4 half-naked girls on her bed massaging and doing all sort of things to her. I didn't even knock cause I thought she was alone. When she saw me she went "ekse Ntwana, o tsene ka nako e grand as I was about go gaola starter, main course, dessert and some wine". She was kissing them one by one as she said that. She looked like some pimp from some action movie. It was funny and disgusting at the same time. Part of me was jealous but I reminded myself she was in the friend-zone. I told her I was leaving because it was quite clear she was busy. She quickly raised her head and went "tsek tsek tsek difebe. Vayang nou kaofela. Ke batla go chilla le ntwana nou. Ke tla le bhelela when I have airtime. Gaan tsek".

Surprisingly, they all stood up and left without asking any questions. JT was quite powerful in her circle of bitches. We chilled for about 2 hours talking about life. Emily called to tell me she was bored. I sent her my location and told her to come chill with her. I reminded her to buy some booze on her way. Lol shem, her marriage was crumbling and the naïve Emily was unknowingly warming up to the enemy. I didn't mind anymore, it wasn't my fault she was too blind to see what was going on. It was quite clear she learnt bofebe late in her life. Bitches will tell you within a week that their men are cheating. Experience count ....believe me. After talking to Emily I received an SMS from Maite. She wanted her keys. I texted back to tell her where I was. I received another sms 7 minutes later to tell me she was at the gate. To my surprise when I got to the gate Maite wasn't there. I only saw a sad looking Never-die sitting in his car. You know when a Tsonga guy is sad he looks 'really sad'. They look like someone applied fake make up on their face. I went to the driver's window and gave him Maite's key. I asked "why do you look so ugly and sad?".

He looked at me and slowly said "Maite committed suicide at my place earlier....."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 167

BY [SHAZ](#) · OCTOBER 29, 2015

"Nobody likes being alone that much. I don't go out of my way to make friends, that's all. It just leads to disappointment" – Haruki Murakami

There are so many things that we don't take seriously as black people. A person can get sick and we can manage to make a joke about. We can even make memes and laugh about it. Someone can lose a job and we will gossip about it. A friend can get dumped and we will talk and laugh about the entire week. We even laugh at our poor neighbours for being skinny. But death is one thing we take seriously. You should see how black people behave when they see a hearse carrying a dead body, they all go quiet and wear a disconsolate mood on their faces. That's what happened to me when Never-Die told me Maite committed suicide. Somehow I knew her bitching way was not normal. Maybe it got too much and she committed

suicide. Part of me hoped Never-Die would tell me he was just joking. Nigger even had tears gathering in his eyes. I begged him to tell me he was just joking but nigger insisted he was dead serious. He went “she told me you had the keys. I wanna take her dead body to her place because I don’t want bad spirits at my place. Are you gonna help me carry the body?”. Was he flipping kidding? I literally left him there and ran back to JT’s flat. I was shaking and sweating. I didn’t like Maite that much but she didn’t deserve to die that young. I was sad, scared and shocked, you can call it treble S if you want. JT went “keng nkare o bone spoko sa moruti wa gay? Dintshang ntwana? Eh don’t tell me nyaope e chunne mawaza ka wena. Ringa le JT please”. I wanted to tell her Maite committed suicide but words were stuck in my throat. I don’t blame me though, just imagine someone you were with not long ago dying. It’s a traumatic experience I’m telling you. JT saw I was serious and stood up to embrace me in her arms. My phone rang and it was a call from Maite’s phone. I almost fainted thinking Maite was back from the dead. I answered and Never-die’s voice went “please come to the car. It’s very important, I beg you”. I kept a brave face and went there. To my surprise Maite was sitting on the front seat eating one of those R1 snacks”. I almost ran away thinking I was seeing a ghost. Maite laughed and went “I saw you when I was buying discopas at the corner. Nevi told me about the prank and I cracked. I am so sorry but glad you showed you care about me. Drinks on me today”.

Mxm some pranks are not funny. I was angry at them for pulling that prank on me. Even the king of pranks Whackhead Simpson doesn’t prank people about death. Maite told me she was planning to occupy Moloko in Hatfield later and she wanted to take me with. Under normal circumstances I was gonna say not but nobody says no to expensive booze. I asked who was going to sponsor drinks and she laughed. I didn’t ask out of disrespect, I knew the only booze the bitch could afford was a bottle of the cheapest Drostdy Hof. And I knew she was stingy. She was the type that had ‘Ministers’ in her cabinet aka pussynet. She had ministers of booze, finance and minerals (minister who went underground). Lol I know it’s every guy’s dream to be Minister of Minerals. She told me it was girls’ night out and she was going to fund it. It was unbelievable but I agreed anyway. We agreed to leave around 19h00. We did our goodbyes and they left. I walked back to JT’s flat and caught her changing her tampon. She immediately ran to the bathroom. I guess that’s the only time God reminds lesbians they are still women. JT never spoke about girl things like periods and stuff. Actually, I hear lesbians don’t talk about

such things. I asked if she was ok and she went “it’s not your news”. Emily called because the ‘my location’ I sent led her to Burgers Park. I gave her direction telephonically and waited for her at the gate. She was wearing a white mini-dress and the highest heels I have ever seen. I must admit, she looked young and gorgeous. I asked what the occasion was and she went “hawo chomi, I just wanted to look gorgeous today. Is it a crime?” I laughed and told her it was not a crime. If I were a man I’d be worried whenever my woman dressed up in a way Emily was dressed up. It was quite clear she wasn’t in her clothing comfort zone because she kept pulling the skirt down. I was not sure but I think it had something to do with the Benny Factor. She tasted a young dick and she suddenly felt young. No wonder chicks who shag old madalas look old.

When we got to JT’s flat my friend was all dressed up. I asked JT what the occasion was and she went “ke batla go ja a new cake vandag. I’m tired of biltong everyday”. I told Emily about JT before and she laughed whenever JT opened her mouth. JT went “mara Ntwana, skeem sa gago ke lepsatla straight. Nka ja o nka nona thwii. Konje ke mang lebitso la hae? Nka mo licka kuze kuse ka mmao. Or kanjani skeem sam’ sa di up and down?”. I could see Emily was so flattered. She smiled from ear to ear. I felt underdressed. JT was in beige chinos, white Polo shirt and Caterpillar boots. She had a black Jordan cap on her head. She looked like a million dollar lesbian. Emily and I complimented her and she went “tsek, keep those fake compliments for chomi tsa le tsa difebe. Nna ke lenyora”. Emily told us she had some booze in her car and JT was like “bofa lephondo mabebeza. Re tla di bona tomorrow. Today we are going wherever I say we must go”. Lol I guess she didn’t know Emily had church to go to the following day. Emily just smiled and said nothing. I told them I wanted to go change into something appropriate. JT went “you mean something too revealing? Hayi difebe tsa Sunnyside mrena. It’s ok, we’ll go to your place first”. We wanted to use Emily’s car but she insisted we use hers. I told her she wasn’t completely healed and it was unsafe for her to drive. She went “when did God die and appointed you his successor? Ke transie ya ka e and ke tla driver. If o na le problem.....slyza tsosti ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha”. Emily was dead with laughter. JT looked at her and went “o tshenga too much le wena. O tla be wa reach orgasm”. That was my turn to laugh. I wanted to take the front seat but JT insisted Emily take the front. She probably wanted to see the thighs. She was an underground pervert. As expected, she started playing Kwaito. She was playing Zola’s Umdlwembe. I loved the song but it was a no no for me



inside a car. I asked her to play Black Coffee and she went “reka transie ya hao and play Black Coffee ha ha h ah ha”.

I decided to wear a mini-dress too. I didn't want all attention to go to Emily wherever JT was taking us to. I chose a yellow one. It was so tight it showed my beautiful body frame. My curves and the ass were out there for everyone to see. I wanted to do a white one but I didn't want Emily to think I was a copycat. It's not a big deal to guys but I knew us girls take things personally when coming to fashion copying. I looked at myself in the mirror and twerked and I saw guys going horny in my imagination. No girl wants to dress up for walls, we dress to impress. Not that we want to be chowed all the time we dress up. But it's a plus when I'm dressed up and all guys give me attention. I knocked at Nwabisa's bedroom and she didn't respond. She had become very distant. Maybe she was hooked on drugs. I walked back to JT's car. It was a norm for guys to whistle and throw all sorts of compliments whenever I dressed up. I pretended they were irritating but deep inside I enjoyed every second of it. It was evidence that Makoma and Piet with little help from Denzel made a very beautiful creature. When JT saw me she was like “tjonanana Modimo was kgotso le Abrahama le Moshe. Nkare o last born ya Joseph and Maria. O pila nkare you were conceived on your parents' payday. Girls today no one will touch you. You are all mine. If le difebe #BofebeMustFall today. Case closed”. The yellow bone in me blushed. Maite called and I ignored her calls. I ended up switched off my phone because she kept calling. I guess she wanted to take me to Moloko as per our arrangement. I preferred being with JT and Emily than the dickholic Maite. JT took us to TopFlo, some club in Arcadia. It was my first time going there and I was excited. Everyone looked at the Fantastic Three when we got there. JT was in the middle surrounded by 2 beautiful women in mini-dresses and high heels. I don't know if I was imagining things but some people were taking us pictures. Emily whispered “I am so glad to be your friend. You are the best ever thing since Aqua Fresh”. JT chose a cool spot for us and drinks started flowing. She became rude and mean whenever other guys tried to hit on us. She was so protective. I felt safe around JT, so I drank like nobody's business. By 10pm I was so sloshed I started kissing JT. Emily felt left out and would now and then kiss JT. We were having fun shem. I didn't see her coming, all I heard was her going “you are not loyal Sharon Letsoalo mxm”

I looked up and a drunken voice went “PASTOR.....”



she told me they went to fuck in the car. I knew she was just being sarcastic so I ignored her. I asked for a new glass because I didn't want any mistakes. I was drunk but I was still more intelligent than Maite when she's sober.

JT and Emily came back after 20 minutes or so. The smile on Emily's face was priceless. I asked where she was and she just smiled. She whispered "where were you all along mara hey? I love you. I love your friends. I have been in Pretoria for couple of hours and Poloko has not crossed my mind. You guys make me forget what used to be the most important person in my life. He made a mistake by cheating on me. He's probably with the bitch he cheated me with. Hope they both die of AIDS". Mxm she was referring to me as a bitch without knowing. She was going on blaming Poloko for this and that but she was doing the same thing. Actually, I think she had it in her for many years but she was just waiting for something to trigger it. Poloko's cheating brought out the worst in her. I know many bitches like her. They normally hide behind church or strict parents. Once they see a loophole their punanis start vibrating whenever they see a sexual organ. I asked her if she did something with JT and she told me to mind my own business. JT was like "Ntwana, nna ke lapile le motete wa ka o na le sthitho. Let's leave. I'm dropping you and Maite then Emlizizo will fetch her car at my headquarters". I could sense she was up to something and didn't like it. Emily was an adult and capable of making her own decisions, but she was still married. She was married to a nigger I shagged. Ja indeed we live in a messed up world. I helped Maite to stand up and we staggered to JT's Golf 1. Emily took the front seat and Maite and I took the back seat. We dropped Maite first. Bitch didn't want to get off. I guess her forever open pussy wanted something to scratch. Any girl that is capable of chowing 3 guys in one day should have a brother named after her. Imagine the famous brothel in Pretoria, Capital Inn, known as Maite Inn. It would mos def attract many foreigners and Vendas. Akere they love big holes because their things don't struggle to get in. I went "aowa Maite, no one has a dick here. Go sleep, you'll go dick-hunting tomorrow". JT and Emily laughed. Eventually she got off the car and left.

I also didn't wanna get off the car when we got to my place. I even suggested that I drive to Jozi with Emily but she shot it down. Emily went "no that won't be possible my friend. You know how things are at home. Poloko and I are not talking. I don't wanna put more strain on our relationship". It was quite obvious

she was planning something and I was not part of it. JT went “ntwana, I bought you booze and food. Entlik ufunani manje? You want my dick?”. Lol that was funny. I got off the car and walked up to my flat. The lift wasn't working, so I took the stairs. I almost fainted when I bumped into a very drunk Never-Die walking down the stairs. I asked him what the hell he was doing there and he went “where is that friend or whatever of yours? She took my car earlier because you guys planned to go to Moloko. She promised to bring the car back immediately after midnight. Now her phone is off. I told her to come fetch me at Cappello but she didn't come. I went to her place and the security guards told me she wasn't there. So I assumed she is here with you”. Wow Maite was the new Zee. I was so confused because Maite told me she went to Moloko with Mlu. Something wasn't adding up there. And to add to my confusion, I was 100% sure she didn't have a car at TopFlo. She didn't say anything about Nevi's car. Nevi asked if I knew where she was. I didn't know what to say. So I went “she's not here and I don't know where she is. Maybe she's still out there partying or back at her place. Maybe the security guards didn't see her leave. You should go back to her place and ask the security guards to walk you to her unit”. I was so tired and sleepy. All I wanted was my ntomfontomfo bed. I could see in his eyes that he didn't believe a thing I said. I hate it when I'm in the middle of other bitches' mess. I was tempted to tell him the truth but my heart told me not to. I told him to call his tracker company and they will tell him the location of the car. He went “my car doesn't have a tracker anymore. And anyway, my battery is dead”. Trust a Tsonga guy not to have a tracker on a VW car in Pretoria.

I told him I wanted to sleep and that he should go look for his wife and car. He was like “please come with me. Let's go to her flat together. I will drop you back as soon as we find her”. I told him I was sleepy and wanted to sleep. He went “if you go with me I will give you a spa voucher and oh, I also have tickets to Cassper Nyovest's Fill Up The Dome. Maybe I can consider giving them to you if you are interested”. I didn't think twice. I went “let me go change this mini-dress and wear something appropriate for an after midnight walk”. He walked behind me as I walked to my flat. I told him to wait in the sitting room while changing. I wasn't wearing any underwear, so it felt so good when I took the dress off. The fresh air from the window was very friendly to my pussy. I opened the closet to look for jeans. The next thing I felt a hand touching my bum and another one massaging my spine. If I was sober I would have screamed. When you are sloshed your brain

functions the opposite way. Nevi went “what’s taking you took long? I have been waiting for over an hour now. But I don’t blame you, with a beautiful body like you it must be some sort of an artistic procedure to get dressed”. I closed my eyes and went “Never-Die please...please don’t do this to me. I am Maite’s friend for heaven’s sake”. I grabbed a towel and swung towards the window. He followed me and tried to kiss me. I moved to the other side of the bed. He tried to follow me but fell like a toddler falling while running after mommy. I went “that’s what you get for running after a pussy under the influence of alcohol, speed kills mrena. Arrive Alive”. I quickly took out my key, got out of the room and locked Nevi in. It was so funny, especially since I was under the influence of booze. When you are drunk stupid things are exciting. Nevi knocked and asked me to open but I just laughed. He knocked until he got tired then he went silent. I was proud of me for not giving my pussy just like that. I ain’t like Maite who opens her legs like Metrorail trains. I went to knock on Nwabisa’s door. There was silence but luckily the door wasn’t locked. I opened and slept next to her. The way she was dead-asleep it was quite clear she was drunk or high. Around 6am I kinda felt guilty and decided to go unprison Nevi. When I unlocked the door Nevi was sleeping on my bed naked. He was sleeping on his back with his mrengerenge lying there like a black mamba. I got in and locked the door. Nigger was snoring. Does God still make men who don’t snore? I licked the tip of his dick and mewed like a Chinese cat. I took a pillow and covered his head. I didn’t want to see his face. Guys from far North look scary in the morning after a heavy night of drinking. I lollipopped his dickhead and nigger started doing Gangnam style with his toes. I grabbed his balls and I ..... mxm some people are enemies of progress. Nwabisa went “Sharon, you have a visitor”. I told her to tell the visitor to go away because I was busy.

I heard a knock on my door and a voice went “wake up my friend. I came to fetch you. We are going to church”

WT.....MXM.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 169

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 3, 2015

“It doesn’t matter how many times you fail. Stand up and try again!!! You don’t know how close you are to be quitting . You could be quitting an attempt before success” – Casspper Nyovest

When you are stealing a dick the least you expect is some bitch he’s shagging showing up at your door in the morning. I was a good girl the previous night. Nevi wanted to feed me with his mrengerege but I resisted the temptation. I deserve at least 40% mark for that. If I wanted to ride him I would have slept with him when I had a chance to. Technically speaking, I didn’t throw myself at him. I just felt guilty in the morning because I made him fall while chasing me. Generally, I am not a bad girl. I care about other people. Maite continued “open the door girl. I’ll wait for you to take a bath and change. I want us to make a good impression at church. They must know Limpopo has beautiful girls. Plus I’m driving Never-Die’s machine today. He’s probably fuming wherever he is. I promised to take the car back last night but I couldn’t because my other boyfriend from Centurion was using it. Nxa the fool only brought it back early this morning. That ugly Shangaan guy will probably kill me when he sees me. But don’t stress, I know his weakness. He loves sex more than anything. I’ll just open my legs and he’ll close his mouth. Come on now, wake up and let’s go”. Never-Die’s face changed immediately. I knew it was because of what she said about his car. You can do whatever to men but never ever mess with their cars. A car is like an extended body part to men. It’s like hair to us. Hearing she took his car and gave it to another guy made him furious. He wanted to get off the bed but I used all the powers I had to prevent him from doing so. He wanted to shout but I covered his mouth with a cushion. I grabbed his balls and squeezed them. They were so big I felt like I had a head of a dark baby in my hand. I whispered “if you move I will squeeze them harder. Shut the fuck up and let me deal with this. You will deal with your bitch far from here. I don’t want her to think I’m shagging you behind her back. I beg you to understand and I will give you a plan. Are we on the same page mrena?”. He nodded with pain written all over his face. Maite went “keng mo-girl? Don’t tell me JT slept over and you had a three-some with the other chick. Wake up maaaaan”.

I went “ah gerrarra here wena. I have a terrible headache. Please go to the garage and buy me something for headache while I try to wake up. My head is pounding monna. Damn I will never touch alcohol anytime soon”. She went “don’t worry, I always keep Disprin in my bag. Unlock the door and have some”. Shit, the bitch

was starting to bore me. I was trying to make a plan to get rid of her but she kept countering whatever plan I came up with. I went “hayi I don’t use Disprin. It affects my menstrual cycle. Please go buy Grand Pa for me at the garage. Please I beg you. Unless if you want your dear friend to die”. She was like “it’s ok. I’ll go but it at the garage. Problem is I don’t have any money with me. Give me R20 and I will quickly go buy the stuff for you. Next time you must always have tablets in your bedroom. I am not your errands boy”. Jerrrrrr she really wanted to get in. Never-Die told me to tell her to check money in his car. I went “Never-Die says.....i mean never ever say that..... Uhm, check in the car. I’m sure that ugly boyfriend of yours keeps money somewhere in the car. And what kinda woman walks around without money in her bag? Are you that broke? I thought your boyfriend Never-Die gives you money”. She laughed and went “ha ha h ah ha ha I wish. You know Tsonga guys are very stringy. I just like him for the big dick. Other than that he’s nothing to me. I have Mlu and other guys for other things. This Tsonga is just a dick provider. Do you really think I would take an ugly Tsonga guy as a serious boyfriend? Mxm pssssssh please take me seriously. Anyway, let me go buy you the stuff you need. You better be up when I come back”. Nevi tried to run to the door but I blocked him. He whispered “please don’t touch my balls this time. Let me kill that bitch for once and for all. Plus I know you don’t like her. I know she doesn’t like you. Let me kill her so we can make the world a better place for all of us”.

As soon as there was silence Nevi went “now continue with the blow job before I deal with that person”. Lol nigger thought he was the in thing. I looked at his dick and almost puked. It had some colourless liquid on the urethral exit. Shit, things we suck though. I told him the game was over because I didn’t want any drama with his girlfriend. He screamed “she is not my girlfriend. She is a bitch. A broken bitch beyond repair. You know what, you can go bury your lips where the sun doesn’t shine”. I laughed and went “ha ha ha ha ha ha that place is definately not Malamulele because I know the sun shines even at night there”. He got dressed and left. Nigger sulked because I didn’t want to blow him. I locked my door because I knew there was no way Maite was going to come back. Never-Die was either going to kill her or KILL HER. I switched on my phone and updated my status on Facebook “Some bitch is about to be dealt with. Have a beautiful Sunday hoes and guys with big dicks. My hands are clean”. I was that girl that could post whatever I wanted on Facebook. I made sure I blocked people who would tell my parents

what I write. Within a second Maite commented “ha ha ha here I am queuing at the garage for your headache stuff and o busy updating bodhekere on Facebook. Hope you are up or else o tlo nyela”. Lol I laughed so hard I released a sexy fart. She wasn’t even aware Nevi was on her tail. I liked her comment and replied with “Lol if I were you I would shapa Slyza tsotsi. Good luck girl. See you soon .....or not”. Our Facebook friendship was on and off. I blocked her whenever we fought and unblocked her when things are fine. Some dude commented with “Hawu hawu hawu weh maaaaaaah.... Uyisilima uyazi? Unjani mara heh?”. At first I didn’t recognize who he was but I was furious he had the guts to call me a fool. Zulu guys can be very forward. His name was Charmaboy Dumz. It was only when I opened the profile picture and looked closely that I noticed it was Dumi the dicklet. I didn’t even know how I was Facebook friends with him. It was probably one of those random friend requests that I just accepted without checking. I responded “Zulu boy, I said guys with big dicks. We know God was out meat when he made your dicklet. Now phola msunu kanyoko nxa”.

I logged out of Facebook and enjoyed my Sunday morning sleep. As I expected, Maite never came and we know why. My plan was to call later just to confirm Nevi beat the hell out of her. While I was still enjoying my sleep my phone rang and it was Selfie’s mom. She didn’t sound like her normal happy self. She went “my son I have sick. Since last days my head is ting ting ting ting everyday. I am stressful because Selfie’s father is cheated me with the the girl from plaas. Askies my son please”. Wow it was heartbreaking to hear her emotionally paining like that. I tried to play Sis Dolly and told her to pray. She said we must close eyes and said a prayer “God please makes the penis small outside and makes penis nice in home. Amen”. Jerrrrr it was a bit awkward hearing her say such. She was more of a big aunt to me lol. After the call I found myself laughing like a mad man. I couldn’t sleep anymore. So I woke up and bathed. After bathing I chilled with Nwabisa for couple of minutes before heading back to my bedroom. For the first time in ages I didn’t know what to do. I called Emily but her phone was off. I guess she was at church praying for her cheating sins to be forgiven. I called JT and her phone was also off. It was unlike her to switch her phone off on Sunday mornings. I had hangover and wanted something to drink but I couldn’t go out alone. I decided to drink coke and chill in my room. My phone rang and it was Poloko. He went “please come downstairs right now. I only need 2 minutes of your time”. I told him I didn’t want to see him but he begged me to come downstairs



because he had something important to discuss with me. I gave in and went downstairs. I got in the car he started the engine and we drove towards Laudium, some Indian suburb in Pretoria. I asked him what he wanted and he told me he just wanted some company nje. I congratulated him on his recovery and he said thanks. For 30 minutes he didn't say anything about his wife. We passed Laudium and he turned red at some gravel road that led us to some informal settlement called Mooiplaas. He was like "I wanna show you something. Just relax neh". I had a bad feeling but I believed God was with me. We got at some yard with 2 shacks and he stopped the car. He looked at me and went "why did you sell my wife your friend? I had her followed last night and she slept a flat of some chubby dude in Pretoria Central. Did you sell my wife?"

I laughed at his ridiculous behavior and the next thing he .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 170

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 4, 2015

"I was in the biggest breakdown of my life when I stopped crying long enough to let the words of my epiphany really sink in. That whore, karma, had finally made her way around, and had just bitch-slapped me right across the face. The realization only made me cry harder" – Jennifer Salaiz

I got to notice that most of the problems and negative situations I got in were because of my foolhardiness and thoughtlessness. After what I had done to Poloko and the whole picture thing, it was very stupid of me to agree to see him. Men are not like women, they don't forgive easily. He probably still possessed the grudge inside his heart. However, I didn't expect him to think I sold his wife to some guy. Like really now, the day we slept at the hotel he was still in hospital. There was no way he saw us getting into the hotel OR sent someone to stalk us. I assumed he was either fishing or just trying to hide the fact that he cheated. But when he slapped me on the face I knew he meant business. Most people seem to think it's only uneducated men who physically abuse their women. You will be surprised. Professors and professionals turn into monsters behind closed doors. Poloko was a

psychologist, he understood the effects of physical abuse, especially on women. I tried to open the door and run away but I couldn't. These modern cars are not loyal, they give the driver all the powers to do whatever he wants. He went "are you gonna tell me why you sold my wife or you want me to irrigate your face with more slaps?". It was during the day but I couldn't see people around us. I was shocked Poloko knew those kinda places. Most middle class blacks hardly go to squatter camps. I went "why did you hit me? Why? I will get you arrested and you will rot in jail. Don't blame me for your marital problems. Nxa you are unable to sort your problems and you want to use me as a scapegoat. Man up and solve your own problems. Stop hiding behind a chick you shagged". Cheating men are the most secure in the world. They always think their women are out there shaping kwasa kwasa with their vaginas. They are just like fathers who date young girls. They are very protective with their daughters. If your father is abnormally protective with you, chances are he's screwing girls your age. Poloko slapped me again and for a second I thought I had lost my tooth. He went "bitch if you don't wanna tell me truth I will make you suffer. You will REGRET the day you met me".

May God bless men who blame their wives when they cheat instead of looking for scapegoats. Few hours earlier I was the one laughing because I thought Maite was going to be dealt with strategically. They say Karma is a bitch, I say Karma is a whore. Maybe that's the reason Karma gunned for me instead of Maite. They were both whores. Nigger took out his phone and called someone. All I heard was "boys you can come. She's acting stubborn". He pressed some button in the car and the door opened. I tried to escape but the next thing I fell in the hands of some two niggers who smelled as if the last time they saw water was when Zuma still had only 2 roundavels in Nkandla. One of them covered my mouth with his hand that smelled like a vagina of a cheap mechanic while the other one carried me. I tried to scream for Poloko to help me but my mouth was blocked. I tried to look back and I saw Poloko's car leaving. Every part of my body got wet except for my pretty pussy. The first thought that came to my mind was the rape ordeal in Mozambique. Those guys looked like they had not seen a pussy in decades. I knew they would turn my punani into mogodu/tripe within 2 minutes. They tied me and covered my mouth with a cloth. One of them looked an offspring of a baboon and a sea lion. I would die if such thing inserted his dick in my pussy. I felt tears of relief when I heard one of them going "boss told us not to touch this one. I think it's one of his

many side dishes”. But being called a side dish got to my nerves. If my mouth wasn’t covered I was gonna say “side dish ke mmao wa go tshwana le Homo Naledi”. I didn’t even expect them to speak English. I was expecting them to bark or something. They left me in the shack and went outside. I could tell they were outside because they were talking. I wanted to hear what they were talking about but I couldn’t hear a thing. I tried to untie myself but the wires they used were too strong for me. I felt helpless and useless.

About 2 hours without anyone checking up on me. When I heard sound of a car stopping outside I got a relief. I knew it was probably Poloko, a sober Poloko who changed his mind. I hoped he was coming to apologise and take me home. After all, he was the guy I shagged very good. The door opened and the next thing Emily fell right next to my feet. Shit, that was some unexpected bullshit. They didn’t even say a thing, they just threw her inside and locked the door. She was also shocked to find me in there. She went “what the hell are you doing here?”. My saliva ran dry and I couldn’t breathe a word, especially since my mouth was covered. She tried to open the door but it was locked. She took out the cloth they covered my mouth with. I went “you your your bloody husband kidnapped me. He’s the one who brought me to this place. Where the fuck did you go after dropping me at my place last night? Didn’t you go home?”. She told me she slept at JT’s place and they had sex all night long. Nxa I wasn’t interested in her all night long sex and shit. Her uncalculated sferbsm got me in shit and all she could say was long long what what shit. She was lucky my hands were tied. I was gonna perform an unprofessional face-job on her face. She told me her man was many things but he was not capable of the shit I was accusing him of. She was more concerned about how Poloko got hold of me. Some women are very stupid. We were in a hostage situation and all she cared about was defending her man. I asked her who brought her and she went “I was hijacked and the hijackers brought me here. What is going on? Something is not adding up. How did they know I know you? I mean, they wouldn’t take us to same place if they didn’t know us”. I told her how Poloko accused me of selling her but she didn’t believe any word from my mouth. I reminded her how he cheated on her and that made her defend Poloko more. I told her to stop defending shit and start screaming for help. She told me they told her if she screams they would kill and throw her in a river full of crocodiles. I told her to untie me but before she could the door opened.

“Are you gonna untie that one? You have time to pull. Stay away from snakes because they will destroy you and your family. She has been pretending all along, she is sleeping with your husband right under your nose. She slept with him in your own house while you were sleeping. She used a strong muti to fall for her sexual charm. Now she is trying to turn you into her. She is the one who sent those pictures of Poloko between her thighs. Apparently she has done that to other couples before. Haven’t you noticed things changed in your family the minute she walked into your lives?”. Those words came from the mouth of one of the guys who tied me. Ja ne, Poloko played his game very well. He obviously told the guy what to say. Nigger was so convincing I almost believed some of the things he said. I could see thru Poloko’s plan, nigger was trying to use me to get back with wife. He plan was doubt-proof and I knew Emily was most likely to believe it because women have a tendency of thinking their men are saint even after doing bad stuff. Emily’s eyes went wide and she went “WHAT THE FART DID YOU JUST SAY?”. The nigger left without locking the door. Emily looked at me straight in the eyes and asked “is it true?”. I wanted to say no but the look in her eyes was very scary. She looked like some character from a horror movie. I stuttered “yeeeeee sssss nnnnnn oooooo oooooonoooo nooo I can explain. Don’t believe everything you hear from.....”. I didn’t finish that one. Emily grabbed something that looked like an ex piece of what used to be a hosepipe. She started whipping the hell out of me. My hands were tied and there was no way I would be able to defend myself. She was saying all sorts of things as she whipped me. I used my tied hands to cover my face because I didn’t want any scars on my yellow-boness. She started kicking me and throwing whatever she could find on me. The pain was so unbearable and I could feel I was going to die. I closed my eyes and asked God to welcome me in His home.

.....it was dark and cold. I opened my sore eyes and there was water next to me. I  
.....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 172

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 7, 2015

“It is always uplifting to the restless thoughts, to the sleepless eyes and to the troubled heart to be able to watch their kids sleeping peacefully. The innocent eyes, those little noses and the slight movement of their mouth from breathing, makes all the pain go away. It’s like a melodious sound that inspire you to put aside all the worries and just keep going because life flows, moves” – Carl Gornal

That moment when your eyes ejaculate their vision on someone you never expected to see. I mentioned before that my mom and I didn’t enjoy the best of the relationship, especially since I moved to Gauteng. Don’t get me wrong, I loved my mom but she was just somebody I didn’t enjoy being close to. I was more close to Selfie’s mom than my own mother. I could spend a week without talking to her and I would feel nothing inside me. Since my dad died we drifted further apart. Imagine my shock when I saw her inside Marcus’ yard wearing leggings and a crop top. My mother loved things but she only enjoyed those things at her home. Marcus and Pearl had separated but it was still her house. Imagine a woman my mom’s age going up and down in another woman’s house in crop tops. I was so disturbed. Marcus was a friend to my late father, and to some extension my mother’s but I didn’t expect her to visit him and wear crop tops in his yard. What bothered me more was the fact that she never bothered to tell me she was in Pretoria and I didn’t even know how long she had been around. I wanted to dig a hole and bury myself in. When she saw me she went “oh my lovely daughter, come here and give mommy the biggest hug ever”. I almost said WTF to her. She didn’t even read the disgust on my face. I so hated Makoma at that moment. I couldn’t help it but imagine Marcus on top of my mom shagging her like she was some bitch. He was the guy I did the do with couple of months back. The thought of him fucking my mom made me wanna puke. I couldn’t even look at my mom in the eyes the way I was so pissed. When I walked closer to her she noticed the little bruise on my face. She wore a motherly expression on her face and asked what happened. I told her I was scratched by some girl at our netball game. I could see she didn’t believe me but I didn’t give her a chance to ask me further questions. She went “I am concerned about your weight. You look sick. What happened to the sexy body Ma.....Piet and I gave you?”. To be honest, my mom had a sexy body. Her ass and curves were on point. She was an older version of me. I was a Golf 7 R and she was a Golf 5 R32.

Without hiding the disgust on my face I went “if I may ask, what exactly are you doing in Pretoria? I didn’t even know you are coming. Furthermore you are in another woman’s house dressing like a 14 year old”. I think that took her by surprise because her face changed immediately. I always respected my mom and whenever she made me angry I would run to my bedroom and lock myself in. I never made a habit of asking her the kind of questions I asked her that day. She looked at me straight in the eyes and weren’t “who the hell do you think you are talking to? Are you talking to your mom like that? Young woman, is this what Pretoria turned you into? Oh Modimo wa ka, ngwana sho o mponsha mehlolo. Piet where are you? Please wake up and come see what you left me with in this world”. Mxm she said that as if she cared about my father. She never cared because she cheated on him with Denzel and other men nxa. I didn’t give a damn if she accused me of being disrespectful or whatever shit. Respect is earned, not demanded. Imagine respecting someone who wears crop tops in other women’s houses at her age. Mxm tsek, respect my sexy foot!!!!!!! I turned with the aim of walking back to the gate. I didn’t want to be with my mom. I developed some hatred for her. I couldn’t stop thinking about my little brother who was probably left with some ugly neighbour with yellow teeth. I wanted to cry because I thought she didn’t care about us. I was hurting inside. Before I could reach the gate she went “I came here last night because I wanted to celebrate my birthday with my only daughter. I wanted to surprise you with my pre-birthday dinner but your phone was off last night. I called you more than 100 times between last night and few minutes ago. I called Marcus to ask if you were here and he said no. In case you forgot, it’s my birthday today. Anyway, you can go. You will always see a bad mother in me. You will always think the worst in me. Bye bye and I will enjoy my birthday without you”. She walked into the house.

Shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit..... her words were like a sword in my heart. I jumped into conclusions and said things I shouldn’t have said to my mom. It was her special day and she drove more than 400 kilometres to be with me and I treated her like a bag of an ugly Zulu guy’s shit. I felt so bad and I didn’t know what to do. Normally it’s male kids who forget their mothers’ birthday. A girl should be an extension of her mother. I was supposed to be the first to call and wish her a happy birthday. But because I was kidnapped by Poloko it skipped my mind. I blamed Poloko for everything. I dropped my bags and cried. I ran followed my mom to the house. Eish the place brought back many memories, especially of the last night I

spent there. I even remembered the night I had 18 SVL stuff with uncle bae aka Mr Mboweni. There was no one downstairs so I ran upstairs. My ears were met by my little brother's cute voice. When he saw me he screamed "mama sesi sesi mama sesi is here". He ran to me and gave me the warmest hug ever. The bruises on my body were paining but I didn't care. I was having a lovely moment with my little brother. Tears rolled down my face because I missed him and I felt I wasn't the greatest sister in the world. I whispered in his ears "don't be like the men I go around meeting. I know you will be a great man one day". Selfie's mom appeared from the bedroom and when she saw me she lost it. She started dancing as if she was shooting a video for Black Coffee's We Dance Again. She was slyzing tsotsi like nobody's business. She went "where is you last night mara? Is happy birthday but you are no way to be founded. I am happiness you are here. Sesi Makoma buyed big cake and we will eat it until is end like it or not, period". RIP English!!! I gave her a hug and told her my phone was off. She told me about the weight thing and I told her it's because I was on a diet. She went "died? Died where because you my son is alive all over the body". I ignored her and changed the topic.

I went into the room and found my mom lying on the bed. I apologised but she ignored me. I heard Marcus' voice downstairs and my heart started beating fast. I knew he was going to ask me endless questions. My little brother pulled me by hand because he wanted me to see Uncle Marcus downstairs. When Marcus saw me he just said hi and went to his bedroom. Mxm he was behaving like a girl on irregular periods. Maybe he had a tampon between his legs. He came back after couple of minutes and told everyone to dress up. Selfie's mom went "dress up? Dress up is dress up on the head?". I couldn't help it but laugh. At least I laughed for the first time in more than 24 hours. I went to my old bedroom and changed into a long-sleeve top, jeans and sneakers. I didn't wanna wear anything sexy. Selfie's mom wore some dress that made her look like she was related to a rainbow. My mom wore a short skirt and a matching blouse with heels. She looked lovely. We got in Marcus' car and we drove to Wonderpark. I was praying that we don't go to Spur. I find it irritating when they sing that birthday song of theirs for everyone. Unfortunately Marcus chose Spur. My mom was still giving me a silence treatment. Whenever Marcus looked at her she melted like a high school kid. We ordered our food and drinks. I was happy I was having a normal time with my family for the first time in ages but my mind wasn't there. I kept thinking of how to punish Emily and Poloko more. What they did to me was satanic. We sat at

Spur until darkness dawned. My mom and Selfie's mom were having wine. The more my mom drank the more she started touching Marcus every 2 seconds. You would swear she was horny mxm. Marcus paid the bill and we left. The aim was to eat a cake and continue with the party at his place. Black people love braais. We ate like nobody's business at Spur but when we got to his place he started a fire for a braai. I decided to go to my bedroom. I changed the sim cards and put back my normal card in. As soon as my phone switched on I received a call from an excited Maite. She was like "monna I have been trying to call you all day long. I have something that will make you smile. God is great my friend. I know you are not at your place, send me MY Location of wherever you are and we'll come now. You won't regret this". She didn't even give me a chance to explain, she hung up. I sent her My Location. When people like Maite talked about God I got worried. I wanted to check my messages but my brother came to the room. The niggerlet missed me. He wanted to chill with his sister. I started playing with him and honestly, my mind was at peace. Maite called after 20 minutes and told me she has arrived. I walked to the gate. My little brother wanted to follow me but I told him to wait at the door. Outside the gate I saw tinted black Golf 5. Maite half opened the front window and told me to get in. I opened the back door and got in.

The driver hit the accelerator....everything happened so fast. "you messed with the wrong people....."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 173

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 9, 2015

"You never really know what's coming. A small wave, or maybe a big one. All you can really do is hope that when it comes, you can surf over it, instead of drown in its monstrosity" – Alysha Speer

When you just went an emotionally lacerating experience whenever you hear sentences like "you messed with the wrong people" your heart starts boiling. I screamed so hard Maite almost hit the roof of the car with her head. In my eyes I thought they wanted to kidnap me again. I didn't wanna go thru what I went



through again. I tried to open the door but the guy next to me in the back seat pulled me. Maite shouted “Sharon, what is wrong with you? Are you high? You are acting weird”. It was only when I noticed the driver was talking to someone on the phone that I composed myself. Obviously they didn’t understand why I acted that way because they didn’t know what happened to me. Most of us blacks don’t believe in counselling. We live with trauma until it decides to say goodbye on its own. And I don’t blame myself, the way the dude accelerated the car as soon as I got in raised many questions. It’s true that guys who drive GTI’s are allergic to driving slow. He was probably trying to push a charm on me but he achieved the opposite. I was still shaking with fear even though I tried my best to compose myself. Maite went “bae, stop the car. I wanna have a word with Sharon outside the car”. Nigger stopped the car and we got out. She referred to the nigger as bae. Ja Maite had more baes than brain cells. When we were outside she went “why are you acting weird? And why are you here again? I thought you moved out because that guy didn’t treat you well”. I told her I was still edgy because of what happened to me. I also told her my mom was around and I didn’t wanna go far. She begged me to go with her because she had something very important to show me. I told her I wasn’t in a mood but she forced me. I eventually gave in and we got back in the car. Nigger was still busy on a call threatening people not to mess with him. I wondered who he was talking about. Judging by too much bling bling on him it was quite clear nigger was loaded. The necklaces looked expensive. When we got to Arcadia Maite led me to the parking area. I was wondering what she wanted to show me. The niggers remained behind in the car.

She stood next to some Mini Cooper and went “taa daaa ..... my new set of wheels. The guy who is driving that GTI bought it for me as a present for my birthday”. The car looked very new. It was quite clear it left the dealership not long ago. I thought she was joking because I just laughed and rolled my beautiful eyes. I went “one, stop lying. Two, it’s not your birthday”. She was lying thru her eyes because it wasn’t even her birthday. Maite was a pathological liar. I even thought she paid someone to lend her that car. She went “you are such a slow thinker you know. I lied to him that my birthday is today and he bought me a car just to show off. He’s going back to Congo tomorrow. Well, he’s a South African but he owns mines in Congo. Nigger is loaded monna. I was thinking of hooking you up with his friend. He’s shy but we can change him”. She showed me the keys and I started to buy her story. To be honest, my heart was full of envy and bitterness. I was

more beautiful and intelligent than her but she got all nice things from guys she slept with. Mlu was paying for her flat and the Congo guy bought her a car. Never-Die was her PZ, Personal Zombie. All I got was scars from wives of the guys I rode and other bad things. It was like her pussy had eToll and she benefitted whenever dicks passed thru it. Maybe she was using muti on them. I tried to pretend I was happy for her and hugged her. Most of you have a friend like Maite. You always make fun of her because of her domkopness but she always gets men who are not shy to empty their pockets for her. She went "I didn't wanna drive it to your place because I wanted to take my first drive with you. That's how I love you hey....". She walked to the GTI and spoke to the guys for few minutes. I saw the guys leaving and she came back. She showed me a credit card that nigger gave her. She was like "I hit jackpot there my friend. I am glad he's out of the country most of the time. At least I can see my other guys without worrying about bumping into him". Now let's get in the car and go celebrate your mom's birthday.

I so wished we could get involved in a car accident and Shaz be the only survivor. I knew the car thing would be the topic everyday. It was probably already all over Facebook. She wanted to take the first drive with me because she loved me. No, she just wanted to show off nje. She has always been that type even from our high school days. When we got to Phillip Nel everyone was panicking because they didn't know where I was. My little brother was crying because he thought the car stole her beautiful sister. At first I thought she was crying because Maite appeared scary to him. I gave him a hug and told him I went to fetch Maite. I saw a relief on everyone's face, including my mom. Maite gave my mom a hug and wished her a happy birthday. My mom told Maite she had grown up to be the most beautiful young lady ever. Shit, Maite was everyone's favourite and no one said anything about me. I was only told by my own mom that I looked sick. Mxm some mom are not loyal shem. Maite apologised to my mom for my disappearance. My mom went "you have manners my kid. You are unlike other people who lack respect and manners". If I had a gun I would have shot Maite at that moment. She was like the Beyonce of South Africa the way everyone praised her. She told my mom she bought a car. My mom gave her a hug and went "wow I am so proud of you my girl. Hope this one learns a thing or two from you. This is results of your hard work. Your aunt must be very proud of you. I will call her before I sleep to share the good news". Maite begged her not to tell anyone because she wanted to surprise her folks the coming Friday. My mom zipped her mouth. Mxm only if

they knew the hard work she spoke about was opening her legs and feeding guys with her huge greasy pussy. She was the ‘Serope Mpererekele’ type. She was like “my friend we are going home this weekend. I know you are broke but you don’t have to worry, I will fund everything. You know you are like my little sister”. The way my mom was so impressed if Maite was a vibrator she was gonna open her old legs on the spot.

We ate the braai meat and had fun. My mom was so happy and drunk. Just before 11pm she started talking to me. I was glad we were finally getting along. Thanks to the wine she was having. Maite left just before midnight and we agreed we would leave together to Limpopo on Friday. I slept in my bedroom and the visitors slept in the guest room. Around 2am I was getting cold. I looked for extra sheets in the closet but there was nothing. I decided to go check in the guest room. I switched on the light and saw Selfie’s mother and lil brother snoring. My mom was not on the bed. I wondered where she was because I was 100% sure she went straight to the guest room after the braai. I assumed she was in the loo. I waited for over 5 minutes for her to come back but there was no sign of her. I decided to go back to my bedroom. I couldn’t stop thinking of where she was. I remembered my mom had a habit of going outside at night for fresh air. I tried to convince myself but another thought was something I didn’t even wanna dwell on. I woke up around 7am and prepared to go to TUT. It was a week before exams so I wanted to be ready. I missed many classes but I trusted my brain. I wasn’t just a pretty face. I went to the guest room to check if my mom was back. I found her sleeping peacefully on the very same bed she was not on last night. I wanted to ask where she was but I didn’t wanna sound disrespectful. On the other hand Marcus was singing Pharrell Williams’ Happy song. It was unlike him to be that happy in the morning. Maybe someone called and promised him money. I had a small chat with my little brother and told him I was off to varsity. Selfie’s mother went “please say hello to mistress and meneer”. I asked my mom how she was and she said “I am tired and my back hurts.... uhm, I think it’s because of .... the long drive on Sunday. I’ll be fine when you come back”. The glow on her face was priceless. I went downstairs and found Marcus watching news and eating breakfast while humming “cause I’m happy”. Something caught my eyes on the TV...

The news reader went “...the Joburg man shot his wife and turned the gun to himself. The motive is not...”

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 174

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 10, 2015

“There are four kinds of people to avoid in the world: the assholes, the asswipes, the ass-kissers, and those that just will shit all over you” – Anthony Leccione

It's not everyday that you see someone you know on TV. Well, I didn't know him very well but I remembered the face very well. Death is not something to celebrate but I found myself dancing. Marcus asked why I was dancing after watching horrible things and I told him I was thinking of something sweet. The picture they showed on TV was of the French guy who once showed me masepa. I am a firm believer of an Eye for an Eye when it suits me. That guy almost did terrible things to me and I was glad God helped him to kill himself. I didn't know his wife but I felt bad. He should have killed himself and left the poor woman alone. She probably cheated on him and he couldn't handle it. Men are like that. They think they are the only ones who should cheat. When the woman cheats they kill or beat the hell out of her. I wondered if he killed her the Oscar way or his own way. Marcus asked if I wanted a lift and I told him I'd catch a taxi. I didn't want to be with him in the car. I knew he would start interrogating me. I was busy planning a way to ask him and my mom to rent or buy me a townhouse or a flat. I was tired of sharing or staying with other people. It's every student's dream to have her own place. Sharing can be nice but sometimes a girl needs to be alone and think about life. Phillip Nel had beautiful townhouses but I couldn't stay there because Marcus was not far. Nigger would probably check up on me everyday and report to my mom. I also didn't want to stay with Marcus. I mean, we once got intimate and it would be awkward if it was just us in the house. Nigger went “I know I hardly say this to you, but I love you. You will understand as time goes on. I was discussing it with your mom last night and I feel I haven't been the best parent to you over the best few months”. I raised my eyebrows and went “PARENT?”. He laughed and went “ha ha ha I mean with my friend Piet gone I should play the father role to you. We need to sit and talk about this. I want the best for you”. That was some

intense talk I wasn't prepared for. I decided to use it to my advantage. I asked "if you love me as you claim, will you buy me a car and the new Sony Xperia Z5?"

His phone rang and disturbed our talk. If Maite could have a car I could have it. And I didn't want your VFC – Vivo-Figo-Clio, I wanted a machine that was better than Mini Cooper. I was thinking BMW 1-Series or Merc Benz A-Class. My dad left us money and Marcus was volunteering to spoil me rotten. Many girls at TUT drove nice cars and they behaved as if they owned the campus. I wanted to behave as if I owned Pretoria. I wanted to wait for him to finish with his call but it was like nigger was avoiding me. He was in his bedroom for more than 20 minutes. I gave up and left for school. I didn't have any classes, I was there to study and prepare for exams. As expected, I bumped into Pulane and she was wearing new Timberland boots. I asked her if she went shopping and she went "I was in Sandton yesterday with my new man. Nigger is so loaded and he spoilt me rotten". I closed my eyes and asked myself why all loaded men who are not shy to spend go to whores and not me. If it was a soccer tournament I'd be Moroka Swallows and other girls would be Kaizer Chiefs. I told her she looked beautiful and she thanked me. She asked about the scar on my face and I told her I fell. She was walking as if she was stepping on eggs. Hayi black people when they are wearing new shoes thou!!!!!!!!!!!!!! We studied for about 3 hours and went to buy refreshments afterwards. Pretoria was so hot you would swear we were in Phalaborwa. That place is so hot you'd swear satan has regional offices there. I told Pulane I was going to Marcus' office and she told me he's not in. I laughed because I saw him preparing for work in the morning. I went to his office and she was right, nigger was not at work. I was surprised because he even offered me a lift in the morning. I wanted to call to check where he was but I remembered my phone was off again because I didn't want to receive calls from Emily or her evil husband.

On my way back to where I left Pulie I saw Maite in her Mini Cooper just before bus terminals. I was jealous but she looked gorgeous that day. She had shades on and wow, she was better than other days. I don't know what she was doing there because she had dropped out of her Jeppe College. No offence but I have never seen a beautiful girl at Jeppe College. When she saw me her face beamed with heavenly smiles. Maybe she liked me for real. Our history didn't allow me to like her. She was that girl whom I would hate because of the things she did in the past. She was trying too hard to be my friend but I wasn't there. I knew she wanted me

to be comfortable around her and then stab me in the back. That's how she rolled. I waved for Pulane to come to the car. Maite went "I wanted to bring you lunch but I didn't know what to buy. So I decided to come fetch you and we are going to eat wherever you want. I was just taking chances because your phone is off. My Mini is a machine sjoe. Our trip to Limpopo will be off the hook this weekend. I can't wait hey". Her English had suddenly improved. Maybe Mini had a dictionary feature in it. Pulane was literally glowing when she saw the Mini. She asked whose car was it and I told her it was Maite's. She was like "tjoo nana we are gonna be the it-girls of Pretoria. We gonna be at every event in Gauteng. Finally we gonna go out without having to lick guys' balls ha ha ha ha ha". We got in the car and left. Many guys were whistling but we didn't give them any attention. I wanted to go change but Pulane was against the idea because she didn't want to go to Marcus' place. I asked her if they were still fucking and she laughed. She asked why I went back to Marcus' place and I laughed. We drove to Quagga Mall first but it was too packed for my liking. Pulane suggested Menlyn but we rejected it. I mean, everyone goes to Menlyn and I didn't want to be part of everyone. We decided to go to Forest Hill, the mall just after Stone Ridge in Centurion area.

It was a new mall and I was not used to it. I was glad because I knew I wouldn't bump into many people I knew. Nothing irritates me like bumping into girls I know at the mall. SunnyPark was worse because half of people from Limpopo stayed in Sunnyside, especially Vendas. Maite wanted to use R55 road but I wasn't comfortable because that's the road Poloko used when he kidnapped me. So we drove thru Pretoria CBD, Ben Schoeman then joined N14. It was quick because it didn't have robots. We parked the car at the mall parking and started arguing about where to eat. Pulane wanted to go shopping first but we told her we weren't there for that. So we finally settled for Ocean Basket. Maite went "don't stress about money, I have bae's card". We laughed and got out of the car. As we were walking towards the shops some nigger stopped us. Before he could even open his mouth Maite was like "stop right there, you can't afford me. I drive a Mini Cooper". The guy looked at her with disgust in his eyes and went "actually, I don't want you. I don't do girls who bleach their faces. I don't do fake yellow bones. I was actually calling the yellow bone next to you. And for your information I drive the latest Merc Benz G-class. My car can buy you 5 Mini Coopers". Ouch, I wanted to laugh but I couldn't because I didn't want to anger Maite. Pulane on the other hand laughed. Nigger asked for my number and I said no. Nigger begged me and I

honestly wanted to give him my number. He was one of those handsome guys with hunky bodies. Maite led the way and we followed. I looked back and nigger threw something that looked like a business car on the ground. I wanted to go back and fetch it but I didn't wanna look like a bitch. It was quite obvious Maite had appointed herself as the ring leader because she was the one driving. Mxm only if the bitch knew I was also going to have a car very soon. I didn't wanna be on her bad side because I wanted to chow the Congo guy's money. I knew she was dumb and it was gonna be easy to milk her ki ki ki ki ki. As we were walking in the mall Pulane froze. We asked what was wrong with her and she went:

“What the hell is he doing with that old woman?. We looked and we saw .....

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni 175

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 11, 2015

“Good judgment comes from experience, and experience comes from bad judgment” – Rita Mae Brown

Pulane had some character that I didn't like. In few months that I had known her I got to learn she had a violent and clingy personality. She mostly dated married men but she didn't want other girls in her turf. Maite and I asked what she was on about because when we looked we saw nothing and she went “wait here, I will be back”. She turned left as if she was following someone. I wanted us to follow her but Maite said we should go to Ocean Basket. I so wanted to see what or who Pulane was following but I decided to take Maite's suggestion. We sat in the restaurant and ordered food. We both ordered Prince Prawns. I wasn't a big fan of prawns but that day I craved them big time. We wanted to order for Pulane but we didn't know what to order. She was so picky that one. I didn't want to order a wrong thing for her. Our order came after couple of tens but Pulane was still nowhere to be seen. I even thought of going to look for her but Maite told me not to stress because Pulane was an adult. I was worried but ignored my worry. We ate and finished our food and still, Pulane was still nowhere to be seen. My worry was substituted by anger. I felt she played us. I thought she saw one of her married men and left with

him. It pisses me when we have plans and someone decides to dishonour them. That's one of the reasons my friendship with Pulane had so many off's than on's. She was selfish and stupid. Maite paid the bill and we decided to walk around the mall to look for her. We gave up after more than 30 minutes of going up and down. It was quite clear she was not in the mall anymore. We ended up at Fabiani. Maite told me she wanted to buy Mlu a suit. I asked her why and she went "it's an investment. It will pay off one day. Sometimes you have to show men that they married the wrong girl. Soon I might be the pastor's wife. Watch and learn little sis". Wow Maite was no longer the Limpopo girl I grew up with, she was on another level. I kinda liked the new Maite even though she got to my nerves sometimes. She swiped couple of thousands for the suit with the Congo guy's card. I told her it wasn't a good move and she went "he won't even notice. He has money like dust. I know you are used to dating guys who rely on salary for survival. My niggers have profit, not salary ha ha ha ha ha ha". Shit, in short...Maite literally summarised me.

After buying we walked back to the car. I wanted to go prepare for exams, especially since I was going home on Friday. Some students wanted us to strike just before we start writing. I was glad the exams would proceed but at the very time I understood why we engaged in protests. As we approached the car I noticed someone standing next to Maite's car. When we got closer I noticed it was Pulane. Her top was torn and her hair looked as if a 2 year old kid was playing hair stylist on her head. Maite and I couldn't help it, we laughed so hard I even went down on the ground and rolled twice. Maite went "and then, what the hell happened to you girl? Were you involved in a fight or something? We had our food without you. We waited and waited until we gave up. Now tell us what happened to you". She went "nxa" about 100 times. It was quite clear whatever happened pissed her to the last degree. She took a deep breath and unfolded the story to us "while we were walking in the mall I saw my boyfriend with some woman old enough to be our mother. Not very old but she's far older than us. When I left you I followed them. They got in some shot and I think he wanted to buy her underwear. I tried to hold myself but jealousy got the best of me. I confronted them and hit the woman. I expected the guy to take my side because just last week he told me he wanted to take our relationship to the next level. Instead of taking my side or showing remorse nigger pushed me to protect the woman. I don't know what got to me but I behaved like a possessed woman. They called the security guards and I was dealt



with. They pulled me out of the mall like I was a thief. #SecurityGuardsMustFall straight”. I asked who the guy was and she just went “some guy you don’t know nxa”.

We all laughed and got in the car. Maite wanted us to go to Sandton but Pulane said there was no way she was gonna go to Sandton looking like that. I also didn’t wanna go because books were waiting for me at home. I also wanted to spend some time with my mom and little brother. Maite said she’ll drop me first at Phillip Nel because she wanted to say hello to my mom. Pulane went “no no no no no that won’t work. I don’t wanna see Marcus right now. He’s the last man I want to see in this world”. We didn’t understand why but Maite dropped Pulane first. As soon as she dropped Pulane she went “let’s go visit Mlu. I don’t feel like being around Pretoria. Maybe you’ll meet a rich man. Take a break from men who only buy you vodka and join me. Roll with the big boys. Your pussy won’t be lepotjotjo forever. Use it profitably while it is still tight ha ha ha ha ha”. She sounded like a prostitute. But hey, who am I to judge. It’s better to be chowed and benefit something. Some girls are fast to judge gold diggers but their punanis are victims of broke dicks week in week out. Broke dicks should stick to what they were made for, urinating. I told Maite I wanted to study and she went “it’s not like your books will disappear. You will study at night mos”. That was a problem with chilling with drop-outs. Just because she treated her pussy as a post-graduate degree she expected everyone to do so. As much as I wanted niggers with money I also wanted good education. Maite was the type that wanted to marry a rich hubby and be a housewife forever. I told her we will spend more time together in Limpopo. Luckily she understood and drove me home. Part of me wanted to go say hi to Nwabisa but I was scared Poloko put the flat under surveillance. We passed by Maite’s place first because she wanted to change. She wanted to dress something sexy for Mlu. Some guys are lucky. Imagine buying a man an expensive suit and then dress sexy for him. A married man for that matter mxm.

I thought by sexy she meant something elegant and ladylike. She wore some shots and some skimpy top with Carvela. Wow she looked like a high school girl going to meet her high school boyfriend at a park. I wanted to say something but my heart advised me not to. What is sexy to someone might be ‘sad’ to me. I chose to be Kermit’s twin and minded my own business. When we got to Phillip Nel she didn’t even wanna get in the yard to greet my mom as she said earlier, she was in a

hurry to deliver pussy and suit to Mlu. Her nawa was out of this world. We did our good byes and I walked into the house. Marcus was sitting on the couch drinking his favourite whiskey. Normally, he only drank when he was pissed or stressed. Something was definitely stressing him but I was scared to ask. I decided to go upstairs to greet my mom. The door to the guest room was wide open and there was no sign of my mom, little brother and Selfie's mom. I was startled because I expected them to be there. My mom didn't say anything about going somewhere. I checked the closet and their clothes and bags weren't there. I went to the garage to check her car and it wasn't there. Marcus watched me as I went up and down without saying anything. Eventually I went straight to him and asked where my folks were. He went "you mom left. She had an emergency and had to leave. Unfortunately your phone was off, so she couldn't get hold of you. You will see her on Friday when you go home". I was so pissed. Nxa she probably missed her Denzel or that stupid doctor of her. Imagine your mom leaving without saying good bye to you. She could have at least given me a chance to say bye to my little brother and Selfie's mother. I immediately went upstairs and put in my other sim card. I called Maite and asked her to come fetch me. I didn't wanna be in that house at that moment. I was lucky because she wasn't far. Marcus tried to beg me not to leave but I gave him silence treatment. I switched off my phone and waited for Maite at the gate. When she popped I got in the car and we hit the road. She called Mlu and asked him to bring a friend because she had company. She put the phone on loud speaker. He asked who the company was and she mentioned my name. Nigger went silent for couple of seconds and then went "cool, I'll bring a friend". We drove to some beautiful house in Clayville. When we got to the gate it opened and we got in. Maite called Mlu to tell him we arrived. I was confused because I thought Mlu was the one who opened the gate. Maite told me it was the person who worked in the house. She was so comfortable it was clear she had been there before. We remained seated in the car waiting for Mlu and his friend. They came after 30 minutes. Mlu got out of the car first carrying the Bible.

The passenger door opened and ....i wet my undies on the spot.

Booooooommmmm.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 176

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 12, 2015

“People who lack the clarity, courage, or determination to follow their own dreams will often find ways to discourage yours. Live your truth and don’t EVER stop!” – Steve Maraboli

The reason I left the house and decided to with Maite was because I was angry my mom left without saying goodbye to me. I felt my mom didn’t treat me like her daughter. I felt like she treated me like that distant poor relative. From history, things never worked out for me whenever I acted out of anger. But that particular day it seemed things were going to work out for me. It’s not everyday that you lay your eyes on some guy you see for the first time and go wet on the spot. He looked like one of those black American dudes we always see in romantic movies. When he walked it was like his legs were signing romantic music. His lips looked so juicy I wanted to kiss him on the spot. I literally felt my pussy going wet and I froze. Maite whispered “mmmmh that brother looks yummy. I wouldn’t mind swapping Mlu for him. I have a thing for beautiful boys”. Sheeeet, beeeesh was so greedy. She had Mlu but she wanted the new guy. I whispered “wa nyela, that one o re nna weee. The boy is mine”. Mlu came to us first while a call disturbed my prince charming. He greeted us and I didn’t even pay attention. I was looking at the gorgeous guy. The way he was hot if he said “fuck you” to me I would smile and say “thanks babe. That’s so sweet of you”. Mlu asked Maite about the car and Maite went “my aunt bought it for me. I told you she’s a doctor right?”. WTF, she lied right in front of me. Her aunt was a mere nurse at Kgapane Hospital. People like Maite boost their limping self-esteem by lying about being cheesegirls. She was no bloody cheesegirl, she was a flipping Inkomazi girl. I wanted to tell Mlu the truth but I didn’t wanna spoil the night. I wanted to be in the arms of the hot guy. I was getting impatient because of his long call. Mlu congratulated Maite and told her one day he’ll be the one buying her a car. She went “please buy me Mercedes Benz Z4. I love that car bathong”. Ouch, I don’t know much about car but I knew Z4 was a beemer, not BMW. She was trying to be relevant but the opposite happened. She was such a dumbie but she acted as if she knew everything. Mlu laughed and told her Z4 ke BMW and not Benz.

The gorgeous guy came and greeted us. He wanted to hug me first but Maite jumped in. She went “my name is Maite Modika. I drive this Mini Cooper. Nice meeting you”. I couldn’t help it but laugh. I was wondering where the Mini Cooper fitted in there. I told you it was going to be her daily song. When my chance to give him a hug came I took a deep breath. I wanted to inhale the shit out of him. He introduced himself as Loyiso Mbeki from East London in Eastern Cape”. Before he could even finish introducing himself Maite jumped in and went “Are you related to Thabo Mbeki? He is also from Eastern Cape in Cape Town”. Shit, Maite was behaving like a real drop-out. She was saying all wrong things and it was embarrassing. I pinched her and she kept quiet. I think she was trying to prove to me that she was clever. Mlu didn’t even care she was making a fool of herself. I guess he was one of those guys who believed a pussy doesn’t have brains. All he wanted from her was her pussy. I told Loyiso my full names and that I was from Limpopo. He jokingly went “I didn’t know Limpompo had yellow bones”. It was an offensive joke but I smiled. An offensive joke from a hot guy is regarded as a good joke. If he was ugly I was gonna tell him kak. People must stop judging Limpopo girls according to what they see on the Venda side of Muvhango. Limpopo has many natural yellow bones. And it’s not like being a yellow bone is some status, it’s just a skin complexion nje. Maite went “ha ha ha ha ha I am also a yellow bone and there are many like us where we come from. One day we will use my Mini Cooper to go to Limpopo so you can see for yourself”. She said that as if she was born a yellow bone. He neck was darker than her face. We all know why. Loyiso told us he was just joking and apologised for the bad taste joke. He looked straight into my eyes and smiled. I knew that was a good sign. When a guy looks at you and smiles it shows he’s interested in you. But it doesn’t apply to guys from gaMasemola. When they look at you and smile it means they are about to make fun of you.

Mlu said we should go chill in the house and have drinks. He told the guy who worked at the house to knock off and come back the following day. I was expecting to see pictures of his kids and wife but there was none. The only pictures I could see were of Nicky Minaj and Ciara. There was also a picture of almost naked Boity. Mlu went to some room and came back without the Bible. I told him his house looked gorgeous and he went “this is nothing. This is just the playground for my boys and i. I will take you to my house one day. This is where we come to have fun and entertain friends”. In a nutshell, what he meant was that the house

was a shag pad. That is where they slept with their girlfriends and easily available punanis. His phone rang while he was still explaining. He went “hello babe.... Oh ja .... Uhm mmmm eh eh... alright no problem babe”. It was quite clear he was speaking to his wife. He even put his index finger on his lips to sign to us that we should keep quiet. He continued “yes I’ll see you tomorrow after the night prayer. I am not in a mood for night prayers. I miss you already. Pastor Zondo says hi. Love you and bye”. The boys laughed after the call. I asked who Zondo was and they continued laughing. Hayi boys will always be boys. Imagine you pastor wife telling you he’s going to a night prayer only for him to go chill with his side chick. Maite went “you shouldn’t do that in front of me. When we are married I won’t allow you to go to your night prayers. Especially now that I am driving a Mini Cooper”. Mlu laughed and went “I love the fact that you are ambitious but I will never leave my wife for you. If she dies I will marry another wife and make you her deputy”. If I were Maite I would have taken my bag and left at that stage. Mlu was making it clear that she was nothing but a mere side chick. It’s one thing being a side chick but being reminded you are one all the time is not one. Sometimes we have to protect our pride. Mlu was out of order. He was lucky Maite was dumb and she didn’t care.

Mlu gave us glasses of whiskey and we started indulging in the dirty liquid. Maite was like “I’ll be back right now”. She went outside and I remained inside with the boys. Mlu went “ever had a three-some? Let’s lock her out and fuck”. WTF, I didn’t see that one coming. I don’t him I was a bitch like his girlfriend Maite. I actually took offence. Loyiso went “chill man, you are mine only. This guy is drunk. We have been drinking for hours. We are good boys. We don’t do threesomes”. I was glad Loyiso was not into 3-somes. Maite came back with the suit she bought for Mlu. She made sure he saw the price tag and nigger was impressed. He carried Maite and kissed her. He was like “I have good taste in women. My wife bought me a suit of same colour last week. The difference is hers is more expensive than this one. Thanks love. Soon I’ll promote you to assistant deputy side chick”. Maite was all smiles. She didn’t even pick up the guy was degrading her. What the fuuuuuck is an assistant deputy side chick? Basically he was saying she is not even in the top 5 of his women. We continued with the drinking until late at night. Whiskey doesn’t hit you straight away, it gets to you slowly. When we were drunk Loyiso went “let’s take the party to another level, let’s go swim naked”. It sounded like a very good idea to me. Mlu’s yard had a

small swimming pool behind the house. The boys were the first to undress. Loyiso had a bigger dick than Mlu. I started doubting his Xhosaness. From what I heard Xhosa guys were not gifted in that department. God gave them big brains and small dicks. But they were better than Tswana guys. Maybe he had distant relatives in Limpopo. But nuh, he was too gorgeous to have relatives in Limpopo. Maite undressed and I followed her. She had George W Bush between her thighs. I laughed and went “do you know hair removal cream is cheaper than the suit you bought for Mlu?” We laughed and followed the boys to the pool. I wasn’t a fan of skinny dipping but that night I became one because of alcohol. Maite and I went boooooom into the pool at the same time. The water was cold and felt good. Suddenly Maite and Mlu started kissing. Loyiso swam to me and we gave Maite and Mlu a run for their money. He was gorgeous, gifted between legs and a good kisser. Nigger took his kiss to another level. He submarined his head and the next thing I felt some tongue-like thing Googling my pubic area. Shit, that was some stuff I had not seen before.

The next thing I heard a male voice going “don’t move. You are ..... “

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 177

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 13, 2015

“Your attachment to unhealthy people and bad habits, which offer you no real control, is why you’re spiritually dying and living a life out of balance” – Shannon L Alder

If there is one thing I hate with passion is when people spoil my joy. It’s not everyday that one gets aquatic-muffing. It was something I never experienced before and my clitoris was looking forward to it. The taste buds in my pussy were already in a ‘Please Me’ mode. The way Loyiso was so hot I was 5-to-coming. My titties’ triggers were on get-set mode ready to be entertained. Loyiso’s head was still under water when the cops gate-crushed our private party. I wondered how they managed to get in because the gate was locked. The cop continued “you are under arrest for multiple charges of corruption, attempted murder, theft, money

laundering, racketeering and defeating the hands of justice. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have a right to legal representation. If you cannot afford a lawyer, the state will provide one". Sometimes I think cops were those learners in high school who would memorise the entire paragraph without understanding what it meant. To me what the cop said was like a poem they were forced to memorise under at gun point when they were at the police college. I grabbed Loyiso by his ears and pulled him up. He wanted to ask why I did that but the boys in blue made his sense of speech evaporate. Instead of talking he coughed uncontrollably like someone who had an appointment with God in in a day's time. At first I wasn't aware who the cops were after. Maite went "it's not me. The Mini Cooper was bought by my boyfriend who has many mines in Congo. I am not guilty. Please don't arrest me". Mlu who was right next to Maite at stage pushed her so hard she got buried under water for couple of seconds. He went "bitch, I thought your doctor aunt bought you the car. Nxa you are such a lying bitch". The cops asked Mlu to get out of the water and nigger told them to go to hell. I saw cops getting their guns ready and I polluted the water with some salty liquid from the borehole between my thighs. The cops told him they would use force if he didn't cooperate. To say I was shocked would be an understatement. Mlu was a pastor for hell's sake. I didn't expect him to do the stuff he was accused of.

He got out of the water and walked straight to the cops in his birthday suit. I saw one cop laughing. Judging by his complexion I think he was either Venda or Tsonga. I guess he was laughing at Mlu's dick size. It wasn't small but compared to a Venda or Tsonga dick, Mlu's dick was in the second division of Dicks League. They told him they will follow him to the house to get dressed. Maite was crying uncontrollably. I didn't understand whether she was crying because he pushed her or because of the arrest. She was like "Loyiso, why is bad luck following me. Is it because I am beautiful and I drive a Mini Cooper". The Mini Cooper 'this and that' was getting boring. I screamed "ag shut the fuck up. You are not the first person to drive a Mini Cooper. Your boyfriend is getting arrested and all you can say is Mini Cooper nyweee nyweee nyweee. Mxm you are not the first person to drive that shit man. Even Jub Jub drove one and he did stupid things driving it". The cops handcuffed Mlu who was dressed in jeans and simple t-shirt and left with him. I looked at Loyiso for answers and solutions. I am your typical woman, when shit hits the fan I expect men to come up with solutions. Loyiso went "don't stress, he

will be out tomorrow. Those cops or whoever authorised the arrest will either be fired or denied opportunity for potential promotion. God will deal with them". I almost laughed. Some people think God eats mala le maotwana. How can you expect God to deal with cops who did the nation a favour by arresting one criminal? I didn't want to ask any questions because I could see Loyiso was stressed. Maite asked "Loyiso, is my Mini Cooper beautiful? Do you love the colour? I was serious when I said one day we gonna go to Limpopo with it". I was out of words. The only thing I wished to do at that moment was to put a pint of glue in her mouth. Loyiso went "don't go anywhere. I will be back in a moment. I want to make a call". Maite went "hope he is calling security guards to come protect my Mini Cooper". I looked at her and went "ag voetsek sfebe. Wa bhora man nxa".

I tried to keep my mind off things by swimming but I couldn't stop thinking about what just happened. I kept asking myself what kind of people Maite introduced me to. I was drunk but part of me was scared. I didn't know what defeating the ends of justice and racketi-what-what was but I knew what they meant by attempted murder. Maite didn't seem bothered at all. All she was concerned about was her Mini Cooper. By the way, by swimming I meant walking in water. I didn't wear a blazer to school. Black girls who swim went to school wearing blazers. I was black like that, period. Maite came to me and went "girl, I am wet. The kisses from Mlu left me hot and wet in my pussy". I laughed and told her to apply D-I-Y aka Do It Yourself". She laughed and went "don't you wanna feel how wet my pussy?". She was holding my hand as she said that. She literally directed my fingers to her pussy and for a sec I thought my fingers dub'lapped between her legs. I only noticed that my fingers were in her pussy when she moaned with what sounded like sex-joy sounds. Jerrrrrr, her pussy was so big it could give birth to a baby elephant with minimum struggle. Some girls are gifted underground. She sent her fingers to my underground and I welcomed the initiation with both lungs. Like I said before, when you are drunk immorality does not exist in your vocab. The little sober part of my brain told me what I was doing was wrong but the dominant side told me to go with the flow. The more I went with the flow was the more I felt things flowing between my legs. The flow gave birth to flowing. Suddenly we started kissing and for some unknown reasons it was nice. I didn't expect Maite to be a good kisser but that night she surprised me. Her lips were hard but she knew how to move them on mine. Sometimes I believe there is a lesbian in every girl. And the so-



called lesbian only comes out when we are drunk and hurt. Even been hurt by a guy that you told yourself you are a lesbian going forward? Maite went “Shaz, I think I love you”. I looked at her straight in the eyes and went “Maite, I don’t love you but please don’t stop what you are doing”.

While we were there doing our thing Loyiso appeared from the house, still very naked. His dick was ‘pointing local’ but when he saw us kissing it ‘pointed town’. Apparently most men fantasise about getting laid by 2 girls who are not shy to share saliva. He didn’t waste no time, he jumped into the water like an Alexandra rat jumping to grab a cat. Oh yes, Alexandra rats eat cats. Some of them are known for robbing people off their takeaways. Nigger separated Maite and I and started playing with our boobs. He was very gentle and skilful. When he kissed me I felt like his lips were rain after days invaded by a heatwave. You know a guy is going to do you well when he kisses you and your punani starts smiling like a Zulu man after hearing the girl he’s pursuing is virgin. Yes, Zulu men love virgins. Sometimes I think it’s because of their ‘size issues’. While kissing me his fingers were maximising the wetness in my underground. He gave me a short break and gave Maite her dose. When he fingered her she went “oh my gosh oh my gosh...your finger is like my Mini Cooper. You are good boy. They must keep Mlu in prison and I will be your girl. Loyiso went “I think we should take the party to the bedroom. We have a long night ahead of us”. Xhosa men love sex. No let me rephrase, Xhosa men are sexually adventurous. If he was some Pedi guy from gaMphahlele or gaMakibeko in Limpopo he wouldn’t do 2 girls at the same time, especially if he found us kissing. He would probably go “nou ka bona gore why pula e sa ne. Sale wa bona kae dicheri di kissana. Nxa le re tlišetsa komelelo”. Loyiso was not that kind of a man. There was no any element of sexual apartheid in his head. I felt like the walk from the pool to the bedroom was long. I wanted him inside me. When we got to the bedroom we didn’t even wait for the wetness on our bodies to say goodbye, we threw our horny selves on the bed and stretched our legs. I wanted him to start with Maite. I knew the nigger was very horny and his first round would probably be very short. I wanted him to go longer on me. This thing of saying the early bird catches the fattest worm doesn’t work in sex. The early bird catches the quickest worm, period. His hand reached for something under the pillow. Mmmmm it came out with a flavoured condom. Maite was shedding tears at that stage. I guess she couldn’t wait to be entertained underground. He asked me to lie next to Maite and open my legs wide. He got on

top of Maite and started fucking her. She screamed as if someone was pulling her clitoris with pliers. It was fucken irritating. Some girls lack sense of sound. He was busy fingering me as he chowed Maite. I expected him to come quickly but nigger went on for over 10 minutes without stopping. My pussy was getting impatient and I felt like the fingering was equivalent to window-shopping. I screamed “Maite come on, hawu puff and pass”. Loyiso went “no, this one is nice. I I I I I I will give you morning glory in the morning”. I was on some was on some WTF tip.

I saw a quarter empty bottle whiskey next to the door and .....

Boooooom WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 178

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 17, 2015

“The worst wounds, the deadliest of them, aren’t the ones people see on the outside. They’re the ones that make us bleed internally” – Sherrilyn Kenyon

You can be a church-going kinda girl or God’s neighbour but when you are horny the last thing you want is a nigger denying you right to be entertained. It was quite clear Loyiso was enjoying Maite and he wasn’t planning to give me some. I didn’t understand because I was more beautiful than Maite. I was more sexy and attractive than Maite. Normally Xhosa guys love yellow bones because 88.12% of Xhosa girls are yellow. He was supposed to be more attracted to me than that bitch. I was very offended. When I saw the bottle I knew exactly what I wanted to do with it. Nobody messes with Shaz and live to update a Facebook status about it the following day. I got off the bed and went to grab the bottle. As I was planning to walk back to the bed Maite started screaming in a religious way “oh my God!! Oh Modimo!!! Oh mudzumu!!!! Oh Nkosi yam’!!! Oh Xikwembu.... Mmaweeeeee ke ya rota oh oh oh oh ah ah ha ha ha achuuuuu. Yhoooo Modimo nthuse ke ya rota”. Lmao it was funny and disgusting at the same time. Some people lack screaming skills. What did people see in such a bitch huh? She should have asked me to give her screaming lessons. The way I am so good at screaming I’d scream

and nigger would come without touching me. I switched off the light and threw the bottle at their direction. The next thing I heard Loyiso screaming like someone was pulling his balls. Maite was still screaming like a pregnant pig. I was next to the door. I didn't wait for them to get off the bed to attack me, I immediately ran to the swimming pool area. I waited at the pool for more than 10 minutes without any movement from the house. I even started thinking I killed one of them. My thought was diluted by the fact that I knew Maite was very dramatic. There was no way she was gonna be that quiet if I had killed Loyiso with that bottle. She was gonna scream like nobody's business. I decided to go back to the house to check whether they were still alive or not. I tiptoed to the bedroom because I didn't want them to hear me coming. I stood by the door for few seconds to listen if there was any movement. When I learned of no movement I switched on the light. Shit, they were both lying on the bed like cheetahs after 20 minutes of chasing a slender impala.

Loyiso was snoring and Maite was breathing heavily. My missile was nowhere to be seen. It was quite clear I missed my target. I felt like Bafana Bafana strikers the way I missed. Loyiso's dick had shrunk inside a condom and it looked like an expired sausage. I decided to give up and go lie on the couch in the lounge. I didn't wanna be in the same room as them because I was gonna end up raping Loyiso. It was so unfair that my sexual thirst was not quenched. I tried to fall asleep but failed. I decided to open the cabinets to look for booze. I found a bottle of red wine in one of the cabinets and smiled. I knew it was a bad idea to drink wine after a marathon of horniness but I needed something to make me sleep. It's not nice to see a nice dick and not get to ingest it with your pussy. My underground was not that wet anymore but I longed for some friction between my sexy legs. Mxm life ain't fair. The less beautiful Maite got it all and the gorgeous me got nothing. The thought of Maite using some love portion on men kept visiting my brain. Maybe it was time I got one for myself. I lay on the couch naked sipping my wine. Someone once told me I shouldn't mix whiskey with wine. Mxm bullshit, their names start with 'W'. There was no harm in drinking them. It was not like I was gonna die. My mind started wandering all over. There was something I didn't understand about my mom's relationship with Marcus. I knew he was my father's friend but the way he looked at my mom bothered me. What bothered me more was how she felt comfortable with me staying with a man I was not blood-related to. Hayi some adult stuff are not easy to understand. Thinking of Marcus' name made me think of the night he went all 'uncle bae' on me. I gradually felt a moria of wetness

invading my underground. I thought of going to the bedroom and impose my pussy on Loyiso's dick but my heart told me my thought smacked of desperation. I resorted to employing my fingers but I didn't enjoy it. It was so bad I passed out with a finger in my punani.

I had a strange dream. In my dream Loyiso was lying next to me on the couch and entering his dick from behind. I wanted to scream but my mouth gave me a silent treatment. I tried to push him away but my punani sang a different tune. The more I tried to push him was the more my underground sang "Oh Happy Day". The next thing I heard a voice going "Sharon, wake up ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". I slowly opened my eyes and Maite was standing next to me laughing like an amateur witch. My finger was still in my pussy and I was very wet. Shit, I was getting pissed at God for the kind of dreams I was getting. Maite was getting the real thing and I was only given a mere finger. Ka mmao life is not fair. I was so ashamed of the state I was in. Maite whispered "go to the bedroom and get your Xhosa dose. That nigger knows his story in the bedroom. I chowed me so well I even thought of giving him my Mini Cooper". Oh Gosh, the Mini Cooper crap again, I so wanted to puke. I closed my eyes and prayed to God to make her get involved in a car accident as soon as she dropped me off. The first thing I checked was whether she had a camera in her hand or not. I didn't want her to shoot me a video in that state. If it was Maite lying there naked I was gonna take a video and keep it as insurance – First For Bitches. I was tempted to go to the bedroom and give myself to Loyiso but I didn't wanna look desperate. I was desperate but sometimes a girl must put her pride before despise. More especially when you are not under the influence of alcohol. When you are drunk you can always use it as an excuse. I told Maite I was not a bitch like her. I told her there was no way I was gonna sleep with her leftovers. She looked at me with some element of disbelief in her eyes but I didn't care. I didn't give a shit.

Loyiso came to the lounge fully dressed and told us to leave. He was so rude and disrespectful. He was an opposite copy of the man I first met the previous day. It breaks my heart when hot guys have an ugly attitude. That's some shit I expect from guys whose faces look like the face of Daihatsu. That car is so ugly you would swear the guys who made it were horny and in a hurry to go buy prostitutes. No offence, but if a guy came to fetch me driving it my pussy would go dry for more than 10 hours. I told Loyiso it was not necessary to be that rude because we

never said we won't leave. He shouted "hey Limpopo bitches, I am telling you to fucken leave now before I do something I will regret. Or you want me to speak your Shangaan? Fambani la nxa". Eh eh eh when a Xhosa guys speaks Xitsonga you must know he means business. I don't blame him though; Maite's pussy was probably contaminated. Nigger was high from shagging her. I laughed and went "Limpopo bitches ke mmao mrena. I am not a bitch". Nigger tried to slap me but I ducked and he hit Maite. She fell so hard I thought she was going to die. I went down on my knees and apologised on the spot. He shouted "I don't want your stupid apology. I want you to leave now. Take your dirty clothes and leave before my seniors arrive here. We have business to discuss and we don't want man panties around". He was behaving like a typical man. When they are horny they will help you to pull the panty down. They can even do it with their teeth regardless of how dirty it is. But when they are sexually full they don't even want to look at the poor panty. I told Maite we should stop arguing with him and leave. She went "how am I gonna drive my Mini Cooper when my gum is bleeding". Nxa I was so pissed at that stage. I went "fool, you don't drive the car with your bloody gums. You use your hands and legs. Let's leave before this Xhosa kills us". We got dressed as fast as we could and walked to the car. I was glad I didn't sleep with that nincompoop. Imagine a guy treating you like that the morning after you had sex him. Maite was probably felling like a bitch that she was. That's what you get for sleeping with your man's friend. She ignited the car and asked Loyiso to open the gate. Shit, before the Mini Cooper said hello to the gate I saw Poloko's car entering the gate. He was with Mlu and some guy I didn't know. I tried to hide but it was quite clear he had seen me. I told Maite to drive as fast as she could as soon as the gate was clear. Instead of following my instruction went "my Mini Cooper is nice neh?". I went "bitch, voetsek maaaaaan. I don't care about your Mini Shit. Drive fast jou bloody fake yellow bone".

Poloko's car blocked our way and .....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 179

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 18, 2015

“I am tired of people saying that poor character is the only reason people do wrong things. Actually, circumstances cause people to act a certain way. It’s from those circumstances that a person’s attitude is affected followed by weakening of character. Not the reverse. If we had no faults of our own, we should not take so much pleasure in noticing those in others and judging their lives as either black or white, good or bad. We all live our lives in shades of gray” – Shannon L Alder

Ever noticed how there is always someone you know everywhere you go? You can go to Kenya now and chances are you will bump into someone you know from the past. I knew very well that Poloko knew Mlu but I didn’t expect to see him there. When Loyiso told us to leave because his seniors were coming I expected some niggers with scars and tattoos all over their bodies. It is true that not all criminals are ugly. I was shaking with fear and my piss was few millilitres away. I knew I was on Poloko’s hit list and he wanted me dead. He was the reason my phone was forever off. I didn’t want him or his equally evil wife to find me. When he blocked a way for our car I knew it was the end of my life. I closed my eyes and found myself emotionally reciting Matthew 6:9-13, The Lord’s Prayer “Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. And forgive our sins, as we also forgive those who sinned against us....”. As I was deep in prayer there begging the Almighty God to welcome me to heaven Maite shouted “please don’t forget to pray for my Mini Cooper. It has done nothing wrong”. I opened my eyes and told her to go to the nearest hell between her legs. I looked in front of me and saw a very angry Poloko walking towards the Mini Cooper. Maite was smiling as if she was expecting Poloko to give her a blow job on the spot. I was no longer shaking; my body was having a 6.2 magnitude earthquake. I felt like I was losing control of all my senses. I didn’t even feel my skin when I tried to touch it. He tried to open the passenger door but it was locked. He signed for Maite to unlock the door. He was still wearing anger on his gorgeous face. I whispered to Maite not to open the door but the bitch disobeyed me. She unlocked and Poloko opened the door. He went “get out and come kiss me”. I was confused. I literally froze and didn’t know what to do. Before he could speak again the third guy in the car went “chief, we don’t have time for girls today. We need to get down to business. You will chow those things in your own time. Let them go and let’s talk business”. Poloko smiled

and went “I miss you”. He went to their car and unblocked the way. SHiiiiiiit.....i was disastered to the Z.

As soon as the Mini Cooper’s butt said goodbye to the gate I gave a sigh of relief. I told Maite to drive as fast as she could but bitch drove as if the Mini was her grandfather’s 1970 Cressida. She wanted us to pass by Boulders Mall to have breakfast but I told her I wasn’t hungry. She was so stupid she didn’t even notice I was very traumatised. I told her she should go drop me at Phillip Nel because I wanted to be alone. I knew Marcus would be at work and there would be no one to disturb me. Luckily Maite didn’t ask further questions. She drove me straight to Phillip Nel as I asked. She dropped me at the gate and we agreed we would leave for Limpopo at 18:00 on Friday. I was looking forward to going home for the first time in months. Limpopo can be boring but it has less drama. I also wanted to ask my mom why she left the way she left. As soon as I got in the house I heard a voice of a female singing. It was strange because Marcus didn’t have any female company when I left. And I knew for sure that it wasn’t Pearl because the voice I heard was uglier than that of the late Mawillies. I went upstairs to check who was signing. It was some girl who looked my age. She was shocked to see me. I asked what she was doing and she went “I stay here”. I didn’t understand what she meant because I was the only girl staying there. I thought she was just being sarcastic and it pissed the hell out of me. I even thought of going all Zee on her. She immediately took out her phone and called someone. She went “Uncle Marcus, there is someone in the house and I don’t know what to do.... ..... oh ok. I’ll wait for you. Bye”. She didn’t have a Tsonga accent. There was no way she was related to Marcus. I hated the fact that she was more beautiful than me. My mind started wandering all over. I went to my bedroom, took a bath and lay on my bed afterwards.

I was woken by Marcus’ knocks on the door. I told him to come in. He got in the bedroom followed by that wanna-be Zahara chick. I didn’t understand why she had to sing that loud because her voice was ugly. She probably thought she was all that. I don’t know why but I hated that girl. Ever hated someone you hardly knew? That’s how I felt about her. Maybe it was because she was more beautiful than Shazyonce. Marcus sat on my bed and asked where I slept the previous night. I wanted to rude but the smile on his face dowsed the flames of my rudeness. I assumed he was asking out of caring, not bossiness. His voice was very fatherly

that day. I told him I slept at Maite's place because I was angry my mom left without saying goodbye. He went "it's ok. Next time you should sit and talk to me instead of running away. This is your home and I don't want you to sleep at friends' place. One day you will own this house and stay with your husband here. Will you run away whenever you fight? You must learn to manage your anger baby girl". It was funny hearing him calling me baby girl. He sounded like my father. He reminded me of Piet. I apologised and told him next time I will learn to manage my anger. He held my hand and said "meet my niece Confidence Khosa. She is an Economics student at University of Pretoria and staying at the Res. I asked her to move in with us for the next few weeks. It's exam time and I thought it would be good for you to have a study buddy. I know exam time can be depressing. Confidence, meet my daughter Sharon. Well, she is like a daughter to me. Hope you guys will make good study buddies and maybe buddies after exams. Good luck girls. Make yourselves proud". Shit, I was not happy he hired FBI for me. It was quite clear he deployed that Confidence thingie to police me and report to him. I wanted to tell him I didn't want FBI on my ass be he was so fatherly that day. It was difficult to go all Zee on him. I gave Confidence a hug and pretended I was happy to meet her. Deep inside I was boiling. There was no way I was gonna be friends with someone named Confidence. Mxm she didn't even look confident.

To describe Confidence in short, she was a black beauty with very white eyes. Her body was almost like mine but she had bigger boobs. It's difficult for girl to admit another girl is more beautiful than us. But with Confidence I had to admit, my she was beautiful shem. I didn't like her but jealousy doesn't pay bills mrena. She didn't waste time, she went to her room and fetched her books. I had no choice but to study even though I was not in a mood. She asked "how come your books still look new?". Jerrr she was getting in my nerves at a speed of 200km/h. How was it her business that my books looked new? I faked a smile and went "maybe it's because I don't treat my books like a toilet paper". I hated her stupid question. Basically, she was insinuating I didn't visit my books enough. We studied until my eyes started seeing Arabic in my text books. Around 4 we prepared food and watched a bit of TV. The only time we spoke was when she asked what time we gonna study again. I kept telling her "relax.....shortly". I was busy on Facebook. Actually I wasn't busy. I was flirting with some nigger called Ronny Ramokgopa from a place called Botlokwa in Limpopo but was based in Pretoria full time. I have never been to that place but I had home girls who went to some school there



called Mokomene High School. I was surprised how flirty and funny Ronny was because from what I heard niggers from that place were very ghetto and uptight. He only had one picture of himself in his Facebook albums. It was a very charming picture of a man in a suit. The rest of the pictures were cars, mostly German machines. Nigger wanted us to meet but I told him tomorrow because I was studying. Luckily he understood. Confidence and I studied until 11pm. I told her I was sleepy and bid her good night. As soon as I got to my bedroom I logged on Facebook and chatted with Ronny Ramokgopa until 3am. Nigger was so funny I laughed until my pussy went brrrrrrr. We decided to meet the following day. He told me he'll pick me up at Burgers Park around 13h00. I don't know why but I was kinda happy to meet a new person. I slept smiling. Confidence came to my bedroom around 6am to study. I went "hayi maan, I'm not in Robben Island. Give me some break hle. My brain doesn't function with paraffin like yours mrena". She voetseked to her bedroom. I woke up around 11am and bathed. I didn't know what to wear so I opted for a simpler look, just a knee length dress and flat shoes. There was no way I was going to overdress for a mere Motlokwa. I told Confidence I was going to town to fetch some books and to my surprise she went "ok...don't be too long because Uncle Marcus said he'll be back before 3pm". She scored few points in my heart. I caught a taxi to town. I was constantly in touch with Ronny via Facebook inbox. When I got to town I walked to Burger Park. He inboxed "you will see my blue machine at corner Van Der Walt and Jacob Mare streets. My hazard lights are on". I told him the only car with hazards on there was some old looking blue Nissan 1400. He went "that is the one mogatjaka". I didn't know whether to laugh or die. I decided to walk to the car. Blind dates can be funny and exciting at the same time. You don't know what to expect.

One look at the driver's side of the car and .....yhooooooo...

Booooooommmmmmmmm

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 180

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 19, 2015

"Desperation can make a person do surprising things" – Veronica Roth

Someone once told me that God will give you a person you least expect. I know many girls who dreamed of marrying tall, dark and handsome guys only for them to tie the knot to some dark ugly midget with malnutrition-inspired mkhaba. There are some people in life that you always tell yourself you will never date or even befriend. I am a woman and obviously I have my own target market. I didn't expect a guy to be 100%. Well, the only 100% man in this world is Jesus Christ. What I saw in that old Nissan 1400 bakkie aka blue machine almost made me fall asleep on the spot. Nigger was so dark I almost said good night. If he was a model he was gonna advertise night. They say there is a light at the end of the tunnel but with him it was more like there is more darkness at the end of the tunnel. My mind told me to leave on the spot but we all know curiosity killed a female cat. I was curious to know why he had guts to inbox a beautiful girl like me. He looked the opposite of the guy I saw on his Facebook profile picture. When he saw me he opened the door and got out of the car. He smiled and his teeth looked as if they were visitors in his mouth. It was like they were about to leave anytime. They didn't look like permanent teeth. He was not a midget but I was taller than him even though I was wearing flat shoes. Imagine if I was wearing high heels? He would be on my 'muffing height'. He went "kgotsong kgotsong mamoruti. How are you?". That was the first time I got to hear his voice. His voice sounded like that of an old woman swearing at naughty kids. I tried to imagine him having sex with me. He would probably sound like an old woman dying. He was wearing track pants, a shirt and flip-flops. I didn't know whether to greet back or scream "sebata kgomo". Ja Facebook blind dates will show you masepa straight. There I was hoping to meet a rich hunk full of sense of humour only to find someone who looked like he was related to satan's wife. I went "good afternoon and how are you?". He laughed and asked why I spoke as if my nose was blocked.

He asked me to get in the car and I went "uhhm, how about we walk? I feel about taking a walk. It keeps my body healthy". That was me trying to come up with an excuse not to get in that blue machine. I mean, just imagine!!!! I didn't want to degrade myself. From SUVs to 1400? Damn that is equivalent to completing your doctor degree only for you to go study to be an auxiliary nurse afterwards. He went "nonsense, I am taking you out for lunch so I can get to know you better mamoruti. Don't be scared, I won't bite you. We will just have lunch and in the process get to

know each other well. You will leave as soon as we are done. Why did they name you Sharon? They should have named you Pretty or Mmabotse. Gape o sephalaphala se ntombi. Okare you advertise paradise. Modimo ga a fe ka letsogo straight. Le ka leoto wa ragela”. I almost asked “why did they name you Ronny? They should have named you satan because you are ugly and short. If satan dies you would stand a very good chance of replacing him”. I didn’t wanna argue with him, I got in the car. I saw BMW car keys in the car and his wallet looked fat. Mmmmmh at least I sensed there was a light at the end of the tunnel. Maybe he was one of those guys who tested chicks before they dated them. You know those guys who would pretend they are poor just to check if the girl is a gold digger. Mxm at least they should do that driving Vivo or Figo, not a bloody Nissan 1400. That is a car for old men who sell fruits and vegetables on weekends. I asked him where he was taking me to. He went “stressfree mamoruti. I am taking you to a place you will always remember me with. I know you ladies like making memories. You can even take a selbie when we get there”. I asked him what a selbie was. Nigger laughed and went “where do you come from? A selbie is a picture that you take yourself. Ncoooooh o morago ka syllabus mamoruti. Don’t worry, Ronny Ramokgopa aka RR will educate you”. I couldn’t help it, I found myself cracking like I was crazy. Dead dead dead dead dead by selbie. #BotlokwaThings.

Nigger drove us to the bus terminal at Bosman Station. I didn’t understand why he drove there because I was under the impression he was taking me out for lunch. I knew very well that there was no any restaurant there. I assumed he was going to see somebody before we head to the restaurant. He parked his car and asked me to get out so he can lock his blue machine. I complied and got out of the car. We walked for couple of minutes. I was facing the ground because I didn’t wanna be recognised by someone who knew me. Imagine Sharon Letsoalo seen in such places. Damn, media would be all over my ass lol. We got to some stall and RR went “kgotsong mamoruti. Le sa tsogile botse? Can I have one plate of mogodu and pap?”. Like WTF, at first I thought he was pulling a joke. When he took out his wallet to pay I knew he was dead serious. WTF, imagine your first date at a bus terminal surrounded by people who ate as if they didn’t want 14:30 train to leave them. Some of them didn’t even wash their hands and I almost puked. Don’t get me wrong, I am not a snob and was not born in the burbs. But I ain’t the type to eat at taxi ranks and bus terminals. News Cafes and Spurs of this world are my kinda

scene. I asked Ronny for a bathroom and he went “bathroom for what? Didn’t you bath at home? Come on be serious maan, we are here to eat”. I told him by bathroom I meant toilet and he laughed. The mama who sold food directed me to the public toilets. Some lady at the entrance of the toilet asked me for R2 in order to use the loo. Honestly I have a problem with that system. In malls that are mostly frequented by white people, public toilets are free. In areas that are mostly frequented by black people, there is a toilet fee. I told her I didn’t have any coins. She went “no coin, not shit”. That was it, that place was not for me. Instead of going back to RR, I headed straight to Scheiding Street and walked towards Paul Kruger Street. There was no way I was gonna abbreviate my pride and eat at such place. I left without saying goodbye.

I didn’t wanna use a taxi so I took a chance by going to JT’s place unannounced. It wasn’t far from where I was. Luckily I saw her car at the parking area. I knocked at her flat and she went “come in if o tlile go jewa”. Lol that was funny. I got in and she was reading the Bible. It was the first time I saw my dear friend reading the Bible lol. I ask if she was ok and she went “ke grand ntwana. Ne ke checka fela gore the Man upstairs still remembers me. Wa nthola mos? Hallelujah, fire fire fire”. I laughed and asked her to drop me at my place, Phillip Nel. She didn’t even ask when I moved back to Phillip Nel. She just went “sharp Ntwana. Mara transie ya ka ga se taxi”. It took us 20 minutes to get to Phillip Nel. I got to check my inboxes on our way and Ronny was fuming. She dropped me at the gate and left. I didn’t want her to get in because of the FBI in the house. Confidence was busy washing dishes when I got in the house. I greeted her and went upstairs. I changed into short pants and skimpy top. When I went downstairs Confidence asked if I got my books and I said yes. I was just being sarcastic nje. She went “Marcus said we should be ready in 30 minutes. He is taking us out for chows”. Bo Marcus mrena, nigger had allergy of home cooked meals. He preferred eating out. I wasn’t in a mood to out but I didn’t have a choice. When Marcus came back after 40 minutes Confidence and I were ready. We got in the car and off we left. I thought he was taking us somewhere fancy only for him to take us to Nando’s in SunnyPark. Apparently he was craving something hot. Some men behave as if they are in their first trimester of pregnancy. We sat and ordered our food. I took out my phone and checked in. it’s a girl thing, we check in whenever someone takes us out. Well, only at reputable restaurants. When was the last time you saw a girl checking in at Fish n Chips? Marcus was busy asking us about our readiness for exams blah blah

blah blah blah and honestly I was getting bored. We were there to eat, not to be interrogated about books. Confidence on the other hand was enjoying all questions. Mxm some girls behave as if their mothers were impregnated by a dictionary. As we were eating there I saw Kea and some Nigerian looking man entering the mall. The way Kea was so hooked on Nigerians you would swear they fed her egusi soup the day she was born. I was kinda excited to see her innocent face. I excused myself from the table and walked outside Nando's to go greet Kea.

Just as I was about to walk to Kea's direction a male voice went "mamoruti...."

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 181

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 20, 2015

"No woman gets an orgasm from shining the kitchen floor" – Betty Friedan

I almost soiled my undies. My mind was programmed to hear no one but Kea's voice at that moment. So when I heard a male voice I automatically thought it was RR. Imagine running away from someone only for them to see you later at a different location. I turned back and my eyes were met by someone I didn't recognise. It was a well-dressed young man. A 100% opposite of RR. I greeted back and asked him why he referred to me as mamoruti. He smiled and went "I see you don't remember me. Anyway I didn't expect you to know me. I saw you at Pastor Magubane's church in Ebony couple of months back. They announced that you were getting married to the incoming pastor, Obakeng. I can't wait to come to your wedding. I haven't been to that church in ages but I won't miss your wedding. You guys make a wonderful couple. I think your union was anointed in heaven". Shit, he literally made my knees go numb. Of all guys in the world he had to remind me of Obakeng, my OB bathong. When he said we made a wonderful couple he filled my heart with guilt. I kinda missed my PK at that moment. I thanked the dude and told him I had to go. I didn't even know which direction Kea headed to. I looked around the mall but couldn't find her. Mxm I was so disappointed shem. I was looking forward to seeing my former roomie. I couldn't call her because I had left my phone at the Nandos table. I had no choice but to go

back. Marcus was not at the table when I got back there. I asked Confidence where he was and she told me he left with some lady. Men will always be men. My phone had 3 missed calls from Maite. I didn't call back because I suspected she wanted to tell me about her Mini Cooper. I checked Facebook and the first update I saw was that of Ronny Ramokgopa. It went "these bitches ain't loyal. Don't trouble the trouble before the trouble troubles you. Motlokwa ga a na Setlokwana. One day is one day. Phusha Phanda Play". I didn't understand what he meant or who he was referring to. It was at that stage that I realised checking in was the biggest mistake. I quickly went to my check in and read comments. The first comment was from Ronny. It read "you can run but you will never hide. RR has eyes and ears everywhere". I deleted my Check In.

I told Confidence that we had to leave. Mxm she started asking many questions and I told her to shut the fuck up and do as I say. We didn't have any means of transport, so I didn't know how we were going to reach our place. We walked to the parking hoping to find Marcus at the car but nigger was nowhere to be seen. Only his car was there. When Confidence called him he didn't pick up. I called him and he picked up within 2 seconds. I asked him where he was and he told me he would be back within 30 minutes. Lol men have this tendency of wrong answers to questions. I asked him where he was and he told me he would be back after what-what minutes. That was not my question thou. I guess it was his way of not wanting to tell me where he was. He was probably somewhere with Pulane chowing the hell out of her. I decided to call JT to come fetch us. Luckily she was around Arcadia so it took her only 5 minutes to get to Sunnypark. The first thing she said was "eh Ntwana, ke mang leshambhola le o vayang le lona? She is so hot nka mo ja without mayonnaise". Lol that was hella funny. Basically she asked "who is the hot girl you are with? I can chow her without mayonnaise". I laughed and told her she was my cousin. She literally got out of the car to kiss Confidence's hand. I expected Confidence to be uncomfortable but to my surprise she smiled like Rachel Kunutu after seeing Marothi's BMW. I asked JT to drive us straight to Phillip Nel because we wanted to study. As always she was playing kwaito in her car and dancing. Confidence seemed to enjoy it more than everyone. Go tsamaya ke go bona straight. I didn't expect Miss Uptight to love those kinda of things. I guess you will never know the person completely. JT kept asking many questions about Confi. I could tell she was very interested. JT had a very good taste in women. I have never seen her with an ugly girl.

When we got to the gate at my crib I saw Maite's Mini Cooper parked outside the gate. I was surprised because she said nothing about coming to see me. I remembered I saw missed calls from her. I assumed she drove to my place when I didn't answer her calls. JT asked for 3 minutes with Confidence in private. She went "can I have confidential moment with Confidence?". I got out of the car to give them their privacy. JT was not the type to waste time. She wanted to nationalise Confidence without expropriation. Maite wasn't in her car so I asked myself where she could have been. I was surprised the gate wasn't locked. The main door to the house was also not locked. I was shocked because I was the one who locked it. I had a feeling that something bad was happening in the house. The first thing I thought was a burglary. They were very popular that side of Pretoria. I grabbed a knife in the kitchen and tiptoed around the house looking for any foreign tendency. I heard some funny sounds coming from Marcus' bedroom. I listened carefully and learnt that the sounds sounded familiar. It was the bitch Maite. Nxa she was having sex with Marcus. Ja some girls have nawa straight. I was angry at Marcus for leaving us to go do his stupid things with bitches. I thought of opening the door and spoil the party but my heart told me that would be disrespectful to Marcus. He was an adult after all. I went back to JT's car only to find her kissing Confidence. Oh fuck we are living in a messed up world. I was quite aware JT had a silver tongue but I didn't expect Confie to fall for her that fast. I opened the door and they both jumped like they were caught stealing. JT went "mara Ntwana why o etsa so now? Kanti ga o bone gore ne ka sa dlala ka saliva ya leshambhola (Why are you doing this? Can't you see I'm kissing the hottie)?. You are an enemy of progress. God will see you". Confidence on the other hand was embarrassed. I told her not to be embarrassed because I knew JT had that effect on many girls. JT went "mara wa nyela wa itse?. Ga ke sfebe go tshwana le wena. I am a one woman man. Ke JT wa Confie waya waya". Lol that was JT cementing her charm on the poor girl. These girls who act all goodie-goodie always have some agenda behind their goodie-goodie act. Remember how sweet and innocent Kea was? Now she has a mega pussy, proudly made in Nigeria.

I told JT and Confidence we couldn't go into the house because some adult stuff was happening in there. JT went "eh go jewa motho? Ka mmao Pitori di a boa straight. Marcus ke lenyora thwii". The forever asking questions Confidence was very quiet at that moment. I guess it was the JT effect in action. I asked Confidence to describe the lady Marcus left with and the description matched

Maite 99.99%. As we were driving back to Sunnyside my phone rang and it was Marcus. Nigger was breathing heavily like he was tired. He told me to go grab some drinks at Rhapsody's because he was held up in some unplanned meeting with an associate he bumped into at Sunnypark. Lol I always find it funny when adults lie like that. He promised to send R1000 for drinks and to fetch us when he's done with the meeting. That was his way of telling me not to come back until he comes to fetch us. Men are not loyal I'm telling you. Immediately after Marcus' call my phone rang again and it was Maite. I picked up and she went "my friend I have been trying to call you but you didn't pick up. Listen, I am in Kempton Park and left Never-die at my place. He wants to leave for Limpopo but he can't leave with my keys. Please go there now so he can give you the keys. I'll fetch them from you. Don't stress, I'll send you taxi money". That was Maite trying to play smart. I decided not to burst her bubble. I told her cool because I was in Sunnyside anyway and she went "thanks my friend. You are a star. I can't wait for our trip to Limpopo. I'll call Never-Die to tell him you are coming right now. You are a star. Mini Cooper Cooper Cooper". She was talking as if she was in the loo. I asked JT to drive me to Arcadia. She parked outside Maite's flat and I headed up. The security guards recognised me, so they didn't even ask any questions. I knocked at Maite's door and Never-Die who sounded like he was in the bathroom shouted "come in". I opened the door and waltzed in. It sounded like nigger was bathing. I sat on the bed waiting for him to finish. JT called to tell me they were quickly running to her place and would be back in about 20 minutes. Oh banna, she was going to chow the poor kid. Everyone was having sex and I was going up and down fetching keys nxa. I felt less wanted and sexy. Maite left her boyfriend to go get chowed by another man and nna I no one was chowing me. My pussy was even developing some rust. While sitting there thinking about my pussy Never-die appeared from the bathroom in nothing but a towel. His Tsonga-ness was out there. I could literally see it on the towel and felt my blood circulation being concentrated in strategic areas of my body. Ja God was very generous to Tsonga guys ka mmao. I stuttered "I I I came to to fetch Maite's keys. She to....told me to...."

Before I could finish that sentence he.....

BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM.....OH Happy days...

THE END



## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 182

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 24, 2015

“To burn with desire and keep quiet about it is the greatest punishment we can bring on ourselves” – Federico García Lorca

There are things in life that you don't plan but they just happen randomly. When I went to Maite's place my only mandate was to fetch her keys. I didn't expect anything out of the ordinary to happen. When Never-Die dropped the towel I thought he was pranking me or something. It was only when he sexually walked closer to me that I noticed he meant business. I told him to stop whatever he was planning because I was not in a mood to play a hoe and he went “since when you are not my whore? I know you love big dicks and I'm offering you one for free”. I felt like he was literally insulting me. I wanted to tell him to go to hell but his dick looked so juicy I couldn't ignore. I was like “please don't try anything stupid. Maite is my friend and I don't wanna betray her. Please give me the keys and let me go. We both don't wanna do stuff we will regret later. I beg you Never-Die. Your name is Never-Die but I doubt your dick is never die, I'm sure it can die when you put your mind to it. Maite and I have recently reignited our friendship and I don't wanna do anything to ruin it. Please understand mrena”. It was like the more I spoke was the more his Tsonga dick elevated its size to another level. It looked so big that I thought I was looking an exhaust of a truck. Contrary to popular believe, girls don't love big dicks. What's the use of shagging a big dick if it's gonna cause pain to you? Every girl's dream is to ride a dick that's gonna fit into the pussy well and reach the right places without causing unnecessary pain. Don't get me wrong, small dicks are a no-no. What's the use of having sex if the dick is gonna do nothing other than tickling you? I looked at Never-Die's dick with ‘please shag me’ eyes and I could see it was agreeing with what I was hoping for. Never-Die went “don't pretend as if you don't want it. We both know you want it. We are not kids here. We both know I can make you come 3 times in less than 10 minutes”. I liked his confidence but it sounded more of a brag to me. Most guys who like bragging are like fake rice. You know fake rice does not rise more than twice when you cook it, it decreases more than twice.

He started making some sounds like that of Alexandra rats when they see cats. Alexandra rats eat cats. So when they see cats they start making excited sounds

knowing they are about to eat. That's what Never-Die sounded like that day. He tried to kiss me but I told him to relax because I wasn't there for sex. Tsonga men don't take instructions from women when coming to sexual matters. I told him I wasn't there for sex but it was like I was talking to a stubborn Zulu tokoloshi. Zulu men are stubborn by nature, you can imagine how stubborn Zulu tokoloshis are. His dick was swinging up and down like a head of a hungry dog. The way it was so big that day it could shag a donkey and the poor donkey was gonna scream with pain. If he was a Rhino poachers would have pouched his dick long time ago. He gently grabbed me closer and went "I wanted you the last time at your place but we didn't get to do anything. There's no proper time to finish what we started. I can still feel the chemistry we had the first day we met. You are the most gorgeous woman my dick ever laid its eyes on". Men are so random hle. I'm sure he told that to every girl he wanted to chow. But hey, a compliment is a compliment even if I knew he said that to try to get me wet underground. I told him to walk away from me but nigger did the opposite. He pulled me closer and the next thing his lips were on mine. Never-Die wasn't a magnificent kisser but his lips were on on-peak tip that day. They felt juicier and sweeter than ever. Maybe it's because I was hungry. When you are hungry you can eat raw meat and it will taste nice. I didn't respond to his kiss but I enjoyed every moment of it. He tried to undress me but I told him I was on my periods. He went "you used that line before on me and today it won't work. I know you want it as much as I do. Let's stop playing games and do this. I promise you won't regret it. I will make your pussy blush with joy and enjoyment". I wanted to talk but he lips went rampant on my lips again. He was very slow and gentle. It was like he knew how I wanted to be kissed that day. He squeezed my fine ass while kissing me. My pussy was gradually getting wet. I thought of Maite chowing Marcus and JT possibly chowing Confidence and I thought to myself "shit, why not?".

For some reason the mood in the room turned sensual and intense. When you have suffered sexual drought for too long your pussy tends to get excited quickly. We all long for good sex sometimes. Bad sex does not dilute sexual drought, it makes it worse. Dirty water will never quench your thirst, it will make you sick. He slowly took off my clothes and I could feel his mrengerenge googling my belly. A yellow bone from Ga-Kgapane and some dark bone from the former Gazankulu were standing naked in the room about to wrestle sexually. He carried me and dropped me on Maite's bed. What I liked about him carrying me was the fact that he gave

me mobile fingering while I was in his arms. When his finger touched my clitoris I found myself sobbing in a facetious way. It was a sob of joy. He wanted me on top but I told him to drive me first. When fucking men with big dicks it's not advisable to start on top as a girl. O tla go pharola maragwana a wa nyela. Let him start on top to give your pussy a warm up. He made me lie on my back and pulled my legs over his head. When a guy does that you must expect El Classico of sex. He started by 'fingering' my clitoris with his dick head and I almost jumped and screamed Merry Christmas. It felt like it was some sort of Christmas for my pussy. His dick head was so big had I taken it a picture there someone was gonna think I was giving birth to a bald baby. My pussy was shaking in anticipation. I didn't know whether to rush him to enter or let him continue with the good work he was engaged in. I found myself whispering "please dump Maite for me". I didn't mean it. It was said out of sexual intemperance. When he finally entered me I found my pussy squirting within the first 3 minutes. I was so wet but I could still feel nigger was big. I understood then why Maite had a big pussy. When he went in and out I squirted again and found myself pinching him all over his body. The more I pinched him was the more he went deeper. The deeper he went was the more I felt a very nice pain. You will pardon the oxymoron.

Nigger chowed me for full 25 minutes and it was one of the best sex I ever had. It was only when he pulled out and started screaming in Shangaan that I noticed we didn't condomise. When Shangaan men scream it's a bit confusing because you know whether they are happy or angry. All I heard was "mananooooooooooooooooo yho yho yhoooooooooo manooooooooo xitombo xa n'wana wa mvexa xa nandzikoooooooo". Nigger sprinkled his come all over my belly. It was disgusting by after good sex even disgusting things seem nice. Nigger had sperms for days, they would fill that clover danone thingie. Now I understand why he had big balls. I thought we were done but nigger had other plans. He grabbed my portable body and the next thing my mouth was next to his dick. I thought it was done watering my body until I employed my mouth to lollipop it. A quick shot fired inside my mouth and I accidentally swallowed his seed. Shit, if he wasn't good in bed I would have puked at that stage. It was the first time I saw a guy holding up sperms and triggering them seconds later. I wondered if guys with small dicks could do that. I guess it wouldn't be possible because the short dick is automatically a short cut lol. I lay on the bed with my legs wide open to get some fresh air. My pussy's temperature was high so I wanted to cool it down. I had little regret for sleeping

with him but my pussy was happy there was some service delivery underground. Nigger wanted more but I told him I wasn't a slave. He went "you are so sexy I can't get enough of you. Only if you could shake like Maite". WTF, that was the most insensitive thing I heard after sex. Just imagine nigger complimenting another bitch few minutes after sleeping with you. I was getting tired of the Maite bitch getting compliments left right and centre. Maybe she was a prostitute in her previous life. I was hurt by what Never-Die said, so I hit back. I went "your dick is so big, pity you don't know how to use it. No wonder Maite is sleeping with other men inside your car. They even bought her a Mini Cooper". I could tell I hit him harder by how his complexion turned navy blue. His dick died on the spot. 90% of men's ego is based in their dicks. You attack their dicks, their brains will function like RR's 1400 skorokoro. He went "Maite will never cheat on me. She's not like you. She doesn't go around sleeping with any Dick, Tom and Jerry". I laughed and went "You are right. She doesn't go around sleeping with Tom, Dick and Harry. She sleeps with Marcus, Loyiso and Mlu etc.....". Nigger got dressed so fast I thought he was going to tear his clothes. He left the flat without saying bye. My phone rang and it was Maite. I told her I was about to leave her place and she went:

"Don't lie, I was talking to Never-Die on Skype earlier and he forgot to switch it off. I saw everything".

BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 183

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 25, 2015

"A picture is a secret about a secret, the more it tells you the less you know" –  
Diane Arbus

It's one thing to shag your friend's boyfriend but getting caught is just another thing. My friendship with Maite wasn't that important to me but I didn't want her to see me as that girl who slept with her boyfriend at her place. I knew she was going to tell everyone at home, including my mom. I didn't know what to say to her. I looked around and indeed there was a laptop facing the direction of the bed. Jerrrrrr I was so busted. I felt like she set me up. I even thought she showed

Marcus me riding her boyfriend. I knew she was going to use it against me whenever she felt like. I asked “what do you mean you saw everything?”. That question came out of nowhere. I didn’t know what to say nje. She went “the way you sound so guilty I am starting to think you did something with my man. There was no any Skype. I just wanted to ask if he gave you my keys. He called me just now insulting me. I don’t know what got into him. He even threatened to kill me. He didn’t say why he was angry but whatever it is must be big. Didn’t he say anything to you?”. Before answering her question I went to check if the laptop was on. I just wanted to make sure the bitch wasn’t lying to me. I whistled like a village boy from gaMoleketla when I noticed it was completely off and there was no any Skyping happening. I am not a porn star, I don’t want my sexual performance seen on Skype or wherever. I replied “he just asked where you are and I told him I didn’t know. Don’t stress about it, you know Tsonga guys can be abnormally insecure. Anyway, how are you gonna get your keys?”. She asked me to wait at her flat because she wasn’t far. Bitch had forgotten she told me she was in Kempton Park. She sounded so happy and content. Ja I respect the power of Marcus’ penis. I opened the windows and fixed her bed. I made sure I got rid of any evidence that smelled sex. I didn’t want her to suspect I shagged Never-Die. As soon as I was done I started going thru her stuff. I almost died with laughter when I saw some of Maite’s Jeppe College scripts. Who the fuck get 12% in college English? Now I understand why she dropped out. Prostitution was more of a suitable career path for her shem. Injalo le ndaba.

I lay on her bed to wait for her. She didn’t even have a book or magazine that I could read while waiting for her. She was very allergic to books shem. Maite came back after more than 20 minutes. I thought she was coming alone only to see some skinny nigger behind her. Nigger was skinny the fart wind would move him. If he stood behind you and you farted nigger would fly like a kite. As much as I don’t want fat niggers I think skinny nigger are worse. Imagine the bruises you gonna get on your body from his bones. I was wondering what he was doing with Maite. She gave me a hug and told me the guy was her friend from Kempton Park. I greeted the guy and greeted back. His eyes were all over like he was a detective looking for some evidence. Actually, he looked like a nyaope boy looking for a R2 coin. I asked Maite why she was wearing a smile on her face and she went “it’s love darling. I am so in love with the guy I was with today. He is so romantic and good in bed”. It was a bit awkward to talk about such stuff in front of a guy. I know guys

are stupid. One mention of sex and they get horny. Imagine an erect dick on a skinny guy. It would look big because it is situated on a small body. Maite went “don’t mind Raps, he’s gay”. I changed my views about him when I heard he’s gay. Gay guys make good friends to girls. They can be too honest for my liking but they are cool. Maite undressed in front of him and nigger didn’t even look. Maite went “my pussy is still hot. Tsonga guys can chow you for days”. I whispered “I know the feeling, believe me”. The gay guy went “iyho o bolela nnete weitsi. Machangane ba tla o ja wa nyela literally choza. Nna I prefer Xhosa men from Cape. Ba cute and yummy and their dicks are user-friendly”. Lol it was only when Raps opened his mouth that I saw Somizi tendencies in him. I was expecting a WHOOOO SHEM. I asked Maite which Tsonga guy she was with and she went “Some guy from Kempton Park”. Raps jumped in and went “wa yaka. Ke ntate o mo hot wa ko Phillip Nel. That’s what you told me in the car mos choza”.

Maite’s face turned orange with embarrassment. When fake yellow bones are angry or embarrassed they turn orange. She could see I was adding one and one and she tried to change the topic. Only if she knew I knew what she got up to. She was Maite after all, I didn’t expect her to conduct herself like God’s cousin. My phone rang and it was JT telling me she was waiting for me downstairs. Immediately after JT’s call Marcus called to tell me he was back at SunnyPark to fetch us. I asked him how the meeting went and he vigorously said “very well. Soon I will be rich and I can afford to buy you a car”. Lol hayi some niggers can lie for days bathong. I didn’t know Maite’s pussy had money making powers. Bo Marcus mrena. I told him he shouldn’t worry because a friend promised to drop us at Phillip Nel and nigger sounded relieved. After the call I did my goodbyes. The gay guy went “o tsamaye sharpo my love. Hope to see you sunu (soon). Why do you walk nkare o jelwe ke pipi ya lechangane bjanong? Yho mihlolo ya ntate James.....dwiiiiii”. Gays can be irritating sometimes. Maite walked me to JT’s car. When Confidence saw Maite she went “Sharon, this is the lady I told you about. She’s the one who left with Uncle Marcus when we were at SunnyPark Mall”. Maite turned fast and ran back to her flat. I don’t understand why she reacted that way. It’s not like I was gonna kill her for whoring her forever employed downstairs. I got in the car and we drove to Phillip Nel Park. I asked JT what they got up to and she went “ntwana, ke bone mzimba. Confidence ke AMG ntwana”. Lol JT and her choice of words bathong. Confidence told JT to stop lying because they did nothing other than eating takeaways. I could see she didn’t want me to

know what they did. Only if she knew JT was my best bomba and we shared almost everything. When we got to the house Marcus wasn't there yet. So I went to his bedroom just to check if he didn't have another victim in there. Damn, the entire room smelled sea food.

I was not a fan of snooping around but that day I found myself going thru staff in Marcus' bedroom. I opened a drawer in his closet and found a picture of my mom. She looked between 17 and 18. The picture was written 'in sickness and in health' at the back. There was another picture of my mom and Piet. It was written 'thru thick and thin' at the back. That was some weird stuff. I snooped further and found a picture of my pregnant mom. It was written 'L'amour de ma vie' at the back. I didn't know what it meant because I didn't understand the language used there. That was some weird and strange things I saw. I kept wondering why Marcus had pictures of my parents, especially the picture of my pregnant mom. As I was about to close the drawer the bedroom door opened and Marcus walked in. I felt like witch who passed out on duty and got caught by her victims. I literally froze with the picture of my mom in the hand. Marcus turned red. He shouted "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY PRIVATE SPACE? WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO THROUGH MY PRIVATE THINGS? YOU LACK MANNERS. I KNEW LETTING THE WEAK PIET RAISE YOU WAS A BIG MISTAKE. GET THE HELL OUT OF MY BEDROOM NOW.... NOW NOW NOW". I have never seen that nigger angry to that level. I didn't understand why he was so worked up because I didn't steal anything from him. I ran out of his bedroom and locked myself in my bedroom. I had so many questions running thru my mind. I even thought of calling my mom but I knew she wouldn't tell me anything. Imagine finding pictures of your pregnant mom in another man's private space. I felt like they were hiding something from me. I didn't feel like studying or anything that day, so I slept until the following day. Marcus came to my bedroom early in the morning to apologise for shouting at me. I gave him silent treatment for more than 10 minutes. He stood up and went "well, you'll tell me when you are ready to talk. I wanted to ask you which car you want me to buy for you". I immediately said RIP to my silent treatment and shouted "Mercedes Benz A-Class". He smiled and left my bedroom. I logged on Facebook and Googled a picture of a white A-Class and uploaded it on Facebook with the caption "Le nyele bana ba baloi. Shaz has arrived. #AclassThings #A2Bsituation #FillUpTheTank #GermanMachine #VivoMustFall #MalapaGaLekane". We have become the

hashtag generation. Everything is hashtagged these days. People fart and update “#BackSoundVibes”. The way I was so happy I decided to go for a morning jog. I put on my sexy running attire and hit the road. If a girl still looks unsexy in running wear she must commit suicide. God will forgive her. I knew I looked hot because I almost caused 3 car accidents. Taxi drivers love window shopping on our bodies bathong. I didn’t wanna use the main road because it had morning rush traffic. So I jogged towards the Pretoria West Golf Club and turned right to the street that led to Pretoria West Hospital. That hospital is different from other public hospitals in South Africa. It’s the only public hospital I know that you will never find somebody selling bananas at the gate lol. As I was busy enjoying my jogging some back BMW slowed down and the driver opened the window. I didn’t even look because I knew it was some pervert wanting to try his luck.

“.....you stay around here”. Shit I knew the voice.

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 184

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 26, 2015

“Life is too short to waste any amount of time on wondering what other people think about you. In the first place, if they had better things going on in their lives, they wouldn’t have the time to sit around and talk about you. What’s important to me is not others’ opinions of me, but what’s important to me is my opinion of myself” – C JoyBell C

Some people are like fake Brazilian weaves, they are everywhere. I didn’t expect to see or hear his voice that side of Pretoria. To me he looked like that type that stayed in Hammaskraal. What shocked me was the car he was driving. Well, I wasn’t shocked but after what happened the last time I was with him I didn’t expect him inside a German machine. It wasn’t one of those latest Beemers but it was still in good condition. I continued jogging and nigger followed me saying things I didn’t even understand. I knew he would follow me until I stopped. So I



just continued without even looking back. When I turned and headed towards KFC I noticed the car wasn't tailing me anymore. I was so relieved because I wasn't in a mood for people like him. I was in a mood to celebrate the car Marcus was going to buy me. I didn't wanna go far, so I turned at KFC and jogged back to my place. Just before the Golf Club entrance I saw the BMW parked on the side of the road. Shit, I almost engaged in a U-Turn. He got out of the car and tried to stop me. I tried to stop him from stopping me but that didn't stop him from trying to stop me. I eventually hit brakes and asked him what he wanted. He went "kgotsong mmamoruti, I am not here for you. I was on my way to fetch my cousin at the hospital when I saw you. I wanted to inbox you to apologise but I didn't have time. I owe you an apology for how I acted that day. I was from work and I didn't have a chance to change my clothes. And uhm, I craved rank food. Today you can see I look like Minister of Lawyers". If you ask me, I have never heard of such minister. Maybe he meant minister of justice. I was glad he noticed what turned me off. I love a man who is able to read signs and work on them. What almost made me laugh was how he bragged about his dress sense. He wasn't wearing flip-flops like that day but he still looked like those uncles who drove Toyota Stallion when I was still a kid. He was wearing Brentwood trousers, a formal white shirt and white sharp nose shoes. I never imagined myself dating a nigger that dons Brentwood. I mean, you gotta be at least 45 and menopausal to have the guts to unzip those trousers.

I told RR there was no need for him to apologise or explain because it wasn't any of my business. Nigger kept looking at my fine ass as he spoke. I asked him where he worked and he went "some construction company". I laughed out loud because he gave me the answer I expected. Ever noticed how construction workers look at girls' asses? Those niggers will look at you like they get the 13th cheque for looking at your butt. They even whistle to show they are enjoying the view. Sometimes I think they masturbate with their eyes. He asked why I laughed and I went "stop wasting your time with questions. Your boss is probably waiting for his car. Go fetch your cousin and go back to work. I wonder what your position is....a bricklayer?". He looked at me and smiled. He went "mmamoruti le tseela batho fase neh? Botsebotse I am my own boss. I own the company and this is one of my cars. But you are right, I must stop wasting time and go back to make more money". Shit, I didn't see that one coming. I didn't even know how to respond. I looked at him again and something looked different about him. He was not that

very ugly guy I met last week. Well, he was still ugly but had some swagger smile on his face. Let me be honest, when you have money your looks don't matter that much. I asked him what his company constructed and he told me buildings. I immediately stretched my arms to give him a hug. The lesson I learnt that day was not to judge people before you know what they do. One day you will unknowingly judge Jesus. Nigger gave me a hug and I could feel his manhood on my belly as he hugged me. Men think with their dicks ka mmao. I will say it until it becomes an anthem. Only if he knew I only hugged him after I learned he is 'economically active'. He went "bjale eh mmamoruti, le reng ka go nketela this weekend? Mara not Sunday because I am going to church and ga ke nyake go tshilafala". I told him I will think about it. He gave me a lift and dropped me at my place. He wanted to kiss me but I told him to hold his horses and he was like "bjale dipere di tsena kae? O becha dipere? Sies wa swabisa (Where do horses fit in now? You play horses? You should be ashamed of yourself)". I got out of his car and walked to the house.

I took a shower and afterwards joined Confidence who was studying. She asked me why I didn't tell her when I went jogging and I told her because she doesn't look like the jogging type. I studied as much as I could because I knew I wouldn't study much the following day. Maite and I were hitting the road to Africa's Eden, Limpopo. I wonder why they call Limpopo Eden. I have never seen naked people in public in Limpopo. They should call Gauteng Africa's Eden. Studying with Confidence was like a prison sentence. The chick concentrated on book for hours like she was on academic steroids. She didn't even take a break when I took one. I tried to make a small chat and she told me I should stop making noise and concentrate. Around 1pm I took a permanent break and went to my bedroom. I wanted to see what my Facebook friends were up to. My status had more than 100 comments with people congratulating me for buying a car. Maite commented "Lol only if they knew you are lying. Tell them about my Mini Cooper please #LimpopoTomorrow #NoLies". Luckily nobody liked her comment. I don't understand why she commented like that because she didn't even know a thing about Marcus' plans to buy me wheels. Mxm jealous bitch. RR commented "hope you didn't buy it with horse money. Anyways, hope you didn't forget about our appointment. I love you mmamoruti". I deleted his comment on the spot. He inboxed after 5 minutes to ask why I removed his comment. I told him it was Mark Zuckerberg who removed it. He went "mara banna, o jola le bafana ba dibhari (Really!!!! You are dating fools). He thinks I will take you from him? Well, I don't

blame him. I am a charmer boy and all women go crazy about me”. Lol just imagine Mr Ibu calling himself a charmer boy. It was quite clear nigger didn't know who Mark Zuckerberg was. RR was dumb shem. He looked like those guys who get tenders from government because their fathers had liberation struggle credentials. He didn't strike me like the smart guys who knew how to run a business. Buy hey, never judge a book by its cover.

I wanted to go back studying but I didn't have any energy left. That's what happens to most of us. If you Facebook during the study break you will find it difficult to go back to face your books. Facebook make it difficult for one to face her books. I decided to cook and do other house chores. My phone rang and it was the number I didn't recognise. I picked up and it was someone I didn't expect, my former landlord. Nigger was shouting at me. He told me to go fetch the remaining shit I left at his place. I told him “mrena don't shout at me. If ba go timile marago o ska ntsha stress ka nna. Jou moer nxa”. I hung up before he could respond. I called Nwabisa who sounded like she had just had sex and told her to keep my remaining stuff in her room. She wanted to ask questions but I told her I didn't have enough airtime. Around 7pm Maite called to tell me she was thinking we should leave around 3pm the following day to avoid driving at night. I told her I was cool with it. Marcus came back from work and we ate supper as family. I wanted to ask about the car but I was scared. After eating Confidence went back to her books. You would swear that girl was doing Phd. I asked Marcus about the pictures and nigger just stood up and went to his bedroom without answering my questions. I decided to let it go. I didn't want to ruin my chances of driving a Merc. I retired to bed. In the morning I told Marcus I was going home. Nigger asked who I was leaving with and I said Maite. He went “oh ja she told m.....”. That was an accidental slip of a tongue. He quickly changed the topic. He gave me R1000 and wished me a safe trip. He reminded me I was starting with exams the following week. As soon as he left my mind reminded me of something very important, shopping. There was no way I was gonna go home with my old clothes. Never ever ever ever. When you go home you must make sure you make a statement. The bitches from home must look at you and be scared to say “hello Sharon”. Problem was I didn't have enough money for shopping. I searched my phone for possible funders but I couldn't find one. Not having a boyfriend is not on shem. As I was about to give up God gave me a name, RR. I immediately inboxed him and he responded within a second. I told him I was going on a school trip but didn't have

money for clothes. He went “so? Wear your old clothes. You can even wear the ones you were running with yesterday morning”. Hayi bo RR mrena. It was difficult to make him understand I needed new clothes. Eventually I managed to convince him and he told me he’ll come fetch me to take me shopping. I took a quick shower and waited for him. WTF, nigger came driving his 1400 and wearing overalls (work suit). I started by checking if my neighbours were watching before I threw myself in the car. I told RR he didn’t have to drive me shopping, all I needed was money. He told me he wanted to pay directly from his pocket. He told me he knew some shop in Marabastad that sold beautiful clothes from women. I almost puked. Imagine me wearing clothes from Marabastad. You wash it once and it goes from black to yellow. Maybe that is where the concept of bleaching the skin came from. I told him I wanted to go to Menlyn. Luckily he didn’t say no but I could see he was uncomfortable with it. I didn’t wanna blow his money because I didn’t know how friendly his wallet was that day. He was with me but guys kept hitting on me. I guess they thought he was my garden boy. He ended up telling me he was going to withdraw money. I begged him not to take time because I was almost done. I took about R2400 worth of clothes and a Polo handbag. I inboxed RR to tell him I was on the queue and he told me he was coming. To his word, he came back as promised. The queue was a bit long. When my turn to pay came I gave a sigh of relief. They scanned the clothes and the amount stood at R3734,99.

I looked behind me for RR and all I could see were other customers.

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 185

BY [SHAZ](#) · NOVEMBER 27, 2015

“They say that when you’re about to die, your life flashes before your eyes. They never tell you that when you watch someone you once loved dying, hovering between this life and the next, it’s twice as painful, because you’re reliving two lives that traveled one road together” – Becca Fitzpatrick

It is every girl's fear to get to the cashier and not have money to pay, especially if there are people behind her. I started sweating on the spot. The cashier gave me that 'It's time to pay' look and I started trembling like an alcoholic after seeing a bottle of an empty Castle Lager on the street. The cashier went "ousi kopa o patele toe. The queue is very long and I want to serve other people. Cash or card?". Ever noticed how rude those skinny eyebrowless cashiers with fake blushes on their cheeks are? The way she was looking straight into my eyes you'd swear I once slept with a baby daddy that she was still in love with. I searched my bag as if I was looking for money but I knew I only had the money Marcus gave me that morning. My card had money but I knew it wouldn't be enough to cover my shopping. Actually, I didn't want to spend a cent. I wanted to milk RR and he played me very well. I blamed myself, what can you expect from a Limpopo man who wears Brentwood and white shoes in 2015? He probably expected me to spend less than R1000. When he saw 4 digits he ran away. Imagine opening your legs for such a loser. Damn, my pussy would literally go dry. If a guy is good at opening our legs and swiping his dick on our pussy, he should also be good in opening his wallet and swiping the card. Sex is not socialism. If you want sexual socialism you must masturbate, period. My mind was running all over the place. Suddenly I remembered I still had the card Obakeng gave me. When you are in a thorny situation your level of thinking becomes heightened. I knew Obakeng was still in love with me and as a pastor there was no way he was gonna cut me off that quickly. The cashier put the card in that machine and I gave a fake smile. I was praying internally that the card worked. It was when the cashier gave me a funny look that I made peace with the fact that I was played by bhari ya Botlokwa. She gave the card back and told me the card wasn't active. I wanted to argue with her but I knew it would be a waste of time. My last option was to run. I could not stand that embarrassment there. As I was about to turn and employ my legs to bail me out, RR appeared from nowhere. He went "sorry I am late. I was busy on a call with my wife. How much is everything mmamoruti?".

I was relieved he popped at the right time but I was very pissed he disappeared when I needed him. I was also angry he mentioned "wife" right in front of everyone. I didn't even know the fool was married. The way people looked at me was quite clear they were thinking I was some gold digging side chick milking the

poor man money. RR was one of those guys who spoke loudly even when they whispered. Some of the people on the queue probably heard what he said judging by the number of eyes directed at me. It was mostly female customers that gave me funny looks. I guess they were former side chicks. Former side chicks hate incumbent side chicks with passion. You mention side chick in front of them and they start sweating. They have a fear of being toppled. One woman couldn't arrest her disgust. She went "ke sure ke Lethosa. Ke ba tseba ba le so. Ba ja banna ba rena tshetele sies. Batho ba ba bakhwibidu ba lapisha kudu (I am sure she is Xhosa. I know they are like this. They milk our men financially. These yellow bones are troublesome)". I wanted to hit back at her but my pride didn't allow me. Women from Limpopo always feel threatened by Xhosa women. I wonder why. RR paid in cash. That made me believe nigger was indeed married. Most married guys pay in cash when they buy other girls stuff. They don't want to leave a paper trail. Hope you learned something girls. If he is forever paying in hard cash, chances are you are a side chick and he doesn't want madam to see he has been spending money on external affairs. After paying he loudly went "mmamoruti, after paying this money I deserve it all night long. Tshetele ye ke ye ntsi kudukudu. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha heyi Oh My Good". I so hate being embarrassed in public hle bathong. As we walked in the mall he told strangers that he spent more than R4000 on me. The more I tried to tell him not to was the more he bragged about it. I wanted to ask him for money to do my hair but after the embarrassment he put me thru I zipped my mouth. He went "so where to from here nnyana?".

I didn't want to spend another moment with him. Especially after learning he was married. I was looking for a man who was gonna be mine only. Dating a married man is like driving a hired car. You always have it in your mind that the car must go back to the owner at some stage. I told him I had a headache and wanted to go home. He went "mos headache is in the head. Is not like you have a vagina ache mmamoruti. Ke kgopela gore se ke ra diyana bana please. You were smiling when I paid thousands. Why didn't you complain about headache then? I am the one who should complain about headache because I parted ways with diketekete". I knew begging and being soft on him would be a waste of time. I went "you know what, my ex spent R10 000 on me and never made me feel this cheap. If you want these cheap clothes you can take them. I cannot let you treat me like a prostitute. I am not the girls you buy things and expect sex afterwards. I am not from Botlokwa nna. If you like me you will show you care, not the way you are acting. I am

disappointed in you. I thought you were different from other men”. That was me trying to emotionally blackmail him. I could see it worked on him but he didn’t say a thing. He drove me to my place in silence. When we got to the gate he tried to kiss me and I gave him a cheek. He gave me a funny look. I closed my eyes and brain and gave him a peck. When I opened my eyes nigger was smiling from ear to ear. He went “hayi mmamoruti....mara tsie e phala morogo. See you again soon”. I walked to the house with shopping bags in both hands. Confidence was watching TV for a change. I expected to find her swimming in her books. She asked where I got money to buy so many things and I went “Google ‘where did Shazyonce find money to buy so many things’ and you will get an answer there”. I went to my room and left her there with her stupid questions. She was probably planning to tell Marcus I went shopping and I didn’t care. Maite called to tell me she was coming to fetch me earlier than expected because she wanted to go meet some dude at Irene Mall. Apparently one of her ‘male friends’ had organised a job for her. She was meeting the owner of the company. I was happy she was finally taking her future seriously.

I didn’t ask her much about the job. I told her she can fetch me anytime as I was as ready as a dick after a blow job. I packed my clothes and few books. I knew I wasn’t going to study but I took them just nje, just for control. Confidence was sad I was leaving her to spend the weekend by herself and I was like “uzoba strong”. Maite came to fetch me after an hour. She had a new hairstyle, Peruvian weave mrena. She looked like a person for the first time in ages. She was rocking purple shades and looked pretty shem. Having a car was enhancing her looks. I complimented her hair and she went “one day you will reach my level. Be patient baby girl”. She said that as if opening legs for multiple men for money was some kind of career one could be proud of. We drove straight to Irene Mall for Maite’s meeting. For someone who was going to meet a potential employer, she was inappropriately dressed. On our way she went “look, I don’t think I’m ready to be an employee. When we get there tell the nigger you are Maite. I have too many funders to be working”. When I say Maite is stupid people think I am jealous. I wonder what men saw in that empty head. I think her mom dropped her accidentally when she was a baby and it affected her brain. I wasn’t in a mood to argue with her so I just nodded. The guy she was supposed to meet was waiting for us at Mugg & Bean. We joined him and Maite introduced me as Maite Modika and called herself Sharon Letsoalo. Nigger’s name was Lwazi Hlatswayo. He didn’t

waste time, he got down to business. He went “my friend never told me you are this beautiful Maite”. Maite with her stupidity said “thanks. I drive a Mini Cooper”. I almost slapped her right there. I smiled and told the nigger “Sharon is being funny ha ha ha ha”. Nigger told us he ran a company called Protium One that offered premium design and development services. He specialised mostly in logo and business card design, letterhead and email design and web development. He wanted somebody to join his Joburg team because he was based in Cape Town. It was a fruitful meeting. He gave me his business card and I promised I will call him on Monday. Maite and I left. I didn’t understand why Maite drove us there if she didn’t want the job until she told me “I accidentally told my nigger I want a job ha ha ha ha”. We joined R21 and then offramped at the Flying Saucer Interchange to join the N1 north. Maite wanted us to drink wine but I told her drinking and driving was suicidal. Luckily she listened to me and drank energy drink. It was a very interesting trip. She avoided talking about Marcus at all costs. Within 3 hours we were in Polokwane. She suggested that we do some shopping at Mall of the North and I agreed. Maite went “maybe we can find someone who’ll fund us this weekend. Polokwane has many tender boys and they don’t mind spending. We can chow their money and run away. Plus I know most of them ba lahlile”. Lol hayi bo Maite mrena, she was behaving like a glorified prostitute. Time runs when you are having fun. I looked at my watch and it was almost 7pm. Maite suggested we go to IndustrialmShisanyama Polokwane but I said no. We still had about 100 KMs to drive. It was getting dark so I asked her not to drive fast. About 5 kilometres before a village called Marobala on the R81 road, we saw a stationary car with Gauteng registration number in the middle of the road. Maite had no but to stop. She couldn’t drive past because there were cars coming from the opposite side.

Out of nowhere someone smashed the driver’s window and shouted “GET OUT”. Maite hit the accelerator and the next thing I had a loud bang.....

BOOOOMMMMMMMM.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 186

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 1, 2015



“Anyone who thinks sitting in church can make you a Christian must also think that sitting in a garage can make you a car” – Garrison Keillor

People from Limpopo will agree with me when I say robberies and hijacks are not popular crimes in Limpopo. When you drive in Limpopo you don't even think someone will go 'all Tembisa' on your car. To say I was terrified that night would be an understatement. Just imagine someone smashing your car at night in the middle of nowhere. The loud bang made my heart go BOOOM. I felt like someone hit my heart with a hammer. It took me couple of seconds to learn that the loud bang was caused by a collision between 2 cars. I don't really know how it happened but it happened right in front of the stationary car. It was dark but I could see some dust. The guy who smashed our car disappeared into thin air. I didn't even see where he disappeared to. The stationary car was untouched. Maite literally froze. I pinched her and she screamed “Yhooooo mmaweeeeee ke hwile nna. Yhooooo my Mini Cooper is gonna miss me. I am dead dead dead yhooo nna yhoooo”. It was like she was crazy. She reminded me of how she screamed when the Xhosa thug chowed her. I told her to shut the fart up and find a way to drive past before the guy who smashed the window came back. Her body was shaking. I was also traumatised but someone had to take control. We had to do something or else our lives would be in danger. I shouted at her again and told her to forken drive. Fortunately she resuscitated her senses and managed to hold the steering wheel. Luckily after the accident there was no more oncoming traffic. She managed to drive on the far right side of the road. Everything happened so fast. I tried to look at the cars that were involved in the accident but Maite drove very fast. I guess she didn't want to see what happened. That was so undarkie of her. A normal black person would have slowed down to take few pictures and upload them on Facebook for likes. That is what the world has become. We have become the world of wanting to be the first to share something on Facebook. I told Maite to slow down because I didn't wanna die before seeing my little brother. She kept quiet and continued hitting the accelerator like she wanted to win Abu Dhabi Grand Prix. She only slowed down when we got to Ga-Sekgopo. The wind from the smashed window made me wanna die. She went “what happened there Sharon?”.

Her question was a bit uncanny. I think she was hit by a mental shutdown of some sort. Trauma hits us in different ways. I told her I didn't know what happened. She started crying out of the blue. I told her to stop crying because she was behind the steering wheel. I kinda felt for her shem. I mean, after what we went through she was bound to feel that way. We almost got hijacked. I told her to drive fast so we can reach the garage at Mooketsi for water. She went "I don't care about water. Will water fix my Mini Cooper's window? I don't want water, I want my window. You won't understand the pain I am feeling now because you don't have a car. I have a car, I drive a Mini Cooper. I drive a beautiful Mini Cooper". She said that as if I was the one who smashed the window. I decided not to argue with her because I could see she was not thinking straight. Actually I was scared she would drop me there and leave. You cannot trust mgijimis like Maite. She drove in silence until we got to Ga-Kgapane. You could tell it was Friday night by the number of bitches all over the place. Mxm some of them were probably going to open legs for 6 cans of Hunters Gold. Nxa batho ba phela masepa straight. Maite dropped me at the gate and left. My mom didn't even know I was coming back. I didn't even know whether she was working night shift or not. It didn't matter because I had my own keys that night. The lights were still on. I knocked at the door and a male voice went "come in if you are not here for food". Shit, that was not expected. Piet was not alive anymore but some nigger had the guts to act 'all Piet' in another man's house. I opened the door and waltzed in. Ag I almost puked when I saw the doctor that looked like my lil brother sitting on the couch. There was no sign of my mom and my little brother. I greeted him and went to my room. I immediately called my mom to ask where she was. She told me she was at work. I asked her what that man was doing in my father's house. Instead of answering my question she went "why didn't you tell me you are coming back?". Don't you get pissed when parents answer your question with a question?

I hung up because I knew I was not going to get an answer. Some women don't have an element of shame in them. Piet wasn't even an ancestor yet but she was busy with other men in his own house. I decided to do what any militant kid would do to protect their father's legacy. I went to the kitchen, grabbed a knife and headed to the lounge. I went "mrena, gaan. This is not your house and you are not my father. Leave my father's house now or else I will make your entire body go on periods". He slowly stood up and begged me to calm down. He told me he had no means to leave because my mom used his car to go to work. I told him I didn't

care. He grabbed his cell phones and ran to the door. I was not joking, I was planning the stab the hell out of him. I felt like he was disrespecting my late father. 2 minutes after he left my phone rang. It was my mom calling. I ignored the call because I knew what she wanted to say. She probably wanted to give me a piece of her mind for chasing her boyfriend. Some mothers are not loyal ka mmao. I knew my mom would choose a dick over me. Her nawa was more important than her own blood. My phone rang again. It was Maite telling me she was coming to sleep over at my place. I asked what was wrong with her place and she told me her aunt had visitors and they were sleeping in her room. Yho Maite was such a softie. I would have chased the visitors out of my room. A girl's bedroom is her personal space that should not be used by other people in her absence. I told her it was cool. She was at my place within 10 minutes. She went on and on about her Mini Cooper and how she didn't know how she was going to fix it. I passed out while she was talking. When I woke up around 6am she was still on and on about her car. I doubt she licked any sleep that night. Before I could even stretch my arms the door opened and my mom walked in. She greeted Maite and left the room. She didn't even look at me. Maite told me she was leaving and would see me later.

I wanted to ask my mom where my little brother was but I could see she was giving me silent treatment. My mom was such a drama queen shem. I also wanted to ask about the pictures I saw at Marcus' place but by the look of things it was going to be a weekend of silence. I decided to do a spring cleaning in my room. I remembered I still had Nwabisa's new clothes and smiled. Around 9am Maite called to tell me she was going to Polokwane to have a new window fitted in. She was like "knowing people helps hey. Remember that old man Bra Mjita? He's funding it. He is such a fool. I can't believe he is helping me after what I did to him. He probably thinks he will score some. Poor stupid old man. By hey, he's a man after all. You know their brain is situated just below their navel". Ja neh, Maite had her way with her endless men. She wanted to tag me along but I wasn't in a mood to be in a company of ancestors. After spring cleaning I decided to do some studying. I was hoping I would see my little brother walking in but it didn't happen. Around 12pm Maite called. She told me I should bath quickly and dress in all white. Apparently there was some All White party somewhere in Polokwane and we were invited. She told me she was on her way back from Polokwane. I wasn't interested at first but when she told me there would be celebs there I changed my mind. She told me not to forget my swimwear. Why is this All White

party thingie the in thing in Limpopo? Around 14pm Maite called to tell me she was at my gate. Luckily I was ready. I didn't even tell my mom where I was going. I just took my handbag and we hit the road. I asked Maite who invited us and she told me Bra Mjita was invited by his business associates and comrades. I was jealous Maite knew people in high places and nna only bumped into 'almost people' like Ronny. As soon as we passed Mall of the North she called Bra Mjita for directions to the party venue. I thought we were going to some park or something. The party was at some huge house at Sterpark in Polokwane. For those who don't know Sterpark, it's a suburb in Polokwane where most politicians live. Apparently it is also known as Tender Park for obvious reasons. I have never seen so many beautiful girls surrounded by men with big bellies since I was born. Bra Mjita spotted us and came to fetch us. He introduced us to some of his comrades and they all said I looked like some American actress. Maite went "she is my friend but she doesn't have a car. I drive a Mini Cooper". Mxm bitch, her Mini Cooper was like a toy in front of the many German machines parked there. Bra Mjita led us to the house. There were so many pictures of President Jacob Zuma's pictures in the house. I asked Bra Mjita if the house belonged to Zuma and he told me it belonged to some big shot Limpopo politician. We were served some Moet & Chandon. I felt so important. I wanted to take a picture but some fat nigger quickly went "eh chief, please tell your projects pictures are not endorsed here. Those Premier League nincompoops might use them against us". I didn't even understand what he meant. Bra Mjita told us not to take any pictures. We went outside the house where girls were dancing in bikinis and guys with huge bellies watching. It when night dawned that the real party started. Maite was telling everyone about her Mini Cooper and I found myself in the arms of some ugly dark comrade with a belly as big as that of a rhino. He looked rich. I was tipsy and dancing. Nigger complimented me 100 times and even promised to buy me a car the following day. No matter how fat, dark and ugly you are, the minute you promise to buy a girl a car you immediately start looking like Maps Maponyane in her eyes. One by one the comrades disappeared into the house with their skinny girls. Eventually it was just me and my comrade by the pool side. He went "it seems like my eyes are somehow acquainted to you. Haven't my eyes ejaculated a sight on you in the past? I forgot to ask, what is your name?". I told him my name and surname. His eyes wide-opened and he took out his phone.

He went through the pictures and .....

Boooooommmmm..... WTF

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 187

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 2, 2015

“... in practice the standard for what constitutes rape is set not at the level of women’s experience of violation but just above the level of coercion acceptable to men” – Judith Lewis Herman

If there’s one thing I didn’t expect that night was some stranger having my pictures in his phone. I tried to take a gander in his phone but it rang before I could see what exactly he was looking at. My mind was wandering all over the place trying to think which pictures he had. By the expression on his face it was quite clear they were not normal pictures. I couldn’t remember anyone taking pictures of me in awkward positions. I was getting patient because his call was taking time. I didn’t even understand what he was saying. He used words like “anti-revolutionary, rats, bishops, emerging, purging, delegates and Boko Haram”. He ended up shifting to where I was standing and went to the place where cars were parked. I had no choice but to go join other people in the house. My mind was still teeming with many thoughts. I tried to look for Maite but she was nowhere to be seen. Bra Mjita was on the dancing floor shaking what his mama gave him. Some old men don’t wanna grow. He was old enough to be the girls’ great-grandfather but he was carrying himself like a teenager. Other comrades were busy getting touchy-touchy with the girls. I asked one of the girls if she had seen the girl I came with and she went “do you see a log book where I write people’s whereabouts? I hate village mentality in public. You are probably from Mmotong wa Perekisi”. Tjoooh that was uncalled for. I only asked a simple question. She didn’t have to go all rude on me. She was probably threatened by my beauty. That’s how girls with low self-esteem behave when they are invited to posh parties. They try to up their self-esteem by being rude to other girls. I decided to help myself to the champagne that was flowing freely there. I went outside to check if the comrade was done with his call but nigger was nowhere to be seen. I was on my own. I was angry Maite invited me to a party and pulled a disappearing act on me. She was showing her old selfish

self again and I didn't like it. She only cared about herself. I decided to go sit by the pool by myself. My phone rang and it was a private number. Don't you get pissed when people hide their numbers at night? I answered and it was Ronny Ramokgopa. He went "hello madam my mmamoruti! Are you wearing my clothes? Ask someone to take you a selfie and send it to me via Bluetooth". Lol I found myself laughing. I told him I will ask someone to take me a selfie.

"What is a gorgeous lady doing next to a pool by herself? Is our party boring you? My mom taught me to never let a beautiful lady be bored in my presence". The voice came from behind me. If I wasn't in Polokwane I would have thought he was Nathi of Nomvula fame's brother. His voice made love to my ears. If ears were capable of blushing they would have blushed right there. I turned around to check the source of the beautiful voice. The voice didn't match the owner. I expected some tall bald guy but I was met with some old man with grey hair. He didn't have a big belly like most guys at that party. He looked 55-60. Lol I always find it funny when people his age say "my mom". I smiled and told him I was busy on a call. He went "I would give my monthly income just to receive a call from a beautiful lady like you. Oh where are my manners. I am Lucky Ramathoka, my comrades call me Cde Napoleon or Chief. You are.....?". I wanted to tell him my real name but I thought of what happened earlier. I went "my name is Tshwarelo Malepa". I don't know why I chose that name, it just came nje. He told me he knew some Malepas from Seshego zone what what. What is it with old people? You tell them your surname and they start asking you about some relatives from kae kae. Hayi it sucks. He asked if he could join me and I told him I didn't have a problem with it. He turned out to be a very good company. I even forgot Maite was missing. He didn't use big words like the other guys. He didn't talk about politics. It was like he could smell I wasn't into politics. The only politics I knew was #PayBackTheMoney. He made sure my glass was full at all times. You know a guy is good at paying attention when he notices your glass needs a refill. It's small things that us women appreciate. He asked if I needed anything to eat and I told him I was fine. The truth is I was a bit hungry, I was just being a girl. We love pretending not to love food when we see new men. Men on the other hand would eat the entire pig without blinking right in front of us.

Napoleon asked if I minded if we took a short drive. I told him I wasn't comfortable because I didn't know him. He assured me he was a prominent

politician holding a very key position in government and would never do something stupid because media would make mincemeat of him. He told me he had ambitions to be in the national leadership in 2017. I so wish I knew what he was on about. Told him I wanted to go check my friend first and he let me. I went to the house to look for Maite. She was still nowhere to be seen. I went to Bra Mjita who was sitting on some expensive-looking sofa and asked him where Maite was. He directed me to some bedroom up stairs. I went there and found Maite lying on the bed like a Chinese corpse. It was crystal clear she was wasted. It was unlike her to get that drunk so early. I tried to wake her up but it was like I was talking to a rock. I left her and went to the pool. Napoleon was busy on a call. He hung up immediately when he saw me. He asked if I was comfortable with the drive and I said yes. When you are a young girl surrounded by older men with money, you are more likely to say yes to everything they say. They say JUMP and you don't ask HOW HIGH, you fly. Especially if you are the type that puts morals on the yellow line and live life on the fast lane. We got in his car and started driving around the city. He spent most of his time asking me about studies and future plans. He never made any sexual moves on me. He made me feel very comfortable around him. Most men won't spend 10 minutes with a beautiful girl without making sexual advances. I guess that's what separates men from boys. Traffic cops stopped us at some stage. He opened the window of his Range Rover Sport and when they saw who he was they quickly apologised. It was at that stage that I believed he was very powerful. I asked him why they apologised and he said "Napoleon Bonaparte once said 'Power is my mistress. I have worked too hard at her to allow anyone to take her away from me'. Hope you get what I am saying". I nodded even though I didn't get what he said. At least I understood where his name came from.

After an hour of driving around in his Range Rover we went back to the party venue. I was not drunk but to say I was sober would be lie. I could still count from 1 to 100. Some cars had left when we got to the house. Bra Mjita had passed out on the couch and most girls were no longer in the entertainment area. I assumed they were in the bedrooms getting serviced. Who imagine girls my age having sex with men old enough to be our ancestors. I told Napoleon I would sleep in the bedroom I saw my friend sleeping in earlier and he said cool. He tried to kiss me good night and I blocked him. He went "I thought you were old enough to understand these things". I told him I wasn't like other girls who came there to do etc after 12am things. He laughed and said "ok good night and thanks for the great company". I

loved how he was so chilled. Some men would have used their dicks as brain at that stage. The house had so many bedrooms. Judging by the sounds I could tell people were getting serviced. The sounds were that of pain and joy. We were in Limpopo after all, mrengerenge all the way. The funny part was I didn't feel any urge to have sex. Normally I get horny when I hear sounds of people having sex when I'm almost drunk, but that night my mind was not there. I guess it was because I was pissed at Maite for taking me to a party and pass out. I was also still thinking about the picture thing. The comrade disappeared with the phone call without showing me the pictures. I was shocked to find that Maite was not in the bedroom anymore. Her clothes were there but she wasn't. It could only mean she left the bedroom naked. I wondered why a person who passed out could do that...especially when her boyfriend or should I say an oldmanfriend had passed out. I decided to stop worrying myself and slept. I slept with my clothes on because I didn't have pyjamas. Within 10 minutes Napoleon walked in. With an element of suspicion in my voice I asked him what he wanted. He told me he came to check if I was sleeping comfortably. I told him it wasn't necessary and that he should leave. Instead of leaving he threw himself between the sheets and tried to touch me. I got off the bed and told him he shouldn't be like other men who forced themselves on women. He told me he knew I wanted him the very same way he wanted me. I must be honest, I didn't see that one coming. Not from him. He portrayed himself as the cool guy earlier. I guess he was one of those men who believed when a girl smiles with him she wanted some. He went "you are not a kid. Everyone is having sex here and you want to act like Mother Teresa. Why did you come to this party in the first place? To drink Moet for free? Le tlwaela batho masepa". I tried to run to the door but he grabbed and threw me to the bed. The next thing he threw himself on me. He went "I will show you how things are done here. I am not your mother's Tupperware".

I tried to free myself but .....

WTF

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 189

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 8, 2015



“Right thinking is your best light in this dark universe; it is your best hope in your worst hopelessness” – Murat Ildan

If there was one thing I feared most in life was losing someone I was close to. She wasn't a best friend but we were a bit close. I was angered by what she did to me but death was a no-no bathong. I thought of the Whatsapp text I sent to her and started feeling guilty. Imagine wishing someone death and God grants your wish same day. I immediately took out my phone and sent another Whatsapp text “I sent you that text accidentally. Please ignore it. It was meant for some bitch from Phalaborwa”. That was me trying to clear my conscience. There was only one grey tick showing my text was not delivered. My worry escalated to anxiety. I was getting more and more convinced that the Mini Cooper belonged to Maite. It made sense because she mentioned something about going to a party at Meropa with the comrades. Tears started flowing on my face and other passengers thought I was the sensitive type. They didn't know I cried because I thought the Mini belonged to Maite. One passenger went “ke sure they were drunk. This people don't take Alive Arrive seriously”. Trust a black person to jump into conclusion before even investigating what really happened. They always think the negative stuff. I thought of telling the driver I wanted to get off but I remembered I had already paid. Taxi drivers don't give a rat's ass you got off before reaching your destination, they will never refund your money. I couldn't even look at the forked cars anymore. Emotions took over the functioning of my body. As the taxi passed the accident scene my tears were flowing like sweat of a fat nigger during sex. The woman next to me went “hope they were church people. If they didn't go to church they should prepare for hard labour in hell. Satan doesn't play. He'll make sure they work non-stop in very hot temperature”. If that's how hell is then people from Musina and Upington won't have problem settling in hell. Their places are so hot you would swear they owe satan money. The old man in front of me went “maybe the person who died is her boyfriend. Bathonyana ba ba bakhwibidu o ka se ba tshepe. Ba rata banna kudu kudu (these yellow bones cannot be trusted. They are hoes). Why do men from Limpopo hate light-skinned girls? Because I was yellow he automatically assumed I was a hoe. Now I see why the rate of yellow bones in Limpopo remains low, niggers prefer ‘Giyani-Bones’.

I passed out crying. When I woke up the taxi was approaching Alexandra. Shit, I remembered taxis from Ga-Kgapane don't go straight to Pretoria. I was supposed to get off at East Lynne. People from Limpopo call the place Easy Lane. I didn't wanna show people I passed my destination. I composed myself as if there was nothing going. Those passengers were very judgemental; I didn't want them to say kak about me. The thought of Maite made me wanna bury myself under the fat woman next to me's dress. I got off when the taxi got to Joburg. I thought of calling Maite to come fetch me then I remembered she was sandwiched between two vehicles in Polokwane. I tried to call her number again and it was still off. I was very worried about her. I walked to Gautrain Station and boarded a train to Pretoria. I called JT to check if she was far and she told me she was at work. Trust JT to be at work on Sunday. I didn't even ask what work she was doing because I knew she would tell me hustling. JT was hustler number one. I didn't wanna walk to Phillip Nel taxis. I searched my phone to check if I could find a possible Minister of Transport. There are niggers out there whose purpose in life is to be milked by women without receiving anything in return. I called Ronny and he told me was at church. I asked him if he minded to come fetch me and he told me "if you are related to Jesus I'll come now. Do you expect me to leave church business and come fetch you? Wait until I'm done. And I still have to go take off my uniform. O ka ntshilafatsa". I guess I was screwed. The thought of carrying bags from Gautrain Pretoria station to Phillip Nel taxis in central Pretoria made me wanna die. I was lazy and the Maite situation made it worse. I had no choice but to walk. For the first time in ages I walked for more than one kilometre without some guy trying to hit on me. It gets boring sometimes but we appreciate being reminded how beautiful we are now and then. It's a girl thing.

Pretoria CBD is always quiet on Sunday afternoons. I boarded a taxi to Phillip Nel Park. When I got to my crib Marcus was cooking while Confidence was studying. I greeted them and Marcus kept quiet. Confidence was happy to see me. I wondered why Marcus gave me silence treatment. My guess was my mom told him I didn't sleep at home on Saturday night. That woman had tendencies of thinking she cared but deep inside she knew I didn't matter much to her. She actually liked Denzel more. I even thought she attempted to abort me but I was too stubborn to die. I went to my bedroom and put my bags in the closet. I took my books and studied until Confidence came to tell me supper was ready. Marcus was offish throughout supper. I could see something was bothering him but I was scared to ask what. He

made me lose my appetite. I hate men who behave as if they sometimes experience period pains. You know those men who would bottle up their anger and give you silent treatment. It was only after supper that I remembered the Mini Cooper saga. Maybe he was sad his chick died. I decided to be brave and asked why he was not his normal self. He went “we will talk in the morning. I am not in a mood to talk now. Good night”. He stood up and headed to his bedroom. I asked Confidence why Marcus was acting like a woman who just had a miscarriage and she told me he was fine all along until I came back. It was quite clear I was the reason he was angry. I decided to let it slide because I didn’t want it to disturb my exam preparations. After eating I took a bath and went back to my books. I tried to call Maite again but her phone was still off. I Googled “A bitch dead in Polokwane” and the first thing I saw was some article on News 24 about a robbery. I was tempted to call my mom to ask if she heard any news but my pride couldn’t allow me to be the one to call her. I checked Facebook and there was no mention of Maite. She was a fan of checking in. I knew she would have checked in at Meropa if she was alive. She was one of those people who liked boasting about going to expensive places. You would swear she got academic qualifications from going to clubs and bars.

I studied until 2am. Confidence left early in the morning. Marcus summoned me to the sitting room for a talk. I hated it when he became fatherly. Part of me was expecting him to tell me Maite died in a terrible accident. I had both fake and real tears ready. I sat down and he cleared his throat twice. When an adult clears a throat before talking do not expect any good news. He said “I am very disappointed in you. I thought you went home to visit your mom and little brother”. He paused and cleared his throat again. Nxa I knew Denzel’s chick sold me out. He continued “I was shocked when one of my friends who knows very intimate family secrets told me he saw you at a party of old men in Polokwane. Is that the life you want to live? Is that what you aspire to be? Do you wanna be like those girls who throw their future away because of monies they receive from rich old guys? I know you are not a saint but I didn’t expect you to stoop that low. If you want to live in this house you need to sort yourself out. I cannot have a whore under my roof. Sort yourself out or forget about the car I promised you. If you fail, I don’t want you in my house next year. I don’t care if you are my blood...uhm bloody friend’s daughter. You need tough love”. He stood up and left me at the table alone. I didn’t know what to do. The only person I could think of was Maite.

She probably told her boyfriend she was with me at the party. He was lying about a friend telling him what-what. Maite was a real sell-out. God saw thru her and sold her to satan. I called her phone and it was still off. I left her a voicemail “toko yao Maite even if you are dead nxa”. My day was spoiled to the max. I took a shower and had breakfast. RR called to check up on me. He went “Mmamoruti le otsetji botse? Gape nna ase tsebe gore ko le bona neng hle (Did you sleep well? I don’t know when I’m gonna see you). Your voice is like my zambuk. When I feel di-eish in my heart I call you”. That was a dry joke but it was funny. I told him I was preparing to go to school and he went “I forgot to ask you. O diya grade mang?”. I told him I was a first year student at TUT. He kept quiet for few seconds and then went “o dumedise mistress le chichere neh”. Lol I couldn’t take it anymore, I hung up. Ronny Ramokgopa updated things that made sense on Facebook but when I spoke to him in person the only time he made sense was when he greeted me. I guess he was the type that acted smart by ‘copy and paste’ tendency. Thinking you are smart by copying and pasting posts is like masturbating 3 times a day and call yourself a sex machine. As I was about to leave my phone rang and it was Maite’s aunt. My heart started beating very fast. She was crying uncontrollably.

She went “hiiiiii hiiiiii hiiiiii hiiiiii why mara heh.... Why why why? Hiiiiii hiiiiii.....”

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 190

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 9, 2015

“Work with whatever tool you may have at your disposal, and you shall find better tool as you go ahead” – Godwin Elendu

One thing that pisses me is when some adult calls you and start crying. Why not cry until you are tired and then call me? She spent more than five minutes crying and struggling to speak. I wanted to hang up but didn’t wanna seem rude and insensitive. I waited for her to stop crying. My heart was pumping blood abnormally. My armpits were wet with perspiration. I felt as if my intestines were

replaced by sponge. I could hardly feel them. The way she was crying it was quite clear Maite had finally closed her legs permanently. She was most definitely going to be the new Jezebel in hell. Or even better, she was going to be satan's wife. Instead of telling me what she wanted to say she hung up. Like WTF, what was the purpose of calling me if she was gonna hang before airing what she wanted to tell me. I tried to call her back but her phone was engaged. I tried after 4 minutes and her phone was still off. Eish I so hated what was happening. I had no choice but to call my mom. She picked up and asked what I wanted. That was very cold coming from a mother. I told her about Maite's aunt's call and she went "I thought you wanted to tell me something serious. If it's about that one I don't give a damn. She can cry until she dies for all I care. I won't even go to her funeral". Don't you hate it when old ass women behave like high school kids? That's my mom for you. She was behaving like a girl who just saw periods for the first time. Beefs are for kids, not grown ass women. Just because she was beefing with Maite's aunt she didn't wanna tell me what was going on and she didn't care. Mxm I hated her at that moment. I decided to call Selfie's mother for information. She told me to give her an hour to go look for information. I was glad she didn't use English. I tried to call Maite's aunt again and nothing happened as expected. I decided to go to TUT to study. I couldn't concentrate because of the whole Maite saga. I needed therapy, Facebook. I updated "Rest in Peace my friend" and within 5 minutes the status had 140 comments with black people asking "who died?". We are the most curious race on earth, especially when coming to matters of death. Update "RIP" on Facebook right now and see what happens. After an hour or so Selfie's mother sent a Please Call Me. Lol it was personalised 'Please Call Hot Bye'. I assumed she wanted to write 'Hot Bae'.

She went "ki ki ki ki ki ha ha ha ha ha ha kwa kwa kwa kwa my son corner is a bitch. Why goes around come around. Maite was beaten by wife of boyfriend. She finds Maite doing sexy things in bed and beaten her to death. She is lucky she is not dead. She is in hospital in Polokwane fighting for death. God is big my son". I was so relieved she was still alive. I found myself laughing out loud thinking she got the beating of her life from an angry wife. I was glad the Mini Cooper I saw in Polokwane was not hers. You see what happens when you treat other kids badly? God dealt with her. I thanked Selfie's mother for the info and she went "my pressure my son. Have a good life". I immediately called Never-Die to share the good news. Nigger went "call me when she's dead. I'm not even interested to know which hospital she is in". Wow you know you are a bitch when you are in

hospital and no one cares about you. I went back to my books with a very happy smile. They say an injury to one is an injury to all. Duh!!!! I am not COSATU. An injury to Maite is an injury to bitches. I was looking forward to my exam the following day. I felt very tired around 2pm. I called Confidence to check if she was home and she told me she would be busy until 8pm. Some girls deserve an award for studying shem. My phone rang and it was Maite's aunt again. She apologised for what happened earlier when she called me. She said her thinking was taken over by emotions. She told me Maite was in hospital. She told me the exact thing Selfie's mother told me. I pretended as if I didn't know a thing. She went "I have warned her to stop going after married men. Now she is in hospital because she couldn't close her legs". I laughed and went "when did you warn her to stop going after married men? Aren't you the one who always praised her for dating rich men? She got what she deserved after doing what she did to me. She is lucky she didn't die. Next time she won't get that lucky". Maite's aunt shouted "you are so insensitive like your mother. Nxa ngwana wa nyatsi. Nxa lechangane le nxa nxa nxa". Lol I laughed. Her beef with my mom was making her imagine non-existent things. I went "voetsek le maoto a di-kiss-kiss" and hung up.

I packed my books and headed to Marcus' office. I wanted to iron few things out with him. Pulane was sitting on his desk when I got to the office. I tried to pretend I was not concerned about it. It was just awkward nje. The person who was giving me a lecture on morality was living the opposite. He did what-what with me, shagged Maite and Pulane. I greeted Pulane and I asked her to leave because I wanted a private moment with Uncle Marcus. She left without complaining for the first time since I found out she was riding Marcus. I apologised to Marcus for how I conducted myself over the weekend and promised I will never disappoint him again. I wanted to be in his good books because I desperately wanted a car. He was very happy I came to my senses. He gave me R200 to go buy ice crème. I wished I had a great father like Marcus. He didn't hold grudges and understood me when I spoke to him. The only problem I had was the secrecy around the photos of my parents in his bedroom. I wanted to ask him about them but I was scared it would ruin chances of me driving my dream car. He asked if I was ready for exams and I told him I was 99% ready. He gave me a hug and told me to leave. I checked Facebook and my post was approaching 1000 comments. I deleted the post. I was glad Maite's name was not mentioned. I didn't wanna go home immediately. I craved pap and mogodu. You know there are those days where you don't want

your pizza and ribs but indigenous food. I knew the right person to call. I called RR and asked if he was busy. He went “thobela mmamoruti, amapantsula ayajabula when you call me. What can I do for you lepolomo la pelo ya ka (Hello. I feel happy when you call me)?”. I told him I was craving pap and mogodu and wanted me to take me to a place where I could find that dish. He went “ha ha ha ha ke tsebile gore o lekompō nyana from the first day I saw you. Tell me where you are and I’ll come fetch you”. I gave him my directions and he said I should expect him in about 20 minutes. I knew he would be the right person to take me to the right place. After the talk I had with Marcus I decided to stay away from the kind of guys I would open my legs for. RR was safe because there was no way I was gonna sleep with his type.

Nigger popped at TUT driving his Nissan 1400. Damn, I forgot to tell him to drive Beemer or something. I tried to hide but nigger opened the door while he car was moving and screamed “mmamoruti, I am here for you sthandwa sam’ se mtororo. Let’s go for lunch”. The way he was screaming you would swear he had a loudhailer in his hand. I quickly went to his car and tried to get in as fast as possible. Shit, he had tools and water bottles on the passenger seat. He went “sit at the back mmamoruti. We’ll sort the tools when we get to Marabastad”. I could feel eyes from other students perforating my back. I had no choice but to ‘sit at the back’. I felt like a bag of cement. Imagine a yellow bone like me sitting at the back of a bakkie. He didn’t make things easy for me the way he was driving. He kept looking at me and asking if I was enjoying the ride. Nigger was singing Adele’s Hello in Setlokwa accent. I was on some “Survivor Pretoria” tip. Luckily I got to Marabastad in one piece. It was quite clear he was very familiar with the place. All ZCC members were addressing him as moholo. We ate very delicious mogodu at some gogo’s stall. It was well cooked and delicious. Ronny went “I love you Sharon. You make me forget I have an ugly wife at home. Gape le ge ke ja marago ke nagana ka wena. Ke kgopela go ja nyana please. Le ge nka se rote go lokile (I think of you when I have sex with her. Can I chow you just once. Even if I don’t come it’s ok)”. Eish that moment when you are still enjoying food and ghetto company and nigger starts talking about stupid things. I told him I wanted to go home. He didn’t protest, he drove me home without complaining. When he dropped me he went “one day is one day. Nka se fele pelo”. As soon as I got in the house I knelt down and prayed. I asked God to help me pass my exams. I called Confidence and asked her to buy pizza on her way back. I was lazy too cook.

Actually I was too full to cook. I went to my bedroom to study until Marcus and Confidence came back. They had their pizza and I had juice. I felt ready for the paper the following day. I was slept before 11pm. The following morning I prayed as soon as I woke up. I took a shower and headed to exam centre afterwards. To my surprise the paper wasn't that bad. I was one of the first to finish. As soon as I switched my phone on it rang from a number I didn't recognise. A male voice went "hey, I'm Maite's boyfriend. She once used your number to call me. Do you perhaps know where she is? I am in Pretoria and have been trying to call but her phone is off". I told him I didn't know where she was. He begged me to give him my whereabouts so he could drop some presents for her. I was reluctant at first but ended up telling him to meet me at TUT main gate. I walked down to the main gate to wait for him. I was so jealous Maite was getting presents left right and centre. While waiting at the gate I received a call from a private number.

He went "switch off your phone and leave TUT as soon as possible. My furious wife is coming there to kill you"

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 191

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 10, 2015

"Mistakes and regret, disease and death...ain't recognized by mind that capable on changing them into otherwise" – Toba Beta

We live in a messed up world. One of the reasons married men continue cheating is because they know the wives won't punish them. A wife would rather go deal with the woman hubby cheated with instead of dealing with the main culprit, the cheating husband. For all you know your hubby told the poor woman he's single or divorced. Deal with your dog. Cut his ears if you have to. Next time he'll think twice before he thinks he's a hit. The call discombobulated me big time. I didn't even get the voice. I knew I slept with married men in the past and I knew their voices very well. I even knew how they screamed during sex. I was 100% sure I



didn't know the person who called and wondered why his wife would wanna kill me. I didn't know how to react. I was the only one waiting at the gate. I thought of running away but I didn't know where to run to. I didn't even know why I had to run because I didn't do anything to deserve death from a wife of someone I didn't know. Just couple of hours ago I was laughing at Maite for receiving beating from an angry wife and there I was about to suffer the same sentence for something I didn't even know. Bad luck was following me everywhere. The more I tried to run away from it was the more it became Usain Bolt behind my fine ass. There was nowhere to run to. I decided to be a brave girl and waited at the gate. Sometimes it's better to face music than to run away. Ask Zuma if you don't believe me. The more he runs away from accountability is the more people want him to account. I knew I was not far from the security gate and any screaming was gonna attract their attention. You can call it stupidity if you want, I call it bravery and facing issues head on. I saw a black Hummer H3 approaching and I started sweating. My guts told me it was the car I was 'waiting' for. It had Mpumalanga registration number. People from Mpumalanga can be dangerous if they want. The second best hitmen in the country are found in Mpumalanga, especially the Mbombela region. KZN has the best hitmen. The only person from Mpumalanga I remembered dating was Hector. I was 100% sure the voice I heard on the phone was not his. Since I was the only girl at the gate, the car slowed down when they saw me. I couldn't see inside the car because it had tinted windows.

The car stopped right in front of me and some nigger got off. He walked straight to me without blinking. He looked at me and then at his phone. I was on the verge of screaming. I was bloody scared and regretted not running away after receiving the call. He didn't even say a word to me. He went back to the car and they drove off. I was shocked and shaken by what transpired. I stood there by the side of the road not far from the gate frozen. I was unable to move for a minute. I regained my Sharonness after couple of minutes. I called Marcus to tell him what just happened and he advised me to run to his office as soon as possible. I was trying to be a good girl and felt it was appropriate to report to Marcus what had happened. I wanted to regain his trust. Grown-ups appreciate it when we tell them our daily problems. Immediately after talking to Marcus the call from that person who claimed to be Maite's boyfriend came thru again. I let it ring for 15 seconds before answering.

My heart was fighting with my head whether to answer the call or not. I decided to answer out of curiosity. Believe you in me, curiosity is one shitty bastard. The person kindly asked “I thought you were supposed to wait at the gate. I was there but there was no one. Your friend won’t be impressed you stood me up”. I told him I was still at the gate and the only car I saw was some black Hummer. I overheard him saying something as if he was talking to someone in the car. He was saying “something is not adding up here ma’am. I am 100% person sure the girl we saw there is not the girl on the picture with your husband. Either your private investigator played us or there is a mix up of things here. We must get to the bottom of this”. When I heard the word investigator I hung up, switched off my phone and ran to Marcus’ office. I employed my mind overtime to try to link the picture they were talking about, Maite, Mpumalanga and the husband that nigger was talking about. My mind went blank. I couldn’t get any link. What shocked me more was how they got hold of my digits. There was a lot of mystery about the whole thing. But I somehow had a feeling that the whole thing had Maite written all over it. She was lying in hospital because of her sferbism and there I was getting calls from unknown people from her sferbism. She was the president of sberbnation. Nxa #MaiteMustFall.

Marcus was waiting for me outside his office. I could see he was very worried about me and that made me smile. It’s not everyday that someone you are not biologically related to cares that much about your wellbeing. He asked me to explain exactly what happened and I told him everything. I could see he was getting uncomfortable whenever I mentioned Maite’s name. He took his car keys and went “I am taking you home. From today you will never go anywhere without me. I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. I would die from heart failure if something happened to you”. That was a bit creepy. I would understand if he was my father. But hearing another man who’s not your father saying things your father never said to you is just creepy nje. I told him it was not necessary to take me home because there were many taxis. Nigger put a cap on his ears. He drove me home. Before leaving he told me to ensure all doors are locked and that I should call him if I saw something dodgy at the gate. I promised I will let him know should I see something dodgy. “I will even call Minister of Police and SANDF chief Uncle Marcus”, that was me being sarcastic. He smiled and left. I was not writing the following day so I decided to just relax and think about life. In 2015 to relax and think means being on social media. I decided to switch on my phone.

There was a missed call notification from the Hummer guy. There was also an MMS from the very same number. I opened the MMS and there was a picture of Maite and some old man kissing. They were both topless. Bo Maite mrena, how do you let a man with more wrinkles than hair kiss you? How do you get topless with such a creature? I am sure his dick looked like biltong. You could tell nigger was at an advanced stage of being an ancestor. I doubt he even had a full set of teeth. The picture was followed by a question “do you know this girl?”. Yhooooo.....that was some crap I didn't expect. I replied “yes, she is some bitch from Tzaneen. She died in a car accident 2 days ago”. I immediately blocked the number. I just wanted to make sure I will never receive another call from it.

I switched on the TV and started chatting on Facebook. I wanted to upload Maite's picture on Facebook but I was scared to do it with my Facebook account. I called Ronny pretending to check up on him. He went “ke tsebile gore you will miss me. You want to eat mogodu again? I don't mind taking you there but this time you are paying. Nka se fepe pere ke sa e namele (I won't feed a horse I am not riding)”. I laughed and told him I wasn't hungry. I asked him if he really liked me and he said big time. I told him I wanted him to upload some picture on Facebook. He asked what picture and I told him it was some picture about sugar daddies ruining lives of young girls. He was like “ok send it but I am not a sugar daddy. I am a salt daddy. Akere ke bolawa ke letswai”. Men are weak. If you want something from him just use the fact that he likes you to your advantage. You can literally make him do whatever you want. He can even drink your urine. I sent the picture to Ronny via Facebook Messenger. He replied with “no wonder go fisha so. Ke dio mang masepa a? Mos sekgalabjana se ga se sa tsogetla (No wonder it's so hot. What kinda crap is this? This poor old man won't even get a hard on). His penis can only be described in past tense”. Lmao that was some funny ish. He uploaded the picture on Facebook with the caption “her punani is an old age home.....no no no, an old dick home. I wonder ke ngwana wa mang”. You should have seen the smile on my face when I saw that upload. I liked the picture. I inboxed Ronny “thanks. You deserve a blow job”. He replied “who said I am unemployed? I don't want a job, I want you”. Lol hayi bo Maronza mrena. He was on another level. You should have seen the smile on my face when I saw people insulting the ‘girl’ on the picture Ronny uploaded. It was mostly girls who were insulting her. Guys on the other hand guys were praising madala for chowing leptjotjo. I always wonder why girls don't have one another's back. Remember how Bonang was

grilled by other girls on Twitter when #BonangMafeba was trending? None of them condemned AKA for his part. Bitches ain't loyal. Confidence came back from varsity. She was with JT. I was jealous she was taking my friend. When JT saw me she went "Zi right izigirls? Zi sela ntoni? Zisafeba namanje?". Lol trust JT to say such. I was so happy to see her after couple of days of not seeing her. I showed them a picture of Maite and the ancestor and JT cracked. She went "skeem sa hao ke nja straight. O jewa from crèche to old age home. Le nna nka mo tabola mos....one time". We all cracked. I received an sms.

It read "I am HIV positive"

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 192

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 11, 2015

"You have not lived today until you have done something for someone who can never repay you" – John Bunyan

HIV is one of the biggest problems South Africa is facing at the moment. Actually, it is the biggest problem Africa is facing. We have the highest rate of HIV infections in the world. The good news is that it is no longer a death sentence like it used to be more than a decade ago. There has been couple of preventive and HIV management breakthroughs over the past years. However, being HIV positive is still one of the most feared things in South Africa. We do play recklessly but when we are faced with the reality that we might be HIV positive it becomes a very huge issue. I have had an HIV scare after the rape ordeal in Mozambique. I literally lost weight in less than 2 days. Not because I was sick but because I thought I was sick. You can imagine how that SMS made me feel. The worst part was I didn't even know the number or why the person sent it to me. I wanted to call the number but I was scared of the unknown. JT went "ntwana why nkare o bone spokoko sa le-comrade? Dintshang? Your face looks like it's about to sing a Chinese song? Zi grand igirl?". Normally I would have laughed when JT asked such stupid question but that day I was in a very lugubrious mood to laugh. My mind was wandering all

over trying to think who the sender of the message could be and why they sent the message to me. Confidence was like “what is wrong Sharon? You look like you just got dumped via Whatsapp by someone you are falling in love with. It’s not the end of the world. Be strong my sister and don’t let anything disturb your exams. Your future depends on it”. She was such a typical girl. We always think the biggest problem in the female species is boy problems. I told them I wanted to be alone in my bedroom. It was quite clear they both thought I was being a drama queen. They looked at me as if they wanted to see through my heart. As soon as I got to my room I knelt down and prayed to God to give me strength to handle whatever was coming my way. I might not be a regular churchgoer but I knew my Lord loved me. I knew my Lord was my protector. I knew my God was my emotional sanctuary whenever I encountered problem. Prayer was my biggest therapy.

After praying I read Psalm 50:15 and felt better. I gained the strength to call the number. It was busy with another call. I called after 2 minutes and it was still engaged. The only thing I thought at that stage was that the person was busy calling other people he slept with. In mind he was a male whom I probably slept with in the past. I thought of all guys I slept with without a condom since the last time I tested and the number was shocking. I couldn’t believe I had been that reckless. The number exceeded the number of my right hand fingers. Tears started rolling down my face. I called the number for almost 30 minutes and it was still busy on a call. I decided to send an sms “motho wa Modimo, please stop torturing me and tell me who you are and why you sent me the sms. I have been trying to get hold of you with no success for the past 30 minutes. I am crying with fear because of the sms you sent. Please divorce me from this misery because at this stage I don’t know the purpose of your sms. I beg you hle motho wa batho”. That was my heartfelt petition to the sms sender. I waited for over 10 minutes without any response. It felt like a lifetime. Luckily the person called me after couple of minutes. It was a female and she was sobbing. I decided to let her sob and not say anything. I understood finding out you are HIV positive wasn’t pap and vleis. When she was done sobbing she went “I didn’t know who to talk to when I got the results. You are the only person who used to give me a shoulder to cry on. Why me? Why me Sharon? I would understand if it was you because you always had more than one sex partner. Why me when I don’t even cheat?”. WTF, it was Kea. I

quickly Googled if I ever shared a sexual partner with Kea since the last time I tested and the results came back negative. The smile on my face was priceless. I literally sang “Oh God is great. Living lavidia loca oh oh oh oh...”. Kea went “WHAAAAAAT”. I told her I was thanking God she called me. I actually lied, I thanked God because her status had nothing to do with me. I told her it wasn’t the end of the world and that she could live positively as long as she took proper treatment. We spoke for over 10 minutes and I could tell she was feeling better bit by bit. It’s fine, you can call me Dr Phil-lipine lol.

I went back downstairs and found JT and Confidence kissing on the couch. I went “Sies maan, go get a room. Uncle Marcus won’t like this if he found you kissing on the couch. Are you that horny?”. Confidence was so embarrassed. These quiet girls are not loyal. They always do things you least expect them to do. JT went “ntwana bofa lephondo please. Relax...come down. Don’t try to be relevant ka rona please. Ga ke je motete mos. Ne ke sharpa leshambhola la ka ka malamza fela (we are not having sex. I am just kissing my hottie). Ka itse go o jealous”. Lol bo JT mrena, she was full of imaginations. Confidence asked why my mood changed. I told her it was a good day and had no reason to be unhappy. Just before 6pm JT left. Confidence went to her books and I watched channel 175 while reading News 24 on my phone. It’s funny how we watch that channel religiously but the only time we cook an amazing meal is when we cook 7 colours we learnt from our mothers. I read News 24 because I wanted to know what was happening in the world. I didn’t wanna be one of those girls who only knew about celebs dumping each other and stuff. I didn’t wanna feel left out when people debated about current affairs. You know those girls who think Pope is some sort of a sweet. Uncle Marcus came and he asked to watch news. We all have that father or uncle who watches news more than 3 hours a day. I decided to go do my laundry. I wasn’t a fan of doing laundry but I had to do it. It was piling in my laundry basket. I missed Sunnyside because I didn’t have to do any laundry there. Sunnyside has more laundrettes than virgin girls. After doing my laundry I joined the family for supper and went to bed afterwards. Around 11pm I received a call from RR. He sounded so tired. I asked why he called that late and he went “I desperately need your help. I am homeless, moneyless, wifeless and carless. I have been walking the streets of Pretoria for the past 2 hours not knowing where to go. I can’t say much now but I’ll explain if you give me a place to sleep just for tonight. I will be grateful for the rest of my life”. Yhoooo that was a bit dodgy. I mean, for someone who claimed to

be a businessman why not book a hotel or something. I said no but nigger literally cried and begged me.

I stayed in Marcus' house and offering another man accommodation would have smacked of disrespect. I was on a mission to be a good girl in Marcus' eyes and didn't wanna do anything to ruin the relationship. On the other hand Ronny needed my help and I could feel he was really desperate. I couldn't stop thinking why he was in that situation. And I wondered why he called me and not his friends. I remembered how my former high school teacher used to read us Philippians 2:4 "Let each of you look not only to his own interest, but also to the interest of others". I felt maybe God was trying to test the goodness of my heart. I told RR I would help him only if he agreed to sleep on the floor. I know one might say I was taking a risk but to me it more like helping someone who needed help. Imagine if some thugs killed him after I refused to help him. I didn't want to go to hell, I wanted to go to heaven and maybe be one of Solomon's wives. I asked him how he would get to Phillip Nel and he told me not to worry. I told him to give me a call as soon as he got to the gate. I waited for hours and there was no any sign of RR. I called him around 12am but his phone was off. I was so worried about but there was nothing I could do. I decided to sleep. I had a terrible dream. In my dream I was with RR in some smoky place and he was wearing all red and I was wearing all black. There was another woman next me wearing black but she had blood in her hands. Her teeth looked like that of a vampire. I tried to reach out to RR but the more I tried was the more he walked further and further. Instead of helping me reach RR the woman was busy laughing. When she laughed her mouth ejaculated blood and smoke. All of a sudden RR disappeared and I heard screams from the clouds. The screams were fading and fading and fading. I snappishly opened my eyes and my body was sweating. Damn, I hate such dreams. It was like a horror movie. I noticed there were real screams coming from the gate. It was Confidence screaming. When Tsonga girls scream they do it with merit. They scream the hell out of the screaming. If you don't believe me go to a funeral somewhere in Malamulele. You will come back deaf I'm telling you. I wonder how they scream during sex. I quickly off the bed and ran to the gate. Marcus did the same. We thought Confidence's life was in danger.

Just in front of the gate I saw blood...lot of blood.

WTF....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 193

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 21, 2015

“It does not matter where you go and what you study, what matters most is what you share with yourself and the world” – Santosh Kalwar

Just imagine you spend the whole night waiting for someone and he doesn't pitch. You hear screams from the gate and when you go there you find a map of blood. The first thing that came to my mind was that RR was attacked and killed. My face wore a blanket of pain and soreness on the spot. When I tried to look at what really happened uncle Marcus covered my eyes with his big hand to prevent me seeing whatever was there. He gently pushed back to inside the yard and closed the gate behind me. He went back and grabbed Confidence and brought her back to the yard. It was like he didn't want me to see what was happening out there. He was like “I should consider moving out. I cannot deal with these kinda things happening right in front of my gate all the time. I think my house is possessed. I must do something before it's too late”. When black people say they must do something they mean they gonna pay a prophet to cleanse the house. I don't understand why we have to pay someone who uses God's power to help us. It's not like God demands tax from them. People who use God's name for personal financial gain must fall. I asked Confidence what she saw out there but she was too traumatised to talk. I wanted to go check but Uncle Marcus blocked me. I started crying because in my mind the blood I saw belonged to Ronny. He was the only person I knew who was supposed to come there. Marcus forced us to go into the house. I didn't understand why he did that. What kind of black person does that? When a black person sees something like that he calls other black people to come see. We are the most inquisitive race ever. Marcus gave Confidence who was shaking terribly water to calm her down. He gave me a hug to stop me from crying. He told us not to cry because it wasn't a biggie. Like WTF, if it wasn't a biggie why did he block me from seeing for myself? He went to his bedroom and came back with a phone. I assumed he wanted to call the cops. He gave whoever he was



talking to his full names and address. I almost farted with my nose when he went “we found two dogs right in front of my gate. It seems like somebody butchered them because there’s a lot of blood there. My family is traumatised they can’t even leave the house. Please send a team right now”.

WTF, I was crying because I thought a person died. Don’t get me wrong, I do not promote cruelty of animals. But I value a human’s life first. Where I come from we see dead dogs on the street all the time and we don’t make a fuss about it. I didn’t understand why Marcus and Confidence made it a big deal. I immediately wiped off my tears and went to my bedroom. I called RR and his phone was off. I checked his last seen on Facebook and it was couple of hours ago. I assumed he sorted whatever issues he had and went back to his place. I didn’t even quite know where he stayed. I sent him an inbox to tell him to call me. He replied immediately with “I am in hospital. I came there last night and some two dogs tried to feed on me. Ke di bontshitshe masepa. Ke Motlokwa thwii, a se raloke bjalo nie (I showed them crap. I am the real Motlokwa, I don’t play like that). That was weird because I didn’t know any dogs that guarded our street at night. I wondered where those dogs came from. Anyway, it wasn’t my business. I was just glad RR was ok. I was developing a soft spot for him. We all have that out-of-character male friend that we like. To me RR was such a friend. I told him we found 2 dead dogs next to our gate and nigger went “next time I want to fight lions. I can kill them with my bare hands”. I asked him if he knew that it was illegal to kill animals and he went “gape nna a se lekhowa (I am not a white person). I cannot be romantic to animals. I am romantic to you only. I stopped being romantic to my wife when she started wearing stoffie and doek the entire day. Now I see her as a mere family member”. Ja neh, some black people need education on how to treat animals. I asked him which hospital he was at and he told me not to worry because he was about to leave anyway. He thanked me for offering him a place to sleep even though he was attacked by the dogs because he could even reach my house. I found it strange that no one in the house heard his fight with the dogs.

To summarise everything, the next few weeks were drama-free because Marcus didn’t want us to go anywhere without him. He took days off from work to make

sure Confidence and I were safe. We wrote and finished our exams under his protection. About 3 prophets came to the house to cleanse the house and us. One of the prophets demanded a wife as a payment for his service. I blame Confidence for wearing a mini-skirt during the service. The poor prophet couldn't get his eyes off the poor girl. I didn't see any of my friends for 3 weeks that I was busy with exams. Marcus confiscated our phones to make sure we were out of touch with the outside world. When we wanted to use internet we used Wi-Fi on his laptop. It was a bad experience but I was grateful. It made it easier for us to concentrate fully on our books. The only negative thing was my punani craved some friction. I even thought of raping Confidence in her sleep. My throat longed for Hungers Gold, Wine or Skky Vodka. Parents like Marcus should be killed during exams. Imagine I couldn't even talk to my brother for the entire exam period. It was like we were in prison. Confidence on the other hand didn't even care her phone was gone. She enjoyed her books to the max. She finished writing her exams of Thursday and I finished mine on Friday. Marcus gave us R2000 each to go shopping. He also gave us his car. He gave us a strict instruction that only Confidence should be the one driving his car because he didn't trust my driving. I was offended but I tried my best to hide it. I felt so lucky Marcus was in my life. Imagine he didn't even wait for the result but he gave us R4000 just for writing exams. Not many students receive that from their folks. It's people like that that motivate you to work harder. Confidence wanted us to go SunnyPark and I told her over my dead pussy. You only go to SunnyPark mall when you have less than R500 in your pocket. It's a student mall after all. That is why the most popular shops are Mr Price and Identity. I wanted to buy something that said "I am Sharon Letsoalo" not something that said "One Day is One Day". I told Confidence either Sandton or Menlyn and she chose Sandton.

I wasn't a big fan of Sandton because I forever get lost when I am there. Luckily Confie told me she knows the place very well. On our way there I used the opportunity to check what I missed on my phone. There were so many missed call notifications from Maite, JT and RR. My mom didn't even try to contact me. I called RR and he went "ebile ke ke nagana gore o hwile (I actually thought you were dead). Gape when I miss you le polo ya ka bina kwasa kwasa". RR needed flirting tips. When he flirted it sounded like he was insulting me. I explained to him that I was busy with exams and my uncle confiscated my phone. I told him I'll take him for lunch the following day. Confidence called JT to tell him the same story I told RR. She put her phone on loud speaker. JT went "mabebeza eish o mpolaisitse

cerebos for too long. Entlik you should come now ke bofolle letheke. Ko go gaya 5 rounds minimum (Babe you made me starve for too long. You should come here so we can make love. I'll give you a minimum of 5 rounds)". Do you ever wonder what constitute a round in the lesbian world? Mmmmm let me Kermit my thoughts. We got to Sandton and spent 5 hours doing our shopping. I made sure I bought many white clothes because of the wave of All White Parties all over South Africa. You would swear all people joined kereke ya Mapostola the way we see white everywhere we go. The good thing is we all look gorgeous in All White. If you look ugly in All White you should lay crime against humanity charges against your parents. Confidence wanted us to go home and I went "Wa nyela. It's Friday and we are done with exams. Let's go have fun. We are done with exams. Don't try to act all holy with me. I wanna get wasted. And I need a 'boyfriend figure' tonight". For those who don't know, a boyfriend figure is a nigger who acts as a boyfriend in the absence of your boyfriend. He takes care of your entertainment needs and if he's lucky he'll get laid. Broke niggers do not qualify to be boyfriend figures, they are just figures nje. Confidence wanted us to go to Liquid Chefs in Rosebank but I preferred Braamfontein. I wanted to be surrounded by students and few potential boyfriend figures. We drove to Braam and parked the car corner Juta and De Beer streets. It's ironic that the street with many clubs in Braamfontein is called De Beer. We chose to go to Great Dane. It was my first time going there but I remembered the place opposite it called Smokehouse. I once went there with Emily and her crew. The place wasn't packed as I expected. I guess it was because it was a bit early. We sat at the 'outside' area and ordered red wine. I looked around to see if there were any hot brothers and all I could see were poor-looking white niggers smoking hubbly bubbly. The disappointment on my face was pricefool.

While drinking there I saw a bitch and her entourage walking in. My blood boiled....nxa.

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 194

BY [SHAZ](#) · DECEMBER 22, 2015

“If you spend your time hoping someone will suffer the consequences for what they did to your heart, then you’re allowing them to hurt you a second time in your mind” – Shannon L Alder

You know that moment when you think you are far from people you know and the bitch you least expected walks in...eish I was pissed. She smiled when she saw me and I maintained expressionlessness. She came straight to where we were sitting and went “daughter of the soil. My long lost little sister, how are you doing? You lost weight. Too much sex?”. Zee was one of those people who made me believe satan existed on earth. She was like those white torn jeans that every black girl has. She was too everywhere for my liking. Confidence greeted back with a huge smile on her face. Zee was very charming, especially to young girls. She had powers that made all girls in her circle see her as some Mandela. I told her I wasn’t in a mood and that she should leave us in peace. She was like “bitch please!!! I am Zee. I don’t take instructions from my graduates. Stop being a sissy and sit down”. That was Zee for you. She behaved as if she could send Please Call Me to God and he would call immediately. I didn’t wanna cause a scene so I shut up. Never ever think you will win an argument with Zee. She was a bully of note. She and her entourage sat with us. She ordered shooters and commanded all of us to take a shot. I didn’t have an excuse to say no so I did as commanded. After couple of glasses I forget about what Zee did to me in Sunnyside and we became best bombas again. That is what alcohol does to people. I think we should get Julius Malema and Jacob Zuma to sit down and drink booze. I bet after a drink or two they’ll be singing revolutionary love for each other. But with Zuma you’ll never know. He might ‘van rooyen’ the love while you are sleeping at night. Confidence’s phone rang and she spoke for couple of seconds. After the call she told me it was Marcus telling her not to rush coming home. Apparently he was entertaining some business associates. Mxm he was probably with the biach Maite. I didn’t complain because it suited my agenda well. I was not in a mood to go home early. The only problem was I didn’t trust Confie’s driving under the influence of alcohol. I didn’t wanna die on a freeway. Glasses of wine and shooters continued flowing. I asked Confie told call JT to come with a driver and she told

me to relax. I thought of calling RR but we were not in an environment that he would enjoy.

While drinking there some fine brother walked in. All girls by our table turned to look at him except for Zee who acted as if an ordinary nigger just walked in. Nigger had a well-built frame and beautiful eyes and lips. He wasn't very tall but I loved his height. I loved his dark complexion more. He was wearing sneakers, jeans and a black golfie that matched his complexion. I don't know about other girls but I got wet on the spot. With niggers like that you don't need foreplay, you just look at him and your underground structures become aquatic. I can't say the same about short ugly guys. You have to think about your gorgeous ex before you become wet. He walked straight to our table and gave Zee a passionate hug. Damn you could cut the jealousy on my face with a knife. Zee kissed the guy right in front of us. I guess she was marking her territory. She introduced the guy as Simbarashe Talent Muzorewa. She didn't have to go far, I knew the guy was from Zimbabwe. It's only in Zimbabwe where you get names like Talent, Again, Far, Knowledge, Godknows etc. I didn't even care about the name. Brother looked so hot I wanted to eat him right there. One of Zee's girls asked if nigger had brothers around and he went "I am my only brother". When he said that all I heard was "Sharon you are mine tonight". He sat between Zee and Confie and I immediately told Confie to go call Marcus and tell him we were still fine. As soon as she stood up I occupied her seat. I wanted to sit next to the Promised Land. I tried to make small talk but the more I tried was the more Zee kept him busy by saying things that didn't make sense. If I had a lightning there I would have employed it to deal with Zee. The more I drank wine and looked at him was the more I became oceanic between my thighs. Zee's phone rang and she went to a quiet place to answer the call.

Zee's call gave me a chance to introduce myself. I went "I am Shwaron Letsoalo but you can call me Shazexy or Shazyonce. You arwe probablwy wonderwing why a bbeautiful likwe me is singwle. Uhm...uhm I can explwain laira when you cwall mwee". That was me trying to twang to impress the nigger. I don't even know why I said that but it was the first thing my mind gave birth to. Call me

whatever you, when you are charmed there are no rules. You say whatever you want. Nigger didn't say a thing, he just smiled and it was enough for me. It was a good sign. Zee came back and sat next to her man. I decided to drown my sorrows by drinking more wine. Confie came back and told me Marcus said we should have fun. Nigger was drinking water. I guessed he was one of those guys who took their health seriously. I went "why are you drinking water? I can buy you any drink of your choice". Zee gave me a skeem saam look and went "Sharon you are embarrassing yourself. Hold your panties toe. He is taken". Damn, that hit me below the navel. Nigger went "actually a can of coke would do. Thanks for the offer". I almost went "kwaaaaa" to Zee but I didn't wanna anger her. An angry Zee was equivalent to Boko Haram in Nigeria. I didn't want her to fall hard on me. Around 10pm Marcus sms'd me. He was telling me to come back home because it was late. That was rich coming to a guy who not long ago told us to have fun. There was no way I was gonna leave the hot guy there. I had to cook a plan. I suggested that we should go to Vilakazi Street in Soweto. Zee was the first to agree with my suggestion. We paid the bill and headed to our cars. Zee and her entourage were driving in a white Kia Rio. Their car was full so by default Talent had to go with us. Zee wanted to ride with us but her girls told her their car would be boring without her. Badimo ba ga Letsoalo were with me. You should have seen the smile on my face. We agreed that Zee and company would lead us to Soweto. I took the front seat and Talent took the back seat. I adjusted the mirror to have a good look of him. They used the Mandela Bridge road and turned right at the first robot after the bridge in Newtown then right again at Total garage to join the M1 freeway to Soweto. Whoever was driving knew Jozi very well. Instead of following Zee and company to continue on the M1 to Soweto I told Confie to offramp to the left to join the M2 freeway. I remembered the roads because I had been there before. When you date niggers who drive you end up knowing roads.

"Where are we going now? Aren't we supposed to follow them?". I told him not to worry because we were taking the shortest cut. We continued straight on the M2 freeway until we off-ramped at the interchange to join the N3 freeway. I took a quick look at Talent and saw him smiling. I switched off my phone. I asked Talent if he had a phone with him and he told me the battery just died. The Letsoalo ancestors were indeed with me. For the first time I beat Zee at her own game.

Confidence couldn't stop laughing at how things turned out. Nigger went "are you sure we are still going to Soweto?". I told him not to worry because I was taking him to somewhere better. To my liking nigger didn't complain. He looked happy to be in my company. I don't mean to brag, but only dickless men can resist me. No offence but I know I am so hot I can give a blind man a hard-on without him touching me. We off-ramped at Woodmead to join the N1 north-bound freeway. The way I was wet I wanted Confie to stop the car right there so I could have a piece of Talent. Confie's phone rang and it was JT. Her phone was connected to the car's audio system via Bluetooth. So we could hear a convo with JT. The lesbo went "eh sfebe kanti o waar? Ke ponyetswe strong. Tlisa motete ke bolaye please. Cerebos e mpolaya masepa (bitch where are you? I have a hard on. Bring your ass here so I can chow. I am sexually starving)". I wanted to laugh and she hung up fast. We laughed and Talent asked us to share the joke. That was his way of saying he didn't understand our language. He was probably new in South Africa. Zimbabweans learn South African languages within a week. Maybe it's because Shona and Ndebele are somehow related to Zulu. Confie asked if I would cover for her if she crashed at JT and I happily said yes. She drove straight to JT's place. I had to take over driving when Confie got off. Talent took the front passenger seat. I used Jacob Mare Street with the aim of turning left at Van der Walt Street. As soon as I set the car in motion nigger leaned towards me and directed his hand to my underground structures. The way I was so wet his fingers almost drowned in my punani. It was only when he paused that I noticed I passed two traffic lights without even checking if I had a right of way. After crossing Nelson Mandela Drive I pulled over on the right side of the road. I couldn't take it anymore, I wanted something inside me. The car was semi-tinted so no one would see. I didn't give a toss anyway. I just wanted to be on top of him. One touch with my hand I felt anaconda on his jeans.

As I was about to kiss him there was a knock on the window.....

Nxa WTF....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 195

BY [SHAZ](#) · JANUARY 5, 2016

“Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving” –  
Albert Einstein

It's so nice to do stupid things in the middle of nowhere. I think every girl should go thru that reckless stage before they decide to settle down. It's not only guys who deserve to have fun recklessly. I was young and living my life to the fullest. They don't call it YOLO for nothing. But imagine just before you are about to engage in a YOLO moment and some fly decides to disturb your fun. I got my hand off his mrengerenge and sat still on my seat. The knock kind of knocked my heart off. Pretoria is generally safe but Nelson Mandela drive had a reputation of criminal activities. If there was one thing I didn't want was being part of crime statistics. As I was about to start the engine and drive off, Talent did something very stupid. He opened the window to attend the person who was knocking. If I had a gun I would have shot and raped him on the spot. I wouldn't let him go underground without me tasting his dick. Zimbabwean dicks are so big, I guess they would remain big even after death. I told him to shut the bloody window. Maybe in Zimbabwe it was safe to do what he did but in South Africa you don't open windows to strangers that time of the night. It's an invitation to death or robbery. The first thing I saw when he opened the window was some dirty looking boy. Before Talent could ask what he wanted I screamed like a Nigerian woman after discovering her husband was arrested for smuggling drugs. The boy went “relax my sister. Nka se o khawathe. Ne ke kopa boys ya go reka dijo. Azanka ka ja for the past 2 years (I won't hurt you. I just want R2 to buy food. I have not eaten for the past two years”. It's only in Pretoria where a nigger would ask you for R2 that time of the night. Those who stayed in Pretoria know nyaope boys very well. They will do whatever you want just for a R2. Obviously Talent didn't understand what the boy meant because he was still learning South African languages. Nyaope boys are not predictable. Sometimes they are friendly and other days they can be very dangerous. I took out R10 note and threw it at him. The smile on his face was priceless. To a nyaope boy R10 is like winning lottery. I wonder what they do with R2.



He went “my sister may God bless you. Oska lebala go sphanisa condom. Dai maan ga ke mo tshepi. Nkare ke those guys ba go sicka ka Z3 (don’t forget to use a condom. I don’t trust this guy. He looks like those HIV+ guys). Lol imagine getting such advice from a nyaope boy. I couldn’t help it but laugh a bit. Talent wanted us to continue but my mood was already spoilt. My pussy was like a Model C learner, very sulky sometimes. He went “let’s go book but I don’t have money”. It was a good idea but there was no way I was going to pay a hotel to get chowed. He was cute and all that but I believe men should be the ones paying for stadiie, not the other way round. I told him I wanted him badly but I was broke. He arrogantly went “then why did you bring me here? You should have let me go to Soweto with the other girls. I am not going to sleep inside a car. Take me back where you found me”. Instead of being angry I kinda understood his point. And besides, you don’t wanna anger such a hottie. If he was ugly I would have told him to go fly a kite. I hit the ignition key and drove to Phillip Nel. I was not trying to disrespect Marcus or anything but I knew he would get worried if he woke up and his car was not there. I was trying to minimise the risk. Luckily when we got to the house the lights were off. It meant Marcus was sleeping. I parked the car in the garage and told Talent to wait for few minutes. I walked inside the house to check if the coast was clear. Imagine sneaking inside the house with a man only to find your dad sitting on the couch waiting for you!!!! That was what I was trying to avoid. I tried to tiptoe but because of alcohol in my system I kinda made noise to a point that Marcus screamed “Sharon, is that you?”. Damn that was stupid of me. I went “yes daddy. We are back”. He didn’t say anything from that point. It was a bit confusing because I didn’t know what he was planning to do next. I went to my bedroom and lay on my bed. I wanted to spend 5 minutes or so just to study what Marcus was planning to do next.

At first I thought I was dreaming. Through the curtains I could see the night was gone. I rubbed eyes with my hands hoping to see the darkness again but I noticed my eyes were not lying. I quickly switched on my phone to establish what time it was and learned it was 06:15am. WHAT THE FUSH!!!!!! That was my first expression. I quickly tried to mentally recollect what happened the previous night and I remembered getting in the bedroom to wait for Marcus to sleep. I probably passed out. Alcohol is a witch, especially when you see a bed. I know a guy who

died in his shack because of alcohol and bed. After a night of drinking he tried to cook when he got to his crib. He lay on his bed while waiting for water to boil and unfortunately he passed out. I don't know how it happened but the shack caught fire and nigger died. You must never get close to a bed when you are drunk unless if you plan to fall asleep. I was still fully dressed. I quickly got off the bed and ran to the garage. Marcus was sitting in the lounge drinking coffee. Nxa what kinda person wakes up that early to drink coffee on a Saturday? Some people lack 'my-come-together'. He asked me why I was rushing to the garage and I told him I forgot something in the car the previous night. When I got the garage Talent was nowhere to be found. I knew his name was Talent but I didn't think he was too talented that he could escape from the locked house without using keys. The garage door was still locked and so was the gate and main doors. I thought he might have used the garage door but it was very unlikely due to the security measures Marcus installed in his yard. I checked under the car and everywhere but there was no sign of that dude. My head literally froze and I didn't know what to do. I walked back to the bedroom very confused and panicking. Marcus said something but I didn't hear him clearly. I called Confidence but her phone was off. There were so many texts from Zee threatening to kill me. That was the least of my problems at that stage. I called JT and she picked. I asked to speak to Confidence and JT went "Ntwana, o hlapelwa ka high grade neh? Ke dropile sfebe se sa ko wena there early in the morning. Nxa se nkwatisitse masepa because se ganne ka ezzi. Imagine I spent the whole night ke fraeza lerago and got none. Ke tla se dumpa sa nyela (do you get wasted to that point? I dropped that hoe there early in the morning. I was angry at her because she didn't wanna ride me. Imagine I had to spend the whole night trying to convince her to ride me. I will dump her bloody ass).

Mxm I didn't care about JT's anger. My worry was Talent. I knew if Marcus found him hiding in the house hell was gonna break loose. I had seen Marcus in action before and I didn't want a repeat. I headed straight to Confi's bedroom. Before knocking I heard some funny sounds coming from inside the room. They were not loud but I could hear there was something going on. I knocked and went "Confidence, Uncle Marcus wants to talk to you right now". Suddenly the sounds died and there was deafening silence from the room. I tried to open the door but it

was locked. I knocked again and I heard a quiet ‘sshhhhh’ coming from the bedroom. My mind went all wild asking myself what was happening in there. I reached a conclusion that Confidence was self-riding. I mean girls who ride lesbians are capable of doing it on their own. Lol imagine wanking so early in the morning. Some people have serious sexual disorders shem. I knocked again and she went “I I I I I am coming coooooommmmmiiiiinnnnggggggg”. I think she was literally coming the way she said it. When your own finger is good you can’t help it but scream under the influence of joy. After a minute or so she opened the door. She wanted to get out of the bedroom but I told her not to. I got in and before I could explain my ‘Talent problem’ to her I saw the nigger on the bed with sweat all over his face. WTF, Confi had just had a shag with Talent. The screams I had were from a session between the two of them. She didn’t even wear any guilt on her face. Talent frowned when I looked at him. I could see my presence disgusted him. Confidence went “I found him lying on the floor in the garage when JT dropped me earlier this morning. How could you be so heartless? You should have left him in Joburg. Buy hey, it was a blessing in disguise”. I slapped her so hard she probably saw her ancestors from Giyani or Malamulele. I was angry at her for riding my prey. Imagine you catch the biggest fish and someone eats it before you do. That is pure witchcraft. I wanted to slap her again but I was disturbed by Marcus’ voice screaming from the lounge.

He was going “Sharon, Sharon.....come down here. The police are looking for you”

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 196

BY [SHAZ](#) · JANUARY 11, 2016

“I’m a fighter. I believe in the eye-for-an-eye business. I’m no cheek turner. I got no respect for a man who won’t hit back. You kill my dog, you better hide your cat” – Muhammed Ali

A visit by the police will give any person goosebumps in their ass line. I am not a criminal and I knew I had not engaged in any criminal activities but when I heard the boys in blue were looking for me I almost peed myself. I starting thinking of possible crimes I might have committed but my brain fired blanks. The only thing I could think of was Zee. I knew she was probably very cross at me for stealing her Zim honey. She was such a bad loser. She was the type that wanted to win all the time and when she lost she would do anything to hurt the winner. I looked at Confidence who was still in pain from my slap and went “did your witch grandmother in Malamulele lay charges against me via Bluetooth for slapping you? I know you Tsonga peeps have tricks. What do cops want from me? Tell your gogo to reverse them”. Talent looked at me with even bigger disgust on his face. I think he was disgusted by my tribalist comment. Confidence went “hope they lock you and throw away the key. You are so heartless and I will never forgive you nxa”. Mxm I didn’t understand why she was angry because she was the one on the wrong side of things. She slept with my man. Well, not my man but the guy I stole and wanted to shag. I thought of giving her another clap but Talent got off the bed and stopped me from beating her. Jeeez his dick was so big I felt it on my belly. My underground started smiling on the spot. That’s what a hot guy does to a woman’s body. You can be angry but the minute he touches you your anger will be suspended and replaced with a festival in your punani. I attempted to kiss him but he pushed me and went “are you crazy? I don’t wanna have sex with you. Actually, I don’t wanna ever ever have sex with you. I don’t do girls who only think for themselves. You are not different from Zee”. His words hurt me so bad. Only few men resisted my charms. I knew he was saying all that because Confidence was present. He was the guy who wanted to chow me just the previous night. I went “I WILL BE BACK AND YOU BETTER BE READY FOR ME”

When I got downstairs Marcus was with about 5 cops. Sometimes I don’t understand cops. You report a big crime and only two cops will pop. You report

small crime and 10 cops show up. I was just a girl in my early 20's and didn't pose any risk or threat to anyone. I greeted them with a drop of fear in my voice. They asked if my name was Sharon Letsoalo and I said yes. They looked at one another and shook their heads. Marcus went "do we need a lawyer? Please say what you came here for or leave my house". One cop told Marcus to relax because they were not there for him. I don't know why but I suddenly remembered what happened in the bedroom and got pissed. I felt like Confidence disrespected me by sleeping with Talent. I went "Uncle Marcus, leave the cops to me. I will deal with them. Go check what your precious niece is up to in the bedroom". He looked at me with a confused face and I repeated what I said. He didn't waste any time, he headed straight to Confi's bedroom. Within a minute I heard Talent screaming. The cops forgot about me and ran upstairs to investigate what was going on. I heard screaming, shouting and crying and I smiled. Sometimes you don't have to lift a finger for revenge. Just think strategically and revenge will happen without you lifting a finger. The next thing I saw a naked Talent passing next to me at a speed of 120 km/h. His dick was hitting his thighs side by side as he ran and I found it very funny. If he was a Tswana guy the dick wouldn't even move. I couldn't help it but laugh out loud. The cops came downstairs with Marcus. He was shouting like a mad man. He pissed me when he said "I didn't expect that kind of behaviour from Confidence. I would understand if it was Sharon". Nxa I almost said "marete a Sharon". The cops calmed him down. I could hear Confidence crying from upstairs and my heart smiled. God has a way of punishing people who betray their friends and relatives. The only regret I had was not taking pictures or a video to use as insurance in future. We all know what First For Bitches mean right? The cops turned their attention to me.

"Miss Sharon Letsoalo we want to ask you few questions about a particular night in Polokwane. We are investigating theft that took place in Polokwane and we understand you were there at the time the theft occurred. Do you mind if we ask you few questions? It won't take much of your time". WTF, 5 cops to question me about something I didn't know anything about. No wonder Senzo Meyiwa's killers are still out there. Cops are concentrating on non issues. Marcus told me not to answer any question without a lawyer. I chose to ignore his advice and answered all their stupid questions. They thanked my cooperation and left. Marcus wanted to

ask me why they were questioning me and I ignored him and went upstairs. When I passed next to Confidence's bedroom I heard her sobbing and I started sing the song I hated as a kid "ga o lle madi, o lla meetsi". It basically means "you are not crying blood, you are crying water". I locked myself in the bedroom until after midday when I felt hungry. I went downstairs and found Marcus watching news on eNCA. He asked me to go call Confi. When I got to her bedroom she wasn't there. I checked her closet and it was empty. I ran downstairs to tell Marcus and nigger got angry. He immediately called her mother and nigger was shouting in Tsonga. When Tsonga people are angry you can die from their shouting. I think he was telling Confidence's mom that he doesn't want her daughter in his house anymore. It felt like music in my ears. After the call he sat me down and told me how proud he was that I changed my old ways. He apologised for bringing a bad influence like Confidence in the house. I went "I was scared to tell you. Since she moved in here I saw 6 different guys. One of them was old enough to be your grandfather. I hate associating myself with people like her. I am glad she left". Nigger was so angry I saw sweat running down his bald head like water at Victoria Falls. Instead of replying he went straight to his bedroom. I guess he was so angry he couldn't even talk. Like the Canadian author Nadia Scrieva once said "Victory is always bitter sweet". I was glad I eliminated Confi from the picture.

I went upstairs to fetch my phone. Zee was still on about her threatening messages and I didn't care. I replied to one of her messages with "you are barking at the wrong tree, dog. Your boyfriend left with Confidence and they are still together. Call her and leave me alone biach". I sent her Confidence's number. That was me dealing with Confi for sleeping with Talent. Nobody messes with Shaz and gets away with it. After that I called JT and told her what Confi did. JT went "sfebe se ke moloi. Se ntimile marago the entire night and now she gave another monkey ezzi. Nxa se tla nyela sfebe se. Ga ke sa nyaka go se bona (That bitch is a witch. She didn't wanna have sex with me the entire night but rode another monkey. To hell with her. I don't wanna see her again)". My mission was complete and I had a huge smile on my face. My phone rang and it was RR. He was telling me he missed me and wanted to see me as soon as possible. I asked him where and he told me his place. I reminded him that the last time we spoke he didn't have a place to stay because of what-what. He told me he had a new beautiful mansion and he

wanted me to see it. I didn't have any plans so I agreed to see him. I was in a mood to laugh and I knew RR was the right person to make me laugh. I asked him where he was and he told me in Pretoria CBD. I took a bath and got dressed. I chose to wear jeans and a simple t-shirt. RR was not the type to be impressed by clothes. That's niggers from Botlokwa for you. They actually prefer women with doeks and long skirts. I asked Uncle Marcus if I could use his car and he said no. I didn't even say goodbye, I just left. Nigger was PMS'ng. I caught a taxi and got off at Marabastad where RR was waiting for me. As soon as I got in his blue machine aka 1400 he gave me a Cool Time juice and said "welcome to my papadise Mamoruti. I am back in action". I didn't even know what action he was talking about but I didn't probe. He asked if I wanted anything to eat and I said no. I was not in a mood to eat RR kind of food. He drove until we reached the N14 highway. I actually thought he was going to the township called Olieven but nigger passed. I asked where exactly we were going and he said Diepsloot. My blood almost ran away body. When that place is mentioned the first thing a person thinks of is mob justice. Apparently if you commit crime there community kill you in cold blood in front of cops. I told him I didn't want to Diepsloot and he went "wa nya o ke dira motho ka nna. O kganya nkare you never go to toilet. Diepsloot ke kasi ya dikasi". Trust RR to insult a woman like that. Nigger continued to drive. The first thing I noticed when we got to Diepsloot was how dark the males were. You would swear they all worked at a coal factory. If I didn't know better I would think they were advertising charcoal. He turned right after the shopping complex and drove for about 10 minutes in those congested streets until he reached some yard with more than 15 shacks. He went "ke dula anamo. So what?". We got in his shack and to my surprise it was very neat. I expected to be met by an army of cockroaches and rats. I sat on his 3-quarter bed and he sat next to me.

He took out a condom and went "moshito o tswela pele. Time is money"

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 197

BY SHAZ · JANUARY 12, 2016

“But, instead of what our imagination makes us suppose and which we worthless try to discover, life gives us something that we could hardly imagine” – Marcel Proust

Every girl has that friend that she knows will never ever make sexual moves on her. He can flirt now and then but you know he will never demand or ask for sex from you. RR was that friend to me. I knew he sometimes looked at my fine ass but I never imagined him making sexual moves on me. That is one of the reasons I trusted him. When I saw a condom in his hand I kind of got shocked. I thought I was there just to chill. He was nowhere near my type and there was no way on earth I was going to have sex with someone like him. What made matters worse was the kind of condom he had in his hand. I commend the government for giving us free condom but I don't see a free condom going to my underground. Any working guy who sleeps with a girl using government condoms should be banned from having sex. I went “Ronny, please stop what you are doing if you still value our friendship. I came here because I trust you. Don't show me a side of you that will make me hate you until you die”. He didn't argue with me, he put the condom in his pocket and went “eish mara le wena o pakile yong. Polo ya ka ga se fong kong. O nagana e tla se tsoge bjang o pakile so? E re ke bone mmele ga tee fela please (Damn you have a nice ass. My dick is not fake. How can I have no hard on when you have such a nice ass? Let me do it just once). I looked him straight in the eyes and he burst out laughing. That's when I knew he was just joking. We sat like friends and started taking. I asked why he stayed in that shack and about the BMW he was driving the other day. He told me he was not ready to talk about such things and that he would tell me the day he was ready. The more he said that was the more I got curious. I remembered he once told me he was a businessman and I believed him. Judging by how things were I started believing he lied to me. The only thing he told me was that things were not well between and his ugly wife. I told him it was rude to refer to his wife as ugly and he went “mara skobo ke skobo



(but she is ugly). I was forced by my parents to marry her. I had to drink a case of Castle Milk Stout the day I married her. Even my church understood why I drank". Lmao he gave me a good laugh.

He made so many jokes that I laughed until I my belly pained. He asked if I wanted a drink and I told him Fanta Orange would do. I wonder why so many people regard Fanta Orange as a drink for Shangaans and Ndebeles. Nigger took an empty 1.25 L bottle and told me he was going to buy Fanta Orange at the nearest tuckshop. I laughed because the last time I saw someone buying 1.25 L was when I was still in high school. People buy 2L bottles these days. Nigger left and came back with a bottle of Fanta Orange after couple of minutes. He didn't have glasses, so he gave me a jug and nigger drank directly from the bottle. RR was one of those guys we call 'Never Mind' in the monkeyville. He saw nothing wrong with drinking from the bottle. He was behaving like a real monkey lol. After taking couple of sips from the jug I started feeling somehow. I got the effect I normally get when I drink wine. I heard stories about niggers from Limpopo using muti to get women horny but RR didn't strike me as that type. He was a churchgoer and I knew his church was against the use of muti. I tried to get my mind of the wetness but the more I tried was the more I got wetter. RR asked if I was ok and I told him everything was fine. I went "Ronny do you still have that condom?". Instead of answering my question nigger stood up and took a packet of peanuts and started eating. After eating peanuts he had an avocado and drank mageu. I asked him why he was eating those things and he went "nka se se ye ntweng ke sa tshwara di-weapons (I won't go to a battle without weapons). I fight until the general shouts ceasefire". I wish I understood what he meant. He rubbed my thighs and instead of telling him to stop I closed my eyes and wished he could do it forever. My underground was still getting wetter and wetter. My body wanted him to patapata (have sex) me but my heart said no. Sleeping with someone you plan to friendzone is like asking satan to go back to heaven. You know he might go back there back the relationship with God will never be the same.

He attempted to kiss me but I pushed his face away. I was wet but my eyes were still good enough to see his teeth were like Kaizer Chiefs jersey. He went "kanti you don't watch romantic movies like Pirates of the Caribbean and Fast and Furious? Kissing is part of forth play? Le tla di tseba bjang le sa di tsamaye?". Lol

that was RR giving me a lecture on romance. Like a broke soldier, he aggressively pulled my top up. He took off my jeans and when he saw a g-string he went “ke dilo mang masepa a? Next time o reke panty ya go felelela. Ke lena le dirago gore pula e ne ka di-shifts (what crap is this? Next time buy a full panty. You are the reason we have a shortage of rain)”. The way I was so wet I didn’t even mind the crap he was saying. I guess that was his idea of a dirty talk. The way I was so on I could do a monkey. When I was fully naked I lay on the bed and told him to put on a condom. Instead of fully undressing and putting on the condom nigger just unzipped his pants and took out his weapon. The way it was so big it took him about 2 minutes to put on a condom. I asked him why he wasn’t taking off his clothes and he went “o nyaka polo or o nyaka mmele wa ka? Tlogela polotiki and whip whip watch me nae nae (do you want a cock or my body. Leave politics and let me do you)”. He stretched my legs and went straight for my honey. I was wet but his manhood was so big I felt like he used his foot to enter me. I made the squeaky sounds because of the bittersweet feeling underground and nigger stopped. He went “o llela eng? Gape nna ga ke kwane le batho ba go dira mashata. Nke o homole o tlogele go itira ngwana maaan (why are you crying? I don’t like people who make noise. Shut up and stop behaving like a kid)”. Nigger went on for more than 25 minutes without coming. It was nice but I didn’t come. When his time to come came nigger started screaming “hoooooo yaaaaa hoooooo yaaaaaaa hoooooo yaaaaaaa Batlokwa ba fihlile ka swele hooo yaaaa hooooo yaaaaa pupu pupu pupu AMEN CASE CLOSED”. He immediately pulled out and went to drink water. My entire body was wet with sweat and I was tired. It’s not everyday that you get a one round that last that long. It was probably because of the peanuts and mageu he had. I went “Ronny, what did you put in my drink? Why did I get wet after drinking it?”. He looked at me and smiled. The way his teeth were so ugly when he smiled you would swear he was preparing to sing Nomvula in Tshivenda.

He thanked me for having sex with him and that he was looking forward to doing it again. I told him there wouldn’t be any next time. I don’t know if guys get this. It is rude to thank a woman after having sex with her. That is some poppycock you say to a prostitute that gave you more than 25% discount. RR went “re tla bona. Next time o apare panty e normal. Not masepa nyana a a dithapo (we will see. Next time wear normal undies, not these crappy strings)”. I think RR was one of those kids who were conceived under a tree. People from Limpopo and Eastern Cape can relate. They love having sex under trees. I told him it was called a g-

string and he went “next time you must wear an F-String .....Full-String”. I stopped arguing with him because I knew I was not going to win. I was so tired after that session so I ended up passing out on his bed. I had a weird dream. I dreamed about some dark woman giving me orange juice with some black things inside. After drinking that juice my temperature rose and I started praying in tongues. When I woke up I felt a bit cold which was contrary to the dream I had. It was very dark in the shack because it didn’t have any window. It was quite clear I had slept for more than 6 hours. I whispered RR’s name but there was no response. I looked for a light switch but couldn’t find it. It was so dark I couldn’t even find my phone. I thought of screaming to attract neighbours’ attention but my heart thought against it. I started panicking. I remembered I didn’t know RR very well and used to hear nasty stories about his church. While walking around the shack not knowing what to do the door opened and light switched on. RR walked in with a huge smile on his face. He went “surprise”. I looked at his hands and saw loaf of brown bread, archar and a pint of fresh milk. He was like “I knew you would be hungry so I bought you a 3-course meal. Let’s sit down and enjoy. You will thank me with another round later”. If he knew how pissed I was he wouldn’t have said that. The thought ya gore I had sex with him without planning it made it worse. I was convinced he used something to sleep with me. I told him I wasn’t in a mood for his games and that I wanted to go home. He didn’t argue with me, he just turned and led me to his Blue Machine. In the car we didn’t talk much. He was playing very loud Zozo music. While driving on the N14 freeway towards Pretoria we saw traffic cops just before Oliven. They stopped RR’s car and said “le kae warra? Ke kgopela licence (how are you bro? Can we have your driver’s licence)”. Instead of giving the cop his driver’s licence, nigger opened the door and searched his wallet.

Boom .....the next thing I saw RR running like Usain Bolt.....

WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 198

BY [SHAZ](#) · JANUARY 13, 2016

“That’s the problem with drinking, I thought, as I poured myself a drink. If something bad happens you drink in an attempt to forget; if something good

happens you drink in order to celebrate; and if nothing happens you drink to make something happen” – Charles Bukowski

Imagine a guy running away from cops and leaving you inside his car in the process. I was glad I used a condom with RR. Imagine having a baby with a guy like RR. The baby would probably be born with mageu in his hand and a dick bigger than an adult Xhosa guy's. I didn't know what to do. I didn't even know why he ran like that. Imagine being left in a car surrounded by cops. One advice I would give to my fellow females is that they should never ever trust guys they don't know much about. The first thought I had was that RR stole the car and he knew the cops would arrest him. I was bloody scared, especially knowing that South African cops are trigger-happy. Hope the victims of Marikana massacre are resting in peace. One of the cops ran after him. I don't even know why he bothered because he had a huge belly. That was like Fiat Uno trying to race with BMW M3. He came back after 2 minutes without Ronny. I sat in the car panicking not knowing what to do next. The cops came to the car and commanded me to get out. As soon as I got out they searched me. The cop went “this one o jelwe few minutes ago. I can smell fish all over her body. Are you a prostitute (this one was chowed few minutes ago)?”. I felt so insulted. I lost it and slapped him on the cheek. I didn't care he was a cop at that stage. He had no right whatsoever to call me a prostitute. The other cops came to his rescue. I was so furious I wanted to kill him right there. I wanted to teach him a lesson to never disrespect women. Men like him have a tendency of disrespecting women and getting away with it. I went back to the car and hit the key. They just stood there and did nothing. I guess my behaviour caught them off guard. Changing gears in RR's car was the most difficult thing ever. I had to do it more than 10 times before getting to the gear I wanted. It felt like I was having sex to a guy who has been going to Assemblies of God church since the age of 2. When you ride such a nigger you have to show him everything, including where the hole is situated. I am talking about a real mzalwane, not the fake ones who drink Jameson at night and act all holy during the day.

On my way back home I searched for my phone in the bag and called RR. His phone rang in the car. I thought of turning back but I knew the cops would make mincemeat of me. I used the Laudium road because it was the shortest cut to Phillip Nel. I was driving at a speed of 60 km/h because the Blue Machine didn't have airbags. I didn't want to die in that kind of car. Imagine getting to heaven and telling God you died in a blue Nissan 1400. He would probably look at you and kick you to satanville via first class. When I got to my crib I stopped in front of the gate and started thinking. I was thinking of how RR would go back to his place. The distance from Olieven to Diepsloot is about 15 km. That's like about 2 to 3 hours of walking. Driving back at night would be risky for me. Thought number 2 was about the car. If Marcus found it inside his was garage he was gonna kill me. I saw what he did with Confi and I didn't want it to happen to me. I still wanted him to buy me a Merc. I decided to drive to JT's place. I knew she would let me park the car there. I called to tell her I was on my way and she said cool. I drove very fast because it was approaching midnight. When I got to Nyasa, JT's flat at Andries Street I called her to come downstairs. When she saw the car I was driving she started laughing. She was like "Ekse ntawana. Fede? Ntwana, ke eng masepa a (Eh babe, what's up? What is this crap)? Which charity donated it to you? Which church gave it to you? Jehovah's Witness?". I laughed and told her it was not a donation. She went "hayi achuz o wele straight. Ba o becha ka 1400? Mos dae ding le ledlozi la ditransie. Entlik ba zama go o chaela gore kuku ya gago ke ledlozi. Plus ka bona le dairy ya gago e etsa ga nnyane lamanga. Entlik tshwantse o vaye o ye dladleni ba o hlabele pudi ya lesbian o tla ba grand (my friend you have depreciated. They gave you 1400? This thing is an ancestor of cars. They are trying to tell you your punani has aged. You boobs are not as hot as they used to be. Actually, you must go home and slaughter a lesbian goat to appease the ancestors)". Trust JT to throw those jabs at me. She was my friend and I was used to her.

I explained the whole RR and cops situation to JT and she laughed like I was a fool. She went "wena ne o etsang le bhari ya ko Botlokwa? O shiya JT wa bantwana here wa no lata bhari fela nje. Ke tla gaya transie stadia vandag but tomorrow ga ke e nyake hierso. I have status to protect (what are you doing with a fool from Botlokwa? You leave the charming JT here and go for such a fool. I'll let you park the car here tonight but tomorrow I don't want it here)". I thanked and

promised to buy her 24 Hansa. She was like “entlik you can buy it now. Ke Saturday and still before 2am. Clubs are still open in Sunnyside. Re ya dah nou ka this skorokoro. Plus kgale ke sa groovi le wena achuz”. I tried to tell her Marcus was waiting for me at home and that I was tired and she went “o rata go balabala nkare o Helen Zille le wena. You’ll sneak in maan. Let’s go to Sunnyside”. As always, JT won and we went to Sunnyside. We started by scouting which club to go to. Industrial Shisanyama was very packed and they wanted us to pay R50 get in. Cappello had few people. JT didn’t like Cubana, Cofi and Rhapsody’s because they were too cheeseboy for her liking. So we decided to go to Europa. Most first year students love Europa because of loud music and affordable booze. I wasn’t a fan anymore. Once you taste le good life the likes of Europa becomes less classy for you. We parked the car behind Sunnypark and walked to Europa. The bouncers were so happy to see JT. They kept saying “long time no see”. It was quite clear she was popular that side of town. I bought her 12 Hansa Pilsner and bought myself 6 Smirnoff Premix Lime and Lemonade. I craved Hunters Gold but I was scared to drink. Have you noticed most girls who drink Hunters Gold are developing big bellies? I didn’t wanna be part of that statistics. We sat at the tables next to the dance floor opposite the DJ booth. We started drinking and JT drank 12 Hansa dumpies in less than 30 minutes. That’s how thirsty she was. No wonder she forced me to go out. I bought her another 12. As soon as I put the bucket down the DJ played Sista Bettina by Mgarimbe. Within 2 seconds the dance floor was teeming with beeshes. I am not a ratchet but that song brings the ratchetment out of me. Actually it turns everyone into a ratchet. I think even if they play it in church the pastor’s wife will forget her position and show the congregation what she used to do before she met the pastor.

I found myself on the dance floor doing what my mom would ashamed to see me doing. I shook my body so beautifully until the entire floor was cleared to make a circle for me. Generally, I am not a very good dancer. But because I had a beautiful ass guys found it pleasing to watch me dance. You can be a good dancer but if your ass is non-existent the only people who’ll watch you are white males or those broke ass black niggers who speak thru noses. The dance moves I threw that night were out of this world. It was a mixture of Ciara, Lebo Mathosa and Chomee in on cup. I had all niggers including the Dj eating out of my palm. JT on the other hand had all beautiful chicks queuing to dance with her. We were the A-team that night.

I didn't regret going out with JT. She even made me forget the whole RR drama. We danced until Europa closed. They stopped the music and told everyone to go. It was after 2am but people still wanted to drink and dance. Only if we had that passion on our books and jobs. Black people would be the richest race in South Africa. As soon as we exited Europa JT said we should go to McD to buy some beeches burgers. Most people who stayed in Sunnyside know that culture. When clubs close at 2am people flock to McD or Galitos to buy food. She bought her girls burgers and promised to fetch them in the morning to show them nice things. I was so drunk and tired I couldn't walk straight. JT carried me on her back. I wonder where lesbians get the masculine power from. People started whistling at JT for being the perfect 'gentleman'. She went "o ja pap thata le wena sfefe. You are so heavy nkare ke rwele hlogo ya kgomo (you eat too much pap. I feel like I am carrying a cow's head)". That was her way of telling me I gained weight and it didn't sit well with me. A girl can be drunk but never ever make funny jabs about her weight. She was also drunk but she managed to carry me from McD to the place where we had parked the Blue Machine. As I was about to open the passenger door someone punched me on my back.....

WTF...

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 199

BY [SHAZ](#) · JANUARY 14, 2016

"It is wonderful how much time good people spend fighting the devil. If they would only expend the same amount of energy loving their fellow men, the devil would die in his own tracks of ennui" – Helen Keller

When you are wasted all you want is to go home and sleep. If you had lot of wine you will expect at least round or two to help you sleep peacefully. Making love

under the influence will make you hate shagging sober. You can stretch your legs all you want and scream until the neighbour wakes up. You can talk dirty until Satan thinks you are applying to be his deputy. I turned to check who punched me. A very tired RR was behind me breathing heavily like he had just fought with my ex crush Mayweather. Before I could ask why he punched me Nigger threw another punch and hit me on the chest. I lost balance and fell on the ground. JT who was on the other side of the blue machine ran to our side to rescue me. RR was kicking the hell out of me while I was on the ground. JT pushed RR and told him to get lost or he'll meet his Maker prematurely. Ronny went "you are a witch. O moloi wa mafelelo mpsa ke wena. You stole my car and slept with the police. As if that was not enough you are cheating me with this fat cheeks guy. Why did you agree to date and have sex with me for 20 minutes if you knew you were going to cheat on me? Nna ke Motlokwa from Mathoks, ga ke cheathiwe ke bana ba go lekana le wena (I am a Motlokwa from Mathoks, I can't let a kid cheat on me). I know I am the first person in my family to sleep with a yellow bone but I won't allow you to cheat on me. Someone must die for once and for all". Ja it's true that you must never sleep with anyone below your league. They will embarrass you in front of people the day they are angry. Any guy that screams in public that he slept with you deserves to be killed. I was drunk but I regretted sleeping with that dude. I wasn't even dating him but in his big empty head I was his girlfriend. I don't even know where he got that idea from. JT helped me stand up while blocking RR to have access to my body. RR screamed "who is this guy? Who the hell is this man? Are you sleeping with him? Did you sleep with him in my car? Do you know gore ke na le ditaelo ka mo koloing? I want to kill both of you twice. Search me on Google if you don't know me. I once killed a goat with my bare hands. Ke Ronny Ramokgopa nna, ga ke apare piti maotwana ya dithapo (take a good look at me, I don't wear a g-string".

I didn't know RR that much but I didn't expect him to act the way he was acting. The very first day I met him I saw a cool funny guy. He never appeared to me as the type that beat women. I was drunk and in pain from his beating and kicking. JT went "Sharon, entlik ke mang skobo se? Le tsamaya le bulela ditokoloshi marago bona nou o re fakhela mahlo a batho. I am an important member of community, I cannot deal with these kinda situations. Kopa o chaele dae maan a je fase or else ke



tlo mo bhodisa nou (Sharon, who is this ugly thing? You go around sleeping with zombies and now he's embarrassing us in public. Tell this man to leave before I kill him). ". As soon as JT finished talking RR beat her so hard I thought she was going to fall. JT was very strong. There were days I used to think she was a man. That's one of the reasons RR was convinced JT was a man chowing me. People started gathering around us to feed their nosey eyes. I expected them to help end the fight but none of them did that. All they wanted to do was to enjoy the 'game'. JT went "my blah, did you just hit me? Wa verstana gore ke mang nna? Gashu e ke tla e bontsha madlozi a yona (do you know who I am? I'll show this fool his ancestors)". She shifted back a bit to create some space between her and RR. She took off one shoe and reached for something inside. The next thing I saw something that looked like a knife in her hand. I screamed for the crowd to help end the fight but no one cared. They were all shooting videos and photos instead. That's black people for you. JT walked straight to RR. Instead of running RR clenched his fists to show he was ready for a fight. Why do men think with their egos? How can you fight a weapon with bare hands? He was just inviting death. I tried to hold JT back but she was too powerful and forceful for me. RR tried to throw few punches but the only the only thing he could hit was the atmosphere. JT ducked and the next thing I saw blood coming from RR. He screamed "yhooooo nna mmaweeeee lerete le le nhlabile ka mphaka (this nigger stabbed me)". JT was hopping side to side and at times scratching the ground with her knife. She looked like a gangster we always see in gangster movies. If I didn't know her I would think she was a coloured dude from some township outside Cape Town. JT went for RR again and whatever she did made RR fall like a tree. The next thing I saw an ocean of blood next to RR. JT went "nxa ke mo bhodisitse. Nna ka slyza (I killed him. I am running away)". She threw the car keys at RR and ran. I didn't wanna remain there with people I didn't know. I ran after her.

JT was running faster than me and I was struggling to catch up. I was angry at her for what she did. RR was out of line but he didn't deserve what JT did to him. JT waited for me just before crossing Nelson Mandela Drive. I wanted to ask why she did the crap she did but her face was still wearing anger and I didn't want to fatten it. When we got to her place it was around 4am. I told JT I didn't wanna sleep at her place because Marcus would kill me and she promised she would drive me

home after 20 minutes. I didn't ask why because I knew she was on a war path. When we got inside her flat she headed straight to the bathroom. I guess she wanted to wash the blood off. After her bathroom business she drove me to my place. The sun was about to rise when we got to Phillip Nel. She didn't even say goodbye. She just unlocked her car and said "voetsek". I got off and strategically opened the gate. I didn't want Marcus to hear me. Luckily our gate was not one of those village gates that make noise when you open them. I managed to get in without Marcus noticing. I tiptoed to my bedroom and passed out within 30 seconds. I didn't even dream that particular morning. Marcus knocked at my door to tell me I should be ready for church. That was weird because he had never done that before. When a parent or a guardian does that to you, just know they were about to give up on you. Their only hope is the Man upstairs. My body was aching from RR's physical assaults. I told Marcus that I was lazy to go to church and he went "satan is definitely using you and he'll definitely discourage you from going to church. Now get off your lazy butt and get ready. You have 30 minutes". That was Uncle Marcus taking charge. Only if he knew his precious Sharon had bruises all over her body. Buy hey, maybe church is what I needed. Bad luck was gradually sneaking back into my life. I also wanted to pray for RR's mageu to get off my soul.

I took a quick shower and got dressed. I was lucky RR didn't beat my face. Imagine how I was going to explain bruises and blue eyes on my face. I asked Marcus which church we were going to and he just said "you will see". I could see he was not in a mood to talk. So I looked at him and said "I receive". We went to some church in Pretoria West. Some beautiful woman came to greet us. She thanked Marcus for keeping his promise. Marcus introduced me to the woman as his daughter. I almost said "you are lying baba". Lol I couldn't believe he lied in church. Judging by how they looked at each other, I think there was some chemistry between them. I think Marcus only went to church to impress that lady. The pastor read Titus 3:3 "For we ourselves were foolish, disobedient, led astray, slaves to various passions and pleasures, passing our days in malice and envy, hated by others and hating one other". He preached for more than an hour and I felt like he was talking to me. The verse summarised my life. I found tears flowing on my cheeks. Marcus gave me a tissue. At least he was a gentleman. If he was a

nigger from Bolobedu he would probably go “matepe ka kerekeng na? Nxa wa rasa maan. O nswabisa ka batho”. I think we should all go to church regularly. There is no bigger shrink than God in this world. After church Marcus and the church lady wanted us to go eat lunch at Sandton. I asked Marcus to drop me at home because I had some stuff to do. He dropped me and left with the beautiful lady. I was glad he was hanging with girls his age instead of beeches like Maite, Zee and Pulane. I prepared myself a quick snack and sat on the couch. My phone’s battery was dead. I charged it and switched my phone on. There were couple of messages and missed call notifications. I chose to ignore all of them. After a minute or two my phone rang and it was RR. I ignored the first 3 calls. I had a bad feeling about it. When it rang for the 4th time I answered it. It wasn’t RR, it was a voice of a woman. She greeted me with a very sombre voice. I greeted back and asked her what she wanted.

She went “Moruti Ramokgopa is left us.....”

WTF.....

THE END

## Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 200

BY [SHAZ](#) · JANUARY 15, 2016

“It is always important to know when something has reached its end. Closing circles, shutting doors, finishing chapters, it doesn’t matter what we call it; what matters is to leave in the past those moments in life that are over” – Paulo Coelho

Death is not child’s play, especially if the victim is someone you knew. I was angry at RR and hated him for what he did but I didn’t want him to die. Some people might think I’m evil but deep inside me there’s a very good girl. Before I could ask the lady what exactly she was saying she hung up. I tried to call again but the phone was off. I thought of catching a taxi and go to Diepsloot but I was scared of those dark guys. I didn’t even know what RR’s section was called. Taxi drivers are very rude to people who don’t know where they are going. They will insult the hell out of you for not knowing the section you are going to. I called JT and she answered. I explained what happened with the phone call and she went

“achuz, re masepeng (we are in deep \$hit). But you don’t have to worry, I will get 5 years for culpable homicide and you’ll get 5 years of missing JT wa bantwana. They won’t arrest you. I am a big boy, I will survive. As long as wena o le sharp ntwana. Ke bhodisitse dae man (I killed that guy) to protect you and I don’t have regrets. Ka o verstana mfanaka (I love you buddy) and I will have your back at all times”. JT was the best thing ever to me. She was a blessing from God to me. Anyone who kills to defend me deserves a special place in my heart. I got so emotional from her words. I told her I was crying because of the way she cares about me and she went “voetsek, o sa tlo iketsa softie ya masepa. O bulela baboons maoto and now o tlo iketsa softie nyana ya 2 bob (Screw you. Why are you acting all soft? You open your legs for baboons and now you are acting all soft). Toughen up and wish me luck. Ke feditse”. I hung up because I knew she was about to unleash hundreds insults on me. I was just glad I told her about RR’s death. I tried RR’s number again and it was still off. I decided to call Selfie’s mom. I knew she would put a temporary smile on my face. She went “oh God of Jesus, why you skaars like yellow bone in Giyani? Mara why? Is airtime serious or end? You must calls here and there all the time please. Is ok, my son?”. I knew very well that she was the right person to make me laugh. I thanked her for making me laugh.

Five minutes after talking to Selfie’s mother a call from RR came in. I answered quickly and asked the woman to tell me what was going on. She went “I said Ramokgopa ba hlokofetse mamohla ka masa. Ke hweditse phone number ya lena mo phoning ya bona (Ramokgopa is died this morning). I found your number in his phone”. As she was saying that I heard a voice in the background going “please tell her I died whispering her name. I want her to think I loved her. Don’t forget to tell her I registered all my insurance in her name”. Lol when I say RR is stupid people think I have issues with niggers from Limpopo. I was 100% positive that the voice in the background belonged to RR. He was using the poor woman to lie. To show he was a stupid he didn’t even whisper. I heard all instructions he gave to the lady. I didn’t understand why he did that because it wasn’t necessary. I was relieved he was alive but my heart was still beating very fast. I thanked the woman for sharing the information and wished RR a happy resting. She went “bye” but I didn’t hung up. They continued talking and laughing as if they believed their stupid plan

worked. I heard RR going “hope she won’t commit ‘society’. I know she loves me. Eish but that guy she was with last night stabbed my arms. If Sharon comes to my funeral I will know she cares. Mara le wena you shouldn’t have told me you saw my car in Sunnyside”. Ja neh, some guys are not serious about life. How do you come up with such lies mara? Hayi boRR mrena. I called JT to tell her what happened. I expected her to see the humour in it but she was very furious. She went “What the satan!!!!!!!!!!!! Entlik dae man o re tlwaela motete neh? O dinker gore dae ding ke joke neh? Bona, ngaye address ya dae man ko mo feleletsa nou. I don’t care whether o jana le ene or not, ko mo vaisa dae man (actually, that dude disrespects us. He think this is a joke huh? Give me his address so I can go finish him off. I don’t care whether you ride him or not). Nxa le meno nkare ke fence ya stop nonsense sa fake. Dae man o go trapile maabane and he think it’s a joke. Anyone who hurts you does not deserve to leave ntwana”. I told her to calm down because I wasn’t really hurt and was over what happened in Sunnyside. She hung up on me. I decided to hide my number and call RR. The fool answered the phone lol. He went “malapa ga a lekane....Mr Ronny Ramokgopa aka RR hello”. I told him I wished he really died. When he heard it was me he went “eish it’s you. Ke hwile ka nnete (I am dead for real). #Dead. Hang up and call again if you don’t believe me”. I hung up and blocked his number.

I was not in a mood for childish games. I watched TV and read magazines. Marcus called around 7pm to tell me he wouldn’t be coming home because of some commitments. Lol I knew by commitments he meant something with a hole between legs. I always wondered if he ever missed his wife Pearl. He hardly spoke about her. The funny part was he spoke about my mom than his own wife. Hayi I’ll never understand how men operate. The thought of sleeping alone in that big house didn’t sit well with me. I didn’t have good friends to invite. Maite was not a person I could invite. Zee and I were not seeing eye to eye because of Talent. I wonder why rena women hate one another because of something as simple as a cock. Guys can chow same chick and go drink booze together the following week. A girl can hate you for 20 years for riding her no good cheating 2-noodles boyfriend. I browsed thru my phone to see if there was someone I could call. I noticed most of my contacts were girls I had bad history with. I almost laughed when I saw Dumi’s number. I remembered how he fooled me into thinking I was the only girl in his life only to find out later that he was a married man with kids. But the most memorable thing was his dicklet. His cock was so small sometimes I looked at it and felt like using it as my toothpick. It was so small if it was a country it would be

called Lesotho. I decided to take my chance and call my long lost ex. One thing I knew about him was that he was very harmless. He was one of those guys who sulk when angry. I called his number and it rang. I was 100% sure he didn't know the number I called with. He only knew my old number. When I told him it was me he did the famous Zulu bark "hawu hawu hawu hawu maLetsoalo usaphila?". Having a dog and a Zulu boyfriend must be confusing. Imagine having your man and the dog barking at the same time lol. We spoke for about 10 minutes. He was always intellectual when he spoke. Sometimes I would just say yes without understanding what he meant. I asked him where he was and he said he was on his way from Soshanguve to town. I asked him to pass by because I was bored and home alone. He didn't know my place so I sent him My Location.

Within 20 minutes nigger was at my place. When I opened the gate there was no car. He told me his cousin dropped him and left. Uhm, it was quite clear nigger came with an agenda. Why else would he tell whoever to drop him and leave that time of the night? I opened the gate for him and invited him in. I was wearing a mini skirt and vest. My yellow thighs were out there. As soon as we got in the house Dumi grabbed me and started kissing my neck. I almost thought I was dreaming because when we were dating he never did that. Before I could react nigger had his fingers in my mini skirt. I pushed him and said "hold your horses, tiger. No I mean rabbit". There was no way I was gonna call a guy with a toothpick a tiger. Rabbit sounded more appropriate. He went "this shows how much I missed you. I never stopped loving you. I know you got angry when you found out about my wife but it means nothing now. She went back to KZN permanently". I told him I didn't want to ride him. Riding Dumi was a waste of time and energy. Shagging a guy with a small cock is like chewing a gum and hoping your hunger will go away. Nigger pushed me to the couch and before I could tell him to stop he stretched my legs and sent his head to my underground structures. It was one of those situations where you are caught off guard and don't know how to react. I must admit, when his tongue touched my clit I almost screamed my stepfather Denzel's name. I told him we should go to my bedroom because I didn't wanna mess the couch. As I was about to stand up the main door opened. Maite and Marcus walked in followed by a guy with a gun in his hand. He whispered "one

stupid move I'll fill your body with bullets". I was ashamed and shocked at the same time. Maite went "you can kill me but please don't take my Mini Cooper. I know you bought it but please don't take it". That was the dumbest thing I ever heard since I was born. It was when she mentioned he bought the Mini Cooper that I knew he was the Congo guy. The Congo guy told us to stand together behind the couch where he could see all of us. My skirt was still lifted up. Dumi's cock was still up but you needed a microscope to see it. The Congo guy went "this is how you thank me after I spent thousands on you? You have been sleeping around in my absence? I had you followed for the past 2 weeks and I knew there was something going on. It all ends here tonight. I can't believe you were going to spend a night at a hotel with this man, with my money". Dumi went "hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu" and fainted. Jeeerrrr men are dogs. Marcus had lunch with a beautiful lady in Sandton and went to Maite afterwards. That's like dropping out of St Alban's College and going to Sekhukhumela High School. Marcus tried to talk but he was told to shut up. The Congo guy went "you, the yellow one. Crawl towards me". I followed his instructions. When I got next to him he told me to unzip his pants and blow him. Tjoo some men are psychos bathong. I wasn't the one who cheated on him but he was punishing me. I didn't want to die, I unzipped his pants and started playing with his 9mm with my mouth. Maite went "no you can't do that to my man because he bought me a Mini Cooper". I think she tried to run towards him and nigger pulled the trigger 4 times. I turned around and was met with Maite lying in an ocean of blood. Marcus was still standing up shaking. The Congo guy pointed the gun at him. Marcus stammered "ppppppllllleeeeeaaaaaassssseeeeeee don't shoot me me me me. I I I have lots of money. Let me say something before I die die die". He closed his eyes and went

"Sharon I am your biological .....". Before he could finish that the Congo guy pumped 2 bullets into his body

WTF.....

THE END OF SEASON 2