

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 301

Season 4

Most of the bad things happening to us are triggered by the company we keep. Agreeing to meet Kea was the biggest mistake I made. She was cool but had a side that no one would suspect she possessed. She was what one would call mmamoruti wa tsotsi. Agreeing to meet her made me end up endangering my life from her equally evil pastor. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be in the mess I was in. On the other hand I was concerned about what was going to happen to her. Nigerian drug dealers do not have mercy when coming to people who betray them. The last thing I wanted was to be burnt to ashes in the car. People who have been involved in car accidents before will tell you that there will be a moment of mental blackout immediately after the accident. That is what happened to me for few minutes. Every part in my body shut down except for my nose because I could still smell. This issue of a seatbelt is not a joke people. It saves lives. If it wasn't for a seatbelt I would have died. I was also saved by the fact that the car had airbags. God saves lives but it is very important that we meet him halfway. You can't expect God to save your life when you don't care about your own safety. I tried to move my arms but I was too weak and confused to execute any movement. I was scared the car was going to explode with me inside. We all gonna die one day but no one wanna die in a fire. I wanted to be a yellow bone ghost. I didn't want other ghosts to make fun of my burnt face in the ghost world. Before I could try to move again I saw people surrounding the car. My vision was still blurred but I could see they were fighting to open the car. Modern cars are all cool and comfortable but wait until you are locked inside. It took them more than 5 minute to open the door. One guy had to break the window and press something in the car. They managed to take me out and move me few metres from the car. It was 4 white males. Black people were standing next to the road taking pictures and videos. None of them came to help me. I think they wanted to be the first to post accident pictures on Twitter and Facebook. That is what we have become.

"She is still traumatised. She needs to get to the hospital as soon as possible. She only sustained minor injuries. She was very lucky the car didn't roll many times", one white guy said. I kept looking at the car to check if it was going to explode. Within 5 minutes the towing cars arrived. I always wonder who calls those guys. The only pain I had was on my thumb. I had survived the accident with minimum injuries. When God is on your side no evil forces formed against you shall prosper. I went "thanks for saving me. But I don't want to go to hospital. Please give me my phone from the car. I want to call my folks to come fetch me". I kept looking on the other side of the road to see if the guys who followed me were around. White men are brave. The thought of the car exploding didn't even cross his mind. He went to the car and searched for my bag without fear. They wanted to force me to go to the hospital to get checked but I told them I was fine. My biggest worry was the car. It was not badly damaged but was damaged. It got more injuries than me. I didn't know how I was going to explain it to Marcus and his uncle or what what Alex. The white guy gave me my phone and I called JT. I explained to her what happened and she told me she was in Centurion and promised to be at the accident scene within 10 minutes. I was lucky she wasn't far from where I was. I wanted to call Kea but didn't want people hear me talking to her. I couldn't risk talking about stolen money and being followed by some car in front of the crowd that gathered there to 'watch' an accident. I always ask myself why people love watching accidents, especially those who take pictures and videos. The ambulance and cops arrived at the same time. As expected, they were the last to arrive. The paramedics

didn't believe I was the one who was involved in the accident. I think they expected to see blood and stuff. I told them I serve the living God. They wanted to treat me for trauma but I said no. Maybe I was not thinking straight. I just wanted to be away from the accident scene nje.

JT arrived at the scene with Aluwani. I almost told her to go away. She gave me a hug and asked me what happened. I told her I was involved in a car accident. She advised me to call the owner of the car as soon as possible. I had no choice but to call the naughty mkhulu Alex Mboweni. He was so flipping pissed at me that he even hung up on me. After few minutes I received a call from Marcus. He sounded so concerned and fatherly. He told me my life mattered more than the car. He went "I just got back from overseas. I will ask someone to drive me there now". Mxm such a shame!!! An old man lying thru his teeth just like that!!!!!! Only if he knew I knew he was not overseas but whoring himself in Durban. After the call I had to deal with impatient metro cops. I heard some onlooker saying "mxm my friend, the person didn't die. There is nothing interesting here. I stopped for nothing. I might as well leave because it seems like she won't die anytime soon". I think she was talking to someone over the phone. Trust black people to think dying is interesting. When Marcus arrived the towing guys were taking the Mini. I was relieved my business with the cops was done. Marcus gave me a hug and told me he was glad I was fine. The funny part was the car that hit me was nowhere to be found. I think the driver continued driving after his car knocked mine. I told Marcus I lost control of the car when some speeding car bumped into mine. I didn't tell him I was being chased by some car. He told me he would sort everything with Alex, the owner of the Mini. When everything cleared I drove home with Marcus. I had the stolen money with me in the bag. I took it before the towing guys took the Mini. It was my consolation prize. JT and Aluwani followed us. Marcus was being driven by the girl I had not seen before. She was so beautiful I almost became a lesbian on the spot. When we got to Phillip Nel I bathed and Marcus took me to the hospital to be treated for trauma and checked if I didn't sustain internal injuries. It was a waste of time because I didn't feel any pain.

After the hospital crap we drove back to Phillip Nel. We found Alex waiting at the house. He didn't look nice on the face. I could see he wanted to should at me but couldn't because of Marcus' presence. I whispered to him "I still have the video and pictures". He told Marcus that he didn't have worries because the car was covered by insurance. Alex left within an hour or so. Marcus told me my mom wanted to come but he told her not to because I was not injured. I think the real reason he didn't want her to come was because he had company. He told me the girl was his physiotherapist from UK. The funny part was she didn't even have a UK accent. She sounded like a University of KZN dropout. He asked me to prepare the guest bedroom for her. That night I received so many calls from people asking if I was ok. RR called to ask "I was checking if you are dead or whatsoever. I saw your picture on Facebook looking dead or whatsoever but if all is fine or whatsoever then everything is fine". He wanted to come check up on me but I told him Marcus was back. The following few days Marcus forced me to stay indoors. Ranks' phone was not accessible during those days. I wondered what had happened to him since he went back to Botswana. Kea's phone was also not accessible. It terrified the hell out of me. Marcus' personal therapist did his therapy sessions in the bedroom every night. I think she went beyond the call of duty. Marcus only let me out of the house on the following Monday because I had to go to school. I was looking forward to meeting classmates and making new friends. The X5 was back and I was hoping Marcus would lend it to me but nigger told me he didn't trust my driving anymore. The first day at TUT was boring because none of the people I was used to pitched. I only saw village-looking girls wearing Carvelas and fake weaves. You know a girl is new in the city when she thinks wearing a Carvela is the ish. Around 14h00 I received a call from Kea's

phone. A wave of relief invaded my heart because she was still alive. She told me the guys who followed me told the pastor I died in the accident and he believed them. I asked if he hurt her and she told me he didn't do anything. She asked where I was and I told her TUT main campus. She went "I wanna show you something. Please be at the main entrance in about 30 minutes". In about 29 minutes and 30 seconds I walked to the gate. I called Kea but her phone was off. I assumed she ran out of battery. I decided to wait for further 10 minutes. When she didn't pop after 10 minutes my mind told me to leave. Before I could go a white Audi S5 with heavily tinted windows pulled over next to me. The driver's window half-opened and I saw Kea behind the wheel. The first thing that crossed my mind was that the pastor blessed her with a car. Some guys do the unthinkable after a round or 2. She told me to get in on the other side.

I opened the door and the next thing I heard 'kkrr kjtlll.....'

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 302

Sometimes you have to take extraordinary measures to avoid being killed or tortured. I was a serial risk taker and most of the time it backfired on me badly. Sometimes it's better to take a risk than give yourself up for permanent pain and death. One of my weaknesses was my inability to read a situation and take a sound and calculative precaution to avoid trouble. I should have added one and one there and ran for my life. Kea didn't have a car and jiki jiki she was driving a sports car after smelling the armpit of the fake Nigerian pastor. That was a reason enough to suspect something devious was going on. But me being me the lover of things I wanted to get in the car. In the fast lane life I was living I had heard guys cocking guns many times. I knew the sound of a gun like I knew the sound of my 11h15am fart. I had to think at a supersonic speed. I didn't even look at who was cocking the gun. I was so thankful the person cocked the gun before I could get in the car completely and closed the door. I guess he was the type that came during foreplay. I expeditiously disgorged my leg from the car and ran like I had never run before. When you are running away from trouble or danger you feel like the danger is running after you. That is what I felt that day. I don't know if it was my imagination or what but I heard gunshots behind me. I didn't have time to look back, I executed an Olympic fashion speed towards the TUT security gate. They say a girl cannot run in heels but when your life is being given a premature lift to heaven your heels will feel like Nike running shoes. The way I was so fast I overtook two cars on the way. The way I was so fast I didn't even see some fat guy in front of me. I bumped into him and he lost balance and fell to the ground. I found myself falling onto his colossal belly. The security guards at the security gate didn't even move an inch. Maybe it was because I ran in silence. I was glad the fat guy acted as my airbag. He wrapped his arms around my body and went "what is this now? Are you a yellow bone version of Caster Semenya or what?"

I was lucky there was no abnormal traffic of pedestrians. Imagine the scene it was gonna be if there were many people there. I released myself from the guy and stood up. Nigger stood up. He was wearing an EFF Student Command t-shirt and an EFF cap. He was like "my revolutionary gods have answered my militant supplication. Please allow me to activate door-to-door campaigning in your heart. Please be the precious mineral in my heart. I have the capacity to make the economy of your happiness grow by more than 6%. My love is not in junk status. Can I nationalize you to be the flower of my revolution?". The way I was so terrified I didn't even have feelings for his so-called revolutionary pick up like. I looked at the

main gate to check if the Audi was still there. It was gone. The guy asked why I was running. I went "my ex wanted to take me ka masepa. Nigger went "I have the necessary capabilities, databilities and abilities to shelter you from any peripheral forces. Dubula dubula magazine safa yindlala.....". Lol that line made me give a wobbly chortle. He took out water from his bag and commanded me to drink. He asked if I stayed at res and I told him I didn't stay far from the campus. My legs were shaking. He offered to take me home. When a nigger offers to take you home you automatically assume he is driving. The EFFSC nigger wasn't driving. He meant catching a taxi with me. I didn't say no because I wanted him to act a bulletproof in case Kea's guys hit again. When we got in a taxi he went "I didn't appropriate your name. My name is Lesley but my friends call me Fanon". I told my name and surname. I was not popular at TUT. I was not like those girls who were doing first year for the 7th time but more popular than the university itself. Yes, every varsity has those girls. The trip to my crib was less than 10 minutes but it felt like 100 years. Lesley was talking but I didn't hear a thing he was saying because my concentration was somewhere else. Nigger wasn't even aware I was not paying attention because he continued talking even when I was not responding. Maybe he was under the influence of Juju Lager. The taxi dropped me next to my gate. Nigger got off with me just to ask for my number. After all the efforts I had no reason not to bless him with my 10's.

Marcus told me the therapist left. I asked why she left so early and he didn't answer. He went "I found money in your bedroom. Where did you get that money? Are you involved in some criminal activities? That money doesn't look clean". Yho I hate it when grown-ups go thru my stuff, especially male ones. I felt like he invaded my privacy. I couldn't argue with him because it was his house and I wasn't his daughter. I told him the money belonged to JT. He went "call her to come fetch it now. My house is not Reserve Bank. Call her now". I called JT right in front of Marcus. I went "come take your money now. Marcus says his house is not a bank". JT sounded confused. She went "ntwana, dae accident e go khawathiwe medulla neh? Nkare o na le tapeworm in your head (the accident messed your brain huh? It's like you have a tapeworm in your head)". I went 'cool' and hung up. I quickly went upstairs to call her again and explain what was happening. JT shouted at me like I was a kid. She was like "didn't the Botswana nightmare teach you a lesson? Do you want to be kidnapped again? Ag maan you are stupid and they gonna kill you. I won't bail you out this time. I am tired of your irresponsible senselessness. To hell with you ntwana maaan nxa. Nnywana ya gago ya lepopotane maan!!!! You must find a way to take that money back or those guys will kill you". JT only spoke pure English when she was angry. I apologized and asked her to help me take the money back. After talking to JT another call came in. It was Kea. She was crying. She told me the guys gave her until tomorrow to convince me to bring back the money or they would kill her. I wanted to ask why she set me up earlier but I could feel she was not in a state to answer questions. I told her I was willing to give back the money. I called JT again to explain the situation and that they wanted the money the following day. She told me she would personally deliver the money because it wouldn't be safe for me. I was so lucky to have a friend like her. Some friends would rather let you die and still come to your funeral and cry like nobody's tuckshop. JT was a gift from God.

Marcus asked me to cook for 3 people. I asked him who the 3rd person was and he told me his uncle Alex was coming to sleep over. I didn't know that uncle very well but I hated him for his naughtiness and presumptuousness. Whenever I looked at his face a picture of me blowing him replayed in my head. I hit the kitchen to prepare dinner. Marcus wanted to help but I told him it was not necessary. JT called to tell me she was at the gate. I took the moola and gave it to her. I also gave her Kea's number. She went "if die memse ba bhela before ke bhela o tla ba gaya number ya ka. Ke tla dealer le bona accordingly". She was with Aluwani. I

asked Aluwani when the last time she spoke to Ranks was and she went "few minutes ago. He calls me everyday. Why are you asking?". I told her it was just a question. Nothing pains like hearing your man calls other women but never calls you. It was quite clear I was not on top of his list of priorities. As soon as JT left a German machine docked at the gate. It was none other than Alex. His head looked like a rat. Maybe he was named after Alex rats. He greeted me with a jubilant hug. He had a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue in his hand. I dished up and we enjoyed the chows, thanks to chef Letsoalo. Marcus jokingly said "the guy who is gonna marry you must be prepared to spend 6-digits. I will personally handle the negotiations". I thanked him for the compliment. The way things were going well that night you would swear I wasn't the same person who was running away from tsotsis during the day. After eating Marcus and his uncle started drinking their whiskey. I decided to sit on the coach and watch tv. My ears were wide open. Adult gossip is very interesting. They started talking about business. Alex told Marcus that he was going to seal a R34 million deal in 2 days time. I immediately started viewing Alex differently. The fake hatred I had for him vanished like Moroka Swallows vanishing from PSL. I went "malume Alex, would you want me to wash your glass? You haven't rinsed it since you started drinking". He said yes and thanked me. I sat with them for further 30 minutes thinking about Alex's millions. Jiki jiki they started singing Tsonga songs and I got bored. I decided to go to my bedroom. I Googled breasts of a yellow bone and sent them to Alex. Within a minute he sent "tjoo ka ba ka rota (I just came). Does this mean you changed your mind about me?". I Googled a picture of yellow bone thighs and sent it to him. He replied with "ke rotile (I came)...yho nna yhoo". I sent "I won't lock my bedroom....I'll be waiting for you, in my birthday suit". Call me a bitch without morals if you want, I don't give a damn. Morals do not have a pin number and a chip.

I saw the door opening after 20 minutes or so

BOOOOOOMMMMM.....#chingching

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 303

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Maybe this is a girl secret but I am gonna say it. Most of us girls have this thirst of hooking up with a guy who has money. We want a guy who will be able to 'afford' and spoil us with worrying about his pockets emptying. I am not saying all girls are like that. But it is not a secret that most girls will not walk into poverty with their legs wide open. Having a bae that does not have a disability in the pocket department contributes handsomely to the wetness of underground structures during sex. Broke niggers must go an extra mile to get it wet. When the door opened I knew it was Alex coming to have his cake. He entered my bedroom and closed the door. He went "Marcus is dead drunk. You can scream as much as you want, he won't hear a thing. I am glad that you finally came to your senses about us. I promise I will take care of you whichever way you want". When an older guy says that you must know he has many sugar kids in his pockets and he lures all of them with his financial muscle. To them talking is a waste of time. Money talks louder than the mouth. I could tell he couldn't wait to get between the sheets with me. I was like "I am very sorry about the car. I wish I had money to replace or fix it. Hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me". Nigger laughed and told me to stop stressing about small things. He told me I should ask Marcus about his wealth. I went "I am not after your money. I am not the kind of girls who go after a guy for his pockets. That is very cheap. I find you charming nje". That was me trying to portray myself

as a sweet konyana. When guys think you are not after their money they tend to spend more. When you show a guy directly that you are after his money he might give you peanuts just to teach you a lesson. I didn't wanna appear as that broke ass chick that was looking to score couple of bucks from mkhulu bae. He took off his shoes and top and joined me between the sheets. He wanted to kiss me but I told him to hold his zebras. He was like "I thought you wanted me. Why did you send those pictures if you were not planning to give it to me? Babe don't worry about the Mini Cooper, I can get you a new one tomorrow. Let us not let mini things get between us. I have money like leaves and I don't mind sharing it with you".

I told him it was not about the car and money but the fact that we were in Marcus' house. "Don't get me wrong, I wanna give it all to you all night but I respect Marcus. I don't wanna come out as that disrespectful girl in the jungle. I don't want to betray his generous heart. Let's rather book a place tomorrow and shag the whole day. How about that?". One thing I learnt in life is never to directly say no to a horny and drunk man. They will say all sorts of things just to get laid. What normally works on them is a warm approach that gives them a hope of getting it in near future. If you give him a direct no he will beg until you let him in out of mercy. By that time he'll be too tired from begging and you'll only get a two minutes round followed by loud snoring. He tried to tell me Marcus was fast asleep and wouldn't hear a thing but I tightened my neck. He ended up seeing my point and agreed to book the following day. He asked me to kiss him. In the name of millions, I gave him a kiss to remember for the rest of his life. It's normally disgusting to kiss a drunk person but I kinda enjoyed the whiskey taste on his lips. He wanted a blow job but I begged him to be patient. I reached for his dick and it was harder than my forehead. He took out his phone and opened the FNB app. I asked him what he was doing and he told me he was sending me money to go buy something very sexy the following. I told him it was not necessary but insisted. He went "I want you to look sexy for me tomorrow. I want you to look like something I have never seen before. Can you do that for me? Like I told you before, money is not a problem to me. Please buy lingerie, preferably maroon or black. I love my lady in black". FNB blessed me with one of those exciting SMS's. He kissed me on the cheek and left my bedroom. I was glad the night ended on a financial note. I slept like an Indian baby that night. I didn't have to go to school the following day. I remembered Alex sent me money to go buy something sexy. I didn't want to ride him but at the very same time I didn't wanna lose an opportunity to milk him money.

I cleaned my bedroom and prepared breakfast for the boys afterwards. I was wearing shorts and a skimpy top. I could feel Alex's eyes piercing my bum whenever I passed next to him. He kept telling Marcus that he should buy me my own car. He was like "mchana, this girl is like a daughter to you. She can't be using taxis when we have capacity to buy her a car. If you can't afford it let me handle it. I can buy her a car even now". Marcus told him he had to consider some factors before deciding to buy me a car. When Marcus went to his bedroom to answer the phone Alex asked me what time I was going to buy the sexy stuff he asked me to. I told him I would go as soon as I was done cleaning the house. He told me to take my time. My phone rang and it was Ranks calling. I went to my bedroom to answer. He started by apologizing for being silent. He told me he was doing some business in some remote Botswana village and network reception was very bad. I asked him how he managed to call Aluwani when the network was bad. He told me he never spoke to anyone in South Africa since he left. Nxa the Venda zombie lied to spite me. That family was hell bent on making my life a living hell. He told me he was on his way to Pretoria and wanted to see me badly. I told him I had already made plans for the day and he begged me to cancel because I was important that I met him. He was putting me in an awkward position because I had plans with the rich Alex. Ditching Alex was gonna be a bad move because he had something I wanted. I didn't want to piss on an opportunity to drive my own car. I told Rank I would call

him after 30 minutes. I went back downstairs. Alex and Marcus were in the garage talking about cars. I saw Alex's phone lying on the table. I took his phone and sat on couch. His phone was not password protected. That was a bit strange because most cheating men protect their phones with long passwords. I went through his messages and there was only one Please Call Me from a number saved as 'Niece'. I checked pictures and there was not appalling. I went through contacts and found a number saved as 'Lovely Wife'. I was like "good shot....thank you God". I sent that number an sms 'hello auntie. Please come join us at my house. We will be having a small late lunch later and I don't want my uncle to be alone because I have some company. Please don't tell him I invited you, I want it to be a surprise. Don't mention it when you get here'. She responded with 10 smiley's and 'I was planning to visit my friend but I will come straight there. I will be there in an hour. I promise I won't tell him'.

That was music to my ears. I deleted the messages and put the phone back where I found it. I went back to my bedroom to call Ranks to tell him I moved my plans to later stage to accommodate him. He was happy I cancelled my plans for him. While talking on the phone there was a knock on the door. I hung up on Ranks to attend the knocker. It was Alex. He told me he had booked a room at Protea Hotel Fire & Ice, Menlyn. He gave me details and told me to go wait for him there. "Please don't forget to buy something sexy. We gonna have funny there. Hire a metered taxi to take you there," he said. He gave me R1000 in hard cash to pay a metered taxi. Nigger was going all out to impress me. Only if he knew what I had in store for him!!! I took a bath and called the taxi to come fetch me. Marcus asked where I was going all dressed up and I told him I was going on a date with a friend. He told me to take care. While in a taxi JT called to tell me she delivered the money to the Nigerian pastor. She was like "Dae man ke authi e grand. Re ringile soon ma-authi and ne a se na nama ya kgomo le nna. Entlik ko mo shapela dry maduze nyana nje. Ko ja di-naira (That guy is a cool chap. We spoke man to man and there was no beef. In fact I will be visiting him soon. I am gonna chow nairas)". I thanked and told her to be careful around the guy. I called Ranks to tell him to meet me at Menlyn. He told me he would be there in less than 30 minutes. When I got to Menlyn I picked a restaurant and bought myself a glass of wine to celebrate life nje. One glass of wine led to 2 more. Ranks called to tell me he was in Menlyn. I told him where I was and he blessed me with his handsome and sturdy self. He looked so fine in a blue suit. He looked like someone who was going to a wedding. He kissed and narrated how he missed me. I told him I was mad there was no communication since he left for Botswana. He apologized and blamed the network coverage again. He ordered his drink and we enjoyed each other's company. My phone beeped and it was an sms from Alex. It read 'I will join you at the hotel tomorrow night. I have to attend an urgent meeting in Joburg. You don't have to come back here, I spoke to Marcus and he is ok with it". Lol that grin moment when you turn a player into a playee without him noticing. Nigger thought he was playing me but I was five rounds ahead. I responded with 'I am disappointed but it's fine. I will see you tomorrow pumpkin'. We chilled at the restaurant until 7pm. I told Ranks that I had access to my uncle's hotel room and suggested we go there. Wine was wining my underground. I wanted some healing urgently. We headed to the hotel. I didn't want to waste time when we got to the hotel, I told Ranks to make love to me. He held my bum and kissed me like an angel. He took off my top. The next thing we heard a knock at the door. We assumed it was hotel staff member or something. I told Ranks to go open.

He opened and

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 304

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Nothing pisses me like a disturbance when I am about to get healed underground. Some people lack sense of arrival. When you are bored and in need of a company no one will come to be with you. But when you have a company that is about to make you the happiest woman on earth you are likely to get unwelcome visitors. Life is not fair nje. I mean, in my mind I had the whole hotel room to me since Alex sent the text to tell me he couldn't make it because of this and that. I thought it was a night Ranks and I were going to have the time of our life. I was starting to fall for him because he made me smile. I wanted Alex's money but he wasn't the person I could call a boyfriend because he was married and related to my father figure Marcus. I was in the bedroom when Ranks went to open the door. I almost fainted when I heard Alex's voice. I didn't understand why he came when he was the one who told me he had this and that to do somewhere. These old guys are not normal, they don't talk their walk or vice versa. I quickly got dressed and went to investigate what he was doing there. I didn't want Ranks to say wrong things to Alex. To my surprise, Alex was not alone. He was with some classy looking lady. I greeted them with some embarrassment in my voice. Alex went "who is this guy and what the hell is he doing here? Is this what you came to the hotel to do? Does Marcus know about this?". Old guys are the most jealous men on earth. The lady he was with went "come on babe, she is not committing any crime. She is not a kid anymore. Please don't be an uptight mkhulu". I liked how she came to my defence. She continued "uhm, you must be Sharon. I heard a lot about you. I was disappointed when I learned you were out when I got to Marcus' house. I asked Alex to bring me here to ask how you were doing after the accident. We won't waste any of your time since you have a visitor. You should come to the house when you are free". After those words I assumed she was Alex's wife. Everything on her body smelled of money. She looked like a very rich businesswoman.

"No my love, she is still a child for as long as she lives under Marcus' roof. We can't let her sleep around. No wonder our kids are so spoilt. You are very soft on them. I will not leave until this guy is out of this hotel room. And if he doesn't want to leave I will beat him up," said Alex angrily. For someone who didn't know the whole story they would think Alex cared. Nigger was just protecting his territory. No man wants to spend thousands to book a hotel only for another man to go chow for free. Ranks went "I am sorry sir, I am not just a guy. I love Sharon and would love to make her my wife in near future. If being here shows disrespect I will happily leave. I don't want to be on the bad side of her family". The lady went "nonsense, we will leave you in peace. Alex is very conservative because of his age. You guys can continue with your business. My hubby and I have places to go and people to see. Sharon, take my number nana. I want us to have a woman to woman talk when you are free". She gave me her number and I gave her mine. Her sweetness made me feel guilty I was having a thing going with her no good husband. Sometimes I don't understand why men cheat on good wives. I didn't know her well but I could see she was a very good and humble woman. It's true that men don't know what they want in life. They just enjoy inserting their cocks in any hole they can find. The lady forced Alex to leave. She literally dragged him out of the hotel room. Nigger was fuming. When they left Ranks turned to me. He went "can you please explain what just happened? How did they know we are here? You didn't tell me you were expecting a visit from them". I told him to stop stressing about small things because he would die young. He went "I have a feeling there is more to their visit. There is something

you are not telling me". I was like "what are you now? A sangoma? I will slaughter a mosquito to please your ancestors. I don't understand why you are making a big deal out of this". He apologized and tried to touch me. I told him I lost appetite.

We slept side to side that night. I didn't want him to touch me. The horniness I got from the wine had vanished with the small argument we had. A pinch of guilt played some part too. I felt guilty Alex spent money for another man to have fun with me. On the other hand I felt guilty Alex's wife was so lovely and there I was busy with her man. In the morning I woke up with an ocean between my legs. My punani was so wet I thought there would be a tsunami between my thighs. You can fake anger all you want but wetness will humble you. I looked at Ranks' face to check if he was still sleeping. Nigger was sleeping peacefully like a baby after being breastfed by a DD-size cups. I went "babe, babe please wake up. I want to apologise for what happened last night. I was unfair on you. Can we put it behind us? I am very sorry". When you want some you will apologise even when you did nothing wrong. Ranks looked so handsome when he opened his eyes for the first time that morning. Other guys look like gorillas in the morning. He went "it's ok babe, I am not mad at you. Can I please sleep for more 30 minutes? We will talk when I'm done dreaming. Good night babe, I love you neh". We were both naked. I reached for his cock and it was as hard as the rock. Sometimes I think men make love on their dreams. They all wake up with a hard on in the morning. I gave him a hand job and he starting singing Kulenyane in Zulu. I went "babe, do you love me? If you do, please make love to me". He turned me around so I could face the ceiling. I told him I didn't need foreplay because I was already on. Morning glory should be the best shag ever because most of the time we all wake up ready for action. If you sleep with your man and you wake up dry, maybe you should visit Mbhoro to have your biscuit checked. He stretched my legs and got on top of me. He kissed my nipples while his hand danced on my bald head. He went "I love you babe" and I said "I love you too". Nothing excites the punani than those three words just before you shag. Niggers from Limpopo will be going like "Ga re fetsa mo ke nyaka ro reka loosedraw spaza" just before making love. You will go dry on the spot.

I asked "aren't we using protection? I don't want to fall pregnant". Nigger acted as if he didn't hear what I said. I think many babies are conceived during morning glory because niggers hate using condoms in the morning. They can use protection the whole night but when morning comes they all forget about the rubber and chow molebe. I felt it on the side walls of my punani when he penetrated me. He went in nice and slow until his entire cock was inside my sacred pot. My legs were wide open to give him unlimited access to my inside. It's so nice to get ridden by niggers without mkhaba because you get it all. When he lunged in and out his pipe massaged my excited clit and I almost sang Kulenyane in Khelobedu. Nigger was hitting it nice and slow and he took me to planet 25. Most niggers forget how important the clit is during love making. You can literally make a girl come by just engaging her clit. Love making doesn't involve penetration only. I knew he was doing me well when I wrapped my legs around his body. He went on and on until I couldn't feel my legs anymore. I felt like someone was tickling the inner part of my vjayjay. When the friction became more and more smooth I knew I was about to reach the promised land. He started hitting fast and I screamed like nobody's business. I screamed in soprano and he roared in tenor. We came at the same time. Nothing makes a girl happy like a guy who knows how to make a girl come. Some girls only read about orgasm in the magazines. I was happy I got to experience it from my Botswana express. After coming he didn't withdraw it, he let it stay inside and I had the joy of playing the squeeze game with it. He fell asleep on top of me. I was happy he wasn't the heavy type because I would have died. My phone rang and I ignored it. Who wants to answer a phone after such good lovemaking? The last thing I wanted was bad news while I was still enjoying the babalas of good shagging. Just before 9am we woke up. Ranks told

me he wanted to go fetch something from his car. I decided to take a shower while he was out. Just before I could run water I heard the door opening. I assumed it was Ranks. I went "please come join me in the shower babe".

"So this is how you roll?".....

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 305

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

A good shag can cure any kind of pain, be it emotional or physical. After everything I had been thru the past couple of days a good shag was what I needed. As expected, Ranks delivered a first-rate performance. I always pray that no woman should go thru bad sex. Women have enough pains already mrena – period pains, labour pains etc. Bad sex should not add burden to those already existing pains. If your man is bad in bed, tell him he is not different from period pains. He is part of the pain us women go thru. Making love should leave exclamation marks on your face, not endless question marks.....if you know what I mean. I went "what do you mean this is how I roll babe?". Ranks' question was rather strange. He went "you are selfish babe. Last night I wanted you but you didn't want me to touch you. In the morning you woke up wet and demanded me to give it to you. Does that mean we will only do it when you are in the mood?". Lol that was the funniest thing I heard since Trevor Noah left South Africa. Ranks was catching feelings bathong. I was like "ah babe really!!!! Why are you being a sissy now? I was not in a mood last night. Uncle Alex and his wife spoiled my mood. It was not your fault. I am sorry if you took it the wrong way. By the way, you did me very well. I enjoyed it to the max. You are a star in bed, my star". He laughed and said "there is no sexual democracy in this relationship. This is dictatorship at highest level". I liked how he had a sense of humour. It's so boring to date someone with minus zero sense of humour. You know those guys who catch feeling even over small jokes. I went "yes babe, there is no democracy in this relationship. I didn't do door to door for you to be my boyfriend. I didn't spend a billion or dab to win your heart. Asinavaloha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". We laughed and kissed while warm water from the shower irrigated our love. The kissing got my temperature high and we ended up making love in the shower. It was one of those random sessions where I stretched my legs and he hit me hard from behind. Being the superstar that he was, nigger made me come again. He hit it so well my joints became weak and I went down on my knees.

As I was kneeling there trying to invite back my breath we heard a knock at the door. Ranks went "what if it's your uncle again?". I told him I doubted it was him because he was with wife. I doubted Alex was gonna leave his wife to come to the hotel. We decided to ignore the knock. Ranks wanted to make love again but I told him my vjayjay needed a breather. We showered and got dressed. I called Alex to check where he was but his phone was off. I just wanted to make sure he wasn't around to cause havoc for us. I was having the time of my life with bae. Ranks suggested we go have breakfast at Menlyn and I agreed. We headed to his car. As he was about to start the engine I remembered I forgot my lip gloss at the hotel room. Ranks said "it's just a lip gloss babe. You will buy another one when we get to the mall". Men will never understand how we get attached to our girl stuff. We get attached to our lip glosses until it is finished. I decided to go back to the hotel room. Few metres from my hotel room's door I saw Alex knocking. Before I could turn to run for my life Alex saw me. He went "I have been knocking here for a minute now. Where have you been?". I experienced vocal load shedding for couple of seconds. I didn't know what to say to him. He really caught me off guard. I was not expecting him to be there. I stammered "eh eh uhm mmmhhhh I was at the reception area. I wanted to borrow a phone charger. I I I didn't think you would

come. Aren't you supposed to be with your wife?". He told me his wife went back to Johannesburg. I unlocked the door and we got in. He asked where my boyfriend was and I went "he left last night. Akere you told him to leave. I slept alone because you were busy with your wife". He told me his wife pitched at Marcus' house unannounced. My phone rang and it was Ranks calling. I think he was getting impatient. Men are the most impatient animals on earth.

I ignored his calls because I didn't know what to say to him. I asked Alex if I could make a call in private and he said he minded. I had no choice but to send an sms to Ranks. I wrote "babe, you gonna have to go have breakfast alone. Alex and uncle Marcus are here ganging up on me because they think you slept here. I am very sorry my love, I promise I will make it up to you. You know we are not married yet and I can't disrespect my family. Hope you understand". He responded with "I understand but am sad. I will be at Menlyn until they leave. That uncle Alex guys seems dodgy, I don't wanna mess with him. See you later love". Alex asked who I was chatting with and I said no one. Something guys must know, when a girl says 'no one' or 'cousin' you should be worried. 'No one' is normally someone she doesn't want you to know about. Alex asked why the hotel room smelled kuku and I told him "maybe it's because I am a woman and have a vjayjay between my legs. Were you expecting the smell of balls or mohwete wa monna?". That was me being sarcastic to the poor Alex. He asked me to go take a shower. I told him I showered few minutes ago. He was like "I am here to get what is due to me. I didn't sleep the whole night thinking of you. I am glad that boy didn't sleep here because I hate leftovers". I laughed and told him I was not his food. He wanted to kiss me but I told him to hold his zebras. I was not in a mood to shag him. I knew he was going to give me a mediocre performance. Just imagine after getting such a good shag from Ranks!!!! I didn't want him but at the same time I didn't want to miss an opportunity to lay my hands on his millions. Like I said before, morals will attract praises from family and friends but it won't buy you a Brazilian weave or an expensive Michael Kors handbag. I went "babe, you said I shouldn't be walking and using public transport when you have capacity to buy me a car. When am I getting one? I am tired of being a pedestrian when I have a cute and rich boyfriend". He told me I had to earn the car. I gently grabbed his balls and bedded a dwarf kiss on his lips.

He went "you will get a car nnnnext month. I am getting millions soon and will make sure you get a new car". I always say this to my girls, men lose their brains when they think of marago. They literally stop thinking. Even stingy Pedi men become generous when they see a vjayjay. If your man is still stingy in front of your vjayjay, go to Limpopo and buy alephirimi. He pushed me to the bed and took off his pants. His pubic hair looked like Morgan Freeman's hair. It was a sign that he was approaching the ancestor stage. He went "aren't you gonna take off your clothes or what? Time is money". One of the disadvantages of having a thing with old guys is that they don't have a sense of romanticism. I undressed myself and he climbed me like I was a wheelbarrow. He didn't even check whether I was wet or not, he just drove his willy inside and started breathing heavily as if he was working at some mine in Marikana. I was not feeling him at all. He was like "why aren't you screaming? Do those ah ah ah ah ah oh oh oh oh sounds. I want to feel that you ar noe feeling me". I almost laughed. That was more like an RR forcing me to tell his he looked like Maps Maponyane. I screamed just to make him happy. That was my deposit for a new car. Sometimes a girl must break ethical boundaries to get what she wants. He came within 5 minutes. He was like "that was good hey....oh it was out of this world". Niggers who say that after shagging lack self-esteem. They want you to inflate their egos by cementing their belief that they are good in bed. I went "yes you were on fire babe. You are the best I have ever had". He took off the condom and flushed it in the loo. He got dressed and told me he was rushing to a

meeting in Midrand. He gave me a FNB Bank card and went "this is for emergencies. We will make proper arrangements in near future. Stick with me and I will take good care of you. You better make sure Marcus doesn't find out about us". I promised I would keep us a secret for as long as he took care of me. He byed me and left. Immediately after he left I called Ranks. His phone was on voicemail. I assumed his battery died. I took a bath and caught a cab to Menlyn. It wasn't far but I didn't wanna walk. Why walk when you have a card with a balance of couple of thousands? I tried to call Ranks again but his phone was still on voicemail. I decided to test drive Alex's card. I was hungry, so I decided to go grab something light at Mugg & Bean. Before I could grab a chair I saw Kea. She was sitting alone. I thought of leaving before greeting her but I was like "da fuq, lemme just say hi to da beesh". She looked a bit shocked to see me. She wanted to apologise about the Nigerian pastor saga but I told her I was over it. I asked her what she was doing alone in Menlyn.

She went "I am with my man...the guy I told you about. He went to buy a power bank".

Boooooommmmm!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 306

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

They say once beaten twice shy. Others say we learn from mistakes. In my native language they say bohlale bo tswa lebadung. These phrases taught me to always think 3 times before allowing people who led me astray in the past back in my life. Kea didn't really lead me astray but she put my life in danger. By associating with her I nearly got killed by her Nigerian criminals. It wasn't totally her fault because I was the one who made a decision to steal money. But she was the one who initiated that trouble by inviting me to her criminal fake pastor boyfriend. So as much as I wanted to sit and have a drink or food I thought against the idea of chilling with Kea. I went "oh, so your man is back? Konje you said your husband is from Botswana neh? I thought he was out of the country". She told me he was back and spoiling her rotten. "He is the perfect man for me. Pity I couldn't be with him last night because of emergency meetings in Joburg. My man works very hard," she said. I asked her why she slept with the Nigerian pastor if he was as good as she claimed. She went "please don't judge me. It's not like you are a saint. The guys you slept with can fill 10 Siyayas. What I do with my private life is none of your business". Lol it's so funny how these seasonal Christian chicks think we are judging them when we tell the truth. They are normally the first to judge when they see something wrong but when tables are turned they cry foul. I went "I am not judging you. It's true that the holy holy Kea is cheating on her man. Who would have thought? Life is full of selfies." Her phone rang and she told me it was her man. I think he was telling her was he a bit delayed because she told him not to rush. After her call I called Ranks to check if his phone was on. The phone rang answered. Kea told me to join her and I rejected her offer. I had a feeling by associating with her again I was inviting another bad luck inspired incident. I told her I was going back to my crib. She went "I miss how we used to be close when we stayed in Sunnyside. You are totally different person these days. You are not the Sharon I first met". I was like "maybe it's because I saw your true colours. I met a Christian girl with morals and you turned out to be a hoe with zero morals. Bye bye sfebennie". If we weren't in a public space she would have slapped me right there lol.

I went back to the hotel. I had to call room service because I didn't get to eat when I was at Menlyn. I ate a very gloomy brunch. Maybe God was punishing me for sleeping with 2 men in one day. I tried to call Ranks again but his phone rang unanswered. I was wondering why he

was ignoring my calls. Marcus called to tell me to come back home. I told him I was still enjoying the hotel. He went "Alex is spoiling you because he is feeling guilty about the car accident. You should not get used to it because it won't happen again. Now come back home because you have classes tomorrow. I will also be going to work. I am strong enough to work now". Lol men are shrewd animals ka mmao. Alex lied to Marcus that he booked me into a hotel because he felt guilty for the accident. Only if Marcus knew nigger booked the hotel because he wanted to spend 5 fruitless minutes on top of me. I told him I wanted to spend my last night at the hotel and would go home in the morning. Luckily he agreed. I called Alex. He went "hello my little girl. My wife and I were just talking about you. I don't know what you did to her but she likes you. She says you look like her when she was your age. Talk to her please". Nxa nigger handed her the phone. The way men are so hardnosed they can make you be friends with the very same woman they are cheating you with. The poor lady spoke to me like I was her daughter. She invited me over to their place the following Saturday. I told her I already had plans and she went "I am sure you can cancel them my girl. Please don't disappoint an old woman like me. We would love to host you. You can bring a friend or two if you want. We have a very big house". I had no choice but to promise I would honour the invitation. It was difficult to disappoint her because she was very sweet. I went "I will come Mrs Mboweni". She asked me to call her Khanyisa or Sesi Khanyi. She handed over the phone to her husband. Nigger was like "you see, I told you my wife is charmed. She says you seem like a very good girl". I hung up on him.

I was shocked by how comfortable Alex was with the budding relationship I was having with his wife. Then I remembered what some guy once told me. He said he preferred his side chick to be closer to his wife because he would know very fast when either of them cheated. I asked him how and he went "women talk during pillow talk. They gossip about their friends and so on. So if my wife cheated she would share with her friend who happens to be my side chick and then the news would reach my ears via pillow talk". Lol how senseless!!!!!!!. I think it's risky to let a side chick be close to your wife. Many side chicks end up germinating ambitions to topple the madam. When they are close they will do whatever it takes to have the crown on their clits, even if it means someone must die. I tried to keep myself busy at the hotel but failed. There was nothing interesting to watch and TV was boring. I decided to take the little things I had and called a cab. I didn't wanna spend the whole day at the hotel alone. I told the cab driver to drop me at Phillip Nel. Nigger was like "I don't mean to be unprofessional but I must say this. You are the most beautiful girl I have seen today. If I was in your age group I was gonna ask you out". I thanked him for the compliment. He continued "I am not one of those old men who go after kids. If an old man asks you out you must insult them. Never ever let them in your life because they will ruin you and leave". Jeerrrrr I found his lecture very boring. I almost faked dozing off because of boredom". I thanked God when I finally reached my destination. I saw a handbag on the couch. It was quite clear my uncle had a visitor. I wondered who he was with. Ja all Mboweni men are dogs mrena. I went to my room without making noise. I didn't want Marcus to know I was back. I even put my phone on silent mode. I called Ranks and nigger's phone was off. It was just strange that after ignoring my calls his phone was off. I felt like something wrong was going on but didn't know what. I hoped it was not something very bad because I was falling for the guy. I decided to call my mom but her phone was off. I assumed she was probably at work. I called Selfie's mom. She was so happy to hear from me. She went "yes my son. Is the life funny?" I told her my life was indeed funny. She went "I find a job to watch laundry and cook childrens". I congratulated her for the job to cook 'for' children.

I took a nap for about 2 hours. My vjayjay and I were tired from the day's labour. My phone had 4 missed calls from Ranks. I called back but his phone was off again. Nxa I was getting

pissed off with his unreachability. He even made me think he was the man from Botswana Kea was talking about. In fact, the thought of it gave me goosebumps. I remembered she was told me she was HIV+ and I slept with Ranks without using a condom. I started sweating on the spot. I regretted letting him sleep with me without a condom. The more I thought about it was the more it made sense. When I was with Kea in Joburg she claimed her man went back to Botswana, the very same time Ranks announced he was in Botswana. When Ranks came back to South Africa the same thing happened with Kea's man. I was in Menlyn precinct with Ranks and guess what, it was the same case with Kea's husband. When I was with Kea she claimed her man went to buy a power bank, the very same time Ranks was not reachable on his phone. I started walking all over my bedroom. I didn't know what to do. If Kea was HIV+ and she was married to Ranks, chances are he was also positive. It was possible that he was negative but there was also a chance that he was positive. I grabbed my hand bag and left my room. Before I could reach the stairs I heard voices in the lounge. Marcus was talking to the female he was with. I heard Marcus saying "babe you have to go. I told you I stay with my daughter. I don't want her to find you here. She won't respect me if she finds you here. We will book a hotel next week. Please don't be difficult". The lady was like "I don't know this precious daughter of yours but I hate her. She must go stay with her mom. I want to move in. I can't keep sneaking in and out like a teenager". I decided to make myself visible. I went "daddy, may I please use your car? I wanna quickly go fetch some books in Sunnyside". I think I caught Marcus off guard. He didn't even utter a word. He just pointed at the key. I grabbed the key and gave the lady a ferocious and savage look. I drove straight to the pharmacy to buy morning after pills. I wanted to go to a doctor but I decided to call Kea first. I wanted to clear the issue of her husband first. I asked her where she was and she told me she was SunnyPark Spur with her hubby. She asked if I wanted to come join and I said no. I headed straight there after the call. I wanted to catch them red handed. I parked the car inside the mall and walked to Spur.

Just as I entered Spur a male voice went "Sharon, o batla eng"

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 307

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

That moment when you are on your 007 missions and some unexpected person decides to stand on your way. All I wanted was to have evidence that Kea and I were not shagging the same guy. I had a strong feeling inside me that the guy Kea was talking about as her man was the very same guy I was riding. All my calculations led to what I suspected. But suspicion without evidence will eat you until you are dry. I didn't want to jump to conclusions without concrete evidence. Unfortunately my James Bond mission was disturbed by someone I never dreamed of bumping into in my lifetime. He still looked all juicy and innocent but I was not in a mood to have a conversation with him. Some exes lose the right to talk to you the minute you break up. That is how I felt about Obakeng. I didn't like how he played me. He portrayed himself as a good pastor and I fell for him thinking we were going to have a beautiful future together. He had other plans in his head. I went "Obakeng wa Thobile, I didn't expect to meet someone like you here. Where is your wife? I am sure you are planning your second baby now. When is the wedding? Aren't you getting married? Please invite me if you. I would love to come. Tell me in time so I can buy the most expensive dress ever". He gave me that charming smile and shook his head. As much I disliked him nigger

was still very hot. There was just something about him that made a woman weak on the knees. He went "ha ha ha ha ha you will never change neh? I have closed that Thobile chapter long time ago. Things happened and we decided it was the best that we go our separate ways. There is no beef between us because it was a mutual decision. With regard to getting married, I would love to get married soon to the lady I will always love. The lady that the almighty Lord has chosen for me. One day she will open her eyes and see that I mean it when I say I will always love her. She might be walking in darkness now but soon God will open her eyes and she will come back to me". I knew he was talking about me but decided to brush it off. I was like "good luck with that lady. Hope she will cope with bad sex everyday. Anyway, it was not nice seeing you. Goodbye Zulu boy".

I left him there and walked inside Spur. While I was throwing my eyes there and there a waiter came to ask if I needed a table for one. I told her I was looking for my man whom I believed was in the restaurant. She wanted to help me look but I told her my eyes were big enough to execute the search. Someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and it was Kea. She went "I thought you said you didn't want to join us. What changed your mind?". I told her I was not there to join anyone but to eat like any other person who was there. She went "Ok, anyway....I was about to leave. My man is waiting for at the parking. I guess I will see you when you see me. Enjoy your lonely meal". I told her I wanted to walk her to where her man was but she told me she didn't trust me around her man. I thought she was joking until she walked away and left me standing there like a statue. I was like "sfebe se sa nyela. She is messing with a wrong person. I am not letting her get away with this. If the guy she is taking about is Ranks I'm gonna cut her pubies and sell them in Marabastad". I decided to strategically follow her to the car. Just as I reached the passage that led to the parking, Obakeng appeared again and blocked my way. He went "Sharon, we must stop playing hide and seek. We both know God wants us to be together. Can't we just put pride aside and work on rebuilding our relationship? You know I love you very much". I went "mrena, the only thing that God wants for me right now is to find out what that beech called Kea is up to. I think she is married to my man and I want to find out. Suspend your love and what what for 10 years or so. Maybe we will talk then. As for now please let me pass before that woman disappears. Tshaba ke fete". OB looked so disappointed. He went "I don't understand you. Why do you always have to run after other people's men when I am here for you? Stop acting desperate Sharon. You are too beautiful to be desperate". I pushed him and ran to the parking lot.

A security guard stopped me. He went "you are not allowed to run in the mall ma'am. We don't want to mistake you for a thief". I looked at him and said "thief ke mmao mrena". I was getting impatient because people were eating my time. I looked all over for Ranks' car but it wasn't there. I walked all over looking for Kea but her presence dololo. I decided to take out my phone to call her. Before I could make a call I noticed my phone had few missed calls from Ranks and Kea. My phone was still on silent mode. I returned Ranks' call first and I almost smashed my phone when the call went straight to voicemail. I called Kea and she picked up. She went "I called because I wanted you to meet my man. I didn't mean it when I said I don't trust you. My man would never cheat on me. Anyway, you didn't answer your phone so we left. You will meet him one day. He is going back to Botswana tomorrow. I might go with him". I asked her to stop the car wherever she was but the beesh refused. Nxa all my effort were fruitless. I was so disappointed. I put my phone back on ringing mode. I thought Ranks would call or something. The only call I received was from Marcus telling me he wanted his car back. I had no choice but to drive back home. When I got there Marcus said he wanted to speak to me in my bedroom. My heart started beating fast thinking nigger found out about Alex. He went "this is not appropriate but I need a favour from you. Please drive my lady friend to Atteridgeville. I can't drive her myself....you know. I will give you

something nice when you come back". It was the first time Marcus asked for such favours from me. I only agreed because he promised to give me something nice. The lady hopped in the car and I hit the accelerator. On our way she went "your dad told me he wants me and you to get to know each other well". She kept on daydreaming and daydreaming and daydreaming until we got to her place. I was quiet throughout the drive to her township. She was such an ambitious woman as far as marriage was concerned. She saw herself as future Mrs Mboweni. When she got off I went "about my dad telling you he wants us to get to know each other, he tells that to every woman he sleeps with. If I were you I would tie my heart with a g-string and sit down. Yinde lendlela mtase. Anyway, bye bye".

When I got back to the house Marcus clapped hands. He went "you did very well. I knew you would deliver. She won't bother me again". I asked him what he meant and he just said "whatever you said to her worked. She won't bother me again". I lol'd and went to my bedroom to prepare for the following day's class. You can whore all you want but education is very important. Some beautiful girls think their beauty is degree or diploma. Nce nce nce your beauty will attract many rich guys but the day you expire they will all run away. It's better to have something to fall on. Be an educated hoe, get my drift?. I kept calling Ranks but his phone was off the whole night. Just before 9am the following I received a call from him. I was at my classroom's entrance. He was like "you are very difficult to get hold of Sharon. I have been to trying to call you since yesterday and you ignored my calls. What's wrong with you". I wanted to shout but I couldn't because it was a public place. I went "I have a class....let's talk after an hour or so. Bye bye". I hung up and attended my class. I had to put my phone on silence. After my class I went to Marcus' office to check how he was coping after so many months off from work. He was doing just fine. He gave me car keys and told me to use the car to go home. I asked how he was gonna get home and he said "I am going to Midrand to visit a friend. She...he will fetch me late. I am sleeping over there. Please do not go anywhere with my car, I beg you". I promised I wouldn't go anywhere with his car. I drove to my crib in peace. I remembered I promised to call Ranks in an hour. Nigger's phone was off bloody again. He had left an sms. It read "when I called I wanted to tell you I am going back to Botswana but you hung up before I could say anything. I will come back on Monday afternoon. Hope we will be able to spend time together without any interruptions. I love you". I was so pissed at him. Nigger was yoyo'ing with my feelings. I took ice cream from the fridge and did the 'girl thing'. Only girls will understand, especially those who went to Capricorn High in Polokwane. Around 8pm Marcus called to tell me he arrived well in Midrand and to wish me a good night. He reminded me to lock the gate. I went to bed after watching Muvhango. I couldn't sleep without seeing my MCE Ndalamo Mukwevho bathong. Alex called to tell me he was on his way. Before I could utter a word he went "I know Marcus is not around. I am passing Marabastad now". Nxa nothing pisses me off like uninvited guests. But hey, the minute you allow a sugar daddy to give you money just know he will pop whenever he wants. I took a pad and ran to the kitchen. I decorated the pad with tomato sauce and put it down there. I was not in a mood to sleep with him. The first thing he wanted to do when he got to the house was to chow me. I told him my periods started in the morning but nigger didn't believe me. He wanted evidence and I gladly showed him. He was like "nxa all the way from Joburg for masepa fela jerrrrrr". I thought he was gonna leave but nigger said he was sleeping over. Jerrr the thought of tomato sauce on my vjayjay the whole night mmaoweee. I smelled like All Gold factory the whole night. We fell asleep.

"Sharon....Sharon, open the door. There is a car in my garage. Who is the owner? Open the door"

Ayeye Booooooommm!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 308

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When someone is taking care of you like you are his daughter he deserves a big deal of respect. Marcus was more than what my family introduced as a 'family friend' to me. He was more of a father. He literally took over where Piet left off. I was staying in his house for free and he made sure I didn't go to bed on an empty stomach. I can say without any fear of contradiction that he was a better father than my real father was. He was someone I could vote for as the father of the year. Such people should be respected at all cost. The last thing I wanted was for him to know I was sleeping with his uncle. He forgave many craps I did in the past but I knew he wouldn't forgive me for sleeping with his uncle. Secondly, I didn't want him and his uncle to have a sour relationship because of me. I went "Uhm, uncle Marcus I am still sleeping. Can't we talk when I wake up?". He shouted "did you bring a man in my house? Unlock this door now or I'm gonna break it. I thought you changed". Alex opened his eyes at that stage. I whispered to him "you better make a plan to vanish because Marcus is gonna kill both of us if he finds you here". I told Marcus I was still getting dressed. He went "it won't take you more than 2 minutes to get dressed. And I know you don't sleep naked. I want to kill the person you are sleeping with in there. My house is not a cheap motel where boys can come and play games. I am gonna call your mom to tell her I am kicking you out. I cannot deal with this crap in my house. Nxa I was planning to buy you a car. You can forget about it". Alex went "tell Marcus the car belongs to me. Tell him I parked it here last night and left with some woman". I asked him if he was crazy. He told me he knew what he was doing. He was getting dressed as he said that. I went "what do you take me for uncle Marcus? The car in the garage belongs to your uncle Alex. He parked it here last night and left with some lady. He said he'll fetch it in this morning".

While I was talking Alex opened the window and jumped out. The upstairs bedroom did not have 'burglar-proof' windows. Just imagine an old man just from the upstairs bedroom to the ground. I thought he was going to die. That's how bad he didn't want Marcus to know he was riding me. I checked thru the window and saw him limping towards the gate. I closed the window and made sure there was no evidence on the bed before unlocking the door to let Marcus in. He opened the closets and checked my bathroom. I went "I can't believe you don't trust me. I am not like you Marcus. I do not bring different people to this house. I respect it". Nigger pointed a finger at me and said "I am not your age. You must learn to respect adults. The car in the garage does not belong to my uncle. I know all his cars". I was like "ok uncle Marcus, why don't you call him if you don't believe me? Call him and get first hand information from him then". I thought he wouldn't do it but nigger took out his phone and made a call to his uncle. He put the phone on loud speaker for me to hear. He asked Alex about the car. Alex went "I am very sorry maan mchana. I got here last night around 22h00 and parked my car in the garage. It's my brother-in-law's car, hence you don't know it. I slept at some chick's house in Pretoria North. I couldn't take my car there because she is married, in case her husband came back. In fact, a taxi is about to drop me at your gate. I will unlock the gate myself because I have the keys". Men have a school of lying in their heads. Nigger made up a story just like that. Marcus went "I am sorry for accusing you. I didn't know what to think when I saw the car. Please forgive me". Instead of accepting his apology I faked tears and started crying. I told him I wanted to leave because he didn't trust me and treated me like a primary school kid. He put his crutch on the bed and went down on his knees to apologise. I wiped my fake tears and told him he should learn to trust me next time.

He promised he would never treat me like a kid ever again. Alex's idea worked like magic lol.

"Knock knock knock," Alex said from downstairs. Marcus whispered "please don't tell him I shouted at you. He will be cross with me". I told Marcus all I wanted was to sleep in peace. He left my bedroom and I locked. I went back to bed. I woke up around 9h30am because I had a class at 11am. Marcus and Alex were not in the house. I assumed Marcus went to work. I called Alex to ask him where he was. He told me he drove back to Jozi. He thanked me for covering for him. I asked if he didn't get injured from the jump. He told and told me he used to be in the military before he became a businessman. I attended my class and chilled with Pulane after the class. I got bored and left because she kept asking this and that about Marcus. Some girls will bore you hle. Ranks called to tell me he would be back in South African the following day (Saturday). I told him I didn't have plans the whole day. He went "I will be working in North West province on Saturday and Sunday. I will come straight to Pretoria on Sunday night. Please make sure your phone is on. I don't want what happened that day to happen again. Are we clear?". I almost asked him about Kea but thought against it. I didn't want to jump the gun. I called RR to ask why he was so quiet. He went "I am busy like a bee or whatsoever. We must go out for a romantic lunch soon. How about we go to KFC and eat StreetWise Pap at 8pm tomorrow. Don't worry about money or whatsoever, I am loading". I told him I was flattered but had other plans. That was my way of rejecting an 8pm lunch at KFC. While I was talking to RR, Alex's call came thru. I asked RR to hang up. Alex was like "I wanted us to go to Sun City tomorrow but we will have to postpone since you are on periods. We will go next week". I so wanted to go to Sun City. I went "Babe konje you don't know neh? I have irregular menstrual cycle. Sometimes they come for one day and stop. Like now, can you believe they stopped? I think I should go see a gynae. And about Sun City, I don't know love. I want to go but I don't have clothes". I was playing my game very careful. He told me not to worry about clothes, as long as the periods were gonna he would provide everything. Use the money in the card I gave you to buy whatever you need. You'll let me know if you need more. About tomorrow, tell Marcus you are visiting a friend or make up any convincing story". Alex was the fat line between dating a man and dating a boy, if you know what I mean.

Immediately after talking to Alex his wife called to tell me not to come anymore because her husband was going Qwa Qwa on business. I pretended to be sad and she went "I promise I will make it up to you. We will have lunch when Papa is back. I am sorry my girl". Alex was good at his game. He made lying seem so easy. Cheating men are very good liars, especially Xhosa guys. When Marcus came back from work I asked if I could go spend my weekend with Thobile, my best friend from Centurion. He asked what the occasion was and I told him Thobile's baby was turning 2. He gave me R500 to buy the kid a present. He wanted to drop me but I said no. For some reason I suspected he was happy I was leaving for the weekend. I think he wanted to invite one of his girlfriends over. I went to my bedroom to call JT. I asked if she was around and she said yes. I packed my bag and said bye to Marcus. I took a taxi to town. I asked JT to fetch me at Cnr Andries (Thabo Sehume) and Vermuelen (Madiba) streets. To my disgust, she was with Aluwani. I greeted JT alone. She dropped me at her place and told me they were going somewhere and would be back in the morning. I asked her why she let me come when she knew she was going somewhere. She went "o ska iketsa Gerry Nel ka nna ntwana. Is not like o tla ngaya motete. Ke tswa di-out le sfebe s aka. Ke tla o cava ga ke jika k'sasa. Go na le wine in the fridge. Enwa o downe hooray". I think it was a blessing because I only wanted to crash for the night. I opened a bottle of wine and drank myself to sleep. The following morning Alex called me around 8am to tell me he was coming to fetch me. He asked if I bought new clothes and I said yes. I lied obviously. But I did have new clothes in my bag. I took a bath and waited for him. I gave him coordinates of where I

was. Nigger rocked up driving a Merc C63. I asked him how rich he was and he went "rich enough to pay your entire family monthly salary for doing nothing". I looked gorgeous but he didn't notice. Entlik older guys see 2 things in us – Vjayjay and a toy. If you want compliments stay away from sugar daddies. We hit the road to Sun City. Nigger booked us at The Cabanas Hotel. Damn I was impressed by the beauty I was seeing there. The bedroom was a foreplay itself. I didn't need to be touched to be turned on. Alex wanted a shag but I told him I was hungry. We had lunch and after that he told me we were going on a game drive at Pilanesberg National Park. I was impressed with Alex. He was pressing the right buttons. Nigger organized an Exclusive Game Drive for us. It was just the two of us in the safari car. He went "if we see lions mating I'm gonna leave my wife and marry you". It was so refreshing and therapeutic to see animals. They were more beautiful than Kea. An hour into the game drive we bumped into another safari car. Something in that car caught my attention. My temperature rose on the spot.

He tried to hide but it was too late. One of the 3 kids he was with in the car went "daddy, look there...."

WTBMF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 309

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Gosh... Why is South Africa such a small country though? You can barely go somewhere without bumping into someone you are somehow connected to. I understand when you bump into them by the streets or at malls because those are very public areas. But when you are in the bushes surrounded by trees and animals you don't expect to bump into your people, especially not him. I know one has no control of where people should go but sometimes I wished I had powers to decide where people should hang. It's so pissing to bump into people you don't wanna meet when you are doing your side chick duties. The reason he tried to hide was that he was not with his wife. He was with a woman I had not seen before. You know, from outside one would think rich people have happy marriages. Those people cheat 10 times more than their poor counterparts. I knew very well that he cheated but I didn't know he had kids outside his marriage. All three kids in the car looked like him. I didn't need a microscope to tell they were his kids. The lady he was with, whom I assumed was the mother of the kids, didn't look more than 30. She was probably the main side chick. Ja some marriages ke masepa straight. He was cheating and the wife was doing the same. On the other hand I was embarrassed because I was with a guy older than my late father. I know it was not his business but the guy knew my mother and chances were he was going to tell her. Old men can be selfish sometimes. Nigger will discourage you to go after older guys but two days later he will be the one gunning for you. Alex went "why are your eyes glued to that car? Those are people, not animals. We are here to see animals, not people. Or you want us to be a family like them? They look like a nice family neh? Maybe we should stop using protection. What do you think?" I listened to him without answering his question. He knew very well that there was no way I was gonna make babies with him. My relationship with him was purely financial. I did not have feelings whatsoever for him. I waved my hand for the people in the other car. The kids and their mother waved back but Dr Skhosana's hand remained unmoved. I almost laughed.

Alex asked why I waved at them and I said "I just wanted the guy to know I saw him. I know his wife very well and I am planning to tell her I saw him with his side chick and kids". Alex

laughed and told me to mind my business. He was like "that guy is stupid. Why is he making so many babies with someone he is not married to? If he wants cheating lessons he must come to Bra Alex. I will give him free A+ lesson on how to have your cake and not mess your clothes". Mxm if I didn't want his money I would have left him right there. He was talking about cheating as it was a normal thing to do. You know men think cheating is only exclusive to them. Most guys who cheat think their women are not capable of cheating. Truth is, women can do it. And they can do it far better than men. Like my friend used to say, if wa jela, chances are wa jelwa. Injalo lento. Ayifuni RULER, period!!!! I asked Alex why he was cheating on his good wife. He angrily said "if you want to get along with me please don't mention my wife ever again. She is not part of our relationship". I apologized and promised never to mention her name again. The only reason I apologized was that I didn't want him to leave me in the middle of nowhere. Old men can do the unthinkable when they feel disrespected. When you date an old nigger you must choose your words carefully. Unless if you have something you can use against him in the event he tries to make your life a living hell. We spent full three hours seeing animals and appreciating nature. Now and then he would hold my hand and kiss me passionately. After the game drive we drove back to the hotel. He asked if I was hungry and I told him no. Fun can make one lose appetite. Seeing so many animals made me full. I told him I appreciated everything he was doing for me. He went "you are beautiful. You deserve everything. I told you I will make you the happiest woman if you stick with me. For as long as you keep our relationship secret I will make you are well taken care of. The next step is to get you out of Marcus' house. I can't continue sneaking when I want to be with you".

Yho yho yho!!!! You know a sugar daddy is in for a long term cheatingship when he starts talking about find you your own place. I told him I was fine staying with Marcus and he went "you can't be a kid forever. There are things that you don't know that you might end up finding out if you continue staying in that house. For your own good and too avoid emotional and psychological confusion I think it will be better if you stayed in your own place. Some things are better off buried". I asked him what he was on about. Instead of answering my question he started touching me. He went "I love you" and I thanked him. I didn't want to say "I love you" because lying is a sin. He kissed my neck and fondled my bum. I could see he wanted some action. I went "babe, I am tired. Can't we do it later? I won't give you my best performance now". The more I spoke was the more I fueled his energy. He wanted nothing but to get laid. I had no option but to cooperate. I didn't want him to think I was making a fool of him. I asked him how he wanted him and he went "I want to be on top. Please don't forget to scream. I wanted to hear you go ah ah ah ah ah ah ah. Don't forget to call me Spongie-Spongie". Lol some old men's brain is full of mucus ka mmao. I got undressed and laid on my back. I reminded him to put on a condom. I didn't want to fall pregnant with his baby. He put on a condom and lay on top of me. I closed my eyes because I didn't want to see his pubic hair. Like I said before, they looked like Morgan Freeman's hair. His cock wasn't hard to its full capacity. He inserted it inside and started stroking. I remained silent for few minutes and he went "you want me to pinch you before you say ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah? Don't pretend as if you are not enjoying it. I know you are having the best time of your life. When a guy is good he is good. I know I am gifted. I am the old dog that knows all the tricks in the book. Come on, let me hear some noise. Give it to meeeeeeee".

Lol ka mmao go tsamaya ke go bona. I started screaming as instructed and nigger went harder and harder. When he came he screamed "CALL ME SPONGIE-SPONGIE ASSOMLIEF". Lol I called him Spongie-Spongie and he roared like the lions we saw at Pilanesberg earlier. When he was done he went "you are the best thing to me since frozen vegetables. Wa ntsamayela babe. Jeerrrr that was a good round!!!! We will do another one tonight. Let's rest,

we still have a lot to do here before we head back to Gauteng the following day". I went "you have energy of a 20 year old Sponge". That was me trying to boost his ego. When you want to milk a sugar daddy you must always make him feel he is the \$hit. Make him feel young. Make his feel like he is the best thing to you. That's what makes them spend money like they have Reserve Bank in their bedrooms. He asked where I wanted to stay and I told him Mooikloof or Centurion. He went "it's cool, I will organize something for you. Make sure Marcus doesn't find out about this because he'll be mad". My phone beeped to notify me of a text message. The message was from Alex's wife. It kinda got me shaken. I had to think 3 times before opening it. I read "hello my cute Ben 10, the old fool called hubby is out of town until tomorrow. Let's meet at his Centurion house for a round or two. You know I am not getting it at home right". I started sweating on the spot. I didn't understand why she sent that text to me. Another sms followed within few seconds. It read "OMG, I am very sorry my girl. That message was not meant for you. It was meant for Shadrack. I sent it to you accidentally. Please delete it and forget you ever received such message from me. I love you". It was difficult to hide the shock on my face. Alex asked what I was reading on the phone and I said nothing. We live in messed up world. Cheating has become a norm. I don't understand why people marry if they gonna cheat. Alex was like "is it that guy you were with at the hotel? I want him out of the picture. You can't be cheating on me with nobodies like him. I hate sharing, even my wife knows that. I don't share her with anyone because she knows I hate it. You have to cut ties with that guy or else I will make him disappear. You are mine and mine only". Nxa imagine an old married man saying he doesn't wanna share his side chick with anyone!!!! How hypocritical nxa!!!! I gave him my phone. I wanted to show him I was not the only one he was sharing. Before reading the sms he asked who sent it and I told the truth. He read and his face aged by 20 years in less than 10 seconds. He looked like a Venda version of Talking Tom. He grabbed a glass next to the bed and threw it against the wall. He looked at me and went "all women are whores....including you and your mother". I didn't understand why he was insulting my mother.

He grabbed his keys and stormed out of the hotel room. It took me few second to realize he left naked.....

Lol WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 310

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I think men should be put in a zoo to live with animals. They have so many things in common with animals. A nigger will cheat on you with 100 women but when a woman cheat only once nigger will turn the world upside down as if someone pinched his foreskin. I mean, if you cheat your heart must have a capacity to handle the situation when the tables are turned. Women are also human and they have feelings. The very same pain men feel when we cheat on them is the same pain we feel when they cheat on us. Our hearts are not made of steel. I didn't understand why Alex was all worked up when he was also out cheating on his wife. The way he was so hurt he even forgot to get dressed. I had two options, running after him or let him run naked. Running after was risky because I knew black people were gonna take videos. I didn't wanna appear in a video behind a naked old man. I decided to stay in the hotel room and hope for him to hit a u-turn. I waited in the hotel room for more than 5 minutes without him making a comeback. I knew where his car was parked, so I decided to go check if he was there. When I got there I was surprised to find his car gone. My biggest

question was whether he drove off naked or maybe he had clothes in the car. I saw some malaria-looking couple standing not far from where Alex's car was parked and asked them if they saw some guy wearing a birthday suit. They burst out laughing. The guy went "is the naked guy your grandfather? We saw him. He came here running like a possessed bull. Did he run away from a mental hospital? The securities tried to catch him but like a fish in the sea, he managed to escape". I told them he was my neighbour and left. I was embarrassed I was related to him at that stage. I called his number but it ran unanswered. I decided to go back to the hotel room to think of what to do next. I can't say I was stranded because I had enough money to take me home. However, I didn't want to go home. I still wanted to have fun, with or without Alex.

When I got to the hotel room I noticed nigger left his phone. I laughed at myself for thinking a man who stormed out naked had a phone with him. I checked if his phone was locked and to my luck it was not. It's rare to find men who cheat and not have long passwords on their phones. Niggers who cheat have long passwords and complicated patterns. You know what they say about curiosity, it kills cats not girls. I went thru his phone and to my disappointment nigger had cleaned it out. There was no single message or incriminating pictures. The only thing I could find was an email from his bank notifying of a payment of R2 million to his account. People are chowing money out there. Seeing that figure made me wet underground. While going thru his phone trying to find something incriminating an idea dawned in my head. I decided to do what any wise woman in my situation would do. I kinda felt guilty I showed him the sms. I didn't think he was gonna react the way he reacted since he was also cheating. But hey, banna ke dinja. I didn't want Alex to kill his wife because of me. I knew he was going to find her in bed with another man and hurt or kill both of them. I didn't want that on my conscience. I browsed thru his phone until I found his wife's digits. I texted her the following: "I have decided to cut my business meeting short. I am on my way to the house as I write this. Please cook something nice for me. I am so hungry I can eat a camel. I will be home in less than an hour. Hope to find you waiting for me". She responded with "can I order takeaways? I know you prefer food cooked by me but I already made plans to have drinks with my friends my love. I will be home around 2 hours or so. Please understand". That moment when you are trying to save a hoe's marriage and she makes your efforts so difficult. I decided to go all radical on her. I wrote "if you know what is good for you, you will be at home when I get there. Or else I will leave you. I mean it". I had no choice but to threaten her. I meant well though. She didn't respond to that text. I think she got the message loud and clear. I was proud I managed to save her marriage.

Ranks called to check up on me. I asked him where he was and he told me still somewhere in North West. I told him I was in Pretoria and looking forward to seeing him the following day. Our conversation was short because he was busy. I ordered room service and chowed the hell out of ribs. My phone rang while I was eating. It was a number I didn't recognize. When I answered I was hoping to hear Alex's voice. I got pissed when I learnt it was Dr Skhosana. I asked him what he wanted. He asked if I was still in touch with his wife and I said no. I knew he wanted to beg me not to tell his wife. I decided to use it to my advantage. I went "actually, I think I should give her a call later today. The pictures I took will come in handy when she needs evidence of what I am gonna tell her". He quickly interrupted. He went "please don't breathe a word to her. I will pay you". Skhosana knew very well that I loved money more than Xhosa girls. He tried to blackmail me by threatening to tell my mom and I told him to go ahead. I reminded him that my mom would always be my mom no matter what. She was not going to serve me with divorce papers. For him his married would be on the thin line. He asked where I was and I promised to send him details later. We ended our conversation there. I decided to take a walk around Sun City, just to see the place. I was

not familiar with it. I wanted to see the so-called Valley of Waves that I always saw girls posting pictures on Facebook wearing swimwear. I didn't put on my swimwear because I was not in a white mood, I was in a black mood (fear of water activated). The walk from The Cabanas to the Valley of Waves made me fall in love with Sun City. It made me wish to have my white wedding there. I always had a wish to have a Top Billing kind of wedding, not your average Our Perfect Wedding kinda wedding. As I was walking in peace there minding my own business some brother tried his luck on me. I could tell by the way he approached me that he was not a tourist at Sun City. I asked him if he owned a tuckshop and he said yes. He asked how I knew he owned a tuck shop. I went "you have a spaza shop mentality. Le wela batho stuff. Please go try your luck on your type. Go to Mogwase or Phokeng, you'll find your types there".

I didn't blame the dude for trying his luck though, I was wearing the shortest mini skirt ever. I think he could see the upper part of my yellow thighs when I walked. I chilled at the Valley of Waves for more than 30 minutes taking selfies and looking at sexy men. I got bored and decided to go back to the hotel room to plan what to do next. On my way back I saw some yummy brother. The only thing turning off about him was that he was having ice cream in public. I don't know why but I find it so wrong for a grown a\$\$ man to be licking ice cream in public. I was kinda bored and in need of a company. I decided to grow a liver and tried to make a conversation with the brother. I greeted him and he greeted back. I asked him if he knew any cool pubs or clubs around. He went "you see that woman over there?". He was pointing at some lady that looked like a babysitter from Semonkong in Lesotho. She was talking on a phone few metres away from us. I nodded. He continued "that is my wife and mother of my baby. I love her and will never cheat on her. No yellow bone formed against me shall prosper. Le tswaetsi go ja banna. If you are selling I am not your target market. Try next door". I didn't even wait for him to finish, I left him standing there alone. I didn't expect a gorgeous man like him to be that rude. Maybe his wife's punani had attitude effects. I regretted degrading myself by talking to him. Before I could reach the hotel I heard someone screaming my name. To my disappointment it was none other than Skhosana. He went "I want us to talk about what you saw". I told him there was nothing to talk about. He was like "well, the woman you saw me with.....uhm she left. We can chill, if you know what I mean. We can go to your hotel room and do something productive. By the look of things, you look lonely and broke". I told him I was not a hoe as he thought. I spit on his face and left him standing there. I was pissed he treated me like a hoe. Immediately when I got the hotel room I received a call from Marcus.

He went "she is dead....she is gone". I think he was crying. Then there was a knock at the door....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 311

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When I was in higher primary school my uncle used to read me John Donne's sonnet, Death Be Not Proud'. I didn't understand the ish said there but whenever my uncle read it I would get emotional. That is how death makes us feel. Even the day Osama Bin Laden died some people cried because they loved him. I know a girl from my former high school who used to

have a crush on Osama. She didn't eat the whole week after learning her MCE died. When I heard Marcus cry I couldn't help it but cry too. There was only one person I had in mind. The person knocking at the door was getting impatient because she or he was knocking harder. I asked uncle Marcus I'd call him in less than 5 minutes. I wanted to attend the person by the door because the knocking was getting louder and louder. I opened and Skhosana stood at the door with disgust written all over his face. He went "yes, I followed you. Before I could turn back to my hotel room I received a call from my wife. She wants me to come back home. Did you tell her what you saw? Did you fu%ckin tell her what you saw?". I told him I didn't have airtime to play with. He slapped me so hard I fell on the bed. The little stubbornness I had disappeared with the slap. I went "I didn't call your wife nna. Why did you hit me? I have never called her, I swear". I just hate it when old men blame other people when their things go wrong. They behave like ANC, instead of blaming themselves they rather find something or someone to blame for poor performance. He apologized for hitting me and I told him I didn't want his apology. I opened the door and told him to leave. He went "is this how you thank me for everything I have done for you? You used to stay at my place for free, eating my food for free and now you want to act as if you are better than everyone. The least you can do is to give me one or two rounds". Once people start seeing you as a hoe they will always think of one thing whenever they see you. Like WTF, nigger had the guts to wanna sleep with me after hitting me. That's how low he thought of me.

I forced him out of the hotel room. He so maar spoiled my like mkhulucation. As soon as he left I called Marcus but his phone was off. I kept calling but his phone was still off. I slept alone that night. My head was teeming with so many things. I couldn't help it but think Alex had killed his wife after finding her in bed with a Ben 10. There was no other person I could think of. The following morning I was woken up by a knock on the door. I opened and Alex threw himself in. I wanted to give him a hug but he said no. He looked very sad. I asked him what was going on and he went "someone from home died. She was very close to Marcus and he is not taking it very well. That woman literally raised Marcus". I closed my eyes and went "thank God it's not who I thought it was". He gave me a funny look but I didn't care. I asked what happened when he left the previous day. He went "I drove from here to Centurion naked. I only realized I was naked when I got to Centurion. I was ready to kill a person. When I got to the Centurion house there was nothing happening. I drove straight home to find my wife cooking for me. I think she suspects there is something going on. We need to stop this before she catches us". I almost agreed to his stopping the whole thing then I remembered the millions. I was like "no Spongie, we can't stop. We just need to be careful. I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you. Can't you see I love you? I want to show you I love you babe". Yho there was no way I was gonna let him leave me, not especially after seeing that email in his phone. I wanted piece of the pie. He told me he was stressed about the whole family member dying thing and wasn't thinking straight. He asked me to go take a bath. I asked him why and he went "I don't know what you got up to when I was not here. What if you were busy with those young boys with speed humps on their bellies? Ga ke je masepa"

I took a bath and we made love afterwards. I don't even know why I call it making love because it was just a 3 minutes thing. He just got on top of me and breathed like someone who was about to die and the next thing he told me he came. And yeah, he did ask me to scream ah ah ah ah ah ah ah. Go tsamaya ke go bona ka mmao. After that poor performance I packed my things and we headed back to Pretoria. He dropped me in town and told me to catch a taxi to Phillip Nel. We couldn't arrive at the same time because Marcus would be suspicious. Eish the issue of taxis was starting to bore me. It was one of the reasons I wanted to keep Alex under my armpit. I wanted a car badly. When I got to

Phillip Nel Marcus was lying on the couch with tears in his eyes. I pretended not to know who died. I gave him a hug and told him to be strong. He went "she was very close to me. I didn't even know she was sick. Maybe I could have done something to help her". I quoted him Psalm 46:1-2 "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth gives way and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea". You know what they say, there is only one book that we can find comfort in. The Bible!!! God is our natural therapist. Within 10 minutes or so Alex arrived at the house. He greeted me like someone he had not seen in ages. His wife followed after 30 minutes. We couldn't even face each other. She was embarrassed about the sms and I was embarrassed about the fact that I was sleeping with her husband behind her back. They had a short meeting and their final decision was they must leave for Limpopo for funeral arrangement. Sometimes I wished I was Muslim. Those peeps don't make a big deal out of funerals. You die now and they busy you after couple of minutes. With us it's different because we have to spend thousands just to send someone 7 feet underground. Some blacks take loans just to impress people with a posh funerals. Hayi #Darkie things.

After their meeting Alex's wife asked to talk to me in private. She went "i am very sorry about that sms. it's not what you think". I told her I had already forgotten about that sms. Then she said something I was not ready for. She was like "I think my husband is cheating on me. I thought he was at some business meeting only to find out he was in Sun City. I found slips in his car. If I ever find out who he is cheating with, I will kill her with my bare hands". My temperature started rising. Imagine someone threatening you without knowing they were threatening you. She asked me to keep my eyes and ears open in case I hear something. I went "don't worry mommy, you will be the first to know if I hear something. I would love to be there when you kill the bitc.....i mean the girl". There was no way I was gonna call myself a biach lol. After our little talk we went back to the lounge to join the boys. Marcus had already packed his bags. He wanted me to leave with them but I said no. I told them I would go to Limpopo a day before the funeral. There was no way I was gonna spend the whole week at some bundus for a funeral of someone I didn't know. Marcus told me they were gonna use Alex's car. I was glad because it meant I would have the X5 all to myself. #WalkingMustRun. Alex's wife wanted to do some last minute shopping before they leave for Limpopo. She wanted to go with me but I told her I had study. Luckily she didn't force me. She drove to Menlyn alone. Marcus decided to take a nap while Alex's wife was out shopping. I could see the smile building up on Alex's face when Marcus retired to his bedroom. He went "now it's just us. How about you give me one for the road? I won't see you for the whole week.....I deserve something to make me think of you when I am away my love. Don't you think so?". I told him there was no way we gonna do anything in Marcus' house. I took yoghurt from the fridge and headed to my bedroom. Having a sugar daddy who gives you money and spoils you is cool but when he starts behaving like a rat high on nyaope it gets boring. That was Alex at that moment. Whenever he looked at me he saw marago. The boring part was his sex game was far below average. While studying in my bedroom I saw the door opening. Alex walked in like someone who didn't have uvalo. I asked him what he wanted and he went "what kind of a car do you want and what colour?". When a guy says right things he immediately starts looking handsome. Alex looked like a model. He looked far better than the mkhulu bae who got few minutes of fame on social media not long ago. I went "I want a BMW 1 Series or Mercedez-Benz A-Class". I was imagining myself in a German machine. He told me we would go to the dealership after the funeral. His words gave me a mental orgasm. We kissed and to the bed we fell. For the first time since forever I enjoyed his kiss. While kissing the door opened and Marcus walked in.

I screamed "yhoooo leave me alone rapist. Please hellllpppppppppp.....he's raping me"

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 312

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

A rumour or hearsay can easily be defended. You can deny it until someone turns blue on their bum. But when you are caught red-handed it's difficult to come out unpolluted. Unless if you are a Venda cat, it has endless lives and can survive any situation. One thing I was aware of was that Marcus knew my bad girl tendencies. A lot of crap had happened to me in his presence. The last thing I wanted was for him to know I was riding his uncle. I knew he was gonna kick the hell out of me. As much as I wanted to move out of his house, I didn't wanna do so in a bad way. I wanted to remain in his good books. When he heard me scream rape he threw away his crutches and jumped over Alex who was on top of me. I had to endure weight of two men on top of me. He punched Alex twice on the face. I managed to release myself from the heavy burden. Marcus remained on top of pummeling beating the hell out of him. I put my best acting skills. I wanted to convince Marcus I was 'almost' being raped for real. I prayed for tears and God of Abraham and Moses answered positively. I cosmeticated my tears with a cry of an 'almost' raped victim. I was like "kill him Uncle Marcus....kill him. He wanted to rape me. He wanted to rape me. I said no but he wanted to force himself on me. I was so scared. I thought he was going to kill me". I grabbed Marcus' crutch and whipped the hell out of Alex. My white bedding was turning red every second. Alex rolled twice and managed to get off the bed and ran for his life. He was lucky Marcus couldn't run because he was still recovering. If Marcus had a gun right there he would have killed Alex. That is how angry he was. It was the very first time I saw him like that. He looked like a wild boar fighting predators gunning for the young ones. He supported himself with the edge of my bed and gave me a hug. He went "I am very sorry my baby, I'm sorry....he won't hurt you again. I am here to protect you. I will do whatever it takes to make sure you don't see that pig ever again".

I felt guilty lying about something so serious, especially since I was a rape survivor myself. It's just that sometimes difficult situations can drive one to lying in order to save herself. That's what I did. I lied to save my life. I lied to save my wellbeing. I lied to protect my reputation. I didn't want Marcus to think I was a home wrecker. I went "Uncle Marcus, I am scared. I am relieved you got here in time before he could take off my clothes. I don't want you to leave me alone. I am scared Uncle Marcus. Please don't leave me". He agreed to stay that day. He went "call that lesbian friend of yours to come sleep here from tomorrow. I'll pay her to drive you to school everyday. Come to Limpopo after your class on Thursday. I will sleep here tonight but tomorrow morning I have to go home. They need me". He suggested that I go see a shrink to deal with my trauma but I rejected his suggestion. What I liked was the fact that he didn't say anything about laying charges against his uncle. I didn't have balls to lie to cops. For the first time in ages Marcus walked without using crutches. It's true that anger can heal some people. I thanked Marcus for everything he did for me. He went "you are like my daughter. I will do whatever it takes to ensure you are safe. Do not be scared when I am around". I felt guilty he bought the whole rape story. He looked so concerned. It made me so emotional that I even ended up crying for real. When someone cares for you to that level you will end up getting emotional. I was so close to telling him the truth but satan's voice went "uphambene nondindwa ndin?" in my left ear. When satan communicates in isiXhosa you must know he means business. I had no choice but to continue with the act. He went to the kitchen and came back with a glass of water and some tablets. I think they were for calming me down. I took two. He told me to lie on the bed for couple of hours to rest my

head. I did as instructed. As soon as he left my bedroom I locked the door and went down on my knees to pray. I was thanking God for that narrower than needle escape. God is great.

My phone rang. It was Alex. I whispered a 'hello'. Nigger started insulting me. I asked him why he was insulting when I did the best to save the situation. He went "do you want to take the pains I am feeling right now? I lost two teeth because of your lies. What if he tells my wife? Do you know what's gonna happen if she leaves me". I tried to explain that I did what I thought was best but nigger kept insulting me until I hung up. I couldn't take his crap anymore. I was actually glad Marcus unteethed him. After talking to Alex bae called to tell me he was done with his North West businesses and was on his way to Pretoria. I told him things were bit hectic and couldn't leave the house. He told me not to stress because tomorrow was still a day. After talking to him I checked Kea's social media platforms. I wanted to see if she wrote something that I could link to Ranks. Mxm there was nothing. I went downstairs to join Marcus after about 2 hours. Nigger was sitting on the couch drinking whiskey with tears in his eyes. I asked him why he was crying and he went "I feel useless. You almost got raped right under my nose. I think God is punishing me. Pearl was right, I need to go to church regularly. How am I going to face Alex when I get to Limpopo tomorrow? My family is cursed. I don't even know who is gonna drive me to Limpopo tomorrow". I told him not to stress because I was fine. I gave him a hug and wiped his tears. That was a daddy-daughter moment that made my heart melt. I refilled his glass. My phone rang again. It was Kea asking if she could visit me the following day. I went "I thought you said you were going to Botswana or something. What happened?". She told me it was a long story and would explain the following day. I told her I had a morning class and would be free after 12pm. I almost told her to come with her husband. I sat with Marcus until he got drunk. I helped him to walk to his bedroom. I didn't cook that day, I had bread and peanut. I slept like a baby that night.

Marcus woke me up around 6am to tell me he was leaving for Limpopo. He reminded me to call my lesbian friend. I told him JT was on her way. I lied just to keep his mind at ease. Before I could ask who was driving him to VC Limpopo I heard a hooter outside. He told me it was his transport. I helped him to carry the bags. The driver was a very hot woman I had not seen before. Marcus had a taste for beautiful women. I greeted the lady and she greeted back in Xitsonga. She made me wish to have Tsonga lips. We did our goodbyes and they left. I took a bath and went to school. I only had one class. After my class I called Ranks to ask him what time he was coming. He told me in about an hour or so. After talking to him I called Kea and she went "I will come in about an hour. Hope you won't mind because I am coming with my man". I told her I was cool with it because my man was also coming. I wanted to crack the puzzle. I was tired of many theories in my head. I decided to cook something nice for my guests. I didn't go for those complex dishes with unmentionable colours, I cooked pasta and mince. I didn't wanna spend hours in front of the stove. When I heard a car stopping outside the gate I assumed it was either Kea or Ranks. I went to open the gate. To my shock it was Alex. I was under the impression he had left for Limpopo. He went "don't be scared, I am not here to fight. I came to apologise for the way I spoke to you yesterday. Hope you are not mad at me". I just looked at him with many questions in my mind. He left his car outside the gate and we headed to the house. He told him his wife drove to Limpopo alone early in the morning. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I am scared to go home. Marcus will probably tell everyone what happened and I am not ready to deal with it. I will be here for the next few days until I figure out something. The funeral is in 6 days, there is no rush". I told him I didn't want any company because I had a lot of school work. Nigger went "ok, I'll leave then". He stood up and headed to the door. Huh banna, I was expecting him to put a fight. Maybe he was still traumatised by the 'rape' thing. Just as we got to the gate

another car docked.

There were 3 people in the car.....

Uhmhhh B0000MMMM!!!!!!

THE ENDDiary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 313

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There is what we call drama and then again, there is what they call drama. Drama is nice when you are a spectator. You get to enjoy it from all angles. You get to sit down and get to criticize the players in the drama. But when the drama involves you it's a whole new story. I felt like I was a main character in a drama written by a pervert with 3 brain cells. Sometimes we do things thinking we are 10 steps ahead only for those things to catch up with us faster than we can think. It was the first time I laid my eyes on the car. I had not seen it before. Some guy I had not seen before was behind the steering wheel. The other front seat was occupied by my bae Ranks. I could see there was another person at the back but I couldn't see clearly who it was. My mind reached a conclusion that it was the hoe Kea. My blood wanted to boil but I managed to maintain calm in the name of the man upstairs. I didn't want to do a stupid thing in front of Alex. I didn't want him to think I was a hoe without. You can be a hoe but at least have some class. Ranks got out of the car and came to where I was standing. Alex whispered "nxa this boy again!!!!". Ranks hugged me and greeted Alex. Alex was like "I don't think you should be here. We are mourning and we can't be having uninvited guests. I think you should go. Wena Sharon, my nephew's house is not a playground. If this is what you do whenever he is away I won't let you continue with it". Lol I wanted to laugh. Nigger was acting as if he cared but deep inside I knew he didn't give a toss about Marcus' house. Nigger was just being jealous nje. I went "hayibo uncle Alex, these are my friends and they came to mourn with me. It's not like we are going to do stupid things. I promise I will behave. You can go in peace now". He gently pushed me closer to him and whispered "after getting me beaten up this is how you thank me? You will regret this, my girl. Mark my sentences". Married sugar baes are the most jealous people on earth.....i think.

Alex got in his car and left. I think he didn't want to cause a scene in front of those people. As soon as I saw the butt of his car disappearing I walked to the car to see who was the lady in the back seat. It was not Kea as I thought. It was a lady I had not seen before. I greeted both the lady and the guy. I invited them to park the car in front of the garage. I couldn't let them park outside because of nosey neighbours. Ranks introduced them as his friends from Botswana. He went "my friends, she is the reason I am always in South Africa. Isn't she the most beautiful lady in the world?". I hugged and welcomed them to my crib. The lady asked if the house was mine and I said no. I was getting tired of that question whenever unemployed girls visited my crib. Yeah, she had the unemployed look. I gave them camp chairs and we sat by the garden. The weather was on our side, so there was no need to sit in the house. Kea called to tell me she was not coming anymore because her man had to rush to an urgent meeting. I told her to come without him and she went "I don't wanna use public transport". Mxm as if she had a car of her own car. I told her to suit herself. I was not going to beg her to visit. On the other hand, my mind suspected Ranks lied to her that he was going to a meeting. I decided to call her back and begged her to come. I went "please Kea, please come. I miss how tight we used be. I just wanna chill with my former flatmate. Is that too much to ask?". My begging worked because she eventually agreed to visit. After the call I asked to talk to Ranks in private. We went to the lounge. I asked if he was married or seeing someone in South Africa. He laughed and went "yes I am seeing someone". Before I could

faint he was like “and that somebody is you. You are the only person I am seeing in South Africa or anywhere in the world. We formed a connection in a very grim environment and I don’t think there is anyone who can break it. I love you and will love you more everyday”.

Marcus called to tell me he arrived in Limpopo safely. He asked if JT was around and I told him yes. I didn’t want him to have worries. He went “Alex is not here. Only his wife is here. I think he is still around there. Please call the cops if he tries to come there. I will tell the family what he did after the funeral”. I told him not to worry because I was with JT. After my call Ranks asked why I asked if he had someone in South Africa. I told him it was not a big deal. We went back to the garden to join the other two. I asked if they were an item and they said no. They claimed they were just friends. I didn’t believe them but chose not to interrogate. What I found funny was how the girl looked at my bae. Her eyes were pregnant. I let her be because I didn’t wanna cause drama. After about an hour Kea called to tell me she was at the gate. I had locked the gate to avoid unwanted visitors. I asked Ranks to go unlock the gate for my guest. I stood at an angle where I could see the gate. He unlocked the gate and Kea walked in. They greeted each other with smiles and that was it. He ushered Kea to the garden. I gave her a hug and she introduced herself to the other people. It was quite clear she didn’t know anyone there. My suspicions hit a rock. I was kinda relieved. The thought of sharing a man with her made me wanna relocate to Matatiele. I told them Kea’s man was a Motswana like them. They started asking where the guy was from and so on and so on. Kea seemed so clueless. It was like I knew Botswana far more than she did. Then something hit me, maybe she lied about her so-called man. These so-called fake bazalwane have a tendency of living in imaginary world. I strategically changed the topic to bail out Kea who couldn’t answer a single question about Botswana. I asked if I should dish for them and they said they were still full. I offered the guys one of Marcus’ whiskeys and they almost jumped with joy. The lady from Botswana was drinking 4th Street, South African alcohol of the year in 2015. It was a very cool chillas. Even the mozalwane Kea had a glass or 2 of wine. She went “it’s Jesus’ blood”. Hayi bo Kea mrena....bofebe fela.

We chilled at the garden until 11pm. By that time we were all drunk. There was no music whatsoever, we were just talking nje. Kea was the loudest. That’s what happens when bazalwane chicks are drunk. They guys had downed two bottles of whiskey. For some reason the topic turned sexual. I didn’t comment much because my bae was there. The lady from Botswana was leading it. She told us about how she once ran away from some Venda man because he had a big thing. She was like “may his soul rest in peace. That guy was gifted where it mattered most”. I had a feeling she was talking about Tshengi but didn’t wanna ask questions. I didn’t wanna mention that abuser’s name. The Botswana crew announced they wanted to leave. I told them to sleep over because they were too drunk to drive. The other guy told me he was used to driving under the influence of alcohol. That was the most stupid comment I ever heard. People think this drinking and driving thing is a joke. Hundreds of people lose their lives on the road because of drinking and driving. I told them the house was big enough to accommodate all of them. I fixed the 3 guest bedrooms for Kea and the 2 Botswana guests. They all retired to the bedrooms I allocated to them. When Ranks and I got to our bedroom I asked him to go take a quick shower because I wanted to blow him. Nigger protested but he had no choice. I didn’t wanna blow a ‘polluted’ cock. He went to the shower and I got undressed and hit the sheets. I wanted him to find me warm. The wine I had was making my clit dance with anticipation of the great performance ahead. Nigger took his time in the shower. By the time he fished I had lost appetite. He tried to touch me but I told him I had lost interest. Being a good man that he was, he cuddled and we slept. I passed out within 10 minutes. It’s so nice to pass out in your man’s arms. You get to have romantic dreams. Single girls dream about poverty and unemployment. 6-9 will humble

you. It stole my good sleep. I had to wake up because I was fokon pressed. To my surprise Ranks was not next to me. His side of the bed was cold to show he had been away for couple of minutes if not hours. I assumed he was in the loo. I checked my bathroom and he was not there. I checked the other stand-alone bathroom and he wasn't there. It was quite clear he was in one of the bedrooms. I felt a hot wave invading my head. I opened door to the bedroom the Botswana lady was sleeping in. She was sleeping peacefully alone. I did the same with the guy's bedroom, he was also sleeping peacefully alone. I had to pause for few seconds before opening Kea's bedroom. It was quite obvious my bae was in there.

I opened the door and

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

Episode 314

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I have said this before and I will say it again. Friends and people in your circle are normally the ones who will pull the biggest betrayals on you. it's even worse with us girls. Your girlfriend is 10 times more likely to sleep with your bae than the chick you hate, especially if you are the type that shares your happiness with the squad. One of the squad members will develop ambitions and before you know it she will be riding your man right under your nose. A friend will sleep with your man and still have the guts to look you in the eyes and say "chomi, you guys make a perfect couple. He was made for you". That's what I call first-class witchcraft. Kea wasn't really a close friend but because we used to share a flat in Sunnyside I regarded her as circle-mate. I knew she was no longer what she used to be but I never thought she would betray me. The room was dark but I could hear sounds coming from the bathroom. With the little visibility that I was afforded I could tell there was no one on the bed. The 'party' was happening in the bathroom. I wondered how they left the comfort of the Queen bed and went to do it in the bedroom. The only noise I could hear was that of Kea. She sounded like someone who was getting it from all angles. She screamed so well I felt some wetness annexing my underground features. Kuku ya ka ne e phapha nkare a rat on steroids. I stood in the middle of that bedroom planning my next move. I felt more betrayed by Ranks than Kea. I mean, after the relief I got when I learned Kea didn't know Ranks as I suspected, the last thing I wanted was to see or find them shagging. The worst part was it was happening in my crib. It's one thing for your man to cheat but when he does it under your roof it will give you double pains. I didn't expect it from Ranks. He literally woke from the bed we shared and went to chow another woman. It literally made me feel useless. Part of me regretted not giving it to him. I felt like it was my fault he went to chow Kea after I told denied him my vjayjay.

I decided to go open the bathroom door and deal with the situation like a woman. I pushed the lever down silently and gently. To my disappointment the toilet door was locked. I didn't understand why they locked the bathroom door. Luckily I had a spare key to that particular bathroom. I head to tiptoe back to my bedroom to fetch it. I almost died when I found Ranks in my bedroom looking like someone who lost something. We simultaneously asked "where were you?". I didn't expect to find him there and I think he was shocked when he didn't find me in the bedroom. He went "I am struggling to sleep. So I went to the car to fetch my tablet. I wanted to do some reading. I didn't wanna wake you up because you were sleeping peacefully. And yeah, my cock has been acting up since you said no". He said the last part with a naughty smile. I was like "I was shocked when I didn't find you next to me. So I went to

the other bedrooms looking for you. I thought you were sleeping with one of the girls. I practically checked room by room". He laughed and told me to trust him. He told me he was not the cheating type. I was like "as if you would tell me if you were cheating. All men are dogs with 3 legs". I was relieved he was not the one sweating with Kea but it left me with 100 questions. I was asking who Kea was busy with. I had checked all bedroom and all guests were sleeping alone. It was quite clear Kea had imported someone. I told Ranks about what I heard in the bedroom room Kea was sleeping in. I also told him I was planning to go there to end the party. He went "no my love, you can't do that. She is an adult and she can do whatever she wants. She doesn't need your permission to get laid". I understood very well she was an adult but she had no right whatsoever to bring her man in other people's house. That's being respectful. I wanted to go back to the bedroom but Ranks physically blocked my way. He told me to take a chill pill. Unfortunately he overpowered me and I ended up giving up. My heart was sore though.

Ranks said "actually I know exactly what you need. Come here my love". He embraced me in his macho arms and kissed me like it was our first. Maybe that was indeed what I needed because I smiled afterwards. He told me he loved me and I told him the feeling was mutual. Those words mean a lot when they are said around that time. He was like "you know what, you don't have to stress about what other people are doing in private. I can do to you what will make you smile the whole week". I thought he was talking about the kiss until he untied my robe and licked my well-founded nipples. I asked him what he was doing and he went "I am loving my woman". To guys who do not give their girlfriends' nipples attention, may God bless you with erectile dysfunctional. Well, it's understandable if your girlfriend's nipples look like a dick of a bat. My breasts grew in size and happiness as his tongue executed some skills on them. He slowly and kindly pushed my body to the bed and stretched my legs. He went "your vjay smells nice babe....". That was a weird compliment but I didn't give a damn. He knelt on the floor. He took one pillow and placed it between my bum and the bed. I think he wanted to achieve the elevation of my sacrosanct area. It was a good idea because the place that wanted attention was out there. When he licked my pubic area my blood felt was like taxis in Bree Street.....all over the place. I wanted to scream but I didn't want him to think I had reached the destination. I wanted us to have a reciprocally beneficial sexual 'tête-à-tête'. I wanted his tongue to have a conversation with my clit without any stuttering. When he finally landed his tip of the tongue on my clit I felt like I was flying without wings. My clit was singing 'hi ta famba moyeni'. He did it nice and slow. You know a guy is muffing you well when you start kinking and twisting your toes. Nigger muffed me so well my toes started doing those 'thwa thwa thwa' sounds. Tears of enjoying started flowing on my face. I wanted to tell him how much I loved but I literally forgot my language. When the coming came I found myself lifting my torso up and vibrating pulsatingly. I don't know how it happened but my toes somehow found their way to his ears. I had lost control of my body parts.

Had he not withdrawn his head on time I would have kicked the hell out of it. My legs were just moving without me controlling them. If your man has never made you go ephemerally crazy then you have a right to cheat on him. He must make you lose control of your senses momentarily. Just when I thought I had regained my composure nigger was on top of me. The next thing I felt his hard cock hitting the walls of my sexivated vjayjay. I spoke the language I didn't know. I just went "wah naku phara zome ka thuu mbaaaa waaa na xitombo". I had his body locked between my legs while he was hitting me very hard...hard in a soft way. Excuse the oxymoron. It was not my aim to engage in unprotected intercourse but some things are beyond our brain's jurisdiction. I was not thinking straight. It took him less than 5 minutes to make me come again. Thanks to the foreplay we had. Foreplay is like praying before eating. It adds that gush-gush effect to the shag. When he accelerated his waistic

jabbing pace I knew he was about to expel his virile seed. I uncuffed him from my legs and pulled my torso backwards. I think he read my message and he withdrew. His come hit my belly like a spring rain. He was going "amen amen amen amen amen amen amen". I don't understand why men go all religious when they come. Even niggers who don't go to church will be reciting Bible verses when coming. When all was done and dusted I pillowed my head on his sturdy chest. I passed out feeling like a million dollar babe. A post-good shag slumber is always the best. You feel like you are sleeping in a 5 star hotel. In the morning I woke with a huge smile on my face. Ranks was not next me. For some reason I thought nigger was in the kitchen sorting breakfast for me. Maybe that's what I wished for. I screamed "baby, I prefer my eggs scrambled. Juice neh...I don't want effervescent drinks". I was trying to impress bae with dictionary English lol. When I heard no response I decided to go check up on him. To my surprise the house was empty. Their car was gone. It was just me in the house. I quickly ran back to the bedroom to call Ranks to ask where he was. Before I could dial his number I noticed there was an sms from him.

"There is no easy way of saying this. I know you will be"

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 315

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

One of the struggles of being a girl is deciding 'if he is really the one'. Guys have it easy because they can sleep with 10 girls without getting attached. Guys can say 'I love you' without actually meaning. With us girls it's different because once we sleep with a guy we develop a sense of relationship. I am not talking about one-night-stands. I am talking about making love with someone who will call you the following day to tell he loves you. When a relationship is at stage we expect our bae to be around whenever we need him. To me my relationship with Ranks had reached a stage where I could confidently say he was my bae. It was still a new thing but deep inside me I believed he was going to marry me one day. I was cheating on him with Alex but I knew he was the one I wanted. He was the very same man who saved my life in Botswana after all. I had dreams of building a family with him. Those dreams were shattered by the content of his message. Every word was like a sword my heart. I read it with tears running down my cheeks. I couldn't believe someone I was deeply falling for could do such to me. I was hurting for having been so stupid to let him have my heart. I was so stupid to let him sleep with me without protection. I was so stupid to let someone who used to work for Tshengi have my heart. I sat on my bed looking at my phone hoping the message would miraculously change into something positive. I kept asking myself why he did what he did to me. Being heartbroken after a good shag will double your pain. Imagine expecting breakfast in bed only to be given something worse than a night in Sun City, the one in Naturena. His full SMS read "There is no easy way of saying this. I know you will be hurt but the pain will go away with time. I have decided to terminate our relationship. I lied about so many things and I don't think you deserve a liar like me. I was only with you because my wife and I were having problems. Last night we fixed our things and we are fine now. I am sorry I led you on. Oh by the way, I know you are sleeping with that old man you call your uncle. It was nice knowing you. Have an exciting life".

I lay on the bed and cried for hours. After crying I called Kea. I wanted to ask why she left without saying good bye. I understood the other 2 had probably left with Ranks but I couldn't understand why Kea was not there. My call went straight to her voicemail. I tried to call

Ranks and I got 'the number you called does not exist'. It was a network automated voice. It was at that stage that I knew he was really gone. My crying got louder and louder. I needed someone to talk to. So I called Selfie's mom. I didn't utter a word, I just cried and cried and cried. She went "my son please speak problem or talk. Go down on God because him help all problem of kinds. Cry but pray my son". That was actually the best advice one can receive. When you have a bigger problem like that the best thing to do would be to kneel down and communicate with the Man upstairs. I knelt down and prayed for more than 10 minutes. I asked God for strength and wisdom to approach the problem I was facing. I asked him to forgive Ranks for what he had done to me. I asked Him to protect girls who were likely to fall in the same trap I fell in. After praying I felt much stronger and spiritually uplifted. Never underestimate the power of prayer. After praying I took my Bible and found emotional succor in it. Within an hour my heart was at peace. I had accepted that I was played and there was nothing I could do about it. Because of prayer and inviting God in the problem I was facing, I didn't do stupid things like attempting to commit suicide. Most girls would have committed suicide in that situation. God will give you better solutions when you invite him in low moments in your life. I made my bed and did some spring cleaning. I didn't want Ranks to emotionally remote control me. I remembered I had a class that day but decided not to go. After cleaning I fixed myself some high protein meal and ate the hell out of it. I didn't wanna starve myself please some fool decided to leave me. I was wiser than that. My God was giving me the best advices ever. In fact, I told myself there that I should go to church every Sunday.

My mom called to ask what was wrong with me. I decided to tell her the truth. Instead of siding with me she threw salads at me. She told me I was so stupid to think a foreign man would make a good boyfriend for me. I told her he was not a foreigner because he was an African but she insulted me more. I was so pissed at her for doing that. I expected her to be motherly. I expected her to tell me all would be well. I was expected her to tell she loved me. But all my uncaring mom could do was to blame me for dating a non South African man. I hung up on her. I took a bath and decided to take a drive to clear my head. I drove for hours without knowing where I was going. I was on the N1 North. It clicked on me that I was going far when I passed the second tollgate. Instead of turning back I kept driving until I reached the City of Polokwane. For some reason the driving helped. Polokwane is like some 270-something kilometres from Pretoria and almost 90 kilometres to my hood Ga-Kgapane. I laughed thinking I actually drove home without planning. I thought to myself "maybe God is trying to tell me that I should go home". I hit the accelerator and headed to my hood. I didn't call my mom to tell her I was on my way. I was still angry at her for what she said earlier. When I got to my hood there was a car with the registration of Gauteng parked next to our gate. I didn't know the car but I could tell it was expensive. I parked the X5 not far from the gate and walked in. To my surprise I found Marcus and Alex's wife sitting in the lounge with my mother. The very first thing I thought was 'crap, Marcus is telling my mom about the rape I staged in Phillip Nel'. I didn't care about my mom but I didn't want Alex's wife to know about it. They all looked shocked to see me. They made me feel like an unwanted ghost. I greeted them and walked straight to my bedroom. I found a vibrator on my bed. It looked like it was on duty few minutes ago. Nxa I almost puked. It wondered if it was my new stepfather.

Marcus called me to the lounge. He asked how I was doing after the break up. Mxm my mom had told them. He went "your mom told me you were crying on the phone. So I drove straight here because your phone was off. I didn't even know you were coming to Limpopo today. Are you ok?". I didn't want to talk to them about my relationship problems so I just told him I was ok. He went "do you want me to tell your mom what happened before I left Pretoria?". I told him I was not ready to talk about it. I stood up and left the house. I was not

in a mood to talk about my relationship problems. I drove to Selfie's mom's place. She had just come back from work when I got to her place. She went "hayibo you cry and now is here my son. Did heart take break or what?". I told her I came home because I missed her. Selfie was so grown up and but he still referred to me as 'uncle'. I remembered my phone was off and switched it on. The second it was green I received a call from Alex. He started by saying "please tell me what's going on? I know my wife and Marcus are with your mother right now. Is it about the stupid rape crap you faked? If it is, you better call your mom and tell her Marcus is lying. I do not want to lose my family because of your stupid lie". I decided to maintain my cool and told him they were not there to talk about rape. He asked what they wanted and I told him to call and ask them. I told him I was also in Ga-Kgapane. He went "I am in Tzaneen. I was following Marcus and my wife but decided to come here when I realized they were heading to your place. I didn't know where to go. I was panicking". I wondered how he knew my place. I asked him where in Tzaneen he was and he told me at Fairview Lodge. I decided to drive there to clear my head. I didn't tell Selfie's mom where I was going. When I got to Fairview Lodge nigger was downing whiskeys like nobody's business. I asked him why he looked so stressed. He went "I don't want to lose my wife because of stupid things. Marcus has been giving me funny looks since I got to Limpopo yesterday. I think he told my wife about us because she is not talking to me. Even today they just left without informing me. I think something is up". I went "next time if you don't want such things you must be faithful to your wife. It's not like you will die if you don't cheat". Sometimes I think men think they will die if they don't cheat. He ordered me Vodka and I joined the drinking. When we got drunk we forgot about our life problems and started talking about our cheating ship. Nigger was telling me how he didn't care if his wife left him because he had me in his life. He was like "actually, I booked a room here. Let's go have sex my person. You make me feel young". Before I could respond I saw his wife walking straight to us. Marcus and my mother were walking behind her. When Alex saw them he went "look at those two baboons ha ha ha ha ha ha". I think it was alcohol talking.

"WTF!!!! Bloody tracker....."

BOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 316

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

You can do whole lot of mawaza but not in front of your mother. No mother wants to raise her mother only for her to become a hoe when she grows up. My mother wasn't a good role model but she deserved respect. There are some things that I did that I didn't want her to see. It wasn't my intention for her to know what I was doing with Alex. Imagine your mom finding out you are shagging a man old enough to be her sugar daddy. I was also so shamed because I had told Marcus that Alex tried to rape me. Finally, I knew it was gonna be the beginning of problems for Alex and his wife's marriage. It was difficult to cook another story because Alex was holding my hand like that of his lover. I immediately withdrew my hand from his capture and acted all innocent. I saw Alex's wife turning maroon on the face and almost ran for life. I whispered to myself "hier kom kak". Alex didn't seem concerned about what was happening. He was busy mumbling things that didn't make sense. Marcus gave me a very piercing look. I could see disappointment and anger on his face. Alex drunkenly said "my people of the South. Let there be peace in the Middle East. My people are here. I will drink to that". Nigger was so drunk he couldn't even stand up properly. His wife shook

her head and walked towards us. Marcus limped towards us too. Alex's wife pushed her hubby to the ground and kicked him twice. I went "Mrs Mboweni it it it it it is not what you are thinking. I came here to chill with my friends and found your husband here. He invited me to sit with him and I agreed. There is nothing wrong with me sitting with him right?". She looked at me like I was the reason Judas betrayed Jesus. The next thing she attempted to chokeslam me. Luckily I was too active for her. I jumped to the other side of the table. I had two options, to run for my life or fight. Running away was gonna turn me into a fugitive. I couldn't risk fighting with her because I didn't want scars on my beautiful yellow skin. I ran and hid behind my mom. It was a risky move because I knew my mom was a sellout. I knew chances of her defending me were minus 2.

Alex's wife tried to come after me but my mom told her not to even try. That was a surprise move by mommy dearest. I didn't expect it from her. She was like "mosadi, this is my daughter that I carried for 9 months. Do you think I will let you turn her into a punching bag in front of me? You must be smoking pot thru your socks mosadi ke wena. Touch her I will bury you alive right here". I think my mom's words caught them off guard. Alex's wife was expecting my mom to take her side. Marcus tried to be the voice of reason. He was like "I don't think this is the right place to do this. Let's go back to Makoma's place and sort this like adults. We can't be fighting in a public area like this". I was the first to agree with Marcus. My mom supported the suggestion. Alex's wife was also in agreement but I could see she was still fuming. All she wanted was to beat the hell out of me. The love I felt for my mom at that moment was priceless. Alex went "you can go, I will follow you later. I need to be sober up before driving". True to his words, he didn't follow us to the parking area. His wife followed him to wherever he was heading to. I kinda felt guilty about everything. My mom and Marcus used the other car and I drove alone in the X5. I was glad Alex and his wife remained behind because I was not ready for drama and interrogation. When we got to my home my mom and Marcus sat me down. Before they could ask questions I decided to go first. I went "Uncle Marcus, I lied about Alex wanting to rape me. He promised to buy me a car in return for sleeping with him. I didn't sleep with him and I will never sleep with him. I know I wronged you by lying to you and I sincerely apologise. I know from today you will want nothing to do with me and accept whatever punishment you want to apply to me. I will look for a new place when I get back to Pretoria. Mommy, I love you very much. Please don't be angry at me. It's just that you don't understand what's going on. Alex is...he is promising me things that you cannot afford to give me. I will never do anything with him but....".

My 'but' was accompanied by a very warm slap on my face from my mom. She wanted to give me another one but Marcus came to my rescue. She shouted "you should be ashamed of yourself. Alex is far older than your father but you share a bed with him. Is the money I give you not enough? You stay at your uncle's house for free, you eat and do everything for free but you still go and sleep with old men for money. What has gotten into you young woman? Are you trying to kill me with a heart attack? Is this how you thank Marcus for being good to you? How can you sleep with Alex of all people? You are such a disgrace". I looked and listened to her as she gave me that long lecture. She spoke as if she was an angel. She was an apple tree and I was an apple. She had no right to talk as if she was clean. Marcus went "Sharon, I don't blame you. I think it's my fault that I introduced you to my uncle. He has done this before to other members of my family. He hasn't done it in ages and I thought he had stopped. I am glad you didn't sleep with him. I will make sure he doesn't come close to you ever again. All I want is for you to promise you will never talk to him". I was so relieved Marcus didn't blame me. The soft spot he had for me was softer than the sponge. I promised him I would never ever let Alex anywhere next to me. My mom didn't seem convinced but I didn't care. I asked if they minded if I took a walk to clear my head and my

mom went “you can go for good, I don’t mind”. I didn’t wait for her to throw more salads at me. I left the house for my walk. I didn’t have any friends at my hood, so I went to visit Selfie’s mom. Pity she wasn’t around when I got to her place and her phone was off. I had no choice but to walk back to my place. It was getting dark, so I walked as fast as I could because I didn’t wanna be mugged by fools. The car Marcus and my mom used was still at my crib but they were nowhere to be seen. I went to look for my mom in her bedroom but it was locked. ‘Nxa’ was all I could say.

I took a bath and watched TV. It was a bit hot so I wore the shortest shorts ever. My thighs were out there. The doctor ‘friend’ of my mother brought my little brother around 9pm. I was so happy to see the little guy. The more he grew up was the more he looked like the doctor. Nigger asked where my mother was and I told him she was out with friends. He asked about the cars outside and I went “why so many questions? Do I look like accused number 9?”. Nigger’s eyes were fixed at my mom’s bedroom door. He asked to talk to me outside, in private. In my mind I thought he wanted to ask about my mom. Nigger was like “please don’t tell your mom. I would love to take you out tomorrow. I think we have a lot to talk about”. I almost lost it but I decided to be a good girl and respect adults. I asked him where he wanted us to meet and he went “Hotel @Tzaneen at 14h00 tomorrow”. He handed me money for transport and gave me room number. Nigger couldn’t get his eyes off my thighs. Men will always be ‘mekotoyi’ ka mmao. He gave me his number and told me to give him a call before leaving my crib the following day. I gave the R200 he gave me to my little brother. I played games with my lil bro until he passed out. I don’t know if my ears were playing games with me but I think I heard some funny sounds coming from my mom’s bedroom. I slept with ear sets in my ears that night because I didn’t wanna hear those sounds. I woke up around 11h59am the following day. The car Marcus used was not there anymore. My mom was in the kitchen cooking and dancing to Sinako Dance music. She sounded like someone who had it all. I asked where Marcus was and she went “he left last night just before you came back from your walk. Didn’t he call you?”. Mxm she was lying though her white teeth. I decided to be honest with my mom for the first time in ages. I told her about what the doctor did the previous. I have never seen her that angry. I didn’t understand whether she was angry about him cheating on her or the fact that he was hitting on her daughter. I told her if she didn’t believe she was welcome to go with me to the hotel at 14h00. She immediately left her pots and went to take a bath. I bathed after her and we drove to Selfie’s mom to drop my little bro. From there we headed straight to Tzaneen. The way she was so angry she didn’t even say a word to me. I SMS’d the doctor to tell him I was on my way. Nigger asked how far and I told him ‘20 minutes’. He replied with “I am not at the hotel yet. Grab something at Spur and I will call you when I there. I am sorry for the inconvenience”. Ssshhiit.....I couldn’t tell my mom what he texted because I was scared she would think I was playing her. Showing her the texts was also out of the equation. I thought to myself “Damn....we will drive to the hotel anyway. He’ll find us there”. There was nothing better I could think of. Just as we were parking the car at the hotel my mom went “WHAT THE FU#k!!!!!!”. She got out of the car and sprinted towards some Mercedes-Benz.

I threw there my eyes around and saw the doctor and another girl young enough to my little sister. My mom

B0000000>>>>MMMM

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 317

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There is nothing disappointing like your mom acting like a hoe in a public place. The reason I took her to the hotel was to prove the nigger was not to be trusted. I wanted to show her the kind of person she was dealing with. I was not expecting her to go all Zodwa in public. The worst part was the fact that there were people all over and they were watching everything unfolding. I think the more my mom grew was the more she developed bokompo. People from Limpopo know what bokompo is. But I never thought I would live to see a day where my mom fights for a man who was not hers. We live in times where side chicks fight other side chicks for a man who is not theirs. Re phela masepa thwii. I opened the window and screamed "mmawe, mma please come back to the car". She didn't hear a word I said, she opened the back door of the Merc and got it. The girl occupied the front and the doctor was behind the wheel. I didn't wait to see what happened next, I reversed the car and hit a slyza tsotsa. I drove straight home. Part of me felt guilty because I was the reason she went to Tzaneen. 2 hours at home and still there was no sign of her. I started getting worried. I couldn't stop thinking about that young girl beating the hell out of my poor mom. I called her phone and it was off. I decided to get off my ass and go look for her. I drove back to Tzaneen hoping to bump into her somewhere because Tzaneen is a small town. She was nowhere to be seen. I drove back home with a dark heart. Few metres from my crib I saw the doctor's Merc next to our gate. I parked the X5 behind it and walked to the house. From outside the house I could hear my mom screaming. My mom was an award winning screamer. She was one of those women who could scream in Braamfontein to attract attention of people in Parktown. At first I couldn't hear clearly what she was screaming about. I had to walk a bit closer to the house to give my ears a good hear. Her screaming was interrupted by sporadic sobs. I could tell she was hurting.

I heard her saying "you are the reason my husband is dead and this is how you gonna treat me. If he had not found about the kid he would still be alive". I tried to link how Piet died and any possible link to the doctor but couldn't find any. My mom continued "you promised to leave your wife for me and guess what? I am still a mere side chicken....perhaps a side ostrich for you since you are after kids these days. To top it you wanted to sleep with my own daughter. What has gotten into you? Are you tired of my punani?". That was it, I couldn't listen to her anymore. I opened the door and walked into the house. My mom's top was torn like she just had a fight with a gay gorilla. The doctor looked as if he was playing soccer on a dusty soccer ground in Diepsloot. I asked them what was going on and the doctor went "we were just arguing about work stuff. Nothing important". I was like "do you work for a construction company? You look like someone who was building RDP toilets". He faked a smile and told me they were ok. I think my presence gave him an opportunity to leave. I couldn't keep what I heard in my heart. I told my mom I heard what she said about my father dying and something about the kid. My mom looked at me and went "Exodus chapter 20 verse 12 – Honour your father and your mother so you can live long in the land the Lord your father is giving you. Amen". With that she headed to her bedroom. I think it was her way of telling me she didn't wanna talk about it. I was not ready to let it go. I went to her bedroom and knocked. I told her I needed answers or would leave for good. She screamed "your leaving will be a blessing in disguise. I am tired of being disrespected by you in my own house. You have sugar daddies these days akere. You can go to your Alex. I don't give a millipede's nose". I knocked harder on the door. I just wanted to irritate her nje. The next thing I heard my little brother's voiced asking if I was ok. His sweet voice was followed by Selfie's mother's. She went "why you ko ko ko ko on door very high? Is everytime ok my son?". I ignored her and went to lock myself in my bedroom.

I was so disgusted by my mom's actions. Tears started flowing on my face when I heard my little brother crying. I think he was confused by everything that was happening that day. I

unlocked my door and told him to come sleep with me. He wiped his tears and joined me in bed. Within few minutes the little man passed out. I took off his clothes because it was a bit hot. Limpopo heat will make your cliff melt mrena. Yho the little boy was gifted in the right place. His nunu was almost the same size of my Zulu ex Dumi. I slept peacefully that night. Maybe it was because I slept next to someone I loved wholeheartedly. I didn't do much until Friday. My mom had hidden my phone, ID, car key and cards. We were not on talking terms. I broke the silence on Friday afternoon and apologized for disrespecting her. Parents are like that, they will expect you to apologise even though they are on the wrong side of things. I just did it for peace and my brother's sake. I didn't mean a word I said. After my fake apology she returned my stuff. She told me she was going to Marcus' relative's funeral and would be back the following. Luckily she didn't force me to go with her. I was not in a mood to go to village funerals. She asked me to take care of my little brother. I think she deliberately asked me to babysit because she didn't want me to go anywhere. It was like she knew I was tired of being indoors. 40 minutes after she left her doctor boyfriend came. If it was not for my little brother I would have beaten him up right there. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I came to see your mom. I want to apologise for what happened yesterday". I told him my mom was not around. He asked to speak to me in private and I said no. I didn't want to entertain his stupidity. Even my little brother was not happy to see him. Maybe he was sensing something. Nigger put his tail between the legs and left.

I so wanted to go out and have a drink but I couldn't leave my little brother alone. I had no choice but to be indoors babysitting the whole night. The following morning I received a call from Alex around 7am. He told me he missed me. I told him I didn't wanna talk to him because of what happened in Tzaneen. He went "I am so disappointed in you. Are you really gonna let another woman win this battle? You are still young and happening. Don't let my old wife take away the joy you gonna have. You must remember that you still have my card and I am still going to buy you a car". He kinda made sense. One little swallow doesn't necessarily mean summer has arrived. I couldn't let my chance to have a car slip because some wife was mad because her husband was cheating. It's not like I had feelings for Alex. Our relationship was of symbiotic nature. He gave money and other things and I slept with him in return. He told me he was on his way. I asked about the funeral and he went "the corpse will go down with or without me. It's not like I hold the key to the grave. And no one is talking to me here. I just want to leave them in peace". I told him my little brother was around and he told me to make a plan. I called Selfie's mom to ask if I could take the little man to her place and she agreed. My little brother was so excited at the idea of playing with Selfie. After dropping him I took a bath and waited for Alex to pop. He popped after an hour or so. Nigger wasn't driving his car. He was being driven by some guy in a Picanto. I asked him where his car was and he told me "it's a long story". He paid the Picanto guy and thanked his services. He was like "take your little things. We are going back to Gauteng". I wanted to say no but nigger told me he had a huge surprise for me in Gauteng. In my mind the surprise was a car. Unluckily nigger didn't wanna say a word about the surprise. I didn't have to pack anything, I locked the house and we hit the road. I didn't even call my mom to tell her I left. I knew she wouldn't approve. While driving I updated a Facebook status - "1 Series or A-Class or Mini Cooper? God be showering me with blessings". Only if my Facebook friends knew the god I was talking about was situated between my thighs. When we got to Pretoria Alex told me he wanted to fetch something from his son in Centurion. I didn't even know he had a son in Centurion. He was like "I had the boy long time ago. It was one of those one-night-stand situations. His mom is married somewhere in Tembisa. The boy is such a player like his father. He has girls like dust. If he's not careful he'll die young". Mxm some men don't wanna grow up. He was proud of stupid things. We got to some residential complex in Centurion

and Alex made a call to tell his so-called son to come to the gate.

Within few minutes a tall, dark and handsome hunk appeared. I got wet on the spot.....

BOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 318

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I don't know why but I was expected some ugly son of a mgodoyi. When he mentioned his son was conceived during a one-night-stand I didn't expect to see such a fine brother. Most kids who were conceived during one night stand come out ugly or stupid. If you are ugly or stupid, demand answers from your mother mtase. The same goes for kids conceived under the influence of 'imbiza'. If you don't believe me go to places such as Manguzi in KZN. Alex was a bit old but whenever I took a closer look at him I could see he was a charmer during his youth days. Maybe that was the reason his one night stand produced something positively different. The guy headed straight to my side. His eyes were glued at me like a fly eyeing a winter \$hit. I wanted to open the window but my hand froze. Alex went "he is my son. I can see you are charmed. It runs in the family blood". Mxm his stupid words made me regain the control of my senses. I opened the window and nigger handed me some box to pass to his father. I almost dropped it because I was shaking. He went "my name is Nightboy Mboweni. You must be Sharon Letsoalo. My father speaks highly of you". I tried to control myself but failed. His name was the funniest thing I have heard in age. I know Tsonga parents give their kids funny names but that one took the cup. He asked me why I was laughing and I decided to be honest with him. I told him his name was the funniest thing I ever heard. Luckily he didn't get offended. I think he was used to people laughing at his funny name. I think he was given the name because he was a product of one-night-stand. It kinda made sense. His father went "Nightie, don't even think about it. This person might be your mother tomorrow and you are busy flirting with her. Where are your manners little man?". He told his father that he was not flirting but being friendly to his future family. He asked to use his father's phone to make a call. Alex gave him the phone and nigger shifted a bit to make a call. It took him about 3 minutes. I don't know why but nigger kept smiling like someone who just landed his hand on something he wanted badly.

Alex and I are left. I went "why do you say your son is a player? He appeared like a pretty cool dude to me". Alex laughed and told me he was disappointed I fell for his son's fake act. I decided not to ask further questions. I didn't want him to see I was charmed. One common mistake sugar baes make is making their sugar daddies jealous. When niggers get jealous they don't spend to their maximum potential. I didn't want to ruin my chances of being rewarded accordingly. I went "babe, where is the surprise? You said you have a surprise for me". He told me to be patient. From Centurion we drove to Sunnyside. I asked why we were driving to Sunnyside and he told me to relax and stop asking endless questions. He directed me to park the car at Joubert Street, right in front of the flat I used to stay at with Kea. Seeing the place made me think of the bad naughty days. I asked if he knew someone there. He went "this will be your new home. The apartmenti think on the 4th floor is owned by one of my business associates. It has been empty for quite some time. He told me I can use it. So it's gonna be your home until I find you a suitable townhouse in Midrand or Centurion". I was so happy I was finally getting my freedom. I asked if I would be staying alone and he went "no you will be staying with my wife and our kids. Yes dummy, you will be staying alone. I don't want to sneak in anymore. You must tell Marcus you are moving out when he comes

back. Now we just have to go buy you a suitable bed. I don't want to sleep on an old bed. There rests of the things are there....fridge, tv and alles". The security guard at the gate remembered me very well. I acted as if it was the first time I saw him. I didn't want Alex to know I used to stay there. We went up to the apartment and I loved it. The TV and fridge were huge. I agreed with Alex that I needed a new bed. We went to the CBD to buy a new bed and grocery. I wanted to go fetch my stuff at Phillip Nel but Alex told me to take things one step at a time.

"You still have a lot to learn about life. Don't bite the hand that feeds you my little girl. I might die tomorrow and you will need Marcus. You need to sit down with him and explain you want to learn to be independent. Don't just move out without his permission. Do you hear me?" He made sense, the last thing I wanted was to burn bridges. After buying everything Alex wanted a shag. My phone rang while he was trying to touch me. It was a private number. It was a number I didn't know. I wanted to ignore it but Alex told me to answer. I answered and the caller went "please don't hung up. It's Nightie....Nightboy. I stole your number from my father's phone. If you are still with him please just pretend you are talking to a girl". Lol hayi some families are full of mawaza straight. I went "hey girl, how are you? Long time no see hle. I miss you". Nightie told me he has not stopped thinking about me since I left Centurion. He went on and on about how charmed he was and the fact that I shouldn't be wasting time with an old man like his father. I went "so when do you want us to meet girlfriend? I am with bae in Sunnyside right now but I am sure he won't mind to let me go have fun with my favourite girl". Nightie told me he would send me an SMS with details of where to meet. I was like "cool girlfriend. I am so looking forward to seeing you again". After the call I told Alex one of my old friends wanted to meet for drinks. He was like "if it's a girl you can go. I don't mind. As long as you promise she won't hook you up with other men". I smiled and told him I was on my periods so there was no way I was gonna do something stupid. That was my way of not wanting to sleep with Alex. He went "periods? Are you sick or what? You were on periods not long ago mos. Why are you always licking? Awunyi perhaps?". I told him my cycle was irregular due to hormonal imbalances. I don't even know what I meant by that. It sounded like a good thing to say and nigger believed me.

Alex asked me to drop him at Gautrain Station. I told him I didn't mind to drive to Sandton. He told me not to stress. I think he was angry he didn't get laid. He was probably going to another side chick. Sugar daddies are not the type to stick to one girl. They normally have more than 3. When you start being tjatjarag they cut you off just like that. While driving Alex to Gautrain station I received an SMS from Nightie telling me he was on his way to Sunnyside. He told me to meet him at Cubana. I was glad he chose a decent place to meet. I wasn't gonna go had he chosen a place like KFC or Stevovo. Sometimes a girl must have class. I dropped Alex at the station and immediately headed to Phillip Nel. I wanted to wear something for Saturday night, if you know what I mean. Competition is tough at Cubana. You don't wanna go there looking like you are visiting your catholic grandmother. After about 30 minutes Nightie called to tell me he was at Cubana. I told him to give me about 30 minutes because I was still sorting out some issues. I took a quick shower. I rocked my black Sissy Boy pants and a white top. I just wanted to look simple nyana. I didn't wanna make Sunnyside crowd feel small lol. I rocked my heels and off I went. I called Alex told ask him about the car. I was like "now that I won't have access to Marcus' car what's gonna happen? I don't wanna be a pedestrian". Nigger went "we will talk when you are done with your periods. Bye bye". Lol he was being so petty shem. I decided to let it go. When I got to Sunnyside I texted Nightie to tell him I was around. He directed me to where he was sitting. I loved his fashion game...formal shoes, pants and a slim fit shirt. He looked like Woolies food. He was drinking Hennessy and I ordered wine. I was craving red wine. He got shocked when

I told him I stayed with Marcus. He thought I stayed with Marcus because of his father. I had to explain the whole situation to him. He told me he wasn't really close to his father's family, one of the reasons he didn't go to the funeral. He asked what I was doing with an old man and I went "he takes good care of me. It has nothing to do with love. I sleep with him and he gives me money". My answer caught him off guard. I think he expected me to defend my decision to ride an older guy like most girls do. I asked if he was seeing someone. He went "I am with a psycho baby mama but things are not going well". I was not surprised, most relationships crumble after the birth of a baby. It has become very fashionable. Soon there will be more stepparents than parents. His company wasn't boring. We chilled at Cubana until around 9pm. He went "I think we should change the spot. I feel like dancing. Let's go to TopFlo. I seconded his suggestion. Immediately after exiting Cubana a female voice went

"Our baby doesn't have nappies and you are here gallivanting with yellow bones!!!! Ko mo trappa a nyele right in front of you"

WTF...BOOOOOM!!!!!!

- THE END

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Kenya has The Big 5; African Lion, African Elephant, Cape Buffalo, African Leopard and Rhinoceros. South Africa has the Big 6; African Lion, African Elephant, Cape Buffalo, African Leopard, Rhinoceros and Baby Mama. I am not saying Baby Mama is the most dangerous animal of them all, but it is very dangerous. Insecure baby mamas should put signs written 'You Enter At Your Own Risk' on their men's foreheads. I am not talking about normal baby mamas, I am talking about those baby mamas who think having a baby with a guy gives them a license to lose their brains. If you mess with their men they will panelbeat the hell out of you. Nightie knew his baby mama very well. He made it a point that he stood between us to avoid any physical confrontation. She was throwing her eyes all over the ground. I could tell she was looking for a bottle or anything to hit me with. She was like "this is my man and no one will take him from me. He is the father of my baby. I am his wife. Who the hell do you think you are? You can't just come here with your big butt and take my hubby? One of us will sleep in a mortuary tonight". All her insults and anger were directed at me. She didn't say anything about her man. That is a weakness most women have. 98% of the women your man cheated you with were approached by him. He lied to some of them that he was single. They dated him thinking he was a single man. The biggest mistake us women make is attacking the branches and leaves instead of dealing with the roots. I went "Nightie, I will have to go. I cannot stand this nonsense, not especially in public like this. What will people say when people see me the following day". His baby mama was trying her best to escape from his arms to come beat me up. She started screaming like a mad person. I couldn't stand that crap anymore. I saw a loophole and ran for my life. I didn't wanna be all over social media the following day for wrong reasons. There was no way I was gonna stand there to be humiliated by that psycho.

When I got to the car I lay my head on the steering wheel and cried. It sucks when everything and everyone you touch turns into a disaster. I mean, my night was going

well and Nightie was such a cool guy. I was looking forward to turning up with him at TopFlo. That witch had to come and spoil my night just like that. I didn't even know what she was doing in Sunnyside that time of the night. She was probably following her baby daddy to see what he was up to. Mxm some girls lack pride straight. I didn't feel like going home, so I called JT to ask where she was. She told me she was at Industrial with some hoes and dogs. I asked why she went to Industrial without telling me. She was like "ntwana nkare wa lebala gore ga ke di bethi le wena. Anyway, ke kreile file ya gore o ko Limpopo. Ne ke denka gore o dah le nou. Dintshang sfebe sa Modimo? O fasitswe ke mang vandag (you seem to forget I am not dating you. I got information that you were in Limpopo. I thought you were still there. What's up? Who is hooking up with you tonight)?" I told her I was bored alone somewhere in Sunnyside. She invited me to Industrial. The thought of going there made me crave their fish and liver. I got hungry on the spot. I parked the car inside SunnyPark and walked to Industrial. As usual the walk between SunnyPark and Industrial were disturbed by dozens of niggers trying their luck on me. Some of them were with their girlfriends but they still tried to score on me. If your boyfriend does that in front of you call Nkabinde of Isibaya and ask him to turn the bloody dog into a setlotlwane (zombie). Some guys lack respect. You can't be shopping while you have your own merchandise. I didn't have to call to ask where JT was sitting because I knew her usual spot. She was with 2 girls and 2 guys. She was not a fan of introductions. She didn't even tell me who the girls were. I was just glad it was not Thobile or Aluwani. I was gonna leave. I didn't wanna be in the same space as those hoes. JT asked if I wanted a drink and I told her I would have wine. I wanted continuation of what I was having at Cubana. Don't call me a hoe, but my plan was to get a riding from Nightie. I didn't care if it was the first time we met. Bottom line was nigger was hot and I was going to give it to him. Pity that mmadibekwana had to disturb us.

JT bought me a bottle of red wine and the drinking continued. My phone rang and it was Nightie. I ran to the parking area to answer. He went "I am very sorry about what happened. I am glad you left before she became Mike Tyson on you. I told you she was a psycho". My biggest question was why he was still with her if he knew she was a psycho. He told me it was a very long story and he didn't have time to explain at that stage. I asked where he was and he told me at his place in Centurion. I asked where she was and he told me she went to fetch the baby from one of their neighbours. Yho some girls have a liver. How do you leave your kid with neighbours just to go on a stalking spree? Why stalk your man in the first place. A dog will always be a dog. You can follow it everywhere but if it wants to eat kak it will do so. Following a guy everywhere will only increase your stress levels. I told him I was at Industrial with some friends and he told me he would come after an hour or so. I asked how he was gonna come when his bodyguard was there. He went "I know how to deal with her. I will call you when I come. Just make sure your phone is on". We ended our conversation there. I went back to the crew and continued with the drinking. The more I drank was the more I became talkative. JT was flirting with both girls. I think all of them were her girlfriends. The other guys were talking to me. They were not trying to hit on me or anything. I went "JT, which one is yours here?". She looked at me with that trademark mischievous smile and went "ke ba tabola kaofela ntwana. If Mswati and Zuma can do I, why not JT? Ke nja ya satan Ntwana. My next target is Babes Wodumo. Ke batla go mo shapa ka JT mujo. Awe!!!! (I am chowing both of them. I am THE MAN ". Lol the girls didn't seem bothered by the fact that JT was riding both of them. I think they liked it because they kept brushing her shoulders.

She was a high note player.

An hour passed without Nightie calling to tell me he was coming. I decided to give up on him. He probably failed to make an exit plan. Why do players make babies with psychos thou? The DJ dropped hot numbers and I found myself on the dance floor mixing my legs. Industrial will never disappoint you. JT was dancing with his girls and I was dancing with the 2 guys. I was having the time of my life. I even forgot about Nightie. He was paraffin under the bridge. We danced until Industrial closed at 2am. I realized around that time that JT had disappeared. It was just me and those two guys. They went to look for her car and it was gone. It was unlike JT to disappear on me just like that. Maybe she too hot and couldn't wait any second. She wanted to get laid. Plus her girls were very hot. She was not a fan of ugly girls. One of the guys wanted to call a cab. I think they didn't think I was driving. I guess they were one of those niggers who thought girls my age cannot drive. I told him I had a car and didn't mind dropping them if they didn't stay far. I trusted them because they were JT's boys. I knew they wouldn't risk ruining their friendship with JT. They told me they stayed in Soshanguve. I told them Sosha was very far. I tried to call JT but her phone was off. When we got to the car one of them said he didn't feel like sleeping. I told him all places were closed in Pretoria. He suggested that we go to some place in Mamelodi. Apparently it operated the whole night. He went "you don't have to take us to Sosha. We can go drink the whole night in Mamelodi". As much as I wanted to turn up I couldn't risk taking Marcus' car there under the influence of alcohol. I was surprised he had not called to ask why his car was in Pretoria. He proly thought I was still in Ga-Kgapane. I told the guys they can crash at my flat as long as they promised to leave early in the morning. I didn't want Alex to get there only to find niggers sleeping on the bed he was still to sleep on. I drove them to my new flat. When we got there I remembered I saw some bottles of wine. I opened one and poured myself a glass. The aim was to drink one and then head to Phillip Nel. One glass led to another and then another and then the bottle was finished. I didn't finish it alone, the guys were drinking too. We opened the second bottle and downed it. When one of the guys opened the 3rd bottle I was sloshed. I told them I was leaving. I couldn't even walk property the way I was sloshed. They told me they couldn't let me drive in that state. Nigger carried me and lay me on the bed, with my shoes on. The next thing niggers joined me.

I drunkenly asked "DO YOU WANT A FOURSOME?"

BOOOOOOMMMMM.....

THE END

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When people are drunk they don't take life seriously. I was worse because alcohol took control of my senses. Most of the mistakes I made in life were because of alcohol and thoughtlessness. Alcohol is like that uneducated aunt that always advises you to do things that land you in trouble. I mean, who sleeps on a bed with two guys you have never met before? I didn't even know whether the guys were ex-cons or fugitives. When you are drunk such things do not seem as risks. Alcohol will give you the Biblical Samson's powers. One of the

guys was like "what do you mean foursome because it's just the 3 of us? Do you have a tokoloshi stashed somewhere in your flat?". I told him he actually looked like my neighbour's tokoloshi. I asked him if he wasn't by any chance related to some tokoloshi in Limpopo. The other dude cracked like nobody's business. I was like "I meant Four Cousins. I want more wine. I am so drunk my tongue is loose. I want to buy a new tongue tomorrow". I said that with my eyes closed. I remotely heard one guy telling the other one that I was dead drunk. I passed out. I don't know how long I slept but when I opened my eyes I felt less drunk. Before passing out I was sleeping in the middle. But when I opened my eyes my position had changed. I didn't move or make any sound. The light was off and the room was pitch black. I heard the sound of people kissing next to me. Jan neh, now I believe it when they say half of the males in Pretoria are either gay or bi. Niggers didn't show any signs of being gay. I was convinced they were straight. It clicked to me that the reason JT had 2 chicks to herself was because she didn't have back up. I decided to sleep still to let them finish their business. It was the second time in few weeks that I had to witness gay niggers doing things. When they were done with their business one of them went to the loo. I opened my eyes fully and whispered "I saw what you did. I didn't know you guys were....you know". He laughed lightly and told me not to tell anyone because he was still in the closet. I told him his secret was safe for me. it's not like I knew people he knew.

I went back to lala land. I felt safer because I knew there was no harm. I even wrapped my arm around him. I knew he was one of us in Bathabile Dlamini's camp. Early in the morning I was woken by JT's call. She went "eish ntwana hardy about last night. Ne ke downile masepa. Ne ke batla go ja motete so bad. That's why ke vaile early nyana. Sorry ntwana maan. Entlik, wa cava gore dai stabanes ba fleets kae gisters? Ke zama go ba bhelela but mawelewele a bona off (sorry about last night. I was to get laid badly. That's why I left early. Do you know what happened to those gay guys? I am trying to call them but their phones are off)". Lol JT and inventing words!!!! WTF is lewelewele? I told her they slept at my flat in Sunnyside. She was angry I moved to Sunnyside without informing her. I told her it was a decision taken hastily by mom because she wanted to teach me to be independent. JT was like "shem ke utlwela kuku ya gago (I feel for your vjayjay). I know it will be the biggest victim of your move. Ntwana tlogela bofebe please. Why o sa nne mo-Z or something? Gape kuku ya gago e jewa nkare ke Bafana Bafana kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa (stop whoring. Why don't you become a ZCC member or something? Your vjayjay gets chowed like Bafana Bafana)". I think JT is the person who stole South Africa's chill and sold it to the Chinese. I didn't find her shade offensive because I knew she didn't mean a word she said. She was my best friends after all. She asked where in Sunnyside I was staying and I told her my old address. She went "the one ya magic garage? Eish ntwana sale ka o jela ko garage wa rota sweet aid ki ki ki ki (I once chowed you in the garage until you pissed sweet aid)". Lol she was in a good mood. I think it had everything to do with the threesome she had. She told me she would come fetch the guys in less than 30 minutes. I woke up the guys to tell them JT was on her way to fetch them. They told me they had headaches. I almost said something offensive. After about 30 minutes JT called to tell me she was downstairs to fetch them. I told them to voetsek. I didn't even benefit from their presence. They shagged right in front of me without offering a piece of their meat lol. As soon as they left I freshened up and left for Phillip Nel. I wanted to work on a strategy to tell Marcus I was leaving his place. I didn't want to cause beef between us.

I was shocked to find Marcus at Phillip Nel. He was with some lady I didn't recognize. He didn't smile or greet back when I greeted him. I could see something was wrong. I walked up to my bedroom to find all my stuff packed in boxes. I went back downstairs to ask Marcus what was going on. He told the lady he was with to give us some privacy. He went "I cannot

do this anymore. I tried and failed. You need Jesus in your life Sharon. You hardly listen to anything your mom and I tell you. You always do the opposite. I told you to stay away from my uncle but you still go after him. Yesterday you were supposed to take care of your brother but you left him at home and drove back to Pretoria with Alex in my car. Bring back the keys and take your stuff. I don't care where you go. You and I will talk when you decide to grow up. I don't wanna die early because of you. Even God can testify that I tried my best. Even your mom agrees with me". To my surprise, I wasn't shocked about his decision. He actually made my situation a bit easy. I didn't have to cook up a story about wanting to stay alone blah blah blah. He did it for me. I hated the fact that he was acting all holy while changing girls left right and centre. Mxm what a hypocrite. I went "it's ok uncle Marcus. Thanks for being there for me whenever I needed you. I am a big girl and the jungle won't swallow me. I will survive out there. One piece of advice, maybe you should stick to one woman. Since Pearl left you have become a male version of a whore. Maybe if you stop this tendency I will start listening when you talk". With that I went back to soon to be my former bedroom to make sure everything was packed nicely. I called Alex to tell him what happened. He told me he couldn't talk because his wife was around and very angry. Mxm like I cared about her little plastic emotions. I had to make a plan to have my things moved to Sunnyside. There was only one person I could think of, Ronny Ramokgopa aka RR. I knew his blue machine would come handy. Plus I knew his church only started after 1pm.

I called RR and he picked up. I was like "Mr Ronny Ramokgopa aka RR". He giggled and said "why le mpitsa AKA mmarena? Ga ke je Bonang Mmatema (why are you calling me AKA? I am not sleeping with Bonang Mmatema)". Lol trust RR to give you a good laugh so early the morning. I told him I needed a favour. As expected he agreed to help me. Like I said before, everyone needs an RR in their life. I didn't have a lot of stuff. It was just clothes and other non-heavy things. Marcus came to my bedroom. He was like "I don't hate you Sharon. You have a very special place in my heart. You will always be my little girl. But sometimes one needs to be given a space to grow up. I think tough love is what you need now. Just promise me you will not quit school". That was rich coming from someone who was kicking me out without asking where I was going. I told him I was not stupid. I asked him to leave the bedroom because I wanted to change. There was guilty written all over his face. I think the hoe he was with was the reason he was kicking me out. Men become thinkless when they are under the influence of kukument. I called RR to ask how far he was and he told me he was 10 minutes away. When he got to Phillip Nel he told Marcus that he looked like a black version of Michael Jackson. To this day I still don't know where that came from. We loaded my things in his blue machine and off we voetsek'd. I think Marcus shed a tear when I did my last goodbye. RR asked "botse botse why o tsamaya mo ntlong ya mabaibai so? Gape ntlo yela ke mention mmarena. O ka tsamaya mentioning way a go dula le magosha Sunnyside (actually, why are you moving out of that beautiful house? That house is a mansion. Why move out of a mansion and go stay in Sunnyside with hookers)? It doesn't make sex tle". I told him I was kicked out. He went "mos that is woman abuse. Why and where did he kick you? Michael Jackson o nyaka maphodisa ba deale ka yena". I decided to stop the topic because I knew it was gonna take me more than 10 hours to make RR understand. Sometimes I thought he did it deliberately. When I got to Joubert street I recognized Alex's car outside the flat. I was a bit surprised because he had not called to tell me he was coming. I took few bags and went up to my new flat. I found Alex with some young girl....my age I think. I asked him what was going on. He went "I am sorry for popping without informing you. It was a swift decision". I gave him that 'Please start talking look'. He went "You will have to go back to Phillip Nel. This is the daughter of the business associate that owns this flat. She is moving in. Secondly, I had a long talk with my wife this morning. I don't want to cheat on

her ever again. She was there when I was out and down. Lastly, I am ending this. Bring the keys and my cards”

.....darkness then poooo fase.....

BOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 321

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One of my former lecturers at the bogus nursing college used to say “don’t live your life in the fast lane, life will humble you dear”. He always told his female students that line. His words reverberated in my ears as I stood in the belly of the sitting room looking at Alex in the eyes. I was waiting for him to tell me he was just pulling my leg. I couldn’t believe a guy who promised me heaven and earth was the one kicking me out like a dog. It was supposed to be the best day of my life because I was moving to my own flat. I was going to be Miss Independent. I went “no Alex, you can’t do this to me. You promised you will take care of me. You promised you will buy me whatever I wanted. Is this your way of taking care of me? Please don’t do this to me babe. I love you very much. I will do whatever you want”. When you are in such situations you will say things you don’t mean just to twist the person’s heart. He didn’t seem to care. He was like “please don’t make this difficult Sharon. You and I had fun and it’s over now. Maybe you should go date boys your age. What were you thinking sleeping with a guy my age? I have a wife and God has shown me the way. Satan is using people like you to break happy marriages. I love my wife and I want to give my all to our marriage. Please bring back my card and the flat key. I can call cops if I want”. Yho nigger was serious. I could see by the look on his face that he meant business. Even when I shed tears he did not move emotionally. He wanted me out at all costs. I looked at the girl he was with and went “my sister, can I share the flat with you until I find something? There is no way I am gonna find a place this time of the month. I can’t go back to Phillip Nel Park because....well uhm ja. Please hle ngwana mma”. She looked at me like I was someone who just escaped from a psychiatric hospital. I almost said “nnyamao le marama nkare lerete la phukubje”. That’s how pissed I was at her for ignoring me.

When the begging failed I decided to implement stage 2. I reminded Alex of the video and pictures of him I had in my phone. He didn’t look disturbed. He told me to go ahead and publish them on social media. He was daring me. I went “I won’t publicise them if you give me what I want”. He took out his phone and showed me something. It was a picture of my mom naked. For a second I thought I was dreaming. Alex was like “you are not the only one with insurance hey. Now I know where you got your bitchism from. Like mother like daughter”. I wondered how my mom’s picture got in his phone. Imagine seeing a naked picture of your mom in a phone of a man you are riding. That was it, I admitted he won. I didn’t get along with my mom but I loved her. There was no way I was gonna risk her picture going viral on the net. I had to think for my brother. He told me he found the picture in Marcus’ phone. Mxm some mothers are a disgrace. What kind of a mom sends nudes at that age? My mom didn’t want to grow. She was an enemy of progress. I asked Alex if we can talk in private. He told me private or no private, his mind was made up. He asked the girl to give us privacy. I locked the door and took off my top. I squeezed my boobs and went “so you don’t want this anymore? Are you sure you don’t wanna suck them anymore?”. I was looking at his pants as I did that. I could see a tent gradually developing and smiled. Men will always be men and they don’t have capacity to say no to sex. He closed his eyes and went

"God my Father, please deliver me from temptation. I am your son, the one who is trying to repent. Please take this evil away from me. I am trying to be a new man here. I want to be born again. In the name of the mighty Jesus, Amen". The more he prayed was the more his tent became bigger and bigger. A dick has a mind of its own. It does not give a damn about prayers. Niggers get hard ons even at church. They look at a hot pastor's wife and the dick goes boooooom.

Alex unlocked the door and told me to leave. When a guy rejects a girl like me you must know he is fed up. I wasn't your average girl. My sexy body game was fleek. I know they say you can't blow your horn but fu*k, mine deserved a BJ. I gave him the keys and card. I took my bags and walked back to the RR's car. RR was playing Solly Moholo's music and dancing like nobody's business. People were taking videos and he didn't care. I loved how energetic he was. However, I couldn't risk going to his car because I didn't wanna appear in his dancing video. When he saw me he went "mmamoruti e tla re bine. Kosha ye e dira atchar maan. Hayi haaak....". I asked him to switch off the music. I wanted his fans to leave. He asked me why I was coming back with my bags. I got in the car and started crying. Normally when a girl is crying a gentleman will offer her something to wipe her tears. RR was not that type. He shook my shoulder and went "o na le matepe mmarena. O llela eng? O tshwere ke tlala (you love crying. Why are you crying? Are you hungry)?". I didn't respond to his questions. I just continued crying. I was hurting inside. It was difficult to accept that Alex of all people could treat me that way. My life was messed. These sugar daddies are ruthless. They think they can toy with our hearts and dump us just like that. I developed evil hatred for Alex and all older men. RR got out of the car. I asked where he was going and he went "I am going to buy you spatlho. Sello nyana se ke sa tlala. Ke a bona gore o tshaba go bolela. Ska warra, ke tla o rekela spatlho on the rocks (I am going to buy you a bunny chow. I can see you are afraid to talk. Don't worry, I will buy you a bunny chow on the rocks)". Even when you are hurt and paining people like RR will always make you wanna suspend your cry and laugh. He said things that only him could say. I thought he was joking until he started walking towards the direction of House 22. I was glad he left because it gave me a chance to make few calls. I called Nightie and told him what I needed a place to stay. He asked why. I told him my landlord got rid of me because of some disagreement we had. I didn't wanna tell him his father was the one who kicked me out like a dog.

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yellow bone in that area. While sitting there thinking what move to execute next, someone's name appeared in my mind. I knew she wouldn't say no. I immediately made a call to her. I didn't even have to lie because she was a hoe herself. She had probably been in my situation before. I made a call to her. She answered with "hello chomza wa ka o mo pila. How are you Shazyonce?". I didn't have time to waste. I told Pulane the whole story. She was like "I once told you Marcus is ruthless and you didn't believe me. He once slept with me and told me to leave his house immediately after coming. Just imagine, at 2am chomza". I was not interested in what Marcus did to her, I just wanted a place to stay. She told me I could move in with her until month end. I was so happy and relieved. I was happy I didn't have to move in with RR. I called RR to ask where he was. He told me he was walking back to the car. Nigger had bought me chips and ultramel. He went "ke romantic neh? We will eat together....or kanjani mmarena?". I laughed out loud. I asked him to drop me at Tambotie. I hated the place but when you are desperate for a place to stay any place is a 'Sandton'. RR wanted to play Solly Moholo again but I told him to play a different song. He played King Monada's Ska bhora moreki and started dancing with his head while driving. I directed him to Tambotie. When we got there I called Pulane to come help me with the bags. They helped me to take the bags to Pulane's place. RR whispered "tell your friend a nnyobise nyana. Ke omile strong (tell your friend to give me some. I have a hard on)". Lol I didn't have words for him. Around 11am RR told me he was leaving because he had to prepare for church. As soon as he left I took a nap. I just wanted to rest my mind. I woke up around 4pm. Pulane was wearing one of my favourite dresses. I got so pissedbut then remembered I was staying at her place. She probably did it deliberately because she knew I was desperate. I told her she looked beautiful and she said thanks. She told me to take a bath because we had visitors. I told her I was not in a mood for visitors. She literally forced me to bath. I felt like a kid. After bathing she chose what I should wear....some mini dress. After getting dressed up she made a call. Within 10 minutes some 2 big guys came. I could tell by their accent that they were not South African. They were either Cameroonian or Naija. They didn't waste time, they wanted to touch me and I went "don't you dare touch me with your filthy hands". I told Pulane to tell her visitors to play away from me. She grabbed me to the side and went:

"How are we gonna pay rent and buy groceries if you are behaving like a kid? Come, just go with the flow. You won't die"

WTF x100.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwaphehi Episode 321

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

One of my former lecturers at the bogus nursing college used to say "don't live your life in the fast lane, life will humble you dear". He always told his female students that line. His words reverberated in my ears as I stood in the belly of the sitting room looking at Alex in the eyes. I was waiting for him to tell me he was just pulling my leg. I couldn't believe a guy who promised me heaven and earth was the one kicking me out like a dog. It was supposed to be the best day of my life because I was moving to my own flat. I was going to be Miss Independent. I went "no Alex, you can't do this to me. You promised you will take care of me. You promised you will buy me whatever I wanted. Is this your way of taking care of me? Please don't do this to me babe. I love you very much. I will do whatever you want". When you are in such situations you will say things you don't mean just to twist the person's heart.

He didn't seem to care. He was like "please don't make this difficult Sharon. You and I had fun and it's over now. Maybe you should go date boys your age. What were you thinking sleeping with a guy my age? I have a wife and God has shown me the way. Satan is using people like you to break happy marriages. I love my wife and I want to give my all to our marriage. Please bring back my card and the flat key. I can call cops if I want". Yho nigger was serious. I could see by the look on his face that he meant business. Even when I shed tears he did not move emotionally. He wanted me out at all costs. I looked at the girl he was with and went "my sister, can I share the flat with you until I find something? There is no way I am gonna find a place this time of the month. I can't go back to Phillip Nel Park because...well uhm ja. Please hle ngwana mma". She looked at me like I was someone who just escaped from a psychiatric hospital. I almost said "nnyamao le marama nkare lerete la phukubje". That's how pissed I was at her for ignoring me.

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WTF x100.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 322

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When hoes are desperate days are dark. That was my situation at that moment. It was one of those days where you feel God has turned His back on you. I had been many things in life by a prostitute was not one of them. I know by being with a guy for his money I was indirectly selling myself but it wasn't the same as directly selling my body. There was no way I was going to let any son of a hoe sleep with me and give me money in return. If I wanted that I was gonna go to Royal or Capital Inn. I said "Pulane, when I asked for your help I didn't give you a license to be my pimp. I am not a prostitute and I will never be one". I could feel the guys' eyes on my butt as I spoke to Pulane. I had to give her a piece of my mind. Imagine being pimped out by someone like Pulane. I had more brain cells than her. There was no way I was gonna let her sell me to her ugly friends. She went "stop acting like a saint because we both know you are not one. These guys are not killers. It's not like they are here to kill us. Let's just ride them and get over and done with it. They pay good money. We both need money, don't we?". If I didn't know better I was gonna think she was pulling my leg. She was as serious as the morning fart. One of the guys went "do you want our dicks to sulk? We don't have the whole day. Give us what we are here for and stop holding meetings in dark corners. I am here to get laid and I am not leaving until I get what I want". Nigger was so arrogant in that disgusting accent. I went "eh mrena, I am not a prostitute and I won't sleep with any of you. You can have a 3-some with your usual meal. She is probably on special today. Buy one and get one free". I grabbed my handbag and headed to the door. Pulane shouted "where do you think you are going? Where are you gonna sleep tonight because you are homeless? Nxa stupid Limpopo hoe!!!!". I told her stupid Limpopo hoe was her grandmother. One of the guys tried to grab me and I bit his hand. It tasted like expired yoghurt.

I was proud of myself for liberating myself from that situation. We should not let desperation drive us to do things we don't wanna do. Most girls fall pregnant and get sick because of failure to manage desperation. Few minutes after leaving Pulane's flat reality kicked in. My homelessness became a pain in my brain. I walked around Sunnyside not knowing where I was going. It was the first time in ages that thee Sharon Letsoalo was homeless. I called JT and her phone was off again. I decided to walk to her place. I knew she had a habit of

switching off her phone, especially when she had company. The walk from Sunnyside to her crib made the temperature in my butt rise. I was more than tired. I almost died when my long walk yielded undesired results. JT was not at her place. Her car was not there. I called RR and his phone was off. I assumed he was busy jumping up and down at church. I walked to Burgers Park and sat on the bench alone. I wanted to clear my head. What stressed me more was the fact that I left my stuff at the hoe Pulane's place. I knew she was gonna help herself to my clothes. There was nothing I could do because I didn't have a home. I sat for 30 minutes thinking of what to do next. Some guy came and sat next to me. He went "my sister I am a prophet and God is showing me something about you? Do you have 5 minutes?". Normally I would have told him to get lost. I didn't have energy that day. I told him to say whatever he wanted to say and voetsek. He closed his eyes and stretched his arms. He said few words in a language I didn't understand. When he was done talking Greek he opened his eyes and went "I see a very troubled young lady. Your entire family disowned you and you have nowhere to go. There is a tokoloshi on your body and it walks with you everywhere. Did you fight with your mother in the last 7 days?". Yho that was some creepy crap!!!! I wondered how he knew all that. I told him my mom and I were not on good terms. He went "oh ja ja ja this is very bad. I see since your father died you have never had inner peace. You must go to his grave and talk to him. Right now I can only give you a temporary solution".

For the first time in my history of engaging prophets I believed that one. He was telling things that were happening in my life. I asked him what the temporary solution was and he closed his eyes and prayed again. That time he prayed for more than 5 minutes. Mind you, all these were happening at a public park. When he was done praying he told me to walk to the park entrance and bring soil from there. He advised me not to look back. I wanted to take my bag with but he told me not to because his treatment wouldn't work if I was carrying chemicals in my bag. He was referring to the stuff in my bag. I walked to the gate without looking back. I could feel it in my blood that help was coming my way. I fetched some soil from the gate and walked back to him. He took the soil and prayed for it. After prayed he sprinkled the soil in my bag. When he was done he told me to leave and never look back. I took my bag and left. I don't know why but I felt as the weight on my shoulder was gone. I felt light. I walked from the park to SunnyPark Mall without looking back as per the prophet's instructions. I was hungry so I decided to go have something at Chicken Licken. I opened my bag to take my purse out. I almost fainted when I noticed my purse was not in the bag. I was 100% sure I put it in the bag. It was not the only thing missing from my bag. My phone was also missing. The only thing I found was my nano sim card. My ID and other unimportant things were still there. My tears were so close but I couldn't risk crying inside Chicken Licken. I quickly ran to the ladies and cried my heart out. It kicked in right there that the prophet was a con artist. I had heard stories about them before and thought I was too clever for them. I was homeless, phoneless, moneyless, thinkless and baeless. I felt so empty. Being phoneless meant there was no way I was gonna be able to look for help. I was 190% stranded in my own country. The only number I could remember by heart was my mom's. Problem was I didn't have money.

I walked out of the mall with my head very heavy. I decided to look for a Limpopo-looking lady to ask for a phone to make a call to my mom. Akere I knew that people from Limpopo are very sweet and cool. I saw some dark lady and asked if I could use her phone. She gave me a funny look and walked away. No wonder we don't have many female presidents. Women don't like helping one another. I saw some dude and explained my situation about the stolen phone. He gave me his phone and I called my mom. She answered and asked "who is this?". When she heard my voice she hung up. I continued talking alone because I didn't want the guy to see my mom hung up on me. Before fakingly hung up I went "I love

you mommy". Yho my heart was so sore. Even my own mom was rejecting me. I had no choice but to walk back to Pulane's place. My heart was very sore bandla. When I got to Pulane's flat's door I closed my eyes and said a short prayer. I opened the door without knocking. Luckily it was not locked. There was no one in the sitting room but I could hear sounds and voices from the bedroom. It was quite clear Pulane was busy with another client. I tiptoed to the kitchen to look for something to eat. There were 3 slices of pizza and I showed them what I was made off. I assassinated them and burped afterwards. The sounds in Pulane's bedroom continued. Normally when I heard such sounds my underground would go oceanic but that day I was dry. But my curiosity wanted to kill cats. I decided to go peep thru the keyhole to see who was making Pulane scream so loud. At first I couldn't see clearly. But when I looked for the second time I noticed it was Marcus, yes Marcus Mboweni. The very same man who kicked me out for being a hoe. Miracles of James!!!! For a guy who was walking with crutches his performance wasn't bad. A Shangaan will always be a Shangaan in bed, crutches or no crutches. An idea dawned in my head. I went back to the kitchen and opened the drawers. I found exactly what I was looking for, jars of tablets. I emptied all of them in the rubbish bin. I took the empty jars and put them on the couch. I looked for a pen and paper but couldn't find them. I wanted to write a short letter. I lay my motionless body on the couch and put on my acting skills. I waited impatiently for Marcus and Pulane to finish their business. It took over 20 minutes for them to come out.

The first thing I heard was Pulane screaming

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 323

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Desperate situations require desperate measures. You cannot be romantic in a war zone and expect to emerge victorious. I was in a very hostile situation and had to employ sharonistic tactics to get myself out. It was either that or I was gonna find myself rubbing shoulders with Mr Nyaope SA on the streets of Solly Msimanga's city. One thing I knew was that Marcus had a soft spot for me. He kicked me out because I pushed him too far. He didn't kick me out because of hatred or negative feelings. I knew he was not going to feed me to the pigs. When Pulane screamed I almost jumped off the couch. She screamed like those women in Nigerian movies. The ones who scream louder than a vuvuzela. Marcus went "what the hell is going on? Is that Sharon? What is she doing here? Did you know she was here? Please tell me what's going on babe". I almost puked when he called her babe. I didn't understand why he was so into her. I didn't like their relationship because I knew she was using him. She was a prostitute and he didn't know. To him she was just a girl he chowed when he needed to untie his letheka. Only if he knew she was selling her body to pay rent and fund her fake lifestyle. She went "she told me you kicked her out and she didn't have anywhere to go. So she asked me to accommodate her until month end. We had a fight earlier about some school stuff and she left. I didn't think she was gonna come back and do this". They were displaying their blackness. Imagine a person is dying and there were busy having stockvel of words. No wonder ambulances take time to arrive when called by black people. They know we hold meetings while the poor person we called the ambulance for is dying. I almost told them to shut the fart up and help me. Marcus told Pulane to bring his shoes. He was like "We need to rush her to the hospital as soon as possible. Makoma will never forgive me if something happens to her. I kicked her out of anger and now this? Oh My God....I will never

forgive myself if something happens to her". I smiled secretly. Pulane went "if she dies I will take her clothes and shoes". Marcus released a super premium Tsonga insult.

Nigger carried me and ran to his car. His other hand was poking wrong area between my thighs as he ran, it kinda felt nice but I couldn't react because I didn't want him to see I was faking it. I kept my eyes closed at all times. He put me on the back seat of the car and got in the driver's seat. Pulane wanted to tag along but he told her she should remain behind. She asked why and he went "because I don't want her to know I was with you. I told her you and I are not seeing each other anymore". Pulane was like "I don't think she will make it though. People who overdose pills normally have foam oozing out of their mouth. She has nothing. It means the form is going internally which is more dangerous". Marcus told Pulane to close the door and get off the way. He drove as fast as he could. I could hear him praying to God asking for forgiveness for the way he treated me. He was like "I made a promise to Piet that I will take of you. Please don't die now. I will never forgive myself if something happened to you. You can't die without knowing the truth. You deserve to know the truth. You are old enough to know the truth. I promise I will tell you the truth. I don't care what your mother says". Fu#k!!!! The season of diphiri le makunutu was coming back again. I was tired to adding puzzles together to establish the relationship between Marcus and my family. I thought about it for years and gave up when I couldn't find a link. I just decided to let it go and hope one day someone will say something to me. When we got to the hospital Marcus carried me and ran inside. If it was a movie I was gonna win a Safta and an Academy Award. I was on fire. I acted all weak and dying. But I knew my lie was about to be uncovered because obviously the doctors were going to see there was nothing wrong with me. I was glad I got to give Marcus a little scare and got to see how much he loved me. That is what mattered to me. When the nurses put me on a stretcher and rushed me to one of those scary rooms I heard Marcus saying "I love you my child. Please don't die on me".

If I was on my feet I was gonna drop a mic and salute my acting skills. The doctor checked my eyes with that torch like thing of theirs and did the crap they do for people who overdosed. I heard him telling the nurses "I don't see anything wrong with her. She probably took 2 or three pills. She probably fainted or something". It was at that stage that I opened my eyes for the first time since the whole faking suicide thing started. I acted all shocked and asked "where am I? Mom.... Mommy where am I? Am I in heaven? Where is Moses? I want to talk to him urgently? Bra Moss..... Da Moss.. Moshe!!!! What's going on?". One of the nurses told me I was in hospital because I overdosed on pills. For some unknown reason I started feeling a pain inside my belly. When you fake something there is a chance that it will happen to you. The doctor left the room and told one of the nurses to keep an eye on me. Marcus got in the room few minutes after the doctor left. He went "Sharon do you want to give me a heart attack? Why did you do that my child? Why why why why why why? I didn't mean to drive you to suicide when I kicked you out. I just wanted to teach you a lesson. I am glad you are back with us. I thought you were going to die. Please don't ever do that to us again. I was going to live with guilt all my life had something happened to you. Please forgive me and promise you won't mention this to your mother. I don't want her to get stressed". My master plan worked like magic. I was proud of myself. Sharon Letsoalo can never sleep on the street. The doctor decided to keep me at the hospital overnight. Trust private hospitals to tell you there is no problem but still keep you overnight. They just wanted to milk my mom's medical aid nje. Plus they go crazy when they hear it's GEMS. Marcus fetched me in the morning and took me to his house. He kept asking if I was ok and I told him I was getting there. The girl he was with when he kicked me out wasn't there anymore. All stuff I took to Pulane's place was back. I gave myself a pat on the shoulder.

I wanted to talk but Marcus advised me to rest. I wasn't sleepy because I spent the whole night sleeping at the hospital. But because I wanted Marcus to believe I was sick I forced a nap. I woke up after 4 hours. Marcus asked how I was feeling and I said much better. He asked me why I tried to commit suicide and I went "I don't deserve to live after what I put my family thru. You guys are trying to do the best for me and I am not meeting you half way. On my way to Pulane's place I got mugged and the tsotsis took my phone and money. I felt so worthless. Pulane and I had a fight before I left her place because she wanted me to sleep with some guys for money to pay rent. That's how she makes money. She sleeps with foreign guys to make money". That one hit close to home. I could see him wearing a foundation of anger on his face. He whispered "nxa bloody hoe". Mxm lol he was a bloody hoe himself. He told me he was glad I didn't sleep with Pulane's people. He told me he would welcome me back to his home. I went "I think I should find my own place uncle Marcus. I need to learn to be independent. I can't be that little girl forever. I should find my own place and learn to be a grown up on my own. Please talk to my mom". He appeared to be thinking fast and told me he would think about it. I could see he was considering it. I asked if he was still going to see Pulane and he went "nxa!!!!". I could see the mention of her name made him angry. I ate and went back to bed. I was so happy my plan worked like magic. I was in bed until the following morning. I told Marcus I was ok enough to go to school. He waited for me to shower and get dressed. He gave me a ride to varsity. I attended all classes and when I was done Pulane asked to talk to me. I told her I had nothing to say to her. She went "why did you tell Marcus I am a prostitute? Is that your way of thanking me for taking you in when you had nowhere to go? You are so ungrateful biach. If you think Marcus will leave me you have another thing coming. He will never leave me, not even if he wanted. Now I want you to go to his office and tell him you lied about the prostitute thing". I told her I would do no such thing. She took out the pills from her bag and showed me. She was like "I know it was just an act. I am going to show this to Marcus. I can't wait to see him kick you out again. You deserve to be on the street. That is where you belong". She headed to Marcus' office. I followed her asking to talk like adults. She ignored me until we got to Marcus' office. Marcus wore anger on his face when he saw her.

She went "Sharon has something to tell you".

BOOOOMMMMM!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 324

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Lol her threat made me wanna laugh. When you are from Limpopo such threats are normal. I went "You can go to uMhlabuyalingana for all I care. You will never cast a spell on me. I am glad you are out of our lives for good. Go to hell legosha ke wena". I was walking fast as I said that. No girl wants to be called a prostitute, not even prostitutes. I knew she would try to hit me. I didn't have anything to do at the campus, so I took a taxi to town to replace my lost bank cards. My biggest stress was my driver's license. Luckily when I got to FNB the queue wasn't long. I was helped within 15 minutes. I still had the little peanuts I had when that donkey stole my purse. I didn't feel like going back to my crib but because I didn't have a phone I had no choice but to go back to the house. When you don't have a phone your social life suffers. You get out of touch with the masses. I took a taxi to Phillip Nel. I got to the house same time as Marcus. He asked where I was and I told him I went to town to make new cards. He didn't ask further questions. I asked if he spoke with my mom about me

moving out. He told me he was gonna call her later. He asked how long I had known about Pulane being a prostitute. I was like "I didn't know until she tried to sell me. I am sorry you had to find out that way". He looked a bit disappointed about his girlfriend being a prostitute. I knew part of him liked her. Maybe she was one of those hoes with first-rate bedroom skills. He asked me to cook wors and pap. It was like he knew that I was craving wors. After cooking we sat down and ate. He asked me why I was dating Alex who was old enough to be my grandfather. He asked me not to lie to him because he was trying to help me. I went "with all due respect uncle Marcus, why did you do what you did with me last year? You know what happened that night. I know we have never spoken about but we can't pretend it didn't happen. Maybe Alex saw what you saw in me. And for your info, I don't think I will ever see Alex. I don't ever want to see him again".

He stood up and went to his bedroom. I think my words hit close to home. I studied for couple of hour then went to bed. I felt kinda stupid. Few days earlier I was promised a car and the world by Alex. I was promised a flat and whole of beautiful things by my ancestor bae. All those promises were not delivered. I didn't even have a phone or money to buy one. Ja life will show you marago a monang. I was scared to ask for money from Marcus because I could see his trust in me was still limping. I didn't want to push things. The only thing I wanted to push was moving out and finding my own place. But to do that I needed allowance from my mom. Things were still a bit tense between us. My many thoughts drove me to a slumber. I spent the next few days being a good girl. It was just me and my books. I was broke like kak. Imagine the whole week without shopping. The fact that I didn't have a phone made my week worse. On Friday Marcus told me to wait for him after my classes. I asked why because I normally used a taxi after my classes. He told me he was knocking off early. It was a bonus for me because I was tired of using taxis. We left campus around 14h00. There was little communication between us. He dropped me at the house and told me he was going to fetch someone in town. I asked who and he didn't say. I assumed it was one of his endless girlfriends. That's one of the reasons I wanted to move out. I was tired of seeing a new girl every weekend. His hoe game was on fleek especially since he was using only one crutch. He was getting better and better everyday. Therapy was doing wonders for him. I asked if I should cook and he said yes. I asked him to bring some wine from town. He went "I am not your friend. Show some respect little woman". I laughed and told him I was just joking. He hit the accelerator and I headed to the kitchen to cook. I didn't cook a hectic meal because I didn't know who was visiting us. I hoped it was not Pulane. Men are so stupid, they talk left and walk right.

Marcus came back after about 40 minutes. Mxm the person he went to fetch in town was my mom. I wasn't really happy to see her, especially since I was not told she was coming. She headed straight to the bathroom before even greeting me. She was probably going to finger herself. She had nawa issues that one. Marcus whispered "please don't tell her about attempted suicide. I don't want her to know". I knew he was covering his butt. He didn't want my mom to know he was at the very same flat I tried to kill myself at. He knew I would tell my mom he was busy chowing a student. They didn't want to tell me but I knew there was something going on between the 2 of them. When my mom came back she went "I am taking you to some prophet in Nelspruit tomorrow. You have bigger problems". Like WTF my mom was addicted to prophets. She suffered from prophetitis. I told her phaa straight that I was not going to see any prophet. What made me angrier was the fact that I was conned by a fake prophet few days ago. I was like "how many times must I go to these prophets? I don't need their help. If God wants to help me he will do so without me having to go up and down collecting rainbow coloured ropes from endless prophets. If you want to tell Marcus to kick me out again, go ahead. All I want is to live alone and learn to be independent. I will learn

from my mistakes. Please stop treating me like a kid". I was really pissed. I told her to take over the pots. I headed to the door and left. I didn't even know where I was going. I just wanted to clear my head. 5 minutes into my walk some car stopped next to me. It was Alex. It was the first time I saw that car. Rich people and many cars mrena!!!! He went "I know you hate me right now. Can you please get in the car? I wanna talk to you. I have been trying to call you for days but my calls are not going thru. All I need is few minutes to talk to you". I continued walking without saying a word. I was still bitter about how he kicked me out of that Sunnyside flat. It took him 10 minutes to convince me to get in the car. When I got in he went "I couldn't go to Marcus' place because things are not well between us. I have been driving around here for the past 3 days hoping to see you". I asked him what he wanted.

He handed me some nicely wrapped small box and went "open it".

WOWBOOOOOOMMMMM!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwaphehi Episode 325

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

People who are not used to dating older guys will never understand. Thing is once you get used it, dumping it won't be easy. And the thing with older niggers is that they know how to easily dribble our sponge-minded brains. You can tell yourself that you want to let go that life but the minute madala bae lays his hands on you and showers you with a very expensive present you will immediately flush your stupid thoughts and see him in a positive light again. Those who have been in this situation will know what I am talking about. The small box he handed to me had an iPhone 6 in it. He went "when I couldn't get hold of you I assumed your phone had a problem. That's why I thought of buying you this phone". I wasn't really a big fan of iPhone but I loved it. No matter how you feel about it a present will always be a present. I was like "it wasn't necessary but thank you very much. But it doesn't change anything. You treated me like a dog and for that I will never forgive you. You don't know what I have been thru after you kicked me out. You put my life in danger. What if you are planning to do it again? I won't be easy to trust you again". He brushed my thigh and told me to trust him. I asked him what he was going to do with his wife because she knew about us. He was like "let us not talk about that one. Leave her to me. Let's rather concentrate on us. We were coming well until I made that little mistake. Hope you will find it in your heart to let it go and give me a chance to show you I love you". One thing I noticed from dating married niggers is that they try to protect their wives most of the time, especially when things are ok in the house. The only time they will allow you to insult or badmouth the 'Parliament' is when there is trouble in paradise. That's why I always laugh when a guy says "I will leave my wife for you". Mxm bull crap, only 0.0000009% of men keep that promise. The rest are lying just to see themselves sweating between your thighs. Trusting such men would be like a rat thinking it can be in a tripartite alliance with a cat and a snake.

Alex suggested we should drive around and talk. I told him I couldn't because my mom was around. He told me if I still needed the Sunnyside flat I could still use it. I told him I wanted it but after everything that happened I didn't trust him. He told me he didn't blame me for not trusting him but he meant what he said. He begged me to give him a chance to prove everything he was saying was not a lie. I told him to give me a day or two to think about everything. He handed me a card and went "if this does not convince you I am serious about us then I don't know. You can go spoil yourself. I promise I won't take it this time". I looked at him and saw lies in his eyes. I wanted to trust him but a wise part of me was preventing me.

I went "I don't want your card this time. If you want me to take you seriously transfer money into my account. If you do that I will accept your apology and believe you really want this to work". Sometimes you have to be smart when you deal with Alex's type. Instead of driving his expensive cars you must encourage him to buy you a car in your name so that the day he leaves you the car will remain yours. What's the use of driving a Range Rover that you know you might not see it again when he decides to leave you? I know many former side chicks who jumped from Mercs to Siyayas after being dumped. Wake up and use the perks of your vjayjay wisely mrena. He went "if that's what you want then that is what you will get. Give me your account number and I will translate money into your account. You will let me know when it's finished". He said exactly what I was expecting to hear. I gave him my account number and he transferred a 5-digits amount. It didn't shake me because I was used to such gifts. If I was one of those girls who date broke ass niggers I would have died of shock on the spot. I found myself kissing Alex and telling him he looked like a model. Money will make you see the world differently mrena.

Nigger wanted to drop me next to the Marcus' gate but I told him it was risky. With my mom in the picture I would probably be roasted for being a hoe. He dropped me several metres from the gate. He reminded me not to forget to insert my sim card and have my phone ready. Only if he knew that was the only thing I was rushing for. Being out of touch with the world is not nice. When I got inside the house my mom and Marcus were not in the lounge but their phones were on the table. I didn't even want to investigate their whereabouts, I went straight to my bedroom. I didn't want another prophet talk. I charged my new phone and took a nap. I was woken up by noise coming from the lounge. I heard my name mentioned couple of times. Marcus was shouting "this is what I have to deal with. It's late and we don't know where she is. She is probably with one of her sugar daddies. It's all your fault, you and Piet. I shouldn't have listened to you. I should have raised her myself. You and your husband failed her big time. I cannot stay with her when she comes home late. No no no no I cannot tolerate disrespect in my own house". I opened my bedroom door and said "it's okay. I will leave if I am not wanted in this house. You don't have to say it behind my back". They both looked shocked to see me. I think they thought I was still out because they didn't see me coming back. Marcus went "uhm ssoorry, I didn't know you were in the bedroom. I thought you were out with Alex. Please forgive me. But you can't blame me for what I was thinking, especially after everything that happened". As expected my mom supported Marcus. She was like "your uncle didn't mean to speak behind your back my child. He cares about you. Only if you could wake up and see that. He loves you more than you can think. Please let me take you to the prophet so you can get fixed. You will be the best girl ever when we come back". That was my cue to lock myself in the bedroom again. I was so fed up with the whole prophet talk. As for 'get fixed'. Mxm as if I was a Polo Vivo.

I put the sim card in my phone and switched it on. It took me couple of minutes to see what is what. I received a call immediately when everything was set up. It was Alex asking why I took so long to have my phone switched on. I told him it was still charging. He asked if Marcus was sleeping and I told him he was with my mom in the sitting room. He told me to call him as soon as they went to bed. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I will tell you when you call me. It's not a biggie". I decided to study after the call. I studied for about an hour or so. I opened my bedroom door to check if my mom and Marcus were still in the lounge. The house was in dark city....meaning they were sleeping. I called Alex to tell him they were sleeping. He was like "I am coming to have sex with you now. Don't worry, they won't notice my presence because I will leave as soon as I am done". I told him there was no way on earth I was going to let him come in the house to chow me. Nigger was ahead of me. He told me he was already at the door. Shucks....i remembered he had the keys to the house.

I whispered "Alex, are you crazy? If Marcus sees you he will kill both of us. My mom will take me to Limpopo if she sees you. Please don't do this to me. I beg you hle. You can take your phone if you want. I can transfer back the money you gave me". He hung up on me. Sugar daddies will go to abnormal length just to get their money's worth. They don't give out money and expect nothing in return. When they give you moola and presents they expect you to give something in return. That is why many girls who date sugar daddies become rascals. Their sugar daddies demand things out of the ordinary.....like taking girls to hotels overnight without the parents' consent. Within couple of seconds I heard a light knock on my bedroom door. I knew it was Alex. I didn't wanna waste time because I didn't want Marcus to find Alex there. I opened the door and let Alex in. I whispered "I hate what you are doing. You are behaving like a stupid teenager. I thought you cared about me". He showed me his pants and went "what must I do when I wanna get laid? Do you see how hard it is? The quicker we do it the sooner I will leave". I had no choice but to deliver what he wanted because I wanted him to leave. I asked him if he had a condom and he told me he came wearing it. I took off my PJ's and lay on the bed for him. It was one of those "take nja ke wena" kinda situations. Nigger used his saliva to wet my dry punani. He directed his Tsonga car to my garage and stroke very hard and fast. He was chowing me like I was a desperate hoe. It took him 1 minute and 17 seconds to come. Like WTF, all that trouble only for him to noodle up!!!!!! He went "that was nice hey". I whispered "nice ke mmao". I think he didn't hear me because he was breathing heavily. I told him to leave since he was done. Luckily he didn't argue or demand more. He got dressed and headed to the door.

Within 20 seconds I heard Marcus screaming "SHARON

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 326

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

If there is one thing you don't wanna be caught doing is 'smuggling' a man in or out of your parents' house. That is one of the things that will drive any parent mad, even those parents with soft hearts. Boys do it all the time and they get away with murder. But when you are a girl you are not expected to do such. It is generally accepted that girls should be skepped, not the other way. So imagine being caught smuggling out a man old enough to be your grandfather, a man that your folks told you to stay away from. That is an automatic application for a premature death. Those are the thoughts that were going thru my head when I heard Marcus shouting my name from the lounge. I thought he saw Alex leaving my bedroom. I tried to quickly think of a lie to defend myself with but failed. The rape story was not going to work because I had used it before. While I was cracking my brain trying to come up with survival strategy Marcus screamed my name again. I opened the door and said "Uncle Marcus, are you calling me? I am studying....uhm ja I am on chapter 4 now". He went silent for few seconds. Then he was like "come here quickly.....make it snappy". His tone was full of panic and moderate anger. I quickly wore a robe and went downstairs. I was expecting to find Alex there. To my surprise Alex was nowhere to be seen. It was a bit dark because the only light that was on was the one from the passage where Marcus was standing. Marcus went "there is something wrong with your mom. I don't know what happened". When somebody says that your first bodily reaction would be some pain in the heart and a rise in temperature in the head. I didn't like my mom that much but when somebody says there is something wrong about your mom that time of the night it is bound to move you. I looked at him straight in the eyes and went "Uncle Marcus, what exactly is wrong with my mom and where is she? Is she angry? Is she sick?". I was starting to panic myself, especially after seeing Marcus' face wearing some gloomy make up. I was expecting to hear the worst from

him. He went silent for few seconds as if he was trying to think what to tell me.

I switched on the light at that stage. That was the biggest mistake I made. Alex was hiding behind one of the couches. He almost gave me a fright because I was not expecting to see him there. From where he was, it was impossible for Marcus to see him. He was right in front of me. He put his index finger on the lips to sign to me that I shouldn't say a thing. Lol it's not like I was going to say something. Mxm all that trouble for a shag that didn't even last 2 minutes. Some men are punishing themselves shem. In fact some men should commit suicide via alephirimi. Marcus asked "why do you look like you have just seen a ghost? Is there a spider or a cockroach behind that couch? You look like someone who wants to scream". I composed myself and looked at him. I was like "Uncle Marcus, please respect me. You can't call me this time of the night and ask me such questions. Why am I interrogated about spiders and cockroaches this time of the night? Can you tell me what's wrong about my mother and stop asking me questions like that?". I had to say something to stop him from probing further. I knew hell was gonna break loose had he seen his uncle behind that couch. He was going to kill both of us. He went "your mom is unconscious. I don't know what happened to her. She was sleeping and talking and the next thing she just went silent. I tried wake her but she remained silent without moving. I don't know what's wrong with her. Please come check her". The first question I had in my mind was why he and my mom were sleeping in the same bedroom in the first place. I knew there was something going on but I didn't think they would share the same bedroom while I was in the house, especially after the lectures they gave me. I went "Uncle Marcus, is my mom in your bedroom? With all due respect, what is she doing in your bedroom?". Marcus faced the floor and went "nothing, we were just praying". Alex put a hand on his mouth to prevent himself from laughing. Nxa what a stupid man. He was in a potentially hostile situation and there he was finding it funny.

I walked to Marcus' bedroom to see for myself what was wrong with Makoma. I asked Marcus to lead me. That was my strategy to give Alex a chance to escape. When we got to the bedroom I called my mom's name and within 3 seconds she opened her eyes and responded. When she saw it was me she shouted "what the hell are you doing here?". She didn't even show any sign of shame or embarrassment. I mean, being caught in another man's bedroom by your daughter should at least make a mother embarrassed. I guess my mom was from another planet. Marcus explained to her what happened. She went "ah, I forgot to take my medication". My mom had some condition that made her pass out temporarily, especially after a very intensive physical activity. It only happened whenever she missed her medication routine. I think Marcus didn't know. I went "mxm" and left the bedroom. I checked behind the couch to see if Alex was still there. I gave a huge sigh of relief when I noticed nigger was gone. I walked to my bedroom. I almost fainted when I found Alex in my bedroom. I locked the door and angrily asked what the hell he was doing there. He went "I forgot my phone. I came to take it. Maybe we should have another hot round. I know you came twice with the first one". The way I was so pissed if I had a gun I would have shot his dick and saved the world from his less than 2 minutes shags. While we were arguing I heard a knock on my bedroom door. It was my mom seeking to apologise for what I saw earlier. I told her it was fine but she still wanted to come in. Alex wanted to hide in the closet but I told him to stop thinking like someone who smoked pot thru his socks. I opened the window and told him to do what he did best. He had to jump from the upstairs bedroom again. What a foolish man. My mom went "ok it's fine, you can sleep. I see you don't wanna talk to me. What you saw is not what you are thinking. I will explain when you wake up in the morning. Good night and I love you".

After all the drama of that night I slept like a baby. All dreams I had were very quick. It was

probably because of the quick shag I got from Madala Bae Alex. I went for a jog the following morning. My ass my getting bigger than the size I wanted. After the jog I joined Marcus and my mom for breakfast. It was a very quiet breakfast. There was so much tension in the house. After eating I told them I was going to visit JT in town. My mom went "you better come back before 14h00. We need to talk. I am going back to Limpopo tomorrow". I took a bath and dolled up. I had money in my account so I wanted to spoil myself. I also wanted to open an investment account. The struggles of the past few days had taught me not save money for rainy days is dangerous. I wanted to go to Menlyn but hated going there using public transport. Nxa being carless ke masepa straight. As I was walking in the CBD still planning where to go I heard someone calling my name. When I turned to look I noticed it was Nightboy, Alex's son. He gave me a hug and asked what I was doing in town. I told him I was just walking around to kill boredom. He went "it's my birthday today and I feel so lonely. My baby mama went home in Limpopo because her mom is sick. I am 100% sure my father forgot my birthday. I feel so unloved hey". Shame, I felt his pain. He asked if I managed to solve the problems I had with accommodation. I told him all was sorted. He went "why don't we buy drinks and go chill at my place? My baby mama told me she will only come back after a day or two. Please say yes, it will be the best birthday ever for me". Well, I didn't have much to do. So I agreed. We bought drinks and a small cake then headed to his place. There were so many pictures of his baby mama in the house, more than 30. Lol she was probably trying to mark her territory. Some girls have a worm in their heads ka mmao. If people ba jelwa with CCTV in their houses wtf will a mere pic do mare huh? We had the cake and I wished him a happy birthday. Alex called to ask where I was and I told him I was at Phillip Nel. He told me he had some family stuff to attend to and would see me around 10pm. I told him it was cool. I didn't wanna argue with him in front of Nightie. I was drinking Ice Tropez. I didn't wanna have wine because ofobvious. I didn't want to make mistakes. Our little party got nicer the more we drank. He played some nice house jams and we danced. He was quite a good dancer. He stopped the music when his baby mama called. He told her he was lying on the couch watching TV alone. After the call we continued with our drinking and dancing. Around 4pm nigger started playing soul music and asked me to dance with him. The alcohol I consumed went "why not?". Our bodies got closer and we danced. He was playing The Dance by Dave Koz. The chemistry got too intense that we ended up kissing. The kissing led to my top being taken off. He made me lie on the couch and kissed me passionately.

The next thing the door opened and people screamed "SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM AYEYE....

THE

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 327

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Fok maan!!!! Ag some people lack sense arrival. One of the reasons I hate surprises is that most of the time they come at the wrong time. I think people who organize surprise parties should be killed and fed to lions in Kruger National Park. Do they know the saying that goes 'When the surprise becomes the surprisee'? I personally think this surprising crap should be scrapped from our thinking system. If you want to buy me a cake just buy and stop with this surprising business. It's not like the celebration will be less exciting without the surprise element. I was not facing the door when I heard the screaming but I could read from the expression on Nightie's face that something bad was about to happen. The way he jumped

off me made me think that Limpopo has talent indeed. It was an Olympic gold medal winning hop. Before I could turn to check what who was screaming something hit me on my thigh. It was a glass from thrown from the kitchen. Luckily it was not thrown with maximum force and it did not hit my head. I would have bled to death. Nightie went "please please babe, it's not what you think". Why do men love pulling that line when they are caught with their pants down? You catch a nigger red handed in action and the first thing he say is "it's not what you think babe". What the heck is there to think when I caught you in action? I stood up and grabbed a cushion to hide my boobs and for protection. I didn't want another glass to hit. Nightie was standing between me and the nation at the door. When I threw my eyes at the door I noticed Alex and his wife were part of the nation. Eix that was some messed up situation. The last thing I wanted to do was to anger Alex. He was the reason I was 5-digits rich. I knew I had a lot to gain from my association with him. Baby mama went "so this is what you do always when I am not around? Is this the very same girl I found you with in Sunnyside? Oh my Gosh I can't believe this. On your birthday nogal!!!! I spend lots of money to surprise you and this is what I get? What kind of a man are you Nights?"

Baby mama turned to me and said "wena I am going to kill you today. You won't leave this house walking. You will exit in a body bag. For some reason I was not embarrassed or scared. It was probably because of the Ice Tropez I had. I decided to stand my ground. I didn't wanna be anyone's playground. The way some girls react when they discover gore ba jelwa you would swear they paid lobola for their men. I went "I am not scared of you. Deal with your man and leave me alone. I didn't invite myself here. I didn't know he was staying here until he came to fetch me. Don't make me a scapegoat for your failing relationship. If he loved you he wouldn't have brought me to this place knowing her shares it with you. By bringing me here it can only mean one thing, he doesn't love or respect you. Injalo nje, no ruler needed". Alex intervened at that stage, I could see he was very angry. I knew he wasn't angry his son was cheating. He was angry I was sleeping with his son. It was more about me than his son. He went "I think this girl must leave. We must continue with what we came here for. We can't let a smaller nyana thing spoil what we have been planning for a week". His wife gave him a potentially fatal glance when he said that. Alex's wife took a surprising stance. She was like "come on Alex, don't pretend as if you don't know your son is only with this one because they have a kid together. We both know he doesn't love her. We both know she is not anywhere near right for him. Nightboy is old enough to make his own decisions. He will tell us who he wants to be". I knew very well that she didn't care about Nightie as she pretended. She just wanted me to be out of Alex's life. She knew that if Nightie chose me I would be out of Alex's life for good. Her support for me was pregnant with ulterior motives. Baby mama was like "you are sick Mrs Mboweni. Nightie will be mine until death parts us. No one can take him from me. I have a child with him. This child means we will be forever and ever".

When will women wake up and smell the coffee? Having a child with him doesn't guarantee you an eternal marriage with him. Nigger can still leave you even when you have 20 kids by him. Life ga se mmao mrena. Nightie screamed "enough...enough. Sharon, please get dressed and leave. My family and I need to talk". I got dressed, grabbed my bag and headed to the door. I am talking about the door that had so more than 6 surprisers who became the victims of their own surprise. As I was walking towards the door baby mama jumped at me and pulled a 'Black Coffee' on me. I immediately told my morals to rest in peace. I wore my ratchet attitude and returned a favour by slapping her. She tried to grab me and I employed my teeth to give her a free facial job. I performed a surgical procedure with my teeth. By the time the surprisers tried to help her she was already bleeding. I gave my teeth a round of applause. I saw an opportunity to run for my life and grabbed it with beautiful hands. Some

girls lack manners shem. No matter how angry you are but when you are in front of your in-laws you must humble yourself. You can't be behaving like a ratchet in front of your boo's parents. And anyway, she should have shown some respect to me too. I was her side mother-in-law. I kept looking back to see if she was coming after me. As I was approaching the gate of Nightie's complex some Mini Cooper appeared from behind me playing Babes Wodumo's song. It's ok for men to lust over her looks and sexy dance moves but to play her song in their cars and sing along seem so wrong. The alcohol in my system was driving me crazy. I found myself doing a 'Slut Drop' in front of the Mini. As expected nigger stopped his car and upped the volume. I slut-dropped twice and nigger went "hawu hawu hawu dudu ntombazana". Lol Zulus and archaic pick up lines. No wonder he was playing Babes Wodumo. Zulu people support their own folks. He asked me where I was going and I said Centurion Mall. He offered me a lift. He told me if he wasn't gay he was gonna ask for my number. I went "wuuuuu shweem" and we both laughed. He was like "but we can still be friends....you can give me your number". There was no harm in giving one of our own my digits. I gave him my tens just before he dropped me at the mall.

Five minutes after I disappeared into the mall I received a call from a number I didn't recognize. I went hello and the person started singing "Lale ilalilale, wavuka ekseni, Lale ilalilale, wavuka ekseni awazi ulalephi". Lol immediately after those lines I knew who he was. He went "it's Babes Wo'mgroovo. I gave you a lift few minutes ago". Lol some people have energetic brains bathong. He continued "by the way, I am not gay. That was my way of scoring your number without any hassle. Don't you feel like going to a party in Midrand?". He was indeed Babes Wo'groovo. Nigger didn't know me but already he wanted to take me to a party. I told him I had plans with my mom. He sounded disappointed but said cool. Never trust a guy who wanna take you to a party before you get to know each other well. Guys have this habit of engaging in stockvel tendencies using us. They be going "guys I'll bring 3 chicks". If o lahlile o tla jewa sekoloto mrena. After the call I did some window shopping. It was after 5pm, so I didn't have much time to so shopping. Only boys can do shopping for less than an hour. My mom called to ask where I was. I don't even know why she called because Marcus told her I didn't have a phone. I told her I was still at JT's place. She told me to ask JT to drop me in Phillip Nel because she wanted to talk to me. I told her cool. I called JT and she was in a noisy. She texted to tell me she was at Europa in Sunnyside. Europa is one of those clubs that everyone loves during their first year in Sunnyside and surrounding areas. I texted back that Europa was not my kinda scene anymore. She texted "wa nyela. O sat lo ikira ngwana wa nyatsi ya di tender ka nna. Zwakala hier sfebe sa Limpopo. Ke birthday ya mpintji ya ka. O tla ntshwara ka lewelewele ga o landa neh (screw you. You think you are a tenderpreneur's daughter huh!!!! Come here you bloody hoe from Limpopo. It's my buddy's birthday. You'll call me when you get here)". That was JT for year. She was not in a business of taking no for an answer. I caught a taxi to Sunnyside from Centurion. The taxi dropped me at Walker Street, it's called Justice Mahomed these days. I had to walk from there to Esselen Street (Robert Sobukwe), the busiest street in Pretoria. Most babies in Sunnyside are a result of Esselen Street activities. I called JT to tell her I was outside Europa. She hung up and texted to tell me to find her in the VIP area of Europa. Yes Europa does have a VIP area.

When I got in the VIP area I almost fainted when I saw who the birthday personB000000000000MMMMMMMM

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 328

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When someone like JT says mpintji you automatically think it's a guy. I was not expecting it to be a party of a lady. I wasn't angry because of the gender of the party person, I was angry at the fact that JT invited me to a celebration of someone I didn't like. And I know she did it deliberately. After all the drama I had been thru the last thing I wanted was to be in the company of hoes I hated. I didn't want to cause a drama or ratchet scenes. I told JT that I was quickly going to the bathroom. She went "di waar di manners ntwana? Why o sa groete difebe tse ke blomileng le bona (where are your manners? Why aren't you greeting the hoes I'm chilling with)?" I ignored her and pretended to be going to the loo. I went straight to the exit and left. I didn't want to summarise my feeling by chilling with my haters. I called a metered taxi. I didn't want to use normal taxis. The driver was some old man with grey hair. When I got to Phillip Nel my mom was waiting at the gate. She didn't even wait for me to pay the driver. She opened the passenger door and went "get out? Is this one of your old sugar pays?". I think she wanted to say sugar baes. I tried to explain that he was a taxi driver blah blah but she continued to grill me. She was like "you should be ashamed of yourself. You are dating taxi drivers now? Nxa I expected better from you. Such an old man!!!!!! He is older than your father". The metered taxi who was getting pissed at that stage went "hayi voetsek maan. I am not interested in your stupid squabbles. Give me my money so I can go. R150 for making me listen to stupid insults". I gave the guy R150 and thanked him for dropping me. He took the moola and went "msunu". Some people swear as if they drink Euphonik Dry. My mom asked why I was paying my sugar pay money. I told her the guy was a metered taxi driver and I paid for his services. She asked why JT didn't drop me because I was at her place. My mom had this tendency of thinking she was a Gerrie Nel and I hated it. I went "maybe you should start by telling me why you were sleeping in Marcus' bedroom last night". Her silence gave me an opportunity to slyza into the house.

Marcus was watching TV and drinking coffee. He asked me where I was and I told me in town with friends. For a second I thought he was going to ask about what happened at Nightie's house. To my liking he didn't even touch it. I think he was not told about it. He was not on speaking terms with his uncle Alex and I knew there was no way Alex's wife could tell Marcus. I knew she was happy I was having a thing with her stepson because it meant she would have Alex all to herself. He went "your mom was sick worried about you. After everything that happened you shouldn't be out until late. Are you sober?". I told him I only had one glass of wine and he said cool. I liked how he was so chilled. I think he was only nice because I saw what he was up to with my mother the previous night. I chilled with them for few minutes and then headed my bedroom. I remembered I had put my phone on silent mode when I was in a taxi. There were 5 missed calls from Alex. I called him back and he didn't pick up. He texted "I can't talk right now. I will call you as soon as I get an opportunity to call. WE NEED TO TALK". When you ride a married nigger you must make peace with the fact that you won't find him whenever you need him. You only talk to him when he is free to talk. I wonder how girls who have been side chicks for more than 5 years cope. I mean, a side chick contract must expire after 2 years. Anything more than that should be reported to the cops. It's regarded as woman abuse to have someone as a side chick for more than 2 years. I thought of calling JT but I knew she would freak because I left without saying goodbye. My mom knocked and asked if she could get in. I hid my phone and told her to come in. She sat on the bed and told me she loved me more than anything on earth. For a sec I thought I was dreaming. I mean, she was the same woman who insulted and called me names few minutes earlier. I opened my ears and gave her undivided attention.

"I know you probably think I am the worst mother on earth. You are my only daughter and I love you. I want only the best for you. Sometimes mothers take unpopular decisions for the sake of their kids. That doesn't mean we love our kids less. I don't want you to go thru what I

went thru in this life. If I tell you my full story you will cry. I want you to go to school and complete your qualification. I want you to work and one day have a functional family. I want you to have a happy family. For those things to happen you need to take care of yourself. You need to stay away from things that are likely to derail you. People like Alex don't care about you. He will give you money in return for sleeping with you and then go back to his wife. He probably has other girls your age that he gives money and material things for sex. When he is tired of you he will move to another victim. That is how older guys operate. You need to...". I burst out crying at that stage. My mom's words were piercing thru my heart, especially since they were interrupted by sobs. She had tears in her eyes. I could see she was speaking from the heart. I was like "mama please stop it. I can't take this anymore. Please mama....my heart is painful". She gave me a hug and continued "life will make your heart painful if you want it to. You are the boss of your life. You are in charge of your own life and it's up to you to choose the road you want to take. Living recklessly is very nice at your age. But what will happen 3-5 years down the lane when your peers are doing well in life and the only thing you can show off is a Brazilian weave bought to you by a man old enough to be my father? Will you be proud of such? I don't want that for you. I want you to be the little smart and beautiful girl I raised. I want you to make Piet and Marcus proud. I want you to make yourself proud. I don't want you to end up like those unemployed and uneducated girls with more than 3 fatherless kids. I want you to be successful in life my only daughter. Can you do that? If something happens to me can I rest in peace knowing you will take care of your little brother?".

After that long lecture my head was heavy and tears full of tears. The last part about my little brother made me weak on my knees. She spoke as if she was preparing to die. Normally when people are about to die they give signs. I went "mama, I am sorry. I promise I will not give you headaches ever again. Please don't die....i don't want you to die. I love you mama". I remained in her arms for more than 20 minutes. I actually passed out in her arms. We slept on the same bed that night. I woke up feeling like a daughter the following morning. Nothing beats mother's love. Before getting off bed she asked me to close my eyes. She prayed like she had never prayed before. It was the first my mom was that spiritual. When she was done praying she read me Ephesians 6:1 "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right". Yho she was on some Bushiri tip lol. I was actually expecting her to tell me she was opening her own church. I washed my face and brushed my teeth. We had breakfast as a family and after that Marcus drove my mom to Bosman taxi rank. For the first time in ages I was sad my mom was leaving. She managed to rebuild our relationship. Never underestimate the power of talking and a prayer. I decided to put my good girl attitude to test. I went upstairs and started studying. Few minutes into my books Nightie called to tell me he wanted to meet. I told him I was not interested and he knew why. He was like "I can't shake the image of you off my head Sharon. Whenever I close my eyes I see you lying on that coach waiting for me to make you happy. I don't care about this baby mama. She can go to hell". When a guy declares his feelings for you and then badmouths his girlfriend you must know he is lying, especially if he is staying with her. Many girls are still side chicks after so many years because they believed when nigger lied about planning to leave his main. If a guy is serious about making you the main he will leave her before approaching you. You can't appoint another president while Zuma is still the president. Zuma must fall first. Injalo le ndaba. I told him I was rebuilding my life and wasn't interested to be part of his drama. I hung up afterwards. I went back to by books. When I took a break I checked my Facebook. There was an inbox from someone not on friend list. It read "if you think you will taken my men and get aware with it you have another things coming. I will kills you bitch. Nights is men". I responded with "I believe you will 'kills' me. You just killed the poor English". I blocked her. I

heard a knock from the kitchen door. I went downstairs to open.

"Let's talk woman to woman....."

WTF

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

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September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When someone says woman to woman the first thing that comes to mind is Shirley Brown's song, especially the part that says: "I don't know how you are gonna take this. But whether you are cool or come out of the bag on me, you see it doesn't really make any difference. But it's only fair that I let you know that the man you are in love withhe is mine. From the top of his head to the bottom of his feet". The song was echoing in my head as I stood there looking at the elegantly dressed woman. She went "you looked shocked to see me. I am not here to fight with you. I came here to offer you a good deal". I didn't feel safe around her and I made it clear. I asked "I have not been with your man in ages. I promise I have not been in contact with him since the last time....you know the last time". She smiled and told me she was not there to talk about Alex. I asked her what she wanted. She asked if I was going to let her in or not. I told her I didn't trust her and wouldn't want to be in an enclosed space with her. She went "ok, let's go to the gate then if you think I am here to kill you". We walked to the gate together. She went "I think you and Nightboy would make a good couple. I saw the way he looked at you and could see you guys were made for each other. The other girl used the baby to trap him. He told me more than 10 times that he didn't have feelings for her. This is your time to take your man and I am willing to make it happen. We can work as a team to get rid of that ugly hoe". I know many women go to extreme length to protect their turfs but I never imagined Alex's wife engaging in such. She was literally trying to push me out of her husband's life by pushing me to her stepson. I told her I was trying to rebuild my life and was not interested in any relationships. She gave me a senior look and said "you think I am playing neh? I want you to fall in love with Nightboy. It's a better solution for everyone, don't you think?"

I went "mama I know I wronged you by whatever happened between Alex and I but that doesn't give you a right to impose your silly ideas on me. I don't love Nightie and I don't intend to love him. You don't have to stress because I have no intentions to date your man again. I had a long talk with my mom and the only thing I'm gonna obsess myself with is school. If you don't mind, I have books to read". I had to put her in her place. She was making a fool of herself. Her husband was a serial cheater and she was trying to remedy the situation the wrong way. A dog will always be a dog. She went "if I ever hear that you were with my husband I will come stitch your private parts with a string. Try me if you think I am joking". She left after making that threat. I didn't understand why she had to go all the way just to tell me nothing. If your husband is cheating he is the person you should deal with, not the hoe he is cheating with. When I got back to my bedroom I couldn't concentrate on books because of the stupid threats. I watched TV until Marcus came back. Nigger gave me a parcel. I opened and there was a phone inside. He went "your mom bought it for you. You better make sure you don't lose this one because it cost your mom fortune". I thanked and promised to call Makoma to thank her for the present. My mom was really trying to be there for me and I loved it. Marcus asked "how would you feel if your mother remarried?". For

some reason I felt like he was trying to tell me something and I didn't like the sound of it. I told him I was not ready to have another father. I asked him why he was asking such a big question and he went "I was just asking. It's just a topic your mom and I had in the car. Anyway, forget I said anything. Please don't tell your mom I asked this question". Eh I didn't like what I was hearing. I spent the next few days being a good girl. Marcus dropped me at school everyday and in the after I took a taxi straight home. Alex and his son tried to contact me and I ignored their calls. I didn't want anything to do with them. My mom called me every morning to wish me a wonderful day. It was nice to have my mom back.

On Friday of the following week Marcus told me he was going to Limpopo to visit his family. I almost asked if he was going to see my mother but didn't wanna sound tjatjarag. He asked me to behave myself in his absence. I promised I would be on my best behavior. As soon as he left I sat on the coach and watched TV. He called me when he got to Limpopo to tell me he arrived safely. I told him I was at the house watching TV alone. He was so proud of me. I was also proud of myself for being a good girl. He reminded me not to forget to close windows and lock the doors before sleeping. Lol he was such a darkie. A week or so of not touching booze gave me some alcoholic cravings. I was craving something stronger badly. I didn't want to go out but felt like drinking nje. All Marcus' booze was locked in his bedroom. I think he didn't want me to drink. He was helping me to be a good girl again. I decided to call JT and asked her to bring a bottle of sweet rose wine. She was angry I left without saying goodbye the last time she saw me but promised to bring me a bottle of wine. I decided to take a bath while waiting for her to bring my wine. JT called after 20 minutes or so to tell me she was at the gate with my wine. I told her to come in as the gate was not locked. I wrapped myself with a towel and went downstairs to open the door for her. She was wearing brown chinos, a white t-shirt and spotted a piercing on her left ear. As always there was a Puma cap on her head. She kinda looked very handsome that night. I didn't mind opening the door wearing nothing but a towel because JT was my dawg. She went "eh eh eh eh ntwana, entlik wena o pakile strong. Ezi ya gago e causa storm. Shaya turn around ke cave mzimba ntwana (you have a butt for days. Turn around so I can see your body)". Lol JT was such a flirt and I liked it. I felt so free around her. She was my lenyora. As I turned around for her the towel accidentally fell. The look she gave my boobs was very piercing. I could see she was having thoughts in her head.

She grabbed the towel from the floor and wrapped it around me. She did it so slow with a hissing sound coming from her closed mouth. She went "ntwana, do you remember that day in the garage at your old flat in Sunnyside?". Jerrrrr thinking about that day made me a bit wet. It was a day I got the best muff of my life. I went "how can I forget that day. You showed me the muffing mafia in you JT". She closed the door and turned me around. She looked at my eyes and went "le vandag ke muffing mafia. Plus ka bona nkare o tshwere ke stress". JT had some strange powers over me. She could do whatever she wanted with me and it was difficult for me to say no. It was like she knew which buttons to press. I liked how she grabbed and squeezed my ass. She did it in a way that I felt I ticklish feeling in my vjayjay. No guy has ever made me feel that way. I went "mmmmmmhhhhhhh JT what are you doing? You know I can't resist you". She whispered "ka cava ntwana. Le nna wa verstana gore o ncharma hooray. O lepsatla ntwama. Wa cava gore o leshambhola. O ira gore ke bone paradise on earth. Wa e baka ntwana (I know babe. You know you charm me big time. You are beautiful. You make me see paradise on earth. You are gorgeous)". Her compliments went straight to the right place. She kissed me until my lips started vibrating with joy. She took the cushions on the couches and made me a bed on the floor. It was actually a bed for my butt. She made me lie in a way that my torso got to be elevated and my legs wide open to give her full access to my vjayjay. She started by nipping my nipples mildly and slowly. Her

finger was rotating on my clit while her tongue did the magic on my nipples. I was shaking my body rhythmically. I don't know which finger she was using to finger me but it knew the job. It didn't waste its time on unnecessary parts, it went straight for the kill. It fingered my clit until I couldn't breathe anymore. She paused and went "ntwana, who's your daddy". I whispered "ke JT wa starring". She switched sides. Her head went between my legs while her fingers brushed the precious cones on my chest. The minute she laid her tongue on my clit I went on a rampant orgasmic and spasmic vibration mode. I found my legs going numb and stiff at the same time. I stretched my arms with my fists clenched and screamed "ah ah ah J J J J J J J J J J J J J J J J Jayyyyyyyyyyyyyy Teeeeeeee oh jou lekker ding". She grabbed my butt and gently pressed my strategic areas against her head. For a second I felt like she was going to swallow my clit. She squeezed my pleasure button between her lips and did some lipping sipping swinging. I lost control of my body.

She screamed "Of fu#k ntwana!!!! You"

WTF BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!! Amen.....

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 330

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

A good shag will take you to places you have never been. Apparently some girls fart when they climax. One of my former classmates once told me she knows the dick was good when she passes wind via her backdoor after the shag. Sometimes I ask myself what people who don't shag live for. I think shagging is one of God's best inventions. If there was no shagging the world be a very boring. Maybe we should thank the snake that led Eve into blowing Adam in the Garden of Eden. If it wasn't for that we wouldn't be experiencing the goodness of it. I found myself squirting during the good muff from the muffing mafia. JT was not ready for it because she withdrew and swore at me when I showered her with the liquid results of how I was feeling. I didn't do it deliberately. It was her own doing that led me to that process. I was not in control of my body anymore. She made me reach the places no guy has ever made me reach. People must learn to understand why girls go for lesbians these days. These people have a skill that most guys lack. Most guys have this tendency of rushing to penetrate you before you are even in the right sexual mood. Lesbians have 'that thing'. They take their time pleasuring the right parts of your body. There is a 90% possibility of coming when being done by a lesbian as compared to 52% when done by a nigger. JT was like "Ag maan ntwana, WTF the fuck now? Ke nwele 6-9 ya gago now. Jou moer maan (I drank your piss now. Screw you)". At first I didn't even get what she was saying because I was still not in control of my body. It was only when God gave me back my body that I realized what had happened. It was the nicest feeling ever. I didn't even care what I made JT drink. I was on cloud 999. I went "JT, why am I struggling to have a relationship when I have you? Why did you friendzone me when you can be my boo and make me happy everyday? You know your thing Julia. You made me come more than 3 times in a short space of time. Oh damn....wow I can't believe I am feeling this way". She looked at me and said "Julia ke mmao wa sfebe".

I remained on the floor while JT went to wash her mouth in the bathroom. When she came back she told me she was leaving because she had some stuff to take care of. I begged her to sleep over but she told me she had to leave. I was so disappointed but let her go. Before leaving she went "you know we will never date. It will never work. We are great as friends". That moment when the only person who does you well only sees you as friend. Mxm!!!!!! As soon as she left I took a shower and went to bed. The following morning I woke up feeling fresh and ready to take on the world. My mom called to wish me a beautiful day. She

reminded me to take my education seriously. I was so in love with her morning calls. She asked "do you think I am too old to remarry?". I had a feeling her question had something to do with Marcus. It was in the same line of thinking with the question Marcus asked couple of days earlier. I went "yes you are too old mom. I don't want another father. Please don't remarry". I had to be honest with her. I didn't want another father. I didn't like whatever my mom and Marcus were planning. After my mom's call I called Marcus and he didn't pick up. I wanted to make sure he was not at my house. It was Saturday and I had money. I wanted to spoil myself with some retail therapy. I had Alex's money to spend. I took a bath and dolled up myself. I was tired of Menlyn so I headed to Mall of Africa, the new shopping capital for blacks. Maybe they should have named it Mall of Tembisa because it is always teeming with people from Tembisa. When I got there it was packed. People have money yong. Being a beautiful girl is tough in this country. You will never have a peace of mind, especially when you are walking alone. Sometimes I wished I was ugly. Ugly girls hardly get disturbed. An ugly girl can walk from Messina to Cape Town and the only time niggers will stop her is when they ask for directions or time. When you are hot niggers will stop you every 2 minutes to ask for your number or take you out. That is what I was going thru at the Mall of Africa. Some even offered to pay for my shopping. Life is tough bathong.

After hours of retail therapy and niggers trying their luck, I bumped into Alex and his wife. Alex wanted to pass without talking to me but his wife hit brakes. She was like "hawu my little girl Sharon. It's good to see you. I didn't know you shop this side of the world". She was holding Alex's hand as she said that. I think it was her away of marking her territory. Lol women will always be women, regardless of age. When we feel threatened we hold what is ours closer. I greeted them with respect and humbleness. They were adults after all. Alex didn't even make eye contact with me. Alex's wife went "how are thing between you and Nightie? You must be glad that he finally got rid of that ugly baby mama. He will be sending us to your place to negotiate lobola soon. And I am sure you will make a great wife. Don't you agree Alex?". Alex who was very silent could only nod. I could see he was very uncomfortable. Luckily his phone rang to bail him out. He used it as an excuse to move away from us. When Alex moved his wife changed the smile on her face and wore a serious face. She went "can you see how happy we are? People like you try to ruin this kind of happiness. Please stay away from my husband. He is mine and mine only. And I hope the money you are spending here is not his because if it is you will regret this. We don't work hard for hoes like you to blow our money. Are we clear?". She was gradually losing the respect I had for her. I kept my promise that I would stay away from her hubby and there she was harassing me. I went "Mrs Mboweni, I don't know what you are drinking but whatever it is, I suggest you dilute it with water because I see it is too strong for you. My mom is working and can afford to give me money for shopping. I have a boyfriend who spoils me. Why would I go back to Alex? A guy who comes within 2 minutes? No mama, I am not like you. I love myself. I am so over your man and I will never take his money even if he offered. Please stop harassing me". I saw her face turning Tsonga on the spot. If we weren't in a public she was going to beat the hell out of me.

When Alex came back she faked a smile and pretended as if we were talking about fashion. I went "grandpa Alex, please tell your precious wife to stop harassing me. Tell her I am not sleeping with you or spending your money". I dropped the mic and left them standing in the middle of the mall. I knew my safety was compromised. I had to go walk as far as possible from them. I didn't wanna use public transport back to my crib. So I checked in on Facebook hoping some horny nigger will offer me a lift. Yes girls do that all the time. We know there are many thirsty fools who won't mind wasting petrol out there. Unfortunately the only person who commented was RR. Nigger went "Eh eh eh le sepela mmolo ya maemo a

godimo Mmarena. Nrekele ultramel le lofo ya brown please (you to to top malls huh. Buy me long life milk and brown bread)". Lol imagine going to a mall to buy milk and brown bread. Hayi bo RR mrena. When no one offered a lift I had no choice but go to taxis. While walking there I received a call from Nightie. I thought of ignoring it but remembered his stepmother told me the psycho baby mama was given the boot. I answered the call. He went "are you with my father at Mall of Africa? I saw your check in and I spoke to dad earlier....he told me he is there. Are you with him?". I told him his father was with his wife. He gave a sigh of relief. Nigger was stalking me. I didn't even have him on Facebook nxa. I remembered I needed a lift to my crib. I used his call to my advantage. I told him to come fetch me. I didn't even have to beg him because I knew he was into me. He told me to give him 15 minutes. Midrand is not far from Centurion. I told him where to find me. He called me after 10 minutes to tell me he was almost at the mall. He sounded so excited. When he got to the mall he was so surprised to see so many shopping bags. He asked if I won Lotto and I laughed. Only if he knew his father was my Power Ball ki ki ki ki. A hustle is a hustle mrena. He drove me to my crib. When we got to the gate I thanked him for the lift. Nigger went "I know and accept that you will never be mine but can we please go for a drink or two? I promise I won't try to hit or you. I promise baby mama won't cause any drama. I kicked her out last night. Please please please don't say no. I beg you". The way he was begging it was difficult to say no. Any anyway, I didn't have anything better to do. I took my shopping bags to the house while he remained in the car. I freshened up and went back to the car. I told him I wanted some kasi vibe. He suggested Jack Budha in Mamelodi or Busy Corner and I told him it was risky. I wanted somewhere I couldn't bump into people I knew. He went "ok...let's go to Bahama in Kwa-Thema. It's the coolest place to chill. Plus I am friends with the owner. "Bahama it is then....". We had to pass by his place because he wanted to fetch his man bag. Hayi metrosexuals thou!!! When we got to his place we found 3 cop cars. When they saw his car they came running. Nightie opened the door to investigate what was going on.

You are under arrest for

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 331

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

In my culture we believe that when everything doesn't go well in your life, one of your foreparents is very angry at you. When ancestors turn against you everything you touch will turn into trouble. The most popular solution would be to slaughter a shy virgin goat and appeal to the ancestors to give you a break. That is what I thought about my life. I felt like my ancestors were very mad at me. I felt like I had done something to anger them and they had turned against me. Everything I did turned into a disaster. I mean, after a week of being a good girl I wanted some nice time. I didn't want cops to spoil our day. The cop continued "you are under arrest for theft and assault with intend to cause bodily harm. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law. You have a right to speak to a lawyer, if you cannot afford one the state will provide". I didn't mind theft, but when they spoke of assault my body shivered. I was wondering who he assaulted. Nightie didn't appear like the assaulting type to me. There were about 10 cops there. If one didn't know better you would think they were arresting a serial murderer or a drug kingpin. I asked one of the cops who he assaulted and stole from. He went "his ex. Apparently she dumped him 3 months ago and he couldn't take no for an answer. Nxa these

sorts of men are a disgrace. Why not let go and move in with his life? I hate guys like him". He was telling me in private. I didn't know Nightie that well but when the cop mentioned ex I knew the whole thing was staged. Baby mama staged it as a revenge for being kicked out. I mean, she even told the cops she dumped him which was a pure lie. Baby mamas will make your life a living hell if you dump them while they are still in love with you, especially those who think sharing a kid guarantees them an eternal romantic relationship. I remembered her words when she told me Nightie was hers and hers only. I asked the cops which girlfriend and he mentioned her name. I showed him the inbox she sent to me to show she lied about dumping Nightie 3 months ago. Nigger went "I am not the court. The court will decide".

Nightie gave me keys to his house and told me to call his father and explain everything. He didn't look stressed at all. I think it wasn't the first time it happened to him. I am all for women rights but if one is gonna waste state money and time to fight such personal battles, to hell with them. The cops must be out there chasing criminals, not arresting people because your plastic heart can't handle the fact that your baby daddy is no longer into you. The best you can do is to make sure he takes care of his kid and then move on with your life. If it's difficult, pray to God to help you to move on. If you believe in ancestors slaughter a pink a goat. The cops took Nightie and I went to the house. I called Alex and his wife picked up. She went "hello, which Mr Shikwambane is this? My husband is not available at the moment. You can leave a message and he will return the call". I immediately hung up. This thing of niggers saving our numbers as Mr What-What must fall. Like WTF, Mr Shikwambani bathong? I was so offended. I couldn't call again because I didn't want that witch to know it was me. I knew she wouldn't even give me a chance to explain. I decided to drop an SMS. I had to do it for Nightie. I wrote "Hi Mrs/Mr Mboweni. Please note that Nightboy has been arrested. He told me to notify you". Within 30 seconds I received a call from Alex's number. I press 'Answer' but remained silent. I didn't want a barrel of insults to fall on me. Alex went "Mr Shikwabane, please tell me what happened? How did he get arrested and for what? Who got him arrested?". I explained everything to him. He went "ok, I will sort it out. You don't have to be at his house Mr Shikwambane. You can go home to your wife and kids. I will call to let you know everything has been sorted. Say hi to your wife. Don't for our golf chill this weekend. Salute my Cde". Like WTF, I felt so insulted. Nigger wanted me to leave Nightie's house because he didn't want his wife to find me there. Nxa life of being a side chick sucks. Leaving the house was not an option because I had Nightie's keys. I decided to stay and wait.

After about 2 hours Alex called to ask "what game are you playing? Are you still sleeping with my son?". I told him his son was behind bars and he was concerned ka masepa fela. He was like "I am at the police station right now and they are releasing him. My son will never sleep in a police cell for as long as I am still alive. But that's not the reason I called. Why are you sleeping with my son when you know very well that you are mine? Is this some kind of a sick game?". I went "I am not sleeping with your son. We are just friends. My life is so lonely because you are always with your wife. And on top of that you saved my number as Mr Shikwambane. Do you know how it makes me feel? It makes me feel like I am some struggling musician from kaN'wamitwa. You are always with your wife lately but you want me not to socialize. Life is mathematics mrena. What happens on the right must happen on the left". He hung up on me. They arrived at the house 30 minutes after the call. Having a rich dad with connections helps hey. If Nightie was just an ordinary person he was gonna rot in jail. When Alex saw me he went "didn't I tell you to leave this house? My son and I want to talk and we need some privacy". He was breathing heavily as he said that. I could see jealousy written all over his face. He turned to his son "your choice of women is very disgusting. That one got you arrested. This one will get you killed". He stormed out of the house like an apartheid cops. Nightie apologized on his behalf. I went "don't pretend as if

you don't know why he is angry. We both know why. Maybe you should tell him that there is nothing going on between us just to put his heart peace". Nightie told me his father was a soldier and had a strong heart. I think nigger was also jealous. The situation was just exciting nje. I was caught in the middle between a son and a father. He went "I am very sorry you had to experience what you experienced earlier. I never thought my baby mama would go that far for revenge. But it's ok now, there is no case to answer. Alex sorted everything out. Now we can go to Bahamas".

I asked if it was a best move to turn up after everything that happened. He went "why must we let her spoil our day? No, she doesn't have any powers on me. I don't give a damn what she does with her life and she should do the same about me". I reminded him that we were not in a relationship and that he shouldn't do things to please me. He was like "duh!!! Do you need a microscope to see I don't love that girl? I have never loved her. She imposed herself on me using the kid. I can't take it anymore". I think it's wrong to badmouth baby mama in front of a girl you are pursuing. Rather shut the fart up instead of grilling her to please the new project. Protect your child's mom in order to protect your child, regardless of how sour your relationship has turned out. I went "ok it's cool. We can go to kwaThema. Hope you won't dump me when you see East Rand yellow bones". He laughed and told me I was more beautiful than Miss Ekurhuleni. As soon as we got in his car I received an SMS from Alex. It read "please send me your account number again. I have something for you". I locked my phone and gave a sigh. Nightie asked if I was okay. I told him I was ok. He went "you look like you just read something disturbing". I told him it was nothing important. He kept telling me to feel free to talk to him. I went "okay....if you insist. The thing is I am going to a wedding next week and I don't have money to buy a dress. I saw some dress in Sandton and it's only R2800. I want it badly". He looked at me and went "yho yho yho that is a lot of money for one dress, You know that is actually someone's salary?". I immediately took out my phone and sent Alex my account number. Within a minute I received a beautiful SMS from FNB. Alex sent R3500. The reference was 'Meet Me'. They say actions speak louder than words. Well, I say money speaks louder than anything. The FNB SMS was followed by another one from Alex. It read "I will be at The Michelangelo Hotel in Sandton. Catch the Gautrain and find me here. You have my number... Love, Alex". I had to make a decision and very fast. Nightie was cool but what he said about R2800 being a lot of money turned me off. Mxm what a stingy man!! That was me trying to justify the decision I was about to make. I went "Nights, you have to drop me in town. My mom is coming to Pretoria right now. She wants me to go with her to Bloemfontein. Nxa I hate this woman with her tendencies of just saying things out of the blue. Ag maan nxa fork maan". Nightie told me I shouldn't insult my mom. I could see he was disappointed but he understood. He drove me to Bosman Station in Pretoria. I kissed him on the forehead and apologized for changing our plans. He went "it's cool". As soon as he left I called Alex to let him know I was about to board the Gautrain. He said cool. When I got to Sandton Gautrain station I called to tell him I just got to Sandton. He told me give him 20 minutes to wrap up something. If it wasn't for the R3500 he sent I was gonna be mad at him. Money makes people patient. I waited for him to wrap up whatever he was wrapping up. After 22 minutes or so someone I didn't expect to see stood in front of me.

He went "he sent me to come fetch you. Shall we?"

BOOOOMMM.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 332

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Nothing confuses the heart like 'the unexpected'. We have the phrase 'small world' but most of us don't take it seriously until it happens to us. Imagine your previous knowing your present. That is one shit no girl wants to experience, especially if she didn't know they were close. It's better if you get in the new relationship knowing your dog was chowing bitch ABC. But if you don't know it creates a whole new picture. Even if nigger is not really your ex but for the fact that you once shagged it created a whole new picture. I didn't know how to react when I saw him. He was the last person I expected to see. I went "am I dreaming or what? What are you doing here?". Those were the first words I said to Never-Die. I know many Shangaan people know one another from home but I never expected Never-Die to know Alex. He went "well, I was in a meeting with a fellow comrade about some business with and he showed me your picture. I pretended as if I didn't know you. The guy is so in love with you. He is actually planning to leave his wife for you". That was some unexpected crap. To me Alex was just some guy I was screwing because he was rich. I had no intentions of being in a serious relationship with him. Nigger was far older than me and I had no intentions of getting married to an ancestor. I was like "you don't have to lie to me. I know Alex is in love with his wife. This is probably some kind of a trap. I will not fall for it. There is something you are trying to achieve with your trick but I promise you will not succeed. I am not your typical village girl. You will have to do better than this to trick me". I was being honest with. I felt like he was playing tricks on me. He took out his phone and called someone. He told the person I didn't believe he sent to fetch me. After talking for few seconds he handed me the phone. It was Alex on the other line. He went "why are you being difficult now? I sent him to fetch you because I wanted to bath. He will bring you over here. Why are you being a drama queen now? Awunyi maybe?".

I had no choice but to let Never-Die walk me to the hotel. It was kinda awkward. As much as I was doing Alex for my own personal reasons I didn't want people to know I was doing a man old enough to be my grandfather. On our way to the hotel Never-Die was like "I know you can't close your legs but I never thought you are into sugar daddies. I am not jealous or anything but the guy is too old for you. Chasing money won't take you anywhere. Next time you will sleep with a baboon for money". Those words came from someone who was on and on about Alex loving me few minutes earlier. I chose to ignore his comment. In fact I didn't know what to say to him. When we got to the hotel I almost fainted with joy. The hotel looked like a mini heaven. Everything was just too beautiful bathong. Even if you ain't a hoe some places with make you take off you undies and lose your morals. Alex thanked Never-Die for fetching me and promised to call him the following day regarding their deal. As soon as Nerves left Alex kissed me. He went "you look nervous sthandwa. Is it because of this hotel? You are probably used to the Formula 1s of this world. Get used to it, you are swimming with the big boys now". As he was talking my mind was preoccupied with what Nerves told me about Alex wanting to leave his wife for me. I decided to ask him. I went "Alex, do you love me? Are you planning to leave your wife for me?". He looked at me and laughed. I asked him why he was laughing and he was like "do you really think I will leave my wife of many years and marry someone like you? Please don't overestimate your position in my life. I see you as my toy. You are like my vending machine. I put money in and get something I like. We need to make that clear. Whatever we are having will not lead to a marriage". His words reminded me of what my mother said about old niggers. They wanted nothing but just to get laid in exchange for money. Anyway, I had no ambitions of getting married to him. But, I got offended when he compared me to a vending machine. That was very offensive. Even professional prostitutes wouldn't want to be called vending machines.

He told me to go take a bath. I told him I bathed not long ago. He was like "I don't know what you were up to with my son. I don't want his crap in my system. You know what, from today I don't want you to have any kind of a relationship with him. I can't be sharing you with my son. Are we clear?". I tried to explain that there was nothing going on between Nightie and I but he didn't buy it. I decided not to argue with him and went to take a bath. The bathroom looked like Abraham's holiday home in heaven. It had 'that thing' effect on me. While I was bathing Alex opened the door and got in. Nigger was 100% naked. His grey pubis looked so scary. If I was him I was gonna dye the crap. He started dancing like a male stripper. He was like "do you like it babe? Do you like it? Can you beat this?". Like WTF, I almost puked. Imagine a man approaching his ancestor dancing like a pervert from Eastern Cape. But because he was generous with his wallet I went "you are good babe. I love it. I love your energy". He turned around and started twerking. He had grey hair in his ass. It looked like those grasses we see on deserts. I had to close my eyes to prevent myself from puking. It's true that the more you grow old is the more you become a kid. When he was done dancing he joined me in the water. He kissed my ears and told me I looked like an angel. I almost told him he looked like an ancestor but didn't want to upset him. He started fingering me. My vjayjay was still traumatised from his twerking. It took it some time to get wet. He went "your punani is bigger than my wife's. You should stay away from Tsonga boys. Who is bigger between my son and I?". I didn't like his stupid remarks but had to pretend they didn't matter. No girl wants to be told her vjayjay is big. Imagine being told you nanana was bigger than a woman old enough to be your mother. I was so offended. I went "I have never seen your son's dick Alex. Can we stop talking about him? Unless if you want me to go to him now". I think it was his tricky way of asking if I was sleeping with his son.

He wanted to penetrate me without using protection and I told him it was not going to happen. He tried to force and I told him "Alex, if you don't want to get laid tell me. I don't mind leaving". For some unknown reason sugar daddies hate condoms when they sleep with their side chicks. They are the reason Marie Stopes has so many abortion clients. I didn't want to be their client. He went to the bedroom to fetch condoms. When he came back I was getting out of the bathtub. He told me to turn around and give it to him from the back. I asked to put on the rubber for him. I did it nice and slow and nigger started moaning. When I finished putting it on I gave him a mini hand job. Lol the poor old nigger came from my hand job. Within 30 seconds of me playing with his Tsonga express nigger filled the condom with his expired condensed milk. I went "and then? Bothata ke eng madala?". His cock was slumbering as I asked that question. He went "eish, I think I am still stressed about the family funeral I went to a week or so ago". Men are masters of excuses when they come quickly or fail to get it up. I remember one guy who blamed a toothache for coming quickly. I went "it's ok babe. I know your family member was very important to you. I will wait for it to get hard again". That was me trying to make him feel better. We went to bed and I could see he was very disappointed. I tried to play with it but dololo vukavuka. Nigger passed out with a periperi heart. I was kinda horny, so I had to employ my fingers to satisfy myself. I came twice within 5 minutes of fingering my clit. My fingers had the Nandos effect. I passed out after the DIY session. When I woke up the following morning Alex was not in bed with me. I assumed he was in the bathroom. It was only when I saw a note next to the bed that I realized nigger was gone. He wrote "I had to leave early. My wife is not ok. I am sorry I couldn't give it to you last night. I promise to make it up to you next time. Never-Die will come fetch and drop you at your crib. We will go shopping during the week. Lots of love". Shem, I could feel a sense of disappointment in the tone of his note. On the other hand I was happy nothing happened between us. I decided to take a bath and be ready for Never-Die to fetch me. I actually took a shower. Immediately after showering I heard a knock on the door.

I was still wearing nothing but the towel.

I opened the door and Nightie walked in.....

WTF....

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 333

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

That moment when you are expecting drizzle only for God to hit you with a hailstorm. As per Alex's note the only person I was expecting that morning was Nerves. I actually thought he was going to call to tell me he was on his way. That is one of the reasons I was still in my towel only. If I knew what time he was going to come I would have gotten dressed and readied myself for him to come. I got the shock of my life when the person who came to the house happened to be the person I lied to just a day earlier. As far as he was concerned I was in Bloemfontein with my mom. It's so embarrassing when lies catch up with us. I went "Uhm what are you doing here? I was not expecting to see you". I was trying my level best to cover the embarrassment on my face. I didn't want him to see I was shocked to see him. When you deal with men you must not show your emotions all the time, especially if you are planning to lie. Guys are very good at playing with our feelings and minds when they see we are emotionally rattled and panicking. He went "I came here to see my father. I thought you were in Bloemfontein with your mom. Maybe you should tell me what you are doing in my father's hotel room. There is no need to lie because whatever you say here will determine how I view you going forward". When people say that you must know they know the truth. They just want to hear it from the horse's mouth. I went "well, I didn't know this was your father's hotel room. My mom and I slept here last night. I decided not to go with her to Bloemfontein because I have to study. She drove to Bloem alone. I was actually planning to leave now. Thank God you are here because you will give me a lift". I tried my best to maintain a normal face as told those green lies. He was like "you are lying thru your teeth. Yesterday when you left you came here to be with my father. You slept here with my father. He left this morning and asked Never-Die to come fetch you. I was with Never-Die when my dad called him. When I heard it was about you I decided to come. Why do you lie Sharon?".

When you are caught you have no choice but to come clean. There was no need to lie anymore. I went "ok maybe I lied a bit. Your dad gives me money and lots of it. I couldn't say no when he invited me to come here. I am sorry I had to lie to you. I don't love your dad but he understands I have needs as a woman. When I asked for a dress you told me how expensive it was. The kind of man I want does not have the word 'expensive' in his vocabulary". He frowned as I made that short to medium speech justifying my lies. I concluded by saying "anyway, you are not my boyfriend. I don't owe you an explanation". The last part was my strategic plan to stop him from asking further questions. I wanted to make it clear that I did not have to report my movements to him. He was like "I know you are not my girlfriend. Sharon, you are a very smart and beautiful. I know you get this a lot and it doesn't move you anymore. But soon people will stop seeing you as the beautiful Sharon but as the girl who sleeps with older man for money. Do you think your mom will be proud of that? Would you be proud if your daughter chased money thru such channels?". Sometimes some truths are hard to swallow. He was 100% right but that was the crap I didn't want to hear at that moment. I told asked "who died and made you Desmond Tutu? First of all you

came here without my permission and now you are busy preaching to me as if you are clean. You wanted to cheat on your psycho girlfriend with me. You don't need me to remind you of that". He went "Ok Sharon, I am sorry for coming here without asking for your permission. Maybe I am wrong. If you want me to leave I will leave. I do not have a problem with that". Damn, the thought of leaving that hotel on foot didn't sit well with me. I needed a ride from him. I apologized for being harsh on him. I asked him to give me a chance to get dressed in the bathroom. He went "cool, I will wait. But this is probably the last time I see you. I can't compete with my father's millions".

I took my clothes and headed to the bathroom. I realized I forgot my G-String in the bedroom. I opened the bathroom door a little bit and asked Nightie to check it on the bed and pass it to me. Nigger went "can I smell it?". What's up with men and sniffing female undies though? I don't see myself putting male undies anywhere near my nose. It is a proven fact that 67.35% of men don't wipe themselves thoroughly when they do number 2. I don't want to sneeze the whole day. I told him to stop joking and pass me my undies. Instead of throwing it via the half open door nigger opened the door extensively. I was stark naked when he threw himself in the bathroom. He was "oh sorry, I thought you still had the towel on. I will close my eyes". Mxm men love stupid tricks when they wanna see us naked. I grabbed the towel with the aim of covering my privacies. He went "you don't have to". He was taking off his t-shirt as he said that. It was kinda refreshing to see a fresh body for a change. It was a different picture from the grey hair I saw the previous night. I went "what the hell do you think you are doing. You think I am a hoe neh? I can't sleep with you and you know why. Please stop what you are doing". Nigger continued nakeding himself. It was when he took off his chinos that my attention went to between his legs. He was indeed Tsonga and had Tsonga features. His manhood was difficult to ignore. He went "we are both naked now and standing in the bathroom. I don't know what to do next. What do you think we should do?". He knew exactly what he wanted to do. He just wanted to hear it from my mouth. Before I could open my mouth he told me to shushhhhh. I zipped my lips and we looked at each other straight in the eyes. Eyes play a bigger role during shagging. Nothing creates an electric chemistry than the eyes. When a guy looks you straight in the eyes you can get wet on the spot. I am talking about guys with exotic eyes. I am not talking about guys with eyes that look as if they are looking for something to steal, eg...Mazwi of Generations's eyes. He has 'Nkandla' eyes.

He grabbed my neck and like a Venda lightning his lips stroke mine. Never underestimate the power of good kissing. Generally women love a man who knows the art of kissing. Don't kiss your girl like you are chewing a hard body chicken from Bushbuckridge. Your lips must be in a position to make love, not war. He kissed me for more than 15 minutes. I experienced all sort of kissing. From French kiss to Peruvian kiss. When he was done kiss me he carried me. I loved the fact that he was fit. He carried me like he was carrying a weightless something. I wrapped my arms around his head and my legs around his middle body. Men have one skill that women will never crack. They can make a condom appear from nowhere. I didn't even see where he got the condom from. I only saw it when he used his teeth to tear the cover and literally 'singlehandedly' put it on. He then used his other hand to direct his very hard cock between my warm thighs and reached for the hallowed hole. I felt it going into my pleasurable corners and hissed like a snake. I found myself inviting his lips to mine. He gently moved my body back and forth to create some unexplainable friction in my vjayjay. That position made it easy for his cock to massage my clit as he pumped in and out. He was not doing it like he was fighting. It was less physical and more divine and soulistic. With his cock still inside me he walked to the bedroom. You know a guy is gifted when he is able to walk with his dick inside you without it popping out. The friction created when he walked gave me some sensational felling in my punani and i found myself screaming in tenor. He

put me on the bed edge and stretched my legs. He went in and out nice and slow. I was shaking myself anti-clockwise to make it more pleasurable for him. I didn't want him to do the entire job alone. When he started thrusting faster I felt it knocking on the uterus door. Nigger was reaching remote places inside me. When he came he sounded like one of those apostolic church bishops. "yhooooo yhooooo yhooooo yhooooo yhooooo". I was kinda expecting him to sing 'ba entse medingwana ba entse medingwana'. He withdrew his cock and I put a hand on my punani. The temperature was damn high. You would swear it was in a microwave. After about 20 minutes of silence he went "I am hungry. I am craving shisanyama. I don't want hotel food. Let's pass by Busy Corner before I drop you at home". I told him I didn't have anything to wear. He was like "we are in Sandton remember? There are many shops here. Grab something and I will pay". The thought of him paying made me get dressed quickly. We went to the shops and I grabbed couple of things I needed. When I was done with the mini shopping we headed to Busy Corner. I changed my clothes in the car. I asked how I looked and he said "like a million euro". When we got to Busy Corner it was not very packed because it was during the day. He ordered us meat, pap and chakalaka. I asked if I wanted booze and I told him a glass of wine would do. He ordered a bottle of wine for both of us. A bottle of wine led to 4 more bottles. That's the thing with Busy Corner. You go there for one drink and the next thing you end up drinking out your entire bank balance. By 20h30 we were still at Busy Corner dancing like nobody's spatlho business. I told Nightie to check my drink while I hit the ladies room. As soon as I entered the toilets someone caught my attention.

I was like "Maite Modika!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 334

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I don't know if I mentioned this before. Maite and I were close, well sort of close. We hailed from the same hood. She was always one of those girls who always wanted to be in front of the flock. In her eyes she was the most beautiful. She even imposed guys on herself because she thought she was the only girl they saw. Truth of the matter was most guys liked me because of my beautiful body and complexion. So I was sort of a competition to her. She resorted to making nasty comments to make herself feel better. That tendency grew in me to a point that whenever I do something I would hear her voice rubbishing it. Sometimes I would see a picture of her shaking her head in my head. I think that is what happened that night at Busy Corner. It was probably because of the wine I had. I knew if she was still alive she was gonna say "how can you sleep with a father and his son? You are a hoe Sharon". She was a fan of such remarks forgetting she was a high grade hoe herself. Nxa the biach was haunting me from the grave. The girl who was in front of me in the bathroom was like "Maita Modeeka? What the hell is that?". I decided to ignore her and left the bathroom. I didn't want to explain my craziness to her. When I got back to the table I left Nightie at nigger was not there. Our booze was still there but the place was occupied by other people. I assumed he was at the toilets or something. When 5 minutes passed without him coming back I started panicking. I asked the people who occupied the table if they had seen where the guy I was sitting with went. They all told me they didn't know. I walked around Busy Corner looking for him and nigger was nowhere to be found. I decided to go check him at the car. I almost developed mental menopause when I learned the car was gone. My bag was in the car. My phone, cards and money were inside the bag. I thought to myself "maybe he went to drop a friend or something around Tembisa. He will be back". I was trying to be optimistic. My optimism died when 10 minutes passed. I made peace with the fact that he

left me.

For the first few minutes it felt like a joke. When it sunk in that I was stranded in Tembisa at night without money and phone I wanted to cry. I went to the security guards at the gate and asked them if they saw Nightie leaving. I explained what he was wearing and the car he was driving to them. The guy went "do you know how many people we see per day? Do you really think we have time to be hunting for your boyfriend? Maybe he went back to his wife". Nigger didn't know me but he had already jumped to a conclusion that I was a side chick. Some people's chill has reached boiling point straight. I went back inside Busy Corner and sat alone contemplating on which step to take next. I knew it was going to be difficult to make a plan to go home without money and phone. Most people sat in groups and they looked like couples. Some guy came to me and asked if I was ok. I went "sort of". He offered to buy me a drink and I told him I wanted money to go home, not a drink. He went "where in Tembisa do you stay? I can make a plan". I told him I stayed in Pretoria and wanted at least R200 to pay for a metered taxi. He went "R200? R200 R200? I will be back". That was the last time I saw him. Sh!t, I was in deep sh!t. I went outside again to look for Nightie. Nigger was still not there. I asked one guy if I could use his phone and he asked me why. I explained my story to him and he went "ncooooh I am very sorry. What kind of a man leaves a beautiful girl like you behind. If you were mine I was gonna keep you closer 24/7. Bona neh, I stay in Kempton Park but I can give you a lift to Pretoria. Is that cool?". It sounded like a good deal to me. Problem was I had issues trusting strangers. I walked with him back inside. Before I could sit down I saw Thobile and some guy. We locked eyes and I waved my hand. She waved back without any facial reaction. I walked to her and greeted. She greeted back and asked what I was doing at Busy Corner. I almost went "I am watching animals play morabaraba". Like some questions are so stupid.

I asked to talk to her in private. She agreed and we went outside. She was like "please don't tell me you want to apologise and be friends again. It will never happen. I do not befriend snakes. I don't want anything to do with you. I have made new friends". Some people have a PhD of jumping to conclusions. I told her I didn't want friendship either. I explained my situation to her and she cracked. She was like "wow, from driving an X5 and Mini Cooper to being stranded. Life will humble you. I never thought I would live to see this day. Praise the Lord". Ja some people must read Exodus 20:7. Why the hell was she using the Lord's name for her selfish and stupid reasons? She told me she is not going to Phillip Nel but wouldn't mind accommodating me at her place in Centurion. I asked if she could call JT. She told me her JT's phone had been off since the morning. I had no choice but to take her deal even though I was not comfortable sleeping at her place. We left Busy Corner around 11pm. She was with some noisy nigger who failed to make sense whenever he opened his mouth. It was the longest drive of my life. He was on and on about how he was going to give Thobile more than 4 rounds blah blah blah. Thobile was entertaining his bull crap and I was so bored. I asked Thobile if she could drop me at a friend's place somewhere around Centurion. I wanted to go to Nightie's place. Nigger had half my life in his car. A woman's bag is half her life. She went "you are in no position to make such demands but I will drop you there because I am a good girl. Next time you won't be lucky". Yho she was rubbing it. I directed her to Nightie's place. She asked if the so-called friend was one of my boyfriends. I told her it was a female friend. I was trying to best to maintain my composure because I was desperate for her help. She dropped me at the gate at left. She didn't even wait to see if I was gonna be fine. I guessed she was in a hurry for her 4 rounds. I asked the security guards if Nightie was in the complex. Nigger went "yes I think he is in but I don't know". I think security guards did Confusion 101 as one of their modules at security school. Like WTF!!!!!!

I explained my situation and asked him to let me in. Nigger hardened his neck. He told me they were not allowed to do that without the resident's permission. I asked him where I should sleep and he went "I am not your mother. Why should I care about where you sleep?". While arguing with him I saw Nightie's car appearing. I immediately left the security area and stood next to the gate. Flip, he was not alone in the car. There was a girl on the passenger's seat. Some men are cruel. How do you leave a girl kilometres from her crib at night and go hook up with another girl? That was witchcraft on a premium level. He got out of the car and went "I am very sorry. I can explain..... Please give me a chance". The security guard went "mrena, you are blocking other cars. Get your car out of the way". Nightie asked me to get in the car. I got in and gave the girl a snaaks look. She didn't even look at me. When we got to the house I put my handbag on the table and looked at Nightie. He was like "uhm ja you see, I went to pick my cousin in Ivory Park and when I drove back to Busy Corner you were no longer there. I thought my dad came to fetch you or something". I pulled a Black Coffee on him right in front of that girl. The girl went "WTF....Paul, am I your cousin now?". I pulled a Black Coffee on her too and her wig fell off the head. That was a hot BC right there. Nightie was like "yho kanti you are so ugly without your fake hair. You look like a hornless cow kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". I don't know whether it was stupidity or alcohol....like who the fu#k laughs during such a situation? He was right though, she looked a hornless cow. She tried to retaliate but I was too smart for her. I kicked her knees and she fell on the floor. She was the skinny type so it was easy to summarize her. I wanted to kick the hell out of her. Luckily Nightie came to her rescue. She screamed "you want to kill me? Kill me. Kill me now. WTF, all this for a man who is not even ours? Sies you are a disgrace". What's up with skinny girls and their obsession of being killed? Whenever they are angry they say "kill me". Maybe they need a little fat in their brains. Nightie was like "Sharon, I am sorry I wronged you but there is no need to fight". I grabbed his hand and went "we are going to sleep. This motsetserepa will make a plan about her sleeping arrangements. Wena I will deal with you in the bedroom. She didn't even say a word because she knew I was gonna Black Coffee her again. When we got to the bedroom nigger wanted to talk but I showed him my middle finger. He tried to have a ride and I told him to go fly a kite in Hammaskraal. Within 10 minutes he started snoring. I struggled to sleep because I was angry for what Nightie did. I decided to go have some weed. Yes I had weed in my bag.

When I got to the sitting room the motsetserepa was no there, so was my handbag.

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 335

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When you are pissed the last thing you want is another cow adding paraffin to your already pissed state. The reason I wanted to smoke weed was to ease the piss in my head. I was unable to sleep because of what Nightie did. I was pissed at the fact that I had to humble myself in front of Thobile because I was desperate for a lift to Pretoria. Finally, I was pissed at the fact that Nightie left me and went to fetch another girl. On top of that the hoe expropriated my handbag without compensation. I was bloody furious. I went back to the bedroom to wake the snoring Nightie. He asked why I disturbed his beautiful dream. When niggers say they are having a nice dream they basically mean they are dreaming about naked women. That's how sick these animals with tails in front are. Being a man is a punishment. I went "wake up and take me to your hoe's house. She stole my handbag. I will not sleep until I

get it. You will wake up and drive me there right now or I'll go buy petrol and burn this house. You think I am playing". I was not high but I was acting high. I got high even before I smoked the weed. He went "hayi man... first you don't wanna sleep with me and now you want me to drive to Tembisa this time? Come on man, we'll talk about this tomorrow. It's not the end of the world. The price of bread is still the same". Men don't get it. Losing a handbag is like a guy losing his dick. I pulled the sheets and pinched his hard bum. He quickly jumped off the bed and shouted at me to stop being childish. I grabbed his hand and pulled him to the sitting room to show him his Tembisa hoe was indeed gone with my expensive handbag. The main door opened and the girl waltzed in. She went "huh banna!!! Lo loya or what? I thought these things only happen in the villages and townships. Lo loya mang?". She was speaking so casually. She looked so high. Nightie was like "Sharon, you woke me up for this? Ag scew you!!!!". He walked back to the bedroom. I looked at the girl and went "wena sfebe, you better bring back my bag before I make you fly to Tembisa naked. I will go all Coloured on you".

She didn't look scared or nervous even after my threats. She pointed behind the couch and said "there is your handbag. I know I am from Tembisa but I am not a thief. I only searched your bag looking for a cigarette. Luckily I found something better and helped myself to it. You have some good weed right there dawg. Damn!!!! You should introduce me to your supplier". Like WTF, she didn't even show some remorse that she went thru my bag without my permission. I grabbed my bag and went back to the bedroom. I didn't want to entertain a high person. She was like "dedicate one round for me. Akere you took my man. Nxa, I wish you multiple organisms". I think she wanted to say orgasms. Men love sleeping tog, especially after being denied access the strategic areas. For some funny reason I was the one who craved for some action. I tried to play with Nightie's zombo but nigger continued snoring. Mxm what a sulky man!!! I slept with an 'empty stomach'. I was woken by a call from Marcus early in the morning. I remembered it was Monday and I was not at home. Panic hit my head. I answered the call. Marcus went "I am 30 to 40 minutes away. Please switch on the geyser. I wanna take a bath when I get there. I am flipping tired". I started sweating on the spot. The last thing I wanted was for Marcus to get to the house and not find me there. I quickly woke Nightie up and explained my situation. He told me he was still enjoying the last hour of his sleep. He gave me the car key and told me to leave. I tried to wake him again and he told me to voetsek. I didn't mind driving his car to crib but there were two challenges. Leaving him with that girl there. I knew they were going to shag. I knew that girl was going to use the fact that I left to her advantage. My second challenge was hiding the car from Marcus. I didn't want him to know I was driving Nightie's car. I didn't want him to know I was still in touch with Nightie and his father. I got dressed and walked to the sitting room. The girl was sleeping peacefully. I decided not to disturb her. I headed to the car.

I had 20 minutes to drive from Centurin to Phillip Nel. I didn't want Marcus to get there before me. Luckily there was no traffic that morning. When I got to Phillip Nel I parked on the other side of the street. I quickly ran to the house and switched on the geyser for Marcus. Nigger arrived 10 minutes later. I quickly took my books and put them next to my bed. I wanted him to think I spent the whole weekend studying. I knew he was gonna come to my bedroom just to check if I was sleeping alone. He was behaving like an abnormally protective father. I could hear he was not alone because he was busy talking and laughing. He only came to check up on me after 30 minutes. I pretended to be fast asleep. Nigger woke me up to ask if I was going to school. I told him I didn't have any morning classes. He went "I came back with one of my nieces. She will be staying with us for a week or two. She will be attending some workshop in Midrand. Please treat her like your sister. Right?". I

nodded and he left. As soon as he left my bedroom Nightie called to tell me he wanted his car back. I told him to come fetch it. He went "no, you bring it back where you found it. I am not going to work because I don't have a car". I told him Marcus was still around. I asked if the girl was still there and he told me she left. I gave a sigh of relief. When Marcus left for work I woke up to go check on the so-called niece. She was watching some show on SABC 2. Lol she was showing her village tendencies. Who watches SABC 2 in 2016? I greeted her and introduced myself. She greeted me back with a twang. Hawu that was a shocker because I was expecting some Giyani accent. She told me she did her high school at Capricon High, Polokwane. I immediately asked "how many kids do you have?". Many girls who went to Capricon have a problem with closing their legs. Almost all girls I knew who went to that school had two or three kids from different fathers. It's like they did LO practically at that school. When she told me she only had one kid I was like "indeed you went to Capricon".

Her name was Gavaza or Gavz in short. Lol do parents still name their kids Gavaza? That's a name that would suit some powerful sangomaress in Gandlanani. Nightie called again to tell me he urgently needed his car. Eish he was irritating the hell out of me because I was not the one who chose to use his car. I took a quick bath and headed back to Centurion. I told Gavaza I was going to school. When I got to Nightie's place nigger was still in bed. There was no sign of him rushing somewhere. I asked him why he rushed me and he went "I just missed you nje. Actually I wanted to apologize for my conduct last night. It was uncalled for. The wine we drank got to my thinking capacity. I promise it will never happen again. If it means I should stop drinking so be it". I told him I was over that episode and was not in a mood to talk about it. I asked him if he knew Gavaza from his dad's hood in Limpopo. He was like "ja I met her once. She is some loose cousin of mine. Apparently some woman found her in bed with her husband and beat the hell out of her. My dad told me she is still in hiding. Why are you asking me about her?". I told him it was just an innocent question nje. He asked me to join him in bed. I went "no I am not here to sleep. I wanna go back to Pretoria West. You gonna drop me right?". He grabbed my hand and pulled me to the bed. He started tickling me all over the body and I laughed like a baby. He grabbed a pillow and started hitting me with it. When he was done playing with me he held me gently and said "you are the most beautiful girl I have ever kissed. You know before you got here I was asking myself why am I wasting time with women who lack 'That Thing' when I can have you in my life permanently". Men always say women are difficult to please. I don't think we are difficult to please. Small things make us happy. Nightie did something that most guys I dated before failed to do. He played with me.....you know, the tickling and pillow fighting. Those are some of small things that make us emotionally happy. On top of that he complimented me on my beauty. He didn't only make my lips go wide with smile, my heart smiled too. He continued "It's too early for this but I don't think duration has effect on how far a relationship will go. I know you we are both not perfect....nobody , perfect. But we can learn to trust and live with each other". His facial expressions were getting serious as he said that.

He held my hands and looked me straight in the eyes and said "Time waits for no man. Sharon Letsoalo....."

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 336

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When Percy Sledge sang 'Take time to know her because it's not an overnight thing' he knew exactly what he was talking about. I am not a believer of this thing of saying "we will learn to love each other". Maybe it worked with our grandparents with their arranged marriages but I think it will not work with our generation. I believe the dating stage is a necessary stage. It gives the couple a chance to get to know each other. You don't wanna get married to a person only for him to show you flames during your marriage. Get to know the person first and then decide if he is really the one you want to spend the rest of your life with. That is the reason I stopped Nightie before he could make a fool of himself. I was not in a position of being someone's wife. I had accepted 2 proposals before and they didn't work out. My engagement to Obakeng didn't work out because I messed up. My engagement to Tshengi was not healthy and the only thing I gained from it was a mere goat. I didn't want to go thru the same crap again. I wanted things to go accordingly and with God's blessings. Many marriages and engagements fail because they lack God's presence. I went "stop right there... hold up nigger. Please don't do this to us. We are not going to gain anything from it. I am not going to accept your proposal. I do not want to be your wife, not now and not anytime soon. Please save your breath. You can stop with your little stupid speech". By reading his face I could see my interruption disturbed him. I didn't care because I was looking out for my heart. Sometimes one must forget about what other people want and concentrate on her needs and wellbeing. He went "no, you got it all wrong. I also don't want to be your husband. It's too early for that". Mxm nigger was playing mind games with me and I didn't like it. I knew he wanted to propose. He only changed tune because he saw I was not going to accept. He was like "what I wanted to tell you was to accept me as your boyfriend. My baby mama is out of the picture and I think you will be the perfect replacement. What do you think?".

As much as we all want to be in relationships we do not want to be seen as replacements. A replacement is like a second option or something of that sort. Every girl wants to be a girlfriend not a mere replacement. I asked him what he meant by replacement and he went "I mean you will be a girl that replaces the girl that left. In a nutshell I want you to be my soul mate". I looked at him with the aim of hearing the nigger telling me he was joking. He couldn't be serious because he knew I had a thing going with his father. I don't know any guy who would want to share a girlfriend with his father. That is pure madness. I went "ok I hear what you are saying but I think you are not thinking straight. Why do you wanna be in a relationship with someone like me? I am not a good girl. Well, I am not a bad girl either but you know what is going on in my life. Do you really think Alex will let me go just like that? I actually think we should cut all ties. I will do the same with your father. We will never have a normal relationship. I think I should go now. I have a midday class". He held my hand tight and begged me not to leave. He was like "maybe you don't understand. Do you sometimes ask yourself why some guys leave all the hot girls in the area and go for an ugly girl who is known to shag guys who work at the construction site? When the love bug hits you, you will never run away. I can't pretend I feel nothing for you when I know I am felling something. I like you with all your flaws and I know we will find a way to deal with them as a team. All you need to do is to accept me as your boyfriend and we will deal with the rest afterwards. I believe we can make this work. We will pray about it if we have to. I have faith in us". His facial expressions told me he was not lying. The thing with guys is when they wanna date you they make all sort of promises but the minutes you say yes they change the tune. I knew very well that my relationship with his father was going to be a big problem.

As we were talking there my phone rang. It was Alex asking where I was. I told him I was at school. He told me he wanted to us to go shopping later that day. I always tell people that satan has connections everywhere. He is like MTN, everywhere you go. There I was listening to Nightie trying to build a relationship with me and satan decided to tempt me with money. I

told him we would talk after my last class and he agreed. Nightie asked what his father was saying and I went "ah he wants to see me but I told him I have a class. I didn't know what to say so I just told him we would talk after my class". He asked if I was gonna call him and I said no. I lied. There was no way I was gonna miss an opportunity to go shopping because of Nightie. Yes maybe he wanted a serious relationship but life doesn't stop because someone wants a relationship. Injalo nje, it doesn't want a ruler. He pulled me closer and kissed me. He was like "I want to love you. Please give me a chance to love you. I will deal with my father my way. I know how to deal with him. You don't have to worry". In my mind I was like "the only way to deal with your father is to give me more than what he is giving me dawg. Fak'imali uzobona". Lol I felt like a mini prostitute. He kissed me again. That time around the kiss was very deep and ardent. It made me feel the grrr grrr feeling underground. I pulled back and said "the temperature is rising in this bedroom. Maybe you should take me home before we do something I didn't come here for". He told me to shushhhh and go with the flow. I asked which flow he was talking about and he went "the flow in my dick". Lol that was a funny come back. Our kissing led to him being on top of me. I was still wearing my clothes and he was wearing nothing but undies. His manhood was as hard as my forehead. Nigger was gifted in the right place. I went "Nightie please let me go. We shouldn't be doing this now. We still have to sort other issues before we take this relationship to another level. Let us not rush things. Let us do things the right way".

Trying to tell a horny man to stop is like telling Nando's to drop their prices. They will never listen to you. He took off my top and started kissing the cones on my chest. It felt so nice when he tongued my nipples. When a guy nibbles our nipples we get this ticklish feeling that make one wanna scream for Jesus to make the return like Yizo Yizo. He knew how to play with my nipples. He was the type that knew there was a huge difference between nipples and rainbow ice cream. When he was done with my nipples he went down to my navel and the surrounding areas. He circulated the tip of his tongue on the navel area and I found myself whispering things that I never told anyone before. He took off my shorts and massaged my pubic area with his tongue. My pubic area was very clean. I didn't have the Zulupublication. Ja I know many Zulu girls from KZN villages don't like shaving. Apparently niggers that side prefer to see Osama bin Laden's beards before they ride. He stretched my legs with my knees bending up andohhhhh man!!!!!! I felt like saying 'Ohh Shhit like' like Mgarimbe. He literally made me come within a minute by using his tongue to massage my clit. To be honest, my clit was a tongue elitist. It loved only the best tongues in town. Nightie's tongue was one of them. It was long and soft. He knew how to put it to good use. His muffing wasn't on JT's level but it made me sing Rebecca Malope's songs in a hip hop mode. Nigger put his finger in my butt hole while licking the clit and I went "aah aaah aah aaah aaah aaah aaah aah aah aah aah mmmmmmmhhhhh". When he removed the finger I released the loudest fart ever. I thought he was going to stop but nigger continued with the muffing. If he was a student I was gonna think he was a TUT Soshanguve student. Nothing stops those guys from doing whatever they wanna do. They can inhale teargas and still have strength to arrest the cops. After muffing me he went "do you still wanna go to your place? I can drive you now". The way I was feeling I didn't even have a voice in my vocal cords. I found myself using sign language. That's what I call monate wa leleme bathong. He wanted to be on top but I asked to be the one steering the ship. I wanted to ride him like tomorrow was centuries away. He lay on his back and gave me the powers to steer the ship. As I was about to ride him we heard the door opening.

Few seconds later we heard a baby crying.....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 337

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There is drama and there is baby mama drama. Baby mama drama is drama multiplied by 100. When a baby mama is fed up and pissed there is a little one can do to make the situation normal. Normal does not exist in the baby mama world when she has reached that stage. I feel sorry for girls who have to deal with baby mamas everyday. I am not saying guys are innocent on this one but we know many baby mamas have a tendency of using their babies to get back at the baby daddy. We will talk about baby daddy drama next time. Nightie was like "WTF, how did she get in? I told the security guards not to allow her since she moved out". I quickly got off him and dressed myself. The last thing I wanted was my naked pictures all over the net because someone was failing to accept she was not loved anymore. Nightie went to the sitting room naked. I think he was not thinking straight. I hid behind the door. I am not a coward but I wasn't in a mood to be fighting with baby mamas. I heard Nightie going "nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa" repeatedly. I asked if he needed back up. He was like "some crazy woman left her baby here. I don't even know whose baby is it. This is not even my baby". I went to the sitting room to check if he was not lying. I saw a very cute baby and my heart melted on the spot. Nothing makes a girl smile like seeing a cute baby. They will make you wear a smile even when you are angry. I wanted to carry the baby but Nightie advised me not to. I asked why and he went "what if there is a bomb? I don't want to die in an explosion. This baby might be a suicide bomber". Lol men and watching too much movies though!!!! He was reasoning from a movie point of view. I didn't laugh because I could see he was shattered. I would do the same. I asked why he didn't lock the door and he said he didn't think there would be intruders. That was very stupid of him. When you know you just broke up with a crazy person you must lock your house at all times. You can't take chances with your safety. Baby mamas are more dangerous than TUT students and Braam nyaope boys combined.

I went against his advice and had the baby in my arms. She was the sweetest and cutest thing I have ever laid my hands on. My eyes got wet with joy. She made me wanna have my own baby. Then I saw a note in the baby carrier. I asked Nightie to carry the baby and he did so reluctantly. I picked the note and read it loud for Nightie to hear. "I am sorry for doing this but I had no choice. I know you gave me money for morning after pill but I didn't buy them. The baby is 3 weeks old now. You know I am still in high school and have no means of survival other than what my parents give me. I haven't been home in 6 months and my father does not know I was pregnant. Only my uncle's wife knows and she kept it secret. Please do me a favour and be a good father to that bundle of joy. I beg you to allow me to concentrate on my studies. I really regret that one night stand. I regret giving you my virginity. I don't know if you remember me, my name is Boikarabelo and you slept with me more than 9 months ago when I visited my friend in your complex," read the note. That moment when your name is Boikarabelo but you lack maikarabelo!!!! Who the heck on hell fall pregnant and not tell their parents? Why the hell did she not buy morning after pill if she knew she didn't want to have a baby from a one night stand? Those were the questions I was asking myself. Nightie on the other hand was traumatised by the whole thing. I could see he was thinking very hard. That's what you get for going around sleeping with girls without using protection. He gave me the baby and stormed out of the house. I asked where he was going but he didn't answer. I got out of the door to check where he was going. He headed to some house not very far from his. I assumed it was the house where he met the new baby mama. He

knocked at the door and no one opened. He knocked for over 10 minutes and 33 seconds. When he noticed no one was opening he came back to his house. I asked if he was ok and he went "DO I LOOK OK TO YOU? NXA".

I gave him the baby and told him I was leaving. I told him not to worry about dropping me because he had a lot on his hands. He was like "you can't leave me when you see I need help with this baby. You will have to be here with me until the people at that house come back. Or else I am gonna have to go to the cops. I am not even sure this baby is mine. What if she slept with other guys?". What is wrong with guys thou? They don't like condomising but when the baby comes they come up with stories like what if I am not the only guy she slept with? To hell with that!!!! What you were thinking when you came inside her? Did you think you ejaculated Oros naartjie flavour? I told him his baby issues were not my business. I took my bag and left. I was too childless to be dealing with childful issues. Luckily I didn't have to walk for too long before a taxi appeared. I was already late for my class so I decided to chill a bit in town. Actually I was angry I only got a starter from Nightie. The muff was not enough. That stupid baby mama became the enemy of progress. Alex called to ask if I still wanted to go shopping with him. I was like "sorry babe, I just finished with my class now. You can come fetch me. I will wait for you in town". He told me I didn't have to catch a taxi to town because he didn't mind to come fetch me at TUT. I was like "no babe, Marcus works here remember? I don't want him to start asking questions. You'll find me waiting for you at Tramshed. You know it right?". Lol I was becoming a professor of lies. After talking to Alex uncle Marcus called to ask if I was treating Gavaza nicely. I told him I was on my way to the class. He told me to pass by his office after my class and I said cool. Lol I knew very well that I was not going pass by his offices. I had important things to do, ie chowing Alex's moola. It's not everyday that a girl gets to be taken to Sandton for shopping. If it happens you must consider yourself a lucky breed. Some girls get chowed for a mere Big Mac and a can of Fanta Grape out there. May God bless them.,,,,

Alex picked me up and we drove to Sandton. He was like "I like spoiling you neh?". I told him he was spoiling my punani and not me. He called his wife to check if the Sandton zone was clear. When you date married guys you end up getting used to such things. Your sugar bae will now and then call his wife to ask where she is. No sugar bae wanna bump into the wife while walking with the side. She was like "I am still at Festival Mall with the girls. I will let you know when I leave papa. Hope you are being a good boy wherever you are. I love you". He looked at me before replying with "I love you more mama". Those words mean nothing these days. It's time women realized that it's what he does that matters most. A guy will tell you he loves you while he is on top of another hoe. Actions speak louder than words mrena. I asked him why he let his wife go all ghetto on me the previous day and he was like "let's not about that please babe. It's me and you here. Let us concentrate on us. Can we do that?". I had to agree with whatever he was saying because I knew he was going to spend fortune on me. I always ask myself when these rich people make money because they always have time to shop and do other things during the week. Broke people are the ones always unavailable during the week. When we got to Sandton City he told me to take whatever I wanted without worrying about money. I took whatever I wanted, from expensive Burberry to Michael Kors handbags. I bought clothes and shoes. I didn't add the prices of everything I bought but it was a 5-digits amount. That is what I call a Premium Blesser, not those blessers who take you to Legit and think they own you. Time runs when one is having fun. I only realized it was after 4pm when Marcus called me. He was asking where I was and I told him I went to SunnyPark with a classmate after my class. I apologized for not telling him I wouldn't pass by his office. He told me to be home in 30 minutes because he wanted to talk to me about something important. Alex was like "now I regret not giving you the flat in Sunnyside when I

had a chance to. I will have to make another plan because I am not cool with you running home early when I still wanna spend time with you". I apologized and told him I would make it up so him. He had no choice but to take me home. He dropped me few houses from Marcus' house because he didn't want to be seen. I couldn't go inside the house with shopping bags. I didn't want Marcus to ask endless questions. I hid them behind the garage and got in the house empty handed. Luckily Marcus was not home yet. It was just Gavaba who was busy cooking in the kitchen. I went back to fetch my bags and took them to my bedroom. Gavaza asked where I got money to buy so many expensive things. I went "toko ya many expensive things". I hate people who ask questions about things that have nothing to do with them. Marcus came back and called me to his bedroom to talk. I guessed he didn't want Gavaza to be part of the conversation.

He went "it's about me....well, and your mother...."

WTF...

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 338

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When a man calls you to his bedroom for a talk you must know it's something big. Entlik bedrooms are the luckiest rooms in the house. They witness things that other rooms can only dream of. 95% of babies are made in the bedrooms. Darkest secrets are shared in the bedroom. When Marcus called me to have a chat in his bedroom I knew he was going to tell me something big. Part of me knew what he wanted to tell but I was not ready for it. He paused for few seconds before breaking the ice cube. He went "your mom and I want to get married but we can only do so with your nod. I don't want to be seen as someone who is imposing himself on a family. I will only be part of the family if you let me. We are literally family, I just want to make things formal. I want to take care of all of you, not only you". My mind was going crazy as I listened to him. I was dating his uncle and cousin. So if he had to marry my mother he would become my father, cousin and nephew at the same time. WHAT THE MESS!!!! I was not ready for that. I stormed out of his bedroom and headed to mine. I locked it and called my mom. She ignored my calls. I assumed she knew what I wanted to tell her. I texted "I do not approve. If you continue with this marriage please delete me from your life. I don't want another father". I had to make it clear. Marcus knocked at the door and I ignored him. I didn't want to talk to him. I called Selfie's mom to tell her what I just heard from Marcus. I expected her to take my side but she sided with my mom. She was like "my son, Marcus is good people. If him marries Makoma him will be careful for you all time. Him is not bad people hle. Give him benefit of date please my son". I told her I was not going to allow it because I didn't want another father and that mom was too old to be getting in a new marriage. Reality was my mom was still in a marriageable age. Selfie's mom was like "hayi voetsek maan. Married is blessing of God. Makoma reserves to be happy everyday".

It was the very first time I heard Selfie's mom swearing at me. She even hung up on me to show she was serious. She really wanted my mom to get married. Maybe they had promised her she would be maid of honour. I couldn't let them go on with it for many reasons. One of them was the fact that I once did the thing with Marcus. I knew I wouldn't give him the respect he deserved as my mother's husband because of that. Another issue was my little brother. I think he was used to the doctor guy. Introducing another man in his mother's life was going to confuse him. I decided to sleep on it. Marcus knocked on my door early in the morning the following day. I opened the door and he handed me a phone. I asked him who

was on the line and he didn't say. He just gave me the phone and left. It was my mom. I asked what she wanted and she went "I am sorry Marcus spoke to you before I could explain everything. I think you need to come back home so we can talk face to face. There are things that I need to explain to you face to face. Come back home on Friday". I told her I didn't have money and she promised to send R500. It sounded like an insult to me. That is what happens when you are used to receiving thousands from sugar daddies. Anyway, it's not like I needed her money. I had money for days in my account. And going home wasn't a bad idea. I wanted to show off stuff that my Alex bought for me. What is the use of buying expensive things if you are not going to show off? I wanted to show village girls how it is done in Gauteng. After talking to my mom I gave the phone back to Marcus. He didn't even face me in the eyes. I took a bath and caught a taxi to school. I didn't want a ride in Marcus' car. I was not ready for the awkward moment. I attended all classes and when I was done I headed straight home. I wanted to unbore Gavaza. She was cleaning when I got to the house. I asked if she wasn't getting bored spending the whole day at the house. She told me she had just come back from her workshop in Midrand.

Nightie called to ask me to come give him some help with the baby. He was struggling to 'mother' her. I told him to call her mother to help me. My answer pissed him because he knew I knew his situation. Hayibo, it's not like it was my fault he decided to chow without using protection. I went "even if I wanted to come it would be impossible because I don't have a car. I am not going to use a taxi to come help with another woman's baby. I am not a nanny mrena". Gavaba asked who wanted help with the baby. Nxa I hate people who lack manners. When someone on a call it is regarded as bad manners to eavesdrop and start asking questions. I told Nightie to hold on for a sec. I went "can't you see I am busy on a call? You are in Pretoria, not Malamulele. Don't be tjatjarag. You must either behave or jump". Nightie laughed and asked who I was giving a piece of my mind. I told him it was some village girl called Gavaza. He asked to talk to her. Fok, I only remembered I asked him about her a day ago. I handed her the phone. After talking to him she told me she was going to Centurion to help her cousin. I advised her not to but she hardened her head. She didn't even take a bath. I think she just wanted to be away from me. 20 minutes after she left Marcus called to tell me Gavaza would be staying in Centurion with Nightie to help with some problem. I acted as if I didn't know. Anyway, it was good riddance to bad rubbish. It's not like I was benefitting from her presence in the house. I had a very slow week. Nothing exciting happened. I was always busy with my books. Alex was away on business so I didn't get to see him. Nightie was still angry at me for not wanting to help with parenting his baby. The relationship between Marcus and I wasn't perfect because of the whole stupid marriage thing. On Friday after my class he gave me R1 000 for transport to Limpopo to talk to my mom. He asked if I wanted the car and I told him no. I knew I was not planning to go home. I was not in a mood to be debating marriages with my mom. It's not like she was gonna listen to me anyway.

When I got to my crib I found Gavaza sitting in the lounge busy with her nails. She went "Nightie told me you two have a thing going? I was under the impression you two were related somehow. I guess I had it wrong". I told her to find herself a man if she was bored. I didn't like her shwashwi tendencies. She was like "so it's Friday. Don't you wanna show me around? I want to have fun nyana". I remembered Nightie told me she was a bad girl back in the villages. I was like "we can go out if you want, but I don't have money". She told me she had R300. I almost laughed because that was peanuts compared to what I had. She asked if we were going to use a taxi to go out and I was like "we can use brooms or loaf of brown. Yes we are going to use taxis because we don't have cars dummie. And you better not tell Marcus. Tell him you are going to Nightie's place again or something. He thinks I am going

to Limpopo. If you say nnywe he will kick both of us out. Are we clear?". I was behaving like Zee and enjoying it. We took showers and dressed. I wore the new clothes and heels Alex bought for me and rocked my Michael Kors handbag. Gavaza wore clothes from Ra Trya (We are trying) aka RT from Mr Price and All Star. She had an ass for days. Tsonga guys are gifted in front and Tsonga girls are gifted at the back. It's a battle of mrengerenge and m-ezziezzi in Giyani lol. She was like "I met some guy on my way from the workshop in Midrand. He is coming to fetch us". I laughed and went "you see the clothes I am wearing? They are probably worth your so-called guy's annual salary. I am not going to sit in a Tazz or Citi Golf wearing these clothes. Let's rather call Uber or something. I respect myself". She was like "why do you have to be so judgmental? Ga-Kgapane is not a suburb my sister. It might be a little township but it doesn't give you a right to behave as if you are from Tender Park in Polokwane. Get off your high horse and come back to mother earth. You are not different from me". Wow I didn't expect that from her. I didn't even have a comeback for her rant. I had no choice but to apologise. She accepted my apology with open arms. I asked how far her so-called friend was and she told me he was not far. Her phone rang and told me it was the guy. He was waiting for us at the gate. I think she had sent him 'coordinates'. We grabbed our handbags and headed to the gate.

One look at the car and I went "are you kidding me....."

WT....whistling

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

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September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There are some girls that you look at and go "this one doesn't deserve to date or know guys who drive beautiful cars". And it's not being judgmental. Some girls deserve to date pedestrians or Toyota Venture drivers. To me Gavaza was one of them. She twanged but she kinda had some village appearance. She wasn't ugly but if she was food she would definitely be an indigenous morogo. To be honest, when she said her friend was coming to fetch us I was expecting some segatamoroko. I was not expecting to see a Porsche Cayenne driving kinda guy. Those are the kind of cars one would expect to fetch people like Shazyonce. Jealousy kicked in on the spot. I didn't expect Gavaza to attract men like thatj one. She went "you look surprised Shazy. What is wrong? Were you expecting a Polo Vivo or Figo? Come cuzie, let's go". I quickly opened the front passenger door and tried to get in. The driver went "with all due respect, I think you should sit at the back. Uhm...Gabuza will sit here". That moment when the so-called boyfriend rapes your name lol. I almost shed tears when he chased me from the front seat like a dog. I went "oh sorry Sir, I thought this was the back seat. Please forgive me". He asked me not to call him sir but use his name Lwandile. I asked if he was Xhosa and he said yes. I whispered "Mxm it won't last". I don't think they heard me. I knew their so-called relationship was not going to last. Xhosa men don't like getting in serious relationships with non-Xhosa girls. They just puff and pass. Only Xhosa girls know how to handle Xhosa boys. Those niggers can lie even in their sleep. Lwandile asked "so where do you want to go ladies? It better not be around Pretoria. Most of my clients are this side. I don't want to bump into them". Gavaza told him she was not familiar with Gauteng. So they both looked at me to give them a 'mandate'. I was like "I don't know. We can go to Taboo or Newscafe in Woodmead". I wanted to sound like someone who knew places. I continued "unless if Gavaza wants to go to tarvens. She is new in Gauteng. She is probably

used to going to tarvens. We can go to kaNkovani in Tembisa to accommodate her". That was me trying to make her look ghetto.

Nigger didn't even note that I said. He went "we will go to Newscafé. I am not comfortable with Taboo". I was like "why? Because Gavie is wearing Mr Price clothes? I don't think she would mind". Gavaza gave me a funny look. Lwandile told me to stop being mean because he didn't find it sexy". My heart was burning with jealousy. I think it's normal. When you are more beautiful than the next girl you expect rich niggers to look at you first. Lwandile acted as if he didn't see my beauty. He looked at me like I was some random girl from Temba in Hammaskraal. Marcus called Gavaza to ask where she was. Instead of answering she handed me the phone. Nxa what a fool!!!! Marcus asked why I was still in Pretoria. I told him I was in a taxi to town and Gavaza was going to Nightie's place in Centurion. He asked me to call him as soon as I landed in Limpopo. He told me he loved me and hung up. I asked Gavaza why she gave me the phone and she went "I didn't know what to say to him. I am not good with lying". I looked at Lwandile and went "please take this girl to Eastern Cape for a month". He just nodded because he knew what I meant. Xhosa men are smart. If it wasn't for them we would still be in apartheid. If Mandela and Tambo were Mudau and Ravhele we would still be in apartheid. Lwandile asked if I minded if he called a friend of his for me. I asked him what his friend drove and he said Picanto. I told him I was not desperate. When we got to Woodmead Newscafé people were still jotting in one by one and couple by couple. Lwandile ordered us food first before we got to the business of drinks. It's not advisable to drink without eating. You will vomit your liver out. After eating Lwandile asked what kind of drinks we wanted. I ordered my favourite Vodka and Gavaza ordered Hunter Gold, the biggest contributor of mkhaba in girls. Yes I said it before and I will say it again. Most girls who drink Hunters Gold have mkhaba. The same applies to Savanna drinkers. Lwandile ordered himself Jameson. He ordered the expensive one, not the R260 one that every Tom, Dick and Mashudu drink in Tembisa.

I felt so lonely because Gavaza and Lwandile were touchy touchy. It's so boring when you are out with a couple and they get so touchy touchy. My phone rang and it was Marcus. I ignored the call. I advised Gavaza to switch her phone off because Marcus was going to call. She was like "hayi that one must chill. We don't have time for him. We are having fun with my bae". Around 9pm Lwandile and Gavaza disappeared. Well, they told me they were going to buy something at the garage but it took more than 30 minutes. Some guy tried to hit on me. It happens all the time when a hot girl is sitting alone in a club. Niggers will always try their luck, especially if you are gorgeous. When you are ugly niggers will only approach you when the club is about to close. In a nutshell, you will be their second last option. Their last option is their hand if they fail to score a chick. These guys think we don't know their tricks lol. We are always one step ahead. The guy was cute and all that but his approach was whack. He was like "I think I have seen you before. Do you work on radio?". Nxa that was the oldest pick up line in the book!!!! Maybe it worked on first year VUT students, not experienced girls like me. I went "you see that door over there? Go there and ask the bouncer to kick your balls because you are stupid. We will talk tomorrow neh?". He didn't even try to talk further, he went back to his boys. I saw them laughing the hell out of him. Guys are so stupid. They love playing the 'dare' game. They dare one another to approach a hot girl and when he fails they laugh the hell out of him. That is one of the reasons I think we have bigger brains than them. I think half their brain is in their dicks. Half the time they think with their cocks. The vodka was doing its work. You know you are getting drunk when you start thinking of some ex who used to do you well. I was thinking of Hector. That nigger did me so well the thought of him almost made me pregnant. I don't know about guys but we do think of our exes when we are drunk. Some go as far as calling and offering umzimba.

When Lwandile and Gavaza came back they found me busy with my phone. Lwandile looked pissed and Gavaza didn't look happy either. I sensed trouble in paradise. I had a feeling it had something to do with shagging. When Gavaza went to the loo Lwandile was like "are you stupid like your cousin?". I asked him what he meant and he was like "well, I don't think she is my type. I thought she was until she....ag never mind". He cemented my suspicion that whatever it was, it had something to do with mtibidiko (shagging). I begged him to tell me. He went "I wanted some and she told me she was on periods. I wanted a proof but she didn't want to provide it. I told her that since she was on her days she should give me a blow job. She literally threw up in my car". That was the funniest joke I had heard in centuries. I laughed like nobody's business. Asking a BJ from a conservative village girl is like asking Nathi to speak English. I went "what were you expecting from her? You know, when I laid my eyes on you I could see you are my type, not hers. Maybe you should call that Picanto friend of yours for her". Lwandile laughed and gave me high five. He told me he regretted choosing the wrong cousin. He asked me if it was late to change his mind. I was like "well, you know what they say about a wise man. He always changes his plan. Good luck bae". The smile on his face was full of smiles. When Gavaza came back I asked if she was ok. She told me she wanted to go home. I asked her why and she said the place was boring. Those who have been to Newscafé in Woodmead will agree with me that the place has the coolest vibe ever. People who get bored when they are there should be assisted to commit suicide. I told her to go outside get some fresh air. Lwandile went to the gents when she left. I poured Vodka in her Hunters Gold. I wanted her to black out. When she came back I asked if she was feeling better. She went "not really. Actually, this guy is boring me". I asked her why and she went "he wants to sleep with me". I looked at her and went "girlie, this is Mjondolo, not Limpopo. Once you pass Carousel tollgate you must lose that stupid village fake good girl image. What were you expecting when you called him to come fetch us? To spend the whole night playing Talking Tom? Gerrara here!!!! Drink your Hunters Gold. It is not Dry but it will cool you down china". After finishing that 'cocktail' I made for her she started showing life. I added more Vodka whenever I had a chance to without being noticed. I knew she was getting drunk when she started dancing. Lwandile whispered "let's go to my car"

I asked if he had condoms and he said "yes yes yes yes".

WT....Ayeye.

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 340

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

The good thing about being drunk is that you can do stupid things and blame it on booze the following day. Truth of the matter is those who claim booze made them do one two three are lying. We do things with our eyes open and the next thing we blame booze. Being drunk doesn't mean one is brainless. We still have brains but we choose to suspend logical thinking and let the toxic liquid do the thinking on our behalf. When drunk people do good things they give themselves some credit but when they do crap they blame poor alcohol. I was drunk but I was aware of what I was doing. No alcohol told me to do what I did. I did it because I had planned it from the minute I laid my eyes on the cute Xhosa boy. Not just a boy, a rich boy. I went to Gavaza who was dancing with some strangers and told her I was going outside for fresh air. She said sharp with her thumb and continued dancing. She was having the best time of her life. Lwandile and I walked to his car. He went "do you want us to go to the nearest hotel?". Some guys have Sandton mentality. We were stealing a moment

and nigger still wanted to waste time by booking hotel. For the what? For the why? For the who? For the where? I went "you are starting to sound like Gavaza now. You have a car right? Or you want me to spell it out for you? You want me to think on your behalf?". Lucky he caught what I was trying to convey to him. He told me we should go to a private space. He drove to the Woodmead taxi rank... or should I say taxi stop? Well, it's a place where people catch taxis to town and Alexandra. It was deserted that night. It was a perfect spot to have a private moment. He parked couple of metres from the road. We didn't want lights from the road to be an enemy of progress. I didn't waste time when he parked the car. I took the first step. I was not being a hoe, I was just obeying my body. When your body tells you it needs something you must deliver. You can't be mean to your body. I was thirsty and wanted some action. It's not like it's a criminal offence.

The interior of a Porsche Cayenne is a foreplay on its own. When you are about to make out in it there is no need for foreplay because by just being in the car you get wet. When you wanna do it inside a Conquest or those old Corollas nigger must go an extra mile to get you wet. He dropped the seat a bit and I got on top of him. I kissed him like his lips had a cream. I could feel his manhood growing. I asked "do you have relatives in Limpopo?". He asked why and I went "your dick is different other Xhosa guys'. It has 'that thing'. Nigger you are big". He giggled and jokingly told me he had a dick tree back at home in Eastern Cape. When the kissing got deeper he told me to stop and do something different. I knew what he meant by something different. I unzipped his pants and released his Umtata Express. It was a size and half. It wasn't bigger than Nightie's but he was gifted. No wonder he targeted girls from Limpopo. Xhosa girls are used to small dicks. ...well, until they come to Gauteng and taste a real thing from Limpopo. I got off him and bent my body strategically. He stretched his arms. I licked the head and he went "lickisha sana....lickisha kalok". Lol I think isiXhosa is the most romantic language in South Africa, especially when it is spoken by cute boys. I loved his Xhosa accent. When he said I must "lickisha" I almost laughed. The advantage of giving a Xhosa man a head is you know he is not uBabes weSocks. Almost all men in Eastern Cape are zinged. When you are not zinged they will romantically kidnap you and take you to the mountain. If you don't believe me ask Minister Mbaweezee. He went to the mountain at the age of 38. So I didn't have to worry about his come being stuck in his foreskin like when you do Zulu boys. I blew him for more than 10 minutes. You know you are blowing him well when his hands can't get enough of your head/hair. Nigger my head like I was going to run away. Blowing a big dock is nicer than ice cream. Blowing a dicklet is a waste of time. You can end up chewing it thinking it's one those R1 cheeesnacks.

He went "I think it's time for the last step babe". I gave my mouth a break. I asked him to give me a condom. He went "eish, sthandwa I lied. I don't have any. I don't carry them in my car because I don't want my wife to think I am cheating". Hearing the word wife turned me off. It literally killed the mood I was in. He went "but we can still do it. I promise I won't come inside. I am very good when coming to pulling out". Many girls fell pregnant because they believed when nigger said he will pull out. The minute you hear a guy saying he will pull out you must run for your life. It basically means that is what he does all the time. He is allergic to condoms. Pulling out does not mean you are safe from diseases. I went "I am sorry. I am not going to sleep with you without protection. In fact, I lost interest. I think we should go back to Newscafé". Nigger tried to beg but I maintained my no. For some reason I was starting to feel guilty and stupid. I think it happens to other girls too. You do things out of thoughtlessness and excitement. When the excitement dies a cloud of guilt invades your head. That is what I was feeling that night. I felt stupid for behaving like a random hoe. A random hoe in expensive clothes. I felt like someone cast a spell on me. It's not normal to sleep every second guy you meet. Lwandile asked if I was ok. I think he saw tears running down my

cheeks. It was dark but because of my yellow boneness I think he could see my tears. I told him I was ok. He was like "I am sorry hey. I know you want it desperately but you don't have to cry. We can still go buy CD's. You will have it all night long". That was the most stupid thing I have heard that day. The guy thought I was crying for his dick. Like WTF now. Only if he knew I was feeling guilty. I asked him why he was cheating on his wife. He went "cheating is being in a relationship with another woman. I am not in a relationship with anyone, I just chow and pass". It was at the stage that I thanked myself for not opening my legs to him. But anyway, it wasn't unexpected. Most niggers with beautiful cars are puff and pass kinda guys.

When we got back to Newscafe Lwandile remained in the car and I went inside . Some guys were fighting for Gavie. Not physically fighting but swearing at each other. The bouncers were trying to take them out. Gavie was in the middle waiting for the winner to take her home. She was foken drunk. I hate guys who take advantage of drunk girls. There are guys who go clubbing specifically to hunt drunk girls. Most girls are loose when they have had cold ones. I think Gavie was one of them. I grabbed her hand and asked if she was crazy. She went "when a girl is hot she is hot. All these men here want me. Can you believe it? They say I am the most beautiful girl here". I was like "ag shut the fart up dumbie. They don't want you, they want the big hole between your legs. Stop overestimating your importance". I grabbed her hand and dragged her to Lwandile's car. When we got to Lwandile's car he was with some skinny guy. Gavie went "babe, are you cheating on me with this skinny skeleton? You lack cheating manners my love. At least cheat on me with some meaty girl, not this ghost". She was speaking in a drunken manner. The way she was so drunk she couldn't see Lwandile was with a guy, not a girl. I regretted spiking her drinking with Vodka. Lwandile was like "you guys must make a plan to get home. I am too drunk to drive to drive to Pretoria. Unless if we hi a hotel around here and you will leave in the morning". I told him his tricks were not going to work. I was like "but you are being an ass bro. You are doing this because we didn't ride you. Please don't give Xhosa men a bad name. How do you expect us to get to Pretoria this time of the night?". He looked at me and said "you will make a plan. You are not my girlfriends. Why must I sacrifice for you? I cannot drive to Pretoria in this state. I don't want to get involved in a car accident". Gavie whispered something in my ear. I asked the guys if Gavie and I could caucus in private and they said cool. We walked behind the car to have private talk. She showed some powder in a small plastic. She told me it was 100% effective. She wasn't useless after all. When we walked back to the boys I told them we were cool with the hotel idea on a condition that they bought booze for us. Lwandile told us he had bottles of whiskey and vodka in his car. He drove to some hotel in Midrand. It was not one of those reputable expensive hotels. I think they knew him because staff members were talking to him like someone they have engaged with before. When we got to the hotel room he gave us the vodka and opened the whiskey for him and the silent skinny guy. I could see I was his target because he was giving me more attention. When they went to the balcony to smoke Gavie spiked their drinks with her powder. She was like "they will pass out within a minute. Watch and learn". For some reason I started liking her on the spot. The guys came back and drank their whiskey. The smile on my face was priceless. I was beating them at their own game. Fifteen minutes passed and nothing happened. In fact, I saw the dicks on their pants getting bigger. I looked at Gavie and she had a worry on her face. I whispered "and then!!!" to her.

She whispered "I think I used the wrong powder. I gave them mphesu by mistake"

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 341

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

We all make mistakes but some mistakes are a big no no. One must apply their mind twice before they even think of committing those kinda mistakes. It was no a secret that Gavaza was not the streetwise kind of a lady. I had seen it from day one that she lacked the skills to swim and dive with the sharks on the street. She wasn't the type you could count on to dribble you out of a complex situation. That night I only trusted her because she came up with a very unique solution to the problem we were faced with. There was no way I was going to sleep with that dude. His arrogance had turned me off. I could see he was the type that disrespected women. I looked at Gavaza and whispered "please tell me you are joking because if you are not I am going to kill you right here right now. I am not going to get chowed the whole night because of your stupid mistake". Tears started rolling down her face. Nxa she made it worse. I was expecting a solution, not stupid tears. I get pissed when people cry instead of coming up with a solution. I almost punched her bloody big nose. She was like "please forgive me. It was an honest mistake. I took the wrong powder from home". Like WTF, what kind woman walks around with Mpesu in their handbag anyway? That is something you would expect from some guy who has bedroom limitations. I asked how she was going to solve it and she went "I don't know. Maybe I can pee in their booze. I heard that urine has too much alcohol. Maybe they will pass out. What do you think?". I was like "I think you should commit suicide before I kill you". Lwandile asked why we were whispering like hoes. I told him were talking about girls stuff. He asked me to sit next to him. I sat next to him and he started touching me all over my body. The skinny guy tried the same with Gavaza but she told him she was on periods. He was like "so what? It's not illegal to do it when you are on periods. It's not like you gonna die. I used to drive taxis, driving thru red traffic lights is a hobby. You can see how bad things are". He was showing her his pants.

I asked Lwandile if I could use the bathroom. He was like "yes babe, I will go with you. I love doing it in the loo". I told him I was going to \$hit and he went "eeeeuuuuuu.....". That's exactly what I wanted to hear. Being in the loo alone gave me a chance to think. I was thinking of a way to delete myself from that place. I couldn't escape via the window because it was small. An idea dawned in my head. It was not the perfect idea but I knew it would be very effective. I drank more than 2 litres of warm water from the tap. If you are from Limpopo you will know what we call 'go kapa'. ZCC members have a PhD in it. When my stomach was full to capacity with water I went back to the sitting area. Gavaza was still arguing with the skinny guy. When Lwandile saw me appearing from the toilet he stood up and tried to grab me. I released the heaviest puke on him. Half of it hit his face. Before he could process what was going on I puked again. That time around the puke went to straight to his mouth. I think the entire 2 litres of watery puke rained on him. Gavaza was like "eh eh eh eh eh this one is dying now". I expected Lwandile to do something to help me but nigger ran to the bathroom. He came back topless. He grabbed his car key and man bag. He pointed me with his finger and went "nxa voetsek maan!!!! You puked on my expensive clothes sfebe. Next time stay away from booze if you are too weak to handle it. Fu@k this is a mess. I will never chill with these hoes ever again". The truth is most men hate puke. I have seen guys leaving puking girls at clubs many times. If you want to see niggers getting pissed just puke when you are with them, especially niggers who don't have kids. They don't find puke sexy. He threw R200 at me and told us to call a cab in the morning. They left us at the hotel. I gave a sigh of relief when they left. Gavaza quickly locked the door and went "how did you pull that one? You are

my inspiration". I was still mad at her for putting us in that position.

She told me to take a bath so we could sleep. That's how stupid she was. I knew very well that those guys were gonna come back. Only few guys can spend money and expect nothing in return. It was worse with Lwandile and his friend because they were hornified underground. I knew they were either going to buy hookers or try to call their other hoes. Sometimes I don't understand men. Lwandile was marriedwell, that is what he told me. But there he was in the early hours of the morning going up and down looking for mtibidiko. That's like leaving a home cooked meal and go buy StreetWise 2 at KFC. Men are not normal straight. I told Gavaza that there was no time to waste. I quickly wiped the puke and grabbed my bag. Before we could head to the door there was a knock. I told Gavaza to remain silent. The person knocked for over 2 minutes and we remained silent. He tried to open but the door was locked. I tiptoed to the door to listen if there was any movement. I heard of a man who sounded like he was talking on the phone. I heard him saying "chief, I think your hoes ran away. I came here for free.... ja I think you are right. If they ran away they can't be far from here. Let me drive around. Maybe I will find them somewhere around here". I wondered who the hell I was at the door. One lesson I learned but always ignored was the tendency to go out with strangers. It had gotten me in trouble many times but I kept doing it. There are many psychos out there and they don't have a number plate. You will never look at their faces and judge them. Lwandile took us to that dodgy hotel because he knew he was gonna be up to no good. When I heard the footsteps of the person leaving I gave a sigh of relief. The puking and the drama that unfolded made me go sober. Gavaza whispered "this is bad, very bad. I thought these things only happen in movies. I never thought I would ever experience this. Thank you for saving us". I gave her a snaaks look and said "this is what you get for walking around with mpesu in your bag. You are a bad omen nxa"

I tactically opened the door to check if the coast was clear. The passage was very empty. I told Gavaza to follow in silence. The hotel was dodgy but clean. It was very quiet because it was approaching dawn. The only noises I heard were from the rooms. Ne go lla lerete maal. I knew someone was getting chowed because she drank Moë bought by some fat nigger. Some girls do not value themselves. Imagine getting chowed every weekend for alcohol. Sies maan. Well, I was sometimes guilty of the same crime. But it's just wrong nje. When we got to the reception the receptionist was dozing off. She didn't even see us passing there. As we approached the gate I saw a car that looked like Lwandile's parking at the street. I quickly grabbed Gavaza and we hid behind some structure not far from the gate. Within few minutes I saw Lwandile, the skinny friend and two fat white guys walking towards the entrance of the hotel. Gavaza wanted to run away but I grabbed the hell out of her. She was shaking terribly. I told her to stand still or she was gonna die. I had a feeling the guys were up to no good. When you see a black man walking with some creepy white niggers around dawn you must know they are cooking something out of hand. As soon as they disappeared into the hotel I said a short prayer. The only thing that stressed me was whether they left someone in the car. I knew if she was someone it would mean we were finished. I told Gavaza that we should take a gamble. She was like "a gamble where? Casino?". Nxa she was thinking with her nails instead of the brain. I told her to follow me. We headed to the gate and ran towards the opposite direction of where their car had parked. I had my heels in my hand. I was running barefoot. Gavaza was probably having the last laugh. I laughed at her for wearing Mr Price clothes and All Star when we left Phillip Nel. Guess who was running comfortably? Yeah you guessed right. If she didn't have big feet I would have asked her to give me one All Star. Unfortunately her feet were twice my size. 10 minutes into our run I heard a sound of a speeding car. It pulled over just in front of us and I froze. Gavaza collapsed. For a second I thought she fainted until she screamed. I knew that was the end of us.

The driver opened the door.....

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 342

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Some situations would make you think you are that lowly paid actor that always gets beaten in a movie. The way everything was unfolding up I was waiting for a director to come out of the blue and shout 'cut'. Unfortunately it wasn't a movie. It was my life being messed up again. It was one of those situations that made me question God's existence again. In my mind it appeared as if He saved me from one situation and threw me in another one. When I prayed for his help I was expecting a total rescue, not a dicklet kind of a help. It was not Lwandile's car but I had no doubt that it belonged to one of his friends. When the door opened I wanted to run but my legs froze. To my surprise it was a lady in the car. Wow some girls drive like maniacs. You would swear it was a guy driving that car. The girl's face was covered in blood. For a second I thought she was a witch from her last shift. My fear turned into a worry. I asked what was going on and she went "I got beaten by my husband. I managed to hit him with a bottle and escaped. I am losing blood. I need to get to a hospital as soon as possible". When you think you have bigger problems in life only to be met by someone with biggest problems. Domestic abuse is not child's place. No woman should go thru any kind of abuse. Men who feel they have the skill to throw punches should join boxing and fight for money instead of beating poor women. Coming from a black township you would swear it's only black men who do that. The poor lady was white. Her accent sounded Afrikaaner. Gavaza was like "I don't trust her. This might be a trap Sharon. If you gonna help her you are on your own". I understood why she reacted that way. When you have just narrowly escaped a dangerous situation the last thing you want is engaging in any sort of business with strangers. My heart wanted me to run away but my head said no. My gut told me the poor woman needed help for real. I knew I was gonna struggle to forgive myself had something happened to her. I took a decision that I should help her.

Gavaza took a decision that she doesn't want anything to do with the poor white lady. I gave Gavaza half the money Lwandile gave us. I helped the lady to move to the passenger seat. I still had that nurse vibe in me. I used to be a nursing student at the bogus college remember? I asked her where the nearest hospital was and she asked me to drive her to Carstenhof Hospital. She had to give me directions because I was not familiar with the area. When we got there she was getting very weak. As soon as I asked for help a team of about 5 people came to help. That's what I like in private hospitals. I wish our public hospitals can learn a thing or two from them. In public hospitals you can get there limping and bleeding heavily and they will still ask you to stand on queue. It's something I had seen before. I had to be there because I still had her car keys. I didn't even know what to say when they asked me questions. I just told them the little that she told me. Sometimes God shows your goodness in a way that you would never expect. There I was thinking God had abandoned me and He helped me in His own way. Maybe I was going to get kidnapped or something and He prevented it by bringing someone who needed help. I felt proud of myself that I saved a life. I was at the hospital until the day gave birth to the sun. At some stage I passed out on the couch. I kept thinking where Gavaza was. Around 8am they told me the lady would be fine. They took me to her ward. When she saw me tears rolled down her face. She was like "May God bless you. I would have died if it was not for you. I will never forget what you did for me.

I will forever be thankful and grateful. I am glad we still have good people like you". Her words almost made me shed tears. I was used to being called all sort of negative things like hoe and biach. I gave her the car key and told her I had to leave. I promised to come check her in the afternoon. We exchanged phone numbers and I left. One of the doctors gave me a t-shirt because my top looked messy. They even organized a cab to take me to the Gautrain station.

I couldn't go to Phillip Nel because I lied to Marcus that I had gone to Limpopo to talk to my mom. I wanted to go to Nightie's place but I couldn't just go there without calling because I didn't know who he was with. I didn't want to find that hoe of his there. My battery was dead. I had to take a chance by going to JT's place. I knew JT wouldn't have a problem even if she had a company. After all, I was her number one BFF. Luckily when I got to her place I saw her car. She had a sticker of Ska Bhora Moreki on her car lol. Hayi bo JT mrena. I knocked at her door and she asked who it was. I told her it was me and she opened. She was with some black beauty on the bed. The girl looked like something from paradise. JT had a very good eye for beauty. All her girls were gorgeous. She asked me what I was doing at her place so early in the morning. I told her the whole story and she cracked. She was like "ntwana, sharp sharp wena tshwantse ba go irile spane sa madlozi. They must slaughter pudi ya sfebe le kgogo a pink for wena. Life ya gago ke masepa straight (you need a cleansing ritual. They must slaughter a bitchy promiscuous got and a pink hen for you. Your life is messed up). Nkare your parents conceived you the morning after slala". Trust JT to make fun out of other people's misery. She praised me for helping the poor white woman thou. She was like "hope nou wa bona gore why macheri a ma baie a verstana go jewa ke majita a go tshwana le bo JT. Re cava go treata dimedi. The only violence we know ke go llisa lerete mpetong. Wa verstana (hope now see why many girls like hooking up with guys like JT. They know we treat girls well. The only violence we know is lovemaking. Do you catch my drift)?". Lol hayi bo Julia mrena. I charged my phone and asked to take a nap. I was so tired. I think I slept for more than 5 hours. JT and her girl were not there. There was some Chicken Licken and Lemon Twist on the table when I woke up. JT was one of a caring person. She knew I would wake up hungry so she sorted food for me. I had a spare toothbrush in my bag so I brushed my teeth first. I wanted to murder the Chicken Licken. After brushing my teeth I helped myself to the poor Chicken Licken. I felt a wave of inner piece rocking my soul.

I switched my phone on after eating. There were so many missing call notifications from Gavaza. I called but her phone was off. I was just happy she was still alive. If she managed to charge her phone it meant she was still breathing. Alex called to tell me he was back from his business trip. He asked to see me. I told him I was at a friend's place in town and not dressed appropriately. He asked why I was not dressed appropriately and I told him I couldn't go to Phillip Nel because I was beefing with Marcus. He was like "I have organized a flat for you in Sunnyside. You can move there as soon as you want. I will find you a townhouse at a later stage if you behave. I don't trust you". Sugar daddies have trust issues. They will never spend big if they don't trust you fully. I told him it was cool. He asked for my location and I sent it. All I wanted was to stay indoors that particular Saturday. I didn't mind even if it was indoors with Alex, I just wanted to stay away from drama. I called JT to ask where she was. She told me she took her girlfriend to Brits. I told her I was leaving and she told me to lock her flat cause she had a spare key. I took a quick shower and waited for Alex. Gavaza called me. She asked where I was and told her at a friend's place. She was like "yho yesterday was like a film. I will never go out with strangers again. When you left me this morning I walked for an hour until I found some taxi rank. I am at Nightie's place now. Where are we drinking tonight? No strangers". I told her I was busy with important people and had no time to be drinking with people who made deadly mistakes. I meant what I said. I didn't

wanna party with her. She was a slow thinker. Alex called to tell me he had arrived. I locked JT's place and headed to his car. I asked him where we were going and he said somewhere. I told him I wanted to buy some clothes first. He drove me to Centurion Mall. Nigger paid for my clothes without complaining. Well, it was just some Sissy Boy jeans and a top. After shopping I asked him to drive me to the hospital because I wanted to see a friend of mine. He drove me to the hospital. I smiled when I found the poor lady in high spirits. I told her I couldn't stay longer because I was going out with my man. She went "please take care. I don't trust men anymore". I smiled and told her my man was a good guy. As Alex and I were leaving his phone rang. He spoke for few seconds. After the call he told me it was his business partner who wanted to see him urgently. We drove to some posh suburb in Midrand.

When I saw the car that was parked outside the garage I went "WTF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

WTFagain!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 343

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When you hang around rich people get to see whole lot of upper-class things. You get to do things that you always thought are beyond your reach. I know they say women don't like or know cars like boys. Well, not all girls. When you date niggers who drive you get to fall in love with cars. I knew the difference between all GTIs. Apparently if your girlfriend is able to differentiate between Golf 5, 6 and 7 GTIs you must know you are dating a hoe. I was a big fan of Benz. I almost had a chance to drive my own when Marcus promised to buy me one. When I saw the latest C63 my eyes went wide and wild. I got a mental orgasm on the spot. Alex asked why I looked like a wet cat and I went "if you buy me this car I will blow you everyday, every part of your body. I will inhale your farts whenever you pass wind. I will let you have other side chicks. I will let you do me without a condom even if you are sick. I love this car". He giggled and told me he didn't know I was that passionate about cars. I told him I was a fan of Merc and the beast in front of us was one of my favourites. He promised to buy me one in future if I behaved. He asked me if I wanted to test drive it. I said 'yes yes yes yes yes yes yes'. He promised to talk to the owner to give me a chance to drive it. It was the best news I had heard since Maite's death. He told me to remain in the car. He headed to the house. He spent more than 30 minutes in there. I kept myself busy by taking pictures of the car. I wanted to take selfies next to it but I was scared I would look like a random village girl. You know those girls who take pics whenever they see an expensive car and upload them on Facebook with the caption 'chilling with the relevant people'. Mxm toko ya relevant people. I was getting impatient. I wanted to see myself driving that machine. I called Gavaza

to ask what she was up to and she said nothing. She told me to call Nightie because he was not ok. I asked her what's wrong and she said I should ask him myself.

Alex appeared from the door while I was talking. I had to hang up because I didn't want him to hear I was talking to Gavaza about his son. He was with some dude. He looked 23 to 28. There was no way he could be over 30. Alex waved for me to come out of the car. I greeted the guy he was with ka a handshake. Alex went "this is Mpho, my business partner's son. Well, he is my business partner also. I told him you wanna drive his car and he agreed". I almost went 'WTF'. He looked too young to be driving such beasts. I thanked him for the opportunity and he smiled. Alex told me he wanted to sort some documents in the house. So

he handed me over to Mpho. I was a bit nervous but Mpho told me to relax. I was normally the type to check on how a nigger looks when I meet him for the first time but that day I didn't have a chance to do that. I was charmed by the car. Mpho told me to take the driver's seat and he became my passenger. Wow I felt like I was a tourist in heaven. It was my highlight of the year. We drove around Midrand and I felt as if everyone was looking at me. He asked if I wanted to take a picture. Ncooh nigger was so chilled. Maybe he was the type that understood girls enjoy posing for every moment. I handed him my phone and he took pictures of me driving the C63. He asked if he should upload them for me on Instagram and Facebook. I told him I didn't have data. I was lying of course. I didn't want to tell him my social media platforms are off limit. He took out his phone and went "I will transfer data to you. All you have to do is to give me your number". I told him it was not necessary because I had money for data but chose not to buy it. Nigger started asking personal questions. He asked if I was working or studying. I wanted to tell him I was a student at TUT but thought 'nah nah not a good idea'. It's so difficult to tell people you study at TUT these days. They will start feeling uncomfortable around you. Thanks to TUT Soshanguve students.

I just told him I was a university student and the field I was in. He was impressed. I asked him what he did for a living. He went "well, my title is a hustler-in-chief. I do whatever makes money. I look for opportunities and grab them as soon as I see potential. I am allergic to poverty". I asked if he was married and he went "I almost got married early this year. To cut the story short, the girl I was supposed to marry slept with my father. I still don't understand how a girl sleeps with a father and a son. I hate hoes with passion. I forgave my father but I will never forgive her. So since then I have never been in a relationship. I am not your typical boy. When I fall in love I fall for real. I date to marry, not to play". I had a feeling nigger was lying to look good in my eyes. There is no way a guy can drive a C63 and live in a posh Midrand suburb and be a good boy. When you drive such beasts girls will literally throw themselves at you. Only abnormal guys will say no to a punani. He went "so you are dating a blesser? Are you doing it for money or what?". That is one uncomfortable question. It's rude to ask a girl that question. I told him I didn't have an answer for that question. He went "well, it's all cool to date old niggers but I wouldn't want my sister to do it. These guys will chew you like 'chappies' and throw you away when the sugar is finished. My father changes girls all the time. He spoils them and chows them. Some have had more than 2 abortions. I know he doesn't care about them. He is just using his financial muscle to take advantage of them. Please don't fall in that trap. You are young and very beautiful and from the way you talk I can tell you are intelligent. Don't waste your intelligence on useless things. You must think about the future. Unless if you want to be a blessee or side chick forever". Cheezzzzz, I thought we were going for a drive, not a session with Dr Phil. As much as I hated him for judging me deep inside I knew he was telling the truth. Sugar daddies use their financial muscles to take advantage of little girls. Because we are the lovers of things we fall for it.

He told me it's time to drive back to the house. I was so relieved when he said that. I was tired of being lectured. Before we got to his crib he told me not to tell Alex what I told him about sugar daddies. I told him I was not a kid. He handed me his business card and said "you might need this in future....you know, when you need an internship and things like that. Don't be scared to call and hala. Thanks for the drive, you are a very good driver. Maybe one day you will own it". I thanked him for giving me a chance to drive my dream car. Alex was waiting next to the gate when we got to the house. He went "I hope you didn't seduce my girl young man. Ha ha ha ha ha ha hayi but wena I trust you. You are not like your father. I can leave you with my naked girl and I know you won't do a thing. You should move on seun. Forget what happened and find yourself another girl. Take Sharon's number. I am sure she can hook you up with one of her yellow bone friends". I thought it was a joke until Mpho

asked for my number for real. I gave it to him. I was uncomfortable with the way Alex spoke to Mpho. There was a huge age gap between them but Alex behaved as if they were peers. Ja it's true that sugar daddies think youthfulness can be transferred sexually. They refuse to admit they are about to be ancestors lol. He told Mpho he saved all documents he needed in the laptop. We did our goodbyes and left. Men are the biggest gossipers on earth. The minute he started the engine he went "this boy is stupid. He has all the money in the world but he is letting emotions control him. His girlfriend of 5 years slept with his pastor father. He has been single ever since then. Nxa he is giving that girl too much power. If it was me I would have slept with all her friends and cousins just to get back at her. Nxa Mpho is such a fool. He is business smart and all that but in the street he is a neophyte". I chose not to respond to what Alex said. It was bullshit in the eyes of the Lord. I was just glad men like Mpho existed. Men who gave themselves time to heal before moving to the next girl. Being a rebound to a heartbroken guy is a no no. He will break your heart unintentionally. Niggers try to act all strong while they are hurting inside. Nigger will take out all his stress on you. I asked Alex where our relationship was going. He went "it doesn't have wheels. So it will go wherever we push it to go. I give you money and you give me what I want". His phone rang while we were talking. He used the car audio system to answer. I think he didn't know who it was because it was private. Before he could even say hello a female voice went....

I went for the test today and

BOOOOOOMMMMMMM.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 344

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

People who don't do health test regularly are the first to panic when they made aware of their partners or ex partners' health. When you hear the guy you used to screw is sick a wave of panic will mos def invade your heart. The same goes when you hear of a person who used to do the guy you are screwing. Chances are if she is sick you are also sick. Those who watched Intersexions know what I am talking about. A virus can indirectly fly from one person to another without them being in any sort of touch. In short, our lives are not safe. When I heard 'tests' I started panicking. There different types of test but when someone says I went for a test the first thing a person would normally think is HIV test. The look I gave Alex was priceless. He immediately dropped the call before the girl could continue talking. I asked him why he hung up and he went "I will call her. I don't think you have a right to listen to my private conversations. I don't listen to your private conversations. Please don't make it an issue". I told him I was not interfering in his conversation but wanted to know what tests she was talking about. I called a drama out of nowhere. If you want something from a sugar daddy just cause drama. They hate drama with passion. That is one of the reasons they always have a side chick. They want some mental break from the drama they get from their wives. He went "ok ok okyou can shut the fart up now. I will call you and she'll tell me what she was on about. Please stop being ghetto because I don't find it sexy". I laughed at the fact that I won against him. He called the girl and the first thing she said was "why did you hung up on me? Are you with another young girl? Shame, I feel sorry for the poor girl. I know you will soon dump her and move to another victim. Just so you, I am not going to abort this baby. The test came positive and I am keeping the baby. I don't give a damn if you don't want to be part of me anymore. As long as you take care of your baby. Have a good day Mr Mboweni aka Salati Bae".

I was happy the girl was not talking about HIV test but I regretted wanting to hear what she was on about. I heard more than what I expected. It's not like I expected Alex to be a good boy but hearing he goes around impregnating girls made me wanna puke. I started wondering how many kids he had. These sugar daddies are not loyal. I feel sorry for brothers who are raising their little sister's kids because uncle bae performed a hit and run. I feel sorry for parents who are raising their children's kids because of failure to close legs. Anyway, ke life. Alex told the girl she was not carrying his baby because they condomised whenever they did the do. He told her how they only shagged once because she had a huge vjayjay. She went "my vjayjay is not use. Your cock is too small and soft for me. I don't care if we used a protection or not, this baby is yours because you are the only person I slept with. Deny it all you want but deep down inside you know you made me pregnant". For a sec I thought I was watching those low budget movies on Soweto TV. I dropped the call on behalf of Alex. I didn't want to hear more. Alex went "she is lying babe. She is bitter because I ended thing because of her psycho tendencies. I swear of my late wife's grave that I used protection with her and we only shagged once. I am not a Casanova". I didn't want to entertain his issues. I asked him where he was taking me to and he said "we gonna book a hotel but I am not sleeping over. I promised my wife I will be home early tonight". I told him if he wasn't sleeping over I was not interested to go to the hotel with him for few hours. I gave him an option to sleep over with me at the hotel and take me back to Pretoria. He thought for couple of minutes and then went "ok, let me go to my wife now. I will come back around 20h00. I will take you back to Mpho's house. I will fetch you there when I come back around 20h00. We will book a hotel in Pretoria. Are you cool with it". The mention of his wife made me wanna chomp his cock.

I had no choice but to go with what he was suggesting. I asked him to buy me a bottle of wine before taking me back to Mpho's place. He told me Mpho had lots of wines at his place. Rich people are funny. They use booze as part of interior décor. Where I come from people drink booze and use the empty boxes of whiskeys and cognac to decorate the room divider. Yeah, Mbeki kids won't know what a room divider is. It was a 'to have' thing for black people back in the days. He called Mpho to tell him he was taking me back to his house because he had stuff to do with his wife. Mpho told him he didn't worry because he was very bored anyway. I liked how Alex treated Mpho. I would never trust any girl with my man. Even those women who wear scarf all day long cannot be trusted. People ba tla o sharp aka stena wa nyena, even those close to you. Ask Dj Zinhle if you don't believe me. You must never trust people with your property, never ever. There are many Babes Westena out there. He dropped me at Mpho's place and left. When you are a side chick you must always bear in mind that head office comes first. It's not easy but you do not have a choice. Yours is to appreciate the little time that the sugar bae affords you and all the presents he gives you. I feel sorry for side chicks who have ambitions of being promoted because whenever the guy goes back to the wife they feel like dying. The best way to enjoy the side chickment is to know your lane. Don't try to drive in the main lane when you know it's not yours. Mpho was swimming when Alex dropped me. I got to admire his chubby but sexy body. I kept asking myself why a girl would cheat on a handsome guy like that. But then again, big money talks. Maybe Mpho's father put a bigger offer on the table. Mpho asked if I wanted to swim and I told him I didn't have swimwear. He went "you can swim in your undies". I told him I was not wearing any and he went silent for 30 seconds. I knew he was picturing my nanana without undiers. Lol men will always be dogs.

Mpho went "can I trust you?". Only 1% of people answer 'no' to that question. The rest of us answer with a yes because want to know what the person wants to say. He went "take my car and go buy swimwear at Mall of Africa. It's not far from here. I do trust you, please don't

disappoint me. Don't be like other chick thatuhm, just don't disappoint me neh". I liked how he trusted me. I was not surprised his girlfriend cheated on him with his father. Good boys like him have a bad luck of dating hoes. On the other side of the coin, bad boys have a good luck of hooking up with good girls. This world is mathematically multiplied nje. I used the beautiful German creation to drive to Mall of Africa. There were do many empty parking bays but I drove around the parking to show whoever was interested to see that I was driving a beast. I was slaying mrena. When I finally parked I looked at the mirror and saw a very ambitious girl in me. I told myself that I was born to be rich. I didn't wanna buy anything expensive, so I went to Edgars to buy two pairs of bikini, a yellow one and a pink one. I also bought some shades. As I was walking to the tills some old man went "psss psss psss hey beautiful lady". I don't mind guys attempting to grab my attention but the 'psss psss' crap pisses the hell of out me. Guys from Nigeria love it, especially those who stay in Sunnyside. I decided to stop and give him a piece of my mind. When I turned to look at him I noticed he was with some yellow bone. I think she was in my age group. I went "you are lucky you are with your granddaughter. I was gonna give you a piece of my mind". The girl went "babe, please stop embarrassing me in front of township hoes. I wanted to grab whatever was in front of me and hit her with. Then I thought "I am driving a classy car. I gotta act classy". I went to the till and paid for the stuff I took. I walked back to the car. These days when you see a girl walking with an old man don't assume she is the granddaughter. She might be the wife or sugar babe. When I got to the car about 5 guys were busy admiring the cars. I didn't even greet them. I got in the car and put my shades on. I could see they couldn't believe I was the driver of the car. I hit the accelerator and the beast went 'vrrroooooommmmm phaaaaaah vroooooommmmm phaaaaaah'. When they started whistling and screaming I knew they were from Tembisa. Niggers from Tembisa get excited from stupid things. I drove back to Mpho's place. He was such a sweetheart. He had a bottle of wine and snacks ready for me next to the pool. He asked if I enjoyed the ride and I went "I loved it". I went to the house to change into bikinis. When I went back to the pool Mpho had a company ofn2 people.

The man went "you? What the hell are you doing here

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 345

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

From the first second I laid my eyes on him at that moment I knew he was. He fitted the description I heard from Mpho. Some people lack the skill to hide their way of living. I mean, what kind of a man shows his perverted side in front of his girl? If a guy does that in front of you just know you are dating a savage. Savages do not give a damn where they are, if they want another girl they will go for her right in front of you without taking your plastic feelings into consideration. The guy was the old man who tried to hit on me at the mall. He was still with the kid I saw him with. I didn't know what to say or how to react. Obviously I couldn't tell Mpho what the guy did at the mall. Mpho went "dad please...I beg you. Please don't tell me she is also one of the girls you tapped. I beg you dad. Please don't tell me she is your girl". Lol that was funny. You would swear I was his girl the way he was talking. The old man went "you can relax son. I didn't tap your girl. I bumped into her at the mall and she gave me some bad attitude. Well, I wouldn't mind tapping her though. She is the most gorgeous girl I have laid my eyes on this year". He was saying that in front of the girl he was with. She didn't seem to mind him giving me those compliments. I think she was just in it for money and being spoilt. She was just executing her blessee duties. I was also appalled by the way the

old man was talking to his son. There was a huge age gap between them and he spoke as if he was talking to his friend. The world is indeed coming to an end bandla.... Mpho went "Shaz, this is my dad. Dad please meet my uhm....well, my my...please meet Shaz". The old man's eyes were fixed on my boobs. I could see he was chowing me in his imagination. South Africa has more perverts than good boys. I went "nice meeting you Sir". He was like "nuh don't call me Sir. My name is Dickson but I prefer to be called Dick. If you know what I mean...." Wow if Piet behaved liked that I would have killed him long time ago.

I was getting uncomfortable with the old pervert lusting over me. So I joined Mpho in the water. Dick's girlfriend went "I also wanna swim babe. I have a bikini in my bag". I think she just wanted to compete with me nje. Mxa stupid hoe. Dick walked her to the house to change. I asked Mpho why his dad behaved like a teenager on steroids. He went "since my mom died he has turned into something I don't understand. He has another wife but he doesn't have time for her. She is forever on holiday overseas alone. I just learned to accept that my father is like this. I am all he has. So I can't hate him for the lifestyle has chosen. This old man has done a lot for me. I owe my success to him. I know you won't understand". I have never seen a guy speaking so highly of his father. I was actually impressed he loved his father despite the old man's weaknesses. I swam the black way...avoiding the deep area and concentrated on walking in water on the other side. I took some pictures and uploaded them on Facebook. I wanted haters to see I was living large. I also uploaded pictures of me driving the C63. RR commented with "le na le blessing mamoruti (you have a blesser)? You are really living lunch. I am jealous". I think he wanted to say 'living large'. I responded with "YOLO – You Only Live Once". He replied "don't forget there is YODOH – You Only Die Once Hoe". I laughed and told him to stop being jealous. Gavaza called to tell me Night managed to locate the baby's mother and the girl was at the house. She told me they were in the bedroom sorting out issues about the kid. I kinda got jealous. I never thought the girl would go back to Nightie. Maybe it was a sign that we were not meant to be together. Gavaza wanted to come but I told her that she wouldn't fit in. I told to go chill at KFC or Fish n Chips. There was no way I was gonna let her come do her stupid mistakes in front of my new rich friends. Dick was old but nigger swam like a fish. His girlfriend on the other hand...well, she swam like a rock. I was better than her. It was one of those days that make one feel they are rich.

When Mpho went to the bathroom his father asked "how did my son find you? He has never been in a relationship since he broke up with some loose girl. I never thought he would fall for someone ... you know. Thanks for coming into his life. I wish your relationship all the best". I wanted to tell him I was not Mpho's girlfriend but I didn't know how to tell him. It was difficult to say because Mpho deliberately gave him an impression that I was there for him. I just went "thanks daddy". The girl had potatoes in her mouth when I spoke to Dick. Swimming and drinking are not friends. You get drunk easily when you drink under the influence of swimming. By 7pm I could feel I was drunk. The little swimming chillas turned into a mini braai. Dick told me we were celebrating new love between the Limpopo yellow bone and his son. He even had the guts to ask if we shagged already. Mpho told him we were taking things slowly and Dick went "son, you must tap that sh!t as soon as possible before big lions invade your turf. Time waits for no man when you are dating such a gorgeous woman. Do you catch my drift?". I was so glad that old man was not my father. After swimming Mpho gave me a towel to wrap myself. He asked if I wanted him to carry me. The wine was running in my blood stream. Such things are very exciting when you have had a glass or two. He carried me to the braai area. His father was like "like father like son. uMpho uvukile. Siyabonga baba wasezulwini". I told Mpho to tell his father the truth. He was like "if I tell him you are not mine he'll leave that poor girl and gun for you. Just play along,

there is no harm". I asked for a bathroom. He offered to accompany me. I told him I didn't need any bodyguards and he went "I don't want thieves to steal you in the house. Please allow me to be your bodyguard for 10 minutes. It will be the best job I have ever done since I was born. I beg you not to say no". He was such a flirt and a charmer. Women love a guy who knows how to flirt lightly. I just didn't like the fact that he was starting to have ideas in his head.

He walked me to the house. I wanted to use the guest bathroom but he directed me to the one in his bedroom. I think it was his way of wanting to show me how posh his bedroom was. Some people are living large out there. The bedroom was bigger than those R400k bond houses in the township. There was a pyjama lounge. It also had 'his' and 'hers' dressing areas just before the en-suite bathroom. It was one of those moments where you pause for few seconds and start daydreaming. I imagined myself staying there. The built-in shoes rack on the 'hers' side made me wanna get married to him on the spot and fill the place with hundred pairs of shoes. His bed looked like something from a romantic movie. It was one of those beds that would give you an orgasm before a nigger touches you. He went "the bathroom is over there. You'll find me waiting here". His voice had changed a bit. It had emotions inside. The place was just too cosy nje. I thought to myself "the hoe that cheated on him is so damn stupid". I think many girls miss opportunities of getting married because of greed and thoughtlessness. I mean, Mpho's ex cheated the guy who wanted to marry her with someone who just wanted to chow and pass. I am not saying getting married is a premium achievement for girls but she missed on a good chance to build a relationship with someone her age because of an old man who had no plans for her. I did my 6-9 in the loo. I didn't even know where to flush. That thing that we press wasn't there. It took me 2 minutes to figure out where to flush lol. Hayi things of white people bathong!!!! When I was done I went back to the bedroom. He grabbed my hand and smelled my fingers. I asked what he was doing and he went "I'm window shopping....just in case I decide to shop in near future". It took me more than 30 minutes to understand what he was saying. I laughed at his perverted tendency. He was such a funny flirt. I asked if he smelled any seafood and he went "no ways, I smelled a mixture of strawberry and vanilla. I must admit, I love the flavour. I think it will do some justice to by shopping taste buds.... You know, if I get a chance to shop in future. You never know". The place was getting too small emotionally. I suggested that we go join the other couple at the braai area. I didn't want to end up doing something I was gonna regret with the guy I just met. It was not in the interest of my emotional justice. As we exited Mpho's bedroom I saw Alex standing in the passage with hands on his head.

He went "were you shagging?"

BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 346

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

That moment when you are having fun and satan decides to send his evil angel to ruin everything. I still wonder why God is letting satan live. Instead of killing people like Lebo Mathosa I think he should have killed satan. After all, satan is the guy that makes bad things in this beautiful land the Lord our father gave us. Without satan the world would be a better world for everyone. There would be no cheating and whoring around. I would be able to have fun with Mpho without worrying about Alex popping out of nowhere to spoil the party. I was expecting him to call before coming back. I didn't expect him to just pop like that. His

question caught Mpho and I off guard. My tongue froze for couple of minutes. I was like "Alex, I I I didn't know you were back. Whhhy didn't you call to tell you were coming back?". He didn't answer my question. His eyes were on Mpho's face. Mpho was like "chief chief chief....it's not what you are thinking. She was helping herself in my bathroom. I didn't do anything with her. I swear on my late mother's grave. You know I respect you. I will never do anything to disrespect you because I see you as my mentor". That was Mpho trying to calm Alex down. Sugar daddies hate it when their sugar babes mess around with other men. They hate sharing their girlfriends but they want to be shared by the whole world. I could smell some seafood on him but there he was getting worked up because he thought I slept with Mpho. He had just shagged his wife but the thought of another man sleeping with me gave him wrinkles in his heart. He went "I am not a child. There is a toilet down there and you chose to take her to your bedroom bathroom. What the hell do you think I am? A fool? Oh My Gosh!!!! I cannot believe what is happening. She is half naked and you want me to believe you did nothing to her? She is even sweating. So you and your dad are having a double date and your date happens to be my girl? Ja neh, I cannot believe what is happening". The more Mpho tried to reason was the more Alex got pissed. He looked like an insecure teenager.

I made a mistake by telling Alex to go to hell because he believed nonsense. He tried to slap me but Mpho came to my rescue. It was at that stage that I thought Mpho was right when he said I needed a bodyguard. Nothing charms a woman like a man who takes a bullet for her. In Mpho's case it was not a bullet but he came to my rescue. He went "Alex, if you want to slap someone please slap me. I won't fight back because I respect you. But please do not hit her. In fact, do not ever hit any lady. She is too beautiful to have bruises. Come now, slap me until you are happy". Wow that was the most romantic thing I had heard in ages. The noise from the house reached Dick's ears. He came to the house to investigate what was going on. Alex went "Dick, you see what your son is doing? I leave my chick with him and he takes her for himself. Is this how you raised him? Doesn't he know he must respect other people's property?". Dick looked confused for couple of seconds. I think it was because he thought I was his son's girlfriend. He went "my friend, I always tell you that you should slow down on the bottle. You are drunk and I think you should go back to your wife. Look at them. Don't you think they make a gorgeous couple? You have many girlfriends my man and all of them are beautiful. Call the one from Tembisa to come join us. You are embarrassing yourself by fighting for girls man. You are not a teenager anymore". I liked how Dick put Alex in his place. Hearing that Alex had many chicks made me wanna puke on him. Nxa these sugar daddies are not loyal. I wondered how much he spent on the other girls. I thought I was the only one he spent his money on. Mpho went "can we just sort this like adults? I hate drama with passion, especially if it involves senior citizens. I think Alex should go home. I will make sure Sharon gets home safely". That one enraged Alex. He felt as if they wanted him to go so Mpho could have monopoly over me. He tried to slap me again but he tripped and fell. Dick went "Mpho, kick him. Kick him now son". Lol those two oldies loved violence. Mpho went "no, I won't kick him. I will help him to get up". My heart melted on the spot.

Mpho helped Alex to get up. Instead of thanking Mpho for helping him nigger punched Mpho. I expected Mpho to fight back but he didn't. Dick tried to intervene by punching Alex but Mpho stood between them. He screamed "STOP IT. STOP THIS NONSENSE NOW!!!! YOU ARE BEHAVING LIKE KIDS". Alex grabbed my hand and pulled me. I felt like some hoe that tried to run away from Mavuso stockvel in Hammaskraal after some nigger bought 6 Savanna and Marie biscuits. He dragged me to his car while Mpho was pleading with him to calm down. Dick on the other side wanted Mpho to beat up Alex. Mind you, I was still wearing bikini. The towel that Mpho gave me had fallen off because of the physical activity that was going on there. Alex opened the door to his car and threw me in. I wanted to tell

him to leave me alone but I couldn't because I didn't know what Mpho's intentions were about me. Alex went "you should go sleep with your father's girlfriend and leave mine alone. He is the one who slept with your girl, not me. Sharon is mine and mine only. Go to hell". With that he got in the car and hit the accelerator. When we joined the N1 I thought he was going to kill us because he was driving kak. He was insulting me like I didn't have feelings. Some of the things he said were hurtful. I told him to slow down on the accerator and he went "if you had slowed down on your punani we wouldn't be in this situation. I am so disappointed in you. I make sure you have everything you need and this is how you thank me. What is it that Mpho has that I don't have? Tell me huh!!!! What is it that he has that I lack?". I looked at him and went "he respects me. He respects other people. That is one thing that he has that you don't have". My comment stole his words for couple of seconds. I was right though, Mpho showed me that he possessed a high level of respect for other people. I found that charming about him. Alex was like "nxa respect my foot. You are just defending him because he shagged you. You will regret this. Nobody messes with Alex and get away with it. I am not a fool". He kept saying he was not a fool but behaved like one".

I asked him where he was driving me to. He went "we are going to Phillip Nel. I want everything that I bought for you back. I am not going to make you look beautiful for men like Mpho". I told him it was childish of him to expect me to give him back things that he bought for me. I couldn't believe he even thought of something like that. I never thought men like him still existed. Like WTF, that was some strategy used by gangsters during apartheid. I went "are you gonna bring back my sex if I give back things you bought for me?". He almost lost control of the car when he tried to hit me. He offramped at M18....i think it's called Main Road and headed towards Irene Metrorail Station. I asked where he was taking me to and he went "Phillip Nel". That was funny because he wasn't driving towards Phillp Nel. He was behaving like a psycho nje. We passed the BP garage and he continued driving as if we were going to Oliefantsfontein. He stopped the car in the middle of nowhere and took out a bottle of whiskey. He drank it like an alcoholic. His behavior was starting to worry me. When people drink booze in such situation you must be scared. Most of the time they do it because they want to gain courage to do something stupid. I went "Alex, please don't be like that. Can't we talk like adults?". He continued drinking his whiskey without saying a word. It was very dark where we were. I think we were on the border of Tshwane and Ekurhuleni. He finished the whole bottle. He went "take off that bikini of yours and ride me, right here. That's the only thing you are good at right?". I told him I was not going to shag him in a car in the middle of nowhere. He went "I am not asking you, I am telling you". There was no way I was gonna sleep with him there. I was starting to get pissed. I wanted to open the door and run away but we were in the middle of nowhere and I knew it was not safe. I had no choice but to beg for mercy. He unlocked the door and went "get out of my car". I told him the place was not safe. He tried to slap me and I used my arms to protect my face. He opened the door and pushed me out. I watched him as he drove off leaving me in the middle of nowhere in some terrifying darkness. It felt like a bad dream. Imagine me standing on the side of the road wearing nothing but bikini that time of the night. I knew motorists were gonna think I was a prostitute. I hated Alex and wished him all bad things in the world. I cursed the day I met him. Within a minute some car pulled over. He hit the brakes so hard my whole body wore dust. I didn't move. Actually I didn't know what to do. He opened the window and went "hoe veel?". The light in his car was on. It was some fat Afrikaner guy. I didn't say a word. My whole body was frozen with fear. He got out of the car and walked towards me.

The next thing another car hit the brakes next to us and a voice went "leave her the hell alone".

BOOOOOOMMMMM!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwaphehi Episode 347

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I know there are many good sugar daddies out there but majority of them are very ruthless. They will shower you with money and everything you want but the day you mess with them they will show you flames. Sugar daddies believe that when they date you they own you. You are like an investment to them. That is one of the reasons they always want to know where you and with you. If you are one of those naughty girls chances are they might end up hurting you somehow. They prefer to have a girl that will worship the ground they walk on, someone who will ask how high when they say jump. I think Alex was not an exception. He had a tendency of overreacting whenever he thought someone was gunning for me. I knew he was capable of being ruthless but I never thought he would dump me in the middle of nowhere at night. That is the most ruthless and evil thing a guy can do to a girl. The way it was so dark it took me few seconds to see that the car that hit brakes was actually Alex's car. Part of me was happy he was back but at the same time I was angry at him for what he did to me. The fat Afrikaaner man said something like "ek was hier eerste boet. I will get laid first. Wag vir jou.....". He didn't finish that sentence. Alex produced a gun and told the guy to get lost. Baas went "bloody kaf..... it's just a punani boet. I eat you eat and we are all happy. We are a rainbow nation boet. People shall share... ma nkosi ma sikelela. Shosholozza Mandela... mshini wam masholozzi". Lol white people have this tendency of saying the most stupid things when they want to sound black. I could see the guy was drunk. Alex went "voetsek maan, jou moer. Get lost or I will fill that big belly of yours with bullets. You will pay for all your grandfathers' sins". Imagine being in the middle of two drunk men and one of them with a gun in his hand. It was just a messed up situation nje. The poor white man apologised and headed to his car. He played Mandoza's Nkalakatha in his car and hit the accelerator. Lol he was such a funny kind of a white man.

When the white guy disappeared into the night Alex told me to get in the car. I did as I was told without asking questions. I was at the disadvantaged side. I had no power of talking or decision making. When I was in the car he went "do you know that I own you?". I nodded repeatedly. I didn't want to say anything to anger him. He had shown me that he was capable of being a witch. He was like "I love you and I don't want to share you. You better promise that you won't do what you did again. Or else I will go dump you at Victoria Falls. I wouldn't mind driving all night just to dump you there. Do you hear me?". I nodded again. He drove us to some hotel in Kempton Park. He gave me some oversized t-shirt to wear. I looked like a low class hoe that night. When you date old niggers you will know all hotels in town. Well, only if you are lucky. Some chicks get chowed in the cars. I call them Level 1 sugar baes. I was lucky because I was taken to hotels. When we got to the hotel room he instructed me to take a shower because he didn't want to eat Mpho's filth. I was so hurt because poor Mpho had done nothing to me. Alex was just having stupid thoughts in his head nje. I went to the bathroom to have a date with water. I looked at the mirror and cried. I cried because my heart was painful. I saw a very beautiful girl in the mirror but her inner peace was disturbed. I asked myself why I was always in some sort of trouble. Alex screamed "must I wait the whole night? Make it snappy maan. I do not have the whole night. If you do me well tonight I am taking you to Cape Town next week. You will shop until you drop. Be a good girl and Alex will take care of you". That is how these old niggers roll. They hurt you now and few minutes later they promise you heaven and earth. Normally I would have smiled at the idea of going

shopping in Cape Town but that night I wasn't. I actually cared less about material things. All I wanted was just to be safe.

I bathed for about twenty minutes. When I was done I headed back to the bedroom. I almost prayed out loud when I found Alex snoring like a truck. Nigger had passed out with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. I stood next to the bed for few minutes planning what to do next. I searched for his phone. Eish I got so pissed when I noticed it was password locked. Niggers who cheat can be drunk to the core but if there is one thing they will never forget is locking off their phones. They know they have a lot to hide. Cheating is too much administration mrena. I searched for his wallet. There was R10 in his wallet. I searched for business cards and found one with Dick's names and contact details. Our hotel room had a phone but it didn't allow outgoing calls except for the hotel service numbers. I pressed 9 for room service. I told them that I needed some help. I put on the oversized t-shirt and I stood at the door because I didn't want the service person to knock. I didn't want anything to wake up Alex. When I heard footsteps from the passage I opened the door. Some guy wearing uniform greeted me and asked how he could be of help to me. I whispered "I am really desperate and need a favour from you. I am with some guy and he is very drunk. I want to go home because my mom doesn't know I am out. This guy forced me to come here. I have to study for a test. I need to get out of here desperately. Please help me". The guy asked how much I had and when I said "money dololo" he was like "help dololo". Some people love money ka high grade. I went "please my brother, I beg you. All I need is to use your phone to call someone who will come fetch me. I will be indebted to you forever. Please my guy". He told me he could only help if I gave him a blow job. I told him I would do whatever he wanted. He laughed and told me he wasn't that kind of a man. He handed me his phone and told me I had 30 seconds.

I called Dick's number and fortunately it rang. I told him it was me and I was looking for Mpho. He went "hawu makoti, are you okay? Mpho followed you and Alex. He left his phone here. Are you okay?". I told him I didn't have time. I wanted to be picked up as soon as possible. I told him where I was. I didn't want to go into details because the hotel guy was next to me. Dick told me he would be at the hotel in less than 15 minutes. When you are in such situations 15 minutes seem like a decade. I told him to call the number I was calling with as soon as he got to the hotel. What worried me was the fact that he said Mpho followed me. If he had followed me where the fart was he? I didn't have an answer to that question. I asked the hotel guy to personally come to the room as soon as he received the call from the 'guy'. He said cool and left. The waiting was killing me. Alex was snoring in notes. You would swear there was a Dj in his nose. If I had a hairy heart I would have used a pillow to send him to heaven....no, to send him to hell. Waiting for a rescue is the most painful 'wait' ever. Every movement that Alex made gave me a mini heart attack. I peed more than 3 times in less than 10 minutes. I switched on the TV and lowered the volume because I didn't want to wake Alex. The TV was tuned in ANN7, the Gupta news channel. They were showing some terrible accident that happened in Midrand, not far from Vodaworld. I didn't get the whole story because of the knock at the door. I opened and the hotel service guy handed me the phone. It was Dick telling me he had arrived. I closed my eyes and thanked God for being there for me. I handed back the phone. The guy went "don't walk with me because I don't want to be implicated should something happen to you. You seem to be in some dodgy dealings". I was a bit pressed. So I went to the bathroom to relieve myself. I think it was a mixture of fear and booze that made me pee so many times. I looked at the mirror for the last time and whispered "this better be the last time you are in trouble with sugar daddies Sharon. Do you hear me?". I nodded and smiled. When I walked back to the bedroom Alex was not on the bed. The main door to our hotel room was open which made it clear that he was outside the room. My heart started beating very fast. I didn't know what to

do next. I just stood in the middle of the room with many thoughts in my head. Alex waltzed back in the hotel room with a roguish smile on his face.

He went "I just transferred money to some hotel guy. Do you wanna know why?"

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September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Some people are like sangomas. It's like they can see what's happening around them even in their sleep. I mean, Alex was sleeping and snoring peacefully. The way he was so drunk he couldn't even hear a person dropping a needle. I was under the impression that he had passed out and there was no chance of him waking up. I thought I was gonna make a run without him noticing. It was not meant to be. He was as awake as a morning pee. I tried my best not to show him I was planning something. I kept a serious face and asked him what he transferred money for. He went "hawu!!! Don't act all surprised. You are not a good actress you know". It was quite clear he was aware I wanted to run. The first person that came to my mind was the guy I asked for help from. I thought he had spilled beans about my plan to escape. Every person has a price. When they see money they go all crazy and start releasing files. I went "I don't know what you are talking about. Please tell me why you transferred money to some hotel person". He was like "you know, I feel guilty about what I did to you earlier. People who are in love should not find themselves in such situations. When we have problems we should learn to sit as adults and solve them. What I did to you was uncalled for and I promise I will never do it again". When a sugar daddy says that you must know he wants something. If there is one thing these niggers mastered is the skill of doing kak and apologizing afterwards. They can hit you now and apologise an hour later. Some can even buy you a very expensive present just to buy your apology. I think that is the reason they go for younger kids, they want to be in a position of mental superiority. I told him I was over the traumatic drama I went thru. I was getting impatient. All I wanted to do was to be out of that place. I asked him again why he transferred money to the person. He was like "no, it's not a biggie. I just want tonight to be lit. I have organized weed for us. I know some employee of this hotel who secretly sells weed. I bought us some. He'll bring it shortly. I want us to shag under the influence of weed. Wouldn't it be lit?".

Ja it's true when they say if you want to whore around you must do it while you are still young so that when you are old you won't be doing childish things. Alex was one of those men who wished they were still young. He behaved like a teenager. I mean, like what fuckery was that? I told him as much as I wanted to ride him I was not in a mood to smoke weed. He went "Ok, let me go to the bathroom. When I come back I will tell you the benefit of smoking it. In the meantime you can get undressed and wait for papa on the bed". I smiled with a flirt and told him "I will have something to blow your mind when you come back. Please don't come back until I tell you to come back. I have been reading about things to spice up the bedroom sessions. I wanna try it on you. I know you gonna love it my babe". The smile on his face could buy 1 000 kotas. He went "Oh I love it when you talk like that. You deserve some shopping. I will wait for you to tell me when you are done babe". He spanked me and went "who is your Daddy Cool?". Shem, only if he knew what I was planning. As soon as he entered the bathroom I implemented my plan. I tiptoed to the main door and inaudibly opened it. I knew one little mistake I was gonna die. He was going to turn me into biltong. As soon as I was on the passage I ran for dear life. I saw the guy who helped me at the reception. Nigger followed me to Dick's car. Dick was driving a Merc G-Class. You will know

names of cars when you date rich niggers. The very same way girls who date broke niggers know names of all loan sharks in town. Dick was standing outside the car when we got there. Nigger was wearing one of those big hip hop caps. He went "who is this guy now?". I told him he was the guy who helped me and that he wanted a tip. He gave him R200. The guy said "thanks groot man. So mara I will buy braai pack tse 4 tomorrow". I got in the car and we hit the road. I felt as if I had just escaped from the lion's claws. If Dick was not Mpho's father I would have kissed him.

On our way to Midrand he asked why I was with a fool like Alex. I told him we met thru a friend and I thought he was a good guy. He was like "I am not a saint but I don't have life issues. Alex has anger issues and he takes them out on his girls. Do you know he once killed some girl?". That one made me shake. Alex was not a good man but I never thought he was capable of killing. Dick told me he knew so many things about Alex because they did business together. He advised me to stay away from him or else I must make sure my mom paid her funeral cover premiums monthly. For the first time since I met Dick he sounded like a parent. There was an element of caring in his voice. I thanked him for giving me those sound advices. Just before we go to Mpho's house he went "you know, under normal circumstances I was gonna take advantage of you. You are very beautiful and your body is to die for. I am sure you hear it a lot. But I noticed something when we were swimming earlier. The way my son looks at you made me think something. I think he likes you. He might not tell you because he is shy but I think the boy is charmed. I don't know if he told you he was about to get married. Well, yeah....I messed up things for him but I don't have any regrets. That hoe was not good for my son. I chowed her the very first time she slept over at my son's house. He was bathing and I made a move on her. From that day I chowed her almost everyday right under Mpho's nose. He found out after months of going out with her. Please don't be like that hoe. I have a good feeling about you. Do not play my son. I wouldn't have driven all the way to Kempton Park to rescue you if I didn't see potential in you". Yho damn, that was the longest fatherly speech I have ever received from someone who was not shy to sleep with kids my age. Nigger was literally asking me to date his son. I asked him if the fact that I dated older guys wouldn't worry Mpho. He went "I think you are only doing what you are doing because no one is giving you attention. Mpho will make you forget about madalas, only if you are willing though".

I felt so much better after talking to Dick. Mpho was not at the house when we got there. Dick led me to some guest room. I was so glad I got reunited with my handbag and phone. It was late but I called my mom. I knew she was likely to insult me but I didn't care. She asked why I called so late. I just started crying nje. She kept asking what was wrong but I couldn't talk for over 5 minutes. She asked if it was because she was getting married to Marcus. I managed to calm myself and went "no mama, I am crying because I love you. I love you mama". Your mom will always be your pillar of strength. When your life hits potholes mothers will open their arms and tell you everything will be ok. I knew my mom was a hoe sometimes but she was still my mom. She went "whatever it is my baby, God will wipe it away in the morning. Close your eyes and pray". I think she could sense I was not ok. I closed my eyes and we prayed together. I felt much better after talking to my parents...God and my mom. I passed out immediately after the prayer. In the morning I was woken up by someone singing. I opened my eyes and saw Mpho sitting on the chair opposite the bed with a guitar in his arms. He was singing Greatest Love by Kaylow. On the other side of the bed there was a tray with breakfast. It was not just your average breakfast. It was a well prepared breakfast and it smelled divine. My eyes filled with tears on the spot. His voice sounded like that of Nathi. Damn a man with a golden voice. He sang the song like he was the one who wrote it.

I will never hurt your heart

I promise I will keep you safe

I wanna thank your mom and thank your dad

I believe they raised an angel

I will never let you go, cause you exactly what I prayed for....

No shopping, money and material things can give a girl's heart a joy than a romantic breakfast and accompanied by a song. It's not always money that makes our hearts skip a beat. I had heard the song before but that morning I felt a new meaning to it. Mpho literally blew me away. He swept me off the floor. After everything I had been thru he managed to put a huge smile on my face. The fact that he knew the kind of person I was but still fell for me made me feel special. It's not many guys who would wanna fall for a girl who is dating ancestors. He put his guitar down and looked at me straight in the eyes. He went "I know they say love at first sight only exists in novels. Well, I used to think so myself until I laid my eyes on you. Last night when that man took you by force I felt something I have never felt before. I drove behind you but couldn't keep up because he was driving like a maniac. I drove the whole night looking for you. When I came back here I was crying thinking he did something bad to you. I cannot describe the wave of joy that invaded me when I came back here and dad told me you are safe. Sharon, I don't want to beat about the bush...I see something in you that many guys will not see. Please be my girlfriend". Wow that was breathtaking. I was wow'd. I didn't know what to say. The way he looked at me made me feel special. He wiped all the emotional scars I had in my heart. He made me believe I was still the hottest chick in town. He was like "please say something". Before I could open my mouth his dad budged in the bedroom without knocking.

He went "son, we have a situation outside. We have to sort it now...."

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 349

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

The love bug hits you when you least expect it. I was just some naughty girl pushing my hustle with mkhulu bae and wasn't expecting someone to come and steal my heart that soon. I was actually about to give up on love. I was starting to see myself as one of those girls who are not meant to be in love. It's true that God works on His time. After all the pains and hurts I have been thru one wouldn't think I would find a good guy who plays a guitar and sings for me while I eat breakfast. That is some crab you think only exists in chick flicks. Mpho was one in a million. He was on another level. Any man who takes his time to impress you is for keeps. If your man doesn't make time to make you happy then you are not in a relationship, you are in a potential emotional ruinaitionship. When his father rocked up in the bedroom to tell him there was some crisis to sort outside I feared it was Alex. He was the last person I wanted to see there. After everything he has put me thru I would be a fool to let him in my life again. I had made up my mind at that stage that he didn't deserve my body anymore. I gave it to him and he messed it big time. I tried to check thru the curtain what was going on outside but couldn't see a thing. I lay on the bed and hoped whatever they were on about wasn't that bad. I waited for 20 minutes for Mpho to come back. I asked him what

was going on and he said "it's not thing important love. I am glad I sorted the problem. I don't want you to worry about problems. You know, you name means 'plain' in the Old Testament....referring to the fertile plain near coast of Israel. To me your body is fertile with beauty and love. You are my fertile plain". Wow I was a bit confused but he made me blush. I went "your name means 'gift' in English. You are a gift to my life. I am still to know you but I can feel you are the one to make me happy. I can feel the only tears I will shed will be the tears of love. I am looking forward to getting to know you".

Romantic moments will make you forget all your problems and see life in a different light. Mpho was that pinch of fresh air that I needed in my life. I asked him to come closer to me. I kissed him like I had never kissed a man before. It was one of those kisses that go deeper in the heart. I felt a sparkle of emotional strength and bond invading my heart. He was not a bad kisser and his lips were soft. He went "I want to show you what love is. I want to redefine love for you. Give me a chance and you will see what I mean. I don't wanna compare you with anyone and I won't dwell on the past. This is a new novel and we are starting from page one. We will do this together". They always say people who show seriousness from day one are actually not serious but I didn't buy that with Mpho. I mean, a rich guy who could stay single for so many months after a break up is definitely a good guy. Most rich guys would have moved on within an hour. Mpho was from a different planet. He didn't use his balls to think. I told him I wanted to bath. I was expecting him to wanna join me but he went "I would love to join you but I prefer to take things one step at a time. I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable. Take your time in the bathtub. You need that liquid massage. When you are done I will give you a real massage". He gave me a white towel and kissed me on the forehead. I was tempted to say "I love you". Lol I didn't wanna be the first to say it. It's nice when it's the guy who utters those magical words first. The bathroom was a heaven on earth. I could see he spent money and time on his house. It made me have ambitions of living in such conditions. The foam bath I used was aromatic. It smelled divine. I was having the best time of my heart. It's true that for every guy that hurts you there are two guys out there who want to love you. You just need to open your eyes and look at the right place. Mpho was one of those guys. He had 'Those Things'.

After bathing I got dressed and told Mpho I wanted to go home because I had school the following day. He went "hawu babe, I was about to cook for you. I want you to taste my food". I know they say it's all romantic to be taken to restaurants and stuff but to me a man who knows his way around the kitchen is for keeps. I am not talking about pap + meat kinda cooking, I am talking about the chop chop kinda cooking. A man who knows to make a full meal. I wanted to taste his food but couldn't. I had bigger problems to sort at home. I knew Marcus was waiting for my explanations. My mom called me. I told Mpho it was my mom and he gave me some privacy to talk to her. She went "kanti when you were crying last night it was because of bofebe? Marcus told me you haven't been home since Friday night. He gave you money to come to Limpopo on top of what I gave you and you went bofebeng ka yona. Will you ever change Sharon? Why do you keep disappointing me? Oh my gosh, this kid will send me to a grave". I told her I was not 'bofebeng' but at a friend's place. She asked which friend and I made up a name. It's not like she knew my Gauteng friends. She told me to go home as soon as possible because Marcus was angry. I went "I want to move out. I am going to look for a flat and you will pay for it. I am not happy with this thing of yours and Marcus. I don't feel comfortable staying with someone who is trying to be my father. Sometimes I even think you were with him before my father died. It's like his death was a blessing to the two of you. I don't want to be part of this thing. You can disown me if you want. If you don't wanna pay for my flat I will make a plan. I am a big girl, I am sure I can make a plan". I had to speak my heart out. I expected my mom to hit back but to my surprise

she sounded calm and understanding. She told me she was on her way to church and would call later for mother-daughter talk.

Mpho drove me to Phillip Nel after my call. He asked who I was staying with and I told him a family friend who was dating my mom. He looked confused and I had to explain everything. I told him about my family and how my dad died. I got so impressed when he had interest in my little brother. It was quite clear he loved kids. He told me he wished to have a son. He told me a bit about his family. I loved how he spoke about his mother. If a guy has or had a good relationship with his mom he will definitely make a good husband. Mpho was interesting in many ways. He was cute, rich and intelligent. What I liked more about him was his emotional side. When he spoke he showed emotions. I could see thru him. I could feel it in my heart that he was the one to make me see life differently. What I also liked was how he didn't rush to sleep with me. He had a chance to do it but he chose not to. And it's not like I was going to say no. The romantic breakfast and singing had scored him a chance to see my undergrounds. I know many guys would have used the opportunity to their advantage. Mpho was not a savage. He knew the food was his and didn't have to rush. He was driving slowly to give us a chance to know each other well. In 30 minutes I knew more about Mpho than I knew Alex. I asked him about his past relationships. He went "I was never into random dating. I was a nerd at school and varsity. I only have 3 exes and only slept with 2. I am the kind to fall in love and have a normal relationship. Many guys think because I am young and rich I should play the field. I wouldn't feel comfortable playing around with girls because one day I will have a baby girl and I wouldn't want guys to play her. Hope I am not turning you off". I was not turned off but shocked. Most guys I know have more than 20 exes and they slept with all of them. I mean, when you drive a C63 all you have to do is drive anywhere in South Africa and girls will throw themselves at you, especially Pretoria girls. The way they love cars you would swear their Purity was mixed with petrol when they were babies. When we got to Phillip Nel I spotted Nightie's car at the gate. Mpho went "I know that car. It's Alex's son. I wonder what he is doing here". I told him I didn't know Alex's son. There was no way I was gonna tell him I stayed there. Before I could tell him to pass, Nightie appeared from the gate. Mpho went "let me greet this guy". I wanted to tell him not to but didn't know how. Nightie walked towards Mpho's car. He didn't waste time...

He went "Sharon...you are such a punanipreneur. Now that you are done with me, my uncle and my father you are going for my dad's business partner....."

WTF.....

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 350

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There are people in this world that do not want to see you happy. It's like they rejoice when your life is directionless. The moment you try to find stability and direction they will pop out of nowhere and destabilize you again. I was trying to find myself and give my heart a chance to love and be loved but other people were not happy about it. I think that is one of the reasons many girls become hoes permanently. When they try to be good girls people still regard them as hoes. They say once a hoe always a hoe. I regretted lying to Mpho about not knowing Nightie. Building a relationship foundation based on lies is one of the reasons many relationships collapse. It is a recipe for disaster. Lies are like a fart. It can be silent but people around you will know someone had a 'bad back moment'. I think it's better to tell the truth and face music. When Mpho went "WHAT THE HELL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I knew I was about to be dumped. I went "Nightie, please stop behaving like a cheap nightdress. Stop spreading lies

about me. This is the reason why I never gave you a chance. You are so childish and mean like your father. Please leave me the hell alone nxa". That was me trying to discredit what Nightie said. He went "you can say whatever you want to say but it won't change the fact that you are a punanipreneur. I feel sorry for the poor Mpho because you will date his entire family in the next few days. Plus I know his father has busy eyes". Mpho got out of the car. I thought he was going to cry or something. Nigger punched Nightie on the face. He went "it's people like you that make this world a bad place. Why are you trying to ruin a good thing? Who asked for your opinions about Shaz? You have always been mean. That is what of the reasons you will never be rich. You will always be a slave employee because you are stupid. I hate you". I got a relief right there. I was happy Mpho didn't believe the crap Nightie was saying. Seeing blood coming out of Nightie's mouth made my day. He deserved it. Mpho turned to me "wena Sharon, I am so disappointed in you. I hate lies with passion. Why did you lie about not knowing this chap? Maybe he is not lying about what he saying. Get out of my car. I want to go back to Midrand".

I thought he was joking until he opened the door for me. I got out of the car with a tail between my legs. I hated Nightie will all my being. I didn't understand why he felt a need to ruin my new relationship. I ran back to the house. I found Alex, Marcus, Gavaza and some old dude sitting in the lounge drinking tea. I greeted them and headed to my bedroom. Gavaza followed me to my bedroom. She asked why I looked so angry and I told her it was not her business. She was like "kasi you were sleeping with malume Alex? He came here to apologise for sleeping with you? What kind of a person are you? How can you sleep with a father and a son? I have never seen a person like you". I went "yes I know it's the first time you see a beautiful person like me. Akere you are used to seeing ugly neighbours where you come from. If you are flipping bored go play Thomas Chauke and dance until you fall asleep. Please leave me the hell alone. Nxa voetsek". My mood went from happy to gloomy, thanks to Alex and his family. They were like a curse to me. I regretted the day I met them. Gavaza left my room and came back after few minutes. She told me Marcus wanted to talk to me. I told her to tell him I was not feeling well. She left and came back again after few seconds. She went "he says I must come back with you. I think they want to talk to you about your affair with Alex". If there is one thing I hated with passion was questions about how I employed my vjayjay. I mean, it's not like it's anyone's business. It was my vjayjay after all. "Mxm people think they are Cosatu of my punani" I thought to myself. I had no choice but to follow Gavaza to the lounge. The sight of Alex made me wanna die. Looking at him made me wanna grab a knife and stab him to death. Marcus asked where I was the whole weekend. I went "I was at a friend's place". Marcus shook his head and told me to stop lying. I was like "with all due respects, I am not going to discuss my private life in front of spectators. If you want to talk to me we will talk in private. You are not Oprah and this is not a tv show". I stood up and headed to my bedroom.

I was expecting him to follow me but he didn't. Actually he never came to my bedroom the whole day. I kept looking at my phone expecting Mpho to call. I thought of calling but my heart said no. I ended up accepting that I was not meant to be happy. My mom called and I ignored her calls. I was not in a mood for a lecture the Unisa style – via correspondence. The whole situation stole my appetite. The only meal I had that day was Mpho's breakfast. Early in the morning the following day Marcus came to my bedroom. He asked how I slept and I told him "I am ok". He went "I am sorry about how I spoke to you yesterday. I should have been more fatherly in my approach. Alex gave me some disturbing information and I was a bit disturbed. First of all, he apologised for having an affair with you. He admits it was wrong of him to do so. We are all glad he ended things. The problem was when he told us you don't want to accept it's over. Apparently you even went after his equally old friend from Midrand

just to make him jealous". WTF....imagine hearing such lies so early in the morning. I decided to come clean with Marcus about what transpired that weekend with Alex. I exposed his uncle as a pathological liar. I even gave him Mpho's number to corroborate what I said. Marcus called Mpho to get the information. He put the phone on loud speaker. Mpho went "yes, it's true that Alex kidnapped Sharon and dumped her in Irene in the middle of the night. It's a lie that she is dating my father. She was supposed to date me but I am putting the brakes on the relationship because of reasons she knows. Lastly, please stop calling me". That second last part killed me inside. Marcus was furious. I was relieved I told him nothing but the truth and Mpho supported me. Marcus called Alex to tell him he was reversing his forgiveness and wanted nothing to do with him. He advised me never to associate with Alex ever again because he was a poisonous old man. While talking to Marcus Nightie called. Marcus left my bedroom and I answered the call.

He went "I am sorry for my behavior yesterday. I wanted to talk to you before I headed back to my crib but you were sleeping. What I did was uncalled for. It's just that I love you and you don't take me seriously. When I saw you with him I got jealous". I told him to take his fake apology and shove it up his father's hairy butt. I hung up on him. I spend the whole week doing nothing other than attending classes. I kept looking at my phone hoping Mpho would call but dololo. The only good thing that happened that week was the improved relationship between Marcus and I. He was my Dr Phil the whole week. Gavaza and I were not on talking terms until Friday when she asked if I had plans for the weekend. I told her I would be studying. She told me she wanted to go back home but Marcus was against it. I told her I was not interested in hearing her boring stories because I had bigger problems. She went "no you don't have bigger problems, you have older problems. Alex is one of them". Nxa I hated Gavaza for not having Metro Cops on her mouth. She needed some road block on her loose tongue. Around 6pm on Friday I received a call from Dick. He went "I need your help. My son has been grumpy and sad the whole week. I don't know what happened but I suspect it has something to do with you. He hasn't been to the office the whole week and he doesn't wanna talk to anyone. Last night he told me he is moving Cape Town. He has a house there and he wants to stay there permanently. He wants to sell the Midrand house. I cannot afford to be miles away from my son. I know this has something to do with you. Please make him stay". At first I doubted he was leaving because of me. I mean, the relationship wasn't even 24 hours old when he dumped me. But Mpho was a different being, he made it clear that when he loved he loved for real and hard. He was a holified lover. I told Dick that we had a little situation and that Mpho left very angry. Our call got cut. I tried to call back but his phone was off. I assumed his battery died or something. I gathered strength and courage to call Mpho. His phone was off. With both their phones off there was nothing I could do. I didn't go out that Friday. I had two dreams about Mpho that night. The first dream I was at his funeral wearing black. In the second dream I was at some resort wearing a wedding dress. The funny part was Mpho wasn't next to me, all I could hear was his voice wishing me a happy marriage. My mother was next to me crying uncontrollably. Dick had some spooky smoke on his head. When I woke the following morning my heart was heavy. I called Dick but his phone was still off. I called Mpho and his phone was still on voicemail. I assumed they didn't want to talk to me. Around 8am I decided to take a bath. While I was bathing I started thinking about the dreams I had the previous night. I was like "what if he is dead?". I quickly got dressed and called an Uber. Marcus and Gavaza were not in the house. I told the Uber driver to drive as fast as he could. When I got to Mpho's complex gate one security guard recognized me. He didn't give me a hard time. I knocked at the door but no one opened. I pushed the door and it opened. Dick was sitting on the couch with both his hands on his left side of the chest. I think he was having a heart attack. I didn't know what to do. He was

struggling to talk but I could hear what he was saying.

He went "please drive to the airport and fetch my son. You can use my car. If I die, please don't leave him....take care of him"

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 351

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Women are natural panickers, especially when we are in such situations. I had to make a choice whether to leave the dying man alone or to stay and help him with his heart condition. One thing I didn't want was for him to die in my presence. In my culture you must never go against the words of a dead person. If your dying grandmother tells you something just before she divorces the earth you must make sure you do it, or else nothing will go well for you. Well, that's if you believe in badimo. Those who watched Bophelo ke Semphekgo know what I talking about. I went "daddy, let me call an ambulance for you before I leave. I can't leave you to die here. Mpho will be sad if he finds you gone". He looked so infirm and frail. That bubbly and vibrant persona was gone. I saw a man that loved his son wholeheartedly. It was very touching. He was his only child after all. I just didn't believe Mpho's departure would affect him that deeply. He whispered "you are wasting time. Please go now before he boards his plane. Don't worry about me, I am a strong old man. I have survived situations bigger than this before. My ancestors are very strong. If it's not my time I won't die". I grabbed the key and ran to the car. It was gonna be my first time driving a Merc G-Class. Damn, in less than 10 days I got to drive 2 German machines. Maybe it was a sign that I was gonna own one in future. It all starts will a dream. I drove like a maniac to OR Tambo International Airport. I had been to the place before but it's too big to know every corner. I am told it's the biggest airport in Africa. I parked the car and ran inside the airport. I didn't even know where to go. My head was spinning. I was thinking of poor Dick. The old man didn't look well when I left the house. I could see death was knocking on his door. I saw a security guard and asked him for directions to the domestic departures area. Nigger went "you are so beautiful yho. Nkare you are Jesus' last born". I was flattered but didn't have time for flirting. He walked me to the departures area.

I looked at the screen and saw that the flight to Cape Town was slyzing in about 25 minutes. I threw my eyes all over and there was no sign of Mpho. The security guy went "maybe the person you are looking for is not here. Maybe he changed his destination or something. You look stressed hey....why don't you join me breakfast. I have corn flakes....". I don't know if he was trying to be fun or what but I didn't find it funny. One thing I like about security guards is they are very confident. I just don't like the fact that they go after every skirt they see. I told him I was not in a mood for crap. Nigger got lost. I continued looking for Mpho. I couldn't disappoint the old man. A minute or so later I saw Mpho walking like a broken man. He didn't look like the cute guy I met a week earlier. The place was teeming with people but I didn't give a rap. I screamed "Mpho!!!!!" and everyone turned to look at me. One white woman went "OMG... black people. They should stick to taxi ranks". Nxa racism will never end in this country. She was lucky I had a situation that day. I was gonna give her a piece of my mind. Mpho turned and looked at my direction. We had an electric freezing moment. He looked at me without moving. Our eyes didn't blink for couples of seconds. I could see he was thinking of his next move. I gave a little shy smile and he didn't smile back. I walked towards him. If it was in a movie they would have used slow motion right there. People were looking at me, especially blacks. Black peeps are curious. I could see they were getting ready to take out their phones. They wanted to capture whatever was about to happen. When I got to where Mpho was standing I went down on my knees and went "please don't leave. I will never

forgive myself if you leave. Please stay and love me until we die. I love you Mpho. You will not understand this because you are a man.... When a woman is in love she knows it from the second she meets a guy. I knew you are the one the minute you said 'hi' to me for the first time. I love you Mpho. I want to make you the happiest man ever. Please forget about the past and concentrate on the future together".

For the first time in ages I spoke from my heart. I didn't plan any of the words I said. They came straight from the heart. I wasn't even shy to say those words in front of people. Mpho looked around us and saw many onlookers. As expected, black people were taking pictures and videos. I saw tears rolling down Mpho's face. Some girls started sobbing. Lol it's nice being a woman. Our tears are trigger happy. We see something nice and touching and we cry. He went "I love you Sharon. My love for you goes deeper. I have never loved someone like I love you. You have opened a room in my heart that I never knew existed before. You won't understand because you are a woman. When a man loves a woman, he will know it from the moment he lays his hands on her". I love romance with passion. Actually, women are lovers of romance. Sweet words touch us. He continued ".....however, I cannot be with you anymore. It will be difficult. Please allow me to leave and start my life somewhere far from you. I love you but I cannot be with you. I love you Sharonmy love for is deeper than the ocean. But love alone is not enough....please don't cry". I could see the disappointment on people's faces. I was disappointed myself. Tears were rolling down my cheeks. I went "my love, no one is perfect. Even Jesus was not perfect. I am not perfect but what I feel for you is perfect. Please don't". Some old white man interrupted me. I didn't even see where he popped from. He looked 80 or 90. With a dying voice he went "my son, never ever run away from love. You will never have inner peace. When you love someone, stay with them and nourish and nurture your love. Love is a beautiful thing. You see, at my age I still love my late wife. We used to fly to Cape Town to celebrate our anniversary around this time every year. She has been gone for 12 years but I still go to Cape Town every year to celebrate our anniversary. I will do so until I die. She was my soul mate and no one will ever change that. No one will replace her. Love is a beautiful. Take your woman and go home, son".

When old people talk you must listen. Their brains are teeming with knowledge and experience that you will never find not even at best universities in the whole world. Mpho helped me to stand up and kissed me right there. People started clapping hands. It was a very touching moment. I felt it in my heart that my relationship with Mpho was going to go places. I hugged the old man and thanked him for his wise words. Mpho shook his hand and thanked him for the lecture. Mpho pulled his bag and we headed to the car. I felt like we were in a romantic movie. I didn't wanna tell him about his father's condition because I didn't want him to panic. When we got to the car he went "Ag crap, I forgot to do something. I will be back in few minutes. Please be patient". I told him cool. As soon as he left I regretted letting him go. I was like "what if he left for good". What consoled me was the fact that he left his bag in the car. Nigger was gone for over 15 minutes. As I was about to panic he appeared carrying a bouquet of flowers and something that looked like a present. Wow I didn't know how to react....i just cried nje. Not that loud crying we see in Nigerian movies funerals. I cried like a girl in love. He went "these are for you my love". He made me weak on the knees. I wanted to apologise for what led him to consider moving to Cape Town and he went "let's not talk about that now. We will make time for it". I told him to drive because I was too excited and weak to drive. He asked how come I was using his dad's car. I told him I went to his house to look for him and his dad told me he was on his way to OR Tambo International Airport. He appreciated the fact that I ran after what I believed was love. I connected my phone to car audio system and played Antony Hamilton's Please Stay. My heart melted when Mpho sang along. He was my own Nathi. His voice was out of this world. I enjoyed our drive

from Kempton Park to Midrand. As soon as we got to the gate of his complex my mood changed. I started thinking about Dick. I remembered how he looked when I left for the airport. When we got in the house we were met by a scene I expected. Dick was lying on the floor motionless.

Mpho and I froze.....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 352

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Death happens everyday. There is no day that passes without someone dying. It's one of those things that we know will happen to all of us. We don't know when it will happen but we are certain it's gonna happen. You can go to church everyday, go to gym regularly and be a good person but at the end you will bite dust. Although we know it's gonna happen, we will never get used to it. Losing someone you love is the most painful thing ever. Knowing you will never see your parent again will break you inside. No matter how old they are you will always feel a pain when they bid the earth goodbye. That's why I was not shocked when I saw Mpho's facial expression. The emotional transition from being a lovely happy Mpho to a sad one in few seconds broke my heart. He murmured "my dad is gone.... He is gone and it's my fault". Trust a black person to jump into conclusion without checking the pulse and other things. Before I could tell him not to jump to conclusions nigger collapsed like TB Joshua's building. He fainted right in front of me. Imagine having two men lying right in front of my eyes. I still had the little nursing skills I learnt from the bogus college. I checked Dick's pulse. I got relieved when I learned he was still alive. I didn't want to waste any time. I called the ambulance. I didn't call the government one because I knew they would come the following day. I called a private one. After the call I tried some CPR on Mpho but nothing happened. The ambulance arrived within 10 minutes. I so wish our public service could be that faster. They did what they did on Mpho and he regained consciousness. I could see he was still weak. They carried both of them to the two ambulances that were waiting outside. I sat next to Mpho in the other ambulance. I went "it will be alright babe. Be strong...I know you are strong. Dick will be fine. He won't die now. I want him to see how happy we can be. I want him to see the beautiful grandchildren we gonna make for him. I want him to see his son can be very happy. Most importantly, I want you to see you can be happily in love. I love you Mpho".

Sweet words contribute big time to a person's healing. Even when they are in coma it's important that we tell them they are loved and appreciated. The ambulances drove my poor men to Netcare Sunninghill Hospital. Damn some hospitals look like hotels. You would swear there were no sick people in there. I was given coffee and told to wait at some sitting area. I knew Mpho would be fine. My only worry was Dick. His condition didn't look well. I prayed hard for him to make it. After 3 hours or so the nurse came to tell me I could go see Mpho. He looked so handsome on that hospital bed. I kissed and told him I loved him. He went "thanks for everything my love. You saved my life. Where is my dad? How is he?". I told him the doctors were doing their best to help Dick. He went "my father is a strong lion. He will make it. I am 100% sure of that. He will make it". I loved how optimistic and positive he was. He told me that if it wasn't for me his father would have died. I couldn't tell him I knew

about his father's condition before I drove to the airport. I knew he was gonna blame me for not calling an ambulance before I drove to the airport. I was blaming myself for it. I shouldn't have listened to Dick. I should have called for help before driving to OR International Airport. I sat with Mpho for about 30 minutes. He told me they would release him the following day. That's private hospitals for you. Even when they see you are fine they will keep you overnight just make a quick dollar. Anyway, I was just happy my boo was fine. Nothing else mattered. He told me I should go home to rest and come the following morning. I told him I couldn't leave him lying like that on a hospital bed. He begged me to leave. I remembered I didn't have transport since I came with an ambulance. I had to call an Uber. He gave me a permission to use his car to Pretoria. When a guy gives you a permission to drive his expensive car without him in the car you must know he trusts you. I felt so important and loved. I rode on an Uber from the hospital to Mpho's place.

As soon as the Uber dropped me I saw Alex's car appearing. I wondered what he wanted there. When he saw me he went "hawu you stay here now?". I told him where I stayed is none of his business. He was like "when you are wearing clothes that I bought whatever you do is my business. You will always be my business. Why are you leaving me for a little kid with no experience? Do you really think that little relationship of yours will last? I know he can't handle you. Very soon he will be crying of a pain in his heart. You need real men like me who know how to handle you". I decided to ignore him because he was not making sense. It's not like I forced him to buy the clothes I was wearing. And anyway, I paid him by opening my legs for him. He asked where his business partners were. I told him they were both admitted at Sunninghill Hospital. He went "yho yho yho yho within a week you landed them in hospital? What happened? You slept with both of them and Mpho found out? Mpho fainted when he found you in bed with his father and Dick had a heart attack when he realized he almost killed his only son? You are cursed my girl". I told him their health problems had nothing to do with me. He was like "now that they are in hospital, can we have a round or two? You know you still owe me many rounds". That was the most insensitive thing I had heard in weeks. His business partners were sick and all he could think about was sleeping with me. Some men don't deserve to have dicks ka mmao. I told him to go to the nearest hell. He went "the nearest hell is right here in front of me, between your legs. I wouldn't mind going there". I was about to lose my cool but luckily he headed back to his car and drove away. I think he drove to the hospital. I closed all windows in the house. I went to Mpho's bedroom. I took one of his dirty t-shirts and smelled it. It smelled so divine....just like my Mpho. I could feel inside me that I was in love. I loved the fact that he was in my normal dating age group. I pictured us walking down the aisle and I smiled.

I took the key and headed to the C63. I drove back to Phillip Nel. When Gavaza saw the car she was full of nothing but praises for me. She was like "is this a compressor? My uncle from Giyani drives one like this". I rolled my eyes and told her to sit down. Marcus asked whose car was it and I told him the guy he spoke with on the phone the other day. He asked for his age and I told him. He was like "as long as he is not old. But be careful with guys who drive such big cars. They are trouble". Mxm he was just being a parent nje. Mpho didn't even know how to spell trouble. I asked Marcus if I could sleep over at JT's place. I think he could see I was lying about the JT part but he told me it was cool. Since the whole marriage thing with my mom he was a bit soft on me. I think he was trying to buy my blessings. Gavaza wanted to go with me and I went "ga ke tsamaye le bana". I packed things I was gonna need and left. I passed by JT's place first. When you drive a big machine you want all your friends to see. When JT saw it she went "eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh phela dae ding ke sebata. Ntwana kuku ya gago e causa havoc. Hayi hayi hayi o mpja ya motshameko... o mpsa ya papadi. At least ga o sa jewa ke dibhari tsa go reya di 1400 (this is a beast. Your vjayjay is

working for you. You have arrived. I'm glad you no longer open your legs for niggers who drive 1400). Congrats on reaching Blessee stage 5 ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". I told her I was not dating a blesser but a guy younger than 30. When I told her I wanted to leave she said nonsense. She was hosting some friends for a mini braai and drinks at Fountains Valley. I told her boo was in hospital and I wanted to go check him. She went "boo a ka se vaye ntwana maaan. O tla bloma for bo ma hour nyana then o ka nna wa vaya afterwards. I miss you ntwana. Oska ndhemela please (your boo won't die. Just chill for an hour or so then you can leave. I miss you). You know you'll need my help soon". She was right. Julia was always there for me. Chilling with her and her friends for two hours wouldn't hurt. I drove behind her when we headed to Fountains Valley. I thought she was hosting few friends but when we got there I saw many people. There were beautiful girls and handsome brothers. I saw Obakeng among the guys. I wondered what he was doing here because he wasn't into parties. I asked JT to call him for me. I was standing next to the 'C63' rocking some shades. I wanted everyone to know "Sharon has arrived". OB was like "wow, long time no see Miss Letsoalo. I jwas told you wouldn't be here. You are looking gorgeous as always". I think he didn't notice I was the one driving the C63. I opened the driver's doorjust for control nje. He went "wait, are you driving this car?"

"LEAVE MY MAN ALONE OR I WILL HIT YOU WITH THIS BOTTLE"

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 353

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There are some exes that you don't mind meeting now and then, especially if the break up was not that hectic. It's not a secret that most girls sleep with their exes, especially single girls. Instead of sleeping with a motherfucka we don't know we rather give it to some nigger who used to it well. It's better than giving it to some nigger who will hit and disappear. OB was one of those exes that I didn't have a problem. He wasn't one of those exes one would wish death for. He was a very good man. I was shocked when a guy told me to stay away from him. OB was many things but I never thought he was gay. I turned around to look at the guy who threatened to assault me. He was a visibly gay looking dude. OB was like "now you are becoming an irritation dude. How many times must I tell you I am not into you? I told you I do not do gay guys. Please give me a break". Say whatever you wanna say about gay guys, I think they are the coolest people on earth. They are full of life nje. The guy went "come on pastor, you can't let hoes flirt with you in front of me. You know how I feel about you. Please consider my feelings". I didn't get offended when shim called me a hoe because it came from a gay guy. If it was a straight guy I was gonna tell him where to get off. I told OB to go if being with me was a problem. He went "no I don't have to go. This person must go". I didn't blame the guy for wanting OB though, he was a cute good boy with nice behind. The gay guy went "mxm you will regret this when you are old, lonely and bitter. If you don't it now, you will know it someday. You are throwing a good love away". Lol that was a killer line from a song!!!! He left OB and I in peace. I asked OB what he was doing at JT's party because they were not friends. Before he could answer I saw Thobile walking towards us. She greeted me with some bad attitude and I greeted back with a smile. She kissed OB right in front of me. She handed him her phone and told him to call their kid. I think she just wanted to show me she was in charge.

When OB moved away from the car to make the forced phone call Thobile asked why I was

talking to her man in private. I went "sesi, please hit your brakes. I am not here for high school dramas. I am too old and mature for such. I came here because JT invited me. I am not here for your so-called man. I have my own man and he drives this car. Your man can only dream about it. Malapa ga a lekane sesi". She looked at the car and went "this must be owned by a Nigerian drug lord. Anyway, I am not threatened by you. I know OB will never go back to someone like you. By the way, we are getting married and you are not invited". I yawned right in front of her. She was starting to be a bore. I almost told her to tell OB to buy her good make up because the one she was wearing made her face look like expired brown bread. OB came back and told Thobile the child did not want to talk. I asked them to excuse me. I got in the car and started playing with my phone. I just wanted to be away from drama nje. JT came to the car asked why I was sitting alone in the car like someone who was bored. I told her Thobile was giving me snaaks attitude. She went "come on, oska warra ka dae chick le ntate moruti (don't worry about that girl and the pastor). You came here to have fun. Wa cava gore o lepsatla and you will always give macheri june july (you know you are hot and girls will always feel uncomfortable) when they see you next to their boyfriends. A re vaye ro ja leoto ntwana. Lebala ka difebe tsa go tshwana le bo Thobile (let's go dance. Forget about hoes like Thobile)". She was right thou, no one had a right to spoil my day because they couldn't handle their insecurities. It's not like I wanted OB. I got out of the car and joined the crowd. JT had monied friends. I could tell by the type of booze they were drinking that niggers had money. But in terms of wheels I showed them flames. When they saw me showing up with JT they started whistling and told JT that she had the hottest chick in town. JT told them I was just a mere friend. Niggers started asking for my number and I laughed them off. I knew they were joking.

The braai wasn't bad at all. The music was nice and people were dancing their feet off. I was dancing like a decent. You can't be dancing like a hoe when you are driving a C63. That is for girls driving Ford Fiesta and Vivo. JT asked if I was having fun and I told her I was having the best time of my life. Her braai made me forget the little problems I had. I thought of going to the hospital but remembered Mpho told me to go rest. I decided I would go check him the following day. When darkness fell on us people started hooking up. That is what happens at parties when it's dark and people are drunk. They start disappearing into the cars or bushes. Many babies are conceived at parties from those one night stands. I knew that kind of life because I used to live it when I was a bad girl. I knew if Maite was there she would have scored a dick or two. Someone was gonna chow her in the Mini Cooper. Some guy wanted my attention but I told him I was not interested. He was the best dressed male there. And I must admit that he looked very handsome and smelled very well. Nothing charms a woman like a man who smells well. No girl wants a guy with a smell that reminds her of poverty. The guy asked why I didn't wanna talk to him. I went "I know your type boss. You think you can have any chick you want because you are probably rich and all that. I am not that type. I came to have fun here, not to hoe myself. Stop wasting your time because I am not interested. I have a man and we are very happy". He didn't expect such words from me. I think he thought he was going to tap it swimmingly. I was not that Sharon anymore. I had a good feeling about my relationship with Mpho and didn't wanna to anything to ruin it. I mean, Mpho was a rich good man and he was not old. I knew he was not the type to cheat. When you have such a man the best thing you can do is to remain loyal, faithful and honest and pray to God to protect and bless the relationship everyday.

Around 9pm JT announced that we were taking the party to the house. I wondered which house she was talking about because she didn't have one. Her flat was too small to accommodate everyone there. Apparently the house she was talking about was of the guy who was busy gunning for my attention. I told JT that I was tired and wanted to go home.

She went "ntwana why nkare o uptight these days? Did Mr C63 force you to drink Sta-Soft and bheka mina? Come one man....let's go have fun. The night is still young. Your presence here is very important to me. You are my BFF van toeka. Wa mverstana?". Hayi she was playing psychology on me. That was very rich coming from someone who initially said I could only chill for an hour or two. An hour or two became many hours and couple of glasses of booze. I had to go with them to the so-called house. Those with cars were advised to give Yellow Pages lift. A Yellow Page is someone who doesn't have a car. I didn't know where the guy stayed but in my mind I thought he was the type from Phelindaba or Mamelodi. He had that cute township vibe. And I knew most of JT's friends were from kasi. I was surprised when the convoy of cars led us to the posh east suburbs of Pretoria. Nigger stayed in one of those burbs after Menlyn. It was quite clear he had money. His house was big. The garden was very big with a very beautiful swimming pool in the middle. He told us not to make noise because his white neighbours would complain. JT led us to the entertainment area. It was quite clear she had been there many times because she knew everything. I asked her what the guy did for a living and she told me he was a hustler. I think that was her way of telling me he was doing shady business. The guy tried his luck again and I kept rejecting him. He thought I would be charmed by his house and the riches he was showing off. Mxm he was two years late shem. I was not that girl anymore. He ended asking JT to talk to me. JT told him straight that I was a no go zone. She told him I was someone close to her heart and didn't want anyone to break my heart. Nigger nodded but I could see he still wanted me. People started leaving after 12am, especially those who managed to score dicks and punanis. Even JT had some hot chick. OB and Thobile left before 12am. I was actually the only girl without a partner. The host was one of few guys who didn't have partners. The other single guys didn't make any moves on me because the host was the one gunning for me. When I saw the number of people decreasing I decided to leave without saying goodbye. I walked out as if I was going to get some fresh air. When I got to the car the owner of the house appeared from nowhere. He had an envelope in his hand. He asked where I was going and I told him home. He begged me not to leave. I told him I was too tired and wanted to visit my boyfriend the following day.

He handed me the envelope and went "if you stay the content of that envelope is all yours

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 354

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

My dictionary defines temptation as the desire to do something, especially something wrong or unwise. Many people had their lives ruined because of temptation. Most of the time we are tempted by things that we know will break something in our lives. A verse I once heard the pastor reading in church visited my mind, 1 Corinthians 10:13 "No temptation has overtaken you except what is common to mankind. And God is faithful, he will not let you tempted beyond what you can bear. But when you are tempted, he will also provide a way out so that you can endure it". For the first time since I was born I saw a different me that night. The envelope he gave me had a diamond necklace inside. It's not a secret that I was a lover of things. But that night I showed myself a different side of me. I handed back the envelope and told him I was not for sale. It took him few seconds for him to digest the fact that I refused to take what most people regard as the woman's best friend. Diamond is to a woman what a dog is to a man. Most women love diamond. I was like "with all due respects mrena, you are charming and all that...I get it. But that does not mean you will always get whatever you want. I value my life more than the diamond you are offering me in exchange

for whatever you are looking for. I am sorry to disappoint you mrena". He looked at the necklace and then looked at me. He was like "you know, no girl has ever said no to me. You are not planning to be the first right?". His charm disappeared after uttering those words. Sometimes arrogance from a man can be sexy but when he starts thinking he is all that I get turned off. I went "yho I am not that type mrena. I don't offer my cookie easily. You will pull that line to poor girls. As you can see, I am not starving. If you don't mind, I have to go. I am too tired to be arguing with you the whole night. Thanks for hosting me at your beautiful house. I doubt I will ever come here again if this is how you treat your guests". I was opening the car's door as I said that.

He knocked on the window for me to roll it down. He was like "I know this car is not yours. He will probably take it tomorrow. I can buy you your own. Please don't leave". I knew he was lying because there was a tent on his pants. When niggers have a hard on they say whatever comes first in the heads. They will promise you things they won't do just to get laid. I blew him a kiss and slyzad. I was proud of myself for not febenzing. Being with Mpho had taken away my ability to febenza (employing the cookie to make money). I remembered I told Marcus I was sleeping at JT's place. There was no way I could sleep in Phillip Nel. I decided to drive to Mpho's place. I knew Mpho wouldn't mind. I drove straight to Midrand and spent a night there. I wondered who did the cleaning and cooking for Mpho since I had never seen a helper there. Maybe she was on leave. The following morning I fixed myself a breakfast and then took a bath afterwards. Marcus called to check up on me. I told him I was still at JT's place and that I would be home later. He told me to take care. Lol I was not used to that. People will be friendly to you when they want your mother's cookie. After talking to Marcus I headed straight to hospital to see my boo. I remembered he told him he was gonna be discharged. I took fresh clothes and fruits for him. When he saw me his face beamed with joy. He looked like a primary school girl who just fell in love with her first boyfriend. I kissed him and he kissed back. He told me they told him he could leave. I was so happy for him. The other good news was that Dick's health was improving. He was still critical but stable. I gave Mpho the fresh clothes and he changed. Before leaving we checked on his father. He was a strong old man. When Mpho touched his hand he moved a bit. I think he could feel it was his only son. Mpho went "I want to love our son the way my dad loves me. Sometimes he does things without thinking but I know he loves me wholeheartedly. I know he can sell his lungs to save my life. What I pray for is for us to see our kids grow together. I want us to be a family". His words charmed me.

After spending some time with Dick we drove to Mpho's crib. I told him I spent the night there because I wanted to be closer to the hospital. He told me he wished I could sleep there every night. I said "ha ha ha babe, you need to pay lobola for me to do that. I don't believe in RDP marriages aka Vat n Sit. I want us to do things the right way. Put a ring on it and make my mama's skraal bigger and I will move in". We laughed about it and he told me to watch the space. I don't wanna lie, Mpho made me happy. I loved how we laughed about everything. His sense of humour charmed me. When we got to the house he wanted to work but I told him to take it easy. He was like "hawu babe, I haven't even paid a calf to your parents and you are already wifing me? May I please check my emails my love....just emails? I promise I will not work until madam gives me a green light". I loved how he put me in charge. He made me feel important. Having a man that listens to you is a bonus. You don't want that Zulu man from Umlazi who will always pull the "I AM A MAN" line. When you date a traditional Zulu guy you must make peace with the fact that you do not have a say in the relationship. Nigger will control everything you do, including when to go on periods. Mpho was such a sweet konyana, he listened to me. He went "babe, you should not make a habit of driving at night alone. It's not safe". That's one crap I hated about driving other people's cars. They get to know or see

your every move. I knew what Mpho was talking about. I told him I visited a friend and we ended up going to Pretoria East at another friend's house. He told me he was not complaining about me visiting people but the fact that I was driving at night. He was like "when a woman drives an expensive car at night she is vulnerable. Criminals might think you have money and try to kill or hijack you. Next time you wanna go out that late please let me know. Your safety means a lot to me". I was relieved he was not angry at me.

My phone rang and it Nightie calling. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I dreamed about you last night. Can we meet for lunch today?". I told him I was at my boyfriend's place and didn't have time for lunch with him. I didn't wait for him to respond. I hung up before he could say anything. I told Mpho it was Alex's son. Mpho went "I think you should cut ties with him. He seems like someone who doesn't want people to be happy. We don't need such people in our relationship". I agreed with Mpho. I blocked Nightie's number. I did the same with Alex's. I was building my new life and didn't want anyone to ruin it for me. Mpho was sent by God to make me happy. His phone rang. He told me it was from the security guards. They told him there was a visitor at the gate. He told them to let the person in. He didn't even ask who it was. I asked him why and he went "only close friends and family members know where I stay. So I know it must be someone in my circle". There was a knock at the door after few minutes. He told me to open because he was busy with emails. Some very gorgeous girl was at the door. I was not the type to compliment other girls but that one looked like a super model. She made me look like an average girl. She walked in without greeting me. Mxm she became ugly in my eyes on the spot. People with bad manners piss me off. She wanted to give Mpho a hug but he pushed her. He shouted "you know you are not welcome in this house. What the hell do you want?". I didn't know what to do or say. I didn't know who the girl was or what her business was there. I had to read the situation first because acting. The girl went "I heard you and daddy were sick and I came to check up on you. Alex told me you are not feeling ok. I know things didn't work out between us but I still care. You will always be my bae. I know it was wrong of me to sleep with your father but it doesn't change how I feel about you. I know one day you will find it in your heart to forgive me". Nothing triggers a girlfriend's jealousy like a presence of an ex or baby mama. I was forken pissed but I had to restrain myself. I didn't want to do a stupid thing in front of Mpho. If it wasn't for that I would have hit her head with a frying pan. Sometimes a girl must take unpopular measures to protect her turf. Mpho went "I will say this once and once only. I do not want to see you ever again. I don't care what you do with Dick because it's none of my business. If you want to meet him go to his house. You are not welcome here. As you can see, I have moved on with someone who will never cheat on me. I am happy and don't want people like you to ruin my relationship". The girl looked at me and went:

"Oh is this the one? The one Alex told me.....she is expecting his baby? Oh ok....good luck Mr Hands Ball"

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 355

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When a woman is struggling to let go it's normally because she is still in love with the guy. It's not easy for us to just forget and move on with our lives, especially if we really loved the guy. Some of us turn into psychos and others become emotional wrecks. It's a different story with guys. Most of them do not want to let go not because of love but egos. The

thought of another man having you while they can no longer be with you drives them crazy. Some of them resort to extreme measures just to make sure your new love life is a living hell. That is what Alex was doing to me. The thought of me being with another man drove him crazy. It's not like he loved me, he just didn't want another man to be with me because it cut thru his machoness. But I didn't expect an old ancestor like him to resort to such high school tactics. That was something I would have expected from a high school boyfriend. The moment the girl mentioned Alex I knew they had formed a tag team to destroy the relationship I had with Mpho. Maybe the girl was still in love with Mpho. It was more of two exes forming an alliance of convenience. Mpho looked at her and went "what? Sharon pregnant with whose kid? You must be smoking cement mixed with benzene". The girl laughed and said "I know this will hurt you but I'm gonna tell you anyway. This girl that you call a girlfriend is pregnant by Alex. She wanted to abort the baby because she couldn't stand the thought of having a baby with a married man. You came in the picture at the right time. Her plan is to make you believe the child she is caring is yours. Knowing how desperate you are, I know you gonna think it's yours". I couldn't stand there and listen to the girl lying about me thru her teeth. She said it in a way that was so convincing. For a second I even thought she was telling the truth. Maybe she was a law student. I wanted to slap her face but Mpho blocked me. I wouldn't mind if she was telling the truth. But the fact that she was telling pure lies made me wanna look for a gun and kill her on the spot.

I asked Mpho if he believed her and he went "I don't know what to believe anymore. This is just too much for me. I cannot need deal with this. All I want is a normal relationship. I don't want these dramas everyday. It's like I am watching Rhythm City now. My life is not a soapie". His words hurt me. I was sad he was letting his ex come between us. Lesson number one: never believe everything your ex tells you about your current. 90% of the time it ain't true. The girl went "it's up to you whether you want to believe me or not. But what I told you is nothing but the truth. If you want to raise Alex's kid, go ahead and date her. I am not doing this to score points, I know you will never take me back after everything I did to you". She was making sure he believed her lies. That's one thing I got to learn about Mpho, he was very gullible. No wonder it was so easy for his father to chow his girlfriend right under his nose. When a relationship is still new you must make sure you learn as much as possible about your new partner. I went "ok Mpho, if you choose to believe her. It's fine, there is nothing I can do. All I know is I only slept with Alex once and we used protection. I don't remember the condom bursting. This hoe here in conniving with that stupid ugly shangaan ancestor to ruin our relationship and you are letting them win. Open your eyes and read the situation. Alex is angry I left him for you. This hoe here thought you will never get over her and move on. They have a motive to cook lies to ruin our relationship. Open your eyes babe". I was shedding tears as I said that. It's very difficult to convince a person that you are not lying. It hurts when people doubt your truth and show signs of believing another person's lies about you. I was hurting inside. The girl was like "Shem go away with your Brian Molefe tears. We know they are as fake as the Gucci handbags sold at Small Street, the ones girls from Tembisa buy and think they are have arrived. I will not let you play Mpho like this. He deserves to be happy with someone who will not lie to him. Me and you are not that person. Let's leave the poor guy in peace".

Mpho told her to shut up and leave. She didn't even argue with him. She grabbed her bag and left. I told Mpho to look at me straight in the eyes and tell me he didn't believe what she said. He went "Sharon, I don't know what to believe anymore. Maybe you should go home. I need time to think about this". I didn't have energy to argue. I asked if I could use his car and he went "I will call an Uber for you. I wanna use the car. I will have to visit my father later. You don't mind using an Uber right?". I thought he was joking until he took out his phone and

called an Uber for me. I asked "Mpho, are you breaking up with me? Are you breaking up with me because of mere lies? Will you take everything people tell you without even checking the facts?". He told me it was difficult not to believe because he met me thru Alex and he wasn't sure we were engaging in safe intercourse. I asked "for heaven's sake, why did you even ask me to be your girlfriend then? You knew I was with Alex and I came clean about my past....well, sort of. You never told me you had a problem with it. You loved me knowing I used to date him. Okay, maybe you never loved me to start with him. Cancel your stupid Uber. I will call mine. Have a good life". What was happening to me happens all the time in many relationships. There will always some hoes and niggers who will be hell-bent of ruining your relationship. If you are weak you will believe whatever they say. I walked to the gate and called my own Uber. It came after 7 minutes. I got inside and greeted the driver. He went "I don't mean to pry but you don't look fine. What could be wrong lady?". That moment when you don't want to cry and someone asks what is wrong. That question is a tear opener. I literally started crying. I was crying because I was falling in love with Mpho and he was leaving me. I was crying because he was leaving me for lies. The more I thought about it was the more I realized how deeply I was falling in love with Mpho. He came in my life when I least expected love and swept me off the floor. The thought of losing him because of some well-orchestrated hurt me big time.

The Uber driver asked if he should take me to a hospital. I told him to continue driving. He asked why made a beautiful like me cry. I went "my boyfriend is leaving me because of something I didn't do. I love him". I expected him to give me a shoulder to crying on. He replied in his home language of Sepedi. He was like "Ah ah ah o setlaela. O lliswa ke lerete? Marete ke a mantshi kua ntle. Botsebotse dilwananyana tse tsa lena tsa marato ke masepa fela. That's why nna ke sa kwane le go ratanaratana. Ga ke na stress (you are a fool. You are crying because of balls? There are many balls out there. In fact these things of relationships are just crap. That is why I hardly love. I do not have stress). No love no stress". His accent sounded like that of Moruti Kgole from the Thobela FM soapie Mahlakung. I told him I cried because my heart was painful. He gave me a face cloth to wipe my tears. He was indeed a Pedi man. I told him I was ok. He dropped me at my place and I paid him. He reminded me not to let a man stress me because "o botse nkare o nkatsana (you are beautiful like a kitten)". I didn't want Marcus to see I was crying, so I tried to compose myself. I didn't want to answer 100 questions from him and the nosy Gavaza. They were watching Gospel music on tv when I got in the house. I greeted them and headed straight to the bedroom. I locked myself in and cried again. Crying is healthy because it helps to ease the pain. After a lifetime of crying I called Alex to ask why he did what he did. I asked why he lied to Mpho's ex about me being pregnant with his child. He was like "I didn't lie to anyone. And besides that, do you really think I will let you go just like that? Do you know how much I spent on you? You still owe me many rounds. Maybe if you sleep with me for the last time I will reconsider my truth. You played me like a yoyo. How can you leave me for a kid huh?". I regretted not recording that conversation. It was gonna be evidence to show the fool lied. Mpho's call came thru while I was talking to Alex. I hung up on Alex and answered Mpho's call. He asked me to send him coordinates to my place. I sent them immediately. I was glad he had finally come to his senses. I knew he loved me and there was no way he was gonna leave me for stupid lies. He called after 25 minutes to tell me he was at the gate. I ran to the gate like a kid running after her mother. I didn't even answer when Marcus asked where I was going. I was running to my love. As soon as I got in the car I went "I am glad you finally believe me. We are meant to be together Mpho. Let us not let jealous people come between us. I called Alex and he confessed he lied because he was angry I left him for you". Mpho asked "I thought you blocked his number. So you guys still talk? Anyway, I am not here for that. I want us to

go somewhere". I asked where and he didn't say. He drove to Arcadia. He asked me to follow him as soon as we got out of the car. Damn, we were going to a surgery. The doctor went "right on time!!!". I asked Mpho what was going on and he went "to solve our problem I think you should do a pregnancy test. We will also do HIV tests. You don't have a problem with us testing right?". FU#K....that was an ambush. I didn't see it coming. I didn't have a problem with the pregnancy test because I knew I was not pregnant. The thought of the other test made my legs go light. You can do HIV tests every month but you will always have that wave of edginess and nervousness whenever you do them, especially if you are the reckless type.

The doctor asked if we were ready and I stood up and said "NO".

WTF...mxm

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 356

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There are some things that you don't wake up and do. You need to be psychologically and mentally ready to them. Testing for HIV is one of them. I knew the kind of life I was living. I knew I was reckless and had slept with niggers without using protection. So testing was a very scary thing to do for me. I was not ready to be to hear the worst. I know these days they offer counseling but hayi....no!!!! I didn't mind the other test because I was 110% sure there was no brat in my bloody womb. Mpho looked at me and said "WHAT!!!!!!". Please tell me you are joking. Your decision here will make or break our relationship". I didn't respond to that one. I was just nervous nje. The doctor left the room to give us privacy to talk. I went "babe, but we didn't agree on doing HIV tests. That's a personal matter. I will do one when I want, not because you are forcing me to. I am not ready for that. Please understand". I was really very nervous. He went "I will be very honest with you. I love you from the bottom of my heart. It's not something I chose to do, it just happened. I am not going to force you to do anything you don't want but if you care about our relationship you will do the right thing. Yes I agree testing is a personal thing but you must bear in mind that your HIV status affects me. Soon we will be getting intimate and I think it's of paramount importance for both of us to test. It will do good to our relationship. To tell you the truth, if you don't do this I will have no choice but to let you go. I love you but I cannot be with someone who is doing this". That was a very honest speech and he was giving me an ultimatum. I could see on his face that he meant every word he said. I went "ok ok ok it's fine. I will do the tests but I am not fine with it. I am only doing them because I don't wanna lose. So what will happen if I am positive on both tests?". He didn't beat about the bush. He went "if you are pregnant I am leaving you. If you are HIV+ we can still be together".

His words gave me a small relief. The doctor came back and explained how he was going to conduct the tests. We were gonna do those instant tests first and then he would send our blood samples to the lab for thorough tests. Mpho and I agreed. He started with the pregnancy test. I had done it before so I didn't need any explanation for it. I knew I was not pregnant but I was bloody anxious. The tests came back negative. I looked at him and went "next time you believe what your ex tells you I'm gonna cut your ba.....". I stopped right there because the doctor gave me school headmaster look. I could see Mpho was very relieved. He went "I love you Miss Letsoalo. It seems like I will change your surname sooner than I expected". I won round one. Round two was bloodcurdling. We did the tests at the same time. To our joy the tests came back negative for both of us. The way we were so happy we even kissed in front of the doctor. HIV tests are not a child's play. The doctor tried to give us

the 3 months and window period and blah blah blah speech but we just ignored it. That was a speech for white people. Once a black person hears negative nothing else matters. Mpho wanted us to go celebrate but I told him there was nothing to celebrate. I was like "we can't be celebrating when your old man in hospital. The black girl in me won't feel comfortable. Let's rather wait for your old man to be better and we will go celebrate. I don't know if you get what I am saying". He told me I made sense. I told him I wanted to study but wouldn't mind seeing his dad first before hitting the books. We drove straight to Sunninghill from Arcadia. Dick gained consciousness the minute he heard Mpho's voice. Even the doctors were surprised because they didn't expect it. Mpho and I were so happy. He held his father's hand and went "I love you daddy, you are my hero". For a second I thought he was singing Ricardo's song. I held Dick's other hand and echoed Mpho's words. I smiled when I felt his finger move. That was a sign he was coming back to us. Mpho whispered "I love you Sharon".

It was so nice hearing those words from Mpho now and then. I so wished he was the first guy I met straight after matriculating. He was different from the mkovus I dated before him. After spending time with Dick I told him I wanted to go home to study. Boo drove me home. I thought he would want to pass by his crib to get intimate, especially after the tests. But nigger didn't even make a mention of it. Maybe he wanted to apply the 90 day rule. But anyway, it's not like I was in a rush. I went "babe, I think you need to come up with a way to deal with Alex. He might be a problem in this relationship. Yesterday when I spoke to him he told me he spent thousands on me and there was no way he was gonna let me go just like that. I don't want anything to do with him but I have a feeling he will put my life in danger. I am scared". Mpho held my hand and said "as your man it is my duty to protect you. I will make sure Alex plays far from you. You need not to worry. I will sort him for nothing. Nothing will come between us. I am a staunch believer of God and I pray regularly. God brought you to my life for a reason. Nothing and I mean nothing....will ever come between us. I will have to die first before I let people like Alex ruin our relationship". Wow his words sounded so manly. I felt safe with him. He dropped me at my place and promised to call as soon as he got to his place. We kissed and did the "I Love You's". It was so nice having someone to utter those magical words to. I don't wanna lie, Mpho completed me in many ways. He didn't rush to spend money on me. He never rushed to take me to bed. The first few days of our relationship were spent on building the emotional foundation and trust between us. The guys I dated before him gave me money and slept with me before we could even get to know each other. That is one of the things that made me believe Mpho was the real deal. It made me believe he really wanted a relationship with me.

When I got to the house Gavaza went "I really miss you Sharon. We hardly spend time together these days. Am I boring you?". Marcus told me Gavie was right. "You should treat her like your sister. You are always out and the poor girl is always alone. Please spend time with her," he said. I had to be honest with them. I went "but uncle Marcus, Gavaza is your guest, not mine. She can't be my tail wherever I go. And besides, she is boring. She does things without thinking. She is too high risk for me". I don't know why but I had mixed feeling about that girl. Sometimes I liked her and sometimes I hated her. She was like Gauteng rain. People need it because the dams are drying up. But when it rains they want it to stop because of the damage it causes. That was Gavaza to me. I told them I wanted to study and headed to my bedroom. I could see Marcus was not impressed with my crude honesty but I cared less. Studying under the influence of love will make you smile at your books for no reason. I found myself smiling and thinking of Mpho whenever I opened a new page. Love will drive you crazy shem, especially when it is still new. Mpho called me after 40 minutes to tell me he was home. I told him I was studying. He asked to sing a song for me and I agreed. He sang Rod Stewart's 'Have I told you lately'. Mpho literally made me leave my books and

cry while he was singing. When you have been thru many potholes and 'stop & gos' in previous relationships love will seem like a foreign thing when you move on. It will take time for you to see love as a normal thing. It will take time to plumber out all the blocked love pipes in your heart. But when you meet the right person your heart will be as pure as a Mshoza's face before she bleached. It took Mpho less than a week to open all the blocked love pipes in my heart. He knew where to touch and what to say. If the only tears he makes you shed are the tears of joy, he is the real deal. He is for keeps. You don't want a man who make you shed tears of pain and anger everyday. The tears Mpho made me shed were made of gold. I enjoyed shedding them. I couldn't wait for him to make me shed them in bed. After singing he went "I love you babe, I love you will all that I have. This is not an artificial love. It was not made in the laboratory of my heart. It is natural love. It is very organic. I love you organically". He made me whole again. He made me believe in love again. I whispered "thanks for makingfor making me believe in love again. I will be honest, loyal, faithful and loving to you. You are the best thing to happen to me this year. Please don't ever change. I want to feel like it's new love everyday. I love you Mpho". With some sobs in his voice he said "I promise to make you the happiest woman on earth. Your joy is my joy". That was the best call ever. I wanted to share it with someone. So I called Selfie's mom to tell her I was in love. She went "oh my son!!!! Devil is a lawyer shem. Me is happy my son. Love is temperature my son". I didn't know what she meant but I loved it. I felt so happy. Gavaza knocked at my room to tell me someone just delivered a parcel for me. I told her to come in. She handed some wrapped box to me. She wanted me to open it in front of her. I told her "your eyes are very ambitious neh? Please give me some privacy".

I opened the box and

BOOOOOOMMMMM.....

THE END

Episode 357

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

It's normal for women to love presents, especially if they come as surprises. If you are not buying your woman presents you must know you are depriving her some womanly happiness. Niggers must surprise their women with surprises now and then. It helps to strengthen the relationship. I wasn't different from other girls. I loved presents with passion, especially expensive ones. The box I had in my hand looked expensive. I could see from outside that it was carrying a very expensive something inside. I wondered where it came from. My first suspect was Mpho. He looked like the type to send presents. When I finally managed to open the box I got so disappointed. I found a stone, a note and a R100 note. The note had phone numbers on top. The following words were written at the bottom "my patience is as strong as this stone. You can reject me more than 100 times but I will never give up until I put a ring on your finger one day. I know a good thing when I see one, you are the good thing". That was some messed up message. It was at that moment that I knew it was not from Mpho. There was no way he was gonna send such balderdash. I tried to search the number on Trucaller but I found nothing. I had no choice but to call and check who it was. The phone rang only once and the owner answered. I didn't waste time by greetings and crap. I went straight to the point. He started by laughing before uttering a word. He was like "hope you recognize this gorgeous voice". I told him I was not in a mood to play games with crazy strangers. He told me he was not really a stranger because I knew him. I told him he had 5 seconds to tell me who he was and what he wanted or else I would hung

up. I think he took my threat seriously because he immediately told me he was the rich guy I met at JT's party, the one who wanted to buy me with diamond. I asked him where he got my numbers. He went "I have connections in high places. It's easy for me to get numbers and addresses. I am not a stalker....i just know which buttons to press when I need information. Back to the business of the day, did you read my message?".

Some guys are allergic to understanding when a girl says no. He was rich and all that but he wasn't Mpho. He was too arrogant for my liking. I went "I read your message and it is whack. It's like you stole lyrics from some boring song. I am not impressed at all. In fact, you should stop sending me stupid things. My dad does not like it when I receive parcels from men. I hope that was the last time". He sounded so disappointed and I liked it. He was the devil that wanted to spoil the good thing that I was having with Mpho. He went "it's okay for now, like I said. I am a very patient man. One day you will see I really want you and you will fall right in my arms. I will put the ring on it immediately. Doesn't it have a good ring to it?". I hung up on him. I didn't have time for nonsense. I called Gavie back in my bedroom. I gave her the box with all its contents. I told her to keep it. She opened it and her face beamed with joy. I asked why she looked like a pig that just reached orgasm and she went "this is so beautiful. Is it from the old man or the young man?". I almost told her it was from her mother. She took the R100 and threw put the box on the bed. I decided to take a nap before studying. I wanted to be fresh for my books. I had so many beautiful dreams about Mpho and I. When you are in love God will only give you beautiful dreams. In one of the dreams I was living at Mpho's house in Midrand and nigger was spoiling me to the fullest. The only problem was I was fat. I loved how Mpho changed my life in a very short space of time. I was woken up by another knock. It was Gavie again. It was like her job was to disturb my peace of mind. I asked her what she wanted and she told me there was someone to see. I asked for the person's name and she told me she didn't know. Gavie was so dumb. How do you let someone in the house without asking for their name? I had no choice but to go downstairs to check who it was.

WTF....it was a hoe I didn't expect. For some unknown reason I was happy to see her. I knew her presence meant trouble but I was happy so her. We all have bad friends that we hate to love. Zee was one of them to me. I gave her a hug and greeted her. I asked where on earth she was and she told me around the world. Marcus appeared from the bedroom when he heard the noise. His face had a glow when he saw Zee. He greeted her with that 'I still remember what we did' look. He told us he was going to visit his friend in Pretoria North. Zee went "hawu skeem, you are getting more and more beautiful. What is your secret? How have you been? Who are you whoring with? What's new?". She asked so many questions in a short space of time. I told her I was not whoring with anyone but in love with some chap. She wanted all details and I told her. You know girls will always want details and we love sharing. What I knew deep down was that I didn't want her anywhere near my Mpho. Zee sounded so happy for me. She told me she was happy I had finally settled. I asked what she was up to and what brought her to my crib. She went "I just wanted fresh air hey. I moved in with my boyfriend and things are not cool. He is emotionally abusive and I am not coping. So I thought I should come here to get some fresh. I took chances, I wasn't even sure that you were still staying here. I am glad I found you". I asked why she didn't ask for my number from uncle Sello or his wife and she told me they were not on speaking terms. I gave her a hug and told her I was sorry she was being emotionally abused in her relationship. I was surprised she was abused. Zee was very smart and knew how to manipulate men. Maybe she had finally met her match. I introduced her to Gavie and they hugged. Zee went "I am glad I won't get bored because it will be three of us". I asked how long she was planning to stay and she said a week or so. I wanted to be there for her.

I didn't mind because I understood what she was going thru. Every girl knows this, staying in an emotionally abusive relationship will chew your heart until it fails to pump blood. I told her I wanted to study for an hour or two and she told me she didn't mind. I left her and Gavie in the lounge. I knew they wouldn't get along. I knew Zee hated slow people with passion. Thirty minutes into my books Zee came to my bedroom. She asked "Gavie just told me you are dating some old relative of hers. Is he the one you are in love with?". I so hated Gavie with passion. It took her less than 30 minutes to start kaking with her mouth. I had no choice but to tell Zee what went down with Alex. She went "you don't learn neh? Didn't I teach you survival tactics? I see you are still that nursing college student with village tendencies. Ska warra, I will sort the old man for you. You said he is rich right?". I told her he was super loaded and psycho. She didn't care about the psycho part. The next few days were very busy for me. Mpho called everyday but we never got a chance to see each other because I wanted to concentrate on the papers I was writing. Zee spent most of her time with Gavie watching TV. I was surprised they got along well. I was glad Marcus didn't mind Zee's visit. On Friday morning Mpho called to tell me he was coming to fetch me around 16h00. I told him it was cool. I didn't have a paper that day. So it was just me and the girls. Gavie wanted us to go shopping but she didn't have money. What a fool!!!! Zee suggested that we go out for drinks. I told them to go without me because bae was coming to fetch me. Gavaza asked which one and I said "your father". Zee told me not to be rude at the poor girl. They convinced me to call my boo and tell him to fetch me after 6pm because they wanted to have drinks with me. I had already told Mpho that Zee was around. So he didn't mind when I told him about drinks. Initially he suggested a braai at his place but I rejected it. I didn't trust the girls with my man. I didn't want to be Bonang'd. Some girls have a PhD in Brickology. I didn't want to be a victim. I was protecting my relationship from vultures. Zee forced us to go to SunnyPark because she missed the place. She went "do you remember the crap we used to do there? I miss those days hey". I told her I was a changed woman and those things were left far behind. She told me I was driven crazy by new love. She asked if my new boo was good in bed. I told her I was not comfortable discussing our private life with her.

We went to Rhapsody's for drinks. Pretoria people love booze with passion. It was during the day but already people were drinking. Just as we entered the place some Nigerian looking dude went "eh eh Zee ma Zee. Lo time no see hay!!!! Are you goodo?". He seemed so happy to see her. She seemed so happy to see him too. She whispered to me "drinks are gonna be free for us. He is a loaded old friend". I knew what she meant by old friend. Zee forced us to join the table the guy and his friend were sitting at. I didn't feel comfortable with it but I didn't wanna spoil the party. We sat with the guys. We had lunch first before engaging in drinks. I chose to have red wine and Gavie and Zee had Moet & Chandon. I didn't drink fast because I didn't want to get drunk. Gavie and Zee were having the time of their lives. They laughed at stupid jokes of those Nigerians. I guess they were applying Moreki rule 3 – laugh at all moreki's jokes, even when they are not funny. Around 16h30 I texted Mpho to come fetch me at SunnyPark and he said cool. I didn't tell Zee Mpho was coming to fetch me because I knew she would tell me to delay him. I could see she was having fun. Gavie was also having fun. She was busy flirting with of the guys. I loved how well built the Nigerian men's bodies were. Only if South African men can learn a thing or two from them. Mkhamba is trending in South Africa. Mpho texted me "there is a red BMW waiting for you at McD...please go there. I sent someone to fetch you". I didn't understand why he had to send someone but I didn't make it a big deal. I didn't even say bye to my girls, I left like a fart. I walked to McD and found the beemer waiting. The driver opened the door for me and off we drove. He dropped me at the entrance and I walked to the house. The door was open. The floor was sprinkled with flowers. The lights were dimmed and the sound of Kenny G was playing softly. The

flowers led me to Mpho's bedroom. I opened the bedroom door and it resembled a heaven of love. Candles provided some fairytale lighting in the bedroom. Mpho was lying in a pool of flowers on his bed wearing nothing. He had a small cushion covering his strategic area.

He smiled and went "do you wanna get rid of this cushion?"

OMG....Booommm!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 358

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Love making is a different affair between men and women. Men can do it anywhere, anytime, anyhow and still enjoy it to the fullest. Men can chow anything with a hole and enjoy it both. With men shagging is more physical and psychological than emotional. With us women it's a different affair. When a guy goes all out to be romantic it impresses us. Lovemaking after a romantic outing or setting will mos def have an emotional satisfactory effect on us. You can even come before he touches you. We love being appreciated and loved. What Mpho did created a mood for me to be ready to give it to him. My eyes went wet with joy. I could feel my cookie wanting to learn a thing or two from my eyes. I slowly walked to the bed and sat on the edge. Flowers are a woman's bff. They just give us that gusshhhh feeling nje. I looked at Mpho straight in the eyes and asked "do you love me? Do you really love me Mpho?". I knew he loved me, I just wanted to hear him saying it again. Niggers must take a lesson, telling a girl you love her and mean it before lovemaking contribute a lot to her emotional satisfactory level. It will score you more points if your words are succeeded by dope performance. To tell the poor girl you love her only for you to engage in a 2 minutes noodles shagging.....that is pure witchcraft. In that semi dark bedroom, Mpho's eyes massaged me. He went "Sharon, I have never loved a girl like I love you. I have made this clear from day one. I am not the type to play with girls' emotions. When I love I love for real and I go all out to show my woman I appreciate her. You are probably asking yourself what's gonna happen after this. Let me tell you, I do not engage in one night stands. You are my girl and nothing will change that. Unless if God decides to take you tomorrow. That is out of my control. But for as long as we live I will always love you. I will love you until the end of time. I will love you until you realize it's normal for you to be loved. You are my number one woman and I love you wholeheartedly. I love you with every veil of my body".

He was vocally making love to me. His words went deeper than I expected. For the first time in many months I was going to make love to someone who was investing emotionally in me. I was going to make love to a man who saw future between us. It made me feel special. I whispered "I love you too Mpho. Please don't hurt me. I am falling deeply for you and I can feel I won't be able to live if you leave me. You are my man and I want it to be like this until the end of time. I love you Mphoroza wam". The bedroom was teeming with deep emotions nje. I slowly removed the cushion to uncover his strategic areas. For the first time in my history of such things, I didn't know what to expect. He was not from Limpopo so there were no natural signs to tell whether he was big or small. Actually, I didn't even know his ethnicity and I didn't care. All I knew was he loved me big time. His dick looked so cute. It looked like he had just bought it from a tuck shop. I almost asked if it was wearing make up lol. He wasn't Venda-dicked and at the same time he wasn't small. It was far bigger than Dumi's but obviously it couldn't be Tshengi's size. It had the capacity to satisfy me. That was a big plus for me because I knew I was not going to spend the rest of my life being tickled by a pinkie-pinkie. I know they say size doesn't matter as long as the guy knows how to use his tool. Reality is some dicks are so small they don't even have capacity to be used. Imagine a dick

smaller than my finger...aowa. Phela such guys can literally wank with their two fingers. The mood was set. I regretted not wearing sexy for him. If I knew he was gonna go all out I would have put on something sexy for him. I stood up and slowly undressed myself. I did it in a very performing manner while he was watching me with anticipation. My movements were of bedroom fashion. I wanted him to see I was flexible. After undressing I joined him on the bed. He brushed my head with his soft hands and whispered "I love you big time babe. You are my best and my only".

His words were followed by a big kiss. We kissed for over 10 minutes non stop. His soft hands rubbed me all over without rushing to the cookie. I could see he was not in a hurry to hit the hole and I loved it. He used the tip of his tongue to play with my nipples and I almost screamed in isiZulu. When he drove his tongue thru my cleavage I felt tears of joy running on my face. I felt as if God was present in the house blessing whatever was about to happen. I felt like I had the monopoly of joy in the whole world. Our foreplay lasted for more than 30 minutes. A girl's body is her biggest physical asset, no matter how it looks. When a guy shows he appreciates our bodies it turns us on. When a guy takes his time to explore our bodies it turns us on. Niggers must learn to explore a woman's body before they rush for penetration. A woman's body has many pleasure areas which need to be touched and activated. Niggers must learn to make love before the actually love making. Sex is art and artists take their time to perfect their craft. Mpho literally satisfied me long before penetration. He made me come by just appreciating and loving my body. Penetration was going to be a bonus cheque for me. That moment when you have a smart, young, rich and good in bed man. That is what women pray for everyday. Most monied guys are whack in bed. They think their fat wallets are dicks. When Mpho finally got on top on me and directed his hard dick to my wet underground I felt my blood rushing all over the body in anticipation. I felt my pussy twitching and tossing. To say I was wet would be an understatement. I was 'water'. He didn't rush to penetrate, he used his dick to play with my clit first and I almost sang our national anthem in Spanish. I couldn't even open my eyes the way it felt so nice. I clenched my fist hard and if you ask me why I wouldn't have an answer. That is how bedroom joy should make a girl feel. Make things without knowing why you are doing them. You will know a nigger is doing you well when you do and say things out of the blue nje.....

He reached for a condom and tried to put it on. I went "no, don't do that babe....we are clean". I knew we were both HIV negative. Pregnancy was the last thing in my mind. All I wanted was my man inside me. He didn't waste any time. He penetrated me softly and gently. I felt my blood running to the right and wrong places at the same time. I felt his dick hitting the walls of my punani as it maneuvered its way into my sacred cave. The sound of Kenny G was still playing in the background. His swings on top of me synched with the music. He was not fu#king me, he was making good love to me. The warmth of his chest slowly going up and down on me made me wanna be his wife on the spot. The gentle friction inside my punani was on other level. He was sexually slaying me. I was not screaming or squeaking, the environment did not allow me. I was giving those whispers that come out as soft breathing. Mpho on the other hand was whispering sweet nothings in my ears as he went in and out. He went on and on for about two songs without accelerating his thrusts. I enjoyed how he paid attention to my body language. Even when he came he didn't go hard on me. I just felt the warmth of his come when he released the missiles. He stopped with his movements and went "I love you babe....I love you more and more". With sexcited eyes straight into his I was like "I love you too Mpho. You are what I have been looking for all this time. You are the one I want to grow old with". I could feel his dick was still hard. That is what happens when a nigger is in love. You know love is about to commit suicide when his dick sleeps after coming. Mpho's dick was still in a jovial mood. I could see he still wanted more. I whispered

"let me come on top babe". We swapped positions and I lay on his sexy boy. I lay parallel to him with my knees bent and ass facing up. I wanted to feel his heartbeat. I didn't want to ride him like it was the last time we do it. I continued with our slow soulful lovemaking. I was shaking it nice and slow. He whispered "close your eyes and tell me what you see". I continued shaking it like a snake with my eyes closed. I whispered "I see a brighter future between us....I see a ring on my finger". I was not lying, that is what I was seeing with my eyes closed. He told me he was seeing love. We were having a communicative lovemaking. Our souls were meeting thru lovemaking. I felt my heart opening up to him as I squeezed and unsqueezed his cock with my vjayjay. He grabbed my butt and pressed it harder against him. His lips and mine locked and we had the best kiss ever. He came again and that time it happened the same time I climaxed. My body went weak in a strengthened way. Damn.....the love he made to me made me fall for him deeper and passionately.

He muttered "I love you but"

Boooooommmmmmm!!!!!!!

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 359

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Making love for the first time with someone you love is the best feeling ever. You will experience a cocktail of emotions. One of the questions you will ask yourself is whether he will enjoy doing it with you or not. We can't run away from the truth, bedroom performance has a huge effect in most if not all relationships. Sex plays a huge part in keeping lovers together. A relationship that is teeming with good shagging is likely to survive compared to the one that lacks strategic sweating. At first I thought Mpho was going to suck because he didn't have match fitness. I thought he was going to be a two minutes noodles. He exceeded my expectations with flying colours. He gave me what I had never experienced before. Our lovemaking was more emotional than physical. There was more sweat in our hearts than on our skins. I felt more in love than before we engaged in shagging. When he went 'but' I froze for few seconds. The word 'But' is normally followed by something negative. Imagine after such a soulful session and you get told you suck. I was ready to commit suicide. He continued "....but I think you will leave me. I have a fear that one day you will get bored and leave me. I am sorry for raising this now but it's the fear I have. I think I have reached a point of no return". I was relieved his 'but' was not followed but something negative but at the same time I was worried about him. He was giving me an impression that he had not healed from the pain he suffered when his father Bonang'd him. I assured him that I had no intentions of leaving because my heart loved him. I was like "babe, I am not your ex that cheated on you with your dad. I promise I will never do such. Get rid of all your fears and paranoia and concentrate on being the head of this relationship. We just had the best lovemaking ever. Can we please stick to positive things? You made me come twice and that is something worth celebrating. Give me a kiss". He gave me another passionate kiss. That moment when you are in love with the perfect man but part of you doesn't believe it's happening. That was me at that moment. It felt like a dream.

I relaxed my head on his rich chest and we started talking about life. He told me about his businesses. He told me how he wanted to be a soccer star but his dad discouraged him. Dick groomed him to take over family businesses. We spoke about his late mother. He spoke highly of her. I asked where his family came from originally. He told me they were from Mogwase in North West. His granny was still alive and she lived with his cousins there.

He promised to take me there one day. You know a guy is serious when he wants to introduce you to his grandmother. It's not every girl that gets to meet the granny. It was difficult to believe that Mpho was actually Tswana. His dick was bigger than an average Tswana man's dick. It wasn't that big but compared to Tswana men I had seen before he was the ish. Mashabela was right when he said God gave Tswana men the looks but dololo underground structures. I went "Mpho, after such a long break from dating why did you decide to come back to the game and with me?". He told me to get up. I thought that was his way of not wanting to answer my question. He gave me his shirt to wear and he wore shorts. He led me to the balcony. The view was very beautiful. Imagine me wearing nothing but his shirt and bae wearing shorts by the balcony. That was just a beautiful picture nje. He gently grabbed my ezi and kissed me like we just met. He went "you can be single for 20 years and not plan to be in a relationship. But when you meet the one you will know. When you meet the one God has chosen for you, you will know it's time to fall in love. When I laid my eyes on you for the first time I knew you are the girl for me. My heart fell in love with you from then. Yes, that is my answer to you my love". My eyes became teary as his mouth ejaculated those words. Mpho was in love with me and I felt the same. We were deeply falling in love and I loved it. Love is the best feeling ever. Ask anyone who is in love and they will tell you their lives are complete. Love is a beautiful thing bathong.

Mpho went back to the house to pour us some wine. I asked him to bring my bag. I wanted my selfie stick to capture the moment. I took the best pictures ever. I immediately took them to Facebook to show other hoes I was in love. I hid Mpho's face thou. I didn't want Facebook hoes to go on a dick hunt mission for my bae. These Facebook girls are not loyal. You upload a picture of your romantic bae on Facebook and they start hunting for him just to spite you. That is one of the reasons many people keep their relationships off Facebook. There are many Queen B's on Facebook.... uhm Queen Bricks lol. Before I could take my phone back in the bag it rang. It was Gavaza calling. She told me they were stranded somewhere in Cullinan and they didn't have means to go back home. I asked her what the hell they were doing in Cullinan. She went "those Nigerians told us there was a party somewhere this side and we tagged along. When we got here we realized there was no party but just some guys chilling. They wanted to sleep with us but we said no. They chased us like dogs. Now we are in the middle of nowhere and we don't know what to do". I asked her where Zee was and she handed the phone to her. It was unlike Zee to be stranded. I asked Zee what went down. She went "eish mistake of judgment skeem. I trusted those guys and they messed us up. It's my fault. The worst part is they stole money from my bag. We don't know how we gonna get home. Why did you leave without saying goodbye? Where are you? Can you make a plan for us? Your cousin is panicking and it's irritating". That was unlike the Zee I knew. The Zee I knew would never let a man mess with her and she always had a plan to maneuver herself out of risky situations. Maybe her powers had finally vanished. I went "nxa this is not fair on me. Why did you agree to go that far with Nigerians Zee? I fail to understand why a clever person like you could be played just like that by men. You will make a plan. There is no way I am gonna come to Cullinan this time of the night". I hung up on her.

I was angry because no one told them to go to the so-called party. Zee was the one who once taught me never allow guys to take you far from home when you know you won't have means of transport should things go wrong. There she was committing the same mistake she taught me not to do. I was disappointed in her. Mpho went "ke eng my love? Who were you talking to and why are you so pissed?". I told her what the call was all about. I explained everything to him. He went "babe, we all make mistakes. Yes they were stupid to allow the guys to take them that far but you can't wash hands on them. What if something happens to them? Will you be able to live with yourself knowing you had a chance to help them but

refused? What if they get killed or raped? Imagine if it was you in that situation my love. Let's go get dressed. We are going to help them". Mpho was such a considerate sweetheart. He had a good heart for days. If he was some nigger from Tembisa he would have said "I don't have petrol". I called Gavaza and asked her to send 'Location' via Whatsapp. She sent it immediately. Mpho wanted to use his C63....the real vvvrrrrrrr phaaaaah but I advised him to use his father's G-Class. I didn't want to get on and off. The C63 was a 2-door. Mpho played some nice music and we sang along. I liked how chilled he was. He wasn't uptight. Our relationship had lots of spice. It had 'that thing'. I didn't even feel the distance to Cullinan because we were singing, dancing, laughing and talking. When we were about 5 minutes from the location they sent me I called Gavaza to tell her we were closer. She told me they were next to the Post Office or something like that. When we got there they looked like hobos. Zee's clothes were torn like she was in a fight. Her breasts were even visible. Mpho didn't feel comfortable looking at them. I asked what happened and Gavaza told me some guys tried to mug them and Zee fought them hard. Fortunately they didn't take anything. Imagine getting mugged by niggers from Refilwe in Cullinan? That would be bad luck. Real tsotsis are niggers from Ga-Sekhukhune who stay at Mamelodi hostels. I think they call them bo-Morwa in Mamelodi. Those guys have a Phd of mugging. Instead of being glad we came to their rescue the first thing Zee commented about was my bae. She was like "yho yho yho Sharon you are one lucky hoe. This is quite a catch. Is he a foreigner?". I regretted helping them. Gavaza was just too happy I rescued them. She didn't care much about my bae. I introduced them to my bae and off we drove. We drove straight to Phillip Nel. It was only when we got to the gate that I realized I left the keys to the gate and house in my bag in Midrand. We couldn't wake Marcus that time of the night. We had no choice but to drive to Midrand. Mpho didn't mind them spending the night at his place. I so loved my bae's good heart shem. I showed them the guest room and Mpho and I retired to bed. In the morning I was woken up by Mpho's voice.

"What do you want in our bedroom?"

BOOOOMMM!!!!!!!

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 360

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

"There are two basic motivating forces: fear and love. When we are afraid, we pull back from life. When we are in love, we open to all that life has to offer with passion, excitement, and acceptance. We need to learn to love ourselves first, in all our glory and our imperfections. If we cannot love ourselves, we cannot fully open to our ability to love others or our potential to create" – John Lennon

If there's one place you don't want people to invade when you are with your bae is the bedroom. That is where all the magic happens. That is where babies and all types of screaming happens. It is so disrespectful to just rock in people's bedrooms when they are still in there. The first thing that came to my mind when I heard boo asking that question was Zee. I liked her but I didn't trust her. She was the type to snatch a man right under one's nose. To my surprise, there was no one in our bedroom. Mpho's eyes were still closed. Ncooh bae was talking in his sleep. Boo was dreaming. I decided to let him continue with his dream talking. He was like "go away, go away satan. I don't want you. I am happy where I am. I am

happy with the person I am with. I don't want anything to come between us. You tried before and failed. What makes you think you will succeed this time? I serve the living God".

Okaaaay.... that was a bit deep. I couldn't take it anymore. I woke him up and he screamed. I asked if he was ok and he went "I was having a nightmare. Is it just us in here?". I told him there was no one. He was sweating terribly. I asked him what he saw in his nightmare and he said "I saw a naked girl walking towards our bed. She wanted to force me to penetrate her. I told her I was happy with you and she got angry. It's not the first time I'm having this kind of a dream. I do not know what to do anymore?" I gave him a hug and told him it was just a dream. I asked him to close his eyes. I prayed for him. I wasn't the spiritual type but I believed God was my saviour and protector. I prayed whenever I came across problems because I knew He would protect me. I put on his shirt and went to the kitchen to get him some water. Zee and Gavaza were already up. They were preparing breakfast. That was brave of them. I wondered where they got the bravery to invade another woman's kitchen.

Zee went "you are up early my friend. I would spend the whole day in bed if I had a hunk like yours. Hope he's not whack in bed". I told her I needed water and that I was going back to bed. She asked if Mpho was a tiger in bed. Gavaza went "that's a personal thing. Sharon doesn't have to share it with you. Please draw boundaries". Zee told Gavaza to shut the fart up because she didn't know the nature of relationship I had with her. I grabbed bottled water from the fridge and headed back to my bae. I had no time to listen to Gavaza and Zee arguing over stupid things. When I got back to the bedroom Mpho was preparing to take a shower. I asked why he was showering so early and he told me he was taking me out for breakfast. I told him the girls were already preparing breakfast and he jokingly went "good shot, I'm saving money ha ha ha ha ha ha". I told him not to have Xhosa boys tendencies. Xhosa boys don't like spending, especially to non Xhosa girls. I gave him water to calm his nerves after that nightmare. He whispered "I love you" in my ear and the yellow bone in me turned pink. Mpho knew which buttons to press to make me smile. He was the best thing to me since Mac lipstick. I went "show me that you mean what you are saying". He kissed my neck while squeezing my butt gently. Kisses on the neck are the best. They'll make your blood run up and down. He took his finger down there and went "ha ha ha ha ha ha babe o na le nawa. I touch you once and you go wet". Lol he made me give a shy smile. I loved his sense of humour. Nothing sucks like having an uptight boyfriend, the kind guy that only smiles on payday or when his favourite soccer team wins a game. Hard luck if you are dating an unemployed Kaizer Chiefs fan because you will never see his smile. I told him he got me wet because he made me happy. "When you are in love any touch is a wetter. My cake loves you babe. You have That Thing ha ha ha ha ha ha ha," I said.

Just as he was about to make me lie on the bed Gavaza knocked to tell us breakfast was ready. Nxa some people lack sense of timing bathong. It's not like the breakfast was gonna taste sour without Mphoroza and I. Mpho went "let's go have breakfast babe. We have the whole weekend for this. I don't want your cousin and friend to think we are snaaks people". I didn't wanna go but because I loved my bae I listened to what he said. I put on his shorts. He went "yho I feel sorry for my clothes shem. You should bring some of your clothes here. As you can see, the 'hers' side of the walk-in closet is empty". I saw that as an opportunity to ask him to take me shopping. I was like "yho my love, only if you knew I don't have clothes. I think it's time to go shopping. All my clothes are small because I'm gaining weight". When a girl says she doesn't have clothes she means she has more than 1000 clothing items. Fellow girls will back me on this one, clothes are never enough for us. If it was possible we would go shopping everyday. Retail therapy has capacities and capabilities to make us come. That's why I believe niggers who fail to make their girlfriends come in the bedroom should take make it up to them by taking them shopping. Mpho went "in that case we should hit the

shops soon. As long as you promise we are not going to spend the whole day at the mall". I didn't wanna make promises I couldn't keep, so I chose not to respond to that one. We went to join Gavaza and Zee for breakfast. Zee was like "thanks for assisting us last night guys. It was stupid of us to take that risk". Mpho told her to learn from their mistake. The breakfast was very nice. Actually eating as a group is always nice. After eating Mpho and I thanked the girls on their efforts to make us fat. Zee was laughing at whatever Mpho said. She laughed even when he burped. It was like she was trying to impress him or something. Nxa a hoe will always be a hoe.

Mpho and I went back to our bedroom. I asked if we gonna continue from where we left off and Mpho suggested that we take a shower first. He told me Dick was getting discharged and he wanted me to go with him to the hospital. Taking a shower with someone you love is very nice. He scrubbed my back and I returned the favour. Kissing with water raining on us made me fall deeper for Mpho. Hearing him saying "I love you Sharon" made me get wet all over. I went "I love you too my Mphoroza... My Phoophoo". We kissed for over 10 minutes with the warm water blessing us. I could feel his cock getting bigger and bigger as we kissed. A good woman knows what to do when her man's dick is hungry. I went down on my knees and ohh... I lolli-poped his dick like no other. I could feel he was feeling it. Guys love blow job. If you don't blow your man someone will do it for you for free. Leave your Mother Theresa morals at church and blow your man until his dick blushes. Injalo nje. After tonguing and lipping my man I stood up and gave him the best kiss ever. I loved his lips. They were juicy and crispy in a wet way. He stretched my legs and went down on his knees. He strategically placed his head between my legs and the next thing I felt his tongue landing on my oh Gosh... Modimo wa kgotso. His tongue landed on my clit and I screamed romantically. He licked it until I couldn't feel my joints anymore. When he was done he turned me around and penetrated me from behind. It was harder than the day before and I enjoyed it. It took him less than 10 minutes to come. In those minutes he showed me heaven twice. Many guys seem to think long rounds translate to good sex. It is in fact wrong. A guy who knows his story can make a girl come twice in less than 15 minutes. A nigger can go on for three hours but fail to take you to heaven. Like I said before, love making is art. I really enjoyed our shower session. I kept smiling even when we were getting dressed. When we went to the lounge to join the girls Zee went "the smile on your face is priceless chomi". I told them Mpho and I were going to fetch his father at the hospital. I promised to take them home when I come back. We used the G-Class to drive to the hospital. Luckily everything was ready when we got there. We didn't have to waste time. Dick looked much better. With a frail voice he went "I am glad you are still together". We helped him walk to the car. He was like "Mpho, organise me a chick please. I am thirsty". Lol Dick was such a dick. He wanted to go to his own house but Mpho said no. We drove to Mpho's house. I wondered why Mpho never called his stepmother to come back from her holiday when Dick was in hospital. When we got to the house we helped Dick walk.

As soon as we got in the house Dick shouted "what is this bitch doing here? She must voetsek... NOW!!!!!!!!"

WTF...

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 361

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

They always say the world is a small place and I believe it. Someone knows someone you know and they have done something that you know nothing about. Chances are your boyfriend or girlfriend dated one of your friends or family members in the past and you don't know about it. I knew very well that Zee knew many people but I never thought she knew Mpho's father. I was shocked when Dick showed his anger and told her to leave. I wanted to ask if she was his ex but part of me told me to be quiet and mind my own business. Mpho pointed at Zee and went "dad, maybe you are mistaking her for someone else. This is Sharon's friend and she doesn't know you. I know you don't know her because I have not seen her before. Dad, please calm down or you will have another heart attack". I looked at Zee and saw embarrassment on her face. Mpho asked if she knew his father and she was like "yes I know him but not that well. I haven't seen him in ages". Wow that was quite a shocker. I regretted welcoming Zee back in my life. I knew she was going to cause problems for me. Mpho didn't want to take chances with his father's health. He told me to take Zee and Gavaza home. He didn't want anything to happen to his father. I apologised to Dick for bringing Zee to Mpho's place. He responded by shaping his mouth in a funny way. I used Mpho's car to drive Gavie and Zee to Phillip Nel Park. On our way I asked Zee what really happened between her and Dick. She went "that old man is stupid. He once passed out after I gave it all to him. I stole R10k from him and ran away. I have never seen him since that day. I really didn't know he was your father-in-law. If his son is like him I suggest you run away before it's too late. That old man has no respect for anyone except himself. He treated me like nothing. That is why I stole from him. If given a chance I would do it again". I understood why Dick was angry. I would feel the same if someone stole R10k from me. I went "I really don't care much about what happened in the past. But I will never take you to that house again. I value my relationship with Mpho and I know he loves his father more than anything on earth".

Zee went silent for couple of minutes. Gavaza asked if she was ok and she went "no I am not. Sharon is choosing his side even though she doesn't really know what happened. Let me tell you before you paint me as a bad beesh. Your so-called father-in-law once impregnated me and dropped me like a hot fat cake. When I asked for abortion money he started ignoring my calls. I had to take a loan to abort. I met him after couple of months. That's the day I stole from him. He is not a saint". I knew it was a made up story and decided not to argue with her. Arguing with Zee was a waste of time and energy. She wasn't the type to agree she was wrong. Gavaza said "I think we should change this topic and talk about something different. Where are we turning up today? Just girls... Wena Zee you should not invite your friends. I don't wanna see what happened last night. I just want us to have a bitch-only-turn-up". I told them as much as I wanted to go out I couldn't because I wanted to spend some time with boo. They started ganging up on me saying I was prioritizing Mpho than anyone. I told them Mpho was my boo and I wanted to build a solid relationship with him. Damn, being friends with girls who are not in happy relationships is a problem. Single girls and those in unhappy relationships feel like crying when you tell them you are going to see your man. I had to be honest with them. I was like "I am sorry if this is gonna hurt you but it is not my fault you are not loved by anyone. This is the time for my heart to shine and I will not let any of you stop me from being happy with my man. If you have a problem with it go buy Doom and spray it on your nipples. Nizoba strong zihlobo ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". Zee told me to enjoy it while it lasted. I didn't give a damn about her negativity. I knew Mpho and I were meant to be together for good. I knew not even satan could break us". Gavaza told me love was a beautiful thing that needed to be nurtured and nourished.

I dropped them and drove back to Midrand to be with my man. When I got to Midrand Mpho was helping his father to eat. When Dick saw me he asked if I was very close to Zee. I told

him my distant uncle married her sister or aunt and that's how I knew her. He went "I will never choose who you should hang with but if I were you I would stay away from that girl. She is poisonous. If you are not careful she will take Mpho right under your nose. When we met I was dating her friend and she seduced me. She faked pregnancy in order to milk me money. When I found out she was lying she stole my Rolex and R10k and ran away. She is lucky I am not feeling well, I was gonna fill her butt with bullets nxa". His body was shaking as he said that to show he was very angry. I told him he had nothing to worry about because Zee and I were not very close. Mpho put my heart at ease by telling me he was not into girls like Zee. After helping Dick to eat Mpho asked if I wanted to join him at gym. I told him I didn't have my gym gear. He was like "we are not far from Mall of Africa. Let's go buy you gym wear. I wanna see how fit you are today". I was so in love with our relationship. Doing most things together as a couple helps to strengthen the relationship and improve bedroom chemistry. Shower together, bath together, work out together, cook together, take walks together and most importantlydo crazy things together. Add the friendship element to the relationship. Have a relationship not a relegationship. We drove to the mall to buy my clothes. He added two pairs of shoes to my shopping bag. He chose them for me and I fell in love with them on the spot. I went "how did you know those are my favourite colours?". He smiled and said "please don't tell people, I have been stalking your Facebook. So I got to see things you like". Mxm Mpho made me believe that love exists. Even when he touched me I felt love. He was just perfect for me. You know you are in love when you look at him and just smile. That's how Mpho made me feel.

I asked him where his gym was. I was expecting him to tell me Voda World Virgin Active or the one at Melrose. He went "I have a gym in my house. Didn't you see it?". I was so wowed. When we got to the house he took me to his private gym. He had 2 treadmills and couple of gym equipment. He went "one day this gym will be yours....when you have a ring on your finger". Mpho was so marriage-oriented. He made it clear from day one that he didn't date for fun. I was glad Dick slept with ex because her loss became my win. Mpho was quite a catch. We hit the treadmills and I was tired within 6 minutes and 32 seconds. He was such a fit bull. I lay on the floor facing the roof. I was sweating like no one's business. Bae left his treadmill and joined me on the floor. He laughed at how lazy I was. I joined the laughing. Jikijiki nigger drove his hand into my gym shorts. I asked what he was doing and he went "I am saying hi to my favourite relative". When you are in love any touch has a potential to make you wet. The minute Mpho's finger landed on the clit my vjayjay resembled Ekurhuleni floods. I closed my eyes and told him not to stop. He continued fingering me until my sweat became cold in a warm way. He gently pulled my shorts towards my knees and I felt my blood getting excited. I was like "babe, are we gonna do it on the floor?". With a whisper he went "why not my love?". One of the things I liked about Mpho was the fact that he made me things I never did before. I never imagined myself shagging on the floor in a gym. It was gonna be the first time doing that. I didn't even care about the sweat all over his body. All I wanted was my man inside me. He took off his track pants and rode made me his bed. He was a bit heavy and I liked it. Feeling a man's weight on top of you adds some spice to the action. I am not talking about 190kg, that is a short cut to heaven. He penetrated me slowly. His cock was harder than the last time. I told him I was feeling uncomfortable on the floor. He made me bend on the treadmill with my hands holding the sturdy steel frames tight. Take lessons ladies, when you bend for him your body must resemble a 'U' not an 'n'. I gave it to him the vrrrrr phaaaah style. As he was about to enter me a female voice went:

"Your dad told me I would find you he.....uhm".

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 362

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

That moment when you think you are having a private moment with your man and some mmadibekwana decides to spoil the party. Some people do not have sense of appearance. I mean, who the fart pops when people are busy with eTV after 12 things? I was under an impression it was only Mpho, daddy and I in the house. I didn't expect anyone to rock up and end the party. Mpho who was behind me trying to penetrate got a shock of his life. He tried to stand up and accidentally switched on the treadmill in the process. I tried to maintain my balance but the treadmill kept moving. I had no choice but to divorce my hands from the treadmill frames. It was funny and pissing at the same time. Picture me being transported to the butt of a treadmill very naked. Mpho managed to jump off the treadmill. Luckily no one got injured. Instead of apologizing the lady laughed like she was watching a circus performance in Mexico. Mpho was like "you bloody witch!!!! What the hell are you doing in my house?". I pulled up my shorts while she was digesting Mpho's question. He also grabbed his track pants and put them on. The lady went "is that a way of greeting your mom after so many weeks? Why didn't you tell me your dad was hospitalized? You wanted him to die first? If it was not for Alex I wouldn't even know Dick is sick. What you did is not fair". The lady wasn't that old....i don't think she was over 30. Her dress sense was miles away from poverty. Mpho went "you are not my mother and you will never be my mother. Don't pretend as if you care about my father. You only care about his money. That is the only reason you married him. I told you before that you are not welcome in my house. Take your stuff and leave now. I will take care of my father. You can go back to Dubai or wherever you were. We don't need you here". The lady laughed again and told Mpho she wasn't going anywhere until her husband was better. It was the first time I met Mpho's stepmother. Well, she was technically my mother in law and I hated her before I was even formally introduced to her. She seemed like those girls from poor families who got married to rich men and changed their attitude.

She was like "so this is the new one? One more reason I am not going on holiday anytime soon. I know these little hoes from the townships and villages have a tendency of seducing my man. If you want me to leave I am taking Dick along. I don't want another man snatcher to run away with my husband". I listened attentively and patiently as Mpho and his stepmother exchanged words. I wanted to talk but I didn't know what to say. The last thing I wanted was to anger Dick. I didn't wanna seem like I was there to attack his so-called wife. I always wonder why older men go for younger ones when they remarry. These little hoes care about nothing but money. Mpho was like "if you ever insult my woman again I will do something I am gonna regret. You can't come to my house and insult my guest. Why don't you go back to the men you go around chowing all over the world? You are abusing my father's money. One day your deeds will find and catch up with you". Mpho took a towel and asked me to follow him. I could see he was about to reach the boiling point. The lady went "hey wena ngwanenyana!!!! Where are your manners? Didn't your mom teach you to respect your in-laws? Bring me juice and a magazine. I will be sitting by the balcony". I tried to maintain my cool but couldn't take her crap anymore. I went "wena sfebe, ke tla o trappa wa nyela soos nou. Don't mistake my silence for cowardice. I will beat the hell out of you until that badly applied make up melt on your face. I am not the type that clap hands when you fart. Stay in your lane or else I will show you your greatgrandmother that died 30 years before you were born. Go febela kua kgole nxa". Mpho grabbed my hand and told me to calm

down. The lady was like "I can tell by your tone that you are from the skwatta camps. Mpho, next time you should tell me hook you up because I can see you are failing dismally in that department. You can't keep bringing things like this in the family. How will people respect us when we don't respect ourselves? Go to Sandton City or Rosebank Mall for gorgeous and civilized girls. Not these things from Pan Africa and Phumlani Mall".

I wanted to beat her but Mpho told me to leave her alone. We walked to his bedroom. I was so angry my tears started flowing. He went "you should not let her get to you. The reason my father always sends her away is because we don't get along. She once tried to seduce me and when I turned her down she became very cold to me. I will speak to Dick, she will be out of my house by the end of this day". He suggested that we go take a bath and I said no. I was still fuming. He looked at me in the eyes and went "you know you look so gorgeous when you are angry. I wish I could ask you out for the second time. I am so lucky to have you in my life. How about you wear your new shoes and we go have lunch anywhere you want?". That's all it took for him to make me smile. He made me feel beautiful, loved and valued. That's all I needed to hear for me to show my teeth. I asked if he meant it when he said he was gonna get rid of that woman and he promised me that he will. We took a shower together without shagging. We only kissed and scrubbed each other's backs. I went "babe, we have been making love without protection and I am not on a pill. What if I fall pregnant? What if I get a bun in the oven and you leave me for another woman". He looked at me straight in the eyes and went "look at me Sharon? Do I look like someone who would run away from responsibility? I will never run away from a pregnant woman. If you make me a baby I will love you until death do us apart. I promise I will never leave you. We can even sign a contract if you don't believe me". Lol you know a nigger is serious when he wants to put in down in black and white. I told him I believed and trusted him. We kissed for the last time in the shower and headed to the bedroom. Zee called to persuade me to go out with them but I said no. I told her I was going out with my man. She did more than 100 pleases in less than a minute. I hung up on her.

Mpho went "why don't you ask them to bring their boyfriends. We can go have a braai at my dad's house. I don't want your folks to think I am taking you away from them. What if I die tomorrow? You will need them". He kinda made sense but I didn't want the likes of Zee to be close to Mpho. I knew that woman was very dangerous. I called Zee back and told her I could only go out with them if they brought partners. She went "Shaz but you know Gavaza and I are not in a situation like yours. I have problems in my relationship and Gavaza is single". I told her to forget about chilling with me because Mpho couldn't be the only guy among 3 girls. She went "ok, I will make a plan then. Let me call my side guy". Mpho went to speak to Dick about hosting few friends at his house and Dick agreed. Zee called after 10 minutes to tell me they had organized dates. I was happy for them. I didn't even ask who those dates were. I told them we were going to have a braai at Mpho's father's place. Mpho and I drove to the butchery to buy meat and then bottle store to buy lots and lots of booze. To black people a braai is not a braai until we see lots of booze. Mpho went "today I am going to drink. Please take care of me when I am drunk". I told him he was asking the wrong person to take care of him because I was also planning to get sloshed. On our way to his father's house he called few friends and told them to come. I asked why he was inviting more friends and he went "I want them to meet my gorgeous bae. I know you will be the most beautiful lady there". He made my nipples blush. Dick's house was bigger than Mpho's. It had everything one could think off, including the rooftop swimming pool and Jacuzzi. Some people are living large. The entertainment area was soundproof, so Mpho told me we could be as noisy as we wanted". I sent Zee coordinates to Dick's house because she claimed she didn't know it. Mpho did the same for his friends. I asked who was going to braai the meet and he told

me there was a chef coming to do everything. After an hour or so people started jotting in. I called Zee to ask how far she was and she told me they were at the gate. I opened the gate for them. I almost bit my elbow when I saw who they were with....

THIS EPISODE IS NOT COMPLETE. TO BE CONTINUED LATER TODAY..... (askies neh

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 363

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Like I always say, the world is a very small space. Gauteng is even smaller. Someone knows someone you know and so on and so on. I didn't expect Mpho to know people I knew. He was not the type to frequent clubs like I did. I would understand if he was a party animal. I wanted to pretend as if I didn't know the guy but I thought to myself "lies will only make things worse. Just go with the flow and see what happens". I liked how my mind adopted a habit of telling truth instead of my normal lies that got me in trouble all the time. I waited for him to finish what he wanted to say. He continued "are you still a TUT student?". I had a feeling that was not what he wanted to say initially. I think he wanted to say something negative but God whispered to him that it was not the right thing to say. Mpho asked "Uhm Kabelo, you know Sharon? How do you know her?". I knew Kabelo very well because he was Dumi's friend. There was no way I was gonna forget him because I once tried to 'rape' him while he was sleeping (refer to Episode 3 and 4). Kabelo was like "I know her from TUT. She was friends with some girl I used to date there. You remember Maminkie right?". Mpho nodded to acknowledge he remembered Maminkie. I was so happy Kabelo didn't release my files from the past. Mpho's phone rang and he excused himself to answer the call. Kabelo went "what the hell is going on here? Please tell me you guys are pulling my leg. You cannot be the girl Mpho is speaking highly of. You are not good for my friend. You are too poisonous for him. I know what you did to Dumi". I told him to mind his own business because Mpho was an adult and he knew how to run his business. I reminded him that I still had the pictures of him that I took while he was sleeping. He asked which pictures and I went "remember when you slept at my place after turning up at House 22? You passed out and I took pictures of your small dick. If you don't shut your big mouth I will make you famous. What happened in my past remained there. I am a new person now and I don't want to be reminded of my past. Say nywee and I will leak the pictures".

Niggers with small dicks do not have ABS on their mouths. God gave them big mouths and small dicks. They have a tendency of talking without thinking. Mpho came back before Kabelo could respond to my threat. Kabelo was like "bro, if you don't marry this one I will know you are a fool. Maminkie used to speak highly of her". Lol I almost laughed at how he was lying thru his teeth. I knew my threat was going to work like a well-oiled machine. No guy wants his dick all over social media, especially if the dick is a size of a finger. Mpho went "bra, I am taking this one home my man. This is my future wife. I am glad a friend like you is speaking highly of her. She is beautiful with a very good heart. My mom was gonna love her. Pity she died before meeting the girl of my dreams". Kabelo was eyeing me with the corners of his eyes. I didn't give a rat's toe about what he thought of me. I was just glad he was gonna keep his mouth shut. Mpho wanted me to meet his other friends but I told him I wanted to attend Zee and her entourage at the gate. He told me he would be at the rooftop when I need him. I kissed him and headed back to the other side of the house. Gavaza had a pack of 6 Hunters Gold in her hand. I asked why she brought her own booze and she went "because I don't wanna be a burden to anyone". Girls who are used to going to parties of poor people are like that mxm. I told her to take her booze back to the car because boo and I bought enough for everyone. I turned my attention to the guys. "Wena Nightie, what the night

are you doing here? And of all people why did you come with Never-Die?”. I felt like those Shangaans were ganging up on me. Never-Die was Maite’s ex and we once had a thing going. Nightie was my ex’s son and well, I also had a short history with him. So imagine having such people at your man’s party. I knew it was a recipe for disaster. Zee went “we didn’t want to come with guys but you forced us. Who were we supposed to come with? Desmond Tutu and Dalai Lama? Come one Shaz, don’t let dating a rich guy change you. You are still one of us’.

She was right though, I was the one who forced them to come with guys. I went “it’s ok, but you guys must behave”. Zee knew about my history with Nerves. I was not sure if Gavaza had told her about the thing I had with Nightie. I ushered them to the roof top to join other people. When Kabelo saw Nerves he came straight to me and went “I remember this guy. He is the guy we were with at House 22 the night I slept at your place. Please don’t tell me he is your boyfriend”. I was getting irritated with Kabelo’s girlish tendencies. I told him the only boyfriend I had there was Mpho and no one else. He was like “ok cool but”. Zee interrupted and introduced herself to Kabelo while we were still talking. I didn’t blame her, Kabelo was a cute Tswana boy. The only problem about him was the size of the equipment between his legs. I left them talking and went to join my boo. I didn’t like the way Nerves was looking at me. What pissed me more was the fact that he was wearing an ANC t-shirt with a big picture of Zuma’s head in front. Mpho asked if I was cool. I went “Zee and Gavaza came with Nightie. I am not comfortable with him being here”. Mpho was so cool headed. I expected him to overreact or something but he maintained his composure. He was like “we shouldn’t have a problem with him being here. Forget about that little drama. This is an opportunity to show him that our relationship is very strong. If he has a problem he will leave on his own. I am not threatened by his presence”. I kissed and thanked him for always being the voice of reason. He asked me if Kabelo was making a move on Zee and I told him I didn’t know. He was like “I know he is my friend but nigger is in the closet. He is secretly gay. I think he doesn’t want people to know”. You know a relationship is getting serious when boo starts gossiping with you. Truth be told, a gossip with someone you love is the juiciest ever. If you don’t gossip with your man there is something wrong with your relationship.

I pretended as if I didn’t know much about Kabelo. The truth was I also suspected Kabelo was playing for the other team. Some girls who came with Mpho’s friends asked if they could swim and Mpho told them they could have fun whichever way they wanted. Mxm those hoes came prepared with swimwear. If I didn’t know better I would think they were trying to charm my man. Mpho and the boys went to the entertainment area. All girls remained at the rooftop pool. I don’t mean to brag but I think I was the most beautiful girl there. Zee and I opened a bottle of my favourite vodka. Gavaza was drinking her Hunters Gold. Zee took some selfies of us and uploaded them on Facebook and Twitter. Within two minutes I received a call from JT asking why I didn’t invite her to my dope party. I asked how she knew about it and she told me she saw on Zee’s Facebook. She told me she was bored and wouldn’t mind hitting a dry if invited. I sent her coordinates. I asked her not to come with ghetto friends because it was a high class kinda braai. She laughed and went “from 1400 to C63. From Diepsloot to Midrand. From Sharon to Shwarwon.... You have arrived ntwana. Ka zwakala nou”. We joined the guys as soon as the food was ready. I understood why Mpho hired a chef, he was very good. My boo couldn’t keep his hands off me. He wanted me closer to him at all times. I felt so special. When JT arrived I introduced her to Mpho. JT was like “ntwana, dae man nkare ke authi e grand. O mo tshware grand neh. If la trouwa ke vreaza go nna best man (this guy looks like a decent chap. Treat him well. If you get married I want to be the best man)”. Mpho and I laughed at JT’s joke. The DJ hit us with some house jams and people started dancing. My man was hopeless on the dance floor. You would swear he had

two left feet. Kabelo and Zee were getting closer and closer and I didn't like it. I didn't want Zee to date in Mpho's circle. Mpho was also not comfortable with it because he thought Zee was a bad girl. I almost told her that Kabelo had a small dick. The party got hotter after sunset. People were drunk and showing their true colours. As expected, Zee was the centre of attention with her inviting dance moves. It was irritating to most girls but the boys enjoyed it. You know what they say, boys will always be boys. Mpho told he was going to take a short nap. Lol bae was so weak. Alcohol overpowered him. I walked him to one of the bedrooms. I wanted to nap with him but he told me to go back have fun with other kids. I went back to the entertainment area. We danced until our feet climaxed. Zee went "where are our men? I haven't seen Kabelo in about 20 minutes? Where did he disappear to?". I told her my man was sleeping in one of the bedrooms and that I didn't know where Kabelo was. She asked me to help her look for him. I think she was wet underground. She wanted some action. We looked around the garden and at the rooftop but nigger was not there. We checked the other bedrooms in the house and he wasn't there. The last bedroom we decided to check was the one Mpho was napping in.

I opened the door. Kabelo was

WTF....

THE END

Episode 364

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

If you want to see weird and funny things go to house parties. People do funny and sometimes disgusting stuff when they are under the influence of alcohol. It had ben ages since I saw Kabelo and I didn't know much about what he had been up to since the last time I laid my eyes on him. Other than knowing he was my ex's friend, I didn't know much about him. Well, I also knew that he had a small dick. God failed to balance him, handsome face but ugly underground structures. There was no equilibrium there lol. Zee went "what the fu3k are you doing? Are you sniffing drugs?". It was hard to believe that such a handsome guy could engage in such. I expected him to stop sniffing and come up with a good excuse why he was doing drugs. My boo was still fast asleep and dreaming sweet things about me. I knew he was dreaming about me because he was smiling in his sleep. That is what love does to people. Bae was so in love with me. I was so pissed that Kabelo was sniffing his powder in front of my sleeping man. I was like "Kabelo, I cannot believe you are doing this to yourself". Part of me thought maybe he was stressed about having a small cock and he was trying to forget. But using drugs was just wrong at all levels. Zee was like "Shaz, I don't want to see this. I am going back to the entertainment area. I can't stay here and watch someone throw away his future. I thought Kabelo was a decent guy. I am so disappointed in him". Kabelo looked at us like we were some animals in a zoo. He was like "why do you love complaining? Come get some. This thing will take you to another planet. It will take you to paradise. It will make you see Adam and Steve in the garden of Eden. Stop being coconuts and come join daddy". I couldn't help it but ask myself if Mpho knew his friend Kabelo was on drugs. If they were friends chances were Mpho knew and maybe took some drugs sometimes. Having a drug junkie boyfriend is not a child's play. Zee went "my friend, what if Mpho is also high? Why did he get drunk so fast? I think you must wake him up and ask".

Zee exited the bedroom. Kabelo went "Sharon, you know I have always had a thing on you? Why do you always choose my friends over me? I am more handsome than Mpho and Dumi combined. And why do you always go for these fools when I am around? I can make you

happy. We can be the happiest couple in the Southern Hemisphere". I failed to understand whether it was him talking or the coke he was sniffing. I went "Please leave this bedroom. Go do your crap somewhere else. You have no shame. How can you do your sordid stuff in other people's house? You are so disrespectful Kabelo. You are no longer the Kabelo I used to like back in days. I am so disappointed in you?". He laughed his butt out. He was like "Mxm you think dating Mpho makes you a better person neh? This relationship won't go anywhere. This is my friend and I know him better than anyone. I will bite my elbow if this relationship lasts for over 6 months. I know you can't keep your legs closed and I know his weaknesses too. Enjoy it while it last nana". He took the remains of his coke and headed out of the bedroom. I tried to wake Mpho but he was deep in his sleep. Part of me believed what Zee said about Mpho being high. I checked his nose to see if there was no white powder. Luckily there was none. I was gonna dump him on the spot. Ask any girl who is dating a junkie and they will tell you it's emotionally and psychologically draining, unless if they sniff together. I sat next to Mpho and 'watched' him sleeping. I went "Mpho, you better not disappoint me. I have never imagined myself falling in love like this. Your presence in my life has changed me for the better. Within few weeks we have been together I feel like I have grown. I feel like a new person. I want this relationship to work. I want to be your wife. I want to be the mother of our babies. I love you Mpho and I wouldn't want anything other than making this relationship work. Please stay away from people like Kabelo. He will influence you to do things that will derail our good relationship. I am begging you my love. Our relationship should be guided by God, not the devil".

When you are in love you wish the best for your relationship. That is what I wished for in my relationship with Mpho. I wanted nothing but the best. With his eyes still closed Mpho went "what is wrong my love? Why are you talking by yourself? Is everything ok?". I wanted to tell him I found Kabelo sniffing drugs but didn't know how to. I was scared he would get angry and chase Kabelo away in front of everyone. I didn't want a scene. I decided to pend it until the following day. I went "I was praying my love. I was praying for our relationship". He kissed me and told me I was the best thing to ever happen to him. I asked if he rested enough and he said his head was still a bit heavy. He asked if people were still having fun and I said yes. We walked back to the entertainment area together. We found only Gavaza and JT there. Gavaza told me people went to the rooftop to swim. People black are scared of water until they get drunk. You would swear booze give them fins to swim. Mpho and I decided to go join them. I didn't want to swim though. I winked for JT. I knew what she wanted to do with Gavaza. When we got to the rooftop Zee and Kabelo were kissing inside a pool. Mpho was like "Sharon, you will have to stop your friend. Kabelo is pretending to be something he is not. And I don't trust this friend of yours. She will take advantage of my sweet and humble friend". I looked at him and went "my love if I didn't know better I would think you are jealous. Kabelo and Zee are adults. It's not our place to tell them what they should or should not do. Let them be. Imagine if they try to tell us how we should conduct our relationship. Life does not work like that". His phone rang while we were talking. He told me it was his stepmom. He answered the call right in front of me. I saw his face wear a worry and I started getting worried myself. After the call he went "my dad is not okay. I have to drive to my house".

I wanted to go with him but he said no. I asked him why and he went "we can't leave these people here on their own. We are the hosts remember my love. One of us must remain here. I will go with Kabelo. I will brief you as soon as I get to the house". He made sense but I was not comfortable with the thought of him taking Kabelo along. I didn't know how to convince him to go alone. He called Kabelo from the pool and told him about the situation at his house. Kabelo quickly changed his clothes and they drove to Mpho's place. Zee joined me.

She went "chomi, you know I discovered something while I was playing with Kabelo. He has the smallest cock ever. Secondly, I think he is gay". I asked her why she thought so. She went "I have more than 10 close gay friends. Believe me when I say the guy is gay". I didn't wanna say much, I just went "maybe he is. But that is none of our business". I walked back to back to the entertainment area. Gavaza and JT were nowhere to be seen. Lol Julia was such a player!!!! I knew she was probably licking the hell out of Gavaza in her car. Only few girls could resist JT's charm. Even married women fell for her. She had 'That Effect'. I sat in the entertainment area alone waiting for Mpho to call to brief me about his father. I waited for over 30 minutes and no call came thru. I tried to call him but my calls were not answered. I started getting worried. The thought of Dick dying kept crossing my mind. While I was stressing one of Mpho's friends came to the entertainment area. He was the only white person at the party. I think he was one of those black boys trapped in a white skin. He walked and danced like black people. They even gave him the nickname 'Jabu'. He asked why I was sitting alone. I told him "I am waiting for Mpho to come back. He drove to his house". He asked if he could join me for few minutes and I said cool. He was like "you know, I have been checking you since I got here. I think Mpho is the luckiest man alive. Umuhle yaz". Lol his Zulu accent was on point. I said thanks. He was like "I don't mean to be naughty but I would love to kiss you before Mpho comes back. I don't want a deep kiss...just a mbhaa. It would mean the world to me. I promise I won't want anything further than that....mncwee struu bob". I told him I don't go around giving random people random kisses. He laughed and went "dead by random bathong. O stout yaz". Lol I loved his sense of humour. He was like "let me show you what I mean by a 'mbhaa' kinda kiss". He was leaning towards me as he said that. I think he was trying to trick me. Before I could shift my head I heard:

"Sharon, what the hell....."

Boooooommmmmmm!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 365

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Ja neh.... I know many people who got dumped because they got caught by wrong people at the wrong moment. I was not kissing 'Jabu' and I had no intention of letting him kiss me. He was the one attempting to kiss me and I was not even going to allow him. He was just being a naughty boy. But from distance a third person could or would have thought that Jabu and I were about to have a vrrrrr phaaa moment with our lips. To be honest, the way I was so happy with Mphoroza I had no intention of involving other people in our relationship. My lips belonged to Mpho only. I quickly pushed 'Jabu' away from me and tried to compose myself. The person who saw us was one of Mpho's friends. We met briefly before Mpho left with Kabelo. I went "it's not what you are thinking. This guy found me sitting alone here and started saying naughty things. I swear I was not going to allow him to kiss me. You all know I am in love with Mpho and I ain't the cheating type. Please tell this guy to leave me alone or I will have no choice but to tell my man I am being harassed". The guy giggled and told me not to worry because he was not going to tell Mpho what he saw. I was like "but you didn't see anything and there is nothing to tell Mpho. You make it sound like you found us shagging or something. I just explained to you what happened and that is where it ended. I don't understand what you mean when you say you won't tell Mpho what what". He looked at me with a very calm face. He grabbed 'Jabu' and they kissed right in front of me. Oohkkk....that was a mini shocker. He went "Jabu is gay. He is my side guy. He loves flirting with girls and

that is where it ends. He was not going to do anything with you. Mpho is aware of Jabu's behavior. So you do not have to stress". I was relieved but something bothered me. Mpho seemed to have many gay friends. There is nothing wrong with guys having gay friends but when the friendship is a bit cosy it raises eyebrows. I doubt there is any girl who wanna be Bonang'd by a guy.

I asked to be excused. I went to the bedroom Mpho was sleeping in. I lay on the bed and waited for Mpho to call me. Whenever I tried to call him his phone went straight to voicemail. I wanted to call Kabelo but didn't have his number. A thought dawned in my mind. I had Dumi's number in my phone. I knew he had Kabelo's number. I called him to ask for Kabelo's number. He answered and asked "who am I talking to?". It was quite clear my number was deleted. Yes we do have those exes that delete numbers when the relationship ends. I went "It's Sharon, your ex. Could you please give me Kabelo's number? I need them urgently". Dumi was like "I don't have any ex called Sharon. You called a wrong number. Bye bye". That was it. He hung up on me just like that. Imagine your ex claiming he doesn't know you. I was so offended. I called him again and he ignored my calls. I called again and a female answered. She went "Uzonya wena Pedi girl. Why are you still going after my husband? Ufunani kahle kahle? Please leave us in peace. We don't want witches like you in our relationship. I don't wanna go thru what I went thru back then because of you. Stop calling my husband". She hung up on me. The way she was so worked up you would swear Dumi had a big dick. Women who have small-dicked men should not stress when their men cheat. You can't suffer alone. You must share your suffering. I thought of going to ask Mpho's other friends if they had Kabelo's number but thought "nuh it won't be right". I had no choice but to wait for Mpho to contact me. I lay on that bed for hours without Mpho coming back or calling me. I was getting worried and pissed at the same time. 80% of the people who came to the braai left. Some were complaining about Mpho dumping them and disappearing. I tried to tell them his father was sick but they didn't understand. The only people left at the braai were Nightie, Zee, Jabu and his boyfriend and I. JT had disappeared with Gavaza. They didn't even say bye to anyone. JT was not the type to go to a party and leave empty handed. She was always the first to score a prey.

Zee asked if I was ok and I went "I don't know hey. Mpho's phone is off and it worries me. It was ringing initially but now it's off. He left with Kabelo after receiving a call from his mom about his dad being sick or something". Zee was like "that one should just die. I won't feel a pain if he dies. He is a ruthless man". That was very insensitive from Zee. I told her I wouldn't tolerate such talk from her. I reminded her that Mpho was doing her a favour by letting her be at his father's house. She went "ah I can leave if you want me to leave. It's not like I am getting paid to be here. Since you started dating this cheese boy you think you are all that wena Sharon. You think you don't walk on the ground like us. You are even too blind to see that this boy of yours is cheating. How sure are you that he went to check up on his father? What if he is somewhere else with Kabelo turning up?". There is nothing wrong with a girl giving her fellow girl advices about relationships. But when she starts telling you your man is cheating without providing evidence you must consider reviewing your friendship with her. Some friends do not like it when you are in a happy relationship, especially the unhappily single ones. They will go to higher length to drag you to their unhappy singleness level. I told Zee to leave if she wanted to leave. She grabbed her bag and left. I didn't even know who she was going to leave with because she didn't have a car. Nightie told her he was not leaving because there was still lot of booze there. Lol men and alcohol though. Some men would choose alcohol over a cookie. So it was just me, gay couple and Nightie. There was still no sign of Mpho and Kabelo. I asked Nightie to drive me to Mpho's house in Midrand. He asked if I thought it was a good idea and I said yes. I told the gay couple I was going to Mpho's

place. They asked to use one of the bedrooms in the house and I said cool. Nightie and I hit the road to Midrand. There were so many thoughts going thru my mind. The thought of Kabelo and Mpho doing things kept visiting my mind.

When we got to Mpho's house I noticed all lights in the house were off. I couldn't get in because the doors were locked. I knocked for over 10 minutes but no response. I walked to the complex entrance to ask the security guards if they had seen Mpho. The security went "I am new here. I do not know Mpho. But maybe I saw and I didn't know it was him. Maybe if I see him again I will know it's him and I will tell you that I saw him. At the moment I can confirm that I didn't see him because I don't know him at this stage". Nigger sounded like Kaizer Chiefs coach Steve Komphela. He was not making sense at all. I didn't wanna suffer a headache, so I walked back to the house. I told Nightie that we should drive back to Dick's house. He asked if I was ok and I started crying. I was confused. I didn't know what to think. When we got to Dick's house all I could hear were sounds of two men screaming. Nightie wanted to leave but I asked him to stay. I was not in a state to be alone. I cried so hard I ended up shaking. Nightie went "maybe we should go to the cops. What if they were involved in a car accident? His phone can't just go off like that. Something is not adding up here". I told him I didn't wanna think such things. He advised me to go to bed to cool my head. He was right, maybe a bed was what I needed to calm myself. He told me he would remain in the entertainment area drinking the last booze. The way he was drinking you would swear something was stressing him. I liked the fact that he didn't try to make any moves on me. I think he could see I was stressed. I don't know how or when it happened but I ended up passing out. I was woken up by someone getting touchy touchy with me. The lights were off. I went "baby, are you back? I was getting worried about you". He didn't respond. He put his fingers in my undies and started fingering me. It felt so nice and watering. I was still sleepy but the enjoyment I felt was out of this world. Fingering is nice when a guy knows how to do it. You don't want a guy who will finger you as if there is peanut butter in your punani. A good fingerer will know which areas to finger and how. My eyes were closed at that time. I had many questions for Mpho but I couldn't ask him at that moment because he was still servicing me.

It was only when I moved my hand on his face that I realized my fingerer wasn't Mpho.....

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 366

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

"That the birds of worry and care fly over your head, this you cannot change, but that they build nests in your hair, this you can prevent."

– Chinese Proverb

When you just recovered from a deep sleep your mind will not function to its full capacity. I didn't blame myself for not knowing it was not my man who was busy fingering me. You can know your man very well but only few ladies can tell by the fingers that is indeed their man. When I realised it was not Mpho I quickly withdrew his finger from my honey pot and jumped off the bed. I switched on the light to see who it was. At first I thought it was Nightie who tried to take advantage of the sad me. I nearly got the shock of my life when I noticed it was that naughty white nigger who had tried to kiss me earlier. He looked shocked himself. I went "what the hell do you think you are doing? Are you trying to rape me? Get out of my bed

or I will scream. Get the hell out. Oh my 'guard'!!!! Where does Mpho gets friends like this bathong?". Nigger got out of the bed and said "I was just playing with you. I'm harmless because I don't do women. You can check my dick, it's not even up. Give me Mpho any day and it will be up within few seconds". He was showing me his dick as he said that. It's true when they say white peeps are not gifted down there. It looked like a small fire cracker. It almost made me laugh. If I wasn't pissed I would have cracked hard right there. I told him "I don't want to see that small thing of yours. Get out of this bedroom. I will tell Mpho about what you did to me". Sometimes satan will follow you everywhere you go just to ensure your life gets messed up. He was aware I was changing for the best because of Mpho and he didn't like it. Satan is like the Commander-in-Chief of haters, when good things happen to you he tries his best to inject negative things. When you serve the living Lord you will see thru him. As soon as Jabu left the bedroom I locked the door. I didn't want another incident to happen. But if I'm to be honest, I enjoyed the fingering. Only if it was done by my man. I took my phone and tried to call Mpho again. His phone was still on voicemail. I was starting to get really worried. There is nothing frustrating like being unable to get hold of someone on the phone. To me it was worse because he had told me his father was not okay. On the other hand I didn't feel safe with him being wherever he was with Kabelo, especially after what he told me. I slept with a heavy heart the whole night.

I was woken up by someone knocking on the door. I was expecting Mpho only to be met by Nightie's face. He asked if Mpho was back and I told him no. He got in the bedroom and sat on the bed. He was like "maybe we should start the search in hospitals around Midrand. Maybe things are very bad". I wanted to believe Dick was in hospital but another thought dominated my mind. All I wanted from Mpho was a call to notify me of what was going on. I hated being in the dark because it made my mind wander all over. I was like "maybe he doesn't want me anymore. I'm Sharon wa sfebe anyway. Maybe he's not comfortable with my history anymore. Maybe your father told him something and he decided to let me go. I'm like Donald Trump, the whole world hates me". Nightie told me to stop thinking about things that were not backed by evidence. He gave me a hug and told me all would be fine. That's all I needed to hear. Nigger changed tune. He was like "but I don't think Mpho is a man enough for you. You need someone like me. Mpho is still a boy and I doubt he has capacity to handle a woman like you. Remember I left my baby mama for you? I can treat you like my Beyonce if you let me. I am not rich like Mpho but I can give you a Dubai wedding. All you have to do is dump Mpho and get back with me". Guys are such opportunists. They like kicking a dog when it's down. He started by playing a friend card and when I gave him my attention he decided to take advantage. Besides the fact that I dated his father, I didn't see Nightie as a boyfriend material. He was cool but he lacked the 'Hlaudi' factor. I went "Nightie, I am hurt and pissed but I still have my brain. I will not let you take advantage of me just like that. For as long as I am still with Mpho I will never open my heart or legs to anyone. I will not let my emotions dictate what I should do. I love Mpho and will remain faithful for as long as I'm still with him. I am not that Sharon anymore. People change and I believe I changed. I don't want to walk that path again. Hope I'm making myself clear". He responded with a nod. I could see he was very disappointed and I didn't care. I didn't want any temptation to overpower me. I asked him to leave if he wanted to leave. He told me he would leave as soon as Mpho came back. I was like "cool, you can stay as long as you promise not to talk about us having a relationship. That will never happen". He nodded in agreement.

We started talking about general things.. From Nkandla to Thuli Madonsela, Kaizer Chiefs bad performance to Hillary Clinton. The next thing the door opened and Mpho stormed in. He was like "my dad is dying out there and here you are busy sleeping with other men. What the hell is wrong with you Sharon?". His presence and the question caught me off guard. Nightie

and I were fully dressed. He was sitting on the edge of the bed while I was in the sheets. There was no sign or anything that could insinuate that we were shagging or something. Nightie tried to talk but Mpho told him to shut up and get out of his house. He looked angry. Nightie went "dude, you are overreacting over nothing now. If you are feeling guilty about something you did last night please don't use me as a scapegoat. Sharon asked me to stay last night because she was hurting after she couldn't get hold of you the whole night. I didn't sleep in this bedroom. I only came 30 minutes ago to check how she was holding up. Kill me for trying to be there for your girlfriend". Nightie said nothing but the truth. Mpho couldn't have any of it. He was like "screw you dude. I know you and your dad are working hard to ruin my relationship. How would you feel if you found me in your girlfriend's bedroom? Would you smile and give me a Nobel Prize for being a good friend? Shut the fu3k up and leave my father's house before I do something I would regret. I want you to cut all communication with her. She is mine and mine only. Just admit you failed. Nxa". I tried to understand why he was all worked up but failed. Men have a tendency of shifting the blame when they are wrong. I just didn't expect it from Mpho. He didn't strike me as that type. I told Nightie to leave because I wanted to speak to my man. As soon as he left I looked straight in Mpho's eyes and asked him what happened. He went "I spent the whole night in hospital with my dad. He had a relapse. My battery died before I could call you". I asked why he didn't use Kabelo's phone or ask for a charger from the hospital. He went "what's up with 100 questions? You are the one who should tell me what that fool was doing with you the whole night". The more he spoke was the more I believed he was being untruthful. It sounded like he was hiding something he did the previous night. I decided to let it go temporarily. I was too pissed to get worked up. I went "fine, please take me home now. I want to clear my mind".

He didn't argue with me. He told me to go fetch my things. He checked the other bedrooms first to check if other people had left. There was no one in the house except for the lady who was cleaning. When we got to Mpho's car Kabelo was sitting on the front passenger seat. I stood next to the door to show him I wanted my space. He opened the window and asked "is everything okay?". I gave him a Gupta look and went "can I get my seat?". I was surprised he waited for me to make it clear for him. Everyone knows the front seat is reserved for the girlfriend. Well, unless if he saw himself as the girlfriend. He went "oh that, I am not driving with you anyway. I was waiting for you guys to come back. My car is parked in the garage. I think this is my cue to slyza. See you around guys". He seemed so excited. For someone who spent the whole night at hospital it was a bit of a shocker. Mpho asked why I was being mean to Kabelo. I ignored his question. Instead of driving me to Pretoria he drove me to his house in Midrand. When I asked he went "do you want me to be alone? I told you my dad was hospitalized. I thought you would want to be here for me. I can take you to Pretoria if you want me to". I think he was playing with my mind and I didn't like it. If he wanted me to be there for him he would have made plans to get hold of me the previous night instead of having his phone off. It was the first time Mpho pissed me. I didn't even know how to react because I was not used to him being like that. I asked him where his mother-in-law was and he told me he last saw her at the hospital. I asked if he was planning to go to the hospital that morning and he went "I wanna take an hour nap then we will head to the hospital. You can go prepare breakfast for yourself while I'm taking a short nap. I do not have appetite". He took his nap on the couch. He looked very drained. I decided to take a shower before preparing breakfast. I headed to our bedroom to have a date with water. As I about to shower I noticed something next to the toilet the shower sliding door. At first I thought it was a toothpaste tube cut into half. After a careful checking I noticed it was an open condom pack. My head almost exploded. I started asking myself many questions. Tears gathered in

my eyes. I grabbed it and headed back to the lounge. I screamed "Mpho, Mpho....please explain and don't you dare lie to me".

With sleepy eyes he went "It's a condom pack. I'm not in a mood for making love. Maybe later bbe. Can I rest now?".

Like WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 368

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Some friends are only friends when they are with you. The minute you leave their sight they become something else. A true friend will do whatever it takes to ensure you are protected. A true friend will not go behind your back and do something that they know will hurt you. A true friend will be on the first line of your defence. Zee did not fit the tag of a true friend. She always had something negative planned. She knew very well that I was dating Mpho but she agreed to be chowed in his house without his permission. A true friend would have said no when a guy took her to her friend's boyfriend's place. Part of me suspected Zee was jealous I had a good man and I knew she would cook something to break us apart. I asked her what Mpho did and she went "ah never mind. It's not my place to tell. He will tell you when he is ready. As for leaving this place, I think you are right. You won't find me here when you get back. In fact, you will be lonely because Gavaza is also leaving. Apparently Never-Die is giving her a lift to Limpopo". I was happy she was leaving. I knew there was nothing she wanted to tell me about. She just wanted to keep my mind busy. That is how she operated. I knew her modus operandi very well. I thanked her for going. After talking to her I called Gavaza to ask why she was leaving. She went "Gauteng is not for me. After everything that happened last night, I just wanna see myself at home surrounded by normal people. Gauteng is possessed. I committed so many sins since I got here. You are a nice girl but your crowd will lead you astray if you are not careful. See you one day". Those were her last words to me. She was indeed leaving Gauteng for good. I kept wondering whatever it was that happened the previous night. I was just glad my man was at hospital when whatever happened. Maybe they had a threesome with Kabelo. Lol imagine having a threesome with a dicklet man... that would be like 10 people sharing a chewing gum. I wanted to call Mpho to ask how his dad was doing but after the little fight we had I was scared. I didn't want to anger him further.

I decided to do some spring cleaning in the house. Mpho once told me he had a helper but I had never seen her. Maybe she was on leave. I hoped she was old. Only fools have a young helpers. Men are dogs. One day you'll find him sweating like a dog on top of the poor helper. An old helper and young gardener is the way to go these days, especially a Venda or Tsonga gardener. The cleaning took away part of my stress. I felt much better after cleaning. I was ready to face Mpho again. After cleaning I took a long bath with lots of bath salts. I wanted to ease the tension on my body. Immediately after bathing I heard some footsteps in the lounge. I assumed it was my boo. I wore one of his shirts and walked to the lounge. I was disappointed when I found Mpho's stepmother. I asked how she was doing and she went "don't pretend to care. We both know you don't care. If you cared you would be by your man's side right now. I have a feeling you are with him because of his money". I really didn't know where that came from. I was like "just because you are with Dick for his money doesn't mean all girls are hoes like you. Some of us are capable of falling in love because we love the person, not his material things. I am with Mpho because I love him. He can go broke

tomorrow and I will still be with him. Pity I cannot say the same about you. We know you will run away should Dick go broke". She wanted to have a shouting match but I told her I was not from Tembisa or Alexandra. I was not the type to shout over nothing. She went "nxa hoe" and left. I failed to understand why she went on me like that. I think she was jealous she had a daughter-in-law far more beautiful than her. Or maybe she had ambitions of taking Mpho after Dick's death. Hoes will always be hoes. I switched on the TV and watched Channel O. They played my favourite song Ska Bhora Moreki. I found myself hitting the dance floor. Only few people sit when that song plays. It's a song and half. Marcus called to ask if I was coming back. I told him I would come back the following day. He went "cool".

Mpho came back after midday. He looked so drained. I asked him how his dad was doing. He went "I think we gonna have a problem in this relationship. You don't respect my family. What's wrong with you?". My perfect Mpho was turning into something I didn't like. I was not used to the whining and complaining. I asked him what he was on about. He went "my stepmother came to the hospital crying. Apparently you insulted her. She asked why you were not at the hospital with me and you told her you didn't care about Dick because he was old. Why are you being so insensitive Sharon?". You know your man in angry when he uses your name instead of babe or love. I was so pissed at that hoe for lying. I was like "hayi Mpho you are starting to bore me now. First of all, you told me how bitchy your stepmother can be. You know better than me she doesn't like you....in a way she doesn't like me too. Now she runs to you and make up a story and you believe her without checking with me. Ag man, don't be that gullible. If this is how this relationship will be then let me go then. If you gonna accuse me of crap whenever you hear things from the street then we might as well call it quits. That hoe called your stepmother accused of being a gold digger. She says I'm with you because you are rich. I told her where to get off. That's all I said to her. If that's disrespecting your family, so be it. I don't give a damn. I cannot let girls dance on my head and be quiet". I was literally pissed. Mpho was behaving in a strange way and I hated it. I wanted the house to be filled with love, not endless squabbles about stupid things. We were still a new couple for heaven's sake. He wanted to talk but I told him to shut up because he was taking his stepmother's side. I said "you might as well go make her your girlfriend because it's clear she wants you to break up with me. Maybe she would want you to replace your dad one day. And you know what? You have my blessings. I am going to get dressed. I am going home. I am tired of this crap".

I headed to the bedroom and Mpho followed me. I took off his shirt and threw it at him. I didn't want anything he owned on my body. I was cross with him. He grabbed me from behind and went "babe, you are overreacting. I am sorry if what I said sounded like an accusation. I am just stressed about the whole Dick situation. I am sorry for taking it out on you. I know better not to believe what my stepmom says. Please forgive me". A man that apologises when he is wrong is a blessing. Most men would try to shift the blame to you even when they see they are wrong. I secretly smiled. When I turned around to look at him I changed my face to an angry one. I was like "apology not accepted until further notice. I am still angry at you". Instead of responding he kissed me. I could feel the tent erecting on his pants as we kissed. You know love lives in your relationship when he touches you and his manhood responds with a 'Viva'. When love is gone you can touch your man's dick and it will remain weak like Hlaudi's brain. Our kissing led us to the bed with both of us naked. He got on top of me and made love to me. It was a slow and expressive sort of love making. He was talking to my heart through his dick. The fact that he had not showered turned me on more. I could smell his natural scent as he rhythmically swung on top of me. His cock was hitting all attention seeking corners inside me. His tongue licked the important and strategic areas like my neck and ears. The anger I had was replaced by happiness and sexual satisfaction. Make

up sex fixes problems better than a shrink. Couples that make love more often are more likely to be happy than those who don't. Lovemaking makes families happy. Even when he came he didn't go faster. His pulsing strokes were accompanied by some soft "ah ah ah ah mmmmm mmmmm mmmmm oh love" sounds from his mouth. I felt so loved. When he was done he went "I love you babe". With my body still in a jovial mood I went "I love you too sthandwa. And.....I categorically accept your apology". We kissed and I lay my head on his rich chest. I actually passed out in his arms. You know, after good lovemaking you are likely to dream about beautiful things. You will only have nightmares if your man gives you two minutes noodles lol. When I woke up Mpho was not there. It was a bit dark....meaning I had slept for hours. I switched on the side lamp. I noticed there was a beautiful red evening dress on the bed. Mpho was not there. There was a note on the dress. It was written "wear me and follow the roses".

I looked on the floor and saw roses....

WT-wow....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 370

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When you have a man and he knows how to make your heart pure with joy you must consider yourself a lucky specie. It's not all women who get to have a man that know how to sweep them off the floor. I considered myself lucky because Mpho knew how to satisfy my emotional needs. He always went all out to make sure I wore a big smile on my face. He was not perfect but it's like he knew what my heart wanted to eat. He knew how to feed my heart to the fullest and happiest. It was quite clear he had everything planned. Imagine after a world class lovemaking he took me to one of South Africa's coolest hotel and oh....the devil is a liar bathong. When he went down on his knees tears of joy started gathering in my eyes. I knew he loved me but I never expected him to go down on his knees so soon. I was expecting his to study me first but he had his own plans. The sweet sounds from the violins kept moving. He went "I am not the kind of a man that wastes time when I see a good thing in front of me. I knew from the first day I met you that you are going to be my wife. God answered my prayers when I was about to give up on love. You have managed to move me from the dark side of love and made light in my heart. Duration does not mean anything to me. What matters is how I feel. Right now I feel like I am on top of the world and you are right next to me. I want to enjoy this journey with you. I want to be with you forever. I want you to be my life mate. I want you to be my rib. I want you to always be there for me and I will do the same. I want us to grow old together and start a family. I want you to be my smile keeper. I want you to be part of me forever. There is so much I want to say bit I am not good with words. My heart is teeming with a lot to say but I don't how to dish it down. All I am trying to say is Sharon Letsoalo, would you answer the God's call for you to be my wife?".

There are some things that happen to you and you feel like you are watching a romantic series on TV. That is how I was feeling that night. I felt like I was watching TV and someone was about to disrupt my DSTV connection. I felt like I was dreaming. I felt like someone was about to wake me and remind me I have a class in few hours. I was lost for words. I wanted to talk but my voice cords were tied by emotions. I was speechless. The staff members at the hotel were looking at me with anticipation. It was like everyone was waiting for me to say something. I wanted to say something but I couldn't. I was overwhelmed by emotions. Mpho was not impatient with me. I think he understood what my emotions were going thru. The

violinists started playing some song I heard before but couldn't remember where. It went straight to my heart. It made me gain the strength to move my lips. I went "yes, yes yes yes yes yes babe, I will be your wife". The joy on his face when I saw those words was out of the world. I could see I had made his night. I could see he was the happiest man alive. He couldn't even hide his joy. He stood up and put a diamond rock on my finger. He swallowed me in his arms followed by a very long passionate kiss. He looked at me straight in the eyes and went "babe, you just made me the happiest man in the world. I promise to make you the happiest wife on this planet. I will be the source of your joy. You are my best....I love you and I will love you forever. From tonight I am Mpho wa Sharon. We are Shampho!!!!!! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha". I laughed and went "hawu my love, that sounds like shampoo". We hugged and kissed again. Everyone who was lucky enough to witness my big moment clapped hands. I could see other girls wished to be me. Some things are meant for specific people. The closest some girls will come to a romantic proposal will be when a guy looks at his father's cows and say "babe, that cow is so fresh I feel like sending it to your father right now". Anyway....ke life madoda.

We drank champagne and had our romantic dinner. To be honest, the whole thing made me lose appetite. Excitement and joy have the ability to make a person full. All I wanted was to be next to my bae. All I wanted was to feel his lovely warmth. I was in a jovial mood. What made me happier was how he kept looking at me and showered me with compliments. He completed me bathong. Jo Modimo wa kgotso, the Lion of Judah. After finishing the bottle of the sparkie we decided to go to our hotel room. Before leaving some old woman came to our table. She said "congratulations my children. I couldn't help it but shed tears when I saw what happened earlier. You reminded my husband and I of our youth days. The journey you are choosing is not easy. It had many humps and potholes. But if you involve God in your relationship you will go far. My hubby and I have been together for 30 years and he still looks at me with the sparkle in his eyes. Respect each other. Don't let problems go big before you attack them. Solve them as soon as they make an entry. Communication is very important. Be tolerant, understanding and supportive of each other. Be faithful and honest. Be best friends. Most importantly, your bedroom life must be the bomb". With that she winked and walked away. Mpho and I couldn't help it but laugh at her last sentence. We both didn't expect her to utter such things. Her advices were very sound though. We didn't even have a chance to thank her because she left before we could say something. Mpho went "never take advices from the elderly for granted. They know their story. Life is a good teacher". With that we headed back to our hotel room. It was one of those nights where I smiled for no reason. Everything I looked at gave me a reason to smile. I would look at a vase and smile. That is what happens when your life is filled with joy. Mpho was indeed my source of joy. I took my phone and uploaded a picture of my rock on Facebook. I wanted jealous hoes to know I was taken. One mozalwane girl commented with "savages are getting married everyday but us good girl marriage dololo". I replied with "it's not my fault you are ugly sesi. Marriage is not for every Tom, Dick and Dikeledi".

Mpho went "hawu my love, put that phone down and give your man attention. I know you are bragging on Facebook and Insta. But this is my moment ...ha ha ha ha". I put the phone down and gave him what he wanted....attention. He reminded me again that I was his God-chosen lady and he was not going to disappoint God but not making the relationship work. We kissed for about 10 minutes non-stop. His kissing was on fleek that night. His lips were juicy and sweet. A long kiss from someone who has artistic kissing skills is very nice. I can't say the same when you are kissed by a bad kisser. By the time he finishes your lips will resemble a wet foreskin of a donkey.

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 372

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

The load shedding moment after being unconscious is not cool. You will need a couple of minutes to remember where you are and what you are doing. That was me at that moment. It took me a couple of minutes to try to remember where I was and what I was doing there. The first word I heard from the doctor's mouth was 'pregnant'. I wasn't sure whether he was talking about me or not but the word gave me goosebumps in my brain. I loved Mpho with all my heart but I was not ready to be a mother. I was still a student and wanted to complete my qualification first. I didn't want to be of those students who went to classes pushing big bellies. I remembered Mpho and I never condomised. Sometimes we can be fools. We engage in unsafe sex and when pregnancy happens when we start asking ourselves many questions. It's like we think unsafe sex leads to iPhone 7. I opened my ears to listen attentively to what the doctor was saying. He continued "before running the tests I thought she was pregnant. But it turns out she is not pregnant. I think the dizziness and vomiting is probably caused by blah blah blah blah...". I couldn't understand the last part of what he was explaining because he used medical jargon. I think doctors do that just to look cool. What is the use of using words that no one will understand? As soon as he was done explaining I closed my eyes. I didn't want him to see I was awake. As soon as he left I went "babe, what is wrong with me?". The smile on Mpho's face made me feel better on the spot. His smile had healing effects on me. Those who are in love will know what I am talking about. He went "Ncoooh you are up my love. How are you feeling?". He was kissing my forehead as he said that. I told him I was feeling well and he smiled again. He told me what the doctor said and I pretended as if I didn't hear what the medical man said. He seemed disappointed I was not pregnant. I asked him if he wanted a baby and he went "I don't want a baby, I want your baby. I want to be the best father ever. Maybe we should ask him about ways to conceive".

I was shocked by how serious he was about having a baby. I changed the subject and asked about the person who made our holiday short. He went "the doctors say he will be fine. He is critical but stable at this stage. Oh...the doctor said he will keep you overnight. He will probably discharge you tomorrow. Don't worry, I won't leave your sight. I will be here right next to you until they discharge you". Mpho was one in a million. Most black guys would have used the opportunity as a 'VISA' to go sleep around. There are guys out there who don't mind sleeping around when their wives or main ones are in hospital. I know of a guy who took his side chick to his house while the wife was giving birth in hospital. That is what I call witchcraft. I gave Mpho Marcus' phone number to inform him about my situation. He called Marcus and explained everything. Luckily Marcus was the understanding typical. A typical black father would have blamed the poor Mpho for everything and demanded him to pay damages. True to his promise, Mpho was with me until the following morning when the doctor discharged me. I felt so important and loved. We left the hospital at around 11am and drove straight to our house in Midrand. When we got to the house we went straight to the bedroom to rest. I kept looking at my ring and thanking God for the blessings. After everything I had been thru I was finally going to get married to the man of my dreams. In Mpho God blessed me with a real man. Mpho was different from the guys I met before. I could feel it in my heart that he was going to be the one to spend the rest of my life with. I loved him with all I had and I knew he felt the same about me. We were a match made in heaven. He was unlike the two people I got engaged to in the past. Obakeng wasn't bad but he was fake. The Venda one was bad with capital B. The fact that he only left me a goat in his Will made me hate his memory. The least he could have done was to leave me at least R200k in his Will. Mpho asked why I looked like I was deep in thoughts. I told him I was

thanking God for giving me the best man ever. He smiled and told me he was the luckiest man on earth.

Mpho delegated all his work to the people who worked for him. He spent the following few days nursing me and making sure I took my medication. That is what every man should do when their partners are not feeling. He kept telling me he was a bit disappointed I was pregnant. I told him to be patient. The week ended well because I started feeling better. Mpho's father was also better. It was long overdue because we missed the bubbly and naughty Dick. Mpho wanted us to go on another baecation but I told him it was too early. He wanted us to go celebrate our engagement properly. Talking about engagement reminded me I needed to tell my mom I was about to get married. I asked Mpho to give me some privacy to talk call Makoma. She didn't answer my first attempt to call her. She answered the second call within the first ring. She went "Marcus told me you were not feeling well. I am sorry I didn't call you. I was very busy. But I prayed for you everyday". Some mothers are only mothers because they carried us for nine months. What kind of a mother forgets to call her sick chick. I went "It's okay mom. It's not like I was expecting your call. I am feeling much better now, thanks for your prayers. Anyway, I didn't call to talk about my health. I called to tell you that Mpho proposed and I said yes. His uncles will be sending a letter soon to ask for a permission to come negotiate lobola. I just thought I should let you know so you can be prepared. And I need your blessings mama. This one must work". She listened attentively as I talked. I had a feeling she was thinking of an amount to charge them. My mom was a lobola gold digger shem. She went "Marcus told me about the boy. I heard he drives a very beautiful Merc. That means he is rich and will afford a good lobola. You are my daughter and he must know you won't come cheap. You are my gold". I don't understand why parent love putting a price tag on their daughter. Lobola is meant to be a token of appreciation to the daughter's family, not a business transaction. I told her he bought me an expensive ring and she ululated. My mom loved things shem.

We spent the whole weekend indoors because I didn't want to go to another baecation. Mpho wanted to invite some friends over but I told him I was not in a mood for crowd. I wanted to catch up with my school work, especially after spending the whole week nursing my mysterious sickness. On Sunday I told Mpho I wanted to go back to Phillip Nel Park and he asked if it was necessary. I told him I couldn't commute between Midrand and Pretoria West everyday. He was like "you are the love of my life and I wouldn't mind driving you to and fro school everything. You must bear in mind that I am going to spend the rest of my life with you". I told him it wasn't necessary as it would be costly for him to drive me to Pretoria everyday. We had to find the middle ground. We agreed that I would sleep in Phillip Nel on Monday and Tuesday and then come back to Midrand on Wednesday. Mpho was really getting used to having me in the house. He was getting hooked already. I think that was the reason he was pushing the lobola thing so fast. He wanted a license to wake up next to me every morning. I loved being with him too. He drove me to Phillip Nel around 8pm on Sunday. On our way there he was like "I think after paying lobola I should buy you your own car. I was thinking a Mini Cooper or 1 Series, a red one babe. What do you think?". I looked at him and smiled without saying a word. Deep inside I was very excited. If I had my way I would have pushed the lobola negotiations to the following day. He dropped me at the gate and left. I felt like a piece of me was taken from me when he left. I greeted Marcus and went up to my bedroom. I played Brian Mcknight's Everytime You Go Away until I passed out. Marcus gave me a lift to school the following day. Some girl told me how my classmate Pulane told them that I was dying. Nxa that girl was very jealous. I knew it was Marcus who told her I was sick. Men do not have brakes on their mouths when they are under the influence of punani. My Monday went well. ON Tuesday morning people called to tell me I should come straight to

Midrand after my last class. I asked him why and he told me someone wanted to meet me. He wanted to send someone to fetch me but I told him I would use the Gautrain. Immediately after my class I headed to town then Gautrain station. I called Mpho when I got to Midrand station and he came to fetch me. I asked him who wanted to see me and he told me it was his uncle from North-West. Apparently he wanted to see me before sending a letter to my folks. Hayi some Tswana people do things in a funny way. When we go to Mpho's house his uncle gave me one look and went:

"mchana, you are not paying lobola for this one. Find another one and then call us.....not this one"

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 373

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When you have been a pantypreneur you are likely to bump into your past wherever you go. There are girls who have pussyprints in every province in South Africa. They have tasted dicks of all shapes and forms. Some of them are lucky to be married with beautiful kids now. If you are unlucky your whoreness will follow you five feet underground. Mpho's uncle was a stranger in my eyes and I thought he was just pulling a fast one on me when he mentioned that I used to ride someone he knew. Mpho and I went silent for over 30 seconds expecting him to retract what he said. The expression on his face said a lot to us. It drew a picture of seriousness. He continued "mchana, you know very well that I love you and will never stand in a way of your happiness. But if you want to marry this one count me out. I am not going to waste time on someone who is not a wife material. This girl is a blessee. She sleeps with older men for money. I cannot let you pop out money for someone like her. You are a successful man and it will be easy for you to find another girl who will give you what you need as a man, not this trash in front of me". His words were going straight to my heart. Only if I knew what he was on about I would have understood what he was saying. He was a stranger to me and judging by his dress sense there was no way I was gonna date someone in his circle. Mpho went "Malome, I think you have your wires crossed. This is my future wife and she is not a blessee. You are probably confusing her with someone else. Your business partners are in North West and she has never been there. You are not talking about her". When Mpho defended me I felt more loved. He did what any man in love would have done to protect his darling. I didn't know the uncle but my heart hated him. You don't meet people for the first time and start making accusations and allegations without evidence. He took out his phone and went "I will show you the naked pictures my associate sent to me. She is very naked in the pictures with someone old enough to be her father if not grandfather".

My heart was beating fast as he went thru his phone. I was thinking of all old men I had a thing with. I couldn't remember any old guy I took compromised pictures with. We waited in anticipation as he went thru his Siemens cellphone. When he was done with the searching he handed the phone to Mpho. I was getting ready to run when Mpho went "but Malome, this not Sharon. The girl is a yellow bone with a beautiful body but she is definitely not my Sharon". He handed the phone to me and I almost kicked the so-called uncle's balls. He got me worked up for nothing. The girl in the picture had my resemblance but she was definitely not me. Maybe the poor uncle had eye problems. The girl was in bed naked with some old man who didn't look appetizing. I felt offended that uncle wanted to associate me with such people. When he realized the mistake he did he went "all these yellow people look the same.

Maybe they are related. But I am still convinced it's her". That's how these old men from the villages roll. Even when they are wrong they will never apologise because they are men. Instead of apologizing to Mpho and I he wanted to justify his mistake. I told Mpho I wanted to be alone in the bedroom. I was so pissed I couldn't be in the same room as that old man. The fact the he was the one going to lead the lobola negotiations from Mpho's family's side made me wanna puke. I knew he was probably going to say wrong things in front of everyone. Mpho followed me to the bedroom. He apologised on behalf of his uncle when we got to the bedroom. He told me his uncle was probably drunk or something. I went "I want this engagement off. It's quite clear your family sees me as nothing but a girl that sleeps with men for money. I have never felt so humiliated in my entire life. You stood there and let your drunk uncle insult me like I am some piece of crap. It's quite clear part of you bought the story he was telling. I don't want to marry into a family that sees me as a hooker. I rather stay single for the rest of my life".

Mpho went "but I never said I believed what he said. Didn't you hear me defending you? You know what, I am not in a mood to argue with you". He stormed out of the bedroom. I don't even know why I blamed him me when he was the one who defended me. I think I just needed someone to take my anger out on. Within few seconds I heard him and his uncle arguing in the lounge. I heard Mpho saying "Malome, I know you never loved me and will probably never love me. Sharon is the best thing to ever happen to me and I won't let you or anyone ruin what we have. For once just put your personal feelings aside and think for other people. If you don't want to do this for me my father and his friends will do it. Screw culture if it's gonna stand in the way of my happiness". The uncle went "why do you want to marry a girl from Limpopo when we have many beautiful girls in Bokone Bophirima? Remember the girl your mom used to like? What is her name....uhm uhm....Tshepiso from Mogwase. That is marriage material and you know she loves you. She is beautiful and has manners. She told me she will be studying to be an accountant at Medunsa next year. Her family is close to our family. Why not marry her?". I was starting to get bored with the old man. I plugged earphones on my ears and started playing loud music. I don't understand why family members feel a need to interfere in other people's business. When a person makes a choice that suits him the little family can do is to support him instead of trying to impose their personal agendas on him. Mpho came to the bedroom after about 30 minutes. I continued listening to music and never paid attention on him. He tried to talk but I pretended as if I heard nothing from him. He pulled the earphones from my ears and went "you can stop acting like a kid now. We need to talk". I looked at him and said nothing. He asked "do you really want me to call the lobola negotiations off? I won't ask this question again". I looked at his face and he looked serious. I hesitantly went "no but I don't want you uncle at my place". He told me his uncle had sulked and left. That was the best news ever.

Mpho was in a foul mood. He told me he wanted to go for a walk alone. I asked why he wanted to go alone and he said "just nje". When a black person says that you must know they are pissed and they don't wanna answer your question. I let him be. He left me in the bedroom and went for his walk. I decided to use the opportunity to study. My mom called to tell me she received a call from someone who wanted her email address. I asked her why and she went "I think it's your guy's family. Maybe they want to send us a letter to request our ear for the lobola negotiations. We will have to wait and see". Ja neh, technology has changed things. Mpho was gone for hours and hours. Around 7pm he was still not home. I called his phone and it was off. I went to the garage and the car was there. Normally a walk in suburban areas won't take more than two hours. I assumed Mpho probably bumped into one of his friends and decided to go for drinks. Around 9pm I heard a knock on the door. I opened and it was one of the guys I saw at the party Mpho and I once threw at his father's

house. He went "I am sorry for popping unannounced. I have been trying to get hold of Mpho but his phone is off. I tried his office and they told me he wasn't there. We were supposed to have a meeting three hours ago. Do you perhaps know where he is?" I told the guy Mpho left in the afternoon for a walk and never came back. The guy told me it was unusual for Mpho to switch his phone off. He asked if he could wait for him for an hour or so and I agreed. I offered him juice and we sat together to watch TV. We didn't talk that much except for the random laughs when we saw something funny on TV. I think nigger was the shy type. All of a sudden we heard something exploding from Mpho's bedroom. We quickly ran to investigate what exploded. When we got there we learnt it was a side lamp. It probably exploded because of electrical fault or something. The guy wanted to help me sort the thing but I told him it was unnecessary. I unplugged the lamp and told the guy not to worry. I didn't feel comfortable to be with him in Mpho's bedroom. I told him to leave. As he was heading to the door I heard Mpho's voice angrily going....

"Dude, what the hell are you doing in my bedroom?"

WTF...

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 372

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

The load shedding moment after being unconscious is not cool. You will need a couple of minute to remember where you are and what you are doing. That was me at that moment. It took me couple of minutes to try to remember where I was and what I was doing there. The first word I heard from the doctor's mouth was 'pregnant'. I wasn't sure whether he was talking about me or not but the word gave me goosebumps in my brain. I loved Mpho with all my heart but I was not ready to be a mother. I was still a student and wanted to complete my qualification first. I didn't want to be of those students who went to classes pushing big bellies. I remembered Mpho and I never condomised. Sometimes we can fools. We engage in unsafe sex and when pregnancy happens when we start asking ourselves many questions. It's like we think unsafe sex leads to Iphone 7. I opened my ears to listen attentively to what the doctor was saying. He continued "before running the tests I thought she was pregnant. But it turns out she is not pregnant. I think the dizziness and vomiting is probably caused by blah blah blah blah...". I couldn't understand the last part of what he was explaining because he used medical jargon. I think doctors do that just to look cool. What is the use of using words that no one will understand? As soon as he was done explaining I closed my eyes. I didn't want him to see I was awake. As soon as he left I went "babe, what is wrong with me?". The smile on Mpho's face made me feel better on the spot. His smile had healing effects on me. Those who are in love will know what I am talking about. He went "Ncoooh you are up my love. How are you feeling?". He was kissing my forehead as he said that. I told him I was feeling well and he smiled again. He told me what the doctor said and I pretended as if I didn't hear what medical man said. He seemed disappointed I was not pregnant. I asked him if he wanted a baby and he went "I don't want a baby, I want your baby. I want to be the best father ever. Maybe we should ask him about ways to conceive".

I was shocked by how serious he was about having a baby. I changed the subject and asked about the person who made our holiday short. He went "the doctors say he will be fine. He is critical but stable at this stage. Oh...the doctor said he will keep you overnight. He will probably discharge you tomorrow. Don't worry, I won't leave your sight. I will be here right next to you until they discharge you". Mpho was one in a million. Most black guys would

have used the opportunity as a 'VISA' to go sleep around. There are guys out there who don't mind sleeping around when their wives or mains are in hospital. I know of a guy who took his side chick to his house while the wife was giving birth in hospital. That is what I call witchcraft. I gave Mpho Marcus' phone number to inform him about my situation. He called Marcus and explained everything. Luckily Marcus was the understanding typical. A typical black father would have blamed the poor Mpho for everything and demanded him to pay damages. True to his promise, Mpho was with me until the following morning when the doctor discharged me. I felt so important and loved. We left the hospital at around 11am and drove straight to our house in Midrand. When we got to the house we went straight to the bedroom to rest. I kept looking at my ring and thanking God for the blessings. After everything I had been thru I was finally going to get married to the man of my dreams. In Mpho God blessed me with a real man. Mpho was different from the guys I met before. I could feel it in my heart that he was going to be the one to spend the rest of my life with. I loved him with all I had and I knew he felt the same about me. We were a match made in heaven. He was unlike the two people I got engaged to in the past. Obakeng wasn't bad but he was fake. The Venda one was bad with capital B. The fact that he only left me a goat in his Will made me hate his memory. The least he could have done was to leave me at least R200k in his Will. Mpho asked why I looked like I was deep in thoughts. I told him I was thanking God for giving me the best man ever. He smiled and told me he was the luckiest man on earth.

Mpho delegated all his work to the people who worked for him. He spent the following few days nursing me and making sure I took my medication. That is what every man should do when their partners are not feeling. He kept telling me he was a bit disappointed I was pregnant. I told him to be patient. The week ended well because I started feeling better. Mpho's father was also better. It was long overdue because we missed the bubbly and naughty Dick. Mpho wanted us to go on another baecation but I told him it was too early. He wanted us to go celebrate our engagement properly. Talking about engagement reminded me I needed to tell my mom I was about to get married. I asked Mpho to give me some privacy to talk call Makoma. She didn't answer my first attempt to call her. She answered the second call within the first ring. She went "Marcus told me you were not feeling well. I am sorry I didn't call you. I was very busy. But I prayed for you everyday". Some mothers are only mothers because they carried us for nine months. What kind of a mother forgets to call her sick chick. I went "It's okay mom. It's not like I was expecting your call. I am feeling much better now, thanks for your prayers. Anyway, I didn't call to talk about my health. I called to tell you that Mpho proposed and I said yes. His uncles will be sending a letter soon to ask for a permission to come negotiate lobola. I just thought I should let you know so you can be prepared. And I need your blessings mama. This one must work". She listened attentively as I talked. I had a feeling she was thinking of an amount to charge them. My mom was a lobola gold digger shem. She went "Marcus told me about the boy. I heard he drives a very beautiful Merc. That means he is rich and will afford a good lobola. You are my daughter and he must know you won't come cheap. You are my gold". I don't understand why parent love putting a price tag on their daughter. Lobola is meant to be a token of appreciation to the daughter's family, not a business transaction. I told her he bought me an expensive ring and she ululated. My mom loved things shem.

We spent the whole weekend indoors because I didn't want to go to another baecation. Mpho wanted to invite some friends over but I told him I was not in a mood for crowd. I wanted to catch up with my school work, especially after spending the whole week nursing my mysterious sickness. On Sunday I told Mpho I wanted to go back to Phillip Nel Park and he asked if it was necessary. I told him I couldn't commute between Midrand and Pretoria

West everyday. He was like "you are the love of my life and I wouldn't mind driving you to and fro school everything. You must bear in mind that I am going to spend the rest of my life with you". I told him it wasn't necessary as it would be costly for him to drive me to Pretoria everyday. We had to find the middle ground. We agreed that I would sleep in Phillip Nel on Monday and Tuesday and then come back to Midrand on Wednesday. Mpho was really getting used to having me in the house. He was getting hooked already. I think that was the reason he was pushing the lobola thing so fast. He wanted a license to wake up next to me every morning. I loved being with him too. He drove me to Phillip Nel around 8pm on Sunday. On our way there he was like "I think after paying lobola I should buy you your own car. I was thinking a Mini Cooper or 1 Series, a red one babe. What do you think?". I looked at him and smiled without saying a word. Deep inside I was very excited. If I had my way I would have pushed the lobola negotiations to the following day. He dropped me at the gate and left. I felt like a piece of me was taken from me when he left. I greeted Marcus and went up to my bedroom. I played Brian Mcknight's Everytime You Go Away until I passed out. Marcus gave me a lift to school the following day. Some girl told me how my classmate Pulane told them that I was dying. Nxa that girl was very jealous. I knew it was Marcus who told her I was sick. Men do not have brakes on their mouths when they are under the influence of punani. My Monday went well. ON Tuesday morning people called to tell me I should come straight to Midrand after my last class. I asked him why and he told me someone wanted to meet me. He wanted to send someone to fetch me but I told him I would use the Gautrain. Immediately after my class I headed to town then Gautrain station. I called Mpho when I got to Midrand station and he came to fetch me. I asked him who wanted to see me and he told me it was his uncle from North-West. Apparently he wanted to see me before sending a letter to my folks. Hayi some Tswana people do things in a funny way. When we go to Mpho's house his uncle gave me one look and went:

"mchana, you are not paying lobola for this one. Find another one and then call us.....not this one"

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 375

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Most drinkers will agree with me when I say midweek turn ups are always lit. You get to experience drunkenness on fleek. My aim was not to get drunk when I went out to have a drink or two with Bheki. I just want to ease the stress I suffered because of the argument I had with Mpho about his friend. What started as one or two glasses of my favourite vodka made me end up sleeping in a house of a man I barely knew. Well, he wasn't a total stranger because I had seen him before but I would be lying if I said I knew him well. When you are at other people's house you don't just stand up and open the door when people knock. I wondered what the person wanted to apologise for, especially since the person talked about last night. I was with Bheki most of the night and I didn't remember seeing him beefing with any guy. I tried to wake Bheki again but nigger hardened his body. Some people deserve Honorary PhD in Sleepiology. The non-stop knocks were getting irritating. I decided to open the door. A familiar voice was at the door when I opened. It was one of the guys I saw at the party we threw at Dick's house. He seemed so shocked to see me there. He was like "uhh...did Mpho sleep here? You are Mpho's girl right?". I reluctantly said "yes" and he asked what I was doing at Bheki's house. I wanted to answer his question but my ancestors tied

my tongue. He asked if he could get in and I nodded. As soon as he was in the house Bheki started showing some life. Nigger woke up voluntarily. You would swear he wasn't the same guy who refused to wake up when I shook him. He went "eh boss, ufunani so early in the morning?". He didn't even recognize my presence. The guy was like "uhm....I I I came to apologise for not doing what you asked me to do last night but I see I came at the wrong time. What is Mpho's girlfriend doing in your house so early in the morning? Please don't tell me she is one of your victims". The word victim sounded so wrong. I went "do I look like a victims to you? Actually, I was about to leave. Bheki I will bring your car after 12". Nigger shook his head.

I asked him why he shook his head and he went "you can't use my car. I have to go fetch my girlfriend now". I could see he wanted me to beg him but I was not in a mood to do that. The other guy went "Bheki, what you did is very wrong. Mpho will never forgive you for this". His comment shocked Bheki and I. I didn't understand where he was going until he showed me two used condoms on the floor. I knew for sure the condoms were not used on me. Bheki probably used them before going to Mpho's house. Before Bheki could talk the guy went "I am not going to associate myself with people who don't respect their friends. Sleeping with Mpho's girlfriend is wrong at all levels dude. Mpho has always been there for us and this is how you thank him? You know what, I am out of this place and I will make sure Mpho knows about this". He stormed out of the house without hearing our side of the story. Bheki didn't seem to care. He was like "nxa this guy should have been a woman. He must just wear a G-string and wear it. I know he is not lying when he says he is going to tell Mpho". I took out my phone and called Uber. I didn't wanna hear more about Bheki and his friend's drama. Uber dropped me at Phillip Nel and I headed straight to bed. I was glad Marcus was at work when I got to the house. I was not in a mood for a company. As I was about to sleep my mom called. She said "your in-laws sent me an email this morning. They want to come next weekend for lobola negotiations. I was kinda surprised because I was under the impression that Mpho had changed his mind about us getting married. I told my mom I was not really sure if I wanted to continue with the so-called marriage. She went "if you know what is good for you the crab coming from your mouth will stop. I already have plans for your lobola money. Do you want to be a spinster like most of the girls around here?". My mom reminded me of Brenda from Greed and Desire. I told her I was joking. I said that to shut her up. I was not in a mood to argue with her.

Immediately after talking to my mom Mpho called. I pressed yes and asked what he wanted. I acted as if I didn't wanna talk to him but deep inside I was actually happy to hear from him. He went "I am very sorry about last night. Bheki called and explained everything that happened before I got to the house last night. I am very sorry I suspected you guys were doing something bad. Please forgive me. I promise I will never do what I did again". I told him I was glad he finally saw the light. He told me about the letter his family sent to my mom and I acted surprised. He told me he was happy we were going to get married. I told him the feeling was mutual. I took a very long nap after the call. I was woken up by a call from JT. She went "ntwana, why o le skaars nkare o good girl ko UJ? No man ntwana, I miss you big time. Zwakala this side. Ke tla o buyela wine or whatever you drink". I told her I would visit over the weekend because I had some school stuff to do. Luckily she understood. I studied until Marcus came back from work. I kinda missed him. Since Mpho came into the picture I hardly spent time with him. He asked me if I was really ready for marriage and I said yes. No one is born ready for anything. It's all about teaching your mind to adapt to it. What mattered most was the fact that Mpho loved me and would do whatever to ensure I am always happy. He went "maybe we should do a double wedding. I did tell you about your mom and I planning to get married right? Wouldn't it be nice to have a big wedding for two couples". I

didn't wanna answer that one. Just imagine my mother and I saying "I do" on the same day and at the same time. Marcus was smoking pot shem. I had an early night. The following two days I was dedicated to my books. I didn't anything to disturb me. The last thing I wanted in my life was to fail. I had wasted too much time at the fake nursing college. I wanted to complete my qualification and work. I wanted to make my own money. I knew Mpho would take care of me but a girl gotta have a plan B in case something happens. Depending on a man will show you flames the day things get bad in the relationship.

On Saturday morning Mpho called to tell me he wanted to take me out for breakfast. I told him Marcus and I were going to do grocery. He suggested that we do supper after 19h00 and I agreed. I actually wanted to visit JT. It had been ages since I spent some time with her. In fact, since Mpho and I became close I lost touch with many people. That's what love does to people. You end up seeing only your boo. I received a call from a 015-number. I wondered who it was calling me from Limpopo. When black people see a call from a landline the first thing they think is a job interview lol. I answered and it was a man with a Venda accent. He addressed me as a daughter-in-law. I asked him who he was and what he wanted. He went "it's Tshengi's uncle. I want to tell you that we will be having a ritual it's important that you come as our daughter-in-law. I will text you dates and details". I went "vho-mang-mang don't invite me to your crap. I want nothing to do with your family. Why don't you invite the goat that Tshengi left for me in his Will. Le tlwaela batho masepa maVenda ke lena". Nxa I was so pissed at him for urinating in my ears. Like who the F told them I wanted to be part of their stupid rituals? I took a shower and Marcus and I went grocery shopping. It's not easy doing shopping with men because they are always in a hurry. When you do shopping you must take your time. After shopping we had lunch and then headed home. I called JT to tell her I was coming and she told me she was in Hammaskraal chowing some hoe. Hayi bo JT mrena. I decided to go to Mpho's place in Midrand. I know I had said I would go to his place around 19h00 but there was no harm in going early. I didn't have anything to do since JT was busy with his hoes at Hammaskraal. I called Uber and it drove me to Midrand. When I got to Mpho's place I noticed there was a Ford Fiesta parked next to Mpho's car. I wondered who the car belonged to. I opened the door without knocking. There was a very beautiful girl sitting on the couch watching Trace. I greeted her and she greeted back. A moment of awkward silence followed. I wondered what she was doing in my man's house. She looked at me like she was trying to remember something. Then she dropped a bombshell....

"I knew your face was familiar. I saw your pictures in my baby daddy's phone. What are you doing here?"

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 377

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There is time in life that you tell yourself that your life should turn for the positive. When I met Mpho I knew my life was going to turn for the best. I felt it in my heart that I was ready to be someone's wife. I felt it in my heart that I should leave the life I used to live and prepare myself to be the most loyal and faithful wife ever. The last thing I expected was for people like Bheki to rock up out of nowhere and take me back to the life I used to live before I met Mpho. When Tsakani called Mpho's name I knew it was over with me. I knew there was no way Mpho was gonna forgive me after seeing me in action with Bheki. The stupid thing was Tsakani had warned me about Bheki. She told me that she fell pregnant with his baby while

she was in a relationship with another man. It was quite clear it was something he enjoyed doing. He preyed on his friends' girlfriends. Guys who do that will never see the gates of heaven. I was so disappointed in myself for allowing him to make me one of his victims. I felt weak and defeated. Before we could react to what Tsakani said she was like "I am kidding. Mpho is still snoring. Sharon how could you be so stupid thou? I warned you about Bheki and you still had the guts to go sleep with him. I know it's just a BJ but at the end of the day you are cheating on a very good man. Yaz if I want Mpho I can go share this info with him and he will drop the lobola negotiations? You are so stupid". I listened attentively as she gave me the tongue lashing. As much as I hated what she said she was right. Bheki was like "eish eish Tsakanithis is the reason our relationship never worked. You lack timing. You were sleeping and all of a sudden you wake up to disturb my things. Can't you go back to sleep?". Nxa he wasn't even contrite. Many players are jerks who only think for themselves. Instead of feeling bad he was sleeping with another man's woman he wanted to continue with his stupid things. I wanted to say something but didn't know what to say.

I stood up and walked back to the pool with a tail between my legs. I looked at Mpho and felt bad. He didn't deserve a hoe like me. I tried to wake him up but he was too drunk to communicate with me. I tried to carry him but he was heavy for me. It took me more than ten minutes to get him to stand up and walk. When we passed next to the garage I heard funny sounds. It was quite clear Tsakani was getting it all from Bheki and I was so jealous. When we got to the bedroom room Mpho released the mother of all pukes. I shouted "ag maan Mpho, I told you to stop drinking your stupid whiskey. Why didn't you drink my favourite vodka like everyone? Nxa I hate what you just did. Now I will have to clean your puke like you are a two year old. This is not fair". I helped him to walk to the bathroom to finish his puking. He puked for more than ten minutes and I had to stand there and help him. That is what love is all about right? After puking I helped him to wash his mouth. When he got to bed he passed out within two minutes. That is how drunk he was. I was lucky we were at the house. Imagine someone getting drunk like that at a club or party. I cleaned his mess as soon as he passed out. I heard footsteps from the lounge and went to check. It was Bheki and Tsakani walking like ghosts. When Tsakani saw me she went "Sharon, I don't know you but I am gonna tell you this. Don't let people like Bheki ruin the good thing you have with Mpho. He is rich, handsome and intelligent. You are very lucky to have a good man like him. Don't fall into the trap I fall into. Change your life before it's too late. Anyway, it's your life. Bheki and I are going back to our partners. We are sexually full...all we need is the warmth of our partners until we wake up in the morning". Imagine a hoe lecturing you on how to be a good girl. I felt like I had another Zee in my life. Many people think hoes are good at advising because they had seen it all.

I told them to leave because we wanted to sleep. Bheki wanted to sleep over but I didn't agree. I slept with a very sad heart. I kept looking at Mpho and feeling bad about what I did. I mean, blowing another man in his house was the highest form of disrespect.

Mpho woke up before me the following morning. He complained about the mother of all headaches. He asked me what happened the previous night and he told me he got drunk. He said "I know what I do when I am drunk and what happened last night is not it. Maybe someone spiked my drink". I think he made sense. Maybe Bheki spiked his drink because he wanted to sleep with me. Maybe that is how he got to get Tsakani pregnant. Some guys deserve to go to hell. I gave Mpho headache tablets and water. My head was very fine. You would swear I was sober the previous night. That is one of the reasons I liked about my favourite vodka. It never gave me a terrible hangover the morning after. He asked what time Bheki and Tsakani left and I said very late. Whenever he mentioned Bheki's name I felt like he

knew what we did. Guilty conscience was playing with my mind. We spent the whole day in bed. We didn't do anything because Mpho was sick. I asked him how much he was willing to pay for my lobola. He gave me the biggest smile ever and said "if it was up to me I would pay a million. You mean a lot to me. Maybe you don't know but since you came to my life I am always happy. You are that thing that was missing in my life". I couldn't help it but cry. I cheated on the very same man who was declaring his core love for me. He thought I was crying because he loved me. I went "I feel like I don't deserve you. I feel like you are a great man and deserve someone who is great like you. I feel like you are doing me a favour by marrying me". He wiped my tears and told me God made me for him. We cuddled and I felt safe and loved in his arms. We slept until 18h00. We only had light snacks for lunch. Mpho was a big fan of Date My Family and Our Perfect Wedding. I think he only got out of bed because he wanted to watch them. I prepared supper while watching Sunday things on TV. After eating he went "babe, I want a baby". I ignored him and he repeated it. "Babe, I said I want a baby. I think we should try harder. I don't see a reason we can't have a baby because we are getting married anyway," he said.

When a man is in a mission to make his copy there is little you can do to stop him. I told him we would talk after eating. Nigger stood up from the couch and came to the kitchen. He grabbed me from behind and kissed my neck and ears. Nothing excites a girl's body like neck and ear kisses. That is the reason a girl's neck and ears must be clean at all times. You don't want your man to taste expired salt when he tries to kiss you. Part of me thought of what I did with Bheki when Mpho kissed me. I was glad I lied to Bheki that I was on periods when he tried to invade my holy fountain. Mpho rubbed my tits and massaged me all over the body. I could feel his hard cock knocking on my back. I went "babe, let me finish cooking first my love. We will do it when I am done. I promise I will give it to you the way you want". It was like I gave him petrol to move forward like FNB. He pulled me from the stove and drove me to the couch. At that stage my underground structures were getting excited. When you love someone it is only natural for your body to react positively when they touch you. I was wearing a short skirt without undies. Nigger didn't waste time, he turned me around and made me support myself with the arm of the couch. He released his bazooka and directed it to the land of joy and happiness. I felt it tunneling the right places and corners of my wet punani. He went in nice and slow in a rhythmic manner. His thrusts were followed by sweet nothings from his mouth. I met him half way by strategically twerking the hell out of my fine bum. Doggy is God's gift to women. Women who don't love doggy should have their head examined. Doggy has powers to make you forget all your problems and only see the positives of this world. That is what I felt when Mpho rabazad me. I put one leg on the couch to maximize access and nigger went on a sexual rampage. He accelerated his thrusts and I felt like my vjayjay was about to go 'vaecation' with his cock. It was a bitter sweet taste that I was feeling inside me. When the Our Perfect Wedding presenter asked the newly-wed couple if it was their perfect wedding I found myself saying "yes yes yes yes yes yes yes ah ah ah ah ah oh no mmmmmh oh shaa shaa shhhhhhhh... oh la la!!!!". If your man's dick doesn't make you speak in tongues you should consider taking it to Cash Crusaders. Nigger made me come more than once. Conceiving from a good shag leads to beautiful kids. All these ugly kids you are a result of whack shagging. When Mpho roared like a lion I knew he was coming. I felt the warmth of his cum showering the right places in my joy pot. The way it was so nice I even lost the grip of the couch. My legs and bum were vibrating. He didn't pull out after coming, he let it stay inside for couple of minutes.

He went "I have a surprise for you".

Mmmmmhhhh.....Booomm!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 378

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

One of the things that made me believe Mpho and I were made for each other was the chemistry we shared during love making. Whenever we did it he took me to a place I have never been to. He touched me on places that sang sweet melodies to my heart. He made my heart melt with joy. In fact he made my whole body vibrate with happiness. Every girl deserves some happiness in her life. Mpho was always a source of my happiness. He was everything most girls dream about. What I liked more about him was the fact that he always tried to do things to put a smile on my face. That is something guys need to learn from Mpho. To us ladies a relationship is not about banging only, a lady wanna be pampered and strategically surprised. Mpho excelled at that game. I asked him what the surprise was and he went "I think your nanana was so good I got drunk. I shouldn't have told you now. Please be patient for few days and you will see your surprise. What I know is you will love it. You are my woman and my woman and my woman only deserves the best". I was dying to know the surprise but decided to apply my patience brakes. I went "okay my love. I will wait but please don't make me wait for the whole year because I will develop impatience". He thanked me for understanding. We sat on the couch naked. A dick looks all macho and militant when it's up. But the minute it comes and loses the hardness it becomes some funny worm. I looked at Mpho's soft cock and laughed. He hid it with a cushion. I asked him why he was hiding my meal and he laughed. Small things like that strengthen a relationship. Lovers must be friends that play and make fun of each. You can't be uptight when you are with your bae. Your bae ain't your primary school headmaster. I asked him if I could go back to the kitchen and he went "there is no better food than you my love. How about I eat you for supper?" Lol bae was such a pervert and I liked it. He wanted some more but I told him my vjayjay was still boiling from the A+ performance he gave me.

I finished cooking and dished for monna wa ka. He went "you are pampering me my love. Please continue like that when you officially move in as my dear wife". The mention of moving in painted my face with a huge smile. I couldn't wait to call that beautiful house in one of Midrand's posh suburbs mine. I told him I was looking forward to calling him hubby. After eating we showered together and then hit the bedroom. I wanted to sleep but nigger had other plans. He wanted some. I think he was taking the wanting a baby thing seriously. I told him I had a headache and he was like "my dick will heal it my love". Nigger was running his loving hands all over my body. It was difficult to say no to Mpho because he touched the right place. I loved how hard his cock was. It showed it was committed to the relationship. When a guy is falling out of love you can tell by the hardness of his dick, especially after the first round. If he really feels you his dick will remain hard until he passes out. Mpho said "babe, I know you are probably tired of hearing this everytime I am with you but I am gonna say it again. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever laid my lips on. Your beauty does not expire in my eyes and I know it will never expire. Whenever I look at you I feel like my eyes are reading a poem. God was not in a rush when he made you". His words went straight to my underground structures. He was proving more and more than he deserved it from all angles. I wanted to be on top of him but he told me to wait. He was kissing me all over as he said that. I whispered "I love you Mpho. I love you more than anything or anyone I have ever loved. The only space I have in my heart is for you. Promise you will love me forever". He responded by fondling my clit with his finger. I felt my temperature rising. My cookie was on the verge of overflowing like Vaal River after Dineo's visit. I wanted to scream louder but my

vocal cords could only afford to lend me a whisper. I screamed in silence. He was touching me the way I wanted to be touched. The chemistry in the bedroom was out of this world.

When he was done fingering me he disappeared in the sheets. Before I could send Khumbul'ekhaya search party, his head made a grand entrance between my thighs. Before I could send a shout out his tongue was playing chess on my clit. He licked it so nice I felt like the only people who existed in this world were the two of us. He licked me so great I recited all praise poems of the Letsoalo clan. Guys who don't muff their girls should be sent to hell with immediate effect. A muff is to a girl what a rat is to a cat. Niggers must stop being selfish and contribute to the happiness levels of their girls. Mpho made me come by just fingering and tonguing me. That is what I call a man who knows his way between the sheets. He was a proof that a girl doesn't need penetration to see heaven. He was not like those guys who will breathe on top of you few 60 seconds and still have balls to call themselves real men. When he was done romantically attacking my clit he got on top of me. My hunger for him was at advanced levels. Had he died before penetrating him I was gonna commit suicide. I had seen heaven by I still wanted to go to its VVIP. He penetrated from on top and I lost control of my limbs. He was not making love to me, nigger was fu3king the hell out of me. His thrusts were harder and faster and I enjoyed them. I stretched my legs wider to make thing easier for him. Guys who know how to make a girl come deserve a full stretch. If you can't make your girl come in the bedroom then you better make sure you make her bank balance come. If you can't do both....well, my brother....you don't deserve erection. We changed the style to side-by-side with my one leg elevated. I put it at 90 degrees. He f3cked me until my body froze with sweat all over it. Lol he shagged me so good my body broke all norms of biology. When his time to come came nigger grabbed my leg like it wanted to flee to Windhoek in Namibia. He roared like the king of the jungle and I meowed like a cat after seeing fresh milk. To say I was not happy would be a big lie in front of the Lord. When he withdrew my vjayjay went 'bbrrrrrrrr pfu pfu bbrrrrr'.

After the session I was so happy and exhausted. The only thing I wanted was to sleep. I passed out in his arms. I had nice dreams only that night. The following morning I woke up with a huge smile on my face. I told Mpho I wanted to leave. We took a shower together and he gave me the last round for the road. After showering he gave me the C63 key and told me to bring it back on Thursday. He also gave me his petrol card and one of his bank cards. His words were like honey to my ears. A real man takes care of his woman. It is there in the Bible. Men who don't take care of their women will not see the gates of heaven. Before I left he reminded me that his family would be heading to Limpopo on Saturday for lobola negotiations. I smiled because I knew it was going to be a great week for me. I hit the C63 and headed to Phillip Nel. I changed clothes and headed to TUT. I wanted every hoe to see I was driving the real Vvrrrr Phaaaah. Imagine getting chowed for cheap weave from Small Street while bo Shaz gets chowed for C63. Levels my love!!!! Malapa ga a lekane. We will never be equal. Some girls get chowed for a mere kota and a 500ml of Spar Letta Crème Soda. That week was very fast. Maybe it's because I was always happy. Mpho called me on Thursday morning to tell me he was going to East London for some business meeting. So I didn't have to take the car back. It was like he knew I loved the beast. Even Marcus was jealous. On Friday morning Marcus told me we were heading to Limpopo to wait for Mpho's family. I asked him why he wanted to go with me and he went "because I am your father damn it". Lol I almost told him Piet was 6 feet underground. Mpho called to tell me he was back and to bring back the car because he wanted to drive his family to Ga-Kgapane. I asked him to give me an hour or so and he understood. I took a quick bath and changed into jeans and a t-shirt. From the upstairs window I could see some BMW 3 Series out the gate. Within few minutes seconds Marcus told me there was someone looking for me. I rushed

downstairs to check who was looking for me. It was some guy wearing an expensive looking suit. I greeted him and he nodded. I asked what he wanted from me and he opened a briefcase and handed me some paper.

I looked at the paper andoh noooooooooo

WTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 379

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

God blesses us in different ways at different times in different areas. That was something I learned after meeting my Mpho. After everything that I had been thru in my life the last thing I expected was a man who would love and care for me the way Mpho cared. I never saw myself as someone who deserved the love I was getting. I always thought my destiny was to be a permanent side chick whose only role in life was to help bored and stressed husbands. This should be a lesson to other girls who feel the way I used to feel about myself. Be patient, your time will come. God works in mysterious ways. I don't know if I was shocked or excited. After the call with Mpho the last thing I was expected was a present. I mean, he told me to bring back his car. He didn't say anything about buying me a 3-Series. I didn't even like 3-Series because I always viewed it as a boy car. I wanted a 1-Series. I asked the suit guy "are you sure you are in the right place? My man didn't say anything about buying me a car. This must be some kind of a mistake". The guy told me he was 100% sure he was at the right address. He asked me to sign the paper because he wanted to leave. Marcus was also shocked. He went "this is a sign that we must charge his family a big amount. It is quite obvious that he had lots and lots of money. What kind of a man buys his girlfriend such an expensive car on the eve of lobola negotiations? Your uncles must know about this". I signed the paper and the man led me to the car. It was a brand new blue BMW 3-Series. I touched it and found myself crying. I got inside and there was an envelope and a box of chocolates on one of the seats. Like a typical girl I opened the chocolate box first and helped myself to them. The suit guy told me his job was done and that he was leaving. I parked the car in front of the garage. Marcus was happy for me but I could see he had reservations. Mpho called to remind me to bring the car. He didn't say a thing about the BMW.

I decided to check the note I found in the envelope. It was written "Hello gorgeous. I just learned that the boy from Midrand is taking things to the next step. I don't think he is the right guy for you. He is not a man enough for you. He claims to be rich but he is not. I am the guy with money and I can take care of you. What kind of a rich person proposes in Sun City? You deserve more than that. I would have proposed in Dubai or Paris. I want to marry you. I can pay 10 times the lobola he wants to pay. I can buy you a house in Sandton or any place you want. You'll get the papers when we meet. Pull out before you regret your decision. Mpho is not stable in the head. He is using you as a rebound. Did he tell you how he almost committed suicide after the break up to his ex? Do the right thing. Yours in millions and love, X". That is how he signed the note, X. I didn't know anyone by the name of X. My relationship with Mpho was only known by our close friends and relatives. My excitement about the Beemer turned into confusion. I sat in the car for five minutes not knowing what to do next. I kept wondering who X was. I tried to think of possible suspects but my brain hit a zero. I called Mpho with the aim of telling him what happened but hung up before the phone could ring. I didn't know how to break it to him. I couldn't even tell Marcus because I knew how he was going to react. Marcus was strict. I knew he was gonna force me to take the car to the

cops. I didn't even have contact details of the guy that dropped the car. Mpho called again to ask how far I was. I told him I was on my way. I could feel he was getting impatient. I got out of the car and told Marcus I was going to drop Mpho's car at Midrand. He told me to make it fast because we had a long way to go. The drive to Midrand was very long and heavy to me. The mysterious BMW man who wanted to marry me made my brain work overtime. The more I thought about it was the more I got confused.

When I got to Midrand Mpho was pissed. He asked why I took forever and I apologised. I asked "Mpho, do you love me? Are you doing this out of love or you are just using me as a rebound? I know how hurt you were about your break up to your ex". I think my question caught him by surprise. He was not expecting it. He looked at me like he was he expecting me to retract my question. He went "what kind of a question is that? After everything we have been thru why this question? Have I ever given you a reason to doubt my commitment you? Have I ever given you a reason to doubt my love? Where does my ex fit in here? Is there something you are hiding from me? If there is, please tell me now before it's too late. I deserve to know". His 100 questions did nothing to help me with the situation I was in. I told him I just wanted to be sure he was marrying me for right reasons. I lied of course. What I said was triggered by the blue present I received. I mean, a person that gives you a new BMW as a present is definitely loaded. From the note I detected that X knew Mpho and he was someone who knew about our relationship. Part of me wanted to postpone lobola negotiations to meet Mr X. I wanted to know if he was someone worth leaving Mpho for. Mpho was cute, loving and rich but you know what they say, there is always someone better than what you have out there. I wanted to meet the guy who bought me my first car. Mpho was like "okay, I understand you babe. I know this is a big step for you but you have nothing to worry about. I love you and will do everything in my power to make sure you are always happy. After this lobola thing we are going to have the wedding of the century. After the wedding we are jetting off to a secret location for our honeymoon. Isn't that enough to convince you I am serious about us?". I apologised for doubting him. I told him Marcus was waiting for me at my crib. He called an Uber for me. We did our goodbyes and I left.

When I got to Phillip Nel Marcus was waiting impatiently for me. Luckily my bag was already packed. Marcus asked if I wanted to use my new car and I said no. I couldn't take the risk. I couldn't drive the car that I got from a mysterious man. I didn't have relevant papers. He made it clear that I would get papers when we meet. I wasn't even sure if I wanted to meet him. We used Marcus' X5 to drive to Limpopo. Mpho called to tell me he was approaching Hammaskraal. I was excited and nervous at the same time. It wasn't the first time I was faced with lobola situation but I was dead nervous. Part of me told me Mpho and I were moving fast and the other part told me he was moving fast because he loved me. We were in Ga-Kgapane within four hours. My mom was so excited to see us. Selfie's mom was like "Oh my God...my son is grows up. alililililili.... Tswang tswang tswang, ngwana o tshwana le lecoloured. My son please be public". I didn't understand what she meant but I said thanks. I asked my mom why she erected a stretch tent. She told me she wanted neighbours to know there was something big going on. Hayi government employees and showing off thou, especially nurses and teachers. I wanted to tell her it was not necessary but knew I wouldn't win that battle. Some old distant relative led me to my mother's bedroom. She told me I was not supposed to be seen until after lobola negotiations. I didn't understand why I had to hide. Some cultures are just unnecessary to women. I wasn't even allowed to go get some fresh air outside. I felt like a victim of my success. Well, marriage is success in some quarters of our society. Some old woman whom I had last seen at my father's funeral joined me in the bedroom. She lectured me about marriage for more than 2 hours. I know old people are wise and all that but marriage in 21st century ain't what it used to be donkey's years ago. I

pretended to be listening but deep inside I couldn't wait for her to finish talking and leave me in peace. As soon as she left Selfie's mom entered the bedroom. She gave me a white envelope and told me she got it from some guy outside the gate. It was addressed to me. I opened the envelope and there was a blank cheque and a note written:

"This is your last chance to take my offer. I drove all the way to Limpopo for you"

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 381

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Eish... That was the first word that visited my brain when I heard the bang. The first person I thought of was Mpho. I remembered that mysterious guy's warning that Mpho and I would never get married. I couldn't help it but think something bad had happened to my bae. The thought of his car getting bombed made me wanna fly over the roof and go check what happened. When I heard people screaming outside I knew something went down. Black people can scream louder than sirens when an accident or explosion happens. I couldn't go outside because the in-laws were still there. I immediately called Mpho and his phone rang unanswered. I started panicking. I couldn't see the street from the bedroom I was in. I decided to go to the lounge to have a good view of the street. The car Mpho was in was still in one piece but there was no one inside. I called again and still my calls were not answered. One of the old ladies who were negotiating entered the house. She spoke in my native language of Xhosa that I should go back to the bedroom because I was not supposed to see my in-laws. I told her that I had already met some of them in Joburg and she went "so what? Go back to the bedroom before something bad happens". I asked her what happened outside the gate and she told me there was an accident between two cars. I asked what kind of cars and she described them. I asked if Mpho was safe and she told me I had nothing to worry about. Problem is when you are in Limpopo and something great is happening or about to happen to you, you can't expect your neighbours to be happy for you. I know of a neighbour who once got poisoned on her wedding day. Instead of saying "I do" she said "I die". Those were the last words she ever uttered. We have so many creatively jealous people that side of the world. Zulus should not even try to judge us because Isibaya has showed us how they roll. Instead of unleashing a lightning like my neighbours in Giyani they just turn you into a Zulu robot aka mkhovu. I was glad my Mpho was safe. Part of me believed the accident was supposed to happen to him but God was with us. Hallelujah.....

Mpho called me after 15 minutes to tell me he was busy trying to get help for people who got involved in the accident. He told me one of the victims was a heavily pregnant woman. You know a man will take care of you when he gets touched when something bad happens to a pregnant woman. A man that offers no help to a pregnant woman who needs help will not go to heaven. He went "Apparently your mom has organized drinks and food for my family. So there will be a mini nyana party which I am allowed to be part of only if I will behave. Lol can you believe it my love? You guys do things differently this side of the world". I told him my mom was not very big on those old-fashioned cultures and stuff. Well, my mom was a typical civil servant. She was caught between culture and modern living. I think that is one of the reasons it took her less than a month to sleep with another man after my dad died. Normally in my culture a woman must wear black and abstain from bedroom sports for a year after the death of her husband. What surprises me is the fact that the same cultural line does not apply to men. Men do not have to wear black for the whole year. Ja neh,

the world is unfair to women. I told Mpho to feel free because my mom was a very sweet woman. After talking to Mpho I updated a status on Facebook. "This girl is worth R85k. I am done playing with boys. I am officially someone's wife from today. Issa good day for me and my family". One guy commented "your mom is the luckiest woman on earth. After getting a million life cover benefit after your dad's death she gets another cash injection? I wanna visit the sangoma she uses". We all have that Facebook friend that is not scared to use their mouth to do the job of the hole between their buttlips. I was not in a mood to entertain his type so I blocked him. He was just jealous he couldn't afford to pay that amount for lobola. Some people deserve to have PhD in Bitterology. I didn't wanna let him or anyone spoil my big day. I was finally getting married.

My mom came to the bedroom wearing the biggest smile on her face. She went "I saw my new son. He is such a hunk and humble. He appears like someone who respects grown-ups. He couldn't even maintain eye contact with me. I give you 10/10 with that one. You remind me of my days when I was still Makoma wa senakanwedi. All cute boys wanted me. I don't even know how I ended with Piet. Marcus was m.....uhm!!! Do you know how much they paid for you?". I told her I didn't know because I was not part of the negotiations. Truth of the matter was I was angry at the way she spoke about my father. She told me about the lobola amount and I pretended to be happy. She told me how she was going to use the money to go on holiday in Namibia or Lesotho. My mom loved money more than anything on earth. I think she loved money more than my little brother and I. Someone knocked at the door and I told them to get in. It was Selfie's mom. She went "your friends Jockey is seeing for you?". I asked her who Jockey was and she went "friends of girls but boys in the one". I added one and one and learned she was probably talking JT. I told her to let 'Jockey' in. As expected it was JT. I went "JT, wow...what are you doing here?". I gave her a hug and kiss on the lips. My mom greeted JT and left the bedroom. I think she wasn't impressed with the kiss. You know how some black parents struggle with the issue of homosexuality. JT went "Ntwana, you know ne nka o se o tlogele ba o trowa ke se teng. I had gore ke shape dry ke tlo o wishetsa best of luck in person. Waitsi gore ke pelo ya ka e pompa dinanone ka wena. Wangverstana mos (I couldn't let you get married in my absence. I had to come wish you all the best. You know I love you. Do you understand?". Wow she made me so emotional. She came without me officially inviting her. She was one in a million. I told her everything was done and dusted and all that was left was for me to officially move in with Mpho. She gave me high five. She went "ka mmao, difebe di nyalwa left right and centre (for real, hoes are getting married)". I never thought I would live to see this day. Gape wena o jelwe thata Ntwana. Entlilk we should name kuku ya gago Orlando Pirates (you know you got chowed a lot. We should name your punani Orlando Pirates)". We cracked at her lame joke.

She told me she was not alone. I asked her who she was with and she told me the guy I met at the party we once went to. It took me some minutes to remember who she was talking about. She was talking about the guy who once offered me an envelope full of diamonds. I asked what she was doing with him in Limpopo and she told me he was doing some business in Limpopo so she tagged along. She asked why I was asking many questions and I told her not to mind. I was actually thinking JT's friend was the mysterious guy. It made sense. The day we were at his house he promised to buy me whatever I wanted. He had similar characteristics as the mysterious guy. I wanted to tell JT about the mysterious presents and messages but my heart thought otherwise. I didn't want her to warn the guy I knew his secret. I told JT that I wanted to make a very important call in private. As soon as she left I called Mpho and asked who he was suspecting about the stuff I told him the previous day. He went "I told you not to worry about that problem. It has been sorted. That person will never call you again. And babe, I can't talk now. I am not comfortable doing ups

and downs here. I am an in-law remember? I will only talk or see you when your family allows me to". I told him it was cool and hung up. I called JT to come back to my bedroom. I asked her to give me her friend's number. She went "sies ntwana!!!! Mpho just paid lobola for heaven's sake. At least emela probation period ya lobola e fele before you ferbenza again (wait for the lobola probation to end before you whore around again). Ja neh, once a hoe always a hoe kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". Because those words came from JT I was not offended. I knew she was a crazy daughter of a hoe. I begged her until she gave me the number. I called the guy and went "Hi. This is Sharon. I hear you are around my crib. Are you the one who bought me a car?". He sounded shocked by what I said. It was at that moment that I realized I might have made a mistake. I apologised and hung up. JT asked what was going and I told her nothing. I was only allowed to go outside for couple of minutes. I didn't even get to see my man. On my way back to the house some old woman who didn't stay far from my crib handed me a R200 note to congratulate me. I thanked her and headed to my bedroom. Within 15 minutes I got dizzy and started sweating terribly.

My eyes shut automatically and

WTF....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 382

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There are some things that you read in the Daily Sun and you tell yourself "ag this is madness. There is no way this can happen". The only time you will believe it can happen is when it happens to you or someone close to you. My uncle once vomited a live termite. No one believed the story when we told them because they thought it was impossible for a human being to have a live termite in the stomach. Had I not witnessed him vomiting the termite, it was going to be difficult for me to believe it. I think the reason they wanted me to stay in the house was they knew I was not safe from neighbours. Those thoughts were running thru my mind as I watched my eyes losing their ability to effect sight. Within few minutes everything was dark in front of me. The R200 note I got from the gogo was still in my hand. I remembered how jealous people in my neighbourhood were. I knew the gogo was dangerous but never thought I was on her list of victims. I actually thought she liked me because she always referred me to as "my child". I knew my temporary blindness had everything to do with her because I only went blind after getting that moola from her. I couldn't even see the screen on my phone. Everything was 100% dark at that stage. I screamed "mama mama mama mama mama mama.....please come help me". The music from outside was very loud. I think my mom didn't hear me scream. I tried to walk thru the passage to the lounge. I heard footsteps in the house. I asked who it was and the voice I heard sounded familiar. It was the gogo that gave me money. I wondered what she was doing it in the house without my mom. My mother never trusted her. She had a reputation in our neighbourhood. She went "I was coming for you in the bedroom. I know what you are going thru and I am the only person who can help you. If you don't take my offer you will be blind forever". I wanted to scream but my heart told me to wait for her offer. My thinking was if she made me blind she was capable of making me see again. She went "I want your womb. If you let me take your womb you will see again".

That was some scary crab. The last time I heard someone talking about taking another person's womb was in some Nigerian movie. I didn't believe those people existed in real life. I screamed so loud I heard footsteps running to the house. When I heard my mom's voice I

felt safe. She asked what was going on and I told her everything. I think the gogo had disappeared at that stage. She told everyone to get out of the house. I asked if Mpho was there and she told me he was outside with members of his family and my uncles. She took me to her bedroom. She went "this old woman went too far this time. They failed to take my womb and now they want to take yours because you are getting married to a rich man. They will regret the day they messed with my family". I asked her who was 'they' and she told me all her neighbours were jealous of her. I didn't want to believe what she was saying but the situation I was in made me believe. She asked me where the R200 note was and I told her it was in the other bedroom. I asked her to call Mpho for me. She told me Mpho was not allowed in the bedrooms but because there was a situation she would allow him. I wondered if he heard me scream. My mom left the bedroom for few minutes and when she came back I sensed she was not alone. Mpho's voice went "what happened?". My mom explained everything to him. He was like "oh to the forken no... We will have to leave for Jozi now. I know the best optometrist in South Africa. We need to take her there now. We can't take chances". Mpho was making it obvious that he never stayed in Limpopo. Some things do not need Western intervention. African ills cannot be cured using Western ways. My mom managed to convince Mpho that the problem was bigger than what he thought. She told him she was a nurse and that she knew very well that no optometrist would be able to help me. She told Mpho that the only help we could find was in Venda.

My mom told her what happened and she went "is it the gogo wearing a red hat? Ke bone fela gore ke moloi dae gogo. Bona neh, ka zwakala nou. Ko deala ka dae gogo for once and for all. People like her give Limpopo a bad name". My mom tried to stop JT but Mpho told her to leave JT alone. I think Mpho wanted some revenge. I so wished to see his face. I felt sorry for him. Imagine your new wife going blind on the day that you paid lobola. My mom and Mpho draw a plan to take me to Venda. I didn't want my in-laws to see me in the state I was in. So Mpho went outside to his folks to leave. He told me he explained everything to his father. As soon as they left my mom and Mpho helped me to walk to the car. I tried not to look blind but it was not easy. We used my mom's car because Mpho's family took his car. Mpho sat with me at the backseat. At some stage I heard him crying. My mom told him to be strong for me. We drove to some village called Tshaulu in Venda. My mom had already made five calls telling the prophet we were on our way. What surprised me was my mother's obsession with Venda prophets. My hood had sangomas and prophets but my mom preferred the ones from Venda. Maybe she knew something I didn't know. The prophet was ready when we got there. As expected he was wearing a white coat with many rainbow ropes all over his body. Mpho's silence told me he was shocked by everything my family was exposing him to. But when you are desperate you do whatever you are told without asking questions. The prophet took his bag and told us to follow him. Nigger was walking barefoot. My mom asked if we weren't going far and he said no. Mpho had to hold my hand because I was blind. I was expecting a few minutes' walk. But nigger made us walk until my ass got spicy hot. We walked until we reached some river called Luvuvhu. I don't understand why he made us walk because there was a car. When we got to the river he mixed some creepy things, salt and water. He rubbed them on my eyes while praying. When Vendas pray they sound like they pray in tongues automatically.

We spent almost 30 minutes at the river. When he was done he told us to leave without him. My Mpho went "this should be called Survivor Venda. Damn I have never been thru something like this. I love this place thou. For you I will walk to the Himalayas my love". I so wished to see his face when he said that. Luckily my mom had a very good memory. We didn't get lost on our way back to the prophet's house. To my surprise we found the prophet eating pap and stinkbugs when we got to his place. Well, that's what my mom told me. The

prophet gave me water and powder and instructions on how to use them. We didn't waste time. We drove straight home. Mpho was the one driving because my mom was tired. It was already dark when we got to my place. As soon as I set my foot in the eyes I miraculously got my eyesight back. I could see everything and everyone in front of me. The joy on Mpho's face was priceless. He was crying. He went "I am sorry Mrs Letsoalo, we are not sleeping here. We are leaving. I cannot take any chances. Please allow me to leave with her". He didn't even want me to leave his sight. I think he thought I was gonna go blind again. As soon as my mom agreed he called someone to come fetch us. I was glad all uncles and aunts were gone. It was just Marcus, Selfie's mother and some lady. I was not ready to answer hundred questions. I didn't even know where my phone was. I asked Mpho to lend me his phone. I wanted to call JT to check where she was. She told me she was in Venda with that friend of hers. I asked her what she was doing in Venda and she told me that guy said he was busy with some businesses. The whole thing sounded wrong. There was something dodgy about JT's friend. I felt as if he was stalking me. As soon as Mpho's car arrived I packed my little things and we left. I asked Mpho how he was feeling and he said we would talk when we get to Midrand. Just after we passed Polokwane Mpho's phone rang. He looked very worried as he was talking.

After the call he went "we have to go back to your hood urgently".

WTF...

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 384

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

There are many evil people out there. Some of them draw happiness from sadness of other people. The more they make other people's lives a living hell is the more they get emotional and psychological satisfaction. Those kinds of people will go at all length to make sure you do not have peace of mind in your life. I really don't understand why would a normal person rejoice on other people's misery. Maybe they are not normal. No normal person can sleep at night knowing some child out there is going thru hell because of them. We live in a mafarathattha world I am telling you. Seeing a dead cat in front of our kitchen door almost sent me to heaven prematurely. A cat is not just a cat in our black culture, especially a black one. Most of us believe that a black cat is used for night duties. The one in front of me was worse because it was bloodied. It was quite clear that someone was sending a clear message to us. It's time like that that you ask yourself "where is God when I need Him most?". I felt like God was failing me. I didn't understand why I had to go thru such crab at my age. I was just a young girl trying to find happiness in my life. Mpho was my happiness and I didn't understand such evil drama in my life. Mpho came running. I couldn't move because my legs were frozen. He had a baseball bat in his hand. When did a baseball bat become a weapon mara? He asked "what is wrong my love?". I couldn't even point at the dead cat in front of me. My fingers were frozen. I was terrified. I was scared. Luckily Mpho saw it. He went "what the hell? Who the heck threw this thing here? No no no no no this is going too far now". He gently walked me to the lounge. He sat me on the couch and gave me a glass of water. He went "I will call the security guards or cleaners to come take that thing and throw it away. Whoever threw it in my yard has serious beef with me. I don't have time for this crap nxa". Ja private schools are very dangerous. There I was thinking about the best sangomas in town to investigate the cat and Mpho thought it was a mere 'beef'.

Typically, a black person would freak out after seeing a bloodied cat. My Mpho was more

pissed than freaked. I went "babe, there is something I didn't tell you. I have been getting funny calls. Last night I got another one while you were busy in the study. The person told me he wanted to marry me and that he would do whatever it takes to achieve his goal. I think he wants to kill you". Mpho didn't look disturbed by what I told him. Instead of getting worried he told me he wanted to make a call to his father. Cheeseboys are daddy's girls. He made a call to his father and explained everything that happened. They spoke for more than an hour. He even went outside. That's how deep their conversation was. He looked very strained after the call. He went "my father and uncle will sort everything. I will speak to the security guards at the gate to have their eyes open at all times. We won't take any risks. About going to school, I will have to drop and fetch you everyday. You are my wife now. It is my duty to protect you". He was right. A man must protect his family. To my surprise, I never received any funny calls from the mysterious guy. Two days after the black cat matter I received a call from Marcus who was back from Limpopo to tell me that the guy who dropped the car came to fetch it. It sounded like a script from a movie. When I called JT to ask about her friend she told me his phone had been off for two days. She went to his place and there was no one there. I asked Mpho what he did to stop the mystery calls I was getting. He went "my dad has money. When you have money you can do miracles with it. All I can say is you and I will never be bothered by anyone going forward. From Monday I will personally drive you to school". I don't wanna lie, I was relieved. I was also happy that no one suspected my mom of any wrongdoing regarding the gogo's death. Everything was back to normal in my life and I had Mpho to thank for that. We spent the whole week indoors. It was one of the best weeks in my life. I loved Mpho's dick. I enjoyed talking to him.

True to his word, he drove me to school on Monday. He wanted to make sure I was safe. He dropped me at TUT and then drove to work. He told me to text him an hour before my last class ends. He didn't want to be late. I told him not to rush because I wanted to spend some time in Marcus. I wanted to discuss the issue of permanently moving to Mpho's place with Marcus. I knew lobola was paid and everything but it was only fair to show some respect to a man who gave me shelter for free. When I got to his office he appeared very busy. His face beamed with happiness when he saw me. He went "you look all mature hey. Marriage life is good for you". I smiled and thanked him. I told him about my plans to move out and he gave me his blessings. He went "I really wanted us to do things according to our tradition but the situation back at home was not fine. All you need to do is to talk your mother and then you are free to go". I didn't care much about culture and stuff at that stage. All I wanted was to move in with a man who paid lobola for me. I was not a Letsoalo anymore. Mpho called to tell me he was on his way. I think he didn't feel safe with me being alone. I told Marcus I would go straight to the house to fetch my clothes and other stuff. Mpho and I drove to Marcus' house. I took all my clothes. It was an emotional affair for me. I was leaving the place I called home for months. The house had so many memories for me. I remembered how I did the do with Marcus. I remembered how I threw a party for my friends. I remembered how Pulane and Zee slept with Marcus right under my nose. Life is so funny. The man who acted as a father to me was dating my mom. The very same man slept with my friends. No wonder we are not getting enough rain. God is angry at the world. After taking all my stuff we headed to our house. I was both happy and sad. Sad about leaving my old life and happy I was starting a new one. Only few married or divorced people talk nicely of marriage. The rest will tell you 9-9 that marriage is not pap and vleis.

On our way to Midrand Mpho asked if I had given the date of our wedding a thought. I told him I had not and he went "you need to find a wedding planner as soon as possible. We have to wed next month. We don't have a reason to wait, do we?". I shook my head. I started fantasizing about my wedding day. I wanted the best wedding ever. I told him I would start

searching for a wedding planner the following day. When we got to the house I went to the balcony to have a view of the golf course. I remembered the bad old days when I used to think having a one bedroom flat in Sunnyside was the ish. I remembered how landlords used to lock the doors because one delayed paying rent by two days. There I was standing on the balcony of a beautiful house I called mine. God will bless you when you least expect. I couldn't wait to boast to all hoes who thought my life would end on the streets. I so wished Maite was still alive to see me so happy. She would probably die of jealousy. Mpho came to join me at the balcony with a glass of wine and vodka for himself. Yes, my man was drinking my favourite vodka. I think he gave me wine because he wanted to have some that night. He made it clear that he wanted to have a baby with me. When you are married to a man who wants baby condom becomes a taboo. He kissed me and said "I love you my wife". A man can call you all sorts of things – from babe to chocolate but nothing beats hearing your man calling you "my wife". I was so wowed when he said that. I went "I love you too my husband. You are the best thing in my life right now". We had a 5 minutes kiss right by the balcony. I wished there was someone to capture the moment for us. We put our glasses down and headed to the garage. At first I thought he wanted us to go for a drive. It was only when I looked at his pants that I realized he wanted to do things married people do. I was like "ah babe, in the garage? Why here?". He shyly said "you are my wife now. We will do it everywhere. This is our house. We must shag everywhere". I loved the sound of his words. My bae was so kinky. "Should I take my clothes off?" I asked him playfully.

"Mpho, Mpho, Mpho wee....." a female voice called.

Nxa WTF!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 385

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I was kinda getting used to people disturbing. Sometimes I don't blame couples that choose to stay far away from relatives after getting married. Relatives can be a pain in the backside sometimes. They have a tendency of rocking up at the wrong time for no sensible reason. Do you know how painful the pain of being disturbed when you are about to visit heaven? It's not nice bana ba ntate. I had just moved in at Mpho's house. We were that young couple that needed to do crazy things without worrying about people disturbing us. I got so pissed off when I heard the voice of Mpho's stepmother. I actually thought she was dead or something. Mpho told me not to say a word. He whispered "I am not letting you out of this garage before we shag. This is your welcome party babe". Lol I loved how naughty hubby was. Mpho's stepmother's voice was followed by Dick's dirty comments. He went "I know my son, he's probably in the garage chowing that Limpopo girl. Mfanaka o rata marago like his father". Lol Dick was such a dick. You would swear those words didn't come from an adult. I wondered what they wanted at my house without an invitation. I told Mpho to tell his parents to make arrangements before visiting us. He didn't even pay attention to what I said. He took off my clothes and turned me around. There was no time for foreplay because we thought his parents might spoil the party. Anyway, who needs foreplay when she is ready? That would be like forcing a very drunk person to drink more booze. I went "babe wa rasa....i don't want your dad to hear us". Mpho's breathing was a bit noisy. I put my hands on two buckets that were in the garage and bent it like a pornstar. Mpho entered it nice and slow. As soon as his dick was wet all over its body he started going fast. I loved the rhythmic sound of pha pha pha pha pha pha pha my butt made when he hit hard thrusts. Skinny girls will not know it

because theirs is like a hammer hammering a hard nail. I felt Mpho's dick hitting the right place the right way. At that stage I didn't give a crap about his father coming to check us in the garage. I was on cloud something. Mpho was doing me well.

We did it for 6 minutes and 53 seconds. I came twice in that short space of time. That's how great the chemistry was between us. As we grow we get to learn that for a girl to come it's not solely the responsibility of a guy, a girl must play part in her coming. You cannot put yourself in an offside position during sex and expect to score a legitimate goal. Sex is not an NGO mrena. You must work for your own happiness. I got dressed and like Bonnie and Clyde we walked together to the lounge. His father had his own key. We found them sitting on the couch watching repeat of Parliament on channel 408. Dick went "should I buy you a new bed? This thing of competing with cars in the garage is not on. What kind of a baby are you gonna make? A VVRRR PHAAAAhhhhh!!!!?" Lol my father-in-law had jokes for years. It was embarrassing to hear him say those words but funny. Mpho told him we were busy fixing the garage door. My mother-in-law didn't look impressed. It was like she wished to be me. Mxm bitter hoe. It was not my fault she chose to marry and old sick man. Dick told me they came to welcome and give me my present. He had car keys in his hand. At first I thought he was going to hand them to me. He offered me an envelope. It was a holiday voucher for Mpho and I. We thanked daddy for spoiling us. I was so lucky to have an in-law like him. Other daughters-in-law get mothers-in-law like Meiki as their wedding present. I prepared food for them. I wanted to show them I was not going to starve their son. Only few girls from Limpopo suck in the kitchen. We are taught to cook from our early teens. We are not like those girls whose food look like mud mixed with sponge. After cooking I dished up for them and waited for compliments with a bated breath. Mpho was the first one to compliment my fish. If your man is happy about your food what other people say has no weight. If my man is happy everyone is automatically happy. Dick told me my food reminded him of Mpho's mother. His wife was like "babe, can we please stop talking about dead people". Mxm that was so insensitive. How do you get insecure with someone who's dead?

After eating, Dick and his stupid wife left. Mpho was like "at last. I will never like my father's wife. I know she doesn't love him. She is probably waiting for him to die so she can inherit his wealth. Hope my dad has a good Will". When your man says such things you must not be quick to celebrate. He might be thinking the same about you behind your back. I told him he should respect his father's wishes. Hubby helped me to wash the dishes. It's small things like washing dishes that help to build a strong relationships. After washing dishes we unpacked the rest of my things from the car and packed them in the house. There was enough space for 4 people in our walk-in closet. He helped me to hang and pack my clothes and shoes. The closets had colour-coded 'His' and 'Hers' sides. I wondered who he had in mind and he made 'Hers'. We were so tired after doing everything. He ran a bath for us and we chilled in there for over an hour. I ended up falling asleep in warm water. I was woken up by his toe playing with my vjayjay. My man was a pervert of note. He couldn't stay away from my pussy. He treated it like his new toy. I slept like a baby that night. I was so tired I didn't want anything. In the morning he wanted to drive me to TUT again but I begged him not to because it was not necessary. After arguing for 10 minutes I won. He told me to use his C63. I promised I will give him a call should I feel my life was in danger. The way he was so worried about me you would swear I was made of diamond. I drove to school in style. It was not the first time driving it but felt like it was. I always got that zh zh zh zh feeling whenever I drove that car. It was the kinda car that made Polo Vivo driving students feel like car guards whenever I parked next to them. And oh yeah, I loved the attention. I loved how my haters spread rumours that I was dating a 70 year old rich white man. When black people don't know the source of your success they will make it up for you. That's how we roll.

I attended all classes for the day with ease. My mind was very sharp that particular day. Mpho texted every hour to check if I was fine. I kept telling him I was okay but that never stopped him from texting me. I think he just missed his wife. After all my classes I got a call from someone I didn't expect, Ronny Ramokgopa aka RR. It was so great to hear from a long lost friend of mine. He went "sharp sharp you are skaars like bacon in Moria. Why are you playing hide and seek with my heart or whatsoever?". Lol I told him marriage was keeping me busy. He knew I was married because it was all over social media. He told me he was around Pretoria and was wondering if I could see him. He wanted to show me his new car. I was glad he upgraded from the Blue Machine. I told him we can meet at House 22 for late lunch. I was craving pork legs. He reminded me that his church didn't allow him to eat pork but for me he would eat anything. I called Mpho to tell him I was going to have late lunch with a friend in Sunnyside. He was concerned about my safety and security but ended up giving me a Visa after minutes of convincing. He begged me to call him should I see something funny. I promised to keep him posted about my movements. I called RR to meet me House 22. I kinda missed him. I remembered the first day I met him next to Burgers Park. I was expecting a rich wise man driving an SUV only to be met by some ugly chap driving a 1400. When I got to House 22 RR was standing next to a white Toyota Corolla Sprinter. When he saw me arriving in a German Machine he went "yho yho yho yho mos ye nka tsen Botlokwa within 30 minutes. Le reila mechene ya makgowa Mmamuriti (with this one I can make it to Botlokwa in 30 minutes. You are driving a machine of white people)". I thanked him. I congratulated him on his new car. He went "I bought it cash and carry. No instopment, no insurance". We walked inside House 22 and ordered our food. I thought he was joking when he said he would eat anything for me until he ordered pork legs. He told me no one knew which church he went to. RR's company was always great. After eating I thanked him for paying for the food and he went "pressure is all mine". We did our goodbyes. It was so refreshing to live a normal life. I got in my car and hit the accelerator. As I turned left on Kotze Street to join Nelson Mandela Drive, some BMW hooted behind me. It had the same colour as the one I once got as a present. I turned fast and sped to towards the next street. When I got to Cnr Mandela Drive and Rissik Streets the robot was red. The BMW was still behind me. I reached for my bag behind my seat too look for my phone. By the time the robot turned green I had not found it. I sped towards Justice Mohamed robots. By that time the BMW was right side by side with my car.

The driver opened the window and

BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 387

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When you are used to whoring the day your man gives you a reason to suspect he is whoring you will feel like taking a dental floss and use it to hung yourself to death, especially if hubby is not the type that behaves like the sun – disappear at night and appear in the morning. Yes, some women are married to suns. On a serious note, there's no woman who wants to prepare a very nice meal for her man only for the nigger to pull a no show. Mine was more painful because Mpho knew I prepared a nice meal for us. He confirmed that he would be home in time to enjoy my kitchen art with me. I was hurt when I spent the whole night alone. He puked right in front of me when I asked him where he was. Before I could open my mouth for the second time he puked again. You can love someone but the returns of the stomach

are not sexy to the eyes. I almost joined his puking. If I wasn't angry I was gonna be concerned about his puking but because I was mad at him I found his puke nauseating. I left him in the bedroom and went to the lounge. I could hear his throat mixing sounds from the bedroom. When he went silent I went back to the bedroom to check if he was okay. I found him sleeping on the bed snoring as if he was not the one who was puking not long ago. His puke was very liquid with few patches of solids. I wondered what he drank that almost made him puke his liver out. His dad called to ask if Mpho was back. I went "ja he is back. He told me he was in a meeting the whole night. He is sleeping right now". I couldn't tell him about the puking. It was embarrassing. Dick was like "ja joys of being a businessman. Sometimes the meetings take the whole night. I am glad he is back. Let him rest. He will call me when he wakes up". Dick was doing his best to protect his son. Mxm he knew very well that there is no meeting that can take the whole night. Unless if that meeting takes place in the bedroom and it's attended by two people. The thought of Lesley cheating crossed my mind but his puking softened it.

Mpho slept for hours. I cleaned his puke and took a bath afterwards. I studied in his study. It was difficult to concentrate because my mind kept asking itself what happened to Mpho the previous night. I was glad I acted maturely. Some girls would have thrown a tantrum when Mpho popped in the morning, puke or no puke. I updated a status on Facebook asking men what would they do when they get home in the morning after spending the whole night out. Some guy commented "I once did that. On my way home I drank two litres of warm water. The minute I got home I used my finger to trigger the puke. I puked until she called the ambulance. My plan worked very well because she thought I was dying. To this day she never asked where I slept". People laughed at his comment but to me it was a heartbreaker to me. I don't think Mpho was capable of telling such lies but you know what they say, men will always be men. I removed the post from Facebook when guys started sharing their stupid stories. My phone rang and it was Brown, the BMW guy who followed me from Sunnyside. I went "I thought we agreed that you would not call me. What if I was with my husband?". He told me it was difficult to follow my instructions because my voice was addictive. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I was hoping we could do coffee today. It will only take 30 minutes. Your husband is probably at work right now. You will go back to the house to cook for him long before he comes home". I told him I was not available because my husband was around. He asked if I minded to avail myself the following day. I went "wena loaf brown or what what, I am actually not in a mood for coffees and your lame jokes. I have bigger problems right now and if you don't mind I wanna end this call. Good bye". I regretted giving him my number. Before I could hang up he went "did I tell you anger turns me up? Be careful not to be angry because I might just be permanently charmed". Lol some guys will make your heart melt even when you want to show them you are angry. I said "bye Brown" and hung up.

"Who were you talking to?", Mpho asked from the door. His voice sounded tired like he was singing Lion of Judah the whole night. I told him I was talking to no one. He went "who is no one?". I avoided his question and asked where he was last night. He told me he had a terrible headache. I think that was his way of avoiding my question. I told him I didn't care about his headache because I wanted to know where he was. He went "eish babe, please find me something for my headache. I feel like I am dying. Maybe I should go see a doctor". When he said that I felt like I was reading the comment of that guy on Facebook. I told him he knew where to find something to kill his headache. I wrapped up my books and went to the kitchen to warm the food I cooked the previous night. He told me not to dish up for him because he didn't have appetite. I told him I had no intentions of dishing up for him because I was not his maid. He went "if this is about last night you are angry over nothing you know. Last night

after the meeting I went out with the guys I met. They are from Kenya and they wanted me to show them what's nice at night in South Africa. I took them to Sandton but they told me they didn't want an upmarket entertainment. They wanted an average place so I took them to Ayepyep in Sunnyside. I thought it was gonna be an hour or two kinda thing but we ended up staying there until they closed. My battery was dead by then. That's the reason I didn't call you. When they closed at Ayepyep we went to the guys' hotel rooms in Centurion. I don't remember what happened there. All I know is I woke up with a terrible headache". I let him talk for more than 6 minutes without interrupting. I wanted to believe his story but it sounded like a storyline from a Loxion Bioscope movie. There's no way men can drink the whole night without girls. I asked him about the puking and he told me he puked all the way from Centurion to Midrand. I went to the car to check any scars of puke. There was nothing. I found something that made me go mad, an FNB Platinum Cheque bank card of Ms BE Mwenda.

I asked him to explain and he went "I swear on my mother's grave, there was no girl in my car. Someone must have left it in my car. Only Jeremiah and I used my car yesterday. The other two guys used a hired car. Please don't think what you are thinking". I told him I had nothing to say to him. It was quite clear he was busy with his hoes. That's the reason he didn't sleep at home. I went to the house and took my hand handbag. He begged me not to go but I told him to leave me alone. I got in the car and hit the accelerator. I wanted to be away from Mpho. I drove towards Pretoria. I thought Mpho would follow me but he didn't . I called Brown to ask him if his offer for coffee was still available. He told me if I was game it was still available. I didn't want to be with someone I knew because I would end up sharing my family business. These days it's risky to share your problems with people you know because not everyone is happy with your happiness. I didn't know Brown well but I knew he had a good heart. What he did with my phone showed he was a good man. I wasn't a good judge of character but my heart told me good things about Brown. He seemed like a friendzone material. We met at Centurion Mall for coffee. He asked why I changed my mind and I told him I wanted to be away from my books for few hours. Brown told me he was married with 3 kids. His wife and family stayed in Phalaborwa. He stayed alone in Midstream. People who stay ko Midstream made it in life. I asked why his wife stayed so far from him and he told me she was taking care of their business in Phalaborwa while he was making money in Gauteng. Some women are brave shem. Letting your man stay away from you is like giving him a license to shag around. But anyway, not all men are hoes. He asked about my husband and I gave him a brief of what Mpho did for a living. He went "he is a lucky man. You are also lucky to marry such a young millionaire". Brown's company made me forget what Mpho did to me. After 2 hours of chatting he told me he wanted to go home to fetch his bags because he was flying to Cape Town. He took out his phone to call Uber. I asked him where his car was and he told me he left it at home. He told me he wasn't a big fan of driving so he used Uber. I offered to drive him to his place and he agreed. Midstream wasn't very far from my place anyway. I drove him to his crib. I wanted to turn at the gate but he told me his house was a bit far. I had to drive him inside. Nigger's house was very big and beautiful.

He went "let me show you inside". I looked at his pants and

Boooooooooommmmmmm!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 389

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When a guy's dick game is so good it can make a girl forget she has brains and employ the nanana between her legs to think. It has the powers to make you say things that you are likely to regret later. Many girls have said very incriminating things under the influence of orgasm. Nigger will ride you so well you will end up saying things like "babe o nnyoba monate go phala Peter". Many girls won't understand because they only read about the O in the magazines. Orgasm has powers to hypnotize one's senses. I wasn't the type to let monate wa pipi dictate what my mouth should ejaculate but that day I almost dug a grave for myself. If it wasn't for Mpho's pinch on my bum I would have told him I was with Brown at the mall when I was angry at him. I had to change the direction of my tongue before I offramped to the road to the cemetery. I continued "...uhm I almost drove to Limpopo during the day when I was angry at you for that stupid card. I am glad I came back. You just proved to me that you are a tiger in bed". Mpho's soft personality reminded me of my ex Dumi. Dumi was a good guy but his sex game was soft like his heart. Mpho on the other hand had dick game on fleek. He slayed in the bedroom. God does not make many guys like Mpho. It's not everyday that God makes an intelligent rich hunk that knows how to play between sheets. Mpho went "you are so sulky my love. I told you that when I fall in love I love for real. I am not the kinda guy that plays with people's hearts. I made a vow that I will never cheat on you and that is what I am gonna do. You need to trust me on this one. This dick is yours only. You are not going to share it. If it was possible I would lock it and give you the key". His words made me feel at peace. It's not nice go jelwa, especially if you really dig the guy. When I met Mpho I never thought our relationship would flourish into something so serious and undying. I thought he just wanted to taste the Shaz honey and pass like those who came before him.

Hubby and I slept like babies that night. I didn't have any classes the following day. So there was no rush to wake up. We were in bed until midday. We didn't shag, we just had a very long interesting pillow talk. If you don't gossip with your man your relationship lacks sauce. A good bedroom gossip has powers to make a girl miss her man when he is away. He told me he would be going to Lephale on Friday for a business meeting. I asked if I could go with him but he said no. I asked him why and he told me he was going with his father and some three business partners. He didn't want me to be the only girl in a group of hungry lions. He told me I should use the time to do research about the kind of a wedding I wanted to have. He was right, I needed time to do a lot of thinking. I wanted an SABC 3 kind of wedding, not channel 161 wedding. We got off bed around 1pm to shower and eat. We had our lunch wearing nothing but towels. Those are the joys of being a young couple living together without other parties. You get to walk naked in the house without worrying about intruders. He went "I wish these left overs tasted like you my love. They are nice but they lack that marinade between your legs". Lol Mpho was such a flirt and I liked it. I feel sorry for girls who have uptight guys. You know those kinda guys who only smile when they come. A relationship should bring happiness and joy in your life. If it doesn't you should sit down and ask yourself if it is worth it. If your answer is no then you should use your feet to do the real right thing. There is no use in staying in a relationship that makes you feel like you need a passport to be happy. My relationship with Mpho was not perfect but it made me happy. It was one of those relationship that you sometimes pinch yourself and ask "is this real?". Mpho told me that he wanted to take me shopping for new clothes and I smiled like a frog. Shopping is to girls what jumping is to ZCC men. You mention the word shopping to a girl and her heart reaches orgasm. That is why it is important for guys who are bad in bed to take their girls shopping regularly. If you can't make her pussy wet at least make her heart wet.

Bae took me to Sandton and spent couple of thousands on me. He kept telling me that I shouldn't worry about the prices because his woman deserved only the best. I don't wanna

mention how much I spent but it was a 5 digit figure. He didn't even look worried or stressed about spending so much money on shopping. Some niggers would spend R105.99 on Mr Price leggings and remind you every morning that they spent fortune on you. Such niggers deserve a permanent leave from shagging shem. As we were walking to the parking I saw Brown walking with some guy. He waved at me and I pretended as if I didn't see him. I didn't want to give Mpho ideas. Within couple of minutes my phone rang in my bag. I went "it must be my mother. I told her I am in Sandton shopping. She probably wants to know what I bought. Hayi nxa this woman though". I knew very well that it was Brown calling because he had his phone on the ear. Some guys lack respect with high grade. I was surprised he was in Sandton because he told me he was flying to kae-kae. Maybe he was one of those guys who made lying their hobbies. Mpho told me to answer my phone because he didn't want our mother to get worried. I didn't want to make Mpho ask many questions, so I answered my phone. As expected, it was Brown. I went "hello mama, I will call you when we get home. We are about to leave Sandton". Brown laughed and said "ha ha ha smart girl. That must be your husband. I wonder what he was doing at a gay club the night before last. I saw him there around 2am when I went to fetch my gay cousin. Bye my daughter". I added one and one and hundred. The night before last was the night Mpho didn't sleep at home. Hubby went "you look worried my love. Did your mom say something wrong?". I told him I was thinking about what we were going to eat because I was lazy to cook. He told me not to worry because we were going to buy ikota in Tembisa. He told me he was craving ikota. Mpho was so unpredictable. Who would have thought that a cheeseboy like him would want to eat a kota aka spatlho for those who live in Pretoria? I loved him for that.

On our way home my thoughts were dominated by what Brown said. I went "babe, on the night you didn't sleep at home, where were you Konje?". He asked me why I was asking something that he had already explained. I told him "never mind". I decided to let it go but deep down it was eating me. I knew Mpho had gay friends but I never thought he went to gay clubs. I thought to myself "this Brown guy is a liar. He wants me for himself and he is using high school tactics to win me over. Mxm he must do better than that". After the thousands Mpho spent on me I had no right to doubt he was committed to me only. And after the A+ performance he delivered the previous night I had no reasons to suspect he was playing for Foschini. He was my man and loved me wholeheartedly. We drove straight to Tembisa from Sandton. My husband was very serious about buying spatlho. He bought top of the range kota. It had everything one could think of, from lettuce to mince. We took selfies holding kotas and uploaded them on Facebook and Instagram with the caption "when bae and I hit the kasi to eat spatlho. Love lives here #ShazPho #WaSwaMoloi". I wanted hoes to feel the pain in their hearts. We all have those people who follow us on social media just to hurt their hearts. When you are happy they feel pain. I always wonder why someone would torture themselves like that. Bo Shaz will make you breathe ka di-pipe mrena. O tla hema ka di-pipe mmarena. We got in our German machine and headed home. I couldn't wait to get to the house, I ate my spatlho on the road. It smelled so divine. I think we should have something like a black-owned McDonanld's that sells kotas. I would love to open the first McSpatlho franchise in Dubai. When we got home Mpho attacked his Spatlho like I cheated on him with it. I looked at him as he ate and thought to myself "Brown wa nyela. My man is not what what. Look at how he eats the spatlho. He is literally murdering it". My phone rang and it was Brown. I went "hello mzala. You are disturbing me hle. I am watching the most handsome man in front of me eating spatlho. Oh my hubby mara". Brown told me to check my MMS.

I hung up and checked the MMS he sent.....

BOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!! WTF.....

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 390

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I think when people get married they need to set clear rules with their friends. You cannot be in a situation where you are married but still give your number to people who call you when they bump into at the mall with bae. It is not nice to be pretending to be talking to your mother or cousins when people who lack respect for your marriage call. When you tell a guy not to call you at specific times and he goes on to do it you must know he does not care about you and your marriage. That is the impression I got about Brown. He appeared to me as this arrogant man who didn't care much about my relationship. I think the story about Mpho going to gay clubs was just a strategy to create unnecessary tension in my marriage. Men can do whatever it takes when they want you. I got so pissed when Brown sent me a picture of me and RR at House 22. It was taken the day he followed me to give me the phone I allegedly dropped accidentally at House 22. I didn't understand what he was trying to achieve by sending me a picture of RR and I. Maybe he was trying to blackmail me into doing something. I tried my best to keep a normal face because I didn't want Mpho to ask questions. Mpho was so observant when coming to me. He asked if I was okay and I told him all was right. I asked if I could go fit my clothes in the bedroom and he said yes. I wanted to call Brown in private. I wanted to tell him to stop harassing me. As soon as I got in my bedroom I closed the door and called him. I went "if you know what is good for you, you gonna stop with your stupid games. I gave you my number because I thought you were a decent guy. I told you very well that I am married and stay with my husband but you keep harassing me. What the hell is wrong with you?". He laughed and told me to have some sense of humour. He told me he was just joking and was very sorry that his jokes offended me. I was glad he apologised but told him to stop with his stupid jokes because I didn't find them funny whatsoever.

I asked him how and why he took a picture of me and RR at House 22. He went "please don't think I am a psycho or something. The thing is you charmed me the minute you walked in that place. I don't know why I took that picture. All I know is that my eyes were fixed on you from your arrival to your departure. I think that is the reason I managed to see you accidentally dropped your phone. You can't blame me lady, you are the hottest lady I ever had coffee with". Nothing dilutes anger like a compliment. You can be angry all you want but when a guy compliments you a little smile will be manufactured on your face. I was like "okay it's fine. Let us put it behind us. Were you real when you said something about seeing my man at a guy club?". Before he could answer I heard Mpho's footsteps walking towards the bedroom. I hang up and put my phone on flight mode. Yes many people who cheat put their phones on flight mode to avoid incoming calls. If you don't know you will think your girlfriend's phone is not busy kanti ke flight mode. You need to learn these things if your life is busy. Cheating is time consuming and expensive. Avoid nonsense and stay faithful to your partner. There is no person who died from faithfulness. Mpho told me he came to help me fitting my new clothes. That is what a relationship should be about, doing things together. We spent an hour in the dressing area of our walk in closet. Mpho reminded me that my body was made for beautiful things in life. He told me everything I bought suited me. I thanked and kissed my man for everything he was doing for me. He told me I deserved the best because I was his best. What started as a tickling game ended up as a quickie right in the dressing area. Mpho was serious about wanting a baby. He used every opportunity he got to make love to me. It was a quick but I came once. I almost laughed at myself when the mirror in front of me showed me my facial expressions as Mpho hit me from behind. My man loved doggie with passion. He told me he loved how my bum vibrated when he hit me

from behind.

After a very satisfying quickie all I wanted was to lie on the couch and listen to my heart sing happy songs. Mpho was my ocean of happiness bathong. He was one of those people who would make you sit down and ask yourself "where the hell was this person all along". He made me feel loved. I asked him what he wanted before leaving for Lephalale and he went "I want a picture of a C.L.I.T". Lol bae was so funny. We laughed and I hit him with a cushion. I told him to stop smoking pot. Except putting my phone on flight mode most of the time, everything was well in the house. On Thursday night Mpho suggested that the following year he wanted me to register with Unisa because he wanted me to play an active role in his businesses. Apparently it was a suggestion from his father. I was glad he didn't see me as a trophy wife. Many rich guys turn their wives into stay home wives. Mpho and his family saw potential in me. I was more than a pretty face to them. I agreed with his suggestion. On Friday morning Mpho told me his father would fetch him around 13h00 for their Lephalale trip. I told him I wanted to run to the mall to buy some stuff for school. He wanted to go with me but I told him not to mind because I wasn't planning to take time. I drove to Sandton. I bought my husband a designer watch, two pairs of shoes, a belt and three shirts. I used my savings to buy those things. Most women seem to think only men should buy present. That is so 1911 before ANC was born. If you love your man you should spoil him sometimes. It takes two to build a relationship. Mpho was not stingy. He was not shy to shower me with presents. He was not lazy to make his bank balance skinny for me. I wanted to show him I loved him with every vein in my body. If you don't spoil your man someone will do it for you and if you are unlucky they will replace you. After shopping I called Mpho to check if he was still at home and he told me yes. I told him I was on my way home. He asked why I took so long to buy school stuff and I told him I did some side shopping afterwards.

I wanted to buy something to eat but time was not on my side. I think babe was getting impatient because he still had a long trip to Limpopo. I think his father was already there. I hit the accelerator back to Midrand. It was one of those days where I was smiling for no reason. When you are in love it happens a lot. You can wake up with a smile on your face even if your husband has a dicklet. Love can defeat anything. As I offramped at Allandale Road a red Audi A3 switched on hazard warning lights in front of me. I slowed down because I didn't know what was going on. A white BMW 1 Series which was behind me overtook me then stopped in the middle of the road. I was temporarily forced to the yellow line because I didn't want to cause an accident. As I was trying to think of what to do next someone appeared on my window with a gun. Criminals have become so brave and arrogant in South Africa. They do their evil work right in the middle of the day without worrying about the onlookers and cops. If they can pull a multimillion rand heist at Africa's busiest airport hijacking a car on the freeway is pap and vleis. I froze for few seconds without knowing what to do. The guy with the gun was getting impatient. He knocked hard on the window and shouted "open bitch". I couldn't hear his words probably but I could read his lips. Adrenaline kicked in. You know when adrenaline kicks in you stop thinking straight. Without looking for what was coming behind my car I quickly put the gear on 'R' and hit the accelerator. I was reversing towards the oncoming traffic. It's true when they say God is everywhere. My hands were on the steering wheel but I was not the one controlling it. Everything happened very fast. I don't know if I was imaging things or what, but I think the guy fired shots towards me. Other cars were hooting as my car reversed in an abnormal speed towards oncoming traffic. I think the fact that I was on beyond the yellow lane helped me to avoid accidents. But I did hear tyres of other cars screeching. As soon as the wheels landed on the N1 I changed to Drive mode and hit the accelerator. It was only when my car passed under the Allandale bridge that I gained control of my senses. I started shaking behind the wheel and I was

driving fast. I survived a hijack but risked my life. Anything could have happened. I looked in the mirror to check if I was followed.

My blood boiled when my eyes showed me

WTF!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 392

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Some women think abuse is something that only happens on TV and in magazines. Truth is many women suffer violent abuse by people very close to them. Many women die in silence because they are scared to talk about it. Many die in silence because they want to protect the people they love, in most case the same people who abuse them. It starts with a warm slap followed by a warm apology. Before you open your eyes you will be a punching bag that is fed punches everyday. The minute your partner starts beating you, you should accept that he does not appreciate you anymore. A person that appreciates you will not cause pain to you. I know Mpho loved me but the fact that he laid his hands on me when I needed him most took my love for him 10 steps backwards. I had just survived a very traumatic situation and what I needed was the warmth of my husband's chest. I wanted Mpho to hug me and tell me everything will be alright. I didn't expect him to turn me into his punching bag for something I didn't do. If I wanted to do something with Brown I wouldn't have called him to come where I was. I know men get jealous and insecure and sometimes it is so cute. But when jealousy and insecurity escalate to someone becoming a punching bag you should know the relationship is becoming abnormal. I think if it was not for Kabelo pitching Mpho would have caused more damage to my body. Kabelo shouted "dude, when did you become a woman basher? Oh Gosh, I have never seen you like this. If this is what weed does to you then never ever touch my weed again. I do not befriend people who go around beating women. You are behaving like trash now". Kabelo was a friend of Mpho, the one whom I suspected or actually knew was playing for the other team. He used to be a friend of my ex Dumi back in the days. Mpho tried to kick me again but Kabelo managed to act fast and came to my rescue. With teary eyes I looked at Mpho and saw a monster. He didn't even have any element of remorse in his eyes. I think he wanted to finish me off. He looked different from the sweet Mpho I got married to. I looked at him again and saw a stranger.

I managed to run and hid in one of the spare bedrooms. From the bedroom I could hear Mpho and Kabelo arguing. At some stage I heard things breaking in the house. I think they were fighting. Mpho was behaving out of character. After about 20 minutes I heard the garage door opening followed by roaring of the German machine. I wondered where he was going. As much as I was angry and mad at Mpho part of me still cared. I felt like I loved him less but I still cared. I was bleeding in the mouth and my body was painful. I threw myself on the bed and started crying. I had suffered emotional and physical abuse before but the one I suffered from Mpho hit harder because I never expected it from him. Of all men I shared blankets with he was the softest. He was the only one who managed to change me from the ratchet I was to the lady he got married to. It never crossed my mind that one day I would lie on the bed with pains caused by the hands that were supposed to protect me. I cried until my eyes became like Brits water taps, they ran dry. I sobbed emotionally whenever I tried to think why the man I thought would never lay hands on me did what he did. Research shows that most abusive men start as goodie goodie before they become baddie baddie. I kept asking myself if Mpho had been pretending all along. Some men ace the pretending game.

They know how to master it. I think that is one of the reasons most marriages collapse. I passed out with a very painful heart. I dreamed of my days when I stayed in Sunnyside with Kea. I dreamed about how Kea used to act all holy only for her to show me her true colours later on in life. I dreamed of how my Zulu ex with a dick the size of my navel used to declare his love for me only to discover he was married. I dreamed how Nkosi was so sweet to me only for his sea lion lookalike wife to beat me up. I dreamed of how JB lied about wanting to leave his wife for me. All my dreams showed how men played ludo with my heart and almost all of them got away with it.

I woke up with a cocktail of thoughts in my mind. My eyes had a babalaz of tears. I tried to wake up but my body was painful. It was dark and silent in the house. It was quite clear Mpho was still out. I switched on the lights and limped to the main bedroom. Luckily my phone was still there. Most men target the phone when they are angry. I called my mom and told her Mpho hit me. She asked a question I expected from her. If she was another parent I wouldn't have expected it from her but she was my mother and I knew her very well. She asked "what did you do to him?". That question sounds like there is some sort of justification to abuse women. Abuse in any form or size is not good. It does not matter what the person has done to you, beating another person is wrong at all levels. With me it was worse because Mpho beat me up for nothing. He beat me up because his stupid brain fed him things that didn't exist. I told her what happened and my mother went "after the money he paid for you do you really expect him to smile when he sees you with another man? You should be careful when you do your things. Mpho is a good man and I know he will never be angry for no reason. Just make sure you apologise when he comes back. You are a grown woman now. You need to learn to behave like an adult". I knew my mom loved money more than me but sometimes she shocked me. She only cared for me when it suited her agenda. Many young women stay in abusive relationships because of pressure from parents. I told my mom to go to hell. Yes, I told her to go to hell. I felt all alone in the world. The man I trusted to protect me beat me up and the woman who was supposed to be there for me literally told me I deserved abuse because I gave Mpho a reason to beat me up. I called JT and told her what happened. She went "ntwana, dai outhi kgake ke bona gore ke hyena nyana. O acta bo-cheese mara ke noga. Bona ntwana, ke tla o shaphela dry kaosane. Ska stressa, all will be fine".

That is what I wanted to hear. JT always knew how to make me feel better. The thought of opening a case against Mpho crossed my mind but I wasn't sure if it was the best option. I took a bath and slept in the spare bedroom. I didn't want to share a bed with Mpho. He didn't come home that night. I assumed he went to join his father in Lephalale. I checked his social media pages but there was no sign of his whereabouts. Around 8am I heard footstep in the house. The bedroom I was in was not locked. He opened the door and got in. He had a bouquet of flowers and a box of my favourite chocolates. He went down on his knees and said "I know this won't change what I did yesterday but please hear me out babe. I have never laid my hand on a woman before and I never imagined myself doing it. I smoked weed and I think it was mixed with some funny things. I was not thinking straight and was not aware of what I was doing. I love you with all my heart and it hurts me that I hurt the person I love. No excuse will take the pain away but please forgive me my love. I promise it will never happen again". If you ask all victims of abuse they will tell you that the line "it will never happen again" is the most popular to abusers' lips. No abuser says "I will do it again". I chose to ignore Mpho. I didn't have any words for him. He tried to change the topic and talk about our wedding which was supposed to take place in few weeks and still I ignored him. I saw tears flowing on his cheeks and my soft heart fell for it. It's not easy to see your man's tears and not react. I whispered "I didn't expect that from you Mpho. What you did reminded

me of my ex Tshengi. I thought you were very different. How do you expect me to walk down the aisle pretending as if everything is good when deep down I know I am not happy? What you did has changed the way I view you. A box of chocolate and flowers mean nothing when I am hurting inside". There are women who stay in unhappy marriages for the love of material things. I didn't wish to be part of the stats. I went "I am going back to Phillip Nel today. I will call Marcus to come fetch me".

He looked at me and went "I bought you something you will love. Follow me".

ZWTF.....

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 393

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Rich men know how to play the game. They have a tendency of messing things up knowing they will use their money to get away with murder. They know girls get impressed easily. That is the reason many girls stay in abusive relationships. They get bashed and then get forced to smile by expensive presents. Most of the time such relationships do not end well. We need to be in a position where we are able to forget about material things and put our lives first. An expensive present can put a smile on your face but it will never heal the emotional and physical scars in and on you. I told Mpho I was not interested in any presents. All I wanted was to leave. As I was about to leave the bedroom he stood up and blocked my way. I screamed thinking he was going to hit me again. He went "no babe, I will never ever hit you again. I promise and I swear that I will never do what I did again. Sharon Letsoalo, I love you with all my heart. We are going to get married and I will make you the happiest woman on earth. I am still the Mpho you met. I am still that humble and sweet guy that charmed you. What I did was a mistake, a big mistake and will regret it for the rest of my life. Only if it was possible to take it back". He looked so genuine and real. I could see in his eyes that he really regretted hitting me. I decided to soften a bit because he was very remorseful. I went "if you ever ever raise your hand on me again I will leave you for good. I am not anyone's punching bag. I don't want to be part of statistics of women who die in the hands of abusive men. I rather be poor and happy than to be with a rich man but be in unhappy. I do trust you and I believe what you did was a mistake which you will never repeat ever again". He was nodding as I said that. I could see he was getting relieved that I was not leaving. I think being remorseful proved to me that he really regretted what he did. He really loved me and I felt the same about him. I almost lost my love for him when he beat me up.

Part of me was happy Mpho and I fixed things. I followed him outside and was met by the most beautiful sight I had seen since I broke virginity. Mpho had bought me a red Audi A3. He told me it was just a little cheap toy to get me around. I laughed and told him an A3 did not come cheap. I gave him a hug and thanked him for taking care of me. He went "it is my duty to take care of my woman. If I don't who will? I told you Sharon Letsoalo is the best thing to ever happen to me. Now all we have to do is to sit down and prepare for our best wedding. Do you wanna go for a drive in your new wheels?". I told him I was still traumatised after what happened the previous day and was not in a good space to drive. He understood and told me it was cool. He took the driver's seat and I jumped in the passenger seat. I felt safe because I had my man with me. We drove to Phillip Nel Park. I think he wanted to show Marcus what he was capable of. The A3 was very friendly on the road. I kept telling Mpho that I loved him big time. I almost got the shock of my life when I found my mom's car parked at Marcus' house. Some mothers behave like aliens. I mean, I told her I was not fine

after what Mpho did to me but she had the guts to visit Marcus without coming to check if I was fine. I guess all she cared about was the big lobola amount she received from Mpho's family. When she saw me and Mpho she was so happy. She gave me a hug like everything was fine. I pretended to be fine because I didn't want Mpho to think negatively of my mother. Marcus asked why we surprised them with a visit. He was like "I was gonna prepare something nice for you and our son". I told them we came to show him my new car. My mom didn't even wait for me to finish talking. She jumped like a threatened lion and went outside to check the car. I heard her ululating from outside. Makoma loved things. Marcus reminded Mpho that he shouldn't spoil me abnormally because I was still a student. Mpho laughed and reminded Marcus that I was his wife.

I went outside to have a word with my mother. She was like "this is what I was talking about. Mpho is a good man. Do you think a bad man would buy you a nice car like this one? There is no such thing as perfect marriage. You must be thankful you found a good man that spoils you. The most expensive present I ever received from your father was a second hand necklace from some Chinese shop". I didn't like it when she spoke kak of my dad. I know for sure he loved and respected her. My mom was a bully but my dad was used to it. I told her Mpho was a good man but he had no right to hit me. My mom pulled me closer and said something that almost made my heart fall out of my chest. She said "don't you think it's better to cry with an Audi A3 key in your hand than to smile with hunger? You will know these things when you grow up. Real life is not perfect". I had no words for her. I couldn't believe those words came from a mouth of a black woman. In a country where thousands of women are abused you would expect someone who works at the hospital to understand and sympathise with victims of abuse. My mom was a rare breed shem. All she cared about was money. She reminded me that she was still going forward with her marriage to Marcus. She told me she was still hip and happening and that she still wanted to be loved and appreciated by a man. I told her not to invite me to her wedding because I was not interested. I walked back to the house. I told Mpho we should leave. Marcus asked why so early because he wanted to chill with Mpho and have a beer. Mpho told him he was taking a break from drinking. I laughed because I knew he was lying. He was saying it because he felt guilty for what he did to me when he was drunk. On way back to the car my mom was like "mokgonyana, thank you very much for taking care of my daughter. She looks very happy since she met you. You are the best son ever". Part of me told me my mom wanted something from Mpho. Mpho said thanks and we headed to my car. He told me I was lucky to have a mom. Mxm only if he knew my mom was a fart.

On our way back home Mpho asked why I looked uncomfortable in front of my mom. I told him I told her what happened and she took his side. Mpho kinda looked impressed she took his side and I didn't like it. His father called him as soon as we got to Midrand and told him he needed to be in Lephalale in about 5 hours. They wanted his expertise in one of the deals they were gunning for. He wanted to tell his father he could not but I advised him to go. I knew he felt guilty about everything but hey, business is business. Brown had timing of a thirsty mosquito. The minute my hubby left the house he called me. Nigger used a number I didn't know. I told him I was busy with chores. He went "I saw your car on the freeway and thought it was you". I told him it was my husband on his way to a business meeting. He went "oh that boy!!! I know him and the stuff he does". I told him to stop with his theories because I was not interested. I was not in a mood to listen to his crazy stories about my man. I threated to hang up if he continued with his kak. He changed the topic and asked me to join him for a cup of coffee later. I told him I was not interested and hung up. Brown was cool but I had a mildly bad feeling about him. He had a habit of acting dodgy. After the call I talking to Brown I received a call from JT. She wanted to take me to Busy Corner to ease my pain after

everything Mpho put me thru. I told her we sorted things and she called me a fool. She went “ntwana o bhari waitsi. Abusers are very good at apologizing. He’s gonna beat you again and apologise afterwards. That is how they roll these motherfuckers. You need to be careful”. Like I said before, JT only spoke pure English when she was serious about whatever she was saying. I told her Mpho loved me. I told her to come fetch me at my place and we would use her car to Busy Corner. It was ages since I had been there. I was looking forward to eating their wors. JT was in Midrand within an honour. She wasn’t driving the car I knew, she was driving a Ford Focus. She told me it was her bitch’s car. My face was fine but I wore make up in case I had hidden blue eyes. We drove straight to Busy Corner. When we got there I went straight to the meat area. I was hungry. JT went to the ladies to do number 2.

As I was about to order I saw someone from my past. Before I could run to hide I was greeted by an ugly wrinkled smile.

WTF!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 395

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

Oversleeping because of drinking until the early hours of the morning is not a problem. Problem is when you wake up in the morning with a hand of your lesbian friend in your undies. The nice thing about alcohol is that it makes you do things you would not normally do when you are sober. When you are drunk you suddenly develop some temporary bravery and boldness. That is one of the reasons shy people go overboard when they try alcohol. Their brains try to invade a territory they have not been to before. For some people alcohol make them do things they will forget in the morning. That was the case with me that morning. I really had no collection of how JT’s hand trespassed in my sacred territory. The last thing I remembered was me drinking my last glass and trying to rest on the couch. I quickly paroled JT’s hand from my vjayjay and excused myself from the couch. I asked Bra Mjita what the hell he was doing up so early in the morning. He cracked and told me it was almost 11am and he wanted breakfast. Nigger acted as if he was at hotel or Bed & Breakfast. You would swear he was not the same person who couldn’t even pronounce his name the night before. Before I could go hard on him I remembered Mpho told me he would be back around 11am. Panic kicked in. There was no way I was going to let Mpho get to his house and find a hangover of a party all over the house. He let me go have fun at Busy Corner but we never had any agreement that I should take the party home. We never had an agreement that I should accommodate friends and ancestors in our house. I woke JT who was snoring and told her I wanted her and Bra Mjita out of the house. Bra Mjita told me that there was no way he was gonna leave without having proper breakfast. He told me he was not used to driving without eating proper breakfast. I screamed “stupid old man, I regret helping you last night. This is not a bloody hotel and I am not going to nurse your drama queen tendency. You will leave this house now or I am gonna make sure you bleed”. Nxa I was so pissed at his attitude. Maybe he mistook me for Maite.

JT finally managed to wake up with hands on her head. I think it was a sign of a headache. That is what you get when you drink whiskey like you are drinking water. I told her Mpho was on his way back and I wanted them gone as in yesterday. Luckily JT understood. I liked the fact that she respected my marriage. She was not like the old man who wanted me to lick his behind. JT collected the empty bottles on the floor and took them to her car. I asked Bra Mjita again to leave and he repeated that he was not planning to leave without proper

breakfast. I went to the kitchen and grabbed a frying pan. I threatened to hit him and he sat on the couch and dared me to hit him. I lost it and hit him on the head. I did it out of losing my temper. It was only when he fell like a tree that I realized the seriousness of what I did. When JT came back she asked what I did and I went mute. Old people are very sensitive. You hit them lightly they faint or die. I was panicking. The last thing I wanted was to go to jail for murder. After watching Lockdown on Mzansi Magic I made a promise to myself that I should not set my foot in prison. The telenovela showed it's not only the male prisons that make life a living hell. I saw how female inmates lived. I regretted helping the old man. Once again I let my good heart lead me into a trap. I said "JT, I messed up. I think he is dead. You can see he is not breathing. I think I killed the old man. Phela his head is soft". Tears were running down my cheeks as I said that. I was already picturing myself in a police van. JT went "Ntwana, we must act fast. If he is dad we should carry him to his car and dump him in a dam or something. The cops will think he drove himself into the dam under the influence of alcohol. Let's do it now before your man comes back. Dae madala is not heavy. I can carry him on my own". I liked how JT always had a solution for whatever problem I faced. The panicking me agreed with her suggestion.

As we were thinking of what to do with Bra Mjita I heard the sound of Mpho's car outside. I felt like swapping my life with Bra Mjita's. I had an earthquake in my stomach. JT's car was parked in front of the garage. The old man's car was parked inside the garage. I tried to think fast but my brain's operating system failed me. I think it temporarily crashed. It needed immediate upgrading. JT went "ntwana, hier kom kak". It was the first time I heard JT speaking Afrikaans. I told JT we should carry the old man and hide him in the bedroom. Before we could touch him Mpho opened the main door. I think seeing a strange car in front of our garage made him suspicious. As soon as he opened the door he asked about the car. JT went "heita ola Mphoroza.... The PhoPho. Ola cheeseboy mfana wa di suburb. O grand bosso ya dibosso. Nja ya sathan. Ntwana ya go ja vanilla ice cream ka foroko". I think JT said that just to buy time to think of a good story to tell Mpho. He didn't even wait for the answer about the car outside our garage, he pointed at Bra Mjita and asked what was going on. JT went "dae man ke uncle ya ka. He fainted because Sharon doesn't want to join Forever Living what what". I know I was in kak but I almost laughed. I expected better from JT. The story she gave Mpho was so dumb. Mpho looked around as if he was trying to gather evidence for his next question. I realized the frying pan was on the floor. As Mpho was throwing his eyes all over I grabbed a cushion and hid the frying pan. I almost laughed like Penny Penny when I heard a fart from Bra Mjita. JT went "eish uncle uncle, kanti motete wa gago o lacka ABS? Ag fok maan. Remind me not to take you along when I visit my friends. Did you even take your pills today? Nxa this old man". Mpho looked all confused. He knew JT and trusted her but that morning he was looking at her differently. Bra Mjita mumbled "breakfast breakfast breakfast breakfast". JT laughed and told Mpho that his uncle had a habit of acting funny whenever he forgot to take his pills. The next thing there was a smell of shit coming from the old man's side. Mpho told JT to get rid of the old man because he was shitt'ng in his house.

- Damn the old man had a wrong talent. Mpho couldn't take it anymore. He walked outside the house to escape the smell. I smiled because his exit gave me a chance to hide evidence. I know it might sound wrong but Bra Mjita's kak saved my marriage. I started by taking the frying pan and put it where it was supposed to be. I ran to the guest bedroom and fixed the bed. When I was happy everything was cool I went back to the lounge. The smell of kak was still owning my lounge. I opened all windows and sprayed with an air freshener. I went outside to join my man. He told me I should go brush my teeth because my mouth smelled booze. Ouch that was below the belt. He

asked me what time JT came because I never said anything when he called early in the morning. I told him they came very early in the morning. I didn't want to say the exact time because I had a feeling Mpho was asking for a reason. My next problem was Bra Mjita's car in the garage. I knew Mpho was gonna ask why it parked inside instead of in front of the garage like all day visitors. JT managed to carry the old man out of the house. I felt so bad because I was the one who put her in that situation. I was the one who agreed to chill with the old man. On the other hand I was glad JT was working for the booze the old man bought at Busy Corner. What happened to the old man is the reason old men should stay at home instead of chasing young skirts. If he was my father I was gonna tie him to his bed. You can't go around kak'ng in people's houses. When Mpho walked back to the house I opened the garage for JT and her fake uncle. After that I followed Mpho. I could see his face still had many question. I asked him about the Lephhalale business and he told me he was too tired to talk about business. I asked if I should run him a bubbly bath and he told me he wanted to take a nap. He headed to the bed and I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. As I was busy with my beautiful teeth Mpho screamed my name. I quickly ran to the bedroom with the toothbrush still in my mouth. He had an expensive looking watch in his hand.

"Did you sleep with the old man in our bedroom?" he asked.

WTF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 397

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

A happy relationship is a recipe for a happy heart. Truth be told, people who are in miserable relationships are very miserable. Look around you and you will see what I am talking about. An unhappy relationship doesn't only affect you when you are with your bae, the unhappiness walks with you everywhere you go. The same goes for a happy relationship. It goes with you everywhere you go. You will find yourself smiling in a mall for no reason. You will find yourself missing your man when you are a just kilometre away from him. That is what every person wishes for when they are in a relationship. Things between Mpho and I were taking a direction I wanted. I was having the best time ever in my marriage. Mpho stopped and asked me why I wanted him to stop. I screamed "no no no no, I never said you should stop stop. Please don't stop because I don't want you to stop. All I meant was I want you to stop not making me happy. Please continue babe. I love it". I didn't make sense but I knew Mpho didn't care. All he wanted was to shag me. He withdrew his dick and asked me to put one foot outside the bathtub. When a guy takes control of the shagging you must know o tlo nyobiwa strong. I loved it when Mpho took charge because most of the time I was the one doing the driving. I placed one foot outside the bathtub and my left leg remained inside. He stood behind me and steered his raborolo to my wet vjayjay. The way my vee was so wet I even thought his dick was gonna drown. Wetness is not something to be ashamed of. It is worth celebrating because it is a sign that you are feeling the guy you are doing the do with. Most girl feel embarrassed when they are very wet because they think guys will think they have big pussies. That is not true. A happy cookie should be wet. If it ain't wet it means there is something wrong in the relationship. Mpho went "I love you babe" and I echoed his words. If your man doesn't say those words during shagging you should know there is something wrong. Bae stretched my legs further to maximize punani exposure.

Mpho ate me until my legs went numb. His dick had that thing shem. As expected, when he came he went faster and the friction did wonders to me. I felt like I was about to enter heaven. He roared and moaned and called me all sort of things. I almost laughed when he called me his vaslaap. After shagging he ran a bath and we lay in warm water for almost an hour. There was less talking and more thinking. I was thinking of how Mpho and I were going to be the happiest married couple ever. If you have negative thoughts after sex you should just admit that you lack that thing in your intimate life. After some good shagging a girl must have the best thoughts and dreams ever. After lying in warm water for an hour we made it to the bedroom. I always say this and I will say it again. A bedroom of a married couple should reflect your happy marriage. "You know babe, everytime I make love to you I feel like I am doing it for the first time. It's like you are breaking my virginity. O monate nkare di ribs tsa Spur," said bae. Lol that moment when bae compares you to real food. I laughed and told him it was my duty as his wife to make sure his sweat was followed by a smile on his face. If you don't satisfy your partner they will seek satisfaction somewhere else. People should stop making excuses not to shag. You must shag. We kissed on our bed and nigger got a hard on again. I went "ah babe, tell Thomas to relax hle. I am still tired. I can't believe he is hungry so soon". Mpho didn't even listen to me. He got on top of me and started kissing my sensitive parts. I loved it when he kissed my ears. He kissed my neck and boobs and I felt appetite striking below my navel. I started going "ah ah ah ah mmmh mmmh oh oh mweee mweeee oh oh ah oh babelove love". My body was enjoying whatever I was getting from my husband. I told him to penetrate me because I was very wet. I couldn't wait for a second longer. I wanted him to be inside me badly. He whispered "do you love it my love?" and I went "I love it a lot my love".

He took his dick and started massaging my clit with it. That is like fingering a girl with a finger that graduated with a Phd in high school lol. He was very good at that game. I felt my body going tsi tsi tsi tsi tsi. I wanted to kneel down and pray to thank God for giving me the best in life. When the real penetration happened I felt like I was on another planet. He went in nice and slow. I went "babe, please go hard. I want it hard and getto". Sometimes one doesn't need to be pampered sexually, I wanted him to eat me like he was eating skop. I wanted him to go all gangsterism on me. He stretched my legs and hung them on his shoulders. When a guy does that you should know your pussy is about to be nationalized without compensation. You must know o tlo nyobiwa masepa. Mpho went hard and gangster. Within five minutes his body was covered with sweat. He was hitting it like it was my last day in South Africa. I grabbed his shoulder and started pinching him. I didn't do it voluntarily. It was one of those things one does when the body is feeling happy. He went on for about 15 minutes. We came at the same time. I was hit by temporary cramps on my legs. When he withdrew his dick my pussy farted. I lazily threw myself on the floor. All I wanted was the coldness of the tiles. My temperature was high. Mpho joined me on the floor. We laughed for no reason. Good shagging will make you laugh for no reason. Maybe pipi has some weed in it. I told Mpho I loved him and he told me he loved me with everything he had. I was on my happiest moment. I told Mpho that's how we should be everyday. I told him it made me sad that we always fight over small thing. He went "babe, no relationship is perfect. We will make mistakes all the time. Let's not let those mistakes break us. Our love is stronger than anything". I loved it when he said that. A woman must be shown and told she is loved all the time. A woman needs some emotional security. I was glad Mpho offered me that emotional security. I kissed him and said "thank you for being the best bae ever".

Mpho told me he was hungry. I asked if I should cook for him and he told me he was craving Chicken Licken wings. Lol sometimes Mpho craved things that I didn't think he would. We drove to Chicken Licken in my car. Mpho jokingly whispered "babe, you should have bathed

again hle. For a second I thought we were at Ocean Basket". I laughed and told him to stop being naughty. I loved how he liked teasing me. We bought our wings and drove back to our house. After eating he told me he invited a wedding planner over to talk about the wedding. I went "hawu babe, I thought you said I should choose the wedding planner of my choice. What changed now?". He told me he was trying to help me. He wanted the wedding to happen in less than three weeks. I told him it was cool. He called the wedding planner to remind her about the meeting. Luckily the lady said she was not very far from Midrand. I took a quick bath. I didn't want Mpho to say I smell like a fish again lol. Mpho asked if he should join me and I said no. After bathing I wore a t-shirt and jeans. Mpho's phone rang. It was his father summoning him to his house. I didn't even know Dick was back from Lephalale. Mpho told his father that he was about to meet the wedding planner but Dick told him he should postpone because he wanted to see him for a very important matter. Mpho wanted to call the wedding planner to cancel but I told him I will have the meeting with the wedding planner. I told him to go to his father's house. I was getting used to the business relationship Mpho had with his father. I didn't even complain when he left me to have the meeting with the wedding planner without with around. He told me he sent the lady location to our place. Within 20 minutes or so I received a call from the security guards at the entrance. They told me there was someone coming to a meeting at my house. I told them to let the person in. I had already written down some notes which I wanted to discuss with the wedding planner. I didn't want a big thing. I wanted something intimate with only people close to us. I heard a knock on the door and went to open.

"WT.....F!!!! Sharon Letsoalo. What are"

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 398

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

A wedding is a big deal to us women. That is the reason we want to get intimately involved during the preparation of the wedding. I am not saying it is not a big deal to men. But we all know that should some things go wrong a man can easily forget. With us it's a different story. We dream about our weddings before we even reach age 10. When men dream about cars and hot chicks we dream about beautiful weddings, beautiful marriages and beautiful kids. That is the reason we want everything to go smoothly. A wedding day is one of the top events on the girl's diary. I was not really happy when Mpho sought the services of a wedding planner without me. But hey, he was my husband and I trusted he wouldn't appoint an incompetent someone. I wasn't expecting someone I knew. They say the world is a small place but I didn't expect it to be that small. The person in front of me was a lady I used to respect dearly. It was the lady who once welcomed her in her house like I was her own daughter. I went "uhm....Pearl? What are you doing here? I am expecting someone for a meeting. How did you....uhm!!! This is so awkward you know". She was as shocked as I was. I think she wasn't expecting to see someone she knew the very same way I wasn't expecting to see someone I knew. Pearl was not just an ordinary person in my life. She was Marcus' ex-wife. I was there when their marriage crumbled. I only met her once or twice after their marriage failed. We started well but just before she left Marcus our relationship was not very rosy. I think what made things a bit worse was the fact that I had a thing going with her married little brother JB. She went "indeed, this is very awkward. I thought I was going to meet Mpho's future wife. He told me something urgent came up and would not be able to honour our meeting. He told me his wife would be ready to meet me. Are you his....oh no. This is unbelievable. Sharon Letsoalo, are you the one getting married?". I didn't like the

complexion of her question. She made it sound like I was not a marriage material. I told her I was the one getting married.

She looked at me with a shock written all over her face. She asked if she could get in and I said yes. She sat on the couch without my permission and started with her questions. She wanted to know how and when I met Mpho. Before answering her questions I asked how she knew Mpho. She went "well, after what happened between Marcus and I, life went on. I always had an event company event though it was not active back then. Mpho's friend recommended him to me. I do not know him and he doesn't know me. But by the look of thing he looks rich. The house says it all. How did he end up with someone like you?". I asked what she meant by someone like me and she said "let us not pretend I don't know you. We used to stay under the same roof remember? I know your life used to be very busy. I have never seen you as the marriage material. How did Mpho manage to tie you down?". I looked at her with disrespect and said "I have never seen you as the type to divorce but look at you now? Life does not have a specific formula. Everything happens for a reason. I was not a marriage material back then but I am one now. I am getting married to the man of my dreams. Ke life sesi". She wanted to ask about Marcus but I told her to call him. She decided to cut the small talk and got down to business. She switched her laptop on and asked if I was ready to talk about the wedding. I had my notes ready but decided to tell her I was not going to let her organize my wedding. I tried to be as humble as possible. I went "I don't mean to be rude or to doubt your capabilities. But I am not going to let you coordinate my wedding. I am sorry but it is not going to happen. I will have to look for another person to organize it". She asked why I was pulling out and I told her I wanted someone who didn't know me. She tried to convince me but I hardened my head. She stood up and went "I won't force you to take my services. Congratulations with your wedding". I was glad she went down without a big fight.

I felt sorry I let her go but I knew I made a good decision. Marcus was having a thing going with my mom. Imagine Pearl busy at my wedding and then seeing Marcus and my mother busy being lovey dovey. She was gonna sabotage my wedding. As soon as she left I called Marcus and told her what just happened. He told me he would call me later because he was not in a good space to talk. He was breathing heavily. The thought of him sweating on top of my mom made me wanna wince. I called Mpho and to tell him what happened. He went "I didn't know you had history with her, babe. I was only trying to help you. I guess now you will have to find someone you trust yourself. I am in a meeting with my father. We will talk when I get home". After talking to Mpho I went thru my phone looking for someone who could help me with a good wedding planner. I didn't wanna use Google because people lie on their business profiles. As I was going thru my contacts I remembered Zee once told me she once worked for some wedding planner. She even showed me pictures of some of the weddings they coordinated. Eish but the thought of asking Zee to help made me think of the troubles I always fell into whenever I was with her. I even remembered the kak she once did in Mpho's house. I was back to square one without a wedding planner. I had no choice but to wait for Mpho to come back and help me look for someone we could trust. The whole thing was starting to stress me. I even thought of doing everything myself. When Mpho came back from meeting his father he was very tired. We didn't even have a chance to talk about things. All he wanted to do was just to sleep. He didn't even eat. In the morning I woke up before him and prepared breakfast. I knew he had a 9am meeting in Rosebank. I woke him up and told him to take a shower and have breakfast. When your man sleeps hungry you must make sure he eats a good breakfast in the morning. He took a shower and then had his breakfast. While he was eating I quickly went to fetch the stuff I bought for him.

I showered him with his presents and when he opened the bags he was so wow'd. He asked where I got the money and time to buy those things and I said "it's the money you gave me my love. I have your cards and I also know how to save. You always buy nice things for me and I thought I should also spoil my man. I bought them the day I lied that I was going to buy school stuff.....the day I almost got hijacked". I saw tears flowing on his face. I asked him why he was crying and he said "I am a fool babe. You risked your life to buy me these beautiful things and I thanked you by turning you into a punching bag. I feel bad my love". I told him I was over what happened that day and was looking forward to the positive things in our relationship. I told him to forget about it. I loved how Mpho showed his emotions. He was not your typical black man who bottled up emotions. When he was sad he showed it. He was not shy to shed tears in front of me. It's one of the little things I appreciated about him. He wanted to change the clothes he was wearing but I told him not to because he looked handsome. I advised him to reserve the new clothes for the following day. He only put on the new watch. I wished him the best with his meeting and he wished me a good day at school. I took a bath and hit the road to TUT. I was so looking forward to showing off my new wheels to my classmates, especially Pulane. I was at a bit early, so I decided to go to Marcus' office. I couldn't believe when I found Pearl there. When Marcus saw me he told me they were talking about me. I asked him what they were discussing about me and he told me Pearl was worried about me getting married because she knew the kind of a person I was. I got angry on the spot. I went "nxa please don't use my name if you want to get back together. Get a life nxa". I slammed the door and left. I attended all my classed but didn't concentrate. I was pissed at Marcus and his ex-wife.

As I was walking to the car after my last class I received an SMS from a number I didn't know – "I am waiting for you at TUT main gate"

OH....k WTF!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 399

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

When things are going well in your relationship the last things you want are people you don't know sending you stalkerish SMSs. Some people are like sangomas. They can sense when you are happy and they will do something just to make sure your happiness disappears quicker than a fart of a hungry skinny girl. I am sure most of us have been thru this. When you are out and down no want wanna be with you. But the minute things start going well people will start trying to get closer to you. I was not ready for such in my life. I remembered I had Trucaller in my phone. There was no way I was gonna drive to the gate without knowing who was waiting for me. Women are not safe these days. There are vultures always looking for the next victim. I checked the number on Trucaller and Sello's name popped. Mxm, people with many numbers though. Eish I remembered he wanted to see me about something. I wondered why he drove all the way to TUT when I told him I would go to his place. I called to tell him I was on my way. When I got to the gate I saw him sitting in a car with some girl. I got out of my car and walked to him. He suggested that we go somewhere to talk. He sounded serious. We drove to the Nando's next to Phillip Nel Park Sasol Garage. I wondered what he wanted from me. He started by congratulating me on my marriage and I said thanks. He introduced the girl as Carol, his daughter from previous relationship. Wow, do we have men who do not have kids from previous what what? I didn't even know he had a kid outside his marriage. The girl did look like him though. She looked 18, 19 if not 20. She

was a beautiful yellow bone with all right meats in right places. She went "my dad told me a lot about you. You are such an inspiration to me. I also wanna marry a rich man like you". Mxm of all things in the world Sello chose to categorise me as that girl that married a rich man as if I didn't have an identity outside my marriage. He reduced me to nothing but just a wife. I felt so insulted. I told Carol to have her own ambitions because marriage is not for everyone.

I asked Sello to tell me what he called me for because my husband was waiting for me at home. He went "I spoke to your mom about my problem and she told me to talk to you. I know you can help me. Well, I don't know if you knew. I got a better job in Kimberly and my wife and I are moving there in two days. Carol just arrived from Monsterlus to start with a Learnership in some big company in Midrand. Her mom passed away and her grandmother is old and poor. So I was hoping she could stay with you for two weeks to a month because you stay in Midrand. I spent all my money to make arrangements for my move to Northern Cape and I cannot afford to pay for a flat for her until month end. I remember you were once in her situation and I helped you for free". That is family members for you. When they need help from you they will always remind you that they once helped you. I was mad at my mom for telling people they can call me for help. I understand as black people we are raised to believe in the spirit of Ubuntu but this thing of relatives wanting us to stay with their kids is not on, especially when your marriage is still young. I told Sello that my house was too small to accommodate another person. He went "it is unfair that you are lying to me because your mom told me the house is big. I didn't complain about my flat being small when you moved in with me. I made you feel at home and you know what you did there. Look, I am not asking you to stay with her permanently. Just for a week or two until I have money to find her a place for her. She would stay with me but unfortunately I only have two days left at my flat. I am desperate mchana. Please help me. You don't know what the future holds for you. One day you will need a favour from me". When a black says you don't know what the future holds you must know they mean business. That is an indirect curse. I could see I was not going to win that one. I told him I wanna talk to Mpho first. He went "please mchana. You must be convincing when you talk to him".

I didn't even wait for the food he ordered. I lost my appetite. What pissed me off was how the so-called Carol chewed gum like it owed her accommodation. I couldn't understand why Sello was putting pressure on me. I mean, rooms in Ivory Park go for as low as R400. Mxm he ruined my day. I called my mom to tell her I didn't like what she did. She went "ja it's true that when people go up in life they start looking down at other people. Remember how Sello helped you when you were desperate? Now that you are up there it means nothing neh? My daughter, life is a wheel". Tjoh my mom never put me first shem. I got to my place same time as Mpho. I parked my car inside the garage and he parked his outside. He could tell by my walk that I wasn't fine. He asked what happened and I told him. He kept quiet for few minutes. He went "if your mom wants us to help then we should. We do have extra bedrooms right? If it's for a week or two she can come stay with us. She doesn't have a mom like me. I can imagine how my mom would feel about me if I was in her situation. As long as she respects us, I am cool. I don't want your folks to think I don't like them". I tried to tell him we don't have to accommodate her but my Mpho wanted to be a Samararitan. I called Sello to tell him the good news which happened to be bad news to me. He went "may God bless you ngwana wa kgaetsedi ya ka. Ebile I was about to go to a loan shark". I almost told him to go to a loan shark and stop bothering me. Mpho told me not to stress because it was just for few days. The thought of not making love to my man wherever we wanted gave my brain goosebumps. Mpho had work to do in his study and I wanted to concentrate on my school work. I was lucky because my man brought some takeaways. My mom texted to

thank me for showing Ubuntu. Only if she knew I didn't want gum chewing kitten in my house. I didn't know the girl but I hated her. I switched my phone off and concentrated on my books. I didn't want social media to disturb me.

I finished studying around 8PM. I decided to ask my Facebook friends to recommend good wedding planners. Couple of Facebook friends inboxed me but I was not interested. They looked like chancers to me. Some lady who told me she was based in Sandton inboxed me. She was not my Facebook friend. I think she saw my post because someone shared it. She mentioned number of celebrity weddings that she planned. She even sent me pictures and everything and I was wow'd. I went to the study to show Mpho the pictures and he was wow'd too. He gave me a go ahead to meet the lady and talk business. He reminded me not to worry about money because he had a big budget for the wedding. Having a loaded man is a blessing mrena. Imagine having a wedding paid by machonisa's money. A week after the wedding you start stressing about repayment installments. Mpho couldn't work after seeing the pictures. We spoke about our fairy wedding until we took a bath hit the bedroom. We were too tired to make love that day. The following day went very fast busy I had many classes. Mpho was working from home. When I got home from school he had prepared us a three course meal. He joked that it was the last meal we were gonna have as a couple because Carol was moving in the following day. I told him his joke was not funny. I think Mpho was more touched because the girl didn't have a mom. I was angry because I was not going to have my privacy for more than a week. I took a shower before eating. My mind was very tired. I called the wedding planner lady on the number she provided but it was on voicemail. I left a message for her to call me the following day. I wanted to organize a meeting for the coming Friday. I didn't have any classes on Friday. Bae and I ate the meal he prepared. He went "babe, tonight you better make the loudest night ever because it's your last night as the only woman in this house". Mxm he was trying to be funny but I didn't find his jokes funny shem. I was really not happy with the whole Carol business. I told him I was on periods. His phone rang and he answered. I don't know but he put it on loudspeaker. It was a private number.

"When am I getting the money you promised for termination?"

WTF!!!!!!

THE END

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 400

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake

I think we all do that. When bae is busy with a call we keep quiet so that we can establish the gender of a person bae is talking to. Once we establish that bae is talking to a woman we go fully silent to concentrate on the conversation. No one wants to be hit with a brick right under her nose. Phela these days girls are so ruthless they will call bae while you are eating supper with him and throw a fat brick on you. Being 'Zinhled' is not nice, especially when you are on the eve of your wedding. When the girl spoke about termination the first thing I thought was abortion. I gave Mpho a piercing look. He said "I am very sorry about the delay. I will transfer the money tomorrow. I know my decision to terminate inconvenienced you. I hope you will find another customer soon". I smiled internally. I didn't want him to see my smile because I was 'angry' at him. He asked why I looked as if I just ate expired magwinya. I ignored him and walked to the bedroom. I didn't even hear Mpho joining me because I was tired. Early in the morning I was woken by a call from the wedding planner. She apologised for her unavailability when I tried to call the previous night. I told her it was cool. We agreed

to meet on Friday in Braamfotein. I asked why so far because she was based in Sandton according to her profile. She told me she had two meetings in Braamfotein on that day. Mpho was listening to our conversation. He went "I want to be part of your meeting. It will be unfair to let you go alone. This is our wedding and I want to be part of it". I was glad he wanted to be actively involved. Many men prefer to play a minimal role. They see it as a woman's job. Sello called to remind me he was bringing Carol to Midrand. If it was up to me I would have told him to take his daughter to the nearest shelter for the homeless. Nxa parents who parent via delegating though. Mpho told me not to stress because it was for a week or two. He repeated what Sello said to me about not knowing what the future holds. I nodded just to end the conversation.

Mpho asked if I had given a thought to his suggestion that I should do my last year at Unisa because he wanted me to be actively involved in the business. I told him my biggest priority was organizing my wedding. I asked him to postpone everything to after the wedding. Mpho drove to the office around 9am. I prepared the bedroom for our new guest. I thought of erecting a small tent for Carol at the back but Jesus' voice reminded me I was a child of God. Sello called again to ask for directions. I wanted to send him my location but he told me he preferred directions the old school way. We spent 10 minutes on the phone with me mentioning many short left – short right. I gave a sigh of relief when he finally arrived. He was impressed by the size of the house. He was like "mos this house is too big for two people. Carol can stay for as long as she wants". I told him my husband wouldn't allow such because the house was not a hostel. Sello couldn't stop whistling. I showed the little girl her bedroom and she went "this bedroom is bigger than our RDP house. Thanks Sesi Sharon". Sello told me he was hungry and I almost showed him the shortest road to KFC. I don't want to lie, I was not happy with Sello bringing his daughter to stay with us. Our marriage was still too young to be hosting other people's kids. I was also concerned because of the fact that she was a female. These days you can never trust your man with these little ones. They look all innocent but once you are out of town they will give your man something that will make him look at you and lose erection. Carol was so beautiful. Although I was not really threatened by her beauty part of me was concerned about situations like Mpho looking at her wearing short things. You know men will always be dogs. I prepared them food and they fed themselves. Sello gave me R10 and said "you will buy bread and cold drink". I took the money and handed it to Carol right in front of him. Luckily he didn't say a thing. I had a comeback on the tip of my tongue. He thanked me for the 99th time and left.

I asked Carol if she knew where she would be doing her Learnership and she knew the place. She was told to come on Friday morning. I sat her down and told her rules of the house. I told her not to wear revealing things because Mpho hated them. I had to do it to for my marriage. I got to learn after a day that she was a very religious person. The Bible was always next to her pillow. She prayed before doing anything. My feelings towards her changed. I liked the fact that she spent most of her time in the bedroom. She had her own TV and bathroom there. She had no reason to join hubby and I. On Friday morning I reminded Mpho about our meeting in Braamfontein. He told me he had an 8am meeting then he would fetch me and drive to Midrand together. He asked me to prepare a lunch box for him. I found it funny because Mpho had never carried a lunch box to work. I found Carol sitting in the lounge crying. I asked her why she was crying and she told me she didn't have money for transport. I called Sello and his phone was off. That's family members for you. I was mad at Sello but tried to hide it from Carol. I could see she was stressed. I went back to the bedroom to tell Mpho. He went "I hate men like Sello. We are giving him a hand and he wants the entire arm. Don't worry about the girl, I will drop her". I didn't have any worries with him dropping her because she was so obsessed with the Bible. She seemed like a good girl. I

prepared lunchbox for bae and gave Carol R50 to buy lunch. I asked if she still had the R10 from her father and she nodded. As soon as they left I called Mpho and started a small talk. I knew he had the hands-free set in the car. We spoke until he dropped Carol at her work. After the call I took a bath and had breakfast. The wedding planner sent me the address of the venue she wanted us to meet at. She wanted us to meet at Smokehouse. I knew the place very well because I had been there with Emily when we were buddies. Mpho fetched me around 12pm and we drove to Braamfotein aka Braambofobentein. It's not a secret Braamfotein has overtaken Sunnyside as the capital of sferbenzing.

I recognized the lady from her social media pictures. She asked if we needed anything to drink and I settled for water with lemon. That is what stingy niggers order when they don't want to spend money. Mpho ordered orange juice. The lady's presentation impressed us. Mpho and I were wow'd. She even suggested a venue for us and judging by the pictures it was perfect. She told us the venue was a lodge couple of kilometres after Joburg South. It was perfect for us because I didn't want uninvited guests at my wedding. I wanted a private affair far from people. "If you have time I can take you there now. I am very close with the owner of the lodge," the lady said. I was against the idea of going there but Mpho told me it would be better if we went there to check if so we could seal the deal. He wanted everything to be done that day because he would not have time for meetings in future. The lady was very nice with us. Her accent sounded foreign but she told us she was from KZN. She suggested that we use her Merc Vito. Again I was against the idea but Mpho told me it was not a bad idea because the car was big enough. Her driver was some yellow bone guy who spoke funny Zulu. Mpho called his father to tell him we were on our way to view the venue for our wedding. They spoke business for few minutes and then hung up. I received a call from Brown. It was gonna be difficult to ignore it in front of Mpho. I answered went "girlfriend, please call me after two hours. Hubby and I are going to view our wedding venue". He said something like "I so..." but I hung up before he could finish. The wedding planner lady told lame jokes and Mpho found them funny. I didn't laugh because my gut feeling was telling me negative things. We passed Kibler Park and continued straight for couple of kilos until we turned right at some dodgy road. The driver stopped the car and produced a gun. The lady produced a syringe and told us to remain silent and cooperate. One two three four fivedarkness.

I was feeling dizzy. It took my eyes couple of minutes to see the surroundings. In front of me there was Mpho tied to a chair. I rebooted my memory and remembered we were on our way to some lodge and Oh shit. We were kidnapped. I tried to scream but some big guy told me to shut up if I wanted to celebrate another Xmas. He had a Nigerian accent. The wedding planner and her driver were not there. I didn't even know where I was. I was not tied but was surrounded by about five big guys. I went "please don't hurt me. Please don't hurt my husband. We are good people and we go to church every Sunday. Take whatever you want. We can give you the keys to our car and house. You can go take everything you want there. Please don't kill us. We are still too young to die". I was struggling to stop myself from crying. Mpho couldn't utter a word because they had covered his mouth with something. I could see in his eyes that he wanted to fight for me but there was nothing he could do. One guy went "I sent this hoe's pictures and video to the boss in Colombia. He thinks we will make good money with this one. He made clear that he wants a light skinned African girl with a good behind. She is perfect everywhere". Being a beautiful woman is so unsafe in this world. Imagine being kidnapped and sold to some goat miles away from your home!!! I felt like I was reliving something I had survived before. The other guy went "I think we should enjoy her before we courier her to her new home. We can't let this delicious looking meat go abroad without us tasting it. I say we kill this husband and bury him where we buried others.

Then we will enjoy this lady until the morning". The other two nodded. They carried Mpho out of the room. He tried to fight but failed. One of the two guys left behind didn't waste time. He took off his pants. His dick looked like a black sewage pipe. That's how big it was. I begged them not to kill my husband. I begged them not to rape me. I prayed to God to save us. He tore my clothes and forced me to stretch my legs. I tried to fight him but he was strong. As he was about to penetrate I heard a gunshot coming from the direction where they took Mpho to. My heart stopped beating. Three more shots followed and my body parts stopped functioning.

The next thing I heard one of my capturers screaming "WHAT THE HELL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" followed by four more gunshots.

END OF SEASON 4