

# DIARY OF A SIDE CHICK

## Episode 1

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

I told Sipho I was about to study but he could come. It took him less than 30 minutes he stays in Centurion. My roommate was at home in North

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

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

Shit....WTF

THE END

## **Episode 2**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

I normally hate the F- word but at that moment it was the only word I could think of. I was panicking because I didn't know who was at the door trying to unlock. I mean, my roomie was in NW and she's the only person who has a key to our room. Men will only be dogs when coming to sex. Instead of getting off me he whispered "I won't be long. It will take only 10 seconds". Shit I was so annoyed at him at that moment. No wonder his Xhosa wife cheated on him. What kinda man comes within 10 seconds? I pushed him so hard he almost fell. Everything happened within seconds. I looked at the door and noticed my key was still in the keyhole, therefore the person trying to unlock won't succeed. I gave a sigh of relief. No one wants to be ambushed naked in the bedroom with a man, especially if that man is someone's husband. I asked who's at the door and Kea answered "Ke nna. Kopa o bule Shaz". WTF is Kea doing in Pretoria? She's supposed to be in NW with her family. Why didn't she tell me she's coming back? I told Siphon to get dressed and sit on the bed and pretend he was never naked or saw my wet pussy. I could see his dick was still up and hungry, I even saw some colourless liquid oozing out of his hard cock. They call it pre-cum if I'm not mistaken. I quickly dressed and headed straight to the door to unlock for Kea. When I opened Kea was so happy to see and gave me a hug. It was so awkward cause I was still wet and her presence spoiled my fun nxa.

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

her talking about boys, not even her baby daddy. She only told me she has a 3 year old son. Like Kermit says, it wasn't any of my business who she shagged. I'm not one of those nosey girls who would pay \$100 for gossip.

My fone beeped and it was a Whatsapp text from my BF, yes my nerd BF Dumisani. He told me he's coming to drop the R300 I asked. Sometimes I didn't understand Dumisani. I mean in this age of EFT's, eWallets and Cash Send nigga still preferred go becha ka letsogo. Kea said she's going to some Bible group of some sort. This girl thou, she just came back and already she's going to Bible groups or what what. Mmmhhh on the other hand, her leaving suited me well. I know Dumisani is not a big fan of sex but today wa nyela, I'm gonna screw the hell out of him. I don't even know why I'm in a relationship with this guy. He rather talk about how reptiles are cold-blooded animals and how 1-celled animals like amoeba were the first organisms on earth than give me a good fuck. We only had sex 5 times since we started dating in February this year. I didn't complain cause I got it somewhere lol. I loved him thou, my Zulu prince.

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

When I got back to the bedroom Dumisani was still lying on my bed with his eyes closed and smiling ear to ear. What fuck was he celebrating? Early ejaculation?

What pissed me off was his dick was down and soft. Nxa men can be so selfish, just because he came he doesn't care about my needs anymore. My phone beeped and it was an SMS from Siphon, it read:

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

WTF.....

The End

## Episode 3

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

I didn't know how to react to the sms. I know they say black girls don't turn red when angry but at that moment I turned maroon. The yellow bone me turned into a maroon bone. I mean, this guy came to my place, asked for booze and started kissing me. Now he's accusing me of taking advantage of him. I was so mad at him right now that my pussy dried so fast like biltong ya kudu. He won't get away with this, that I promise. I will teach him a lesson he will never forget. Nxa he has a nerve. I looked at Dumi lying on my bed still smiling and I hated him at that moment. I actually hated all men in the world. All men are heartless and think they can mess with us and get away with murder. I screamed at him to stop smiling cause there was nothing to smile about. My screaming gave him a fright that he fell off the bed. The scene was so funny that I almost cracked. I remembered I'm so mad at men and I maintained a straight face. Sometimes I think this dude is not ok upstairs. Instead of standing up he kept lying on the floor like a hungry crocodile. His eyes were glued to something under the bed. I won't be surprised if he starts analysing the temperature under the bed. Nxa nerds can be boring sometimes. He slowly stood up and had something red in his hands. Shit I'm busted, Siphon's 'shortpen' was in his hand and the look on his face was so pregnant. It's like he was waiting for me to confess. Now the funny scene turned into a horror movie for me. Dumi is not a violent guy unlike most Zulu men I know. If he was a Zulu guy from kwaMashu I'd be on my way Steve Biko Hospital or Two Mountains Funeral

Services right now. He threw the shortpen at me and it hit my nose. I know it happened so fast but I swear I smelled urine on Siphos shortpen. Maybe it's time men started carrying wipes with them so they can wipe the piss remains on cocks. As soon as he was done getting dressed, he left without saying good bye. Lol this dude is such a drama queen. What happened to talking? Why is he jumping to conclusions? As I was standing in the middle of my room trying to brew what just transpired someone opened my door. WTF!!!! I wasn't in a mood for another visitor. Before I could see who it was, I saw 3 R100 notes flying all over my room. Shit, this guy is angry at me but he didn't forget he came here to give me R300. He just threw the money and left. He's such a sweetheart, a sweetheart with a small dick. I'm not a gold digger but I appreciate a guy who gives me money.

Now my mind went back to Siphos. I had to think of ways to punish him. How am I going to make him pay back? I thought about Googling 'Ways to hurt an Ex' then I remembered he's not my ex. A perfect idea dawned in my mind and believe you in me, I'm going ahead with this. You can judge me all you want, I don't give an Alexandra rat's ass. Siphos must pay for that sms. I'm going to his place to cause havoc. I took my phone and called JT. Oh by the way, JT is a lesbian friend of mine. Shim has been asking me out for days but I turned her down. I'm a believer of nature, positive and positive will never attract the same goes for negative and negative. I believe in punami + dick finish and klaar. Although I turned her off, she remained a very good friend of mine. She stays in Pretoria CBD at a flat called Nyasa by Andries Street...oh it's called Thabo Sehume these days. Nxa ANC and name changes. She picked up her phone ka 1st ring. This girl is such a boy. She was like "ola ntwana, o grand?". I told her I don't have airtime and I want her to drive me to Centurion if she doesn't mind. She went "you know for you I can drive to Giyani". Lol I was flattered, JT thou. I told her I'll wait for her at the robot Corner Joubert and Rissik and she said she'll be there in 10 minutes. I took Siphos shortpen and put it in my bag and headed straight to the robot to wait for 'shim'. Within 7 minutes she picked me up and we headed to Centurion. What I like about her is she's not nosey. She didn't even ask what we were going to do in Centurion. Maybe she's Kermit's brother...ouch I meant sister. The security guards at Siphos complex knew me well, I actually told him he looks cute few weeks earlier so I didn't have to sign in. I knocked at Siphos townhouse and the Xhosa bitch opened and let me in. By the way, I asked JT to remain in the car. Siphos was watching news on eNCA when I got in. Hayi men and news thou. He reminded me of my

dad. He watched news from 7pm to 10pm. He only gave us 30 minutes to watch Generations/Fire-rations. Siphso was so shocked to see me. I didn't waste time with greetings and shit. I took out the shortpen from my bag and threw it at Siphso and 'loudly' whispered "next time don't forget your privates after good sex". The Xhosa yellow bone turned red immediately. She jumped on Siphso like Rey Mysterio of WWE. She hit him so hard I saw blood coming out of his big nose. That's what you get for messing with Shaz. I laughed so hard my thin ass released a warm fart. Siphso got a chance to escape and ran to his bedroom upstairs. Is this guy really from Limpopo? I expected him to show the bitch who the man was in the house. Now it was just me and the Xhosa bitch in the sitting room. She walked towards me with that 'I-wanna-beat-you-up-bitch' look. I felt so brave at that moment. She tried to hit me but I ducked and pushed her so hard that she fell hard on her stomach. I was expecting her to stand up so I could finish what I started. I'm a Limpopo girl, I grew up eating pap and morogo as breakfast, not bacon and eggs.

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

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

The End

## **Episode 4**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Maybe I should change my name to Mathata. I've been experiencing a string of bad luck lately. Maybe it's high time I went to Moria. Most people from Limpopo go to Moria when most things in their lives don't go well. I can always ask my lesbian friend to drive me to Boyne (Moria) right now. She did promise she can drive me to the end of the world. Seeing blood coming from between a woman's legs is some scary shit. At first I thought she was on periods but remembered she's pregnant. Part of me wanted to help her but I thought what if she grabs me and bite

me to death. You never know with Xhosa women, anything is possible with them. I once saw them fighting for a piece of meat at some party in Centurion. Looking at her I could see she's in deep pain. I've never experienced miscarriage and don't know how it feels but from what I heard it's painful, both physically and emotionally. I ran upstairs to call Siphso. I screamed for him to get out of the bedroom and he replied "no, I'm not coming. Lethosa le le nyaka go mpolaya (This Xhosa wants to kill me). I told him she fell and she's unable to move. He unlocked the door and ran downstairs. I followed him with the same pace. Instead of helping her, he ran straight to the door without even looking at her. Then I remembered stories of Xhosa women beating up their men. I think Siphso was one of those men, a victim of men abuse. I screamed "Fool, your wife is bleeding from the pussy". I think that stopped him from running. He immediately went to her and asked if she's ok. This fool thou, he can see she's bleeding and he's asking if she's ok. She went "Sbhanxa ndini ndisezintlungwini. Ndiyafa kaloku" (You moron, I'm in pain. I'm dying). You know a person is in pain when they use their native language. Siphso asked me to help him carry her to his car. I was reluctant for a minute but the look in her eyes triggered sympathy in me. I helped him to carry her to the car and as soon as we put her inside I told Siphso I'm leaving. I don't think he heard me cause he went to lock the house and opened the gate.

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

I maintained a cool face cause I was not in mood to explain what transpired to JT. But deep inside I was burning and furious. Didn't he say he's not even sure the baby is his? When we got to my place I asked JT to park her car inside our garage cause I didn't wanna be alone at that moment. Although me and my roomie didn't have a car, our apartment was allocated a garage. When we got into the garage I asked her if we can just chill in the car for few minutes and she said "No stress ntwana". I told her to half-close the garage door cause I didn't wanna hear noises



from outside. When she got back into the car I was crying. It was a bit dark in the garage but she could tell by my sobs that I was crying. She wiped my tears with her palm and said “Ntwana whatever it is, it will pass”. She didn’t even ask why I was crying. That’s one of the reasons I like this girl. She asked me to get out of the car so she can hold me in her arms to make me feel better. What a ‘gentleman’ she is.

She held me in her arms for about 5 minutes without saying a word. I felt so warm and at peace in her arms. I softly whispered “JT, kiss me”. It was like she was waiting for me to say that. She kissed me so softly and passionately and I kissed back. She made me forget about the whole Siphos drama. Her lips were so soft like the sponge we use to wash dishes and I kinda loved the taste of the sweet she ate after smoking. She did something I didn’t expect, she put her hand inside my leggings and fondled my almost excited clitoris. This lesbian is so naughty bathong. I almost said “dawg stop it” but it felt so good I shut the fuck up. My punami was getting wet and it felt so good. At that moment Mgarimbe’s Sista Bettina was playing ka low volume in her car. When the ‘samanyobinyobi’ part came she went down and pulled my leggings down.

She used her long tongue to .....

THE END

## Episode 5

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

She made me stretch my legs a bit so she could have a full access to my nanana. She squeezed my butt with her hands and said ‘ntwana, ezi ya gago e causa havoc’

(Babe, you have a fine ass). Lol that almost cracked me, I guess it was her way of talking dirty. She was practically on her knees while her head was between my thighs like a piglet on her mom's breast. Her tongue was long and a bit thick so when she softly attacked my clitoris with it, I felt like a little kid after receiving a new toy from her father. I've been muffed by several guys before but this lesbian was on another level. My body went cold... warm... mild... cold... warm... mild and I almost screamed like those girls on ETV after-12 movies then I remembered we are in a garage. She paused for a moment, I think to catch her breath and I quickly said "Don't even think of stopping now...don't you dare. Finish what you started". It was like I gave her a Red Bull cause she started licking with my clitoris like a cat lapping delicious milk. You know that nice feeling you get when you 'earbud' your itchy inner ear? That's how I felt at that moment. My cake emitted some discharge and it has never happened to me before. My whole body vibrated for about 30 seconds... I don't know how it happened but I found myself whispering "I love you JT, I love you JT, I love you JT" and she went "le nna ka o ncanywa ntwana". After those spasmic vibrations JT went up and kissed me like I have never been kissed before. Shit this girl is a muffing mafia. As I was enjoying the kiss my phone rang. I ignored it, you'd do the same if you were in my shoes. The person called again and JT opened the car door for me to answer my phone. Nxa it was my roomie, she forgot her keys inside our room and she wanted me to open for her. Nxa this mozalwane chick doesn't have timing bathong. JT said I can go upstairs and he'll wait for me. I said no, he can leave cause I wanna study. I pulled up my leggings and opened the garage for my muffing mafia. With that we did our GOOD byes and I headed to the lift.

When I got inside the lift there were 2 girls and as they were getting out of the lift the other 1 said to her friend "chomi, were you eating fish?". WTF, I thought to myself, my pussy doesn't smell like fish. Maybe they were talking about a fish from Fish & Chips. When I got to 6th floor I found Kea waiting for me impatiently. Like duh, it's not my fault she forgot her keys. On the other hand, I was happy she bought supper for us. You'd swear this girl had a crush on Cyril Ramaphosa. She loved McDonald's like nobody's business. She asked me why I'm smiling and I told her I'm happy to see her. I couldn't tell her about the muffing mafia cause she'd probably call Mbhoro, Pastor Chris, Pastor Chifhiwa and all pastors to come pray for me. You know how bazalwane discriminate against gays and lesbians. As soon as we got in the room I took a bath and ate supper. Dumi

called and asked if I'm ok. I told him I'm fine but can't talk for too long cause I'm studying. He said fine, he'll see me tomorrow. I wish he could turn lesbian tomorrow. I studied for about 2 hours and slept afterwards. I had a very beautiful dream. I was in Mauritius with some hunk and everything was just so cool nje. Maybe these are the kinda dreams people have after getting a super muff.

In the morning I woke up early cause i had a morning class. I hate Friday classes, it's so difficult to concentrate. I wished Kea good luck for her interview and left. I attended 3 classes and after that I headed back to my place. It was around 2pm and Kea wasn't back yet. Maybe she went to her Bible what what. I took a nap and only woke up when Kea opened the door. I checked my phone, there were 10 missed calls. 2 from Siphon and 8 from Dumi. I wanted to call Siphon but my heart advised me against it. He probably wanted to blame me for the miscarriage if his wife miscarried. I called Dumi and he said he was on his way to my place cause I ignored his calls. I told him I was sleeping and he said I must be ready in 30 minutes. We are going to chill with his friends at Industrial Shisanyama. The mention of Industrial made me hungry. Their fish is off the hook. I took a quick bath and put on my favourite shorts, t-shirt and Tomy sneakers. Dumi came to fetch me and we headed to Industrial. There were 2 guys in the car. Dumi introduced them to me but I only caught the name of the 1 sitting on the seat behind Dumi. He said his name is Kabelo. He's one of those handsome yellow bones who would make you wet by just looking at them. Industrial has 2 parkings, the one by the Car Wash and another 1 is hidden at the back. Dumi chose the hidden 1. We went inside and drinks started flowing. Beside their delicious fish, Industrial is also known for the nice music they play. Around 10 PM Dumi's phone rang and he ran outside to to answer it. Few minutes later Kabelo's phone rang. He also went outside to answer it. Now it was just me and the other guy. He wasn't a nerd like Dumi, we actually had a very cool conversation. While we were talking some guy wearing an EFF beret and overall came to where we were sitting and asked if he can have my number. I asked if he's too blind to see I'm sitting with a man and he left without uttering a word. Lol these guys think they can expropriate everything without compensation, including girls. It was kinda getting cold so I went outside to look for Dumi so he can take me to my flat to take my jacket. I looked all over but he was nowhere to be seen. I thought maybe he's in the car, so I headed straight to the parking. From 3 metres away, I could see there were 2 people in the car and it looked as if they were kissing. WTF...it can't be Dumi,

he's too nerdy to cheat. My heart was beating heavier and faster. When I got closer I couldn't believe what I saw....

Dumi and Kabelo were .....

THE END

## Episode 6

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

As women, we know men cheat. We get all angry and make all sorts of threats to our cheating men but we end up forgiving them. But imagine your man cheating you with another man, I'd die. I'm sure you all heard of the phrase 'all men are dogs'. In my mind Dumi was not one of those dogs. Although he denies it, I think I broke his 'dicknity' (breaking of a guy's virginity). Coming to think of it now, Dumi had gay tendencies. His room was very neat for a man and he has more male Facebook friends than females. He read magazines like Drum and Move, he carried his man bag everywhere, he hated beer and preferred cidar. He hated sport except for wrestling. What kinda man watches a bunch of half-naked men with six-packs fighting? Shit, maybe I'm having exaggerated thoughts. As I got closer and opened the door I noticed they weren't kissing, Kabelo was comforting Dumi who was sobbing heavily. Dumi's head was on Kabelo's shoulder and from few metres away it looked as if they were kissing. When he saw me he started crying so loudly like Mawande when she first heard of Caleb's death. I was more than confused. What the hell was going on? Did Dumi find out about the muffing mafia? But that's impossible, no one saw us. I asked what's going on and Dumi couldn't even talk. I opened the door behind the driver's and sat inside the car, still fucken confused and panicking. What if Dumi's doctor called him to tell him he is HIV+? This guy came inside my mouth? Can I contract HIV via a blow job? My mind was wondering all over and I started panicking. Then I remembered doctors prefer to do it face to face. I don't know why but I joined the crying. I noticed many girls do this and start from early age. I remember when I was still 7 I once found my aunt crying in her bedroom and I joined the crying without knowing why she was

crying. When I asked why she crying she said her boyfriend broke her heart. I was so confused before I didn't see any blood on her t-shirt. Kabelo said he'll leave me and Dumi in the car so Dumi can tell me what happened. Now the confusion turned into fear. Why would Kabelo give us privacy? This means whatever happened had everything to do with me. Did Siphos find Dumi's number somewhere to tell him I killed the unborn baby? OMG!!!! At the moment I felt the womb of the earth open and let me in. My temperature started rising and I got out of the car planning to run. Dumi asked where I was going, his voice was interrupted by heavy sobs. Oh, now he can talk??? I said I'm coming to sit on the front seat. It took him about 5 minutes to finally calm down. He went "Baby, the ... the, the call..." He kept quiet for about 30 seconds and I thought this guy was deliberately trying to torture me. Is he talking about the call from Siphos? He continued "the call I got was from my sister. My parents were involved in a car accident. My dad is no.....more and my mom is in ICU". Part of me was relieved it had nothing to do with me but I started crying. It's not nice lose parents. Both my parents were still alive but I don't think I'll cope if one of them divorce the earth. Kabelo came back with the other guy and asked Dumi to sit ko back seat cause he couldn't drive in that emotional state. I sat with Dumi at the back. He's such a mama's boy. He lay his head on my breasts and I almost got 'excited' then I remembered he's mourning. It kinda made me feel bad. When we got to Dumi's place he told us he wants to be alone to deal with the pain. He asked Kabelo to drop me at my flat. I told him he can't be alone in that state and he said he'll be fine. He asked Kabelo to bring the car in the morning tomorrow cause he must hit the road to KZN. With that, me, Kabelo and the other guy left. Kabelo asked if we can drop the other guy first and I said cool. We dropped the guy at some suburb just after Hatfield, I'm not very familiar with East suburbs. Now it was just me and Kabelo in the car.

We drove in silence until we got to Sunnyside. When we got to my place it was around 12am, in Sunnyside 12am is like 5pm. People were still going up and down. Before I could say good bye he said "I don't feel like sleeping. I'm scared I'm gonna have nightmares". I didn't say anything. And he asked if mind to go have 1 or 2 nyana at House 22, just to ease the pain. I was reluctant at first but I thought, it won't hurt. I also wanted to mourn my 'in-law'. You know most black people run to the bottle to ease the pain. I asked him to give me 5 minutes to go to my flat to get something warm to wear and he said sharp. When I got to my room

Kea was not there. She left a note on the fridge. It read: “roomza I’m going to All Night Prayer ko Mamelodi. See you tomorrow”. Do people still do this fridge note thing in this age of Whatsapps and BBMs? Maybe her pastor told her social networks are things of the devil. I put on my jacket and headed back to the car. It’s only a minute drive from my place to House 22 and when we got there it was still packed. Do people ever sleep in Sunnyside?

I saw some bitch I once shared a bf with back in Limpopo and she gave me a funny look. I returned the favour and she faked a smile. Her name is Maite but apparently she calls herself M-Tee these days. That’s how hoes from my hood roll when they get to big cities. She was with some dark big-bellied guy wearing an ANC t-shirts and drinking Jameson. I guess he’s 1 of those small time tenderpreneurs from Limpopo. Their bench was the only one with a sitting place. We had no choice but to sit with them. She went “Hawu Shaz, how are you mokgotsi? O skaars jong”. I wanted to tell her to drop the act cause I knew she was faking it but I didn’t want Kabelo to see the bitchy side of me. I noticed most girls from small towns and villages don’t talk to their home girls when they get to big cities. They’ll be going “I don’t have time for haters”. Lol why would I hate someone who goes to Jeppe college? She introduced me to her BF, Never-die from Giyani. I almost cracked. Tsonga parents give their kids funny names. I went to school with some Tsonga chick called Next. He said I can call him Nerves. I introduced them to Kabelo and we started drinking. I think Kabelo was one of those weak guys, by 2am I could see he was sloshed that he struggled to walk. Luckily I didn’t stay far, I wouldn’t let him drive me in this state. Maite and Never-die announced that they are leaving, I told Kabelo we should do the same. Yerrrr he was driving kak, luckily we weren’t far from my crib. He parked the car outside my flat’s pedestrian gate and said he’ll sleep in the car. Ncoooh, what a responsible guy!! He knew he was too drunk to drive. I told him my roomie is not around. He can sleep over if he doesn’t mind. He’ll sleep on my bed and I’ll sleep on Kea’s. He locked the car and we went up to my room. Within 10 minutes nigga was snoring. I took off his shoes and socks. One of the reasons I hate drinking wine is that it makes me horny. My pussy was so wet, I tried to play with my finger but I made the ‘craving’ worse. I even thought of calling the muffing mafia but it was almost 3am. I looked at Kabelo and asked myself what would happen if I unzipped his pants and played with his cock? Would he get a hard on in a ‘black-out’ state?

There was only one way to find out...

THE END

## Episode 7

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Most people seem to think only men have a right to crave for some action. And many old-fashioned men think only men can initiate sex. Men are so selfish, especially those who go to traditional African churches, I won't mention names. I was dating some guy by the name of Matome from Jane Furse in Limpopo last year...oh Matome. He had a huge dick for days and he could shag me until my pussy blushed. He's one of those guys who drank Ultra Mel and peanuts everyday. I used to sleep at his place on Wednesdays cause it was his 'off-day'. One day he went to bed early while I was watching Muvhango. So when I finally joined him I decided to give him an ambush blow job in his sleep. Nigga jumped off the bed with the first lick. He went "tjo tjo tjo tjo...Ye ke meleko straight. O dia bjang? O nagana o mo Diplomat neh?". While saying that he took his church uniform and hid it in the closet cause he believed the devil sent me. He told me to take my stuff and voetsek cause he didn't have time for magosha. He basically kicked me out for wanting to initiate sex. Enough about dinosaurs (oh, I call my ex's dinosaurs). I looked at Kabelo and the more I looked at him was the more my wetness got wetter. His lips looked like they weren't capable of uttering insults and his nose was so cute. Part of me said "no Sharon, don't do it. He's Dumi's friend for heaven's sake" and the other part said "girl, you know what to do". True, I knew exactly what to do. I was already naked so I didn't waste any time. I went to my bed where Kabelo was sleeping. Nxa the fool was sleeping on his belly. What kinda man sleeps on his belly? His snoring sounded like Seakamela of Skeem Saam's car. I thought of giving up but no, I wanted some fun. While I was thinking on what to do next, he rolled himself over and now he was sleeping on his back. Perfect position, I thought to myself. Wait, what if this nigga is faking everything? What if he's pulling an act just to get some action? But he didn't look like that type. I slowly unbuttoned and unzipped his pants and put finger in inside. WTF, it took me some searching before my finger could feel something. For a minute I thought I was dreaming. I've seen small dicks before but to say this one was small would be an insult to the word small. I even took my phone to make light so to see

it clearly. Shame bathong, it looked so small, cute and innocent....like a newly born rat (not Alexandra rat). I could give it a blow job my my ear lol. Now I believe what Mashabela said about Tswana guys. I took 3 pictures which I planned to send to my girls the following day...I had to zoom 3 times to get a proper pic. I know it's cruel but hey, we live in an era of smart phones, everything must be captured. I buttoned and zipped his pants and retired to Kea's bed with a 'disappointed' pussy. This guy should quit alcohol, I touched his Corsa Lite 1.4 and he didn't see or feel a thing. He woke me up around 7am to tell me he's leaving and to apologise for being drunk and inconveniencing me the previous night. I almost asked him to apologise for disappointing me too. I asked him if he had a girlfriend and he said yes with confidence. I almost cracked, what kinda girlfriend settles for that tiny thing? Maybe she's one of those Christians who plan to have sex after marriage. She'll have a surprise of her life ko honeymoon shame. I told him to send my warm regards to my boo.

As soon as he left I made Kea's bed and slept on my bed. I was still a bit sleepy so I went back to lala land. When I woke up around 14h00 Kea was sleeping on her bed. I'm glad she didn't bother me when she got in, I was gonna pinch her thin ass. I checked my phone and there was an sms from Siphso. It read: "Hope you are happy. My wife miscarried. It's all your fault. God will punish you one day". I was so furious and I wrote the very first thing that came to my mind, "Don't pretend as if you are not happy. You told me you are not sure the baby is yours. Maybe this is a blessing in disguise". I switched my phone off immediately after sending. Most people do this after sending an ugly text cause they don't wanna see your come back. I took my other phone and called my mom. Everyone has 2 phones these days, a smart phone and one of those R100 phones. Thanks to weak battery life of smart phones. My mom was so happy to hear my voice. She asked about school and all sort of things. Before I hung up she reminded me to remain the good girl she raised and stay away from boys. I said I will mommy. Parents must wake up and smell the coffee, as soon as girls from Limpopo pass Kranskop Tollgate they throw the good girl shit away. If you want your daughter to remain a good girl, send her to University of Venda or Vhembe FET College. After speaking with mom I called Dumi and he told me he's in KZN already. The call lasted for few minutes cause he was in hospital. Kea's phone rang and it woke her up. Kea looked so beautiful. She looked like a beautiful version of Noluntu Memela. I always wondered why a beautiful girl like her would be single. But anyway, it wasn't my



business. She was married to her church. After the call she told me it was her pastor. He was taking her to Fountains Valley (a popular park in Pretoria) for a braai organised by another Pastor from Arcadia. Ja it pays to be a loyal church member neh, now she gets invitations from Pastors. She asked if I'll go with her and I said no, chilling pastors aint my scene. She begged me so humbly and I said cool, as long as we don't pray every 5 minutes. We both laughed. We took a bath and got ready for Pastor. By the way, I've never seen the pastor before. Within an hour he called and told Kea he's downstairs. I wondered how he knew where we stayed. Maybe he drops Kea now and then after the All Night Prayers. When we got downstairs there was a black Land Rover parked in front of our flat. Damn, I love big cars. When we got in the car he introduced himself as Pastor Adeyemi. Shit these Nigerians are all over, I thought to myself. They have churches almost every street in Pretoria. He asked Kea why she never told him she has a beautiful flatmate. I was flattered but I could see Kea wasn't happy about that compliment.

When we got to Fountains he didn't park his car where many people were, he parked under the trees to the far left-hand side of Fountains main gate. We walked for about 2 minutes to join the braai. There were about 10 people, 6 ladies and 4 guys. The guys spoke in Nigerian accent but all girls were South African. I was shit bored...a boozeless braai with Pastors aint my type of fun. Around 18h00 I saw a familiar face, Never-die. He waved for me and I walked to him. I told Kea he's a guy from home. He asked me what I'm doing with makwerekwere and I told him he should not call fellow Africans that. I hate that tendency with black South Africans, we call black foreigners makwerekwere but call white foreigners tourists. I see it as self-hate. He apologised and asked if I mind to join his crew. I told him I don't want Maite to kill me. He laughed and said there's nothing going on between him and Maite. I was like "Duh, what were you doing with her ko House 22 at 2am?". He deliberately ignored my question and led me to where his group was sitting. There were 6 guys and 2 chicks, that made me the 3rd chick. I assumed the other 3 guys were still hunting. Guys do that all the time. They go to pubs/parks without their partners with the aim of finding a one-night-stand there. When you ask why they go 'you can't go fishing with a fish'. Never-Die offered me a can of Hunter Gold. I don't like it but it was better than chilling with pastors. Most girls who drink Hunters Gold have mkhabas. Never-die said I can drink as much as I want cause they bought 24. This fool was making it obvious he was trying to get me drunk so he can chow me. He doesn't know me, they don't call me

phunyukabang'phethe for nothing. After 5 cans I asked Never-die if I can go take my phone which I left with Kea and he offered to accompany. When I said no he said I must give him my number, in case I got lost. Lol this guy was making it obvious he wanna ride me. I gave him my number and left. When I got to where Kea was, there was nobody. Shit, did they leave without me? I headed straight to where Pastor Adeyemi parked his car to check if they left. Maybe Kea and the pastor were waiting for me in the car. I saw the car but couldn't tell if there was someone inside because it had tinted windows and it was dark . You know with modern cars when you open the door the interior lights go on automatically.

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

THE END

## Episode 8

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

What I saw reminded me of some chick I went to Modubatse High School with. I think her name is Nthabiseng. She was every teacher's favourite. She was one of those very intelligent and disciplined girls. I tried to befriend her but within a week I played far from her. I mean, most of us broke virginity in grade 10 at the age of 15 or 16 and we bragged to our friends about it. One day during break I boasted to her that I slept with the most popular guy at school and she went mad at me. She preached to me about teenage pregnancy and HIV/AIDS. She told me my future will be ruined if I don't stay away from boys. She even quoted me Mark 7:20-23: "It is what comes out of a person that defiles. For it is from within, from the human heart, that evil intentions come: fornication, theft, murder, adultery, avarice, wickedness, deceit, licentiousness, envy, slander, pride, folly. All these evil things come from within, and they defile a person." That was too deep. That was the last time I chilled with her. The entire school was shocked when a rumour that she was hospitalised and almost died because of abortion by one of those Dr Pipiyenkulu from Central Africa. Her close friend told us she was impregnated by a new pastor in her church. That's why I don't have a best friend. The so-called besties are the very first people to spread rumour about you. When I was at home last month I saw her cleaning at Fish & Chips ko Modjadji Plaza. She looked pregnant and uglier.

Nxa these goody goody girls are not good at all. I know after the Nthabiseng saga I told myself I'll never believe these bazalwane girls but with Kea I thought she's a real deal. There was no element of naughtiness in her. She was either at church or library. When her phone rang it was either her parents or someone from church. I went thru her phone now and then and I never saw any flirty texts or pictures of hunks or hot boys. Every girl has a picture Lungile Radu or Maps Maponyane in her phone. We do fantasize about having them as BF's. When I was dating Matome I used to think of Maps whenever we kissed. As much as he had a big dick, he was a terrible kisser. He kissed me like he was blowing a vuvuzela. Kea never had such pictures in her phone. Her phone was very clean. So when the white g-string fell off the car my eyes immediately went up and I saw a scene I thought I'll never see in my life. Kea was on top of Pastor Adeyemi pulling a wild 'Y-itjukutja' like a possessed girl. WTF, where did she learn all that, Bible Classes? As soon as they saw me pastor pushed Kea so hard that she almost hit the car roof. That exposed the pastor's uncondomed dick for few seconds and I was like OMG, so it's true what they say about Nigerian dicks. For a moment I thought pastor had a snake between his legs. I envied Kea at that moment bathong. As Kea was looking for something to cover her naked body with, pastor went "Oh my lordo my lordo my lordo. What's dze helloo is goiii onooo? Oh my lordo she sow meeeeyo. Chinekeeeeeee". I almost laughed at the Nigerian accent but I didn't wanna make Kea feel uncomfortable cause I could see a blanket of embarrassment all over her face. She quickly got dressed and ran away. I have no idea where she ran to. Pastor was not dressed but he cover his bazooka with a towel. This guy is no good...he keeps a towel in his car? For what? Wiping Kea's discharge? He shouted "Kia cum bark, cum bark nouooo" but she kept running. Now it was just me and almost naked Pastor Adeyemi in the car. The pastor was a very charming dark muscular man with a great deal of sex appeal. I could see on the towel that he still had a hard on. I wish it was possible for him to share quarter of his dick with my Dumi, he'd still be bigger than him anyway. Now I see why Kea walked funny after her All Night Prayer sessions lol. Pastor gave me the shit story about how pastors are also human beings and get tempted now and then. I didn't hear half the things he said, my eyes were glued to the towel covering his manhood. I think he noticed that cause at that moment he switched off the lights. He didn't seem embarrassed by what transpired like Kea, he actually tried to justify it. WTF, these pastors aren't good at all. He told me to get out so he can get dressed. I almost told

him I don't mind to watch him getting dressed but I didn't wanna appear like a hungry slut.

I tried to call Kea but her phone rang in the car. We walked all over Fountains Valley looking for Kea but she was nowhere to be seen. So many thoughts were going thru mind? What if she committed suicide? What if she tried to walk to Sunnyside and got kidnapped by Boko Haram? I can imagine Twitter tomorrow: #BringBackOurKea. We walked back to the car and pastor suggested we drive to Sunnyside, maybe she got a lift to the flat. I asked the Pastor if he was married and he proudly said yes, he was married to the most beautiful woman on earth. WTF, if she's the most beautiful woman on earth what the hell was he doing with my roomie? I repeat, most men are dogs. They always brag about their wives being beautiful and smart but they go and have external relationships. I asked if he's having an affair with Kea and he said NO, it was just a once-off temptation. I asked if he ever had a once-off temptation with other girls from his church and he threatened to drop me off in the middle of nowhere if I didn't stop asking stupid questions. I apologised but I didn't mean it. I don't trust Nigerians, I heard stories of how they drug girls and turn them into prostitutes. But Adeyemi didn't look dodgy, he was fucking my roomie. I doubt he'd do any funny stuff to me. When we got to my flat he said he'll go upstairs with me to check if Kea is there and I agreed. To our surprise, Kea wasn't there. Now I was panicking. The pastor said we must pray for her safety. Nxa, does this nigga think God will listen to him after what he did? He closed his eyes and prayed for about 20 minutes. I think he was praying in tongues cause all I heard was "wacha wachu wachi wacho wachu.....Amen". He said he'll wait for about an hour or so, maybe Kea will come back, I said cool. My body was sweating from the long prayer, I asked him if he minds if I take a bath and he said he doesn't mind cause he wanna prepare for tomorrow's sermon on his tablet. Hope he's going to preach about adultery. Our flat was a bachelor, which me and Kea commonly referred to as a room, so the bathroom door was at the corner next to the window. I took my towel and toiletry bag and went to the bathroom. Our bathroom didn't have a key, like most bathrooms in Sunnyside flats. My body was so tense...liquid massage did me good.

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

THE END

## Episode 9

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

You know when you bath you get to think about life and stuff. It's the same with me, I thought of the past 3 days. Siphos almost shagged me but we were disturbed by Kea, Dumi came inside my mouth and his tiny dick collapsed, I wanted to shag Kabelo but his dick was nowhere to be found. The only pleasure I got was from the muffing mafia. My punami hasn't been penetrated in days. To be honest, I was longing for a hard cock inside me. Life is not fair, Mamoruti Kea is Mrs Goody Goody but she gets it all, a hard Nigerian cock. What must one do to get that lucky huh? Attend All Night Prayer sessions? When I saw the door opening, I wasn't scared or frightened as some would think. I was very happy and looking forward to Pastor Adeyomi's Nigerian snake. I felt my blood flowing to the right places and my clitoris longed for some friction. I actually planned to give it to him via Doggie style. I know most girls say that style is for bitches. Call me a bitch or whatever you want, Doggie is the ish. It makes you go to places you have never been to, especially if the guy has a huge cock and no mkhaba. I'm one of those average height girls, medium curves, size 32, 34C tities, a butt like Boity and legwegwe (bracketed legs). So when I bend over to give a guy a doggie, they normally come before penetrating if they are weak. I wanted to give it all to Pastor Adeyomi. What Kea doesn't know won't kill her and no one has monopoly rights over his dick. The good thing is he didn't even need to 'foreplay' me, I was already auto-foreplayed. All I wanted, A HARD COCK. Shit, the door opened and a figure I didn't expect appeared. This Kea girl is like a witch. She has a tendencies of being at the wrong place at the wrong time. Is this some sort of revenge cause I spoilt her fun earlier? Oh, I forgot...she's my roomie and had every right to be here. But why now huh? We looked all over for her and she only appears now? At that moment I wished Oscar Pistorius could appear with his gun and shoot this killjoy thru the bathroom door. Kea noticed I was angry and disappointed and she said "Shaz, I know you are disappointed and I understand". Wow, I was shocked, I thought she'd be mad at me for wanting to share the holy dick. She continued "I know you don't expect me....", she paused. Nxa ja vele I didn't expect her, I thought to

myself. She continued, "I know you didn't expect me to do what I did in the car". Shit we weren't on the same page. She was apologising for riding the pastor and I thought she was apologising for disturbing my mission. She told me she doesn't know how it happened cause she was sitting in the car with pastor and the next thing she was on top of him. I asked her if he raped her and she said NO. I asked if she enjoyed and she said yes. Nxa this girl is confused. I told her there's no need to apologise to me, I'm the one who should apologise cause I spoilt her fun. She said maybe God sent me to stop the whole thing cause He knew it wasn't right. I almost yawned at that comment. How can a person apologise for using their body parts? These chicks who pretend to be Mrs Googy Goody do shit behind closed doors and when caught they come up with shit stories. Kea rode Pastor Adeyomi in the car, period. If I was Judge Masipa I'd say it was a premeditated shagging. I told Kea to go attend her Pastor cause I wanna finish bathing. I was kinda still horny. I emptied the tub and lay inside with my legs wide open. I gently fondled my already excited clitoris and it felt so good. I put 2 fingers inside my nanana and slowly went in and out. In my native Sepedi language they say "tjie e phala morogo" figuratively meaning something is better than nothing. I experienced almost the same feeling I had when JT gave me a super muff and I started making those "oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ah ah mmm....." squeaky sounds. I think Kea heard me cause at that stage she asked if I'm ok and I told her "I'm singing Alicia Key's song...No One. Oh oh oh oh oh...oh oh oh oh oh oh oh....." I don't care if she believed me or not, I was in cloud 32 at that stage. She asked me to be quick cause Pastor wanna use the bathroom. Nxa this girl is on some mission to spoil my fun tonight. First it was Adeyomi and now my D-I-Y. I wiped myself with a towel and put on my PJ's. Pastor got into the toilet as soon as I got out. I took a quick look at his pants and noticed the nigga's tent was up. I think he heard my X-rated sounds and got horny. Men will always be men...even pastors. I wouldn't be surprised if he was going to wank in the bathroom. He better not use my face cloth to wipe his cum...I thought to myself. After 5 minutes he flushed and came to join us. There was no any shitty smell from the toilet. Lol I was right, he was jerking off. This nigga is such a pervert. I looked at him and he had one of those guilty looks in his eyes. I couldn't control myself, I started laughing and Kea asked what's funny. I told her nothing but continued laughing. Pastor was kinda irritated and he announced he's leaving and invited me to come to church in the morning.

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

Pastor Adeyomi preached about girls who sleep with married men. He spoke about how they are pests in the communities cause many marriages collapse because of them. He was like "we must pray for these girls because satan is using them. Can I hear hallelujah?" and everyone screamed amen. Kea stood up and walked towards the exit. I could see she wanted to cry. Nxa this pastor is bloody fake. How can he chow my roomie and preach about it in church? He's the one who needs prayers cause he's hiding his dirty life behind church. I planned to give him a piece of my tongue after church. After an hour or so he closed the service and everyone left. I waited for him outside and as soon as he saw me he smiled and acted all happy to see me. He thanked me for coming to church and asked if I enjoyed the service. I told him I've never hated a pastor but he's gonna be the first. I asked him "how can you have sex with Kea inside your car and preach about it in..."

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

“Yhooooo, Chinekeeeeeee.....”

THE END

## Episode 10

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

If there's something I learnt about watching Nigerian movies is that if you mess with them they'll eat you alive, especially when coming to their men. I once watched this movie where a 75 year old wheelchair-bound wife was beating a young lady like she was Floyd Mayweather. I think at some stage she stood up from the wheelchair and gave that chick a shit beating. They can walk from Soweto to Midrand just to beat a man snatcher. When I was young I always told myself I will never ever mess with married Nigerian men. When I turned back to look if it was really Mama Adeyomi's voice she smacked me so hard I almost cried in tongues. I don't know how hell looks like but at that moment my eyes saw darkness, I think it was hell. Is she really a pastor's wife? Isn't she supposed to pray for her cheating husband to stop cheating instead of beating up innocent girls like me. Pastor Adeyomi tried to talk to her but she couldn't hear any of it. She kicked him so hard that he almost fell. Is this the pastor's wife or a Nigeria version of Dr Malinga? Luckily some church members saw the fight and they came to my rescue. This woman is possessed shame? Couldn't she wait for them to go home so they could sort the problem out in private? A church should be a place of prayer and good things, not a wrestling ring. Pastor Adeyomi was so embarrassed. The more the church members who came to my rescue tried to calm her down it was like they were giving her that R10 fake energy drink called Dragon. About 5 men were trying to prevent her from continuing with the beating and she fought them so hard as if she was getting paid to beat me. This is bad luck, Kea got fucked and here I am getting beaten for something I didn't do. I shouted “you should be ashamed of yourself ugly woman. All these for a mere dick? If you satisfied your man in bed he wouldn't have a reason to cheat on you with young ladies from his church. Use that big mouth to blow him, not to insult innocent people”. After that I ran for my life. I ran so fast I could see some dust following me. I looked back to see if she was following me and but all I could see was dust. That's how fast I was.



Even Caster Semenya couldn't run this fast. I wasn't in a mood for more Nigerian beating. All I knew was Pastor Adeyomi will either sleep in hospital or at Avbob tonight. I'll buy Daily Sun tomorrow cause I know it will be on their front page. I can imagine the headline: "Nigerian Pastor killed by wife in church".

When I got to my place Kea was packing her clothes. She told me she's going home to clear her head. I was so angry at her, she's the one who enjoyed Adeyomi's snake and I got beaten and now she's running away. Instead of supporting me she's running away. WTF is wrong with these bazalwane mara? What was she thinking when she slept with a married man? Actually, Adeyomi's wife should beat both of them. Adeyomi for cheating on his ugly wife and Kea for knowingly sleeping with a married man. Shit, I remembered I also slept with married men before. I felt like a kettle. Kea said I should help her to carry her bags to downstairs where a cab was waiting. I told her I was in pain and in no state to carry bags. With that I went to the bathroom to bath. The water was cold but I didn't mind, my temp was still high from the running and the beating. Kea knocked at the door to tell me she was leaving and I almost said "whatever bitch". I think she didn't wait for my response cause she closed the door before I could answer. After bathing I studied for about an hour but if you ask me what I studied I won't tell a thing. All I could see was the ugly eyes of Mama Adeyomi. What if she comes to finish me off while I'm sleeping at night? She probably knows where Kea stays... OMG, I started panicking. Nigerian women are so stubborn and their fight can continue for 1000 years. When they die their daughters take over and so on. If they were like this with Boko Haram those kidnapped girls would have been at home long time ago. We would be singing a different tune now: #OurGirlsAreBack. I called the girls I know to ask if I can come sleep over and all of them were either at their boyfriends' cribs or their phones were off. Mxm when days are dark bitches are occupied. I remembered I haven't eaten since the morning. Kea normally did all the cooking, with her gone now I had no choice but to go buy a takeaway. I thought of going to buy food at Something Fishy at SunnyPark but I decided against it. What if I bump into Mama Adeyomi? I decided to go buy Spatlho/Kota (township bunnychow) at some Somali shop next to House 22. I put on short pink dress, white All Star sneakers, sun glasses and straw hat. Although I was going to buy food metres away from my crib, I had to look good. I'm not one of those chicks who would go to the mall wearing pyjamas. A girl must look good at all times. As I was walking to the shop, a red Golf 7 Gti stopped

next to me and the driver shouted “Shaz”. You know us girls have a habit of pretending we don’t wanna look at a driver when they stop their beautiful cars next to us, deep down we know we want to see the beast behind the wheel. The only time we don’t want to look for real is if the car is cheap, especially one of those R699 a months cars. I kept walking and the driver shouted “Shaz” again. I kept walking. You know when you are hot and confident you’ll play hard to get knowing a guy will never leave until he sees your teeth. He stopped his car and got out. Damn, it was someone I didn’t expect, Never-die. He asked why I’m being funny to him. I told him I thought he was a Nigerian. He laughed and said “I know I’m dark but I’m not that ugly”. I almost cracked cause most Nigerian guys looked like Taye Diggs compared to him. He asked where I was going. I couldn’t tell him I was going to buy Spatlo, so I made up a lie that I was just walking. He asked me to get into the car and I didn’t hesitate. Where I come from a Gti is like a girl magnet.

We drove around Pretoria while he was telling me about politics. How he regretted supporting Zuma in Mangaung cause he’s a liability to the ANC. I don’t even know what Mangaung is. Truth be told, most girls have little interest in politics. That is why when you go to political rallies 90% of the attendants are males. I think he noticed I was bored and he started talking about fired Generations actors and I started talking. I was hungry but my pride didn’t allow me to tell him to buy me food. I asked him where his girlfriend Maite was and he said he has not seen her since the night I saw them together and that she’s not his girl. I kinda enjoyed hearing him saying she’s not his girlfriend. She’s one of the girls I didn’t like. She deserved to date taxi drivers or college students, not Gti guys like Nerves. He asked if I would love to grab something to eat and I said I’m not that hungry but could do with a light meal. I was lying obviously, I was starving. He drove us to Spur Hatfield. We ate and after eating he ordered me red wine and bought Heineken for himself. Now I see where his mkhaba came from. Most guys who drink Heineken have mkhabas. Julius Malema used to drink it and got disfigured in less than 2 years. We sat at Spur till late. I was actually enjoying his company. Thanks to the red wine I was having. Remember what I told you about the effect red wine has on me? Around 11pm he said we should leave and I nodded.

When we got in the car and tried to kiss me and I asked if he got me drunk so he can kiss me and he said maybe. Wow...how arrogant!!! I found it charming thou.

We kissed for about 2 minutes and he drove off. Nigga drove so fast that he even skipped red robots. Within 5 minutes we were at Southern Sun Hotel . He parked his car and within 2 minutes we were in his hotel room.

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

I gave him funny look and .....

THE END

## **Episode 11**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Many people make decisions that will affect them for the rest of their lives when they are under the influence of alcohol. Last year during my former class mate’s 21st birthday party me and 2 of my girls drank and finished two bottles of Skky Vodka and did things we are not proud of. The strangers who bought us those Vodkas made sure they got something in return for their money. We got so drunk that when they asked us to follow them to their cars we didn’t have a capacity to say no. You know when you are hot you can go to any party broke but you’ll never struggle to get booze and food. On many occasions you can milk guys dry and get away with murder, but you won’t be lucky all the time. They fucked 2 of my friends without condoms and I only got lucky because our I was on periods, heavy flow to be exact. The guy who was allocated to me got so pissed and he made me blow him for 3 hours none stop. Those girls are mothers now and they don’t even know those guys. Imagine not knowing your baby’s father, crap. My periods saved me#TeamPeriods lol.You know when someone asks if they look sick they actually

make you more suspicious. Most people think just because someone is not thin it means they are healthy. That's wrong, for all you know someone as big as Khulubuse could be sick. I was so horny and I was actually planning to shag him, condom or no condom. But that question made me more conscious. He tried to penetrate but I told him to stop and I could see he was getting irritated. His dick had that colourless liquid that most guys have when they are very horny. I told him I won't get laid without a condom. He stood up and headed to the closet and took something from his bag. WTF, this guy was testing me. He had condoms all along and he wanted to see if I'll shag him without a condom. My head was angry at him but my pussy smiled cause it was finally going to be tjukutja'd. He stood next to the naked me and showed me something, a note from a Doctor. Shit, this guy had everything planned. It was his HIV test results and he was negative according to the note. I told him even if he's negative I'm not ready to fall pregnant. He went back to the closet and came back with a packet written Escapelle. WTF, what kinda guy carries Morning After pills? He made me more scared. He went "now you have no reason not to ride me. Come here and tell me who your daddy is". He was licking his lips as he said that. I told him he must go buy condoms cause we aint doing anything without a condom. He got so angry and accused me of being a spoiled brat. I told him I wanted him badly but I can't risk my health. He said "Come on Shaz, let's do it. I promise I won't come inside you". Lol I have heard that before. Most guys will tell you they won't come inside you, but when the COME comes they lose control. That's how many girls fell pregnant. I was not a teenager anymore, no fool can fool me. He tried so hard to negotiate but I told him "no condom, no patapata, Nervy". If there's one thing guys are good at is pussy negotiating. If they used same skills to negotiate business deals most of them would be millionaires. He got so angry that his complexion turned navy blue. For a moment I thought he was gonna force himself on me. He took his phone and headed to the bathroom. Didn't this guy learn something from Reeva Steenkamp about taking a phone to the bathroom at night? I could hear he was talking but I couldn't get clearly what he was saying. Who the fuck was he talking to? Maybe he was asking the hotel to organise him condoms. I knelt down and said a short prayer: "I beg you God, make him find condoms. If you were a woman you'd understand. Amen". He came back and told me he's going to buy condoms. I told him to hurry cause my pussy aint the patient type. He put on his jeans and vest and left.

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

I called a cab and got ready to hit the road. I knew exactly where Maite stayed. I'm glad she mentioned in her whatsapp that the gate at her flat is not working. I'm going to show them a horror movie they've never seen before. First he gets me horny and leaves me hanging, secondly he leaves me to go fuck that stretch-marked hoe. I felt cheap and played. I took Maite's bag and went outside to wait for the cap. I told the driver I'm going to corner Jorrison and Plein street, Sun Villa flat. The driver noticed I looked angry and he asked if everything is ok. I told him to google Kermit. I doubt he understood what I meant. Within 7 minutes I was outside Maite's flat. I paid the cab and thanked him. I saw Nerves' car parked at a parking bay next to rubbish bins. I opened the rubbish bin, took trash and

decorated Nerves' car with it. Maite's bachelor flat was at the 2nd floor so I didn't have to use the lift. I got to the door and tried to open and booom, it swimmingly opened.

...OMG, WTF....

THE END

## Episode 12

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Imagine going to Camp Nou to watch FC Barcelona vs Real Madrid only to find that it's Moroka Swallows against Supersport United!!!! You got there expecting to see Lionel Messi only to find Siyabonga Nomvethé running up and down aimlessly. That's the situation I was in at that particular moment. I went to Maite's place expecting to find her riding Nerves but I saw less than I expected. I stood at the door frozen not knowing whether to get in or go back. "Sharon Letsoalo, Her Majesty from Ga-Kgapane. Still looking as gorgeous as the last time I saw you. What are you doing here this time of the night?", he asked. I wanted to speak but it was like someone put a sponge inside my mouth. This shit is not what I expected. "Come in and tell me what brought you here cause the last time I checked you and my cousin were like Osama Bin Laden and George W Bush. Did things change?", he said. The person in front of my eyes was Thabiso Modika, Maite's cousin. He's the guy who broke my virginity. You know as girls we always feel something in our hearts whenever we bump into the guy who stole our 'innocence', especially if we don't see him regularly. I almost screamed #BringBackMyVirginity. I haven't seen Thabiso in almost a year and seeing him again brought back memories of that particular night. Before breaking my V he made me feel so special and made many promises to me. He told me he'll love me forever and when I graduate from tertiary he'll put a ring on my finger. He promised we'll grow up together and have 2 beautiful kids, Sharon Jnr and Thabiso Jnr. To be honest, small things like these charm young girls. We all want to grow up, have a handsome husband and beautiful kids. That's the image I had back then about me and Thabiso. After breaking my virginity his attitude towards me changed. He started making excuses not to see me and eventually he told me he can't date a high school kid. Many girls

go thru this, a guy who de-virginate you is unlikely to be your husband. My heart was shattered but I'm cool now. As 2 PAC once said, Life goes on."Thabiso Modika, what are you doing here?", I asked curiously. He said he came to see his cousin and they have been drinking since late afternoon. I asked where Maite was and he told me she and Nerves went to fetch Maite's handbag and Nerves' phone at Nerves' place. I almost told him the handbag I'm holding is Maite's but decided against it. "I'm waiting for them to come back so I can leave. They are using my car", he said. Now it makes sense cause I was about to tell him Nerves' car is packed at the parking lot. He offered me a glass of wine but I refused. You know wine makes me excited downstairs. I asked him how he knows Nerves and he said they do business together. Oh now I see, that's how that slut met Nerves. He asked how come I never knocked when I got in and I told him I did and nobody said come in, so I entered. The fool believed me lol. His phone rang and he went outside to answer. Nxa indeed a leopard never changes its spots. When we were dating he never answered his phone in front of me. Even if it was his brother calling he'd go far where I could not hear his conversation. While he was outside my mind went back to Nerves. What kinda game was this guy playing? I mean, he left me at his place and now he's taking Maite to the very same place where he left me at. Was he trying to cause a fight between us? You know there are guys who still think for girls to fight for them it meant they are 'hits'. Most guys with money think they can play girls and get away with it. They are the reason we have many Zodwas in the world.

Thabiso came back and told me it was Maite on the phone. She was telling him they'll be a bit delayed cause they wanna pass by McDonalds to buy food. I asked him if he told her I was around an he said no. Then he said something I didn't expect, "well, we have enough time to do it before they come back, for old time's sake". I thought he was joking and I laughed at him foolishly. Before I could utter a word his lips were on mine. I pushed him and said "no, it won't feel right. You are my ex for heaven's sake. You broke my heart and you expect me to open my legs for you? Don't be selfish". It was like he was deaf, instead of listening, he locked his lips with mine again. That's what guys do when they don't have answers, they resort to kissing cause they know once a girl is in that mode they'll never make more yada yada. It felt good but I felt cheap. I know I didn't sleep with Nerves but he had seen my wet cookie less than 2 hours ago. I felt like a hooker that gets shagged by different cocks every hour. I pushed him again and told him

I'm not comfortable sleeping with him at Maite's place. He told me what she doesn't know won't kill her and that we'll be done before they come back. I wanted him badly but sometimes a girl must put her morals first. If I shag him tomorrow him and Nerves will be discussing how sluttish I am. That's one thing I admire about guys. They can go for the same chick and still remain best bombas. With us girls it's a different story, we can hate each other for 20 years for a 5 cm dick. I told him we'll do it some other time. I thought he was gonna stop but he became more determined to seduce me. I was gradually getting wet even thou my mind was not 'wet'. Since I was wearing a mini dress it made it easier for him to massage my thighs. Shit this guy doesn't forget easily, when we were dating I once told him my thighs are very sensitive. I think he used that to his advantage. My W-spot is on my thighs. Oh, W-spot is the 'Wet-spot' – I get wet when a guy gently rubs my thighs. My mood changed from protesting to wet-ecitement. He kissed me everywhere, neck, ears, nose and chin. Maybe the missed opportunities I had the previous days were a blessing in disguise. Maybe God wanted me to reconcile with the guy who broke my virginity. He went up my thighs and pulled down my undies. I wanted to protest but he was one step ahead of me. He pulled my dress up and started licking my nipples. I wasn't wearing any bra, my breasts are still 'fresh'. He took off his pants and shirt...and ohhhh, his manhood was bigger than the last time. I jokingly asked if he fed his dick with Scott's Emulsion and he laughed. He wanted to go down on me but I told him we don't have enough time cause Maite might pop in anytime. I missed many chances to have my nanana un-itched and I wasn't looking forward to another disturbance. He took a condom from his wallet and put it on while I was kissing his juicy lips. I commanded him to lie on the bed and let me show him what I learnt since we broke up. He complied and I got on top of him and did the do. I sat on top of him and gripped my legs around him with my knees facing 'forward'. It was like I was sitting on a chair...but this particular chair made me feel heavenly. I slowly pressed my bum downwards and I could feel his warm cock entering me. He roared like a hungry lion and that made me increase my up-n-down speed. Shiiit...I was finally getting it. OMG I came twice within 5 minutes. Thabiso's cock was hitting the right corners. At some stage I couldn't feel the joints of my legs, that's how good his dick was. When his time to come came, he was like a horse after inhaling dagga smoke. He grabbed my small body and pressed my bum against him. I felt as if his dick reached my womb and it felt WOW. Guys look funny when they come, the black things in his eyes disappeared for few seconds and he was mooing like an ox



being castrated. He was like “ah ke a rota, ah ke a rota oooooooooohhhhhh ke rotile (ah I’m coming, ah I’m coming ....ooooooooohhhhhhhh I came)”

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

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

THE END

## **Episode 13**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Ever been in a situation whereby you do something impulsively? Most people are in jail today because of acting out of anger or strong emotions. I remember when I was in grade 11 I once used the ‘F’ word on my Maths teacher after she embarrassed me in front of my classmates. She made my grade 11 year a living

horror. She even gave me lower marks in maths even though I was good. Problem with acting impulsively is you will never reverse the action. I personally believe Oscar Pistorius did what he did because of 'sudden' anger. Had he given himself a chance to calm down he wouldn't be in the situation he is in right now. He's lucky Judge Masipa or Masepa was lenient on him. I always read about people being hit by stray bullets at malls and feel 'ncooooh' for them. Imagine you are at the mall doing your things and the next thing you are hit by a bullet that was meant for another person. That's what happened to the security guard of Maite's flat at that moment. Maite is one of those loud chicks that want people to hear when they insult someone. I'm sure her voice reached the security guard and he was coming to warn her. If you ever stayed in Sunnyside flats you will know what I mean. The security guards show up the minute you start shouting, especially if they once asked you out and you showed them your middle finger like Floyd Shivambu. It's like they punish you for not wanting to ride them. This security guard didn't even have a chance to warn Maite, the bottle hit him on the forehead and he fell like Pastor TB Joshua's building. Within seconds there was blood everywhere. At that moment Nerves had just dropped his call and he was coming in to join us. Bad things happen to good people. Why didn't the bottle hit Never-die on his forehead instead of the poor security guard? Maybe the bottle knew it stood no chance on him, his forehead was so big and ugly that it would make the bottle break in no time without him sustaining any injury. Maybe that's the reason his parents named him Never-die. You know if there's something that scares the shit out of black people is blood. If a person dies without bleeding it will take us moments before we believe he's dead. But if you fall and sustain a small injury that leads to bleeding you are likely to hear "yooooo mmawwweeee, thusaaaaang (I don't know what 'yooooo mmawwweeee' is in English)". When Maite realised what she did she started shaking and asked Never-die to check if the security guard is still alive. I almost laughed thinking that Never-die saved her number as Peter Security Guard in his phone. Instead of checking his pulse or heartbeat, Nerves asked the guy if he's still alive. You can take a person out of Giyani but you will never take Giyani out of him. How do you ask someone who is visibly unconscious a question? Obviously the security guard didn't answer cause he was unconscious. Nerves looked at us and said "munhu loyi ufile (this person is dead)". Maite walked towards them slowly while crying, I thought she was going to confirm if he's really dead. When she got to the door she went "Modimo o tla ntshwarela (God will forgive me)" and ran away. Lol this bitch thou, she killed a person and

now she's running away. I wanted to call the cops immediately to arrest her but Thabiso stopped me. I can imagine Maite in those orange overalls. Me and Thabiso joined Nerves next to the 'body' and I used my nursing skills to check if the security guard was indeed dead. Lol Nerves is such a cow. The poor guard was still alive but he was bleeding badly. I took one of Maite's white t-shirts and tried to stop bleeding. That was Sister Sharon Letsoalo in action. I'll put it in my CV that I saved a life. I told Nerves and Thabiso that they must take him to hospital before he dies. I asked Thabiso what's gonna happen if the security guard's bosses discover that their employee is not on duty? Thabiso said I shouldn't worry. They carried him to Nerves' car and when they got there they were met by the trash I decorated the car with. Nerves dropped the security guard like he was a bag of cement. That's how men love their cars. They value their cars more than life. The security made sound for the first time...he went "achuuuu yhooo". I told Never-die that only one person could have done this shit on his car, Maite Modika. I think he believed me cause he said "ni ta xi dlaya (I will kill this thing)". I smiled secretly.

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

Thabiso drove with me back to Sunnyside. He tried to call Maite but her phone was off. I told her maybe she committed suicide and he gave me a funny look. If

she dies I'll go to her funeral in my shortest mini-skirt, just to say bye bitch in style. When we got to my place Thabiso wanted to go up with me for another session. I told him I was too tired and sleepy to ride him. He said cool but I must call him after my last class the 'following day'. I said sharp and headed to my flat.

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

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

THE END

## **Episode 14**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Your place is your own space. That's a place where you dance naked, a place where you pull wooden mic performances without worrying about people judging your singing, a place where you finger yourself without worrying about perverts watching, a place where you release thunderous farts. You do most things you wouldn't do in public at your place. But imagine if your place was a Big Brother house, everything you do would be captured on camera. I doubt I'd feel comfortable in such environment. Now imagine after undressing myself in the bathroom with no knowledge of someone in my crib and the next thing there's a person in the room. I almost soiled myself. The difference between men and women when faced with an intruder is men will turn into a defensive mode and try to fight the intruder OR run for their lives. As women we don't run or defend ourselves, we'll either freeze or scream...whichever comes first. With me screaming came first when I saw the intruder on Kea's bed. Although the person covered themselves with a blanket from toe to head, I could see it was not Kea cause of the body size. Getting dressed fast and running away should have been my first reaction but me being a girl I screamed "Yhoooooooooooo". I think my screaming gave the intruder a fright cause he jumped off the bed so fast that he fell

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

I took my phone and called Kea. I wanted to give her a piece of my tongue for introducing that dodgy pastor to my life. She picked up after 3 rings and asked why I'm calling her so early in the morning. Before I could answer I heard "Babyooo, cum bark sleep ma louve". It sounded like a voice of a Nigerian man in the background. WTF, is this chick at home or in Lagos? What happened to the goodie

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

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

As I was about to sleep she replied:

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

WTF...Kea? No it wasn't her. Maybe the Nigerian voice next to her responded. But how did the Nigerian know about Adeyomi...I thought to myself. Shit, it was indeed Kea who responded. How could she accuse me of leading Adeyomi on? I wanted to respond but didn't have energy. One day she'll pay for this. I'm Sharon Letsoalo, she must google me. Nobody messes with me and gets away with it. I

retired to lala land with a heavy heart. I woke up around 10am and prepared myself for classes. On my way to college I called Dumi to check if he's ok. His phone was off. I dropped him a Whatsapp that I miss him and hope things are going well. His 'Last Seen' was 12 hours ago. When I got to college I switched my phone off in order to concentrate. I always wonder how people concentrate in class when they are on social network. After my last class I switched my phone on and called Thabiso as promised. He said he'll come fetch me after 20 minutes. While I was waiting my phone rang, it was my mom. I ignored the call as I was not in a mommy mood. Thabiso arrived within 15 minutes but he was not alone in the car. There was a woman carrying a baby in the front seat. I got in the car, at the back. My heart was sore cause normally the front seat is reserved for wives/gf's and side chicks. I kept wondering why that woman would sit where I was supposed to sit. I mean, Thabiso and I shagged several hours ago for earth's sake. Before he could ignite the engine he introduced us:

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

THE END

## Episode 15

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Unlike men, most of us girls experience some sort of emotional attachment to people we screw. It's not necessarily love, but just a feeling. We expect a guy to show some respect and decency after sex, even if we are not in a relationship. I'm talking about normal girls, not your professional mogwanthis. A guy can shag you today, bump into you the following day and not greet you. So imagine how I felt when Thabiso introduced me as his cousin to his ugly wife. I know Thabiso is an ex who broke my virginity and I don't have any ownership over him. When I slept with him last night he didn't say anything about us getting back together or something like that, but fact is he had sex with me. Actually, I made love to him. No normal girl wants to be treated as a sperm dish. I didn't expect him to bring me a bouquet of flowers or an engagement ring, but I expected respect from him.

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

Seeing Dumi made me kinda feel guilty about what happened last night. He was going thru tough time, mom in hospital and dad dead. I cheated on him with a cow and now I'm the one feeling bad. Men like Thabiso deserve to be castrated. I wish God could take his big dick and give it to my sweet Dumi. When we got into the car and he kissed me on the cheek. While driving to my place I asked him how



things are at home and bla bla bla. I expected him to be all emotional and stuff but he was cool about everything. I guess he made peace with the fact that his dad is gone. When we got to my place he asked for a charger cause he wanted to check his messages. I asked him why he didn't buy one of those cheap Chinese chargers and he said he didn't wanna waste time. I asked him why he's in Pta and he said he came to fetch some important documents. He checked his messages and when he saw my Whatsapp text he was all smiles. He came near me and gave me a kiss I've never experienced before. I kissed him back and he pushed me to the bed. WTF...is this the Dumi I know? Maybe it's his twin...I thought to myself. The Dumi I knew would rather talk about how snakes digest food than have sex with me. What did he learn in KZN? Maybe he had a wife back in kZN and she taught him a thing or 3. I felt a bit guilty that I slept with Thabiso the previous night. But if there's one thing that kills guilt faster than confession is giving your man best sex ever. We kissed for about 5 minutes and I got aroused. Normally with Dumi I got aroused not because of how he touched me, I got aroused cause I loved him. I tried to take off his t-shirt and he quickly went "stop right there, in Zulu culture we are not supposed to have sex during the mourning period". What an anti-climax!!!! I answered "to hell with culture. It's not like Shaka is gonna wake up from the dead and kill you with a spear". That almost made him laugh. Men will always be men, nerd or no nerd...culture or no culture. Men think with their dicks, period. He tried to stop me from undressing him but his small dick was in gear 5 already. I know this might sound funny, although Dumi's dick was small, it looked so cute lol. I continued undressing him and this time he didn't tell me about the culture shit. He was now in a dick-thinking mode. If you want your man to give you his bank PINs, get him horny. Men don't THINK when they see a pussy. I wanted to blow him but I thought of what happened the last time. So I didn't waste anytime, I took his chubby dicklet and put it inside me. I almost laughed cause it was tickling me inside. By the way, we weren't using a condom. Within 1 minute 30 seconds he came. I could tell he was coming cause he did his signature tune "hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu". To be honest I didn't expect a porn star performance from him. I didn't love Dumi for sex, I just loved him nje. Loving him was a cute thing to do. There are many women out there who have been with small-dicked bad performers for years. 95% of them are fucking someone else. You stick with your man because you love him but you go fuck outside cause you need a good fuck. It's called life. I asked Dumi to muff me and he said "eeuuuu...with the stuff in your pussy?". WTF, it was his come for heaven's sake. Men expect us to swallow their

come but they find their own come disgusting. I left him lying naked on the bed quickly went to the bathroom to wash off his sperms. When I went back to the bedroom Dumi looked like someone who has seen a ghost. Before I could brew what was going on, Kea was standing next to the door 100% naked.

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

THE END

## Episode 16

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

When I opened the door a face I didn't expect smiled at me. What's up with black people and surprises these days mara? It was my mom and her colleague who happened to be Maite's aunt. I could see my mom was happy to see me and I had to fake happiness but I knew my mind was in the bathroom. My mom went "morwedi wa ka yo mo botsebotse (my very beautiful daughter)". I smiled and returned the compliment – "my beautiful mom". We hugged and did those unnecessary niceties we learn from the soapies. I asked her why she didn't tell me she was coming to Pta. She said it was a last minute decision and she did call but I ignored her call. Shit, she was right, I did ignore her call. She told me she was in Pta to do some stuff at the Nursing Council. Maite's aunt asked if she could use the bathroom and I quickly told her my roomie was bathing. She it's fine cause it's a girl and I told her my roomie is the private type and she hates when people enter the bathroom when she's bathing. I lied cause had she opened that door hell was gonna go loooooosssseeee. My mom said she's hungry and we should go to Spur. She said I must quickly get dressed cause Maite's aunt was pressed. I asked my mom if they can wait for me outside while I'm dressing and she said no cause I'd be slow. Nxa this woman was becoming a Mission Impossible. I didn't wanna go

out to eat, I wanted to beat the hell of the naked bitch who was hiding in the bathroom with my naked man. While dressing I heard a soft voice going “hawu hawu hawu hawu” from the bathroom and my blood boiled. Nxa it has only been a minute and Dumi was coming already. My mom asked if my roomie was bathing with a dog and I told her she was probably singing. After getting dressed we left my place. When we got where my mom parked her car I told them I forgot to lock the door they said “Mos there’s someone up there, she’s probably done bathing”. My mom was disturbing my mission bathong. I wanted to go back to the flat to deal with Kea Nine-9. We got in the car and drove to Sunnypark Mall. This woman loved Spur ribs like nobody’s business. When we got to Spur she ordered Spur ribs, buffalo wings and spinach. Maite’s aunt and me ordered the same. While eating Maite’s aunt asked if I sometimes see Maite and I said “Me and Maite are best friends. I was with her yesterday”. She was so happy nxa. I asked my mom if I can go make a call and she jokingly asked if I’m going to call my bf. Lol I told her I’m going to call my roomie. She gave me a go and I went to the parking lot. I wanted to make sure I had a freedom of speech. I called Dumi 10 times and he didn’t pick up. I called Kea and her phone was off. I remembered I had Adeyomi’s number. I called him and he picked up within the 1st ring. I flirted with him 4 about a minute and I could feel he was getting excited. Nxa men can be stupid sometimes. Nigga is fucking my roomie but gets excitement from flirting with me. I told him I’m home alone and very bored. Before I could finish that he told me he’ll be at the flat in 5 minutes. I hung up and went “Yessss, that’s my boy....Kea won’t know what hit her”.

Before I could leave the parking a red Volvo C30 parked to where I was standing. The driver opened the window and I could see he was looking at my boobs. I wanted to tell him shit but before I could breath a word he went “I’m not staring at your boobs. I’m staring at your heart”. Lol men and lame pick up lines, it was kinda cute thou. He managed to score a smile from me. He got out of the car and introduced himself as TT Matshwi but I should call him TT Scott. When he said Scott I thought of Scott of Generations, the guy who had more than 10 girlfriends. I lied to him that I’m Lerato. Most girls lie about their names when they meet a guy for the first time and Lerato is the common name we use. He took my hand and kissed it softly. Lol nigga was trying to push charm. I told him I’d love to chill and chat but mommy would be worried. He asked for my number and I told him I

rather have his. He didn't protest and gave me his digits. When I left I could feel he was looking at my bum and I deliberately twerk-walked.

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

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

Dumi was lying in a pool of blood

THE END

## **Episode 17**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE END

## **Episode 18**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

There are some people you never wish to bump into, Matome is one of them. Remember Matome from Jane Furse? The guy who shagged me til my pussy blushed? The guy who dumped me for wanting to blow him. He's one of those guys I sometimes sit and ask myself how I got to date him. He wasn't romantic or



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

I got to my mom's hotel room Maite's aunt was reading Daily Sun and mom was busy on a call ....I think it was my dad and it sounded as if he was interrogating her about this and that. Men are like that, when the wife is away they'd call every 30 minutes just to check if she aint doing shitty stuff. They'll ask questions like "are you alone?" and if you give them 1-word answers like 'yes, no, yes, no' they get mad. They think you are with someone and you are scared to talk. She gave me a phone and me and daddy talked for few minutes. I could tell he was happy cause he knew if I'm with my mother it meant she was not with another man. That's how stupid men are. If a woman wants to cheat she'll do so right under your nose. She can even fall pregnant by your neighbour without you knowing. That's an advantage of being a woman, when I'm pregnant I know 100% that the baby is

mine. A man can never be 100% sure. Coming to think of it, my little brother looks like some doctor at the hospital where my mom works. I'm not accusing my mom of anything, I'm just saying nje. While I was busy with a call someone knocked at the door. Maite's aunt opened and the most irritating voice said "thobela mmane (hello auntie)". I told dad I G2G and went straight to the bathroom after the call. I sat in there 4 over 20 minutes until mom asked me to get out and say hi to my friend. I had no choice but to be in the same room with the bitch I fought with not long ago. She was on about how we so tight like sisters and how we spend most of our time at Library. My mom was like "Sharon, with a friend like Maite you'll never be like most girls from home who came to Gauteng for nightclubs and endless boyfriends. Maite was raised very well and I feel safe when you are friends with her". Maite was all smiles...nxa the bitch was such a snake. Only if they knew she was the opposite of what they thought of her. Most girls from my hood act all goodie goodie when they are at home but turn into ninjas when they are away from parents. Maite announced she wanna leave cause she wanted to study. Nxa bitch, she was probably going to whore her pussy to the highest bidder. My mom asked me to be a good girl and walk Maite to the elevator. I told her I was tired but she forced me. Maite was like "Areye chomi hle (Let's go buddy) and I almost said 'chomi ke mmao'. We got out of the room together wearing fake smiles. As soon as we got to the passage she took her phone out and called someone ..... "Hey, Never-die. Please come fetch me at Hotel 224. I wanna give it to you all night long", she said. Nxa this bitch is fucken childish, she was doing that to spite me. Before hanging up she was like "I love you babe. You are the only man I love". Bitches aint loyal shem. I walked back to the room and told mommy I'm too tired...just wanna sleep.

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

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

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

His eyes were glued to my .....

**THE END**

## Episode 19

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

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

Hector came back and asked if I was ready. I said yes and we hit the road. The first 10 minutes was kinda awkwardly silent. I couldn't even look at him in the eyes. But I could tell his eyes were on my thighs. Girls kinda enjoy when guys steal a view of our sexiness but we hate it when a guy stares as if he has never seen thighs or a bum before. Hector broke the silence and asked about my studies. I knew he wasn't interested but used it as a silence breaker. Most guys do that when they don't know what to say. We spoke about so many things....from Nomsa to cars. To guys a conversation is not a conversation until they talk about cars. I asked him to drop me at my place cause I had to pack my bag and he said cool. We got to my flat and before I could get out he went "if I'm gonna see what I saw this morning whenever you visit, then you can come whenever you want. You have the most beautiful body I've never seen before. Pity I met Nomsa before you". I got out of the car and rushed to the gate without looking back. Guys are like this, they can date your friend and still flirt with you. The compliment flattered me but I felt a bit guilty. Nomsa is a very good friend to me. I got to my room and packed my weekend bag and waited for TT Scott. I Whatsapp'd to tell him to pick me up at my place.

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

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

THE END

## Episode 20

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

If you have stayed in Sunnyside before you will run for your life whenever you see blue lights. Sunnyside cops are ruthless, they don't care if you are a female or not. They don't discriminate based on gender or social status. When they do their crackdown which normally starts at 1am, Esselen Street in Sunnyside becomes blue. They arrest anything that walks like an injured penguin. Most girls walk like injured penguins when drunk. I remember 1 night me and my girls were walking from a nightclub called Europa and the cops stopped us. We were so sloshed and rowdy. They asked us to lie on the ground to search us. Imagine a beautiful girl like me lying on the ground. They searched us as if we were hardcore criminals. They even searched our hair for drugs. My coconut friend asked them not to mess her expensive Brazilian weave and the cop was like "it's Brazilian in Brazil, not in South Africa. Nxa fake hair ya masepa". I don't think he knew how much Brazilian hair cost. I could tell he's one of those guys who forced their chicks to have 'natural hair' in the name of 'you look beautiful in your natural form'. That's the excuse most guys use when they don't wanna spend. The cops found nothing on us but pushed us into the police van. I was so mad I insulted the cops and they gave me a warm clap. I spent the night in the police cells. Ever since that night I run for my life whenever I see blue lights. Now imagine this, I was blowing a guy at the traffic light and we were both under the influence of alcohol. I know Polokwane cops aren't as ruthless as Sunnyside cops but a cop is a cop everywhere. I don't think TT saw the police car approaching us cause his eyes were still closed and he was busy moaning like a lion in the Kruger National Park. I don't know why guys do that, they always close their eyes and go 'mmmmweeeeh aaaahhh mmmmmweeeeh aaaahhhh....don't stop baaaabeeeee' when we blow them. One day they'll open their eyes only to find a baboon blowing them. I tried to raise my head but TT Scott quickly grabbed my small head

and pressed it against his bazooka. He was like “no no noooooo ahhhh mmmmwweeh don’t stop please ah ah ah I’m about to come. Please poooleeeeeesssss tog”. I don’t know how it feels when guys come but I think it’s the nicest thing on earth for them. If a guy is about to come and you jump off the bed, you are likely to hear an insult or language you never heard before. I once tried it with Matome. I could tell he was about to come cause he was moaning like a lion and I jumped off the bed. He went “Sharakwaaaa bhada bhada kong woooooo twiiiiiiii”. Even today I don’t know which language he used. I even tried to google it but got no results. So when TT Scott said he’s about to come I knew it was gonna be difficult to stop the bj’ng. I forcefully pulled my head up and told him to fucken open his eyes cause the cop car just stopped behind us. I think the cop word did the trick cause he opened his eyes so fast that his spectacles almost fell off. Within few seconds the cop was at the window. TT Scott rolled down the window and the cop went “Eh le kae papao? Ke kgopela le tšwele ka ntle. (How are you sir? Please get out of the car). There were 2 male cops and 1 female. Have you noticed how cheeky the female cops are at night? I’m not sure if they saw me blowing TT Scott cause his car has tinted windows. We stepped out and the male cops searched the car. The female cop searched me and she was like “you must brush your teeth sesi. Your mouth smell like a dick”. Shit...I wanted to tell her where to get off but remembered the night I spent in Sunnyside police cells. Sometimes I think cops think they are Jesus when they are in uniform. I just gave her a ‘respectful’ look and said nothing. I looked at TT Scott and noticed he forgot to put his bazooka back into the pants. Lol I almost laughed cause he was still up. I signaled for him to hide his ‘tool’ and luckily he understood me. I couldn’t control myself...I found myself laughing and the fat ass female cop thought I was laughing at her. She was like “Let’s see if you gonna laugh like that when you sleep in a cold cell”. The male cops found half-empty booze cans and asked if we have been drinking and we TT Scott said yep but it was only 2 Heinekens. The darker male cop asked TT Scott to follow him to the car. Does South African Police Service ever employ yellow bone male cops? TT Scott looked all relaxed as if he wanted to sleep in the police cells. The female cop followed them and the other mild dark one with a big head remained with me. He asked if the driver is my boyfriend and I told him he’s my brother. He asked me to give him my phone and when I asked why he said I must follow instructions or I’ll sleep in police cells. I handed him my phone and niggas buzzed his phone with my phone. Nxa he should have told me he wanted my number. I asked him why he did that and he said “you just bought your



freedom". I don't know what he meant and I don't care. TT Scott came back to the car and took his wallet and went back to the cop car. If there's one thing our cops love is 'bribe'. Within a minute the cops were gone. You see, in South Africa money can buy you freedom. I asked TT how much he offered them and he said "R1000. Don't worry babe, it's peanuts to me. I can pay all of them their salaries and still be richer than them". Mxm we have so many Rick Rosses in South Africa. I didn't complain cause I didn't wanna pay, I paid with the blow job. We got into the car and he asked me to finish what I started, BLOW JOB. WTF, do men ever learn? I told him NO WAYS and he said I must blow him when we get to Ga-Kgapane.

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

When I got there he was not in his car, he was inside some Golf VI GTI. When I got to the car I heard telling the driver he'll see him the following day. WTF was this guy planning. He got off the car and told me he was too drunk to drive so he parked his car at his friend's place. I asked him if he was gonna walk to his place and he said he'll sleep at my place. I told him my dad was in the house and he said he'll leave early in the morning. We argued for 10 minutes and he said he'll sleep outside the gate if I don't want him to sleep inside the house. He was trying to make me feel guilty. Guys know we have soft hearts and they use it to their advantage. I told him to take off his sneakers cause my dad might hear us. He was asking me stupid questions and I told him to shuuuush cause if daddy heard any voices someone was gonna die. I tactically opened the kitchen door and we sneaked in. My bedroom was at the end of the passage so it was the furthest from the kitchen. I locked the kitchen door silently and led TT Scott to the passage. I felt like a teenager. 3 steps to the passage...

Boooooooommmmmmm.....someone switched on the passage lights.

THE END

## **Episode 21**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

When I was 13 or 14 I had weight problems. I wasn't fat or obese but gained a bit of weight. I was size 30 and all my girls were size 28 or smaller. I felt ugly and it affected myself esteem. Most little girls go thru that stage. So I started starving myself to effect weight loss. At home we normally sit together around 8 to eat supper. So whenever mom dished up I'd grab an apple or banana. At first my dad was against it but he got used to it. What he didn't notice was that around 12 midnight I'd wake up and sneak to the kitchen to grab something to eat. I did that for about 3 weeks without anyone noticing. My dad thought there was a rat in the house and my mom suspected witchcraft. If you are from Limpopo you know we suspect 80% of bad thing are a result of witchcraft. People drink and drive and when they are involved in car accidents they blame witchcraft. People blow their salaries on booze and when they are broke they blame witchcraft. My parents even went to consult a popular sangoma from one of the villages surrounding Ga-

Kgapane and the sangoma told them my great-grandfather is not settled in his grave, so he comes home every night as a sign that we should slaughter a bull. They paid him R1500 for that. Do sangoma ever say 'I don't know?'. One night I got so hungry that I became bloody dizzy. I got out of my bedroom and sneaked to the kitchen. My mom had cooked my favourite meal that night and I could feel my salivary glands secreting saliva uncontrollably. I opened the pot and started eating...in the dark. The food was so nice I even forgot that I was 'stealing'. I normally spent less than 2 minutes 'stealing' but that particular night I went for over 5 minutes. I was chowing the last drum stick and boooooom...my mom switched on the light. Getting caught red-handed is not nice. I wanted to say 'I'm sorry mama' but I couldn't cause my mouth was teeming with seven colours. You know white parents will take a kid to a psychologists cause of such things. With real darkie parents there's no such shit...a belt will be your psychologist. She whipped me till I developed instant red stretch marks on my thighs. As I stood there ice-frozen with TT Scott behind me, my mind went back to that night. I think it took my mom about 30 seconds to digest the picture in front of her. She switched off the light and switched it on again. I think she thought she was dreaming or something. She switched off and on against and we were still there. You know when shit hit the fan the last thing you should do is open your mouth cause you will swallow shit. I was expecting my mom to shout at me or kill TT Scott. She walked towards us in silence and whispered to TT Scott that he had 3 seconds to get lost or there'd be blood in the house. He didn't waste anytime, within 2 seconds he was out of the house. I expected my mom to give me a hiding or tongue lashing but she went back to her bedroom. I stood in the kitchen motionless for more than 30 minutes. I dragged myself to my bedroom but I couldn't sleep till early hours of the morning. Do you how emotionally torturous it is for someone not to punish you when you have done something wrong? I would have preferred my mom to whip the hell out of my ass than to ignore me. I tried to call TT Scott but his phone was off. What if the poor lad got mugged. Ga-Kgapane is not a crime haven but if drunk guys bumped into the yellow bone TT Scott they'd mos def mess him up.

I woke up at 7am the following morning and fixed my mom breakfast. She ate it without saying a word. My dad worked on most weekends so it was just me and my mom. My little brother was not in the house but I was scared to ask my mom where he was. We sat for hours without talking. I eventually broke the silence and told her I'm sorry. I told her how that guy was stranded and I told him he could

sleep in my lil bro's room. I went on and on and on and on while she listened attentively. When I was done talking she was like "You are lying Sharon. I knew it. He's the boy I saw at the mall when I was in Sunnyside. I even warned you to stay away from him type. You repaid my advice by bringing him to my house....with both me and you father in the house. What happened to my daughter huh? Tomorrow I'm taking you to a prophet in Venda. You have been bewitched". I wanted to argue further but I knew I stood no chance. I went to my bedroom and threw myself on the bed. I think I slept for about 3 hours cause when I woke up it was around 4pm. I checked my phone and there were 11 missed calls from TT Scott, 3 from Dumi, 1 from Thabiso, and a Please Call Me from Kea. I wondered what the bitch wanted. I had no business with her. I called TT Scott and he asked why I ignored his calls. I lied to him that my mom confiscated my phone and only gave it back now. I asked him what happened last night and he told me he slept at his ex's crib. WTF, I hung up. He called and I ignored his call. He sent a Whatsapp: "if you don't answer my calls I'm coming to your place. Your mom would be so happy to see me". I called him immediately and he told me he'll pick me up around 18h00. I asked where we are going and he said it's a surprise. You'd swear black people discovered the work 'surprise' after Boko Haram kidnapped the girls. Everything is 'surprise' to them. They even call sex a surprise. I told him my mom was still mad cause of what happened last night and he said "you are a girl, make a plan. Is not like your mom will kill you". TT Scott sounded like those guys who would dump a girl on Facebook and like their own status. He said whatever he wanted to say without thinking about how it will affect the second person. After the call I asked my mom if I can go see a friend 3 streets away and she said cool but I must be back before 8pm. I took a bath, dressed up and said bye to mommy. She told me I mustn't say a word to daddy about what happened last night cause he would kill me and feed my corpse to the dogs. I didn't want TT Scott to come fetch me at home so I walked to High Point, a small shopping complex not far from my crib. I think I bumped into about 7 guys and almost all of them wanted to try their luck and I showed them my middle finger. One of them went "Mxm you think your pussy is made of gold. You will die and I'll fuck your corpse". Lol I cracked. I called TT Scott to tell him to hurry up and he said 10 minutes. While I was waiting there some ugly chick told me I look beautiful and I replied "I know, pity I can't say the same about you". I don't know if she cried or what...but her face looked like a male version of Whoopi Goldberg.. TT came within 10 minutes as promised. I asked where we were off to and he said aMorobi,

shisanyama. I've been at the place before, it wasn't my kinda place but I couldn't say no cause I wanted to be away from my crib for few hours. I prefer the likes of News Cafe and Cofi but when you are in my hood NewsCafe is a shop where hoes gather to gossip and Cofi is a hot beverage lol.

When we got to the shisanyama there were few expensive cars such as Ranger Rover, Golf VI, Beemers, Mercs etc and there were also cars mostly driven by hustlers....the likes of Citi Golf and Tazz. TT Scott was quite popular, every Tom, Dick and Maria was greeting him. We sat in a group of the guys who drank whiskeys and cognacs. Some guy who had VW keys in his hand kept winking for me and I kept ignoring him. TT Scott offered me Skky Vodka and Cranberry. The shit is nice, I love Skky Vodka. One of the guys started playing music in his car and we started dancing. Some village hoes tried to wanna outstage me but no one paid attention on them...all eyes were on Shaz, including their BF's eyes. TT Scott told me to sit down but I told him he's not my father. Before 10pm I could feel I wasn't myself anymore....that's what Vodka does to people. I think I puked more than 8 times. I looked for TT and he was nowhere to be seen. Some guy gave me water and told me to go rest in his car till TT pops. I told him I rather have more Skky than water. He gave me Skky and opened his car for me. I got into the back seat and continued with my drin.....

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

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

THE END

## Episode 22

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

I always hear stories about people who don't remember things they did the previous night after hitting the bottle. The scariest I've heard was about a girl who got drunk and when she woke up the following day her ears and fingers were gone. Apparently some sangomas use human body parts to make muti. My reaction is always 'WTF....who on earth drinks to that level'. Booze is meant to be enjoyed, not abused. I'm the proud type, I handle alcohol not the other way round. I've always been of a view that girls who puke and fuck around when drunk should be arrested. There are thousands of girls all over the world who fell pregnant and they don't know who made them pregnant. Most of them terminate their pregnancies because they don't wanna raise products of 'blackouts'. My aunt's name is Mabjala (The mother of booze), I think she was conceived under the influence of alcohol. Booze aint loyal.....Imagine me standing in a room I've never been to before 100% naked. When the door opened I was expecting TT Scott to appear. But the room didn't look 'Scottish', he didn't look like the type that hangs posters of Shoes Moshoeu and Maradona on the wall. There were bottles of Carling Black Label and Castle Milk Stout all over the room. I even saw a the Bafana Bafana Kappa T-shirt. The last time Bafana Bafana used the Kappa kit was somewhere in 1998. TT Scott is into Fabiani and Cognacs. Now imagine a face I've never seen showing up at the door, some bald dude with yellow teeth. I felt like drying. Like WTF, yellow teeth + 7 used condoms in some dodgy room. I didn't even know where I was. I quickly grabbed one of the bottles on the floor and started wielding it. I told him if he ever steps forward I'd hit his teeth so hard and he'd be the first black bone Coloured. With my other hand I took a blanket and covered my privaties with. He closed the door behind him and told "bofa lephondo ngwana (Take a chill pill, baby)". Part of me was relieved when he spoke the language I'm familiar with. Imagine waking up naked in a foreign country. I've read about Nigerian men drugging girls and taking them to Lagos to turn them into prostitutes. I rather commit suicide than let someone pay a pimp to fuck my gold pussy. Yellow Teeth told me I should be thanking him instead of threatening to hit him with a bottle. I was so mad at that moment, why the fuck would I thank a Boko Haram? I could imagine my name trending on Twitter - #BringBackOurSharon. He showed me an open wound on his arm, "they stabbed me while fighting for you. Some guys wanted to gang rape you and I fought them.

You were so drunk you didn't even know your name or where you come from". I looked around the room hoping to see a rope or alephirimi (popular Limpopo poison)...I wanted to end my life. I asked him if I wasn't with TT Scott and he answered "Thithi Sekoto ke mang? (Who is Thithi Sekoto?". I asked him if I was with anyone when he found me and he said I was walking at a very dangerous area. OMG....Sharon Letsoalo is dead. I told him to get out to give me a space to get dressed. He complied without hesitation. My clothes were all over the room and it made me very worried. My undie was nowhere to be seen. My pussy didn't feel like something happened to it. Normally the morning after a sex-busy night a pussy would have a dry burning sensation, especially when you pee. But if nothing happened to my pussy, why was I naked? Who used the 7 condoms? I kept asking myself many questions. For the first time in my life I felt cheap and slutty. I looked for my handbag but it was nowhere to be seen. It was probably in TT's car....that was me trying to 'console' myself. I told Yellow Teeth to come in. I asked him who used the condoms on the floor. Before he could answer tears were flowing down cheeks. I was expecting him to tell me how he fucked me like a bitch the whole night. 7 rounds? That's like a death sentence. The highest a guy has hit on me is 4. The likes of Dumi went once and hawu hawu'd. He took a deep breathe before opening his mouth. I don't remember someone saying something positive after a deep breathe. I've never been a victim of rape but I've seen victims before. Some of them are unable to engage in sexual intercourse even today. It's a very traumatic experience. Yellow Teeth went "Ha ha ha these condoms were used by me on my girlfriend. I fucked her 5 times plus bonus". I almost screamed with joy but remembered there were 7 condoms on the floor and that I woke up naked. He said he doesn't know about the 7th condom cause he only used six. I asked him where I was when he fucked his girl and he said I was lying right next to them. WTF, Skky Vodka should be banned in South Africa. How can people fuck right next to me and I heard nothing? He continued, "when me and my girl left this morning you were still dressed so I don't know how you got naked and about the 7th condom". Shit...I didn't wanna hear more. I asked him to lend me his phone and he handed it to me. Shit, who uses 3310 in 2014? I called my phone and it was off. Fuck, some bitch nigga stoke my phone...no, maybe I gave it to someone under the influence of Skky Vodka. I wanted to call my small phone but remembered I left it at home. I humbly asked him to take me home and he said I must eat first. My head was pounding and I didn't have appetite. Even if I had

appetite I doubt I'd eat his food. He'd probably serve me pap and bread with sugar water. I told him I'll eat when I get to my crib and he said cool.

When got out of his room and got into his Toyota Venture. OMG...my hair was a mess and I'm being driven by a Venture/Taxi driver. Some nigga was like "Eh makhi, o ja yellow bones these days? O mpsa bra ya ka (eh neighbour, you fuck light-skinned girls these day? You are the man)". Gosh, what if he did chow me? The mysterious 7th condom stressed me. I kept thinking of the story to tell my parents. Most girls do this after sleeping out. Sometimes we come up with stupid stories just to avoid being grounded. My former classmate once told her mom that she got lost on her way home and spent the whole night looking for her place. Her dad gave her a super ass whipping. I asked Yellow Teeth to drop me at High Point, the small shopping complex a stone throw from my place. I didn't want him to see my crib. He looked like those guys who would pop at your crib smelling booze and call you 'my wife' in front of your parents. I got off the car, thanked the dude and started walking towards my crib. Yellow Teeth screamed, "Ngwana, o siile puluma (babe, you left your undie) in my car last night. Come take it.". WTF, he was so loud guys who were at the shop heard him and they started laughing. I took my undie and ran home. I wondered how I left my undie in his car. When I got to the gate my heart was beating very fast. My father's car was not in the yard, I assumed he went to his Sunday society (social gathering). I got into the house thru the kitchen door and I found my mom writing on a paper. When she saw me she jumped up so fast and gave me a hug I've never seen before. I was shocked cause I expected her to be mad at me. She went "Thank you Lord, thank you God. My daughter is alive". I started crying when I saw tears running down her tears. When she calmed down she told me some girl 7 houses from my crib was gunned dead the previous night at a party. When she couldn't get hold of me thru my phone this morning she thought something bad had happened me. I didn't wanna tell her I lost my phone. She told me she's mad I didn't sleep at home...but happy I was alive. She didn't even ask where I slept. Moms are like this this, she can be mad at you but once your life is in danger their anger disappears and they turn into a protective mode. I asked where daddy was and she told me he went to look for me, and he had a sjambok in his car. No dad wants a young daughter who sleeps all over. That's a fact, if you are a young girl and you don't sleep at home, your dad is stressed. Some mothers can understand, as long as you are safe. Some mothers will go as far as telling you to bring groceries when you come back in the morning. I



asked my mom what she was writing on the paper and she went “I was writing a letter to Khumbul’ekhaya”. I know it’s not funny but I almost cracked. Khumbul’ekhaya is for Xhosas bathong. She told me to go bath before dad comes back. She advised me to go sleep at Maite’s aunt’s place cause dad was on a war path and would mos def beat the hell outta me. I told her I have a class the following day and had to leave for Pretoria. To be honest, I had no class. The thought of my dad beating me terrified the hell outta me. I also didn’t wanna bump into people who saw me drunk last night. It was around 1pm so there were still taxis to Pretoria. I took a quick bath, had a light lunch and asked mom to drop me at the taxi rank. Luckily the taxi only needed 1 person to vamoose. My mom kissed me and gave me R1000. She was like “don’t worry about your dad. I’ll make up a story”. Lol moms aint loyal.

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

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

THE END

## Episode 23

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Women know men cheat and we learn to live with it. Your girlfriends will give you classified files about your man's cheating habits now and then and it hurts. You will confront him but without evidence he will deny everything. Men are very good at denying things. I once had a fling with a guy and I'd confront him whenever I heard rumours of him cheating. He was so good at denying things he did I almost thought he was Jacob Zuma. He'd always ask me if I saw him with whoever I accused him of cheating with. In about 2 months that we dated there were rumours that he chowed about 5 girls. Imagine a guy crossing you with 5 girls. If he was rich I'd name him Tiger Woods but because he was poor I nicknamed him Tiger Sticks. One night I went to his crib unannounced and found him busy with a girl. I angrily asked him why he's fucking another girl while he's still with me. I expected him to jump off the girl and apologise. But nuh, he did something I didn't expect. He slowly got off the girl, pointed his dick and said "heh nondindwa, yinto ka bani? (bitch, whose thing is this[referring to his dick])". That was the last time I dated a xhosa man. Seeing Dumi and Kea lying on my bed brought back old memories. I know Kea and Dumi fucked before but I didn't have eye-evidence cause I didn't see them. I saw the condom in the bathroom but I couldn't prove beyond reasonable doubt that they fucked. It was possible that Dumi wanked with a condom on, you'll never know with these nerds. They were lying on the bed looking so tired like lions after unsuccessfully chasing an impala. Kea had her right leg on Dumi's fat bum. I noticed Kea had a tattoo of the letter 'A' written in italics on her right bum. I don't know whether it was old or new but I've never seen it before. I wondered what the letter stood for, Adeyomi or Ass-giver maybe. Lol imagine having a pastor's initial tattooed on your ass. Maybe she thought it would grant her a short cut to heaven. I walked a bit closer with many thoughts still running thru my mind. I noticed there were 10 empty bottles of Savanna Dark and 2 full ones. Modimo wa kgotso, they probably had a mini party which led to Kea swallowing Dumi's dicklet with her possibly big pussy. Imagine riding Dumi after shagging Adeyomi. It would feel like stepping down as CEO of Coca Cola and becoming a cashier at Shoprite. I thought of taking one bottle and pulling a Maite on Kea but my heart said I shouldn't. In most cases when a guy cheats with someone we know we tend to blame the girl. That was my impression at that moment, I blamed Kea for seducing my Zulu prince. Was he still my

boyfriend thou? I mean, I had chased him like a dog few days earlier. I stood next to the bed for more than 5 minutes contemplating on what to do next. It was like God and satan were fighting to give me advices. God advised me to leave them alone and go sleep at a friend's place. God's advices are always sober and sound. Satan's advices are reckless but they give you satisfaction. Nothing pleases a person than making an enemy suffer. Yes I said it, Kea and Dumi have become my enemies. I couldn't believe they were so drunk that they couldn't even hear someone entering the room. Savanna Dark aint no child's play, It's Dry but it will show you darkness. Dumi was a weakling when coming to booze, 3 drinks were enough to knock him down. Anyway, I wasn't the right person to judge people on drunkenness especially after what happened the previous night. I decided to take God's advice, go sleep at a friend. But I had to dilute it with satan's element. I searched Kea's bag and took her phone, drivers licence and bank card. I also took Dumi's phone from his pants and switched it off. I took few books and clothes and put them in another bag. I switched off the light, locked the door and left.

I knew Nomsa's phone number by heart cause it was 1 of those numbers with many 3s and 0's. I called her with my small phone and explained my situation. I didn't wanna lie to her. I could hear she wanted to cry. She was such a sweetheart and she cared wholeheartedly about me. She said she'll come pick me up in Sunnyside but I told her I'll catch a taxi cause it was before 9pm. She asked if I'm sure and I said yes. I wish I knew JT's number by heart cause shim was gonna drop me in Mahube Valley without charging me. I had 2 bags but they weren't that heavy. I bumped into some guys who looked high, probably from nyaope (a popular drug) and they offered to carry my bags. If you stayed in Gauteng before you will know we have those kinda boys everywhere, nyaope boys. Some of them will pretend to help you carry bags but rob you as soon as you got to a darker spot. I accepted their offer but told them we gonna use streets that are full of people. I had to cover my ass, I didn't wanna get robbed by nyaope boys. We walked down to Esselen Street, turned at Steve Biko (Beatrix) Street and headed to Church Street. Those streets are forever busy, Monday to Sunday. Oh I almost forget to say, before getting to Church Street I gave them Kea and Dumi's phones. They were like "aaahhh ..... die ..... siza ..... o ..... sure..... o..... nyaka..... go..... re.... fa..... difounu ..... tseeeee ..... (My ..... sister ..... are ..... you ..... sure ..... you ..... wanna ..... give ..... us..... these .....phones?". Nyaope boys speak very slow when they are high. You can count to 100 while they are still

trying to greet you with a simple 'how are you?'. I told them I joined a new church and they told us to give away our phones. They excitedly asked where that church is cause they wanted to go collect phones. I told them it's in Rankuwa. Lol they'd probably go to Pastor Lesego's church, the pastor who made people drink petrol in the name of Jesus. I felt so good after donating the phones to the less fortunate. I got into a taxi to Mamelodi. My thoughts were teeming with what I saw at my flat. I had no choice but to look for another flat. It was few days to month end so it would be easier to find another flat in Sunnyside. If you go to Sunnyside on the 30th or 1st you are likely to bump into 1000 people carrying beds on their heads. I also thought of TT Scott, since I lost my phone I didn't have any means to contact him. I wanted to ask why he left me on Saturday night. While still thinking about my life I remembered I forgot to tell my mom I got to Pta safely. I sms'd her and she sms'd back with 'take care my girl'. Ncoooh my mom didn't deserve a ninja like me as a daughter. I got off at Denneboom taxi rank and caught another taxi to Mahube Valley. Nomsa called to check how far I was and I told her I'm 20 minutes away. The taxi driver was playing loud music and it was pissing me off. Complaining was no option cause taxi drivers in Mamelodi are very rude. 80% of them are from kwaNdebele.

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

Kaizer Chiefs t-shirt guy I dreamt about the previous day was forcefully shagging the hell out of me and after that he made that 7 sign we do with our index finger and the thumb. I didn't understand what he meant.

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

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

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

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

WTF.....Boooooom.

THE END

## **Episode 24**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Friendship matters to girls. We have BFFs, girlfriends, sister-friend and our bitches. Let me break it down:BBF – the kinda friend we share almost everything with. Commonly, you have known them from primary school. If the FBI was to investigate you, they'd start by questioning them first. Girlfriends – these are friends we don't know much about their backgrounds but we click. We mostly meet them at tertiary or on social networks. Bitches (My bitches) – these are friends that will never give you a sound advice. You gossip and party with them. The friendship don't last as they are likely to fuck your man, bloody back stabbers. They are more like your social groupie. Sister-friend – an older girl who's more wiser and mature than you. You tell her girls' stuff that you can't discuss with your mom. She's forever there to help you up when you bite dust. She's more of a sister than a friend.Nomsa was a friend-sister to me. She was the bigger sister I never had. Betraying my relationship with her was not in my best interests. So I always viewed Hector as my sister-friend-in-law and I never imagined seeing his dick one day. I know girls aint loyal but sleeping with your friend's man is not ayoba. I was lying in warm foamy water and Hector was standing like an American soldier in Iraq. He had 1 of those sky is the limit dicks (a dick that faces up when horny). Every girl loves a good fuck, a fuck that takes you to paradise and back in 3 seconds. But if that fuck belongs to a sister-friend, a girl must hold her donkeys. I quickly grabbed a towel and covered my boobs. My pussy was semi-invisible because of the foam. I angrily told Hector to get out of the bathroom or I'll call Nomsa and tell her you are harassing me. He replied "don't pretend not to want it, I saw the way you looked at me last Friday. Be a good girl and stop pretending as if you don't want me". OMG, he was so bloody arrogant, more like TT Scott. Hot guys have some kind of arrogance that pisses me off and excite me at the same time. Imagine a hot guy like Maps Maponyane telling you "let's go fuck", chances are your pussy will say yes yes yes yes yes yes before your mouth breath a word. Even if you say no but you pussy will always have a desire to get laid by a hunk like him. But imagine a fat unsexy guy like Choppa of the late Generations telling you same thing, you'd probably take off your heels and hit the hell out of his huge belly. And most hot guys know this about us girls. I told him I have a boyfriend and would never cheat on him, especially with a married man. He was like "you mean the boyfriend that slept with your roomie? I know everything". WTF, Nomsa told Hector everything? That's the disadvantage of telling a married girl your problems. They tend to loosen their tongue after sex....only if they get a good fuck of course. The way she was

screaming last night could only mean one thing, Hector was a good fucker. The thought of Hector being a good fucker tickled my pussy a bit. I told him he knows nothing about my relationship and that when Nomsa comes back I'm gonna tell her everything. He said I should stop acting like a virgin from Swaziland and go with the flow. I wrapped my lower body with a towel while still in the water to make sure he doesn't get a glimpse of my gold punani. I stood up and tried to walk out of the tub. He was still standing up with his dick very UP. Before I could 'slowly' run to the door he held my hand...wet hand and said "Sharon, you look beautiful. The guy who slept with your roomie is a fool. I would never cheat on a beauty like you". Lol I almost laughed. If you want a guy to give you compliments you've never heard before, make him horny. He'll compare you to things that don't exist. Some guys once told me I look like a sovelation. Till today, I don't know what sovelation is. Guys are very creative and convincing when horny. If they wrote exams under the influence of horniness, most of them would be PHD graduates. He told me he won't shag me, he just wanted to taste my lips. He promised if I kissed him he'd let me go. Men are cunning and calculative motherfuckers. Most girls broke virginity because of cunning and tricky guys. He'd tell the poor virgin he won't penetrate and the next thing nigger is inside your small thing. He'd hold you so tight you won't even push him. The next thing, your virginity is history. I told him I'm not a kid and such tricks won't work on me..... I didn't finish that sentence, he pulled my towel and threw it into the tub.

WTF....I wanted to run to the bedroom but his other hand was locked to mine. He pulled me next to his body and started kissing me. At first I didn't kiss back but his lips were so sweet they reminded me of JT. His hard cock was rubbing against my belly and it made me shiver with both excitement and fear. He's Nomsa's hubby for heaven's sake. His tongue was like a yoguetta stock sweet, he kissed me so gently that I had a tsiiii tsiiii sensation in my ass. He licked my ears, neck and nose gently. I whispered to him "stop...Hec ...Hec ... Hector....Nomsa is my friend". He was like "sa mokgwera ke sa gago (what belongs to your friend is also yours)". Lol I didn't even know he could speak Sepedi. I respect the power of a horniness, it can make a guy speak Shona. He continued with the kissing while his hands were massaging and gently rubbing my fine ass. His tongue went behind my ear and I almost screamed 'papa yoooooo'. Most guys don't know this, the area behind the ear is very sensitive and when a guy licks it gently, your body sends sexual BBM's to the pussy. But if you taste like sweat + omo washing power the nigga is

likely to stop licking you. Most people don't wash that part and it creates a deposit of dirt. This Hector guy knew which places to go to. His tongue went around my neck while the fingers played with my nipples. It felt so good I almost asked him to divorce Nomsa and marry me on the spot. He softly pushed me back and looked straight into my eyes...he had brownish bedroom eyes that would make a girl reach orgasm without touching her. He made me sit on the edge of the bathtub and stretched my legs. It was like he was reading my mind, he did things my body longed for. Most guys fail to read a woman's body and that's the very important part of love making. Women sends bodily instructions and if a guy is good, he'll follow the lead. Most guys kiss you twice and the next thing they want to penetrate. That's why we have millions of women who have never experienced orgasm. Sex is art and a good artist must know how to perform. He kissed my lips, my chin, my neck, my breasts, belly, navel until he knelt down in front of me. My eyes were closed and instead of seeing darkness I saw paradise. He kissed the inner sides of my thighs and it felt billionly. His tongue slowly circled my clitoris twice and when he went for the 3rd time I could feel goosebumps popping all over my body. My hands grabbed the tub on both sides to avoid falling but at that moment I couldn't feel them. I went 'ah ah ha ha ha oh oh oh mmmmmh oh ah oh ah ha'. My clitoris and Hector's tongue became JayZ and Beyonce, they fell in love. The greatest thing about Hector is that he noticed I loved being tongued on the clit...but he didn't over-stay on it. Most guys would stay on the clit for an hour just because you made the right moan when he licked it. No, we don't want that. We want a guy who'll lick the clit and other parts too...especially the inner lips of the pussy. Over-licking the clit will over-stimulate it. He muffed me for over 10 minutes and I came countless times. I must admit, JT has nothing on Hector.

My body felt weak, not weak as in weak weak but weak as in I don't know how to explain it. That's how my body felt. He made me stand up and kissed me. He was quite a good kisser, he gave me real passionate kisses. Not the fong kong kisses we see on Our Perfect Wedding every Sunday. He slowly turned me around and made hold the bathtub with both hands while my ass faced him. I know guys wants a girl who knows how to bend her body. Your bending my create a 'u', not an 'n'. If you want a guy to punish your vjayjay bend as if you drawing something on the floor...he'll fuck you like a hooker just to punish you for being a turn off. But if you want him to make good love to you, stretch your legs, the middle part of your back must bend downwards while your ass and shoulder are elevated. It's called



the 'u-bend'. I told him to condomise and he was like..."I have everything covered". I didn't even know where he got the condom from but he had 1. He put it on and daaaaaaammmmmnnnnn.....I could feel his banana entering me and tears of joy invaded my eyes. He started gently and slowly but when I started moaning a bit louder and emotionally he changed his gears to 3-4-5 and when he got to 6 I lost control of my senses. The orgasm I experienced was something I've never experienced before. It was like a wave in my inner body. I think my heart stopped beating for 10 seconds and my lower body was vibrating. I could feel he was coming cause he was like "ooohhh fhu oooh fhu oooh fhuuuuuuuuuuuuuu mxaaa ohhhh me me me me I caaaaaaaaaaaaaaMeee"... He stopped for few seconds and he took his banana out my pussy went 'bbbrrrrrrruuh' like a fart.

I was motionless for about 5 minutes while he stood behind me, I think he was trying to regain his energy. He carried me to his bedroom and we cuddled for about 30 minutes without saying any word. I always enjoy those silent moments after sex. It felt good but guilt kicked in. I felt bad for sleeping with Nomsa's man. She'd hate me if she found out. I asked if he minds driving me to the mall to buy a new phone and he agreed. Luckily Mahube Valley has a shopping complex and it aint far from Nomsa's house, so it didn't take us time. I wanted to take one of those R599 Nokia phones but Hector told me to take Samsung S5 and he paid. The power of pussy lol. We didn't take time cause he didn't want to find Nomsa at home. On our way back I asked him why he told Nomsa he was sick and he said "don't talk to me, talk to my lawyer" and we both laughed. When we got to the house he helped me with phone settings and headed to his bedroom to play 'patient'. Oh, he saved his number in my phone before heading to his room. I charged my phone and when it had little power I started taking selfies. Selfie are the new big thing in the girl's world. Samsung takes dope pictures. I undressed my top and took a pic of my boobs and face. I looked like a million dollar babe.

I watched a bit of TV and ended up passing out on the couch. I was woken up by Nomsa opening the door. She came to couch and gave me a hug. She thought I was sleeping because of the heartbreak. Before going to the bedroom to check on her 'sick' hubby she spent about 10 asking with me if I'm feeling better blah blah blah. Shit, you could cut my guilt with a knife. Betraying someone who cares about you aint cool. She went to the bedroom and spent few minutes with 'our' man. She said we must go buy takeaways. We used Hector's car, the one we used to go to the

shopping complex. While Nomsa was glued to the road, a kinky idea visited my mind. I took out my phone and went thru the pics. I sent my half naked pic to the only number saved in my phone, Hector's number.

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

WTF..... #GodHelpMe

THE END

## **Episode 25**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

There are top 3 factors that break friendship between females, viz; back stabbing, gossiping and jealousy (not necessarily in order). Back stabbing can be anything from sleeping with your friend's man to going behind her back to clinch a deal she told you about. Gossiping is in almost every girl's DNA. If gossiping was a subject at schools no girl would fail it. Most guys would fail but bitch ass niggas would give girls a run for their cents. Jealousy is birthed when a friend has everything you dreamed of. When your friend is in a happy relationship while your man treats you like Priska of the late Generations, you are likely to develop negative feelings towards her. Sometimes you'll look at your friend's man and think 'I wish I had a man like him'. Not that you are planning to ride him. But if an opportunity arises, it's not easy to say no. And that's where a friendship starts developing cracks. You can pretend all you want, but once you ride your friend's man things will never be same. You'll actually start looking for anything negative about her....from her cooking to the way she walks. Her happiness will be your sorrow. Anyway, it's life.Nxa guys like Hector should be killed. What kinda black man leaves his unpassworded phone in a car knowing he shares his car with a wife? Remember my ex Matome? His phone's password was like a paragraph. It takes him about 30 seconds to type in the password. He never allowed me to touch his phone, not even to check time. When I asked if he's hiding his other girls in his forever locked phone he told me he doesn't date midgets, so no one could fit in his phone. From where I was sitting I could see that Hector's phone didn't have a

password. I started sweating and I thought of grabbing the phone from her. I think she noticed something was not fine with me cause she asked if everything was alright and I nodded. I wanted to say yes but the temperature in my mouth was below freezing point, my words froze like an igloo in Greenland. She still had the phone in her hand and she was taking her time to open it. I think she was waiting to join the main road cause it's straight, she'd check the message without worrying about messing her driving. When we got to the main road she clicked on the message without looking at it. The modern generation is good with these smart phones, you can type an entire paragraph without looking at the phone. To me it was a matter of life and death, for Nomsa to see that picture meant the end of our friendship. I was not ready to lose her as a friend. I know I fucked her man but I still had a special place for her in my heart. I didn't wanna lose her. I opened the door while the was in motion with the thought of jumping out. She braked the car, I think she pulled a handbrake. If I wasn't for the seatbelt the car would have vomited me. She asked "what the fuck do you think you are doing?". That was the first time I heard Nomsa using the F-word. I didn't know what to say and she repeated the question. I had to think very fast cause I could see she was getting irritated. I said "Sesi, I'm sorry.... I think I'm better off dead than alive. Dumi hurt me and I don't wanna live anymore". The trick worked on her cause she put Hector's phone back where it was and concentrated on me. She gave me a lecture about how it's not worth it to commit suicide because of a man blah bla blah blah blah etc. She went as far as saying "one day you'll find a good man who'll never cheat on you, a man like Hector". I almost laughed but remembered I'm heartbroken in her eyes. When a woman trusts, she trusts for real. It was quite clear Nomsa trusted Hector with all her heart. After what Dumi the dicklet nerd did to me, I was of belief that there's nothing called good man in this world. Actually, Goodman is a popular name in Limpopo. If you go to a place like Moletji, several kms from Polokwane you are likely to bump into names like Goodman, Goodboy and and Goodbaby. Imagine having a grandfather called Goodbaby. Nomsa U-turned and headed back home. I asked if she aint going buying food anymore and she said she wanna make sure I'm ok first. Shit, imagine such caring person discovering you slept with her man. It was starting to eat me inside.

Hector was lying on the couch when we got to the house. He was watching news. If men got paid for watching news they'd be richer than the Nigerian multibillionaire Aliko Dangote. They read newspapers during the day and watch

news at night. I rather watch Style ( channel 173), Food (Channel 175) or TLC (Channel 172). When he saw us he was like “that was quick. Were you driving like Michael Schumacher?”. Nomsa told Hector that “Sharon is not ok. Please take care of her. I won’t be long”. Hector looked at me like he was suspecting I told Nomsa he fucked me. I signed for him to relax. Nomsa left and it was just me and Hector in the room. He stood up and came to where I was sitting and took his banana out. He was like “suck me before she comes back”. That’s the thing with married men, if you give it to him once, he turns you into his bitch I wanted to suck it but shit, I remembered his phone was still in the car. I got out of the house so fast you’d swear I was Marion Jones. When I got there the car was nowhere to be seen. When I got back into the house Hector asked why I ran so fast. I told him I sent a naked picture of myself to his phone earlier cause I thought he had his phone with him. I told him about the earlier incident in the car blah blah blah. I could see his face turning blue with anger. He grabbed a cushion and started hitting me while calling me all sort of things...bitch, slut, jezebel, mogwanthi, sfebe, man snatcher, home wrecker, big pussy, bimbo etc. I wanted to cry but I understood why he was mad, I fucked up. He ran to the bedroom and came back with a small phone. With a fear in my voice, I asked who he’s calling and he said “I’m calling your ugly mother”. Shit, that was not nice. He was calling whoever he phoned all sweet things in the world...babe, bae, hun, love, sweetheart, bubu etc. It was only when he said “she’s here with me” that I picked up he was talking to Nomsa. WTF, how childish can men be. He was doing everything to spite me. I planned to tell Nomsa everything the following day. She’s a very good heart, she’d mos def dump him and still be my friend-sister. It was only when we heard the sound of the car outside that he hung up. I wanted to tell him shit but he was like “before you shit with your mouth, you should thank me cause I saved your friendship. I called Nomsa on my phone so that she wouldn’t have a chance to go thru my messages. That’s why I only hung up now cause she’s here. Next time keep your sluttish pictures in your phone”. WTF, men think kak, I would never have thought of such a plan. His last sentence hurt me thou. No girl wanna be called a slut by a man, it’s very rude and offensive. If you go to Capital Inn (a pub forever teeming with prostitutes in Arcadia) and call one of the hookers a slut they’d mos def beat you up. Before she could park the car in the garage he was there. I guess he didn’t want her to check his phone.

She brought KFC Family Treat and bread. Truth must be told, black people love KFC. I asked Nomsa if I can leave with her as I had a morning class and she said yes. She said she'll drop me in the morning and that I should also wait for her in the afternoon. Hector was like "it's gonna be a long day for me, I'll be all alone the whole day in the house". We ate and retired to lala land afterwards. It was my lucky night cause Nomsa and Hector didn't make any sounds. I logged on FB and updated my status "don't trust your man to a point of leaving him with your friend in the house. Men aint loyal. #night". Nomsa was not on Facebook, so my update was out of her reach. Within 3 minutes my update had 10 likes. Some nigga inboxed me "nice status. Can we chat on Whatsapp?". Nxa probably some horny motherfucker trying his luck. I blocked him immediately. Every girl receives these kinda inboxes everyday, unless if you are ugly beyond reasonable doubt. In the morning I left with Nomsa and she dropped me at the college. Before leaving she asked me to give her my new number. When I got to the classroom door I found a notice "class postponed to tomorrow". I was fuming, how could they postpone without notifying the students. I went to the office and angrily asked many why why why questions. The principal gave me one look and said "check your phone. We sent sms's yesterday". Shit, I was left with an egg on my face. I lost my phone and didn't do a sim swap. It was around 8h30am and waiting for Nomsa to knock off at 4pm wasn't something I planned to do. I decided to catch a taxi back to Mahube Valley. It was a blessing in disguise cause I wanted to talk to Hector in private, wanted to tell him we weren't being fair to Nomsa and that we shouldn't fuck again. I walked to corner Church and Van Der Walt Streets and boarded a taxi to Mahube Valley. I got to Mahube around 10am. Nomsa's house had 2 garages, so it was difficult to tell whether the cars were in or not. The gate wasn't locked, meaning Hector was in the house. Before knocking at the kitchen door I heard funny noises coming from the house. A female was going 'ah ah ah ah ah ah mmmm fffffuuuuuckkkkkk me harder' and Hector was going "mmmm ah fhuu fhuu u good ah ah ah ". Shit, it sounded the exactly the same way Nomsa sounded 2 nights ago. She probably came back home after dropping me. Ncoooh....she wanted some shagging privacy. My phone vibrated and it was a 012-number calling. I ran to the yard corner to answer.

It was Nomsa calling me from work....

WTF.....

## Episode 26

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

You know the most difficult thing to do is telling your friend that her man is a manwhore, especially if your friend is one of those girls that believe their man does not have cheating genes. I remember I once told a friend that her man was double-crossing her with some hoe. Instead of thanking me for being a good friend she got so mad and accused me of jealousy because I never maintained a decent relationship. I showed her screen munches of the conversation I had with the chick telling me how good the guy was in bed, I even showed her a picture of them kissing but she didn't wanna hear any of it. She accused me of photo-shopping crap to ruin her relationship. She was like "I know your type. You go around ruining people's relationship so they can be like sluts like you. You think I'm weak like the girls you always mislead. My relationship has nothing to do with you girlie". I was hurt by her words but I took Kermit's advice. I haven't seen the girl in ages but I was told she attempted to commit suicide because she found the guy in bed with the very same hoe I warned her about. Anyway, it's life. Nomsa called to ask me for suggestions to do something nice for Hector, to thank him for being the best hubby ever. She said she was thinking of taking him to Free State for Macufe (an annual festival) or a weekend in Durban. You know, I almost told her I thought girls like her only exist in fiction novels and movies. Part of me felt guilty, here she was planning to spoil a nigga who fucked her friend and currently busy with another hoe. I tried to talk her out of it but it was like I was talking to Zodwa of Generations. She went on "Hector is one in a million my sister. Millions of men play their wives all the time but Hector is not that type. He sleeps at home everyday and when he goes out he takes me with. He showers me with presents all the time. I mean, how many men would have allowed a heartbroken friend to live with us until she sorts herself?". I don't believe in korobela (love portion) but at that moment I thought Hector did something to the poor girl. She went on and on and on and on and I was pretending to be listening. Black people excel when coming to abusing their office phones. My mind was in the house. I wanted to see the bitch Hector was fucking. When she was done bla bla bla'ing she told me she's gonna knock off at 18h30 cause they were busy with some difficult client, so I must catch a taxi 2 Mahube Valley. Her last sentence was "I love you neh, you are like a little sis to me. Hector's sister-in-law lol". I felt uncomfortable whenever she mentioned his name.

Now it was my time to bust Hector and his bitch. I looked around me to see if there was a brick or something I could use to kill the bitch. Yes I said kill. Nomsa is my sister and it's my right to fight her battles. I know I also shagged Hector but it was a once off mistake. I'll watch Prophet Mbhoro's tv show on Sunday, touch the screen while he's praying and God will forgive me. Unfortunately Nomsa's yard was very neat, there was no stick or a brick to use. Then again, violence would get me into trouble with the authorities. I slept in a police cell before I didn't want a repeat. I decided to sneak in and take a video of the manwhore and his bitch having sex. I had a key that Nomsa gave to me and fortunately for me, their door wasn't one of those noisy doors. You know in some houses they have doors that sound like sirens when you open. They go 'tswiiiiiiiiiiiiii' whenever you open them lol. I set the video camera on, sneaked to the door and tactically opened it. I think it took me about 10 seconds just to unlock the door. I prayed that wherever they are, they shouldn't be facing the door. I opened the door slowly and got in...still sneaking like a leopard. Booooooommmmm....my eyes couldn't see the view in front of them. Hector was sitting on one of those 1-seater couch busy masturbating and 'watching' porn. He didn't even see or hear me coming in cause his eyes were closed. Why the fuck play a porn video if you gonna close your eyes. Oh, apparently guys can be turned on by squeaky sounds of girls going 'ah ah ah ah ah', maybe they create their own images. I stood there motionless for over 30 seconds with my phone busy recording him. I know most girls find the scene of a man wanking turning on, well it's a turn off to me. It's like going window shopping at KFC. When my man is horny, I fuck him. His hands are for massaging and 'fingering' me. Imagine sharing a man with his hands...WTF. I can only tolerate masturbation if a guy is that type that comes quickly during the first round. Apparently many guys do that, they release the first round via masturbation and when you get there you think he took time come and compliment him. Lol, we know your secret bafowethu. The first time I had sex with Dumi he came with 5 seconds during the first round and his dick went soft afterwards. Just imagine a guy coming with your first 'ah'...nxa sies. Hector seemed to be in cloud 77, at some moment he went "Fuck me Sharon...fuck me babee....you are better than Nomi". WTF, did the nigga name his wank-star right hand after me? I didn't know whether to be angry or take it as a compliment. With the phone still recording him, I grabbed the remote control and pressed 'PAUSE'. With his eyes still closed he went "Nxa power failure, fuck Eskom". I couldn't contain my laughter, I went "kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". They say men don't multi-task but Hector was an

exception. He opened his eyes, jumped, swore, apologised, cried, moaned and whistled at the same time. As I was busy laughing a shower of sperms went “phaaaaa kgwahlaaaaaa” in my mouth. The bloody dog came and his dick was facing my mouth. I’m not good with physical science but I think the speed of his come was about 120 km per hour cause they didn’t even stop in my mouth, they passed straight to the oesophagus. I involuntarily swallowed his salty sperms nxa. I quickly ran to the bathroom and he followed me. He stood at the toilet door and said “bloody witch, I want you out of my house today. You brought nothing but trouble in this house”. I ignored him and continued with the gargling. I didn’t wanna entertain him cause I knew he was angry because of embarrassment. Like Chris Rock once said, no guy wanna be ambushed when jerking off.

Hector’s insults were interrupted by his phone. He picked it up and went “hhheelloooo.... babe”. His voice was still a bit shaky, maybe it was a hangover of coming lol. I think it was Nomsa telling him she’s knocking off late cause I heard him saying “your job is too demanding. You must just be a house wife babe”. When a man starts saying you must be a house wife you must know he wants to control your thin ass. After washing my mouth I went to the sitting room and asked Hector who was done with the call to take me shopping with his money. He was like “Nondindwa sbefe ucabanga bonyana ngiyisidhlayela sakho, angeke unuke nepeni yami (Bitch, you think I’m your fool. You will never get a cent from me)”. You know a man is serious about what he’s saying when he uses his mother tongue, especially Ndebele men. I laughed and said “it’s fine honey, I guess I’ll have to send the video of you wanking to my girls. Just like you, they love porn”. I said that with a straight phone. He jumped at me, grabbed my phone and smashed it against the wall and said “you will blackmail your mother, not me”. I smiled and told him I already sent the video to my 3 emails. I was playing a very dangerous game, I’ve watched documentaries on Investigations Discovery channel 171 where men kill girlfriends and bury them in the yard. He looked at me with red teary eyes and said “fine, let’s go to Colonnade Mall. But tomorrow you must leave my house. We can’t go to Menlyn Mall cause I don’t wanna bump into people I know”. He was right, Menlyn is like a Bree taxi rank these days. Every Tom, Dick and Matome shop there these days. We didn’t waste time, we headed to Colonnade Mall. It’s not very far from Mahube Valley cause we used the R513 road. When we got there the first thing he bought me was another Samsung S5 then we went to Foschini, I bought 3 Sissy Boy jeans, went to Legit and bought 3 tops. I so wished



we were at Menlyn Mall. Colonnade doesn't have many 'black' shops. We headed to Edgars and I bought 2 Guess jeans and a Fantasy perfume. After Edgars we went to Spitz and I took 1 pair of Carvella. In Limpopo you haven't arrived until you own at least one pair of Carvella. I wanted to go further but he begged me not to 'exhaust' his credit card. I kinda felt bad and told him "to be continued ndoda". It was around 3pm when we headed home. The disadvantage of going shopping with a man is they'll always hurry you up.

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

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

WTF....

THE END

## **Episode 27**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

One day I was in a taxi from Pretoria to Joburg and some woman sitting next to me was on and on and on about how everything she touches turns into disaster. You know those people who think a taxi is Sis Dolly. She was undressing all her problems for everyone to see. She went on about how her employer pays her peanuts but pays other staff members well; about how she always meet bad guys; about how she has so many debts bla bla bla bla. I almost told her to pay her debts and stop whining. I mean, people drown themselves in debt and when they fail to pay they cry. If you can't afford it don't buy it, period. She asked what must she do to live a normal life like other people. A Zulu guy sitting behind us cleared his throat so loud that everyone turned to look at him...you know most people do that before they say something rude. I say a 'Zulu guy' cause he was playing

'Mfazomnyama' on his phone, without ear phones. Zulu guys love doing that, they get in a taxi and start playing music of their choice on their phones without ear phones. I love the fact that they are proud of their music. My home peeps forget about Limpopo music the minute they pass Kranskop Tollgate. He paused his music and went "Wemama, wemama, yeka kusibangela umsindo. Hamba uye eThekwini uyokhipha ibhadi oLwandle (Lady, stop making noise and go cleanse your bad luck at the sea in Durban)". We all cracked. Now standing there at Nomsa's house made me think of that Zulu guy's advice. Maybe I'm the one who needed to go to Durban to cleanse my bad luck. So much happened in a short period of time. My Zulu prince chowed my roomie, I killed Siphos unborn baby, Maite wanted to kill me with a bottle, TT Scott got me drunk and abandoned me, I fucked my friend's hubby and she was about to find out. Part of me said run away but running has never been a solution. You know the saying that goes 'you can run but you'll never hide'. I think Nomsa thought Hector was alone cause she didn't immediately switch off the TV but as soon as she saw me she quickly switched it off. She was like "sorry Sharon, Hector can be irresponsible sometimes. I always tell him to make sure he hides his dirty dvd's when we have visitors". I was confused, I expected Nomsa to be mad and throw tantrums. If I was in her shoes there was gonna be a flow of blood. Like some chick once said "we can share his dick but not the credit card". Hector apologised and kissed her lightly on the cheek then headed to the bedroom. WTF, Hector aint loyal. I was expecting him to stand there...in case she asked difficult questions. Now it was just me, Nomsa and my plastic bags. She offered to help with the plastic bags and we walked to the bedroom. Before she could ask any question I told her that I bumped into Dumi in town and that he was so apologetic. "Sesi, he went down on his knees and asked me to forgive him. There was tears in his tears and I could tell he meant every word". She wanted to say something but I interrupted. "He even took me shopping, he spent thousands on me. Real retail therapy my friend" I said. Truth be told, girls will always be girls. Shopping is our best friend. If you want to see how good in bed your girl is, take her shopping. Immediately when you get home initiate sex, she'll fuck you like you like somebody's business. She'll lick your balls like as if they taste like vanilla ice cream. Nomsa was like "My sister, maybe he regrets what he did. Judging by these plastic bags, the guy is in love with you. Dumi didn't look loaded the last time I saw him. Ha ha ha you must milk him dry". Shame, only if she knew the cow I was milking dry was her man. "Maybe it's the money from his parent's Life Cover policy. He wanted to come drop me here but I said

no. I caught a taxi and luckily when I got off at the 4 way stop I saw Hector's car", I said that very loud to ensure Hector heard me well. I didn't want him to tell her a different story. I noticed Nomsa was kinda naïve and gullible. I'm not married but I can smell a man-snatcher from miles away. Nomsa's trust in Hector clouded her judgement and ability to spot wrongs. She was like TB Joshua's followers, people can say whatever negative stuff they wanna say about him but his followers will never believe any of it. It's called faith and belief. Anyway, the Bible says we must not judge:

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

I asked her why she came back early cause she said she's gonna work till late and she said the client left earlier than expected. So they let them go early to prepare for the following day's meeting. She asked me if I planned to take Dumi back and I said yes but I'll take it one step at a time. She was like "ja you must do that before o bolawa ke letswai (lack of sex kills you)". We both burst laughing at her naughty comment. She started telling me how good Hector was in bed and that when he muffs her, her entire body shakes with excitement. I almost told her I know but thought of Avbob. Have you noticed that your girlfriends are likely to ride your man if you are forever boasting about how good he is in bed? Some girls would do it just to experience what you told them, not to spite you. Imagine dating a dicklet'd guy like Dumi, you'll have nothing to brag about to your friends. Imagine telling your girls "my bf has a small dick and he comes within 5 seconds". You'll be the joke of the year. Nomsa was not aware that she was creating jealousy and bitterness in me by telling me about Hector's sex know-how. She made me crave for him more. I cut the Hector talk by suggesting we should go cook. She agreed and we hit the kitchen. For the first time in days I felt normal. I was doing the normal things girls do, peeling, cooking etc. Not the drama I'm always in. It took us hours to cook cause we were busy with mghozi (gossip).

Hector joined us around 20h00 to eat supper. You know black people in the townships we eat supper while watching soapies. We were watching Skeem Saam on SABC and Hector was angry cause he wanted to watch soccer on channel 203. He was like "This Skeem Saam crap must disappear like Generations". Sometimes I think men love soccer more than their wives. I fail to understand how a man can spend hours watching other men running after a ball. I only watch soccer when Itumeleng Khune is playing, just to look at his fit thighs #hides. Nomsa was like

“Babe, I saved some money. I want us to go spend the weekend in Durban”. He seemed so happy about the idea until Nomsa said “I think we must take Sharon and Dumi with”. He said it won’t be possible cause Dumi was history. Nomsa was like “you are behind my babe. They sorted their problems today and he even took her shopping. Can you believe he spent thousands on her? From a new S5 to designer clothes baby. You should do the same for me”. Hector almost puked lol. I wanted to laugh but didn’t want Nomsa to ask unnecessary questions. Hector said he’s going to bed cause he’s going to work the following day. Nomsa whispered to me “he he he he’s mad cause I said he must spend thousands on me. Mxm men can be stingy sometimes”. Only if she knew what he was mad about. We went to bed after watching Muvhango on SABC 2.

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

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

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

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

#BOOOOOOOOOOOM WTF

THE END

## **Episode 28**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

The disadvantage of always lying is that the lies will always be your shadow, wherever you go. I know a girl from my hood who had 3 boyfriends, she fell pregnant and told all of them they are 'the father'. One stayed in Polokwane, one in Tzaneen and the last one in Nelspruit. Luckily for her all of them were yellow bones, so when the baby came out 'yellow' all of them were convinced they were the father. The baby had everything she wanted cause all of them contributed financially. The mother always came up with excuses whenever the fathers wanted to meet the family to pay damages. Yes, in my culture if a guy impregnates a girl he's not married to, he must pay for 'damaging' her. Basically, if you have a baby outside marriage, you are damaged goods. The girl maintained the lies for more than 6 months. A very stupid thing sabotaged her secret, Pic Mix. Polokwane guy pic mixed a picture of him and the baby and made it his profile picture on Facebook. People were commenting about how the baby was a carbon copy of him bla bla bla and he replied with 'thanks'. His world almost collapsed when he got an inbox from a girl who identified herself as the baby's aunt. She was the Tzaneen guy's lil sister. At the end 'Polokwane' and 'Tzaneen' met and asked for

paternity tests. She both came negative. The Nelspruit guy heard about the tests from the mother's best friend and he changed his number immediately. Best friends aint loyal. The poor baby is 'fatherless' as I write this. Living a lie has ugly consequences. Dumi was not someone you can count on to cover up a lie. He was too nerdy and naïve for that. I was so mad at Nomsa at that moment. Things girls discuss should remain private. Imagine if I told Hector the privities she always tell me about him. I know she meant no harm but it was not her place to tell Dumi that. Kabelo was like "Thousands? Dumi didn't you tell me you are broke? I even gave you R200 for petrol". Dumi wanted to respond but I kissed him with one of those super kisses that cover the whole mouth. I pulled his body closer to mine. I gave him 5 seconds to breath and he went "hawu hawu hawu". WTF, hope he wasn't coming. I know 'hawu hawu' is his signature coming tune. Nomsa was like "He he he I'd kiss him like that too if he had spent thousands on me". The bitch was on a mission to undress my lies. I even thought she planned the whole shit. Some niggars took out their phone and started recording a video of us kissing. That's black people for you, since the emergence of smart phones they record everything. What is smart about video-recording a couple kissing. These smart phones must be called dumb phones, especially BlackBerry. I once saw some chicks fighting and people were busy recording videos instead of stopping the fight. The other guy was even acting as a reporter while recording the video. After the fight he turned the camera to himself and went "Michael Baloyi, SABC, reporting live from Sunnyside". He probably sent the video clip to the entire world. I whispered to Dumi "let's go to your car. I wanna use my mouth to do something I know you like". I repeat for the 4th time, men think with their dicks. His face beamed with excitement like a cat after visiting Alexandra for the first time. You know Alexandra rats are the most nutritious in the whole world. Dumi led me to where his car was parked. The poor nerd was so excited he didn't see I was playing him. He had parked his car behind Sunnypark mall, the free parking next to Tony's Liquor. That's where most people who don't wanna pay for parking park. I was a bit tipsy but thank God I wasn't drinking wine. Time flies when one is having fun...I wasn't even aware it was after 6h30pm. It was a bit dark so it wasn't easy for people to see the happenings in the car. I wanted to give the nerd a blow job but the Polokwane robot scene visited my mind. When you live a life of a liar you will do whatever it takes to cover your lie. I was like "Remember Hector, Nomsa's man? He bought her expensive presents and I got so jealous. So I took the money my mom gave me and bought stuff for myself. I lied to Nomsa that you bought me

the stuff". I could see he was disappointed I used his name to lie. He wanted to talk but I 'shuushed him....I put my hand in his pants and he froze for few seconds. I played with his dick and within 50 seconds he was like "hiiiiooo hiiiiooo hiiiiooo hiiiioooo". It was probably a remix of 'hawu hawu hawu'. I wanted to laugh but before I could do my hand was sprinkled with something, Dumi came by a mere few seconds hand job. Nxa this guy should just apply for a job at the Sperm Bank, he'd be a Senior Executive Sperm Donor within a week of appointment. I took my hand out and wiped myself with his pants. I wanted to tell him to go to Men's Clinic but remembered I was on a mission to cover up my lie. I didn't wanna lose Nomsa as a friend. If she finds out Hector is the one who bought me stuff she'd be devastated. I knew Dumi very well, after coming he agrees to everything. If I was to sell insurance to him I'd give him a hand job first and make him sign for all policies after coming, including handbag cover from First for Women.

I told him we must go back to Cubana to rejoin Kabelo and Nomsa. On our way back I told him I forgive him for sleeping with Kea as I know she was the one who seduced him. Obviously I was lying, I wanted to make sure he doesn't blow my cover in front of Nomsa. He was like "my love I didn't even enjoy shagging her. Her pussy is so big I thought I was sleeping with a donkey that just gave birth 2 twins". I slapped him so hard that he fart and asked "so you slept with that bitch?". I know I found them snoring naked on my bed but hearing him saying he slept with her made me mad. I wasn't even sure he fucked her real and now the fool was confessing. He said it as if it was a normal thing for him to sleep with my roomie. He said something I didn't expect, "if you do that again I'll tell Nomsa I didn't buy the shit". Crap, he caught me off guard. I didn't see that one coming. He continued "actually, tonight you are sleeping at my place. You told Nomsa we are back together right?". Modimo was kgotso, people can change overnight. From naïve nerd to the blackmailer. I blame Kea's big pussy for the change. I apologised and we walked back to Cubana.

When we got back to Cubana Nomsa and Kabelo were chatting and laughing like old friends. I expected it, gay-looking guys make friends easily with ladies. But if Kabelo happened to be gay it would mean Dumi might also be gay. It wouldn't be a bad idea if they were gay thou, with small dicks there'd be a minimum pain in the ass. Dumi told Nomsa that I'm the best thing ever happened to him and that when I grow up he'll put a ring on 'it'. Lol I almost laughed, imagine spending the

rest of your life with a dicklet and making sons with dicklets like their father. The thought of sons made me remember I had sex with Dumi without a condom the last time we shagged. We ordered another round of drinks. Nomsa's phone vibrated and she showed me a Whatsapp from Hector. It read:

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

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

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

Tjo, the sms gave me mixed feelings. What if Hector hired people to kill me? I knew he wasn't happy about the blackmail to buy me stuff. Guys can kill you for their money. I know a guy from my hood who killed his kids because he didn't wanna pay maintenance. But he wouldn't send an sms with his phone cause if I die cops would be on his ass. I learnt a thing or 2 during Oscar Pistol-ius's case. My mind said I should not follow the instructions on the sms but my heart said I should go. As always, my heart won. I told Nomsa and Dumi that Maite, the girl from home wanna see me at McDonalds. Dumi was like “don't be too long bubu”. I almost said “bubu ke dicklet”. I walked as fast as I could. When I passed Europa (club) bitches in mini-skirts were queuing to get in. Lol most first year students think Europa is the dopest club when they get to Pretoria. They discover the likes of Moloko and News Cafe later. I got to the Flat (Naledi) and chose to use stairs. From outside, I could see lights were off. Before opening the door I said a short prayer “God, I know I've been drinking but please protect me”. I opened the door and looked for the light switch. It was easy to find it cause it was right next to the door. I headed to the fridge and saw the note. It read:



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

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

THE END

## Episode 29

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Most men are only romantic and adventures when they are with their side chicks. When they are with their wives they turn into mini-kings. He takes his side chick to a cinema to watch a romantic movies but when he gets home he wanna watch Bafana Bafana playing against Botswana. He takes the side chick on a cruise trip to Mozambique but the only time he travels with his wife is when they go to a funeral in Venda. He takes the side chick to all work trips and functions bur the wife's involvement is only to iron and pack his clothes. He takes the side chick to expensive restaurant but when wifey wanna be taken out he goes “didn't I buy grocery? We must not waste money unnecessarily”. He muffs the side chick until she sings Beyonce's Best Thing I Never Had but the wife only gets a Dumi-inspired 1 round. He takes the side chick to expensive boutiques in Sandton but forces the wife to buy clothes at Edgars and Truworths (with her money). He buys the side chick Brazilian and Peruvian weaves but the wife only gets a weave bought at Marabastad. Maybe wives are to blame, side chicks are not lazy to 'tjukutja' as compared to wives. There's no side chick who'll complain about a headache everyday. Wives have a tendency of faking headaches when they are not in a mood to have sex. I tried it with my ex Matome and he told me “Ga ke je hlogo, ke ja kuku (I don't shag the head, I shag the pussy). He gave me panado and shagged me. Imagine going to India and bumping into your mom when she told you that she's at home. That's how I felt at that moment. In my mind Hector was on his way from Mahube Valley to Sunnyside. His dick was up and hard, it's like he was prepared for me. He went “close the door and come a little bit closer”. He

reminded me of Brandy's song, Come a Little Bit Closer. That's song Thabiso played when he broke my virginity. Whenever it plays I feel pain in my pussy. Girl will never forget a song a guy played when he broke their virginity. Imagine if he was playing Sista Bettina lol. I asked Hector what the hell he was doing and he was like "with the amount of money I spent on you, you have no right to ask questions. We just need to make sure Nomsa doesn't find out and you must get rid of that short shaka zulu boy. I don't care if you lied to Nomsa that he's the one who bought you clothes and phone. Now stop interviewing me and blow the hell out of my dick". There's something about me that I don't really like, arrogant guys turn me on. Matome is a chauvinistic sexist arrogant pig but I liked him, TT Scott is also arrogant but part of me liked him. Mentioning his name kinda made me miss him even though he fed me to the monkeys in Limpopo. Hector was very full of himself and I found it turning on. I asked him where the owner of the flat was and he told me he went to Bloemfontein for this year's edition of Macufe. He was like "he doesn't stay here full-time. We only use this flat for special projects". WTF, niggas use the flat as their 'shag pad'. I got so mad I started throwing my arms all over the place while insulting him. I mean, what the fuck, all I was to him was a mere project. He grabbed and held me tight in his arms. Instead of continuing fighting him I melted, I felt his naked dick on my belly. He turned my head up to look at him, seeing his juicy lips made me wanna give him a quickie right away. He kissed me on my forehead and told me I look gorgeous when angry. I wanted to smile but I didn't want him to think he had powers over me. Girls do that all the time. We get all mad and it takes a present to make the anger evaporate. However, we will never let the guy see our smile. I pushed him to the bed and told him to close his eyes. He was like "is it pay back time?". He closed his eyes and I tried to sneak out. Before I could grab the lever of the door, my phone rang and that made Hector open his eyes. He was like "bitch, where the fuck do you think you are going? Come back here". To be honest, I was wet but Nomsa was my friend and I loved her. I didn't wanna be Hector's side chick. I can be someone's side chick but not Nomsa's man. I slept with him and I believe it was a once off mistake which I was not intending to repeat. I closed the door and walked back to the bed. I checked who was calling and booom, it was Nomsa. Hector told me to answer and put her on a loud speaker. I did as told and the conversation went:

Me: hello my sister  
Nomsa: Where are you? You have been gone for too long now.

Me: uhm...ah uhm I'm at Maite's flat. She wanted to take a bath. I'll be back shortly.

Nomsa: Listen, 5 minutes after you left some guy came to where I was sitting and he looks do yummy. I'm sitting in the loo now and my friend...for the first time since I married Hector a guy made my pussy wet. He touched me once and my body shivered.

Shit, bloody stupid Nomsa. I tried to change the topic but she continued...

Nomsa: I will never cheat on Hector but if he tries to kiss me I won't say no, just for control. He better make a move fast before Hector gets here. Bye chomi. We'll talk when you get here.

Hector got dressed so fast that I even thought he was one of those Red Bulls cartoons. I asked where he was going and he gave me a warm slap before I could finish my question. I fell on the bed and he spat on my face and said "bitch, I knew you were bad news the first day I laid my eyes on you. You are nothing but a forever horny tokoloshi. Now you are trying to turn my wife into a bitch like you. Wish you could die of ebola. Get out I want to lock before you invite the neighbours to come gang-fuck you". His words hurt me, I cried. I never made a move on Hector, he's the one who seduced me. Now according to him I'm a bitch who would rather die than say no to a shag. He continued "bitch, I said get out". I walked out with the tail between my legs. Maybe God was punishing me for sleeping with my friend's man.

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

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

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

WTF.....

## **Episode 30**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Anger makes people say things that they tend to regret when the anger evaporates. I remember some distant aunt once told her husband that the kids he thought he fathered weren't his kids. They were fighting about how the wife wastes money

while the hubby is the one who sweats everyday to put food on the table. The argument turned ugly when the husband told her she must go back to her mother's house. She was like "Nxa I should have done that many years ago. You are not a man. That's the reason your neighbour made you kids. You are dark but all your kids are light in complexion.". The poor man suffered a stroke and died in hospital. It happens everywhere, when anger invades a person's brain they don't think straight. They only notice afterwards that what they did was wrong. A former friend once shagged her boyfriend's best friend out of anger. She accused the bf of cheating and out of anger and thirst for revenge she shagged his buddy. Unfortunately they didn't use a condom and the guy was hiv+. She's positive but lucky for her HIV/Aids is not a death sentence anymore. She has regrets but unfortunately she cannot reverse what happened. Anyway, ke life. Like I said before, Nomsa wasn't just a friend to me, she's a sister who I ran to whenever I had problems. She always gave me a shoulder to cry on when things were not going well in my life. Losing her would feel like losing a biological sister. Hector acted unnecessarily because of anger. She didn't even say she slept with whoever she was talking about but Hector being a jealous man jumped into a conclusion that she was cheating. Nomsa looked at Hector and asked him to repeat what he said. I think she believed she didn't hear him right the first time. You know when you trust your man to the maximum you will never ever believe any negative thing about him. It's like those parents who believe their daughters are all goodie goodie, if you tell them their daughter is a hoe like Kea they can even kill you or eat you alive. Most of those of those daughters make kids from different fathers even long before they reach 21. Yes 21, I once attended a 21st birthday and the birthday was pregnant with her 4th kid. Instead of giving her a key they gave her a book titled "How to Close Your Legs". I expected Hector to say something different but he repeated what he said. I wanted to run to Two Mountains Funeral Parlour and ask them to put me in a casket and bury me alive. The cat was out of the bag. The shit was 2 millimetres away from the fan. Nomsa started crying in a screaming fashion. She was like "How could you Hector? How could you Hector? When my cousin told me of the affair I defended you. When your friend told me about the affair I defended you. I thought they were jealous of our relationship". Kabelo was bleeding and Hector was handcuffed by Cubana Nigerian bouncers. The other Nigerian dude was like "eh eh pipol gets outsa here". They continued to push us to outside Cubana. Bouncers are ruthless. They could see Nomsa was crying and Kabelo was bleeding from the nose and they didn't give a shit.

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

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

a mood to be interrogated. My hatred for Hector multiplied at that stage. He conducted himself like a bitch ass nigga. Had he not opened his big mouth I wouldn't be in this situation. Within 5 minutes my phone vibrated and when I checked it was an sms from Nomsa. It read:

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

WTF, I was shocked and relieved at the same time. Wait, what if it was her strategy to make me go to Mahube so she could kill and bury me in the yard. These softies aint loyal, they turn into psychopaths when angry and hurt. You'll never know what people do behind closed doors. It's like these church going girls who wear long skirts, doek on their heads and boots in summer...especially those who stay around Boyne in Limpopo. I always thought they are shy and lazy in bed but many guys say they turn into sex kittens when horny. I was so deep in thoughts I didn't realise I was almost at my flat. I looked in front of me and the red Volvo was parked there. It was TT's car and he got out as soon as he saw me. I didn't know whether to smile or cry. He was like “oh thank God...thank you my Lord for answering my prayers”. I didn't know what he was on about but I warmly melted in his arms when he gave me a hug. He smelled very good. It was probably one of those expensive Cologne, not a R17 Shield from Pick n Pay. He told me he came to my flat almost everyday after work hoping to bump into me. He didn't know my room number and he asked the security guards but they told him they don't know any Lerato. Shit, I remembered I told him my name is Lerato. I found it romantic that he came to my flat everyday. I even forgot that he left me at Shisanyama a week ago. I didn't waste any time, I asked him to drive me to Mahube Valley to fetch my keys. He didn't hesitate or ask any questions, he started the engine and we headed to Nomsa's crib. That's one of the reasons I prefer guys who drive nice cars, they never complain about petrol. They take you from A to B without making a big deal out of it. He made stupid jokes and I pretended to laugh here and there. I was not in a mood for stupid jokes.

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

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

WTF

THE END

## **Episode 31**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Where I come from we believe if things are not going well in your life you are either bewitched or your ancestors are mad at you. Mxm some ancestors are drama queens shem. If you think you are bewitched you either consult a sangoma(traditional doctor) or one of those prophets with rainbow ropes all over their bodies. But lately I noticed people visit charismatic churches like SCOAN in Nigeria and Incredible Happenings here at home. It might sound like a joke to someone who don't believe in these things but those who believe have faith in them. If you go to Limpopo you are likely to see many people with razor blade cut scars on their chests and wrists. Some have colour blocking ropes all over their body. My mom wanted to take me to a prophet in Venda and I ran away. Maybe she had seen something in me that I'm too blind to see. With the shit that has been happening to me, it was quite obvious I was bewitched. My uncle once told me that some powerful witches can plant a tokoloshi in your body while you are still alive. I suspected Maite and Kea were behind my bad luck. Maybe it's time to 'consult'. A gun shot inside a house is very loud, especially if you weren't expecting any baaaaaaammmmm sound. After the 'bang' I went deaf for 30 seconds. The mirror on the wall behind me went 'pshaaaaahlllaaaaa' on the floor and there were glasses all over. Nomsa was on the floor motionless and TT Scott was nowhere to be seen, all I saw were his fancy Gucci spectacles next to the couch. Hector noticed his wife was lying on the floor and I could see the word panic slowly being printed on his forehead in Tahoma bold italics underlined. I was in a state of shock, wanted to scream but I was out of breath. Hector's eyes



gathered tears in no time. I don't blame him, we all saw what was happening to Oscar Pistorius in court. Imagine Gerrie Nel on Hector's ass, he'd shit himself in the witness box and go "my lady, it wasn't premeditated but I'm literally in shit". He walked towards Nomsa. His walk reminded of Jean-Claude van Damme in the movie AWOL. He walked as if his balls were about to fall. He put the gun down and put his hand on the her heart to establish if she was still of this earth. I was expecting the worst. In my mind I thought the bullet hit her and then hit TT Scott too. What surprised me was there was no any blood on the floor. When you are in a panic mode nothing seems to make sense. I saw a mild smile on his yummy lips, he was like "her heart is still beating, she's not dead...she's alive. Thank you God and fuck you satan". I don't know why he insulted satan cause it was all his own doing. He should have said 'fuck you me'. Nomsa probably fainted because of stress and the unexpected loud bang. Hector gave her a kiss of life and made some fresh air for her. The bullet missed TT Scott and Nomsa and hit the mirror on the wall. If he was a soccer player I'd think he played for Orlando Pirates. Orlando Pirates strikers are famous for shooting blanks. While he was busy with Nomsa a phone rang, I loved the ring tone. We checked where the sound came from but saw no phone or the owner. A voice from the small space behind the couch went "yoooooohhhhh mmmmaaweee, please don't kill me my nigga. I didn't do anything. I only came here to drop Lerato". I almost laughed my lungs out. Not even a baby would fit in that space. That's what fear does to people, you can fit inside one of those indoor rubbish bins. I once saw some fat guy running faster than his thin friend after they heard a gun shot. Nobody wanna die. Even in church while the preacher is busy preaching about how the righteous Christians will go to heaven to be with God after dying...if they hear a gun shot the pastor will be the first to run for his life. Hector was like "dude, get the fuck out of my house before I shoot you". TT Scott was like a fighter jet the way he ran so fast. He accidentally stepped on Nomsa's foot while running and she gained her consciousness. Withing seconds I heard vvvvvvroooooooooommmmm, it was Scott running for his life.

Nomsa asked what happened. I think she had a load shedding moment. She shook her head twice and went "Hector, did you kill that guy? Answer me...did you murder a person in my house? Answer me damn it". Hector looked like a kid after being caught stealing money from mommy's purse. I told her that Hector didn't kill that dude and that the dude left. She was shaking with anger. She stood up and went "Hector Skhosana, I don't wanna talk to you right now. Get out of my house

and go to your whore. GET OUT. Sharon is the only person who cares about me”. Hector went down on his knees and started apologising. She took a vase on the side table and threatened to kill him if he didn’t leave in 10 seconds. Never mess with an angry wife. I felt bad cause I was part of the problem and Nomsa was convinced I was the only one who cared. I felt like a pastor who prays for people and ask them to pay afterwards. I thought God’s powers were free. Ja neh, capitalism is everywhere, even in churches. Hector noticed his wife was serious, he took his gun and left. As soon as he left Nomsa started crying as if someone told her the world was coming to an end tomorrow. I offered her a glass of water and persuaded to go sleep in her bedroom. I wanted to lie next to her but it was difficult. I felt responsible for her problems. Part of me wanted to confess but my heart crushed the idea. Confessing might get you an emotional relief but it has uglier consequences. The Bible says:

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

Yes God will forgive you because He loves you but the bitch you slept with her husband will go as far as praying to God that you get killed by a lighting or fall into a hole full of poisonous snakes and scorpions. It’s not a joke, God hears all sort of funny prayers everyday. I once heard a woman praying for her man to have sugar diabetes. Apparently he was fucking around and she wanted God to punish his dick. I left Nomsa in her room and went to sleep in the other room. I could hear she was sobbing heavily but I was not in a position to comfort her. It was difficult to fall asleep as many thoughts were running thru my mind. I wanted to call my mom but she was probably sleeping. Luckily, around 3am lala land kidnapped me.

I was woken by Nomsa around 8am. She told me she was going to kwaNdebele for a weekend. Why do women do this whenever faced with problems? It’s not like problems will vanish after the ‘exile’. I told her that if she’s leaving I’ll go back to my flat and she said it wasn’t necessary cause her mother-in-law called her and told her Hector came home when I chased him. Hector told his mom that Nomsa kicked him out cause he almost killed the guy she was cheating on him with and that the guy was naked. Luckily Hector’s mom wasn’t the noisy type, she called Nomsa to a meeting so she could hear both side of the story. Some mothers would see red and ask their son to divorce ‘ngwana wa moloi’. Black mothers take their

sons' sides all the time, especially if he's the type that gives them money all the time. I call them Monsters-in-Law. I walked Nomsa to the car and she told me they'll be back on Sunday late. We hugged and did our good byes.

As soon as she left I switched off my phone. I was tired of all the drama and wanted to have some 'me' time. It was Friday but I didn't feel like going out. I went back to bed and slept almost the whole day. I switched on the phone and called Nomsa to check if she arrived safely. I switched off the phone again...ate and studied till 8pm. I watched Skeem Saam, Isibaya and Muvhango. South African soapies are nice shem. I went to bed after the soapies. I switched on my phone as soon as I woke up the following morning, it was around 11am. There was only one Whatsapp text from TT Scott. I remembered I gave him my new digits on our way to Mahube on Thursday night. I apologised to him for what happened and he said cool. I BRB'd him and told him I wanna clean the house and do house chores. I called Nomsa and she told me the family is about to meet. I cleaned, cooked, bathed and watched TV till late afternoon. I called Nomsa and her phone was off. I was kinda bored and thirsty, so I took one of Nomsa's red wines and started drinking. That was the biggest mistake. My pussy started singing 'oh happy day' after the 3rd glass. I was sitting on the couch and wearing a mini skirt, so I stretched my legs wide and started fingering myself. It felt so good...ohhhhhh. My phone rang and it was TT Scott. He told me he was at a party at Mamelodi Gardens and asked me to catch a taxi to join him. I didn't respond...my finger was employed underground and it was better than Dumi's dicklet. I went "ah ah ah ah ha" and TT Scott asked what I was doing. I told him and he was like "Shit, you just made my dick gain weight. If I wasn't scared of that Chuck Norris guy I'd come". I told him I'm all alone as Nomsa and Hector were in kwaNdebele. He was like "I'll be there in 15 minutes". I told him to hurry up because I'll dry up and that he must put on the condom while in the car cause there won't be anytime to waste. I was like "I'll be bending for you on the couch...the gate is not locked and I won't lock the door. Just get here and do me. I give you 7 minutes". It was a bit dark, so I didn't worry about nosey neighbours. Within 5 minutes I heard a car parking outside. WTF, I know Mamelodi Gardens aint far from Mahube Valley but 5 minutes? Ja men love sex for real. I quickly took off my clothes and bent my fine ass towards the door. The wine I had made me more brave and shameless. I was ready for TT Scott. Within a minute the door opened and .....

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

THE END

## Episode 32

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Truth be told, when you are house-sitting someone's house you tend to do things you'd normally not do if they were around. You do worse things when you know the exact day of their return. Some go as far as sleeping in the main bedroom. My mom once told that her friend used to work for some rich couple. They used to let her house-sit whenever they go to their fancy overseas. So one weekend they told her they are going to Cape Town and she invited the husband as soon as they left. They had told her that they gonna spend the whole weekend away and it was news to her ears and pussy. On Friday they spent the night in the main bedroom and even wore the couple's nightwear. The following the woman rushed to town to buy some stuff...so it was just her Weekend Special in the house. While the wife was away the house owner came back unannounced. When he got into the house he was met with a picture he didn't expect, Weekend Special was sitting on the couch sipping the owner's whiskey and smoking cigar. You could tell he was not used to the cigar cause he coughed every 2 seconds. He didn't know the man in front of him was the owner of the house. Apparently Weekend Special said "mrena, I don't know who you are or where you come from but you are disrespectful. This is my house and you just throw yourself in. Do you know who I am?". Before the owner could respond my mom's friend entered and she wet her madam's expensive clothes she was wearing and fainted on the spot. Weekend Special got the beating of his life. The woman's voice repeated the question, "Sharon, what are you doing?". Shit, with my bum still facing the door, I turned my head to check who was talking. I knew the voice very well but I thought my ears were lying like Jacob Zuma when he told parliament government didn't use our tax money to upgrade his Nkandla residence. Like I said before, Nomsa was like a sister to me and I didn't make a habit of doing masawana in front of her. Nomsa was standing at the door with her right hand covering her mouth to show she was shocked by the dunudunu in front of her. Hector was standing behind her with a fertile smile on

his face. Nomsa repeated the question for the 3rd time and Hector was like “babe, don’t be hard on her, she’s just a kid bathong”. Nxa nigga was probably fucking me with his eyes. I quickly jumped and hid my lower body behind the couch. I was like “uhm eh eh uhm I was about to bath and wanted to double check if I locked the door. I didn’t know you were coming back”. They walked in and Hector wanted to walk straight to where I was standing and Nomsa told him to close his eyes till I’m dressed. He complied and I quickly grabbed my clothes which were lying on the floor and got dressed. Nomsa is quick to believe shem, I told her so many lies and she believed all of them. I stole a peep on Hector’s pants and noticed his dick was very up. A pussy is more powerful than United Nations. Maybe women should establish an international organisation and call it Pussies United. We’d mos def control all the men in the world. I don’t know what happened but the power went off. It was probably one of Eskom’s power blackouts. Nxa they should just call themselves Ass-kom. A week hardly passes without us experiencing blackouts. But part of me smiled, it was difficult and embarrassing to face Hector and Nomsa at that stage after what they saw.

Suddenly, there was a male voice from the door. It went “Rato Rato Rato. You are such a kinky girl, you switch off the light to make the game more interesting. I brought your meal just the way you ordered it, condom on and ready to take you to sexual paradise”. Shit, it was TT Scott. Hector and Nomsa’s presence made me forget about my little movie with TT Scott. For the first time in my life I was happy Ass-kom pulled a black out on us. It was so dark I couldn’t even see the couch in front of me. Nomsa and Hector went silent after hearing TT Scott’s voice. Before I could act I felt a hand touching my ass. I knew it wasn’t TT Scott cause there was no movement from the door into the house. TT Scott whispered “give me a hint of where you are. My dick is a natural pussy navigator, it can smell a wet pussy from miles away”. I wanted to say ‘shut the fuck up fool’ but before I could open my mouth the power came back. The room was lighter than before. The hand that touched my ass was probably Hector’s cause he was the one standing next to me. TT Scott was standing at the door naked with a condom on his bazooka. Nomsa looked at me and ran to her bedroom. TT Scott was like “what the fuck, bitch you set me up for Chuck Norris to kill me. I hate you”. He ran for his life afterwards. Hector was like “so you invited a guy to come fuck you in my house?”. He looked angry, I don’t know if it was because I was gonna fuck a guy in his house or the fact that another man was gonna fuck his ‘side chick’. I have a feeling

he saw me as that...his side chick or sperm dish. I whispered “pervert, don’t act all saintly on me. You fucked me and I can tell your wife now. You have a lot to lose as compared to me. You and I are 2 sides of the coin. If I am Al Qaeda your are Boko Haram”. He walked to his room without uttering further words. I sat on the couch cause I didn’t know what to do. I sent my mom an sms: “mommy, I’m coming back next weekend. I want you to take me to that venda prophet”.

Nomsa appeared from the bedroom as soon as my sms went thru. She was like “my friend, there’s no easy way of saying this, Hector wants you out. I know you are still young and wanna experience things but what you did was wrong. I tried to defend you but failed. I think he’s serious cause he even offered to drive you to Sunnyside right now”. I didn’t know what to say, so I went to my room and packed the little things I had there. Hector knocked at the door and told me he doesn’t have the whole night. I heard Nomsa saying “babe please don’t be hard on her”. I wondered what Hector’s mom said to them. They looked as if they never had any problems 2 nights ago. I was happy for my friend, I know I was partly a source of her problems but she deserved to be happy. They solved their problem without involving western solutions, the so-called marriage counselling. I don’t mean to be old-fashioned, but I believe black people should give our ways of solving problems a chance. When we get married we involve our parents and elders, we should do the same when our marriage is facing rough patches. After packing I told them I’m ready to go. Hector kissed Nomsa and told her to start packing cause they gonna leave around 5am. I wanted to ask to pack for what but heard Kermit’s voice saying “none of your damn business bitch”. Nomsa hugged me and told me to take care. She told me that if Kea gave me tough time I must call her and she’ll make a plan. Nomsa was actually a fool, you know your man has seen another girl’s pussy but you are fine with him driving her at night. She seemed like those girls who started dating after the age of 21. She was too trusting for my liking. Men are weak, if they see a girl’s pussy their imagination go wild. They’ll do whatever it takes to taste that pussy. They are like Tembisa rats, if they see you walking to your house with a KFC bag, they’ll strategically camp at your house till they get a taste of you StreetWise 2.

I got into the car and we headed to Sunnyside. Hector was rather sweet, the change of mood kinda surprised me. He told me I was lucky Nomsa was a good friend. I took my phone out and started with my friends on Facebook. I was not interested

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

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

THE END

## Episode 33

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Guys are the most insensitive creatures I know. They have a tendency of suspending their brains and hiring their dicks as thinking organs. He screws you once and he thinks he can nationalise your pussy without compensation whenever he wants. Nxa EFF mentality. But if a girl goes after a guy she once fucked and demand some good fucking, she’ll be labelled a desperate whore. The guy would probably go update a status on Facebook that “Girls can’t get enough of me”. I think Hector thought he was a hit. I mean, he had just come back from kwaNdebele to sort out problems he had with Nomsa but already he wanted to fuck a side dish. Men are a 2-legged version of a dog. When they see a pussy their thinking develops squares and triangles. If God got rid of pussies 98% of men would commit suicides, the remaining 2% would be gays. I looked at Hector and his dick looked stressed. It was big and hard but it didn’t have the swagger I’ve seen before. I asked “what the fuck do you think you are doing Hector?”. He went silent and tried to walk towards me. I told him to stop being childish and get dressed. He was like “don’t pretend as if you don’t want me. I know your pussy is wet as we speak. You can’t resist me”. I told him I will never ever fuck him cause the last time we

did he sucked. Yes I know it's mean but he left me no choice. Guys have some cheap ego planted on their dicks. If you tell a guy his dick is small and that he sucks in bed you'll be doing a great deal of damage on his self-esteem. It's like telling a girl she has gained weight and that she should stop wearing short things cause her thighs have developed terrible stretch marks. Guys like Matome can say that to a girl. They boost their self-esteem by crushing our self-confidence. I noticed Hector's dick was dancing cha cha cha backwards. It looked like Kaizer Chiefs fans after a goal from the opposition, they disappointedly sit down in a systematic fashion. I was standing next to the laundry basket, I took my jeans and put them on. That was my way of saying 'nigga, I'm not your sperm dish'. He gave me one look and said "nxa you think your pussy is special. I'll go back to my lovely wife. Nxa you are just bitter I spoilt your little party with that guy and that I solved my problems with my beautiful wife. You'll never find a man like me". I could sense from his voice that my word hit deeper. He was saying all that shit to recover his bruised ego. I was like "with pleasure abuti, go back to your beautiful wife. And get dressed, my eyes are allergic to small things". His dick aint small, I was saying mean things just to spite him. He approached me with an intend to hit me and I went "if you touch me I'll scream hard. Imagine what my neighbours will say when they find you naked busy hitting a woman". He said "all your male neighbours will kill me because you are their skaftin and the females will defend me because you are fucking their me...". He didn't finish that word cause I kicked his balls so hard he immediately went down on his knees. Nxa I was pissed, imagine being told you fuck all your neighbours. Even prostitutes would find it offensive. I felt bad I kicked Nomsa's supper but I felt happy I defended myself. I'm Sharon Letsoalo, I don't take shit from anyone. I heard a little voice in my head going 'you go girl'. He stood up and got dressed...I could see it was difficult cause he had pain written all over his face. He staggered to door and I asked if he wants 'phinda mzala (a repeat kick)' and he went "go to hell legosha (whore)". As soon as he left I started singing:

"Girls,                    we                    run                    this                    motha                    (yeah!)  
**GIRLS!**  
Who                    run                    the                    world?                    Girls!  
Who                    run                    this                    motha?                    Girls!  
Who                    run                    the                    world?                    Girls!  
Some    of    them    men    think    they    freak    this    like    we    do



But no they don't  
Make your check come at they neck,  
Disrespect us no they won't.... Who runs the world!!!”

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

It was Sunday and I didn't have any plans. So I decided to prepare for church. I thought of going to Adeyomi's church but remembered mama Adeyomi was an ass-whipper. I decided to go to the one in Pretoria Central at Jacob Mara street. There was a church not far from my flat but I didn't like it. I've never seen expensive cars parked there. Most churches are no longer what they used to be, people go there to show off their cars and clothes. I've never seen a Bible verse that says 'thou shall drive a Range Rover to church'. Girls dress up as if they are going to a beauty contest and they prefer to sit next to handsome men. Some hoes go as far as checking-in at church on Facebook just to ensure guys know she's around. I put on a knee length black skirt, a white peplum and black stilettos. I looked like 'ousi nyana (I don't know what ousi nyana is in English)' lol. I grabbed my polo handbag and headed to church. Luckily I didn't have to carry the Bible cause I had downloaded a Bible App on my Samsung S5. Imagine carrying the Bible at my age in 2014. I walked for about 100 metres from my flat and some guy driving a black Audi A5 offered me a lift. As a girl you know you are dressed to kill and look hot when a guy offers you a lift. I'm talking about guys who drive nice cars not a 1985 1400 bakkie. He asked for my number and I gave him my old

number. He smiled like a hunter after killing an impala. Only if he knew I had no intentions of doing a sim swap. I think he told me his name is Colgate Mudau. Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa the name Colgate killed the hell outa me. I laughed ‘internally’ thou, it’s rude to laugh at people’s names. He dropped me at church and promised to call later. I was like “thanks for the lift, and by the way I love your white teeth”. He thanked me and left. I doubt he detected the irony in my compliment.

The pastor read Matthew 6:14-15

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

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

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

WTF .....

THE END

## Episode 34

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

are used to using public transport. They even know which hand signs to use to stop taxis.

I didn't even know which part of Centurion I was at. I just walked and walked and finally got to what seemed like the main road. In South Africa you know you reached the main road when the traffic is dominated by taxis, especially in Nyathi these days. One taxi driver pointed up and I nodded. He stopped and I got in the taxi. That's the taxi jargon in Gauteng, no need to talk. We just sign with our hands nje. I was the only person in the taxi and it made me feel uncomfortable. I always read stories in the Daily Sun about girls being kidnapped, raped and brutally killed. Luckily some 2 guys got in at the bus stop next to Zenex. The hot guy sat on the seat in front of me and the ugly one with shaggy hair chose to sit next to me. Next I was expecting the hot one to sit next to me. Ugly looked like one of those guys who worked at construction sites and very poor. Not the kinda guys I'd fall for. Imagine dating a guy who gets paid R2000 a month and lived with his parents. It would take him 6 years to save for my Malaysian weave. I prefer guys who spend and not make you feel guilty afterwards. Poor guys will make comments like "I've never spent this much on a girl. You are very lucky". Mxm nigga, spend if you wanna spend, I don't give a toss about how much you spend. He greeted me and I greeted back with the 'duh' attitude. I took out my earphones and put them in my ears. That's the strategy girls use when we don't wanna be bothered by guys. I played music so loud just to make him hear I have no interest to talk to him. He took out an iPad from his bag and logged into FNB website. I took out my shades and put them on. They are best when coming to taking secret peeps, no one will see you are watching. Ugly transferred about R5000 to someone. I took a closer look and noticed his balance had 6-digits. WTF, his balance was more than my mom and dad's combined annual salary + bonus. I wondered why a guy with such money would use a taxi. It's like he was reading my mind, he clicked on the email icon and typed "Hi love, I sent someone to come fetch you in Rosebank. He's using my Range. I'm in a taxi to Pretoria now. Le tla nkreyo at my office (you'll find me at my office)". Damn, the word office drives girls my age crazy. We automatically assume the guy is monied. I immediately took off my headphones and put them back in the bag. I sat straight up to ensure my boobs popped out like they were about to explode. I think something caught his attention outside the taxi and I used that opportunity to pull my skirt up a bit to bare my yellow thighs. Ugly, no he's not Ugly anymore...he's Black Bill Gates – BBG, he asked "was

the song you were playing that boring?. You only listened to it for less than 3 minutes”. Damn, I think he noticed I was trying to avoid him. I replied with a million \$ smile “no love...uh oh uhm I mean sir, I wanted to listen to Eddie Zondi on Metro FM then remembered he died early this year. The other guys are boring so I decided to switch it off”. I don’t know how I came up with that lie but it worked cause he didn’t ask further questions. He asked for my name and I didn’t lie...I told him my name in full, Sharon Letsoalo but my friends call me Shazyonce and before he could tell me his name his stupid phone started ringing. He talked on the phone for like 15 minutes and 3 seconds. He was on about High Courts, Judge Masipa and prosecutors blah blah blah. He was probably an advocate. Mmmmm I can imagine him saying “my lady, would you marry me”. He apologised for the call and before we could continue with the conversation his phone rang again. At that moment we were at the Cnr Jacob Mare and Van Der Walt Street robot, I was supposed to get off there but I decided to pass. I wanted BBG to ask for my number. I’m tired of losers like Dumi. He got off at Schoeman Street and I did the same. He did the ‘sharp’ sign with his thumb while busy with his phone and walked away, he didn’t even give me his number or ask for mine. I didn’t even know his real name. Mxm I was so disappointed. I thought of following him to his office but decided against it, I’d look desperate and dick-hungry.

I started to walk to Sunnyside. It was only at that time that I remembered what had happened at Siphos house. I know I was responsible for causing the miscarriage but that bitch had no right to boil me. She should have told me to leave her house. Now she caused harm to herself. When I got to the robot next to Louis Pasteur Hospital someone called my name. The voice came from a red Golf 7 GTI. Damn, it was the one and only Never-die. He invited me in and I said no. I was not in a mood entertain bitches like Maite. I told him he must go to his wife Maite. Girls love doing this and normally we expect the guy to say he’s not with the hoe anymore. Nerves told me “forget about history. Let’s talk about the future. Come on Shaz, get in the car and we’ll talk on our way to Busy Corner”. WTF, who told him I wanted to go to Busy Corner? As much as I like rich guys I hate the fact that they impose decisions on us. I haven’t seen this guy in ages but already he wanted to take me to Busy Corner. He was like “cool then, let me drop you at your place”. I agreed and got into the car. He turned right at Mandela Drive and drove up. Instead of turning left at Rissik Street to drop me at my crib, he continued straight. I think he expected me to scream or be cross at him but I disappointed him, I just

went “cool, as long as I’m home before 8pm. I have a class tomorrow at 10am”. He was like “now you are talking ximatsatsa xa mina xa ku saseka (my very beautiful girl). I almost said ‘xima-what-what is the black sack between your legs’. I asked him about Maite and he told me he prefers not to talk about history. When we got to the Fountains robot he turned right and then left to join the Ben Schoeman Highway. Immediately after turning some big-assed metro cop stopped us. She was like “o driver koloi e smart abuti (you are driving a nice car bro). He thanked her and we passed. She didn’t even ask for a licence or something. I think she thought he was alone and probably wanted a marriage, nxa biatch. My nausea came back and I asked him to stop and he said he can’t stop on the freeway. I saw a KFC paper bag in his car and puked inside it. He stopped so fast and told me to get the fart off and puke outside. I don’t know why he was all worked up cause I asked him nicely to stop and he refused. I got into the car and he asked if I was pregnant and I laughed at him until he dropped the question. Imagine me being preg, duh!!!!!!.

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

Never-die was driving like a manic. I told him I get nauseous when he drives fast and he told me he didn't give a fuck. I could see he was angry. Within 25 minutes we were in Pretoria. He stopped at Shell garage and I asked him why and he said he's going to buy condoms. I asked why and he said "because I'm sleeping at your place tonight". I didn't argue with him. As soon as he got out of the car I took a pad out of my bag and placed it in my panties. If he thinks he's smart, I'll show him what smart is. I'll simply tell the fool I'm on my periods and it's heavy flow kwaaaa. He bought 3 packs of Rough Riders and 4 Red Bulls. WTF, imagine 9 rounds from a Tsonga guy!!!! I'd walk like a penguin the following day mos. When we got to my flat Never-die parked his car next to the gate. As soon I as I got off I saw the security guard pointing his finger at me. He was with 3 policemen. They probably wanted to arrest Never-die for punching Maite at Busy Corner. They walked to us and the skinny one asked "are you Sharon?" and I told him yes. He was like:

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

I puked.... WTF

THE END

## **Episode 35**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Sleeping in police cells or jail aint pap and vleis. I've been there before and it was the kinda experience I wasn't willing to go thru again. When you get in there you automatically feel like you are a criminal even if you know deep inside that you are not a criminal. Even Oscar Pistorius is paying Adv Barry Roux SC R50 000 a day to keep him out of jail. Imagine a beautiful yellow bone like me in an orange suit. I'd turn into an orange bone. The cops weren't friendly, they were mean and rude. And one of them looked familiar, he looked like some guy who once asked me out and I told him I don't do ugly skinny guys. He was probably being bitchy because of that. Suddenly there were spectators around us. Black people love drama bathong. Some chick was even recording everything with her fone. Some chick went "maybe she stole someone's clothes on the washing line. She's always

wearing things”. Never-die was as shocked as I was. He asked the cops why they wanna arrest me and the skinny one jumped in “you are under arrest for assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm. You have the right to remain silent, whatever you say can and/or will be used against you in the court of law. If you can’t afford a lawyer the state will provide you with one. You know what you did to Ms Grootboom in Centurion”. Nxa Xhosas and imported surnames, Mthinkulu is now known as Grootboom. Where I come from cops don’t read rights or any crap for anyone. They tell you nine-9, “morena, namela van. Re na le mmereko o montši kudukudu (sir, get inside the van. We have a lot of work to do”. By a lot of work they mean eating mogodu and pap at Sis Joyce eating house. That’s why most South African cops have big bellies, they are forever eating. Bheki Cele must come back to make them do ‘Chest Out, Stomach in’. Nerves asked if they can come to some kind of understanding man-2-man. The skinny cop asked what kinda understanding and Nerves said it bluntly “jojo (bribe)”. The cop who has been quiet all the time jumped in “you want to bribe us? Huh? You know I can charge you for bribing the officer of law?”. Mxm what an actor!!!! I’ve seen cops doing that before. They act as if they don’t want your money while deep down they know they want it. Never-die apologised and told them to arrest me. I started crying and the one cop was like “lizard tears don’t scare us”. I think he wanted to crocodile tears. The skinny cop started pushing me like I was some kind of his slave. Never-die called someone, I don’t who but he was referring to him as ‘comrade’ and he said something about the provincial commissioner blah blah blah. Damn, politicians are very powerful and connected shem. He was probably talking to a minister or something....or even Jacob Zuma. I’ve seen him wearing an ANC t-shirt once and he had the ‘comrade’ look. The cops locked me in the van and drove to Sunnyside police station with me. Never-die’s car followed us. When we got to the station some dude who looked like a senior cop was waiting outside. Before they could unlock for me the senior-looking cop called the cops who arrested me and talked to them for few minutes. As they were talking I closed my eyes and prayed for them not to take me to the cells. As soon as I said amen the skinny cop opened the van door and told me to go home. I have doubted the power of God before but at that moment I believed fully that God does listen when we pray and he responds timeously. I wish cops were as fast as God when we report crimes. Constable Skinny told me there’s been a misunderstanding and he apologised for the way they treated me. He even opened the gate for me and I found the senior cop outside talking to Never-die. When I got there the cop told Never-die “She



seems beautiful and innocent. Those incompetent cops will get warnings”. I was flattered by the compliment and thanked him. He said I must take his number so that I’ll call him whenever I have problems in future. I took his number and saved them as Captain Fat Comrade. Before we could leave he asked me to buzz him. I could see Nerves was uncomfortable but I buzzed Captain Fat Comrade. I guess that was his way of asking for my number. He probably saved my number as ‘prisoner 35’. Nerves and I drove to my flat in silence. I wondered what was going thru his mind. You know when ugly guys are quiet they look as if they are about to cry.

When we got to my place I immediately went to the toilet. I was nauseous but nothing came out. I tried to shit but only released a thunderous fart. If I was in Limpopo neighbours would run for their lives thinking a lightening is on its way. When I went back to the bedroom Never-die was lying on his back on my bed. His belly was so big that I even mistook it for a continental pillow. He was like “baby, if it wasn’t for me you’d be in a police cells right now. It’s time for you to return the favour”. I knew what he meant but I was in no mood for sex. I was nauseous and kinda stressed cause of the whole police shit. I told him I’m too tired, sick and stressed to make him happy but promised to make it up to him the following day. He was like “I can always call the cops to come arrest you and I’ll bail you out tomorrow”. Nxa guys who threaten girls in order to get laid should have their dicks cut and sold to sangomas in Venda. I told him I’m on my periods and he accused me of being an ungrateful liar. I pulled the skirt up and showed him the pad i inserted in my panties. He asked “shit your periods are misbehaving like EFF MPs in parliament. Why tonight of all days nxa”. I told him I’ll give him the best BJ as soon as I’m done with my periods. Shit, that was the biggest mistake. He was like “clever girl, your mouth aint on periods right?? Blow the fuck outta me or we can do anal”. WTF, imagine a Tsonga penis in my ass. My anus would be like a pussy after delivering a big-headed baby. I told him I’ve never engaged in anal sex... Before I could finish talking he gently grabbed my head and kissed me. I kissed back but the more I kissed him was the more my pussy got biltong dry. It was a bit unusual cause my pussy was normally very forward, ya phapha nje. One touch and I get wet. Never-die was like “you know I used to be a taxi driver? I’m used to driving thru red robots”. Lol I almost laughed. When guys are horny they say the most stupid things they’ll never say when ‘sex-sober’. I remember Dumi once said “babe, you make me feel a e i o u” while I was blowing him. I told Never-die

“yesterday some taxi driver got thru the red robot and he was knocked by a speeding truck. He’s dead”. I think my comeback sent shivers down his balls cause he stopped kissing me. Before I could celebrate my victory...he took off his pants and asked me to take off my top. He started kissing my tits and for the first time I felt the ‘tsii tsii’ feeling in my pussy. I was not getting horny, it was just my pussy being anti-revolutionary. My nipples are very sensitive, sometimes I play with them and they send 911 to my pussy. His dick looked bigger than the last time I saw it. I have heard stories about Tsonga guys having a dick tree. They plant a tree and whenever the tree grows, the dick does the same. He probably had the tree back at home. I told him to lie on his back and the smile on his face told million words. His dick was the size of a newborn baby...a dark baby. It was so dark you’d swear it was smeared with kiwi shoe polish. I looked at the dick head and it looked as if it was gonna shout ‘avuxeni maseve’. I slowly licked the pee hole on his dick and he went “mananohhhh”. I don’t know what it means but it sounded funny. I circled my tongue on the edge of the dick head and he went ‘hallelujah...’. I stopped a bit and said “I didn’t know you were religious” and he went “amen”. I put the entire dick head in my mouth and went back and forth twice and he started speaking in tongues. His dick tasted like a mixture of custard, salt water, raw egg and mayonnaise. I don’t know why but I enjoyed that particular taste. If it was food I’d think I’m expecting. He went “faaaaasssstttttteeeerrrr pppppllllleeeeeaaaaasssssseeee”. Lol he wanted me to go faster but he was speaking slow. I increased my speed and the next thing...booooooom!!!! there was puke all over and Nerves was like “xitombo xa n’wako”. That’s like a ‘senior’ insult in Tsonga. The mess looked like Sunday 7 colours meal and his dick looked like wors. I could feel another puke was coming and I stood up and ran to the bathroom. I spent about 5 minutes in the loo and when I went back to the bedroom Nerves was nowhere to be seen. Nxa he used my top to wipe the mess on his dick and belly.

I was starting to get worried about my puking. As a student nurse I knew it pointed to one thing, I could be pregnant. I brushed off the thought but deep inside I was worried. I tried to think of the guys I shagged recently...Dumi, Thabiso and Hector. I condomised with Hector and Thabiso but there was no way Dumi’s sperms entered my holy pot. Imagine being pregnant with Dumi’s soon. He’ll be a laughing stock of his peers. I wonder how Dumi’s dicklet looked like when he was a baby. It probably looked like a navel or badly formed clitoris. I started cleaning

my flat to avoid thinking about pregnancies. After cleaning I was a bit hungry. It was probably because of the puking. Luckily there were corn flakes and long life milk. I had 'breakfast' for supper lol. After eating I had the craving for mayonnaise. I wanted to call Siphso to ask why his wife laid charges against me but thought I'd cause more drama. I didn't want another Muvhango in my life. Fighting a Xhosa woman is like trying to force a Muslim to eat bacon, you'll never win. I retired to bed. I had another weird dream. The Kaizer Chiefs guy was playing soccer and he scored 6 goals. The 7th goal was ruled offside.

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

Kea was like “Sharon, are you.....”

WTF.....

## Episode 36

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

There are some things in your life that you don't want anyone to see, especially if you have not seen them yet. Imagine someone seeing your HIV result before you see them. By the end of the day it would be public knowledge. Some girl once told her classmate that she slept with her teacher to get good marks. Within an hour it was all over the school. That's how ruthless girls can be. You tell her something in confidence and she broadcasts it to the entire world via Whatsapp and Facebook. In my next lifetime I want to be a boy, with a dick as big as Adeyomi's. I will chow anything with 2 legs and 2 middle body holes. Kea looked at me and asked “Sharon are you pregnant? OMG Ade hope you are not the father. If you are I'll make you walk from Pretoria to Lagos naked”. I grabbed the test thingie from Kea and looked at it...fuck, it confirmed my biggest fear, the results came back positive. My world changed completely at that moment. Where I come from girls go to Gauteng to study but less than 50% go back home with degrees and diplomas. The rest take LLB (Lots & Lots of Babies) to their parents instead of real degrees. I never imagined me being the LLB type. Kea is such a petty bitch, instead of asking how I'm feeling she was on about Adeyomi being the baby daddy and crab. I prayed for my puke to come, I wanted to shower her with some. Adeyomi was like “eh eh Kia, me aint da fada eh eh”. Kea was like “sorry my love. With bitches like this one you never know. She probably doesn't know who the father is”. Her words pierced thru my heart. Basically she insinuated I sleep around with every Tom, Dick and Mashudu. I jumped over her and slapped her cheeks. I expected her to hit back but she didn't. She was like “shame it's not you, it's hormones. Sharon the preggie”. I wanted to hit her again but Adeyomi came to her rescue. He was like “Chinekeeeee... Kia kom on maan. Behaav lak a woman of God eh eh. Are you maddooo”. Lol Adeyomi's accent put a smile on my face. I always wonder if Nigerians think our accent is funny. Kea said “I'm sorry my handsome Ade. Let's do what we came here for and leave. I can't stand pregnant

people”. I asked what they came for and she told me she came to fetch all her things cause she was moving in with Adeyomi. I was like “good luck. That woman will beat the hell out of you until your ass and pussy become one thing. Adeyomi won’t help you cause he’s scared of her”. She gave a bitchy smile and said “shame only if you knew preggie. Adeyomi and his wife are divorcing. She went back to Nigeria. I’ll be Mamoruti Kea Adeyomi very soon”. Shit some girls are brave, imagine marrying a guy like Adeyomi. I can’t stand that anaconda every night. Guys like Adeyomi must pay double for lobola. Imagine a guy breaking your virginity every night. Kea started packing her stuff while Adeyomi was busy on his fone. As soon as she entered the bathroom Adeyomi was like “bebe Shuron you know me loove you huh. I wii marry you and da baby. You know Ke....”. Kea appeared from the bathroom before he could finish whatever he wanted to say. I think he wanted to say something about Kea. I’ll never understand the creatures called men. Kea was moving in with him but there he was trying to propose me. Men aint loyal. He froze for a second and then sang “Ke.. ke...ke na le modisa...”. WTF, it was the first time I heard a Nigerian guy singing that hymn. Ja it’s true that when you are cornered you automatically become multilingual. Men are the most creative animals I know. After packing all her stuff Kea went “thanks for letting me stay in your little baby-making pigsty preggie. I’m going to stay at a beautiful mansion. Let me know if you gonna need a job in order to feed your baby. We might need a helper”. Shit, Kea was not the Kea I first met anymore, I take my hat off to the Nigerian dick. It changed Kea from the sweet girl I met to some sluttish straatmate. She gave me the flat keys and left with Adeyomi.

From what I hear from my girls who have kids, they kept it to themselves for few days after finding out. I’m not a coward, I didn’t wanna suffer alone. Being pregnant for the first time is not a child’s play. And anyway, if Kea knew, the whole world would know. Kea can’t keep any of her holes shut. I can imagine the looks I’m gonna get from my neighbours when I home, Ga-Kgapane. You know there are those neighbours that when you graduate they won’t breath a word but if it’s something negative they’ll come to your crib just to check if what they heard is true. My dad was once involved in a car accident and our next door neighbour came to check up on us. She just passed me next to the window without greeting and shot straight to the house. I don’t think she saw me cause I was sitting at the corner. Her hunger for mghozi blinded her. I heard her asking my mom some caring questions and my mom couldn’t answer. She just kept on with the crying.

Eventually the neighbour gave up and left. As soon as she got to the gate she called about 5 people and told them my father is dead. When my dad was released from hospital she was again the first person to come and she was like “You were in all my prayers ntate Letsoalo”. Nxa bitch, she was the one who spread rumours that my father is dead. Mandoza must release a song called these neighbours aint loyal, it’s fine he can sing it in isiZulu. Enough about nosey neighbours, I have bigger problems. I took my phone and called my mom. Whatever problem you might be in, your mom knows best. Moms have a solution for everything. You’d swear she was busy chatting on Whatsapp when I called cause she picked up within the first ring. You never know with moms these days, they flirt on social networks. She was so happy to hear my voice blah blah blah and asked me how I was doing. Before I could answer she interrupted and start telling me about the nosey neighbour’s daughter. She was like “you know I’m so proud I have a responsible daughter like you. Our neighbour’s daughter came back from university 2 days ago. Can you believe she’s 7 months pregnant and her parents only found out last week?”. I accidentally went “what the fuck” and my mom was like “heyi wena, o roga nna (hey you, are you insulting me?)”. I told her it was not me but my TV and she was like “you must stop watching polography”. Lol dead by ‘polography’. I thought she forgot about the pregnancy neighbour but she kept going, “if you fall pregnant before you complete your diploma consider yourself motherless, fatherless, houseless, lifeless and deadful and tokoloshful”. She said that so softly but I knew she meant every word. My mom reminds me of Facebook people, they’ll tell you something nasty and end it with a ‘lol’. They’d go “chomi o sfebe lol (my friend you are a bitch lol)”. I told her I’ll call her back as there was another call coming. I was lying of course and don’t judge me cause you do it all the time. I was in deep shit, pregnant and if I told my mom I’d be everythingless.

I tried to call Dumi and an automated voice went “you have reached your call limit....”. Shit I hung up. That woman’s voice irritates the hell outta me, especially if you wanna make an important call. I think they must use a voice of an EFF member. It would probably go “your revolutionary airtime is exhausted. Please recharge before.....no no no, we cannot pay for air because air is free. We demand nationalisation of air without compensation so that we can call for free”. I sent Dumi a Pleas Call Me and he called immediately. I was not thinking straight and had to share it with someone, especially if that someone is a possible father. I asked him to come to my crib as we had something important to discuss. Within 30

minutes he knocked at my door. He didn't even greet me, he was like "whatever you wanna say, I don't want you anymore. I'm done with you. You are like an ebola with 2 legs". I didn't say anything but showed him the pregnancy test thingie with 2 lines to show I was pregnant. He looked at it and asked "is this a thermometer?". OMG this guy thou. I think they should have named him 'Dumb' instead of 'Dumi'. I told him it's my pregnancy test and that I was pregnant. He zoomed me with his eyes and looked at my belly as if he was performing paternity tests with his eyes. I told him the baby I'm expecting is his. He looked at my lower body and went:

"Habe! Uyangihlolela ntombazane yompedi . Uhamba wehlisela iphenti wonke amadoda lawa ohleka nawo bese usulela mina, uyanginyela (you are telling me shit you Pedi girl. You go around taking your panties off for any guy who smiles at you and now you claim I'm the father. Don't come with shit)".

Yho, I've never seen or heard Dumi uttering such words and you know people are really mad when they insult you in their mother tongue, especially Zulus. I wish his dick was as big as his insults. He left me in the flat without even saying good bye. Ja neh, when the going gets tough, Dicklet gets going. To be honest, I wasn't even sure Dumi was the father. Yes we didn't use a condom but I doubt his sperms reached the promised land. And the way he denied any responsibility for my pregnancy clearly shows he knows his sperm is not capable of making a baby. If his sperm was juice it would be Super 7, not one of those 100% juice from Woolworths. Actually, I didn't want Dumi to be the father. Thabiso condomised and I saw the used condom afterwards. Hector also condomised but I don't remember seeing the used condom afterwards. My pussy was even very wet after the bathroom action. It was probably because of his 100% juice sperm. It actually made sense now, Hector took off the condom during sex or he made a hole to allow his seed to go thru. I don't know why guys do that, why do they put on the condom if they gonna pierce it? It's like those skinny hoes who eat and force puking immediately after eating. I decided to let Hector know I was pregnant. I felt like a bitch though, being pregnant and not knowing who the father was. I didn't even know how far I was cause I didn't use the digital pregnancy testing kit. Actually, I didn't even wanna know...Hector's the father, period. I didn't have airtime but had data bundles. So I took a picture of the tester with those 2 stripes and sent it to Hector via Whatsapp followed by the following text: "Hi Hector, it's

Sharon in case you deleted my number after everything that happened. That's the pregnancy test results on the picture. I'm expecting your baby". I waited for his response but none can thru. After 10 minutes of waiting a call came thru and it was Hector. I hesitated before answering. I went "hhhheee heelllooo Kwezi's father". I don't know where that came from, it just went tsupuuu from my mouth. Hector remained silent for about 10 seconds and I heard:

"How could you Sharon?"

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

THE END

## **Episode 37**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

My aunt once told me that if you are dating a married man, you must never ever initiate communication. You must wait for him to contact you. It didn't make sense back then but now I know what she meant. Like they always say, when the shit hit the fan, the shit hit the fan. She asked again, "Sharon, how could you?". I wanted to hung up but my hand froze. It was like some bitter ancestor was forcing me to listen to her. In my hometown Ga-Kgapane it's quite normal 'go bethana ka stena (to snatch a man)', especially if the guy is on of those felebs (Facebook celebrities). You tell a girl that you met some guy and he's very interesting bla bla bla. Within few days you see the very same chick uploading a picture of her and the guy on Facebook. When you confront her about it she tells you "is not like you are married to him". That's the reason I stopped hanging with bitches from home. Maite is one of them. Nomsa was different from my home girls. She was a very humble and caring friend. She has always been there for me whenever I needed a shoulder to cry. Such people do not deserve to be hurt or played by their friends. Hearing her cry made me wanna commit suicide. She continued "I gave you a home to stay in when you were going thru deep shit with Dumi. I treated you like my own sister. Is this how you pay me for being good to you". At the state she was crying emotionally. I wanted to hung up but still something held back my hand. She proceeded "how long have you been sleeping with my husband? How long



Sharon? You didn't even condomise. Do you even know your HIV status? Sharon, I loved you like my own sister. Right now I wish you could get knocked by a train from town to Soshanguve. I know they are forever fast, chances of survival are minus one". WTF, why was she blaming me only? Is not like I raped Hector or something. No wonder the world is ruled by males, females never blame men for any wrong doing. They always put their own gender in the wrong. The only female president I know is in Brazil. Joyce Banda of Malawi lost elections this year. Maybe they didn't vote for her because of gossiping. Just imagine a gossiping president. Beyonce was probably high when she wrote that song about girls running the world. Maybe she meant 'who runs comrade marathon, GIRLS?'. I finally gathered the courage to hung up. My head was spinning. I sent my mom a Please Call me. Moms can talk shit but they love their daughters. Instead of saying hello she was like "how much do you want? I know you want money when you sent more than 1 Please Call Me in one day". Lol she was actually right, I only sent many Please Call Mes when I wanted money. Most youngsters do that, you make up a stupid story to your mom in order to score cash from her. Moms are easy to deceive because they have soft hearts, unless if your mom is one of those bitter women who are still angry because your father left her. My classmate once called her mom and told her the college need money for SRC elections. She poor woman didn't even know what SRC is...she sent money within an hour. Benefits of having an uneducated parents. I told my mom that I just wanted to hear her voiced and she believed. I actually wanted her about the pregnancy but my courage divorced me.

My conversation with Nomsa drained me. I had no energy left in me. I decided to take a walk. I walked towards Esselen Street cause I knew I'd see many faces. You know when you see many faces you tend to forget about your problems. As I was walking I saw a red Volvo and for some silly reason I thought it was TT's. I ran to it only to find that a girl was behind the wheel. She looked at me and said to her friend who was seated on the passenger seat "nxa megwanti ya Sunnyside thou, ke sure ne a nagana gore ke monna and ke tlile go reka kuku (Sunnyside sluts!!!! She probably thought I was a man and wanted to buy some pussy)". Fu\*k I felt so cheap but I don't blame her for saying such, I acted like a bitch. I was hungry so I decided to go buy something at the Fish and Chips inside SunnyPark Mall. Most girls love fish and chips but pretend they don't eat such, especially in front of guys. You know girls like that. She grew up eating pap and fried eggs but after spending

3 weeks in Sunnyside you tell her of pap and fried eggs and she goes “eeeeewwww”. Nxa eeeeewwww ke motete pretending bitch. When I got to SunnyPark I couldn’t believe my eyes, I saw the guy from the Centurion taxi, the Black Bill Gates (BBG). I pretended if as I didn’t see him and kept walking. Instead of walking to Fish and Chips I pretended as if I was going to Spur. Imagine a guy seeing you going to a cheap food outlet!!!! He’ll never take you to an expensive restaurant. I put on my cat walk and started shaking my bum as I walked. You know that walk that says ‘I’m sexy and I know it’. Pregnancy doesn’t mean your life should stop, you must continue with your life. I didn’t even want the bastard in my womb. My mom made it clear that pregnancy before graduating will make me everythingless. He shouted “Sharon, Sharon.... Don’t tell me you forgot me so fast. I know I’m ugly but come on...I’m sure you remember my nose”. Lol I almost laughed. His nose was bigger than Dumi’s dicklet. He was so ugly he didn’t have to buy a costume for Halloween. He was Halloween himself. Luckily he had money. If baboons had money some girls would go ‘mmmmh he’s so hairy and cute. What a hunk!!!!’. It’s not a secret, girls love loaded guys. I know there are those girls who wanna act goodie goodie and act as if they date for love. Crap, we all love guys who can afford to spoil us rotten. Imagine dating a 30 year old who still depend on his mom for money. Oh, maybe I’m generalising...but I know most girls love loaded guys. Maite once told me when you sleep next to a poor guy all your dreams turn into nightmares. BBG asked what I was doing in SunnyPark and I told him I was going to buy food at Spur. He was like “mmmm a woman with class neh. You eat Spur food during the week”. Lol he was probably being sarcastic, with his money Spur was probably a cheap restaurant to him. Only if he knew I only had R30 on me. Being a guy that he was, he offered to buy me any meal I wanted at Spur. You see, that’s why I prefer rich guys. A poor guy would buy you KFC StreetWise 2 and start acting as if he paid he paid R100 000 lobola for you. I bought food and after that he offered to drive me to my crib. He kinda made me forget about the pregnancy and shit. His topics were very mature and intelligent. He didn’t talk much about his private life but I didn’t care. Normally when a guy avoids talking about his private life you must know he’s either married or he’s a player of note. When we got to my flat he walked me up to my room. Wow what a gentleman. He didn’t even stay or try some funny business, he just said “oh you stay here? I’d love to stay and chat but I have a dinner meeting. I’ll come hala tomorrow. Fortunately he took my number this time. As soon as he left I ate and retired to lala land. Around 2am my phone rang. It was

Hector's number. I didn't wanna answer cause I thought it was Nomsa but my heart told me to answer. Fortunately it was Hector. He went:

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

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

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

THE END

## Episode 38

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

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

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

I checked my phone and there were 3 Please Call Mes from Maite. I know they were from Maite cause their were personalised. Damn...what a cheap slut. She sleeps with different men but she can't afford to buy airtime. She must ask Khanyi Mbau to train her to be a Benefiting Girlfriend (BG). You can hate and Judge Khanyi Mbau all you want, I love her dearly. She doesn't open her legs for spatlho or 2 Litre bottle of Lemon Twist or Savanna Dry. Her pussy made her drive a Lambhoghini and other sport cars. The likes of Maite get banged by different men all the time and all they get is a lift from House 22 to her flat. An imaginary voice was like "knock knock Sharon. Who are you to judge Maite? It's like a baboon telling a crocodile 'you look ugly'". I responded to Maite's Please Call Mes with a Whatsapp text "I won't be a problem to you anymore. Delete my numbers bye 4 good". My text had 2 ticks to show my Whatsapp went thru. BlackBerry tendency, she had BIS but didn't have airtime. She replied within seconds. She was like "u mom c'lled. Sh's worid bwt u. I dnt lyk u bt u mom ws kinda cryin. Pls ansa her cols". Bitch likes using Mxilish. If you didn't know her you'd think she's lazy to type in normal English, I know her very well. She's dumb like that, spelling has never been her strong point. Most girls are like her, especially these sarafinas who go to former model c schools. They twang but write kak.

Nxa I immediately switched off my phone after reading her text. Bitch wanna act like Mother Teresa while she knew very well she's Mother Tokoloshi. Someone knocked at the door and I didn't wanna open. Whoever it was knocked for over a minute non-stop. You know those people who knock as if they went to the school of knocking. I unlocked the door and opened slightly. Nxa it was some Indian guy selling carpets. He was like "you buy you buy and pay pay nex week my friend". I told him "if you ever knock like that again I'll cut your balls with a knife and use them to make spice and sell it to your fellow Indians nxa. You are lucky there won't be next time". The poor Indian walked away without looking back. I banged the door and got more angry. I don't know if I was angry at the Indian or myself. I immediately took a glass of water and 1 by 1 I swallowed the pills. I don't know how many I swallowed but at some stage my eyes started blurring out and I fell on the .....

I was surrounded by whiteness and there were .....

WT.....THE END

## Episode 39

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

The only good thing about being unconscious is you get to rest from worldly things. You even save money cause there are no any expenses like airtime and takeaways. I remember when my little brother got hit by a car and spent 3 days in com, his first sentence after gaining consciousness was “mama where is my Ben 10 t-shirt?”. It was an emotional period for my family. My mom spent fortune on sangomas and prophets. You know in Limpopo we believe every negative thing that happens is triggered by witchcraft. Even if a guy comes quickly like Dumi, he will suspect someone cast a spell on him. Maybe that’s the reason people believe there’s too much witchcraft in Limpopo. I felt high, drunk, drowsy and dizzy. I looked around and saw people wearing white things and the first thing that came to my mind was I was in heaven. The one who was standing closer to the bed looked so heavenly, I assumed he’s Moses. I could blurrily see he was talking but due to drowsiness and dizziness I couldn’t tell what he was saying. I assumed he was talking some heavenly language, in tongues maybe. I wanted to raise my head for them to give me attention but I couldn’t, I felt weak. I assumed I walked from earth to heaven and I was tired. Imagine walking from earth to heaven? I doubt they allow taxis in heaven, South African taxi drivers are so rude and mean. They’d stress God in one day. Imagine ‘mageza’ stopping at God’s gate while He’s busy healing patients and start hooting while pointing the finger up....”Town, town, town, toropong makgowa”. Imagine 4-4 masihlalisane in heaven lol!!!! Within few minutes Moses pointed at my eyes and he started smiling. The 2 guys who were with him joined him in the smiling business. Maybe they’d just received an instruction from God that I was officially welcome in heaven. I tried to think about my life on earth and I remembered I went to church not long ago. Maybe God gave me a pass because of it. I actually didn’t remember much, I had a ‘distant’ memory about taking pills. That’s all I could remember about my last time on earth. I kept wondering who welcomed me in heaven. Hope it wasn’t Judas Iscariot. I wanted to ask where Brenda Fassie and Nelson Mandela stayed but my voice failed me again. I also wanted to see Reeve Steenkamp. I wanted to ask if she fought with Oscar Pistorius the morning he killed her. I still believe that guy lied to Judge Masipa to save his ass. Shit, oh damn, I used the wrong word in heaven. My mom and father

walked into the room I was. I wondered how they died and made it to heaven. Maybe God punished them for failing me. You know you can be drunk or high but your parents are your parents, you'll recognise them no matter what. They weren't wearing white like the other heaven citizens, they wore dark colours. I wanted to cry but my tear glands were dry like Kalahari desert. I assumed crying was banned in heaven. Actually, when my parents walked in in dark clothes the first thought that visited my mind was, they didn't make it to heaven. I thought they were sent by Satan to come negotiate with God for me to move to hell with them. I wanted to stand up and run away but I was so weak. My mom came closer and I noticed her eyes were teeming with water. Seeing her like that kinda strengthened my vision and other senses. You can be in whatever situation but your mom's presence will always ejaculate some hope on you. My mom held my hand which for some reason unknown to me was connected to a rope. I wanted to say something but.....lala

When I opened my eyes things were a bit clear. My hearing was also better and I could hear some tiii tiii tiii tiii tiii tiii tiii sound. It was only then that I noticed I was in hospital. Damn, there I thought I was in heaven with my Maker. I tried to remember what happened to land me in hospital but my mind visited a city called 'blank'. There was some sharp pain in my abdomen. I tried to remember again but I was showered with no luck. As I was thinking my mom got in the ward. She kissed me on the forehead and started crying. She said a short prayer and read one of her favourite Bible verses "Praise the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits— who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit and crowns you with love and compassion," – Psalm 103:2-4. She kissed me again and told me how much she loved me and that she would do whatever to make I don't repeat what I did. She went on and on and on about taking responsibility for what almost happened to me. She was like "I know you are at a very volatile stage of life and I should have been there every step of the way. I should have been a friend to you and let you tell all your problems. I thought I raised a very strong girl. I never imagined you committing suicide my baby. God why didn't you show me my daughter was troubled. Now she lost her baby....OMG OMG". She then started crying. It was at that moment that the pills incident invaded my mind. I didn't understand what she meant by "lost the baby part". Maybe she meant she almost lost me. Shit, my mom was all emotional and I thought she was going to die. Mothers have a special bond with their daughters. You get to see that when you are sick, your mom can even lose weight in 2 days.

I'm talking about real mothers, not those who sell their daughter for money. My neighbour used to tell her daughter to bring some 'braai pack' whenever her maxi taxi driver boyfriend came to fetch her. She was only 14 then. The girl has 7 kids now, their names are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I wonder what name she's gonna give to her 8th daughter.....Monday<sup>2</sup> (squared) perhaps. The nurse came in and ask my mother to get out cause her crying would delay my healing.

As soon as my mom left the nurse was like "bofebe ga bo pateli ngwanenyana (being a slut doesn't pay girlie). Now you almost died because you think that little thing between your legs is everything. You are lucky you made it. You must be thankful your friend Mathe found you on time". Mathe? Was she referring to Maite???? Truth be told some women chose nursing not because of love, but because they wanted a job. Especially those with long nails and expensive weaves. Most of them get chowed by Doctors and end up thinking they are Doctors themselves. Someone must remind them that a degree can never be sexually transmitted. I was in a private hospital but the nurse was being bitchy to me. I know such things normally happen in public hospitals. The nurses can leave a woman in labour just to go gossip about a new nurse who seems to enjoy her work. Nxa she was lucky I was weak and immobile. I was gonna jump over her and panel beat her thin face. She injected something in my drip and I .....my eyes were automatically shutting.....

When I opened my eyes I kinda felt I was getting weaker and weaker. I looked around to see if mommy came back to check up me but there was no one in the room. I was thankful my mom covered me in her GEMS medical aid. The room I was in was very beautiful. Imagine if I was in a public hospital. I know South Africa has better public hospitals than all African countries but Bara is still known as a 'slaughter house'. I feel sorry for those without medical aids. Buy hey, we must be thankful for what we have. I've seen hospitals in Nigerian movies and some look like Mushasha of Muvhango's room. As I was deep in thoughts someone I didn't expect entered. Nomsa Skhosana entered the room and was wearing a big smile on her face. I was happy and shocked to see her. Apparently some people lose memories after going thru a mental blackout, I guess I was strong. I didn't remember everything that happened but I remembered the last chat I had with Nomsa and it wasn't nice. She had a bouquets of flowers and a basket



full of fruits. She was like “hey little sister, how are you feeling?”. I signalled with my eyes to show I acknowledged her greetings. She looked at me without saying anything for about 5 minutes. I was starting to panic. You don’t screw another woman’s hubby and expect her to give you a round of applause. Remember how Adeyomi’s wife reacted? And guess what, she’s mamoruti. No woman wants to share her man’s dick, not even pastor’s wives. Nomsa’s face started changing from beautiful to monkeyish and crocodilish. She searched her handbag and took out something. It looked like a syringe with a needle....it looked as if it had some dark liquid in it. She went:

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

WT—oohhhhh

THE END

## **Episode 40**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

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

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

As soon as the nurse left my mom, dad and Maite walked in. I expected my dad to whip out his belt and traap the hell out of me. You never know with dads, if you fuck up they can whip the hell out of your ass to a point of dying. Mom can go all cross but they have forgiving and forgetting hearts by nature. But I don’t blame him hey, no father wants a girl who fucks around irresponsibly. I looked at Maite and she had a ‘loving sister’ smile on her. Bitch was probably thinking of a way to finish me off. She was like “my friend, I’m glad you came back to this world. I’m glad I made it on time before something bad happened. You are like my sister chomi”. My mom’s eyes were filled with tears. Mxm the bitch could fool my mom, but not me. My mom went “you are lucky to have a friend like her. We came here yesterday and you were sleeping. The Dr told us about a girl who fainted in here”. Damn, it was the following day already. Ja hospital can make a person a fool. No wonder I felt much better. For the first time I was able to whisper and move my limbs. I removed the breathing thing from my nose-mouth, whatever they call it. I didn’t go to a model c school, It wasn’t necessary for me to know such things. I whispered to my parents that I love them. I did the same for Maite but deep inside I didn’t mean it. Don’t care if she saved my life, she probably thought she was gonna appear on the front page of Daily Sun. Nxa bloody attention bloody seeker. My mom and dad said they were going to buy food. Maite was like “please buy me a Bic Mac from McDonalds”. I almost whispered ‘Duh, is there a Bic Mac from

KFC?'. My parents left me and Maite in the room. As soon as she was sure they were far, she sat next to me on my bed and went:

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

I slowly raised my arm and .....

THE END

## **Episode 41**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

Most of the time revenge hurts the revenger than the revengee. You know there are girls who would sleep with your boyfriend just because they hate you. Most of them get unlucky and fall pregnant or contract a disease. When you are in a mood for revenge you forget about condoms. Imagine falling pregnant in the name of revenge. If you are Tsonga you probably name the kid Revenge...lol Revenge Ngoveni. My former teacher used to quote Douglas Horton a lot. His favourite quote was “While seeking revenge, dig two graves – one for yourself”. The only reason I memorised it was because I'm a revengeholic. You don't mess with Shaz Letsoalo and sing about it the following day. I believe in ‘An eye for an eye’. I don't care if it makes the world blind. My heart told me to go on with my sordid act but a silent voice in my head said “Sharon, don't be stupid. You always share men with Maite and your bitch rivalry won't die now. Your stupidity will backfire on your thin ass”. WTF, if these imaginary voices were men I'd support a call to

castrate them. They always come at a wrong time. My imaginary voice was right thou, the bitch called Maite had a tendency of running after my men. And it has been like that since our pre-school days. It's true what they say, a leopard never changes its spots. But with Maite it's gonna be 'a bitch never changes her slutty tendencies'. I whispered "Maite, I'm tired fighting with you. You saved my life and I will forever be grateful for that. When they discharge me in gonna throw my old ways and join Mbhoro's church". Nxa the bitch was smiling from ear-to-ear hearing my nice words. Only if she new my word were wrapped with a bucket full of shit. I just wanted her out of my face. While she was smiling dropped the syringe to the other side of the bed. I wondered how it landed on the bed after pricking Hector. Shem poor Hector will discover bad news soon. But hiv/aids aint a death sentence anymore. With good nutrition and medication one can live longer and normal life. Maite was like "cool little sis, Truce?". I whispered the same word back. Nxa I hate people who take advantage of sick people. It shows cowardice. If there's something you wanna tell me, say it when I'm alive and kicking. It's like those guys who develop a crush on a girl but lack balls to tell her. If the girl dies they cry louder than family members. They go as far as telling the casket "I love you". Bullshit, cowards make me wanna have periods.

The Dr walked in and behind him I saw my parents. My mom was like "we are back my beautiful daughters". Lol Maite smiled the 'loudest'. I don't blame her thou, my mom was probably the only person on earth who gave Maite that kinda compliment. The Dr told me I'm free to go home on condition that I'll have someone to take care of me. My mom told the Dr that she'll be taking me to Limpopo to recover but the Dr advised her it would be better if I stayed in Pretoria cause I needed counselling. He recommended one of his colleagues and my mom agreed. I actually wanted to go home but the thought of seeing ugly guys everyday made me be cool with Dr's recommendation. Truth be told, my hood has ugly guys jerrrr. But you only see their ugliness when you go to bigger cities. The guy who used to be a hit during my high school days looks like Reneilwe Letsholonyane now. Now I see why most people dump their high school sweethearts when they go to tertiary. As soon as the Dr was done with his instructions and recommendations he left the room. My mom followed him to do paperwork. I was happy I was going to be discharged. The funny part is I had lost track of time. I asked Maite and she told me Sunday 14h00. WTF, I was at the hospital the whole week!!!!!! I

remembered my mom said something about the baby being lost bla bla bla and it kicked in in me that maybe Khwezi is....

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

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

left....my mom gave Maite money before leaving. Within 20 minutes Maite told me she's going to buy food. Nxa the bitch was probably running to Mr Price to buy clothes with my mom's money. RT is very popular among girls from Limpopo, especially first year beeshies.

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

50-50 ....kwaaaaaaaaaaaaa

THE END

## **Episode 42**

BY SHAZ · APRIL 9, 2015

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

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

If I was a guy I'd be turned off. Lol imagine hearing dia babe during the action. I'd prefer 'oh babe...fuck me, fuck me oh ah ah ah'. She had her legs stretched and sbunu up to give him full access from behind. My pussy was so wet I wanted to scream “FUCK ME TOO” but I knew it would be a bad idea. Maite's stretched legs were vibrating and I knew what it meant, Never-die was hitting the right corners. She was on cloud 999 and I so wished to be in her stilettos at that moment. When a guy fucks you good he becomes your sex partner for life. Even when you get married if he calls and want some action, chances are you will deliver without hesitation. That's why I always advise guys to make sure they satisfy their girls in bed cause if you don't her ex who used to fuck her good will do it for you. Ke life boss!!!! Never-die started going fast. It was like someone inserted new Duracell batteries in his dick. He was like “yho mananooooooooo xitombo xa nandzikaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa ka ka ka ka ka kaaaaaa”. I couldn't control myself...I released a supa laughter. You know one of those ‘...kkkwaaaaaaa tl tl tl tl tl’. I



think my laughter gave Nerves a fright cause he took out his dick from Maite's pot and looked at my direction. The next thing I saw a cream white liquid missile coming out of his dick and heading straight to my direction. I'm not a speed expert but that shit was faster than Gautrain. It went 'pshaaaaaaaaa' on the bed. Nerves was like "voe voe voe voe.....voetsek suicide sfebe". Maite was still dunuzing there motionless. I think he made her come several times that she lost control of her body. When Never-die took his dick out her pussy went 'brrrrrr'. It looked as if it was pouting lol. Pouting has become a big thing in recent days. Every chick pouts when taking a selfie. Some of your mouths look like Maite's happy pussy when you pout.

I tactically stopped the camera and hid it under the pillow. It was my insurance against Maite, probably First 4 Women. She thought she had me by the balls. Shem skobonkie sa modimo, she won't know what hit her. Never-die was so angry you'd swear someone stole his car. He accused me of witchcraft and all kinda negative crap. Maite finally managed to compose herself and she used the towel next to her to cover herself. Never-die got dressed and went "nxa next time when you commit suicide use Alephirimi sfebe". He banged the door and left. Maite was like "what did I say to you? Tow the line or I'll upload your video on You Tube. Why did you spoil the special moment with my man mara huh?". I told it was unfair of her to have sex in my presence. I reminded of the promise she made to my parents that she was gonna take of me. She was like "cool, next time when Nerves come here you must take your sick ass and go sit in the bathroom until we are done. My life won't stop because you are sick...and I didn't send you to commit suicide". Yho the bitch was fuckin' ruthless. Her words were not nice but I managed to control my anger. I had insurance against her and if I told her about it she was gonna smash my S5. I had to wait until my health is back on track to back it up. It was about 10MB so sending it to someone via Whatsapp would chow my data bundles. I decided to be nice to the bitch. I apologised and asked why she never used a condom with Never-die. She was like "unlike you, I'm on a pill. I won't fall pregnant". Nxa the bitch had a PHD in Stupidity from University of Fools. Pregnancy was all she could think of. Didn't she know about permanent diseases like Aids? I asked if she knew Never-die's hiv status and she was like "does he look sick to you? He looks fresh and healthy unlike you. Anyway, he's the only guy I sleep with". I gave her 30 seconds expecting her to say she was joking but the bitch was hell serious. There are many girls like Maite out there. They perform

hiv test with their eyes. The fatter the guy, the more they believe he's -. But if you are skinny like Kop of Rhythm City forget about getting laid without a plastic.

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

After saying that he unzipped his pants.

WTF.....

THE END



