

HIS FOREVER

SEASON 3

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INTRODUCTION

It's normal for in-laws to hate on their daughter-in-laws, but the hate Luthando has for her brother's wife is shockingly astonishing. The time she spent in that illegal prison Vulamasango captured her in made her reflect on herself. Her imprisonment led to a long period of gloomy introspection. She managed to see her short comings and she thought she would be able to contain her hatred for Boitumelo but a single glance at her took her ten steps back. She hates that girl so bad she cannot hide it anymore. Hence her visit to this 'woman'. She is here to untie her brother from that Sotho girl and she will stop at nothing to see that woman out of her brother's life.

The cue is quite long but she soldiered on until she is the first to enter the creepy house. Though she is exasperated because of the waiting but she is grateful when a young girl who looks somehow like a trainee informs her that she should go in. Before entering the creepy mud house that looks like it will shatter to the ground at one's cough, the girl serves her water in a basin to wash her hands. Everyone who entered has been doing this, so she doesn't mind, she does as told and then the girl picks a dirty cloth acting as a door for her to walk in.

Immediately her eyes scan the inside first, surprisingly the inside of the creepy house is not as bad as it looks outside. A woman sits bowed down with beads decorating her dreadlocks and different bangles wearing her arms. She only has one of those cloths wrapping her body and fastened around her neck.

"Luthando Khoza" she is startled by the creepy voice coming out of the woman's mouth. It sounded like a man's voice.

"Makhosi Makhosi" she repeats her response, trying to take a sit but the woman points her to the reed mat by door to take off her shoes. She does so as quickly as she could. Only now she remembers that the woman knew her name before she could even say a word "Makhosi, how do you know my name?" she asks, trying to be as polite as she could while she sits before the woman

"MaKhoza I know of all those I'll see before they even come" the woman chuckles, well it starts with a chuckle but ends up being something more. She shakes her head vigorously, groaning, burping and hissing "Aaaaaah MaKhoza, I see you're joining your forefathers today, your husband is waiting for you in the afterlife"

Luthando frowns, she looks at the woman with creased forehead lines thinking she is talking bunch of crap with her eyebrows raised in question

“Are you saying I’m dying?” the woman doesn’t reply, only now she looks at her and the sight of her eyes grows shivers all over Luthando’s body. She smiles, through her creepy eyes and ask

“How may I help you today Mrs. Khoza?” totally ignoring Luthando’s prior question but it doesn’t matter, she is here for something else

“I need something to separate married people” the woman raises an eyebrow in surprise

“You want to separate Vulamasango and his heaven?” okay, she admits, this woman knows her staff but she is not here to praise sangomas

“Yes” she say, enthusiastically

“I’m afraid that cannot happen” Luthando’s frown at the woman brings her to explain “MaKhoza I see you’re driven by range, just like your husband. You may have killed him but that man’s spirit has always been following you, he wants you dead and joining him in the afterlife and it’s what is going to happen” Luthando is losing patience, she couldn’t care any less about Khoza’s needs in the afterlife

“I didn’t come here to listen to my useless dead husband’s demands, I told you my reasons for being here. Are you going to help me or not?” the viper in her words is not hard to miss, she really is one volatile woman

“Well I’m afraid I cannot be of help Mrs. Khoza. You see there are unions that are tied by our forefathers, unions that are blessed by those who lived and now guard for us. And your brother’s union with his heaven is one of those. So No. I’ll not tempt with fate. What our ancestors united cannot be separated, even if you can go to witch doctors. Vulamasango and his heaven are meant to be. And this path you’ve taken, it leads to nothing but the Predator coming your way” Luthando stands, annoyed and infuriated. What a waste of time she thinks.

“I’ll get someone to do it for me, you definitely don’t know your staff” she snide, pushing in her shoes “And you’ll not see a dime of my money” the woman chuckles

“You should have taken your brother’s second chance. Maybe aboDlomo would have fought for you instead of turning their backs on you”

“Go to hell” she says and walk out of the cloth door more pissed than how she was to wait the long cue just to see a bloody sangoma. Such a useless sangoma she thinks.

She is still at Mtho’s house, more reason to hate Boitumelo for having Vulamasango kick her out of his house. That bloody perfectionist bi*ch just doesn’t have a full stop. Ndlovukazi texted her and told her that they are at Vulamasango’s house, she thought she would take that opportunity to spike boitumelo’s drink with whatever the sangoma would have given her but the trip to the sangoma was all a futile exercise. But she will still go to dinner, just to rub on Boitumelo’s face because she can’t have her kicked out with Ndlovukazi in the picture.

Mary is another person that just doesn’t get her for no reason at all. She finds her with a bunch of Vula and Mtho’s children. The way the house is so full, one would not believe that this group came from just two men. She is serving the children dinner.

“Who didn’t eat? Whose plate is that?” Mary asks with a high voice to get attention from group of boys and girls having dinner. There is one plate left on the counter.

“Maybe you dished more mama” Lihle’s oldest daughter replies. Lihle is still on three children as well as Mary. Mtho settled the score with his wives and with Vula.

“Sne, you’re all a total of 10 when Khwezi is not here. I dished ten plates, who didn’t eat?” she asks again, one by one they look at each other until they realise who is the missing crook

“Twebankie is not here” they almost say in unison. Mary sighs looking around, where the hell could Mkhonto be

“Mama don’t worry about that plate, I’ll eat it just now. I’m almost done” other kids are not even halfway through their plates but Sakhe. The boy can eat until Jesus comes back.

“Oh Luthando!” Mary is startled by Luthando, she was just walking down the passage to look for Mkhonto “When did you come in?” the lace of pretence in her voice is not hard to miss

“Just now when you were busy being a maid. You’re a wife now Mary, stop being Boitumelo’s bi*ch maid maan. Where is she to take care of her hour apart brats” Luthando snide, bringing Mary to a sarcastic chuckle

“Those ‘hour apart brats’ you say are your brother’s children and I wonder what would he say if he ever heard you refer to his children as hour apart brats”

Luthando folds her arms, look at Mary from toe to head “And you think just because Mthokozisi made a wife out of your maid behind you have the right to back chat me? Mary I’m your royal, know your place” Mary smiles

“Okay madam royal. Please tell Mkhonto to come eat when you pass their bedroom” Mary decides to turn right there to call Mtho. He better come remove this woman out of her house, she has no energy to entertain Luthando’s petty hate towards boitumelo.

Luthando marches to her room. Feeling bossy and confident that she put Mary in her place. She passes the boys room but doesn’t stop by to call on Mkhonto as Mary requested. She walks further to her room.

Upon her arrival in her room, she is rendered speechless to find Mkhonto sitting on her bed. Head bowed down, hands gripping the edges of the bed and feet dangling to the floor. For some weird reason the boy is naked.

“Gogo I’m hungry” she is brought back from staring at the boy by his voice

“I’m not your grandmother wena, where are your clothes” Luthando hisses, walking in and putting her bag on the dressing table

“Shut the door” Mkhonto orders, calm and still head bowed

“GET OUT OF HERE MKHONTO” she shouts

“But the predator has to feed gogo” the boy is just calm, looking down the floor like he is hiding something

“WHAT THE F*CK IS THE PREDATOR MKHONTO? GO EAT YOUR DINNER WENA AND GET DRESSED” she shouts again, bringing Mkhonto to slowly raise his head to her. The minute his eyes finds her, she instantly feel ice cold almost everywhere, she feels cold but damp in a moment, the sound of her palpitating heart beats like a scout trumpet in her ears. Her breath hitches, while as her voice traps down her throat. Her eyes keep drawn to Mkhonto’s green eyes, though she doesn’t want to look at him but something is just gluing her to the floor and keeping her look at the boys green eyes.

“SHUT. THE. DOOR” he repeats, not as calm as he was. Each word carrying its own threat through his sharp gritted teeth. Like a child ordered to do something, she feels her legs lose up from being glued to the white tiled floor. She march in step to close the door and turn to look at Mkhonto “COME HERE” he points her to kneel before him, keeping his creepy green eyes with her like he is hypnotising her. Once she kneels, he looks in her eyes, bring her face to meet his “Mkhulu said I should just let the predator quench his thirst. He is not going to eat you because they need your body to bury for gogo to find closure” Luthando finds herself nodding “But he is going to kill you by drinking all the blood in your veins” Luthando nods again “Do not scream” he orders again and Luthando nods once again “Goodbye MaKhoza” Luthando gives him her hand without him asking for it, she just feels the need to give him her hand. He receives her hand taking it to his mouth, he firstly sniff her hand against his nose like a hungry creature he is, his skin changing colour to red reptile skin like.

The minute he sinks his sharp teeth in her wrist, he changes to something Luthando has never seen before, he takes full form. Transform to the Predator. Sharp pointy spikes bones pop from his back downwards, his skin take red snake like skin, nails sharpen like hell digging forks, his entire body changes to that of a wolf but he is far from being one. His tail wrap around her neck choking her. He drains all her blood living her pale, making sure that before she takes her last breath from the choking, every bit of blood will be drained in her. The pain is excruciating but because the predator ordered her not scream, she hums the pain away. Feeling herself weaken at every draw of blood he sucks through her. The predator sucks until he feels her heart take the final beat. When the predator feels his prey cold and empty of blood, he lets the body fall to the floor. Produce one of his sharp pointy bones to grow to the ceiling, he rips it and find a belt in one of the drawers

with his tail, still seated in the same position. He wraps the belt around her neck pick her with just his tail to fasten her to the planks. Naturally the Predator is just lazy after feeding. His tail and bones do everything when he is full. It finally stands stretches and twisting, allowing the blood to flow down his veins. Now he can go back to sleep, he brings the boy in him to take form.

Tlotla's image comes through the predator's head, he looks up groaning and fighting to take form back to human "My queen, my she wolf, Princess Tlotla Molapo, of the beautiful kingdom mountains of Lesotho, of a white witch blood, of the last Lupus to resurrect the house of wolves.....aaaah call me my queen, call me back to you" the words comes in his mind like a lullaby, lulling the predator back to sleep as Mkhonto takes form. Who finally finds himself crouched to the floor naked, with Luthando's dead body next to him.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 1

BOITUMELO

Exhausted is too relaxed to describe me at this moment. I'm beyond exhausted. I'm confused, terrified and damn angry. As for my anger I'm not hundred percent sure who I'm mad at the most. I'm mad at myself, my husband, my family, Nyaope boys, my son.....i'm just whole lot of mad.

Upon my arrival I'm welcomed by loud voices in the lounge. Eish, only now I remember that Ndlovukazi and Mane are here. They had called earlier when I was still in the hospital and told me about their arrival although they didn't specify the real reason for their visit. Well at least their presence saves me the energy of cooking, someone cooked, this house smells like mouth-watering food.

"Ah mama Kgokgo, you finally decided to come home late at night heavily pregnant, do you even care that you are carrying our sangoma to be gallivanting at night?" Mane Dee jabs at me the moment her eyes find me behind a male I don't know in my house

"SEEISO?!" I exclaim, shocked to see him here. Immediately my eyes find Khwezi, she doesn't even look at me, she is buried to her plate like her crush is not sitting on the same table as her

"Mrs. Dlomo" Seeiso stands offering me his hand for a shake

"What are you doing here?" I ask politely receiving his hand. He scratches his head

"Oh my high school friends and I were having a reunion so I ran into Mr. Dlomo and he asked me to come over for dinner" Sango must have forgot to mention it

"Oh okay, how is everyone at home?" I ask taking my sit and he pulls it open for me. Such a young gentle man! Ndlovukazi jumps in our conversation before Seeiso could respond.

"MaDlomo you shouldn't be walking out at this time of a night, this pregnancy is very special" I don't miss this about the oldies, always imposing their ancient beliefs on us.

“It won’t happen again maa” I’m just throwing her off, I turn my attention to the sudden mute Khwezi “Baby you cooked?” I’m very impressed, Mane Dee chuckles

“Can she even boil an egg? Never mind frying it. I already feel sorry for this family marrying her” I frown

“What family? What are you talking about?”

“Oh we received a letter, Khwezi’s hand has been asked for marriage” Ndlovukazi is happy with the information

“You’re not marrying my daughter” my attention turn to Seeiso who chokes same time as Khwezi

“Not him, the Mkhizes. They say one of their sons is taken by our beautiful princess” Ndlovukazi clarifies

“Well they can all go jump in hell. No one is marrying my daughter” Sango remarks behind me, I guess he just walked in. Thank God he is back and thank god we are on the same page, Khwezi is too young for marriage. He stoop to kiss my cheek and I can’t help but pick a foul smell as he kisses me “You okay?” it comes as a whisper in my ear, I just nod to ease him off though I know I’m not, his hearing will take place in our bedroom. His attention turns to Seeiso after confirming my well-being “Seeiso”

“Mr.Dlomo”

“Kahle kahle what were you doing here?” (Exactly.....) he asks looking at Seeiso

“Aaa Mr. Dlomo I told you, I came here for a reunion weekend”

“And why Majara doesn’t know anything about you being in SA? And he said you did your high school in Cape Town, not Joburg” he winces

“You spoke to him?” Sango nods to his question “Well I didn’t tell him, I just decided to come at last minute and my friends and I just decided to host it this side” Sango looks at him for a while before he shakes his head

“Your lying but it doesn’t matter, as long as you’re not doing anything dodgy” Seeiso release his chest expelling a heavy silent sigh

“BoMme thanks for dinner, I’ll be off....” he tries to stand but Sango pushes him back to the chair

“Your sleeping here, your brother is worried sick about you. He asked me to make sure your safe” now it’s my time to choke. My daughter’s crush cannot sleep in the same house as her.

“I think Seeiso is more than capable of taking care of himself” I suggest

“Thank you but I agree with Mrs. Dlomo, I’m quite fine at.....” He is interjected

“Nonsense, YOU’RE SLEEPING HERE” that tone is final, leaves no room for arguing
“Khwezi, show Seeiso one of the vacant rooms in this house when he is done eating and as for nina” (....You two) he points Ndlovukazi and Aunty Dee “I’m going to deal with the both of you tomorrow”

“Vulamasango its tradition” Ndlovukazi tries to reason

“Tradition my foot, Khwezi is not even thirty but your already accepting letters to marry her off” Well thirty is a bit steep, at lease after she turns 25

“She is a princess and you know royals are bound to conserve her for marriage to their sons as she comes off age, she is turning 18 soon and more letters will be coming in” Ndlovukazi try to make him see reason again

“Well she is my princess mother and no royal di*k is conserving my daughter for their useless royal sons. Khwezi is allowed to flirt when she turns 30, bring a boy home at 35 and get married at 40” such a father, if only he knew that a crush is already having dinner “And that’s final, you both better get going in the morning or be here for something else, I already told Zwe to reply that letter and tell them I said NO. I’m her father and I give the final answer” he turns to me again “I need a bath baby, please dish for me I’ll eat upstairs” I nod and watch him walk up the stairs. What a murder I married! He doesn’t even look spooked that he just came from killing people instead he looks mad that he is mother is here trying to marry his daughter off

“MaDlomo its royal tradition my baby, we were just following tradition. When a letter comes requesting a hand for one of the princesses, it’s our duty for us the elders to teach the princess to carry herself like a soon to be wife because that’s what she is” Ndlovukazi explains, I guess she took Sango’s threat to heart “Please

talk to that man of yours, we did nothing wrong. We were just following protocol”
Aunty Dee nods in agreement

“Give him his red cake, he’ll be fine tomorrow” Aunty Dee

“Maane!” I exclaim. I can see Seeiso and Khwezi holding in their laughter

“What?” she ask

“There are children on this table, you can’t go around talking such nonsense in front of the kids”

“What children? These two are way too old, I’m sure they engage in extreme sexual activities..... this reminds me” Ndlovukazi burn Khwezi with her look “Are you still pure nje wena?”

“A.a that’s enough. You two, bed time” they look at me like I have lost my mind

“We are not your children Boitumelo” Aunty Dee

“Well then let’s see who will calm Sango down. He might wake up as mad as he is if you two don’t leave my daughter alone and go to sleep”

“Mxm” Aunty Dee pushes her chair standing “I’m only going to sleep at my son’s house. I don’t want Kgokgo scaring me in the middle of the night” Well at least I know now why she calls my son Kgokgo but how did she find out about him before me?

“I’m with you. MaDlomo call Abongile to take us to Mtho’s house, I’m afraid I also cannot sleep in the same house as Mkhonto” Ndlovukazi. My jaws are sweeping the floor, this is her grandson for god sakes. You know what? I’ll not tell them that the ‘Kgokgo’ they are running from here is at Mtho’s house.

“Why gogo?” Khwezi asks

“Your brother is Kgokgo wena didn’t you see him” Aunty Dee remarks heading to the lounge followed by Ndlovukazi “That boy turned into Satan, did you see him? Remind me to ask Shaka Zulu to take him pictures when he changes again. I want to save them and send them to everyone who owes me with a text that says ****I’ll turn your child into this if you don’t pay my money****.....” the rest of their nonsense dissipate as they disappear to the lounge

“Mama what are they talking about?” Khwezi ask

“Never mind them baby. Please go call malume Abongile in his cottage to take them to Mtho’s house” she nods collecting plates first before she go honour my request. Someone is carrying herself like a lady today.

“Mama I’ll wash them, please go to sleep” she whisper in my ear before she takes the last pile off the table. Seeiso should come for dinner more often. This gives me time with him “Seeiso” he gives me a look, he knows I know “Come help me in the kitchen” he doesn’t reply but I do feel his heavy steps behind me “Are you sleeping with my daughter?” I ask taking out a container to dish for Lulu. His muted steps tells me that he is frozen “SEEISO!” I turn and indeed find him standing like a statue

“No,.....i.....I’m not mam”

“And?” I question with a raised eyebrow

“I’ll never...I mean I wouldn’t even touch her” I just chuckle keeping busy with my task at hand “She is not my type by the way” hmmm, I bet she is, I know a lie when I hear one. Bloody horny boy eyeing my daughter!

“The left drawer to your left, please open it and take the hugest knife to your hand” he does, but still looking at me nervously

“Here” he try to hand me the knife but I shake my head no

“No, I want you to hold it and feel it. Feel the sharpness” he does and hisses at the contact of a knife to his skin “One sharp beast neah?” he agrees with a nod “That knife your holding in hand, is going to cut your di*k, finely chop it to mincemeat and I’ll be happy to spice it pepper and make you it your own di*k if you breath anywhere near my daughter” the knife in his hand drop to the floor same as his mouth “MY DAUGHTER IS OFF LIMITS” I warn “Say it”

“My daughter is off limits” Bathong!

“Hei! Khwezi is off limits” I alter my statement

“Khwezi is off limits” good boy

“And there are cameras in this house, I’ll be watching you like a hawk” he nods, well there are no cameras in here, I’m just scaring him and I’m glad it’s working

“You can go sit in the lounge with the oldies, I’ll bring you some tea” he nods and immediately make way out of the kitchen but pauses just by the exit

“Actually Mrs. Dlomo don’t you have something stronger, something that will knock me out at once. I just want to wake tomorrow morning and go home”

“Alcohol cabinet is that way” I point him “Fix yourself your drink of choice” with a nod he is out of my sight and I can’t help but laugh. I don’t know what is going on but I have a feeling something is up between him and Khwezi.

Khwezi and Abongile walk in the house just as I finish packing Lulu’s dinner. Khwezi starts the dishes while I attend Abongile.

“How is she?” he asks as we stand a bit distant from Khwezi

“Not good but she will be fine. I actually called you here to take this to her, I know she is a eater and hospitals only serve once at night” he nods receiving Lulu’s foodie bag “Ndlovukazi and Mane are also here, can you please take them to Mtho’s house” he nods again

“Anything for you MaDlomo. What about toiletries?” I frown in confusion “Your friend, Mrs. Luu. Does she have any toiletries and change of clothes?” thank Lord he is so thoughtful, I actually forgot

“Thank you for reminding me, I’ll make sure to take them with in the morning when I go see her” he nods and tells me he’ll be in the car waiting for the oldies.

Getting to the bedroom I find Sango getting dressed in his sleep wear. He smells fresh, of his shower gel, like my murderous husband I know. He keeps his eyes at me as I silently undress to go have my own quick shower before I sleep this day off. I need my goodnight sleep from what I just discovered today.

“Sbusiso is dead, so are his two associates” He confesses, well he is a murder, he didn’t need to confirm I know he is capable of killing, one say he will kill himself.

“How did you kill them?” he gives me a look, the one that say don’t

“I tell you every day that you can ask me anything but not the why and how”

“Well in this case I know the why so you might as well tell me the how” I shrug, the annoyance in my tone is not hard to miss

“Jesus buthumelo!” he snaps “We freaking burned them inside sbu’s car” and an award for the best murder goes to my husband

“No wonder you smelled like hell” I snide making my way to the bathroom

“What did you say Buthumelo? Why are you even mad at me? Didn’t you order me to go kill those perverts?” I did and I’m not mad about that

“Who did you kill Vulamasango?” his range is immediately dressed with guilt, he just stares at me serving me a look that’s supposed to make me retract my question but not today, not when it comes to my son “WHO DID YOU KILL FOR MY SON TO TURN INTO THAT CREATURE HE IS?” that’s why I’m mad, that’s what I want to know “I DON’T GIVE A FU*K ABOUT SBUSISO, HELL I WOULD ASK YOU TO KILL HIM TEN TIMES MORE FOR WHAT HE PUT MY FRIEND THROUGH. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHO DID YOU KILL FOR MY SON TO TURN INTO THAT CREATURE HE IS NYULA? WHO FU*CKEN PISSED YOU SO BAD FOR YOU TO DO THE ONE THING YOU WERE ASKED NOT TO DO? DID YOU EVEN THINK OF MY SON WHILE YOU WERE BUSY.....HANA WHAT DO YOU CALL KILLING....”

“Removing weed from my garden” fu*k him more for saying it, his tone is too calm, it doesn’t burst roofs as mine

“Kore Nyula you’re not even ashamed of taking lives, you even have a term for it ‘Removing weed from your garden’ are fu*king kidding me right now? I have a monster of a son because of this removing weed nonsense of yours. Where is your bloody conscience? Are you even human to just be this calm about killing people? Sometimes I regret marrying your ass for this monstrous behaviour of yours”

He chuckles, with a mock “Well there is no going back now baby, Khethile khethile”

“FU*K YOU” he flies, two strides he is standing on my face

“What did you say?” I swallow, swallow my words but it’s too late, I already said them “I don’t give a damn how mad you are, you don’t talk to me like that” my subconscious is nodding in fear, hell I’m scared too. Vula has never looked at me like this but I have to keep my strong face so I just look at him too “Buthumelo?” he is still very calm

“Who the hell did you kill Vulamasango?” I ask again, matching his tone now that we are face inches apart. He stoop, bend to my face intertwining his forehead with mine. I can feel his enraged breathe hit my trying to be strong face as he breathes close to me.

“I told you I don’t do well with sharing. I told you that your mine and mine alone. I’ll remove anything trying to take you from me so yes I killed. I killed your bloody ex-boss” he admits, admits to my face. My mouth drops same as my heart “You think I wouldn’t find out that he kissed you on that trip to Cape Town?” I’m frozen, my courage replaced with shock “I told you, your mine. No man has a right to even smell your way”

“Sango he had a family” my voice comes in a whisper

“Well you’re my wife. He should have thought of that before he even tried to look your way”

“Vulamasango you going to hell” my final words still come as a whisper

“With a distinction dear wife” he sneers “Now be my wife and get me some food. By the way I’m sleeping in this room, don’t even think of sending me to some guest room” Sigh! I have no words, I wrap myself in a gown to get his food “Buthumelo?” he stops me by the door and I turn to look at him “I don’t ever want to have this conversation with you and don’t ever go around kissing men because you’ll make all their children fatherless” I just shut the door and walk out defeated. I regretted that kiss the moment it happened, hence why I quit my job immediately after that trip. Thabiso and I talked about it, it was a mistake and we left it there and then but the monster I married found out about it. We were in Cape Town for god sakes, is he having me followed? How did he find out about that kiss?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 2

They say he works in mysterious ways and some of the life tests do prove that say to be right. Ndlovukazi and Aunty Dee may have come here thinking they were here for Khwezi but little did they know that God and their ancestors brought them here for another reason. Ndlovukazi is here to see it for herself so she gets her own closure and as for Aunty Dee, she is here to hold her through, be the one to discover it because as much as she didn't pay much attention to it, she is a gifted person, she really can see beyond the eye. She has always been able to see and clarify some of the things but she was always mistaken for crazy because she is an unstable person by nature.

Abongile did drop them at Mtho's house and continued his journey to the hospital. Upon their arrival they found the monster they were running from at Vula's house there. Boitumelo probably did that on purpose. They wanted to go back but Mtho put his foot down. He wasn't about to drive them back. He is exhausted from the day he had. They could have still walked back because it's not even that far but they thought against it and decided that, since it was already late they'll sleep together "Boykie" boykie is Mtho to his step mother "I'm going to sleep now, make sure Kgokgo doesn't follow me" Aunty Dee announces standing and stretching her arms "Sure mamikie" Ndlovukazi rolls her eyes until they almost hurt. Their relationship with Aunty Dee surprises almost everyone, they love and hate each other.

"Keng wena brother to brother" (What is it you.....) Aunty Dee jabs Ndlovukazi for her reaction of rolling eyes at her and Mtho. Brother to brother is just a mock she uses to remind Ndlovukazi that she jumped from one brother to the other brother

"Bheka lana wena white to black" (Look here you.....) Well Ndlovukazi also mocks back by reminding her that she jumped for a white to black man "This child is mine. I raised him alone, with no help fro...." she is interjected by Aunty Dee raising her hand to her face

“Bona, your child is that big mighty angry shaka zulu. This yellow bone here, is mine. We even match skin to skin, father to father. Wena you should go focus on that shaka zulu you created and leave me with my yellow mellow” she makes sure to walk out before Ndlovukazi retrieves her come backs. They are like that, forth and back.

Aunty Dee makes way to her room, humming a gospel song they usually listen to with her husband on the radio before they sleep. She misses him, though it’s been just few hours. She intends to call him as soon as she enters her room just to listen to him complain about missing her ‘warmth’. Unintended giggle leaves her mouth as she thinks of bab Lu’s complain. She can already tell what he is going to say. Her giggle is replaced with a frown when she feels foreign forces. She almost feels like she is running out of breath but stoop to hold her knees. She takes slow breathes in and out staring at the door by her side with spirit weighing her shoulders down.

She can feel what is going on behind the door, though she can’t tell who.

“MTHOKOZISIIIIII” she screams through a pant, slowly breathing in and out standing down the passage. Mary appears from one of the doors not so far

“Mane what’s wrong?” everyone has adapted Boitumelo’s name calling. She is Mane. Even though she bites everyone’s head off for calling her that way, but right now she is not well to call mary into order “Jesus, your sweating. Sit down, I’ll get you some water” she holds Mary’s hand tight

“Call Vulamasango” she say still holding Mary. Mary frowns, just looking at Aunty Dee but luckily Mtho shows up in hurried steps to the scene

“What’s wrong?” He asks looking between his step mother and wife

“Call Vulamasango” Aunty Dee repeats

“Why it’s late, I think....” She cuts him

“Open the door” she points the door to the room just opposite to them

“Luthando is sleeping mamikie, I don’t want to wake her. You’ll see her in the morning” Aunty Dee gasp

“Oh My God!” she exclaims, her eyes slowly wearing tears “Where is Ndlovukazi?” She asks

“Right here” she responds just feet away coming to the scene “What’s wrong?” she also joins the question in question. She stands wiping her falling tears with the back of her hand. She holds Ndlovukazi’s hand pulling her back to the lounge and say

“Open the door and call Vula” her voice comes firm, more like an order. Mtho and his wife stands frozen looking at each other.

“Open the door babakhe, you heard her” Mary snaps Mtho out of it

“Luthando is sleeping in there, what if she is naked. I don’t want to be traumatised please” Mary chuckles

“I doubt Luthando would sleep naked but let’s try knocking, if she doesn’t answer we’ll both just open” they both nod, making for the door “Knock knock, Luthando?” Mary’s knocks are followed with loud voice knocks “Knock knock” she repeats coupled times until the boys room open, they both turn to see Mkhonto appear from the door.

“She is dead” he calmly inform and turn back to their room closing it. Mary and Mtho both look at each other in shock. Mtho retrieves his gun from his waist, he pushes Mary aside and order to stand aside as he prepares his pistol

“WAIT HERE” Mary nods, standing aside and watch her husband slowly take the lock in a slow pace. Gently he tries to make his way in but stops right there. The gun in his hand meets the floor as he sees Luthando’s pale body with a belt hanging on the ceiling. She ripped the ceiling and hanged herself with a belt to the wood planks holding the ceiling.

“What’s wrong?” Mary snaps him out of it. He sighs, closes his eyes and produces his mobile from his pants pockets

“Go dress and take the kids to Vula’s house or Lihle” he orders her pressing his mobile to his ear. Mary knows when to argue and right now her husband’s tone is not to be argued with, she does as told without questions ‘Bafo, come to my house now’ he orders again when Vula picks his phone. He is still standing by the door when the boys come out dressed out of their rooms, others are whining, complaining of why they are waked so late

“Baba what is going on, why are you waking us so late” Sakhe is the one to complain to him. He frown because he hasn’t said anything, even mary went to her room to get dressed. She was still about to wake them when she is done

“Who said I want you to wake up?” Mtho questions

“Twebankie said you so” he looks at Mkhonto for answers

“I felt that mama was going to wake up” he replies before Mtho could even question

“How did you know about what’s going on in here?” Mtho asks about Luthando’s death but this time Mkhonto just stare back at him. What the hell did Vula do to turn this boy into something so weird? He inwardly wonders staring back at the mysterious Mkhonto.

LULU

One thing about being a rape victim is that the pain does not go away. It’s been hours and the people I have been assigned to talk to came and assured me that I’ll be fine but I know I’ll never be fine, I’ll never be the same ever again. The wound of rape marks the soul. The scar is just too much to bear, it doesn’t heal because souls don’t heal like skins, once you wound one’s soul they will carry the scar for the rest of their lives. Now that I’m alone again it stings ten times more. I know some of the choices I made in my life were satanic and I deserve hell for them but this pain, the pain of having man repeatedly do as they please with you wounds the soul. I feel like I reek of rape though I have bathed countless times, I feel like I see them all over again every time I close my eyes, I feel like that was punishment for all the misfortunes I have caused others in this world, I feel like this decision right now is the best I have made in a while. The world will be a better place minus one evil person like me. I’ll sleep in power knowing my son is well taken care of.

I know I have to Kwanele to live for but I feel like he would be better off without me. I wish boitumelo didn’t find me, I wish they killed me and left me for dead because it’s what I deserve. Boitumelo will take care of kwanele I know. As for her, I know what I’m doing is selfish but she will have to forgive me. I put her through so much already. I don’t know how we going to go out of this one, the only way is

for me to not be here. I crossed lines that friendships shouldn't cross. I know she is going to hurt for this but it's the only way I feel is punishable for my sins.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" he looks livid, standing from the door looking at me in disgust. The scissor in my hand drops to the floor on top of blood oozing from my wrist "DOC?!!!" I hear him scream before I start seeing double of everything. In no minute I see the darkness I have been longing for. I deserve this darkness, it soothes to have this darkness put me off to deep painful sleep.

I feel my skin shiver in sleep, pain trailing from my wrist through to my heart. It stings so bad. Slowly I open my eyes to find myself still alive. I try to fight the exasperation but feel tight. I'm tight to the damn bed. Just great! I don't need this. I need to die in peace and....

A shadow standing beside me catches my furious eyes. His horrified image from the door earlier visits my mind once again. He is looking at me in.....i think he is disgusted. He quickly retracts his eyes from mine when I look in his eyes. I'm sure he must find me disgusting. He found me with Nyaope boys having the time of their lives with me. He must think I'm one dirty woman.

"Thank you" I say in a whisper because he decide to just keep quiet and look anywhere but me

"You thank me by trying to take your life?" he asks still not looking at me. He doesn't understand the pain in my heart. I'm grateful he saved me but I honestly feel like death it my way out "I'm sorry" this time I find him looking but he looks away when I try to find his eyes so he can see my pain. Eventually he retires to the chair next to my bed and heaves a huge sigh before he speaks again "I know I may come as just a man to you but maybe my apology for all men in this world will heal you. I'm sorry for what my kind did to you, I'm sorry for every man that ever raped a woman, I'm sorry for all the pain that men put women through, I'm sorry for being a man" men? I can't help but grunt at the word. One kind of a species. From an abusive husband to being raped. All this pain from men. I appreciate his apology but it's not his to make. He did me right, saved me from all the vultures of his kind. It's not his apology to make.

The room maintains silence for a while, his silence speaks volume. There is more he wants to say but he is hesitant. He reaches down the floor and come up with a foodie bag, multiple plastic and a bouquet of roses “MaDlomo asked me to bring this things” I smile through the pain, I have never received any flowers before until today. He unstraps my arms from being fastened to the bed so I receive my things. My hands find the roses first and I sniff them. They actually smell divine, I always wondered why that was done. At least today I know “You love them?” he asks with his lips pressed to the side as if fighting smile

“I think so” I honestly think so, sniffing them repeatedly I feel the odour lift my sombre mood up “My girlfriend is a keeper” he just smiles

“She ordered that you eat” he pushes the foodie bag to me but it can wait. I want to see through the plastics first. Clicks plastic carry brand new cosmetics I don’t use. Boitumelo knows me, she knows the brand I use.

“She bought me this?” I ask picking a Connie Ferguson body lotion, and here I was thinking she is just an actor. He nods “This pregnancy is doing wonders to her” she always have memory problem when pregnant, I guess this is one of those. None of the things in here are the things I use. I reach for Woolworth’s bag and find a red gown, red sleepers and a red full body summer dress. This time I laugh.

“What’s wrong?” he asks

“She knows I hate red but she bought me exactly that” his face transforms to what looks like guilt “No no it’s not a bad thing. I think she was trying to give me some humour and it worked. I hate red but I love that she bought it” he gives me a confused look. I guess he doesn’t understand but its okay. Lastly there is also a box of chocolates I have ever seen before. Boitumelo is really going crazy this time.

“You should eat first” he suggest as I try for the chocolate first. I almost roll my eyes but stop myself with a cheek hurter smile. I go for the foodie bag and start with my late dinner. It’s cold but still delicious.

“Thank you, you can go” I politely release him, I’m sure he must be tired

“Go where? Do you need something else?” he asks ready to stand

“No I’m fine, I mean you can go home” he pushes his chair, make space for his feet which he puts on top of the bed and relaxes on the chair. He is wearing one of those male ankle boots with his pants tucked in.

“She asked me to guard you through the night” haibo! “Eat up” he orders again, keeping his look at me but not looking in my eyes.

“You really can go, I’m fine, I know she can be ridiculously demanding but I’ll be fine, I won’t tell her. I’m sure you must have a wife to get back home to” I tell, going back to my food

“I’m not going anywhere, so you can try to kill yourself again” this time he raises an eyebrow to actually look at me but I can’t seem to keep his look, I feel like he sees through my naked truth, through the victim that I am so I look everywhere but him “I’m never leaving your side Lucia” with that said he closes his eyes and relax on the chair, he is not sleeping, I can tell he is just closing his eyes “EAT LUCIA, stop staring” mxm!

“You know my name?” I ask, properly looking at him now that he is closing his eyes. He is a good looking man.

“It’s my job to know everything and everyone in MaDlomo’s life” oh well, I forget he is boitumelo’s security detail “My condolences” he says when I least expect it

“Who died?” I ask in confusion and this time he opens his eyes, look at me in regret “Who died?” I ask again

“Aa...your....your husband” oh that! I don’t care about Sbusiso, I’m sure my brother and Vula made sure to grind him. My only worry is his wonderful mother, the woman was nice to me even though she birthed hell boy from her womb “I’m really sorry about him and what he did to you too” Konje he knows everything and apologises for all the cruel men of this world

“It’s okay, I deserve everything bad, you don’t have to keep apologising” he frowns, his eyes wear disappointment

“Stop being selfish Lucia, forgive yourself and work on earning forgiveness to the ones you wronged. You deserve nothing bad and this mentality you have right now, will lead to nothing but suicide. Don’t hide behind death to escape facing your demons. Suicide is not a solutions. Stand up and start afresh, you have another

chance to redeem yourself” I just sigh receiving his words. Maybe I should take this day to sleep. Maybe tomorrow I might feel like I’m worthy of this world.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 3

KHWEZI

I know mama mogirl and I haven't talked but I know I still owe her an apology. What I said the other day was pure disrespect and I know it hurt her feelings deeply. Hence why I'm walking to her room with a brewing hot mug of coffee. I know my father is not in so I enter without knocking. She looks at me suspiciously wrapped in a towel, she just came out of the shower.

"Morning mama" she doesn't respond, she continues to eyes me like I did something wrong

"Khwezi I swear I'm going to tell your father if you got up to no good with Seeiso in my house" Jesus mothers! Do they really have to know everything?

"Mama no, I wouldn't" she eyes me for a while again before she continues lotioning her body "I just made my beautiful mother coffee, is that wrong?" she smiles but raises an eyebrow in question "He is not here" she sighs and finally retire next to me. My father doesn't want her drinking coffee when she is pregnant.

"Thank you baby" she appreciates taking a tentative sip of her coffee "Just the way I like it, what did I do to deserve coffee?" she side eye me again with her million dollar blink

"I want to apologise mama, I'm sorry about what I said the other day" she frowns in confusion, I guess she forgot "I was mad and I said you're not my mother" I feel despicable even saying it again

"Khwezi that shit hurt me baby, I know I'm not your mother but....." I interject her

"You're my mother mama, the only mother I know. I just, I want you to support my decision of going to study in Lesotho" she sighs, closes her eyes and put her mug aside and reach for both my hands gently holding

"Baby your 17, crazy about your first crush as you should rightfully be. You're in that age that drives you crazy and as your mother, as someone who was once 17 I'm just looking out for you. I don't want you throwing your future away for a guy

that might break your heart. Khwezi your still young, still to meet the love of your life. All I'm asking is don't make life changing decisions at this stage, allow me to keep making decisions for you until you're at least turn 21"

"Mama I love him and he loves me, he is the one. I can feel it" I really do love him and I really want to study that side, even though he doesn't want it too.

"Okay let's put him aside, give me one good reason why you want to study Lesotho, one good reason except him" I swallow, look anywhere but her because I don't have that reason. I want to go that side for him "You see, this is what I'm worried about. You want to go to Lesotho for him and if he breaks your heart, baby it will not just be your heart he broke, your future as well because you changed everything we planned for him"

"I love him mama and please allow me to take that risk. If he breaks my heart I swear I'll not change my mind about Lesotho, I'll study and bring you that degree no matter what" she hopelessly look at me shaking her head "Pretty please" she laughs

"Fotsek" she sighs containing her laughter "I'm not saying yes. Talk to your father first and let's hear what he says" this woman! "A.a don't look at me like that, you want to study in Lesotho akere? Convince your father then we'll take it from there"

"Hau mama! I thought it could be our tiny winy little....." she interjects me with a raised hand

"Stop it right there young lady, you're telling your father and I'm not getting in. Oh and one more thing, we are going to see Peter tomorrow to put you on contraceptive"

"Mama!" my mouth drops in horror

"Don't mama me, I'm too young to be a grandmother Khwezi. Next thing you'll be bringing me a degree with mouth and legs" Jesus!

"Mama we don't even do that, he is old school. Please relax!"

"Old school?" she asks with raised eyebrow

"He wants us to do it after we get married" she pops her eyes

“He is talking marriage?” I nod “Nonsense, your too young” now I roll my eyes looking the other way. I don’t know why old people think marriage is meant for old people while as back in grey day’s marriage was imposed to children aged 12 and those people thrived in those marriages “Where is your father?” she asks getting dressed

“I don’t know but his car is not here” she nods and continue with her task “Eeehh! Mama mogirl I’m going to town, do you need anything?” Deep down I’m praying she say no

“Wait for me, I have to go buy Lulu some toiletries after making your brothers breakfast” No no no she can’t come with me “They are here right?” I shake my head no

“They are at mam Lihle”

“Okay then, wait for me. I’ll be just 10 minutes” I nod with my fake smile walking out. Urgh! I have to escape. I want to spend some time with my boyfriend before he leaves and that means not going to town with mama.

****Baby you’ll find me in town, make an excuse to my mother**** I text him as soon as I leave my mother’s room

****Okay baby, NO UBERS KHWEZI**** I roll my eyes reading his shouty capitals. What’s with him and ubers ****Rather wait for me down the road, I’ll pick you there****

****Okay baby, make it snappy. I’m out**** I respond heading to my room to get my bag.

His car comes to a halt before me. He doesn’t even climb out to open for me as usual, instead he opens the door from the inside.

“Took you long enough” I share my displeasure as soon as climb in

“Sorry my love, your mother insisted that I have breakfast first before I leave” I nod and raise my eyes to his, I find him smiling “Let me fix this first” I frown, look at him cross to my seat and pull my chair down “I couldn’t sleep, I was itching the entire night knowing your just two rooms away from my grasp and I couldn’t touch you” his words comes all over my face, infecting my skin with goose bumps as he bends

over me “Your one beautiful girl Mrs. Me” I smile, biting on my lower lip ready to receive his juicy lips. He pecks my lips first and cup my face for a while, and just stare in my eyes like it’s the first time he sees me “I’m going to make you mine MaDlomo” I believe every word he says, he completely paralyzes me, engulf me in unfamiliar need. I want him every day.

“Kiss me” my voice comes as a whisper, not able to take his captivating look any more

“With a pleasure MaMolapo waka” his voice comes laboured, heavy of this foreign feeling between us. He pecks my lips first once again before he goes for the kill, he takes me in an erotic kiss, taking full advantage of my mouth as his tongue explores me in a sweet tender kiss. I find my hands dancing on his back, pulling him closer to me “Hmmm” he moans in my mouth, trying to pull back but I grip him harder. His touch on my skin wakes feelings im unfamiliar with, I feel warm and damp between my legs, I’m all sensational and I want more of this burning feeling. Something hard is poking my belly as we continue feeling on each other, his other hand is making nice sensational movement down. I love where the hand is going.... “F*ck!” he abruptly stop with a curse, burry his head on my neck “Khwezi I can’t lose myself with you” he confesses, panting against my neck. His breath alone on my neck infuriates me, I want more of him.

“I want you to lose yourself completely” I confess back, running my fingers on his head buried on my neck “You promised that we’ll do it, I’m ready Siso” he pulls off my neck, glance down at me and kiss my nose

“It was a spur in the moment decision, I was scared of losing you when I made that decision. We really don’t have to rush my love. Your father assured that no one is marrying you”

“But we can still do the other thing without the other one” his lips quirk up in a smile

“I’m one slow learner MaMolapo, you going to have to be more blurt with me” sigh

“We can still do the deeds without the getting pregnant part of it” he dies back on my neck, giggling like I just tickled his fancy

“The deeds neah?” he asks worn by amusement as he rises from me. He pulls up my seat and settle back on his, undoing his pants zipper “I would like to keep my d*ck thank you” I frown glancing at him “Your mother promised to panga my d*ck if I even think of deflowering you” I roll my eyes, my mother doesn’t have to know “Listen” he takes my hands and kisses them “Let’s wait for you to turn 18 at least. If you still feel the same way then, I’ll be more than happy to drill you” I gasp, bringing him to laugh “I’m kidding, I just love seeing your face when you’re shocked. I’ll make love to you, just the way you want”

“You will?” I ask just for assurance

“Nice and slow” he winks, wearing his silly smile

“You promise?” he is quick to nod “Well, ntate Molapo if you must know, I’m turning 18 next month” that smile of his is immediately engulfed by a frown “And that means in four/five weeks from now, I’ll be a woman” he eyes me, his look hooded, not giving emotions away “You promised”

“I didn’t say anything”

“Then what’s that look?” he sighs turn to look back at me

“Lerato laka bona, I don’t want to rush you. I want us to take things slow, your still young Khwezi and I don’t want you to regret this” (My love see,.....)

“Siso it’s my virginity and I want you to take it. Can you do that for me? Or you want me to give it to someone else?” I love his change of emotion at my last statement

“I’ll dump your zulu ass as soon as now if you dare give some fool my red cake” we both burst “Your grandmother is something else, red cake really?” he remarks still consumed in laughter

“I loved my mother’s expression more. Mane Dee is a species of her own kind” his laughter decelerate, he plants soft kisses on my knuckles

“Listen love, I should get going, I have Juju already blowing my phone. I’ll see you next week akere” I almost feel sad but immediately lighten up when he says he is coming again

“You coming again?” he nods with a smile

“Not even your mother’s panga is going to make me stay away from you Khwezi, I love you and I’m not going anywhere”

“And I love you too” I finally confess back, the change of atmosphere in the car makes me regret it, slowly I steal a glance at him and find him intently gazing at me in a victorious look

“You do?” he asks and I nod “Oh I got myself a Zulu girl, come here” he sweeps me off my chair and sits me straddling him. He looks so happy one would think he won a lottery.

“I thought you had to go” I say wrapping my hands around his neck and his wrap around my waist

“Parents can wait, come here” oh I love his kisses.

BOITUMELO

Lulu, lulu. I’m repeatedly thinking of her as I shop her toiletries. God I hope you make my friend pull through out of this one. She deserves none of this shit. Last I checked she was a Nivea girl, I hope she hasn’t changed. I’m standing on the cosmetic aisle shopping for Lulu before I go to the hospital. I’m contemplating on soaps, I don’t think I remember.....

“Aaaaa!” I scream, startled by something gentle lapping on my leg. I look down to find.... “TLOTLA?” I almost scream again. She is fat, sitting down and pulling on the hem of my dress “Tlotla” I gasp again, scooping her to my arms. It really is her.

“AHKMDKKKKKKK” whatever that means, she speaks to me, her Afrikaans baby talk brushing my cheeks with her fat baby hands and I have no choice but to reply

“Okay makoti, I understand” I laugh at myself, holding my daughter in law. I look around investigating how she came about here and my eyes find Mabataung on the same aisle as me, she is staring at whatever she is looking at like a ghost. Unaware of the wondering Tlotla. I carry the heavy Tlotla to her and pat her shoulder, she jumps, almost screams but frown at me

“Jesus! MaDlomo you startled me” hmmm! What’s happening to her? She doesn’t look great

“Are you okay?” the words leaves me before I can think, and I regret them same time

“Where did you find her?” she asks trying to take Tlotla from me but she totally refuses

“Mabataung are you okay?” this time I ask again from my heart, her eyes wear sparkling tears but she fights them from falling down “What are you doing?” I ask looking where she was staring at

“Buying toiletries” her voice comes through a lump, she is in pain, even a fool can see it

“When did you get back in the country?” she sighs

“It’s been two weeks” and she looks like hell. Like she lived, died and came back as ghost

“Let’s have lunch” she tries to deny but I’m adamant. I don’t offer her a chance to refuse “Let me pull my trolley, you’ll combine your things with mine. You’re both coming with me”

“I can’t MaDlomo, I don’t want to intrude”

“I told you to call me Boitumelo and I insists. I’m going to see my friend at the hospital then we are going to have lunch at my house” I don’t wait for her to argue no, I’m already emptying her trolley in mine

“You can bring her, I don’t want her.....” she trails off, look at my bump for a while and this time they fall. F*ck! Now I remember she was pregnant, she looks.....not pregnant if may say

“Let’s get out of here” I inform, already pushing the trolley to pay. I don’t want her falling apart in a public place like this

“Boitumelo I came with my car and I don’t.....” she informs as I try to load our shopping in my car when we get to the parking lot and I’m happy to hear the news

“Wait. The Maserati?” she nods, half smiling

“Oh hell no! nka” I hand her Tlotla who is totally fighting to get off me but she will be strong. I have to feel that beast of a car in my hands. I lock my car and follow her to the beast “I’m driving” I tell as soon as I see it. Jesus! Who created this car mara? “Here, take me a picture” I hand her my phone as soon as I climb the car, I’m behind the wheel and I’m going to send them to Mtho and Dinny. Just to rub it on their faces.

“Are you always this beautiful?” she randomly asks as she snaps me behind her wheel. I can’t help but laugh

“You should see me in the morning, you’ll swallow your words” we laugh as I start the car feeling like a queen. Vulamasango needs to buy me this car. In fact let me send him the pictures too. 14 missed calls from him, and then? Did he kill someone again? Eish! I’ll call him when I get back from Lulu.

Getting to the hospital I have Mabataung and Tlotla who is now sleeping in her mother’s arms with. What I find in Lulu’s room is not something I would have not imagined even in my wildest thoughts. Abongile is sleeping on the chair, Lulu also sleeping with a bouquet of roses by her side. Abongile. Slept. Here? Hmk! No wonder I couldn’t find him.

“They look cute” Mabataung remarks in a whisper to my ear, I can’t help but smile because I also thinks so. I didn’t see this until today.

“Hmmm Morning!” I loudly clear my throat to wake them but what happens next has Mabataung down the floor, I’m quick to jump to take Tlotla from her arms before she hit the floor with her. Abongile jumped from his chair retrieving his gun behind his waist and pointing it at us.

“Jesus MaDlomo!” he sighs, putting his gun back in place “I’m sorry, you startled me” HOOO! I sigh holding Tlotla for dear life and I look at the fainted Mabataung on the floor

“Call the doctor, why do you have a gun everywhere you go?” I almost snap, fanning the fainted one on the floor as he scurries out of the door. Jesus! Majara will eat me and not leave even a single bone if he finds out that I made his wife faint. Thank

God Abongile walks back in immediately with the doctor. We both watch him in silence as he do his things.

“What happened?” the doctor ask and we can’t respond, instead we just look at each other “How far is she?” he asks again, now pressing on her flat tummy

“Far? She is still pregnant?” I ask the doctor who frowns at me but do nods

“I think she fainted due to shock, please put her on the couch. She will be fine but I’m going to order her a scan first, just to make sure the baby is okay” Abongile nods picking her from the floor as the doctor walks out. She is still pregnant? Then why was she crying earlier and is she...i guess she is one of those that God loves so much, no bump what’s so ever but she is pregnant.

“What happened, who is that?” Lulu asks, she just woke up. Bringing me from my jealous reverie.

“Mkhonto’s mother in law” she laughs, it’s good to see her laugh “How are you feeling. I brought you some toiletries”

“More?”

“More?” I ask back in confusion

“She brought the ones you use, I told her that the ones she bought yesterday wasn’t your brand” Abongile jumps in, confusing me even more. I didn’t buy no toiletries yesterday.

“Thanks girlfriend, you really didn’t have to. Who is this fat beauty?” she is looking at Tlotla in my arms

“My daughter in law” she laughs again “How are you feeling today?” I ask again

“Better, your roses made me feel better” Abongile coughs

“Yes your roses” he say “Remember yesterday you asked me to buy her roses”

“I did?” he nods once and wrestles with his pinging phone out of the pockets. Hmk! Mabataung wakes from the couch, she groans touching on her head. She is going to have mother of headaches

“Gosh, I fainted didn’t I?” she winces touching on the aching head. Abongile jumps in our conversation before I sum up her response

“MaDlomo I’m going to have to take you to Mtho’s” he informs

“Why?”

“Luthando’s passed and Mr. Dlomo is looking for you” sweat instantly visit my body, I feel my breath trap like something is blocking me from inhaling

“Passed? Passed how? Was she is school?” I think he laughs but because he is closed person it’s hard to tell

“She is dead” he informs and this time I balance by the bed, still holding a fat somebody in my arms. This cannot happen to me.

“When you say dead, you mean she is no more?” I ask taking slow breathes, he nods to confirm the news. Jesus I need a sit. What did Mkhonto do?

“Are you okay girlfriend?” Lulu asks when I retire on her bed in shock. What am I going to tell Vulamasango? Should I even tell him? This is his fault, had he not killed thabiso my son would still be okay. Now how do I tell him my son killed his sister? Or do I take this one to the grave? When they said give him Luthando, I didn’t digest the order, I just did what I was told. Now Luthando is dead, dead by my son. Do I tell my husband that his child killed his sister?

“HOOO ITS A MISTAKE, I’M NOT PREGNANT” I’m startled by mabataung from my troubled thoughts who is fighting with a nurse. The nurse is here with a wheelchair to wheel her for a scan “I miscarried, I was pregnant but I miscarried” she explains to the nurse

“But sisi wee. The doctor ordered you a scan. I’m just doing my job” the nurse is not really patient

“Go do your job elsewhere, I’m not sick. I just fainted and I do faint all the damn time” Well mabataung is not a walk over either, she hisses back

“Mxm!” the nurse annoyingly say and push out her wheelchair

“Hau!” Mabataung

“You should have went, it wouldn’t hurt just to check what the doctor said” I suggest

“Believe me, I know I’m not pregnant. My husband took me to every doctor there is, scanned me zillionth times and there was just nothing. My baby is gone” the sadness in her tone is not hard to miss. I know her pain “Anyway, who is the beauty on the bed” she dilutes the atmosphere in the room, I guess she doesn’t want to dwell much on her lose

“Oh this is Lucia, my friend. She is Mtho’s sister” I introduce, going with the flow. She nods with a smile coming to take Tlotla from me. Lulu is just looking at Mabataung making me nervous. Mabataung and I share looks and look at her to scold but she doesn’t cower back.

“Lulu” I whisper, trying to scold her

“She looks like the younger version of mam Jabu” Lulu finally say and her tone doesn’t match mine. She is loud. Mam Jabu? I look at her and damn, she does. Did mam Jabu abandon a child somewhere?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 4

BOITUMELO

My husband is a mess. After I learned about Luthando's death at the hospital I called him and from the sound of his tone I could tell that he wasn't okay. I asked Abongile to take Mabataung to my house so I can come get my messy husband here. But since I arrived I haven't summed up the courage to go face him. I'm sweaty and shaky, I'm engulfed in guilt. My mind is in denial but deep down I know. Do I tell him or do I take this secret to the grave? But what if Gumede tells on me? But this is all his fault but then again it's his sister. Mkhonto should have fed his monster something else but Luthando. When they said give him Luthando I didn't think they meant give him to kill, I thought.....

"Boitumelo!!!" Lihle screams louder to me, I guess I had zoned out

"Hmmm" I respond looking at her consumed by guilt

"You okay?" I nod "Ndlovukazi wants to see you" I feel my skin shiver in guilt. What am I going to say to her? "Your sweating, drink some water" I nod taking a deep swallow of my guilt as I head to a room where Ndlovukazi lies. I feel my heart already beating out of my chest before I even open but with a sigh I gather my courage and open the door. She sits down the mattress with Mane Dee and sis Mary by her side. She wails when her eyes finds me.

"Aaaaah MaDlomo.....She left me.....she took her own life..... I failed as a mother" I have questions and I'm confused but right now she seeks comfort and it's what I can only give through my guilt. I kneel before her to hug her messy face to me.

"Maaa!" I have no words, I brush on her back "She is in peace maa"

"I don't want her to be in peace MaDlomo, I want her here. She just came back home, I can't lose my child....." she is put to a halt wailing louder when the door opens and Zwe walks in with Gumede. They just arrived. I remove myself to make

space for the husband to console his wife. My guilty eyes finds Gumedes, my heart stops beating for a while. He doesn't say anything until he say to me

"Go get Vulamasango we are here to fetch his sister home" like lightning I nod and dash out of the room. Jesus! What did this child put me through? I need to find him first before I attend his father.

"Lihle where are the boys?" I ask Lihle who is tasked by making tea in the kitchen for everyone coming to cry with the family

"We sent all the kids to your house, Khwezi is looking after them" I nod with a sigh before heading upstairs to find my husband. He was a mess when I called, I guess I'll attend Mkhonto when I get home. He said I'll find him in the room we usually use when we are here. Opening the door I find both him and Mtho lying in silence facing the ceiling. Mtho rises like he is been waiting for me to get here. He gently grips my arm and pulls me out before I could walk further in.

"Where have you been?" he has his moments, brother moments and this is one of those moments. He is not happy with my timing, his expression is giving him away

"I....I went to see lulu" he sighs, closes his eyes like he just remembered of her. When he opens his eyes, his much calmer

"How is she?" the sadness in his tone is not very hard to miss

"She is getting there and she asked not to tell the folks about her situation" he nods with a sigh once again

"Okay. Go calm your man, make him understand that it's not his fault. He blames himself" I nod and he lets me go

"Mtho?" I call out just as he leaves "I'm sorry" I know Luthando was his sister too. He comes back, stoop to whisper in my ear

"The b*tch was vile. I say she did all of us a favour by taking her life" I gasp but end up with a smile because truly speaking I don't feel even a tiny bit sad emotion for Luthando. I'm just sombre because it's a funeral and it affects my husband. But other than that, I know my subconscious is doing kwasa-kwasa in my head.

Oh my poor murder. I hate seeing him like this. He lies in the same position staring up the ceiling. The murder I married turned my son into a monster, now the monster he created killed his own sister

“My heart?” I call out, taking baby step towards the bed

“Zululami” he responds not even looking at me “Lock the door” sigh! I do, although I’m confused why. I take a deep breath to subside my guilt down, I don’t need him to pick that I’m also consumed in guilt

“I’m sorry babaMampe” he laughs, his laughter is silent and short but I know it tickles him well to be called babaMampe

“Come here” he points me to come closer to him and I do so. In one swift, he picks me and places me on top of his waist. I admire his strength, I know I can never even attempt to pick myself, especially with this balloon before me. I straddle him looking down at him, oh my poor murder, he is in so much pain “How is Mampe?” he rises a bit to plant a kiss on my bump and ask

“She’ll be fine, Daddy is more important now. How are you?” he shrug and sighs, resting back on the pillow. I find his eyes and they are clouded with sadness “I’m so sorry my baby” he runs his warm magnetic palms on my thighs, gently brushing on them creasing my dress up “Sango!” I warn, I know that look very well

“You know after the funeral we going to have to abstain for a while”

“So?” I question already giggling

“I must get enough of you as much as I can” his voice comes already infecting. His hand reaches the crotch of my underwear “Why are you wearing this Mrs. Dlomo?” he asks pulling my panty and swaying it to the side “HmMMM?” he asks again now teasing on my cl*t waking my libido up

“Sango...bab...bab gumede is looking for you” I’m already infected, his touch always ignite my fire no matter how mad I am at him

“And I need my wife” he holds my waist with his other hand while the other one is dancing in my cookie juices, in a second he flips us over. I’m now beneath him giggling at how he brushes my tummy with his other hand while the other one continue to penetrate my cookie jar with his index finger “Have I told you how

much I love you today?" I shake my head no, my words already trapped. I'm a ball of sexual emotions at this moment "Well your man loves you and he is hungry for you"

"Have me bunny" my voice is heavy, heavy of need

"This round is mine angisho mama" he tells fiddling with his zipper "This one is to make daddy okay, make this guilt go away" and he frees, his amazing length sprung tight pointing up ready to feast

#REMOVED

"HmMMM?" he questions again because I'm lost in his touch

"Sango please" I beg to feel all of him, he knows exactly how to hold me

"I'm going to make it sweet and short because I'm needed down stairs" he coarsely whisper through his clenched teeth as he slowly sink into me, I'm still very much dressed and so is he. My underwear is just pulled to the side as he pushes his member inside me. He holds my head in place with his forehead keeping his needy infecting look intently at me. With a tortoise pace he thrusts all of him inside me, making me cry at the amazing feeling that affect my skin with goose bumps all over

"Aaaaaah" I cry in pleasure at the feel of every inch of his cock slowly fill me up. No man knows my cunt like this one, he does me so good "Bunnyyyy" I moan, feeling the pleasure shiver all over my skin. He takes my mouth in his and devour my lips muffling my moans in his mouth

"Yesssssss" he hisses in my mouth, pushing deeper and making me die in pleasure beneath him "I love you madlomo" he growls, his voice low and husky "And I need you mama" his words infuriates my desire. I wrap my legs and arms around him, cradling and holding him hard against me, determined to wash the guilt off him with pleasure. He continues his building move, he thrust me like he's climbing inside me. Again and again he builds us to climax and before I know it, I feel myself welcomed of that amazing wave. I can feel that I'm about to lose myself to the rhythm and pace of his fuck

"Bunnyyyy" the wave is too much for me, my eyes cry real tears as I feel my body build to an oceanic devotion climax. I meet his thrust for thrust. Listening to his

harsh breathing, laboured with sensation in my ear. I groan, pant feeling oh! so-so erotic. I feel myself reaching, reaching the destination of his sex drive.

“Come with me,” he pleads, his words carrying his own desire. I grip him, clench my walls around his cock filling me up. I know it always gets him not matter what “Look....at me mama” he orders with a heavy voice, close to the finish line. My needy eyes finds his and the sight of him above me is one hell of a sexy sight. His currently Asian eyes are raw and glowing with my passion. It’s the look in his eyes that overwhelms me, my defences all shatter and I’m awash with sensation, bury my head deep in pillows as my body convulse beneath him “Oh, my heaven” he cries joining in my climax, driving deeper into me with a heavy breath as he empties his wash inside me. Breath to breath we pant, wearing off the aftermath of our joined orgasm. His eyes are closed and his arms are wrapped around me, clinging tight. I kiss his chest bringing him to wake “F*ck umnandi mfazi’wami” (.....Your delicious my wife) he whisper in ear, biting it in the process. His words infect me with giggles. Abruptly he pulls out, kneel between my legs and free my sex off my now extremely wet underwear completely. He pushes his pants further down before he lies back on me. He places both his palms on the bed, besides me and direct his shaft back to my cunt.

“Mmmmm” I cry, cry in pleasure as he does me so good once again. His thrusts starts deep and slow, taking his fucking sweat time this time around

“MaDlomo....oh! I love you mkami” he confesses, lost in pleasure as I. I can’t confess back, his huge cock buried in my cunt also buried my voice. The intensity of his strokes are once again building, this time his making love. Every stroke carry it’s own slow pleasure, he hits my walls just the way I love it. My fingers grip his muscular arms harder, the feeling is electrifying and.....a knock comes through the door, putting a halt to his strokes

“Vulamasango?” Zwe’s voice comes on the other side. He kisses me to muffle my laughs “Vulamasango?” he calls again, stern and louder this time

“Ba..Baba” his voice is very foreign at this moment, infecting me with more giggles. This time he shuts me with his hand, also supressing his own laughter

“MaDlomo please free him, we need him down stairs” my giggles turn into a groan at Zwe’s plea, I groan in embarrassment, bringing Sango to be the one consumed in laughter this time around.

“Get of me!” I whisper, already hitting his chest fighting him off me

“A...a Buthumelo let me finish this.....” I don’t wait for him to finish

“NYULA!” he knows that’s a warning

“Njalo nje mama” I almost laugh again at the pain in his voice but I have to contain myself

“Just like that my love, move” he sighs and hisses pulling out of me breaking our precious contact

“Baby bheka, the king is still firm” (.....look...) he whines, pointing me his firm sharp cock clothed in our juices

“I’ll give you two rounds before you leave” I promise

“Four”

“Two” me

“Four” his insistent

“Three hee” he smiles, rolls off the bed

“It’s a deal Mrs. Dlomo”

“Only three? Put your foot down maan Vulamasango. Four is the least she could do” Zwe’s voice comes when we least expect it. We both gasp looking at each other in horror. Didn’t he leave?

KHWEZI

Getting home I’m glad to find my home empty. The crooks are supposed to be here but the house is just too quite. I make my way straight to my room for a quick shower before I call mama. I almost scream when I enter my room to find a shaking being beneath my covers and Sakhe sitting like a guard besides the bed.

“What’s happening?” I question Sakhe who is just staring at whatever is beneath my blankets

“Its twebankie, he is not feeling well” Sigh, I breathe and make way to uncover Mkhonto. He is shaking like someone electrocuted, sweat shooting all over him

“It hurts.....sisi” it really does hurt, for him to even call me sisi. He tells immediately when I uncover him

“Where does it hurt twebankie? Should I call mama” he is quick to shake his head no, still shaking

“It wants more....it’s thirsty” Jesus

“What wants more? Tweba what are you talking about?” I’m so lost

“It’s the predator, he wants more blood” Sakhe responds for him

“What’s the predator?”

“Something in him”

“What’s in him?” he rolls his eyes, exasperated of how slow I am

“Mogirl I’m your uncle, don’t ask me lot of questions” I know he is dismissing me when he pulls the uncle card, that’s his full stop to everything. I turn back to my shaking little brother.

“Baby I’ll go get you flu medicine okay” he shakes his head

“No....he.....he wants more” what the hell is happening here

“Don’t worry, I send my bodyguards to get him more” Sakhe is back, the bodyguards are the twins. Before I could ask what he sent them to get, they walk in. Holding one fat dead cat. I’m quick to jump to the wall. That the f*ck?

“Mogirl” Zizwe acknowledges me, puffing as he holds upper part of the cat while Muzi hold the lower, I remain frozen by the wall as they push the cat to their supposed uncle

“Good” Sakhe inspects the dead cat and picks it to Mkhonto. He hands him the cat and boy don’t I pee on myself? I feel hot liquid flow down on me as Mkhonto’s teeth sharpen to those of vampires. My little brother feast, blood splashes all over

my bedding and the boys as he sinks his teeth in the cat. This time I scream out loud “I have a better scream. SEEEEISOOOOOO” he screams my boyfriend’s name and I shush immediately “Yah. We’ll tell baba about Heisho if you tell on us”

“Sakhe who are you children, are you little demons?” I ask, shock stricken at how calm they are. No one responds me, they all look at the one drinking the poor cat’s blood like a glass of water after a walk through the desert

“Is it better?” Sakhe asks Mkhonto who now looks suddenly healthy

“Yeah, I just need to sleep”

“Let’s go change first. Mogirl will wash all this bloodied clothes” Sakhe

“I’m doing no such thing, not before you all tell me what is going on”

“I’m your uncle” oh ghot! “We have your files about siso, you do as I say or we’ll tell baba about you sneaking out the other night”

“Are you blackmailing me?”

“I’m your uncle” mxm!

“Why my room?” I feel the need to ask as they walk out to change

“Mama never checks your room. All the feeding always happens in your room. And please make sure the room is clean when we come back” What little demons are this?

BOITUMELO

As I had anticipated, Sango is leaving. He and everyone else is leaving except me. It’s decided that I’ll stay behind with all the crooks of this family in Joburg until Friday. All the children will be with me and we’ll only head down to the bundus on Friday when they come back from school. I’m thankful that my pregnancy saved me from funeral preparation chaos. Plus the less I’m involved in this funeral, the better for my guilt. Every child is already here, except Uncle Kay’s who is still to drop his crooks too.

Sango is on my tail. He is here for his clothes and the two rounds I promised him, well four that Zwe negotiated for him. The minute we walk to the lounge we find

Khwezi and Mabataung seated watching tv. I curse under my breath. This is always my problem with pregnancies, I always forget important things. I forgot to tell him about Mabataung. But I love my husband, he masks his surprise with a smile. But before he can even utter a greeting, Tlotla is already baby walking to him in excitement.

“Paaapa, paapa” Tlotla screams, engulfing the room with giggles as she runs to Sango. He dies in laughter picking her. Now that she is close face with the supposed ‘papa’ her frown is cute to watch. Her hand brush on Sango’s beard with that cute frown on hers “Papaa” she repeats in confusion

“Yes my baby” Sango replies with a laughter, allowing Tlotla to do as she please on his face. She eventually looks at her mother and I guess ask

“Paapa” she is looking at her mother who is dead in laughter too. Only when her mother nods she rest her head on Sango’s chest, she is so cute.

“Mabataung” Sango acknowledges her, with Tlotla buried on his chest

“Mr. Dlomo”

“I see someone is confusing me with Papa” Sango

“She loves men this one” she remarks with a laughter “Etle Tlotla” (come....) she tries to take her but she refuses, bury her head deep in Sango’s chest. We all laugh at her denial.

“Don’t worry sisi, nice seeing you again mabataung. Baby come pack my bag” he announces taking stairs up with Tlotla. I know there is no packing of bags, he wants something, I swear his stamina sometimes defeats me.

“I’m sorry about the chaos my life is, did Khwezi offer you something to drink?” I ask my guest whom I abandoned, she nods with a smile “I’ll fix us our lunch soon after Dlomo leaves. Let me go and check on the boys” Khwezi is quick to jump on my path, I frown at her in confusion “And then?” she flinches, swallow running her eyes everywhere but me

“They are asleep” I know a lie when I hear one

“All of them?” she nods

“They never sleep during the day” she shrug. I keep my silence inspecting her and I know something is up, I need to see for myself

“Mama mogirl please” she begs on my tail as I much to the boys play room. The room is filled with the other crooks but not mine, I see none of my kids in this room. One by one I check their room and I find them empty “NYWEZI?” one word, with a stern tone she points me to her room. What the hell would this boys be doing in Khwezi’s room? I ask myself inwardly as I make my way to her room.

Opening the door, silence wears the room. The three crooks looks not happy to see me but my mind dwells on the one beneath the covers. Mkhonto never sleeps in.

“Mama” Sakhe is the first to speak I think trying to reprimand me as I walk closer to the bed “He is just sleeping” he explains, jumping in my way

“Is he?” I ask

“Yes, it’s a game. We are playing the security guard” Mxm “The three of us are guards while he sleeps, then it will be my turn”

“Move” he blinks twice, I can see he wants to put his foot down but I don’t give him the chance, my look alone is not up for plays. With a sigh he moves from my view and I uncover the suddenly sleeping Mkhonto. My heart comes to a halt. My son is sweating and shaking under the covers. He looks pale, close to death. His eyes wear dark circles while his entire body vibrates like the old nokia 5110.

“Mama.....it’s.....painful” his speech comes also trembling. I take him to arms, touch him all over feeling on him. His covered in sweat.

“Khwezi?” she is the old one to explain, she definitely knew something is up hence why she didn’t want me to look for her brothers

“Mama I found them in here and he was already shaking, he kept saying ‘he wants more’ and I didn’t know who he was talking about until Muzi and Zizwe came with a cat. They gave it to him and he....he drank the cat’s blood” what? I pop my eyes in horror “I didn’t know he was worse again, he was much better after drinking the blood” Jesus! This kids

“ALL OF YOU, LEAVE THE ROOM” they all stand still “NOW” I shout but the twins decide to sit down at my shouting, they are making their own point

“Shouting is not good for you mama” Sakhe, I narrow my eyes at him as I wrestle my phone from my bag. I dial my grandfather with a pounding heart and he picks immediately.

‘Ntate Moholo what’s happening?’ (Grangpa……)he sighs

‘Boitumelo nothing happens for just in your life, it’s not a coincidence that you ran into Mabataung. He had his first taste of human blood and he was bound to need his mate to tame him back. Tlotla being in your house today was for him. Get him Tlotla, he’ll be fine’ I heave a sigh of relief

‘What do I do ntate moholo’

‘Nothing, just make him look into the baby’s eyes and he’ll be fine. Vulamasango needs to sit you down and tell you everything so you know what you’re dealing with’

‘Keya leboha ntate moholo, I’ll do just that’ (Thank you grandpa……) I’m about to drop the call when he calls out for me

‘Boitumelo’

‘Ntate?’ I respond

‘You still remember that you’re double blessed right?’

‘Double blessed?’ I ask

‘Your children should always come paired up’ oh yah ‘Meaning even Mhambi must have her pair’

‘I miscarried him grandpa you know’

‘Yes but even Mkhonto still got his pair through Sakhe’ eish, he is starting to be a seer with riddles now

‘Ntate moholo what are you saying?’

‘I’m saying Mhambi’s pair is coming soon’ he drops the call before I could respond. Mhambi’s pair? My eyes find Khwezi

“Are you pregnant?” she drops her mouth, shock hovering her

“Mama no, never” her voice comes laboured in pain. Then who the hell is pregnant with my daughter’s pair if not her?

“Go get Tlotla for me and don’t dare say anything to your father” she nods twice and dash out of the room, leaving me in questions

“Mama you know he is not a baby right, you don’t have to hold him like that” Sakhe, I know he is jealous, he wants to be the one cradled

“I’m the youngest, I deserve to be held like that” Muzi

“I’m the weakest, I deserve that hold” Zizwe

“And I’m your uncle boys, an abomination. Uncle Zwe tells you all every day that traditionally I’m your elder, I’m even Sango’s elder. I’m his brother and what I say goes. Mama is holding me when she puts twebankie down and that’s final” my children’s uncle. This is what gets him in trouble at school almost every time. He tells all the kids that he is an uncle and when they laugh at him, he calls Mkhonto to beat them up. My poor twebankie. What has this man put my son through?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 5

BOITUMELO

Mabataung and I stare, we keep our eyes fixed at whatever is about to happen. I felt she needed to be here in case something happens and she didn't hesitate to my request. I have now placed my fragile son on the bed, I'm holding Tlotla before him but he is just weakly looking at me like I have lost my marbles.

"Maybe you should make him hold her" Mabataung's voice comes as whisper in my ear

"Baby please hold Tlotla for me" I can't recognise my voice at this moment. I'm too nervous.

"Mama she is too fat, twebankie can't hold her, I'll do it" Sakhe comes to his brother's rescue but I give him one look that sends him back to where he had stand

"Sakhe you don't call a lady fat" Khwezi

"That's no lady, that's a fat baby" Sakhe exasperatedly respond

"SHUT UP BOTH OF YOU" I snap and heave a sigh immediately to calm down, I have to keep calm "Twebankie kamama please hold the baby" he denies shaking his head

"Mama i...I'm too weak"

"Just for a second baby. She'll make you feel better" I beg

"She is a baby mama....not a doctor"

"I know my boy. Just trust mama okay" he finally nods, raise his sweaty hands to hold Tlotla. Slowly I place Tlotla in his arms. This time his eyes intently stare inside Tlotla's. He closes his eyes, a deep groan leaves his throat, he shakes, vigorously shake like his shaking something off him.

"The baby's eyes are red" Zizwe informs, from where he stands he can see through Tlotla. We all bend our head to see and indeed Tlotla's eyes have changed colour. She is giggling through all this while my heart is pounding like I have run a marathon

“Now they are blue” Jesus! Mkhonto stops shaking but remains holding the baby. I recite my prayers in my heart and when he opens his now lively eyes almost the entire room wear sighs, everyone breathes out audibly. He sprung up with Tlotla in his arms like he was not a weakling just few minutes again, complaining of how fat she is.

“Mama I’m hungry” I retire to the bed, thankful that my son is okay, even his voice is back to normal

“Mama is coming boy, go play with other kids in the play room” He nods, heading his gang out of the door

“Bring Sdudla here, I want her changing eyes for me” Sakhe remarks already taking Tlotla from Mkhonto as they walk

“Her name is Princess Tlotla not sdudla” Mabataung and I both laugh as they all leave the room. The doorbell rings and Khwezi excuse herself to attend the door. What started as laughter ends up as tears, I sometimes feel like stabbing Vulamasango in his sleep. This is too much.

“Askies” mabataung pats my shoulder sitting beside me “You’re not the only one going through shit like this” I release a sigh, gather my scattered emotions to calm down

“Have you ever felt like killing your husband” she smiles shaking her head

“Nop but I felt like leaving him and I did”

“How does it feel being without him?” she sighs

“Hell. Look at me” she shrug “It’s been two weeks but I look like I died and came back. I miss my Lupus and I can’t take it anymore”

“Why don’t you go back?”

“I was mad when I left and I kind of said somethings that I can’t take back now. I don’t know how I’m going to apologise to my husband”

“Go back to your husband. You don’t look great. I don’t know much about you two but from the little I saw. That man worships the ground you walk on” she smiles

“Believe me, I have never seen a man who follows his wife everywhere like him. Even when he is afar, his eyes always follow you everywhere” this time she laughs

“Thank you. I needed to hear that but you, are you going to be okay?”

“I don’t know, but I have this bottled anger at my husband and I’m afraid the day I explode it’s not going to be cute”

“Please don’t explode. Rather visit me in Lesotho when you feel like you’re about to explode. Where will we get this kind of beauty again if you explode” we laugh but mine seizes immediately when Sango opens the door

“Ladies” he acknowledges and Mabataung responds him “Baby my bags”

“Don’t you have hand vulamasango?” he frowns at my snappy tone

“Did I do something wrong?”

“I don’t know, did you?”

“I’ll be down stares” Mabataung nudges me hard and excuses herself. Sango waits for her to walk out before he comes to kneel in front of me

“What’s wrong sthandwa sami?” (.....my love) he sincerely asks, trying to find my eyes with his look but I don’t dare look at him “Khuluma phela mama, what did I do?” (Talk my love.....)

“You killed a man Sango and....and now....my son drinks blood....he drinks cats’ blood. What’s next? Hmm? What’s he going to eat next time” this thing gets too much for me, as much as I try to be strong sometimes I feel like I’m suffocating. He shuts his eyes and exhales slowly pulling me to his embrace.

“I’m so sorry my heaven. I don’t know how I’m going to fix this one but I promise you that I’ll make it right. He won’t grow up like this. I’ll make it right madlomo. Please believe me” I nod on his shoulder as he brushes my back “He ate a cat?” I tense, immediately pull out of the hug

“No...what...i..i meant....is...no” he raises an eyebrow in question

“Out with it. What are you hiding?” I nervously fake confusion

“I’m not hiding anything”

“BU....” He is put to a halt by Khwezi knocking. He allows her entrance.

“Baba uncle kay and my guy are here. They said to tell you that it’s time to leave” Thank God for Khwezi’s timing. I still don’t know how I’m going to come clean about Luthando’s death. I jump to Khwezi’s tail, I don’t want to be left with her father alone.

“I’ll pack for you quickly, go” I tell him pointing him down the stairs. He eyes me in suspect for a while, making me squirm under his look. He looks at Khwezi who is now down the stairs before he grabs my waist and pull me closer to him.

“You know, now that I think of it. How did you find out about Mkhonto?” I swallow, sweat instantly under his questing look

“I...when I asked you to kill Sbu and his associates, I received a call from Bab Gumede and my grandfather telling me that Mkhonto is coming for me to feed too”

“He came in the predator form?” I nod “And who did you give him to feed”

“A cat”

“A cat?” he asks and I nod “Why are you lying to me, who did you order him to kill?”

“No...no..one, I swear...I gave..him a cat”

“MaDlomo I know you. And right now you’re lying. I need you to tell me the truth so I can clean up if he did a messy job” the murder in him is back, killing people is even a job to be cleaned up

“HAU VULA! FOUR ROUNDS SHOULD BE ENOUGH, OR YOU WANT FIVE, FOR EACH DAY YOU WON’T SEE HER” Mtho screams down the stairs carrying a plate eating, I wonder what’s he eating.

“This conversation is not over. I’m going to say goodbye to my crooks and I’ll get my bag, I already packed” I sigh running out of his eyes but I feel him keep his look at me as I head down the stairs to Mtho

“13 YEARS LATER YOU’RE STILL IN LOVE” Mtho. I turn to look where Mtho is looking and I find him looking at Sango up the stairs who is staring at me “The look in your eyes right now deserves a Westlife song, are they still alive nje bafo?” mxm “Are they still alive makoti?” he now asks me as I’m closer to him “You probably don’t know them, there was a shit track. Queen of my heart. Yoh! I lost my virginity to

that song. I remember it like.....” He is put to a halt by uncle kay also appearing with a plate in hand

“I think that’s way too much information for makoti Mthokozisi” Thank God

“Where are the kids?” I ask uncle kay, he was supposed to drop his kids here too. They were the last remaining to arrive.

“Somewhere in this house, I think Ndaba is moving in. He packed almost everything in his wardrobe” Ndaba is his first son. The second born son in this family after Mkhonto. The very Ndaba we talking about walks in the room. He hugs me around my tummy and I brush his head.

“Mama your friend looks like Jabu on her pictures when she was young” Ndaba remarks curled around my bump. He had been scolded zillionth times for calling his mother Jabu. He picked what his father was saying and mam Jabu is Jabu to him.

“My news, how are you boy” he smiles “And what friend are you talking about?” I question looking at him

“Mm. Mama Tlotla. The one sleeping in the lounge” this is the second person saying the same thing

“No one looks like my wife, Jabulile is one of a kind” we laugh as they follow me to the lounge. Mabataung is sleeping so peaceful on the couch.

“Wait, this is the monster’s wife?” Mtho whisper in my ear making me laugh “When did she get here? Is the monster here too?” I can’t respond, I’m laughing at how spooked he is. Now this reminds me, I wonder if he knows about Mkhonto “Kubeka don’t, don’t even think of it. That gorilla of hers will crush you to powder” he reprimands uncle kay who is intently looking at the sleeping mabataung

“This is majara’s wife right?” I nod to uncle kay who even has creased lines on his forehead due to frowning

“I didn’t I notice this before, she looks exactly like Jabu. What’s her maiden names?”

“LWANDLE NGCOBO” Sango responds behind me before I can respond and they all keep quiet, they share looks I don’t understand “Let’s go” he say to them as he bend to kiss my cheek

“VULAMASANGO, JABU IS A NGCOBO?” uncle kay remarks in a silent tone but it speaks volume

“I know, Majara and I are already on it” his tone comes final, whatever it is he doesn’t want it discussed here. What the f*ck are they talking about “You owe me four rounds” He says in a whisper pushing me to the wall

“Sango what are you guys talking about?” he doesn’t respond, he drops his bag to the floor pushing me to the wall with his needy look fixed at me “Sango!” I scold in a whisper, I know that look very well. He grins, looking his playful sight and before I know it I’m pressed to the wall as he leans down kissing the living daylights out of me. When he pulls away, I’m breathless and his eyes are darker and hooded with desire.

“I love you. I’m leaving Abongile” I nod, my voice is still curled in my throat “I’ll see you on Friday and I’m going to f*ck you in my father’s kraal for lying to me” I gasp “Goodbye my heaven” he offers me his back turning to leave before I could gain my voice back. I’m still breathless.

“Take slow breathes, In and out slowly, you’ll be fine, they ease sexual sensation” I narrow my eyes at Mtho who is the last to walk out of the room. Uncle kay walked out immediately already drilling Sango with questions. Could Mabataung be related to mam Jabu? Sango said he and majara are working on it, meaning her husband knows whatever is going on. I look at her in wonder before I take a throw to cover her up. She is definitely pregnant this one, why would she sleep day in out of the blue? I’ll take this time to prepare us dinner, I’ll make her sleep here.

It’s six in the afternoon when my kitchen door bell rings. Mabataung is still asleep and the kids locked themselves in the play room. I had Tlotla’s company for a while but she slept after I bathed her. Kwezi left me when her phone rang, she was all smiles and headed up to her room. I really need to take her for prevention. The paired twin cannot come through her. I have cooked and I’m waiting on mabataung to wake up so we can have dinner. The door opens before I could sum up the courage to attend it. I’m too exhausted and I miss my murder already. Abongile enters followed by a big fat white man with a woman I’m familiar with but I can’t pin point exactly where I know her from. Guest so late! This forces me to stand and

meet them halfway. The man is running his eyes everywhere making, Abongile suspiciously look at him from behind.

“Good afternoon” I greet and they respond

“He wanted to talk to Mr. Dlomo. I couldn’t get hold of him so he asked to talk to you” Abongile explains and I nod. The man with a wondering eye finally looks at me.

“Wow, quite a beauty. You’re the wife?” I don’t like his tone and his eyes on me but I don’t show. He asks, eyeing me from head to toe and I look at him in confusion “Fula’s wife?” he is white, I guess he is trying to say Vula. I nod “I must to talk to you, in private” he say looking at Abongile who isn’t even moved

“I’m afraid that cannot happen” Abongile sneers

“You searched me, I carry no weapons. What can I do to her?” the man asks not pleased

“You wouldn’t even do a damn thing under my watch” Jesus!

“Abongile, it’s okay. This way sir” he is not happy but he doesn’t argue with me, that’s one of the things I like about him. The man follows me to the dining room with the slender woman wearing a coat on his tail.

“Your pregnant?” the man asks looking at my bump as I sit before him and the woman that now looks like him now that I pay attention “He is quite a busy man I see”

“If I may please have your name and your reason for being in my house so late” he chuckles, I don’t know if it’s because I ignored his question or he picks my unpleasantness. He changes, he creases his nose up like he just picked a stink

“Mama” I’m startled by Mkhonto standing beside me “I’m not going anywhere” he says before I could even say it, he pockets his hands inside his gown and stare back at the man like he is not an elder. I think the man squirms under my son’s look.

“Daddy let’s just go” the woman winces, griping her father’s arm

“GO WHERE WITH A BLACK CHILD? HMM? YOU WANT TO TURN ME INTO A LAUGHING STOCK?” he looks livid staring at this daughter. He sighs closing his eyes and when he opens them he looks at me and say “This is my daughter. Charlene

Roberts. She was an intern at your husband's company and that thing you call a husband, slept with my daughter. She is pregnant by your husband"

"You're lying" the words leaves my mouth but I'm already trembling, now I realise I'm familiar with the woman from Sango's company.

"I don't care if you believe me or not, you can have a DNA. I actually don't care what happens to that thing she is carrying. But this is what is going to happen, that thing she is carrying cannot step into my household. I'm from England and I cannot insult my family by allowing my daughter to bring home a black child. She is going to drop that thing she is carrying here, I don't care what you do with it but I want my daughter with no black demon in her. So listen and listen to me carefully. That baboon you call a guard already told me that this thing you call a husband is not here. This is my card" he pushes it to me "You're going to call me when he gets back. I want him to explain how his internship turned into sleeping with my daughter. And please, do tell him I'm not one to be messed with. He slept with the wrong man's daughter" right now I'm not sure if I'm still breathing, my blurred sight remains at the man who has a huge tattoo covering his arm. I don't know how to respond to this.

"It's time for you to leave" Mkhonto beside me, his tone is ice cold

"Another little demon I see" the man pushes his chair roughly standing and he also roughly grips his daughter pulling her up

"What's your name?" Mkhonto asks, I don't have the energy to scold, I'm just numb

"Kendrew Roberts little demonic brat"

"Start saying your goodbyes to everyone you love" this time I zone out, I look at Mkhonto in a scolding manner and he blinks at me

"DON'T YOU DARE MKHONTO DLOMO. I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF IF YOU EVEN THINK OF IT" I'm crying, tears are freely falling as I shout my son

"It's not me mama it's the predator"

"IT'S YOUR PET. CONTROL IT. GET OUT OF HERE" I shout, I can see him breath to calm down

"He is not a pet" he screams in annoyance leaving the room

“And this is exactly why I don’t want no demon grandchild. So unruly!” the man snide again before he walks out. I bury myself on the table as I think of ways of how I’m going to kill my husband. I never thought I would say this but I hate Vulamasango. This is the pair my grandfather was talking about. If it is, he’ll raise it alone. I’m not staying for this shit.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 6

VULAMASANGO

BUTHUMELO! BUTHUMELO! I hiss gripping my stone hard phone through my palm like it's at fault for my wife's phone not being picked up. This woman is going to be the death of me! Who doesn't speak with their husband for a damn week? A week though? Does this woman know I can't breathe without her? This week only I feel like I lost few kilos because of her silent treatment. I swear she better pop very soon or else I'll be dead by the time she does. Calm down Vulamasango! I have to remind myself to calm. I call Abongile to check if they had already left but he also doesn't respond. Instead I receive a message from him immediately after he declines my call.

****Mr. Dlomo I'm driving them there. The coast is not clear, I'll call you when we get to the garage. But in an hour to half will be there**** mxm! I want to hear my wife's voice, not read his text. This is the longest I have gone without talking to my wife and as per result I'm horny and grumpy as hell. If Abongile wasn't there, assuring me that they are fine, I would have driven back just for her to yell at me because I have feeling I did something wrong hence the week silent treatment. I just wish I knew what I did to piss her off so bad.

First day after I left I resorted to Khwezi. I called my daughter and asked her to give her mother her phone but she told me straight that 'mama doesn't want to talk to you' I thought it was the hormones so I brushed it off. Day two she still didn't pick. I called Abongile who told me that his phone was almost thrown to the wall so it was another grumpy day for me. Day three I called majara asking for his wife's number just so I could call my wife, mabataung just said 'I think she doesn't want to talk to you right now Mr. Dlomo'

I asked her back 'What did I do?'

'It's not my place, she'll talk to you when she is ready'

'Is she okay though?' I asked again, from a place of worry because my wife and I don't do this shit. The longest she stays mad at me is just an hour. We never make

it to even a day without speaking to each other but now out of the blue my wife is not speaking to me for days.

'She is not, hence why I couldn't leave her. But don't worry, She'll be fine' she responded

'Please tell her I love her and I miss her' I could hear her laugh lightly on the other line

'I will' then she dropped. I was left defeated once again.

Day four I woke to a strange call. It started with Khwezi's phone appearing to call me on my screen but behind the line were the crooks. How I missed my boys! I could hear them argue.

'BABA' Muzi's voice came through

'Put him on loud speaker' Sakhe's voice came before I could respond

'Where is loud speaker?' Muzi asked, I could hear the 'uncle' huff in annoyance

'And I'm in the same grade as you. That's why I deserve the uncle spot' and he put me on speaker, guessing it was Sakhe 'Sango' yah! Definitely him

'Boys' I responded and the fight began, everyone wants to speak

'I'm the uncle. I'll speak first' he came stern and silence roamed 'Sango we are the poorest kids in school this week. My heaven is not giving us any pocket money' Sakhe and money, same WhatsApp group 'I haven't had mam zodwa's combo in a week and I feel like I have lost weight'

'What is mam zodwa's combo boy?' I asked

'Magwinya, polony and sauce' and tell me again why I'm paying a private school that has mam zodwa feeding my children junk 'If you could thaaa pinkies, I'll buy for the four days I didn't eat them and gain my weight back' he defeats me every time

'I'll speak to your sister' I know my wife doesn't play. No pocket money, no lunch box. She says the school provides everything.

'I love you baba' now I'm back to baba. I could hear him shift.

'BABA' the twins screamed almost the same time

'Crooks' this two are naughty as hell, with them I just have to be prepared for something sinister

'You tell him, no you do, no.....' and they start to argue

'Zizwe, you're the oldest. Speak for your brother' I have to choose who speaks. They are such twins, sometimes it's one's turn to speak the whole day and tomorrow will be the other one.

'BABA it was a matter of life and death' that's how it start, I'm smiling 'So we saved a life and killed her cat, now Mrs. McKenzie wants her cat. She wants it alive' Mrs. McKenzie is my white neighbour. I'm so confused. What did this two do to her cat?

'Are you crazy?' Sakhe hisses, closing the speaker I guess because I don't hear a damn thing but there is a commotion going on. When they finally decide to come back I'm handed to Mkhonto.

'Baba'

'My boy' I responded

'There was a white man here. Kendrew Roberts. He made mama cry, please give me an order' I jumped, this boy!

'Boy what white man, where are your brothers?' I don't want him talking about orders in front of his brothers. The predator doesn't kill without an order.

'I kicked them out. Baba I want an order'

'I'll kill you myself if you talk about orders, do you hear me Mkhonto?' I hissed 'Can you just be a kid for once damn it. Tell me about the white man. What did he want and where was malume Abongile?' I asked

'Malume Abongile was in the kitchen. The white man said we are going to have another sister and then mama cried' of course my wife is pregnant and yes they are having another sister, was it perhaps Peter

'Was it Peter boy? The doctor?'

'No it was a big fat bad white man with a woman' now I'm lost

'Mkhonto can you give me something straight?'

'I have to go, mogirl is coming. We stole her phone' the line ended before I could utter another word. Leaving me more confused than ever. Abongile definitely knows about the white man. Why hasn't he told me? I called him and his answer was that 'Mr. Dlomo I don't want piss Mrs. Dlomo, she'll talk to you when she is ready' and that was it. Abongile is very fond of my wife and I know his loyalty lie with her more than me, he always choose to betray me instead of my wife and that is why I'm thinking of transferring him to the office. He was always under Nduna. They will work together again, I have to find someone else who will spy for me from my wife.

That is how my four days of silent treatment went. Now I'm glad that it's Friday and they are on their way here. I miss that wife of mine so bad.

"SNIPER" F*ck. I almost jump, only one person calls me this and it's indeed him

"Mjay, don't be calling me that shit man. You want my family to hear about my past life and disown me" he laughs as we fist bump "What are you doing here?"

"I was in the country and when the news about the funeral broke, the kingdom asked me to stand in for them. They will only make it tomorrow morning for the funeral"

"Thanks Bull"

"Keep calling those names the agency will haunt us down" we laugh

"And how is stalking your wife going so far?"

"It's not stalking. I'm looking after my wife"

"Your one crazy mother fu*ker. You buy the enter building opposite to your wife's flat just so you could watch her with your animalistic binoculars and gawk at her all day long"

"It's a wolf thing. We are very protective" mxm!

"Protective my foot. That's stalking" he laughs

“And I’m not very happy with MaDlomo. She stole my wife for an entire week” this time I laugh at his frustration, at least I’m not the only one going through hell “But at least MaNgcobo gained some wait back. MaDlomo is feeding her by force”

“You didn’t install cameras in my house, did you?”

“Don’t give me ideas, your guy has been giving me feedback” well at least Abongile is loyal to others

“Okay let’s talk real man. Did my doc come through for you?”

“Yeah. Mtho went to get him from the gate. He has the results already” I laugh, I know no white man who loves black culture like Peter. And they come through. Peter is holding the envelope in hand followed by Mtho.

“Gents” Peter acknowledges retiring next to Majara on the bench. We are seated behind the kraal and the sun is just perfect “Where is that girl?” Peter asks Mtho who is not very happy

“Peter you can’t come to a funeral and ask for umqombothi. You’re damn white” just on cue, nomonde puts a five litre bucket of traditional beer before us

“And who said white man don’t drink your mqombothi” he hands majara the envelope and reach for the bucket. Just like a black man he shakes it first and drink, nigger is even moaning as he down the beer “Exactly how it always feels” Majara sighs tearing through the papers, he sends his eyes below, where we all want.

“It says your uncle’s wife is 99.9% my wife’s aunt” Peter nods wiping the remains of beer from the corners of his mouth

“Yep. They are related but she is not the mother as you guys had thought”

“At least now we have something to work on” Majara agrees with multiple head nods accepting the bucket from Mtho who is also moaning after drinking, he also drinks and his moan too confirms that this is really nice

“O shapile mane Dee?” (Mane Dee excelled making the beer) Mtho remarks to Majara who also seem to agree with a head nod

“What does that mean?” Peter asks and receives a frown from the two co-mqombothi drinkers

“You see why I don’t want to be drinking umqombothi with a white man” Mtho is not happy and I can’t help but laugh “It means she beat it. She beat the damn mqombothi”

“How do you beat liquid?” silence, no one has an answer or....or something is behind me. I’m seated before the three of them and they are all just silent, but mouths dropped.

“MA.KO.TI” Mtho remarks, horrified if I may say “Oh boy! She is going to mash your potatoes again” I turn with a jump. I know exactly what he is talking about.

“Baby, my heaven” I’m cowering back to God knows what, she slowly approaches me holding a golf bat

“Nyula!”

“Mama” I respond in terror, fearing for my balls

“How do you love your pussy?” Jesus she is calm, slowly walking to me and I keep walking back. The gents burst in laughter

“Sthandwa sami can we talk about this, what have I done?” she doesn’t listen, she keeps taking those scary steps towards me

“I’ll tell you how you love your pus*y. Dripping hot chilli salsa puss*y” Jesus!
“Hmmm, you like them white wena akere, with f*cking relaxed pubic hair akere Nyula”

“My heaven....let’s talk about it mama.....i don’t know what you’re talking about”

“I’M TALKING ABOUT YOUR WHOR*NG DI*CK DIPPING IN SOME VANILLA FLAVOURED PU*SY” the mouth, my wife’s mouth when cornered

“MAMA!” thank God, Khwezi appears to my rescue and she drops the bat “Gogo is calling you” she tell from a distance and disappear again

“Wena Nyula ya masepa. I’m going to bury you 12 feet’s under and cement your grave, just so your useless soul stay buried in hell” Madoda, the disrespect. She turns leaving me shocked.

“What the f*ck did you do?” Majara asks amidst the shock “Yoh! That’s one angry woman”

“Did she say vanilla flavoured pus*y” Mtho

“Yah, and that means white pus*y” Peter is happy to clarify

“Meaning you slept with a white woman” they all look at me

“I’m a f*cking Zulu man. Do I look like I would want to be sleeping with a white woman?”

“We don’t know, did you?” Mtho

“Mtho you know me. I’m not stupid, I wouldn’t hurt my wife like that”

“Yoh! I have never seen a woman so mad. I’m off, I have to go stalking. Good luck”
Majara pats my shoulder and off he goes

“This needs more beer, I’ll be back” Peter disappears too

“Bafo what have you done?” Mtho asks again

“I wish I knew, I don’t know what she is talking about”

“Don’t you have like a white side chick? You know you can tell me” I release an exhausted sigh

“I’m not you. My wife is enough, hell she is more than enough. I love that woman and I’m not about to mess it up for some white bit*ch”

“Hai! Don’t throw shade at me, I’m not the one accused of some red hot salsa chilli pus*y” we both burst admits my sorrows “Murr, Makoti is vile. I need to update my curse vocab. Hooooo! Sleep with one eye opened, you know what? Don’t sleep at all. That woman is going to kill you” what the hell I’m I accused of this time?

I tried my best to avoid my wife all day long. Now it’s night time, love making time. I was hoping to score myself at least four rounds she promised. After tomorrow all of us are going to have to abstain until the cleansing, which will happen the following week. And that’s way too long without my wife’s warmth. I release a much needed air before I sum up the courage to open our room door. From where I stand, I can tell by the fidgeting and sniffing that she is crying under the covers.

“Zululami” I kneel before her and uncover her, ahhhhh! My hurt sinks, I hate seeing my wife like this “Please talk to me my heaven, what have I done?” I beg, wiping her messy face with my hands

“Don’t touch me” she cries more, pushing my hands off her face “How could you Vulamasango?”

“Baby what have I done?”

“Vulamasango you got your white woman pregnant” if she wasn’t crying I would have laughed “She is pregnant okay! And her father brought her to my house. I’m not staying for this shit. I’m leaving your ass, I only came here for Ndlovukazi”

“Mama I hear you’re talking, there is a white woman pregnant apparently by me, Buthumelo....” I trail off, out of words. I have no word for this shit “Buthumelo I would never cheat on you”

“Don’t deny it Vulamasango. You worked together and you were having an affair behind my back”

“I worked with her?” she nods sniffing “Who the f*ck is she?” I’m more than exasperated right now

“Don’t you know your who*re? Damn it Vulamasango! Her name is Charlene Roberts or Robertson, Something there” this is some fuc*ked up shit

“I know no damn Robertson spice in my company”

“Don’t lie Vulamasango, I saw her there, coupled times. She was an intern”

“And I have no business working with interns, hence why I don’t know her. What nonsense is this?”

“You’re just denying Vulamasango. Gumede and my grandfather confirmed that Mhambi has her own pair coming and it’s coming through your girlfriend. How could you do this?” she is hitting my chest and I hold her wrist

“Listen, before you jump to conclusions. Let’s ask the woman for a DNA test” she frown with teary eyes

“You’ll do it?”

“I’ll do it. I have nothing to hide. I didn’t cheat on you and I would never. I’m not stupid Buthumelo, I know what I have with you and I’m not about to jeopardise it over some white Robertson spice”

“We choose a doctor of my liking. I don’t want Peter anywhere close to those DNA test because I know he will change them for you”

“Fine by me, anything you want sthandwa sami” (.....My love) She heaves a sigh, wiping her tears

“Let’s hope she agrees, I cannot be pregnant the same time with your girlfriend”

“I’ll make damn sure she agrees and stop calling her my girlfriend” I plant a long peck on her forehead “I would never cheat on you zululami”

“I hope you’re telling the truth Sango, or else I’m taking my kids and I’m leaving you with your white bit*ch” hooo! At least I’m back to Sango

“Believe me, after the DNA test, you’ll be the one asking for forgiveness” I stand, attempt to take off me clothes but she stops me

“O etsang?” (What are you doing?) She asks, eyeing me with please don’t dare me nyula look

“Taking off my clothes so I can sleep with my wife” and I challenge her back. She is my wife and I’m sleeping with her. She groans a chuckle

“Could you please get me some water? I’m thirsty” I oblige and quickly walk out of the door after kissing her cheek. Bloody Robertson’s! I text my secretary on my way to the kitchen. I need a list of all the interns we had last year. I need to know who this woman is pissing me off with my wife. Coming back, the door is locked. Just great!

“BUTHUMELO!” I hiss on the other side of the door

“I don’t want to sleep with you vulamasango” and she thinks I’m going to leave her like that. With one kick the door meets the tiled floor, making a huge sound startling her. Her mouth drops.

“Here is your water. You’re my wife and I’m sleeping with you. I got no bit*ch pregnant” Jerrrr! This woman is going to anger me more. She watches me in shock

as I strip and climb the bed. I pull her to my chest and rest her there by force. This is my wife!

“What the hell? Why is my door down in pieces?” Uncle Zwe asks with Ndlovukasi by his side standing on what was once a door

“MaDlomo did he hit you?” my mother asks, ready to murder me I see. My wife shakes her head no “What happened?”

“He kicked the door”

“I want my door wena. In one piece not in pieces” Uncle Zwe

“I’ll buy you ten more tomorrow” I jab

“You better” he hisses and pulls his wife away. Now I’m left with mine, accusing me of hurting her “I love you and I’m not cheating” I grip her harder, breathing her calming scent so I calm down. I swear I’m going to kill this white Robertson’s spice.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 7

BOITUMELO

The seed of doubt. Men. One rare kind of species. Men will always be men. Lying is in their nature. Sango assured me multiple times that he is not cheating and he'll never cheat but now that the seed of doubt has been planted in my head, I find myself doing the most despicable things I never thought I would do. I can hear him sing well in the shower. I just made the bed and decided to sit and stare at his phone. I'm having an internal debate. I'm itching to go all FBI on it but there is that inner voice in me 'Boitumelo you can't look behind after taking shit and think you're going to see sausages, obviously you'll see shit' that's my subconscious reprimanding me from going through my husband's phone. Then there is that other voice, the most dominant one that dares me and it's always the loudest 'What if your answers lie in there? What if he is lying? What if he really is having an affair with a white woman? He was a man-wh*re before you and they say a leopard will never change its spots.

Urgh! In frustration I reach for his phone. His password is 'MHAMBI' it has been that since we lost her. The seed of doubt is eased when his phone allows me permission to do as in please at my daughter's name. It's still 'MHAMBI' one tick right. My insecurities sends me to his messages first. His not much of a WhatsApp person. The first top message is to his secretary. He sent it late last night.

I need a list of all the interns we had last year. Email me as soon as you get this it reads. Email? I swift to his emails. The list is already in and he had already seen the email. It's not long, it reads to about 20 interns and I spot my sister wife on the 13th spot. Charlene Roberts.

Number 13, send me her profile he responded in the morning and the profile hasn't been sent as yet. I release a sigh when it cements to me that my husband is telling the truth. My subconscious is wearing her big sunglasses in all this. She doesn't want to be involved in all this and she is not very happy with me. Well I'm ashamed of myself too but that's doubt. Once the seed of doubt is planted, it's hard to.....

“Found anything interesting” his voice comes calm, collected and not threatening but because what I’m doing is uncalled for. I jump and almost fall from the bed. Shame wears me. I can’t look at him. I feel him walk to stand beside me. His warm palm reaches for my chin, he tilts my face up so he can gaze down at me “Your my world” he informs, intently looking in my eyes “My one and only wife. Don’t let this turn you into an insecure person” I nod, nod at my shame and his words “Please don’t lose your trust in me because of this. I’m going to make it right when we get home” I blink, coupled times trying to blink my shameful tears away “Come here” he opens his warm arms and I stand to fall right there, right in his arms. I sniff in his embrace as he arms me “Shhhh don’t cry sthandwa sami, we are going to be just fine” he assures brushing on my back as I lie on his chest. His shower gel smells amazing. I want to lie longer but I have to apologize and get ready.

“I’m sorry Sango” I apologise still in his warm embrace

“It’s okay mama, I know it’s not you. It’s just insecurities surfacing to what is happening” he brings me off his chest, wipe my tears and cup my face. My face fits perfect in his hold. Leaning down he smooches me. He possess my mouth, sweep me off my feet kissing me. Only when he deposits me to the bed he breaks our delicious kiss. I giggle jumping on the mattress due to how he threw me. He crawls on top of me on the bed, caging me in all possible ways. He has that look. That playful horny look of his.

“Sango we have no door” I remind him, consumed by giggles

“And I just want to make love to my wife” he consumes my words before I could voice them out, kissing me again just the way I love

“You two do realise that there is no door here, right?” Mtho’s voice come through, putting us to a halt. We both breath heavily staring at each other, no one has summed up words to respond him

“What do you want?” Sango finally asks, exasperated

“I miss you” Mtho responds, mouthed. He sounds like he is eating, though I can’t see him because someone is still on top of me

“You do realise that this is my room”

“And it has no door. I was just passing by” Mtho

“Passing by going where? This is the last room on this floor” it is, we are at the far end

“Stretching my legs” sigh! My husband releases a heavy sigh and gets off me

“What do you want?” he asks again, now staring at him

“Iyo! Cerebos things, so acidic so early in the morning Sango? You didn’t get some?” my husband huffs

“Of course I didn’t get some. You blocked my lucks”

“Shame. Hard luck. Anyway, the Mkhizes are here acting all important and turning Khwezi into a wife”

“WHAT?” My husband and I both chorus, shock stricken. I sprung up like something just needed my behind

“Yah! MaMkhize came with some old terrible Shoeshoe dress, asking Khwezi to wear it. She said her mother in law passed it to her and now she is passing it to Khwezi because she is to wed ‘the Zakha Mkhize’. She is dressing her in her room as we speak” Sango is on his feet. Like lightning he dashes to the closet and comes out dressed in sweat pants and vests. I jump too, at the sight of a gun in his hand “HO! Wait bafo....” I don’t hear the rest as Mtho runs behind him. I have no choice but to follow in my gowns before he does something stupid. For my son, I cannot allow him to kill. By the time I make it to the stairs I freeze at the sound of a gun going off. I momentarily freeze but gain my conscious quickly. I make way down the stairs and find silence in the lounge. I look down for anyone wounded on the floor but there is none. Only when a chandelier shatters to the floor it occurs that he shot up. I heave a sigh of relief when I see that he shot the roof.

“IF YOU’RE NOT A MKHIZE OR DLOMO, GET THE F*CK OUT OF HERE BEFORE BLOOD SPILL ON YOU” chaos erupt, people make a run for their lives. The lounge remain with two families, all eyes on my husband. He aims his gun at the man, Mr. Mkhize “Are you f*cking with me Mkhize” Mkhize raises his hands in surrender

“It won’t happen again”

“And it better not, my type of conversation will be raining bullets to your entire family if this shit ever happens again” Mkhize nod with a swallow, momentarily

closing his eyes to calm down “WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?” he shouts again. Mkhize points down the passage with a trembling hand and just on cue, Khwezi appears dressed in the most hideous Shoeshoe dress with colour combinations that looks like something made for the devil’s mate. She is walks besides a woman who looks like she is already shitting herself too. My baby is crying rivers. She runs to my arms when she sees me and just cry

“Mama....mama i..don’t want to get married” I brush on her calming her down

“Sthandwa sami get Khwezi out of that thing and bring it here” I wish he would look at me so I can reprimand him but I do honour his wishes. Khwezi yanks herself out of the dress before we even make it to her room.

“Did they do anything to you baby” she shakes her head no

“She...she just..kept saying I’m marrying her son Zakha” I take the dress from her

“Go to your room, I’m coming now” she nods and runs to her room, poor thing is not even 18 but already royals are.....

“Your husband needs this” I’m startled from watching Khwezi run in just her underwear to her room by Mtho taking the dress from my hands. I follow him to the cold room where he throws the dress on the floor before Sango. Poor dress is rained with bullets. By the time he finishes emptying his gun the floor is in holes.

“Next time. This bullets will go through your entire family tree. You’ll all turn into history. Something that was once there” Mkhize nods damp in sweat. He turns and tuck my waist to his fuming body walking up the stairs with me “I’ll kill them Buthumelo” oh my poor murder bathong!

“It’s okay Dinangwe” I brush on him to calming him down. I know he will kill them.

KHWEZI

The funeral went well I guess. After what transpired in the morning I feel like all eyes are on me. Though I’m not hundred percent sure what happened because I didn’t see it all but I do hear whispers at my sight. Siso’s family and him arrived right after the incident. He is worried about me. He is been texting every minute to check if I’m okay. He advised that we shouldn’t see each other after I told him of

what happened in the morning, though he is worried, he did promised that we'll see each other properly next week. We are washing pile of dishes in the tent when I feel someone pat my back. It's a boy almost my brothers' age. He hands me a wrinkled paper and runs off before I could put him to question. I wipe the wetness on my hands through my grandmother's apron before I could unfold it and read through it.

Meet me behind the palace sthandwa sami it reads. I frown a minute at the paper. Sthandwa sami? Siso? I titter staring at a terrible hand writing that looks like something script by a cockroach. Instead of going to him I produce my phone to text him. I thought he understood that I can't see him here, especially after the morning drama

You have a terrible hand writing and No SISO. I can't see you, I'll see you next week baby. By the way I love LERATO LAKA better I send the text and wait for his response before I continue with my task. He waste no time and text back.

What are you talking about MaMolapo waka? I frown to his text. He definitely did not send me this paper. Mxm! I crush the paper and throw it in the bin before I continue with the dishes, it's probably one of the guys I grew with here making a pass on me. This is exactly what I hate about the rurals. I don't get a chance to be lazy here. House chores are forced down my throat by force.

The morning MaMkhize walks inside the tent while we still busy with the dishes. I hate even the sight of her. She asks me aside from my co dish washers and I allow her. I wish my father kicked them out totally with her ugly creepy son.

"The beautiful MaDlomo" she compliments and I offer her my fake smile "I just want to apologise for what happened earlier my child. It wasn't my intention to make you cry. I just love you so much and I would like to see you sweep my yards one day" I roll my eyes but regret it immediately, I can see she is also not happy.

"I'm sorry Maa. And it's okay" that's all I can say through my fake smile, my grandmother said to not be disrespectful to her after what happened in the morning

"Please apologise for me to your father, we meant no disrespect"

"It's okay maa, I'll do so" I say ready to walk away

“Thank you. And oh MaDlomo I saw another pile of dishes behind the palace”
Uargh! Can it be tomorrow already? I walk out with her but she changes direction when I take a turn behind the palace. I see no dishes from where I stand but I do walk further looking thinking maybe I’ll spot them.

“Sthandwa sami” I jump, creeped by his hoarse voice that infect my skin with shivers. He is not handsome to look and I’m not his love.

“Zakha” I acknowledge and make my turn, I have no time to voice out my displeasure. He is the ‘Zakha Mkhize’ forced down my throat. He roughly arm me and pin me to the wall before I could take couple of steps away.

“I said sthandwa sami” his terrible voice comes all over my face.

“Zakha let me go or I’ll scream” I’m scared as hell. For the fact that there is no sight of anyone here and his face looks hard and not to be messed with. He has a presence of someone with a dark aura, like he once did something blood shivering.

“Daddy is not here wifey” he mocks

“Do you have a death wish?” I ask, amazed. I mean after what happened in the morning one would run for the hills at my sight but he is here again poking my father “Let me go” I shout

“I’m afraid I can’t Mamkhize” yak! I feel like puking to his face

“ZAKHA!” my voice come out snappy

“Don’t fu*ken raise your voice at me” he pins me harder to the wall, aching my back “You’ll respect me like you’re soon to be husband” I can’t look at him, I blink my fear away but I can’t stop my tears

“Mmm ghmm” Someone clears their throat. He jumps off me to look and we both find Mkhonto standing right behind him, I have never been so happy to see my little brother until today. Zakha laughs out loud looking down at Mkhonto.

“Get off here boy” hisses at Mkhonto gripping me back to the wall

“I’m not boy and if I were you I would let my sister off the wall” his voice is laced with warning, any other day I would laugh but today I pick the threat his voice carry, down I look and what stands there is an image of my little brother but not him

“FOSEG!” (Piss off) Zakha hisses again, turning to look at Mkhonto. Mkhonto is not moved, he looks up at me.

“What do you want me to do?” he asks, 13 year old looking like a bomb ready to explode

“Can you kill him for me?” this time I’m challenging my opponent, who is tickled by us. I mean it as joke. I know he wouldn’t, he is just a boy.

“Oh I love you sis wami, with pleasure” he sounds happy, like he cannot wait to kill him but I know he wouldn’t. He is 13 and there is no way in hell he would kill a man this old, right? “Zakha Mkhize, look in my eyes” Mkhonto’s words comes as command, forcing Zakha to turn to face him. He turns like a robot to Mkhonto “You’re going to walk out of this yard, wait for me by the bush down the road and I’m going to kill you there” Zakha nods, looking like something possessed “Go” and off he goes, march like a man in uniform towards the gate. Only when Zakha walks out of the gate, the cat incident comes back to me. Mkhonto has something dangerous in him, something Sakhe called the predator, though I’m not sure what it is, I think it’s not wise to let him go after Zakha

“MKHONTOOO” I scream for him and he stops, turn to look at me “I was kidding about killing him, let’s go in the house boy” I reach for his hand

“It’s too late, you already gave an order” his hand slips off my hold, leaving a trail of slime in my palm. I look at the sticky liquid in my hand only to find a piece of snake shed skin plastered in my palm. This time I run to the house, for my father’s aid. I think I did something I wasn’t supposed to do.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 8

BOITUMELO

Silent. And Listen. Careful of the letters. One once said silent and listen are derived from the same letters. Meaning they weigh each other out. You can't do the other without the other. You have to keep silent to listen. You can't listen by not being silent. Anyhow you want to put the words. My husband and I sit in silence, heavy silence. It rains no sound in our room but our silence speaks volume. There is so much we both want to say. I'm just numb. I blame him for all this, even though we past the blame stage, he needs to understand that this is all this fault. Had he listened, we wouldn't be wearing such heavy blanket of silence. A blanket of unspoken words.

Had Khwezi not made it to Mtho and Majara in time, what would have happened? I wonder in silence. This is becoming too much, even for my son. I don't want to have a monster for a son. I don't know what we are going to do but something needs to be done. He is getting out of hand. Maybe it's time to lay my truths on the table, maybe we'll find a way forward from all this. I heave a sigh before I come clean to my husband. I have to, for Mkhonto sake.

"I have to tell you something" we both chorus the same time, our eyes finds each other through our nerves and they lock. We remain fixed at each other until our lips curve into a silent smile. I blush, drop mine first. Years later this man still serves me goose bumps he served in parks station. The first time I saw him.

"Ladies first" he smirks and pull an ottoman to sit before me

"I love you Sango waka you know that" he takes both my hands and shower my knuckles with kisses

"That I know very well and Daddy loves you more than life itself" I feel warm at his words, ready to finally be honest. Just as the truth is, I blurt it out

"Baby Mkhonto killed Luthando" his mouth drops, he double blinks at me "And it was under my order. I gave the order" this one hits him differently. His shocked all

over again “Remember when I said I gave him a cat for when he came to me to feed?” he nods “I lied. I gave him Luthando. Though I didn’t understand back then when they ‘said give him Luthando’ what they meant” he expels a sigh, still holding me and I find comfort in that, that he is still holding my hands, meaning he is not as mad as I thought he would be

“When you say ‘They’ who are you talking about” I expel another sigh

“My grandfather and Gumedede in not so clear words” he nods, shut his eyes processing the information. I prepare myself for his flame but when he opens his eyes, they spark of sincerity.

“I know not to question those two so I’ll believe that they knew it was her time” I nod, taking a huge breathe of relief out “But I knew you were lying, I just didn’t think it was something so deep. How did you tame him?” he asks

“Tlotla was in our house for that reason”

“That’s why you all locked yourself in Khwezi’s room the other day?” I nod “Does the crooks know?”

“I think so, though I’m not hundred percent sure how much they know but they seemed relax around him like it’s something they had seen before. I was still about to sit them down when we get home” he nods in understanding

“What did you do with his nails? They are usually hard to cut after he transformed” now I frown, his nails were okay

“I didn’t see no change on his nails” he sighs, holds my hand harder

“My truth about this whole thing you already know but what I didn’t tell you is that, thabiso’s grandmother was a witch. She did things to thabiso’s body before they buried him and freed his spirit to fight the one that killed him. And instead of that spirit coming to me, it went to Mkhonto because he is naturally connected to Mhambi. He was the easiest to possess because of his gift and power. That thing in him is a wolf possessed by a snake witch as Majara say” I have no words for this. I look at him in complete shock “Majara say there is a woman in the mountains of Lesotho that can help us. The last wolverine. The very woman that helped him take control of his Lupus. He assures that Mkhonto will come back free of the snake

spirit in him or at least able to control it but the wolf in him will be something he has to learn to live with it”

“Sango what are you waiting for. Take him there” now my words frees. I want my son okay

“That’s the problem. We going to have to separate with him for five years at least”

“Like boarding school?” he lightly laughs

“We don’t get to see him at all. He’ll only be released after five years and only if he is managed to be in tune with the wolf in him and free from the snake spirit”

“Sango I can’t separate with my son for that long, five? He’ll be 18 when he comes back, a man to be precise. I can’t miss those years to see my son become a man” he agrees with a heavy sigh and a head nod

“I know my heaven. I know I would find you grazing with cows if you were ever to separate with any of our children that long. Even I don’t know how I would survive not seeing my weird son for that long” we both sigh in defeat at the same time “But then again, after what happened today. I’m afraid we going to have to make that difficult decision”

“Sango no” my voice is already trembling

“Zululami that thing is taking control. He almost killed that imbecile. If Majara wasn’t there on time, what would have happened? Hmm? Did you see the state Mtho is in? My poor brother is tomato red in fear” this time we both laugh “I think it’s time we sat the kids down and told them what is happening. Khwezi ordered him without knowing. Had she known, I think she would have been careful with her words”

“Can anyone order him to kill?” he shakes his head no

“No. The wolf in him senses danger to protect anyone he loves. That’s why he always shows up at odd times. Wolves protect their loved one at all cost. But the predator in him has taken control of the wolf, it kills at a command. It needs an order to kill and only those blood related to him can give that order. But the orders differ, any order can be reversed unless if the order came from you. Your order is final and cannot be taken back. That is why Majara was able to help him today

because it was Khwezi's. But had the order come from you, that boy would be reunited with his useless ancestors"

"But he told Khwezi it was too late when she tried to stop him"

"That's the thing. The predator is taking control. It's starting to control him and Majara fears that if he reaches teenage hood without getting any help, our boy is going to be something we both cannot control"

"Sango" I feel exhausted, exhausted for me and my son

"Let's just do it mama. Please. For him to be okay"

"What am I going to do without my son for five years vulamasango?"

"We'll hold each other down sthandwa sami. For him to be normal and in control we have to this my love" I know it's for my son but no, there has to be another way. I can't spent five years without seeing my boy

"Sango I can't" he sighs, frustrated I can see

"Okay MaDlomo, you can't just 'can't' say something. Tell me what you want me to do because truly speaking he can't go on like this"

"Maybe we can tell the kids and family. He takes orders to anyone blood related right?" he nods "Let's be honest with them so he doesn't get orders to kill from anyone" he regards me with pity lightly shaking his head

"This thing of telling the kids, could work but could also be the biggest mistake. We have a Sakhe in the house" I can't help but laugh "My uncle Sakhe will order him to kill anyone that pisses him off. You and I both know Sakhe is a special case"

"That's my son. Show respect for your uncle" he shakes his head "I hear you, and I do understand your fears but please let's not shut my idea. Let's try it and see if it works"

"Fine. We'll sit the kids down when we get home and I'll tell the family after the cleansing next week but, Buthumelo hear me. If this plan of yours doesn't work, I'll be the one driving him to Lesotho with or without your permission" Thank you, I mouth to him and he smiles "Such a stubborn wife! You like getting your way Mrs. Dlomo"

“I know where to touch my husband to make him dance to my tune” he raises an eyebrow

“Really now?” I nod “Come here” I abandon the bed to sit on top of him wrapping my hands around his neck “I miss you” I laugh, this man

“I’m here”

“Hai, you know what I mean” I do, and he defeats me everyday

“You know we are not supposed to do anything until your cleansed”

“The boney-gang doesn’t recognise BJ as sexual intercourse” he winks “I could use those sweet lips to release” sigh!

“Let’s get home first. You know my mouth game always leaves you screaming like a little bi*tch”

“And I can be your bit*ch but don’t tell anyone” we laugh. I love my murder shame! Though he comes with too much baggage.

MTHOKOZISI

I have seen all kinds of evil on this world but not what I saw through my son. My very own tiny twebankie. The little Mkhonto Dlomo, heir to the throne? This world is really f*cked up. I wonder what would have happened had Khwezi not made it to us in time? Vula really f*cked up this time around. This is all his mess.

Khwezi came running like she was being chased by something

‘BABA! BABA! MAMA!’ she screamed on top of her lungs. I was with Majara and Peter enjoying our beer ‘BABA!’ she came to me pounding when her eyes landed on me

‘What’s wrong’ I asked, ready to kill

‘It’s Mkhonto....i...he is changing, his skin is covered in this’ she showed her hand and it had a slimy snake skin. Majara was on him feet.

‘Where is he?’ he asked

'He said he is going to kill him down the bush' Stupid me, followed Majara. I don't know who he is going to kill but my mind tells me we are going to find a group of boys fighting. Normal boys fight kind of things.

'Wait up, we need sticks' I said to Majara who was walking like he was late for a train ride

'Sticks for what?' he asked not even glaring at me

'To beat the boys' I think he laughed but continued. Peter and I followed not knowing that what we were going for, was not for us to see. I don't know what I was thinking but in my head I thought the boys were playing with a dead snake hence the snake skin in Khwezi's hand and somehow they got into a fight. That's what I thought but the minute Majara jumped and his clothes scattered in pieces on us like rain, I knew it was time out. I put a halt to my movement and sat my white ass flat down. When he landed from his jump he was in a monster form. The monster that made me faint for the first time in my life. The white red eyed wolf. I gladly sat on the pavement along the road. They'll find me there. I wasn't about to see him do his things, as long as he brought my son.

'Is hee.....' Peter finally asked, when Majara disappeared in the bushes. He trailed off, not knowing what to say

'He is a wolf' I finished it for him

'I love him' my mouth dropped 'I'm in love' I would like to think it was the traditional beer talking. Peter is a happily married man the last time I checked. I tripped him to fall besides me

'You need to stop drinking umqombothi, that shit is not for white people' I told him, but before he could arrange his response something I had never seen before until today came out of the bush cowering back. We saw the long spiky boned tail first. At first I thought it was some kind of snake from hell when I saw the tail but when it came into full picture, I think I saw a wolf with no fur. Covered in slimy red skin like a snake. Nails and teeth out like rakes from hell. In that moment I forgot that we were sitting on the pavement by the road. I forced my feet to carry me and I run, but unfortunately I run in front of a moving vehicle. I don't know what hurts more. My aching body or my fragile brain. It saw things not meant for human sight. I need a shrink to unsee what I saw.

From jumping in front of a car I was still very much alive and well active. Peter ran to me, he attended me but his eyes were fixed on the two monsters.

'Who is the other one?' he asked, glancing once at me as he checked my pulse and kept a look at his favourite movie. I had no words. I was just numb, I don't know the other snake monster. Lupus roared, twisted his neck looking up like he was ready to kill. The snake monster hit its tail hard on the paved road resulting it to crack 'f*ck, this is amazing' Peter said, letting me go. He sat flat besides me watching with eager. The snake monster struck first. It waved its tail sending it up, creating something like a tornado but Lupus jumped inside the wave, a creeping horrific groan left the snake monster resulting it to stop the wave. Lupus had sank his teeth in its tail before it gripped him. The snake monster cried, it groaned a cry like it was feeling an excruciating pain. Lupus didn't stop, it kept its teeth right there. Slowly the snake monster shrank, smaller and smaller in size it grew until my son fell naked covered in sticky liquid, he came out of the huge snake skin lupus gripped with its teeth.

I woke to arm twebankie, who was shivering as if cold 'Baba....ba..ba' he was panting, naked in my arms, breathing like he just ran a marathon. I was in disbelief in that moment, it came clear that my son was the snake monster but I had to hold him, he was in fragile human form, though he had sticky liquid covering him like a new born.

'It's okay boy' I assured

'It wants him baba' he said, struggling to breathe

'Who boy?'

'It wants Zakha's blood baba, Lupus has to leave it alone'

'Who?' I asked again

'The Predator baba' the predator. I had heard about it and that it was something that possess him but I had never seen it until today. I couldn't believe that the boy in my arms could turn into something so evil.

'Get them out of here' Majara's voice came behind me. He was naked and had the bloodied Zakha in hand 'I'm going to wipe the driver's memory and the doctor's. I'll

make the driver think he hit this one because he is already bleeding' I understood but he forgot me

'What about me?' I asked

'What about you?' he asked back, bewildered

'My memory is very young, I need to forget this too' he laughed, nakedly passed me going to the driver inside the car, who is just frozen on the steering wheel. I think the man fainted on the wheel and woke and fainted again. He didn't come to check on me. He had been his car the whole time.

'You're not forgetting shit. That's your son, you need to live with it to accept it' he put the fragile Zakha in front of the car and cracked the front window of the car with his fist 'I'm going to start with the good doctor, after I wiped his memory leave with him and make sure he doesn't turn back' I nodded 'Then I'll wipe Zakha's and the driver. Find me some clothes when you get home, and just throw them behind the wall. I'll find them' I nod again then he squat down to peter

'Can I ask you something first, before you wipe my memory' Peter asked, unmoved by all this and Majara nod to him already side smiling 'what size is your d*ck? Is it real?' I had no choice but to laugh, Majara joined in too 'Just so you know, I love you' and like that he confessed, our straight doctor confessed his love shattering us with more laughter. Majara scooped him and asked me to follow him with Mkhonto 'I feel like we just got married' Peter continued with his nonsense, in Majara's arms. When we were a corner away from the incident, Majara made him stand and whispered for a while in his ear. Peter's eyes remained closed until Majara was out of sight back to the accident.

'What are we doing here?' Peter asked, blinking and brushing on his head

'We came to get Mkhonto, he went missing, to swim, don't remember?' I asked, already making way back to the palace

'No....' he trailed off 'I feel very strange' he remarked

'It's the consequences of being white and drinking Umqombothi'

'I feel like I need a whole 20 litre now' I sighed a relief, at least he doesn't remember anything.

And this is why I have been locked in my room praying. From what I saw today, it's only now I realise that I need God in my life.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 9

BOITUMELO

We are back home. We came back Sunday afternoon and today is Monday. The boys are at school and Khwezi is....well I don't know where that girl is, probably at Cindy's. Since Vulamasango put his foot down and made damn sure I don't go back to work, I'm bored as hell. I can't wait to pop this baby up and go back to my normal life. To escape boredom I visited Mabatung. Who is quite happy to host me. Her flat is beautiful. She hands me my cup of tea and regard me suspiciously.

"You have a beautiful flat mabataung" I compliment again, feeding my eyes with her amazing flat. I love the space, it's spacious and it draws you in.

"Thank you but the flat can wait" she winks her eyebrows "I guess things went well between you and Mr. Dlomo?" She probes, keeping her eyes at me behind the mug. I can't contain my face from breaking into a smile

"My husband is not cheating" I tell

"I told you" she did, she asked me countless times to call him and ask him to explain himself

"He is fixing it. He asked me to get a doctor I'm comfortable with for DNA test to prove his innocence" she sighs, her expression a bit worry

"I don't think your husband is cheating on you or anything but you have to ask yourself why that girl would just come out of nowhere claiming to be pregnant by your husband" deep down that's what I wonder too

"What are you saying?"

"Usually they say where there is smoke, there is fire. I say don't relax as yet, be a silent killer. Find the girl's motive and if it's anything threatening your family, use your connections to wipe her entire existence" I break into fits of laughter "Don't laugh Boitumelo. Wh*res are savage out there. To deal with one, you have to put you wh*re panties on too. And please when it gets to a point of vacuuming her,

don't be afraid to ask. You're well connected to people who'd whistle for Lupus at any given time" we laugh

"Your so savage mabataung"

"I just love my husband and I know I would kill anything threatening my family and speaking of family. I have decided that I'm going back. I miss my husband and I'm ready to apologise" I smile, I have been pestering her to go back

"He was at the funeral" I tell, her mouth drops with eyes popping "You should have came with"

"I should have came" she agrees, a hint of blush creeping her "How was he?"

"Delicious as ever" she burst

"Don't be eyeing my husband Mrs. Dlomo" she reprimand with laughter

"It's called feeding the eyes" I defended. Tlotla appears baby walking into the room. She passes us in silence and make way to the window. The window is stretched to floor. She sit down there and look outside facing the opposite flat view

"Babies, she is so moody when she just woke"

"Papa papa papa!" Tlotla exclaims giggling, she stands with so much happiness clapping her hands "PAPA, PAPA!" she continues to celebrate. She stands giggling and clapping, back to the happy Tlotla I know

"I don't know what is it about that window but every time she sits there, she doesn't want to leave. She screams Papa all the damn time"

"Maybe she misses her father" I suggested

"Yah, I think so too" we both watch in sadness as Tlotla giggled over the window calling papa

After my lunch with mabataung I called Mr. Roberts. I need his daughter for DNA testing. Sango promised to meet us at the doctor's facility for DNA testing but I suggested a sit down first just to get rid of the awkwardness and tension because with this situation, we bound to have some tension rising. I'm glad he allowed me to handle this the way I'm comfortable with and I made sure we don't use Peter for

this one. I don't trust him. I know he is my husband's doctor before me. Probably the first doctor to break doctor patient confidentiality for almost everything.

I decided we meet at the coffee shop close to the doctor's practice just to get formal. Mr. Roberts was okay on the phone and promised that he'll be here with his daughter at exactly 14:00. We are scheduled to see the doctor at 14:30. So it allows us enough time to get comfortable I guess.

I sit alone having my coffee beverage praying that Sango doesn't walk in on me drinking coffee. That man doesn't understand that one cup will not kill his baby. I release a sigh when I see Mr. Roberts with Charlene standing over the entrance searching for me. I wave my hand up to cut the search and they make way to me.

"Wow! If there is ever a black beautiful woman. You don't deserve to be black" Mr. Roberts, such a racist. I smile at his racist compliment wishing to burn him with this coffee

"Mr. Roberts" I acknowledge and point them chairs before me

"Hello" Charlene greets taking a sit, today it's brought day light. She is beautiful and I see she avoids eye contact with me.

"Hi" I greet back "Mmhh I'm having coffee, I didn't know what you'd prefer so I...."
Mr. Roberts cuts me

"It's okay beautiful, we are fine" yak! That beautiful! It feels so gross. I keep my eyes at his nervous daughter

"If I may ask Charlene, how far along are you?" now that we under Mother Nature light, I realise her bump is quite huge. The other day she had a huge coat on and it was hard to tell.

"I'm eight months" I almost choke but I'm quick to contain myself. She is months ahead from me, I'm only five months. This person is giving birth tomorrow moos.

"And why didn't you come inform me earlier?" I ask, taking in enough breath to calm down

"I think we should wait on the culprit first before we get into all that, your husband. Where is he by the way? I hate to be kept waiting" he sneers, almost turning red
"And what the f*ck is he saying about touching my daughter?" Now that he is the

one asking questions it's okay to talk about my husband but when I'm the one asking he says we should wait. Hmk! I hate this white man and he thinks he is going to call the shots in this, he has another thing coming. I feel my husband's gentle touch on my shoulder before I could sum up my response for this white jojo tank

"The husband is here Robertson's and I'm saying your little white pepper needs to have her head checked and please Mr. Spice, refrain from calling my wife 'beautiful' I huff look up at him in exhaustion. He needs to calm the hell down!

"Sit down" I scold and he is quick to sit beside me. I fake a smile "Mr. Roberts, this is my husband" I guess he is the one that should be introduced. As for my sister wife, I will not bother because they know each other. Boss relations or lover's relations, I'm not sure as yet.

"Nice meeting you Fula and like your beauty said. It's Roberts not Robertsons" Mr Roberts crosses his hand for a shake over the table but Sango just looks at it and turn to look at Charlene who I can't help but stare back at too. She squirms, she somehow looks scared, even her skin is also starting to take colour

"Charlene" Sango, he keeps his eyes fixed at her. I'm studying them, my instinct will tell me if they f*cked. Woman intuition. Don't ask how but with just a look, a woman can always tell if she shared a pipe with another woman.

"Mr....Mr. Dlomo" she flinches, hands suddenly trembling but she quickly removes them from sight. Something is up, though I don't know what it is

"You're a hard woman to reach neah?" he remarks, making me inwardly question him. Why was he trying to reach her? I'll ask him when we are alone

"I....i....i lost my phone Mr. Dlomo" Sango chuckles, shaking his head with mock

"You did, didn't you?" he ask again, glaring at her

"Stop asking things that doesn't concern you. Or were you trying to reach my daughter for another f*ck?" As rude as he sounds, I also would like to know

"Oh dear spice, don't flatter yourself. I have never touch you daughter and I would never and while we at it" he looks back at Charlene who can't even keep his look "If you may enlighten me baby mama, when exactly did we f*ck?" Sango asks, glaring at Charlene. I have to nudge him to behave and he sighs and rest back to his

sit. He hugs his hand over my shoulder “Listen Roberts, I don’t know what kind of paint your daughter is smoking but I’ll say this and I’ll still say it after the DNA test, which I’m only doing for my wife. I have never touched your daughter and I’m frankly sure that even if she and I were the last left on earth to save human from extinction, I would let our kind come to an end than touch her” I close my eyes, to breathe. The creatures we fall in love with! This is going to be a very long journey.

“Can we just go?” I suggest, I thought we were going to be civil but it doesn’t look like it. It’s not even time as yet but I think waiting at the practice will be better than watching this two man change unpleasant words

“NO” Mr. Roberts’ voice comes stern, his eyes fixed at Sangos’ face “No. I want my daughter to tell you how your husband was sleeping with her every night in his office. How he took her to expensive vacations and showered her with all kinds of expensive gift. What kind of a boss are you?” he hisses, glaring at Sango who is just as shocked as I am. Looking between Sango and the girl, I don’t know if it’s me trusting my husband but it doesn’t look like they had any kind of relationship. They look like strangers, not even a boss and employee kind of relationship.

“You know what Robertsons, let’s just go. Let’s get this test out of the way so I can happily wipe both you and your daughter out of my life” he pushes his chair standing and he helps me up clinging me under his arm “You okay?” he ask in a whisper as we walk out of the coffee shop and I nod. I’m not but right now is not the time

“Baby I have to pay for my coffee....” He interjects, kissing my cheek

“I took care of it and we are going to discuss this thing of you having coffee later” I’m glad we are walking because I just rolled my eyes at him. I feel their eyes behind us and I want to get off Sango’s grip but I know it will be a futile exercise. He grips me harder as we cross the road to the small private clinic “You aware that things here will take longer, it will take close to a week for the results to come back. Kanti with Peter this thing would be over as soon as tomorrow” he informs as we walk the pavement to the practice

“And risk him tempering with the test? No thank you” he laughs kissing my head

“I don’t know why you don’t trust Peter this much, but I’ll back off from this one. We’ll do things your way”

“Thank you” I wave at the girl behind the reception desk as we sit. My husband sits right beside me, now holding my hand. I see him looking around, admiring the place I think

“MaDlomo how did you know about this place” I squirm, suddenly feel hot. I can’t tell him I found out about this place when Lihle had an abortion. She terminated Mtho’s baby and cut her tubes. She said three babies is enough for her, she is not going more than that. That’s the secret I promised to keep for her.

“I...she is Dinny’s doctor” I lie, thankful that I didn’t stutter and that he isn’t looking at me

“It’s beautiful and private” I nod, looking down. I know the receptionist notices me, she knows me very well. All thanks to Lihle. She will call me when it’s our time.

This is going to be the longest 15 minutes of all times. We are 15 minutes early and I wish I could jump time to the consultation room. In fact I wish I could jump it to the results day. The sooner the results come, the sooner we can get back to our normal lives.

“Mrs. Dlomo” the receptionist calls my name after she gets off the phone. I look at her still seated where I’m at “You may go through” I nod and thank her. My husband and I leads the way to the consultation room with our tails behind us.

“Dr. Morake” I greet our doctor the minute we walk in the room. She beams at my sight and shake everyone’s hands as they introduce themselves.

“Welcome everyone” she retires back to her chair, study all of us with no fear what’s so ever. She is a confident woman “How may I help you today?” she asks, trying to be professional. She knows very well what put us here today, I called her yesterday when I set this appointment. But I’m glad she is acting like we don’t know each other, I don’t want to raise eyebrows. Sango nudges me, I guess he wants me to speak.

“Dr Morake we are here for a DNA test” I shoot straight to the point, she raises her eyebrow faking shock “We need a DNA test to confirm if the child Charlene is carrying is my husbands” I state our visit, skipping the whiny part. She nods with a smile.

“Okay Mrs. Dlomo. Lucky for all of you, we just established a safe method to perform DNA testing while the mother is still pregnant. All I need is confirmation from the mother and alleged father to continue” Both Sango and Charlene nod
“Okay if that’s all.....” she is interjected by Sango

“Actually Dr Morake, I was wondering if you have a way of making the wheels turn faster, I need those results as soon as tomorrow” Sango

“I’m afraid it will take close to 7 working days for the results to come back and I’ll notify all of you when they do”

“Dr Morake you’re not hearing me. What I’m saying is that I have R50 000 to donate to your practice if you could make me have those results by tomorrow” Dr. Morake looks at me, I nod and she knows what she is supposed to do.

“You even bribe doctors, your such a corrupt man” Roberts sneer

“I want you and your skank of a daughter out of my life as soon as tomorrow” he looks back at the doctor “Doc?” he asks

“Mr. Dlomo that’s quite a huge amount to donate. I’m going to need confirmation before I pull my strings”

“Pen me your details” with no hesitation Morake jots down her details and push the paper to sango, he snaps them and makes a call

‘Vuyo, I’m going to send you a picture. Please transfer R50 000 into that account now’ he order and immediately drops the call. In less than 5 minutes, the doctor’s phone pings and she smiles checking it

“I’ll make sure you have your results tomorrow Mr. Dlomo” Sango smiles as she stands pushing off her chair “Okay, if you may both kindly follow me”

“You’ll be okay?” Sango asks in a whisper before he follows the doctor. I nod and only then he follows after glaring at Mr. Roberts. I’m left with this man I hate so bad.

“You have a corrupt husband. I wouldn’t be surprised if he managed to change those results somehow” urgh! Can he die?

“My husband is anything but I know for a fact that if that child is his, he would really want to know and take care of the baby”

“With its mother right?” I frown

“I thought you said your taking your daughter home. You just want my husband to take his child” I remind him but he smirks at me

“Well I changed my mind beautiful. If those results come back saying his DNA is growing in my daughter’s womb, he is going to marry my daughter” my mouth drops “Don’t be shocked, you black people do it all the damn time. Marry multiple wives” I cannot believe this bastard, he reaches for my hand but I’m quick to yank it off his grip “Listen, you’re a very beautiful woman and I’m a very wealthy man. Give me one night with you and I’ll reconsider my decision. I’ll go back to my prior decision of just giving him his child. I’ll also compensate you well for showering me with your smooth thighs just for one night. Me and you, one night only and I’ll make sure all this go away. You look juicy” Bathong! This jojo tank! Satan is testing me today.

“Go f*ck yourself, bloody jojo tank” I leave him there to wait by reception, I can’t stand this moron.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 10

VULAMASANGO

I steal a glance at her for the hundredth time. She is been keeping to herself as I drive her back home. I know this hard for her and I'm grateful she is still here. I'm scared that one day she is going to explode. Too much has been served on her plate and this one is just adding more to the pile she has to chew. And on top of that she is pregnant. A difficult pregnancy while at it.

"Sthandwa sami" I reach for her hand, caress her knuckles. She spares me her look and I can tell she is not okay "We are here" I tell, reminding that her that we are home. We've been home for a while but she is been lost in her thoughts. We just came from DNA testing and I'm parked at the house entrance. The deal was to drop her home and go back to work but now seeing how burdened my wife is, I can't just leave her. She smiles through her pain, though it's not her usual warm smile. I climb off the car and turn to open for her holding her out.

"Please buy something when you come back, I'm too tired to cook" her voice comes low. We are standing outside the car.

"We'll order in. I'm not going back" a bit of her normal smile creeps her face

"Thank you" I know she just need my chest now, just to sleep a bit and she'll be okay. My lips lands on her forehead for a kiss.

"Come, let's go in" she allows me to walk her in the house where we find the crooks doing homework in the lounge.

"Boys!" my wife greets

"Mama, yebo, ola!" they all reply the way they see fit but that 'ola' came from the uncle

"Call me when you're done, baba and I need to talk to you. Where is Khwezi?" she talks to the boys

"She is in her room" Zizwe replies as she climb the stairs

“Sango we didn’t sleep with you” Sakhe decides to be sakhe. I didn’t see them in the morning because I left before them. I had an early meeting.

“Ngiyaxolisa Dinangwe unjani?” (I’m sorry Dinangwe, how are you?) he beams, look at all his brothers

“Did you hear that” they nod, only then he looks back at me “Hai! Ngiyaphila Sango you may be excused” I can’t help but shake my head and follow my wife to our chambers. I find her getting undressed and I freeze. My wife is beautiful. Pregnant or not, I have a beautiful wife.

“Staring is rude” she snaps me from ogling her

“Come here” I open my arms but she refuses

“A.a Sango, you know we are supposed to abstain for a week” I laugh, I’m always thirsty and she knows me very well

“Come here mama” I voice out a bit firm and she sighs, taking cautious steps towards me. She fits perfect in my hold. I pull her to the bed and unbutton my jacket before I sit down and position her on my lap. My hand land on her bump brushing on it. She is just in her underwear, no bra. She hates them when she is pregnant “Khuluma nami sthandwa sami, you’ve been awful quiet” (Talk to me my love.....) she sighs

“There is nothing to talk about Sango, I’m just worried. Those people seemed confident and unfazed about the test” I hold her closer and peck her nose

“You have nothing to worry about. That test is coming back negative tomorrow. I know I have never touched that girl” she blinks, her usual blink

“Why were you trying to reach her?” I frown at her question and she explains “You mentioned that she is a hard woman to reach” I tighten my hold on her

“To be honest, yes I tried to call her but all her contacts are unreachable. I even had Nduna going to search her at her previous place but he was told that she moved months back. My reason for trying to get in contact with her was to have a sit down with her and just understand why she would paint me with something so outrageous”

“Hai! If you say so Sango, let me shower this day away, maybe I’ll feel better after my shower. Please gather the children, we have to tell them about the predator remember” I nod and peck her lips first

“I love you okay”

“And I love you too” only then I release her and watch her walk to the bathroom. The king is up. I’m going to need some loose pants. This is going to be the longest week.

It’s straight after dinner and we are gathered in the lounge watching some tv. I reach for the remote and switch off the tv.

“Ahhhh baba!” the crooks whine

“I need your attention you’ll. Khwezi!” she quickly throws her phone on the couch and now all eyes face at me “Mama and I have to tell you something. Something that should stay within this family. Are we clear?” they nod “I’m sure you’ll aware that Mkhonto is special”

“I’m not special baba” he denies, today he is a normal boy

“You’re not my boy, I just mean special in a way that you have the predator in you while the others don’t” he blinks at me. The one thing he took from his mother is blinking, other than that my children are my spitting image “’Ngane zami Mkhonto has something called the predator in him. It’s something very dangerous and we have to help him get rid of it or else it will harm him” I have to be careful with my words, they may have grown but they are still boys at the end of the day. As for Khwezi I know she understands

“We call it ‘the angry bird’ baba” Zizwe informs and my wife and I frown looking at him

“You know about it” I ask, bewildered. I can see he wants to respond but his refrained by the look he is being subjected to from Sakhe “Sakhe!” I warn

“I hate snitches, it’s supposed to be our secret” Sakhe

“Well now I know, khuluma ke Sakhe, you be the snitch” he sighs

“I named it the angry bird because he sometimes changes to red when he is mad. His skin just changes and he would ask for blood” my wife’s jaws are on the floor

“And what did you do when he asks for blood?” she speaks for the first time

“We’d killed a bird for him and he’d drink the blood and then he would become normal again after drinking”

“Sango I’m going to hurt this boys, doing such vile things under my house” I brush on her back to calm her down

“Let’s hear them out before you hurt them”

“Bathong! These boys” her eyes are on Mkhonto “And then wena? What do you say for yourself?”

“Mama I don’t remember anything” Mkhonto defends himself

“How many times have you killed animals for him?” I ask

“Three. It was the birds, the first time, then rats and lastly Mrs. McKenzie’s cat” Muzi

“It only happens when he is angry” Sakhe is quick to defend their despicable deeds

“And oh! his nails” Zizwe. They all laugh like it’s some kind of a joke “They always grow whenever he was mad and we chop them with scissors”

“Vulamasango I’m going to hurt this kids”

“And you still don’t want us to send him to Lesotho? What’s going to happen next time? Kill a person for their brother?” I whisper in her ear, she release a sigh before she responds

“Okay, give me a week with my son then we’ll drive him together” I smile and smash her lips

“Ewww, sis maan” they complain. They can all go jump in hell. This is my wife.

BOITUMELO

I have been restless the entire day. I haven't had the courage to face this day and I'm glad my husband is right by my side. He missed work because he is worried about me. I refused to leave the bed. After preparing the boys and cleaning up, I showered and came straight to bed again. The time reports to be 13:00 and I haven't had anything to eat. Everything keeps coming back. I know it's not the pregnancy but nerves. I'm nervous as hell.

"BUTHUMELO! BUTHUMELO!" his voice comes loud, like he's been calling me for a while "Jesus! Your pale buthumelo. You need to calm down" I slowly take in the air and breathe out. Inwardly I snap at myself to calm the f*ck down.

"What is it?" I ask, a bit snappy. I'm having one of those shitty days. Pregnancy plus nerves

"It's time mama. Morake called" Morake called. The two words I have been waiting for. I can feel my skin damp up in a minute "Buthumelo your scaring the shit out of me, are you okay" I take another huge breathe before I step out of the bed. His focus is on me. He carefully looks at me as I head to the closet to change. I don't know what prevails me to look behind on the bed but when I do, I notice a spot of blood where I had sat. My heart stops, I freeze for a minute until he shouts my name again "BUTHUMELO!"

"Hmmm" My voice is trapped

"Your stressing me right now, what's wrong?" worry speaks volume over his face

"Can you please get me some bottled water love, I'll be in the shower just 5 minutes then we can go" I'm chasing him out, I don't want him to see the blood spot on the bed. He regards me for a while but he does leave the room to honour my request. I quickly gather the sheet before he sees it. I know this is a risk but my baby has to hold on for a minute. If he sees this, he'll refrain me from going to the results. I need those answers.

We are on the road, he keeps stilling glances at me. I know he is worried of my quietness. I don't know if it's my mind being paranoid but I think I know. My irregular heart beat confirms my worst nightmares. I feel damp once again, damp

in my vagina and this time the moisture growing in there worries me. I have no pains as yet but I have to come clean before I lose my baby.

“Sango” my first word after almost 15 minutes of silent driving

“My heaven”

“Call peter, I’m bleeding” I can feel that I’m damp once again. As much as I want those answers, I cannot lose my child for it. I’ll die if I lose her again. I’m glad he doesn’t wait to be told twice. His phone is connected to the speaker. He dials peter changing roads flying to the hospital. Peter assures that we’ll find him ready. Now I’m praying for my baby. The rest can wait.

“What did I say about stress?” Peter snaps at me. I’m on the bed with one trip on. I try to bribe him with my nervous smile but he doesn’t buy it “Do you want me to keep you here until you give birth?” I shake my head no “I’m keeping you for a week, just to teach you a lesson”

“Hai hai peter” I scold

“Don’t hai me. You keep putting yourself under stress while I told you to free yourself from stress” Sango needs to reason with him, I look at him and his head is buried in his hands “SANGO!” he slowly raises his head and when my eyes lands on his, I find his look bleak “Talk to peter, I can’t spend a week here” He sighs, look at peter excusing him. Now that we are alone, I take my time to study his emotions. He is worried, worried that we almost lost our daughter but I think his worry extends beyond. He is worried about something more.

“What’s wrong baby” I ask. He heaves a huge sigh, almost audible and rubs his hands together.

“Sthandwa sami things are falling apart”

“What are you talking about?” I ask again

“I’m mad that you almost lost our baby because of this stress and for that reason I feel like I should not tell you the results but then again I know you’re just going to stress more”

“You have the results?” my voice comes as a whisper, same time my heart jumps in fear

“I asked Morake to email them because we couldn’t make it” I don’t need to voice it out but he can see that I want to know. With a trembling hand he gives me his phone. Already opened at the crucial document. Reading through it I skip all the unnecessary information to the bottom. What I read there rains his phone with my tears, my sight blurs up with tears in an instant. He is 99.99% the father “I wish I can say I can explain but I don’t know.....buthumelo I don’t....i don’t know how this happened” his voice comes pained

“Get out”

“Buth.....”

“OUT” I shout, throwing his phone at him and he stands raising his hands in surrender. Yoh! banna neah! For my child I need to breath. I don’t need his lying cheating ass.

“MaDlomo I love you”

“My lawyer will be in touch”

“We’ll see about that” he says and bangs the door walking out. I hate him.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 11

LULU

I'm all set and ready to leave. I have been discharged and I'm waiting on my brother to come pick me up. I hate that he is late. I want myself out of this place. An entire two weeks in this place feels like hell for me but it allowed me to reflect on myself. I feel like I'm ready to face the world and start again. Let go of the things that let me astray in the first place. The first one is my marriage to Sbu, im glad he is dead and I won't have to deal with him and funny enough his family buried him without my presence. They knew that I was in the hospital but none came, including his mother, whom I thought loved me but at the end it is what it is. The second burden I'm dropping is the Divas. That group is acidic. And speaking of starting again, I haven't heard from my girlfriend today. She had promised to be here so we can do lunch but her phone is ringing unanswered.

My brother's bold voice echo's the entire corridor. He is a happy person by nature. I can hear him flirt and compliment nurses. I wonder how his wives deal with him, Lord knows I wouldn't survive a man like my brother for husband. He is everywhere and always looking where he shouldn't look.

"Lungisa's daughter" that's his happy greeting. Standing by the door "How are you today my baby?" he walks in

"Great now that you're here. Let's just go please" he laughs after planting a kiss on my cheek. He takes my small bag and holds my hand out of the room.

As soon as we walk out of the hospital exit, I take a much needed breathe in. I feel like a new person.

"You okay babygirl?" he asks because I took a moment and just stood breathing the surroundings.

"I have never been better" he smiles as I take his hand again and allow him to walk us to his car

"You moving in with me right?"

“Nop. My girlfriend offered me her flat. Rather that, than have your wives fighting over who I’m staying with” he laughs as we get to the car and the same time his phone rings. He steps aside to take his call and Abongile jumps off the car. I wasn’t aware he is here. He opens the backseat door for me.

“Mrs. Luu” he greets holding the door opened for me

“Lulu please” I correct jumping inside the car. He nods and jumps to his driver seat after closing my door “You’re here?” I ask, out of nowhere just to make conversation

“I had to be. I had to see that you’re really okay” I smile, at the realisation that there are still good man out there and he happens to be one of them, though he doesn’t show much.

“Thank you” It comes as whisper from me but I’m sure he heard me. We sit in silence waiting on my brother to get off the phone but his phone also pings. He smiles before taking the call.

‘My love’ ‘Yes sweetheart’ ‘No, I’ll be there’ ‘When is it again?’ ‘I’ll set the reminder now’ ‘I promise my baby’ ‘I love you too’ ‘Okay baby’ then he ends his call. His face is radiant with love as he gets off the phone. She is a lucky a woman.

“That’s my daughter” he explains just as I make a remark in my head that it’s his woman “She is 8 years old and wants to be Beyoncé” laughter infects to car, he shakes his head laughing “She wants me to attended her singing competition at school”

“I’m sure your Beyoncé will nail it”

“She cannot even sing but my sister thinks she’ll get better with time”

“Practice makes perfect” I remark at the back

“Yeah it does, anyway what are you doing next week Friday? You can join us if you have nothing planned” of course I have nothing planned but I don’t want to intrude

“It will be just my sister and me” he explains

“Where is her mother?”

“She is married to another man” well that’s enough

“Okay, I’ll be there” because I’m at the back, I can’t see him perfectly but I do see the corners of his face turning into a smile

“And that means I’m going to need your cell number” this time he turns to me with a smile he is trying so hard to suppress

“For what now?”

“To call you, when I come to pick you up. I’m sure you don’t know my daughter school” there is silliness over his face but I trust him. I receive his phone to store my numbers same time my brother jumps in the car.

“And then? What’s with the smiles, nihlekani?” I’m not smiling, am I? No one replies him, I give Abongile his phone back and we receive looks, awkward looks “Do you two have feelings for each other?” Jesus Mthokozisi Khoza! There is a silly grin dancing over his face.

“Haibo!” I exclaim, horrified

“I’m just asking, I’m sensing sexual energies in here” he sits back on his seat beside Abongile and look at him “If it is what I think it is, I approve. You’ll be the first man she falls for that I like”

“Haibo!” I exclaim again “Bhuti Mtho you’re embarrassing me. Abongile is just a friend” I explain

“Are you a friend Abongile?” Abongile shakes his head no “Thank you. That’s why I was always top of my class when I was still in primary school. I was still young and innocent then and very clever but came high school. All that went down the drain. I knew how breast felt like to hold and I wanted all of them” thank God this topic is changing to him, he has a tendency of embarrassing me “Drop me to the office. And take her to my house. She’ll choose which one she is visiting first” this is exactly what I hate. I always have to visit both his houses when I visit.

I’m glad when he is dropped at the office but the sudden awkwardness in the car makes me miss him. I catch Abongile staring at me through the rear view mirror.

“I was checking the car behind us” he explains before I could ask, I turn to look at the car and I find a ‘things fall apart’ kind of van. A scrap to be precise. That’s what they call scraps at my home town ‘things fall apart’

“Why are you looking at it?” I mean, it’s a scrap. What could be interesting about watching a scrap? A hint of smile creeps him.

“It’s a beautiful car” We both laugh but he composes his laughter first and look at me through the review mirror again “Ms Luu don’t you mind us crabbing something to eat? I’m quite famished” he asks, concentrating on the road now

“You can drop me off and go have your lunch”

“I don’t like eating alone” yoh!

“Who do you like eating with?”

“I think my best meal will be meals shared with Ms Luu’s presence from on” I laugh

“Are you flirting with me Abongile” he shakes his head smiling too

“Me? Never” he is not convincing “Just one meal, it will be the best you’ve ever had after MaDlomo’s” he is insistent but I do agree with a head nod

He decided to take me to Ira’s Food Palace. A classic restaurant which makes me wonder if he can afford this place but I won’t dare say it. I also feel underdressed. As for him, his not bad. He is in his usual black. Black boots, black simple shirt with black jeans tucked inside the boots. And he has a brown leather jacket on top. My girlfriend and I would call him a snack if we were to gossip about him. I find myself smiling.

“What’s funny?” he laughs taking my hand as we walk down the pavement to the door, I look at his hand holding me “I just want to make sure you don’t fall” I laugh again shaking my head. I’m not even wearing heels. A beautiful waitress welcomes us by the entrance and asks for our seating arrangement. Abongile chooses a table for two and the girl heads us to our preferred table. He pulls a chair for me and I laugh again.

“If I didn’t know better, I would say this is a date to you” I remark taking my seat

“Well I’m glad you know better Ms Luu” I like that Ms Luu. The waitress hands us the menus and stand aside a bit when we decide on what to drink while going through the menu. This is an Irish restaurant. I’m worried I don’t have my card with me. He is a nice man and he looks comfortable but the prices of these plates are not for bodyguards. I decide on the cheapest plate and he frowns when I tell the waitress what I’ll prefer “Are you sure?” he asks and I nod. I don’t want to cost him. Now I frown when he tells the waitress his preferred meal, that shit is bloody expensive.

As soon as the waitress leaves he smiles at me. He is not the type to look in my eyes but he looks at me in this own way.

“Can I ask you a crazy question?” for the fact that he said crazy im not sure but I do nod “How much do you think I make in a month?” he asks, worn my humour and that compels me to frown “I just see how uncomfortable you are and I can also see worry on your face that you think I cannot afford this place” I swallow, swallow my shame “I’m not offended Ms Luu, I’m actually amused” sigh! Only then I smile, but nervously though “Tell me, how my much do you think I make? The craziest amount”

“Aaaaa let me see, you just drive and guard right?” he smiles further instead of replying me “Okay I would say you make 10K in a month and that’s the craziest amount as you say” he burst into a loud laughter, inviting few stares to our table

“Wow so funny Ms Luu. Multiply that 10K of yours with 10 fingers God gave you and add few more fingers again” my mouth drops. The waitress puts our drinks on the table while I’m still shocked. When I look up to thank her I find a beautiful lady behind Abongile. She looks beautiful and expensive. Like I was while I was still with Sbusiso. A kept house wife by a rich man.

“Mzamane” she remarks behind Abongile, he turns with a frown to look at her “What are you doing here?” the woman asks Abongile

“Maka Milani” Abongile acknowledges, a lace of annoyance in his tone highly audible

“I’m here with my wealthy husband Abongile” she tells and I can’t help but frown

“Who asked you Amandla?” I would also like to know “Get a life a wena, your disturbing my date”

“Da...date?” the woman looks shocked, a bit hurt if I may say. She throws daggers at me “You can’t date”

“And why not Amandla?” Abongile asks very much annoyed

“You...your Milani’s father” Abongile laughs

“So?”

“F*ck you. My husband is richer than you by the way” she snide and turns back fuming. Abongile lightly laughs and shake his head turning to me.

“That’s my baby mama by the way, Amandla. I think she is bipolar” I laugh at his later statement “And you Ms Luu didn’t object when I said we are on a date” I roll my eyes, he laughs out loud. His laughter is contained by his ringing phone, he immediately receives it ‘Nduna’ ‘WHAT?’ he shouts standing, inviting all eyes to us ‘I’m on my way’ he grabs my hand and make way to the counter

“Abongile what’s the matter?” I ask as he hurriedly pay for a meal we didn’t even eat

“MaDlomo is mi.....” he trails off, like he just remembered something “I have to go fetch MaDlomo” I frown

“Fetch her?” I ask, suspicious

“Let’s just go Ms. Luu, I’ll explain tonight when she is home safe with her family” hmk! Something is up, the way he is suddenly alarmed.

VULAMASANGO

I’m shattered. Confused beyond confusion. The only logic notion in my head right now is that those results are fake. I have never cheated on my wife. The woman’s got me under her spell it’s even hard to look any other way except her path. I don’t even know when last I looked at any other woman except her. Robertson’s is definitely f*cking with me. But why? Do I even know this white man? Nxa! I have

never been so frustrated. But one thing is for sure. Shit is about to get real, I'm not about to lose my wife over some white bi*tch claiming to be pregnant by me. I know for a fact that thing she is carrying ain't mine but if war is what she and her father wants, war is what I'll serve them. Hot and ready to dig them six feet under alive.

I'm glad my brother is already here. I had called him when I left the hospital to meet up with me at my office. I know he is the only man I take to war and since this is war, we have to strategize. Nigger has his big shoes on my table with a packet of chips, I wonder where he got those.

"Bafo" I rest on the couch since he decided to be me behind my desk

"You look like shit, zikhipani?" (.....What's up?) he asks with a mouthful. He just shoved a handful of chips in his mouth

"Can you please put your chips aside? I have serious issues" he frustrates me with that crunchy sound he is making

"Nkosi'yami! Don't embarrass yourself, this are not chips. They are called Lays chips" Sigh! There is still chips there

"And why are you eating Lays chips like your last meal on earth before the devil come fetch us" I ask, annoyed

"Cravings. I think I'm pregnant" I laugh though I didn't mean to "Lihle is pregnant"

"Oh yah?" he nods, worn in happiness "Congrats bafo"

"Sho, and then wena? What's with the bitterness?" I release some air compressed in my chest before I break the news

"I'm going dark" he pauses eating and burn me with that look I know very well

"Don't f*ck with me Vula, going dark for what now? You want another predator in your life?"

"I don't want more predators in my house but I'm killing that b*tch with her father" I confess

"What b*tch now?" he can be so slow when he likes

“The results came back and they say I’m the father” I expected him to laugh but he doesn’t, he abandons his chips for the first time since I got in here and intently look at me

“Vulamasango this is me. Your day one nigger. Please be honest with me before I start naming someone Mary Jesus’ mother. But in this case she’ll not be Mary. Charlene the holy mother who is carrying Vula’s baby” I throw daggers at him and he raises his hands in surrender “Okay, sorry but on serious note bafo. Did you sleep with that girl?”

“Mtho I have never slept with any woman except my wife the past 14 years”

He remains frowned “Then how do you explain this?”

“The results are fake. That’s the only logical explanation” he huffs

“Jesus! Does Makoti know?” I nod “How is she taking this?”

“She is in the hospital. Stress. And she wants nothing to do with me”

“Okay! let’s calm down before we go dark. Let’s do another paternity test by Peter”

“I already filled him in. He just needs the b*tch and right now the way I’m so mad, I don’t want to face that woman because I’m afraid I might strangle her. That’s why I called you go fetch her”

“You want me to deal with your baby mama?”

“Call her anything but not that. That’s some bi*tch itching for me to choke the life out of her” he sighs, give me his reprimanding look

“Okay before you become heartless and go dark, wait on me. I’m going to do some digging first, maybe I’ll find the motive behind all this and we can solve it without spilling blood” he looks at me, wanting me to agree “No killing before I give you the go ahead Vula” still I can’t confirm that I will not end them, I’m already itching to grind them “VULA I’LL F*CK YOU MYSELF IF YOU DARE KILL THOSE PEOPLE”

“Fine, I’ll wait on you”

“You better” mxm!

After my talk with Mtho I decide to buy her dinner and some lilies. Every woman loves flowers and they always manage to crack those smiles whenever they are mad. I hope she doesn't crush me again. Walking down the corridor I'm meant by Peter. He confirms that Mtho made an appointment with him regarding the second DNA test. I release a sigh of relief because this time I know they will come back negative. I need to pay that Morake a visit. Maybe Robertson's offered her more than my R50K.

I heave another sigh before I softly knock once on her room door and enter. The room is empty. The bed is unmade and her phone and bag is still on the pedestal. Maybe she is in the bathroom.

"Mama KaKhwezi?!" I call for her in the bathroom, careful not to anger her "My heaven?!" still no answer. Sigh! I guess she is still mad. I decide to sit down and wait on her, I'm not leaving her until she gives me a kiss.

Ten minutes later I'm still waiting on her to come out of the bathroom. My patience has worn off now. I head straight to the bathroom door and open, to my surprise I find it empty. The hell! I take hurried steps to Peter's office. Why didn't he tell me if my wife is moved? But how can they move her and leave her things here.

"M'lungu?" that's how I call him when I want to piss him off

"Shaka zulu" he snide back

"Where is my wife?" I ask, on my feet

"In her room I think"

"Think? I don't want you to think Peter, I want you to be sure, she is not in her room"

"Did you check the bathroom?" I just stare at him, I'm not stupid "Don't eat me. I was just asking, this is a hospital. Where could she be expect the bathroom?"

"I don't know Peter and I have been in there for ten minutes" he sighs and stands off his chair

"I think your kind of love is stalking not love, let's go search for her" he can mock me all he wants.

An hour later there is still no sign of my wife. The hospital is up and down because I want my wife. I'm sat on the chair by four security guards guarding me because I was breaking everything. My hands are sweaty and itching, I'm itching to punch someone. Deep down I already feel that something is up but I do sit and wait on Peter and his toys search the hospital up and down for my wife. This is the longest wait I have ever waited and I feel like I'm not breathing.

"Vulamsanko" Peter calls with a shaky voice besides me. I always tell him not to call my name in full because he just murders it. The fact that he just called my name informs me that shit is about to get real "We...we can't find her man"

"Peter!" I warn

"We searched everywhere Vulamsanko, we can't find her man"

"PETER YOUR HOSPITAL IS GOING TO GIVE ME MY WIFE, YOU HEAR ME" I shout retrieving my phone to call Nduna. I'm glad he picks on the first ring.

'Vula' he receives the call

'Ndu my wife is missing. I want her in my arms tonight. Code that?'

'Crystal clear, she'll be with you tonight' I drop the call and look at Peter

"My security detail is coming to turn this place up and down, you better warn you staff and security and please do tell them that if I find out that any of them had a hand in my wife's disappearance, I'm going to bury them alive" Nxa!

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 12

KHWEZI

It's been a tragic week. Seven days, one hundred and sixty eight hours without my mother. I have run out of theories to feed my little brothers. First I told them she was in the hospital, which wasn't totally a lie because she was admitted when she disappeared. Then the following day they wanted to go see her. I wasn't told what is happening but I picked up from day one when my father just came home and climbed the stairs. He was a mess and I knew it's something that has to do with my mother. Only the following day my guy told me what was going on.

Today marks a tragic week without my beautiful mother. The house lacks her warmth. It feels just like any other house. I long to see her beautiful smile. I long to hear her shout at me 'Nywezi' when I exasperate her. I wonder why she tends to 'Nyo' everyone who annoys her. I once heard her call my guy 'Mnyo' my father and I had a field day of laughter at baba Mtho. His mouth dropped to no return when my mother called her that.

I'm making dinner for my sombre brothers. It's unlike them to be this dull. I know I cannot cook to save my life but I'm hoping today I'll nail it with YouTube as my teacher. We have been living on takeaway since my mother disappeared and as for my father, I'm not even sure he eats. He just comes home late at night and leave before we even wake. I'm running out of money to feed my little brothers and I'm running out of lies to tell them. But with how quite they are, I'm sure they have picked up what is going on.

Unintended smile creeps me when I see my phone light up and his name flashes on the screen. I wipe my onion tears with the back of my hand and quickly rinse my hands to answer his call.

'Siso' there is lump on my throat, I tend to cry about this only with him

'Oh MaMolapo waka how you holding up my love' his bold worried voice makes my real tears fall

'Siso I miss my mother' I confess, with a pained heart

'I know my love, believe me, I know. Are you sure you don't want me to come?' I nod, forgetting that he can't see me 'Khwezi?' he softly calls out

'Yeah Siso, don't come. I will not be able to see you, a lot is happening and right now I just want to focus on my little brothers. No one is paying attention to them' I hear him expel a sigh of worry through the phone

'I understand lerato laka, what about you? Don't forget to also take care of yourself and cry as much as you can'

'I'll do that'

'Thank you, what are you doing hee mommy. I hate hearing you so sad' I smile, knowing he is going to laugh at my answer

'I'm cooking' he burst, just as I expected him

'I hope you'll not feed them bread and milk again' no one in this house is going to make me forget that, including him, I even regret telling him 'They should have asked Mkhonto for noodles, he masters them akere' my little weird brother is just....he just like all of them. They cry and keep quite all together. He hasn't done or said anything weird.

'He is also not okay to even make noodles, but I trust my skills. I'm going to nail it this time' I glance at my laptop on the kitchen with YouTube video on repeat

'Please do take a pic for me when you're done. What are you cooking?' they said to start with simple things

'Rice and stew' he laughs again

'Please keep the stew for me, I want to taste it when I come next week'

'I'll do that. Listen babe, we'll talk before I sleep. I don't want to burn my rice'

'Okay MaDlomo, I love you okay'

'And I love you too' I drop the call a take a deep breath. This is definitely what I needed. Going back to my pots, I check on my boiling rice and starts with the stew. Onions and peppers should be fried first before I throw in this meat. I hope it comes okay.

“My gang, please go bath, dinner is ready. I’m just waiting for it to cool down” my voice comes begging as I walk into the dull atmosphere in the lounge. My little brothers are never like this and it pains more when even our uncle is just as sad. No one responds me but they do move, one by one they climb the stairs until I’m left with Mkhonto. He stands before my parent’s sanctuary house picture pocket handed and say

“Mkhulu says she is safe. She is home” I frown but contain myself immediately

“Which Mkhulu twebankie?” I’m starting to shiver that he doesn’t go a 360 on me and turn into the predator

“Mkhulu Mkhonto” now I’m unable to contain my frown, Mkhulu Mkhonto is my father’s father. The one he is named after and according to my knowledge, that man died before I was even born.

“Twebankie where and how did you speak to mkhulu” he shrug and passes me, I know going after him will be a waste of energy. He will not say a thing. I have to tell my dad about this.

I would like to think dinner was okay, the plates were cleaned though my chicken stew was still a bit raw inside. I got no complains so I’m giving myself a high five for that. We sit in silence watching tv, I’m not even sure what is this we are watching but I don’t dare change the channel, maybe the crooks are enjoying. We are all startled by a loud bang of the kitchen door being smashed closed. His heavy steps tells us it’s him before he comes to sight. Like the past seven days he stands to look at us one by one, I think seeing that we still breathe gives him hope. When he is satisfied he makes way to the stairs but he is stopped by sakhe’s breaking voice

“Babaaa” my little brother’s voice infect me with tears. My father stops but doesn’t turn to look at us “I want mama baba, I miss.....my....my mother” he breaks into a loud wail. Followed by all of them. The lounge carries loud cries of my little brothers, I don’t know who to console first as my own tears fall. My father comes back, he retires and on the couch and put his hands on face. What he does next is what I would have never expected from him. I thought men don’t cry. But today my father breaks into the loudest wail, resulting in all of us stopping our own cry to look at him. One by one we look at each other until Sakhe joins him again, I think

now we are crying because our father is crying. Mkhonto is the first to move and sit between my father's legs, the twins both take his side and put their heads on his lap. Sakhe lastly takes his back, he wraps himself on my father's back like a baby with his hands wrapped around his neck. And like that they all cry. Now I have no choice but to call my guy, this man is making this boys cry more.

'My guy' I say with a breaking voice when he picks

'My girl' he responds, his voice dry

'I think you should come, baba kaKhwezi is crying' he releases a sigh before he responds

'I'll be there my baby, in five minutes I'll be there'

'Thank you baba' I drop the call and turn to look at the mess in the lounge. They haven't stopped crying and it doesn't look like they are going to stop anytime soon.

Baba Mtho walks in as I stand by the wall not knowing what to do. He breaks the crying session by slapping my father hard across the face. Eish! I felt that. My father holds his aching cheek in disbelief, eyes red and mouth dropped.

"What the f*ck is the matter with you?" my guy hisses, taking the red colour "Your scaring my children, f*cken man up maan Vulamasango"

"I want....my wife" my father cries again

"Tsek" my guy fumes dragging him up the stairs, now I regret calling him. He looks livid.

MTHOKOZISI

If ever there is a sell out to men it has to be this one. I can't believe the dark horse himself is crying tears. I'm annoyed that he is sniffing on my lap. This lap is meant for Lihle and Mary, well and the coming one. No man is supposed to cry on my lap but here he is today, the one and only Vulamsango Dlomo crying on my lap.

"I'm...I'm going....to tell....my mother that.....you hit.....me" he say in between the sobs, sniffing on my lap and I award him with another slap

“Hamba nja” (Go dog) he cries more, reminding me of when we were just boys. This nigger is really crying and I have no choice but to comfort him “Askies boy yezwa” shame, I brush his cheek that received my two slaps. When I plant a soothing kiss on the cheek he sprung up like I just pinched him

“Nxa, uzonya Mtho. Don’t go all gay on me” (You’ll shit on yourself.....)

“You were crying nje, what was I supposed to do?” he gives me his middle finger and disappear to the bathroom. Second later he comes up fresh. He cleaned his messed face

“Bafo how did I get here?” he asks retiring next to me on the bed. The results came back again saying his the father. Makoti is still nowhere to be found. Her phone, car keys and everything is with us, she left them at the hospital. The security cameras shows that she took a cab from the hospital and that’s where it ends. Worst part is that we can’t see the cab’s registration number so there really is no way we can trace her. She hasn’t made any withdrawal or swiped a card and that leads to another dead end. We really don’t know where she is, and the fact that she left the hospital willingly doesn’t show any signs of foul play “I still suspect Roberts in all this” I do too but at this moment nothing leads to him

“Okay, let’s get Nduna and Abongile to hold him hostage. We can torture him to talk” he nods in agreement

“And maybe he will also tell how his bi*ch ended up with my kid in her womb. I have never cheated on my wife bafo” I know, I believe him. Vulamasango was a man wh*re before he met his heaven but when she came into the picture, he cleaned his act and became a decent man for her because that’s what a man does when he meets a woman he would give his life for “You know what? Let’s just kill both of them” I nod again because I want the Roberts out of our lives, as much as nothing leads to them, I have a feeling it’s them, they came and brought nothing but headache. My phone rings just as we agree on killing the two father and daughter, an annoyed groan leaves my throat when I realise who is calling me

‘Gum gum’ I receive the call

‘Put me on loud speaker’ Gumede’s calm collected voice say at the end of the line and I do so ‘Both of you, I need you to listen to me attentively. That white woman

is carrying Vula's daughter and you'll both leave her and her father alone until she gives birth' the spark to kill in Vula's eyes dies

'Gumede it's funny how you and your boney gang come through for the white bi*ch but not my wife. WHERE IS MY WIFE?' he shouts

'Vulamasango don't you dare call your ancestors boney gang. This is all your doing. This is punishment for tainting their heir. You thought you could taint the heir to the throne and get away with it?'

'Oh so the boney gang saw it fit for me to lose my wife just because I killed a bastard who was lusting over my wife'

'Every action has consequences'

'You know what, f... ' I drop the call before he say something he might regret to Gumede. Insulting Gumede is just like insulting the boney gang face to face

"Calm down Vula" he brushes his face in frustration

"Bafo I just want my wife"

"We'll find her, don't worry" my voice comes not sure at all

"Babaaa" Khwezi's trembling voice comes behind the door "Can I come in baba kaKhwezi?"

"Yes princess, come in" poor thing comes in with a tray of food. She has two plates on.

"Baba I cooked, you haven't eaten since forever" Vula receives the plate with a smile while I on the other hand look at the huge chopped onions on my plate

"Baba!" she nervously look at her father who is sending the poor food straight to toilet, they won't make it to his stomach the way he is eating

"Yes my baby" he replies with a mouthful

"Mkhonto started his weird vibes on me earlier" we both look at her to explain "He was staring at a photo and he said mkhulu Mkhonto said mama is safe, she is home" Vula and I frown sharing looks

"That's all he said?" I ask and she nods

“Do you want some water to wash your hands baba?” Khwezi asks me when she realise I’m not eating, I’m still chewing this Mkhonto thing and I’m reluctant to eat due to the onions. But I do nod for water and she quickly walks out of the room. This gives me time to select the onions on my plate and flush them. Onions just make me nauseous when they are huge like that.

“You ungrateful yellow bastard, that’s my daughter’s hard work” Vula’s sneers at me and I don’t care, by the time Khwezi comes back with a basin of warm water and a clean cloth, my plate is free of onions.

“Your mother should never come back, if her disappearance makes you step up like this” I remark having my nice taste of the stew and rice. Only the chopping showed her flames, the food is nice, not quite delicious but nice.

“Baba Mtho that’s a mean thing to say. I want my mother”

“I’m sorry baby, the tongue just slipped. Can you please get me some juice” she nods and walks out. The bastard next to me eats from my plate, his plate is now empty “VULA!” I exclaim

“Ai! I haven’t had a home cooked meal in a week” I watch him as he eat like a hobo on my plate, where could MaDlomo be? Should we start searching the mortuaries and hospitals? But Nah! Gumede would have told us if she had passed. Then it clicks in me. Khwezi said Mkhonto told her that she is home. Meaning she is home. We searched her home and we didn’t find her but little did we forget that her home is now with the Dlomos

“Dress up, I know where Makoti is” he pops his eyes “She is HOME, HOME where she now belongs, KwaDlomo”

HIS FOREVER

Volume 13

KHWEZI

Hope. We are hopeful, scratch that we are sure. My fathers left yesterday night and promised to come back with mama. We were happy to learn that she is been at home all along. The boy's even had smiles on their faces today in the morning when I helped to prepare them for school. I sit tired after cleaning the house. It's the first of March. February has ended and I so happy about it because it means registration is closed at UCT and WITS I hope. It means I'll get what I wanted, NUL. My parents are going to be so pissed when they learn that I failed to register in both schools. I'm glad their shenanigans worked in my favour, by the time they realise I was supposed to be in school, it will be too late to do anything and they'll have no choice but to accept my choice of school. Though Siso is also not going to be pleased with me about this, he'll come along too I hope.

"Sisi" I'm startled by Sakhe dropping his school bag behind me on the couch. Yes when they want something I'm sisi. I don't even reprimand him, I feel for my poor little brothers. They all sit and watch my show, they hate my shows more than anything but today no one voice out.

"Hey, what happened? We were happy this morning. Remember mama is coming home" I remind them with a cheerful voice, trying to lift their spirits

"She is not coming" Mkhonto responds and keep quiet, I turn to Sakhe because I know asking him would be a waste of time. He sometimes gives an answer and just keep quite

"He said he sees baba coming back sad again" I also feel my mood drop back to -0. What Mkhonto say happens, and it's no use trying to have faith but

"But Boy you said Mama is home, that's why baba went there" I remind him

"It's not my fault he went to the wrong home"

"Which home were you talking about?" I ask and receives silence. Argh! I know he'll not reply me.....more silence stretches in the room, I'm wondering if my mother is

safe where she is. She has to be okay, I don't want to entertain the other thought with negative input in my head "Hey, guess what, my allowance just clicked. We can go have ice creams and watch movies at the mall" I suggest, trying to cheer them up. After passing my matric, I was awarded with a card that will receive monthly allowance from my parents.

"Why don't I have an allowance?" Sakhe asks "And how much do you get anyway?" he better stay away from my money

"It can be any movie of your liking" I suggest, ignoring Sakhe's daggers and attempts to eat my money

"Blood booth" Mkhonto, I don't know which movie it is but I'm not watching anything with blood booth name

"Transformers" the twins, I look at Sakhe

"How much is it?" Gosh this child

"I guess transformers it is, go change before I change my mind" they all leave and I'm happy we are going out.

Malume Abongile is not around to drive us so I resort to an uber. I know my father would die if he heard we went out without malume Abongile but come on, what could possibly happen to us? Walking inside the mall I have my gang with me. They asked for a game centre instead while we were in the car because they couldn't agree on the same movie. No one wants to watch Mkhonto's scary movies. I have my bag tightly clutched under my arm as we walk to their play centre. I don't trust Sakhe's eyes. Every walk he takes his eyes are glued to my bag.

"I can hold it for you, it looks heavy" not today baby, not when I just withdrawn a 1k. It's heavy money for him anyway. Only us rich older sisters carry those kind of amounts.

"Thank you, but its fine I can hold my bag" he is not happy with my answer but he keeps walking though he is dragging his feet

“Your nose is shiny” I frown, immediately look for the toilets and luckily we are just next to them “I can hold your purse while you go do your thing” oh! I laugh. Now I know I have no shiny nose, Sakhe is still craving for my hard earned cash

“Siphosakhe Dlomo?”

“Sisi” ahhh! I’m sisi once again

“My bag is off limits and besides, we are here and I’m going to give you guys’ money” now he is happy, a bit of smile creeps him as I sit and peek through my back. He pushes the others so he can see my money too but I’m quick to pull my bag to my chest “There you go, R50 each. I’ll wait for you here” I produce two 100 notes. The twins receives their 100 note and disappear after thanking me. Mkhonto long left but Sakhe, he keeps still holding my R100 which is supposed to be for him and Mkhonto

“Your so stingy Khwezi” I knew the ‘sisi’ thing will not last for long

“I work hard for my money Sakhe”

“What do you do?” he challenges me. What do I do vele? Because this money is supposed to be for school but I’m not at school “What exactly did you do to be given so much money?” he doesn’t know how much it is, and I don’t like his questions “Maybe I should ask baba what you did to deserve an allowance” his big mouth will remind my father I’m not in school. I swear he is going to send me straight to bankruptcy. I snatch my money from his hand while he least expect it

“I’ll shut that big mouth if I were you”

“Okay just add R50 I’ll not talk to baba” happily I do so, R50 is the price I pay for his silence. I come out with R100 by mistake and he is quick to snatch it “Sharing is caring sisi” he blows me a kiss as he disappears with my R200. I hate Vulamasango’s son. No thank you, no nothing. Bloody ungrateful swine! I feel so rich right now I feel like everyone is eyeing my bag. I need to buy those bags that people fasten them around the waist. I wonder what they call them. A rich woman like me can’t go around carrying her soon to be millions in a bag.

I'm happy when they disappear on me. I feel like going shopping but nah! I don't want to waste my soon to be million. I wonder how it feels like to have a million. I decide to buy myself some ice cream so I kill time and wait on the gang but as soon I turn, I notice Cindy at Ocean basket with a beautiful slender white woman. They seem to be in deep conversation. Part of me wants to go there but.....I opt for raising my hand so she notices me. The woman notices me before Cindy and immediately rise, when she stands I realise that she is heavily pregnant. Ocean basket is glass made so they are able to see outside. She comes to me when she sees me after the woman points her in my direction.

"Babe, what are you doing here?" she asks when she reaches my seat

"I took the boys out, who is that woman?"

"My boss to be, I got a job" she screams "It was an interview" she explains further "Congratulations, I didn't know you were looking for a job. And school?" I ask in confusion

"It won't interfere with my school work, it's one of those meant to be jobs" I frown for her to explain "So I was on Facebook and I saw a notification saying you can easily make 10k for doing admin at home. I was intrigued so I applied and here I am, I got the job" hmk! That's all I'll say but I won't dare voice my concerns, I don't trust Facebook jobs one bit

"Wow! So when do you start and where are they located? Why is the interview held at a food outlet" I ask, curious

"A.a Khwezi don't start with your annoying shit. Not all of us has rich parents okay. That's why I don't like hanging out with you anymore, your too observant to things that doesn't concern you. Charlene is a decent woman. I did my background check and she once worked with your father"

"Really now?" I ask

"Piss off" she stands fuming and walks off. I have to ask my father about this Charlene woman. She stands when she has to disappear through the crowd, like she forgot something she comes back "Don't tell your father" the attitude in her tone is not hard to miss

“And why not?”

“You’ll ruin things for me, he’ll tell Charlene I lied about my job experience” I give her my fake smile and she offers me too before she walks off.

I feel a pat on my shoulder that makes my blood shiver while still think about Cindy. When I turn I find Zakha behind me and almost scream. Yooh! He looks dealt with. Like a vegetable.

“Princess” I grin, a painful forced grin “How are you?”

“I’m fine and bye” I stand to leave but he grabs my hand “Don’t you dare Zakha, I’ll scream so bad and.....” I’m interjected by Mkhonto appearing through the crowd

“ZAKHA MKHIZE AGAIN” his voice comes stern, glaring at Zakha. He immediately let my hand go and I take Mkhonto’s hand

“Let’s go” I don’t want to repeat things, now I know better. Mkhonto doesn’t move but glares at Zakha. Zakha is sweating rivers, the cockiness in him replaced by fear. I don’t know what happened or what caused it but his pants damp up. He pisses on himself staring at Mkhonto who seems to have him under his look. I gasp in shock, people starts to stare and I have no choice but to pull Mkhonto from the scene “What’s that you did back there?” I ask when I’m sure we are away from the stares

“Nothing, I just got in his head and ordered him to pee” Jesus!

“Go get the others, we are leaving” he is not happy but he does listen. This boy is going to get me in trouble I swear. And this Zakha what is it with him? He is like a dog with a bone. I have to tell my father.

Today I didn’t cook. We came with burgers for dinner when we came back from the mall. The mood is better. There is talking going on but it is immediately replaced by silence when my father walks in. He looks broken. And the fact that he is alone proves Mkhonto right. He does his thing of looking at us and then he climbs the stairs up to his room. I feel my eyes sparkle with tears and I try so hard to fight them. This means he didn’t find mama at home. What is happening? Is my mother dead? Are they getting a divorce? What.....

“I’m going to sleep with him tonight” Mkhonto informs wiping his falling tears with the back of his hand. We were already in our sleep wear, just waiting on him and mama. Up the stairs we follow Mkhonto to our parent’s room. My father is on the bed facing the ceiling, fully clothed. The twins take off his shoes and he doesn’t protest.

“You’ll take....take the feet position” Sakhe informs the twins and I. He and Mkhonto choose the position both beside our father

“But....” Zizwe tries to protest but he receives a glare from Sakhe that compels him end at the feet. I take cushions from the couch for us at the feet to use as pillows and throw a duvet on top of us. Mama where are you? I feel an aching lump on my throat as I try to sleep. I know I will not sleep now, I can feel that everyone is awake and sniffing on their own. I power my phone on with an aim to chat to my boyfriend but I receive a text that spooks me ****Its mama baby girl, call me when your alone. Don’t tell your father**** I read the text three time like it’s something hard to read

“You’ll pushing me, I’m going to my room” no one is pushing me, I just need to dial this number. I’m glad when no one respond me. As soon as I walk down the passage I dial the number. It rings unanswered at first, I dial again and this time she picks up.

“KHWEZI” oh her voice, how long have I missed this voice, she sounds like she was already asleep

“Ma...mama” tears are already doing as they please on my face

“Oh my baby, I miss you so bad. Your alone right?” I nod “Khwezi?” she calls softly and I remember to be vocal

“Yebo maa I’m alone” my voice is breaking

“Don’t cry baby, listen. Tomorrow I want you to pack for you and your brothers. I’ll send you a location. Take an uber there and I’ll be waiting. Don’t forget their uniforms”

“Mama”

“My baby”

“Should I also not tell baba about this?” she keeps quiet for a minute

“Yess my baby, please”

“Are you guys getting a divorce?” I ask again and this time I receive a long silence that confirms my fears

“We just going to be living at the sanctuary house from now on, you’ll visit him when you miss him” that’s not what I asked but I can feel that she is leaving him

“Mama please don’t break our family, please come back home” I plead, crying

“Baby one day you’ll understand. Remember not to let your father know about this akere”

“Yebo maa” I’m now messy all over again because my parents are getting a divorce

“I’ll send you the location tomorrow baby, please kiss my babies for me. I’ll see you guys tomorrow”

“Mama I love you”

“I love you too my baby, and I’m going to see you tomorrow. Now drop the call and stop crying. We’ll be together tomorrow” as ordered I do as told. I’m relieved she is okay but now learning that they are getting a divorce is another heart breaking news for me. I don’t want my parents to get a divorce. What do I do to get them back together? Should I tell my father to bring her home or do as she said? I don’t want to have parents apart.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 14

VULAMASANGO

He woke by crack of dawn to find himself curled with his boys on the bed. It breaks his heart to see his children so broken because of their mother's disappearance. As much as he should be an elder about this, he also doesn't know how to deal with this because not once in his life it ever occurred to him that his heaven would leave him. Right now there is no kidnapping speculations. His adamant that he is without his wife. She left without giving him a chance to explain. But where could she be? He wonders as each day sleeps away.

He snuck out of the bed, careful not to wake the gang because he can't take the pain in their eyes anymore. His day started with a shower and then he went to his study. He powered his screen on with an aim to track his wife but when her beautiful face welcomed him as a screensaver he felt defeated. All his enthusiasm shattered. He sat there staring at his wife's picture. Every time the machine tried to sleep he powered it on only to stare at the beautiful wife he had. He squashed the 'had'. He has. No one is going to take his wife away from him. Not even Jesus himself he says to himself.

When he hears the doors opening and commotion going on, he realise that he had been staring at the picture for more than three hours. Khwezi is up and she is waking the boys for school. Usually his house is always noisy when they wake but lately the boys just keep to themselves. He doesn't have even an inch of energy to help Khwezi. Now that his wife is nowhere to be found, he realises that they need a helper.

His office study door opens with ease like someone is hesitant to come in. A bit of smile creeps him at the sight of his nervous daughter walking in with a tray of breakfast and a mug evaporating hot beverage.

“MaDlomo” he shut his useless laptop and pushes it aside to make space for his daughter’s effort. She really is trying and he could not be more proud. Khwezi blushes when her father calls her like that.

“Baba KaKhwezi, I made you breakfast” he laughs unintended when Khwezi puts a tray containing a flat plate of four fat cakes and coffee before him

“You made this?” he asks tearing one fat cake open to see if it really is well done before he eats. And to his surprise it looks perfect “WOW!” he compliments having his first taste “Princess this is amazing” Khwezi smiles, this is all she wanted. To make her father smile one last time before he leaves because there is a possibility that he might not see them for a while when he comes back from work “When did you make this Khwezi?” he is still in disbelief. This is his daughter. As much as she is been stepping up lately he knows Khwezi is not capable of making such mouth-watering fat cakes.

“Today morning. I watched the video on YouTube last night and decided to try it today” he is impressed and he is finished them all in a space of two minutes

“Can I have some more?” Khwezi stands with a smile to plate her father more fat cakes but she stops by the door. She can’t look at her father, so she stands giving him her back

“Baba”

“Hmm” Vula responds staring at her back

“Are you and mama getting a divorce?” his heart contracts. He has to swallow his emotions to respond his daughter.

“Baby I love your mother, mama and I will never get a divorce” her shoulder’s slow movement confirms that she is crying “Come here princess” he pushes his chair to make space for his daughter. He positions her on his lap wiping her tears “I’m sorry my baby, mama and I are going through something but we’ll be fine” he assures consoling his teary daughter

“Baba what is it? What happened?” part of him wants to be a zulu man about it, tell her to butt off elders affairs but sometimes we have to let children in. He releases an exhausted sigh before he tells his daughter what is happening. By the time he finishes telling Khwezi what is happening she is no longer crying. She

actually seems to be in her own world “Baba you swear you didn’t cheat on mama?” she asks, just making sure

“I swear on my father’s grave I didn’t cheat on your mother”

“This Charlene woman, she is tall, slender and blond?” Vula nods “Hmk! Yazi I forgot to tell you, yesterday I took the gang out and we ran into Cindy having.....well she said it was an interview by a woman called Charlene. Whom apparently you used to work with” Vula frowns in confusion staring at his daughter “And she was pregnant” Khwezi adds and now there is no questions. There is definitely something going on and Cindy may be an inside person to his house

“How is your relationship with Cindy?” Vula fishes information through his daughter

“I don’t know, on and off. Sometime she is my best friend sometimes she hates me but we always make up” she shrug

“Has she ever been in my room alone?” Khwezi thinks a bit and say

“Baba you know Cindy used to sleep here most of the time. She is been everywhere in this house, probably in your room too. I don’t know” he bites his lower lip thinking, he need to have his house swept for bugs or anything. What if Cindy has been planting things in his house?

“Thank you for telling me princess” She nods with a smile and stand but she turns to her father again just by the corner of the desk

“Aaaaaa baba” she says hesitant. Vula looks at her intently “I might be of help to bring mama home but you have to promise to bring her home”

“I promise to bring her home” he says without a doubt standing tall before his daughter

“Jeez baba, sit down. You’re making me nervous” he quickly sits back down clenching his fist “Baba promise that you’ll make sure mama doesn’t hate me for this” all promises his make to swear on he promises “Mama called me” he closes his eyes thinking of his stupidity. They should have bugged Khwezi’s phone. Of course boitumelo cannot separate long with her children. Soon or later she was going to contact Khwezi because the boys don’t have cell phones.

“When?”

“Last night. She asked that I pack for the boys and I. She said she’ll send me a location to pick us up when the boys come back from school” Vula smiles but he contains his smile when his daughter raises an eyebrow at him.

“You can give daddy your phone my baby, I promise to bring mommy home” he opens his palm to receive her phone but Khwezi just look at his hand. She can’t risk her phone being with her father the whole day. What if he opens her chats with Siso?

“I’ll forward you the location when she sends me” she says making her way out of the office “And baba, you better bring my mother home or I’ll hate you for making me betray her for nothing” Vula smiles receiving his daughter’s threat

“Crystal clear my baby, mommy is coming home tonight”

Vula, Mtho, Nduna and Abongile sit impatiently in a normal rented car. They don’t want to be seen. It’s 15:30. She texted Khwezi to be at the corner of the mall at this time. And just as they watch, she pulls up driving Vula’s black Range Rover Holland & Holland. Almost everyone in the car curses at their stupidity. Of course she would use her husband’s car because they wouldn’t track his but hers.

“Let’s not make a scene here, we’ll follow her to wherever she goes and I’ll get her there” Vula gives an order smiling as he watches his wife frustratingly calls Khwezi he thinks. He asked Khwezi to tell her that she can’t do it. He laughs loudly when his wife kicks his car’s wheels in frustration after getting off the phone. Everyone looks at him and he clears his throat.

“Mxm! Bastard can laugh. He is been a ghost the past two weeks” Mtho sneers, eating lays and making an annoying sound while at it “Is that krush she is drinking?” well no one cares what she is drinking. They just want to get Vula’s wife home so he can stop being grumpy “Hmk, I’m salivating for it already” he remarks swallowing. No one pays attention to him. Nduna focuses on tailing boitumelo. He is the one behind the wheel. They keep a safe distance following boitumelo who is driving like a maniac. Vula curses with every car she overtakes. Can she just be careful? She is carrying his daughter.

“Is she heading to the.....” Ndu asks and Vula finishes for him

“The Sanctuary house. I keep that car there” he chuckles in disbelief “I can’t believe she is been there all this damn time” Mkhonto did say she was safe, he was standing in front of the sanctuary house when he told Khwezi but khwezi didn’t pay attention to detail “It even makes sense why she didn’t use any card, there is a cash stash in that house”

“Makoti out played us. This are the consequences of marrying a smart woman. In your next life, please choose a broken, lonely woman. Those are not so smart, they cry all the pain instead of being smart about everything” No one is taking his advice, everyone in this car knows him well enough to take his advice “Ndu please stop by the garage, I need a krush juice”

“Nduna!” Vula gives nduna a look not to stop for a bloody juice.

Exactly as they thought she makes way to the sanctuary house. They park right after the range rover and allow silence to grow inside the vehicle. The only sound audible is that of Mtho crumbling his chips

“Exactly why are we still inside the car?” Mtho questions, following his question with that annoying sound he makes when eating this chips

“Why are you eating chips?” Vula asks, annoyed of his brother eating at such a crucial moment

“Hau! I’m almost done bafo. I discovered a new flavour. Caribbean onion and balsamic vinegar. The shit is amazing, wanna taste?” he is at the back with Abongile, he passes a pocket between the seats to the front but Vula just looks at it “Ndu?” he aska Nduna to taste the amazing chips but he also shakes his head “Mzamane?” he asks Abongile next to him but he also shakes his head. Abongile’s last name is Mzamane “Well then suit yourself, anyone with Krush juice?” Vula raises his hands in defeat

“Do you see Krush juice in here Mthokozisi? We are in a bloody damn car for god sakes” Nduna snide

“Well I’ll ask makoti, I’m sure she must have it” he climbs out of the car and make his way to the door. Like he just remembered something he comes back and knocks on Vula’s window “You want me to die for your sins? What if she burns me for you? Let’s go” he tells Vula when he rolls down his window

“I’m not ready”

“Well I’m not ready to die before I meet my son too. That’s an angry pregnant woman in there”

“Then why are you going?”

“I just need a krush damn it” he snaps. Vula sighs climbing down too “Stop being a chicken, let’s just go and we’ll see how it goes”

“I promised my daughter that I’m bringing her mother home and now it just occurred that I might not be able to keep that promise. My wife is extremely.....” Mtho interjects him, realising that Vula is really scared

“That woman loves you. Yes she is mad and she has every right to be. Use her love for you to make her listen. Make her believe you without proof”

“How?” Vula asks

“I don’t know, do I look like Dr. Phil? Come on, I’m thirsty” he pushes Vula ahead and opens the door for him. Luckily it’s unlocked. Again Vula is pushed first inside before Mtho also gets in. Mtho goes straight to the fridge while Vula makes way to the lounge. He comes to a halt when he finds boitumelo sleeping flat on the couch. There is all sorts of snacks on the table, including the krush Mtho is investigating in his fridge. He finds himself smiling at his wife, she is partly snoring while at it. This is the only chance he might get. He stoops to plant a kiss on her slightly opened mouth. She swallows changing position after being kissed and this only tickles him further. He missed her so much “That’s mouth rape over there” Mtho remarks, now eating Pringles. Vula gives him a look to shush but he doesn’t, he notices the krush he is been looking of and drinks it, straight from the bottle. He burps when he is done throwing the container back where he took it “Come on, be creative. I’ll sit here and watch” Vula gives him a defeated look before he steals another kiss from his sleeping wife

She sleeps so peaceful like there is nothing she could do except to sleep. For a while he is taken by her beauty. He questions himself, how did they get here? He knows for a fact that he didn't cheat. He knows for a fact that he wouldn't do anything to jeopardise what he has with his heaven. This woman snoring here is his world. Now that he is actually here he doesn't know what to do. He promised his daughter to bring her mother back but how.....

"You know staring at her dreaming will not bring her back home right" he is interrupted by Mtho

"I don't want to lose my wife bafo" he lays his fears, Mtho smiles at how nervous he looks

"Fight for your wife ntwana yami, that woman loves you" he stands stretching his arms "I'm going to take a nap, my baby needs some sleep" Vula doesn't even spare him a look, he keeps his eyes at his sleeping wife. She sleeps like death when pregnant. One would have woke up by now, but not boitumelo.

"Zululami" softly he wakes her, whispering in her ear and biting her earlobe while at it "MaDlomo" now he gently runs his fingers at the side of her face

"Hm hm hm" she mumbles, that reprimanding tone changing her sleeping position again

"Baby" Vula is back at waking her, he plants a kiss on her lips to motivate her to wake. He stares at her as she flickers her eyes open, she blinks coupled time before her forehead shrinks to a frown. His lips remain clocked at hers, he only jumps when he feels her cling his bottom lip into a bite. He hisses touching on his aching lip "Jesus! Buthumelo" he soothes his lip rubbing on it

"Sa...Vulamasango what do you want?" her mouth almost betray her, she sits up straight yawning. She farts unexpectedly and gasps, this is pregnancy not her. Vulamasango supresses a laughter

"Hey beautiful"

"Don't hey beautiful me, you made my daughter betray me. Kore you keep piling shit on me. Cheating, lying husband and now you make my daughter betray me"

she is calm, the opposite of what he expected. All this comes as she stretches her arms and sits up straight

“About Khwezi I totally apologize for that, please don’t be mad at the child she just wants her parents’ home” he rest next to her on the couch where she had slept “I want my wife home” he says staring at the blank huge tv seated comfortably on the stand before them

“You broke our home vulamasango, there is no home and definitely no wife, well not me that I know of. I don’t know if maybe you’re talking about your Charlene” the atmosphere is still calm, they converse looking at the dead tv like it’s on “I just want my children vulamasango. I thought I could do it-spend my last remaining months of pregnancy alone in peace, away from you and your stress but I can’t, I miss my children and I want them with me. Please don’t fight me, you’ll have them during the weekends” Vula chuckles painfully still staring ahead

“I said I want my wife home” he repeats, disregarding what she just offloaded

Boitumelo releases an exhausted sigh before she abandons the couch to sit on the table before Vulamasango. This is usually Vula's kind of sit when he wants to have a serious conversation with her. She takes his hands in hers and smiles painfully “Sango listen lerato laka, we gave it our all. You have been nothing but amazing since I have known you. You have been nothing but a dream but like all dreams come to an end, unfortunately for us it’s morning too. Though this morning does not bear fruitful beginnings. It brings an end to our marriage. I told you from day one that I don’t do well with being cheated on. I know you say you didn’t but baby it’s time to stop denying it for me. That woman is pregnant and it’s your child. Whether you like it or not. What I need from you is to be man about your shit. Handle this shit like a man. Divorce me peacefully. I don’t need stress right now. I need carry my baby to full term and I know if I stay any longer in this marriage I’ll lose my child. I love you so much vulamasango but I don’t love you enough for this one. This is where we come to an end my love and for us to co-parent in harmony, we need to part in peace. So please vulamasango, don’t fight me on this one. My mind is made up. I want a divorce”

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 15

VULAMASANGO

Silence stretches inside the room. Vulamasango just looks at his wife in hurt. He is never been hurt by his wife like today. The one person he earns so much for her to believe him is throwing in the towel. This woman promised to be with him through thick and thin and this is his thin, this is where he needs her the most.

“Boitumelo I have never cheated on you” she gasp, frown staring at him in surprise “Majara taught me, he said it’s a disgrace that I have been married to a woman for 14 years yet I can’t pronounce her name properly” she lightly laughs. If they were in best relations this moment right here would have been celebrated “I love you so much Boitumelo and I say this from the bottom of my heart. I have never cheated on you and I’ll never cheat on you. If you want to leave me, leave because you have proof. Leave me because you’re certain I broke our vows. You say I should be a man about my shit and this is me being man about it. I did not cheat and I will keep saying it until you believe me. Your everything I need and more and if you fail to believe that what we have can conquer this shit there is nothing I could do but I can only hope that you listen to your heart. I know I’m in tune with your heart, deep down you know I didn’t do you like that and I’ll never even do you like that. Please let’s go home, sit down and solve this together. I’m asking for one last chance. One chance to prove myself to you and if this chance doesn’t work, I’ll give you the divorce you seek and kill myself” she rolls her eyes resulting in vulamasango laughing “I mean it, I’ll kill myself and make things easier for you. I can’t live without you”

“Vulamasango I’m tired. It’s one thing after the other with you. And at the end of the day I’m going to be expected to raise that child. I’m already having dreams of your father giving me two girls. I feel like you and your family keep taking and taking from me. You mess up and I’m expected to clean up”

“But this time I didn’t mess up. This time I’m being punished. My ancestors are punishing me with you because they know you’re the only thing that matters in my life. They know you’re my core. Please hold me one last time. Your children misses

you so bad and im suffocating without you. You promised to be the end of my day, please my baby.....” a light smile captures her

“And you promised to be my baby, right here”

“Allow me to continue being your soldier zululami” he begs, planting soft kisses on both her hands “I don’t have proof to prove my innocence but I know through my heart you can feel that I didn’t betray you”

“The woman is got your child in her womb, what more proof do I need? She didn’t just fall on you di*k, did she? Or we have the holy Mary.2?” Vula laughs, unintended

“I don’t think God and I are that close for him to bring his son through me. I know I’m against odds with everything but mama I need you to believe me. I DID NOT CHEAT ON YOU”

“You know what’s fucked up about this is that though im trying to give up on us, deep down I still believe you didn’t do it....” He cuts her short

“That’s all I need, that bit of faith. Hold on to that little hope for me. Be with me through this battle and watch me come out victorious like all the battles I won with you by my side. Don’t give up on us sthandwa sami” he stands and gives her his hand to take “Let’s go home MaDlomo, our home is cold without you” She stares at his hand

“I’m not sharing a bed with you until I’m sure you didn’t cheat” he expels a sigh of relief partly closing his eyes. Thank god she is coming home.

“I’ll not bother you. Whatever you want. As long as my children and I get to have you home”

“And if you fail to prove yourself, you’ll give me divorce without nasty fights” that will happen in hell but he is walking on thin ice at the moment so he agrees just to not make things worse

“I’ll hire you a lawyer myself” she rolls her eyes once again and finally takes his hand. Vulamasango happily helps her up and tries to kiss her but he receives a cold look that makes him clear his throat. She looks around the table for a while and frown

“Where is my krush?”

“Krush?” Vula is confused

“My juice, it was right here” Shit! Mtho

“We’ll buy more krush on our way home” he feels that hormones are about to take action

“You drank it?” he shakes his head no and receive another murdering stare “Hmk, move the tv. I need some cash” with a sigh he moves the tv, there is a safe behind the tv “Just so you know, I changed the access pin. This is my money” he doesn’t argue, he just watch his money being stashed in a hand bag. It doesn’t all fit the small hand bag “I’ll come back with a bigger bag. You want some money?” he shakes his head no once again “Suit yourself, your thin by the way” he smiles behind her as they head out of the house “Why is everyone here?” she asks when she notices Abongile and Nduna outside the cars

“We thought you were kidnapped”

“Makoti, MaDlomo” Abongile and Nduna both greet happy when they make it to the car

“Abuti Nduna, Abongile” she smiles climbing the back seat with Vulamasango while Abongile and Nduna takes the front seats

“We leaving Mtho?” Nduna asks before he starts the car

“He’ll take the other car when he wakes up”

“Nka, buy yourself some junk. You look dead” Vulamasango looks at the R50 handed to him in a whisper

“R50?” he asks in a whisper too

“Are you trying to be ungrateful?”

“Thank you” he receives it and pocket it. A woman with a hand bag full of money only gives him R50. Sigh!

“Ndu, please run some cctv footage from the office from when Charlene started working for us until she left, see if you cannot find something tangible” Vula

“You’ll have a report before this day ends”

MTHOKOZISI

He yawns, grunt in frustration at his ringing phone “Some people have no timing what’s so ever” he snide reaching for his phone. It reports to be Nduna calling him “Nduna” the annoyance in his tone cannot be missed

“Where are you?” Nduna asks. Silence stretches in his mind, he thinks and look at his surroundings. He is still at the sanctuary.

“At the sanctuary, what time is it?” he removes the phone to check the time and it reports to be 18:00 in the afternoon.

“Come to the lounge now” Nduna commands and ends the call. Mthokozisi exhaustedly leaves the bed stretching his arms to fight fatigue. He slept the entire afternoon. He wonders if the two lovers are still at it. He is welcomed by Nduna standing alone in the lounge.

“Where is everyone?” Mtho asks with a frown

“Vula is home with his wife and Abongile is.....i think he is seeing someone that one. Anyway I’m not here for that. We have a problem” he hands Mthokozisi his tablet “Vula asked me to trace cameras at the office back to when Charlene was still working there until she left and this is what I found. Please press play” Mtho raises an eyebrow at him before he watches the video that breaks his heart

“NDU..” he is appalled, he cannot believe what he is watching

“Watch all of it. I don’t know what I’m going to tell Vulamasango but what I know is that he cannot see that video. He will kill that woman and I’m afraid she is really carrying his child”

“NDUNA!” Mtho is still shocked watching the video

“What do we do?” Nduna asks the shocked Mtho who just sank on the couch due to shock

“This is going to break my brother” he finally speaks looking up at Nduna

“I know, that’s why I came to you. It’s going to break him and he is going to break that woman”

“What kind of white shit is this? Are woman that thirsty out there? Jesus!” he covers his mouth in shock “Did they make up with makoti, where are they?” Mtho asks

“She agreed to go back home but they’ll be sleeping in different bedrooms until..... I guess until she believes he didn’t cheat. That’s what he told me after I dropped them off”

“Yoooooh! Let’s show makoti this, she’ll surely forgive him after seeing this. But hai! After Satan fear horny women. Lack of action can make women go to this lengths? I’m buying caged underwear’s with padlocks after this” Nduna laughs “I’ll see what we say to Vula but until that woman gives birth. HE CAN NOT KNOW” he emphasises

“Copy that”

BOITUMELO

Aaaaaaa! My crooks. Opening the door we were welcomed by them patiently waiting on me. Simultaneously they all jumped on me. Thank God Vula was right next to me, he caught them before they crushed me.

“Careful boys, remember mama is pregnant” I was almost in tears but I held them in. My poor little men, I missed them so much. I don’t know when or how I got on the floor. I was showered with multiple kisses, all fighting each other “Jesus, enough!” Vula almost snapped bringing them off me “This is my wife, you’ll better find yourself wives” I gave him a look as he helped me up

“Babies” they smiled, any other day they would have my head off for calling them ‘babies’ “Why are you all dressed, are we going somewhere?” I asked looking at their formal wear

“Church. We are going to church so you’ll not leave us again. We’ll be good boys mama please don’t leave again” Zizwe responded and broke my heart. I know how much they hate church. I have to force them every time I remember to be a Christian and go to church. Unfortunately it’s Friday and my church has no services on Friday. I guess they don’t know that because they are Vula’s sons. The devil murder himself.

“We’ll drink tea with you too. No more cold drink” Muzi added. I smiled. I know they hate my teas so bad

“Come here” I crouched down to hug them all and kiss them. I even got lips kisses, I know they hate those with passion “Mama will never leave you all” I promised

“Promise?” Muzi asked with teary eyes and I nod “Pinky promise” he and zizwe gave me their pinky finger and I sealed my promise. I looked at Mkhonto and Sakhe to seal the promise too but...

“That’s too gay for me. I’ll take your word for it” Sakhe said

“Thank you” Mkhonto agreed “Khwezi cooked” the house smelled divine and I was just about to ask. My eyes landed on my nervous daughter by the stove. She couldn’t look at me. She was already in tears.

“Mama I’m sorry” she said in a whisper and I opened my arms for her. She fell right in my embrace crying “Mama I just wanted you home, I’m sorry”

“Shhhhh its okay baby, mama understands” I brushed her back kissing her cheeks “I’m not mad baby okay” she nodded sniffing. It’s no use being mad at the child. Khwezi is her father’s daughter. She’ll always vouch for ‘baba kaKhwezi’ that I know for a fact “They say you cooked, it’s you and I now. You can tell me. Did you buy the food?” I whispered in her ear and she laughed

“No mama I cooked. Go freshen up, dinner will be ready in 10 minutes” I shook my head in disbelief taking the stairs. Khwezi and cooking? Water and oil I tell you.

Well after my daughter’s dinner I take my words back. I didn’t think following YouTube would come handy but damn! YouTube is the best teacher. Khwezi can cook. I’m in my early seventh month and all I do lately is eat, fart and sleep. Well and masturbate too, especially in mornings like this. I’m forever horny lately and I have a man wh*re for a husband so he can’t exactly scratch that itch. I took a nap after dinner but I guess I ended up sleeping because I’m only waking up now and it’s early in the morning. I’m woken by an urge to pee and for some reason I’m pressed and horny. I swear this is the last baby. Let me take care of the horniness and I’ll pee once I’m done and clean myself.

I lie back and relax as I part my legs a little. Jesus better be looking at sinners, this not a sin. The minute my fingers find my wet clit I close my eyes and imagen my husband, grabbing and pounding me “Bunnyyy” I scream, tightly squeezing my hand between my thighs as I reach my peak. This is what I like about doing it myself, I don’t take long to come with Sango’s image in my head. As soon as my ecstasy wears off I regret that immediately. I feel like somehow God was watching “God I’m sorry but it’s not me, it’s the baby” I say out loud standing with my hand tucked between my thighs. I’m trying to head for the bathroom so I clean up. I don’t want to risk the juices leaking and messing me up

I freeze from the bed when my eyes lands on Sango at the door. He has one towel wrapped around his waist and the other one hanging around his neck.

“What. Are. You. Doing?” each word comes horrified, his jaws are sweeping the floor. I can’t help but notice his hard on pushing through the towel “Are you fingering yourself?” Jesus, he better leave me alone

“It’s not me it’s your child. What are you doing here?” I snap. I may have agreed to come home but I made it clear to him that we don’t share a bed until I’m sure he didn’t cheat on me. He is sleeping in one of the guest rooms

“I’m here to get dressed but.....what are you doing?” Jesus! He still shocked

“You should get your clothes out of here, I was fixing my panty” the frown. He still doesn’t believe me. I don’t even have a panty beneath. I hate those when pregnant.

“Hmk!” he finally say and disappear to the bathroom holding his front. I have to wait for him to come out of the bathroom before I go in there. He takes quite his time in there. When he comes out I check his boner and it’s gone. I guess I’m not the only sinner. I wink at him checking him out and he laughs heading to the closet “Damn it buthumelo!”

“Where is my phone?” I ask when he comes out of the closet. He is in casual wear.

“In your drawer” he is still looking at me suspiciously. He needs to relax. I have no hand between my thighs now. I peed and cleaned up while he was in the closet. I’m just making my bed

“Where are you going?” I ask ignoring his eyes that follow my a*s as I bend to make my bed. He clears his throat.

“To the office. I haven’t done any work since you left. But I could cancel that if you want to spend some quality time with your husband” I roll my eyes

“My cheating husband? No thank you. I’m going to check on my restaurant too and Lulu, I didn’t see her when she was discharged” he nods, his eyes fixed on my thighs. Sigh! “Vulamasango?”

“Hmmm” that ‘hmmm’ comes like a pressed puppy

“Get out!” he expels a sigh before he marches to the door

“Mama” he calls holding the lock

“Keng?” (What?) I snap, I’m moody as hell

“Please don’t buy a plastic d*ck” I throw a pillow at him and he runs out laughing. I have to admit I missed him so bad.

My phone. I power it on. Thank God it still has power. I switch it on and instantly I’m welcomed by multiple text messages. Did mtn miss me this much? It’s the only network provider I know that annoys with text messages...wait it’s not mtn

****Mrs. Dlomo can we please meet. In secrecy though. You can choose a place your comfortable with as long as you don’t bring Mr. Dlomo. I owe you an apology and explanation**** this is definitely Charlene. How did she get my number again? Or her jojo tank father gave her my number

****Please Mrs. Dlomo, im begging you**** what’s this now? It’s the second message. I retire back on the bed to read through all the messages from the number I don’t know. All this messages are dated a week ago.

****Mrs. Dlomo please allow me to explain. Im fearing for my life. Your husband is going to kill me. The man in my dreams said you’re the only one who can help me****

****Mrs. Dlomo my father is becoming greedy. He is going to use your daughter's friend to bug your house. Please mam. I know im the last person you’d want to help but please. Im begging you. Can we meet please****

****Mrs. Dlomo im scared of my father. Please mam. For the sake of your child im carrying, do it for her at least**** my child? If she was close to me I would have spat on her face. But ke because curiosity killed the cat I dial her.....

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 16

BOITUMELO

.....It rings for a while before she picks up.

'Mrs. Dlomo' it sounds like she is whispering

'Charlene' I respond, a lace of annoyance highly visible in my tone but ke because I'm curious, I calm my tits down 'I just received your texts'

'Yes...yes mam, can we meet now?.....Please' she is definitely whispering, her voice is too soft and low

'Charlene what do you want? And why are you whispering? Can't you tell me whatever you want to tell me via phone?'

'Mam please, I have to sit down with you. I'm whispering because I don't want my father to hear me' please mam? This bitch is dripping. I'm suddenly a mam now?

'Don't mam me, you weren't thinking I'm a mam when you were spreading your legs for my husband' I snap and regret it same time. Breathe boitumelo. I have to remind myself 'What do you want?' I ask again, calmer this time

'I want to apologize and tell you the truth'

'I'm sorry Charlene but I don't trust the woman who slept with my husband so I can't meet with you, if you want to apologize you can do it through phone call and I'm sorry but I don't really need your apology. I'll not forgive and forget. You owe me nothing so.....' she cuts me in

'Mrs. Dlomo please, im begging you. My life depends on your forgiveness. The man in my dreams said if I don't earn your forgiveness before I give birth im going to die straight after delivery. And the only way I can make you forgive me is to sit down with you and admit my wrongs. I wronged you and Mr. Dlomo in so many ways, I was blinded by crush and I didn't think my stupidity would land me in this crucial situation I'm in. My life depends on your forgiveness now, please mam'

'Who is this man in your dreams?'

'I don't know but he always appears sitting on the throne wearing those zulu clothes. And he looks a lot like Mr. Dlomo but too old' that's Mkhonto for sure, Sango's father, one creepy ancestor!

'Come to my house, I'll only meet you here. I don't trust you or your father'

'What about Mr. Dlomo?' this woman!

'What about him?' I snap again

'I don't want to see him, I'm afraid' mxm!

'But you weren't scared when your libido was dancing for him' she gasps 'your boyfriend is not be here Charlene if you want to have a sit down with me, it will only happen in my yard'

'Okay mam, I understand. Can I come now? I only have this time, my father just left'

'Come Charlene' I drop the call immediately and sigh. Nxa! This is exactly why I wanted to be alone. People sleep around and I'm going to be expected to be the bigger person and clean up the mess. Vulamasango's ancestors are selfish and inconsiderate. Urgh!

I don't want this woman in my house. As soon as bab Khaphela told me there is a white woman at the gate looking for me I went outside. And here comes the beauty. F*ck! If I'm not mistaken she should be nine months now and the way she is rocking that heel. I'm jealous. She is rocking her pregnancy like she is the one seven months pregnant. I cannot even attempt that shoe at this stage. I feel fat as hell. And I'm about to have a sit down with a sexy heavily pregnant woman carrying my husband's child. I need this slab of chocolate before I explode. I munch one in my mouth and watch my worst nightmare catwalk to me.

"Hi...Mrs. Dlomo" she stutters, taking a seat before me and crossing her perfect legs made for heels. I can't even cross my legs the way this baby is so big. I have to spread my legs all the damn time to accommodate my stomach and this one yena can cross legs. I'm being tested really!

“Call me boitumelo Charlene, what do you want?” her beauty just made me more insecure

“How are you doing?”

“How am I doing? How do you think I’m doing?” I bellow in frustration, but remember to take a moment to breathe in the happenings. Breathe boitumelo. I remind myself once again “I’m fine Charlene how are you?”

She sighs! “I’m not okay, I’m barely breathing and I feel like everything is against me. Danger is knocking in all corners of my life. If it’s not my father, it’s the creepy man in my dreams and now on top of everything I have to watch my back for your husband too”

“I wish I can say I feel sorry for you but I don’t, in fact what do you want from me?”

“I need your help and forgiveness”

“Unfortunately you’re not going to get neither from me but what I want from you is answers. The least you could do is give me answers. Starting with this one first. Were you having an affair with my husband?” She shakes her head no “A one night stand?” another head denial “Charlene if neither of the two did not happened, how did you end up with my husband’s seed in your womb?” I don’t think she would qualify to be the next holy Mary

She sighs! Closes her eyes and claps her hand together “Mrs. Dlomo i....i took him by force?” took him by force? Am I slow or....

“Rape?” I ask, bewildered and she nods. I can’t help but burst “Charlene, your too funny maan. Please don’t try to be funny I’m serious here” she maintains her serious composure and I frown “Have you seen the size of my husband? How would you rape a puff bulk man like that? I’m not stupid wena, did he buy you to say this so I forgive him?” bathong!

“I don’t think Mr. Dlomo even has my phone number. Mrs. Dlomo I wronged your husband in the worst possible way. I.....” she breathes, like she is trying to find the right words. Now I feel rocks of fear accumulating in my stomach, shivers instantly wears my skin the same time my mouth drops “It started with a crush, a simple crush on my boss. We were new interns in his company and almost all of us

were eyeing him. Your husband is a dream Mrs. Dlomo. He is a definition of a fine species of men there ever is out there”

“Don’t annoy me Charlene. Don’t come to my house to tell me what my husband is. I know my husband” she clears her throat

“I’m sorry. I just wanted you to see where my crush emanated from. Anyway, as a dreamy boss he was, he was the topic almost every day at our lunch breaks. A sophisticated elegant powerful boss. He was just my boss but I think I ended up being obsessed with him. I would make sure that he sees me almost every day but he didn’t even notice me. He wore his arrogance and intelligence like a suit of Armor. His presence would infect my skin with goose bumps, something about him just charmed and drew me in. All this traits made me want to taste his skin”

“You’re not okay upstairs. To even say this to my face. Your delusional” I state, bewildered by how she describes Sango

“I know and I admit I was, but now I’m not and that’s also why I want to right my wrongs. Mr. Dlomo was a strict boss. He took his drinks only from his PA. One night i...i was left at the office finishing up a project we had to present to him in the morning. I wanted the project to be perfect because I wanted to impress him so I stayed for some hours at work to make sure everything was smooth. His PA came down stairs to fix Mr. Dlomo a cup of tea before she knocked off. It was only the three of us left in the building. She received a call while boiling water and I spiked the water. I put in two Roofies drug in his water while it boiled. The PA made the tea and went upstairs to give him his tea. She shortly left afterwards and I took few minutes to go check if the drug worked. I found him sleeping in his chair and I did it. I took advantage of him, slept with him as much as I can and when I was satisfied I cleaned him up and dressed him. I left him there and went home happy and satisfied” my face is a mess, tears are freely falling on my face “That’s how I raped your husband Mrs. Dlomo”

“What kind of a devil are you? Where did you get drugs? Are you even clean?” I’m shocked to the core

“My father is a drug lord. He had send me the drugs to deliver to one of his clients here and I used them on Mr. Dlomo. A week after I did that my life went sideways. I started seeing an angry zulu man in my dreams giving you a girl child. He would

take the child from me and give it to you. That's when I suspected pregnancy and I tested, it came positive and I was shocked because I was on contraceptives. I tried having an abortion five times but the foetus just didn't die. The last time I tried I ended up in the hospital. The angry zulu man came in my dreams again and told me to take the child to its mother when it's born. He had a frame of your picture in your traditional wedding gown in hand. He showed me that picture in my dreams and when I woke I found an old magazine with your picture wearing your traditional dress on my bedside table. The magazine was opened right on the page where you looked like you had just gotten married. I didn't know where the magazine came from. I asked every nurse that came in if they left the magazine in there but they all refused. I knew from that day that I fucked up really bad. After I was discharged I went to my flat and packed my life. I was running from the man in my dreams. I decided to go home but I didn't even make it to the airport. I was in a car accident and again when I woke from a different hospital I found the same magazine with your picture paged on the same page as the last one. That's when I accepted my fate and decided to lay low until I was close to giving birth"

"I had everything planned out until my father came to look for me. He was worried when almost a year ended without me going home. He came and found me pregnant with my boss's child and messed everything. At first we were both in agreement after I told him what I did but the day he came to your house and learned how rich your husband is he changed his mind. He needs an influential man to sell drugs for him here in SA and he figured Mr. Dlomo is suitable for that. He wanted to use this baby to make your husband work for him. And in order to do that he needs more dirt on your husband. That's where your daughter's friend came in, she was asked to plant cameras and bugs in your house just so he can listen and watch. His aim is to find something dirty he can use because he realised that Mr. Dlomo does not give a damn about this child. But for some reason, your son, the weird one has been removing all the cameras and bugs. Last week I was made to meet with Cindy to give her more bugs and cameras to plant again. I don't know if she did already"

"Wow" that's all I say in defeat

"The reason I decided to come forward is because the man in my dreams is back, now I see him giving the child to you and leaving me dead straight after birth. He

doesn't talk to me but he has a way of communicating to me. This time he had a piece of paper that was written 'You shall die after death if you don't earn her forgiveness' I woke from my dream again and when I woke in the house I found another magazine I don't know with a headline 'Death after birth' in frustration I screamed asking 'What should I do?' the magazine paged on it's own while I was watching and stopped at your picture. That's how I knew that you're the only one who can help me out of this mess"

"And you actually wore your shoes and came to me thinking I'll help you? The woman whom you raped her husband? Bi*ch please leave" she looks at me shocked "leave my house ausi"

"But mam you...you have to help me"

"I don't have to do shit. I owe you nothing. Leave my house" I snap

"Mam please. My life depends on you....your husband is going to kill me. Please" she kneels in tears holding my knees "I am begging you. I don't want to die. I just want to give birth to this child and give it you. I have one week to go. The doctor said im due next week. Please mam"

"Charlene damn it! What do you want me to do? I'm human being, I'm not a robot. I just learned that you raped my husband. I can't just switch my anger and forgive you. I need time to process all this" I shout, fighting her hands of me

"I don't have time, I have one week to give birth and if I don't earn your forgiveness by then I'll not make it. I am begging you"

"I can't say I forgive you but for coming forward, I comment you for that. You need my husband's forgiveness, not me. Maybe if he forgives you, I'll do so too. But I know the man I married. You're a walking corpse" she wails out loud, bringing Abongile to our attention. F*ck! He is back.

"Damn it, stop crying" I hiss, fake smiling when Abongile comes close

"Is everything okay MaDlomo?" Abongile asks

"Everything is fine Abongile. Charlene was just leaving" I help her up and whisper 'I'll call you' so Abongile doesn't hear me. I watch them until they disappear off sight before I make way back to the house. Hooo What a life! Sometimes I wonder

what my life would have been had I married Tsietsi or any other normal guy out there.

“Sthandwa sami?” I jump, startled. He is here?

“You...your here?...i...I thought you were at work” I say, running my eyes everywhere but him

“I came back when I received a call that Charlene was in my house. Care to share the details of your meeting?” Why am I not so favoured? Why did bab khaphela snitch on me? I knew Abongile and Sango were not in the house, hence why I called her here “Buthumelo?” he enquires

“Sango...I just....i wanted to yell at the girl. For her to tell me how she got pregnant with your baby” lies

“The truth zululami, you know you cannot lie to me” oh Jesus! “Or I can get the truth from her. Abongile is still holding her at the gate. He is waiting for my go ahead to release her”

“Sango you wouldn’t hurt a pregnant woman”

“I would do anything to find out the truth. Either you tell me or I make her talk” dear heaven!

“Okay, let the woman go. I’ll tell you everything. I just need to use the bathroom first” he looks at me in suspicion for a while “Where is my phone?” he laughs

“Who do you want to call? It’s here with me?” he produces it from his pocket and wave it on my face. What am I going to do now? I was going to call Charlene in the bathroom to make sure she is out before I shut down. Vulamasango cannot know “I was just asking. Baby I’m horny” he gasps at my plan B

“Horny for me?”

“Of course Sango, or you want me to buy plastic d*ck?”

“What exactly did Charlene say that you suddenly want me back in our bedroom”
F*CK!

“Who said I want you back in our room? I just want my d*ck for an hour or so” he smiles, thank God it’s working

“An hour?” I nod “And you’ll tell me what you were discussing with Charlene after that?” I nod though I know I’ll not tell him. I’ll think of something

“You know I cannot lie to you baby, I’ll tell you the truth” I stand on my toes to peck his nose to motivate him. He melts some more “You’ll find me in the bedroom, ready and waiting” I wink and walk up the stairs

“I’m right behind you. Let me call Abongile first” he screams as I walk up the stairs

“Make it snappy before I change my mind”

“Mtho just sent you a video” he laughs looking down on my phone “It’s accompanied by a text saying ‘Makoti watch this alone and delete it. Vula.....vula should not see this’ the last part he say a bit lower but I hear him. I stop up the stairs as he reads the message out loud. Video? What video would Mtho send me for Sango not to see “What’s this?” he asks looking up at me. Mtho? Video? Why is my heart palpitating?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 17

BURNING – the insert below contains sensitive content. It is advised to read without much emotions. Bear in mind that this is all fiction. Things like this probably don't happen in real life, unless we have Sangos in life. Much love, admin.

BOITUMELO

“What’s this” he asks again, now staring down on my phone taking ownership like he always does with my phone

“I don’t know but you read it yourself. You’re not supposed to watch it. It’s probably a surprise and your ruining it” I honestly cannot think of anything Mtho would send me to keep from him, unless if it’s a surprise. I don’t think he is listening to me anymore. He sinks down on the couch like he just watched his world come trembling down. I wonder what it is. Urgh! It’s probably Mtho and porn or something. I really do need the loo, I’ll watch it later. I let him be and go relieve myself.

Lord I’m exhausted, in and out. I feel like this family keeps taking from me. Everything I just discovered left me drained. I have never come across such selfish family in my entire life. I sometimes feel like a cleaner. They mess up I clean. Yeerr! I need to leave this bathroom before I sleep in here. I need a nap, maybe after it I’ll wake rejuvenated. All this havoc is too much. I have my own baby to nurture and now I have to be some super woman and raise another woman's baby. I was actually looking forward to having my Mhambi as my little baby alone..... And then? Abongile just burst my bedroom door like he is chasing something. He never been in my bedroom until today. He freezes for a minute bulging his eyes all out. I crease my forehead in a frown looking at how spooked he is. Im preparing my speech, I have to admonish him. What if I was naked?

“You need to come with me” he says before I can gather words to reprimand him, now that he speaks I realize that he is burning

“Abongile im tired, I was just about to take a nap. Come with you for what? And you can’t just....” he interjects my whine

“It’s Dlomo, I think he is about to rape Charlene” I cringe, fear traps me as Abongile pulls me by hand. I feel numb at the word ‘rape’. Something just fills my emotions with smoke. There is no fire burning in me but I feel a burden of smoke tightening in my chest. I know not to question him as he flies us out of the house. He doesn’t wait for me to make sense, he grabs my hand and literally fly me out of my house. Im trying to think what he just said into details but.....he receives a call while he walks me to the car

‘Mtho’ he speaks shoving me to the back seat and strapping me on ‘Yes I found her, her phone was with him’.....’No he took her and said he is going to give her the real taste of rape’.....’I didn’t know, I only realized after he threw me MaDlomo's phone’.....’don’t shout at me, wena why would you send such crucial information via phone’.....’Yes I’m coming, we are probably right behind you’ “fuck!” He curses after dropping the call. He is many things but not a curser. Whatever is happening I can feel that it’s burning.

“Abongile what is happening?” I finally gather the courage to ask as he flies down the road. He is driving like he is carrying a patient knocking on heaven's door. Instead of replying me, he hands me my phone “Play the video” video? Mtho’s video? It’s already paused on my phone. I instantly feel my intestine freeze when I resume the disgusting video. I block my mouth trying to hold puke that just forced it’s way up but it over powers me and I puke right in the car. Abongile hands me a plastic and all that I ate this morning comes back. What kind of cruelty is this? “Abongile....please....slow....down” my voice comes wobbly and trembling. Dressed in disgust from puking and what I just watched. I think the way he is flying is also aggravating my nauseas “Abongile how could she?” I fail to hold my tears, they fall voluntarily though I’m trying hard to fight them. How could she? The part I watch is enough, I don’t need to watch more. I know she told me she did it but watching it is another story. She left the details. Well I didn’t also ask because in my head I thought it was just rape, normal rape if there is any. I didn’t expect to see her swallow my husband’s manhood and lubricate it. This witch went all dark shades on my husband. She looked like she was having the time of her life, drinking all of him in. The way she sucked him like a possessed prostitute, I don’t want to see the sex scene. It looked like she came prepared. She had all sorts of sex toys displayed on the table. My poor Sango was just out of it. He looked dead if I may say so.

“I’m so sorry MaDlomo, please don’t cry. We’ll find her and she’ll pay” And I’m expected to be noble and forgive her after this. I’m afraid I have reached a limit. This flame in my chest is too much to bear. I just pray Sango hasn’t killed her. He can’t kill anymore and he knows but no one said anything but me killing. This is the first bit*h that’s about to depart this world by my hand. I know my husband is going to hell and since I can’t live without him, I might as well get in the mud to join him in hell.

“Hurry up Abongile” he glances at me through the review mirror, probably thinking I’m crazy. One minute he is told to slow down, the next he is told to be fast. I just want to burn Charlene.

The moment we take an off ramp to a gravelly road I notice that we are heading to Sango’ northern farm. My only prayer now is that he doesn’t kill her. If he raped her I don’t give a shit and I’ll forgive him for that. All I want is for her to be alive, I want my face to be the last thing she see on earth. Right now unleashing the predator on her doesn’t sound like a really bad idea. I would do it within a heartbeat if the predator didn’t have dire consequences on my son. But I have to bear in mind that I want my son to be clean. We can’t keep meddling him in our sinful deeds.

“I’m going to need you to stay in the car for a bit” his voice comes a bit far but when I gain my senses back I realize we have stopped in front of the northern warehouse. Mtho’s car is also here and Nduna is smoking heavily outside the car. He must have came with Mtho. In the fourteen years I have known him this is the first time I see him smoking. I guess he is another Sango, they type that only really smoke when life serves grated onions at its best.

The minute I see Mtho coming out of the warehouse I desert the car. Abongile will forgive me. They brought me here for a reason and I know it’s to tame my murder but today I’m turning into a murder myself.

“Makoti...” he swallows at my sight

“Where is he Mtho?”

“I don’t....think you should see this” f*ck this! I push through him making my way inside but he grabs me hard

“Mnyo I swear if you know what’s good for you, you’ll let me go” I hiss, fighting off his grip

“I’m sorry, I can’t” f*ck! Why does he has to be so strong? He is yellow for god sakes, yellow niggers are weak as hell. I sink my teeth on his arms and he cries letting me go

“MAKOTI DAMN IT!” he’ll heal, today someone has to join her white ancestors

The moment I gain access to the inside I feel all my follicle hairs stands. What I see before me is something I know for a fact that it’s going to take a while before my mind erases it. Sango is seated on a chair smoking some cigar with a bottle of Irish whisky on the other hand. He is drinking straight from the bottle watching Charlene. She is naked. Her arms and legs are widely spread apart and fastened to the wall. She has a gun inserted in her....in her.....private part.

I freeze and watch the horrific sight before me. Poor thing is crying her lungs out but she is not making any sound. Tears just freely fall down her face.

“M..mrs...dlo...” she fails to finish her sentence, she just noticed me as I stand a bit far from Sango’s back. He stands and harshly remove the gun from her nana. He slams the back of the gun on her face and she spits couple of her teeth with blood on the floor

“Keep my wife’s name out of your mouth sfebe. I told you to not make a sound or else I’ll keep shoving this gun in your rapist c*nt” he says shoving the gun back in her nana and I feel for Charlene as she groans in so much pain trying not to make a sound as requested. Sango sits back on his chair and glances at his wrist as he continues to smoke and drink “Five more minutes my rapist, daddy will be here and you’ll both die by Declerk, hand in hand. I’m actually itching to break you bone by bone but I know I have to stay clean for my family. As for my dog, he doesn’t have to stay clean for anyone. He is been starved for a while and he going to have a feast with the both you. But as for you Charlene. Declerk is going to rape you first before I let him feed on you. I want you to feel all sorts of pain before you leave this world. I want you to feel the damage you left in me even in death. I want your soul to not even make it in hell” right now as I stand here all the killing spirit I had in the car

leaves me. How can I stand and watch another woman be tormented like this? I know he broke him but.....

“I thought you were going to kill her” Abongile say beside me. I didn’t realise they all now stand on my sides. I frown at him in confusion “You were pretty loud in the car” Jesus I said all that out loud!

“Mi.. go kill her” Mtho gives me his gun and I gasp “You came here all burning up and even went all vampire on me” mxm! I was mad okay! I’m still mad but this is not how human. Vulamasango is hurt but he can’t do this to a woman.

“Mtho tell him to stop” I beg, soft

“He doesn’t listen, only you can stop him now. I know he is hurt but Makoti he is not thinking straight. That woman is pregnant with his child and if he is going to feed her to declerk, we all know declerk is just a dog at the end of the day. He is going to eat of her, including that child. Please talk to him before Nkandla gets here with Robertsons and declerk” as if on cue, Nkandla walks in with the tied Mr. Roberts. He is already oozing blood and his clothes looks torn like declerk already had a field day with him. Sango turns with a smile but immediately frowns at my sight.

“MTHO GET MY WIFE OUT OF HERE” he shouts. I know I’m far from him but that look in his eyes is foreign to me. I have never seen him filled with so much range

“Bafo don’t do this” Mtho begs

“BUTHUMELO GET THE F*CK OUT OF HERE” he hisses again, ignoring Mtho’s plea

“Sango...”

“BUTHUMELOOO!” I squirm in fear. I know not to talk when he is like this “I’ll not speak again. Abongile get my wife out of here” he turns to Nkandla “Cut his hands. I want declerk to eat him piece by piece with his daughter watching” Nkandla nods already taking out a machete from the bag he had under his arm. With one swing Mr. Roberts’ right hand leaves his body. Sango kicks the hand to Declerk to feast. Charlene breaks into a loud painful cry “Just for making noise sfebe. Another hand Nkandla” Nkandla like a killer he is wastes no time. Another arm is on the floor. This time I fail to hold myself. I can’t watch this. I hit the floor with my knees when they fail to carry me any longer covering my face so I don’t see.

“Bafo look what you’re doing to your wife” I don’t want to look up but I feel his heavy steps approach us. With one swing he picks me off the floor and walks out with me. He puts me just by Mtho’s car. He has a gun in hand and he can’t even spare me a look.

“Sthandwa sami I’m sorry but I have to do this” he is constantly stomping his foot and running the gun all over his face. He is burning in range. I reach for the hand holding the gun and throw it on the ground

“Dlomo you don’t have to do this, let’s go home lerato laka” he hides his face with the one free hand as I hold the other one. His eyes are blood shot red and he is on the verge of tears. When I finally manage to grab hold of both his hands, he looks up fighting tears

“That woman broke me buthumelo I have to kill her”

“She is not worth it Dinangwe, let’s just go home please” we cry together as he buries his face on my shoulder “Let’s go home baby” the pain in my heart is indescribable as he grabs my waist hard and break into a loud painful cry. My throat aches for holding in my own cry. Though tears are falling down my face I actually want to cry loud but I can’t.

Mtho picks the gun from the ground and tuck it to his back. He hands me his car keys and I know what to do. He helps me push him to the back seat and I take the front when we done.

“Take him to the sanctuary, the children can’t see him like this” I nod with tears to Mtho on my window “What do you want me to do with them?” I know why he is asking me this. Vulamasango’s pain is my pain. Looking at how broken my husband is from the back, I know it’s time to make some hard decisions.

“Let Declerk finish off the father as for the woman, keep her until she gives birth. I’ll kill her myself after she gives me my daughter”

“Your wish is my command makoti. Go heal him, I’ll look after the kids until you both are ready and okay” I smile at him through my sorrowful tears flowing down my cheeks “He is going to be okay, don’t let him off your sight” I nod though I’m doubtful. What lies on the back seat is a broken man, though he is not crying but I

can feel his painful mumbled sobs. I wonder if he'll ever heal from this one. I give it to his people, they did quite a number on him.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 18

BOITUMELO

Every day, every night feels like he is drowning further into depression. I have run out of ways to try and pull him up the pit he sank in. All my efforts feels like a mission, failed missions while at it. He has totally shut down. His build walls around him that I don't know how to shatter. Sometimes I feel like the more I try is the more he sinks in his pit and in the end I come up empty. I come shattered that I'm losing my husband. I admit it hasn't been roses but I haven't given up as yet and I don't intend to give up anytime soon. I'll fight for my murder to come back to me.

We have been here for two weeks and it's been nothing but a wrecking. I have been home to see the kids coupled times but he hasn't. My children are suffering so bad. Just when they were enjoying having their parents back together now their father is absent. I had to lie to them and say he is away on business. They were sad that he left without saying goodbye but at least they believed me. A lot is supposed to be happening. We are supposed to be driving Mkhonto to Lesotho but all that is on hold because of this situation right here.

Tomorrow it's Saturday and it's Khwezi's birthday. My baby girl is turning 18. I'm sure she probably think we forgot but that wouldn't happen. I'm going to surprise her in the morning with this cake I'm busy with now and take her shopping. One thing about my daughter she is a slay queen. I'm thinking of giving her my first car since she is going to school soon.....school? This is end of March and Khwezi is not in school. Bathong! How did this happen?

"Is that for me?" I mess up the icing. His voice comes like something foreign. I almost forgot how my husband sounded like. We have been here for two weeks and he hasn't even attempted a single word to me "The cake" he clarifies because I'm just staring at him. I almost thought the pain turned him into a mute.

"It can be yours" his smile doesn't reach the corners like I know "I'll ask your daughter to save you a sly" one thing about him is that he can eat until Jesus comes back but he doesn't really have a sweet tooth "It's her birthday tomorrow" I'm

making conversation, I want to keep the momentum of talking and chase the awkward silence between us. Oh Lord! The expression on his face. He probably forgot "It's okay Sango" I don't know what to say, I can see that he feels like shit for forgetting his daughter's birthday. The look in his eyes says it all. He showers me with an attempt of smile and turn on his steps back to the bedroom. Jerrrr! Me and my big mouth.

After cleaning up I make way to the bedroom. He is lying by his left side facing the wall. I expel a nervous sigh before I climb the bed and spoon him. We lie in loud silence for a while. The silence between us speaks volumes. This has been us for the past two weeks.

"Have you bought her a present?" he asks when I least expect it

"No, but I was thinking of taking her shopping and maybe giving her my old car" he chuckles, brushing my arm wrapped on his waist.

"You spoil Khwezi too much. No car sthandwa sami, she'll get her own car when she turns 21" he always makes sure not to spoil his children. He always say he wants them to know that nothing comes free in life. Hard work pays.

"But we haven't really bought her something for those 5 distinctions she packed"

"We did, she now has an allowance that she chows like she is in school already" he argues and lightly laughs. It swells my heart. He is slowly coming back to me "You know she makes me pay for every penny she spends on the crooks, with interest" now we both lightly laugh. That's Khwezi for you "We'll go home together tomorrow and surprise her" thank you God. They are going to be so happy to see him.

Again we fall into that silence. I'm so used to it it's like the new norm for us "Buthumelo" he calls my name after a while, I was just about to drift in sleep. I honestly don't know why he continues to murder my name because now he knows how to pronounce it

"Hmmm"

“Did you see the video” hmk! I swallow. This is the first time we are having this conversation. The first time he is speaking. He has been eating, bathing and locking himself in that darkroom of his. But one thing he always did was come to bed. I have to be careful of my words

“A bit of it, I couldn’t watch it all”

“And you still think I qualify to be called a man?” F*ck all the ‘Nyalernes’ of this world

“Sango you’re my man. My one and only husband that I love with everything in me. No Charlene with her sloppy sex game is going to make you question your worth as my man” he laughs

“Sloppy?”

“I don’t need toys to wake the king so...I guess I’m the boss” this time he laughs hard and turn to face me. I’m relieved to find him worn in his perfect smile. His lips reaches for my forehead and linger there for a while kissing

“Thank you for being here zululami”

“I promised to be here through thick and thin sango”

“But thank you. Thank you for being there in time, if you weren’t I would have made another mistake. I would have killed that.....” words fail him, he doesn’t know how to describe Charlene. I peck his nose as we face each other and he expels a sigh before he continues “I would have killed that woman and Lord knows what would have happened to Mkhonto or Mhambi this time. You probably would have lost her for good this time around” his hand cups my swelling belly “Is it me or is she too big” I laugh

“I think I’m going to give birth to sdudla here” this child is too big for her time. One would swear I’m about to pop but I’m only in my last seventh month. He slides down still facing me. His hand picks the hem of my dress up and he covers his head with my dress and speak to my belly

“Thokoza gogo Dlomo” his fingers tickles my belly and I laugh

“Sango stop it!”

“I’m having a conversation with my daughter, wena just still there……. Yebo gogo, what are you doing to daddy gogo? You want him clean? Hmmm?” the kick, she kicks just in time. He rises under my dress with the biggest grin on his face “You felt that?” I nod and he immediately disappears under my dress again “You don’t want blood gogo?” another kick, I can feel him grin against my belly “There will be no more blood I promise you gogo Dlomo, but I need one favour from you” one would swear he is talking to an adult “I need you to tell your forefathers that I hate them”

“Haibo sango!” I exclaim pushing him off my belly. I sit up straight and stare at him.

“I mean it buthumelo. I hate those bones. They protected me with Sihle, why couldn’t they do it again this time?” I can’t defend them. I hate them too in secret though, he knows he can’t say it out loud. He is not just anyone. His phone rings disturbing me from putting him right. It has been with me the entire two weeks. Gumede, Zwe, uncle kay all have been calling non-stop but I didn’t bother. I pick the phone on my bedside table and it reports to be Gumede calling

“It’s bab Gumede” I tell him

“Pick it and tell him to go jump in hell with his boney gang” Jesus!

I expel a sigh before I pick the call and put him on speaker ‘Bab Gumede’

‘Makoti where is that whiny man of yours’ I look at Sango to respond but he keeps his silence ‘I know he is listening. Tell him his boney gang say they love him back and this time, he sure learned his lesson’

I itch, I fail to hold myself ‘But that’s not fair bab Gumede. Wasn’t it punishment enough that I have a predator for a son? Did they really have to make my husband go through so much after punishing him with Mkhonto already?’ Gumede chuckles

‘Makoti for your boss that he killed, he was punished by Mkhonto. For Luthando, you both were punished by you miscarrying the other twin. What you should be asking yourself is what did he do to be punished like this’

‘What do you mean?’

‘He didn’t tell you what he did, did he?’ I frown. My eyes land on Sango who is suddenly nervous

'Gumede don't you have bones to throw or something?' he snide, trying to take the phone off me

Gumede laughs 'I didn't call to spill secrets but Vulamasango consider this your final warning. Spill blood one more time and they'll take your heaven' Sango's mouth drops, for the first I see him in fear

'Gum...gumede they.....wouldn't' his voice trembles

'Boy they'll do anything to tame you. Keep your hands pure Vulamasango. STOP KILLING! Mhambi is on her way and we both know that's an ancestor's child. She needs pure parents and for her you'll keep clean or else we'll be singing amagugu when they take your wife' silence, I'm staring at the shaken Sango wondering if this really makes him see sense. I don't want to die and leave my children. Gumede finally speaks after few moments of silence 'Makoti I wanted to tell you that it's time to come home. Our seer has to be born here, in her ancestral hut' Bathong!

'At home bab Gumede?' I ask

'Yes. Mid wives will help deliver her, I'll also be there' keya lekwa moo!

'Bab Gumede this pregnancy is difficult as it is, I have to be closer to my doctor. I'll come when I start my ninth month but.....' he interjects, more firm this time

'No you'll come now. That child needs to be here when it's born and it's going to be soon. She'll not make it to that ninth month of yours. Three children should be born on the day. Two girls and one boy' Yerrr!

'Gumede don't start me now, one boy yang now? I'll not keep raising Dlomo offspring's like I have no life. What boy are you talking about?' he laughs through the phone. I look at this one 'Did you cheat?'

'Maybe I was raped multiplied by two. I know no boy' mxm!

'Makoti the boy has nothing to do with the both of you but everything to do with Mhambi. Her birth will release the boy. Her purity will wash away all the bad spirit trapping the boy'

'Bab gumede can you please stop talking in riddles' he huffs

'COME HOME MADLOMO!' he shouts and drops the call. Leaving Sango and I staring at each other. The murder I married.

“Wena hantle-tle what did you do?” I cannot leave the irritation out of my voice

“Sbu” he responds, in thought

“What about him?”

“You asked us to kill him and his associates but there was never a punishment for that. The only thing you did is unleash Mkhonto by asking me to kill, which we gave Luthando as sacrifice. Meaning we never got punished for Sbu and his associates. Maybe this is the punishment for that because it’s the only killing I did after Thulo” he chuckles, painfully “Wow. We killed them for raping and I got raped”

“But Sango that happened like, three months ago”

“These bones sthandwa sami they see everything. They knew I was going to spill blood and punished me before I even killed sbu and his associates but why did it have to be me only. I was with Mtho this whole time”

“Mtho is not a Dlomo” he shakes his head

“Mtho is a Dlomo before a Khoza. He burns impepho kwa Dlomo. Something should happen to him too or is going to happen” another silence, we both look at each other for answers. His phones rings and again it reports Gumede. I put it on speaker.

‘Glad that you stopped whining and started to think. Mtho’s punishment was his child’ Gumede

‘Gumede what are you talking about?’ Sango asks

‘Where is the child that Mtho keeps eating for? The one he claims his wife is carrying?’ Makoti that child needs a name and we have to perform a ceremony for him. Tell Lihle to come clean or else Mthokozisi will lose his mind talking about an aborted child like it’s still in their mother’s womb’ F*ck! ‘Bring him along before he loses his mind’ he drops the call and I fail to look at Sango

“What’s he talking about?” eish

“Sango Lihle had an abortion”

“This whole time you watch my brother talk about his child that Lihle is carrying” he shouts

“I thought she got pregnant again. I didn’t think he was talking about that child. And don’t shout at me. It’s not my fault that Lihle had an abortion. She just asked for my support to accompany her there and I did just that. It wasn’t my place to judge her”

“She is a married woman buthumelo.....how do you accompany a married woman to have an abortion. Have you killed my children too” Urgh!

“Don’t insult me. Look who is Jesus now? The murder himself. You want to talk about killing children?” I question, with a stinking attitude

“Hai, leave me alone Buthumelo. Don’t you have a cake to bake?” mxm! Bloody murder. I lost my child because of him. He better remember who is the child killer before he points at me “I’ll never kill again. I don’t want to feel what life feels like without you” he tells just as I close the door walking out. I’m running away from further confrontation about Lihle and I’m glad I managed to guilt drip him

“I hope for our children your right Sango. I don’t want to leave my children either”

“What about me?” he asks on my tail as I head to the kitchen. We both stand to freeze at the sight of Mtho having my daughter’s cake with a cup of coffee. They forgot to teach him manners while he was growing

“Hellos!” he greets with a mouthful. He has two huge slices before him. I actually have no words for him “Hau! And then? What’s wrong? You want some slice?” I’m not even mad. I’m thinking of Gumede’s words

“That’s Khwezi’z cake wena s’hlama” Sango

“I’ll buy her another one. I’m stressed bafo. Your rapist baby mama is on month ten of pregnancy” I cringe, steal a glance at sango thinking he is going to explode but he doesn’t

“Don’t call that bitch my baby mama. I don’t care what happens to her or that demon she is carrying” bathong!

“SANGO!” I shout in displeasure

“A.a both of you count me out. You’ll raise that little demon both of you. I don’t even want to see it in my house” Mtho and I share looks as he leaves us stunned

“She had nothing to do with your ass being raped” Mtho shouts

“I don’t care. I don’t want that child” Sango screams back from the lounge. Mtho follows him with his food in hand

“Vulamasango you can’t punish an innocent child” Mtho tries to reason with him

“Konje what does brother God say..... a baby will suffer for her parent’s sins” I laugh unintended

“Hau! You read bible now? What page is that?” Mtho mocks

“Page 400” Jesus! Please forgive them “On the future testament”

“Mxm! Makoti can I have more cake? My baby is not full as yet” he says brushing his stomach. Sango and I share deep looks before I disappear to the kitchen. I need to talk to Lihle before I leave “Khuluma ke bafo, how did it feel like? You didn’t feel anything?” Mtho’s words comes hushed

“What are you talking about?” Sango asks back in a whisper

“The raping. God I should have been there to take it for you. I would have told her to keep me awake. Did you see the things she did?”

“Mthokozisi your annoying yazi”

“Next time they rape you tell them to call your brother to take the rape for you” they both laugh, their loud laugh and I’m relieved his back but what’s this thing of Charlene not giving birth. 10 month really? Are this ancestors trying to protect her or....or they want us to give birth at the same time, hence why Gumede said my baby will not make it to ninth month? ‘Three children should be born on the day. Two girls and one boy’ he said. The girls are mine for sure but the boy? Is it perhaps Mtho’s boy? but Lihle had an abortion.... “MAKOTI IKHEKHE TUU. MY BABY IS HUNGRY” Mtho shouts bringing me back to reality. I need to meet with Lihle asap and send Peter to the ten month pregnant Charlene. Jesus!

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 19

LINDELIHLE 'Lihle'

The minute my eldest daughter Sne, short for Snenhlanhla announce happily that mama just parked on the drive way I curse under my breath. I'm with the Divas and I know she doesn't really mingle well with them. Mama by the way is boitumelo. Almost every child in this compounds calls her mama. Even us their mothers we have made peace with it. We are called abo Mam Lihle, Mam Marry, Mam Jabu....all mam sbanibani except for MaDlomo. She is the only mama and it's all thanks to Khwezi. She was the first child in this chambers and she glorified boitumelo as 'mama'. The children ended up copying her.

"Mama!!!" I can hear Sne's ecstatic voice from the lounge. She impatiently waited on her by the kitchen

"Oh baby. Bantu knots. You look beautiful, where is mama?" Boitumelo asks

"She is in the lounge with her friends. What's in the container?"

"It's a cake for baba. I'm taking you all with. It's sis Khwezi's birthday today. Go pack for your brothers"

Sne runs past us screaming "Mam Lihle we are going to sis Khwezi's party" I think only now the Divas realise that boitumelo is in the house. Attitude wears the lounge immediately and I know I have to punch my behind up before they harass Vula's wife. That man is obsessed with his wife. He once told them he will break them bone by bone if they keep harassing his wife. Lisa is on my tail as I head to the kitchen. She and boitumelo get along quite well but they are still not as close. I think boitumelo is an introvert by nature. She is hard to make friends with but when she warms to a person, she surely warms you in every way. She is the one person I have confided in with almost every secret I have and she hasn't judged me in any way. And for that, I adore her.

"MaDlomo!" Lisa screams giving her a hug

"Boitumelo please Lisa, how are you?"

Lisa smiles "I'm okay but wena....more beautiful and glowing. This one has to be a girl" we all laugh

"Mama mogirl!" she narrows her eyes at me already fixing herself a cup of tea "You should drink wine boitumelo, Vula is not here. One glass while pregnant will surely not kill the baby"

"You know I don't do alcohol. The last time I drank wine I woke up pregnant with a pounding headache and that was it" we all burst

"Let's go the lounge" Lisa suggest already showing her ahead. I know boitumelo doesn't mingle with them but I guess she doesn't want to be rude because she grins and follow her

"Oh royalty decided to brace us with her presence today" before we even sit, one already jabbed. I don't know why they feel so intimidated by her. Yes they all wanted Vula back then but that was like 14 years ago.

"Mia you'll fotsek in my house if you're going to disrespect my guest" I warn

"Don't worry Lihle I'm used to straatmates being straatmates" gasps "Let's talk aside please" she heads for the balcony ignoring the fuming Mia's insults

"I'm sorry about that, I truly don't know why they have a problem with you"

"It's okay Lihle, I don't dwell on none factors in my life. I'm here for something more serious" she informs with a sigh

"You're here for your baby mama?" she frowns at me "Charlene" I clarify

"She is here?" she asks

I nod "Babakhe brought her here weeks back and he is been keeping her in a room upstairs. He locked her in there. All we do is give her food"

"What about the bathroom?"

"It's an ensuite"

"And the doctor?" she asks again

"Peter does come often to check on her"

“Hmk. At least she is safe. I don’t even want to see that woman. I might lose my temper. As long as peter keeps monitoring her” she heaves a sigh

“What’s wrong then? You look a bit edgy. Babakhe said everything was okay yesterday when he came home. He said you’ll both arrive today morning” I say

She expels a sigh “Everything is fine. We came home this morning and I organised a little surprise for Khwezi, hence why I’m taking the kids” I nod “By the way have you seen her?”

“Khwezi?” I ask and she nods “I last saw her on Friday and she said she is sleeping with at Marry” she laughs shaking her head

“You know we didn’t find her at home and her phone has been off since this morning. This means she slept out because to Marry she said she was sleeping here with you”

“Haibo! Boitumelo” I’m disappointed

“Hai! She is showing me flames but ke let’s hope she gets home before her father realise what’s going on. We have serious problem Lihle. Khwezi’s teenage madness is the least of our worries”

“What problem now boitumelo?”

“It’s about.....” she steals a glance at the lounge, checking the coast “It’s about the abortion” I gasp, choke on my wine and immediately feel dry

“MaDlomo that’s a secret. You promised to take it to the grave”

She heaves another sigh “It’s not me. Gumede knows and he said to tell you to come clean or else Mtho will lose his mind. The child needs a name” my mouth is sweeping the floor as I feel all my follicle hair stands “I think you need to tell Mtho the truth” she says in a whisper

“Boitumelo he is not going to forgive me” my knees feel wobbly and I decide to sink on the floor balancing by the wall. She sits next to me “I was not even three months, how can Gumede see that?” I’m in disbelief

“I’m not sure but my grandfather always say once a seed lies in a woman’s womb. That’s a soul no matter the duration”

“Boitumelo what am I going to do? Babakhe cannot know”

“I don’t know but I think we should call Gumede. He is the one with answers” I fail to hold my tears as I look at her. She pulls me in a hug and I drown. Why is life so unfair? I’m going to lose my husband for a decision I took for my own well-being. I gave this man three children. One girl and two boys. He has another three with Mary. Two girls and one boy. But because Mthokozisi is selfish he wants more. He keeps pounding babies left right and centre without considering our feelings. I wasn’t about to drop the forth baby. I had an abortion at twelve weeks and cut my tubes all in all. I’m enough with children, and it’s my decision.

“Please kick them out first. I don’t want those devils to see me shattered”

She lightly laughs and call Lisa to the balcony. I tell Lisa to kick the ladies out and she obliges. I’ll explain to her when we meet again. She is the only real one in that circle. As for others they are fake as hell. We hang around each other to gloat. That’s all there is to that circle. We moved back to the lounge after the divas expressed their offensive remarks at me for kicking them out.

“You ready?” she asks next to me on the couch as Gumede’s phone rings.

I nod with a sigh

‘MaDlomo’ Gumede’s scarry voice comes from the line. I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to his voice ‘MaKhoza’ I cringe. I sometimes forget that he sees everything

‘Yebo bab Gumede, I’m with MaKhoza. We called to enquire the procedure of how we should go about the naming ceremony’ Thank God she is here, I don’t think I have the guts to hold a conversation with Gumede

‘MaKhoza?!’

‘Yebo....yebo bab Gumede’ I stutter in fear

‘Mthokozisi is of the high power makoti. He has strong dominant ancestors from the Dlomo. To appease them we going to name the child with a goat from your family. A fine will also be required for insulting your in laws. It’s usually a cow and lastly you’ll be peeled off your covers to the royal family’ boitumelo gasp while I frown, I’m confused of the peeling, what does it mean?

'Bab Gumede is that really necessary' she asks swallowing

'It's the law MaDlomo. We can't look past it. She married into a royal family and that's punishment for what she did' she blinks at me in pity before she thanks Gumede and drop the call.

"What does he mean by saying I'm going to be peeled?"

"It means you're going to be shaved off your hair and stripped off your clothing for a day if I'm not mistaken. They'll put you behind the house and you'll have couple of old women coming to insult you" my heart sinks, tears fail me once again "Don't cry Lihle. We'll talk to Ndlovukazi and Manee. This cannot happen"

"Boitumelo I'm done. It's over with me and my marriage"

KHWEZI

Bubble. I'm in a coconut scented bubble bath reliving last night in my head. I'm a gone girl. I didn't believe him once again when he said he is here. He asked me to spend a day with him but I came prepared for a night. Of course he threw his tantrums insisting to take me home but I made him believe that my parents are out of town. He asked worriedly about the boys and I lied and told him I left them with a nanny. He only relaxed after those lies.

My skin grows shivers as I think of his mouth. His lips surely knows their way around a girl's body. It's Saturday midday and we just came from the movies. It's my birthday, my special day that I'm so happy I'm spending with him. My eighteenth birthday will be my special day. I'm giving it up today. Pity I'm no longer allowed to hang or contact Cindy, she would have given me pointers for this day.

"Beautiful" he peeps through the door "Are you coming out or we celebrating the rest of your birthday in the bathroom?" I grin, at his face and his voice. He said we are here to eat the cake and then he'll take me home.

"Come help me out" he shakes his head with that killer smile of his. He picks a bathrobe and open it for me. He wraps me in it from behind and pull me to his chest kissing my ears

“Very naughty MaMolapo waka” he pushes me to the bedroom “Get dressed, I have a surprise for you in the lounge” Oh boy! I hope love is always this lovely

The lounge is bathed in roses almost everywhere. This is all the hotel doings. He can't organize such a beautiful romantic setup in a space of couple of minutes I have been in the bathroom. He smiles at me when he sees that im in awe. With two steps he reaches for my hand and pull me to his embrace.

“You look beautiful in my shirt. Where is the shorts” I didn't come with change of clothes. He had laid his shirt and shorts for me to wear on the bed but I looked hideous. The shirt is just fine. It's long enough on me. His voice in my ear brings me to shiver. His pinned me on his broad chest caressing me from behind as we admire the beautiful setup

“Siso this is beautiful. Thank you” he kisses the sight behind me ear that does foreign things to me

“I'm glad you like it. Come, let's have our birthday cake" we both laugh as he pulls me to the setup pillow cake brunch. We had lunch at the hotel restaurant. He said he double checked that my father is not the owner of this one. Now we are having a late cake brunch if I may say so. We are seated on two pillows facing each other with a small table between us carrying one small cake with one candle. It's written happy 18th my love. There are also two glasses filled with champagne. I know its non-alcoholic “Blow your candle and make a wish. Stop grinning” I roll my eyes at him before I blow my candle. He takes a knife and one plate under the small table and cut me a huge slice

“What about you?” I ask as he hands me my piece

“I don't really eat cakes. But that doesn't mean my queen cannot have one” a man after my own heart “And here, your real birthday present. Happy birthday lerato laka” (.....my love) from his pants he produces two sets of leather made boxes. One is long and the other one is small. The ring small type of box. My breath pauses as I reach for the smaller one. Butterflies settle lower in my navel when I open it. It's indeed a ring. I grin like a retard “Open the other one” I think I like this one more but I do open the other one. A simple lace diamond necklace “This one goes here for now” he takes the necklace and hook it on the ring “This is a promise ring. My

promise to you that one day I'm going to make an honest woman out of you. But I have to let you live a little for that to happen. So you're going to wear this around your neck for now when you're at home. I wouldn't want your batista father smashing me now do we" we laugh lightly "But when you get to school. I'll put this ring where it's supposed to be. I don't want thirsty collage boys eyeing my wife to be"

"Siso thank you. I love it"

"I'm glad you do" he pecks the side down my ear as he puts the necklace on me "Speaking of school, it's late march, aren't you supposed to be in school already?" he is going to ruin this moment. He sits back before me and raises his eyebrow in question

"Siso it's my birthday" I'm trying to distract him

"I know and you have one of my brother's finest collection around your neck for that" mxm!

"I'm not talking about that, you promised" he instantly looks bored

"Khwezi I'm not going to sleep with you. I'm not ready" haibo!

"I'm the virgin here and I said I'm ready. You promised we'll do it when I turn 18" I remind him

"Do what?" he challenges me and I fail to say the word "You can't even say the word 'sex' out of your mouth but you tell me your ready. Quit playing Khwezi you're not ready"

"Siso why don't you want to do it with me" I don't miss that he just rolled his eyes too. He takes a moment shutting his eyes before he takes my hands in his

"Listen Khwezi, I love you and I'm going to make love to you when the time is right. I told you that I want to do things right with you. I don't want to insult your parents. Please, please. I beg, stop this nonsense of wanting me to sleep with you, it's totally turning me off. I feel like you're throwing yourself at me, which makes me question your character. Are you a loose girl?" wow!

"I think I should go" I'm on my feet, heading for the bedroom to get dressed but he grabs my hand

“Listen. I’m sorry my baby. I just hate it when you put pressure on me to sleep with you”

“I don’t put pressure on you Siso. You’re my boyfriend and I tell you that I’m ready and wena you call me loose?” he sighs and pull me to the couch

“Listen. Can we please stop planning sex? It will happen on its own when the time is right”

“No. I want my first time to be special and I want to plan it. But it’s fine since you don’t want to touch me, I won’t ‘pressure’ you as you say. But please do tell me Siso. Are you not sleeping with anyone since you don’t want us to do it?” he gulps, his adam’s apple moves

“Yes!” straight face answer. That’s a pure lie.

“I may be loose but I’m not stupid. You do have other girls don’t you?”

“Khwezi let’s drop this please. Can we talk about school? I asked why you’re not in school?” another fight

“I’m going to get dressed. Please take me home when I’m done”

He kills the engine parking three houses away from my home. I try to door out but it’s locked. I’m really over this day. I don’t want to fight anymore.

“Please open the door Siso”

“I hate it when we fight Khwezi. We have never drove in such silence. I’m sorry my love. I just.....I don’t want us to rush things”

“And I heard you loud and clear. I’m loose and I’ll stop being loose” I fake a grin. I’m hurt as hell but I’ll not cry now. I’ll cry alone in my room after I dump his ass via text

“Khwe.....”

“Hai! SISO! OPEN THE DOOR MAAN!” I shout

“Can you please sleep it off and I’ll see you tomorrow before I leave, I’m really sorry for the words I used”

“Sure” he unlocks the doors and I’m out before his face reach mine for a kiss. He parks there staring at me until I make it to the gate. Now that I’m here I remember that I have to walk further to my guy’s house but when I notice my parent’s cars on the drive way I realise that everyone is home. All the anger I had is replaced by fear. Jesus! When did they come back? The way my heart is palpitating I can already tell that I’m about to be busted. Bab Khapela grins at me as I wave him. He picks the phone and I know he is calling the inside. My father will not hit me.....will he? My mother will not allow that.

“Hau! The birthday girl is finally home” I’m welcomed by my guy in the kitchen eating my cake I think. I think I had a party I missed. His voice comes loud resulting for my father to come see for himself. He shakes his head in disappointment before he asks

“What time is this Khwezi?” I glance at my wrist watch at it reports to be 19:00 “Is this your curfew time?” I can’t respond, I’m already trembling “And where were you last night my baby? The entire night” tears fail me, they fall down my face. He looks at my guy, who suddenly has his belt rolled in hand “I think it’s about time we remind someone to be a child in this house”

“Baba....baba kaKhwezi....i can explain.....” he doesn’t listen. A biting swing of belt lands on my back. I run to my father but he also now has his belt. He swings it too and it bites as painful as bab Mtho. I let out a shrilling crying as they both takes turn hitting the shit out of me. I have no choice but to run for my life, back from the kitchen door I escape into the darkness.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 20

“Murrrrrr!” Sakhe’s hissing tone comes as he smears his sister with ointment “Ai ai! They did quite a number on you. Yoh! Turn, let me count them” she is on the couch lying on her stomach feeling sore from the neck downwards. Sakhe is counting her bruises from the belt bites “Yoh! 17, 18, 19, 20....Hai! I’ll not finish moos. What did you do nawe to piss Vulamasango and Mthokozisi like that?” She can’t even utter a single word, she feels like speaking elevates her pain. She just keeps sniffing on the couch without replying Sakhe who is applying ointment on her bruised skin.

It’s Sunday morning after she got her first panel beating of a lifetime from her fathers. Those two men did the undoable to her. Running outside was totally useless. Bab khaphela locked the gate and she couldn’t escape further. They hit her some more in the darkness, taking turns. But she gives it to her father. His lashes were skin tearing. She can’t even sit on her butt because sitting is another painful act and as for the shower....She cried all over again when water touched her aching bruised skin.

“Here sisi” She is back to being ‘sisi’ Mkhonto is feeling her pain. He is pissed that she was beaten black and blue and they didn’t hear a damn thing. He hands her a warm mug of hot chocolate with straw to drink. She feels like chewing is also another painful task “Why didn’t you scream?” Mkhonto ask with a soft tone. He doesn’t understand how they didn’t hear her screams but little do they know that they were locked in the cinema room watching movies with deafening sound volume for this purpose. The patient on the couch doesn’t respond, she cries in peace drinking her beverage followed by hiccups. The twins are both shivering on the same couch. They have been promised a belt multiple times but they never lived the experience and now seeing their sister, they are spooked.

“I think you should see the doctor” Sakhe suggest continuing with his task of applying ointment on her

“Don’t be stupid. Who’s ever seen a doctor for being beaten?” Mkhonto

“Well I guess I’ll be the first one. There is no way I would stand this pain. Do you see how mean these bruises are? I don’t think you’ll be wearing anything short in the next coming two years” Khwezi weeps some more at the conversation in hand. She wonders if she’ll ever heal.

“Babies!” their mother’s happy peaked tone from the kitchen. She was booked into a hotel/spar for an entire night when Khwezi was getting the beating of a lifetime. Yes she knew she was going to be dusted a bit, mostly for sleeping out on Friday and missing her birthday party, but she didn’t think it will be this extreme. Hence why she agreed when Mtho booked her and his wives to relax for the night “I come bearing breakfast, come have breakfast” she arrives with her husband who went to fetch her. He didn’t divulge about the details of how extreme they went because he knew she’d freak out. Boitumelo is expecting to see a nicely beaten child, not a vegetable. Zizwe and Muzi are the first to jump off the couch and run to their mother. Boitumelo is surprised of the tight hugs she receives from her boys.

“We’ll never be naughty again mama. Anything you want we’ll do” Muzi confesses, holding tight to his mother. They had been promised the belt couple of times but they thought it was just one of their father’s tales. He had never beaten any of them until yesterday and since they saw Khwezi’s situation, the twins are the most spooked because they were threatened with a belt on more than a single occasion.

“Oh okay” she is confused but she doesn’t dwell much on it “Where are the others? Call them I bought you all your favourites” Mkhonto and Sakhe finally joins the table. They throw themselves on chairs without greeting. Okay! Something is definitely wrong or someone is really mad “Where is Khwezi? Why don’t you greet? And from when do we eat without saying grace” No one responds her or say her grace. They dig in just like their father who is already half way through his food “Khwezi?!” boitumelo screams for her daughter.

The response comes closer than she thought “Maaaa!” Khwezi’s wobbly voice comes from the lounge. She waste no time and chase her daughter’s trembling voice. She gasps in shock at the sight of Khwezi. She is lying on the couch and she really doesn’t look good.

“Oh my God Khwezi!” she kneels next to her trying to touch her but she quickly pulls her hand when she realise she might hurt her “Oh baby, I’m so sorry” she wants to hold her but she can’t. Yes she agreed for Vula to touch the child hence

why she went away. She didn't want to witness it but she didn't think he would go this extreme

"Sit up straight Khwezi" Vulamasango stern creeping tone comes behind boitumelo. She is also a bit startled by it. She is not happy with how extreme he went with it but she'll discuss it alone with him. Right now they have to present a united front as they reprimand their daughter like they had planned. Khwezi winces in pain trying to sit up but she fails

"Baba...I can't kubuhlungu" (.....it's painful) she is already sniffing, she can't look her father in the eyes

"There is no pain here. Sit up straight. Uyalalwa angisho Khwezi" Boitumelo swallows. Okay! Vula is pissed but he doesn't have to be this extreme. She gives him a look but he makes sure to ignore her. Khwezi finally sit after groaning and hissing, she feels like her entire body is being needled "Look at me sisi mfazi. I thought you're a sister in my house but turns out you're someone's wife.....who is this boy your busy gallivanting the streets with at night?" Khwezi looks away, she can't look at her father "UYALALWA KHWEZI?" (Are you being sexed.....?) his words comes extremely harsh, piercing his daughter's already aching heart

"No baba kaKhwezi" her head is faced down the entire confrontation

"What kind of behaviour is this? From when do you sleep out in my house Khwezi? Where were you the entire night and day?" all this questions she fails to respond them "Who is this boy your busy disrespecting me with?" Boitumelo knows the boy but she won't dare say his name. It will just cause more drama they don't need right now and the last thing she needs is Majara swallowing her husband for killing his little brother. Khwezi on the other hand doesn't want to risk Seeiso being exposed because she thought about it lying in pain on her bed the entire night. This is all her fault. Had she not lied to Seeiso about her parents being out of town, she knows very well that he would have drove her straight home after 15:00 like all the time he always does "Listen to me ke sisi mfazi, I'm going to need your cell phone, bank card, tablet, laptop and the tv in your room is going to be disconnected from today going forward"

"Mamaaaa!" Khwezi weeps for her mother to intervene with a trembling voice

“Khwezi I raise children in this house. Not people’s wives. So since wena my baby you decided to be some boy’s wife at the age of 18. He might as well take care of you. Thank your mother I’m only taking your mobile devices and my money. If it was my decision alone, I would have you out in the streets joining your useless boyfriend. Its late march and you’re not in school. You failed to register and I don’t actually want to know your reasons because you already had money to do so but you choose not to. So listen attentively sisi mfazi. I’m taking all my power from you. You’re an adult angisho? So this is what is going to happen. I’ll only provide you with a roof over your head only. Your rubbish but my rubbish at the end of the day so I can’t exactly throw you away.

1. You’ll get a job before this week ends sisi mfazi. I want my money that you chowed this past two months without going to school. The card was for school. Not for spoiling your already spoiled behind
2. Abongile will no longer drive you around. You’ll use public transport to get to that work of yours.
3. You’ll save money to send yourself to school next year because I’m not going to pay a dime for the next six months. I’ll only pay after six months when you’ve proven to me that you do want to go to school. I was going to pay your tuition in full this year but since you decided to be usisi mfazi for some useless boy, my nice father benefits comes to an end today.
4. From now going forward, since you’re someone’s wife, I might as well train you to be a perfect one. You’ll clean this house sparkling clean. You’ll cook and wash dishes and sweep all this floors when you come back from your stupid job. Your mother is not to lift a finger, in fact she is living and I hope it be sooner so I can straighten you”

He steals a glance at his wife, from the face alone he sees that hell is about to go down in the bedroom.

5. “And lastly you’ll spend all your weekends in the house. You’re forbidden from visiting friends or having anything that has to do with you not being in the house on weekends

And oh! my baby if you fail to keep up this five rules, I’m sending you back home. Now go get me those gadgets and my card. And please stop crying because you’re annoying me. You’re a wife now Khwezi and you should woman up” Khwezi nods

in hiccups limping all the way up the stairs. Boitumelo waits in itching silence until she is sure Khwezi is out of sight, she glares at Vula.

“That was really mean and harsh Sango. And we didn’t agree on you turning my daughter into a vegetable and now a prisoner in her own home” she is not happy

“Listen my heaven. Khwezi is turning into a wh*re and I’ll not have a wh*re for a daughter under my watch. Wena please just look the other way. I’m fixing this mess we created. We spoilt her too much”

“I hope it works the way we think or else we might lose her. Some kids tends to close up when they are being pressed like this. I get that you’re trying to put her in lane but Sango...” She shakes her head when words fail her. She just doesn’t feel good about this, maybe it’s her motherly softness.

LULU

I feel like cursing in foreign languages at the door bell. I wonder who it could be. I had just sat down and relaxed on the couch. I was about to enjoy this movie in peace alone like I have been doing since I moved in here. Hai! With a sigh I drag myself to the door. People really do not have timing.

Opening the door I’m left stunned. Abongile! I haven’t seen him in.....in a while. The last time I saw him was when he dropped me here and he never came back. Why am I suddenly mad now that it occupies my head that he also has my number and he hadn’t called? Urgh! Why am I bothered anyway?

“Hello” he smiles snapping me out of my crazy mind. I have no reason to be mad at this man “Aren’t you going to invite me in?” gosh! Me mara!

“Sorry come in” I step aside and make way for him to pass. He hands me the flowers he had in hand as soon as I close the door

“These are for you” I raise an eyebrow in question “MaDlomo. She asked me to give you this”

“Oh thank you. I’ll find a vase” I look through the unit and ask “What are you doing here?”

“To take you out on a date” talk about confidence. I think my brother’s nonsense of him being perfect for me is starting to mud his brains. I need no man in my life and I’ll never need those creatures “Please” he begs when I don’t offer him a response but busy with filling a vase with water. Admiring the flowers I think I prefer the hospital roses better. By the way I know they are from him, same as the hospital one. My girlfriend denied all the hospital gifts coming from him “You look nice” I check myself out and realise I’m wearing his dress. I haven’t had the energy to go buy myself some clothes. If I’m not in this gown he bought me, I’m in this dress that he also bought, or one of my girlfriend’s gowns that stays here. The other dress of my tragedies stay hanged in my wardrobe. I haven’t thought much of what I want to do to it. Sometimes I wake to stare at the dress the entire night.

“Abongile follow me” he is on my tail as I head him to the lounge where I was about to enjoy my alone time “Sit down” I offer him a sit as I take my previous couch. I need to straighten him before he get carried away. He is nice and all but I’m not..... I don’t think I can stomach a man like that after my horrific escapades

“I’m sorry I never called, there was....i was occupied with my work and I couldn’t make time. But now things are back to normal” well I didn’t need his apology but now that he started with it

“Thank you for the apology but you don’t owe me one. Abongile I think you’re a nice guy but not nice for me. Please, don’t get the wrong impression. I don’t want a relationship now and I’ll never want one”

“Ms Luu, listen I know I was supposed to call but I couldn’t because things were hectic believe me. I even missed my daughter’s show. She is as mad as you are. I just....You know MaDlomo was missing right? And....” I stop him with a hand, I can’t have this again

“You know I was married to a man who was obsessed with her and I had to live her for him and now I really cannot date her body guard. It will just be another cycle repeat because already I think if she was to call now you’d run out of this door for her. She’ll always be a priority isn’t she? You even miss your daughter’s school shows for her? I’m sorry but I don’t want to put myself in a situation where I have another man in my life always looking at my friend instead of me” he heaves a sigh

“I will say you’re mad that I went awol for the whole month and excuse you. But please, MaDlomo has nothing to do with me not calling. She is my job and that’s where it starts and end. And yes she is my priority because she is my job. Her husband pays me for her safety other than that please don’t compare me with you sick late husband. I would never compare you with MaDlomo and make you live her life to impress me”

“But you’ll drop everything for her. She’ll call and you’ll go running to her aid”

“Yes Ms Luu because she is my job”

I grunt in displeas “Please leave Abongile. Whatever you thought could happen between us will never happen. I don’t need to live my life in my friend’s shadows once again and end up hating her for things she doesn’t know”

He chuckles standing “I’ll leave Ms Luu but please, don’t hesitate to call me if you ever need my help. I’m not a pushy man and I do listen. But please do some introspection on yourself, I think your jealous of your friend but ke I might be wrong. I mean why do you have to bring her in things that has nothing to do with her? You’re mad at me but now you’re bringing her name to address your anger towards me. Look at yourself” Haibo!

“What are you insinuating Abongile?” I’m suddenly fuming

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to make you mad. Please look after yourself and don’t hesitate to call me if you ever need my help” can he just leave already. He puts something on the table and makes his way out. Thank God!

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 21

KHWEZI

Yah neah! There are powerful words that say 'If people don't listen, let adversity teach them' and I think for me it's that time. I broke my parents' trust in me and now I have no choice but to earn it back. Adversity is teaching me. I'm in that time of life where it's either I break or conquer. They say life is the best teacher and I admit this is life teaching me a lesson. I went from being daddy's only favourite girl to being daddy's most hated girl. I went from having couple of zeros under my name to totally being broke. I feel like I should audition for 'I blew it' I can't believe I only have R100 cash under my name this morning.

My father hates me. After the confrontation he hasn't said a word to me. It ached more than this bruises when he picked his plate and left the table at my sight during dinner. I totally disgust him more than the word disgust. Cleaning up my act meant I had to dump Seeiso. I took the time when I was sent to fetch my devices to block him in all the platforms and delete all the evidence of our history. I had to make sure in case my father goes through my platforms. Hai! I give it to myself. This is all me. I put myself here and I have to get myself out.

It's six o'clock in the morning and I'm wearing my tracksuit to hide the bruises as I start my one week duration of job hunting. I have one week to find a job and this means I have to look for anything. I don't have a phone, I don't have money....i don't even know how I'm going to get to town. I guess I'll rely on Jonny walker all the way. Man's Good given natural transport. Well...now that I'm in the kitchen I realise that I'm hungry. He said he is only providing me a roof over my head. I don't know if I'm allowed to eat or I'll also feed myself. Maybe giving me a roof over my head meant only that. I have to keep away from pissing him. So no food Khwezi. I'll have water and leave before he wakes.

Well at least the town is not that far. It's an hour walk because I'm still limping, meaning if I was okay I would have taken shorter than that. I don't know if I was

being paranoid or still shivering from world war of belts I received, I felt like I was being watched. But every time I turned to check I just saw normal passer-by's.

I take a glance at my wrist watch which reports to be 07:00 when I enter a small internet café written 'Amandla printing works' I'm here to type my CV so I can go from shop to shop delivering them. I don't even know which number I'm going to use on that CV because I have no phone at the moment. Sigh!

"Good morning" I greet the three people in the shop after I knocked and granted permission to come in. The lady behind the desk respond with a short yebo and goes back to typing I think. The two customers on my side don't even bother, they look annoyed if I'm reading correctly "Hi mam, I'm here to type a CV. How much is it?" I have my last one hundred note in my pocket. It's the only money I had on me. I didn't know I was going to be confiscated of everything, I would have withdrawn few notes had I known

"Typing CV is R30 per page when I type for you, R20 when you do it yourself" I almost gasp and ask if her computers print CV's that guarantee a job due to the heavy prices but I'm quick to reprimand myself. I guess I have been living under a rock all this time, I wasn't aware that typing is this expensive.

"Okay mam, I can do it myself" she glances at me once and goes back to...i don't know if I should call that typing. She is using her forefinger and too careful of her punches like she doesn't know where her buttons are located

"Be fast. Use the first computer" I nod and sit before the screen "If you take more than 30 minutes I'm going to charge you extra R5.00 for every 15 minutes" Bathong!

"But I have been here for more than an hour and you haven't finished my one page CV" one customer from the bench complains and I almost laugh but hold my self once again

"Sisi can you type?" she asks the customer, rude as hell

"No"

"Then shut up and wait for me" Yoh! I better finish up and get the hell out of here.

“I’m done mam” I announce 15 minutes into my typing. I don’t have much to put on my CV. She gives me a mocking look before she tells me to print. I think she is challenging me when she tells me to print because there are four printers connected here “Which printer should I use?” this time she glares at me for a while before she responds

“HP office jet” I nod “Remember printing in colour is another price. Make sure you print in black and white or else I’m going to charge you for my colour” Jesus! Did her computers perhaps go to private schools? What’s with this crazy prizes? But nonetheless, I nod again and print my document. The same customer that she is typing for laughs when I stand to take my CV from the printer

“Where is the young lady that works here sisi? You’re busy choosing beans there instead of typing. This kid typed her cv in less than 15 minutes and wena..yoh! I don’t even know. I think we are going to two hours with you still on one page CV”

“We are going to be here for an entire day” the other one also complains. She looks at me “Can you please type for me I’ll pay you your R20 typing fee?” I look at the lady behind the desk for permission. I have no problem typing because I need money. She nods and I’m quick to type the CV. By the time I’m done more customers are flooding in. she hands those who can’t type to me and she handles the photocopiers and printers. When the crowd dies it’s past eleven and my stomach is starting to cry. I had no breakfast.

“Errrm! Mam, is there a place around here I can grab something cheap to eat?” I’m selective on the cheap part because this place is down town and the down town here is not so down. Everything looks posh and glassy down this part of the town.

“What’s your name?” she asks after I give the last person her funeral program that I was typing. She ignores my question.

“Khwezi”

“You were typing a CV earlier, are you looking for a job?” I nod “Then it’s your lucky day. You’re hired” my mouth drops “Here is the price list” she pulls a paper under the desk “My number is on the door for emergency. And when I say emergency I mean emergency. Call me for that only. Palesa will come in after lunch, she’ll teach you all the nitty gritty” she is already clutching her bag under her arm

“Ah....uhm...thank you...but.....” she is standing by the door as I struggle for words. I mean you can’t just hire someone without telling them how much they are going to get paid and what exactly are they expected to do. Or maybe ‘the coming after lunch Palesa’ will clarify all that for me?

“Don’t think of stealing from me, there are cameras in here” she points me a corner camera up on the ceiling “Bye girlie, see you later!” she is out of the door before I could say anything. I’m left stunned. Did I just get a job like that?

Well office work for me is...i don’t know, abcd. I can type, print, copy, fax, scan almost every service provided in here I can do. I always help my father in his study when he is a bit swamped. The only thing that almost gave me a headache was that laminating machine. I almost burned a customer’s marriage certificate that she was laminating. I felt like shit*ing on myself when it came out creased but she was kind enough, she asked me to put it back in the machine again and it came out straight. Sigh!

“Hello, dumelang?” a beautiful chubby girl greets me. She nervously walk behind the desk staring at me. I guess she is Palesa

“Hi. I’m Khwezi, you must be Palesa” she nods confused still glaring at me “I was hired this morning and I was told you’ll teach me everything”

“Thank God” she closes her eyes sighing “I thought I was fired there for a minute” we both giggle “Was it the hurricane that hired you or tsunami?” I frown in confusion “Amandla or Kenneth?” well I’m still confused

“It was the lady”

“Oh hurricane it is. That was Amandla. The owner but her tsunami husband tends to be everywhere. He somehow thinks he is the owner too” I glance at the camera on top and she laughs. I don’t want to get in trouble for gossiping about my boss “It doesn’t work, she scares all of us with it” hooo! I release some breathe I wasn’t aware I was holding “Are you shy? You going to bore me if you’re shy” talk about blunt people

“I’m not, I just take a while to get used to people. I was told you’ll teach me everything.....” she stops me with a hand

“Come, let’s eat. I have my mother’s fat cakes and kota. Tell me about yourself. You look bougie. Are you a cheese girl?” Bathong! “A.a don’t frown ausi, you’re wearing bathu sneakers yet you got a job at an internet café”

“It’s written Amandla printing works” I correct

“Hurricane just likes standards. This is an internet café. Tell me cheese girl, what did you do to be working here? Did you steal daddy’s money and his punishment was for you to get a job and pay him back” mxm!

“Firstly, I’m not cheese girl. I’m Khwezi. Secondly I didn’t steal my father’s money. I got this job because I need it” she raises an eyebrow glaring at me

“You have factor, we’ll jam well. Let’s eat. Tell me, where do you stay?” I guess I have a talkative colleague.

At least we knock off at 16:00. The hefty time is the knock in time, 06:30 am. I’m going to steal the boy’s alarm clock to help me wake up or else I’ll be late every day. Palesa and I got to know each other. She is lovely girl but she doesn’t shut up. She is five years older than me 23 but you wouldn’t tell, she is one of those who ages perfectly I guess. We walked together until she got to the mall where she gets her taxis. She walked me a bit while she waits for her taxi which she said it’s a staff taxi and it gets full after 17:00 when all the workers from the mall knock off. I’m heading home in hurry praying that I at least make it by 17:30. I have the R100 note plus the R20 from the morning customer. I could use it to take a taxi but I don’t know where to get them. The only public transport I know are ubers and since I have no phone it’s another hustle.

“Khwezi!” Jesus! I jump. He startled me. What’s he doing here?

“Siso!” I’m shocked. He is driving besides me on the road

“Please get in the car. I’ll drive you home” well I may have dumped him but I trust him. When he says something he does it. I knocked off at 16:00 and in the morning I took an hour to get to work. Meaning I’ll make it home exactly at five. My curfew time. I don’t want to piss my father some more so jump in immediately “What’s wrong with you?” I frown in confusion “Your limping” oh that

“How are you still here? It’s Monday Siso and you’re supposed to be in Lesotho by now”

“Khwezi how was I supposed to leave when you dumped me with a text. Just a simple ‘It’s over’ just like that. I apologised Khwezi for the words I used, i.....” I pause him with my raised hand

“Siso I didn’t dump you because of that. Yesterday.....” I tell him all that happened and by the time I’m done he laughs out loud “What’s funny?”

“I’m sorry. I just find it funny that you never got a beating when you were a baby but only got it now” mxm “Okay askies love. What can I do to make you feel better?” he asks more serious

“Nothing siso. I have to earn my father’s trust back and that means no boys. Meaning you and I should quit this. I don’t want to risk him finding out about us”

“So you still breaking up with me?” he asks a bit hurt

“Yes”

“But I never got you in trouble Khwezi. Had you not lied about your parents being out of town? You know I would have drove you home by 15:00 like I always do”

I heave a sigh “Siso it’s not even that. I just don’t want to take this risk. Please understand” he kills the engine at two houses away from my house “I’m sorry okay, but it’s over”

“It’s fine. I can’t force you take risks for me” why does it hurt when he puts it like that “What can I do to make your situation better? I don’t want you to suffer. I have a mageba in here, you can take it when you leave” he opens his dashboard and comes out with a button small mobicel. I laugh unintended

“You call this a mageba” he nods and lightly laughs too

“Yeah”

“Why?” I ask, curious

“I’ll tell you someday. Right now I want to know, what can I do to ease your situation?” well....

“I don’t need a phone sim. I don’t want to risk it being found too” I place it on the dashboard “But i....” Lord! I never thought I would do this “I need money. Transport money until I get paid. I’ll pay you back I promise” I explain

“Eish!” he glances at his wrist watch “I don’t have cash with me and I can’t go withdraw and come back. It’s 15 minutes to five and I don’t want to get you in more trouble”

“You can give me tomorrow” he shows me his phone screen that reports that he has 15 missed calls

“I have to go home. Mjay is already blowing my phone because I missed work this once” it hurts once again that he is leaving “I stayed because I couldn’t leave like that when you dumped me for no reason at all. I had to see you first”

“How did you find me?”

“I parked here from 04:00 in the morning just so I can stalk you and to my surprise you walked, right passed me in the morning” I must have been deep in my thoughts. I didn’t see his car.

“Why didn’t you call me like now?”

“I...I was about to but then I saw something I didn’t like. Someone was stalking you. At first I kept a distance because I thought it was one of your father’s guys but the way he looked at you gave me vibes that I did not like. He was actually checking you out and I don’t think anyone that works for your father would check you out” I frown

“How was he like?” I’m thinking malume Abongile but I know he would never check me out

“Ugly and when I say ugly I mean the Muvhango cast kind of ugly” I laugh “Dark, thin, almost your height. He has an ugly scar....”

“...Close to his ear?” he nods. That’s the flipping Zakha. What in the hell is wrong with that guy mara? “It’s that Mkhize prince eyeing me to make me his wife. I really need to tell my father about this guy. He is stalking me now?” the last part I’m asking myself

“Khwezi a re lokise moo love. I thought this was dealt with” (.....Lets fix it here love.....) Why does he look pissed now?

“It was. I don’t want him and my father promised to erase his family if they keep asking for my hand in marriage but he just keeps showing up at me everywhere”

“And why didn’t you tell me all this?” I didn’t? he chuckles shaking his head “Listen. Go home” he produces his wallet and takes out few notes and hand them to me. They read R500 “I’ll make sure you get money tomorrow. And I’ll make sure we talk. I love you okay”

“Thank you for the money. This will be enough” he smiles

“I said I love you MaMolapo” why am I blushing

“We broke up siso” I remind him through my pink face from blushing that I’m sure of

“What’s the guy’s names again?” that’s random “The stalker”

“Zakha Mkhize” he nods and reaches for my face with his hand. He brings my neck closer and plant a peck on my forehead

“Go home and apologize to your father every day. I will see you next.....” he stops, I guess remembering that we broke up “I guess I’ll see you when you’re ready to risk it all for me” why does he have to say it like that?

“Bye” I open the door climbing out

“Take care of yourself Khwezi” I nod and wave at him as he drives off. F*ck it hurts more than my father’s beatings watching him go.

Getting in the house I’m welcomed by my mother’s tight hug. She totally engulfs me forgetting my situation and when I wince in pain she quickly lets me go and hiss for me.

“I’m so sorry baby. How you feeling?” I just smile. She pulls my hand to the lounge where I hear happy loud voices of my brothers and father “Okay, Sango we going to have to talk about her phone. I was worried sick that I couldn’t get hold of my child and I didn’t know where she was” My mother say to my father as I greet in a

whisper but I'm audible because the boys do respond. He doesn't. He glares at me in disgust before he asks

"What child? You mean umfazi?" wow! It hurts

"Baba we were still watching soccer" Muzi whines when he stands

"Baba I'm sorry" I apologise but he still doesn't spare me his look "Bab I got a job...."
He cuts me climbing the stairs

"Good for you" wow! I blink fighting tears but they fail me

"Oh my baby I'm so sorry. Where did you get the job? Come tell mama about it" she pulls me back to the kitchen and position me on the chair. She warms food in the microwave for me and sit with me rubbing on my back as I dig in "Why didn't you eat in the morning? I noticed that you didn't because everything was just as I left it last night"

"Mama I didn't know if I'll be pissing him off too if I eat. I don't know what to do and what not to do" I cry, enjoying my mother's food

"Don't be stupid Khwezi, this is your home. Eat anything you want"

"He hates me doesn't he?"

"No baby he doesn't hate you. He is just mad. He'll come around" I don't think he will "Tell me about your job?"

"Before that. Mama I think Zakha is stalking me" she frowns "I wanted to tell baba but now he is not talking to me, maybe you can tell him for me"

"Why do you say that?" I tell her about the mall incident and today but I omit siso in everything "Jesus! Khwezi, this is serious moos. I have to tell your father, I'll be back" I nod as she leaves. Sigh! My father looks disgusted at my sight. And now I'm ruining my brother's time with him because he can't stand me. Maybe I should just go live with my grandmother, this man hates me more than a word hate.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 22

BOITUMELO

Okay! They say men don't cry.....scratch that, men do cry. Vulamasango Dlomo is crying. For a minute I stand frozen thinking I'm dreaming, I'm waiting for something to hit me or something to whisper in my ear so I snap out of the dream

"My...my....daughter...can't....even....walk....Hhoo! Hhoo!" Bathong! He can't even make a sentence through the hiccups

"Sango keng?" (.....what is it?) I finally gain my senses, I ask taking steps to sit beside him on the bed. He is not even hiding his crying, he is sitting balanced by the headboard crying tears with his right hand shielding the eyes like a crying little girl. Hell even my crooks don't cry like this "Babe talk to me, what's wrong?" Nyweeeee! He wails louder "Vulamasango you'll scare my children, what's the matter with you?" I'm losing my patience

"I...i hit...my child....and...now...she...can't even....walk properly" who said vulamasango is not a bi*ch? This is my bi*ch. I knew he was going to break sooner or later. He can kill just about anything but his children are a no go area. I knew it wasn't going to be easy that he hit Khwezi.

"Yaaaah! Poor thing can't even sit properly" I rub it in, he increases the volume and I spank his head to call him in order "Don't you dare make noise. What did you think was going to happen when you hit a child like you're fighting another man?"

"I...i...I was still so mad and I.....Hhooo!" I award him with another spank when he increase the volume again

"You were what Vulamasango?"

"Don't hit me buthumelo you'll anger my fathers" urgh!

"I don't think they love you now, after what you did to your daughter"

"You know, you're not very supportive. I'm very fragile right now and I just need you to be my wife" fragile my left foot

“What do you call what you did down there? Leaving and looking at the child like that Vulamasango? Even for you that’s the newest low. The child is trying and she just wants to apologise but you’re busy acting like a pregnant bit.....hmmm” Jesus! My mouth sometime

“SAY IT!” the look, he glares at me

“I’m sorry” he still glares without a word “Okay Sango look, I’m sorry, I’m really sorry I got carried away but I’m not sorry for standing for Khwezi. Your being too much to her. What you’re doing it’s either going to make or break her and for your sake, I hope it makes her”

“Your problem is that you’re too soft. It’s been one day and already you’ve forgiven Khwezi. How is she going to learn if she knows that after one day mommy and daddy will forgive her just like that? Allow me to discipline Khwezi the way I see fit please”

“Well if I’m too soft then you’re too cruel and I’ll not allow you to be cruel to my child. You busy acting like a pastor father while you stole church tithe at the age of 16 and run away home for an entire week chowing church money with that red tomato you call a brother” he gasp “Yeah! Ndlovukazi told me all about the headache you two gave her, so don’t dare try to be perfect on Khwezi”

“But...but I was a boy child”

“So?”

“She is a girl child” typical

“Typical, so bloody typical of the zulu man in you. Listen to me hee abuti and listen carefully. If you ever and I mean it if you’re ever repeat that thing you did to Khwezi, Vulamasango I’ll personally chop your fingers while you sleep and shove them down your throat for breakfast”

“That’s a very mean thing to do to the man you love”

“Hands off my daughter Vulamsango. Don’t dare me like that or else ota tseba why di noha diphesha” (.....why snakes don’t have legs)

“Whatever you said, you too” tsek! “Mxm! You’re not a very supportive wife. I’m getting another wife when you leave. When are you leaving vele?” he jabs

disappearing to the bathroom, I guess to clean his face because his episode has ended

“When we come back from Lesotho” he peeps through the bathroom door

“Lesotho?” he enquires

“Mkhonto, we are supposed to drive him there remember?” I remind him. He doesn’t respond immediately, he finishes his task and comes back.

“Are you waking another fight or your just intently ignoring the fact that you’re heavily pregnant and you should be preparing to go home? You heard Gumede, you might pop anytime. Your no longer coming with” he say resting his head on my lap

“Oh dear husband! I’m coming. I’m losing five years of my son’s life so every moment counts, including those moments taking him to that place. So I beg Sango, don’t dare fight me with this one. I want to see where my son is going and make sure that he’ll be comfortable” he closes his eyes with a sigh

“Fine buthumelo”

“Thank you Fula” the glare “Skipping that, we have another problem with Khwezi” he raises his head from my lap and look at me in shock

“She is pregnant, isn’t she?” What? “Oh I’m going to be a grandfather, Mkhulu Sango” he is on the verge of another episode “The boy child Gumede was talking about is hers, isn’t it? My life is over, Mkhulu Sango” Jesus! Could it be? I never took her for prevention, I forgot. Oh my God! “MOVE!” I push him off me and march out of the door already calling out for Khwezi

“KHWEZI! KHWEZI!” This child better have not turned me into a grandmother. Nkgono boitumelo. Bathong! Even saying it sounds creepy. By the time I make it to the kitchen, I’m panting from the stairs walk. Don’t ask how I pant from walking down the stairs, this pregnancy is showing me flames “KHWEZI!” she jumps, she is standing by the fridge and there are vegetables on the table

“Maa.aa!” I hate that she is visibly shaking. I breathe, I don’t have to scare the child

“Khwezi are you pregnant?” she gasps

“Mama No....” she is already blinking, I know her. She is not lying
“Mama....i’m...not....i....swear”

“Come here” she falls in my embrace as I apologise “I’m so sorry baby, I just.....forgive me” she nods, sniffing in my arms “I’m sorry okay? I didn’t mean to shout. I just got so mad at the thought of you pregnant” she sniffs, wiping her tears

“It’s okay mama, I’m not I swear” now I feel like a bi*ch, I came here gun blazing only to scare my already broken daughter. The last thing she needs is me also being mad at her

“Thank you baby, what are you doing?” I ask looking at the ingredients on the table

“Cooking. Baba said I should.....” urgh! The same father crying like a little girl in my bedroom.

“Khwezi go rest. I’ll prepare dinner and call you when it’s ready”

“Mama I don’t want to piss him more”

“I’ll handle him. Go, I’m coming to hear about your new job just now okay” she nods with a smile and I watch her limp up the stairs, hmk! They did quite a number on her.

“She is not pregnant” I announce to the spooked husband, he looks like he was waiting for the worst

“Thank God! Yoh! Imagen, Mkhulu Vulaaa. Uncle Kay and Mtho would have a day with me” mxm! Stupid man

“Listen sango we need to be serious. I don’t like what you did to Khwezi and it should not happen again” I challenge him with a stare and he heaves a sigh

“It won’t happen again but don’t expect me to forgive her after one day like you. I’ll forgive her when she is earned my trust back. She can’t come home after one day of finding a job and think I’m going to rejoice and forgive her. I’m sorry my love but it doesn’t work like that for me”

“But can you at least be gentle with her, you know she is a cry baby by nature. You not talking to her just makes her feel like you don’t love her. Have a heart Vulamasango, that’s your daughter”

“Can we please drop the Khwezi issue? I really don’t want to fight and this is just heading there” hmk!

“I’ll let it go but please don’t come crying to me when you’ve pushed her too far. Anyway, your daughter that you don’t want to talk to wants you to know that Zakha is stalking her” all the silliness suddenly desert him, his forehead creases in a frown

“WHAT?” he roars

“A.a don’t shout at me, sit down and listen. Had you stayed and listened to your daughter she would have told you all this” He gives me the explain look and I tell him what I was just told.

“And please do tell me zululami, do tell me how I’m still expected to play nice and smile when f*ckers test me like this?”

“Sango killing people is out of the equation. Just find someone to tail Khwezi from a distance just so I can relax. My daughter already doesn’t have a phone, no money, no....” he grabs me and position me on his lap before I start with the list

“I really don’t want to argue with you sthandwa sami, Khwezi has to pay for what she did. She is a wild bi*ch and wild bi*ches deserves to pay” Hoooo!

“Vu.....” I trail off when I my eyes finds his face. Oh my God! He is somewhere, somewhere where he was for weeks after finding about the rape. His face is suddenly lost in space and only now I realise that this is not even about Khwezi. Why didn’t I see this? “She is a wild bi*ch...?” I’m asking just to make sure now that he still lost in his head. I need to be sure that he is projecting his anger about the rape towards Khwezi.

“She took advantage of me”

“Sango!” he bring his eyes at me and immediately snap out of it. He grins, a nervous grin “Baby I think you need to see someone” he glares at me “Sango your taking out your anger on your daughter and.....”

“Forget it Buthumelo, I’m not sitting in front of a bored person to tell him my personal things. I talk to you when I want to talk”

“But I’m not a professional. I don’t know how to help you deal with.....”

He interjects me, cutting me on purpose “I’m hungry” he is putting an end to this conversation and I’m afraid to push too hard. I might push him over the edge. Sigh! How am I going to get him to see someone? If only he wasn’t Zulu, the zulu man in him is a problem.

LIHLE

Oh boy! It’s now or never. Maybe the signs were there but I just didn’t pay attention because he is ‘Mthokozisi’ he is doing what he has been doing since I had an abortion. His hand rest on my stomach. He doesn’t say anything but he has a content grin on his face as we lie the night away. It’s funny that to me he had never mentioned any baby or raised his suspicions of me being pregnant but to our circle I hear everyone knows that I’m pregnant. Yes he vomits in the mornings, eat too much, sleep a lot but I honestly thought he was just being white. White people have their own white tendencies.

“What are you thinking” he asks staring down at me. His one hand is on my stomach and the other one he is balanced with it so he can stare at me beneath him. I was advised to tell him before we go home for the cleaning. Mary and boitumelo suggested I do it today.

“Hhashi ‘limhlophe I have to tell you something” he is my white horse, he has been one from high school. I knew him before he was this man, when he was just a boy he was still mine. We dated, dumped each other and got back together more than I could count. At some point I thought we’ll never get married. He was just a man living in the moment but the day he knew who he really was, was the day he changed. When I told him I was pregnant 13 years ago I thought we would co-parent in peace but he took me for a surprise. His response was ‘Tell Shezi to expect my father and uncles’ I thought he was joking but I still told my father. When his uncles and father came, they were prepared to pay for more than just the damages, they asked for my hand in marriage too and I couldn’t be happier. A year after I gave birth we got married.

Marriage is the ultimate happiness for some people but for us...well for me, it wasn't. I learned of his deep dark scars. I learned of the things he do in darkness. I learned of his mother's longing. I learned the truth behind the 'forever happy Mtho'. I learned the truth that only Vula knew until me.

Not everything was as yellow mellow as he is now. My white horse was a broken horse. A happy zulu man on the outside. But just a boy longing for his mother's love on the inside. Ndlovukazi gave him the motherly love he deserves and he adores her to pieces. But everyone who had never been with their parents, they know that feeling. That sense of wonder. The sense of longing. That question you push back but it's always there. I wonder how my mother or father is like or would have been like.

For him it was his mother. Thembela Dlomo died in a horrific car accident when he was just two. He grew up in his mother's home. He had all the love but the secrecy. They never told him who he really was until he was old enough to dig for himself. I blame his uncles for his demons. Had they told him earlier who he was and how he came about, this man would have turned out okay.

Everyone has their coping mechanism. When he came to me three years into our marriage and told me he wants to take a second wife, I was ready to pack up and leave. It's one thing for him to be a player while we were still dating but being a man wh*re in marriage I couldn't accept that. I was ready with my bags until Vula came to see me. He didn't say much but he showed me a picture of his late aunt thembela and all the pictures of the women Mtho cheated on me with. It got clear to me. I knew what it meant and I stayed and allowed him to wife Mary. I didn't protest. I was right behind him to save him from himself. What's a small secret in keeping that my husband married a woman 5 years older than him just so he can feel the sense of motherhood he feels with her. I'm his lover and she is the mother, but she doesn't know that.....that's my own secret. But nonetheless, I do love Mary. Her love to him fills the motherly void he has and it has kept him at base until recently. One of the reasons why I had an abortion.

I don't know what is happening but I can see that he is enough of Mary. He is going to bring in another one to fill that void. He hasn't said a thing but I know him. He cheated on me with similar women. The Thembela Dlomo type. The Mary type. The new coming woman type. I know it's sick because I don't know when this will stop

but every family has its secret. To the outside they'll just think he is a polygamous man but to me, I know he is looking for his mother in all these women expect me. I know I'm nothing like his mother and I know I hold his pure heart. Not his twisted love. I wonder if Mary will stand the other coming woman.

"I'm listening phakade'lam" his hand resting on my stomach doesn't make this easy

"Babakhe I wronged you in the worst possible way" I'm already tearing up, words cannot be enough for what I did but I wasn't going to birth another child while I know for a fact that he'll be taking another wife soon

"You're scaring me Lihle, what is it?" he intently looks at me, scared if I may so

Slow breathe. I close my eyes to gather the courage before I tell my truth "Babakhe I broke your heart. I took your blood away from you" he frowns "Remember five months ago when I didn't want you to touch me for an entire month" he nods, still dressed by confusion "I had had an abortion and I couldn't....." silence, words fail me as I tear up. He glares at me without a word "Khoza I'm really sorry. Please forgive me" the pain in his eyes is unbearable. He blinks and his tears fall on me as he wrestles out of bed without a word and finds his gown "Where are you going?"

"TO MY MOTH...." He snaps short, remembering that he is not supposed to say that "To Mary" well at least he is going to his motherly love for comfort.

HIS FOREVER

Volume 23

KHWEZI

Second day walking to work I already feel like the most abandoned girl on the planet. I keep glancing at my back the minute I leave the gate. Zakha was tailing me yesterday but I didn't see a damn thing. I need to be extra careful and pray that my mother told my father about this Zakha situation. I think he is not okay upstairs, some screws are really really loose. I mean who follows people around just beca..... "Sh*t" I almost pee on myself when a black golf gti 290 pulls up in my space. I instantly freeze on the spot. My reasoning desert me, I know I'm supposed to scream or run for my life but I'm just glued to the ground.

"Hello" I'm still standing on the same spot when the driver of the above mentioned vehicle stands before me and greet. Even my voice has trapped somewhere in my oesophagus. He is not Zakha, he is a new face, a face I haven't seen before until today "I'm Tumisang, I was send by Prince Say" Hoooo! I release the air clogging my chest as I close my eyes and hold my knees. I swear Siso is going to be the death of me "I'm sorry if I scared you my princess" Jesus! Does he have to be so..... I don't even have a word for it, he is too respectful, like he is addressing the high power or something

"Call me Khwezi please, you say Siso sent you?" he frowns, like I lost him somewhere

"I was sent by Prince Seeiso Molapo to take you to and from work. And to keep you safe" I chuckle at the last part. Zakha must have really scared him. I see where I lost him, I can't pronounce Siso like he does "If you may please get in the car my princess, I don't want you being late" this is definitely something Seeiso would do but I still need to be sure, I don't want to find myself kidnapped or something

"I'm going to need you to call him and put him on loud speaker so I know this is all him" a bit of smile draws him as he produces his cell phone out of his pockets.

Without a doubt he dials the number and puts it on speaker. It rings a couple of times before his sleepy voice comes at the end of the line

'Argh! Maan Tumisang, it's damn five thirty in the morning' Siso complains and I hold my laughter

'Aaaa harde my prince, I'm with your madam here and she doesn't want to get in the car. She needs assurance that it really is you'

'Give her the phone' he suddenly sounds lively

'You're on speaker, she is here next to me' Tumisang explains

'MaMolapo?!' I roll my eyes and the guy laughs

'Siso we broke up, and you can't send people to guard me. Thank you but I don't want to get in more trouble with my father'

'Well I also don't want that Jafta character anywhere near you, so your father will have to forgive me. I'll do anything in my power to protect you. Don't fight me with this one Khwezi please. Tumisang will wait for you just three houses away from your home every morning to take you to and from work' well I guess it wouldn't hurt being safe from Zakha plus I still don't know where to find taxis from around here but my mother said she doubts there are any taxis coming this side. Even I haven't seen a taxi ever since in this streets.

'Fine but he must make sure that my father doesn't see him'

'Thank you' he say

'No Thank you Siso, thank you for looking out for me even though we broke up'

'Hmmm!' bathong! that mocking 'hmmm' Tumisang opens the back seat for me as I continue to chat with Siso on the phone 'Listen MaMolapo, Tumisang will also give you a bottle of mountain milk, you have to pour some in your bath water, it will help you heal faster' Tumisang already hands me the bottle as he drives

'I hope you're not bewitching me or anything' he laughs

'Don't give me ideas lerato laka oh and before I forget. He'll give you your money maybe around lunch time. I just made him a transfer and he'll go withdraw after dropping you off'

'What money now Siso? I wanted money for transport and now it's sorted, isn't it?'

'My forefather would spit on me if I gave my girlfriend R500 and call that money. I gave you that cent because I couldn't go withdraw. Tumisang will give you your girlfriend allowance with an extra zero at the back'

'I'm not your girlfriend'

'Yeah right! Bye, I love you' he drops before I could respond, only now I realise Tumisang is parked before my work place. To think it would have taken me an hour to get here.

"Thank you for the ride Tumisang but I don't want the money"

"It's too late my princess, he already made the transfer" he shows me a notification on his other phone as I hand him the other one "I'll see you at lunch time after I have withdrawn" Urgh! Siso! "And we must change your time. Maybe I pick you up at 06:00 since you knock in at 06:30. No need for this 05:30 business because you have a ride now and there is no traffic in the mornings"

"That will save me some sleep. Thank you" he nods as I climb out of the car, I forget to ask him what he is with Siso.

Well I was the first in the store. I opened and cleaned before customers could flood the shop. Palesa and I have been working since morning. Only now at 13:00 we relax as we eat our lunch. I made a lunch box today and she has her delicious fat cakes. We display our food on the counter and eat while we gossip about customers.

"Oh la la!" Palesa moans, she hisses under her breath and I follow her stare. Jerrrr! Now I curse under my breath. Tumisang is coming in holding a large box of pizza and a 2l coke "Hello cutie" Palesa greets before he could even open his mouth "What service do seek handsome? I can offer just about anything" she winks. Tumisang just stare at her, he is just plain.

"Hmk! Princess, this is for you" he ignores Palesa putting the box and drink on the counter, then he produces a brown envelop and hands it to me

"Tumisang I said I don't need this" I push back the money

“Well, tell him yourself. You want me to call him?” Urgh maan! “I didn’t know what you like, he said to buy you lunch every day and I thought pizza today since I don’t know much about you. Maybe when I take you home we can discuss your preferred meals”

“Thank you Tumisang” this is too much

He nods “I’ll see you when you knock off”

“By handsome, next time don’t buy coke. Maybe wine” Palesa waves tumisang off. She is already digging on pizza “Is that money?” I nod “Girl, where is your ngaka located, I need the address” she is already counting the notes “Does your boyfriend has a brother?” sigh!

BOITUMELO

Urgh! I hate mornings. What wake me up vele? Oh the pee.....Yerrr it’s so hot it’s burning my bladder. Without a hesitation I kick off the blankets and find my shoes running to the bathroom. Yoh! I almost peed on myself.

Now that I have relieved myself I want my something something. I don’t know why this man is not eating me lately. Ever since the rape saga I haven’t been eaten and it’s not nice at all. My baby needs some vitamins. Maybe I should send him a text so that he service me when he gets back from work.

When are you going to remove me baby there, sent. Hau! I can’t be a pregnant married woman dying of salt while I have a very much alive husband.

Well after cleaning up I make my way upstairs. My plan is to tidy a bit and go see Lulu. I know the boys leave a mess behind when they go to school, especially when I didn’t wake to supervise. Getting to the kitchen I’m welcomed by deep voices. Both Mthokozisi and Sango are in gowns having cereal....and beer, so early in the morning? It’s Tuesday for crying out loud. And why are they not at work? Especially the stingy one with something something husband of mine, he hasn’t been to work in a while. In fact he hasn’t been to work since the rape ordeal. This rape thing is

going to drain me, it's going to starve me sexually and financially. If he keeps missing work I'll be poor before I know it

"Mtho!" I greet him only, I'm suddenly mad at Sango without a reason. The sight of his face just suddenly angered me. Maybe it's the poverty I suddenly saw coming my way

"Makoti you look beautiful this morning"

"Thank you Mtho, you don't look bad yourself. Why aren't you at work?" Sango is staring between us as we converse, us lovely people

"I pay people to make me money makoti, I can take a day off whenever I feel like" mxm

"Why is your ugly brother not at work?" he laughs

"The baddest ugliest one" he cracks "I don't know, why aren't you at work?" he asks Sango who is very confused. He doesn't respond him, he continues to stare between us

"Tell him to read his messages" Mtho laughs at my request, I really don't want to speak to this man

"Read your messages" he tells him. Sango produces his phone with a sigh and reads through it. His face doesn't give much, he is just blank

"What is to remove?" he asks Mtho looking up from his phone

"Hau madoda! Ndlovukazi's money went to waste. You don't know what is to remove?"

Vula sighs "Okay what does this mean 'When are you going to remove me baby' haibo! This fool, he is not supposed to read that out loud "You want to go home?" he asks very confused and I don't respond him, he is so slowwww! Mtho is having me for breakfast, I just tickled him for an entire week

"Makoti you want to be removed. Vula why don't you remove makoti?" mxm I might as well leave these two, Mtho will be laughing at me the entire day

"What the hell is remove?" Sango asks in whisper when I disappear to the lounge

"Remove is tlofistos boy, didn't I teach you well" Mtho's tone doesn't match his

“Mxm! She needs to give birth and very soon. She is always horny this days”

“I HEARD THAT VULAMASANGO” I shout from the lounge as I look for my document
“You need to visit men’s clinic before I find another man” I say when I appear back
in the kitchen “Where is my blue file that I left in the lounge yesterday?” he points
it with his head on the counter “How did it get here? Did it grow some legs and
walk to the kitchen?”

“Sthandwa sami what did I do this morning?”

“I hate you this morning. Make sure you clean my house Vulamasango. I want to
come home to a clean house and a home cooked meal. A nice one while at it”

“Uyaphi.....” (Where are you going.....) he asks as I walk out of the door

“I’m going to see Lulu. I can’t stand you today”

“But I love you....” Urgh! He can go die with his love. He really is ugly and very stingy
with the king lately. Where is Abongile when I need him? Why isn’t he here? The
cottage is too far, I can’t walk there...Jesus! Why is this morning so fu*ked up?

“And then, what’s wrong?” Mtho asks when I walk back to the house sniffing “Why
are you crying?”

“I’m not crying Mnyo I just want Abongile to take me to my friend, is that so hard
to ask?”

“Yoh! they are burning vandag...” Mtho

“Did you call him?” Sango asks

“Don’t ask me stupid questions nyula, did I call him?....did I?” they are both staring
at me with raised eyebrows as I ask “Urgh! Go call him Mtho, I’m tired” I retire on
the chair

“Why me?”

“Mthokozisi don’t test me, go call him”

“Haibo, take your phone and call him. I’m not trying to lose some weight, have you
seen how far the cottage is located” I stare at him, he is going to annoy me too
“Yoh! now I see why they don’t remove you, your very scary for my liking” he say

producing his phone to make a call. Sango laughs but when I look at him he contains himself

“Mxm! Bloody Mthokozisi, he doesn’t want to go call Abongile for you, yet he is eating your cereal and drinking your man’s beer so early in the morning” At least my husband understands

“Can you imagen the disrespect, hau!” the audacity

“You want some cereal while you wait for Abongile?”

“I would love some” he quickly fix me my bowl as we slice Mtho right next to us

“Here you go my heaven, Mthokozisi needs to be put in order”

“I know right, he is very cheeky for my liking”

“So unruly” Sango responds glancing at Mtho as he gets off the phone

“If you were actually removing each other, I would say Nilalana ngami nina but ke because I know better. Wena you didn’t call Abongile, he is still in his Pjs watching tv. You’ll have to wait while he freshen up. Wena remove your wife, she is too salty” mxm

“I’ll be in the lounge, I can’t stand the both of you” I take my bowl and make way for the lounge.....

Yoooooh! Did I sleep the entire morning? Yerrr I slept in the lounge the entire morning. I wonder where these two monkeys are. The house is so quiet and so clean, I wonder who cleaned. Lucky for me hear Abongile’s voice outside. I quickly freshen up and ask that he take me to Lulu and he doesn’t have a problem.

“Are you feeling better now MaDlomo?” he asks glancing at me through the review mirror as I sit at the back “I was told your on fire today” he explains when I stare at him

“I’m fine Abongile, those two pissed me off” he laughs “Wena you okay?”

“Aarr apart from Milani not speaking to me, I have a situation that I wanted it to be a situation but I just realised it will not be the kind of situation I wanted it to be” Bathong!

“Abongile can you speak like normal people. I don’t know what you meant” he laughs

“Let’s just say I like someone and I really do like them and I wanted to start afresh with them but I just realised that they are not the kind of people I would want around myself” mjolo

“What did she do?” I’m disappointed, I was crossing my fingers for him and Lulu. When I discovered he is been seeing her at the hospital and buying her gifts in pretence of my name I was so happy. Lulu needs an honest guy like him. But I guess he is talking about someone else.

“I just, I picked something I didn’t like from her. I feel like she is jealous of her friend”

“Bathong Abongile, how old is she? Is she in high school?” he laughs shaking his head “It sounds so high school anyway but ke, if you like the girl. Sit her down and talk to her, show her her faults. Don’t give up without putting effort in it” he smiles coming to a halt

“I’ll think about it, call me when you’re done. I have to go drop of the cleaning ladies at the house” I frown in question and he is quick to explain “Dlomo and Mtho hired a lady to clean the house while you slept. I also borrowed her for the cottage, she was at the cottage when you woke” he laughs when I shake my head climbing out.

“My girlfriend!” I follow her voice to the lounge after she gave me permission to come in. She is watching tv in the lounge “Hey babe, how are you? Do you have some food?” I’m always hungry lately

“Where have you been?” she ignores my questions and her face is not very friendly today

“Urgh! Shit is been happening in my life, I’m sorry I couldn’t come regularly as I had promised. How are you?” she heaves a sigh and switch off the tv when I retire on the couch

“Boitumelo we need to talk” she sits up straight, why am I getting scared

“What’s wrong?” I ask in panic

“Nothing is wrong, I just....” she sighs, like she is having a difficult time to say what she wants to say “You know I love you right?” I nod “And I appreciate all that you have done for me”

“Yebo Lulu you’re my best friend. The only child hood friend I have. I would do anything for you. Where are you going with this? Don’t tell me your dying lulu, I can’t lose you again. Not when we just fix things” she laughs coming to sit next to me. She grabs my hands in hers

“I’m not dying girlfriend but I need space from you” I’m so lost

“Space from me? Did I do something wrong?” she shakes her head no

“Just listen to me. Tumi you know my situation. I was living you for the past 8 years. I developed hatred towards you because of my situation. And right now I’m trying to heal, I’m trying to find my feet again and I feel like seeing you triggers that anger in me. I have this jealousy towards you because of what I went through. Not that you do anything to make me jealous, it’s just you being you. You have a man that worships you, you have a big family that I can only dream to have. Your perfect in my eyes and that there, triggers me. I feel like I suffered for your perfection and in order to heal, I need some space from you. When I’m okay we can go back to being best friends again”

“Wow!” that’s all I say as I pick my dropped jaws

“Tumi listen, don’t hate me please. I’m being honest with you. I feel like I’m always in your shadows. Everything about our friendship is.....how do I put this. I feel like I’m not important to the people in my life because of you”

“Lulu I don’t understand” my throat is already aching, I can feel that I’m on the verge of tears. She sighs.

“Let’s take my brother for example. Mtho is my brother but whenever you call he leaves me. Maane Dee is my step mother but she’ll also come to your rescue before me and then there is Abongile situation. He likes me and I like him back, I actually think I can have something solid with him when I have healed but I don’t think I can still do that with you in the picture. He is....whatever he is to you and he’ll also still put you first. I feel like all the people in my life prioritise you more than me and my therapist said this is just anger from what I went through from the past years,

maybe seeking space from us we'll help me heal faster. You are a trigger for my pain" wow!

"Okay" my voice is very wobbly and I clear my throat standing "I guess I'll....I don't know, bye"

"Girlfriend don't be like that, please say something"

"Lulu I really don't know what to say. You want us to stop being friends and I have to respect that. There really is nothing I can do or say, your mind is made up"

"Maybe there is something you can do" I turn from the door to look at her "Maybe you can tone it down with being almost everywhere. Stop calling Mtho when he is here, stop being so much in Manee Dee's life, she is my step mother. And maybe fire Abongile when I decide to take things further with him" yoh!

"Lucia, firstly Mtho is my husband's brother. I can't just stop calling him. Maybe if I know when he is with you I would not call. Secondly Manee Dee is my aunt, my father's sister. I can't just stop being in her life. You know she is been a mother to me since my mother died and I'll always call and be with her whenever I want and lastly, I won't fire Abongile. I didn't hire him, he was hired by Sango and Mtho, maybe speak to Mtho to fire him if it's what you want. But I need you to realise that you and I will always be in the same circle because we have the same people around us. Your Mtho's sister, which makes you a sister to my husband too. You're my aunt's step daughter, which makes you family to me. I hear you that I trigger your pain and I'll try my best to keep my distance but I don't think there is any way you and I can stop being around each other. But for now, I'll say I understand and keep my distance because regardless of everything, I do love you Lulu and I want you to be okay"

"I'm sorry" she apologises in a whisper as I collect myself

"Don't be, but thank you for your honesty. At least this time you told me instead of just changing on me. I'll surely remove myself from your life.....oh before I forget" I pull the file out from my bag "This is ownership to the restaurant. I gave you 50% to the restaurant because it was our idea to start that restaurant from the start. I just didn't like how you came about it at before"

“Tumi you don’t have to do this, I wasn’t even there when you started the restaurant. I didn’t even contribute a cent”

“It doesn’t matter Lulu, it was both our idea. I’ll find a way to introduce you to the staff before I leave and take a back seat. I’ll just be a silent partner since you can’t stand me, you can run the restaurant and do as you please with it and this one is” I hand her flat documents “You own this flat from today. I don’t need this flat, it has been vacant for far too long. The title deed is in your name. This is my gift to you, I hope you find the fresh start you’re looking for”

“Tumi...you don’t have to do this” she is tearing up as she

“I’m not petty Lulu, I came here to see my friend and give you these things. You telling me to give you space doesn’t mean I’ll change my mind. Call Sango to introduce you to the staff when you’re ready. I would do it but since you can’t stand me I’ll ask him to do it”

“I’m afraid of him, I don’t think I can look at him after what happened. The last time I saw him was in the hospital and.....” I cut her

“Okay, I’ll see how you get introduced then, Bye” I honestly just want myself out of here before I tear up in front of her

“Thank you boitumelo. You have a heart of gold” I just smile and look at her one last time before I close the door on my way out. F*ck! Thanks to sbu I lost my best friend without doing anything. I wish her well though it hurts so much that I’ll no longer be in her life.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 24

LIHLE

Okay, I need more tea for my sister wife's tears. She is been here from morning tearing up on me. She hasn't said a word but I know something happened. She is usually like this when she is hurt, she cries in peace sipping tea then maybe after the third cup she opens up. All I have to do is to keep tea coming. She and MaDlomo are same WhatsApp group with tea. I on the other hand resort to wine when I want to drink my sorrows away.

"So he arrived last night, in the middle of the night. It wasn't my day with him and I figured you must have confessed to him hence why he came to me" I nod in understanding. So this is about our husband, I wonder what did he

"Yes I told him the truth that's why he stormed out on me and came to you" she nods sniffing her tears

"So when he arrived to me, he asked me to cuddle him" dear lord! "I didn't refuse, I cuddled him as he asked and he started singing some 'thula thula nana umama uzobuya' lullaby. Somewhere through his song he asked me to cradle him. Cradle a damn grown up man like Mthokozisi Lihle?"

"Cradle him how?" I ask

"He wanted me to hold him like a baby and sing him that shit baby lullaby for him and when I refused he stormed out and went to sleep at Vulamasango. Lidelihle I'm so confused, what is going on with him?" maybe I'm heartless or I have cried enough tears for my husband's mama issues. This woman is here crying tears because the man stormed out on her. I honestly have no advice when it comes to that, but I can surely offer her more tea

"You want more tea?" she nods sniffing and I immediately stand. When I turn around I find the creepy one standing behind me pocket handed. The mugs slips through my hands and they shatter to the floor. Jesus! This kid.

“Haibo! What’s wrong?” Mary asks alarmed behind me, she also frowns when she sees the creepy one “Twebankie” she smiles at him but he doesn’t return the smile. He is still in his school uniform, meaning he came here straight after they dropped them off. His eyes remain on me sending cold shivers down my spine, I feel glued to the tiled floor as he stares at me “Twebankie why are you looking at mam Lihle like that?” Mary asks, she is my voice, I can’t even utter a single word because of the creeps this boy gives me

“It’s not me” he says, still burrowing me with his stare

“It’s not you who is doing what?” Mary asks

“It’s Mkhulu looking at her, through my eyes” I damp my underwear at the mention of ‘Mkhulu’. Mkhulu is no one other than Mkhonto, my husband’s uncle. That’s one busy ancestor out there. I bet he is the Ngamla of the underground. The David Genaro/Stefano Dimera of the dead. I don’t that creepy ancestor to be looking at me through him “Where is she?” he asks still staring at me

“Whooo?” my voice comes trembling. Instead of replying he raises an eyebrow and only then it clicks who he is talking about. Before I can respond he turns on his steps and takes the spare key to the room from my African piece pot. How he knew there is a spare key there, I don’t know.

“What’s he talking about?” Mary snaps me out of it. She doesn’t know there is a locked up Charlene in here. I immediately reach for my phone and dial MaDlomo. This Vula’s person sounds like she is sleeping or she is crying, her voice is just too low

‘Lihle’ her soft voice comes on the line

‘Boitumelo the creepy one is here alone, please sent Sakhe to dilute the situation. You know I cannot stand this creepy boy of yours alone’ she chuckles, but it’s not her lively laugh

‘Are they back from school already?’ she sighs ‘I’ll send Sakhe’ what’s wrong with her, she sounds so down.

‘Thank you, are you okay?’ she laughs

'I'll be fine, let me find Sakhe' she drops the call. Before I can dwell on MaDlomo's well-being, I remember that Mkhonto went to Charlene's room. With hurried steps I head there with Mary behind me. When we open the door we find Charlene laying on the bed and Mkhonto is placing both his hands on her belly

"One week Ngelosi" he keeps mumbling as he brushes her. Charlene is just numb "One week Ngelosi kaMhambi" you see why I say this child is creepy "Mam Lihle" I jump again when he calls my name "I need warm water" I don't wait for him to repeat, I run to the bathroom and fill a bucket with warm water "I need coarse salt too" bathong! This creepy child

"Mkhonto I don't have coarse salt in here"

"Tell Sakhe to come with it" how did he know again that Sakhe is coming here? This is why I'll never baby sit where there is Mkhonto around. He is too creepy for my liking. I produce my phone and call MaDlomo again. She promise to give Sakhe the needed salt.

In silence we wait. Charlene is sweating rivers on the bed but she hasn't attempted even a single word. Mkhonto's look on her is not one to be messed with.

A loud ugly voice of Sakhe comes singing out loud ~Cherry yami bloma daaa! Uma ungafuni bele lakho....~ what kind of song is this? This children are going to kill us. For the first time Mkhonto is smiling at the sound of the silliest song on earth. I think his brothers are the only people that make him human.

"In here Sakhe!" Mkhonto screams, immediately the door opens. He cringes when he sees us.

"Hau! Mam Lihles, sis Mary" Mary narrows her eyes at Sakhe "Here ntwana, I'll be down stairs eating" one of this days he is going to die from food. He hands Mkhonto a salt container and walks out whistling. Mkhonto sprinkles the salt in the water and dilutes mumbling things only he can hear. When he's done he turn to look at Mary and I.

"Wipe her with this water all over her body and discard it outside the yard tomorrow by dawn" Haaa! "Make sure the water flows where you throw it" he looks in our eyes to emphasise then he leaves us just like that in questions

"Lindelihle what is going on? Who is this white woman?" Mary

“Mary I’ll explain when we are alone, let’s just do as Mkhonto ordered” I’m glad when she sighs and rolls her shirt sleeves. For some reason Charlene is also not fighting. Which makes this task fast and easier. I’m glad not to be raising a creepy child like Mkhonto, I would have nightmares till I die.

VULAMASANGO

One thing I hate is receiving a call from Gumede, especially when I’m in a mission like this one eliminating some unwanted weed in my garden. I hate how he is always a step ahead from me. His spukus power is not one to be messed with. I’m sure he is calling me tell me to retreat. My brother and I both share looks before I decide to answer him on speaker. Not answering him is not an option. As much as he is a pain in the arse, he is not one to be ignored. Everything he advices shouldn’t be taken for granted.

‘Gumede’ I try in all my might to hide how displeased I am at his call right now

‘When is makoti coming home vulamasango? You know Mhambi has to arrive here, in her prepared hut’ this is what happens when you have a powerful seed, even your children’s birth place has to be chosen by those before her

‘Gumede I’ll drive her before this week dies’ he sighs through the speaker, convincing my wife to leave is honestly an army task. She is holding on to Mkhonto and she wants us to driver him before she leaves.

‘You better. When you get home take a belt that you’re wearing and fasten her with it around her waist. Talk to your daughter to hold on a bit’

‘Is she in labour?’ Mtho asks what I hadn’t thought. I abruptly stop the car ready to turn back

‘No, but Ngelosi is getting impatient. She is fighting to be with her mother and sister’ Mtho and I share looks when it occurs to us that Gumede is still human and he might be crazy, who the hell is Ngelosi?

‘Gumede what are you talking about?’ I ask

'Get MaDlomo home Vulamasango' he drops the call when he is done leaving us in confusion. This is one of the reasons why I hate seers, they just leave us in more questions than answers

"I think seers do go crazy yazi" I think so too. This man can be too weird when he likes. I'm glad he didn't call for what we are doing right now. The minute I park my car outside the warehouse I spot Nduna's car, which rightfully have to be here. But as for the other black golf gti 290 is quite new and I wonder what it's doing here.

"Another mole?" I question Mtho who looks just as confused as I am

"I don't know, let's find out" we both abandon the car and head inside the warehouse. Abongile and Nduna have Zakha tied on the chair just as I had requested. I'm happy with the steel table, it's going to be handy when operating him. I guess the young boy on the other chair is the driver of the golf. The fact that he is not tied means that he ain't a mole.

"Took you long enough" Nduna jabs

"You of all people know how MaDlomo can be when pregnant. We had to wait for Abongile to drop her at Lulu before we escaped her claws" Mtho scans the other boy while a dress up.....I put on my welding apron, gloves and hood. I wouldn't want blood spilling on me and having my already mad pregnant wife up in my neck for dislocating this moron's bones "And then, who is this one?" Mtho questions Abongile and Nduna while looking through his plastics

"Speak for yourself ntwana and be honest if you want to go home in peace not in pieces" Abongile advises the boy who doesn't look shaken at all. I'm happy to see that the two primus stoves are already on and there is a pan of oil warming up on top of the other one while the other one has an empty pan heating up. This is going to be sweet and short, just how I like serving my punishments.

"I'm Tumisang and I was ordered by Prince Seeiso Molapo to tail Princess Khwezi and keep her safe from the moron on the chair. That's all I was asked to do and it's what I have been doing since today morning" Seeiso? Now this world is f8cking with me.

“You said Seeiso?” Mtho asks, I guess he needs to be sure. The boy nods “Why would Seeiso ask you to keep my daughter safe?” well I would also like to know but I decide to just listen while Mtho asks all the questions

“Because he is f*cking my wife” this useless sperm, opening his mouth just reminded me that I have got a lesson to teach. You know boys like this one are the kind you just look at and realise this was just a mistake sperm, the sperm that comes at the far end after the deed when all your muscles shut down. This Zakha boy is the result of that sperm. I give his cheek a hammer blow and he coughs teeth

“Do you have a wife in my house wee nja?” F*cking useless waste of breathe is already in tears. Such a pu*sy! Couple of teeth knocked out he is already sniffing on me “You f*cken have the guts to use the word ‘f*ck’ and my daughter in the same sentence? Hands on the table boy?” bloody bastard! Without a struggle he immediately puts his hands on the table like I’m going to put a ring on his rake fingers. Within a blink I award his fingers with another hammer blow and he opens his cave of a mouth making noise “I HATE NOISE, I HATE NOISE. YOU BETTER SHUT IT BEFORE I BLOW YOUR BRAINS AT THIS MOMENT!!!” I shout, unintended. There is nothing I hate more than someone making noise on me while I serve them for what they worked for. Little f*cker here is been stalking my daughter and what did he think I was going to do? Clap hands for him?

“HmMMM! HmMMM!” he resort to humming like a snow bird. Only now the other boy looks a bit shaken

“Vula hurry up, the oil is ready for the Russian” Mtho advises buttering the slices of bread “Why did you buy stork? You don’t buy stork butter for buttering penis breakfast” Mtho complains to Abongile as he butters the bread

I quickly untied the fool on the chair and tell him to take off his clothes.

“Sir....Mr...Dlomo.....i can’t....my fingers.....” damn it. This little f*cker is going to waste my time. I baptise him with another blow on his fingers

“I said take off your clothes, I didn’t ask you to speak” he trembles, humming in pain as he stands to strip. He remains in his underwear and when I look at him he gets me. He strips them too still crying “Oh boy! Put your little wiwi on the table”

“Haaaaaa!” the other boy screams when he realise what I’m about to do. He attempts to run but Abongile retrieves a gun and reminds him

“I told you, you’ll not even make it to the door. Sit damn down” he nods, swallowing as he sits back on the chair. Now back to the Zakha fool.

“I hate repeating myself Mkhize”

“Mr. Dlomo....i’m so sorry.....i’ll not do it again”

“You see Zakha, I had a conversation with your father. He said they talked to you, sat you down and reprimanded you but you refused to listen. I hear you said you’re going to rape my daughter and get her pregnant so I can agree for you to marry her. So you see as father, I have to make sure that your delusion doesn’t come to live and the only way is that I remove your little wiwi. But if I had a choice I would just kill you. So listen boy, put that wiwi on the table so we finish this fast” he doesn’t, he stares at me sweating rivers and I have no choice but to motivate him. My pistol meets his skull and he quickly place his wiwi on the table. Good boy! “Now here” I hand him my butcher pair of scissors “Cut it”

“Hhaaaaaaaaaa!” F&ck I hate noise. Let me do it once so he makes noise for the real thing. In a second I perform the most beautiful art separating his penis from his body. He falls on his knees as blood shoots off his...what do we call it when there is no penis?

“We wouldn’t want you dying now would we?” Mtho informs him putting a hot pan on his whatever. He burns him with a hot pan so he doesn’t bleed more. Poor thing is groaning on the floor. This is the quickest operation. I pick the wiwi with the scissor and throw it in the boiling oil. He is going to have the best breakfast in the history of breakfast “Don’t fry the Russian too much, it has to be juicy” Mtho advices putting the boy back in the chair while I fry the Russian. I think it’s good to eat now. I take it out with the scissor and put it next to his stork buttered bread.

“We serve our patients in this hospital, here is breakfast boy” I place the plate of his wiwi and bread in front on him

“EAT!” Mtho motivates him with his gun stuck in his ear “Hei! Hei! Start with the meat! That Russian is very expensive” he advises when the shaking Zakha attempts for the bread. With trembling hands he reaches for his penis and chew it in his

mouth. Yak! Such a moron! The other boy is throwing up on the floor as we watch our patient eat his Russian.

Now that Russian boy is out of the way, we'll drop him off at the hospital when drive back. I squat in front of the other one.

"Listen up boy, I'm going to need you to speak the truth and leave nothing out. You wouldn't want to taste your Russian right?" he nods, trembling "Good. Now tell me, why is Seeiso sending you to tail my daughter?"

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Volume 25

VULAMASANGO

Now that sausage boy is out of the way, we'll drop him off at the hospital when we drive back. I squat in front of the other one.

"Listen up boy, I'm going to need you to speak the truth and leave nothing out. You wouldn't want to taste your rassian right?" he nods, trembling "Good. Now tell me, why is Seeiso sending you to tail my daughter?"

"Mr..l....." stuttering

"Tumisang" I interject and he heaves a sigh and attempt to keep a look at me "Speak up, I don't hurt people who don't hurt me or those I love. Tell me the truth and you'll be free"

He nods blinking like my wife "Prince Seeiso and Princess Khwezi are dating" f8ck this earth!

"Are they?" Mtho questions, I guess he is as surprised as I am. The boy nods consecutively

"He...he showed me that Zakha guy's picture and asked me to follow the princess and protect her from that guy. I swear that's all. And I only started today" hmk!

"But wena mfana, Seeiso lives in Lesotho, when does he get time to date Khwezi as you say?" Mtho asks once again

"They only see each other on weekends. He usually drives here every weekend to spend time with her" Yah neah! Seeiso? This one is.....I actually didn't see this one coming. I love that boy...I mean I loved him. I don't love him any more now that I know he is messing with my daughter.

"Wow!" Mtho exhales in defeat and rest on the chair.

"Listen ke boy. From today you work for me okay" he nods quickly "You'll not say a word to Seeiso about being found out. You'll continue tailing the princess as the

prince had asked. When Seeiso is in town to see his girlfriend you'll let me know, uyezwa boy?"

"Yebo, yebo sir"

"You don't want to taste the juices in your sausage right?" he nods "Don't disappoint me then"

"I won't. I promise sir" Good boy! f8cking teenagers messing with me.

"You know Majara will peel you like a potato if you dare hurt his little brother right?" Mtho reminds me as we drive back home

"I know my fights. Majara is not my mate. I don't want to turn my wife into a widower so.....worry not, I wouldn't even attempt a fist on Majara's little brother" he laughs

"I'm glad you know. What are you planning on Seeiso?"

"Nothing. He is a smart boy and I know he'll listen. I want him to breath the hell away from my daughter and if he doesn't, I'll have to tell Majara whom I know will deal with him accordingly" he nods hesitantly

"But he wouldn't make a bad son in law...." I give him a look and he trails off "He is....come on Vula. You love that boy, he is very smart and if I were to give Khwezi to someone, believe me it would be him. He is got the right roots, right structure and he is royalty"

"We are not discussing this Mthokozisi, Khwezi is damn 18" I hiss

"I know, don't bite me. I'm just stating the facts that you know very well deep down, he ain't that bad" mxm! I'll keep my silence. I'm honestly not discussing my 18 year old dating. Khwezi is supposed to date when she turns 30. He knows this very well and we agreed on it but now he is suddenly smitten by Seeiso and wants him messing with my little girl. My little angel. No man will be good enough for my angel. It aches in my heart that I put my hands on my girl, poor thing can't sit down without wincing first. I can't even look my daughter in the eye without feeling like shit and I have to carry that guilt for the rest of my life.

I hate that I projected my assault pain on her. Somehow her disrespecting me brought all the Charlene anger back and I took it out on her. That woman really f8cked my life upside down. I feel like half a man. A woman took advantage of me and did as she please with me. I'm glad when days pass without me breaking something but deep down I'm afraid of the darkness brewing in me. I feel like one day I'm going to do something so..... "Okay, zikhiphani? Your suddenly lost in your head" he steals a glance at me as he drives "If it's about Khwezi....." I interject, it's not that

"I can't touch my wife bafo" I confess my truth. I honestly don't remember when last I touched my wife and this so not me. I love my wife and I always want to be within her heaven. He frowns at me once and pull the car to the side. With a sigh I gather my scattered thoughts "She wasn't kidding earlier when she cried of me not touching her"

"Why are you not performing your manly duties vulamasango? Do you have a problem?" I shake my head no, looking the other way. It's hard for me to admit that I'm a mad stone cold man and I'm afraid I might hurt the woman I love more than anything if I touch her.

"Ever since the assault, every time I try to touch her that image of that bi*ch doing things to me just comes back and I have to fight the urge to touch my wife because I feel the fire burning in my bones that I'll hurt her. I'm scared that I'm going to take out all my anger on her"

"That's f8cked up, have you talked to makoti about this?" again I shake my head no

"This thing is messing with me. I haven't been to the office since I found out. I don't know how I'm going to be in that office and not see that bi8ch doing as she please with me in that very same office. I don't know how I'm going to look at the corners of that office and not see that white wh8re on me. I honestly don't know how I'm going to raise the product of this pain. That's why I'm adamantly sure that I don't want that rubbish child. I'll not raise my assault child and call it my child and for your sake my brother I hope you gave Charlene a run because I swear bafo I'm going to strangle that child if I dare see it in my life"

"Vula....." He tries to reason

“No Bafo. I refuse. I refuse to raise a product of my pain. You and MaDlomo will raise that thing together if you want it but I don’t even want to see it anywhere in my proximity” he is parked right at my gate

“Okay listen, I know you’ll never see a shrink so I will not even advise you to see one. My advice is call Zwe” I frown looking at him “Vula our uncle is a king. He listens to people’s sob stories and gives them advice for a living. I’m sure he would spare a minute to listen to your troubles and advice you”

“You think?” he chuckles

“I know, call the bastard and get the hell out of my car” it’s my car by the way

“I’m going to tell him you called him a bastard” I threaten

“You’ve always been a snitch, now get out. I have a murder wife to deal with” eish!

“Are you going to be okay with that one?” he shrug, gives me that look that I know very well, the one hidden behind the happy face “I almost called Mary mama yesterday.....that’s why I came to you” I have no words, I have said more than enough from the time I learned of his obsession of women who looks like my aunt. I honestly can’t do more than lend him an ear “Sometimes..... Sometimes I love her as I should, as she deserves, sometimes I want her to be my mother. There are time where I just want her to cuddle me and tell me I’m her boy. That everything is going to be okay”

“Bafo you need to heal, it’s been too long”

“Maybe if I can see her just once I’ll heal Vulamasango. Maybe if you’re selfish aunt could just crawl from her hell hole and visit me once. Maybe if I could erase the experience of an old woman who was supposed to be my teacher as my first sex experience. Maybe if my teacher didn’t molest me at the age of 12. Maybe if that young boy in me who longed for his mother to save him from the cruel teacher would actually hear even just his mother’s voice telling him she is sorry she wasn’t there. Maybe if the 12 year old in me would heal from that. Maybe...I don’t know, maybe just hearing the sound of her voice would heal me” to be honest even I also don’t understand why Thembela has never visited her son. Not even once. We have dominant ancestral roots and we know that once we burn incense and visit the

ancestral hut, whatever we ask happens but not Thembela. Gumede tried gazillion times and pled with her to visit her son but not even once did she show.

The only thing I can do now is pat my brother as he turns pink “When is she going to visit me? My own mother that left me when I was just two years old hasn’t even once thought of visiting me in my dreams. F8ck I didn’t even know how she looked like until I was shown her pictures. I only have those pictures for proof that I had a mother. I look for her in every woman that is not Lihle. I have dead uncles and grandfathers that visit me and assure me I’m loved but I have a mother, a dead one that doesn’t love me even in death”

“Stonyes” I question ‘Stonyes’ is a pub and I know when he is like this, we going to need a beer or two before the dust settles

“Drive” he hops to the back seat “That witch ancestor you call an aunt has a way of f8cking up my mood even in death”

“Don’t call my aunt a witch”

“Hei! You don’t know the witch, you were just baking when she died. Don’t stand for that thing” deep down I admit she is a selfish witch ancestor.

Well stoneyes wasn’t half bad. I had to watch him drink like a fish and I drove him to Lihle. I couldn’t risk taking him to Mary when he was like that. The last thing I need is him calling Mary mama. It would just elevate his problems.

I’m in my study taking him on his advice. He said to call Zwe and I actually agree with him. If there is any man who can pull me up before I explode it has to be this uncle of mine.

‘Oh Ndlovu yami, yebo mama, khona lapho’ (Oh my elephant, yes mama, right there) the day I rearrange Zwe’s face, I know he is saying all this to piss me off

‘Mkhonto is watching you ride his wife’ I warn, he laughs out loud

‘Unjani Dlomo?’ he asks. How am I doing?

Sigh ‘I’m not good baba’

'What happened' he asks, sounding like he is trying to find a secluded area

'I was raped' there, that's my problem. It takes almost all the bottled anger in me to admit that. Somehow I feel my chest ease, like I just took a much needed breath after the longest time. I feel what sounds like a smile from him through the phone

'And now you have healed. The moment you accept that it happened it's the moment you heal. How do you feel about it?'

'I'm mad. I'm mad at that woman. I'm afraid of touching my wife because I'm scared I'll hurt her. I hit my daughter and took out my pain on her' he laughs and I look at my phone in surprise before sending it back to my ear 'What's funny Zwe?'

'You have every right to be mad but you're projecting your anger at the wrong people. Here is what I want you to do. I want you to take some pages. Write everything about the assault on paper, pen everything you see from the images. Put down every emotion on paper. Imagen how you would have felt had you been conscious when she assaulted you. Put all that on paper and come and read it for me when you come home. I know you feel like you're less of a man but you're not. You're a broken man and its okay to cry sometimes vulamasango, it's okay to break and shatter in ways we never thought, it's okay to fall because you know why?'I can't respond, my throat is aching from clogging the pain 'because we learn from our down falls. We learn from our pain. If we didn't break, we wouldn't feel pain and we wouldn't learn. It's okay to be a man that went through such but it doesn't make you less of a man. You have a beautiful wife that I know for a fact that she will still see you as her murder' I laugh, unintended. I honestly don't know why she calls me her murder so simple

'Thank you Zwe'

'A,a don't thank me wena ms8nu wakho!' haibo!

'Zwe I thought you were my therapist njena, what kind of a shrink are you?'

'If you dare put those brick hands you have on Khwezi, I swear I'll get your mother pregnant again' haaaaa!

'ZWELITHINI I....' he is dropped the call before I could bite him. I can't believe he just threatened to get an old woman pregnant. Bloody fool, that's my damn mother for god sakes.

KHWEZI

I don't know if I'm still shaken from the belt war but today I feel like I did something else again. But at least today he didn't leave the table at my sight but he has this look on me. I don't know what look is this but this boitumelo's person is throwing daggers at me. I would say he is going to jump me again but the look in his eyes is not that devious look. This time he keeps looking at me like...i don't know, like he is in disbelief.

"Where do say you work again MaDlomo?" I swallow, he is never asked about where I work

"An...an internet café"

"HmMMMM!" he say, eyeing me suspiciously "And how do you get there" I cough, I feel so hot suddenly

"She walks, how do you think she gets there?" thank you mama, I'm glad when she jumps to defend me snapping at my father. My father is cute to watch with my mother, he doesn't have a comeback when my mother shouts at him

"I'm sorry" my dad apologises in a whisper looking down like an errand child caught stealing sugar. I find it funny how humble and respectful he is around my mother.

I'm glad my mother saved me, I don't know how I would have told him that I have an ex-boyfriend that organised me transport. Speaking of that driver of mine, he was...well I don't know him, I only met him today morning but when he fetched me he was...jumpy, sweaty and suddenly sick. He kept throwing up.

"My heaven where are these boys? I'm very tired. I want to sleep" well I guess I'm off the hook. We are sitting in the dining hall after dinner because the boys said they had something to show us before we retire

"I don't know what you're tired for because o mahlalela vulamasango" (.....you're unemployed.....) I laugh but collect myself when I earn a stare from my dad. I know he doesn't know what the last part meant

"You still hate me mommy?"

"Leave me alone Vulamasango" my dad responds with a low 'Yoh'

“Okay, drum rolls” Sakhe’s happy voice comes loud when they appear back in the lounge holding trophies. All of them are carrying two awards each. My mom is beaming.

“Oh babies! You won awards”

“Aha! We smart” Sakhe responds very proud holding the maths and science award. I’m looking at the awards as they receive hugs and kisses from mama. Baba and I share looks when we notice the same thing.

“But these awards are all embedded here that they are for grade 7 and the last time I checked Mkhonto is the only grade 7 in this house” Sakhe throws daggers at me

“Sisi mfazi, don’t you have copying to do.....” My mother spansks his head before he finishes. The twins are having me for a laughter, even my father but he makes sure not to be seen

“Siphosakhe, don’t dare call your sister sisi mfazi” my mother reprimands “Now out with it, whose awards are this?” silence, they keep looking at each other “Muzi?” my mom grills him, he is the easiest to snitch always

“They are all twebankies. He received all the awards in grade 7” my snob little weird brother, you’d swear this is not even about him. He is busy with the bones next to me.

“But as a brother he shared with us. I took the maths and science because I’m smart” Sakhe, he honestly doesn’t get how this works

“And why didn’t you also receive your own awards?” my dad asks but no one responds until Mkhonto say

“Well Sakhe also got one” Sakhe huffs, he doesn’t look happy

“Mkhonto I’m your uncle, you’ll not disrespect me no matter what. I said no word should be said about that award and wena boy....” he hisses closing his eyes “I’ll skin you alive I swear mfanawami you.....”

“Hai!” my mom interjects “Why don’t you want us to see your award?” the twins are holding in their laughter but totally failing “Muzi?” my mom targets him again

“He got an award for the best learner in zulu home language. From everything he came with a home language award” they burst, including me. My father excuses himself, I think he wants to laugh in peace

“That’s an achievement baby, why would you hide that?” oh my mom doesn’t get it “You’re a zulu man and your right to get an award in zulu home language. Some are laughing yet I haven’t seen even a single award from them, including their sister who even finished school without bringing one award home”

“Hau mama!”

“Sakhe is going to be a zulu lawyer that.....” sakhe cuts her in

“A.a mama I want to be a zulu teacher” my mom’s face, I wish I had my phone so I can capture this moment. She is horrified.

“You want to be a teacher?” my mom asks

“Yes but I want to teach zulu only” my mom sighs in defeat standing

“I can’t believe I’m paying thousands in private school for someone to be.....ahhhhhhhh!” she is cut off by a scream, she hisses holding on to the table “Shhhhhhhhhh call your father.....” she holds her belly, sitting back on the chair. Sakhe has flew up the stairs as we panic around mama

“Is it the baby? Is it painful mama?” Zizwe ask mama who grins in response. I know that grin is not a happy one, it’s a painful grin. She is breathing like she is soothing a wound.....

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VULAMASANGO

“F8ck!” I curse under my breath as I pick my sweaty wife in my arms. I can see that she is holding it in just for the kids, but deep down she is in so much.

“Sango i..ahhh” she groans in a whisper as I carry her to our bedroom “I can’t give birth here”

I plant a peck on her cheek “You’re not giving birth, Gumede asked me to fasten you with my belt when I arrive home and have a talk with Mhambi but I forgot” she humms the pain when I gently put her the bed. I quickly rich for my belt and I unbuckle it while she holds her left side of belly in pain. When I have my free belt I kneel before her and pick her dress but I’m easily distracted by the beautiful mouth-watering bare cherry before me “Why are there no panties in here MaDlomo”

She hisses, in pain “SANGO DON’T ANNOY ME PLEASE!!!”

“I’m sorry” I apologise picking her bit so I fit my belt around her waist “I can’t believe you cooked a whole storm dinner with no panties on” I feel the hit of her anger radiate through my touch on her belly and decide to keep my focus at the task at hand “Please lie straight mami, I need to have a conversation with this impatient little madam in here” she doesn’t fight as I plant kisses on her belly “Koko, Sawubona gogo” I’m brushing on my little kitten, I honestly can’t wait to meet this little gogo “Why are you troubling mommy gogo? Hmmm” the kick! I feel the magic kick and I melt “Don’t trouble my heaven like this gogo, just hold on a bit longer, uyezwa gogo?” I think she hears me when she offers me another kick again “Lala ke gogo, I’ll take mommy home in tomorrow. Just give her this night and you’ll make sure you sleep in your hut tomorrow. Thokoza ke MaDlomo, Mkhabela, Dinangwe”

When I rise from beneath her dress I find her snoring, this is why she didn’t fight when I said I’m taking her home tomorrow. I know she is going to put a fight about it but I’m not going to let her win this one. I have no choice but to free her off her

clothing and tuck her in. she keeps farting like she ate farm beans as I put her in bed.

I decide on a shower before I join her but my phone rings putting a halt to my shower. I can't help the frown growing on my face when I see Lulu's name flashing on my screen. She never calls me and I don't even know how I have her numbers. Ah! Maybe she wants to speak to her friend, I'll just tell her she is asleep already.

'Lulu' I pick the call

Clearing of throat 'Hi...hi abuti Vula'

'Yebo sisi how can I help you?'

Another throat clearing 'I...boitumelo gave me 50% shares at the restaurant and....and she said you'll introduce me to the staff. I was wondering if we can do it tomorrow?'

'Oh congratulations sisi, why isn't she introducing you herself? I'm going to be quite busy tomorrow' my initial plan was to go test the office tomorrow and write that letter there, where I was assaulted so I close this chapter all in all but now that I have decided to take my wife home I think I'll do it when I come back

'We....we had a fall out...and decided she wants space from me so....' She trails off like I would make sense of the madness I just heard. MaDlomo wants space from her? Okay! This is new to me and it earns a frown from me. I would like to ask what happened but I decide I'll ask my wife.

'Oh sorry sisi' I honestly don't know what to say because I don't know why MaDlomo would seek space from her and give her 50% shares in her restaurant. Last I checked she was crazy about her friend.

'Thank you, so I'll see you tomorrow?'

'No Lulu, I'm not available tomorrow. Maybe when I come back'

'But abuti Vula I really want to do something, I'm tired of watching this walls everyday' sigh!

'I'll call the manager and ask her to introduce you to the staff. I have to take my wife home, I'm really not available'

'So your choosing boitumelo?' huh? For a minute I look at my phone lost, what's that tone now? And what does she mean I'm choosing.....this is my wife and I'll always choose her

'Are you still attending therapy?' this is the only thing I can ask after her dramatic question

'It doesn't matter, no one cares about me. You all always put her first'

'Listen ke sisi. I don't know what you mean by that but this is my wife and I'll put her first before anything or anyone else. Good night' Jerrrr! What drama is this now? Grown woman tantrums? After hanging up on her, I strip my clothes wondering about their fallout. I'm not getting involved. I honestly wish my wife would leave Lulu the hell alone. She is a case study that one. My phone pings of a message notification and I attend it only to find a *You took her from me* text message from unknown number. Why do I smell this girl again on this message? I dial the number but it rings unanswered. I'll have Abongile check it out tomorrow, if it's her, I'll have confirmation that she is crazy and has to be locked in some loney house. She is really losing it.

BOITUMELO

I have been moody for the past 4 hours on the road. I miss my children already and I feel so ambushed. I had to say my goodbyes to them in the morning before they went to school and they couldn't understand why I had to leave. My driver on the other hand doesn't seem bothered. He thinks I'm overreacting but somehow I feel like I'm really leaving. I don't know where this feeling comes from but I really do feel like I'm not coming back. Maybe I'm just not used to not having my babies with me.

"We are here" he murmur as he kills the engine on the drive way of the palace. It's broad day light and the sun is playing perfectly over the sky. Stealing a glance at my wrist watch I realise it's midday.

With a sigh I gather myself, maybe I was overreacting but there is this feeling I just can't shake off "I'm sorry" he looks at me from a side "I know you're doing this for Mhambi and I should understand. I just feel like I'm going to be here for a while. I

can feel it that I'm not going to leave anytime soon. Hence why I dreaded coming here"

"You worry a lot, come let's go inside" he climbs off his side and comes to open for me "Why is it so quite here?" he asks holding my hand as we walk up the stairs that leads to the main entrance of the palace. It really is never this quite here. I wonder too.

"Did you call your father to tell him that we are coming?"

"No. no one knows that we are coming today. Maybe they had a meeting in another village but still it never gets this dull in this yards...." he pauses when he opens the door and we are welcomed by Gumede. He looks like he is been expecting us "Bab Gumede" Sango acknowledges him. Gumede bows at us and looks through us with those creepy shivering eyes of his. He is doing his reading and we know not to say a word or move until he is satisfied.

"Vulamasango" he finally speaks, sango nods at him "It's time" his tone, something in his tone sounds so final

"She is giving birth now?" how stupid of him? How can I give birth so fresh?, I think he is just confused of the time Gumede is talking about. Gumede smiles, now he looks like the normal him

"Zwe's line is fading. It's time. We have been waiting for you" he says looking in his eyes and the tight grip I receive from Sango informs me that he knows what Gumede is talking about

"I'm not ready Gumede" even the tone in his voice sounds very unsure, he cowers back shaking his head still holding me for dear life "Gumede I'm just here so wife gives birth, not for the throne"

"Vulamasango it wasn't MaDlomo's stubborn nature that she refused to come all along, they wanted you to bring her on this day, this very same day that we woke up with the horn on your chair. We knew you were coming Vulamasango. You took the decision to come today because of this. Don't deny it, It's time Vulamasango. The horn has fallen on your chair. It was always supposed to be you" within a blink I'm being pulled back the car

“Sango will you slow down, I can’t walk so fast on this stairs and.....” He picks me and puts me on his shoulder “Sango what is going on?” I ask hanging on his shoulder “We shouldn’t have come here, these people are f8cking with me” I want to ask more questions as he puts me down to open my side of the door but it’s locked. He wrestles the door for a while until he goes to his side and tries opening. Still it looks like the door will not open “F8CK!” he kicks the car in frustration and comes for my hold again. He retrieves his phone as he literally pulls me back to the gate. What the hell is going on here?

‘Yah Abongile?’ ‘Come get me. We are going back home’ Abongile was driving behind us with Nduna when we came here, they went to Ndlovukazi’s house when arrived.

“Sango what is going on? You know I have to give birth here” he doesn’t look like he is listening to me. He stops and kicks the ground in frustration once again.

“WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT FROM ME?” he lets go of my hand and screams looking up to the sky. Now that I look up I see the weather suddenly changing, the clear blue sky is suddenly becoming pregnant with dark clouds. The gate is also locked and it wasn’t locked just few minutes ago when we drove in. He wrestles the gate until he shatters to the ground and I have no choice but to come to his aid

“Sango what’s going on? Get up” I try to help him up but he is too heavy

“Buthumelo I don’t want this, I’m not doing this”

“Doing what baby, talk to me” I’m on my knees joining him to the ground. I manage to cup his face in my hold and see his eyes strained with tears

“Zululami I can’t, I’m not rea.....” a clap of thunder roars from the sky and we both look up. I don’t know when I jumped to his arms but I’m in his hold as we watch the clouds become thicker and darker by a second.

“Accept it Vulamasango” Zwe’s voice comes behind us. He is with Gumede and Kay. Sango keeps shaking his head no “Vulamasango you know I was just holding it until you come of age. You refused it when the time was right and said you wanted to pursue your dreams. They gave you that chance but now they want you on that chair. The horn has fallen in your chair and you have to pick it. It has always been your duty”

“Zwe no. I’m not ready for this shit damn it! If you’re tired give it to Kay. He is a Dlomo and he can hold it until Mkhonto comes of age. We all know that is Mkhonto’s chair, it’s not mine”

“But before Mkhonto seats that chair, you have to seat it first. You’re his father and it’s your seed that is chosen for that chair. It’s your duty to pave it for him”

“I AM. NOT. TAKING. THE. THRO.....” He roars same time lightning strikes on top of the palace. We all look back at the palace to see a plume of smoke rise from the roof of the palace. It definitely heat the palace. We watch in silence like the sight of the smoke has hypnotized us until MaSibisi appears from the doors and scream

“THE THRONE IS BURNING!!” like another dash of lighting all the men run back to the palace, including the one who was shattered to the ground. But he doesn’t reach far, he comes back remembering he has a pregnant somebody who can’t run like he does. Like a sack of potato he lifts me to his shoulder again and consumes the ground to the main entrance in seconds. We all stand in silence as we watch the throne burn in flames. Nothing looks affected or hit by the lighting except the burning throne.

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Volume 27

BOITUMELO

In the midst of utter silence of the burning chair of power, strong hands grab hold of me from behind “You’re not supposed to be here” uncle kay’s chilled tone ringed in my ear. He grabbed me off the scene but before he turns he hissed in Sango’s ear too “Fix this wena nja. You knew one day you’ll have to rule and that day is now. Don’t piss me off!” he growled at him and held my hand walking us out. I like him for his honesty. He is the uncle that calls a spade a spade but sometimes he can be too English for my liking. By English I mean he is too modern. He is that type that jams very well with my brother, the snobbish type.

“How are you MaDlomo?” he asks letting go of my hand as we walk outside the door. To my surprise the sky is clearing up. One would think it’s a lie that it was dark just couple of minutes ago.

“I’m fine Uncle Kay but shocked”

He laughs “Sorry you had to witness that, your man is very stubborn. He wants to fight things that he know perfectly well that he’ll never win. He is our next king and they want him to take the throne”

“But Uncle Kay this is Vulamasango we are talking about. The man kills people with no mercy, do you honestly think he would make a perfect king? I’m afraid he might tear down the throne instead of building it. His solving skills is elimination. I don’t know much about ruling but I think no one in power should have that mentality” he chortles as we continue walking, heading at the back of the houses

“Believe me even I know my son is nut case but the ancestors chose him from birth. My brother sat on that chair for him. And when he died, Vula was still young so Zwe as the second born had to hold the reins for Vula until he came of age. But he refused the chair when he turned 25 and said he had dreams before he takes the chair, we understood and let him be, even the ancestors didn’t retaliate but now they want him to take the throne. He has to rule before Mkhonto takes the throne. It’s his bloodline that is meant for the chair and he has to ascertain that by sitting

on the chair too and doing his part. So to answer your question of him not being right for the chair. No, he is perfect for the chair. They choose him and they'll guide him. He is going to make a great king with you by his side" he pats my shoulder in consolation "I'll be here to kick his ass if dare annoys the ancestors" we laugh lightly

"Hai! We'll see uncle kay, anyway, where are we going?"

"Thereee" he points a single hut that I have never seen until today. It stands alone at the far end corner of this gigantic yard

"Huhhh! That farrrr Kay" I complain

"That there is Mhambi's hut and it's where you'll sleep until you give birth. You'll only go back to the palace after birth"

"That's the one thing I don't miss about this place. Lots of rules, tradition, culture.....yoh!"

He laughs "Don't worry, you'll get used to it all"

After what felt like an hour walk we are finally at the new build hut. Uncle Kay stands me outside and calls.....

"Ndlovukaziii!" the door opens swiftly and my mother in law appears. Why does it look like she was crying? She engulfs me in one of her sweet tender hugs. She is a perfect huger.

"Oh MaDlomo, look how beautiful you are" she scans me with a smile wiping tears off her face "You should carry girls only"

"I'm sorry maa but this is the last one. How are you and why are you crying?" I ask

"Thank you MaDlomo, what's with the drama Ndlovukazi?" I throw daggers at Uncle Kay and he raises his hands in surrender

"Don't annoy me Kubeka, where is Zwelithini and Gumede?" Ndlovukazi questions

"They are coming, your son caused havoc in the palace and they are helping him clean it. What's wrong with you?" she looks a bit shaken.

“Go get them, something happened in here” Ndlovukazi orders. Uncle Kay retrieves his phone shaking his head, he calls them instead of walking back to the palace “You must be tired mtanami, I’ll get you a chair” she steps inside the closed hut and comes out with a bench that makes me inwardly groan. It looks so hard, my ass is going to burn from sitting on that thing “You really look beautiful, this pregnancy is meant for you” I laugh joining her on the chair

“Thank you Maa but why were you crying?” I’m still concerned about that one

“That thunder really scared the hell out of me. I thought something had happened to you or Vulamasango but when I saw your daughter’s bag I realised it was just that, nothing bad”

“My daughter’s bag?” I question and she awards me with a nod

“I’ll explain when your fathers and husband get here. How are my grandchildren and trouble maker?” we laugh, trouble maker is Sakhe. I fill her in as we watch uncle Kay smile video calling mam Jabu.

I think I was the slow walker with Uncle Kay because the three Vula, Zwe and Gumede didn’t take as long as we did to get here. Ndlovukazi ran in Sango’s arms as soon as she saw him. I think aging is starting to take a toll on her, she is too dramatic. I wink at the man holding Ndlovukazi and he frowns at me, such a drama king! Doesn’t he know he has to wink back.

“Maa, what’s wrong?” concern consumes his face as he looks at his messy mother, Ndlovukazi forces her way back to his chest

“I missed you vulamasango, am I not supposed to miss my first son” she shouts still on his chest. Now he rolls his eyes and I internally laugh, he hates it when Khwezi and I roll eyes but look who’s rolling them now.

“Ndlovu yami, talk to us, what happened?” Zwe takes his wife from Sango

“When the thunder clapped smoke filled the hut and I ran outside. After a while I checked through the windows before I could get back in and I saw a bag sitting in the middle of the hut” they all walk inside and Sango holds me at the door as I try

to walk in too. The magical creepy bag sits alone in the middle of the single house. It looks like one of those apartheid mean teacher's bags.

"Did you touch it?" Gumede asks, she denies with her head "Makoti come open it?" Say what? I look behind me for another makoti perhaps but there isn't

"Why me?" I'm appalled

"This is your daughter's bag. And she is inside you. If anyone should touch her things it has to be you. If any of us touch this we might go blind or worse" this people better not test things with me

"DON'T PUSH ME!" I shout at Sango who is pushing me towards the bag, Jesus! I'm scared okay! He doesn't need to push me. I take careful monitored steps towards the creepy bag. My mind is racing wild, I'm thinking it occupies that big snake from imbewu. With shaky hands I reach for the bag and try to hand it to the man who was just behind me but it looks like he deserted me, he is standing tall by the door and he looks like he is ready to make an escape

"Open it" Gumede, right now I wish he can drop dead so he doesn't give me this creepy task. But he holding it, it feels light. I'm sure there is no snake so I unzip the creepy bag only to find a soft lion skin with a horn. All eyes turn to Sango, even I as clueless as I am I look at him "Your daughter saved your blanket and horn from the flame. The throne is still yours and her ancestral bag has arrived" I think he is defeated, he heaves a sigh and rubs his eyes

"Meaning?" Sango asks

"Meaning you'll take the chair or she dies" my heart pumps to the floor, I'm not losing my baby again.

"Can you all give me a moment with my wife?" no one responds but one by one they walk out

"You two don't dare have sex in here, this hut should remain pure. If you want to jump your wife take her to your room" Bathong Zwe! I'm so embarrassed. He walks out leaving Sango in stitches while I on the other hand feel like asking the ground to swallow me.

“My heaven” he opens his arms and I fall right in there “You must be hungry, aren’t you?”

“I am but food can wait, Sango I can’t lose her again” he sighs kissing the top of my head

“I’m mad that they tricked me. Sthandwa sami I’m no King”

“Yet you mean. You have to take the throne Sango”

“I don’t want to be a king. I don’t want to be controlled”

“But Sango you don’t have much of a choice. You knew that this day would come and if you don’t we’ll lose her again” he admits with a nod

“Yes I knew but as years passed I thought they made peace with Zwe on the chair and I relaxed and enjoyed my life. Now I have to uplift my life and change everything, including leaving all my hard work behind just so I can sit on the chair and listen to village people stories about someone’s chicken eating someone’s crops. Buthumelo I’ll die in a day” I laugh “And then there will be bored council members who dictate everything I do....yoh! hai maan!” he looks so frustrated

“So what are you going to do?”

“There is nothing I can do except to accept it before they come for the people I love” thank God! “But I have one ask from you before I accept this” I look at him with a frown “That you don’t leave me. I need my queen right by my side as I take this journey. We going to be challenged in ways unimaginable and I need you to assure me that you’ll be with me through it all” I’m a blushing mess

“As long as you there won’t be no second wife nonsense I’ll never leave you”

“You won’t?” I shake my head no as he tucks his arm under my butt and pick me to his toes. He stares down at me and watch me melt in his hold. Like a gust of wind he picks me in his arms. Our lips connects in a kiss that starts soft and gentle until he pins me to the wall. It’s fuelled by the hunger we have been experiencing lately in our bedroom. The desire I have been controlling bleeds out I cling to him, wrapping myself around his bulk body. He responds with the same effort, his tongue pushing its way into my mouth. He takes over the kiss, dominating it and I let go and enjoy the feeling of having my husband pin me against the wall

“F8ck! We not supposed to do this here” he growls in my mouth and I moan in response. My loose dress has been creased to my waist and he groans when his hand holds my bare ass. I can’t stand panties when I’m pregnant “Damn it!” he holds me with one hand while the other one fights to free the king from his pants

“Vulamasango, MaDlomo I don’t have chickens to sacrifices for not being able to hold yourselves. Zwe told the both of you to go jump each other in your room. Not in here” Ndlovukazi’s voice comes from the door and kills all the pleasure in the room. I feel like screaming my lungs out because this woman doesn’t know when last I got some action.

“Maa you have a chicken coop full of chickens, how much is your chicken?” this man is actually negotiating buying a chicken so he can have this now. He still has me pinned on the wall and he doesn’t look like his going to let go. The feel of a slimy liquid on my inner thigh confirms that the king is out and ready to feast. He cannot see his mother but I can, I’m facing the door while he face the wall. I don’t even dare look at Ndlovukazi, I’m buried on his chest

“My chicken is R500 Vula” Bathong! “And for wanting to rip your wife in my granddaughter’s hut it will be double the price”

“Thank you, now get out. Go find the chicken” and the door closes, she left “I’m sorry Zululami I can’t, I can’t, I miss you so much, vula mama!” I spread my legs wider and engulf his waist as requested. He buries his head against my neck as he slips his two fingers inside my warm, wet cu8t. Damn it! This feels so nice, I missed this so much.

Somewhere through the pleasure he is rolled me down on the floor, I pant in pleasure as he nicely digs his fingers inside me. I don’t know when his pants rolled down but he is between my legs stroking the king with one hand while the other one dances in my juices. It’s so super sexy and erotic to watch him play with his member as he watch my wide open cu8t

“I love you so much zululami” I fail to respond as he stoop on top of me taking all the space. He slippers the head of his length up and down my sex before he slowly push past my wet lips and thrust into my sex “Kub’hlungu?” (Is it painful?) he ask looking down at our intersection. I shake my head no, I can’t utter even a single word due to pleasure “Tell me if I go too hard, ‘yezwa mama”

“Hmmm” I moan in response moving my hips to engulf all his length. It’s not all in and I want it all. Like a good boy he is, he leans down and kiss me softly, less rushed this time around and with every kiss he sinks the king further in “Aaaa bunnyyy” I sink my fingers on his strong arms. I want his back but I can’t hold him because he balanced his body with his hands so he doesn’t fall on me. He is moving too careful and I want him to f8ck my brains out “Sango faster”

“Mama I don’t want to hurt the baby” I stop, turn into a dead chicken beneath him and give him my most mean stare. With one push he pounds all of it in and I gasp “Take it!” he takes my lips once again and this time the kiss is ravenous. I feel the pressure build as he pounds me like a wild animal “Oh mama I’m not going to last” I know I’m close too when I feel my walls wrap around his co8k. He spreads my legs further by opening his legs wider too. Opening me impossibly wider and digging into me. His hands grab my hips and he sinks his fingers in my flesh as he hold me in a possessive erotic hold that knit my backbone. He watches his length move in and out of me in so....so delicious wide pace and just like that my sex clamp him

“Oh God!” I moan, failing to hold myself as I feel the jelly feeling coming in storm. He drives us right to the cumming destination by one last hard pound that leaves both of us all sensational with desire

“F8ck!” he groans pushing the last remnants of his orgasm inside me. He flips us over when I least expect it and lie beneath me with his length still nicely intact inside me. I can feel that he is still hard and ready for round two. He holds my hips and urges movement so I rock his co8k “Move MaDlomo”

“Again?”

“Oh baby we are not leaving this hut before I’m satisfied of this tied cu8t. I’m paying R1000 to have this cu8t, make it worth it” he lends a spank on my ass and I start my rock. I move my waist thrusting on top of my husband. He helps me by moving his co8k from beneath and like that we connect in another rhythm, another intimate rhythm that will surely drive me to my second orgasm for the day

“Oh bunny I love you so much” I confess lost in pleasure when desire takes over my body

“I love you too my heaven” and his voice, the sound of his voice grows shivers on my body and flies the good girl out of the room, and like a possessed bitch I move,

really move my waist up and down, left to right. I know I have him where I want when his eyes close and his mouth form the pleasure big O. He is dead in desire beneath me “Fu8k buthumelo!” he cries flexing his hip to keep my rhythm with his, pleasure spikes hard from deep within me. He dominates the f8ck from beneath, reach for my ass and lift me rocking his groin upwards in my cu8t

“Aaaaah!” I moan as he lifts and rock me matching my ride.....he feels so delicious. Leaning back I arch my pus8y further to his play and he takes my clit for a ride from beneath. His thumb teases my clit while we f8ck and that...that is my undoing. I lean back and throw my head up when I feel another mountain of pleasure coming. He rises a bit to grab hold of my waist as he now sits, from below he eases hurriedly in me.....in and out pushing and building us.....higher and higher.....so delicate and so delicious.....the fluids of pleasure burst through us same time as he holds me so intimately. His head rest on my bare breast as he breathes his last orgasm. I don't know when he grabbed my breast out but now that he lies there, I realise that my boobies are out “I love you Dinangwe” that's the aftermath of great sex, it leave you clingy and vulnerable

“Don't love me as yet mama, we still have three more rounds to go. One round equals to R200 so five equals to R1000” he grins at my dropped jaws “I'll compensate one by f8cking this jaws, turn around!” he is taking the third one from behind. Pecks of having a beast of a man in bed, I'm not complaining.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 28

MTHOKOZISI

I stare, instinctively at my wife as she sleeps. She looks so peaceful in sleep, like she wouldn't harm even a fly. I wish I could steal a day in her thoughts, just to understand her reasons behind depriving me the opportunity to be a father once again. Did I hurt her so much that she chose to abort my child without telling me? Am I so bad of a father that she would deny me that chance once again? I thought she is the one person who is clear of everything in this marriage. She knows everything and I would like to think she is okay with everything but this....what she

did, cement to me that not all is well. She is not okay and she is been hiding it so well from me.

The minute she starts to stir I try to move but it's too late, she is awake and she is sitting up straight.

"Hi" she greets crouched on the bed, I try to keep busy at the dressing table. I don't even know what I'm doing, I just don't want her to see that was staring at her in sleep. It's creepy and she might think I was planning her murder

"Hi" I greet back

"Are you going to work? Isn't it late?" she asks because I'm dressed and ready for the road but the time says otherwise

"Yes but I'm going to be brief there, I just want to rap somethings before we leave. I need to see my sister and collect her too. We are all going home for the inauguration tomorrow" Vulamasango is getting inaugurated this Saturday.

"Can we talk before you leave?" She requests and I'm hesitant because I know what it's about. We have never talked about it, though I have been coming home and carrying on like nothing happened. I'm not sure I'm ready to hear her reasoning. It might hurt than giving me comfort "Khoza please" Sigh! I decide to take the bed and sit at the far corner of the bed. She comes for a place next to me "Firstly I want to start by saying I'm sorry. I'm sorry for terminating our child. The reason why I terminated the child and decided to cut my tubes without you knowing is because I realised you're a broken man. I realised that it's selfish of me to keep bringing babies to this world only to be fathered by a broken man. You're a hurt man but you're hurting others in trying to heal yourself, including me. I may act like I understand but I don't. It hurt me when I realised that you're on the process of bringing another woman into our lives. Another woman that resembles your mother. I thought Mary was enough and I made peace with it but realising that you'll keep bringing more, I terminated"

"How do you know about her?"

She heaves a sigh before she responds "I saw all the signs. You have cheated on me so much that even if you try with everything in you to hide it, I always can tell when there is another woman in your life. I stalked you for a while and when I saw that

you were messing around with another woman that looked like Mary I decided there and then to terminate. I realised that you'll not change Mthokozisi. You'll keep using women for your own selfish reason of saying your healing while you're not. You're hurting further and hurting more people with this mechanism"

"Why are you still with me?" this question doesn't come from anger, it emanate from a place of realisation, from her words. I'm a broken man and there is nothing she can do to change that.

"Because I love you. Yes you're broken but at the end of the day my heart beats for you. And as each day dies, I pray and hope that one day you'll heal. That one day you'll make peace with your mother not acknowledging you. That one day you'll realise that what your teacher did to you could still have happened even if your mother was still around. Her presence wasn't going to make her your super hero. Her presence wasn't going to make your teacher not molest you. It still would have happened and you still would have had to find a way to live with your scars. It wasn't your fault that you had an adult that was supposed to protect you do that to you but it's your fault that I terminated because I did that from a place of hurt. Hurt caused by you. Had you found another way to deal with your ghosts I wouldn't be this broken woman that sees you as broken man not worthy to father my children anymore"

"What other way it there to deal with this Lihle? I have talked to my uncles, called on my ancestors but nothing is soothing"

She expels another sigh and reach for my hand "You need a professional" I question her with a stare "Listen to me. I know you don't believe in it and you somehow view having a therapist as being weak but since all your methods failed, it wouldn't hurt to try this one. Babakhe it's 19 years later since I have known you and you're still battling with the same thing. Your methods of healing are not working. Instead you're hurting more people in trying to heal. How do you think Mary is going to feel when you bring another woman that looks just like her to marry? Do you think she is going to stay and understand? No. she is going to be broken and she'll take her children and leave you, which will make the children grow up resenting you for what you did to their mother. Please seek professional help before you hurt more people" Hoooo! Bitter truth. It's painful truth but it spikes exactly where it's supposed to

“Do you think I still have a chance to right my wrongs?” she nods, squeezing my hand in hers

“It’s never too late to do right. It’s not too late to heal Babakhe. It’s not late to take responsibility for the role you played in your own suffering and hurting others. It’s never too late to accept that things, hurtful things happened to you and the first step to that is acceptance. Accept that you had a rough start in life but heal from that, don’t hurt others for your own sufferings”

“Do you think she’ll ever forgive me if she were to ever find out the real truth behind my marriage to her?” she shrug with a sigh

“To be honest, if it were me, I wouldn’t. What you did is unforgivable and I wish she may never find out. But you can still make it right. You can love her as she deserves. She is been nothing but good to you. As much as you brought her selfishly, I love her and wish she could experience the real love you give” I look at her in appreciation. They say a woman can make or break you and this one has been trying to make me since the very first day

“Thank you Mamakhe” I bring her knuckles for a kiss and she awards me with a smile

“You’ll go to therapy?” I nod, inhaling her through the touch of her skin

“Call Peter and ask him to recommend someone for us. And make an appointment”

“Us?”

“You, me and Mary” we are a family and she needs to be there to know the truth behind the man she married

“You aware she is going to find out the truth right?” I nod

“She deserves the truth and an honest fresh start. I’ll fight for her if she decides otherwise. Our family will never be complete without her” she smiles

“You love her don’t you?”

“I do. I may have not in the beginning but somehow I found myself another phenomenal woman who have been nothing but amazing to me and our family and for that she deserves my love and I do love her”

“She deserves a honeymoon. You never took her to one. Take therapy and when you’re ready, please take that woman to get some Mtho loving. I don’t mind sharing with her”

“Come here” I bring her head under my arm and hug her “I’m sorry Lindelihle, I’m sorry for the pain I caused you in this love in the name of healing”

“And I’m sorry for denying you a chance to be a father babakhe, you’re an amazing father by the way and I love you so much”

“It hurts that you had to do something so tragic for me to listen to you but I need you to know that I don’t love you any less for that. You’re still and will always be the love of my life regardless of the hurdles we came across in life and by the way, no one is going to strip and shame my wife under my watch. They would rather strip and shame me because I’m the cause of all this pain” She sighs worriedly

“You received the summon?” I nod. Zwe has summoned us “Don’t fight them, if it’s something I have to do, I’ll do it”

“Over my white curvy ass” she laughs “Let me love and leave you. I have to go wrap things at the office and fetch Lulu” she frees me and stand to make the bed while I collect my keys and wallet

“Oh babakhe” she calls out just as I head for the door, like she just remembered something “No more wives, dump that girl please” I laugh

“Mary is the only sister wife you’ll have till we do part” I assure

“Thank you”

LULU

The intercom. My mouth waters up as I think it’s my ordered food when I hear the ping of an intercom rings the room. I let my feet carry me in hunger anticipation only to be disappointed that it’s him at the door. I think my face gives me away because he is immediately consumed by frown at my reaction.

“My father’s daughter what’s the matter?” he doesn’t wait to be invited in, he pushes past me already making his way in

“Mtho” I’m very bored, even my tone cannot hide that

“Haibo! Is it that time of the month? Why are you so moody?” he scans me sitting on the couch I had sat earlier

“I’m not moody. I’m sick and tired of people always putting me last. When last did you come see me?” I honestly cannot contain my frustration anymore. Why is he frowning? It’s a straight question.

“Last week I think. What’s the matter?”

“And when last did you see boitumelo?” he bites on the corners of his lips as he thinks

“I think three days ago before they left. What wrong?” Urgh!

“You have seen boitumelo three days ago but you haven’t seen you’re not okay sister in a week”

“Haibo! I happen to see her a lot because she lives four houses away from me. And she is my brother’s wife. Why are you so jealous all of a sudden?” he mustn’t there me, I’m not jealous

“What do you want?” I ask, totally ignoring his question before he anger me more

“A.a baby girl...what’s wrong? Talk to me.....are you still attending your therapy?” I hate that everyone is asking me that

“NO. I asked what do you want in my flat?”

“I’m here to see my sister and take you home with. Vula is getting inaugurated and we have to be there” oh that

“Well I’m not going, you can go be with your brother and his perfect wife” silence stretches across the room, he stares at me as if he is trying to read me until his phone rings disturbing his investigation on me

‘Zungu.....I’m good.....no he just wants a surveyor and an architect only at the moment.....urgently, as soon as next week if you can get them.....he is building another production company that side.....you know him, he said he’ll go mad if he sits on the chair all day long and listen to chicken battles from his people.....Yes please man, as

soon as you can.....no the project manager is sorted, he is giving the project to MaDlomo for her to keep busy too after giving birth.....yes they will work hand in hand with MaDlomo during the first stage of the project.....please do, I'm sure he is in some council meetings but I'll run everything past him.....sure Zungu, we'll meet on Saturday, say hi to Dinny and the kids' he drops the call and goes back to burrowing me with his stare.

"Boitumelo is looking for a surveyor and architect?" I ask, distracting him on purpose to stop the stare and dig some info

"Yeah..no I mean, Vula wants to build and start another company from scratch that side. So he wants the two profession to work with his wife during the first stage of the project"

"Can you please hire my friend?" he frowns "Please. He did architecture at school and hasn't been able to find a job in a while. Please abuti waka, I'll go home with you" he shakes his head

"He must mean something to you. Tell him to send me his profile. I'm not the one doing the hiring though, Sizwe is, he'll have to impress Sizwe. But I'll make sure Sizwe receives his resume" light, there is always light at the end of a tunnel

"Thank you, thank you" I jump to kiss his cheeks and he laughs "Can you please go buy us some food? I'm very hungry and I ordered two hours back and they still haven't delivered" I'm kicking him out on purpose, I need a moment with my phone and I know he'll go because he loves food

"Just say you want to eat your brother's money" I laugh and wait for him to disappear out before I quickly reach for my phone and search Thabang's details on facebook. Bingo! He has his number here. I cross my fingers as I dial the number. He doesn't take long to receive the call.

'Hello' hmmm! He sounds so....different

'Hi, is this Thabang?' I ask and receive silence for a while

'Who wants to know?'

'Lulu. Lucia Mokwena' I think he still knows me as Mokwena

'Oh hi...how are you? Yes it's me' oh yeah! The seriousness in his tone just changed to happy

'I'm fine, thank you. I'm calling about your company do you still specialize in architectural designs?'

'Yes. Do you have a job for me?'

'Aha. I'm going to need you to send me your profile. I'll text you my email. Boitumelo is looking for an architect and I thought of you' clearing of throat, he sounds like he just got excited

'Boitumelo, my tumi' I roll my eyes, I knew this idiot would jump at an opportunity to be just a meter from her. Talk about unforgettable first loves.

'Yes'

'Oh wow! I'll send you everything just now. How is she? I saw on facebook that she got married to some business mogul' so he is been keeping tabs at his first love, just as I thought. They were the 'it couple' when we were growing up, the two people we thought would end up together growing up and I know putting them in one room might resurrect those feelings.

'Yeah she is in the middle of divorce right now and she is not okay. I'm just handling this for her so she doesn't stress more about work too'

'Oh that's very thoughtful. Thank you for thinking of me' perfect

'And you, are you married?'

'My wife past away three years back, but I'm more than okay Luu'

'I'm sorry to hear that, listen I have to go. Send me your profile and I'll pass it to our Hr. Make sure you impress him when he calls'

'Definitely. Sharp Lulu' I drop the call feeling more alive. Perfect princess's skeleton is about to come out. Let's see if she'll still be perfect when her husband finds out that she lied. It's about time she comes down to the land of the living and join us on the struggle road. She can't be perfect in everything. In fact let me start the turmoil *Do you really know your wife?* sent. This should start to plant doubt in him.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 29

VULAMASANGO

When an African mother gives you one word response and look at you like you didn't come from her womb, know that you're in deep shit. My first love is so mad at me I have to be careful of everything I do and say. She has been giving me a cold shoulder and single word answers for the past two days. She and MaNkosi are seated in the kitchen peeling butternut. That once gaze they give me and go back to peeling in silence confirms that they already discussed me and have finished me off

"Maa" I'm careful with the 'Maa' trying to soften it in every way possible

She gives me that look, that annoyed knowing look, I think now she want nothing but for me to return back to Joburg "Another chicken?" how does this woman know? It's shameful to admit but yes I'm here for another chicken. The fourth one on day three. Every morning she has to part with one of her beloved chickens. I'm sorry but I don't know what they thought, thinking I would permit for my wife sleep alone in that hut, I wasn't going to have that so I join her every night and I end up burying the king deep inside her tearing that cake up like no one's business. I'm devouring her for all the times I couldn't and for the break coming soon after she gives birth. She should be thankful one chicken covers the whole sex, if we were to go into detail, each round per chicken. She'd have no more chickens left.

Yesterday I had my wife in our daughter's hut brought day light. My mother's chicken was slaughtered to cleanse the hut. At night they expected my wife to sleep alone in that hut I and couldn't have it. I forced my way to my wife and that resulted in us disrespecting 'the pure hut' once again. Today morning another chicken was slaughtered again for our night deeds. And now it's midday and we just had another situation with my wife and unfortunately we were in the hut when the situation 'situated'. Hence why am in need of another chicken "Vulamasango I swear you and your wife are going to turn all my chicks into orphans. I have no more chickens to slaughter. TAKE MANKOSI'S CHICKEN" she shouts, throwing butternut my way but I duck it before it hits me

“Ndlovukazi I pay you moos, you already made R3000 for three chickens and I’m going to pay this one too”

“FOSEG VULAMASANGO” another butternut is sent my way but I still manage to escape the hit

“I love you too!” I make sure I yell running up the stairs. She is making R4000 from me in three days, she should relax. This is just business going well.

“My assets madoda! You look breath-taking Mrs. Dlomo” I compliment, struck by my wife’s beauty as I open our bedroom door. She was taking a bath after our day light situation and she has changed into this small thing she calls a dress. I was hoping for a grin or.....she hates me again today, for no reason at all

“I’m not your assets and you can’t keep f8cking me in the hut Nyula. We have a bedroom for that, why do you keep doing it in there” oh now I see why she is mad

“Come let’s go. You shout too much for a pregnant woman” I reach for her hand but she folds them “MaDlomo but it’s not my fault only, I don’t remember you stopping me every time we jump each other in the hut”

“Well I can’t. I have your child in me and she is a horny child making me horny too. So blame your child” my unborn baby blamed for grown-ups deeds, sigh!

“Okay I’m sorry, it will never happen again, let’s go” she nods taking my hand now

“Where are going?” very impatient. Since I mentioned that I have a surprise for her she is been so keen

“Patience love” I head her out of the house and unfortunately we come across my mother, Gumede and Zwe gripping chicken’s armpits to the hut. She regards us murderously before she shakes her head and continue heading for the hut

“I need to have a conversation with the both of you when you come back” Zwe sternly say and joins his wife on the long journey to the hut. Talk about drama.

“You okay?” I ask the one besides me as I steal a glance at her, she is been quite since we got inside the car. She doesn’t respond, she side smiles and continue looking outside the window and I allow her the time to her mind. Comfortable silence fills the car as we drive to the land I bought to build another production company

“Baby” she calls out, still taken by space

“Hmmm”

“What are we going to do about Mkhonto?”

“Let’s wait for you to give birth then we’ll take him there together” I suggest, stealing a glance at her. Mkhonto is a very stressful child and now not being with him it must stress her more because she constantly has to pray that something or no one triggers him “He is safe, Mtho knows how to handle him” I assure reaching for her knee and caressing it

She expels a sigh “I guess I’m stressing for nothing” her moods just got lifted “What’s this place Sango?” she asks when I kill the engine at the green bare land. I climb out and make way to open her door

“Come” I hold her hand leading her to our table. She is all smiles when she sees a picnics table set alone in the middle of an empty green land.

“Oh Dlomo, thank you” she stands on her toes to kiss my chin “You need a shave” now she is lost over my face, studying me as she runs her hand all over my face. I turn her around and cage her in my arms so we facing the table and the huge empty land

“I brought you here to see your new baby” she tries to turn to face me in surprise but I manage to keep her pinned on my chest as we focus ahead “Right here where we are standing, you are going to build me a Dlomo empire and I’ll run it for you” she laughs

“Dlomo Empire” she questions

“I haven’t come up with a name as yet but I’m starting another production company on this very land. And you Mrs. Dlomo...” I bite her ear and she giggles, her perfect

giggle "...You'll handle the preliminary and development stage, then when all is done, daddy we'll step in and make money for us"

She turns to face me, wrapping her hands around my waist and running those fingers down my butt. This woman! My breath catches. I know no other woman who is capable of turning me on with just a simple innocent touch "Is this your way of bribing me to stay with you here?"

"Well I don't need to bribe my own wife, you promised to be by my side" I pick her to the table and push between her legs

"A.a Sango I know that look, don't you dare" she warns, blinking her million dollar blink

"Ngizoba mnene mama, you touched me and woke...." (I'll be gentle mama.....)

"NO" She manages to kick me off between her legs and immediately clasp them "Gosh! I swear you're like a dog with a bone. Control that the king please" stingy woman! She climbs down the table and takes the seat, I join her right beside her "Ngiyabonga Dlomo for this, I'm really going to need something to distract me until I get used to living here"

"You and me both zululami, come sit on top of your man so I feed you" she doesn't fight, she takes my lap and wrap her arm around my neck. I reach for a cheese platter to feed her but I'm disturbed by my phone pinging an sms notification *Do you really know your wife?* the same unknown number that sent me a*You took her from me* text, this is Lulu. I asked Abongile to confirm and he said the signal reflects from my wife's flat which is owned by Lulu now

"Who is it?" she asks, mouthful eating because I got a bit lost in this. I honestly don't know what this girl wants. Does she have feelings for MaDlomo? This is really weird.

"Sthandwa sami yazi I meant to ask you, what happened between you and Lulu? She called the other day and said you asked for some space"

"Me?" she questions, shocked if I must say and I nod "I didn't ask for space, she is the one who wanted space from me and from when do you two call each other?"

“She called me and surprisingly her number is saved on my phone and we both know it’s you”

“Yes I have my people’s number saved in your phone because I usually forget my phone, you know this. But I don’t remember ever calling Lulu with your phone. Where does she get your numbers?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care, what I want is for you to read this texts she is been sending me and tell me what the hell is going on? I really don’t need beefs with your friends” she regards me with a frown but does take the phone and read through the texts “Are you two lovers or were lovers? She sounds like a dumped jealous ex” she rolls her eyes

“Dramatic much! I don’t know what is going on but I’ll call her and talk to her”

“Thank you. I don’t want to be dealing with her because you know I don’t play nice right?” the threat in my tone is very pique and I’m glad she receives it

“Sango you wouldn’t do anything to Lulu, she is just going through something and.....”

“Oh! Spare me the sympathy bull shit. That bitch is crazy and the sooner you realise it the better. One day she is going to do something to you and it will be too late. You know, Maya Angelou say when people show you who they really are the first time, believe them and stay the f8ck away from them” she frowns narrowing her eyes at the same time

“Maya Angelou used the F word?”

“I don’t remember it was something along those lines. But now I’m really pissed and I’m really in need of my calming sensation” I take her eyes with and when her breath catches, I know I might score myself one. My hand lands on her smooth silky thigh and I trace it way way uptown “HmMMM, am I getting my calming sensation?” I question, just for control. She bites on her lips as I slide my hand inside her crotch. I touch the tips of my fingers on her damp underwear and I’m glad with the discovery. I fail to hold my breath when I touch on her bruised clit “Mrs. Dlomo why are you wearing this cotton?” I trace the edges of her panties and stretch them, making sure they hit right at the aching clitoris

“F8ck!!” she awards me with a moan curse

“Answer me, why do you have this on?” I question enjoying the slippery sensation inside her warm folds

“The....the dress....short” every word comes highly infected

“Spread them” I order her legs and she obeys, giving me full access to her warm, tight, wet cunt. She gasps when I slide two fingers through her wetness

“Bunny..don’t....we” her words fall away as I find that soft spot inside her. I reach for my phone on the table while she grabs me for dear life as I finger her. I make a quick call to Nduna and Abongile

‘Dlomo’ Nduna receives the call

‘I need room’ he knows it means they need to retreat and give me some space. I focus on marking her neck as I watch the two drive away from us. When I’m aware they are off sight I pick my queen and put her back on the table, pushing once again between her legs. She quickly finds my waistband button and undoes me same time with my zipper. My pulse quickens and my breath shallows when she takes hold of my erection. I take her flushed face between my hold, kissing her for dear life and making sure she is breathless. She wraps her legs around my waist and with one ram, I push past her warm cunt and deep in her moist hot pot. I have never had pussy so juicy “Oh...this is heaven MaDlomo”

BACK AT THE PALACE

One of the royal servants named Nkandla makes way to the hut of purity in search for his king and seer but he is cut short running into them back on the way to the palace. Zwe is accompanied by Gumede, Ndlovukazi and MaNkosi.

Nkandla bows to his royal house in sign of respect and seeking permission to address the king “Nkandla, you looking for Vulamasango?” Zwe asks because it looks like he was on his way to the hut, which is Vula’s and his wife’s special sanctuary since they arrived here. Nkandla is not just a royal servant, he is also very close to Vula but no one knows of the dodgy deadly things they do together

“No my king, I was actually coming for you. You have visitors that wants to speak to you and your advisor and your seer, but they request that the meeting be

discreet from the council and the king to accede the throne” Astonishment consumes Zwe’s face. Who dares enters his yards and request for Vula and his council not to be present in the meeting?

“Who are they?” Zwe asks

“The Mkhizes”

“FU8KING DAMN IT!” he didn’t mean to say it out loud. He earns himself faces of disapproval from his wives and he quickly apologises in shame “My apologies my queens” Ndlovukazi and MaNkosi nods and leaves giving them room. Zwe is annoyed of this family that doesn’t know the meaning of NO. The last thing he needs now is for the Mkhize to poke Vulamasango, he needs him to focus on taking the throne “Thank you Nkandla, please alert Kubeka, I’ll attend it right away”

“I already did my king” Nkandla bows to his king and seer and wait for them to run out of sight before he takes his phone and call Vulamasango. What the royal family don’t know is that he serves Vulamasango before the throne. His loyalties lies with this man who gave him a job when he came out of prison. No one wanted to hire him, everyone wanted nothing to do with him for killing a man that was notorious for raping and killing helpless elderly women in the village. The same community he saved from a serial killer and rapist wanted nothing to do with him but not the prince. He visited him in his darkest hours and offered him a job to protect his family when he can’t. He made him a head royal servant and for that, he’ll serve the not so squeaky clean king to be until he part with this world.

‘Nkandla’ Vula receives his call

‘Dlomo the Mkhizes are here and they asked for a discreet meeting with the king, the seer and his advisor only. They also requested for you not to be present in the meeting’

‘Thank you for letting me Know Nkandla, I’ll see to it’ he drops the call and make way to the council chambers.

After a while Zwe enters the council chambers hall where he attends his meeting. The Mkhizes stands from the seats they were offered and bows in sign of respect. He bows back and raises his hand. And only then do they sit back down after he

takes his chair of power. He steals a glance at Uncle Kay who was already on his seat right beside him, he is stuck on his phone and he wonders what could be so important for him not to even acknowledge their visitors. He is aware that they weren't received properly because there is not even water in front of them. Yes they are annoying but they still deserve respect and Kubeka cannot honestly be playing fruits on his phone.

"Can you please stop playing fruits?" Zwe hisses at his brother in whisper who pauses his game in boredom

"It's called candy crush" he hisses back in a whisper

"King Zwelithini Dlomo, our advisor Kubeka Dlomo and our seer bab Siboniso Gumede. We greet you with respect our royal house" the two siblings are pulled from their hissing battle by the eldest grandmother greeting them accordingly. Only the three attended as the Mkhizes had requested

"Khabazela, kaMavovo kaZihlandla. We welcome you MaNgwenya and your sons" Zwe acknowledges the eldest Mkhize grandmother 'MaNgwenya' with their clan names. She is accompanied by Mkhize and his two brothers "How may I help you today MaNgwenya?"

She heaves a sigh "My king what brought us here today is very....." Words fail her

"Please take a sit and address your issue MaNgwenya, you don't have to stand" MaNgwenya nods in gratitude and takes a sit before she commences

"My king remember we have been looking for Zakha for the last couple of months?" Zwe nods "Well we found him"

"That's great news MaNgwenya" Zwe

"My king it's great news but....." she heaves another troubled sigh "We found him disarmed of his manhood by your sons, Vulamasango and Mthokozisi"

"Disarmed?" Uncle Kay asks, now he is interested

"Penectomy; your sons removed my son's private part" Mkhize hisses. Both Zwe and Gumede gasp in shock while Uncle Kay laughs his lungs out "Is this funny Kubeka?"

“Mkhize calm down, I told you I’ll do all the talking” MaNgwenya reprimands his infuriated son

“Do you have pictures, I would really like to see for myself” Uncle Kay request glaring at Mkhize, just to annoy him further

“Please excuse my brother’s behaviour MaNgwenya. I’m so sorry for the terrible news and I’ll offer you two cows to apologise for my sons’ despicable behaviour” Zwe offers, horrified by Vula and Mtho’s deeds

“That’s the thing my king. We don’t need cows. Zakha was the heir to our throne, he was next in line to take after his father. Since he has no manhood to fulfil his promised work to our ancestors. You owe us a son” Zwe frowns

“I don’t understand MaNgwenya, please elaborate” he request

“Your family owe us an heir. You have to give us one of your mighty fine son to take on Zakha’ duties in our kingdom”

“That’s nonsense”

“Ask your seer, he knows this” MaNgwenya request to Zwe who immediately turn to Gumede. Gumede agrees with a head nod “A price to pay for a man’s manhood is another man. Since Vulamasango’s hand is the one that disarmed our prince of his manhood. He’ll give us one of his sons or father an heir in our house”

“What are you implying sgriza? You want him to marry your daughter?” Uncle Kay asks, appalled

“No. We are well aware of the Khoza girl who vanished into thin air after trying to force herself on your prince. We wouldn’t want that for our daughter. If he cannot sacrifice one of his sons, we will offer him one of our girls, just for one night and he’ll bed her and leave his seed. The debt will be paid. Keep in mind my king that this is an ancestral debt. Zakha was chosen by our ancestors to take our throne and further their bloodline but now since he can’t do that, the one who robbed him will have to pay with his seed. With all this said, I’m asking for a path. We’ll be on our way home and hope to hear from you soon. Thank you King Zwelithini Dlomo” With that said the Mkhizes all stands with smirks and make their way out leaving the Dlomo house sweeping the floor with their jaws.

HIS FOREVER

Volume 30

BOITUMELO

As dawn welcomes the busy Friday morning of the pre-inauguration day, I'm woken by a sharp kick on my lower abdomen. I grunt the light pain and instantly wake. Sango is wrapped around me like a glove. His big head lies on my chest, his arm around my waist and his one leg forced between mine. Sigh!

We are both in our birthday suits, coiled around each other on top of the cow skin that serves as our mattress in this hut. This hut consists of three things.....well four plus the white candle that produces light. It has this skin for sleeping, a bench that looks like it was made straight from tree wood and that weird empty bag which I was told is my daughter's ancestral bag. The only modern things we were allowed to bring in here are the pillows and blankets. Other than that, nothing modern is allowed in here

The first time I slept on this thing my body ached the entire day the following morning. The man who was supposed to be my mattress always makes sure that I end up at the bottom. Like now. He is naked and coiled around me. Oh my freaky husband. His mother is going to lose another chicken today. I'm consumed by a light laughter when I think of Ndlovukazi's range. This is all his son's fault. He was supposed to sleep in the palace and let me sleep here alone but he put his foot down and denied. I stroke his face brushing on his beard. He needs to shave this thing, it's growing.....oh! oh! He stirs, flickers his sleepy eyes at me.

"Hi" he murmurs with a smile

"Hi" I love waking next to my husband. I fail to contain my grin when he raises his head a bit to plant a peck on my nose. He nuzzles my nipple between his thumb and index finger. A deep groan leaves his throat when my breast reacts to his touch. He travels his hand down my belly, waist, my hips but when he moves to my sex I press my thighs together

"Hmm such a beautiful, tempting, stingy wife I have" he mutters, admiring my naked glory balanced on his one hand "Do you know the definition of a morning glory?"

my serious composed face betrays me, I fail to contain the smile on my face
“Morning glory is a morning gift for every married men from their wives”

“Who said so?” I ask

“Nelson Mandela” I laugh out loud pushing him off me. He is crazy. I watch him stand up from ‘our mattress’ and stretch out. I put my hands behind my head on the pillow and enjoy the show. He is perfect. I wouldn’t change a damn thing on him well except the growing beard.....

“Enjoying the show Mrs. Dlomo” he winks, that silly wink of his and I know he is going to do something to tempt me to open my legs for him-well just as I thought he grabs his erect member and stroke him staring at me “You know he also have to stretch every morning”

“You’re a very fine view Mr. Dlomo but no thank you. I’m very tender as it is. My husband is quite the machine” he grins and throw his shirt at me. He puts his jeans back on naked beneath, his underwear is soaked in our juices. He finds my satin night gown and kneels pulling me up so he wrap me with it. He places me on the bench and starts a search for something.....

“Where are your panties?” I don’t know, he is the one that took them off. He kicks things off in search for my underwear “Buthumelo!”

“Hai! Sango you took them off, I don’t know” frustration is slowly consuming him until he pick his pillow. He grins at the sight of my underwear under his pillow “And you say you didn’t bewitch me?”

“I didn’t, you’re just crazy” he picks them, sniffs them first before he shoves them in his pockets with his underwear

“Yeah! I’m crazy about you” I melt, in his arms as he scoops me off the bench “Hold on tight my cute tiger, it’s quite shivering this morning” it is, I tangle myself on his warm chest as he walks us back to the palace. He has been my mode of transport from the palace to the hut since we arrived. I only felt the distance when I first came to the hut with Uncle Kay. Since then I have been carried, to and from the palace by my mighty fine Mr. Dlomo. I blush unintended caressing his firm bulk chest “And then?” he questions my smitten face looking down at me in his arms

“Nothing, I just love you so much” he kisses my cold nose in contentment.

The yard surrounding the palace is bathed in eyes of busy people going about but everything comes to a still when we make appearance. I frown at my husband in question and he gets me.

“The guests for tomorrow started arriving last night” oh that! “And it’s not every day that people see their king to be bare chested carrying their queen” Jesus! Embarrassment consumes me and I make sure to hide tight by his chest. We make it to the house followed by stares and hushed whispers. I almost sigh in relief when he opens the door thinking it’s quite cool in the house but boy.....more eyes. They all stop to stare and I bury myself in his chest further “Hau! Sanibonani!” this bastard, did he really have to stand and greet. He could have walked right up the stairs. People greet him back the way they see fit but when I hear ‘Sniper’ I know that’s Majara. And the idiot I call a husband makes way to him still carrying me.

“Sango put me down” I whisper, not wanting to greet people in my husband’s arms. He looks at me once and holds me tighter. Majara stands to shake his hand. He is sitting with other fine gentlemen I don’t know.

“From being a sniper to king, your one busy bastard” I don’t know if that’s a praise or what. And I always forget to ask Sango about this Sniper name. They shake hands with Sango still carrying me.

“Ufike nini?” (When did you arrive?) he asks

“Just now, you know sometimes I prefer to run, alone in the dark, catching preys” they both laugh out loud and unfortunately I missed the joke “MaDlomo, how are you Mme?”

“Hmmm” where is this voice now, I cough to release my trapped breathe

“Hai! Mrs. Dlomo you do know your married right?” Sango reminds me and Majara laughs. The man is fine. A sight to feed wondering eyes “You eyeing Majara in my arms now MaDlomo?” he asks, tickling Majara further

“Don’t worry love, he is not my type” my voice is back

“You heard that bull?”

“Tsek...MaDlomo it’s nice to see you again ausi, I only arrived with Tlotla and she was put to bed in your room. Please look after her until her mother arrives” I nod, my voice trapping somewhere deep down once again

“Hai! Let me go put my wife down before I end up divorced” Sango backs from him leaving him in pieces

“Remind me not to leave you in the same room with him” I laugh his craziness. The man is fine but he is not my husband, my heart beats for this man only

“What did he mean when he said he likes running alone in the dark?” I ask Sango as he carry me up the stairs

“The man is an animal sthandwa sami. He and his daughter came here running in their wolf form, that’s why they are early. The rest who uses cars including his wife will arrive later in the day” the mention of wolves, my heart skims to Mkhonto. I wonder if he’ll ever be normal?

When he opens the door we are welcome by Tlotla on the bed cutely sleeping. She is a big girl now. Fat while at it. She snores like her husband to be.

“She is growing too fast for my liking” Sango regards her as he puts me down

“Makoti wakho” he burst, shaking his head when I remind him that she is his daughter in law

“I’m not ready for that union. A wolf and that thing Mkhonto is?” we watch the cute Tlotla on our bed in wonder

“Do you think Mkhonto understands what he is to Tlotla?” I ask, he is wrapped behind me as we discuss the poor babies

“Mtho once told him that he is going to marry her. You know your weird son, he frowned at Mtho and shook his head” we both laugh “I think right now he is just a boy, he doesn’t understand his responsibility. He sees her just as a baby. Speaking of Mtho. Let me call him and find out how far they are” I nod as he retrieves his phone from his pants. We walk far from Tlotla so we don’t wake her when the phone rings

‘Vulamasango’ I giggle at the pissed tone of Sakhe picking Mtho’s phone

'Hau! Dlomo. What's wrong my uncle?' Sango asks

'Vulamasango I swear.....' he hisses 'I'm going to kill your brother Vula, please reprimand Mthokozisi. I'll squash him you'll find him in scrambles' I laugh, out loud

'What did he do?'

'He woke me at four. Four o'clock in the morning. Vulamasango I have asthma, I can't be waking so early in the morning'

'YOU HAVE WHAT?' we both ask, shouty but shocked

'I have asthma, I got it from school' we both share frowned looks 'My desk mate has asthma'

'So?' the question comes from Mtho on the speaker

'She infected me Mthokozisi what do you think? And wena you wake me up at four? You're going to make my asthma worse. I'm too old to be waking up so early, I'm your uncle and you should.....' shuffling, I think someone took the phone from him

'Baba please send me' Mkhonto's voice come off the speaker, off topic and weird as always

'Send you where boy?' Sango asks

'They want an heir and Mkhulu said someone should give me an order. He said I should wipe them all and he'll clean the mess' Sango and I both swallow, words failing us

'What are you talking about?' Mtho asks again through the speaker, terrified as us if I may say

'No Dlomo seed will be planted outside the yards. If common ground can't be reached, then the battle of the ancestral world will begin and one clan will be wiped out' Mkhonto's voice infect my skin with shivers, sometimes I wonder how I birthed a boy like him

'Boy listen, you're not going to change on me right? I'm too young to deal with that thing please Mkhonto' Mtho say through the speakers, compelling us to panic more

'Bafo what is happening?' Sango asks

'Nothing, he is being weird and I'm scared he'll change on me. I'm too young for the predator please' Sango laughs and ask

'Nikuphi?' (Where are you?)

'In town, in less than 30 minutes we'll be home'

'Thank you bafo, hit the brakes so we see what is wrong with him' he drops the call and look at me with a sigh "We better bath fast before they get here, something is up" I nod, making my way to the shower 'No Dlomo seed will be planted outside the yards' Mkhonto's words echo my head as I prepare the shower. What the hell is going on now?

LIHLE

It's midday as we chill in the hut. There is nothing special about this little house but something about it is just so pure, so serene and so calm. To be honest we are just hiding from work. A lot is going on at the palace and it's just too much. I'm with Mary, boitumelo and the fat not so little baby Tlotla. She is a little busy somebody. Since we sat in here, she is been going outside, picking anything she finds and playing with it. Like now she is nowhere in sight.

"Boitumelo where is Tlotla?" I ask, sipping my wine. She blinks, attempting to stand in search for her but I stop her. Her standing up is going to take forever. Just as I stand Tlotla walks back in, gripping one huge rat's neck with her tiny hand, the rat is still very much alive wiggling its body within her grasp and wagging its tail

"Mama" she can speak now, she is heading to boitumelo whose jaws are sweeping the floor like mine. Mary is taking a video "Ti nana ee?" (Is it a baby?) whatever she said, boitumelo shakes her head no

"Tlotla throw that rat outside my baby, a se nana ee" (.....It's not a baby) boitumelo

"Mama ti nana" (.....It's a baby) her mouth forms a frown, she is about to cry

"Okay ke nana heee Jesus!" (.....it's a baby.....) Boitumelo grunts when she sits right by her side. She puts the rat down and just as it escapes for its life, she grabs its tail

"A.a nana, sha chamaya" (No baby, don't go) she grabs it again to her tiny face, she tries to kiss it but boitumelo holds her hand

“Tlotla ke kgokgo ee baby” (.....this is spooky my baby)

“Koko?” (Spooky) she asks, with a frown and now I think she understands boitumelo “A loma koko?” (Does a spooky bite?)

“Eya baby ya loma kgokgo” (Yes.....spooky bites) she laughs, surprising even boitumelo. I wish I can understand what they are saying.

Her fine father appears from the wide opened door. Dear lord! Why did you make some men to tempt us. Such a fine specimen.

“Bo Mme” (Ladies) no one responds for a while, we are all like a bunch of high school girls, Mary is even fanning herself. And I understand, it just got hot in a minute. Boitumelo saves us

“Papa Tlotla your daughter is playing with rats now, I really don’t know what to do?” he laughs, like it’s something he is used to

“It’s a wolf thing, don’t worry about it” a shiver grows on me when he mentions that “I brought someone whose been dying to see you since she arrived” a Chinese boy appears from the door before his cute tiny wife peeps under his arm. I guess this is the famous Jackie Chan. My husband says when he dies he wants to come back Chinese, like this boy. Majara has turned with the Chinese boy behind him and Tlotla who decided to leave with her rat.

Mabataung makes way in after kissing Tlotla who really doesn’t look like she even has time for her. Her focus is on her friend at hand and following her father.

“Sanibonani” Mabataung greets, entering the hut with an attempt to hug the lazy pregnant boitumelo on the floor but...she stumbles, looking like she is suddenly light headed

“You okay?” she nods, with a frown. We are all just looking up at her in concern. She looks ill all of a sudden

“Lwandle you okay?” Boitumelo asks, worn in concern as all of us. It looks like she just got sick and I mean really sick by entering this hut “Sit down, sis Mary please pass her some water” Boitumelo asks eyeing her with concern. She manages to take the bench and sip water from the bottle suddenly panting. She is even sweating “Did you eat something?” Boitumelo asks

“No...no” she groans, touching her stomach “Shhhh.....we just arrived.....I only had....granola and yoghurt in the morning” she keeps hissing in pain

“It’s probably stomach ache, you should go back to the house and lie.....” Mary doesn’t finish, Mabataung throws up on the floor. This woman came all the way from Lesotho to get sick here? And how can she just get sick by entering the hut

“Si....sis Mary!” Boitumelo’s trembling voice draws us from looking at the one kneeling on the floor throwing up “LIHLEEE!” boitumelo snaps louder when we don’t pay attention to her

“What?” I ask with a frown I can’t contain, why is she sweating too now....

“My water just broke” haaaa! What the hell!

HIS FOREVER

Volume 31

WARNING: The following volume contains scenes that may be offensive to younger readers, admin guidance is advised. Don't come for me tuu!

It's a beautiful day outside the cosy well establish village of KZN (Remember I don't know where our main character is from exactly, so EXCUSE ME), content joy and laughter fills the atmosphere. The palace is full of happy people giggling and singing about in preparation to inaugurate their next king the following day. People are here for the celebration; the dancing, singing, food and everything the kingdom is to offer to their people. It's a delightful day for those who don't know the shadows that lingers behind their kingdom.

But those of the high power are here for something else. Their greedy selfish nature brought them here for dominion; the power to control like the Dlomos. Different seers of various kingdoms knew of this day, they are here to witness it. The birth of the one who overpowers them all, the one that threatens their existence. They want that little unborn girl for their selfish reasons. Most believe that her growing in their yards will strengthen them, make them more dominant and fearless. She is the first gift from the ancestral world to make it to this world. She is the bridge to both worlds. The little girl who is knee bended in both worlds. Ancestors bow to her and this world shall also bow to her if she makes it to this world.

Those who can see beyond the eye are here for her. She is the main target, but the boy. The boy child born today is also something out of this world. The dark world refer to him as 'Hybrid'; a cross breed of two or more different supernatural species. The boy born today is half werewolf, witch and human. He is the first male born species to resurrect The House of Wolves (Coming soon, prepare your pockets). He is something bowed to in the dark world. A human boy who shakes the dark evil world. Then there are those, the witches and evils of this world. They are here for him, they want his power for their greedy selfish reasons but because of who he is fathered by, scepticism roams them because no one in their right mind

will dare poke a Canis Lupus werewolf in its sleep. So the boy child is a little safe for now.....

A group of royal men sit outside enjoying 'skop' and traditional beer under the tree, this group is a group that knows Vulamasango the king to accede the throne very well, they laugh and mock him in peace in his absence. Because of tomorrow, he is subjected to rituals at the river today so to take the throne pure of any sinful deed he's ever done, says the seers. But this group know that is pure nonsense. Vulamasango will never be pure. He has no remorse and taking a life for him is as simple as killing a chicken. But then again, it's his ancestors that choose him for the throne, maybe they knew what they were doing. Lindelihle comes to sight panting and running like she just saw hell on earth. Her husband spots her before she makes it to them and stands with a frown to receive her half way.

"Mamakhe what's the matter" Mthokozisi stoop to meet his wife's face who is holding on her knees to catch her breath

"It's.....it's Mabataung...boitumelo.....mabataung is now vomiting something dark" words fail her, she is shocked and shaken at what she witnessed. She asked her feet to carry her for her life when Mabataung started vomiting something dark. She groaned in so much pain mumbling that something is moving inside her stomach. That's when Lindelihle run for help, leaving them with Mary who also looked like she was quarter to escaping the hut. Majara with sharp ears is right behind Mtho at the mention of his wife.

"What did you say?" Majara asks, frowned at what he just heard

"Mabataung.....She is vomiting.....something dark now" it's impossible, his wife was okay just a few minutes ago when he left her with them and if she is not fine he can read her mind. He would know. But he doesn't think Mtho's wife would lie about such, so he takes long hurried strides to the hut.

Upon their arrival they find Mary shaking like a leaf outside. The hut is suddenly closed and the two woman, boitumelo and Mabataung are inside. Mabataung's painful screams fills the entire nearing space. With panic Majara tries the door but just as he holds the lock, a foreign electrifying current hits him hard pushing him to the floor. Mthokozisi, Puso, Lihle and Mary were right behind him, they cower back

slowly when they see windows of the hut fill up in dark smoke. In anger Majara tries the window, he cannot stand his wife's screams. But again, the windows spark in storm current when he touches them, pushing him back to the ground.

"Majara" he stops all his efforts when Moletsane's voice comes behind them. Moletsane stands with Gumede by his side "Your son is being born, stop what you're doing" Moletsane reprimands him, cool like he can't hear Mabataung's painful cries

"My son? What son? O buang kang Moletsane?" (.....What are you talking about.....) he is confused, they lost their child months back or so he thought but still, Mabatung showed no signs of pregnancy, she was just the normal her.

"I told you that what you planted in that woman is something that will be seen when it wants. Find Joy, ntate Morena and Vulamasango, get them here" Moletsane orders, both making way inside the hut with Gumede. Surprisingly nothing pushes them to the ground when they try the lock.

"Mthokozisi, call Khwezi and tell her to go to your house and bring Ngelosi" Gumede gives an order before he closes the door to the hut behind them. Majara is still stuck in Moletsane's words until Puso pats his shoulder

"Congratulations, let's go find Joy and the kings" Puso whispers to his shocked brother

"She was still pregnant?" he asks, he asks himself still in shock

"I don't want to see your son. Seeiso can you please find chinny, Sakhe took him to boast around the yard to show that he knows Chinese people"

"So this is why I was asked to bring Joy in my house. I had a hybrid son on the way and I had to bring a hybrid in my home to protect him" all this things Majara mumbles to himself as they make way back to the palace, but he is loud enough for Mtho and Puso by his side. Seeiso and Mtho's wives hurried in search for the boys.

"What exactly is a hybrid?" Mtho asks Majara who is walking so slow due to shock. He recovers his shock with a strained sigh.

"Let's hurry to the river, where is it exactly?" he could answer him but he knows that Mtho will overreact, so now they rather focus on finding Vula and ntate

morena who were at the river performing cleansing rituals for Vula with both his uncles.

VULAMASANGO

I'm still wet. Wet from being dipped in deep water of the flowing river. But I know that's not the reason behind my shivering. I'm trembling in fear at the sight before me. I have seen them all but this one, yes I have seen Dinny in pain when she almost gave birth at the flat but that was nothing compared to this.....i'm allowed inside the haze hut, covered in dark smoke because I'm apparently 'pure' because I was just cleansed at the river an hour ago. I'm in the presence of two women giving birth. I was told to hold my wife who is wide legged opened and just hissing every now and then. She is cool and collected compared to Mabataung, except when she sinks her nails in my arm when the pain hits her.

Mabataung is held by four men, while Ntate Morena being the fifth is between her legs. Zwe and Kay both hold her hands and pin them forcefully on the reed mat. Gumede and Moletsane both hold her legs wide apart and then Ntate Morena is there...right there. I respect him more after today, if he can look at the cookie stretch and still devour it. I don't think I would. I'm glad my job was just to hold my wife and keep encouraging her. I'm told she will give birth smoothly unlike the other woman. Hell! Mabataung is strong as f8ck. When that pain hits her she overpowers the four men holding her. I'm told it's because of the boy she is delivering, all this power is from her child.

"Shhhhhhh Nyulaaaa!" my wife snaps me digging me with her fingers, I guess another pain is coming "I'm never.....never.....gonna have sex again" over my dead body

"I'm sorry my heaven, push"

"PUSH? Vulamasango don't annoy me. Don't tell her to push, I told you these babies must be born the same time or else Mabataung's son will not make it" Ntate Morena hisses at me rising between Mabataung's legs. Oh my bad. I thought push is the reasonable thing to say and I forgot that he did say to stall her not to give birth before the other one "On this coming one I need you to give it your all MaNgcobo" he is now talking to mabataung

And just like that Mabataung screams “Aaaaaaaaahhhh!” She over powers Zwe and Kay with strength as she takes them with rising a bit screaming the pain

“Maybe you should let Majara in here” I suggest because Mabataung is overpowering my uncles

“Majara is not pure. Had we known this child was this strong, we would have cleansed him too so he can help. Zwelithini, Kubeka, I need you two to stop being pus8ies, HOLD HER DOWN” Ntate Morena shouts doing whatever he is doing between her legs “Okay another one is coming Mabataung, give it everything you’ve got my baby” he is very gentle when he addresses his patient

“I...i can’t....i.....i’m tired” Mabataung cries, fragile and with no strength left in her

“Please ngwanaka, it’s the last one I’m begging you. In three, Vula makes sure my sunflower pushes” I nod. Kissing my wife’s sweaty forehead. I’m glad she is giving birth to a cool kid, my daughter is not dramatic like majara’s son. She is not making mommy cry..... “1. 2. 3”

“PUSH!” ntate morena and I both scream in union but our screams are overpowered by Mabataung’s painful groan. Pure silence wears the room for a minute until a hoarse cry voice of a baby fills the hut in Mabataung’s side. My side is quite and.....why is my wife sleeping now

“Baby...my heaven” I lightly clap her cheeks in panic

“DAMN IT!” Ntate Morena crawls between my wife’s legs “Take him out!” he orders. Panic and fear evident in his voice. I think ‘take him out’ he is referring to the boy crying like an animal but no.....when two hands grab me hard unexpectedly it occurs that he is talking about me “Boitumelo.....sunflower don’t do this my baby....” is the last thing I hear ntate morena say before I’m thrown out of the hut. What the f8ck just happened?

.....BEHIND THE HUT

Behind the hut the malicious Joy covers the quarters playing guard. He paces sharp sniffing any spirit that might make way from the dark world to the hut. But today it looks like the demons are behaving. Unlike the earth seers trying for the hut. He

has two bodies down already that already attempted entry to the hut. Ntate Morena ordered him to keep guard because Majara is too distracted to keep focus. From couple of meters he smells Mkhonto before he makes sight. He really do stink of that thing in him

“Who are you?” Mkhonto stands before him pocket handed scanning him from head to toe

“Joy. I told you when we were playing together” they met earlier but Mkhonto sniffed him and he reeked of something far more deadly, though he couldn’t wrap it around himself what exactly he is

Mkhonto sighs “Let me try again, I’m Mkhonto Dlomo the predator, who are you?” Joy smirks

“Someone is catching up and admitting his power, the wolverine is eager to meet you. Answering you Mr. Predator, I’m Sanjoy the hybrid. The deadliest evil you can ever think of”

“Demon?” Mkhonto asks

“No. I’m a wolf, human and vampire. A cross breed of three. But to the normal world I’m Joy the little Chinese boy fathered by Majara Molapo”

“Bend your head” Joy frown but do oblige when he feels a human presence behind him. Mkhonto’s tail curves behind Joy and comes gripping an unknown seer’s throat floating in the air “My grandfather asked that I help you keep uninvited guest at bay” Joy nods snapping his fingers. Another seer who was making way falls to the ground choking blood at the snap of Joy’s fingers.

“You can do that? Melt a person’s brain from a mile?” Mkhonto asks, amazed by Joy’s powers

“I can do a lot things”

“But your quite young, how old are you anyway. Five?” Joy chuckles

“I’m four hundred and sixteen years old Mkhonto but to you and everyone else I’m a seven years old Chinese boy”

“Why Chinese?” Mkhonto asks

“My keeper already had a Chinese boy but unfortunately his mother sacrificed him in some witch ritual. So to keep his council questions about who I am. He asked that I take form of the boy, and serve my purpose in his house”

“So you’re just a soul?”

Joy nods with a smile “But I can take form of any living being, be an animal, human, any biological organism”

“And what exactly is your purpose in your keeper’s house?” Mkhonto asks

“I’m the guard. Like a seer. I can see into the future, the past and the present of the dark world. A wolf’s house to resurrect needs all form of deadliest vicious forces to stand. But my main purpose is to guard the born hybrid. He may lack the vampire venom but it’s replaced with witchery. He is a cross breed of Wolf, human and witch. He is my kind and he needs me to survive.....Behind you...” the last part comes as warning which Mkhonto receives. His body is still human but he unleashed his tail, which is doing all the playing. With his tail again he stabs the seer behind him with the spikes of his tail right on top of his head “Remind me not to piss you, your quite spikey” Mkhonto laughs

KHWEZI

If someone had asked me if I wanted to work three weeks back I would have laughed at them. I didn’t know I needed to work to have a life. I didn’t know that I needed a change of scenery to see that life is not all about being ‘Princess’ Khwezi Dlomo. My father’s harsh punishment opened my eyes and I love him more for that. I have been out of social media for three weeks and I’m not even missing it. I feel content waking up to see Palesa every morning and having our mean gossip about our bosses and everything. As old as she may be from me, I found a friend in her. A good one while at it. Through our girl talks we talked about everything and I spilled the beans about Siso and I. She made me realise that I don’t need to sleep with him for him to love me. She made me realise that the guy is already head over heels in love with me. That I should in fact make him sweat and wait for my pride. She said I should make him sweat for her baby daddy that took her virginity and denied her. I laughed of cause but she looked serious. I think there is a psycho thing

in her. She loves man from a distance but she doesn't dare date, she said she learned the hard way that boys will hurt you.

"You live here?" the tone in her voice. I have kept who I am really well. Her jaws are sweeping the ground as we depart Tumisang's car. I asked her to tag along with me to my father's inauguration. But I first had to meet her mother who put me under thorough investigations for taking her daughter the entire weekend. And by the way, her mother is 'the MamZodwa' responsible for feeding Sakhe fat cakes the entire week. Her mother sells food at the gate where my brothers attend school. And she knew Sakhe. Sakhe has a debt of magwinya and mangola which amount to R30.00 to her.

"Thank you Tumisang, I'll see you on Monday" I say as I climb off the car

"Sure princess, so you're not seeing the prince this week?" I thought he was friends with Siso, I don't know why he can't ask him himself

"I am, but not here, back at home. He is already there" he smiles, but that smile of his is too....i don't know, conniving? It's like he is digging information.

"Did he book the two of you in another hotel?" what?

"Tumisang bye. We'll see you Monday" Palesa shut the door and pulls me before I could respond "I asked that you live here?" oh she is still on that

"Yes this is my other home. I have three homes on this street" we are at Sis Mary's house. I'm here to fetch my toiletry bag and few things then we can leave. My guy left one driver to take me home after work because my boss refused to give me a day off. I had to be left behind when they left today in the morning.

"Three? Are you crazy?" I laugh, she doesn't understand. The minute we open the gate I find my driver waiting like he is been waiting for me to get here. I know we are supposed to leave but.....

"My Princess" he cuts my mind "I have to dial your father, he said to call you the minute you get home" I nod and watch him as he dials. Palesa on the other hand is frowning at me. I know she has more questions, she thought Tumisang calling me princess was just his way of being nice but now I think she just realised that I'm actually that 'Mr. Khoza she is here' my driver say and immediately hands me the phone

'Baba' I say

'My girl I need you to rush to mam Lihle's house right now' his voice sounds panicky. The boys and I were staying with Sis Mary because Mam Lihle cannot stand Mkhonto. She breaks almost everything she holds when she sees Mkhonto.

'Why? Did you leave something?' I ask

'No Khwezi, Gumede said to tell you to go there immediately. This thing of you not having a phone is starting to f8...' he stops, clears his throat before he continues 'Is starting to be a hurdle. I couldn't get hold of you sooner and that boy Tumisang I forgot to take his numbers' wait? He knows Tumisang?

'My guy how do you know Tumisang?'

'Hai! Khwezi stop asking stupid questions, go to my house KNOW!' he shouts the last part for emphasis

'Okay baba, don't shout' Jeez! Why is he so panicky?

'Take that driver with you, don't go alone'

'What exactly am I looking for there?'

'Khwezi damn it! Just go' yoh! I drop the call immediately after my shocked Yoh!

Palesa is still behind me as we open the door to Mam Lihle's house. It's not locked and I wonder why. She is out of shock I think, she is just quite looking at everything in disbelief.

"You really are a princess aren't you?" I laugh, putting the keys I didn't use on the counter. I don't know what I'm looking for in here but everything looks normal down stairs.

"Hello, anyone home!" I call out as we climb the stairs, thinking that maybe someone is left behind because I really don't know what we are looking for

"What are you looking for?" Palesa asks as I open almost every door upstairs. The down stairs is an open plan, being in the kitchen you see every corners of the house but upstairs I have to open every room

“I honestly don’t know. My father just asked me to come here. I think to check, maybe he thinks someone broke in”

“And he thinks your Fandam?” I frown at her

“Who is that?” I ask

“The action movie guy that doesn’t die in all his movies” Jesus!

“That’s Jean-Claude Van Damme” I correct opening more rooms

“Whatever.....” she stops, frown at the door I just opened “What’s that?” she is looking back inside and I have to go check again “Is that blood?”

“Blood?” my voice comes as a whisper as we both make way in, gently we look around but nothing

“Is it rich people style to put pillows like that on top of the bed?” we stand a bit far from the bed where pillows are gathered together like they are protecting something within. I throw her a mean look before I go check inside the pillows

“Haaaaaa!” I scream, and immediately hold my mouth. Palesa stands right beside me and she is immediately shocked as I am.

“Is it still alive?” She asks in a whisper, looking at the new born baby wrapped in bloodies sheets

“I don’t know Palesa, touch her” she frowns

“WHY ME?”

“Palesa you have a child, you know this things. How am supposed to know if a new born is still alive?” she chuckles, bitterly

“Oh princess, I’m not doing that. Lord knows how you rich people get rich. It’s your father that called you to get here. Call him” Jesus! Who is child is this? And why is it not crying? Now I have to run back outside and ask my driver for his phone again.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 32

BOITUMELO

I'm numb. I have no sensation of pain or any other physical feeling. I feel like my body is elsewhere while as my soul is also somewhere foreign. There is commotion and voices around me that I know very well. And then there is this banging, like someone is trying to tear the door down.

"Sunflower don't do this, your father will never forgive me my baby" that's my grandfather's voice, I can hear him well but I cannot see him. I wish to talk back with him and tell him that I'm fine "GUMEDE DON'T JUST STAND THERE, BURN IMPEPHO AND ASK YOUR ANCESTORS WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, I'LL NOT LOSE MY DAUGHTER. WE DID EVERYTHING THEY ASKED" this time his tone comes furious. There is another voice reciting Dlomo clan names. I make it out to be Uncle Zwe's voice. I so wish I can see them and assure them that I'm fine. I don't feel no pain but somehow miraculously I feel like my body and soul has disconnected. My body is there with them but my soul is trapped in this dark phase.

"Ntate Morena I can't read this. There is a spirit calling on her. That's all I see" Gumede's voice

"DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING IN HERE? KUBEKA COME HOLD MY DAUGHTER'S HEAD I'LL READ" my grandfather shouts once again and commotion goes on "How is Mhambi and the boy Zwelithini?" my grandfather asks, a bit far from where he was. I take it he is changed positions

"The boy is fine, just too big and sleepy but this one, ntate morena she is still not crying, she is just staring back in space" Zwe

"Maybe when her mother wakes she'll cry, MOVE" he shouts the last part again, I don't know who he is shouting at "Moletsane mabataung is fine right?" he seems to be the one asking all the questions

"She is fine, she is just sleeping. Maybe I should take her and the boy out" Ntate Moletsane's voice who's been quite all along comes through

“No wait for me to see what the hell the Dlomos are playing at”Immediately there is silence, followed by hushed clapping of hands.....and right then, I feel a pull, something propels me to turn from the dark phase I feel like I have been staring at and when I do, there is a man sitting on the chair in what looks like an ancient bridge. He sits legs spread apart, his elbows burrowed on his thighs as he buries his head in his hands. His structure, just from the seat is exactly my husband’s structure. Tall and something my husband would be when he grows old. I haven’t seen his face but I can see that he has seen time.

“MaDlomo come take your seat my daughter in law” the voice, it’s foreign but it’s something not new to me though I don’t know how. Like a swift, I feel like something is pushing me forward. I find myself before the man “Sit down” he orders and I obey. When he raises his head, I can’t help the laughter escaping my lips, he also smiles. Damn it! He does look like his son, from head to toe.

“Am I dead?” I ask, still consumed with laughter I can’t explain or maybe I’m just happy that I finally get to meet him

“Would you be this happy if you were dead?”

“No. I think I’m just happy to see you” I confess

“Well I’m the happy one. I couldn’t resist. I asked my granddaughter for a visit and she granted it. You had to be the first person I see now that there is this possibility” He really is a spitting image of my husband from head to toe. He grabs both my hands in his, it’s a touch, though not physical but emotional. I feel him “How are you MaDlomo?” he asks, still unable to contain his smile

“I guess I’m fine. As long as I’m not dead” he shakes his head

“I wouldn’t want that hot headed son of my mine to kill himself, look at him now” to his left side he waves his hand like his wiping something and an image outside the hut displays. Majara has taken form. White huge ware wolf sits on top of my husband. My poor thing. I’m happy to spot my father and brother amongst the crowd, they probably arrived while we were still in the hut “He wanted to break the door down” that’s exactly something he would do “You manage to tame him well. I was too strong on him, I thought I was strengthening him but I turned him into this and now I have turned to be a busy, pestering, annoying ancestor because I constantly have to clean after him. That’s one of the things I want to applaud you

on. The boys” the image dissipates and he turns back to me still holding my hands “You doing an amazing job. Especially the one who takes my name. I’m happy that he has you as mother because you don’t allow him to be used for what he is. That’s the mistake I made with his father. The day I saw that my son could kill I took him in all my battles and we always came victorious. And right there...was my mistake. I created a killer without knowing. How is it so far being his mate?”

I shrug with a sigh “It’s not always rosy but if given a chance to choose all over again, I think I would choose him all over again”

“You have it bad Mrs. Dlomo” we both burst

“What kind of an ancestor are you?” I ask through my laughter

“The one who fathered your husband, you thought I wasn’t this pleasant?”

“No. but your always so ruthless in everything you do and I assumed you were not a very nice man in person”

“I tend to want things to work out my way and if they don’t I go for drastic majors” that he does, he sighs, squeezing my palms harder as he recovers our silly talk “MaDlomo I called you on this bridge because of three reasons. Firstly. I needed to see you and just look in your eyes, you’re a phenomenal woman and you’ve done a great deal for this family. I needed to thank you in person. Siyabonga thina aboDlomo for being one of us. We love you and we appreciate you” I can’t help the blush “Secondly. I have quest for you. In fact it’s your daughter that needs help from you” I raise an eyebrow for him to go ahead “You see, we made a mistake. Regarding Thembela’s funeral. She was mutilated before the accident that we thought took her life. When we fetched her spirit, we went to the accident scene and fetched who ever we fetched but little did we know that she didn’t die there and who ever we fetched wasn’t her. Meaning she is still out there, hence why she cannot visit her son”

“But Zwe and kay do see her in their dreams” he shakes his head

“You see MaDlomo, there is a difference between seeing and dreaming. A dream is a fiction of your imagination. Something that happened in your life and you wish for it to be true. Just an image of thought. But seeing. Seeing is something else, seeing is when you feel that your dreaming but this person is really here. That the

event is really taking place. What Zwe and Kay have been experiencing are just dreams. They cannot see her because she is not with us. The spirit we have here is not my sister”

“How do you need my help?” he heaves a sigh before he chuckles shaking his head

“You see MaDlomo, we didn’t realise that who we have was not Thembela. Mhambi is the one who saw that the spirit is not one of ours. All this years we had this person in here thinking she is one of us but turns out we were wrong. Mhambi is tasked with returning her to her family, and bringing Thembela and her daughter to us. So in order for that to happen, she is going to use you”

“Me?” I can’t help the frown across my face “But I’m not a sangoma” he laughs

“Yes you’re not, but your daughter is going to use you because you’re pure. You have never taken a life with your hand and she connects to you because you’re her mother. She is just going to use you now that she is still a baby and can’t do anything. But when she turns five, she’ll be able to do all for herself”

“I won’t wake up in another country I don’t know right?” he laughs

“No MaDlomo. The quests she’ll fulfil them herself when she comes of age. She is just going to use you as handy man. Fetch things for her and show you things. From today going forward, mind your dreams. Some dreams will come as dreams then there will be seeing, she will show you things and direct you there. What you have to do is take Gumede with to wherever she shows you in your dreams and he’ll take it from there” sigh!

“And the third thing?” I ask

“I’m coming for NdlovuNkulu and Zwelithini” I frown in confusion “Ndlovukazi” he clarifies

“Coming for them how?”

“It’s time for them to join me in here” my heart shatters

“You can’t do that please”

“It’s not me. God is still God at the end of the day and their names has made it to the list. I’m just telling you so you be there for that hothead of yours. It will hit him

hard but he'll be fine. We forced him to the throne when we realised that the two will be departing the earth soon"

"Can't you do something? Like negotiate with God" he laughs

"No MaDlomo. When a name makes it to the list there is nothing we can do about it. But don't worry, you still have time with them though I need you to be aware and prepare for the aftermath"

"Vulamasango cannot rule without Zwe"

"He can and he will. We'll always be there to guide him and once he sits on that throne, he'll change and he'll feel it in him. He was always meant for that throne" SIGH!

"So he is still getting crowned tomorrow?" I ask

"Yes, there is no going back. And you must be right by his side"

"I just gave birth"

"And you'll be on the chair the entire time. Gumede will give you something for strength. Tomorrow cannot be cancelled" Yoh! "Listen Makoti, I don't have much time. I needed to pass Mhambi's task to you and warn you of what's about to happen. My time is up now, your other daughter is here" I frown in confusion and he wipes the space again. An image of Khwezi departing the vehicle holding what looks like a baby wrapped in blankets comes to play "That's Ngelosi Dlomo. Now that she is here, they both will cry and be okay" Mtho is waiting on them at the palace

"Jesus! Charlene gave birth? Where is she?" I don't believe this

"Yes, she gave birth same time as you and she is dead" my breath traps "I told her countless times that she has to earn your forgiveness before she gave birth but she didn't instead she gave birth alone....well not so alone because I was there. She tried to strangle my granddaughter after giving birth. So I had to remove her" Another Vulamasango, remove people if they don't comply with him

"Where is she?"

“I let her escape my son’s house and made sure she runs straight in front of a moving bus. She died on the spot” my jaws drops “I wasn’t going to let her destroy my son and get away with it” hmk that’s very mean!

“And the baby, is she fine?”

“She’ll be fine when united with Mhambi”

“She is not white neah? The white white?” he laughs

“Go see for yourself. I gave you your copies”

“What do you mean?”

“Go back home you’ll see. You’re going to make a phenomenal queen, don’t doubt yourself” I smile “My son outdid himself with you. We love you MaDlomo. And I’ll be in touch in your dreams” I feel like I needed this visit, one tear of joy braces my cheek “And oh! Before I release you, be careful of the one you call a friend”

“What?” I can no longer hear his response as I feel something pulling me back. Like a gust of wind I feel like I had just been dropped into something. I fight the sudden fatigue for a while until my eyes succumb to wakefulness. Scanning my surrounding I realise that I’m still in the hut. I have five pairs of eyes trained at me. My grandfather, Gumede, Zwe, Kay and Moletsane.

“Tell Mkhonto I said f8ck him for putting us through that” Uncle Kay curses, wiping his visible sweat and now I can’t help the pain in my body as I laugh, now I feel sore, like I just gave birth “Should I let Vulamasango in Ntate Morena?” he asks with a sigh of relief

“No not yet. Get the women to come clean them first then we’ll allow them in. oh before we leave this hut, Mthokozisi is bringing another baby. Find a way to sneak her in here without Vulamasango seeing. To him, his wife gave birth to twins” this old men, they all nods having what looks like a silent conversation

“So Mhambi will be okay when Ngelosi gets here?” Zwe asks and I can’t help my smile

“Yes, she’ll cry. Do you want to see her sunflower?” I hate that name. I shake my head no, I want to see both my babies at the same time. I can wait until Ngelosi

gets here. And like that, they start collecting their things. Mabataung stirs when a hoarse voice fills the entire hut. I guess she gave birth to a boy.

“Hello Mrs. Molapo, welcome back” uncle kay “Remind me not to mess with you, your one strong woman” they all laugh

“Can I see him” she asks sitting up right. Moletsane places him in her arms and they both die in laughter

“What?” I ask, consumed by smile

“He looks like his father” I smile back, happy for her. Now I can’t wait to see mine but I have to be a little patient. I want to see my girls at the same time.

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VULAMASANGO

Now im not the only worried impatient fool. Majara let me go and chained me to a tree just so I don’t tear the hut down. But now he is as impatient as me. He is pacing up and down making me more frustrated...though I don’t know why his so agitated because I told him his hoarse voice son was born and cried. I’m the one dying in anticipation here because I was dragged out of the hut. My heaven just fell asleep and I didn’t hear my baby cry. I swear if it wasn’t for this chains.....my range rises all over when I see Zwe making it out of the hut. He looks strained. He comes out followed by all the men I left in there. But uncle kay makes for the palace with hurried steps. Their eyes are trained on me.

“F8CK!” I fight my freedom and finally break the branch I’m tied to in fear. These boney gang cheerleaders are going to give me my wife, alive with my daughter

“Calm down, she is fine” ntate Morena informs and seize all my fight to break free from the chain. I breathe, take enough time to process the information so I calm down ‘they are fine, they are fine, they are both fine’ I repeat my mantra in my head so I calm down. Ngiyabonga boDlomo.

“And mine?” Majara asks

“She is also fine” Moletsane informs

“Majara free me. I want to see my wife” he nods finding the chain keys in his pants

“Wait Vulamasango, you can’t go in there as yet. Kubeka went to get the women to come clean them up first. And we have to tell you something” Zwe. I stop rubbing my aching wrist from the bites of the chain

“Tell me what?” my range bars immediately take 100 at that, nothing is ever good when people wants to tell you something

“You are a father of two once again” Gumede. I frown because he lost me
“MaDlomo gave birth to two girls”

“WHAT?” talk about miracles, they all nods for emphasis

“Turns out you had another hiding twin” Zwe. They all keep their eyes trained at me as if I’m going to fight. Why would I fight? I’m a father of twin girls.

“Wow, I’m one lucky son of gun, aren’t I?” they laugh my excitement, I can’t help my grin. My girls. I actually want to see them now “The Ngelosi you kept talking about was the other twin?” my question is directed to Gumede who quickly nods
“Now I know aboDlomo are always looking out for me. Where is my brother?”

“Right behind you” Mtho responds, coming down looking like he is been doing something dodgy. I’ll ask him when we are alone

“My wife gave birth to two girls” I tell and he smirks

“Congratulations Dlomo” I nod

“Now listen bafo, I know you have been keeping that Charlene character in your house. I didn’t retaliate because I thought that thing she is carrying might be needed for my baby to live. But now that my girls are here, and it’s the two of them, I need you to bring that rapist bi8ch here so I can burn her alive with that thing she is carrying. I won’t be needing neither of them” Zwe clears his throat, Gumede brushes his head, ntate morena is just.....why are they so nervous? They know I remove anything coming my way

“You don’t need to burn her Vula, let her go” Mtho

“Let her go? My palms have been itching for months to break in your house and strangle that wh8re to death. And now I have nothing to lose. That wh8re broke me and I’m going to break her too into pieces. So either you bring her to me or I’ll find her on my own even if you release her. I’ll rest when I’m sure she’s felt my wrath”

“Vulamasango you can’t kill. You’ve been warned about this killing” Zwe

“Well I’ll feed her to DeClerk. I’m sure he must be starving”

“Bafo, Mhambi is here. We all know she doesn’t mix with this wrath of yours. I’ll kill Charlene for you. We don’t need her now and she is just a liability” Mtho

“Thank you bafo, at least you’re catching on and feeling my pain but I’m no stupid. If you’re going to kill her I need to see those bodies”

“Bodies? You mean the baby’s body too?” Ntate morena asks in a whisper

“Yes ntate morena. I won’t have that child in my house, and knowing all of you. You might give the child to someone in this house to raise as theirs just so I don’t know the child is mine and alive. I don’t want that thing anywhere near this yards. I want it dead with its mother and I’m glad my brother will do it for me. What I’m going to need is a proof of their two dead bodies. Then everything will be nice and good and I’ll be your perfect king” they share looks and I know I’m spot on. They were going to f8ck me and give the child to someone or give it to ntate morena “I’d like to go see my wife. Bafo you have until Monday to deliver on your promise. If you don’t, I’ll find her and feed both of them to my dog”

“Shooo!” Ntate Morena expels a sigh and stops me with his walking stick as I head to the hut “Wait for the women to clean them. They might still be naked” I guess couple of minutes will not kill me. Mane Dee makes way to the door of the hut carrying one huge paper bag. She distract the tension growing thick around us with her loud mouth

“Shaka zulu?” she calls me out and I’m immediately exhausted “Ho jwang baby?”

“I’m fine Mane, where have you been?” I haven’t seen her and Bab Lu since we arrived

“Lu took me to our fifth honeymoon. You should do that for mama kgokgo neah”
sigh!

“Mamikie can you just get inside. They are probably waiting for you inside” Mtho snaps, red like tomato. He only turns this red when he is nervous or in shit. I wonder which one is it.

“Oh yellow mellow my baby, relax. Mama is got you” she blows him a kiss and finally gets inside the hut. Now I can look at these nervous men. Majara is the only lost one. But these five, including Moletsane. They stink, they reek of nervousness.

BOITUMELO

I stare. Gaze at Mabataung as she receives a bath. Her mother in law is helping her and whatever she put in that water is not nice to skin. She winces in pain when she is told to sit butt flat in the water. To think I’m next. I honestly feel like skipping that part.

I still haven’t seen my girls. Apparently it’s a mountain to get Ngelosi in here. Sango is standing guard like a hawk..... well not standing. I’m told Majara chained my man to a tree.

My eyes and thoughts drift to Ndlovukazi. She is busy with the babies while as MaMajara is busy with mabatung. It’s only the four of us now in the hut but outside I can hear lots and lots of voices. It’s really late and I don’t know why this people don’t go back to the palace. The worst is over and everyone is fine. Ndlovukazi. I’m trying to distract my mind and eyes but they lead me back to her, thankful that this hut is candled lit so they cannot see my tears. I can’t believe I’m going to lose her. She is been a mother to me since day one and to think Sango was scared of her the most but she proved him wrong.

“I’m not your husband MaDlomo. Stop staring at me like you want to jump Vula. Yoh! I’m glad you gave birth, my chickens will live to see another day” laughter fills the hut, I don’t know how the other women know about her chicken situation, but they do because they are giggling with laughter

“Ndlovukazi” I call out when laughter falls, not sure of what I want to say “I love you” she frowns, smile with a frown

“You just miss your husband wena. Don’t worry you’ll see him just now” she dismisses me, continue with the babies but MaMajara has caught on, she stares at me with a frown and ask

“Are you okay?” I nod, faking a smile though I want to roll on the floor. I don’t want to lose my mother in law. I don’t want my husband not to have a mother, I don’t want Sakhe not to have a mother

“Haaaaaa!” Ndlovukazi disturbs my pained thoughts with a scream. She is now bathing Mhambi who still haven’t cried since “Boitumelo. This is you moos” she looks at the baby in her arms, back at me again “How could you outweigh my son like this. You were creating you here” we laugh, now I want to see her more but no..... the door burst open. Mane Dee walks in with a huge paper bag tucked under her arm.

“Ladies, dumelang. Mama Kgokgo I come bearing your precious daughter” I wish I can say f8ck her for calling my son ‘Kgokgo’.....wait she said she is bearing my daughter. Through her huge paper bag she takes my baby and hands her to Ndlovukazi. Jesus!

“Mane you can’t put my baby in paper bag. What if you suffocate her?” I ask, burning and wanting to see my babies now

“Shaka zulu is playing shaka zulu outside. This was the only way” shaka zulu is Sango “I already bathed her, you know Khwezi and that talkative she calls a friend came here with the baby not bathed” now she is talking to Ndlovukazi

“MaDlomo” MaMajara calls for me, done with Mabataung

“Can I see my babies first? And why are they not crying” they assured me that they’ll cry when united

“Boitumelo maybe ke dimumu, as long as baphela ngwanaka” (.....maybe they are mute, as long as they are breathing my baby) MaMajara fails to hold herself. She dies in laughter. Ndlovukazi and Mabataung are not well familiar with my language, so they are a bit lost. I honestly don’t miss my aunt “Hai! Mara shaka zulu is going to have to sharpen his knives. You played for your team here. Pity you going to have to learn sign language” I’m still confused of the crying situation. Now I’m starting to worry.

“Can I see my babies? Please” I’m a bit snappy now. I don’t want to believe that my babies are mutes. Ndlovukazi has wrapped them in with a single blanket. I smile as she stoops to give me my babies. And here it is. That feeling. Content. Oh boy! I can’t help my grin. This two resemble me so much. I don’t even know who is who ‘Go see for yourself. I gave you your copies’ my father in law’s word echoes my mind. This is what he meant. I can’t help but fall in love all over again. Vulamasango is going to be so pissed. None of his girls look like him, even Khwezi doesn’t. She looks like her mother but every time she is with me, people always mistake her for my biological daughter. I guess it’s just one of those cases. You know when you raise a child that is not yours, people always find resemblance between the two of you.

“Who is Mhambi and who is Ngelosi?” Ndlovukazi test me, grinning down at me. They both look alike, I don’t know who is who. I hope I’m right. With a forehead kiss I kiss my babies and welcome them

“Welcome Mhambi, welcome Ngelosi kamama” and just like that it’s like I unlocked something. The cute cries I have been so eager to hear fill the hut. I can’t contain my tears as I cry with my babies “Am....am I right?” I ask Ndlovukazi, failing to control my trembling voice. I’m more than happy at this moment and they can cry on and on, I don’t care.

“A mother will always know her babies. You know your babies well my baby” I sniff my tears kissing my babies again. The door burst open while everyone is still grinning at me. And there stands my husband. His chest expands and contract like he is been fighting “VULAMASANGO YOUR NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE” his mother shouts but it falls on death ears. His stare is trained down at me, like there is only me and his babies in this hut

“You.....you’re okay” I think he is telling himself, he registering it to his head

“Wanna meet daddy’s girls?” I ask and that manages to sweep the worry off his face. He kneels besides me and plant a long peck on my forehead

“Thank you my heaven” he mumbles through the kiss on my forehead

“You’re welcome Dlomo. Let me introduce you to your girls” he lets me go, roughly wipe his palms on his pants before he acknowledge the two people in my arms. He dies in laughter when he finally sees the mini me

“Jesus MaDlomo, what have you done?” I don’t know, I honestly lost hope that I’ll ever have a baby that look like me when all the boys came looking like him “Who is who?” he asks, staring happily at his babies

“This is Mhambi Dlomo, and here is Ngelosi Dlomo” I think I just found my competition, his grin is out of this world

“To think we thought Mhambi was alone kanti we have another hiding baby”

“Hmmm!” I manage to say, just so I ease my palpitating heart

“Charlene can go die with her dirty baby. My daughter came with her pair”

“Hmmm!” I repeat, trying very hard to mask my expression. I hope this plays the way the seers thought. From my arms he takes his babies, kisses both of them while they cry.

“Mhambi Hlelolenkosi Dlomo” he kisses her “You my baby are a gift from my gods and you shall be daddy’s little god. I promise to keep clean for you from today going forward” then he kisses the other twin “Ngelosi Sukuoluhle Dlomo. You my baby are my day, you shall brighten daddy’s day when dusk come uninvited. I welcome both of you my princesses. Daddy will honour and protect you till he dies. That’s my promise to you my babies and I give you those names so you grow to be exactly that” see what I mean when I say I finally have competition

“Oh shaka zulu, so sentimental. You’re going to make me cry” mxm

“Those are beautiful names son. I’m proud of you” Ndlovukazi squeezes his shoulder

“Thank you mama. Though aboDlomo are going to be so mad. This woman subdued me this time around” I laugh looking at my babies eating their hands. I have to feed them before I bath. They must be starving “Mabataung there is wolf that was sitting on my back and it’s still waiting outside. Unfortunately it can’t come in here” mabataung blushes “It released me with the promise that I carry you out of here. I hope you don’t mind” she shakes her head no “Let me carry mabataung outside and I’ll be right back” I nod when he gives my babies back to me

“We have to help her bath Vulamasango, don’t come back in here” Ndlovukazi

“Mother, this is my wife. I’m not going anywhere” he is not. He carries Mabataung in his arms and walks out followed by MaMajara who has boy in her arms.

“Tswa ka tsona heee ngwanaka, bare you died and came back from the dead” Mane is on my knees as soon as they are out of the door. From the five people who were in the hut, I know uncle kay is the one who told her, though I’m sure he didn’t say I died “Did you see satan on the other side?” Who wants an aunt? I’m selling one for free.

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Volume 34

THE INAUGURATION-Morning

The day. They say kings are made, kings are chosen, whatever myths people feed themselves to satisfy their curiosity. But not in this yard. In this yard Kings are born. From birth those before the king chose their own king straight from the mother's womb. And for the king to be crowned it's that very same day. The day that marks the beginning of Vulamasango's ruling is finally here. The day that he finally takes the throne.

Like a day of summer clear blue skies blankets this beautiful morning as if we not welcoming winter. Dawn has succumbed to day, bright and luminous the sun shines like its summer, though winter is starting to kick in and it looks like it's coming at its meanest.

Though people think that the king is being crowned today, little do they know that he was crowned and inaugurated last night. The real ceremony to crown a king happens in the middle of the night. No commoner is allowed in such ceremonies. Only the royal men attends those. And for Vula it also happened like that. After the crooked day he had yesterday, he was woken at midnight to be crowned in his daughter's hut. And it's safe to say everything went well without any hiccups.

The queen to be is woken by a tender feather like kiss on the cheek. She grunts in frustration and turns the other way. She is still exhausted and would like to sleep the day away, but who is she kidding? She has to get up and get ready. Her husband was prepared another room but he refused. He forced his way in his wife's bedroom. Taking the middle position and placing the babies to his side. MaDlomo was annoyed at first but now she is happy because he helped a lot with the babies at night. So far Mhambi is a quiet child, she cries for a reason. But Ngelosi, she kept her father up almost the entire night. The wife was woken for breast feeding and going back to sleep.

“MaDlomo” sweetly vula kisses the nape of his wife’s neck who turned the other way when he tried to wake her “Ngicela ng’bheke zululami” (Please look at me my heaven) he whisper in her ear, biting her earlobe

“Sango wa bora yoh!” (.....you’re boring) she turns, regardless of her annoyance. She just gave birth few hours ago and she’d like more sleep “Keng?” (What is it?) Her tone is laboured in irritation

“I just love you” her face breaks into a thin smile “I love you so much zululami” he confess

“I love you too baby” she places her hand on his face, they lie in comfortable silence with MaDlomo brushing his growing beard “You need a shave” she is been saying it for a while now. Words fail him, he just breaks into a grin staring at his wife. With every passing day he falls deeper and deeper for this woman.

“You ready?” he totally ignores her prior question. MaDlomo frowns in confusion “To share me with the people” she laughs, kissing his sulking lips

“Yes my king, I’m ready”

“Well I’m not ready to share you. I want you all to myself and my children”

“So greedy Mr. Dlomo. Don’t worry, I will still service you when you want even when I’m queen” now he grins like a fool. Yawns and kisses his wife before he sits up by the headboard

“MaDlomo wake up, Hlelo and Luhle are hungry. Don’t be talking about servicing me please” She giggles joining her husband over the headboard. Vula arms his babies while his wife stretch and yawn chasing the remaining residue of her sleep

“Maybe I should give them bottles, I don’t think I’ll cope” she is testing her husband, and the expression is just as she thought

“It’s a beautiful day sthandwa sami please don’t start fights, mi, I want to freshen up and gather the children so I introduce them to their knew siblings” she laughs, taking her babies from him. He kicks the blankets and disappear to the bathroom when she starts feeding the babies.

“Good morning mommy’s angels” she kisses them both as they both suck her at the same time. She is never been one to struggle with milk. A light knock disturbs

her while she feeds her babies, she has to ask who it is first because her breasts are out on display as she feeds Mhambi and Ngelosi “Who is it?” she asks

“It’s me MaDlomo” Ndlovukazi’s voice comes high and happy

“Ngena Maa” she opens the door and immediately ululate when she realise that the babies are awake. She consumes the floor singing and dancing. Boitumelo wishes she knew the song so she could join in but she is just clueless

“Jeezzzz Maa, you’re making noise” Vulamasango sneers appearing from the bathroom and dashing in to the closet, but his mother ignores him

“I’m so happy MaDlomo. I’m happy that I’m here to see this day for my son. I wish his father was here” Ndlovukazi retires next to her daughter in law panting from her little dance. Boitumelo is consumed by emotions, tears prick her eyes but she fights them hard not to fall “What’s wrong? Are you happy too?” Ndlovukazi asks when she notices her eyes. She quickly nods to ease her but deep down she is emotional because she hasn’t come to terms that these are her final days “I’m more than happy too MaDlomo. You know this is Vulamasango’s first ceremony? My son graduated three times but he refused any ceremony and today I feel like I get to celebrate him and his achievements”

“Ndlovukazi what do you want in married people’s bedroom so early in the morning?” Vula ask pulling down the hems of his vest worn with track pants. Boitumelo cast an evil look at him but he makes sure to dismiss it.

“Don’t annoy me wena Shaka zulu, I’m here for my grandkids. I want to bath them when they are done feeding” Ndlovukazi explains

“Maa don’t you want to take Sakhe out. Just the two of you have some alone time and maybe sleep with him tonight” Boitumelo is still consumed in her emotions

Ndlovukazi chuckles “No thank you. It’s my night tonight. I’m having my man tonight and I intend to have him in all ways”

“Jeez Maa! Too much information” Vula grunts, annoyed as his mother and wife laughs their lungs out “I’m out of here, baby I’m going to get the children” she nods putting her now sleep babies aside

“Maa maybe you should come back for them in few minutes, Sango wants to introduce them to their siblings. They haven’t seen them” Ndlovukazi nods with a smile and kiss her grandchildren before she leaves the room. Boitumelo dashes for a quick freshen up in the bathroom.

Khwezi is the first to make it to her mother’s room. Her mother consumes her in a tight hug kissing both her cheeks. She hasn’t seen her girl in a week.

“Oh I missed you so much my baby” Khwezi chuckles in her mother’s arms and fights to be freed. She glances and the bathroom and whisper

“Baba is not here right?” Boitumelo nods with a frown “Mama I think I have to tell you something” her voice is still so low

“What is it?” Boitumelo whispers back without realising that she is now whispering too

“Last night I was called in a very tight, crucial meeting. Zwe, my guy, kay, bab gumedede and ntate morena made me swear that I’ll take the secret about Ngelosi to the grave” boitumelo sighs, she prays this never comes out but she hates that Khwezi has been put in the middle of this secret too

“I’m sorry that you had to be put in that position my baby. But Please do as your fathers ask, let’s never speak about it okay” Khwezi nods to her mother. She was scared that her mother didn’t know and she couldn’t bear the thought of keeping it to her mother.

The boys finally makes way in followed by their father. They did see their mother yesterday when they arrived, it was only Khwezi who didn’t see her parents. Sakhe is bored as hell. He doesn’t understand what’s so special to be woken to their mother’s room so early in the morning.

“Morning mama, you look slender by the way. Did you lose weight in a night” he throws himself on the bed looking up the ceiling with his feet dangling to the floor.

“Hei! Sit up straight” Vula scolds him and stand by his wife holding her hand “Mama and I called you here because we have a surprise for all of you” they are still bored,

regardless of their father's ecstatic tone. Muzi has his sleepy head on Mkhonto's shoulder who looks like the only one well waken

"Can't it wait.....i really need to go finish this sleep" Zizwe. Boitumelo laughs joined by Khwezi.

"I have money to give for free" Vula lies, he knows money will get them to be interested in an instant. And exactly like he thought, Sakhe who refused to sit up straight is on his feet. Him and the twins now look very much awake "So mommy and I bought you new siblings" he breaks the news, right when they are still eager

"What do you mean new? Are we old siblings now and you bought new? What's that has anything to do with our money?" Sakhe, confused as hell

"What baba means is that mama gave birth to our new sisters" Khwezi comes to her father's rescue. Silence wears the room, for a minute boitumelo thinks that they are not happy until Sakhe asks

"Girls?" both his parents nods "Well I hate them"

"Why?" Boitumelo asks, horrified

"Because they are girls mama. This is a boys club. We only compromised with Khwezi, right crooks" Both Zizwe and Muzi nods in agreement

"Well boys club is about to come to an end. I'd like to meet my sisters" Khwezi. Boitumelo heads for the bed and pick her babies under the covers. The haters join in the circle to look at the new addition to the family. The crowd in silence staring at the babies in their mother's arms as she sits on the bed. They are not aware of Mkhonto who is still rooted in one spot by the door looking like he is ready to run "Mama our girls are beautiful and look like us" Khwezi compliments, kissing both their tiny hands

"Bayazama bona but I still hate them" (They are not bad.....) Sakhe

"Well I don't care young man. These are your sisters and you'll love them" Boitumelo

"What are their names?" zizwe

"Mhambi Hlelolenkosi Dlomo and Ngelosi Sukuoluhle Dlomo" Vulamasango

“And why do they have two names while thina we have one name?” Sakhe questions his father who doesn’t have a response for him “Yoh! Mama can I hold them. I still hate them by the way” and like that they take turn, kissing their haters. Only now that they are taken by the babies boitumelo realise that Mkhonto is still standing by the door. Tears are flowing down his cheeks, he cries in silence breathing heavily.

“Twebankie!” her tones comes alarmed, shocked frown suddenly consuming her face. Everyone follow her stare and they all frown. Mkhonto is not one to cry, never! Vula stride to him, but it’s too late. He runs out before his father could catch him. With panic his siblings follow their father who run after him. Boitumelo is left with her babies. She looks down at Ngelosi in her arms, lost not sure what to make of what just happened. She puts her down because she is sleeping and pick Mhambi who is wide awake. She looks down at Mhambi but her thoughts are not here. She has never seen Mkhonto break down like that. While she is still wondering. Her new born does something that almost shake her, but she catch her emotions fast before she drops the baby. New borns are supposed to eat, puke, sleep and poo. Not this. Mhambi’s tiny hand reaches for her mother’s side of the heart. She places her palm right on top of her breast, where her heart beat is at peak. Her eyes stare in her mother’s like she could see her. Boitumelo suddenly feels drowsy, like she has to sleep right away. She reaches for her phone to call Ndlovukazi so she takes the babies before she sleeps.

In a minute Ndlovukazi is here, she doesn’t question her when she say she feels like taking a nap, even her eyes says it all.

~Behind a huge rock that seats close to a falling river sits Mkhonto. He is crouched himself by the rock rocking his body back and forth. Tears still stream down his face but there is no sound. His eyes focus on the flowing river. Consumed and lost in gentle waves of the river. The early morning mist shrouded above the flowing river. He keeps his constant rock like it’s soothing to his troubled soul.

For a minute he is alone. Enjoying being lost in space and river. But something behind the rock catches his ears. The giggle he knows too well but he doesn’t want to believe it. Maybe his ears are deceiving him, he thinks.

'Eya nana' her cute baby voice comes out loud. This time Mkhonto leaves the rock to look behind it. Like he thought, he finds Tlotla playing with one huge snake inside the bush that grows behind the rock

'TLO.TLA?!' he is not one to be scared, he is just shocked. His jaws sweep the sandy ground in shock.

'Tonto' Tlotla giggles, enjoying the feeling of the snake that is curled around her body. Mkhonto is 'Tonto' to her. The venomous snake uncurls it's self around Tlotla and disappear to the bush at the sight of Mkhonto. Tlotla runs behind it but Mkhonto catches her before she could run further into the bush 'Nana toho' (Baby come back) she is crying, fighting and trying to wiggle herself out of Mkhonto's tight grip 'Tonto tebata nana aka' (Mkhonto I want my baby) Mkhonto is appalled, he has no words for her. Who in their right mind plays with a snake? And it looks like they were actually having a good time. She is not harmed in anyway. How did she even get here?~

She wakes, from sleep that consumed her for no reason, but now she knows why she fell asleep. She immediately takes her phone and calls her husband.

'Sthandwa sami we still looking, we haven't found him and it's too crowded outside' Vula's panic tone comes straight after the first ring

'The river Sango, he is at the river with Tlotla. There is a rock there'

'Which river? And how do you know all this?' she could explain but she wants Mkhonto found first

'Damn it Vulamasango which river is closest to your home. Just go please' She snaps, regretting her tone immediately 'I'm sorry, just go there please, I'll explain later' Vulamasango drops with a low okay and immediately heads there.

It's not a distance, the river flows right under his homestead. He is followed by Sakhe. The twins and Khwezi were looking through the crowd. When he sees him from a distance he immediately expels a sigh of relief

“Is that sdudla?” Sakhe asks his father who holds his hand as they walk towards the river. Tlotla is now playing by the river while Mkhonto keeps watch back to his sitting position.

“It appears so. And stop calling her sdudla” Vula responds in confusion, did he run with Tlotla? He internally wonders.

Mkhonto sees them before they arrive to him and he doesn't run. He keeps his eyes at them until they finally make way to him

“PAPAA?!” Tlotla screams when she sees Vula, he smiles at her “Nana aka keyeee” She picks a frog from the shallow waters of the river

“HAAAAAAAI!” Sakhe exclaims “Sdudla throw that thing in the water baby” Sakhe is appalled. He holds his father's hand tight when Tlotla makes way to them still holding a frog. Vulamasango ignores Sakhe's terror, he kneels before Mkhonto and hold his shoulders as he worriedly look in his teary eyes

“Mkhulu? What's wrong my boy” he calls him 'mkhulu' when he babies him

“Baba....baba.....I'm dirty...I can't see Mhambi” he chokes in tears, sniffing and followed by hiccups

“No you not dirty my boy, let's go home” he wipes his tears and try to pull him off the ground but Mkhonto stiffens shaking his head

“Baba blood.....she....she.....doesn't want blood on my...hands” he trembles as he cries. Vulamasango closes his eyes and curse when the dots connect

“F8CK!” he carries him in his arms “Let's go home my boy, I'm going to fix it okay” Mkhonto nods on his father's shoulder

“Put me down baba, I'm not a baby” Vula laughs and obey. They walk back home with Sakhe running for his life ahead of them chased by a frog. Vula wallows in his thoughts as they walk back home. How did they miss this? Mhambi and Mkhonto are still united and they must be separated.

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Volume 35

THE INAUGURATION-Midday

Well morning of the day didn't start so well, the ceremony was almost put to a halt but when little prince was found without a harm everything resumed. The crowning started with the coronation-The king to be enthroned was ushered to the council house prior the Inauguration. He was knee bended and sworn oath to execute office of King in the east with loyalty and transparency. And only then, his reign started.

The king and queen is to make entrance to the hall occupying all their eager attendees. A horn is blown as a sign of respect and inviting ancestors of the crowned king to the hall. Everyone in the hall stands, eyes trained at the entrance of the long black carpet that leads to the empty throne in the front accompanied by other empty chairs to be seated by royal members.

The first to make appearance is the council members of the king, the 8 men who takes office of council walk in waving at everyone as they head to the front seats. Followed by the council is the dethroned king's wives (Zwe). All four of them proceed to the front also waving and greeting. Ndlovukazi is the happiest amongst them all. She glows. The third party to take the black carpet to the front is the queen's family. Ntate Morena is followed by this brother Tau and Tj. Tj is a candy to the eye, a beautiful man if I must say, he is a male version of his sister, therefore he receives ear destructive screams from the ladies. If only he wasn't married, royal women were sure to ask for a dance.

Now the royal bloodline makes entrance. Gumede as the seer walk between Kay and Zwe but keeping a step ahead of them. Behind them is the king and queen. The king hold his wife's hand with his right hand while the other hand hold his reign stick. Now on this side of the region kings are not crowned by head adornment or hats. They are crowned by cane walking stick. That stick he hold on his left hand is a symbol of his power and dignity. He is to carry that stick throughout his ruling, then he'll pass it on to his son as it has been done from generation to generation.

Every row of the hall that the king and queen pass bow in sign of respect. It's safe to say the king and queen look delicious. The king is dressed in a slim fit no collar black suit with patches of gold on his shoulders that accessorise him well and match perfectly with his reign of power stick. The queen chose a gorgeous black ball gown with gold appliqued beaded strapless belt dress. She wanted something that doesn't hug her body because she just gave birth. Together they look damper and fit for the throne.

Closing the black carpet is the king's brother who went opposite of the theme. He chose a white slim fit no collar suit with gold three buttons to the front and a touch of gold handkerchief tucked in his pocket square. Today if you didn't know him, you'd mistake him for an English man. He looks totally befitting to be a white man in this suit. He walks slowly on his way to the front, posing here and there. And only god knows for what because there is only one camera man from the front. But the way he is walking, one would think the carpet lit by paparazzi. He gains himself joyful laughter's until he makes it to the front. He grabs the mic from the royal courtier who was supposed to be the master of ceremony, ascending the stage while he test the mic.

"1.2.1.2 Oh! Sikhona. Sanibonani, Dumelang, Molweni" his voice comes highly infectious from the mic, resulting the room to fill with screams. The youngsters are happy, this looks different and interesting. The oldies are mad, he is not following the proper procedure "Oh! How beautiful we are namhlanje 'mbewu kazulu. Give yourselves a round of applause for looking beautiful my people" enthusiastic claps fills the hall "Now before we start, I want us to stand, bow our heads and call on our forefathers....boDLOMOOO!" he screams the last part and the entire hall sings

Mkhabela,

Dinangwe,

Bhelesi, Khweba,

Malala nomunwe endunu,

Avuke ancinde akhwife eMpumalanga,

Abuye ancinde akhwife eNtshonalanga,

Sikhaba esingangenkomo!

Immediately light showers of rain commemorate the day. Ascertaining in everyone who had doubts that this man is meant for the throne. Silence is welcomed in the hall until the showers stop blessing the day, the fake MC voice comes when people least expect it

“Well I just wanted to laugh out loud, in front of everyone that my little brother is the king. That’s the only reason why I’m here” the hall giggles while he receives a narrowed look from Vula. He hands the royal courtier the mic back and takes his seat.

The day has been nothing but beautiful. All the formalities and protocols have been followed. The first show to take the stage is the zulu reed dance. The old woman who leads the girls asks for the princess to join them. Vula almost chokes on his drink when Khwezi stands without a hesitation.

“And then?” MaDlomo asks in a hushed whisper besides him

“They are going to embarrass my daughter, only virgins are allowed in those dances”

“So?” MaDlomo asks

“She is not a.....” he swallows his words, keeping his confused look at the stage where Khwezi is happily received, they surround her to keep her off the stare while she wears what’s been given to her “She..she is still....” Again words fail him, he knows for a fact that those women can test virginity by just eye sight and they would have turned her back if she wasn’t

“You should have more trust in your daughter, and maybe stop being so pig headed. Seeiso is a nice young man and he respects you”

Vula frowns at his wife “You know about that?”

“My daughter and I talk”

Now it’s time for those who want to bend a knee and wish their king goodwill. They cue to the front with their gifts to present to their king and queen. The stage is still busy with all sorts of dance when this happens

Vula raise an eyebrow when Seeiso makes an appearance from the cue. He is been making sure to avoid him since he arrived like he knew he knows. With his knee bended Seeiso bows

“My king” he says

“Molapo”

“I come before you with nothing but my pure heart my king. My heart is captured in your yards and with your permission I would like to get to know your beautiful star my king” Seeiso, sheepishly bowing so he doesn’t see Vula’s intense stare

“Don’t you know her already?”

“I..i..” he stutters but collects himself quickly “I do my king but she put an end to what we were trying to build when you found out. I realise I disrespected you. I should have been man enough to come to you and ask your daughter properly. I apologise for making her disrespect your house in any way and I promise with your permission, I’ll not repeat the same mistake twice, I’ll follow any rule you give my king” well the revelation of his daughter still being pure tugged his heart. He likes this young man more for that, but he won’t dare say it

“Rule one-Keep a safe space between the two of you, in covid days we call it social distancing” MaDlomo fails to contain her giggles. Seeiso nods “Rule two, no touching”

“Let me guess, rule three is no kissing?” MaDlomo asks her husband who quickly nods “Then why don’t you just tell him to observe and comply with all covid protocols then you’ll both be fine” Vulamasango shrug and keeps his glare and Seeiso

“You heard that boy?”

Seeiso nods “So it’s a yes?” he can be slow when he likes or he prefer straight answers

“It’s covid19, get off my sight” MaDlomo laughs her husband’s frustration, he even squirms a bit on his sit

“Thank you my king, my queen” Seeiso bows with a contagious smile before he turns on his steps. After Seeiso the sight of MaNgwena appears. Vulamasango is

not exactly sure who she is, he can't place her as yet, but she is definitely not a new sight to his memory

"My king, my queen" MaNgwena bows in respect

"Saubona Maa" Vula greets

"Hai my king I have nothing to offer but I just wanted to congratulate you and wish you goodwill in your reign" MaNgwenya

"Ngiyabonga mama. Your blessings mean a lot to me"

"I'm glad. I hope my debt will be the first order you see through now that you're finally in office" Vulamasango frowns and glance at his wife who is just as confused

"What debt Maa?" he is lost, did perhaps his uncle owe this woman? But Zwe is financially stable and the throne is not struggling either, what debt could she be talking about?

"The ancestral debt, you owe me your seed my king. I'd like to think your elders talked to you" now MaDlomo is also interested

"I owe you? What....." before Vulamasango could try to understand Zwe is on his side, interjecting him

"MANGWENYA!" his tone is not shouting but stern and reprimanding. MaNgwenya stands with a smile after bowing to the confused couple "I'll explain later Vulamasango" Zwe say when he gives him a questioning look. Vulamasango's mind is no longer here. Something is up but he is not sure what. The memory of one of Mkhonto's coded messages visit him 'They want an heir and Mkhulu said someone should give me an order. He said I should wipe them all and he'll clean the mess' the woman talks about him owing her a seed, could this be what Mkhonto was talking about? He never explained when he arrived, his father and Mtho tried to get the information out of him but he just shrug on them and walked off. He usually does that, drops a bomb and shrug when they grill him. He thought it was one of his son's moments but now he is sure there is more to it and he needs to get to the bottom of it

The ceremony went well. Now it's food time. The crowd was transported back to the palace where everyone is being served. Only one smart tent is erected where the king and queen sit while people go about enjoying themselves. Vulamasango spots someone his wife will be so happy to see before she see her. He blinds her with his hand.

"What are you doing?" MaDlomo asks trying to fight his hand off her eyes. Dinny smiles at Vula and stands behind MaDlomo

"Sunflower!!" She whispers in her ear, MaDlomo almost screams but holds herself, she abruptly stands to hug her long lost aunt

"Dinnyyyy" she happily embraces her "Jesus you look good" she gets off the hug and scan her "Did you bring my babies" she denies shaking her head. She is that woman who left everything behind to be a village wife and by the look of things, she looks amazing

"I can't believe you're a queen" they both burst

"Help me up, queen my left foot"

"And you're leaving me alone?" Vula sulks

"I have to see my babies Sango, maybe they even run out of milk, Mane Dee also wants to join in the party now" Vula mumbles under his breath but lets her go, mane Dee was left with the babies and now she wants out. The two aunt and niece make way to the house, it's not easy getting to the house because they get stopped all the way, people congratulating the queen. MaDlomo spots Lulu somewhere inside the crowd. She swallows, their eyes fall on each other same time, or maybe she been staring at her she just didn't see. If it were any other day, she would have invited her over, but now she knows better 'Be careful of the one you call a friend' she remembers the words vividly.

Ignoring her, she focuses on pushing through the crowd to get to her babies, she is no longer coming down here.

"Where are the boys and Khwezi, I want to see them" Dinny asks when they almost make it out of the crowd

“I’ll ask someone to…….” She is cut off by a tight hug she receives out of the blue, she didn’t see the face

“Girlfriend” she laughs, it’s Kwanele, a.k.a ‘boy’

“Oh boy!” Kwanele lets her go with a smile “Every time I see you, you look much taller than the last time” Boy smiles shyly

“And much handsome” Dinny adds. A forceful hand grabs Boy’s hand that is tugged around MaDlomo’s neck. Dinny frowns when she sees Lulu dragging the child off MaDlomo in that manner “Haibo! Lulu, what’s wrong?” Lulu ignores her and glares at boy

“What did I say wena?” she shouts boy who decide to shrug and disappear through the crowd

“That was unnecessary and very mean, what’s wrong with you?” Dinny is still not pleased, she doesn’t know about the fallout

“Let’s just go” MaDlomo grabs her aunt’s hand who seem to want answers from Lulu, just as they walk off Lulu asks

“So now that your queen you think you’re better than me? You can’t even spare a minute for your suppose friend” MaDlomo sighs and try her best to block her off her head “We’ll see if your attitude will still reek this much when the mighty king finds out that you lied” this one stops her, she frowns

She sighs to discard the frown on her face “Lulu I thought you wanted space”

“Yes I do but you provoked me when you hugged boy” she collects her arms to the front, folding them

“Well this is me giving you space, you never explained that your space meant I shouldn’t talk to boy too but I’ll not provoke you going further. And what did I lie about if I may ask?” she asks

“About Tsietsi being your first boyfriend. We’ll see if the mighty king will still love you when he finds out that there was someone before Tsietsi” Dinny gasps for her niece who is just so calm

“And what makes you think that I lied to him?” she opens her mouth to say something but fails “You know what I’m not having this conversation with you. Lulu please see your shrink, you have serious issues”

“Issues? She is auditioning for a room to be locked in a mental asylum. Who says things like that to a friend? What’s wrong with her?” Dinny asks the exhausted MaDlomo who doesn’t even want to spare more of her time on Lulu

“Dinny please. I just want to get to my room and see my babies” this is really some f8cked up shit.

Night has started to take form. Khwezi and Palesa sit at the table facing the stage where everyone shows their hidden dance floor talents. Palesa is starting to be a bit tipsy. She is been drinking any kind of booze Khwezi could steal for her. She smiles when one of Khwezi’s little brother who obviously have a sweet crush on her comes to their table. He smiles shyly when Palesa looks at him.

“My lady” he greets, looking down the floor hiding his twinkling eyes

“Sakhe? Why aren’t you in the house? It’s late” Khwezi hisses, oblivious that her little brother is taken by her 23 year old friend. The twins appear behind Sakhe, they had to come see the woman who stole Sakhe’s heart

“A man in love has to see his queen before he sleeps” this time he winks at Palesa “You’ll have a beautiful night, right my lady?” Khwezi’s brows furrow in frown, Palesa giggles

“She is old” Muzi

“Age is just a number. Right my queen?” Palesa nods again, buried in laughter when Sakhe fakes sexy eyes at her “What can I get you before I sleep my queen?”

“Hmmm let me see. Five litre of Drostdy Hof would make my night”

“Your wish is my command. I love you baby” he blows a kiss at Palesa before they turn on their heels, Khwezi is still shocked in all this

“I thought you didn’t like fat girls” Zizwe comments loud as they leave

“She is not fat, she is woman. Tlotla is fat. That’s the difference. I think I’m getting married gents” Khwezi claps once and look at Palesa who is dead in laughter

Well Sakhe honoured his queen request. A five litre of Drostdy Hof was delivered to their table and Palesa has been buried in it the entire night. Khwezi tried to pull her off to sleep but she fails. Palesa is kak drunk and she is not a very light girl. She resorts to finding help and lucky for her, Abongile appears with Nkandla. She quickly stride to them.

“Malume Abongile” Abongile turns with a giggle

“He is drunk” Nkandla whispers before Abongile could say anything

“Princess, how are you my baby” he pouts, baby talking her. Khwezi laughs, this is the first time she sees Abongile drunk

“I was going to ask that you help my friend to the house but.....” Abongile cuts her, staggering as he walks

“Where is she? Let’s go, I also want to sleep. Nkandla got me drunk” he drunkly tug his arm around Khwezi’s neck as they head back to her table. They find Palesa now drinking the remnants of the wine straight from the bag, she drank all that on her own. She burps when she is done, hisses at the candy before her eyes

“Khwezi? Who is this chocolate?” she can’t even keep her eyes open

“Behave, this is my uncle, malume Abongile can we go?” Abongile snaps out of sleep, he had momentarily taken a standing nap on Khwezi’s shoulder

“Yes mamas” he winks at palesa who licks her lips seductively “Let’s go” Palesa quickly jumps off her seat, she pushes Khwezi next to Abongile and force to be in the middle

“You very fine” Palesa whispers in Abongile’s ears “Boy I would scrap you in a bathtub and wash you from head to toe”

“Girl I would wash you and drink that water when I’m done. Your fine mamas” Khwezi rolls her eyes at the flirting going on around her, she is never seen Abongile like this

“You just woke my bean” Palesa stands, daring Abongile with her seductive eyes

“You horny for me mamas?”

“Very. Extremely. Boy I wanna ride you all night long” like a sack of potato Palesa ends up on drunk Abongile’s shoulder. Who staggers all the way to the house, spanking Palesa’s butt. Khwezi makes sure to be behind them, she wanted them to make it to the house then she was going to pull Palesa off. But just as they make it to the house, strong hands grab her from behind and pin her on the wall, the two drunkards disappear to the house before she speaks. She is met with another drunk face

“SISO?” she gasp, shocked that he is drunk

“How...how...dare...you....you....you show those men my boobies” he can’t even stand properly

“What?” Khwezi is lost

“The...the.....the stage. You...you dance.....showing....my boobies” her mouth drops, this is a new revelation, he stutters when he is drunk. She sighs in relief when she sees his brother show behind him, it’s the cute quiet one.

“He is not bothering you is he?” Khwezi swallows, he is quite intimidating. They both look at Seeiso who is not crying patting the floor ‘She showed them my boobs’ he keeps saying as he cries “I’ll take him to bed, please go to sleep too. The after party is getting out of hand now” Khwezi nods and watch as they crying Seeiso is dragged off the floor

“Bhuti Puso if I may ask, is he a stutter?” Puso laughs

“He is managed to hide it so well growing up. Now you can only hear it when he is angry or when he is drunk” Khwezi joins puso in laughter. Alcohol reveals everything, she is been dating this guy for so long but she is never picked that he is a stutter. She enters behind the brothers and see no sign of Palesa and Abongile. Now she wishes that the world could swallow her, she is not ready for malume Abongile’s expression when he wakes next to Palesa. Sakhe’s Drostdy Hof turned his crush into Abongile’s snack for one night.

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Volume 36

There are people who are not meant for booze. One glass is enough for them, some not even a glass, they totally have to keep distance from alcohol. This is one of those incidents. A loud knock from the door wakes the two culprits. Palesa groans due to headache as she is the first to wake. She spreads her arms wide yawning but she hits something solid on her right side. With one eye open she look and finds Khwezi's uncle on her left side of the bed. She freezes, looking at the man beside her. A knock from the door comes again and this time the man stirs, he is about to wake. Though she do feel that she gave it up, she still peeps under the cover hoping she is clothed, that way she'll convince herself that nothing happened but who is she kidding, she is naked, totally and utterly naked. Even her green rope that has been fastened around her waist for as long as she can remember is not today. This man undressed her of everything.

"Hi" his voice comes through, she was still inspecting her body under the covers. Now she doesn't know how to come out and face him

"Hi" she whispers still buried by the covers

"I'm Abongile and you are?" Jesus! She doesn't believe that this man took her mother's green rope that has been tight around her waist for decades and he doesn't even know her name. He is only asking now, in the morning of shame "Can you please show your face, I'd like to see you" he turns, lying on his side and this gives palesa a perfect view of that thing that tasted her last night. There is no condom. She doesn't remember anything and this only makes her cringe further "I know this might be awkward for you, it is for me too because I don't usually do this and I definitely don't allow alcohol to control me. But now we are in this position and I would like us to talk" Palesa is praying that whoever was knocking comes back "Please" she sighs, keeps her eyes off his beautiful d8ck, though it has strange balls, they look smooth with no wrinkle. She removes the covers off her face with a sigh. Abongile gasps when he sees who he messed with for one night "Jesus! Palesa?" this is Khwezi's friend, a kid he thinks

“I...where is my rope?” it’s the first thing she asks, her mother told her never to take it off or else she’ll die. She’s lived with it so long and now that it’s not here, it feels like it’s the most naked she’s ever been

“Your rope? What rope?” Abongile asks, still consumed by shock

“The green one that protects me. You must have took it off”

“So you care about the rope more than the fact that you woke up in a grown man’s bedroom?”

“How about we alter that at the end, grown man that took advantage of me because I was drunk” she glares at him, challenging him. Abongile sighs and look up before he looks back at her

“Listen. I’m sorry, truly sorry for this. I was so drunk and I don’t remember anything from last night but it’s still not an excuse for bringing you to my room and doing you like this. I’m sorry Palesa” Palesa clears her throat, she didn’t expect an apology. They are both at fault but she would really like her rope on her waist before she address this, she feels like it’s telling her mother that she had a one night stand now that it’s off her waist

“Can we find my green rope?” Abongile sighs and try to sit up straight so they can look for a stupid rope but an excruciating pain grips his balls as he try to sit

“Aaaaah!” he groans, sending his hand to his balls that feels pressed

“What’s wrong?” Palesa asks with the covers pulled to her breast, she is seated on the bed looking at the groaning man

“Please help me. Something is holding my balls” he looks up in pain

“I’m not touching your balls”

“You had my balls last night, Jesus! Just help me” he snaps, he doesn’t want to touch himself because he is scared he might hurt himself more, it feels like something is squeezing the life out of them.

Grunting and mumbling Palesa kneels between Abongile’s legs, she gasps when she sees what’s fastening Abongile’s balls “Haaaaaa!” her voice fades away in shock. She is definitely going to hell. Her green rope is tight around Abongile’s balls. What kind of kinky f8ck did they have?

“Ow! Ow! Hoooooo!” Abongile expels a sigh through his gritted teeth now that his balls are free off the rope. Palesa is quick to fasten the rope back to its original place, now she feels better, she can actually jump off the covers to find her clothing. She climbs down the bed naked, giving Abongile a perfect view. She is not what he thought, she is a thick beautiful girl. There is some cellulite on her thick thighs, tummy situation going on and definitely perky breast that looks like have fed someone. He finds his aching balls stimulating again as he watches Palesa beds and move about to find her clothes. She is a beautiful girl, a type he wouldn't go for if he was sober. But now that he seen her, and seen her like that, he wouldn't change a damn thing on her and he would like to get to know this girl.

“Listen, now I can talk. This was a mistake” she say putting on her panties, he finds her cute. She was embarrassed to get out of the covers without that thing on her waist, now she is not even shy to stand and wear her panties in front of him

“How old are you?” he is curious, she has a tiny face, one to be mistaken for a child but she is definitely not one

“Don't ask me stupid questions, you failed to ask those last night. How old are you?” she has hands on her thick waist in only her panties and bra now. Abongile finds her...refreshing, something different “Am I funny?” she asks because Abongile is pressing his lips together to stifle a laugh

“No I'm sorry. Im 37 years old. Now can you tell me your age” her jaws are sweeping the floor, she is never slept with a man a decade and couple of years older than her

“Are you married, do you have children?” it's the reasonable thing to ask after finding out she snacked a grandpa

“No. I have a daughter but I'm not married” she closes her eyes in relief, picking her jeans and stepping in to them, she forces her jeans up, jumping with them while at it

“This” she indicates from him to her “Was a mistake and it will never happen again. To you I'm a virgin. And you've never seen me this way. Okay?” Abongile nods as she picks her shirt and put it back on. She collects her jacket and all stars pressing them to her chest as she heads for the door. He find himself smiling without a word, she opens the door without even saying goodbye but she is met with a tall dark

beauty that was about to knock. Abongile closes his eyes when he sees Lulu burn Palesa with her stare. She freezes her on the door looking her from head to toe.

“Who the hell are you? And what are you doing in here?” It’s obvious. The man on the bed only has a duvet covering his lower body, but it’s obvious he is naked and Palesa being out of his door so early the morning makes the whole scene quite obvious “I ASKED A QUESTION!” Palesa jumps, feistiness shattered to the floor “Kore....how old are you? You have no manners sleeping with men old enough to be your father? Sis maan!” she looks at her in disgust and make space for the terrified Palesa to run out of the room

“That was unnecessary Ms. Lu” Abongile leaves the covers to dash in the bathroom. Lulu gasps when she sees him like that. He steps on something sticky and when he looks down, the entire floor is decorated in used condoms and wraps. His mouth drops when he fails to account the number of condoms on the floor

“I thought you were different” he is snapped from his horror by her voice, he sighs before he disappears to the bathroom. Shortly cleaning up and picking his robe to wear while he cleans the mess.

“What can I do for you Ms. Lu?” he asks now making the bed. The sheet is stained in liquid of fun, making Lulu to feel more disgusted

“You know Abongile I came here thinking we can talk. Give our relationship a chance but it seems I’m too late am I?” Abongile sighs, he dumps the pile of sheets into the washing basket and look at her

“Are you ready to accept me for who I am?” he asks

“What do you mean?”

“You’re not going to ask me to quit my job again?” she closes her eyes

“Abongile that’s the thing I wanted us to talk about. I’m ready for us to be together but I need you to leave your job for that to happen. I can’t have you working for boitumelo please”

“Then bye Ms. Lu. Please close that door on your way out. I may love you but you’re not who I thought you were and I cannot love someone like you for the life of me”

“Whatever, I cannot be with someone who choose to be boitumelo’s lapdog anyway. I was doing you a favour” wow! Abongile exclaim silently but he won’t dare give her the satisfaction

“Well this lapdog just got himself a beautiful sweet girl, something you can never be with this bitterness going on around you. So you can take your bitter attitude and shove it where the sun doesn’t come. Next time shit hit the fan, don’t ever call MaDlomo and her lapdog. Goodbye Lucia” Lulu burst the door out after looking down on him. He shakes his head in defeat, wondering whatever happened to her.

He rolls a tissue picking the condoms and wraps on the floor, he smiles when he comes across Palesa’s phone on the floor. Well this is exactly what he needed. Her number. God knows it was going to be awful to ask those numbers from Khwezi. Sweet thing doesn’t even have a password on. He calls himself and save the number as ‘Sweet thing’. Maybe this is something different he needs to get over Lulu.

VULAMASANGO

Sometimes we spend our entire lives running from who we really are. We settle for the bubble we created and take it as enough. I thought what had was enough, I was sure I had everything and nothing was missing. But boy was I wrong. The moment I was handed the cane from my uncle I felt complete, like something that had been missing for so long finally came back to me. I felt my purpose and I think my eyes opened to an extent of power. I have power now and I need to protect my people and help them fulfil their dreams. My job is to be the people’s pillar, not a staring they will be afraid to approach. I’m proud to admit that I felt and I still feel the power of the throne running through my veins. That chair’s got extraordinary powers!

First thing is first. I need to get the Mkhizes off my back. I had to press Zwe to tell me the truth last night and he did. This is pure shit. I have to sit them down and find a solution with them. Killing cannot be the first thing I come to now that I’m in this position. I can’t go around taking lives, especially with this beauty besides me. My calm baby girl. I swear her sister is the opposite of her. Luhle is a cry baby. She loves arms so much that when you put her down she starts to cry.

Like now, Hlelo is awake and just staring at me. Luhle will not do that, she is going to wake with a cry. I kiss them both and turn to their sleeping mother, poor thing was exhausted. I should allow her the space to rest today. I kiss her parted snoring lips and decide for a quick shower while Luhle is still sleeping

Before paying the Mkhize a visit, I need to see my boy and ask Gumede to perform all the necessary rituals of separating him and Hlelo. Then I have to make sure that he gets cleansed. He still hasn't seen Hlelo because he sees blood in his hands every time he has to see her.

Thank God drama queen wakes exactly when I'm done. She quietens her scream when I pick her. Dear lord! Girls are problems and this one is going to be the worst. She smiles when I kiss her forehead. I bet I have another khuzwayo here.

"I hope you're not hungry my angel. Let's go find your brother" I head straight to the boys rooms with Luhle in my arms. Her mother would have me for breakfast when she finds out I was parading the palace with her baby in my arms.

The twins are sleeping in one room together. They love each other more than anyone this two. The next room is Sakhe's room. It's empty and well-made like it was never used. I bet he is in Mkhonto's room. And indeed he is here. Such a bad sleeper this one. His leg wrap around Mkhonto's waist like a snake.

"Mkhontoo" I whisper in his ear so not to wake Sakhe. The last thing I need is him coming along. He opens his eyes still immersed in sleep

"Baba" he weakly looks at me

"Wake up boy. Go wash your face I'll wait for you" he huffs but obeys. Sakhe mumbles when Mkhonto removes his leg on him. He turns mumbling

'Woza pally baby' the way he is smiling it looks like he is in a perfect dream

“Who is pally?” I ask Mkhonto as we head to Gumede’s hut, Sakhe was turning and rolling a name called pally in his sleep

“His girlfriend. He said he is getting married” Mxm! I feel sorry for the poor young girl.

Fortunately Gumede’s hut is just beside the palace. It’s not as far as Hlelo’s hut.

“Gumede?!” I call out when we come to his door

“Come in” he shouts back. Mkhonto doesn’t need to be told. He removes his shoes as I do mine and we both enter Gumede’s ancestral house “With a child Vulamasango?” he is not happy about Luhle in my arms

“I didn’t want her to wake her mother” he sighs before he points us to the reed mat placed before him

“Unjani mfanawami?” (How are you my boy?) he smiles at Mkhonto

“I’m fine Mkhulu” Gumede nods

“Baba tells me you see blood when you have to see your little sister” he nods repeatedly, Mhambi is the only problem because even now I’m carrying Ngelosi but he doesn’t seem to have a problem with her “Is it blood only that you saw?” he shakes his head no

“Yes there was blood on my hands when I tried to look at the bed where mama was carrying Mhambi, but behind them, there was an angry woman I don’t know. She had no head and her stomach and a place where heart’s supposed to be had holes. I only saw that she was a woman because she was wearing a long dirty faded dress. Her dress looked old and something Sakhe would call out of style” Gumede chuckles

“Explain this dress for me boy” he urges. I offer Luhle my tiny finger, she is starting to fidget and lord knows I cannot leave now. I’m thankful when she sucks it without a cry

“It was very ugly Mkhulu, almost something like a nurse uniform. Dirty white full body collar dress with buttons all the way down and it had patches on the shoulder. The only odd thing was that she had no head and had two huge dark hole on her

stomach and heart” Gumede and I share looks, thembela was a nurse by profession and in most of her pictures, she is wearing the described uniform

“And then what happened?” Gumede

“Mama saw me. She spoke and that’s when I realised I was crying and ran out” Gumede nods with a sigh

“Is there something else that you think we should know maybe that I didn’t asks?” he is trying to get all the information

“I don’t think so Mkhulu but the woman....her hands were trying to touch mama’s head but there was this ball of shine above mama’s head refraining her from touching mama” my focus is on Gumede, his expression confirms that something is definitely up

“I see my boy. Do you still remember where you hit the ashes you were asked to carry from your sister’s grave?” When Mhambi’s grave burned, Mkhonto was asked to scoop ashes from the grave that night. He was bathed with some while some, he was asked to hide only where he knows and where he’ll remember “Are they here or back at home in Johannesburg?” Gumede asks when Mkhonto nods

“They are here Mkhulu” Gumede smiles

“Let’s see what your sister is trying to say. Yes she hates blood but I think she is trying to tell you something” he reaches for his reading bag. He asks me to blow first before he asks Mkhonto to blow too. He shakes it repeatedly mumbling to himself before he throws the bones on the mat. With his reading stick he touches the bones one by one agreeing to whoever he is talking to “Yebo....ehe.....ngiyabona mkhulu.....Mhambi.....yebo mkhulu.....MaDlomo.....siyavuma mkhulu.....Thembela Dlomo, Gugulethu Mkhize.....DLOMO” he inhales sharply when he is done and look up before he looks at us

“Gumede?” I request a clarification

“Shooo Dlomo!” he sighs “Yes Mhambi wants this one to get cleansed” I nod “But she was trying to show him something. The woman he saw is your aunt. She has no head because she cannot take form due to how she left this world. She wants her heart and the baby she was carrying”

“Didn’t we burry her complete?” Vula asks

“We thought she was in an accident of a burnt car. We buried her ashes. There was nothing to be seen. But it looks like she had no heart and her child wasn’t there. I’m told that we buried her incomplete body and the spirit we collected belongs to a woman by the name of Gululethu Mkhize” Mkhize? This can’t be a coincidence

“Could she be related to the Mkhizes we know?” Gumede nod to my question. Now I see why the Mkhizes have been all up in hour business. I might have a solution for their little request.

“I’m afraid it appears so. That’s what Mhambi was trying to show Mkhonto. She wants Mkhonto to fetch her aunt’s heart and baby where they are buried. They were initially buried at the Khoza mansion but what I see here is that something removed them. It doesn’t appear to be a normal person that removed them and took them. MaDlomo was supposed to do this task for her but where the heart and body of the child are now buried in a place not for a human. MaDlomo cannot go, therefore she reached for this one because they are still connected, we forgot to separate them. Mkhonto has to go fetch that heart and body because he is tainted by darkness. He is the only one that can go in there and come out alive”

“What place is this Gumede? Do you all realise that Mkhonto is just a boy? I brought my son here to be cleansed not to be sent in some ghost missions”

“Vulamasango Mkhonto is the predator, the sooner we accept that, the better. His journey is not our kind of journey. His sister is sure he’ll come back alive and unharmed. Your aunt’s spirit is here and angry. She wants her heart and baby. I think she was trying to touch MaDlomo’s head so she can make her see her but you daughter refused. She cannot let her mother see those”

“When is this supposed to happen?” I hate that I’m even asking this

“As soon as possible, thembela is not a very nice spirit to keep around. Soon she’ll start showing on everyone in the palace if we keep ignoring her”

“I can go today Mkhulu, but can I please go with Tlotla” we almost forgot that he was still in here but his request shock me more

“Tlotla is a baby boy” Gumede

“Tlotla is a wolf Mkhulu” I’m still perplexed. Tlotla is a baby, Mkhonto is a baby this is so wrong in all forms “Baba I’m going to have to take form. Tlotla is the only one that can tame it back and she communicates with animals. She’ll lead the predator wherever I have to go”

“What do you mean she communicates with animals?” he shrug and glare back at me, I know he’ll not offer the details even if I press

“She’ll take form too?” Gumede asks

“Yes Mkhulu, can I go get her now?” he looks excited, a twinkle behind his brown eyes

“No. Go eat and bath. I have to talk to her father first” Mkhonto nods, quite happy walking out. I don’t know if it’s his trip with Tlotla or that he get to transform, but he looks enthusiastic walking out of the room. As soon as he is out of the door I question Gumede further

“Gumede how did my wife get mixed in all this? You keep mentioning her like she is some kind of seer or something” he laughs

“I guess MaDlomo hasn’t spoken to you. She got a special visit from your father. Talk to your wife. I have to fix something for Mkhonto and Tlotla to drink before they leave, get out”

“I’m your king, mind your language” we both laugh though I’m.....I don’t even know what the word is to describe my emotions. My son is too young for all this things he has to bear on his shoulders. Sigh! I kiss my sleeping daughter’s head walking out. I need to visit the Mkhize.....

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 37

BOITUMELO

“MaDlomo....madlomo” whoever is shaking me from this sleep really do have a death wish. I force my eyes to wake and I find Ndlovukazi holding my babies “Haaa! It’s eleven o’clock and my grandchildren are still not fed because your husband ordered that you not be waked” I roll my eyes sitting up straight, I’m really exhausted, this people have to understand my husband’s reasoning

“Morning Maa, can I please quickly wash my face and I’ll feed your grandchildren” she nods and I make a quick dash to the bathroom. I find her with Mabataung who has that creature in her arms, I have heard a lot about that boy

“You brought your creature in here, in the same room as my daughter” she dies in laughter. I decide to feed Ndlovukazi’s grandchildren before I take look of the mysterious boy “Maa how is your day today?” she shrug “Don’t you want to take Sakhe out before they leave?” I’m still trying to get her to spend her last time with her son, I don’t know when will be when

“Why would I want to spend a day with Sakhe? So I can have him tell me that I’m boring all day long?”

“No Maa.....I just....I want the two of you to spend some quality time together” she glares at me

“Quality time? Me and Sakhe? MaDlomo you know I always end up with my sleeper in hand spanking his ass whenever I’m in a room with him for more than an hour” Sigh! The door burst open without a knock. I already know its Mtho, he doesn’t know how to knock

“Ladies.....” he is cut off by Mhambi’s piercing cry. She surprises all of us crying out of nowhere. So much drama mara? Her small tongue is even trembling

“Mthokozisi what did you do? Why would a child cry this much at your sight?” Ndlovukazi’s question reminds me

“Nothing Maa, Jeez! MaDlomo can we talk. A minute please. Tell that drama queen to chill, I won’t touch her” he is still standing by the door. I hand Ndlovukazi my babies, Mhambi is still crying and it’s really weird because she is always the cool one “I guess I need to be cleansed too before I see her” Mtho remarks lowly next to me as he pulls me to a secluded area down the passage

“I guess so. Why are you so panicky” he is tomato red. He inspect all corners like he is looking for something

“You know what, let’s just go to my room. This walls have ears” I let him pull me to his room, he is making me panic too. As soon as he shuts the door to his room he lets me go and heave a sigh “We have a problem” I frown “Vulamasango is going to want proof of the two bodies tomorrow. He reminded me this morning that he needs the Charlene issue put to rest by tomorrow. And that means he is going to want to see the bodies” I gasp

“You’re not thinking of killing my baby are you?” he laughs

“Jeez! No. I have a plan but I’m going to need your help to see this through”

“Okay” I nod

“I’m going to need Ngelosi’s DNA” I frown “You see Vulamasango is not stupid. I have to make sure that I cover all the corners. I’m going to send him the pictures, Charlenes’ and any white infant that is no more. I need Ngelosi’s DNA to match with Charlenes’ so I can deceive him that the dead infant is really charlenes. That way I’m hoping he’ll believe me and we’ll put this matter to rest” sigh!

“You think it will work?” he nods hesitantly

“I’m hoping so. You’ll give me her DNA right?” I nod

“You do know Charlene is already dead right?” he nods but frown at me

“How do you know that?” me and my big mouth.....i blink, almost sigh when a toilet goes off but.....wait.....someone heard us, someone was in the bathroom. We both freeze staring at the bathroom door. I pray it be sis Mary or Lihle but God doesn’t love me does he. That look on her face confirm to me that she heard us. She has a smirk, the knowing smirk

“WHAT THE F8CK ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?” Mtho roars, making me squirm too. He is not one to shout. Lulu also frowns

“I...I came to see you. I couldn't find you and I needed to use the bathroom urgently, I swear. I'm sorry”

“And you heard us right?” his tone is still very extreme

“No” I don't buy it

“LUCIA!” Mtho snaps again

“Okay I heard but I swear I won't say anything” she is a bit shaken, I guess she is also taken by surprise about Mtho's roar

“You better. Let me make it clear to you. If you open your mouth and Vulamasango hears about this, I'm going to disown you. You'll go back to being alone because you already don't have a friend and I your brother will wash my hands off you. Are we clear Lucia?” she nods quickly “Give us room” she flies out of the room and we are left in silence, we both silently praying that she doesn't tell on us

“You think she'll not tell on us” he shrug, he is as hopeless as I am “Mtho I think we should just come clean at once. This secret is known by too many people, someone is going to talk whether we cover all the corners”

“And risk Vulamasango rejecting Ngelosi”

“I have seen him with her, they have bonded so much. I don't think he would reject her”

“No makoti. We are not taking that risk. We'll go ahead with our plan” I nod, though I'm still not at ease with all this “Don't worry about Lulu, I'll handle her. She is losing her mind but I have something planned for her” I frown

“She is your sister Mtho, you wouldn't do something to hurt her” I remind

“And Vulamasango is my brother before anything. If she keeps putting me in a position to choose, I'll choose and she'll not like my choice because it will leave her feeling alone and abandoned like she doesn't have people who really love her”

“Okay this is not about her and I, what else did she do?” he sighs

“Vulamasango called her to reprimand her about the messages she’s been sending him. When Vula threatened to chop her and feed her to declerk, she recorded that part and sent it to me. Making it look like Vula is threatening her for no reason” I frown “I think in her head she thought I would cut all ties with Vula and.....you know I don’t even know how her mind works. She cried saying my so called brother is threatening her so I have to stay away from him” I laugh, how can she be so stupid? Even I know I cannot come between my husband and Mtho, that one is a losing battle “I mean is she really trying to come between me and Vula? I swear I’m up to here with her behaviour and I’m close to losing it”

“She is still your sister, don’t do anything you’ll regret. Personally I think we should have her admitted. Lulu was fine when she was still in the hospital and few days after she came out because she was still seeing her therapist but the minute she stopped seeing her, she just changed out of nowhere”

“I think her issues are beyond therapy MaDlomo. Therapists are not gods, we can’t keep giving them people who are beyond repair and expect them to fix them. As hurtful as it is to admit, I think she is crazy. Period. A lost soul”

KHWEZI

I’m a ball of jell-O. Bathing in the scorch heating sun of KZN. I’m soaked in heat and feels oh! So delicious. One would swear we are still in summer although we are five minutes to winter. I decided to come enjoy the sun after breakfast which palesa missed because she decided to sneak back in my room at the wee hours of the morning. I allowed her space to sleep. She is still to tell me what the hell did she do? I honestly cannot even start to imagen the tension if she shacked malume Abongile. Shit really goes down when people get drunk.

I’m lying nicely on top of a mattress on the balcony where the sun warms perfectly but suddenly a tall shadow is blocking my sun. I’m ready to eat whoever it is alive as I shade my eyes from the sun so I can see who is stealing my sun but to my disappointment I find my father. The way my father is so tall, one of this days when we have to climb to heaven he might come in handy, we might use him as stepladder to heaven.

“Baba kaKhwezi” I sit up straight on my lap as a royal escort place a chair for him to sit beside me. He looks perfect. This tittle suits him well but I know my father, he is surely annoyed as hell with this hovering around going on around him.

“Give us space” he order the two escort who are always on his tail. I chortle when he expels a sigh as they move back “It’s day one and I feel like I’m suffocating princess” now I can’t contain my laughter “I’m not used to having people follow me everywhere I go” he balance his cane with his chair and reach for my hands. I squirm when he switches to serious face. Lord what have I done now? “How are you my baby?” Hooo! I breathe, I thought I’m in trouble once again

“I’m fine baba”

“Are you sure?” I nod “Listen baby” he pulls me up and settle me on his lap, wrapping his arm around my waits and he is still taller than me, he looks down at me “Daddy wants to apologise my baby. I shouldn’t have put my hands on you no matter what you did. Can you forgive daddy?” Urgh! I’m not even holding a grudge

“Baba I was never mad. I was wrong and I’m sorry for disrespecting you like that. Please don’t apologise, you did nothing wrong” I hate seeing my father so shattered

“I was wrong baby. I took my anger of what I was going through in that moment out on you. And it was extremely wrong of me my princess. Please forgive me”

“Baba kaKhwezi I’m not even mad but I forgive you” he crush me in his arms and my heart melts, how I missed this hugs “Had I known you were going to cry I should have asked someone to borrow me their phone so I can take you a video” he laughs, letting me go and wiping the corners of his eyes

“I’m really sorry my baby”

“It’s okay daddy, you don’t have to cry. Now I’m crying because you’re crying for no reason at all” he laughs wiping my tears and crushing me again for a while

“I’m glad you forgive me my baby. And I want you to know that I’m so proud of you princess. I’m really really proud to call you my daughter” I honestly didn’t see this day being emotional but I’m thankful, I love this man so much. He pulls me back from his shoulders and regard me with a smile “Speaking of videos, I have something for you” from his pocket he produces my phone “It’s time you have this

back. You have earned my trust back and you deserve your devices back. The only thing you're still not getting is the card, you'll get it back when you go to school"

"Oh thank you baba. Thank you so much" I crush him again in a hug. Maybe this is my chance while he still in a good mood "Eeeh baba" he given me that look, the knowing look that you want something. Parents honestly have extra senses

"What do you want?"

Clearing my throat, this could go far far left or so so right "Baba about school" sigh! "I applied in NUL and I was accepted. They have July intake and I will still be doing law. The problem is that it's in Lesotho and mama doesn't want to hear about it" he surprises me, die in laughter throwing his head back

"Lesotho?" he asks, still consumed in laughter. I nod "Why my baby?" that I can't say, I blink "Sometimes I wish I can keep you in jar, fasten it and keep it for me only but I can't, I guess I have to accept that you want to spread your wings and grow" Well I don't know where that comes from, I just want an 'okay' from him "Email me your acceptance letter, I'll take care of all the payments and documentations required" I beam "I'll speak to mama, don't worry about her. BUT khwezi..." that but is too stern, almost shouty "You better not come back with a talking walking degree. I trust you my baby and don't break my trust"

"Never baba, I'm going to make you so proud. Thank you so much" he smiles, regarding me with a grin until we are interrupted by one of his escorts

"My king" my father turns to him "MaNgwenya has honoured your summon, she is waiting for you in the council house"

"Thank you Mbhele, I'll be there" the man nods and keeps his distance once again

"I have to go baby. Don't leave without saying goodbye, even if I'm busy come see me okay?" I nod "Abongile will drive you and your friend. Nduna will take all the children with a mini bus behind, we just waiting for Mkhonto and Tlotla to come back before we see you all off" he informs standing. I'm freezing about malume Abongile driving us, I really hope they did nothing

"And I'm very hurt yazi vulamasango" Sakhe remarks behind us, he emerges holding shopping plastics

“Hurt about what?” My father asks frowned looking down at him

“Mkhonto gets to go on vacation, while I’m still trying to win my pally” my father sighs

“Mkhonto is not on a vacation and who the hell is pally?” Sakhe blushes and wink at baba

“You daughter in law, look...” From his plastic he picks a PS chocolate “Smooth neah!” he gives it to baba for inspection “I told Seeiso to make sure he buys the one written I love you” I shrink at mention of siso

“Seeiso bought you all this?” baba regards his shopping bags. He nods “Why would Seeiso buy you all this?”

“Sango don’t you have somewhere to go? You were leaving moos” he is pissing him off to avoid being grilled, I also would like to know why Siso would buy him all this

“You better have not sold my daughter for a six pack of coke Siphosakhe” I gasp, but confused, what’s that supposed to even mean

“Sango just leave, please maan”

“Mxm!” baba throws his Ps on his head and leave

“This Ps is going to get you a daughter in law njalo” he shouts picking it and wiping it. He kisses it before he puts it back in the plastic “Listen, Seeiso is waiting for you down the road”

“What?” I gasp

“I don’t work Khwezi, how do you think I got all this?” I frown “I made a deal with him, I get you for him and he buys me my goodies, simple as that. Please go and make it snappy, am a man who keeps my end of the bargain. Don’t make me look untrustworthy to your boyfriend” Jeez!

“You sold me for a plastic of goodies?”

“Just go Khwezi you’re wasting time. Where is my pally first?” mxm! I’ll not tell him “So now you’re going to leave me and go to your boyfriend without telling me where my woman is?” he screams at me, and I quickly remember something before I leave

“Where did you get a 5l of wine yesterday?”

“I made a plan” so cheeky

“What plan? Do you want me to tell mama you go around stealing alcohol?”

“Khwezi I’m a man, I have to provide for my pally. I made a deal with Seeiso yesterday, I promised him to get you two together for him to get me that booze”

“And today?” I ask

“I told him it’s another day, new deals. That’s why we had this new deal of him buying my pally goodies and I get him his ugly girlfriend. Where is my pally Khwezi, your wasting time” the brothers we keep. I turn on my heels with an attempt to leave him but when malume Abongile emerges from the sliding doors of the balcony and ask.....

“You have a girlfriend?” I turn back, this needs my ears and eyes

“No I have a woman. Look I bought her coke, Ps and a box of five pies. You think she’ll like them” he informs, putting everything on the table “I hope I got the right flavours” he opens the pie box and inhale “Smells so delicious, just like her”

“A whole six pack of coke?” malume abongile’s question comes as shocked as I am

“My woman is a woman. A woman who can eat” he closes his eyes, like he is seeing her “Soft, tender, gentle....oh! And I can hold her” he wraps his arms on his chest “malume thungisa, I’m getting married” malume abongile’s jaws are sweeping the floor. He finally gains his composure and clap once

“Hmk! Listen princess, I was looking for you. Please give Palesa this” he hands me Palesa’s phone and Sakhe who had his eyes closed lost in his reverie immediately stares

“What’s that?” Sakhe asks suddenly so not happy

“Palesa’s cell phone” I’m happy to tell

“Malume Abongile what are you doing with my woman’s cell phone?” he is shouting, malume Abongile has lost his voice, I think he is in shock too

“Wait, your woman is my Palesa?” Malume Abongile asks, unaware of the volcano his erupting. I’m surprised at him saying Palesa is his too....but wait.....Sakhe is one minute to tear land

“Malume.....what do you mean.....my pally is your palesa?” this time malume Abongile is just shocked, I think he didn’t expect this. And just like that my little brother burst into tears, wailing out loud “Mamaaaaa!” he cries, grabbing all the attention from everyone as he walks into the house calling mama “Mamaaa! Bamthathile bamthathile ulovie wami” oh boy! My poor baby brother, I hope he heals.

HIS FOREVER

Volume 38

VULAMASANGO

Slowly but surely I'm getting acquainted to my new status. It's still the very Sunday and I'm attending my meeting with the Mkhizes. I didn't know that I can't go around visiting people's houses. Uncle Kay as my advisor, advised that I summon MaNgwenya and her sons here instead of going to her house. Apparently I'm a high risk now. A print of my foot in people's yards can be used to destroy me. So I have to be careful of who I attend inside their premises. After this I'm taking no more business for a day. I'm going to block and put my foot down. I miss my wife now.

MaNgwenya and her offspring stand when I enter the council house. The matter at hand is very sensitive, hence why my council members are absent. I'm accompanied by Gumede and Kay. Zwe is enjoy being a normal madala for once, he is having beer under the shade of a tree with his peers. He told me to leave him alone to enjoy his freedom.

I bow to my guest heading to my throne and only after I have taken sit they do sit as well. Uncle Kay didn't even bother greeting them. I don't know who taught him candy crush. He is glued to it like jam on hands. Silence fills the room when two of the royal maids place refreshments before them on the table. I should call a meeting to familiarize myself and my family with them. There are just too many people working in this house, I don't know who is who and what their purpose is. I must find a way to make introductions. My wife is going to flip when Zwe and his wives move out to his houses. It's going to be just us and these people in that house, hence why I must know their names.

"My king" Mangwenya stands with a bow "We thank you for a warm welcome and we are pleased to have honoured your summon" she is frail, I honestly don't know why one of her sons' isn't taking the lead. I wouldn't let my mother do all the talking for me in my presence, not when she is as old as this woman

"Your welcome Mangwenya and please sit down" I don't want her shattering to the floor. After she settles back on the chair I start "Mangwenya as you requested that

my elders fill me in on the 'ancestral debt' you were talking about yesterday. I had a talk with my uncles and they enlightened me about your delusional request and I must say, not to be disrespectful but for an old lady in your house, you're quite losing it gogo" gasps

"With respect my king, you cannot use that tone with me. Your my king but I'm still your elder" I want her there, fuming.

"And you see mangwenya, you and your family should be familiar with me by now. I had warned and warned you on several occasions but here we are today. Your family is like a dog with a bone. You keep poking and poking and I'm afraid I'm done talking. I'm not a fan of talking quite frequently. There is only one language that I don't tire speaking and I speak it fluently. Do you want to know what language is that?" she shakes her head no "Violence. That's my kind of language and it has never failed me. I think I have reached that stage with you" Mkhize is trembling, that juice his holding in glass is dancing like jelly

"My king please, we don't have to reach those extreme lengths. We just want a solution for the havoc you created in our house. Zakha was our heir and you disarmed him my king, he is of no use to us anymore. He can never father any children"

"Mangwenya don't mistake me for the previous king. I'm not here to rehearse your unsolidified debts. We owe you nothing in this house. What I called you here for is to put an end to this nonsense. Since talking doesn't seem to be working, I have decided on the latter, my most fluent language. Violence. And you see, speaking of violence. I have a daughter that tied my hands so bad. I would have you bleeding on this floor by now if it wasn't for my daughter. But lucky for me, I have connections with one of the most dominant dark house in the south. A house that can wipe out your entire existence in an hour....."

"Not even an hour. Make it....." Majara interrupts walking in and taking the room with him. His dark aura immediately fills the room and render it cold "Make it ten minutes" he stands human form by my side, but his eyes have taken colour. He burns them with his red eyes and Mkhize is the first to drop to the floor. He doesn't need to change to feel that he is not one to be messed with "But I can always call my boy. I call him Joy. Do you want to meet Joy sgriza?" Mangwenya shakes her head no, almost trembling "I'm afraid for this message to get in your skulls you

going to have to meet him. And bear in mind, his faster than me. What I do in ten minutes he can do in a minute. JOY!" Joy walks in, eyes blood red and teeth poking to the jaw ready to feast. He looks like the most deadly vampire have ever seen. The two sons of mangwenya join the other one on the floor.

"You see what I mean when I say I can wipe out your house in a minute" I emphasise to Mangwenya who suddenly have an awful smell coming from her "I hope this is the last time I hear about ancestral debts that I know nothing about" she nods, I think she is lost her voice. But I give it to her, she is stronger than her sons "Thank you Mangwenya, your excused. I'll make sure your sons make it home in one peace when they wake up" she nods again, not even a word. And when she stands from the chair.....Jesus! Majara is the first to run out pressing his nose closed. Uncle Kay and Joy follow behind him.

"You're a mean king, you make people shit on themselves" Gumede remarks next to me as we walk out

"I had to make them get the message. If it wasn't for my daughter, I would have killed them all" he laughs "Let's lock this fools in. they'll clean their mother's mess when they wake up before we release them" as soon as I lock the council house, my victory shatters to the ground. Zizwe comes to me panting

"Baba its Sakhe" he informs, breathless before I could ask. We all look at him in confusion "He is crying, very loud and he said he wants you" urgh! I'm not even bothered. Someone probably panel beat him for that big mouth.

"Who hit him?" I ask my son who is not pleased with my pace. His hand is trying to pull me to pick my pace

"No one, malume Abongile took his girlfriend" mxm! I'm partially glad that these boys will be living with Mtho until next year. I can be free of the madness for the remaining months of this year. What madness is this? Abongile taking a 12 year old's girlfriend.....

BOITUMELO

I'm about to drift with my girls who have just taken a bath and finally decided to sleep when a scream I know very well echoes the entire palace reaching my ears

from afar. I can tell he is heading to me. And that one is a scream, not a cry. Sakhe has always been a screamer. You know that person who cries like 'Haaaaaaa' just to grab attention. I wonder what set him off. I don't remember when last I heard him burst his lungs like this. Before he gets in here and wake my babies, I better abandoned this room in hurry and catch him half way. I cannot risk him waking Mhambi and Ngelosi, not when I just put them to sleep.

"Sakhe!" I kneel to him in worry, holding his shoulders in place "What's wrong my baby?" I ask

"Bamthathile mama" he buries his face on my shoulder

"Who? O bua kang my baby" I have embraced him in my arms and brushing his back

"My pally mama.....malume Abongile took her" okay I heard about this pally yesterday night. That was the first time I heard about her and already bamthathile. I pull him to the vacant room next to us because I need to understand this. I want to understand how Abongile is involved in all this.

"Okay tell mama what happened so I can fix it" he blinks at me, tears falling down

"You'll fix it?" I nod. He sniffs and manage his hiccups "My girlfriend mama, my pally. I bought her wine, coke, ps and pies. And then malume Abongile comes out of nowhere and call her his palesa. Just because he is tall? She is my pally mama, not his palesa" I think I'm more confused

"Baby I don't understand" like a scratched cd he starts again, wailing out loud

"I want my father!! Babaaa!!!" bathong! The scream is deafening. "My father will understand, i want my father!!!" I find myself out of words, this has never happened. I'm about to go look for my phone to call Sango when Mtho walks through the door

"Did you hit him?" it's the first thing he asks. He better not test me, I don't hit my babies. That's his brother's style, not mine. The screamer himself rescues me while I try to articulate my response

“Baaaaba it’s malulme Abongile” Jesus! His voice is even trembling. Sango walks in followed by the twins just as he explains

“What did he do?” Mtho’s tone is laced in concern

“He...he took my pally”

“Your one minute girlfriend?” Sango asks, surprising Mtho who is very shocked. I guess he is the only one who didn’t know about his girlfriend. Sakhe glares at his father in teary eyes.

“Don’t call her one minute. She is mine okay! Malume Abongile took her just because he is taller than me”

“Where did he take her? Can we see this girl already” Sango. Well I would also like to see this girl making my son scream so bad

“Eeeeh baba, you don’t understand. Umalume Abongile umshaye nge’stina. That’s what he is trying to say” Muzi explains and the whole room gasps

“He didn’t, he is just tall” Sakhe hisses at Muzi

“But stina ke stina bafo, askies, you’ll get someone your age next time” Muzi

“I don’t want anyone my age, I want my pally” I think Mtho and Sango are trying to put the pieces together

“How old is this pally?” I ask when it occurs to me that Sakhe is a special case, I wouldn’t put him crushing someone older past him

“Pally is palesa mama, Khwezi’s friend. I don’t know how old she is” Muzi is happy with the information

“WHATTTTTT?” both Sango and Mtho asks the same time, shocked as hell

“Hooo! Hoo! Wait. Let me get this straight, Palesa. Khwezi’s friend was your girlfriend and then Abongile took her” Sango asks Sakhe who nods at him quickly. Mtho and I both die in laughter, my husband has been rendered speechless. His jaws are sweeping the floor.

“Thatha Dlomo, u’inja wena” (You’re a dog) Mtho bumps his fist “Don’t worry about it, let her go. She’ll cheat on him too”

“But I don’t want to let her go” Sakhe. Mtho sighs in defeat “Baba what should I do?” I wish he could see his face right now, my poor husband. He heaves a sigh before he squats to him

“Listen Dlomo. Let’s wait until you reach 21. You’ll be taller than Abongile then and you’ll win her back” a bit of hope wears Sakhe

“You think?”

“I know boy, no woman has ever rejected a Dlomo man. You’re just shorter now but once you grow few inches taller, she’ll come back running to you” the smile, he beams, deserting the bed

“You heard that boys. I’m still going to marry her. Come take notes, I’ll teach you to be just like me when you grow up” He hugs the twins’ necks and walk out with them. Leaving us shocked to the core.

“I must say, Sakhe is got quite an eye. Have you seen Palesa?” Mtho, Sango glares at him. To be honest Palesa is one beautiful chubby girl

“You better not be eyeing that child. What’s wrong with you? It’s wrong enough that Abongile is eyeing kids, not you too” Sango

“I’m not eyeing her, I’m just saying. She is a beautiful girl. And you better not mess this up for Abongile, don’t even think about giving him a third degree. He deserves happiness too” Sango huffs “This is quite juicy, I need to find Abongile” and like that he walks out, I guess in search for Abongile

“He is right” I stand from the bed and wrap my hands around his waist “Don’t even think of giving Abongile a hard time about this”

“I just don’t want to find myself in a situation where’ll be subjected to having dinner with my daughter’s friend as my security detail’s plus one. Imagen the awkwardness. Khwezi will be busy saying ‘chomy’ to her at an adult table” I laugh, stand on my toes to kiss his silly mouth. He picks me to his feet when is struggle to reach him

“Your overthinking. Abongile deserves happiness too” he nods and I peck him again and try to step off his toes feet but he wraps his arm around my waits, holding me closer to him

“I miss you” he declares, trailing his hand down my butt to send the message

“I’m here baby” I know what he means but can he die, I just gave birth a night ago

“I mean this” he pushes his firm arousal on my stomach “Inquza sthandwa sami”

“Boy bye” I manage to pull myself of his grip. He laughs holding his front.

“You know that mouth of yours is got quite sweet lips too neah. You can always compensate with your mouth” it’s not even a month. The creature I married.

“Sango bye” I make sure I’m out of the door before he makes my mouth swallow him. I can’t be swallowing his cum when I’m breast feeding my babies.

LATER THAT DAY

It’s the evening Sunday night and the cars are ready to leave only waiting on Mkhonto and his small person. Mthokozisi sits with Abongile, Nduna, Majara and Puso. The conversation is flowing nicely with beers taking the centre of the group. Mthokozisi’s eyes keep longer at Abongile. He is off. He is not much of a talker but he ain’t quiet either.

“Mzamane, what’s wrong?” all the attention shifts to Abongile. Mthokozisi knows what’s wrong, he is putting him on a spot light on purpose. Abongile wasn’t very forth coming with the info earlier, he still wants to know some more. Abongile closes his eyes and gulp the last content of his beer before he speaks

“I..i had a one night stand” he confess, the group laughs, they don’t understand what’s his matter

“So?” Nduna asks

“She...she is slightly young, very young” he emphasise

“2000 young?” Puso asks

“She is 23”

“She is very young, that’s someone’s daughter” Majara. Mtho is counting his fingers

“14 years difference? That’s not bad. Mkhonto is also 12 years older than Tlotla” people laugh, Majara narrows his eyes at Mtho “Lupi lupi!” he holds his laughter staring at Majara “Don’t go Lupus on me, I’m just saying”

“Mxm!” Majara turns to Abongile “So what’s eating you? Is it the fact that she is young?” he shakes his head

“I think I want her to be more than just a one night stand but she had....she had something I don’t understand”

“That’s power of a pussy there. One night and my guy is ready to claim it. Was it that nice or did she give you Lupus styles, styles that we have never seen” Mtho

“Do you want to see Lupus?” Majara threatens Mtho who is having a field day with him

“Harde Lupi lupi” (Sorry.....) all attention shift back to Abongile for the details

“It’s not even the styles, I don’t even remember what happened but she....i don’t know, maybe I’m crazy. She had this rope, a rope around her waist. I have never slept with anyone with that thing, it’s not going to witch me right” Mtho whistles in pity, squinting his eyes at Abongile

“She had a rope?” Abongile nods “Green, red, yellow, white or blue” gasps

“I thought there were red and green only” Nduna

“I have been around Nduna, I have seen all these colours believe me. But I should warn you Mzamane, did her rope have a tiny bottle fastened to it” Abongile frowns shaking his head “Thank your lucky stars. Once you go a rope girl with a tiny bottle fasten to it, boy you never comeback” All eyes remain on him to clarify. He sighs and gulp his beer “I once dated a girl who wore a red rope fastened with that tiny winy bottle to it. Boy that girl gave me the best sex ever. She was a freak that one, whenever I was not in the mood and didn’t want to lay it, she’d open that tiny bottle, pour just one drop of the liquid on her index finger and smear it on my cock head. Boy my glans would react immediately and we would go on and on till morning came” everyone is shocked at him

“No wonder you’re this messed up. That thing contains holy water. You smeared holy water on your dick?” Majara asks

“Well I guess my di8k is blessed”

“Mxm!” Majara turns to Abongile “Those ropes are harmless. Don’t overthink it. Mostly that I know of are green and red. Prophets give them to people just to protect them from dark forces and evil spirits. Those that have bottles it’s usually just holy sea water. They act just like anointing oils that you buy in church”

“So she is not a witch?”

“I don’t think so. Ask her. Don’t listen to this one”

“Hmk! Wena Mzamane, take my advice. Rope girls are the freakiest.....heeee! That girl. Her rope was doubled, sometimes she would untie it and wrap it on both our waist. The night would be so damn out of this world”

“I’m still stuck on you using holy water as lubricant” Nduna

“I didn’t know, but now that I think of it. I always screamed god when we did. I guess our deed was blessed”

“Well” Abongile stands stretching his arms “I better get going, now that I know I’m not bewitched. I’m taking Khwezi and my sweet thing back to joburg”

“Look who can speak now?” Mtho mocks him “Sweet thing with a rope, haaa!”

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 39

PALESA

I'm not a quiet person by nature but today. Hooo! My nerves are shooting the roof. Today I have discovered that I can be as quiet as that nerd girl with a pair of glasses, who sits at the front of the class, barely say a word but always come out on top of the class. Khwezi and her uncle get along like a house on fire. They are talking away like I'm not even here, touching base with almost everything and gossiping while at it. I didn't feel the four hour drive because of them.

Her uncle who snacked on me last night keep stealing glances at me through the review mirror. He must think that I'm mad about his woman who looked down on me earlier. Truth is I'm not mad, I'm disappointed in myself. I have my four year old daughter at home whose father denied her paternity though the bastard took my virginity. I'm disappointed that I let Drostdy hof warm my vagina so bad that I opened it for a man I barely know. My mother would take me to church and have her prophetess cast the demon out of me if she ever heard that I had sex again. I promised her that I'll stay celibate after giving birth to my little Precious.

"Haa malume Abongile, why here?" I'm brought from my trailed thoughts by Khwezi's horrified voice. WOW! We are parked right outside another extravagant house. This one looks like something owned by a billionaire.

"The king said to drop here princess. Everyone is still at home and this is the safest house this side. Bab Khaphela is here and I'm also coming back, I'm just going to drop swe....." he clears his throat like he is avoiding saying something inappropriate ".....Drop palesa and come back" Khwezi sighs and hug me. She and I had to come back because we have work tomorrow. Hurricane Amandla would feast on us if we both missed work.

"Don't jump my uncle again please" she whispers in my ear when she hugs me before she loudly say "Bye love, see you tomorrow at work" I nod to her feeling my armpits moisten up. I hate that it's going to be just me and this man in the car. He sees Khwezi through the gate and talk to another older man by the gate before he

comes back. I take this time to stare, he is a snack, a delicious one. I just wish I could remember the dirty deeds we got down to last night.

I'm quick to iron my posture when I realise that he is coming for my door. He opens my door side and say

"Please come to the front" Khwezi and I we were at the back

"I'm fine here" he blows some air off before he undoes my belt "What are you doing?" I ask though I'm not fighting. Like I'm a size 32 he throws me on his shoulder and round the car to put me on the front seat next to his "You do realise I'm size 40 right?" I'm a big girl, I don't know how he can put me on his shoulder like I weigh nothing

"And I'm told I still lifted you last night"

"You did?" I ask shocked as he straps me in. I honestly just remember Khwezi and I on the table laughing at people, there rest is just blank

"Mhm! Katlegong Natalspruit Winnie street, house 1245" If 'Satanism' was a person. He asks climbing in. How did he know my home address? I would pin it on Khwezi because she is been there but I doubt she'd know it into that much detail "Am I right sweet thing?" sweet what? I'm not a thing "I didn't picture you as a shy person?"

"I'm not shy" I defend myself

"But?"

"How do you know my home address?" he laughs, a side laugh and doesn't offer me a response for a while until he joins in the main road

"My job is to pay attention to detail, so I'm bound to know where you stay" that's not the answer I'm looking for but I don't probe "Do you want to make a stop in the mall and buy Precious something?" I allow my jaws to drop, like literally drop. He laughs picking by bottom jaw to close me up with his index finger

"How do you know my daughter's name?"

"I told you I pay attention to detail for a living. Do you want to pass by the mall?" hmk! I shake my head no still perplexed. Khwezi's mother gave me enough goodies for my daughter "Where is her father?"

“Around”

“Are you still together?”

“No. he denied her and that was the end” he nods and stare ahead the road for while like he is thinking

“You stay in the same hood with him?” I nod again and we fall into a comfortable silence. I get drawn to the window watching the outside beauty of mall of Africa as we pass it from the highway at night. Just as I admire the beauty, all of a Sunday the car comes to a halt under a bridge.

“What’s wrong?” I stare at him failing to contain my frown. He undoes his belt and cross over to undo mine. The feel of him so close is freezing. He has my breath catching at his proximity. Oh boy! He reaches for my seat adjuster and stare in my eyes as he inclines it down. It’s like he is daring me to say something but I don’t, I’m suddenly mute.

“Are you seeing someone?” he has me with his stare, just his look alone has pinned me down and rendered me speechless. Damn! He can hold a stare. I still don’t know what is happening to my voice and my reasoning. He has me beneath him while he keeps me still with just a look “Tell him to go find another girlfriend, this one is mine” hmm! If only he existed. He reaches for my jacket and unzip it and I still don’t say a damn word. With one hell of a sexy look I have ever received I keep still while he yank my jacket and shirt same time. I’m hot and mute “I would like to look at you sweet thing” hmmm! Oh god, his hand

“Hmmm!” that’s all I manage to say as his hand make slow eased path down to my belt

“Can I please look at you?” I whimper in pleasure when he trails gentle movement on the side of my ribs “Please” his please comes down on my face, he stoop down to me taking all the space and making me feel his warm sweet breath on my skin

“K” it was supposed to be okay but hell it came as ‘k’ I don’t see him but I feel his grin against my neck. I should be asking what he wants to look but his eyes and hands aren’t giving me a break to reason. He sits back up and undo my belt holding me with his stare once again, I feel like I’m hypnotised but damn it feels so good. When he pulls the waist of my jeans down my thighs I’m quick to put my hands on

my stomach. That's the only part of my body I hate the most. My jeans help hold that falling belly. As soon as he completely yank my jeans, he takes both my hands and pin them forcefully above my head. I'm not shy but damn I'm shy today, I'm shy to him. He grips my hands above and just run his eyes all over my body.

"You have a beautiful body" it comes as a whisper. He licks his lips before he bend his head on my belly and plant a soft kiss there, right on that stubborn belly. I have drank everything, lemon, apple cider vinegar, cucumber...haibo! All the works but that thing just don't want to go away. I have made peace that I'll never have a flat stomach. I allow him to explore my body. He runs his hands and eyes all over me. I'm only in my bra and panties as I squirm and pant beneath him "Your very beautiful sweet thing" his voice comes laboured in desire, he is failing to hold himself "Can I please taste you?" he shifts his look from my panties to my eyes, gathering me and putting me at the mercy of his look. It's daring, dirty but sexy as hell "I just need a taste I'll remember" with my eyes taking Asian genes, I find myself nodding. This time I'm able to see his perfect grin. He has a beautiful smile.

His eyes are in mine but I feel his hand. I feel his hand take a south path, leaving a trail of goose bumps where it had touched. Voluntarily my legs part when his hand touch the top of my panties. A make way for him and he swift the hem of my panties aside and allow his finger to feel on me. The discovery of me being moist for him amuses him. He still has me pinned with his look staring in my eyes when his finger explores my lady part "Sweet thing your mine" he hisses his words, telling not asking. I nod in pleasure, wanting to feel more than just his finger "You're my woman" this time his teeth are pressed tight together, he is forcing words out "Palesa what did I say?" I gasp in pleasure when he pushes finger number two in

"I'm yours....i'm yours" I find him worn in content grin when I finally open my eyes "Good girl. You're my sweet thing and I'm you're....." I stare, I know his name but I haven't summed up the courage to say it out loud. I don't know if I should say abuti or.....I get lost, lost in pleasure when he tabs my soft spot. He found it with just his finger "Sweet thing im your....." Gosh! This feels so delicious

"You're my Abo...my abo" he grins, perfect Colgate grin before he pulls his fingers out of me. They come out soaked in my juices and he sucks them dishing me that look of his.

“You taste mighty fine my sweet thing” hmk! I don’t know if I’m blushing or……. I have never had a boyfriend that taste me okay! I lie like a roasted chicken while he sucks his fingers. Still staring at me he licks his lips when he is done. I don’t know what to do with myself when he opens his door and climb out. I’m thinking he is coming to smash me but no. He opens my door and find my jeans down my legs where he had threw them. I should cry of coldness but I don’t, I’m still hot and wet as hell “Let me help you dress up” I can’t mask my disappointment. He got me high only to taste me. Like a baby he pulls me to sit up and help me in my shirt first before he puts me back in my jeans. When they stuck on my thighs he pulls me out and pick me with my jeans. This time we both laugh “I saw you wear them like this today morning” I did, I didn’t think I would see him again, hence why I gave him an attitude.

When he is done dressing me he pins me to the car and give me a kiss that leaves me panting and wanting more. I have to hold my knees and catch my breath when he leaves me there to get in his side of the car. Shoo! Mjolo can be so nice yong!

“Get inside sweet thing, let’s get you home” I expel a sigh before climbing back in the car. His hand is pressed on his arousal while he drives with one hand stealing glances at me. I think I’m a gone girl. To mkhulu Abo.

Black mothers! There are no mothers who know how to overreact like black mothers. I walked perfectly into the yard and called Abo when I made it to the door to release him. Mother and I stay in two roomed RDP. There was no way I was going to be able to call him when I’m inside the house because we share a bedroom. The house is just a bedroom and kitchen/lounge with a small bathroom, you know, those old RDP houses.

But guess what? Getting in the house I’m welcomed by my mother sitting in the dark. To think she ruined her wonderful sleep only to wait for me while I was getting some Abo loving.

“Maaa!” I drop my bags on the couch just by the door switching on the lights

“What time is this palesa?” bathong!

“Maaa we arrived late. Khwezi’s uncle had to drop her first before he comes to drop me”

“But you said it’s four to five hours drive yet you arrive in my house at freaking nine o’clock”

“Mama we sat and talked about the ceremony. I’m sorry I made you worry” she glares at me for a while like she is checking my heart rate, this mothers always know when one is lying.

“You better not come with another child palesa. I’ll throw you out if you dare embarrass me like that again” Jooo! I look at my feet while she investigate me with her stare. She pushes the chair roughly standing “Lock my house palesa” sigh! I finally breathe when she disappears to the bedroom. Talk about drama!

Now I need a bath. Lord knows I cannot go to bed without a bath after how dirty we got. This is going to be another fight I can feel it. Plugging on the kettle I’m silently praying she doesn’t say a thing

“Palesa why are you boiling water so late?” she yells from the bedroom. I could lie and say I’m making tea but she’ll know I’m bathing when I put on the second kettle

“I want to bath mama” I have my eyes closed as I say this. You might be wondering why I’m boiling water while we have a bathroom. The geyser died ages ago and no one has ever bothered to have it fix in this house. This is one of the things that makes it obvious that there is no male in this house. We bath in basins yet there is a bathtub. My mother eats me alive if I dare boil water for a bathtub. She screams about finishing her electricity if I dare boil more than two kettles.

“Why are you bathing? Didn’t you bath at Khwezi’s place?” Bathong MamZodwa! I was just fingered okay!

“There were lot of people mama I couldn’t bath” I’m glad we are having this conversation with her not looking at me

“Don’t finish my electricity please” I roll my eyes until they touch my brain and almost hurt. I’m the one who buys this electricity by the way. She needs to relax.

MKONTO AND TLOTLA’S QUEST

The two small people have been gone for a while. It wasn't a far distance as Mkhonto had thought. The light paddle that he was asked to follow on this journey led him to the local cemetery. At first he had carried Tlotla on his back until she demanded to walk herself. She is a little busy somebody who hates being babied with passion.

From when they left Gumede's hut to this quest. There was a light, something like a reflection of a mirror when exposed to light. It was that kind of light reflection that Gumede showed him from his door to follow. His words were 'Follow this light. Stop where it stops and continue where it continues. It will lead you to and back home' to his surprise the light led him to the cemetery. It disappeared on top of this grave written 'In loving memory of Nokwanda Khoza' the light hasn't come back and it's now getting late. He fears for the busy one playing with rats and a tortoise he wonders how she came about. Light is starting to marry into darkness and dusk is starting to fall. Now he wish he had not taken her with but something in him just wanted her to come. With hope that the light will come back, he soldiers on for a while and continue sitting on top of the grave. He was told to stop where it stops and he has been here for quite a while.

"Tonto!" he is usually a closed boy but he finds himself open and answering every stupid thing Tlotla asks.

"Hmmm!" he sitting on top of the grave waiting for the light, tlotla appears behind him looking like she was rolled in grass. She is dirty from head to toe. He finds himself smiling at how dirty she looks

"Tota e napile" (Tlotla is hungry)

"Huh!" Language is another barrier. He tries his best to make out what she is trying to say but it doesn't help that she is a baby and her speech is not so perfect

"Tota ena e napile" (This Tlotla is hungry) Mkhonto is as clueless asfk. It also doesn't help that he is Zulu and she is Sotho.

"Toho" (Come) he is trying. He meant to say 'Tloho' but he is Vulamasango's son after all. He gestures holding out his hand for Tlotla to climb the grave too. This one Tlotla gets. She climbs her two rats and one tortoise first before she climbs too. Mkhonto has made peace that she is an animal person. Her father told him to let her be if she plays with her 'nanas' he didn't go into much detail, he just said it's

who she is and they'll not hurt her. Mkhonto helps her sdudla up the high grave "E reng heee" (What are you saying?) and there he meant to say 'O reng hee' but however it came out, he is trying for god sakes. He stares at her when she laughs, he doesn't think he said anything wrong.

Plotla puts her hand on his stomach "Tota e napile kamooo, tuuu" (Plotla is hungry in here, finish)

"Ohhh!" this time he gets her. From Mhambi's ancestral bag which he was told to put in the bones he is on this quest to fetch, he takes out bananas and give her one after peeling it. She eats the first one quickly and hold out her hand for the second one. She throws the second one down her throat in a not so lady like manner. Mkhonto is staring, he finds her different. The kind of different he wish he can look at for the rest of his life.

"Tonto ona nkono" (Mkhonto see grandmother) Mkhonto is brought from staring down at Plotla when she points her something, following her hand he finds a frail figure of what looks like a grandmother staring at them from a distance. When his eyes lock with this grandmother's eyes, he realises that this is just a soul. It's not a person.

"Who are you in my house?" the frail voice of the woman comes close yet her soul is a bit far. Mkhonto feels the predator fighting to free. It's now dark and the light paddle he is been waiting for appears just before him. He puts his hand on Plotla's shoulder just to tame the predator. It can't break free before he gets the answers he is looking for.

"I'm Mkhonto Dlomoll. Grandson of the late king Mkhonto Dlomo" the figure of a woman moves a bit closer. He still cannot make out who she is. She is old and wrinkled.

"Who sent you?" the woman asks still keeping a safe distance

"The one you wronged. She wants her heart and child" Silence, the woman stares at the child with an aim to intimidate him but he doesn't dare flinch. She is the one feeling a reek of fear at the sight of a boy with a little girl by his side.

"I sold them to the keeper of lost souls"

"Take me to the keeper then"

“Boy the dark forests is not a place for a boy like you”

“That’s the first mistake you made. I may appear a boy but I’m definitely not one” the woman studies the boy for a while. She is a late witch, she can tell if one is a witch but the boy doesn’t seem to be one, though there is something dark about him.

“You’re exactly what your grandfather said you were, I had to make sure that it’s really you. Follow me” Mkhonto frowns but obeys, he picks Tlotla to his back and tuck the ancestral bag under his arm as they follow the woman. He checks to see if the light is still with them and it’s there.

“Who are you?” He asks

“I’m Nokwanda Khoza, the late gog Khoza. I was married to the Khoza family but my maiden name is Mkhize. Your family had my soul in their world for a while thinking I was their daughter. I have recently been released but because of how I died, I ended up in this place” she stands and point him down the forest “Down that forest boy is where you’ll find what you’re looking for. That forest is not a place for a child. All the souls that died before time are trapped in there. Be careful not to be trapped. Once you get in there, only a pure soul can get you out. Inside the centre of that forest you’ll see a white shined stone. Remember to stay in darkness, you cannot touch that stone, only a pure soul can. What you seek is beneath that stone” now it makes sense to him why he felt the need to bring Tlotla with

“How am I going to take the bones if I have to stay in darkness?” he asks

“You’ll know when it’s time for you to take them. Careful not to wake the keeper, he is not yours to fight” it’s a riddle but he understands

“Why should I trust you?” Mkhonto asks

“Your grandfather is with you. He had my soul in his world thinking it was Thembela’s soul. He recently released me but unfortunately I ended up here because I died a witch. The Mkhizes rejected me because I died a witch. They want me to leave this Khoza gift with the Khozas before they welcome me”

“How are you going to do that?”

“The gift already choose the one fit to carry it through. The one blood khoza female remaining and it’s already working. First she has to be hated by almost everyone. That’s the first rule of being a witch. We can’t have nice witches. When she is alone with no one to love, then I’ll be able to pass it on to her and leave to unite with my family” Mkhonto has questions but he sees the light heading to the forest. He nods at the woman and follow the light. Getting closer to the forest and seeing how thick it is, he can tell it’s no child’s time, it’s time to take form but he can’t do that before he unleashes Tlotla. Like her father showed him, he puts her down and kneels to whisper in Tlotla’s ear

“Akelah, akelah. Pup of the alpha Canis Lupus gray wolf. Free yourself little wolf Akelah” Tlotla beams looking in his eyes, her eyes first take blue form, a tail crawls behind her like a snake waiting to be freed and when her little clothes burst into pieces, he realises that her skin is slowly changing to white fur. He waits until she is taken full transformation before he releases his monster.

His always start with his body feeling like it’s stabbed in needles. He feels an electrocuted like shock when his skin and body take the predator form. The altering of his bones forces a deep growl down his throat. His teeth tightens together pointing out when the spikes break off his entire back bone down to the tail. Now they both stand the predator and blue eyed ware wolf.

With the first foot inside the forest, he can tell that this is no human forest. The predator himself feels shivers at how thick the forest grows as they walk. Wolf Akelah is keeping at his side as they follow the light. Deep into the forest they make it hearing screams of people. Most screams are help cries. People crying to be freed from this forest. Light stops right on top of the white stone the old lady had mentioned. Her words come back ‘You cannot touch that stone, only a pure soul can. What you seek is beneath that stone’ he stands by the darkness, away from the light shining directly to the stone. He cannot talk, he is in predator form but Tlotla’s father had told him that whatever he wants to say to Tlotla when he is in transformation, he should intertwine their forehead and say what he wants to say within. Tlotla will hear it.

With a head intertwine he orders Tlotla to go pick the stone. She is in wolf form and that stone should be light. Little pup akelah makes way to the stone, with one push the stone shifts. The woman’s words comeback when darkness wears the light

that shines to the stone 'You'll know when it's time for you to take them. Careful not to wake the keeper, he is not yours to fight' the predator quickly runs to pick the bones inside the hole underneath the stone. With his teeth he puts them in the ancestral bag and retreat back to the dark shadows. Tlotla pushes the stone back to its original place and marches to her mate. And like that the two make it out of the forest without a fight. The light is still by his side and this confirms to him that he got what it was looking for because it's heading him back home.

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Well boys will be boys. They could have made it home at night but he is Mkhonto. He is just a boy beneath that creature harbouring him. He felt that he had to savour the moment. Hold on just a bit of a while to the one who makes him feel sane. It felt priceless having that fat wolf in his arms. His monster retreated as soon as they made it out of the forest. Tlotla tame it well. With one look from Tlotla the predator crawled back within him where it belong. It felt amazing for him to be the one in charge of it. He is able to control it when he is around his chosen.

He could have asked wolf Akelah to free Tlotla but it was late and they didn't have extra clothes to wear. That's the most annoying part about being a wolf. When it burst, it tears whatever you're wearing into pieces. One always have to carry extra clothing. Because their quest wasn't properly planned, that's the one thing their parents forgot to pack for them.

He walked through the bushes following the light back home holding Akelah in his arms, but when they made it to the river that's not so far from home. He made a stop there. Behind the rock that Tlotla was playing with a snake the other day, he called it a night right there. Unfortunately his eyes locked with Akelah's by mistake just as he was about to drift and baby Tlotla took form. The night was cold and the fact that they both had no clothing was cold shivering.

"Tonto tota hasheshe" (Mkhonto Tlotla is cold) he didn't understand but he knew she was crying about being cold because it's the first thing she said after she took form. He had her in his arms behind the rock. Just for one night he wanted to feel this overwhelming feeling he can't explain. But the universe was against him. He sighed standing with an aim to take her home because he knew he can't have her freezing the entire night "Tonto tibiche Zoe? Zoe to uthumasha" (Mkhonto should I call Zoe? Zoe will warm us) Mkhonto was still trying to make out what she is saying when she kneeled and started patting hand flat on the ground making that snake sound 'Nts!nts!nts!nts!' she repeated the sound patting the ground until Mkhonto saw the bushes move. The movement showed that something was making way to them. Just as he watches the snake from the other day appeared. He had been

standing because he was ready to take her home. His eyes watched in shock following the serpentine movement of the snake towards Tlotla. She brushed it while it curled around her. The snake was so long the rest of its slimy body was still in the bushes 'Zoe tota ne tonto ba hasheshe, uthumasha bana' (Zoe Tlotla and Mkhonto are cold, please warm the babies) she said to the snake brushing it "Tonto toho, Zoe a lome" (Mkhonto come, Zoe doesn't bite) she said looking up at the shocked Mkhonto. He gathered himself after releasing a sigh and sat back down. Zoe the snake coiled herself around the both of them, making sure that all their skin is protected from the cold. When it was done it offered the upper part of its body as pillow. It wasn't instant heat as Mkhonto had thought. As a cold blooded species, it had to obtain heat from the environment before it transferred it to them. It took a bit of a while but when it got hot, Mkhonto felt hypnotic warm sleep taking over. And like that, his wish was granted. He got to hold her the night away alone in the bushes.

Morning came. The parents at home were starting to be a bit restless of the children not coming back. Especially Mkhonto's mother. She hadn't slept a wink.

"Vulamasango!" She stirred him to wake on the couch in their bedroom
"Vulamasango!" she pushed him again

"Mama you're making noise" the response came from Sakhe on the bed who forced his way in his parent's bedroom in the middle of the night because he claimed he was 'heartbroken and lonely'

"Siphosakhe not today boy! Your brother is still not back and this one better wake up and go find my son" MaDlomo hissed shaking Vula to wake. Vula took the couch because Sakhe refused to sleep on it. The four of them didn't fit on the bed. Well they could have made a way but MaDlomo was scared for her babies. One had to take the couch and that one was Vulamasango. Sakhe put his foot down "SANGO MAAN!" MaDlomo snapped louder. With drowsy eyes Vula woke turning and he fell on the floor. He is too tall and big for the couch.

"Jesus woman!" he stood, stretching his aching body. His eyes met with the culprit who took his side of the bed last night. He had a smile on his face laughing his father who had fell down on the cold floor "You know I wish they break your heart till you

die. I can't believe you made me sleep on the couch just because your heart is broken" he hissed at the laughing Sakhe

"And your heart will be utterly broken if you don't get out this instant and wake Majara to find my son" MaDlomo hissed back at him

"Hau! Mommy so early in the morning! What's wrong?" he was still disoriented and couldn't understand why he had to be woken so early in the morning

"Mkhonto is still not back, please go find my son Vulamasango" he yawned in displeasure disappearing to the bathroom. He knows his wife and he can see that right now it's no time to make her believe her son is okay. She wants him as proof. Even though he knows nothing has happened to Mkhonto because Majara can feel his daughter wherever she is. He still decide to freshen up and find Majara. He knows that Majara would have told him if something was wrong but ke mothers will always be mothers at the end of the day.

"Mama why don't you buy your babies pencils?" MaDlomo turned to Sakhe with a frown. He had his head on his palm while he pin his elbow on the pillow staring at his sleeping sisters next to him

"They are babies Sakhe, why would I buy them pencils?"

"Khwezi's pencils mama, to draw their eyebrows. Your babies don't have eyebrows and this not a beautiful sight for a girl. Who will date girls with no eyebrows?"

"Yei wena! Out! Get out of my room with your broken heart. Where have you seen new borns with eyebrows on fleek?" his mother hissed pointing him out

"Hau mama! I'm a broken man, my woman cheated on me with my uncle and now you're chasing me out because your babies don't have eyebrows?" before his mother could respond Vula made his way out of the bathroom

"Let's go boy before we die for Mkhonto not sleeping at home" Vula held out his hand for Sakhe

"Yoh! Bafo, your wife is got male drama. Mkhonto is in baecation for godsakes. I wouldn't come back too if I had a chance to take pally on baecation" he commented holding his father's hand out as they walked out of the room

“First of all I’m not your brother, don’t dare call me bafo. Secondly Mkhonto is not on bacation and thirdly what the hell is a male drama” they conversed hand in hand walking down the hall way

“The kind of drama that’s too dramatic. The extreme one. That’s a male drama and the female drama is the normal kind of drama we.....” he comes to a halt when they see Majara walking up the stairs holding what looks like a dead person in his arms wrapped in a blanket “What’s that papa tlotla?” Sakhe asked before his father could ask

“Your brother and Tlotla” he unwrapped the blanket and they appeared to be sleeping, naked in his arms. Sakhe beamed at the discovery

“Wow! This bacation went very well” he had a smirk staring at his sleeping brother and Tlotla. Vulamasango pinched his ears before he told him to go wake the twins he wants to take them all out before they left. As soon as Sakhe was out of sight he glared at Majara.

“Why are they still asleep? Did something happen?” Mkhonto is not one to be carried asleep and not feel anything

“They are fine. They’ll wake when the warmth of Zoe the snake wears off from their bodies”

“Who the f8ck is Zoe the snake? And why are they naked?” Majara laughed

“Zoe is one of my daughter’s best friend. They are naked because they transformed and they had no clothes with” Vulamasango closed his eyes as he remembered and received the still asleep Mkhonto from majara

“Where did you find them?”

“Down the river. I can sniff my pups from miles. And oh before I forget, I left that bag there, you should go fetch it. It had things that could make me go rogue so I couldn’t risk touching it” Vula nodded heading to his room

“Thank you. Let me put him to sleep and go fetch it”

As promised he gave his wife her son and headed for the river. Coming back the house is now large with people. Everyone is awake and preparing for breakfast. He left the bag at Mhambi's hut as per Gumede's instructions and headed for the house to eat and take the boys out as he had promised. He can't help the annoyance he feels at the sight of Lulu when he runs into her by the door. He hates her. It's simple as that. And the fact that she stood by the door where he is supposed to pass confirms that she is up to no good once again.

"My king!" she called with a smirk before he could even make it to her. Vula's intention was to ignore her but not today "My king I thought you'd like to know that your devious queen and my brother are making you a fool behind your back" that stopped him. He turned back to her and just glared at her. Lulu swallowed when she saw a sight of Vula she's never seen. He had always been a dark character but this look he is giving her, certify every doubt she ever had that this man is more than just a murder

"What did you say?" the coldness in his tone froze her voice, she had to take few steps back before she could speak "KHULUMA!" he snapped

"I...I'm sorry" she said, wanting to be as far away as possible from this man. Her intention was to spill the beans but this look, she can tell that he is a minute to twisting her neck

"What did you say about my wife and brother Lucia?" the cold tone was still there, he had his fist clenched and there was visible veins popping out his arms

"Nothing..... I just.....I'm sorry" she tried to make a run but in a second Vula had her arm gripped with his palm

"I. HATE. REPEATING. MYSELF. KHULUMA!" each word came pressed between his teeth, he was breathing fire glaring down at her. Lulu Shook like a leaf under Vula's displeased look.

"It's not me...I'm sorry abuti Vula. Its boitumelo and my brother. I swear I didn't do anything" the cockiness and attitude she had deserted her, she suddenly didn't know how to tell the truth. Vula didn't need to ask, with just a look she had to speak.

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BOITUMELO

Its midday and I haven't seen my husband since morning when he brought Mkhonto in my room. Lately he is very busy with getting acquainted of his new status and moving most of our valuable staff and clothes from Joburg. When we came here we thought it was just a visit for me to give birth but little did we know that it was forever. He is busy with moving some of our things this side and he mentioned that some things at his company require him to seal them, meaning he might have to go back to Joburg for a day or two.

I'm sulky because he hasn't passed by to steal a kiss. He usually does that, show up when I least expect it to smooch me and his girls. But not today.

Mhambi did her boring thing of crying when she is the same room with my son. It tore Mkhonto apart. I forced for him to be cleansed and separated with her today so my son can see this annoying gogo. I'm waiting for Ndlovukazi to come fetch me so we can get this over and done with. And like she resides in my head she walks in humming. She beams at my sight.

"And there is that beauty my son married" I roll my eyes handing her Mhambi while I hold Ngelosi. I was in my gown the entire day yesterday and she wasn't very pleased with me. She is just happy to see me dressed.

"Your son that hasn't kissed me all day. Where is he by the way?" she laughs following me out of the room. We are heading to Gumede's hut for Mhambi and Mkhonto's separation. The cleansing already happened. It was just a matter of washing Mkhonto at the river and letting all the blood his ever spilled flow with the river. That's what was done with Sango. Hence why he can see his daughter. I'm told that Mtho joined in too because he still also haven't seen this dramatic gogo.

"I last saw him when they came back from cleansing Mkhonto and Mtho. Since then he is been scarce. Mtho was also looking for him not so long" well at least he is not hiding from me only "Pick your legs, it looks like everyone is already there waiting on us" Ndlovukazi advises when we walk out of the house. Gumede's hut is not so

far. From here I see the husband I miss already there with all the family. There is a goat fastened just by the hut. It's a goat thing I see. One of this days, this goats will haunt us humans for abuse. I'm surprised at all my children being within the circle of this Dlomo elderly blood, but there is also Sne (Mtho's eldest daughter) within the circle. I thought it was just Mhambi and Mkhonto needed but I guess I was wrong.

My special boy feels special. I can tell by just that look on his face. I'm sure he must feel like a king having his elders surround them. He has his arms folded and shoulders broad out standing right at the centre pacing a bit like the real uncle of the family. Mkhonto and his gang are inside the circle too but they don't stand right in the centre like him. In fact they look like they don't want to be here except him.

"MaDlomo" Gumede acknowledges me receiving Ngelosi from my arms. He puts her on the reed mat within the circle and receive Mhambi too placing her there also. I round to stand by my husband and hold his hand. He is cold. Not cold cold but he feels cold. I'm the one holding his hand but he is not holding mine back.

"Dlomo?" I whisper not to draw attention, he looks down at me once and I freeze. What the hell did I do? That look he gave me I'm not very familiar with. I'll talk to him after this.

Gumede starts the separation ceremony. He starts by kneeling and chanting our clan names. He has taken the centre too. He kneels before the goat patting his hands while he calls our ancestors.

".....Nina boDinangwe, boMkhabela bakwa'Dlomo..... We bring before you the house of our king Vulamasango Dlomo. The first of his kind and the father to the true heir to the throne" he mutes for while still patting. Like he is listening to someone. It scars the shit out of me when I think my daughter will be this one day. I don't see her having a normal life ".....to your attention we bring the second seed in his house. Our heir to the throne and our majestic seer traveller. They were once one. They laid in the same womb at once but because we didn't acknowledge our seer's maternal ancestor in time, they had to be separated. Kodwa nina boDlomo promised to bring her back when the time is right and you kept your promise. She is here and we acknowledge her before you. We embrace her as the sixth seed in

our king's house, paired with uthumbu wethu Ngelosi Sukuoluhle Dlomo as the last seed in our king's house. BoMkhabela we ask that you untie her cord with Mkhonto. They were once one but not anymore. She came with her pair Ngelosi and Mkhonto was gifted his special gift Siphosakhe. Our forefathers we present this offering for our request. We ask that you acknowledge our king's house in the manner we are about to present to you. There is no Mkhonto and Mhambi pair in this house. Our king's house starts with....." he gestures for Sne to come first "Touch the goat and call sis Khwezi's name" now is see that Sne is standing in for Khwezi

"Khwezi Dlomo" Sne obeys, Mkhonto follows, Sakhe is behind him, then the twins and lastly the girls, though Ndlovukazi and MaNkosi help carry them and put their hands on the poor to be slaughtered goat.

When they are done Gumede gestures for Ndlovukazi to hand Mhambi to Mkhonto. My baby is fidgety, I think he is scared that the drama queen will wail her usual cry but she doesn't. He stares down at the gogo in his arms until Gumede tells him to enter his hut and only come out when he calls him. My poor baby walks in glued to the baby in his arms. As soon as they are in, Zwe shuts the door and jumps the poor goat's neck slaughtering it like a chicken. The goat's blood is poured in a line before Gumede's hut door and only then he calls Mkhonto. My poor baby stands on the other side of blood holding his sister.

"Where are the ashes?" Gumede asks him while he still stands by the door on the other side. It's the ashes from the grave.

"In my pants Mkhulu"

"Pour all of them on top of that blood and jump holding your sister" Mkhonto nods putting my girl down. Jesus! He produces a shady plastic in his pants and do as told. When he is done he picks Mhambi and jumps the blood line. We all train our eyes on them like we await a miracle and it happens. My daughter does that creepy thing she does. She lifts her hand and place it right on Mkhonto's side of the heart. Tears braces Mkhonto's face. He is not a wailer like someone we know but he does cry in silence. He sniffs wiping his face with one hand and leave us there disappearing behind the hut "It's done MaDlomo, let him have a moment with his sister" Gumede's words stops me as I try to follow them "Your all free to go, all is done but before we release the boys back to Johannesburg, please gather in the lounge

and call Lucia, Mkhonto discovered something on his quest about her. He'll come share it when he is ready" he release us with yet another gathering. Sakhe and his gang picked Ngelosi and followed Mkhonto. I take this time to find out what's eating my husband but I....wait, he was just here. I didn't feel or see him move.

"Makoti" Mtho puts his arm around my neck and leads me back to the house "Are you two fighting?" I guess he is talking about the off husband

"No. we were fine this morning. What's wrong with him?" I pose his question back at him

"I was hoping you'd tell me. He is been off since he came from the river in the morning. I thought you two had a fight" what the hell is going on with him?

Yet again we gather in the lounge. Now that Mkhonto can hold his sister without drama, he doesn't want to let her go. He sits with her still in his arms. Sango is here too but he came late so I still haven't had a moment with him. We are all waiting on Mtho who went to look for Lulu. I wonder what this is about.

"Hai! Good people, I can't find Lulu" Mtho announces walking in the lounge, he retires next to me

"Do we really need her Gumede? We can pass whatever message when she comes back wherever she went" Bab Lu suggest. He was also requested to be present

"She had to be here so she can understand what is going on with her but I guess we can go on, we'll see how we tell her"

"Do you know anything about this?" Mtho whisper in my ear and I shake my head no "And your boyfriend? Have you found out what's wrong with him? He looks like he swallowed the entire petrol to supply the country" I almost laugh but I hold myself. We are whispering. I shake my head no to reply him. The last time I saw Sango like this was when he found out my boss kissed me. He looks painful, the aching painful, like he is going to burst any minute.

"Mkhonto everyone is here boy, you can go on" Gumede interrupts Mkhonto from making baby faces at Mhambi in his arms

“Where is aunty lulu?” he asks Mtho. To them they know her more as aunty Lulu baba Mtho’s sister than my friend. When they grew up our friendship had long went down the train. The person who is very familiar with Lulu is Khwezi.

“She is not here but you can go on” I guess his been captured by his sister so much that he didn’t hear Mtho announce that she can’t find her. He kisses Mhambi’s forehead before he glares at us. From my children he is the most dominant, he is not afraid. With his look only he has us feeling small like we are not the one responsible for him

“Bab Lu, is aunty Lulu the last female blood line of the Khoza?” Mkhonto’s first question goes to bab Lu

“Yes my boy she is” he sighs

“Has she ever mentioned something that happens when she is alone?” We all skip eyes on each other hoping for someone to come with an answer but no one does, she really had to be here “I met a woman. An old woman by the name gog khoza” gasps, how the hell did my son meet that witch? I don’t know her but I have heard about her. I’m told she was a true definition of a vile witch “She said she wants to be reunited with her family. The Mkhize. Apparently she wasn’t Khoza by blood. She was married there” Bab Lu nods remembering “This woman said in order for her to reunite with her family, they want her to leave the witchcraft gift she acquired from the Khozas behind. She said the gift already choose aunty Lulu because she is the last female bloodline of the khoza remaining”

“No no no Gumede do something, not my daughter” bab Lu begs training his worry at Gumede “Is there a way to save her?” he asks Mkhonto when Gumede fails to answer him

“I don’t know bab Lu” silence filled the room, now we all look at Gumede for answers.

“Does this mean she is going to be a witch?” Mtho asked after a while

“Yes. If it already choose her, there is not turning back” Gumede

“I thought witchcraft is a choice, I mean I thought people chose to be witches”

“Yes it is but some is passed from one generation to the next. If there was a powerful witch in a house, when they die their powers don’t die with them, they pass it on to the ones left behind to see it through” Gumede

“Gumede please, is there something we can do?” Bab Lu begs again looking at Gumede

“Lungisa there is nothing we can do. Usually when one is passed that kind of gift. Especially the vile one from a vile witch, it’s going to alienate everyone around the chosen. She has to be alone and hated for it implant in her. When everyone is washed their hands off the person, that’s when the powers will be transferred. But what I can tell you is that she is not one as yet. I would have seen it if she is a witch. Maybe it’s still using her to push everyone away. My question is do we have people who have washed their hands on Lulu in here? Has she done things to piss any of you off?” Mtho and I share looks, we both are one minute to writing her off our lives

“I told her I’m going to chop her and sell her body parts to witchdoctors” Mane Dee

“I told her to choose another path at my sight” Ndlovukazi

“I poured her with cold water” MaNkosi.....Gumede stops the list with a hand. I guess I’m not the only one she is been pissing

“Well I guess you all have your answer, it’s already working on her” Silence, I think we are all taking in her actions. Everything about what she is been doing lately wasn’t her.

“The woman said something about nice and bad witches. She said we can’t have nice witches. But I beg to differ. I have something vile in me but when I don’t let it get the best of me it becomes great to have” Mkhonto speaks when we least expect it confusing us

“Meaning” Sango asks, it’s the first word he utters since the beginning of this gathering

“Baba meaning aunty lulu can be a nice witch. I think there are those right Mkhulu?” he looks at Gumede for back up

“You’re actually very right Dlomo” Gumede exclaims, looking up like he is reading “There are witches who are witches but use their powers to help people instead of hurting them. Mkhonto is right. She can be guided how to use her power for the good after she receives it. But I’m going to need one person who still hold her dear to heart. There one person who was able to look passed her faults and still love her regardless. Is there anyone in here who Lulu has pissed and pissed but they still didn’t wash their hands off her?” I’m afraid it’s not me. I had made peace that it’s over between us.

“That’s me. I love my daughter regardless of the harsh things she said to me and her step mother. I still had hope that she’ll come back and apologise” Bab Lu say and Gumede beams

“Well I might be able to help. I can’t save her from the witchcraft. It’s already there but I can help that she be a good one. It’s not true that all witches are bad. How one uses their powers is what determines the kind of witch they are. I’m going to need her ASAP. Is there anyone who knows where she is?” we all borrow each other eyes until Sango stands and say

“By tonight she’ll be in a container heading to Australia. You all better run if you want to catch your witch. She is probably in a car heading to the harbour as we speak” he leaves us shocked to the core before we could even ask what he is talking about. Jesus! He had her shipped.

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Volume 42

PALESA

I'm a mess of butterflies. If blushing and happiness were to kill people I'm sure I would be on that list of the dead. Khwezi keeps stealing suspicious glances at me. She is itching to hear about my happiness but I'm afraid I'm enjoying my bubble on my own first before I spill the beans. I have never had a bae that text me all night long and day. He asked me not to bring lunch.....he asked for my work place location and said he'll have some food delivered for me. We almost five to lunch and I'm impatiently waiting.

"You do know he is older than you right?" I roll my eyes at her. She'll be strong. Age is just a number

"And that's exactly why I'm not sharing my happiness with you. I don't need negativity right now. I'm in a happy place and comments like that....." I'm put to a halt by Hurricane and Tsunami walking in arguing. I have never come across a couple that argue as much as this two. Hurricane is Amandla, my female boss and Tsunami is her husband Kenneth

"Kenny we can't do that, tata Milani deposited that money specifically for Milani's school trip. He'll be mad when he hear that she didn't go" Amandla. They both disappeared to the small office without greeting but their voices are very high. Khwezi and I have shushed to listen in so we can gossip about them when they leave.

"Who'll tell him? Will take your daughter's phone so she doesn't talk to her father. My business is shot of rent and we have that R5000 he deposited for his daughter school trip. You're going to withdraw that money and give it to me so I pay rent at my restaurant. Your daughter will go on another trip, there will be more to come" For the life of me I'll never date a man who treats my daughter like this one. Milani is a beautiful girl, I have baby sit her here on this store a couple of occasions when their nanny left for home and from what I saw, Milani doesn't like her step daddy very much "Be fast Amandla and check how much they have made in the till. I need

money for petrol and some food” this man. Amandla is a hard working woman but I think she is blinded by love. I think Kenny once had money but now.....this guy is eating on her

“DON’T YOU TWO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO?” Amandla shouts when she comes to the room and realise that we might have heard everything.

“Tomorrow is payday Amandla” I remind her when she empties the till for every cent

“And I don’t pay you from the till Palesa, I pay you from my savings” she better, I’ll pay myself if I have to. Once again she slams their office door going back in. Khwezi and I share looks, we are itching to gossip. My phone reports a text that say your food is outside. I beam and tell Khwezi I’ll be back.

Across the road I see the car from yesterday. I thought he was sending food. Not a whole himself. He climbs down when I cross the street. He intently keep his eyes at me. Jesus! I’m blushing for life.

I’m received with a hug and pinned over the car for a knee trembling kiss. He doesn’t let me say a word but press me against his body and walk me to the other side of the car where he opens a door for me and help me in. Only after he is also climbed too he allows conversation.

“My sweet thing” I have to hold my bottom lip to stop the smile creeping my face

“Hey” I’m shy once again, early stage relationship shy

“You look beautiful”

“Ah! This old thing?” there is nothing old about it. This is my new dress I have been keeping for quite a while. When he mentioned that he’ll come take me home, I made sure to look good

“Well that old thing looks perfect on you” my response is just to blush “Oh here is your food” from the back seat he reach and come holding two brown foodie bag “One for you and one for my princess, where do you work by the way? I didn’t see you coming out of the store”

“There” I point him from across the street. It’s not very clear from where we are parked and because of tainted windows.

“Are you shy?” he is back at it again, I’m not shy. I’m just still in early stage of the relationship. This stage is very important because one has to come across as innocent and respectful but give me two months in a relationship, he’ll be wishing I was shy

“No I’m not”

“Hmrrrrrr!” he regards me in suspicion and ask “Can I have another kiss before I release you back to your lunch time?” I don’t have to respond, my jolly face gives me away. He leans over, his hand tug the back of my head with an attempt to bring me over but a loud knock on the side of his window stops us “Maka Milani?” his sounds shocked letting me go and stepping out of the vehicle. I have never been this thankful for dark tainted windows. Like a fly I shrink down not to be seen ‘Maka Milani?’ is Amandla my boss. How does he know Amandla?

“Why are you parked here? Did you come to see me?” I’m listening in their conversation inside the car

“No. why would I come see you? I’m here to see my girlfriend. What are you doing here?” his tone still comes out shocked. I have summed up that they know each other, but how?

“Oh the dark beauty slender one?” dark beauty slender? That’s definitely not me. It sounds like she is describe the woman who looked down on me the other day. So they are dating! “You look great Mzamane” it looks like she was trying to touch him but he catches her hand

“STOP. I asked what you are doing here?” his tone is too cool, I wish I could see his face

“Tata Milani you never pay attention to anything I say. I told you I opened an internet café this side” Tata Milani? He is Milani’s father? I’m shagging my boss’s baby daddy? Gosh how did I miss this, he is a spitting image of his daughter.....dear Lord help me out of this one. I carefully sneak my fat ass out of the car. I’m thankful they have their backs on the car. Shooo! I know Amanda would fire my within a blink if she saw that I’m sleeping with her baby daddy. I don’t forget

my food as I leave the car. This was definitely the shortest relationship I have ever had.

The palace is starting to feel a bit bare. Almost every guest they had left this afternoon. The only eyes still lurking around is those of the immediate family. The queen is not herself. She had to say goodbye to her boys after the not so fruitful meeting with the family. She is not used to not having her babies with and for the fact that her husband also looks somehow odd doesn't settle the situation.

They had just had dinner on their long ass dining table which occupied almost all the wives only. Zwe, Kay and bab Lu had to go chase Nduna who was on his way to the Durban harbour to deposit Lulu in one of the containers that the king had prepared for her journey. Mtho had to take his wives and the kids back home. They already missed Monday off school.

MaDlomo's eyes kept jumping a glance at the empty chair that is supposed to be occupied by her husband on the dinner table. He is in the house but he didn't bother showing up for dinner. Even she didn't go call him as usual because after the conversation she had with Mtho before he left, it's pretty clear on them that Lulu snitched on them. She is treading the confrontation.

When all the wives starts excusing themselves to their rooms, she dishes for her husband and ask her mother in law to look after her babies for an hour or two.

"What's the matter? Did you two fight?" Ndlovukazi asks as they walk up the stairs with MaDlomo. She is heading to her room with her so she can take the babies as asked.

"We didn't but Mtho and I suspect that Lulu told him the truth, hence why he had her shipped" Ndlovukazi freezes for moment, her eyes train in concern at MaDlomo "Maa don't look at me like that. I'm praying that it be something else because I'm not ready for his anger. And I know he is going to be angry at me more than anyone" Ndlovukazi sighs before she brushes MaDlomo's back

"Oh! I'm so sorry my baby. If it's that, don't take the fall alone. We all knew and it was supposed to be a family secret that we all take the grave. But if that witch

trainee snitched on us, we'll all deal with it together as a family" she nods receiving her advice with a sigh

Opening the door to their bedroom, they are welcomed by hell in the room. MaDlomo's plate of food slips through her fingers and shatter to the tiled floor. Ndlovukazi wears her hands on the head and scream....

"Maweeee!!!!" he has Ngelosi in his one arm, the other hand holds a gun that is directed to an infant's head in his arm

"Dlomo!" MaDlomo heaves a sigh, she is shaking like a leaf, taking careful steps towards the enraged husband. Ndlovukazi is still stuck at the door with her hands on her head "Sango please....give me my baby" her tone comes already trembling. Vulamasango hasn't spared neither of them a look. His eyes are fixed at the quiet being in his arms, which scares MaDlomo more because she is not sure if he already did something to Ngelosi "Vulamasango.....I'm begging you" she is crying. She hold out her hands for him to give her baby back but he doesn't, for once glares at her, looking down at her and making her feel smaller than she already feels

"Why does it look like you?" his voice carry nothing but hate, even his choice of word. She is not 'it' she is a baby, their baby but she can't say that. Right now she just wants Ngelosi in her arms

"We'll talk about it....please just give her to me" she continues to plead

"I SAID WHY DOES IT F8CKING LOOK LIKE YOU?" he snaps, pointing the gun at Ngelosi's head again. MaDlomo joins Ndlovukazi in a scream when they think he is going to pull the trigger

"I don't know....Sango please....." Her knees fail to carry her, she falls apart on the floor, crying and begging "Please.....don't do this" she finds herself begging for her poor innocent daughter's life

"YAZI, I HAVE BEEN ITCHING ALL DAY WAITING FOR THE DAMN RESULT TO COME BACK BECAUSE PART OF ME STILL HAD HOPE THAT MY WIFE WOULDN'T LET ME RAISE MY RAPE CHILD. I HAD HOPE THAT, THAT THING YOU CALL A FRIEND WAS LYING BUT SHE WASN'T. YOU LET THIS THING IN MY LIFE WHEN I SPECIFICALLY TOLD YOU THAT I DON'T WANT IT. AND ON TOP OF IT, MY OWN DAMN BROTHER

BETRAYS ME TOO.....TELL ME, WAS I THE ONLY FOOL? WHO ELSE KNEW ABOUT THIS?" he roars, filling the whole room with his ire

"Dlomo....please let's talk calmly about this" she continues to beg in tears

Vulamasango shakes his head in denial "You know what is f8cking funny dear wife? They made it look like you because they knew I wouldn't kill my wife's image no matter what. WHY THE F8CK DOES THIS THING LOOK LIKE MY WIFE?" he shouts the last part looking up in space, more like wanting answers from above. The other women had to run in here when they had screams. To their shock they all remain by the door not knowing what to do. The room is very thick in fear. Vulamasango squats to his hysterical wife on the floor. With a gun he picks her chin to look at him "MaDlomo!" she sniffs, shaking and trying to control her hiccups "I love you so much my wife and I hate making you cry but this" he points the gun once again at Ngelosi, MaDlomo cringes in fear "This is my undoing. This is where I f8cking draw the line. I'm going to give you this night to say your goodbyes and untie yourself to this thing. Tomorrow I don't want to see this thing in my house ever again. I don't care if you give it up or feed it to the pigs but tomorrow, make sure I don't see a sight of this thing or else, hell will break loose" he shoves Ngelosi in his wife's arms and make way for the door. The women all scatter off the door to make space for him before he even asks. As soon as he is out of the door they run to MaDlomo and Ndlovukazi's aid who are both shaking on the floor.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 43

BOITUMELO

I thought I had seen it all but I was so wrong. This is my end. The end of my marriage I'm afraid. For the life in me I cannot choose between my husband and my daughter. There is no way I'm going to choose but the spot I'm pressed at is leaving me no choice but to collect my babies and leave the way I came in. Part of me wants to be there for my husband. He really is hurting and he has every right to be but I'm also afraid for Ngelosi. He is going to crucify my innocent little girl just because of how she came into this world if he finds her here tomorrow. And I cannot have that on my conscious.

I retire back on the bed with an attempt to recite another silent prayer. I have ran out of words to beg God. I wish someone can wake me from this horrible dream. I don't know what to do with myself. I don't think I'll be able to sleep tonight. This is one messed up situation. Ndlovukazi and MaNkosi took my girls to Mane Dee. They feared for Ngelosi for even a night we were granted and I understand. I stayed behind so I can try and save my marriage if it's possible. I stayed to try one last time before I make my own decision. I'm hoping by morning he'll be calmer and we can talk.

My heavy thoughts are disturbed by a soft knock from my bedroom door

"Come in" I'm so emotionally drained I forget to even ask who it is before I grant permission. One of the royal maid I see frequently around this chambers walks in. I should be enjoying having people do things for me and getting to know them. I don't even know her name.

"Eeeh sorry to disturb you my lady but the king's brother just pulled over and he is asking for you" King's brother? Mtho? I'm a bit confused. He left moos.

"Mtho?" I ask

“Mr. Khoza my lady” definitely him. I follow her back down stairs and indeed he is here with a mountain of plate. Someone dished for him and he can’t even spare me a look.

“Mtho?” I call out, surprised to see him here. He should be in Joburg

“Eiii Makoti I just need to eat first. I’m so hungry and angry. I had to come back” he explains in between the bites. He is even struggling to speak because of the way he is fighting food.

“Who called you?”

“Ndlovukazi. I had just entered joburg when she called and I had to return immediately. Do you feel my hunger and anger?” he asks looking at me and I nod a painful smile “Don’t be so sad, I’m going to fix it. Where is he?” I have to heave a sigh first

“I don’t know, he stormed out, he is not in the house” he nods

“Let me just finish my food. I’ll call Nkandla. He probably drove him wherever he is” I let him murder his mountain of food in less than five minutes “Make me coffee Makoti, this is going to be one long night” I almost put up a fight but I remember my manners, he is still my brother in law “No milk makoti, dark and strong. This is not a sweet month at all” he orders while I boil his water in the kitchen. I can see him from where I stand, he is sitting in the lounge “You know what’s f8cked up about this?” he is pointing me with a drumstick “I f8cken wash my hands of Lucia. I don’t care if she was under some spell. I don’t care anymore. I’m done with that girl, I no longer have a sister called Lucia going forward” Eish! That’s another issue I’m pushing at the back of my head. This is betrayal at highest order “You know, he should have shipped her to Ukraine so the bloody Russians could bomb her entire existence” I chuckle placing his black coffee before him. He really is annoyed “Bring warm me cloth to wipe my hands, make sure it’s warm. Wash it with hot water first and spray those kitchen sprays of yours so my hands could smell nice. The last thing I want to smell bad when I’m this mad” Bathong! He is really going to piss me off too “Don’t you dare? I had to come back for you and your husband, the least you could do is treat me like a king” I roll my eyes and go warm his cloth. I cannot deal with his white tantrums right now.

The main entrance door opens and from where we are in the lounge. We see Nkandla struggling by the door. It looks like he is pulling something heavy in. And he is. He is helping my wasted husband through the door. He is kak drunk. His one hand neck a bottle of whisky which looks like he is drinking it straight from the bottle. The other hand tucked around Nkandla's neck holds a lit cigarette. I know he is in a messy place when I see that. He only smokes when he really is f8cked up.

He fails to stands properly when Nkandla lets him off. He balance his wasted weight on the side table by the door. His eyes find me with a drunk grin plastered on his face and immediately stride to me. Stumbling and burping but he does make it to me. He stands tall before me, smiling for what I don't know.

"Oh MaDlomo" he cups my face in his one hand, still grinning for god knows what. I find myself shocked and stuck because I have never seen him this drunk. Yes there was a time when we lost Mhambi when he drank but he wasn't as wasted as now "You're both so beautiful my wife"

"Huh?" I'm lost, me and who? He better have not entertained a girl while drinking

"You and her" he is pointing next to my cheek "There it two of you and your both so beautiful my baby" urgh! "My wife is got a twin" he tries to kiss the other me I think but end up almost falling on my shoulder "Where are you kanti?" he mumbles on my shoulder planting kisses all the way up my neck, ear, cheek and my lips "Oh! there is my gorgeous wife" he pecks me repeatedly "Let's go f8ck, the king is up, it's been....." he fails to tell, he pulls back a bit and starts a count, his eyes are closing in on him while he counts ".....Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. It's been five years zululami, how do you think I'm surviving" Nkandla excuses himself laughing, I'm sure he is surprised of how five days turned to five years

"Your drunk baby" I tell wrapping around his waist to inhale him one last time. This might be the last time until he wakes from being intoxicated and kick us out

"I know my baby, and it feels delicious and I want to feel more delicious inside you. Let's go to bed Mrs. Dlomo.....but make sure I don't see that thing.....it might rape me.....you never know, like mother like daughter" Jesus! My poor baby. He tucks his arm around my neck and drop his cigarette by mistake. He only sees Mtho when he try to pick it "Oh! bafo. Betrayer 1.2, my wife is 1.1.....your here?" Jesus! His speech comes out very crooked, he can't make out sentences straight. He lets

me go and stumble heading in Mtho's direction "What are you eating?.....I'm very hungry.....she, she didn't feed me" he picks Mtho's empty plate and starts with his bones. Mtho hasn't attempted even a single word. I think he also has never seen him like this "This is very delicious" he is eating bones for crying out loud. He downs them with his whisky which only now Mtho stands and takes the bottle from him.

"Go to bed Vulamasango, your very drunk" Mtho tries to help him but he refuses

"I'm not going to bed with you. I have a wife for that. MaDlomo!" I show face before him "Can you believe this nigger, he wants to rape me too" I fail to keep my shocked face, I laugh. For the first time Mtho is out of words, he looks at him with his jaws dropped "Let's go my heaven. I don't even like the way he is looking at me. He is eyeing me, can you see it?"

"I see it so well baby, let's go my love" he covers my neck with his arm and we walk up the stairs leaving Mtho there. I could offer him food but no, I just want him to sleep. Making him food and waiting for him to eat it's going to be another battle.

Morning. They say the breaking of dawn brings a new day to start afresh. To shine what couldn't shine a day behind. I let myself in his bed next to him with hope that today we might start afresh. That today he might fix what he broke yesterday. But deep down in my soul, I know this morning is our last.

The long treaded morning is finally here. I wanted it to be morning but I'm reluctant to find out what this morning holds for me. I let my eyes train on his beautiful sleepy face. This might be the last time I lie like this next to this broken man who holds my heart. He is my soul. And my children are my world. I can't choose between the two. My soul would nothing without my world. And my world would be so empty if I had no soul.

For the fight that's about to erupt as soon as he wakes I steal a kiss before he wakes. We lie face to face, mine is wide awake while he sleeps an intoxicating sleep induced by yesterday alcohol. I press my lips on his slightly parted lips and linger there just for a while. Drinking him in and breathing him.

"I love you Vulamasango Dlomo" I confess. Lost in his soul that is doesn't register to me that he has opened his eyes

“I love you too Boitumelo Motaung” I breathe, allow our eyes to hold a deep conversation. Through his eyes I can see. And through mine he can see “You are going to leave me aren’t you?” I am.....it’s hurtful to admit but can see he is not going to accept her or compromise at least.

“I can’t be without my children Sango”

“She is not yours....sthandwa sami she is.....she is a wound that will never heal for me. She is a reminder of a pain that will forever be there. I may walk tall everyday like I’m strong but I’m not. That’s the one thing that broke me to the core. I pushed it back because I thought I would never deal with it. But knowing she is the product of that wound.....knowing that I’m going to have to look at her every day of my life and be reminded of that wound, I’m afraid I’ll not heal. MaDlomo this is the one thing I can’t do. This is the one thing I need you as my wife to hold me through. It hurts so bad I don’t know what to do or how to deal with this anger and pain inside me. My heaven I’m begging you. Please don’t leave me. Please don’t leave me because I was raped. Please don’t leave me because you want me to raise my rape child. I can’t.....I can’t look at her and not see that bitch. Knowing that she is a product of that painful experience I just want to snap her neck and be over and done with this pain. Please hear me. Don’t leave me my heaven. I’m begging you” I have no words, my eyes have been occupied by voluntary tears. I forget to wipe mine as my thumbs wipe his “Please don’t leave me” he begs once again in a whisper

I have to take in some air to release the clogging in my chest before I speak “Dlomo I’m so sorry that you went through that painful experience and I need you to know that I love you, regardless of the shit you went through. You’re still my soul and you’ll always be. But baby.....I know what I’m asking is too much to ask but....at least ask for time, at least ask me to keep her off your sight for a time being. Dlomo please don’t ask me to give her up because that I also can’t do. Ask me to go home with her and we’ll come back when you’re ready. Ask anything but not give her up. I can’t Sango. Please don’t ask me to separate from my baby” he nods, almost in slow motion like

“I can’t buthumelo. Knowing she is the product of that boils my blood. Knowing she is in just a room from me I just want to end her. I don’t think there will be a time

when I heal from this if she is still around me. I was on the process of healing because I thought I won't have to remember this pain but you're asking me to have this pain in my life. Carry this pain for the rest of my life. I don't want that. Buthumelo I want to heal and the only way I'm going to heal is not having a reminder of my pain in my life. MaDlomo I'm afraid I can't ask any of those you wish I'd ask because I don't think I'll ever look at her and see just a child. She will be a constant reminder of what I went through and it will break me each and every day" shooo! Well I tried

"I guess my time is up then"

"You're leaving?" I nod, tears flowing onto my pillow once again. He gives me one last painful look that tears my soul apart before he springs out of the bed and quickly hurry to the bathroom. I take this time to scream on my pillow. Dear Lord where do I go from here?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 44

BOITUMELO

It's been a month. A painful month I have to admit. At this point I have made peace that this is the end. He hasn't called or checked on us in any way. It hurts like crazy but one thing I'm grateful for is the company of my children. As soon as I arrived in Joburg I took my children back from Mtho. He wanted to put on a little fight because he wanted me to go to Vulamasango's house which I refused. I was still mad then and in my head I thought he might come any time he want and finish Ngelosi because it's still his house, whether in Joburg or not. My babies and I stay in my brother's house. He had left the house to me when he left but I just couldn't sell it. Since I gave Lulu my flat it was the only option I had. Of course I could have went back home but I wanted to be with my babies, and since it's the middle of the year I couldn't just take them home without considering school.

At first I thought this was a separation but now I'm coming to realise that soon or later I'm going to have to start talking with the lawyers. This is divorce.

My babies and I have settled so well in my brother's house. It's a three bedroomed house. I take the main bedroom with the girls, Khwezi takes one room while the boys take the other room. You should hear them complain every night.....Nywe! Nywe! Mama Sakhe farts, Nywe! Nywe! Mama I can't turn. They drive me crazy but I miss them so much when they are at school like this.

I have mastered keeping their father off my mind so well. I can go a day without falling apart now but at nights I fail to hold myself. I let myself fall apart knowing that it's just me and my babies. They are still young and they can't hear my muffled sobs on my pillow.

Khwezi is finally going to school and I couldn't be happier. Even though it's not the school I wanted, as long as she is going to school and she is happy about it it's all that matters. She went shopping for the things she'll need. She said her father sorted everything and promised to come drive her to Lesotho. She should be back now. She texted me not so long ago telling me she is bringing pizza I shouldn't cook.

Lately she checks on me like I'm a five year old and I don't know what is her problem.

"Sisi weee!" F8ck. I almost faint. It's the middle of the day and I totally forgot I have a man in the house. He is a plumber and he is fixing the kitchen drain. The house hasn't been used in a while and I acquired few difficulties with blocked drains. I leave the bedroom where I had been folding the girl's washing to attend him

"Yebo" I respond coming to view with him

"I'm done, you can check. You won't have water not leaving your sink going forward" I offer him a decent smile as I open the tap to really see if the problem is fixed. From the window just by the sink I see the boys making way in. Abongile just dropped them off by the gate. Lately I don't know if he is avoiding me or what but he no longer even makes it to the house to greet. He waves me from afar and when I try to make way to him, he jumps in the car and drives off. Or maybe Vulamasango ordered him to keep distance from me, I don't know. Mkhonto is the one heading straight to the house, the other three stand by the gate waving at girls. Sakhe is even blowing kisses. I shake my head with a smile, one day Sakhe is going to turn me into a grandmother earlier than I had imagined

"I see. Thank you, let me get my wallet to pay you" he smiles as I wait for the water to completely drain from the sink. Mkhonto is the first to walk through the door and I don't like the expression that immediately wears his face. He stares at the man, keeping his suddenly dark eyes fixed at the man. From where I stand I look between him and the man and I realise that the man is sweating and squirming under his look. I fail to ask what his problem is because I'm also shocked at this behaviour.....

"I'm just a plumber.....I.....I was fixing the drain" the man explains visibly panting and in fear

"And where the f8ck is your shirt?" Jesus!

"MKHONTO!!" I shout. He retreat, look down a bit and mumble something I can't hear "You'll not talk to your elders like that under my watch, apologise now!"

"But mama...."

“Don’t nyat mama me Mkhonto, apologise”

“Sorry” that sorry comes forced and with a pinched nose

“Get off my sight before I peel all your skin. Did you leave your manners at school?” he drags his feet out of the kitchen “I’m sorry, I don’t know what’s got in to him” my plumber who was all smiles earlier can’t even offer me a fake smile, I see he just wants to get the hell out of here at this minute. I turn to get my wallet but another chaos erupt.

“WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?” Sakhe

“MAMA I DON’T WANT NO STEP FATHER” Muzi

“WHERE THE HELL IS YOUR SHIRT?” Zizwe. All this questions they all ask almost the same time and definitely angry and shouting. I swear Vulamasango lives in this boys. I decide to get my wallet before the poor man is disrespected some more. I’ll deal with them on my own.

“Can you believe the audacity? He better not come back in my father’s house with his one pack” I hear Sakhe’s exasperated tone down the passage after I have paid the man and thanked him. They are stuck in their room changing.

“That’s not even a one pack. It’s a damn disability” Mkhonto

“And he out here advertising his disability in front of mama. I’m so mad at mama right now” Sakhe

“If I ever see him again, I’ll squash that disgrace he thinks is a six pack and rip it out of his stomach” Mkhonto

“Now that’s the killing I’ll support, I’ll even help with that one” I didn’t want to laugh but I end up laughing. I don’t know how they are going to deal when we divorce. I lied to them about living here. I told them that baba and I have a financial difficulty and we have to live here for a while. They asked why I left KZN and I told them he was busy and he wanted me to be with them for now when he still busy. I could see doubts in their eyes but they didn’t question further. I honestly didn’t know what to say because I hadn’t thought of us separating before. The only problem is Khwezi. She sees and she understands. Sometimes I catch her staring at

me and fighting tears threatening her eyes. I have asked what the matter with her is but she doesn't say. I think she is just sad that her parents are no longer together.

I'm disturbed by a light cry and I can hear from here that it's Mhambi. Ngelosi is the dramatic kind. She cries her lungs out when she wakes and when she sees my face she stops and smile. And that there completes me, she was worth it.

I know this one only cries when she is hungry or needs a change. And since I have checked her diaper and it's still okay, I give her her bottle which she pushes with her tongue. This is so not her. I have realised that she doesn't like the bottle much but my milk left me the same day I left my husband. Just the following day I had no milk and I had to put them on bottle.

Khwezi walks in just as we fight with Mhambi. I know I had no blood related to Khwezi but this girl just warms my heart and lately I'm starting to see the resemblances everyone always mentions that we have. There is something that looks like Olerato (My brother's youngest daughter) on her. She has a slice of pizza and juice in hand.

"Mi...what's the matter with her?" she hands me the food by force and take Mhambi from my arms. Lately she is on a mission to feed me. Unfortunately I can't keep anything down. Everything just comes back whenever I have solid foods. I survive on yoghurts and soft porridges.

"I don't know, I think she woke up in moods" she rocks her pacing around the room with her and it looks like its working. I force a bite of pizza and I immediately feel it stuck on my throat. It's coming back and it's going to come back with everything in my stomach. I make it to the toilet right on time.

I catch Khwezi's worried expression when I'm done puking "Mama you should see Peter again" she suggest standing by the door with Mhambi while I brush my teeth

"I did baby and he still doesn't see anything wrong" I have been to Peter three times about this not eating habit of mine and puking. He thought I was pregnant but I knew better. I haven't done anything since I gave birth. All the test came out clear

and proving that I was in good shape though Khwezi and Mtho are worried about my weight. Yes I see I have lost few kilos but I'm not as bad as they think, right?

"Lie down a bit, I'll get you your yoghurt" Khwezi suggest when we get back to the bedroom. She walks out same time my phone beeps. A notification of Sango's text message freezes me. My heart races out of my chest. I don't know what to expect. This is the first contact he is made to me since I left. I release a low breathe before I open it

I miss my children. Abongile will come pick them to their HOME and I will spend the weekend with them. I honestly don't know why you'd suffocate my children in that tin while they have a home in Joburg F8ck him! My brother's house is not a tin, it's a six roomed house with two bathrooms and a garage with another room outside. There is nothing that screams tin about this house. Yes it's not a mansion they are used to but it's a decent beautiful house. Another text come while I'm still breathing fire about my brother's house being called a tin *Make sure you pump enough milk for my daughter to last her a weekend* well that certifies that Ngelosi is not welcomed. My 'daughter' is Mhambi in this case. I guess it's going to be just me and Ngelosi this weekend.

It's the evening and Abongile just called me saying he is parked just outside. He is here for the kids. And I honestly don't know why he is suddenly avoiding me all of sudden. I walk out of my room where I had taken a nap to tell the boys and Khwezi. I find them all eating pizza and watching movies. The girls are laid on the carpet floor within them and the room is dead quiet. The only sound is that of the tv. I must have really slept, I didn't hear Ngelosi also wake up. This is another thing I like about this tin of a house as their father say. It's small and cosy. The setup in this small lounge is perfect. I snap them a picture and only then they see me.

"Please don't put that on social media mama, I'm not in my Christmas clothes" Sakhe say glancing at me once and going back to the tv. I wonder what's entertaining them so bad.

"KHWEZI!" I shout when I realise what they are watching. She laughs, this is so him and Mkhonto. I'm sure they are the ones who choose the scary movie. I take the

remote and switch off the tv, they all grunt at my direction “Baba is here” smiles, they are now happy at my sight “Malume Abongile is parked outside to pick you”

“Pick us to where?” Muzi

“To see baba at home”

“Which home, I thought you said the house was sold mama” you see the problem about lying, you always forget what you said. Yes I said we are in a financial situation so baba sold their home that’s why we couldn’t live at home anymore

“Well baba bought it back and he wants to see you guy at home”

“Really?” I nod. Well the rest are happy, only Khwezi and Mkhonto are looking at me in a way I don’t like. I don’t have to ask them to pack. I know they still have clothes there. I walk back to my room to pack for Mhambi, she is the only one who doesn’t have clothes there. I feel khwezi behind me as I pack

“Mama I’m not going”

“Don’t dare annoy me Khwezi. That’s your father and he wants to see you”

“And I want to see him too mama but....why is he not coming here? Are you two getting a divorce?”

“Go to him and ask him all that. Bring me Mhambi’s milk and stop asking me nonsense” I hear her breathe before she walks out. I hate that she is so old and she is seeing the situation for what it is.

KHWEZI

The boys are not so happy anymore. The hype died when they realised that mama and Ngelosi were staying behind. Sakhe asked mama my question when she told them she was staying with Ngelosi

“Mama are you two getting a divorce? Are we going to have two homes? Sleep here this week and the other home the following week? Mama are we going to have a plumber step father?” there he lost me but before he could even ask further mama shouted us out of the door. I could see she was on the verge of breaking apart.

“How is she today?” Malume Abongile pulls me when the boys run to the house. I didn’t know him to be a sensitive man but I saw him cry real tears at the sight of mama. He tears apart every time he sees her and he is then decided to avoid her at all cost. My mother is fading like dust swept by wind. With each day passing by she is getting thinner and thinner. Her collarbones are out there, her cheekbones are bigger than her actual cheek. With each day I see her getting weaker than the day before.

“I bought pizza and tried to make her eat but she couldn’t even keep a single bite” she vomits everything solid

“What about the shake?” my guy bought her some shakes to gain weight but I haven’t seen the difference, instead it looks like she is losing more weight.

“I don’t think they are working malume Abongile, she is drinking them but she is still the same” he heaves a sigh before he pulls me in his embrace

“She is going to be fine princess” he say brushing my back, I think he is convincing himself more than me

“Who is going to be fine?” my father’s bold voice comes behind me. I let go of malume Abongile and rest on his chest. This time I allow the tears to fall when I think of my fading mother left alone with Ngelosi. I’m scared that one day she is going to sleep and not wake up. She may think I don’t hear her cries at night but I do. She cries all the pain on her pillow every night. I think my mother is dying before my eyes and it scares the shit out me that I’m going to bury her “Hey, hey! What’s wrong?” I don’t miss the worry in his tone as lets me off his chest and scan me

“It’s mama baba” his forehead creases in frown

“What’s wrong with my wife?” his tone comes out shouty

“I think she is dying” silence. He blink once and freeze. It’s the truth. I don’t know what it is but I think my mother is dying.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 45

VULAMASANGO

Okay get a grip Vulamasango! I snap at myself, well more at my hands. They tend to tremble whenever I find myself in the dungeons. I have driven to and from her house three times and I still don't know how I'm going to fix this. The last round I find myself outside my brother's house. I haven't spoken to him in a month too but I need him.

I dial him immediately before my mind runs wild again.

'Yah!' the brothers we keep

'I'm outside your house' I tell

'What do you want outside my house?'

'I need my brother' I hear a bid of a chuckle and some shuffling

'At least once in a while you do acknowledge that I'm older than you. Which house?'

'Mary's' same time I see him from the door. He drops the call when he notices me and dash back inside. He doesn't take long but come out once again holding a brewing mug. He takes his own sweet time, like he knows how in hurry I need him. He is the one person who's always managed to put me back in lane and right now I need him.

"Bafo" he acknowledges jumping in besides me, I nod and allow him to read me, I'm an open book to him, he can see all my exclamations, my commas and my full stops. He knows when I'm at my end, when I'm taking a break and when I'm at my peak "Move over, I don't want you killing me" I think he saw my trembling hands. Without hesitation I step outside and turn to take his sit while he takes mine "Where are we going?" he asks after I have settled in

“My wife” he nods and wakes the engine driving off. He is sipping his coffee while driving in silence. I want him to grill me but he doesn’t, I guess he is also mad at me “I’m sorry bafo” I apologise halfway through the dead drive

“You don’t need to apologise Vulamasango. You did nothing wrong. I’m not even mad at you, I’m mad at..... I don’t know who am mad at but I want someone to be mad at” he sighs and ask “Have you seen her?” I shake my head no, he glances at me once and keep his focus back on the road drinking his coffee “I don’t know how you’re going to deal because your already trembling as it is. Who told you?”

“Khwezi”

“When did you arrive?”

“This afternoon. I didn’t see her, I texted and asked to spend the weekend with my kids”

“Without Ngelosi?” I can’t afford an answer to that “Why did you kick everyone out of the palace?” he moves on when I fail to answer him

“I needed to be alone. You all made me a fool”

“We made you a fool because we were trying to protect you. We were trying to avoid this whole situation but because you’re so stubborn to understand reason Vulamasango look at you now, look at what this anger is doing to your family. Let me tell you one thing Vula” he kills the engine and glare at me “If you don’t get out of this car and go fix the mess you created in that house, don’t come crying to me when you bury your wife any day from now. This separation is not good for the both of you. Your wife is dying because of you and what annoys me is that you don’t even listen to Gumede. You had every right to be mad but to not listen to Gumede Vulamasango? Didn’t he come to you and tell you that your fathers want their daughter in law back home? Didn’t he warn you of how they’ll retaliate if she isn’t back where she belongs? Didn’t he warn you of the consequences of Mhambi not growing within the yard? All those warnings you received Vula but did nothing. Now your wife is paying for your fu8cken wet ears. Please Vula I beg you, if you don’t see yourself accepting that little girl who is your blood by the way, divorce your wife traditionally and legally. Untie her to you because she’ll forever suffer for your big head. Free the poor woman so she could at least live for her children. I have never asked you anything but that’s all I ask from you today. Can you please do that

if you don't see yourself accepting Ngelosi?" silence fills the vehicle. I stare once again at the house that keeps my wife. This is the fourth time I'm at this gate today.

"I can't live without my wife. I love my wife"

"Then get the f8ck out of this car and go get your wife"

"I don't know what I'm going to say" it's what I have been battling with "I still haven't come to terms of accepting Ngelosi but I don't want to lose my wife"

"Listen Vula we are not forcing you accept Ngelosi. You have every right to be mad and you should be but handle this situation like a king. You know the people that shields you every day. Your forefathers are not the kindest of them all. What did you think they were going to do not seeing their queen by your side? Unfortunately for you MaDlomo is not willing to let go of that little girl. The sooner you accept it, the better for everyone"

"Do you think she'll forgive me?"

"She loves you, of course she'll forgive you. And I'm really sorry that we lied to you but I hope you see now why we did. Heal Dlomo. This anger you have has tormented the one person who didn't deserve to feel the wrath of your fathers. Go and fix it" I release some breathe, gathering myself "Sometimes a simple 'I'm sorry I overreacted, I could have handled the situation better' is all you need to save your relationship"

"I really f8cked up this time, didn't I?"

"You did but....." I follow his eyes and immediately feel immobile, I feel my blood freeze, my skin welcomes shivers "I guess she saw us" he say staring at.....

"Who is that?" maybe my eyes are deceiving me, it can't be, it's only been a month

"That's the mess you created Vula, let's go fix it" he jumps out of the car and I follow. Jesus! What have I done?

BOITUMELO

My daughter and I rest in the lounge for our Friday night. It's been hours but I miss my crooks already. She is very quiet lying on the couch next to me while I enjoy tv drinking a shake that Mtho bought me. I just got off the phone with Khwezi who was just checking on us. She promised to call again before she sleeps. Sometimes I think my daughter forgets that I'm the parent.

My phone buzzes again on the table. I'm reluctant picking it because I think its Khwezi or Mtho. Those two can call five times in a day. I don't recognise the number which makes me more hesitant but I still receive it

'Hello' I say

'Hi, is this ToMe' it's definitely someone white

'Yes this is Tumi, who is this?' I ask

'Oh it's Miranda, your neighbour' I frown but listen 'I had to call Tj to ask for your number, there is a black Mercedes SUV parked outside your gate. My husband and I arrived the same time with the car when we came back from dinner and no one climbed off the car. It stayed there and just parked, it's close to an hour now since we have been watching it and there is still no movement. Are you okay? Should we call the patrol?' Hooo! That's Vulamasango's car. I'm on my feet heading to the kitchen to check it from the window

'Aaaah Thank you....i'll....it's my husband. I'll check why he isn't coming in'

'Are you sure, I can get Eric to jump at the back and come with you' Ncooo!

'No Miranda, thank you. I'll handle it I promise' I say heading back to the lounge to move my daughter to the bedroom. I can't go out with her and I don't want to risk leaving her on the couch. She might roll and fall

'Okay, call me back if it's not him' so nice

'Thank you, I will' I drop the call finding a gown to wrap myself. Why would he drive here and just park? Or is it Abongile? Nonetheless the car is his and I have to check what is going on. The clock reports to be 20:30. It's not as late hence why I'm not much scared heading to the car outside my gate.

To my surprise the doors opens before I could even make it to the car. From the driver door Mtho steps down and stands right there. The other door brings out

Vulamasanog who turn from the other side and also stand right next to him. It seems like Mtho is whispering to him, I wish I could hear them but I have also been glued to the spot. I don't know why my feet are suddenly heavy to carry me further.

"Makoti" Mtho is the first to speak, he is wearing a gown and below I can see his pyj pants as well, it seems like he was already indoors and hadn't thought he would be outside "Can we come in?" he asks when I fail to respond but just stare. My phone vibrates in pockets and I realise it's Miranda once again. I pick the call so she doesn't call the police.

'Is it him? Should I call the patrol or police?'

'It's him Miranda, thank you' she says okay then drops the call. I finally gather courage to shuffle my feet further to the gate where I just open and turn on my heels. I honestly don't know why they couldn't just call and ask me to open the gate.

Okay! I have been sitting in the lounge for more than five minutes where I thought they would follow me but no one has come in. How long does it take to move from the gate to the house kanti? I drag my feet out of the lounge again to check and I come to view with Vulamasango filling my kitchen. My heart races when I see that Mtho is not in here. His looking down on his hands, twisting and pressing them together. He does that when he is nervous. I'm still staring behind him hoping to see Mtho come in.

"He is in the car" he say finally staring at me. For a minute it looks like he is in disbelief. My eyes remain behind him as my heart palpitate out of my chest. This man might twist my daughter's neck and leave, where is Mtho? "I won't do anything to her" there I breathe, I needed to hear that "Can I come in?" I finally nod and pull a chair. We'll talk right in here now that he is alone, I don't want him going further in and seeing her

"Where is Mhambi?" I ask after he settles down too

"I left her with Khwezi....can I please have something to drink, something strong"

"Coffee is the only strong thing I have" he waves me off, I know he doesn't want it. He covers his face with his hand and from where I sit I see his broad shoulders

move, I can hear him take deep multiple breathes, it looks like he is trying to fight something, if I didn't know better I would say he is fighting tears but what would make him cry? I chuckle at the idea inwardly still trying to read what the matter is with him

"I need a moment" like lightning he strikes out of the door. He is out before I could ask leaving me lost and confused. Am I missing something?

He is been out for quite a while. I had to come back to the lounge because I was getting cold in the kitchen. Am at a point of thinking to go lock my gate when I hear the kitchen door open. Slowly I hear his careful steps approach the lounge. He stands by the lounge entrance. Our eyes lock and remain on each other for a while. I can see that he is been crying, his eyes are red and they give away all the pain. I wonder what's weighing him so bad that it would make him fall apart like that.

I'm the first to break the eye contact when I can no longer maintain his look. With two strides he kneels before me. Taking me by surprise when takes my hands in his. He showers the top of my hands with multiple kisses before he looks at me again, I realise he is crying again when he does.

"I'm so sorry" it comes as a whisper, he is trying to look at me closer but he is totally failing. I feel him tremble in our hold "Let's go home my heaven I'm so sorry" I'm stricken by shock myself. I want to question him but my words are totally failing me "Please. I'm so sorry Zululami let's go home mama"

"Vulamasango we need to talk. You can't just come in here and say you're sorry let's go home. You have nothing to be sorry about. You stood your ground and I stood mine. What we need is to talk and see if one between us is willing to compromise"

"I will. I'm the one losing the battle. I cannot let you die because I was too stupid to accept my blood. Yes it's still hurt but I don't think I'll survive not having you at all. Right now I need you to allow me to take you home with. I cannot promise you that I will be open and happy about her right at this moment but I can promise you that I'm going to try, I'm going to try my best to look at her the same way I did when I thought she came from you, I'll try my best to look at her as my beautiful day as I had hoped she is but in order for me to try I need my wife home. I need my wife to

come back home with me where she belongs” trying is better than snapping her neck as he had said. To be honest he is also not at fault. He reacted to his anger the way he saw fit and if he is willing to compromise by trying I can also compromise too

“Okay” I respond

“Okay?” he asks, clearly surprised

“Yes Vulamasango but please, no more guns on my daughter. If you feel that you can’t do it, tell me and I’ll take her away from you”

“I promise, I’m going to try, starting right now” he stands and hold out his hand for me “Let’s go”

“Now?” I ask

“Yes now, have you seen yourself? The sooner I get you home the better”

“What do you mean?”

“MaDlomo you won’t get any better if I don’t get you home. Please let’s not delay this. The moment they see you back in their yard you’ll be fine. Please” he scoops me when I least expect it and I’m in his arms

“Vulamasango wait, I have to get Ngelosi and.....” he cuts me in

“I’ll get her” he is already walking out of the door

“But...” he cuts me in again

“I promised to try and I promised to start right now. Let me hold her in my arms once again”

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 46

PALESA

The man in my life is quite persistent. For the past month I have tried to push him away, pull back from our relationship but he only awards me with coming back stronger than ever. I'm honestly not comfortable with dating my boss's baby daddy. I foresee drama heading my way and on top of that there is that dark beauty that was mentioned to be his girlfriend. I asked him but he told me that we need to sit down and talk. His idea of sitting down is me visiting him. I hate visits. Visits are sex. The men I have dated in my life only asked me to visit them for sex.

It's a beautiful Saturday morning and I'm squashed in a bedroom with my mother. I'm packing our washing after washing it and she is....what exactly is she doing? She is sitting before the mirror fastening her doek. I wonder where she is going. We are both in comfortable silence until we hear a knock at the kitchen door. Precious is in the kitchen watching tv. When we hear her drag her chair on the floor my mother and I share looks because we know she is going to climb and open the door.

"Haa, Molo princess" the bold tone pitches in from the kitchen and I cringe at the discovery. I feel myself shrink in like a chewing gum after eating all its sugar. I'm suddenly weak and out of breath.

"Panisa, mama" Precious giggles first before calling us. My mother is the first to walk out and see our guest. I know who it is, hence why I'm this numb. What the hell is he doing here?

"Saubona mkhwenyana" (Morning son in law) my mom greets, I can already picture them from here, though I'm not in the kitchen as yet. I'm trying to collect my scattered nerves before I make appearance

"Yebo maa unjani?" (I'm fine mama how are you?)

"I'm fine m'khwenyana how can I help you?" she does that a lot, refer to men as her son in laws, if only she knew that this one is actually auditioning for that post

“Aaaamm I’m Abongile mama, Abongile Mzamane. I work for a small company called AM geyser installation and fixing. We were called by a lady named Palesa to come fix a geyser here” my jaws are sweeping the floor, I did no such thing

“Oh mkhwenyana come in. This child finally decide to do something nice for me. Sit here my boy, do you want something to drink?”

“Tea will be fine mama”

“Such a humble young man. Sit right next to that wife of yours I see she loves you” frown creeps my face in confusion, what wife is she talking about “PALESA!” my mother calls for me. I forget myself, for a minute when she mentioned a wife I thought she was talking about that dark beautiful girlfriend of his, my mind convinced me that I would find him with a woman but I’m immediately yet again shock struck when I find him with Precious on his lap. I totally forgot myself that I’m wearing a tight and a baggy worn out shirt with one huge ass hole under the arm. This is my cleaning attire. My worn out clothes are for cleaning. I never give away “Here you go mkhwenyana, Precious come to mama” my daughter shakes her head no, she is looking at the man she sits giggling and this is very odd considering she is that child that doesn’t like people that much “Talk to Mr. Mzamane wena, you called them or have changed your mind? God I swear palesa if you have changed your mind I’m going to die” drama

“Hi. Are you palesa?” he stands a bit and offer me his hand while he holds Precious. I have to release a sigh first before I speak

“Yes I am” we share a brief shake which end up being a hand squeeze and desire arousal. He flashes me a bit of smirk staring at my thighs before he sits back down when my mom isn’t looking. I’m too nervous with the hole under my arm more than him being in my house.

“You called about your geyser few days ago right?”

“Aha” I play along, though I’m still lost as hell

“Well unfortunately what you described as the problem we.....we couldn’t come up with a way of fixing it. So we thought of giving you our star package which is just to buy you a brand new geyser and install it for you today. And only our star clients gets this package. We install the geyser for free, all you have to do is come with us,

sign a contract payment of the geyser only, for the duration you're comfortable with. We were really touched with your words, you sounded like a young woman who'd really like to do something nice for her mother" my mother breaks a piercing ululation heading to the bedroom, she comes back with a towel and wrap it down my waist

"Go my baby, thank you so much" she is pushing me towards the liar

"Wait...where are we going?" I ask

"We'll start at Cashbuild so you can choose a geyser of your liking then we'll go to the office so you can sign the contract"

"And why couldn't you bring the paper work here?" he tries for a word but stops, it looks like he didn't think of this

"Palesa stop being ungrateful. Get out of my house and get me a geyser" my mother chides just when I have the liar right at the palm of my hand. Since I'm going out I know I can't go out looking like this

"Mr. Mzamane you going to have to wait for me to take a bath first"

"I don't mind at all" I hold out my hand for precious

"Let's go bath baby so we can go to town" she shakes her head no, she is enjoying the liar's lap

"Don't bother my child Palesa, it's month end and there are lots of queues in town"

"And the queue at Cashbuild mama" he whistles "We might come back very late"

"I don't care mkhwenyana, as long as I get my geyser" And that's how you scam a black mother her daughter the entire Sunday "I have cooked cabbage and achar mkhwenyana, would you like some?" Jesus! Like lightning I dash back to the kitchen, shouting an answer for my boyfriend

"NO" I say, almost shouting. This woman is going to embarrass me serving my boyfriend cabbage. For a minute they both frown at me like I'm crazy

"Mama I would love to have the food. Please" I narrow my eyes but he makes sure to ignore me

“This children mkhwenyana. They don’t understand that there are people who would die to have this cabbage she thinks is embarrassing and yena lopalesa, she doesn’t even buy me a mere kfc when she is paid, and now she thinks my cabbage is embarrassing” I have excused myself back to the bedroom as I’m the subject of matter. Abo offers her a laughter at her nasty remarks about me “I honestly feel sorry for the man that’s going to marry her mkhwenyana, this girl is so stingy yooo!” mxm!

When he said ‘let’s go home zululami’ it hadn’t occurred to her that he was implying home as in home down the beautiful land of the late king M’shakistoz. She finds herself astounded and bathed with pair of eyes pitying down at her. The pain worn by these eyes staring down at her speaks volume. She is still disoriented and somewhat confused to ask questions. She doesn’t remember how she came about to be here. She remembers going to their house in Joburg with Mtho as the driver. Her husband as he had promised he fetched her daughter and cradled her all the way to the house while his other hand held hers in a tight grip like she’d disappear on him if he let go. The journey to their family home was short and thick. The thickness was a result of Vulamasango battling with his emotions. Lot was needed to be said but the two compromised.

Getting in the house the crooks were happy at their sight. Ngelosi was immediately stolen by her brothers and sister. Mtho saw them in to the house and left. It was the two of them once again. Her husband ushered her to the kitchen, plating her KFC with four rolls. It’s still his favourite and forces it down on everyone. He had ordered food for the kids before he went on a journey to get his wife home.

She remembers him forcing her to eat. She denied and told him she can’t stomach anything but he had hope, he had convinced himself that she’ll be able to eat when he’s with her. Unfortunately one bite was enough to force everything else out of her system. Now she remembers barfing all over the white floors, she remembers the blood that came out of her mouth, the panic in her husband’s voice, his tears as he scooped her out of the door in hurry, him throwing her at the back seat and flying down to KZN. She must have slept through the way she thinks, but now it’s in clear image why she has her in law’s eyes looking down at her. Her aunt is with

them and she is the most hysterical. Her face is raining rivers of tears, it's a silent cry but the water flowing her face is enough to say she is heart broken

"MaDlomo can you hear me?" from her left Gumede's voice come loud and clear, stealing her eyes from looking back at the people staring down at her. She spots her husband behind Gumede who is crouched by the wall burying his face between his knees

"Where are my babies?" where question should be proof enough that she can hear him. Her question is directed to Gumede but Vulamasango crawls like an infant and forces way to be by his wife when he hears her voice. He thought she is dead when he took her out of the car unconscious and that there was his ending. He saw his world come to a full end at the thought of not having his heaven

"Sthandwa sami, are you in pain....where does it hurt?" in panic he cups her face, pleading at her to point where she feels pain but there isn't a place she can point. She honestly doesn't feel sick even though everyone insist that she is sick. Her problem is vomiting but other than that she doesn't feel like she should be categorized as a sick person.

"Vulamasango where are my babies?" she is asking mostly about the new borns, they are still young and can't be without their mother

"Mtho is bringing them sthandwa sami, I promise you'll see them before sunrise. Please tell me where it hurts?"

"I don't have any pains vulamasango I'm just hungry" he is taken aback a bit, this woman vomited blood when he tried to make her eat and passed out on him and now she wakes and tells him that she is hungry

"You want some yoghurt?" he asks because he was told it's the only thing she stomachs

"No I want food, real food, please help me up" she offers him her hand to sit up straight. Her aunt is the first to squash her in a hug, she is still in tears

"Oh my sunflower! Let's go home, leave him please my baby, look what he is done to you" MaDlomo's eyes remain at her husband as she receives the words. He is

drenched in sweat “You have a home Boitumelo and your grandfather is one of the best seers there is in this time, he’ll untie you to him. Just say the words my baby” she chuckles, appreciating her aunt’s ire words though they are misdirected

“I love him Mane, I’m not going anywhere” Vulamasango breathes in the words, take them in like they stab his soul

“I love you too MaDlomo. And I’m sorry that I had to be the man you love”

“Can I please eat, Maa?” this time she asks to her mother in law who is also wiping the tears bracing her face. She is not a sight that one can look without dropping a tear.

“Gumede is it okay that we take her?” Ndlovukazi asks to Gumede who received her in his hut and did his things for her to gain consciousness

“Yes....here MaDlomo, chew this and go spit out of the gate before you enter the palace” she is handed a stick like branch. It’s sour and bitter to taste. Vulamasango holds her once again like a baby out of the hut walking her to the gate

“MaDlomo?”

“Hmmm!” she is still chewing the bitter plant hence why she can’t make words

“Are you sure you’re not in any pain” his tone vividly carry worry

“I’m fine Vulamasango” she assures, still in his arms as they march to the gate to see Gumede’s orders through. Vula grunts in almost a whisper at how his name part his wifes’s lips. It’s doesn’t sound good but he’ll address it some other time

“Did I faint?” she asks

“And you scared the shit out of me. One minute you were vomiting the next you pass out on me. Please don’t do that to me again my heaven” she titters at his choice of words. The guards see their appearance from a distance and Vula signs them to open the gate. He helps her down when they make it to the gate and sees that she does spit out as per request.

Again she is cradled like a baby back to the house. It frustrates her but she knows not to put up a fight now because she’ll surely lose. It doesn’t look like she’ll be walking on her feet for a while. The man is around her and everywhere. In the

house she is welcomed by hot plate from Ndlovukazi, she doesn't waste time but murder it straight down her throat. Vula is pleased.

"You want some tea?" he ask staring down at his wife who can't even spare him a look, he knows that she likes downing her meal with a cup of tea

"Hmmm" she can't even make words due to the food taking space in her mouth. He pecks her cheek before he busy himself with making her tea. He is a happy man now that he is wife is eating again. With great delight he police his wife while she eats.

When she is done, he picks her back to their room where he runs her a bath and soak her in. He makes sure not dwell on his wife current structure while he helps her in the bath, she is really boney and it hurts seeing her like this but he can't keep breaking apart in front of her. He'll fall apart alone in his own time.

"Vulamasango....please...wake me when they arrive" his wife request snuggling on his chest on their bed after the bath. He offered to cuddle her to sleep.

"My name is Sango to you, I'm not Vulamasango" his playing with her hair while they rest, inhaling her fresh scent which is drawing him to drowsiness too. Madlomo lightly laughs

"Okay Sango, please....wake me when they arrive"

"Now that's a sweet sound to my ears. I love you okay my love"

"I love you too Sango" it feels better now, his name doesn't come out right on her lips, he prefers 'Sango'. And like that they both drift, though Vulamasango's aim was just to put his wife to bed and go grill his uncles and Gumede. He is welcomed by that nice sleep that has a drool of spit making appearance at the corner of his mouth.

~In his dream he doesn't see his body but his eyes see him. Even after decades a son will know his father, no matter the form he comes. He sits on the chair offering him his back. The broad shoulders, tall structure, fine defined muscled body, dominance in just how he takes the sit. He knows that it's his father who occupies the chair. The man that moulded him.

'Dlomo' he is the first to voice, he doesn't see where he stands but he sees that he is looking at his father 'Dlomo please look at me' he would like to see his father, it's been quite a long time. The figure on the chair doesn't move. It remains immobile staring ahead 'Baba' he tones it to father son language, he should hear that his son wants to see him but still the picture doesn't even dare flinch 'Dinangwe I'm begging you, please look at me' he begs, wanting to see this man that visit him in his dream. Slowly the figure turns to view, he is welcomed by a bloodied face. It's his father's face but it's covered in blood 'Baba what happened to you?' the figure doesn't respond, bit by bit he feels himself fight though he doesn't know what he is fighting until....~....he finds himself awake and panting, he knows that's not a dream to ignore. His father has never showed himself like that in years. This means something has happened. He shift his sleepy wife off his chest and walk out to find Gumedede. He is praying that his father is okay wherever he is.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 47

BOITUMELO

At first sight my eyes are welcomed by an excruciating light, I battle my eyelashes for a while before I can finally take the light. The abundance of the light in my bedroom confirms that it's morning already. I search the space next to me with my hand and when it comes in vein, I realise that I'm sleeping alone. Sango is not next to me and there is no sight of Ngelosi or Mhambi. I wonder if they arrived. No one woke me like I had requested. Abandoning the duvet to sit up straight I feel so heavy. I feel heavy and wet.....not that wet, wet as in soaked in water, especially on my chest..... sending my eyes right on my chest for inspection and I have to blink twice if not three times to confirm this. My breast are leaking. I'm soaked in milk. I welcome the discovery with a once clap before I make my bed and decide on a shower to start my day.

Heading down stairs I can hear almost all the voices in the dining area and indeed I take the room with my appearance. Loud laughter's and enthusiasm that had filled the room is replaced by sudden thickness which I make out to be confusion. The silence and the frowns creeping their faces doesn't sit well with me. For a minute I think there is something wrong with me but I looked myself in the mirror after bathing I was totally okay. I send my eyes on a nervous search for my husband so he can come to my rescue but I don't see him among the confused faces

"My heaven?" his voice comes behind, startling me a bit because I have grown worried of the frowns I have received at my appearance. He is coming down behind me holding one of the girls, khwezi tails him holding another girl. What's she doing here? I'm suddenly lost too

"MAMA!" Khwezi stands before me, she gasps in shock I think. She shoves my baby in her father's arms who is already holding another one and crush me with a hug. I have no choice but to hold her back though I'm still lost. I'm looking at the frowned husband of mine as I hug my daughter "Mama you're okay!" she is in disbelief,

scanning me from head to toe when she lets me go. She retrieves her phone from her gown “Baba mi, I want a picture, malome Tj is going to think I was lying”

“Khwezi my hands are full” he shows her the babies in his arms “Wait, you called Tj?” his tone carry a bit of worry

“Yes, my mother was dying. I called him and he said he is coming today”

“Damn it Khwezi!” I frown at him, what’s wrong with my brother coming “That man is going to take my wife, do you know how overprotective Tj is of his sister?”

“Sorry baba, I just wanted my mother to be well. I called him before you came to fetch her and he had promised that he’ll arrive today”

“Jerrrrrr!” he sounds frustrated shuffling towards me. I forget that look on his face until he is a breath away from me “Here, you big mouth sister” he passes the twins back to Khwezi keeping me in one place with his look “And close your eyes” close her eyes, what’s he on about?

“What are you doing?” I mumble when he eliminate all the space between us, cowering back with every step he takes. His eye take the form I don’t like when we have company. He should be like this when we are alone “Sango no” I shake my head, I know him quite well

“I haven’t done anything” he raises his hands in surrender, still eating all the steps I take away from him “I’m just happy my wife is back” back?

“I came back yesterday” I remind him, still running from his dirty look

“Yes you did but you weren’t this fine Mrs. Dlomo” I’m still lost when he takes me by surprise and clash his weight with mine. He puts me on his toes regardless of my fights, holding both my wrists at the small of my back. He is caged me with his hold, totally restraining me in one position

“Sango no” he better not embarrass me like this

“Khwezi your eyes are still closed my baby?” he ignores me, smirking down at me as he speaks to Khwezi

“Baba I totally don’t see you pinning my mother on the wall”

“I’m sorry zululami” with a single attempt he take my lips, I wiggle my head trying to fight his control but it’s useless. He grips my wrist with his single hand while the other one takes over my face. He cups my face and hold me in place and serve me one of his kisses that always wakes my sleeping desires. He invades my mouth with his experienced tongue, taking me with and placing me in a place where only he can. I forget that we have the room and get lost in the kiss. He lets go of my wrist when he feels that I’m now in tune with him. I find the hem of his gown on the neck and pull him much closer to him. He is infective and addictive. A drug of mine I can’t get enough of.....

“VULA, MAKOTI!” Mtho’s epic voice puts a stop to our nonsense. We both blush staring at each other. How I love this man still scares the shit out of me even today “I CAN’T BELIEVE YOUR PRACTICING PORNOGRAPHY IN FRONT OF THE FAMILY” the exaggeration, it was just kissing. He can be such a brother sometimes.

“I want my wife all to myself today” he whispers for my eyes only still holding me with his look

“You can have your wife but unfortunately she is a new mom so I can’t escape that duty the entire day”

“You can. This house is full of people who can look after them just for a day. I’m taking the woman who rules my heart out”

“But.....” he shushes me with his index finger on my lips

“But nothing.....Bafu! You’re on babysitting duties today. I’m taking my wife out” when he announce this I’m on his shoulder like a sack of potatoes heading for the door. I don’t even want to raise my head to look at the people we disrespected..... this is all my husband’s doing

“Sango you’re still in your pyjamas” I remind him when he puts me down outside the house and pin me again on the door

“I’m a king my love. I snap and things happen” like a baby he arms me at once as we head to the car. The guards and servants of the royal house praise us with lowered giggles. Some are astounded at the king bare chested and in his gown and pyjama pants only.

“People are staring”

“I don’t care. I’m just happy my wife is back and looks like her normal self once again” he plants a peck on my nose. I have to admit that I missed his love, maybe probably why I was sick though I didn’t feel sick at all. Maybe my heart was just longing for his affection. One of the two royal escorts who always tail him take long strides to approach us

“My king, my queen” he bows keeping a safe distance from us “How may I be of service today my king?” he enquires

“Mbhele I’ll be alone with my wife the entire day. Inform the council and please organise me something to wear in town”

“Your wish is my command my king, my queen” he bows again and retreat back

“Ayeye my king” I joke, bringing him to fits of laughter, I haven’t seen his dimple smile in a while, and today it’s just the day

“You Mrs. Dlomo sit in here and let your man drive you” he puts me on the passenger sit and strap me in before he rounds the car to claim the driver sit

“Where are we going Mr. Dlomo?” I take his other hand in mine while he reverses out of the yard. I just feel the need to be consumed in his touch and like he understand what roams my mind he picks my hand to brush his lips on my knuckles

“Mrs. Dlomo I honestly don’t know, but I just want to be alone with you away from the stress”

“What stress?” I can’t dismiss that, the change on his face confirms that there is indeed stress I don’t know about. He releases a sigh focusing on the road still not letting go of my hand.

“I had a dream last night when I put you to sleep” I shift and turn so I’m questioning him with my gaze “My father came to me in a dream. He had his back turned against me and refused to look at me when I asked. I begged him for a while and when he finally did, his face was covered in blood” I gasp, in shock

“What? What does it mean?” I ask

“I immediately went to Gumedede for clarification. He said it must be a warning. He said blood in this family usually shows death and as the king he might show me

things first before they happen so I be strong for the family because I'm the pillar now"

"Meaning someone is going to die?" he nods, consumed by stressed

"I called my sisters in the morning and almost every Dlomo family member and they were all okay, it frustrate me not knowing who we are going to lose because I can't save them. I just wish it be a distant family relative. We have been through so much, the last thing we need is a funeral in this house" my thoughts are stolen by knowing. I know but I can't say. Gumede was strict and stern, he told me not to share my father in law's visits with anyone, not even my husband. He said those kind of visit are sacred and shouldn't be known. Him coming to me like that was because he trusted me to keep the information to myself. His purpose was to prepare me so I be there for the king when it hits him alone, his pain he won't share with the family because his duty is now to be the strength but alone, in our chambers, he'll need his wife to lean on ".....hey! Madam Dlomo" he snaps me out of my thoughts, it seems like he is been calling me for a while. I offer him my smile that doesn't take all my face "What's wrong? Why does it look like this stresses you more than me?"

"We are going to be fine baby" I assure, still consumed by my trailed thoughts. I'm glad when he let's the topic rest, though the one he choose next is too blunt that it has me choking on my saliva

"So when is the southern hemisphere healing?" I have no choice but to narrow my eyes at him "I know now that you pushed one head out, the detrimental shouldn't be too severe"

"Leave my vagina alone please Vulamasango" he fails to hold his loud laughter, die in his laughter so much that it infects me. I missed this side of him so bad.

PALESA

We went to Cahbuild as he had said. He bought the geyser and ordered three guys in overalls to go install it at my home. Tumisang Khwezi's sneaky driver was amongst the boys. They were told to tell my mother that we went to the office to fill in the forms and sign some paper work. He drove me here to Centurion with the word that we are going to the office but this is not an office. This is a family home

and you don't need to ask to see that there is a female taking care of the house. I'm a bit reluctant as he opens my door and hold out his hand.

"Let's go" he say

"Eehm! Whose house is this?" I ask

"My home" I shoot my eyes of the sockets

"And what are we doing here?"

"We need to talk palesa and sign the contract"

"What contract?" I'm totally lost

"My geyser contract, you thought I was giving you my geyser for free? Think again sisi" haibo! This nigger better be kidding me

"I never asked for a....." I trail off when the kitchen door opens and a woman who looks like she was going out with her hand bag tucked under her arm come to an abrupt halt. Her eye are budging out in shock, she stares for a while until she breaks into a silent smile, infecting Abo too

"Ncooo! Mtase, is this my daughter in law?" She finally approach us smitten and consumed with a smile

"The one and only" Abo responds, pleased at himself

"Hai you did great mtase. She is beautiful" she stands by Abongile and I immediately spot their similarities, they are definitely family "Hi, I'm Aphiwe, your man's sister" she hold out her hand for a shake and I take, I'm too nervous to speak

"And she is palesa, I call her my sweet thing because she gives me something sweet" I gasp, fail to collect my scattered jaw. They both die in laughter at my reaction

"Pleased to meet you sweet thing. Unfortunately you both caught me at a bad time, I'm on my way out and I'll be back later. I hope you'll still be around when I come back" I smile, not knowing what to say "And please do cook sweet thing so I can taste if you serve sweet things everywhere" I'm drowned in embarrassment as she turns to kiss her brother's cheek "Later mtase, I have to go"

“How can you embarrass me like that?” I ask as he ushers me to the house

“I wasn’t embarrassing you, I was telling the truth” Wow! The house is beautiful, clean and simple. From the kitchen alone you can tell that whoever takes care of the house is a neat freak “Beautiful home” I compliment, letting him push me wherever he is pushing me. He is pressed behind me, tucking his arm around my waist. His hand rest on my belly and I don’t like the movement of his fingers playing with my belly, they are infecting me with desire

“Not as beautiful as you” his voice comes behind my ear, breathing right on my skin “I’m sorry I can’t show you the house, we have a contract to sign” I suddenly don’t feel like we are talking about the same contract when he opens a room for me. It’s his bedroom it’s obvious “And right in here is my office” he turns me to him after closing the door with his feet. Taking his gaze in I realise that he is horny

“Where is the contract?” I ask, trying to hold my breath

“F8ck the contract, I have been dying to do this” his eyeing me from the door, he hasn’t made an attempt to move but he is pushed me at a distance where he can scan me as he likes

“Dying to do what?”

“Peel you off that dress”

“This one?” I point back at me with my index finger. He nods “Unfortunately this is my favourite dress and only I can peel it off me, do you want me too?” again he quickly nods. I start with the top button of my knee length denim dress. I undo it and leave it wide open at my cleavage. He licks his lips and sharply take in air when I press my breast in my hold

“Can I please help you?” his tone comes needy and begging, he has both his hands holding the front of his pants

“Easy tiger, come sit on the bed” he doesn’t let go of his bulge. He takes careful steps toward the bed and sit right where I want him, at the edge of the bed. I allow myself to sit astride him, feeling his hard on beneath me as I shove his head on my boobies

“Please take off the rest of the dress” he begs, running his impatient hands everywhere he can

“But we need to talk abo” I wrap my hands on his neck and direct his head on my boobies again, I love the kisses his dropping on my cleavage

“We can talk later my sweet thing, just let me taste please”

“But I need us to talk before” he pulls off my boobies and look up at me after holding my full waits in his arms

“What do you want to talk about?” he pays attention to my face so my boobs don’t disturb us

“The slender dark woman, is she your girlfriend?” he breathes, the kind of breathe that’s a turn off

“Yoh! uyakhona ukuwisa induku sisi, do we honestly have to keep talking about her?” (...you know how to turn a guy off,.....) it comes a bit exasperated but he is trying so hard to hide it

“I need to know where you stand with her” he shifts me off his waist and settle me on the bed next to him

“Palesa I thought I told you where I stand with the woman and you understood” he is calm, I’m thankful for that

“You did but she keeps popping up and again. I heard Amandla referring to her as your girlfriend and you said you didn’t date, you were about to” the expression on his face tells me that he is really turned off but trying hard to mask it

He expels a sigh “Amandla once saw me with her in a restaurant, she assumed that we were dating and I never corrected her”

“But she sounded sure”

“Palesa I don’t have a reason to lie to you. If I dated the woman I would straight up tell you the truth. Lulu was someone I thought I could settle down with. I had feelings for her I won’t lie but her change of character and everything she did drove all that away. Can we please stop talking about her? I have explained this the first time you asked about her and now we are having this conversation again. Can we please not have to talk about her every time you hear someone mention her? It’s

a huge turn off” he is still calm but the mood in the room has changed to something I don’t know “I’ll go get your food” he doesn’t wait for my response but walk out of my room, we bought takeaways in town but we left them in the car. Damn me! I throw myself on the bed in frustration, I was quarter to being snacked and I pushed all that away with my insecurities. Truth is that the woman is dark, beautiful and slender. The model type. I’m nothing close to her, I’m fat and short and as for the beauty I would say I try. Every time I think of her I get a bit insecure and question this thing we just started, I think I’m not his type.

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Volume 48

VULAMASANGO

She gobbles another full spoon like she is on some eating competition of some sort. I don't mind, it warms my heart seeing her battle food like this. I almost died when she barfed all over the floor yesterday. I could see my world crush in front of me when I saw blood coming out of her mouth. That was a wakeup call, one day I'll lose my wife and it will be all on me.

"Staring is rude Vulamasango" I haul a grunt and she chuckles, I hate that I'm suddenly Vulamasango, my name sounds so bad on her beautiful lips

"I thought I was back to being Sango" an eye roll, so her and Khwezi "But I don't have to apologise for staring at my forever eat"

"Yeah right" she wipes her mouth like she is done "Baby please order the dessert for me, I'm going to pump this milk once again" she narrows her eyes when I grin at her frustration, she is been doing that almost every minute since we got to this restaurant. She complained that I stole her before Mhambi could milk her and now she is walking around with a leaking tank of milk. I wave my hand off signalling our waitress as soon as she is out of sight so I place my wife's order. I scan the menu not sparing our waitress my eyes, but I do feel that she is here.

"My king" the female tone comes a bit familiar but it still doesn't compel me to offer them my stare. I think it's familiar because I'm thinking it's our previous waitress

"Aaaa let me see, please give me one glass of your floating island dessert with chocolate eclairs and do refill my drink please" I haven't spared her a look, I'm invested in sweets though I'm not joining my wife on this one. I find other people desserts too sweet for my liking but not hers, maybe hers are just made the vulamasango way

"The same drink or the other night choice of drink my king?" the statement has me choking on nothing, with a frown I offer her my eyes only to feel drained

“THE F8CK!” I hiss, earning our table prying eyes but I’m quick to collect myself
“Damn it Thobile! What are you doing here? Where is my waitress?” my eyes keep dancing from the rest rooms to her “I’m with my wife the hell!” now I’m low enough not to be heard

“I’m sorry....i.....i”

“Stop stuttering, get me my waitress and get off my sight”

“I’m sorry my king, she got an important phone call and I had to take over her tables. I’m sorry for mentioning the other night, I was just making a joke” she blinks, more like my wife, probably why I entertained her the other night

“What are you doing here?” The disappointment in her eyes has me asking but I don’t forget to exercise my eyes to the rest rooms to check the coast

“Aaah! You know life Vuvu.....” she blinks again, clearing her throat to collecting her mistake “I’m sorry, my king I mean. There are no jobs and a girl has mouths to feed”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Please get me what I ordered” she nods, looking down on her note book once again. Pitiful I watch her turn but she stops and turn back to me, like she remembered something

“She is beautiful” she say, confusing me

“Who?” I ask in a hushed whisper

“The queen, she is beautiful and I think we’d get along just fine” I shrug her off, I was drunk when I made that mistake. Maybe she took it otherwise “I guess she is back now” I don’t know what to say, yes my wife is back she can see “Am I still going to see you?”

“THOBILE!” I’m low but stern enough for her

“I just want to know vuvu” Yerrrr! What the f8ck did I do?

“This is not the time or place. I’m your king now, with my wife who happens to be your queen is just a room away, can you at least respect that? Right now I’m not your ex-boyfriend” she nods, pain visible in her eyes

“I’m sorry. It won’t happen again but if I may ask one last time, are you still going to get me a job?” my patience of her is slowly wearing off. I didn’t take her to be this stupid.

“Get off my sight!” I bark, my eyes trained at my wife heading back to our table. She follows my eyes and quickly shuffle off. My heart is beating out of my chest but I try my best to keep my cool “How was it?” stupid! I chide myself inwardly

“What? Pumping milk?” she asks back taking her seat. I manage a light laughter to kick off my stupidity “What did you order for me?” she is invested in the menu, I’m policing the place around. My mind is no longer here “Vulamasango!”

“Hmmm” my jumpy gaze turns to her

“What’s wrong?” the frown on her face tells me that I’m giving myself away

“Nothing, I miss Mhambi now, don’t you want us to get takeaways and leave?” I don’t miss the fall of her eyes when I mention Mhambi only. I’m trying. It will not happen in day but at least now I can hold her without thinking of that white woman

“Yeah we can, tell them to get us takeaways” I thank my lucky stars. Waving my hand again I’m quick to stop myself. I can’t risk thobile being at close proximity with my wife

“I’ll go tell them, I don’t see any waitress in sight” she doesn’t pay much attention to me as she is now drowned in her mobile. I’m hoping thobile not to be of my assistance. Luckily I stumble upon the manager who was very welcoming of us when we arrived. I inform him of my change of order and he promises to see it through quickly. Thanking my lucky stars again I make way back to my wife, whom I find giggling on her phone “Who is that?” that full smile she is giving whoever doesn’t sit well with me

“Khwezi” the response comes again followed by a giggle. My daughter has never been a comedian, I refuse to believe that

“What’s she saying that’s making you grin like that?” she still hasn’t looked my way

“She said abuti Tj arrived breathing fire” f8ck another hurdle, that man is going to have a day with me “Apparently he was looking for you in every room thinking I hid you”

“Is she still at home?” I’m asking of Khwezi because she is supposed to be on her way back to Joburg

“No she left” she giggles again, back in that phone. F8ck!

“Give me that phone” I indicate, surprising her. The frown creeping her face now that she looks at me makes me regret my request immediately

“What’s wrong with you? You sound like a cheating jealous husband” I cough, trying to stifle a nervous laugh which I manage by gulping my last drink down

“Very funny Mrs. Dlomo” she lets me off, shaking her head and focusing to chatting with her daughter if it really is her. I take this time to ask, just to test the waters

“MaDlomo!”

“Hmmm!” she is typing away on her phone

“Hypothetically speaking ne mama” I start

“Uhuh!” she hasn’t looked my way, which gives me courage to ask

“Let’s say I was hypothetically to ask you to allow me to take a second wife, what would you say?” silence, her hands stops typing for a minute before she looks at me. The look alone is enough answer “Hypothetically” I murmur, cringing at her stare

“Hypothetically?” she asks and I nod “Nkao jwetsa hore o marao a mokotoyi nthwa ho lahlelwa Mohokare” (I would tell you that you’re an ass dog only useful to be thrown in Mohakare river) my jaws are sweeping the floor, I don’t know what she said but it’s an insult. That I’m sure off “Kore banna ke dintja waitse.....tsek! areye” she pushes her chair off and leave me trying to understand whatever she said

BOITUMELO

Hypothetical? Hmm! This bastard better not start with me. Is this f8cker having an affair? I wonder, watching him as he walks to me outside. I had to leave that table after he disrespected me like that. He knows where I stand with that shit but he still asks me again. I explained before he married me that I’m not about the sharing. This nigger is cheating. It’s a fact. I see it in how nervous he is now that we are close again.

“I was just joking mama, you really don’t have to be so mad” he mumbles taking my door for me. I make sure to train my eyes on him, his eyes don’t lie, the way they run away from me confirms my assumptions. Sheepishly he turns to his door and climbs in. he puts the foodie bag on my lap, which I wrap and throw at the back seat

“Vulamasango are you having an affair?” I ask, keeping my eyes on his as he drives off

“Zululami you know I wouldn’t do you like that, it was just a simple ask”

“Really?” he is quick to nod

“I wouldn’t cheat on you zululami, I’m not stupid. And I know you’d pack up and leave me if I ever looked the other way....” I look at him, a look so foreign but carrying a promise. He is right but maybe I can burn him a bit too

“Your right but I’d do far more worse than that before I leave” he affords me a frown, keeping his eyes on me “Keep your eyes on the road” I chide first, he obeys steading on the road before he gives me a look to go on “Let me polish your mind Vulamasango if you ever cheat on me, I’ll have another man fuck me as they please, even call his friend to join us in a threesome and have them tape the shit and send it to you before I.....” the car, the tires screeches off the road as we come to an abrupt halt. His chest bounce up and down, trembling and suddenly sweating “VULAMASANGO!” I call out, eyes popped out as I look at him. His not able to look my way, all he do is palpitate. Jesus! Is he having a heart attack? I jump off my seat and sit astride him, opening his window in panic and patting his cheeks “SANGO!” he is sweating rivers, not even blinking but staring into space. I smash my mouth on him, blowing him some air when I run out of options. Like he just had a marathon run he takes a huge breath in my mouth “Jesus Sango breathe babe, IN...” like a child he obeys breathing in “...OUT” again he breathe out “What’s wrong?” I ask, now that he is managed his breathing

“Please drive” I wasn’t going to let him, he is still trembling. I open the door for him and get off him so we change positions, he shakes his head “I don’t...think my feet...are strong enough to carry me” I hold my lips as climb out of the car to take the driver sit. He resort to shifting to the passenger sit, flattening it so he lies down.

I think strokes and heart attacks starts like this. This is what hypothetically speaking do to a man.

I let him take his moment as I join in the road, his eyes remain shut looking up. Nxa! Such a manwh8re!

“MaDlomo you wouldn’t do me like that, right my heaven” He asks after a long moment of silence in the car, I guess his regained himself

“Don’t wh8re around on me you’ll not have to find out” I make sure the promise in these words gets through him. For a minute he drift again, though now looking at my side view down as I drive

“You’d f8ck two men at once to get back at me?” he ask again, hoping to see a smile so he can think I was kidding but I don’t, instead I offer him my promise stare which he receives with a sigh and drown back to his thoughts. If he thinks his going to hurt me and get away with it, he has another thing coming. I’ll hurt him worse.

Arriving at home we are welcomed by deafening cries. We share frowns before we quickly jump off the vehicle to Ndlovukazi who has one girl strapped on her back pacing up and down the stairs. It’s Mhambi. I can tell as soon as we get close. Her voice is different from her sister.

“Maaa!” I acknowledge receiving my daughter, she unstrapped her the minute she saw me

“Yoh! I don’t know what’s wrong with this sangoma, this child has been crying for more than 30 minutes now” Vulamasango laughs his mother’s frustration next to me

“What’s wrong gogo?” I ask, peeking under her cover. Glistening eyes and a frown meets my face, the frown turn into a smile. Ndlovukazi claps once before she disappears back into the house, she is not happy that Mhambi is now quiet and smiling. I carry my daughter back to the house, welcomed by the love of my life. He grins, standing and coming my way. He crushes me in a hug with my daughter

“You okay?” my brother asks still holding on to me

“I’m fine abuti tj, let me put her down and I’ll come back” he nods on top of my head, letting me off his hold but scan me from head to toe

“Where is he?” I don’t miss the fury in his tone

“He is outside, please don’t kill my husband for me” he doesn’t make promises as he marches there. I take the stairs with my daughter who is so silent like she was never crying. But her eyes. I don’t remember her blinking since I took her in my arms, her eyes keep on me scaring me a bit. The minute we get inside the room where Ngelosi is innocently sleeping she does that thing of her that scares the shit out of me. I hold my breath sinking on the bed as a tiny hand reach for my heartbeat. The sound of my breath and heart beat fills the entire room. With a look she keeps me in place and trap me where she wants. I feel my eyes welcome heavy drowsiness that has them voluntarily closing on me. I place her besides her sister before I succumb to this heavy sleep.

The minute my head finds the pillow I’m drawn to a dream so

~I came to a picture of Mkhonto standing on the edge of a cliff, fighting a dark force which looks like it’s trying to get inside him ‘Please help me’ my son cry. I wish to crawl wherever I see all this and hold him ‘I don’t want to go...’ He continues to cry. I can feel myself battle to be with my son but I can’t break free from wherever I am ‘Sakhe help me’ and this shatters me, there is no sight of Sakhe. Like something is pushing him I see him fall down the cliff. Only when he is out of sight I crawl from wherever I was and see down the cliff. A hysterical mess I am as I look down the cliff. To my shock Khwezi lie quite down the cliff, Mkhonto is nowhere in sight~

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Volume 49

LIHLE

They know how much Mkhonto creeps the hell out of me. He claims my fears and box them in one place without doing just about anything. I see it in the way they giggle when I jump almost every time he calls me. His voice doesn't make things easier too. It's creepy in my head, authoritative and leave a bitter cold shiver in me. The night has claimed the skies, it's Sunday night which my husband and sister wife were supposed to be back. The boys were shifted to me yesterday when my husband had to transport the twins back home. Mary offered to help with the twins while my husband drove. Khwezi jumped with them because she wasn't okay at the sight of blood she saw in the kitchen. She thought the worst and she needed to see her mother in person that she is fine. That's how the three went to KZN with the girls and I was left with these boys. Including the cold one.

It was already late at night when they left, my job was just to feed them because they never say no to food whether they ate or not, and see them to bed. I didn't have to feel Mkhonto's chills because they went straight to bed, which I was thankful for.

The promise my husband left was that they were going to come back today but they didn't, only Khwezi came knocking at my door late in the afternoon. She said her father organised her transport to come back because she has to pack. She is leaving for school on Tuesday and her fathers are going to drive her. She left her bag here with the promise to come back later for sleep, she went to her home to start her packing and thinking of her, she should be back any minute now.....

Sakhe is planning me. I don't know how but that whispering he is doing in Mkhonto's ear staring at me affirms my thoughts. The creepy one stands after being whispered to and stretch his arms. I try my best to ignore the cold chill that runs down my spine and my follicle hairs standing like I'm shivering in cold when

he set his gaze on me. With two strides he is standing before me, yawning and looking ready for bed

“Mam Lihle” he say

“Hmmm” the silence and audience we have in the room confirms that I’m being planned

“Can I please sleep with you today, I had nightmares yesterday and now I’m scared” I pale up in a second. I cannot share a bed with the creepy one.

“But.....you....your never scared” I stutter for a minute, not wanting to make him angry. A light laughter leaving him sets my eyes on him. He is creeped by smile. A beautiful boy when he likes “NXA!” I affront when they all laugh, this is just a test. Sakhe is the most tickled one.

“Mam Lihle you should see your face” I hate and love him, his too much

Mkhonto’s journey to the bedroom is stopped by Sne who comes down the stairs heading to the kitchen. She has her phone under her arm as she takes milk from the fridge and fill a glass.

“What’s wrong” Mkhonto asks besides her, I guess he saw right through her that she wasn’t okay. I could see with just her shuffling legs that she is breathing fire but I wasn’t going to ask. This boys are always so protective of the girls, they demand to be called ‘Bhuti’ though they don’t respect Khwezi as they should, in fact they want Khwezi to be the one offering the respect, not the other way round.

“They removed me from the group bhuti.....they called me black mlungu” my daughter is her father’s daughter, light as hell. She scares me sometimes, she is so light sometimes you’d think she is an albino and she always receive nasty remarks about her skin colour. I really don’t know what’s the matter with the kids we are raising, they always pick on other kids and some end up growing to be introverts because of the bullying they receive in schools “I wish someone could kill them all for me” I laugh not paying attention to them, they really pissed her off this time. Maybe I should take that phone of hers so she joins her brothers who don’t have phones.

“I can do it” the tone, my skin grows shivers once again at the change of tone in Mkhonto’s voice, I don’t see his face as he stares at Sne but the change of emotion in the house has me gulping “Say it” it’s like a command, he is daring her to say something

“Say what bhuti Mkhonto” Sne is giggling, I don’t know why

“Tell me to go kill them all” like lightning it strikes, clinking in and making sense. Sakhe and the twins share horrified expressions before they jump on their feet abandoning the game they were playing and scurry to the kitchen

“Mkhonto, Twebankie, bhuti” they all almost sing at the same time

“Don’t say it” Muzi tells Sne, pulling her away from Mkhonto

“SAY IT SNENHLANHLA” He fumes, filling the entire house with his creepy voice and something cold suspends in the air

“Mam Lihle please help” Sakhe begs looking my way, my knees are kissing on each other with a tremble, the courage to stand is close to zero “He is changing please” the panic in his tone cannot be missed. From the back I see Mkhonto’s heavy breathing, the rise and fall of his shoulders shows that he is laboured in heavy breathing. His hands starts to tremble, he let them fall his sides shaking like tornado “MAM LIHLE!” Sakhe shouts my name, the same time a glass of milk falls Sne’s hand and crumble to the floor.

“MAAAA!!” she cries, facing the creepy one. I still don’t have the courage to stand until he drops to the floor. Like a tornado he starts to tremble violently. From the tiled cold floor the poor boy shakes like his life depends on it. I feel a piercing sting on my thigh, snapping me out of my fears with a frown. Zizwe is before me and he just pinched me hard. Sne is consuming the stairs like she runs a marathon, heading for the bedrooms to hide

“My brother is dying mam Lihle” f8ck I finally stand after zoning out for a minute, my shaking knees allow me to walk to the scene. Joining Sakhe and Muzi holding the trembling Mkhonto tight on the floor. He is too strong for the boys

“Mam Lihle help with his mouth.....his biting his tongue” Sakhe gives orders. I try to hold his jaws but he is too strong. Zizwe pushes my kitchen cloth in his mouth through the battle. Muzi sits on his trembling legs while Sakhe has his hands pinned above his head. I’m holding his entire waist down. Zizwe is the one free and now he has my phone

“What’s the password mama lihle” I call it out in panic. In no time he is asking for an ambulance “My brother is shaking, his eyes are red and there is blood coming out of his ears” I hadn’t noticed that until he mentions it, there really is blood oozing out. In panic again he give out the address.

“HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE? CALL MKHULU GUMEDE, HE DOESN’T NEED A HOSPITAL” Sakhe chides the poor Zizwe as soon as he is off the phone

“But....” His dispute doesn’t see day

“BUT NOTHING, MAM LIHLE CALL MKHULU GUMEDE PLEASE....” Sakhe’s plea angers the trembling Mkhonto more, he violently tremble like he is fighting something trying to break free of him. His hands that Sakhe had been holding strengthen some more and like a damn stone, he throws Sakhe with a force we hadn’t expected. He lands on the fridge, leaving a huge dent on my fringe. Sakhe groans on the floor, wincing and squirming in pain. Muzi who had sat on his feet is also kicked to the stairs behind, he hit the stairs and break the stair case falling on the other side. A painful groan emerges from where he fell. I’m left holding his waist, which I immediately let go as soon as my eyes meet his foreign dark face. Something has totally claimed him. His the monster himself. Eyes dark, skin taking the colour red. I raise my hand in surrender and make way for him

“Twebankie please” Zizwe pleads when he passes us, heading for the broken stairs. Something fights him when he has to take the stairs, it’s like two people are in one body. He is still him though his eyes are black and his skin has changed to red reptile like skin

“PLEASE HELP ME” the words leaves the monster, for a minute I see the real Mkhonto and run to his aid but in a change of a minute his turned to the monster, Zizwe and I both cower back when venom takes him once again “I don’t want to go...” a frail voice that matches Mkhontos’ comes from the creature. We watch him battle himself, his hands are all over his himself, pulling at his clothing like he is

trying to remove something from him. Slowly but in a fight he reverses up the stairs, we follow behind but keep a safe distance “SAKHE HELP ME” again there is him, but just as we run for him he is consumed by a malicious force once again. Behind us Sakhe and Muzi are limping, following us up the stairs. Sakhe holds his side of ribs while Muzi bleeds on his entire arm.

We all follow creeped by fear until he is on the upper floor. The hallway has sliding doors at the far end of the balcony, which is miraculously wide opened

“MKHONTO NOOO!!!!” All of us scream at once when something like a force pushes him right outside the wide opened door. We all run to the doors but no one has the courage to hold him. He stands right on the bars that close the balcony, his on the edge, looking back at us once with the creepy dark eyes

“It’s taking me” his voice comes frail from the creature, like he wasn’t supposed to say a word we watch him die before our eyes. The fall claims him and he disappears right before our sight. The sound of his body claimed by the ground fills our ears. In cold silence we stand, feeling numb and not knowing what to do. I’m supposed to be the adult but I feel like the child, I have no courage to be the adult and see his dead body down on the pavement.

“KHWEZI!!!!” the sound of Mkhonto’s normal panicked voice echoes our ears, chasing the fear in us and replacing it with confusion.....we all share looks lost in confusion “KHWEZI NO! NO! NO! SISI KHWEZI PLEASE” Mkhonto’s voice comes crying, Zizwe is the first to kick the numbness and walk to the bars to check

“KHWEZI!!!” he gasps, more like a cry. Like lightning he flashes past us and run back down the stairs. In panic we follow behind, taking a minute to make it outside where we come to a view of Khwezi lying quite on the floor, Mkhonto is kneeling next to her crying

“Khwezi sisi wami no....i’m sorry Khwezi, I’ll never call you khwezi.....please look at me. KHWEZI!!!” oh no! I allow my fears to creep in harder. Deep in to the basement of my emotions I see my strength crawl there and shut down “Khweeziiii nooooo!” a piercing young man’s cry finds my strength as it was about to shut

down, the noble Mkhonto Dlomo crying for his sister. Once again I remember that I'm a mother, this are my children, the boy is pained and he needs someone to lean on. Clumsily I drop my knees on the stoned pavement besides him

"Twebankie move over, don't touch her" for once I remember that I once wanted to be a nurse, I once attended school for six months only to eat the rest of my fees with my yellow somebody when I was just a young lady. The frail Mkhonto has curled his body besides his sister crying like a baby. Something we don't normally see. I remember that somewhere I was taught that you must check a pulse. From her wrist I feel it, it's there though it's faint. Then somewhere I remember that you don't touch a person who's taken a hard fall, though I think this one comes from the movies I watch. Make sure they keep their eyes open. The words find a space in my troubled mind too

"Khwezi, princess!" I try not to panic as I pat her cheeks "Beautiful look at mam lihle, don't close those beautiful eyes" her eyes remain faintly closed though there is silent tears paving way down at the corners of her eyes. I want to hold her but I remember we are not supposed to touch her. Where in the hell is this ambulance? "Zizwe, bring my phone!" I order, keeping look at my fragile daughter on the floor. Zizwe and I are the only ones who didn't feel the wrath of Mkhonto's dog. He is the fresh one to run back to the house and like I thought he is back before I start to complain. The red light reflecting in a dot from the corner of my phone alerts that I have missed calls or messages. Just as I open the phone it rings, flashing the seer that also sends shivers down my spine. I'm naturally a coward but because I can stand my ground you wouldn't tell "Keep talking to her!" I direct an order to Zizwe who is the only remain brave crook. The rest are shattered and wincing in pain, including Mkhonto who has an open cut on his forehead. I take the call when Zizwe starts speaking to his sister

'Is everyone okay?' the stern spine chilling tone comes from the line as soon as I receive

'No bab Gumede, Mkhonto fell.....' I rephrase that 'That thing of his took over and pushed him, I think he fell on top of khwezi. She is silent on the floor though she is still breathing and crying' the sound of the ambulance sirens starts echoing the night, I pray it be our ambulance

'Keep an eye on Mkhonto, we are coming' he doesn't wait for my response but drops on me. Little brave Zizwe has abandoned the task I gave him, his waving at the ambulance showing them in.

In no time I watch my daughter lifted with outmost care. She is still breathing when they take her in, though I don't like the silent communication and borrowing of eyes they are doing. I jump at the back as soon as she in, Mkhonto joins me after receiving a coat from Zizwe. Little fellow ran to the house to grab me my husband's coat which was just behind the door. I was just in my sleep wear when this happened. Mkhonto drapes me with the coat and takes comfort on my lap, his head lie there and I listen to him cry in silence. I brush on him as the ambulance fly to whatever hospital. Only now I remember our family doctor Peter. I'm thankful of my phone being in my hand, I dial him and share the details, trying my best ignore the evil stares I receive from the paramedic. He promises to prepare for her while he waits for me to tell him where she was taken. Now all I can do is pray.

Peter kept to his promise, as soon as we arrived at the hospital Khwezi was admitted he showed up with his team in less than 15 minutes. Transport was organised for her to make it to his practice. We swapped hospitals and there was still hope. I had never thought Mkhonto would be a scared child but today proved otherwise. He still has tears silently paving way down his cheeks as he cling to me for dear life. His trembling hand draws strength in mine and the touch is aching but I soldier on, he is a wounded young men.

"Mam Lihle" terrified glistering teared eyes find mine while he sobs and sniff "She is going to be fine" I don't know if it's a question or he is trying to convince himself but I don't miss the worry trapped on his face

"Yes my baby she is going to be fine" I bring him under my chest for comfort as we wait. I don't know if she is going to be fine. Peter and his team have taken long enough, now I'm also starting to allow my fear consume me. I don't want to think that this would do to.....i don't think about it, I shut it out immediately.

"Mam Lihle it wasn't me" again he cries under my arm, speaking when I least expect it "I wouldn't harm my sister, I love her mam lihle"

"I know baby, I know it wasn't you" I'm comforting all over again

“Maybe I should just die”

“Mkhonto don’t dare, this wasn’t your fault my baby” he comes out of my comfort, looking like a mess. It’s a painful sight to see because he isn’t this naturally

“Mam Lihle” his sparkling eyes finds mine, but at this moment I’m not afraid, instead I feel pity for my young man

“Hmmm” I look back at him

“Please tell her I love her and I’m sorry and tell my mother and father I love them” what’s this now?

“Twebankie this wasn’t your fault, you’ll tell them yourself” a painful smiles grows on his face

“I love you too mam Lihle, and bab Mtho, and my sisters and brothers. I love you all, all my family” Aaaah! I sorrowfully melt, this is not a sight you see almost everyday

“And we love you too baby”

“Can I go get us some water?” water?

“Yes baby you may go” he smiles and shuffle off, when he reaches the door I catch a painful look in his eyes

“Please remember to tell everyone I loved them” I smile, he is so innocent I wish I could help carry his pain. His out of the door leaving me smiling. Poor thing.....wait....he said loved ‘Tell everyone I loved them’ f8ck! I curse on my feet, Gumede’s words coming to me ‘Keep an eye on Mkhonto’ how can I fail like this

“MKHONTO!!” I’m screaming down the corridor heading to the cafeteria like a madman. This boy better not do us like this “MKHONTO!!” nothing

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 50

It was when dusk descended the skies when the queen woke from a shivering dream. The first thing she did was dial Khwezi who told her that she was at home packing, then she went to Lihle who confirmed that the boys were outside playing. Still she wasn't settled. She went for a search of Gumede. If there is anyone who could interpret her dream it had to be him. To her surprise when she reached Gumede's hut, the door was wide opened and he was groaning and trembling on the floor. MaDlomo waited until his episodes ended. When he woke, he looked at her like he had known that he'll find her waiting for him.

"The predator is taking over him, we have to go save him" he said kneeling on the floor collecting some of his things into a bag "Go get the kids MaDlomo we have to go now!" she knew not to be told twice. Like lightening she dashed back to the house to pack up for her babies. She had a tail of three men behind her who saw her climb the stairs like she is running from something venomous

"Baby, sthandwa sami what's wrong? Are you leaving me again?" Vulamasango was the first to ask earning himself frowns from Mtho and Tj

"Why would she leave you again?" Tj directed the question back at Vulamasango. He had no answer to give, instead his eyes run away from the question

"We have to go. That thing...the predator is taking over Mkhonto. Gumede said we should go now" MaDlomo saved her husband from her brother's questioning look

"What do you mean?" Mtho asked receiving Mhambi while MaDlomo took Ngelosi as they walked out of the door. Tj blocked Vulamasango's path with his leg when the two were out of sight

"I don't know what is happening but I swear if you dare hurt my sister again....." his sentence is finished with a stare, he gives him a look that only their kind understand before he removes his leg for them to follow. Tj has always been protective of his sister. That Vulamasango knows very well but he doesn't appreciate the threat.

The family was packed in four different vehicles to Johannesburg. Somewhere along the way, Gumede had another episode. Soon after it passed he made a call to Lihle with an order for her to keep Mkhonto at sight. He had seen the boy run but he couldn't see where he ran to.

Upon their arrival at the hospital, they flocked the entire hospital waiting area. Lihle had already told them that they are at the hospital though they didn't have all the details of what transpired. Only MaDlomo and Gumede had the slightest details of what might have happened. Vulamasango and Mtho made way to Peter's office which they found empty. Lihle's phone was now unreachable.

Zizwe was passing to the cafeteria when he saw his grandfather in passing

"Mkhulu!" the young man exclaimed, Zizwe turned with a frown to spot his grandchild. He made way to the waiting area where he was welcomed with his entire family there. He looked for his mother first and when he spotted her he marched to her and only broke down on her lap. Vulamasango squat behind him and brushed his back.

"What's wrong my boy" he enquired gently brushing on his son

"Everyone is hurt baba....and twebankie is nowhere to be found" he managed through sobs and hiccups

"What do you mean he is nowhere to be found and who is hurt?" Vulamasango didn't understand what everyone meant, he needed names. Lihle's voice came screaming down the corridor before Zizwe could respond. She had been in panic that she lost one boy, she couldn't stomach losing another one. She released a sigh of relief when she saw that the family is here. Now probing eyes were looking at her for answers.

"What happened?" Mtho directed the question at his wife who looked shaken

She shook her head before she could sum up her response "Muzi and Sakhe are both admitted, Mkhonto ran and Khwezi..." she failed to find a word for Khwezi, she shook her head crying because she didn't know how to deliver the news. MaDlomo had been holding Mhambi when she abruptly stood almost dropping the child but her husband caught the baby before she hit the floor. In terror Vulamasango sat at the back holding his daughter when all eyes turned and focused on Lihle

“What do you mean Khwezi.....” she didn’t know what to ask, but she needed her to tell what is happening with her daughter. She asked now face to face with the hysterical Lihle. She felt her knees weaken but she stood on Lihle’s face, she needed the answer. Good or bad she needed to hear it “Lihle?” with glistening eyes she probed for her to speak

“I’m sorry boitumelo” Lihle managed through her palpitating heart and blurred sight

“Lihle talk.....say something.....what are you sorry for?” tears had now claimed her cheeks. The words trembled out of her. Vulamasango was numb at the back, he was pale for the first time in his life and he had no courage to stand. He had his eyes on his daughter in his arms who looked through his eyes like she could feel her father’s pain. He let a lone tear fall down his cheek as he awaited the devastating news. Through his teary eyes he felt himself connect to his daughter in ways he had never imagined. The young lady held his father with just a look. He felt hypnotised, like he had nowhere to look but her.....

“Peter said....he....said we have....this night to say....our goodbyes. She’ll not make it to see tomorrow” there, she said it. The news claimed boitumelo. She dropped but because she had people around her, her brother was quick to catch her. Ndlovukazi released a piercing scream holding Ngelosi to her heart. A sorrowful atmosphere it was. Almost everyone’s vision was blurred in tears. Everyone found comfort in the person next to them. Mtho looked for his brother who wasn’t visible among the standing crowd

“VULAMASANGO!” he panicked, not seeing him anywhere. Everyone offered an eye to look for him and there, at the back he was spotted sleeping. He had Mhambi in his arms but he was eyes closed and breathing laboured like someone sleeping “VULA!” Mtho panicked more now squatting before his brother. He took the baby in his arms and started hitting him to wake “VULA.....SOME ONE CALL THE DOCTOR PLEASE!” he shouted, uncle Kay was the one to shout down the corridor for a doctor.

In no time Vulasamango was attended. Peter called it shock when he offered him a bed. He promised his family that he should wake okay in no time. The problem had now been MaDlomo who stared into space with no word. TJ asked Peter to

sedate her because he was scared her heart would stop. She had been lost in space since she woke from fainting *(Drink water, this is fiction. Stop crying)*

.....~One minute he had been holding his daughter in his arms, aching at the news of losing his first born but now he feels like he just woke from a dream though he cannot make out the surroundings. He feels trapped in a dark phase 'vulamasango!' mtho's panicked tone comes full of worry, he wants to respond to him but he can't seem to utter even a single word 'vula....someone call the doctor please' his brother's plea he hears well, he wants to tell him he is okay but words fail him

'Ntanga!' a frown crosses his face, taking him from fighting back to his brother 'Here Ntanga' from behind him the voice say. Only one man called him 'Ntanga' and it can't be him, he is dead 'Mkhabela behind you' slowly he follows the voice from behind. He takes one long deep breath at the sight of his father sitting on a chair behind him. He appears sitting on top of a worn out bridge that looks like its decades years old 'Nyakaza nja' (Move dog) he is still shock stricken when he feels a wave like swift push him towards his old man 'SIT!' the old man commands....his body obeys though he feels like he has no control over it. His father looks at him in a look he can't make, he looks back in shock until his old man crack a smile. Only then they both laugh, unintended they laugh 'Ntanga' the old man now has a smile on his face

'Ba..baba' he is still in disbelief

'Why are you rejecting my blood Dlomo?' the smile is still there, though the question takes Vula by surprise. He hadn't expected that.

'Dinangwe what are you talking about?'

'I'm talking about ingelosi yethu that you refuse to accept' (.....our angel.....)

'I'm trying baba....' His father shakes his head

'Dlomo you're not supposed to even try. You don't reject your blood in this house. If you had accepted her we wouldn't be here Dlomo. They are going to take all their blood from you'

'What do you mean baba? Who?'

'Those who came before you. This is just the beginning. You're going to bury everyone you love, one by one all your children will die, starting with the eldest until the youngest. Then in the end MaDlomo will take her own life and you'll attempt to take yours too but they won't let you. They will let you feel all the pain for as long as they want'

'Baba what have I done so wrong?'

'Ntanga you're rejecting their blood. Since MaDlomo came back home when last did you hold that little girl' he tries to think but he can't make out when last he did

'Baba give me a chance to fix this, I will do right please. I cannot lose my daughter' the elder Mkhonto laughs

'It's not in my hands'

'Dlomo I cannot have my Khwezi..... I'm begging you, this will tear me up, this will end me.....please' he pleads, now kneeling before his father

'Sit up straight and listen' he does, failing to hold his tears 'Mhambi is the only one who can help you now. She has powers beyond us. She can communicate with those we also bow to. There is a high power everywhere Vulamasango. As your ancestors we also asks somewhere and unfortunately we have no word to those but your daughter does. MaDlomo should go back home with her, they should take the hut for couple of days. She connects with her mother more than you because her mother has never taken a life but you. She'll lead her mother on how to help her sister if those she communicates with agree'

'Thank you Dlomo, i.....' his sentence is cut short with a hand

'Vulamasango I need you to understand something. You're not just any man. We named you Vulamasango for a purpose, you were the one to open the gates for us after the longest journey. You were the one to lift our curse and you did. You weigh so much in this house and when you reject our blood, we take it as spit. You're spitting on our faces. Unfortunately in this world we don't revenge by inflicting physical pain. Emotional wounds is punishment for this world'

'Why are you telling me this Dlomo?'

'I need you to understand that what you say have so much impact. You can't keep saying you're trying to accept Ngelosi. You're not supposed to even try. She is a

Dlomo and it's your duty as the head of this family to accept our blood. No matter how they came into your world' he nods, looking down

'I hear you Dlomo' his father nods too

'Is there something you want to ask before I release you?'

He drops his head 'I'm in a situation'

'Vulamasango' he looks at his father 'It was never your child. You don't have to bring trouble in your house because of that. We know our blood and your seed can never plant anywhere but a motaung woman. You were always meant to Marry within the Bataungs'

'What do you mean? Khwezi was born but her mother wasn't a Motaung' his father smiles

'Vulamasango we gave you the chair. Exercise looking beyond the eye, you have the power to do so now. Have you ever wondered why Khwezi is always said to look like MaDlomo?' Vula's frown deepens 'Every family has its own secret, this one is not ours to reveal especially when it's not a threat to us. MaDlomo's bond with Khwezi it's blood. Tau has his own secrets. Now go back, your wife needs you'

'But wait, my son.....' He doesn't see him anymore as a wave takes him like it's pulling him.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 51

VULAMASANGO

Cold room this is. I draw in my surrounding only to come up with an image of a hospital bed. Yes my last vivid images draws me back to the hospital but I was never admitted....was I? I'm trying to grasp my mind and put pieces together when the door opens. He looks frail, shattered and with no power what's so ever.

"Thank god you're awake" He announces retiring on the chair before me while I sit up straight. Now it's back. I remember all that happened.

"How is my daughter?" he expels a sigh shaking his head and that's all the answer I need "My wife?" another head denial "My son?" another yet defeated denial

"I called Nduna, Abongile and Nkandla they are all out there looking for him but nothing, no one is saying anything" in frustrate he ruffles his face before he shakes his head and look at me "Are you okay?" Am I okay?

"I'll answer that once my family is okay, where are my shoes? I need to find my wife" he pulls them from beneath the bed

"She is still out of it, they sedated her"

"I have to get her back home" I ignore the frown in his face as I put my shoes back on "Not me, them. It's what they want. Mhambi is the only one that can save Khwezi and she can only do that when she is at home in her hut"

"Haibo satan! Did you perhaps have a sit with Mjeswana and he told you all this" I manage a breathy laughter

"One of this days Jesus will burn you for calling him Mjeswana and no by them I meant your forefathers. The mighty one visited me and put somethings into prospective. Let's go, I don't have much time left" I need to get my wife back home and see my boys.

“Not so fast. Let’s have a chat” he blocks my way and points me back to the bed. I know fighting him would waste much time that I barely have so I obey “Why are you so jumpy?”

“Jumpy? Me?” I’m a bit confused

“Yes. Earlier today when Makoti was packing for the girls, you assumed she was leaving you. Why would you come to that?” sometimes I forget how just how much this one knows me. Heaving a sigh I gather my truth in one place

“Remember Thobile?”

“Thobile?” his expression says he doesn’t remember her

“The abortion chick from grade 11”

He gasps in shock “Mazinyo? Is she still alive?” seriously “Come on, she had digging forks teeth or did she fix them”

“I don’t care about her digging forks teeth and you know what? I don’t have time to waste over her lies. Where is my wife?” it exasperates me that I asked my wife about taking a second wife out of guilt only to find out that the child was never mine in the first place

“The room next to this one. Wait. I want to know more about your madam teeth situation”

“Well I don’t want to talk about the damn vampire” he burst

“Hau! Mazinyo’s ex we were still talking moos”

“Tsek!” I shout back leaving him cracked at the door

Tj. I curse under my breath when I find him seated next to his sister. This one is here for me, nothing else and that look he serves is very obvious.

“Tj” I acknowledge through clenched teeth

“The king” I don’t miss the mock in his tone

“How is my wife?”

“How do you think my sister is doing married a king like you?” Focus Vula! I’ll not spare him my energy. I have far more better thing to do than to nurse his feelings.

“Sthandwa sami, MaDlomo” I decide to wake my wife and ignore his daggers

“Sedatives don’t work like that, she’ll only wake when that thing wears off her” Tj the master of information, I bet he’d swap me to planet hell just so I cannot see my wife again

“I have to get her back home”

“Why?”

“My ancestors want her back home”

“And where were they when her children were dying?” I only heave a sigh for him. Truly speaking I know I’m back the bad books of this man but can he please back off. I swear if he wasn’t my brother in law.....

“Unfortunately things don’t work like that Tj. Ancestors are not magicians. They are not God. Not everything that happens they have power over it. You people need to understand that those people don’t just sit all day watching over the earth and one wrong move they are here. It doesn’t work like that, not even God himself. You don’t pray today and ask for a car and find it in your garage the following day. Don’t insult your elders Tj. Ntate Morena would be so disappointed in you for asking something so insulting of his people” I could kiss Gumede right now. He saves me from the claws of the furious Tj walking into the room. I see him grunt but I know he’ll not question Gumede “What do you need?” Gumede directs the question at me

“I need Maa, my girls and my wife back home. She needs to sleep in the hut with Mhambi for a couple of days until she shows her how to go about this situation” he nods

“I also have to go back, they’ll need me too” I guess so

“Bafo, can you please get Nkandla or Abongile to come back, I need someone to drive them back home” he had walked in when Tj and I were in our turmoil. He offers me a nod shuffling out of the door. I follow him out too but my feet leads me to my boys. The room Muzi is admitted in it’s so dull. Any other day I would have

been welcomed by enthusiasm. Muzi is the one with a wounded broken arm. Sakhe didn't suffer much damage. He and Zizwe sit opposite to Muzi's bed.

"Boys!" I'm offered a painful glance before they wallow back in their sorrow "Hau! boMkhabela, did your girls dump you?" I ask settling on the bed beside Muzi

"No one dumps me. I do the dumping" Sakhe mumble grumpily

"Why are you all so sad?"

"Baba we want sis Khwezi to be okay and we want twebankie back home" Muzi is the one to break down, much to Sakhe and Zizwe's annoyance. He is the youngest and the crying one.

"Baba can you tell him to stop crying. Sis Khwezi and twebankie are going to be fine, right" I nod

"Yes. They are both going to be okay, I'll make sure of it"

"You can do that?" Muzi asks with hope in his eyes and cement it with a nod

"I promise with everything in me, by tomorrow morning they'll both be okay" they beam, all of them and it warms my heart

"You see, I told you. We've got superman here and if he doesn't, we can always demote him with our disabled one pack plumber step dad" they all giggle

"What step dad?" I would like to think this is a joke

"Your competition. Don't relax boy, they'll show you flames" obviously Sakhe, they fist bump with Zizwe not aware that they are making me angry "Is that anger I see Sango? Shame! Toughen up man, mjolo is not for the faint hearted" mxm! They roar in laughter, I don't know if it's my face giving me away or what "Where is mama? I need to talk to you"

"Mama is here, can I come in?" the voice comes behind us from the door. And there stands an image of what used to be my happy wife. She looks so weak, fragile like an egg. She is trying for a smile but it's a broken smile. I don't know when she got so fragile, she has always been strong but I guess even the strongest of them all do get tired. One blow she looks like she'll fate with the wind. Every rise and fall on

her chest is so weak, I see that right now she is only living for the sake of her children. I wonder when I missed this, when did I miss seeing that my wife is slowly fading in front of me? Have I been so consumed in me that I forgot the one next to me?

I open my hand as gesture for her to come. She comes and take a stand by my side. Relief washes over me when she doesn't embarrass me in front of the kids. She doesn't fight me when I take hold of her hands and claps them in mine bringing them for a kiss "Are you okay?" she nod with a thin smile before she abandons my hold and focus on Muzi

"Oh my baby does it hurt? Mommy is so sorry she wasn't there" she is brushing on his broken arm

"It's okay my heaven, I saved the day" Sakhe and Zizwe's expression disputes him "I was flying, doing everything. There should be family medals going forward and I deserve one for the bravest of them all"

"Mxm! Says the last coward of them all but MAM LIHLE!" Sakhe's tone has us laughing

"She was in shock" Zizwe argues, I wish I had seen it

"Yeah she was, mama I need to talk to you and your boyfriend" my wife steals a glance at me and I shrug because I'm as clueless as she is

"Okay baby, my boyfriend and I are here. What's wrong?"

"I'm need a small cuddly dog"

"What is a small cuddly dog?" I ask

"Those small fluffy ones. I am a very fragile man at the moment. First it was my woman, now my sister and brother at the same time. I need something soft to hold me through this pain and don't look at me like that Vulamasango, you never bought me a present for bringing an award home"

"A damn zulu award?" I'm appalled

"That was the best I could do, unlike two people who failed to bring even a single award home. And yes you and your girlfriend will get me a dog for my hard work and broken heart, not forgetting my ribs that were almost broken too today

because of your son. I need a cuddly dog” he folds his arms across his chest and I know it’s final

“I’ll see what I can do. Mama and I will talk about it”

“Thank you Sango and I need information on something. How does road accident fund work? Can I claim for my almost broken rib”

“Were you injured on the road?”

“No. But you can dent me kancane nje with your car, they don’t have to know all the details. I have serious debts. Mam Zodwa is threatening to blacklist me” I need to get my wife out of here, this one will not let us go I know

“Let’s talk about the accident later on, it’s possible that one” MaDlomo frowns at me as I pull her out of the room in to my prior room

“Don’t encourage him with nonsense” she chides

“I’m sorry sthandwa sami. You didn’t answer me, I asked if you are okay?” I ask again when we enter the room. She expels a sigh before she rest on the single bed

“I’m not Vulamasango. I don’t have the strength to say goodbye to my daughter and I just want my son found. Home safe and sound. What did I do to deserve all this?” her eyes once again become heavy in tears, one blink they fall

“I’m sorry sthandwa sami, so sorry. I’m going to fix this”

“How?” she attempts to clean her face but it’s not working, they keep falling back

“What did you do? Is there something you did for all of this to happen?” I drop on my knees to the floor and take hold of both her hands

“This is my punishment for rejecting Ngelosi but I promise you that I’m going to fix this. All our children will be safe. My father needs you back home. He said only Mhambi can help Khwezi now but she can only do that when she is in her hut with you so I’m asking you mama to please go back home and take the hut until Mhambi comes to our rescue” she blinks, frowning down at me

“He came to you?” I nod, she breaks into a smile...wait she is blushing

“He is so hot isn’t he?”

“Haaaa!” my jaws drop to the floor “MaDlomo are you crushing on my ghost father”

“He is a fine old man, probably would have made the best sugar daddy for me unlike his son” now that’s a jab, a fall from the cliff and this conversation just took a turn I don’t like “Are you taking another wife?” I did see in her eyes that she just took it there

“NO” I’m certain with my answer

“Then why did you ask me to take another wife?” sigh

“Can we talk about this after our kids are home safe and sound?”

“No. I want to know now. I want to know if my husband will be bringing another woman in my life. You are cheating aren’t you?”

“MaDlomo I’m not cheating” she doesn’t believe me, I see it in the way she looks at me

“Who is she?” with one look I can tell that I’m one step closer to losing my wife

“Thobile”

“Who is thobile to you?” she is calm though the fire in her eyes scares the shit out of me

“An ex” she expels a sigh, more like the I f8cking knew it sigh

“Are you two fu8king?” piss a woman she’ll forget her mouth

“No”

“Then why would you want to take her as a wife?” best I come clean

“Firstly I need you to know that I’m sorry. I did not cheat on you and I don’t dream about cheating on you. The past month when you were away I run into Thobile....actually we met in a bar. I was wasted and she happened to be my waitress. Somewhere through the drinking she joined my table and we talked. I learned of how I messed her life. She had two failed marriages all because of me I thought. I found myself consumed with guilt that’s why I asked you that nonsense. Not because I’m having an affair”

“Vulamasango right now you’re rambling. I’m not hearing what you’re saying. Can you for once do the right thing? Stop beating about the bush and tell me who the

hell is thobile and why do you feel so guilty that you'd want to take her as second wife" this is one of the damn reasons why I didn't want to move back at home. I have too many ghosts there

Sigh! "MaDlomo like I said, thobile is an ex of mine. We dated when I was 16/17 I'm not sure. But I was just a young man and I was in high school. Thobile was one of those smart pants girls in class. Those we thought would end up as doctors but she ended up as a waitress. She got pregnant while we were dating and because I was scared I asked her to have an abortion, which she refused at first but later during the pregnancy she eventually agreed. I think she was five months when she agreed. I stole money at home and accompanied her to one of those dodgy back door doctors. The abortion was successful but whatever that woman did to her damaged her womb. Now she can't carry children to term and she has two failed marriages all because of that" she hasn't left my sight, she releases a chuckle, more like a breathy laughter

"So you thought taking her as second wife would compensate for helping her have an abortion" shameful I nod "that's very selfish of you don't you think? Marrying a woman out of guilt.....or you do love her"

"I don't love her, I just felt guilt but not anymore. I just learned that the child wasn't mine in the first place" she shakes her head in disappointment

"The things you do Vulamasango, sometimes you defeat me. I actually have no word for you. Can I please see my daughter and leave?" she stands from the bed and walks off

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 52

PALESA

Lazy Sunday afternoon they call it. I'm soaked in a bathtub. God it feels nice. I didn't know I missed being soaked in water until we had a functioning geyser. Though the water is white with just soap, it still feels delicious. I'll make sure I buy some bubbles baths tomorrow after work. This I need to enjoy to the fullest especially because it's free, gift from my old boyfriend. I have to gift him back something nice, maybe that 'sweet thing' he's always fantasising about.....

"Palesa your phone is making noise" mxm! I need a new mom.....but wait, maybe it might be Abo. This will make it perfect. A long afternoon bath having a conversation with my man.

"Panisa nka" (Palesa here) Precious pushes the door and gives me my phone hurrying off, she and my mom are preparing for an all-night prayer they are going to. I never attend those. In fact I don't know when last I was to church. My phone rings again and Amandla's name flashes on. I roll my eyes before I receive the call, I wonder what she wants on a Sunday afternoon.

"Boss lady" I'm nice, we got paid not so long ago

"Hey, how are you?" why is she nice back? She is only nice when she is nervous. I look at my phone and smile before I respond

"I'm fine, how can I help you?" she clears her throat

"Don't you want to make R300 in a night" a frown creeps my face

"How?"

"I need someone to look after Milani for a night. Kenny is taking me out and our maid is home" I should have thought. This woman! She probably didn't pay the poor woman. Her maids never last because of this and she always leaves the child with me at work when she has no one, the youngest I'm sure she dumps them at Kenneth's mom. Milani is always the one I babysit the most "Please Pally, I'll pay upfront" if she knew that's my man's daughter she wouldn't even have asked

“It’s Milani only right?”

“Yes. Enhle and Junior’s grandmother took them for a weekend” those are here youngest children with Kenneth

“You can bring her but this better be the last time” it won’t, it’s my everyday threat when she makes me baby sit

“Thank you girl” she happily drops the call. I try to call Khwezi so we can gossip but her phone rings unanswered. I wonder what she is busy with. Last I talked to her she said she was packing.

An hour later I get out of the bath. Only because bloody Amandla called again waking me from my bath nap. She is outside. My mother is giving me looks when I get out of the bath, glancing at her wall watch. I know she wants to let her tongue loose but she lets me because she thinks I’m paying for the damn geyser. Its a few days thing I know. Soon she’ll tell me where to get off with her water.

“Maa, do you remember Milani?” I ask looking for my gown so I put it on to get the child. She doesn’t know her face to face but because we talk I know I have mentioned how Amandla makes me babysit sometimes

“Your boss’s daughter?” Thank God!

“Yes. Her mother is bringing her over, she wants me to babysit again. Can you imagen?”

“She must trust you. No woman would just leave their children with people they don’t trust” well I didn’t expect that

“They are outside”

“Tell her to come in and greet. I don’t bite. And what if she leaves you with her child and run? I need to know what she looks like so when the police ask me I know what I’m talking about” that’s the drama I expected, not her talking about trust. Precious tails by my side as I exit the house. She is a jealous child by nature. Her intertwining her pinky finger with mine is because I mentioned babysitting someone. Not because she loves mommy, sometimes I think she loves my mother more than me. Both doors open when we step closer. I wish it wasn’t this dark so I can see Amandla

properly. She looks nice. Though that heel she is wearing looks painful. I feel for her, I know all about painful heels. Those kind of shoes will make you look like you applied lemon foundation on you face the rest of the day

“Mila” She is a beautiful child, a bit reserved but loud when she likes

“Sis pally” she sounds down ‘Thank you’ Amanda mouths so Milani doesn’t see her

“How are you baby?” I ask

“I’m fine sis pally, is that precious?” I nod, they have never met but I sure have mentioned that I have a daughter named precious “She is beautiful like you”

“And you’re also beautiful. Why don’t you go back to the house with precious, I’ll be right behind you” she side smiles after nodding. I need to ask this one about the huge bag pack strapped on Milani’s shoulders

“I thought it was a few hours thing, what’s with the bag?” I ask as soon as the two are out of sight

“It’s her sleep wear and food in case we come back late”

“And you thought I wouldn’t dish for Milani, to bring food though?”

“Palesa your mother sells fat cakes for a living, I don’t want you’ll feeding my daughter that junk. My husband is a business man and he sure as hell would not allow Milani to eat those oily stones”

“F8ck you Amandla you hear me. F8ck you. Just because my mother sells fat cakes it doesn’t mean we live on fat cakes” her paying me doesn’t give her the right to vomit that kak out of her mouth

“You can’t say that to me, I’m your boss”

“Boss in your office, and you’re lucky this is my boyfriend’s.....” F8ck! “Give me my money” I offer her my hand before I spill compromising news.

“I didn’t mean to offend you but it’s a fact”

“My money Amandla!” she ruined my night. She places my R300 in my palm “If you’re not back here by eleven, I’m charging you another three hundred” nxa!

Zodwa looks expectant of something when I walk back in the house, she is looking behind me like she is waiting for someone else to follow me

“And then?” I ask her

“Where is she?” Yerrrr! I forgot she was supposed to come greet

“She was in hurry” she shakes her head, looking at Milani seated on the couch with Precious. She holds her mouth because of her.

“Hmk, listen when last did you speak to thato? She was supposed to be back by now” ausi thato is a grown ass woman, she can definitely take care of herself. She rents a room at the back but because she lived with us for five years, my mother worries about her like she birthed her

“She sent me a WhatsApp saying she’ll come back tomorrow after work. Her boss’s baby mama dropped the child and now she has to look after the baby until the boss’s mother can take her”

“I don’t like those people she works for, I had some disturbing dreams about them. Let’s go precious” she tucks her bag under her arm and folds her blanket. Precious is now a bit hesitant looking between me and Milani “Hai! I’ll not raise another demon in my house, one is enough” mxm!

“Panisa mbaaa!” she pouts her lips and I obey “I love you, mama” and then? She confesses eyeing Milani who is not even paying attention

“I love you too baby” Jealous kid I have.

“Mila, are you okay?” I’m asking this for umpteenth time. I have known her for a while but she is never been a quite child. Yes she is not much of a talker but she isn’t this quite

“I’m fine sis pally” her eyes remain glued to the tv

“You would tell me if you’re not okay right” she nods, not sparing me her look. I’m tempted to call her father but he doesn’t know about me knowing his daughter like this. Maybe it’s about time I tell him the things I hear. Something is definitely not right with this child.

“Sis pally” I’m glued to my phone, looking for Khwezi on the socials once again

“Hmmm”

“Is daddy supposed to touch my private part” f8ck! My phone slips through my hands and hits my mouth, I had been lying on the couch rest stalking people on Facebook

“WHAT?” I almost shout sitting up straight but I’m quick to reprimand myself “Your father touches your private part?” she shrug

“He wanted to touch me and when I refused he said I’m a bad girl but I’ll grow up and give it to him” I’m fuming for the little girl. Why are men so cruel? I’m dialling this monster I call a boyfriend. How could he?

‘My sweet thing’ sweet thing my left foot, I’m no longer his sweet thing.

‘Bona mona wena ntja, how could you want to touch your own daughter like that? She is 9 years old for crying out loud. Sies! Your disgusting maan. And I’m telling her mother, we are reporting you to the cops’ (Look here you dog.....) Yerrrr!

‘Eeeh! What are you on about?’ he has the nerve to sound so confused and so damn calm when I’m burning like this

‘Yei wena Abongile, bloody contestant of child molesters.....’

“NOOOOO!” I’m stopped by Milani’s ear breaking scream “Is that my dad?” she asks eyes popped out. I nod still on the phone listening to a damn child molester asking me what’s going on “I was talking about my step dad” you see why my child will call a step father sdumo, to avoid this confusions

‘I’m coming, you’ll tell me what you’re talking about when I get there’ just great, he drops the call before I could try to convince him otherwise. Now I’m mad at Milani. Why does she call step dad daddy? Step fathers are the Sdumos of this world.

“You know my dad?” she steals a glance at me

“Let’s talk about Kenneth?” right now I need that clarity, me knowing her father can wait “What exactly happened?”

“Please promise me that you’ll not tell my dad”

“And why should I not tell him?”

“My mom said if I tell him he’ll shoot my step dad and go to jail. I don’t want my father to go to jail” waitisi even woman are going to hell

“Your mom knows about this?” she nods “When did this happen?”

“Today in the morning, that’s why they left me. Daddy said I’m a bad girl and he’ll not spoil me with his money. They took Enhle and Junior only” and the bi8ch lied to me, she said the other kids are at their grandmothers

“Do me a favour sweet heart” she blinks at me “Don’t ever call Kenneth daddy, call him Sdumo please” she giggles

“He’ll spank me on my behind sis pally” and it gets worse

“He spans you?” she nods

“When I don’t do what he says he downs my panty and spans my behind” I’m shrinking on the inside, why do some kids go through such traumas at such tender age

“And your mother knows about this too?”

“She said we should keep it between us because daddy will go to jail” Amandla is a bi8ch! Simple as that. I produce my phone to call the man I didn’t want to come, now I want him here in a minute.

‘Abo how far are you?’ I ask as soon as he receives the call

‘I’m about to park now, I was just about to call you’ wonderful

‘Come to the gate my mom went for a night prayer, we are coming’

‘Wait, you’re coming with who?’ I drop the call, he’ll see for himself. Now I’m mad at him too.

Damn! It’s cold outside. Milani is right by my side as we make way to the car. The back window slides down showing Sakhe’s face which comes off completely mesmerised. Why is he travelling with them so late? Now I don’t know how I’m going to shout at him if he is with the boys. His door and Sakhe’s door opens. Milani

runs to his father when he steps down. I feel his glare at me but mine is following Sakhe, he has his eyes on Milani like he just saw diamonds

“What’s going on?” Abo questions me but I’m not on him yet, my eyes are on my crush who now appears to be taken by Milani

“Hello beautiful, I’m Sakhe. Can I please have your melodic name?” Milani giggles still holding her father’s waist

“Siphosakhe! In the car” abo chides

“Okay malume Abongile but Pally’s sister will catch a cold, its best if she comes take a sit next to me in the car”

“I’ll not repeat myself Sakhe” he mumbles climbing back inside the car. Abo puts Milani on his seat and pulls me aside after closing them in “Talk. Why is she with you and what were you talking about?” there is no rush. He can ask one question at a time.

“Firstly I know Milani because she is my boss’s daughter and I sometimes babysit for them and that’s why she is here today. And as for what I was talking about, that little girl in there just confessed to me that her step father touches her inappropriately”

“What is inappropriate Palesa?” cold, his tone is suddenly freezing like this night

“She said he tried to touch her private part and sometimes he downs her underwear and spank her” the rise and fall on his chest is prove that he is fuming

“Kenneth is touching my daughter like that?” the question comes through clenched teeth. I offer him a nod, though I’m a bit shaky now. I have never seen him mad until today and I must confess, his handsome face leave him when he is mad

“Get inside the car” it comes as a command, he looks like he is going to fall. He is breathing like someone on the verge of dying from heart diseases

“I can’t.....”

“NOW!” he roars. Can he chill? I did nothing wrong. But because I’m a coward I run to the other side of the car and climb in. He squats down on the floor outside, I don’t see his face but I can see he is hurting. After what looks like a minute or so he produces his phone and make a phone call

“Milly milly. Talk to me sweetheart” Sakhe is still at it inside the car. Now I realise that he is with the twins though the creepy one is not here “Don’t mind my sugar mama, it didn’t work out anyway. God was saving me for you” the twins crack in laughter stealing glances at me, am I the sugar mama? “Hmm? Talk to daddy baby girl” this one is a walking trouble, I feel sorry for our girl children “I’ll give you money baby girl, I’m about to be in an accident that’s going to leave me rich”

“What do you mean?” the question comes from me

“Pally your time expired. You choose a walking grave over this fresh blood. Don’t be a bitter sugar mama, my focus is here” he winks at Milani who has turned on her seat to look at him “What do you say baby girl? I want to be you special somebody. I was born special”

“How much will you give me if I agree to be your girlfriend?” Shock me again Milani! Sakhe is grinning

“I’m going to be very rich my girl, I’ll make things happen. How much do you need per day?”

“R50” it comes very quick, I doubt she even thought about it “But what do I have to do? I have never been anyone’s girlfriend” I’m interested in this negotiations going on but my mind is also on my man talking non-stop on the phone outside

“1. You don’t talk to other boys 2. You don’t say no to me 3. You visit me” there is laughter at the visit part from the twins but once Sakhe glares at them they look away. One has a cast on his arm, I wonder what happened “4. You don’t smile at my brothers 5. We make babies that look like you. If they don’t look like you I don’t want them, we’ll give them to my mother”

“And how do we make babies?” I would also like to know

“Don’t worry your pretty face about that one, I’ll teach you. We’ll start with the experiments when you visit me” I’m taking my daughter for prevention as soon as I see blood

“That’s too much, I don’t think I can do all that”

“Milly milly come on. Just think of the money you’ll be making per day baby girl. Don’t think too much about the terms and conditions. Think of the benefits” it’s a good offer, I wish I had a boyfriend that gave me R50 per day “Here write your number fast” he gives her a paper “My uncle is coming and he is my competition, he might take you too” it looks like he is done on the phone

“That’s my father, he is not your uncle and I don’t have a pen” Bathong! Milani is actually taken by Sakhe

“A.a Pally you lost on me. Don’t look at my girl like that, I’m moving on here” okay maybe I should stop looking so shocked “Call them fast, I’ll cram the first four digits coz you’re my girl. My brothers will each hold the three digits” Abo has stopped to talk on the phone once again

“Wait but you said my father is your uncle”

“Listen baby girl, we are not related at all. Your mother lied to you. That man is not your father, maybe you’re adopted who knows” and just like that, a dating show takes a different turn, Milani is frowning with an attempt to cry

“I’m not adopted, that’s my father” she is on the verge of tears. Abo opens the door when we all least expect it, he frowns at Milani’s face

“What’s wrong pumpkin? Jump at the back” Milani shift on the seat behind next to her boyfriend

“Sakhe said I’m adopted”

“Siphosakhe why would you say that?” he sounds cool, like he wasn’t mad few minutes ago. He steals a glance at Sakhe through the rear review mirror

“Malume Abongile you should get your girl. Pally is a bitter ex” what did I do now? I frown back at him “Can you believe she is jealous that I’m moving on and now she is trying to ruin things for me by lying to her sister saying you’re her father. I’m sorry baby girl but you’re adopted, there is no way you could be my uncle’s daughter” Milani is now crying “Don’t cry sweetheart it’s the truth. I love you so much I don’t want to lie to you”

“Pumpkin, don’t cry my baby. Sakhe that’s my daughter there, she is not adopted” silence welcomes it’s self inside the vehicle though the back seat is full of muffled giggles

“Malume Abongile you wouldn’t hurt me like that. This time I refuse, you’re getting too personal for me. Am I ever going to get married? First it was my sugar mama, now my girl? Why are you everywhere?”

“I’m sorry my boy” he is not sorry, he is grinning

“This is personal Abongile, too personal” he huffs and look at Milani with pleading eyes next to him “Please don’t choose the grave over me too”

“I don’t want you anymore, you said I’m adopted”

“Haaaa!” he expels a painful sob, like he is hurting “This world is too hurting for me. I’m changing professions, I no longer want to be a Zulu teacher. Do we have male nuns in this world?”

“I think we call them Priests” Abo is happy to share the information

“I think I need to tell my mother I now want to be a Priest” shame he looks really devastated. To think things were promising for him “I’m sure you must be dancing Pally. I hate that you’re witnessing my pain” I am, I was demoted to a bitter sugar mama and his happiness didn’t last for even a day “This is the beggining of Sakhe the priest, a bible will be my girlfriend”

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 53

PALESA

I'm in my night wear, only wrapped with a gown and I don't appreciate being dragged to his home. I don't want his sister thinking I'm indecent. If she happens to be my sister in law and we get to tying the knot stage I know one day when she insults me she'll remind me that I was once brought at their home in gowns. Or even exaggerate it to naked. In laws are not to be trusted, there are no beings that know how to pretend like those. Milani is familiar with the place, she ran into the house forgetting that I'm babysitting her, she is still under my care but she just left me with her father in the car. The boys were left at one of Khwezi's homes.

"At some point we going to have to get out of the car" oh! He finally remembers me. He is been glued to his phone texting since we parked here

"I can't let your sister see me like this Abo, what are we even doing here?"

"Palesa my daughter is not going back to her mother. Not after what you told me. I trusted her as a mother but she let her husband put his filthy hands on my little girl. Milani is staying here with her Aunt, who'll take good care of her" this one will get me in trouble

"Okay, I don't want her going back there too but what am I going to say to Amandla?"

"Tell her the truth, she knows where to find me" I watch him climb down the car and come to my side "Let's go" he holds the door wide open

"Abo let's not take hasty decisions, follow the right procedure. Take them to court and fight for your kid. You can't just take her like that. Amandla will fire me"

"I'll get you a job Palesa. Will you get out of the car, its cold" he is losing his temper. Men will not understand will they? We don't want to look bad in the eyes of our potential in laws

"We are just greeting only right?" I ask pressed on his warm body as we walk to the house. He has his hand tight around my waist.

“Mmmmm” he murmur, more like dismissing me.

Aphiwe is warm. She engulfs me in a hug I hadn't expected. She doesn't look like she is minding my clothing, her furious eyes bore at the one by my side.

“Amandla is never going to see her again Abongile” she delivers glaring at Abo “And as for that good for nothing she calls her husband, the world will be a better place without the likes of him” I don't miss the promise of death in her tone. I wonder how did she find out about this, or her brother was calling her when he was on the phone non stop

“Go rest Aphiwe. I'm taking care of it. How is she?”

“She is watching tv in my room. Sweet thing, you'll fix you and your man something. I didn't know that you two were coming” I hate and love this sweet thing name. I just smile for an answer before she disappears off our sight

“You can breathe, she is out of sight” Hooo! I hadn't realised I was holding in my breath “Let's go. You don't have to fix me anything, I had already ate, unless if you're hungry yourself”

“Go where? You have to take me home”

“I'm tired love, you said your mother is not home.....I'll drive you back home early in the morning” Aaaaaa! Why do I get ulterior motives about his vibes? His eyes are suddenly sneaky “Are you hungry?” crazy how he was a distant from me but now he is pulled me to his chest breathing down on my face. I flush under his look shaking my head “Perfect. We'll dine each other tonight”

“Dine?” I ask following behind me while he pulls my hand leading the way

“It's about time I eat my sweet thing wide awake don't you think” I knew it, the sneakiness in his eyes was about my cookie “Thank you” he has me pinned behind the door of his room

“What...what for?” I feel like my breathing is too loud, his look infected me with something foreign though familiar.

“Telling me about my daughter, I wouldn't have forgiven myself if anything happened to her” moving my shoulder in shrug is all the answer I can afford. I feel

pinned and caged behind the door with nowhere to go but surrender in his touch “You are what I have been waiting for, aren’t you?” I don’t know about that but I know about this, I’m the one to send my palm behind his neck and pull him to my face. He receives the message with open lips. He claims my waist with both his hands as we kiss. The kiss is slow and romantic, taking all the time in the world “Thank you for coming in my life” the words of appreciation comes in my mouth through the exchange of touch, breath and spit. The exchange of connection. I wrap both my hands around his neck when I feel desire kicking in harder. His palms make a dance down my behind, pushing his erections harder on my stomach.

“Abo...what....” words fade away, I thought he couldn’t pick me but I’m out of words when I wrap around his waist. He is picking me to his waist and my gown has been yanked off my body.

Like I weigh paper I’m wrapped around him like a piece of clothing as he finds the bed. Our lips are still colliding all the way to the bed with his palm firmly grabbing on my ass and squeezing. The hem of my night dress which is the last clothing I have on is creased to my waist. He lays me on the bed and comes to a kneel between my parted legs. Momentarily we break the kiss when he grabs the edge of my night dress and pull it off my body. The hunger in his eyes cannot be missed. Like a drooling dog he moistens his lower lip being sexy by force as he stares at my tits. Gently I allow him to push my upper body down the mattress. Now I feel his stare on my pussy. Both my legs he picks and place them on the edge of the bed. I feel wide open for him and delicious with just his look alone. My pussy is all laid out on his display.

“Oh my sweet thing” the sound of his voice between my legs does me so bad. Less talking will do right now. I find his head and push him right there, flexing my hips into his face at the delicious contact. I feel him protest a bit, it’s like he wants to breathe it in first “Relax baby” fuck he sounds better than Usher right now. Usher would audition to be his backup singer right now. I feel his hand open up my wet folds before he blows light air like his soothing a wound

“Babyyyy!” I moan flexing my hips trying to find his mouth

“You smell nice baby” he is frustrating me, his fingers are teasing around my cunt. Gently circling around my opening

“Abo baby I need your mouth” Good boy! “Oh fuck!” I die back on the mattress when I feel his first lick on my clit. Desire peak me up when he takes my cunt in his mouth. I swear this mouth went to muffing private school.

“Oh baby!” he groans in my pussy, inserting his finger in while he eats me up. I have my hand pressed on the back of his head. I don’t want him to let go of my pussy. He muffs and fingers it like his inside a jam jar.

“Abo baby two” I’m enough with the teasing, I want his two fingers to prepare this pussy for his cock. Double fingers I feel them move in and out inside my cunt. The contact is as delicious as his tongue drinking and sucking my clit. Gosh! I have never came over being muffed. I writhe when I feel my arousal threatening to explode. Oh boy he feels it too, getting the assignment by building me closer and closer to my triumph. In and out his fingers pick the pace while his tongue suck and lick my clit “Hoooo! haaaaa!” the corners of my eyes welcome waters of pleasure as I scream my orgasm, he doesn’t withdraw his finger when I explode on his face. He drives me further until my sweet pot start to clench around his fingers. I don’t miss the smirk on his wet face as he stands between my wide opened legs and strip off. His shirt is off his head in second, undoing his fly which frees his member when he drops the pants to the floor at the same with whatever underwear he was wearing

“Do you trust your man my sweet thing?” the question is asked as he moves between my legs and picks me further into the bed. His big cock is on my opening and he holds it just there “Hmmm?”

“Abo yes I trust you” gosh he is driving me crazy. Gently I feel him push an inch so only his round bulb enters my cunt. I want to flex my hip so I engulf the whole cock but his pinned me to the bed with one hand while the other one run up and down his shaft. He jerks off with the tip only inserted in my cunt, driving me crazy some more

“I don’t have a condom baby”

“Do it baby please” I don’t miss the smile on his face when he finally claims my body lying over me, slowly I feel his thickness stretch me up “Abo I love you” I confess through the oh so delicious slide. This cock is mouth-watering, I have never had something so tasty

“I love you too palesa” he whispers intertwining his forehead on mine. Finally he starts to thrust all in me, slowly by deeply filling it all from root into my pussy “Fuck palesa” he pauses his slow but deep strokes for a while when I grip him “Don’t do that love, I’ll cum. This pussy is too hot to handle” I can’t, I’m also close. My wet channel pulses around his shaft “Baby no...not yet”

“Abo I can’t” I’m a mess of tears, this is the first time I cry during sex and feels so marvellous. This are the tears of sexual ecstasy. Reaching between us he drives me more crazy working my clit as he maintains his deep strokes. I feel his cock throb over my soft spot and this time I fail to hold it in. Wrapping him between my legs I let it lose screaming his name “Aboooooo!”

“Yes my baby” on my chest he dies too. Fuck a perfect Sunday it is. His warmth spreading inside me makes our contact more sexual. Breath to breath we catch our breath until we grin at each other “Another one?” I nod beneath him, bringing him to a grin. He pulls out abruptly leaving me open and wanting more “Turn around and hold that headboard. I want to ride this big ass” like a good fuck I am my ass is all out into the air. My cunt is dripping with our cum. With one swift he is back inside my wet cunt, pushing me further down into the mattress “Fuck you feel so good baby” the tone comes through clenched teeth as he rocks me forward with his hands on my waists. He pulls and pushes me into his thickness slamming his balls out of my vagina.

“Babyyyy!” the damn tears again. He finds my clit with another hand, squeezes it while he rams into me from behind.

“I’m stamping my name on this pussy pally!” like a damn stamp he rams harder than before, roaring on my poor pussy. It’s rough but delicious and I want more of the rough strokes. My pussy squeezes around his dick “Oh!! Ngiyafaaa! I’m dying! Ka shwa!!” one last deep stroke I explode, same time as he sings his release flooding my pussy with his cum. I feel worked and leaking as I die on the mattress. He catches his breath behind me “Hai baby, let’s die for a night” I’m already drifting when he rest on top of me, I want tell him that he is heavy but...

....Something is making noise, I don’t know where it’s screaming from. My man and I are getting married walking on space, we are high above and our guests are

witnessing the union from the earth. I think babe and I are meant for heaven, earth is too low for us.....damn it what's that sound. Like a snap my eyes flickers open. I have something heavy snoring behind me.

"JESUS!" what's this light for? I jump like I just got bitten. Why is the room so bright
"ABO!"

"Baby it's too early for the noise, what's wrong?" what's wrong? Is he insane?

"Abo I need to clean up and leave, my mother is going to kill me" only now his eyes pop out

"Let's not panic my sweet thing" he kick off the covers and grabs my gown on the floor wearing it "Let me check if there is no one in the bathroom. Grab the towel from the drawer" what damn drawer? Zodwa is going to disown me "It looks like we have the house to ourselves. There is no sign of pumpkin or aphiwe" he announces walking back into the room. I haven't found the towel, I'm still standing naked thinking of Zodwa "Palesa, hey look at me" I do "Don't panic. I'm going to fix this"

"How?" my voice comes almost as a whisper

"Go bath, I'll think of something but I promise I'll fix it" heavily I drag my legs out of the room though I'm still shattered. I can already hear my mother's vile tone. She is going to kick me out. He had dressed me with the gown while he was begging me to come freshen up. Just as I enter the bathroom the sound that woke me rings again. It's my phone with Amanda's name. I bet she wants her child, it's around 10:00 am

'Amandla' I receive prepared for her screams

'Why is the shop not open?' is she asking me that first?

'Aren't you going to ask me where is Milani?' or how does this mothering thing work for other people?

'Obviously she is with you. Palesa I don't need stress right now my husband is fighting for his life in the hospital. Why is my store not open?'

'I couldn't find a sitter for your child since you didn't come back' thanks to her big mouth 'What happened to Kenneth?' I'm asking for the sake of asking, I wouldn't care if the man was fetched by the devil himself from earth

'A car ran over my husband last night Palesa, it doesn't look good. Can you keep her for a few more days. I can't deal with children right now'

'And how am I supposed to run your business while I have to look after your child too?'

'Make a damn plan Palesa. I'll pay you. And go open my business, I don't appreciate my clients calling me and telling me that we are closed' mxm!

'Bye amandla' I drop on her with the decision that I'm not going to work. I need to bath and go home to face my mother, Amandla can go die for all I care.

After my bath he quickly joined in and the promise when he left me in his home was that he is going to buy me something to wear because I can't go back home wearing a gown. I'm enjoying his home alone when I hear deep voices in the kitchen. I squirm on the couch and quickly remove my feet on the table when they enter the lounge. I wish I could ask the earth to open up and swallow all of me. I have four men standing looking down at me, the other two I see the smirks on their face but the king. F8ck khwezi's father. Can he smile please? He makes me feel dirtier.

"Yes girl!" it's the yellow one "You got it all neah?" he is grinning down at me like he awaits me to spill "On a scale of 1-10 how would you rate his game?"

"Bafo!" the king's tone comes as a reprimand. He shakes his head before he turns on his feet "We'll wait for you in the kitchen" I don't know if he is telling me or who but they all leave the lounge leaving me with this one

"HOW COULD YOU?" I grab the plastic bag harshly on his hands and disappear to the bedroom. I'm glad he is on my tail, I'll yell at him properly in the bedroom "WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?" I ask again as soon as we come to the bedroom

"Babe I didn't know how to fix this, then I remembered he a king"

"SO?"

“He’ll do the talking to your mother. They are my people, they will take whatever punishment your mother gives”

“I’m never sleeping with you again. What is Khwezi’s father going to think of me? Now I’m sure he thinks his daughter’s friend is a whore that sleeps with his friends” couldn’t he find other ways to solve this without involving them

“I’m sorry my baby. It’s no use shouting at your poor man. Let’s just get it over and done with. I love you by the way” mxm

“Yazi I forgot to tell you, your baby mama was yelling on my phone earlier saying her husband is in the hospital. Apparently he was hit by a car”

“Shame. We’ll pray for him” I can tell he doesn’t mean it

“Did you have anything to do with that?” a moment of silence passes by before he blinks and come stand before me

“What if I did?” I don’t miss the worry on his expression. I grab his hands and put them around my waist. I love them there. There is just a way he claims my waist.

“I would be disappointed in you, you should have made sure he leaves the earth permanently” he grins intertwining our noses

“Your something else you know that?”

“I know” it comes in his mouth as he explores my mouth once again, taking my breath away through another hungry kiss....

“Mzamane!” f8ck! We both jump. When did he open the door “I know the fire is high right now but you can burn it later. The king has to rush to the hospital after this. Pally my daughter in law don’t let him eat it all, leave some for Sakhe please”

“Khoza!” he raises his hands

“Sorry, finish up guys” he closes the door and stand inside staring at us

“Get out!” abo barks

“Oh I’m inside, I’ll close my eyes”

The closer we get home the more I sweat. I feel like a dead weight. I'm pressed between Khwezi's fathers at the back. The king and the yellow one. Abo had to take the wheel because he is the one who knows exactly where we are headed. The yellow one is the one who insisted that I squish between him the cold one. Now I see where Mkhonto gets his creepy nature. The other one at the front next to Abo I learnt that he is Nduna.

"We should have brought a goat" the yellow one suggest when the car comes to a halt. I'm worried about where they are going to sit. They are all going to squish on my mother's one couch in the kitchen/lounge

"This is Katlegong not KZN" The answer comes from the Nduna one

"But....."

"Let's go" the order comes from the king who is already out of the car putting a halt to an argument that was about to start. No one attempts to join him outside the vehicle, even me the subject of matter "The sooner you all get out of the car, the sooner this can be done. I have to be in the hospital"

"What are you going to say?" the question comes from the yellow one next to me

"Tell the truth and apologise"

"You wouldn't do that to me Dlomo" Abo sounds afraid

"You'll all find me in the house, let's go sesi" he gestures for me to get out of the car, I do obey but hesitantly. His character is not very warm, I would have preferred being accompanied by the yellow one. It looks like it's just us going in, no one is joining us. He shakes his head in defeat before he leads the way, now it looks like he knows my home better than I do as he takes the lead

The door is wide open and my mom is lying on the couch with a lit candle in the middle of the day. Behind the bulk man whom I have now grabbed his jacket to keep my trembling hands I stand. I think I catch a slight smile on his face before he knocks on the opened door. My mother opens her eyes which looked close like she had been in silent prayer, she gasps popping her eyes.

"PAAAA...."my name comes to a dead end when her eyes examine the hulk by my side "King Dlomo?" I join in on Mr. Dlomo's frown. How does she know him?

“Maa, saubona, may I come in?” his tone alone comes as command

“Of course my king, my apologies please come in” she is on her feet offering him the couch “It’s not every day I receive someone of your status my king, what can I offer you for a drink?”

“Oh Maa please don’t worry yourself. I’m not here as a king but I’m here as a father and I brought your beautiful daughter home. She was with my daughter the entire night. I was away on duty and my daughter called Palesa to sleep with them because she was scared. She is not really used to staying alone in the house and when I arrived this morning and they told me that they didn’t ask your permission, I thought its best I bring her myself and apologise for keeping her without your permission”

“Your daughter?” my mom inquires

“Khwezi maa” I can speak now, the lie is perfect

“Hau! Palesa, you didn’t tell me that Khwezi is of the royal house. My king it’s no problem, you should have just called. You didn’t have to come all the way here” Mr. Dlomo smiles, the first full smile I see

“I had to Maa, I know this young ladies drive us crazy sometimes. Maa if I may ask, you look a bit familiar and you seem to know me. Are you perhaps from KZN?”

“You don’t recognise me don’t you” there is a ghost smile from my mom’s face “I’m Zodwa, Thobile’s aunt. I got married this side but unfortunately my husband passed on leaving me with this girl” he dishes a grin, though it comes impassive. It’s hard to tell if he is happy with the discovery or not.

“Oh! Now I remember you. And how is Thobile if I may ask?” I think it’s just for pleasantries, he doesn’t really want to know

“Struggling but she’ll be fine. She is actually on her way here today. She mentioned that a friend of hers needs her”

“That’s nice. Please pass on my greetings. Maa if I may please ask for a path”

“Thank you my king, and thank you for seeing my daughter home”

“Anytime Maa, Palesa” Oh he knows my name....he nods more like a bow before he turns on his heels but he is met by my aunt’s face with her small bag when he turns. A bit awkward they exchange stares until aunt thobile try a shaky ‘hi’

“Hi...” it sounds so weak, like she wants to say more

“Hi” his is....i don’t know, I would say cold but there is something in the way they look at each other. Aunt thobile better not start. This man is married to the most beautiful woman in the history of beauty. In and out. Again he nods more like a bow before he shifts to leave but aunt thobile throws her bag on the couch before she runs after him. Because I love news I’m quick to march to the bedroom so I look through the window. I can hear them as well.

“Vuvu!” aunt thobile’s tone comes soft, more like begging. He removes her hand which was trying a hold for his arm “I’m sorry”

“Sorry! What were you playing at? I was with my wife damn it!” his tone is low but the shivers it gives has me wincing for my aunt

“I’m sorry Vuvu I got too ambitious, I thought.....” she trails off before she collects herself “It won’t happen again. Maybe I just thought the kiss we shared rekindled what we used to have and when we spent the night together talking I just thought...” She is interjected in a cold tone

“Thobile I told you this and I’ll tell you again. That kiss was my worst mistake, it wasn’t supposed to have happened. My heart beats for one woman only and that’s my wife. I was drunk and mad at everyone around me and you happened to be there to listen, which I’m grateful for but don’t mistake me talking to you for something else”

“It’s not a mistake Vuvu, you promised to take me as a second wife”

“Out of guilt. You guilt tripped me with the abortion saga which I was totally falling for because I thought I ruined your life. But now I know better, you were never pregnant with my child” I wish I could see her face but I can’t, I have her back but I can see that she must be shocked

“How...how do you know that?” I’m shocked of her admitting

“It doesn’t matter. Goodbye thobile” he attempts to leave but his hand is grabbed once again

“I’m sorry”

“It’s okay” he removes her hand once again

“Vuvu if you ever need to talk again, don’t hesitate to call me. You’re going through the most and no one is paying attention to you. From what you shared the other night I can tell that you have to be a rock and leader for everyone but no one is ever there for you. If you ever need someone to be there for you, do call. Even if it’s just a phone call” the impassive face that he had been is replaced by serenity, I think I see a slight smile before he turns to leave without a word.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 54

BOITUMELO

Three days! Three damn exasperating days I have been locked up in this hut with my daughters sleeping and hoping for a damn miracle dream but nothing. Mhambi is her cute baby self. I'm yearning for her to do her extra ordinary things but my baby is just being a baby when I need her to go all sangoma on me. I'm beyond exasperated at this moment. My mind is all over the place, if I'm not thinking of Khwezi I'm thinking of Mkhonto. With each day passing by I cringe further into a dark hole of fear. I'm scared that one day I might wake to some devastating news. Mkhonto is still nowhere to be found and Khwezi is still lying silent on the hospital bed. I feel like my every day is raining in hails. The storm in my life has taken over my children.

The hut door opens without a knock and I know its Ndlovukazi. She is the only one besides Gumede who comes and go as they please in here. She holds my cell phone in her hand.

"Your husband has been calling non-stop" she hands it to me on the skin mat and choose to retire on the bench. I had left it inside the house when I went for a bath and breakfast in the morning. This days I no longer feel the distance of the hut to the main house, I'm used to this up and down now.

"Thanks Maa" I receive it and not attempt to call him back, she stares at me with a frown. I know her question before she even asks

"What's wrong with you two?"

"Nothing is wrong Maa. I just don't want to disappoint him. He keeps calling expecting me to say I had the dream" it's not entirely a lie, it's part of it though the main reason is because I still feel betrayed by him

"I'm here for the girls, I think you need to get out a bit. You have been cooped up in here for far too long. Maybe a change of scenery might be the breath you need to relax. Gumede did say nothing will not come if you're still this anxious" I'm glad she doesn't probe the matter of me not calling my husband back. I need this dream

and my son found. I don't know if getting out of here is what I need but it wouldn't hurt to try it her way. My way hasn't birthed any fruitful results, in fact I seem to be more and more frustrated with staying in here and waiting for a dream. She holds Mhambi while I hold Ngelosi helping me up

"Where are you taking me?" I ask when we walk out of the hut

"Me? MaDlomo you need friends" I manage a light laughter at her reaction

"Who am I going out with then?" I mean I can't go out alone

"I'm only coming this once, and only because there is this place that makes the best steak and I would like us to try it" I guess steak it is, I just need the damn dream. If going out for a steak will help my foggy mind, then steak it is.

She wasn't impressed with my choice of clothing but she kept it to herself though her looks were loud as hell. Nkandla is driving us. He is a cold man. I don't enjoy him as much as I enjoyed Abongile but maybe with time I'll also warm up to him, and it doesn't help that he is listening to some Mgqumeni songs. He is too deep for my liking.

"Hei! MaDlomo I almost forgot to tell you, your friend was found yesterday" Ndlovukazi breaks the maskandi situation inside the vehicle but she receives a frown from me

"What friend?"

"Lulu. Tj passed by to greet Dimpho before he left yesterday and we found her there. Apparently they found her half way across the ocean" I had totally forgot about her, it's been one thing after the other. She is nothing to me going forward. I'm cutting all ties with her "She doesn't look good. She asked to see you" I shake my head no before I sum up my verbal response

"I can't, she and I are dead" it's okay to be selfish about yourself once. People continue to hurt us because they know we'll always forgive. Sometimes moving on and not looking back it's all the full stop you need to end things

"Just hear her out mtanami, she is not great"

“I’ll put her in my prayers but there is no way I’m seeing her. It’s my final decision” she heaves a sigh just as maskandi dies in the car. We have come to a stop before a restaurant I’m not very familiar with. Nkandla has jumped down and opened my door within a minute “Aren’t you coming in?” I question Ndlovukazi who is suddenly drawn to her phone

“I need to make a call, go ahead and book us a table. I’ll be right behind you”

“Mandlunkulu!” then there are those, I sometimes forget that name. I offer him my decent smile before I leave the car going for the restaurant.

The restaurant looks odd. Awfully quiet. I take tentative steps passing the entrance which is supposed to have waitresses welcoming customers, I’m thinking behind the reception wall which hides the floor of the restaurant I’ll see people but no. I can’t help the light laughter that voluntarily breathes away from me at the sight of a man sitting on table set for two. It’s just him looking damper inside the empty restaurant. My husband is fine when he likes. He looks like mine.....well he is mine. Now I realise why his mother was a bit fussy over my dress. I actually feel underdress now.

“My heaven!” he reciprocates my smile, I can’t help it but flush in pleasure

“You’re not supposed to be here, when did you get here?” he is come to fetch me because I had been just standing and drooling. He finds my waist and pick me to his toes

“Just now. I haven’t seen you in three days and you have been ignoring me” guilty as charged. I hide my face under his chest and inhale him. I missed him. He is an ass but I love him and I miss us without the drama, maybe this is just what I needed

“You smell nice” I inform trying to escape having to explain myself about ignoring him. He doesn’t dwell on it, he is in a great mood. I look up to his face and he cages mine. Within his hold he cups my face and peck my nose before claims my lips. Oh! I missed his expert mouth. Almost two decades later the man still knows how to sweep me off my feet. I hate him and love him at the same time “A.a.” I let a giggle pulling off the kiss, he is getting carried away and deepening the kiss

“You do know I flew just so I can be with you for a couple of hours so please woman! Let me enjoy my wife any how I like” he shakes his head with a side smile when I roll my eyes. His warm palm tenderly holds my hand and walks me to our table. He pulls a chair and help me to my seat. His face remains on my side shoulder, he pecks right on my shoulder and whisper in my ear “We have the place to ourselves Mrs. Dlomo. Are you still menzing?”

“What is menzing?” I can’t contain the horror on my face as I look back at him over my shoulder

“The tlof tlof, is it still bleeding?” I squint my eyes at him, this is not him, this language is written Mtho

“You flew all the way from Joburg for tlof tlof?” I mean.....

“Yebo MaDlomo, ngifuna sivale amakhethini sishaye itlof tlof all night long” And they call him the king! The only thing I can do it to clap my hands, he roars in laughter coming for his chair “That’s my brother’s lingo by the way, he ordered me to say that before anything” I knew it “How are you sthandwa sami?” he asks still consumed by a smile. It feels nice to just laugh with him, lately we don’t do this very much. I heave a sigh to recover from Mtho’s inflicted madness before I could respond

“I guess I’ll be fine. How is my daughter and have you heard anything about Mkhonto?” and like that I kill the mood but he claims it back

“Can we not drift to that tonight? I would just like to hold my wife to sleep just for today and fly back to Joburg in the morning. But to answer you, Khwezi is still the same and I haven’t heard anything about Mkhulu.....hey! hey! Don’t drop those beautiful eyes. No news is good news” I guess

“And you? How are you?” he smiles my question, something I hadn’t expected. He is in a very good mood.

“You haven’t asked me that in a while”

“I haven’t?” I ask a bit confused trying to remember

“No my heaven. Lately you.....” he trails off “You know what, I said no heavy staff today. Today we are just going to forget our sorrows. And that starts with me feeding you. Maa tells me they serve the best steak in here”

“That sneaky woman. I thought it was just going to be me and her”

“Ndlovukazi is playing for her son’s team” he raises his hand and a man comes out pushing a serving trolley “I hope you don’t mind. I asked the chef to prepare us his best steak meal”

“I do not mind my king” he laughs, shaking his head as the man uncovers our meal and place it on the table. We wait for the man to be off sight before we go back to our bubble “Thank you” I think I needed this

“Anything for tlof tlof sthandwa sami” we welcome light laughter once again as we indulge “MaDlomo?” I’m mouthful, I hadn’t expect to find him staring at me. It doesn’t look like he even started with his meal “I’m sorry” he said no heavy staff today, I don’t want us to go there “I’m sorry I haven’t been the best man I promised to be. I’m sorry I have been an ass and I’m sorry that I made you question my love to you. You are and will always be the only woman I love. Only you” my mouth curve in a side smile, he looks really sincere

“I’m sorry too that I wasn’t there for you when you needed me the most. But I can only hope that you understand that I love you and I would like to choose you all the time but not when it comes to my kids” he nods, in understanding

“That I know very well zululami, anyway. Let’s eat, I said no heavy staff today”

Tlof tlof he ain’t getting, he’ll have to be strong about that one. I can’t help the smile on my face when I find him lying on the skin mat with Ngelosi on his chest. I had gone to get an extra pillow for him because he insist on spending the night in here with me.

“You’ll hurt your cheeks!” I will. It warms my heart seeing him accept his daughter. He is now eating her tiny feet and the giggles leaving Ngelosi are out of this world. I drop next to them, wishing to have snapped the moment “Sthandwa sami?”

“Hmmm” I’m changing Mhambi next to them

“Do you think she’ll remember?”

“Who?”

“Ngelosi? Do you think she’ll remember that I once pulled a gun on her head?” I stop my task, look at him and find him lost in Ngelosi’s tiny cute face

“No Sango. She’ll not remember any of that. You said no heavy staff today, please don’t let that mistake consume you. You were mad Dlomo. Forgive yourself and love your daughter please” I love that there is a grin on his face

“I guess I’m back to Sango” we both laugh, he can be stupid when he likes “Thank you”

“For what?”

“Accepting her, you didn’t have to love and accept her but you did. You choose her over me and that goes to show just how much of a phenomenal woman you are nkosikazi wami. And for that I need you to know that I appreciate you and I love you with every fibre in me” (.....my wife....) I’m flushed though I have to ask

“Are you dying Dlomo?” he is been on cloud nine since lunch

“Yes. I’m dying down there. Look at the panga in my trunks” I can’t believe he is talking about his di8k in front of my kids. I’ll not entertain his tlof tlof advances. Thank god his phone rings, I don’t have to respond to that madness. I pass it to him and catch a name, it’s Majara.

‘Molapo’ he receives it on speaker

‘Snipper how are you?’ he grunts, shift a bit uncomfortably. Now he looks like he regrets putting him on speaker

‘Molapo I’m with my wife and you’re on speaker’ I hear a bit of a chuckle at the end of the line

‘My queen, Mrs. Dlomo, o kae mme?’ (How are you?)

‘Ke right papa Tlotla lona le jwang?’ (I’m fine papa Tlotla, how are you?)

‘I was doing just fine until today morning’ Sango and I share frowns before he asks

‘What happened?’

‘I welcomed an unlikely troubled Mkhonto on my door steps this morning’ we both gasp

'Jesus abuti Majara how is he? Is he okay? how did he get there?' I fail to hold myself

'He followed his mate's scent all the way here. He said he needed to be around Tlotla because he only controls it when he is with her. He finally made it here after three full days because he was fighting it, it didn't want him to come here' I hadn't realised I was crying until Sango pulls me to his chest

'Majara thank you so much, can we talk to him?'

'Not now, nxa! Can you believe your little trouble showed up here and has taken my daughter hunting already?'

'My son is a Dlomo Molapo. Hunting is in his blood.....he knows that Tlotla is a good hunt' the huff in Majara's tone has us laughing

'And I guess Say knows a good hunt too. He is on his way there. Mkhonto told him about the accident' now it's Sango's turn to huff 'Before I go. Dlomo I need your permission to take the boy to the mountains, this thing is getting out of control now' Sango looks at me and I nod. It hurts that I won't see him for that long but I'll soldier on

'As long as my wife and I can talk to him before he goes, we need him to know that what happened wasn't his fault and we love him'

'I'll make sure to call you when they come back. Let me go Aragorn is showing her mother flames.....and again speaking of Aragorn, your people are ignoring my son's claim over the healer''

'It's not them Molapo. It's me, I'm the king and I should have seen it through but I have been all over the place. I'll fix it as soon as I'm out of the mess I'm in. Though we are all still confused because the prophecy said "he'll be born the same day with the one to tame his darkness, he was conceived when the alpha was still tainted in darkness and he was presumed dead but the day he comes to this world, all the darkness will depart him because he'll be born on the same day with his keeper" my question is who does Aragorn the wolf have claim in my house. Both Mhambi and Ngelosi were born the same day and the prophecy didn't say anything about two girls' this one I'm lost as f8ck. I actually don't know what they are talking about

'My son is an Alpha, a badass that shakes even me. The strongest female in your house has to be his mate but that's just my take. Bring both girls and we'll see it from there.....Snipper, I really have to go. We'll talk' he is out of the line

"What are you two talking about?" I question eager for answers

"Nothing to worry your sweet self about" he puts Ngelosi next to Mhambi and come for my face

"Dlomo I want to know"

"Nah!" it come in my mouth, his wetting my lips, brushing and biting my lower lip a bit "Sthandwa sami have you really not healed" the words comes breathless on my face, he really is horny. I have but I'm not ready. This time I don't know what happened, it's like all my sex drive died after giving birth

"One more month I think I'll be fine" I try to come as sweet as I can so I convince him but I guess not. He pulls from my face and frown at me.

"One more month? Are you listening to yourself?" bathong! Why don't men understand "And what am I going to do with this d8ck in the main time? MaDlomo the girls are turning three months next week and that's the longest I'll take. Don't be starving me please" can someone please come sew my cookie, I'm really not ready for sex again.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 55

BOITUMELO

~At ease I feel. Light and radiant under the cooling effect of the balcony. I sit beside my husband who is immersed in a newspaper doing the reading of a lifetime. I wonder what's so interesting in there.

'Dlomo' I interrupt deliberately

'Don't talk to me I'm about to be a mean grandfather' I laugh, his tone comes exasperated though light. Somehow it's like I know what he is talking about 'I can't believe I trusted Seeiso only for him to knock my princess up' he hasn't spared me a glance, his focus is still dead in the grey paper

'He is marrying her Sango stop being dramatic' only now he borrows me his stare though it's accompanied by furrowed brows

'Marrying her? I don't want her to get married!' I afford him an eye roll at his sudden livid tone and look the other way. Khwezi is twenty three, I don't know why he has to be so hot headed and.....what's that?

My eyes have drawn to an image of two girls playing under the tree. They giggle and play offering us their backs. I cannot tell who they are though I feel like I know them.

'Dlomo who are those girls?' I question not leaving a sight at the girls

'Which girls?' I point out with my index finger under the tree where one girl is running further into the bush. The other one remains kneeled under the tree.

'Your daughter's pregnancy is also dealing with you m'kami, you don't know your daughters now' I change my sight to frown at him to explain 'That's Hlelo and Luhle, what's wrong with you?' Am I losing my mind? I look at him to explain but he shakes his head and stand to leave. I'm left more confused staring at the back of a young girls who looks five or six years old

'MAMA! MAMA! MAMA!' from a distance a sweet voice I don't know though it sounds too familiar to my heart calls. I look behind me first hoping to see the 'mama' she is calling 'Mama mogirl I'm calling you, I'm the girl'

'ME?' I'm out of voice, it comes as whisper

'Yebo mama, it's me gogo. Please come to me' I can feel myself tremble, I don't have the reason for my palpitating heart but this doesn't feel normal though I do obey and head to her with shaky knees. Every minute I take closer to her I feel like it's a push, a propelled force by power I cannot describe. In a minute I'm behind her 'SIT!' a voice so tiny and soft but holds so much power command me. My knees breaks at the command and I find myself kneeling behind her. She is hitting something on the ground, I wish I can see what it is and her face but I suddenly feel like I belong right at the back 'ON YOUR LEFT HAND, I GIVE YOU THE HERB OF POWER. WITH YOUR HAND, I NEED YOU TO DIG IT AND WASH MY SISTER WITH IT. YOU'LL FIND IT RIGHT UNDER THIS TREE' behind I nod, failing to utter even a single word. From my left side of hand a see the herb I have never seen before until just now 'ON YOUR RIGHT I GIVE YOU AN URUK ORC NAIL. THAT NAIL I GIFT TO MKHULU GUMEDE FOR HIS UNDYING DEVOTION TO THIS FAMILY. I NEED YOU TO GIVE HIM THAT NAIL WHEN YOU FIND IT. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT AND WHO TO USE IT FIRST ON' from my right hand I see a nail that looks bigger than those we call nail's witch. I think it's the size of my index finger only it's just a nail.

'Mhambi' I don't know where the courage comes from, but I do call her. She awards me with a giggle though she doesn't turn. How I wish to see my baby's face.

'Mama' her tone is mysterious, it sounds old though it comes from a tender soul

'Why don't you look at me baby' the giggle, I have a feeling my baby is a peaceful baby

'You're not supposed to see me like this yet mama but I had to come. I had to come so we can save my sister. Please go and save her. Her mother trust you with her, she is at ease now knowing that her child is in the hands of her blood sister. She is mad at baba but she'll not retaliate because it was her fault in the first place. She wanted to take her to punish baba but I talked with her, I made her see that my sister is with her blood in both ways. She is calm now and she freed her. The

window period is just this night, please go now and bath her. Don't forget to give Mkhulu Gumede the orc nail'

'Wait Mhambi!.....Mhambi!.....' it's too late, like a gust of wind I watch her vanish before my eyes. I wish to have seen her face, just this once.....~

"MADLOMO! Sthandwa sami your scaring me, wake up" a voice so dominant comes panicked over my head "Buthumelo don't you dare!" I feel the lite taps on my cheeks "Mama don't do me like this, please I'm begging you. I cannot take losing mo....."

"Dlomo!" I cut his cry short when my eye finally open, he is on the verge of tears

"Oh mama you scared the shit out of me" his lips find comfort on my forehead "What's wrong? Why were you shaking like that?" his caged me between his strong hold, we are still in the hut

"I had the dream Sango, we have to go. We have only this night to save our daughter" shooting straight to the point is what will get him off worrying about me I know

"What do you mean we have this night only?" he is on his feet in a minute and he is wrapping our girls with their blankets picking them up

"I don't know Dlomo. It's the instruction. She said the window period is just this night. Please find us a way to fly back to Joburg as in now and get wake bab Gumede for me please" I have found my gown making my way out when he grabs my arm

"It's dark outside, where are you going alone?"

"I'm going to the tree, I have to find the two things she gave me"

"What things, what tree?" I honestly don't have time for this, this night should not end. I have questions too but all that can wait until I have bathed my daughter.

"Dlomo, please let me go. I'll be fine I promise. I'll explain. What I need you to do is to get us a way to fly to joburg as in now and wake Ndlovukazi to babysit for me, I have to go to joburg with you tonight" he drops his chest when he heaves a defeated sigh, I'm thankful when he frees my hand because I'm able to run to the tree. The tree is right in the yard. I was told that it was planted by Mkhonto the

first. Because we were in the hut which is a bit far from the palace, it doesn't take long for me to reach the tree.

Like I knew what to do I drop on my knees like I did in the dream. From my left hand I see the herb. I snatch dig it rooted from the shallow ground. From my right hand I see the nail. I pick it quick and sing my thank you to the quiet tree then run back to the house. I'm worried about time. I pray we make it just in time. I'll ask about me being blood related to Khwezi after she is woken or maybe ask Peter to conduct a DNA test between me and her in silence.

PALESA

I have been made to quit my job. The past three days I have been at home and doing nothing. Amandla called the cops on me when I couldn't return Milani and I told them the truth....well not entirely true. I told them that Milani's father took her. I was glad they didn't question my relationship with the man in question, they entered their vehicles and headed to Abo I think. He told me that everything is fine and we'll talk but it's been three days he hasn't come to see me. I'm growing out of patience. I just need a job from him.

The situation at home doesn't help that I have an aunt from hell who is all over the place. She is too noisy and asking things that don't concern her. She is been on a mission to find out how I know Khwezi's father and why he brought me home. My mom told her the lie truth she knows but she is not budging, she is like a dog sniffing for information

"You look nice, where are you going?" for someone who is in Joburg to see a friend of hers, she sure is comfortable. She hasn't left the house to see the 'supposed' friend. I'm starting to think she was here to see Khwezi's father after their conversation. She has made herself comfortable eating pop corns so early in the morning. It's soft life I see.

"I'm going to the hospital" I don't dare explain, I learned that Khwezi was admitted three days ago. I have went to see her couple of times but there was still no change

"Can I tag along?"

“NO” my response comes immediate, I don’t want her coming along and bumping into Khwezi’s father only to make things awkward for me “I DON’T NEED YOU TO COME WITH ME. GO SEE YOUR FRIEND AND LEAVE ME ALONE” I make sure to come stern so she hears me properly

“You have an attitude yazi palesa, I don’t like it and you better tone it down. I’m your elder” elder my left foot! Busy running after married man and she calls herself an elder

“Sorry” I don’t mean it, I mumble it before I collect my bag and walk out of the door. I need to make it to the hospital before visiting hours, I need to steal moments with the man who promised me a job. I know I’ll find him there.

The first thing I see when I enter her room is Seeiso. A snack this one is. He is the nearest version of Trey Songs I can think of, even finer than him I think. And as for those brackets legs of his....girl! This boy is a walking snack waiting to be eaten. He looks like the type that wouldn’t struggle getting any girl. The type to be called a panty dropper. We met at the inauguration.

He is sleeping on the chair, legs drawing C shapes laid on Khwezi’s bed while his head rest on the chair rest. I wonder when he arrived. I’m disappointed that Abo is not in here, I was actually here for him too. The snack on the chair stirs while I look down at the pale Khwezi. He clears his throat and affords me a weak...

“Hi”

“Hello” I greet back. He glance nods at me and push his way forward to Khwezi’s head

“How long have you been in here?” he asks

“I just got in” he nods again before he is drawn back to Khwezi

“My star is beautiful right” I don’t know if he is asking or what but I just smile. She really is beautiful even though she is pale “They say she can’t walk, I’m not going anywhere”

“WHAT?” I shout with a frown, I didn’t mean to but when he glares and me once I iron my temper and collect myself “What do you mean she can’t walk?” I ask a bit calmer now

“She woke. Her parents were here last night. She woke but she couldn’t feel her legs” oh my god! I retire on the chair opposite, devastated at the discovery

“I’m not going anywhere, she kicked me out but I’m not leaving” he is cute, his eyes twinkle with affection

“You shouldn’t vele, if you dare leave her you’ll just add to the list of ass....” I trail off, his look alone calls me in line. I was going to say he is going to add to the list of assholes in this world. I don’t know why I squirm when the door opens. Maybe it’s from Seeiso’s look or the fact that aunt Thobile just walked through the door. I know zulu men are stubborn by nature but I didn’t know women are stubborn too. What’s this one doing here when I specifically told her not to come?

“Pally” she comes in soft, smiling at Seeiso ignoring my digging eyes at her

“Did you follow me?” I have no time to exchange soft pleasantries with her

“Is this Khwezi? Oh my angel” she ignores me and goes to Khwezi’s head. Seeiso and I share looks at her “You should have told me palesa. I had to be here for my baby” and then? What the hell is going on in her head?

“Aunt thobile what are you doing here?” I’m on my feet, ready to drag her out

“You should have told me palesa”

“SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT? KHWEZI HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU” I fail to control my temper, I shout on top of my lungs. I have never been so annoyed by a grown ass woman in my entire life.

“I’m going to need the both of you to get out of here. I need no noise in here” Seeiso whom I had almost forget commands. He comes low and stable but the command in his tone is not to be messed with. I follow aunt thobile out because I need to get her out of this hospital as in now.....but unfortunately the reason why I wanted her out presents itself. We walk out to Khwezi’s parents who look like they are heading to her room. I want to look at Khwezi’s father to see his expression but I can’t. I feel his anger without looking at him.

“Palesa ‘hi’ baby, how are you?” Khwezi’s mother is always nice, she is happy to see me “Lekae?” (How are you?) she greets thobile next to me, I think she assumes she is sotho because she is next to me. She tries to extend her hand for a shake but Khwezi’s father grabs her hand before it makes it to aunt thobile

“Hello maa, I’m fine wena?” she is no longer looking at me, she is serving her husband a look that makes him set her hand free

“I’m fine makoti waka, I’m glad to see you here” she and I laugh, at the makoti part though the eyes on Khwezi’s father behind her are deadly. He has thobile under his look and she has succumbed to being mute. Or she is nervous I don’t know. Khwezi’s mother is looking at me and the woman besides me, I know she wants introductions because it looks like we just came out of her daughter’s room “Oh maa this is my aunt, she had accompanied me here” I lie and hate myself. I hate aunt thobile more for putting me in this position

“Oh okay! Hello” she is back at greeting aunt thobile who choose to not respond, awkward vibes wear the atmosphere until khwezi’s father holds her shoulders and push her forward

“Let’s go zululami” we move out of the way and allow them in. I set my disappointed look at this one as soon as they are out of sight

“WHAT’S WRONG WITH YOU?”

“Mind your tone damn it! I’m still your aunt” she looks pissed, I’m glad she is heading out and I follow her. I just need to make sure she leaves. Somewhere down the corridor we run to Khwezi’s other father, I’m struggling with ways to call them. They look so young and fresh but you can tell they have seen life

“MAZINYO!” (Teeth) he sounds appalled, he stands rooted holding a brewing mug. Aunt thobile clicks her tongue and walk out, he grabs my arms before I make it passed him “How do you know mazinyo?” I want to laugh, it’s not nice being called by something you have no control over

“She is my aunt” I manage through muffled laughter

“Is it?” he smirks, looking down at her as she walks out of the hospital “That’s something to know, anyway. Your man is in the car. Don’t have sex in my car

please” he leaves me jaw dropped until I remember to pick myself. I’m quick to run to the exit and see thobile getting in a taxi. What was she doing here in the first place?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 56

BOITUMELO

THE NIGHT THEY ARRIVED AT THE HOSPITAL

A bitter sweet night it has been. Arriving at the hospital by luck we made just past eleven. Peter kept his mouth shut and didn't ask anything when I asked for a basin of warm water and washed my daughter. Sango had to drag Seeiso out whom we found sleeping on the chair besides Khwezi. As soon as I was done I turned to go discard water but a frail voice called me just when I made it to the door

"Ma..ma!" so weak my daughter said and I jumped and screamed at the same time. I dropped the basin on the floor and run to my baby. She looked frail. I couldn't hold my tears as I embraced her in my arms from the bed. The five men, Sango, Mtho, Seeiso, Nduna and Abongile who had been outside the entire time slipped when they budged through the door at my scream. Mtho is the one who actually slipped but because he is him, he wasn't going to go down alone. Sango said he pushed him but Mtho said he was holding on to his brother. My husband because he is taller and bulk than all the other, of course he took everyone behind him down with him. My daughter woke with laughter. In tears of joy and pain we laughed as we witnessed grown as man fight to stand from the water I had spilled on the floor

"My girl!" Mtho was still the first to climb the mayhem of men dancing on slippery floor. He intentionally stomped on them and left them fighting to stand there. My baby is blessed to have two fathers who holds her dear to heart. The yellow mellow had tears in his eyes but he held it together

"My....guy!" my daughter smiled with tears, they fell at the corners of her eyes

"Don't ever scare me like that my baby" from the bed he hugged her too kissing her forehead. Now the four who had been struggling on the floor were now standing at her feet. I think her eyes fell on her father first.

"Da...ddy" my husband pushed Mtho to the floor next to Khwezi and embraced her daughter

“You pushed me!” he said to Mtho who was groaning on the floor while he hugged and kissed his daughter “Oh my princess, what are you doing to daddy?” he melted. His love for his daughter cannot be questioned. They may fight and not get along at times but I know he’d move mountains for his daughter. Seeiso and I were pushed at the back as the four men took over Khwezi. At her feet I stood happy with Seeiso by my side.

“She is still the most beautiful rare star I have ever seen” I think he meant to say it in his head but because he was drawn to the moment it came out loud. Taking the room with. The commotion around Khwezi paused and turned to look at him. Jesus the glare! Four zulu eyes glared at him....wait not four, three zulu and one xhosa. I felt smaller for him next to me. Khwezi’s eyes could fall from the socket hold. I think only now she realised that he was in a room and had totally made of fool of himself “I was....was talking to....Mrs. Dlomo. Right mme?” I nodded, quickly to save him

“And what were you saying?” Mtho asked

“It’s a line from a song. She asked me of my favourite song line” he is good. He can lie fast. They know that the kids are dating but it’s always nice to press their buttons a bit

“Molapo you came all the way from Lesotho to discuss song lines with my wife?” Bathong! Vulamasango’s drama. What’s with the serious tone?

“No....no sir. I’m a student....a medicine student and I was put on guard by my superior to guard the princess the entire night”

“Well student, go find your superior and tell him that my daughter is awake” like lightening he dashed out of the room leaving us laughing. My daughter’s eyes had dropped from her father’s eyes. I felt nervous for her.

“Medicine students would be so offended that he said they play guard to sleeping patients” Mtho remarked picking Khwezi’s chin “How are you my baby?”

“I’m fine my guy, just a bit thirsty” Nduna and Abongile wrestled for the jag. Sometimes I forget that these men knew Sango as Khwezi’s father before anything and everyone else. He was just a rich prince with a daughter before I came into the picture.

“You okay now my baby?” my husband asked trying to help her to sit properly up after drinking water from the straw. He struggled to make her sit “What’s wrong?” he asked because she couldn’t sit properly. Her lower body wasn’t cooperating.

“I don’t know baba...I think...I think I cannot feel my legs” I held the base of the bed where I had been standing tighter than before. If it could speak it would have told me to ease up I’m hurting it. Thick silence welcomed it’s self in the room. In my head I know I allowed a prayer to take place ‘Lord please don’t let this happen, Lord I need her to walk’ I kept my mantra hoping for a miracle

Peter walked in tailed by Seeiso. He smiled at his patient.

“Welcome back to us princess, how are you feeling?” he asked inspecting her

“I’m fine bab peter just the pain at my back and I cannot feel my legs” don’t ask why a white man is referred to as ‘bab Peter’. Peter is also one that’s been there before anything and everything.

“Well princess I would like to think that your vision is superb because you can see everything and everyone in here clearly right?” Khwezi nodded “At as for the pain in your back it’s because of your spinal cord. Your spine suffered severe damage when you took the fall” Jesus!

“PETER WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE?” Gosh! He was shouting. I moved to stand beside him so I can hold his arm to calm him down

“Fula I needed....” He grunts, ‘Fula’ is not something he prefers “.... I needed her to wake first to be sure. She was just bruised when I first examined her and I couldn’t conclude on bruised spine that she will not be able to walk. I wanted to wait for the swelling to go down first before I ran more test to come to a conclusion”

“I...can’t...walk?” my daughter’s voice came trembling putting the debate to a halt “Ma..ma!”

“Baby no..no....you’ll walk” I let go of her father to hold her “When the swelling goes down you’ll walk, right peter” I dared him with a look. I don’t care that he lies but I needed him to assure my baby that she’ll walk

“I don’t want to make promises I can’t keep Mrs. Dlomo. I’m sorry princess but we’ll have to run more test to come to a definite conclusion” F8ck his white behind. Doesn’t he know when a black mother dares you with a look you agree no matter what? “But for now I need you not to panic princess. I’m going to run this under your feet and I need you to blink or tap your finger when you feel something” he had a sharp metal object in hand as he walked to her feet and uncovered them

“Bab Peter can he go please. I don’t want him in here”

“Who?” the question came from me holding her to my chest before peter could respond

“Siso mama I don’t want him to see this” my baby hit her face on my chest crying

“I’m not going anywhere” his voice came adamant and we knew not to waste time trying to persuade him

“Peter go ahead” I gave the order holding my crying baby’s face. She hit on my waist “Baby just hold mama tighter if you feel anything, okay” she nodded, not brave enough to face the room. Peter ran his thingy coupled times but I couldn’t even feel my daughter flinch. I have realised that Abongile is a sensitive somebody to the people he loves. He was the first to burst out of the door with sparkling eyes “Baby you don’t feel anything?” I had to ask because she hadn’t even attempted a single move

“Mama no” it came as a muffled cry on my waist where she had buried herself

“Oh my baby!” I had no words. My husband was devastated. I could see it in the way he stood. If one could blow air at his direction, he would have dropped to the floor.

“I need to call Gumedede” he was out of the door before I could blink. Mtho and Nduna quickly followed behind him. They had to keep him guard not to do something stupid I knew. I was now left with Seeiso and Khwezi who had been shattered on my waist.

“Baby do you want mama to give you room with Seeiso?” I asked

“MAMA NO!....I want him to leave” my poor thing

“Kganthe o bumpile my star, I’m not going anywhere” (You’re very wrong.....) then there is him, his look alone tells you that he is here to stay.

“Baby do you want mama to go get you some food?” I felt caught in the middle. I wanted them to talk alone but Khwezi was holding my waist for dear life

“I’ll eat after he leaves, mama please” Seeiso chose to retire on the vacant chair next to her and put his feet on her bed. And how do you make someone who just sat like that leave?

“Okay....let me get my phone to call gogo and tell her you’re awake and check on your sisters” like she just remembered something urgent she sprung up from my waist and looked me with teary scared eyes

“Mama Mkhonto.....how is twebankie? Is he okay?” I couldn’t miss the panic in my daughter’s eyes

“He is fine baby. I’ll tell you all about him but don’t worry, he is okay. Let me get my phone and come back okay?” she nodded. I left her with a heavy heart. Guilty and wishing I had known so I would have asked Mhambi to help when I met her.

KHWEZI

I can’t even spare him a look. Hate that he is here. I don’t want him to see me like this. He should be out there finding a better girlfriend who can walk. How did he even know I was hospitalised? I don’t think my parents would tell him but why are they so damn cool about him all of a sudden? I choose to look the other way as soon as my mother is out of the door.

“My star I’m not going anywhere” where is Mkhonto when I need him the most

“Siso just leave please. I can’t walk now” I state the obvious

“I was never here for your legs. They are pointy and thin. I never liked them” bathong! Only now I glance at him with dropped jaws “It’s true my baby, you have sticky legs”

“I’m going to unleash my little brother on you when I see him. That’s a very mean thing to say”

“O menotwana MaMolapo, and I love you with or without your sticky legs” (You have sticky legs.....) he is up from his chair and he steals a kiss in a very sneaky way when I least expect it

“SISO DAMN IT! MY PARENT WILL WALK IN ON YOU, WHAT’S YOUR PROBLEM?” he retire back at his chair when I shout

“My problem is that you scared the shit out of me. I thought your phone was confiscated when I couldn’t find you on your phone only to find out couple of days later that you were lying on a hospital bed fighting for your life. I was scared mamolapo please don’t ever do me like that again my star”

“You’ll love me even if I cannot walk?”

“I will love you even if you had no legs” I hate the smile bracing my lips corners

“Thank you for being here”

“There is no place I would rather be than here with you. And I so wish to hold you to sleep but damn you have a gorilla for a father. When is he dying?” I laugh “I begged the man for permission to date you but guess what? He is still not giving me a break”

“YOU DID WHAT?” he blinks, like he just remembered he wasn’t supposed to say that “Tell me your joking”

“I’m joking” dear lord he is not joking!

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BOITUMELO

MORNING AT THE HOSPITAL

Morning came. Luckily Gumede promised to come as soon as he received the news. My husband said he laughed when he told him that Khwezi cannot walk. He wanted him to burn impepho and talk to his gang but he dismissed him. He said he knows exactly what to do. We have been pacing up and down the corridor while we wait for him. When my phone beeps I catch it thinking it’s him asking of the wing we are in because Khwezi was moved but it’s just a damn Facebook notification

“Is it him?” my husband asks with eagerness

“Damn facebook Dlomo. Please relax” I don’t know if I’m telling him to relax because I’m the one who need to hear it more. It’s hours after Palesa and her aunt left, probably heading to midday. I sink to my phone as I pace up and down and read the message. It looks like a messenger message. I don’t know when last I used this app. I just have it for the sake of having it. I don’t have this person on my friends list because I find their message under people who wants to connect to me *He promised to take me as second wife and spent the night with me* the message reads. For a minute I pause. I feel numb as I stand staring at the message from some ‘T Beautiful’. Who the hell is Beautiful T?

“MaDlomo!” he snaps me out by calling my name “You okay?” f8cking cheatist. I know how to play this now. For a minute I stare at is who8ing ass but I’m not going to let him play with my heart. I’ll deal with him after I have made sure that he really is having an affair. But as for the woman, no bi8ch is going to sniff my husband. Not when this man has put me through the shit he put me through. Not when he gave me soccer team of babies and think he is going to bring some new flavoured pu8sy in my life. It’s a death do us apart. He wanted me and he got me. Now he is stuck with me, there is no bringing the third party in this union. He killed a man because he kissed me. I’ll kill the bi8ch too “MaDlomo!” he is a bit stern now

“I’m fine Sango. I’m fine” I don’t dare look up at him as I type away *Can we meet* I fly back the message. Two paces I’m praying she replies and she does *I left in the morning after he didn’t even acknowledge me. I’m on my way to KZN. 065 619 3510. Please call me when you get back to KZN so we can talk. I think we’ll make the best sister wives* I laugh, out loud unintended as I read the last part. Sister wives? He sure promised her the world.

“Mokoti!” Mtho is grinning back at me. He so stupid, he doesn’t even know what I’m laughing at but he wants to join in

“It’s a facebook post” I lie. Switching out to whatsapp. I send Mabataung a text. She told me whenever I need Lupus I should just text. I’m well connected now, no wh8re is going to sniff my man under my watch *There is a thorn in my yard. Can you unleash him for just a day for me* I’m glad when she blue ticks me immediately and types *Just say the day you’ll have him at your disposal* thank you. Let me deal with my daughter’s issue and clean her father’s ass when I’m done.

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KHWEZI

I shouldn't be this okay. I should be feeling a bit down, I should have some kind of resentment issues or negative energy but I feel none of that. Maybe it's because of the great support system I have. The love and support I have from my family makes this situation I find myself in feel like just a phase. I feel confident that my parents will make things happen. I don't know how but I believe I'm going to walk.

And as for this handsome soul sleeping on the chair, he is one stubborn guy. Almost everyone who gets in here kick him out but he doesn't budge. I should do it myself. That neck of his is going to ache for weeks. He is been sleeping on that chair for quite a while.

"Siso?!" I loudly call out, if my legs were functioning I would have kicked him. He is a bit far from me "SISO!!" I make sure to come loud enough this time. He stirs, brushes his worn-out face before he puts his feet down and comes closer to me, he had them rest on the edge of my bed

"Hey my star, what's wrong?" he really is exhausted, even his tone is weak but this is all thanks to his stubborn nature. He stretches his arms with a yawn "Are you okay?" he asks after gaining his composure from weariness

"I'm okay, where is my mom?"

"They are sitting outside. What do you need?"

"I need to use the toilet" he side eye me, for some reason I know he is going to be stupid

"Number two or number one?" I knew it, I laugh

"Call my mom siso please and go sleep" he stretches his arm again and aim to pick me "Wait? What are you doing?" I'm fighting his arms off me

"I should start practicing now Mamolapo. When we get married it's going to be my duty alone to wipe that huge behind and....." Interject

“Siso Molapo” I make sure my tone comes too stern

“Mme” (Mother)

“Get my mother in here” that’s an order and he knows not to argue with me. He expels a sigh before he goes for the door and call her. She gets in followed by her gang. My mother’s gang is my father and my guy. I wonder why they are sitting outside.

“Your awake baby” she is on my side by a minute

“And I need to use the ladies and I could do with a bath”

“Oh my baby” I see it hits her even though she is quick to mask it

“Let me help you to the toilet” my father tries to aid but I deny him

“Baba No. Mama and I will manage just fine”

“Aaaa Khwezi, I don’t have the strength to pick you baby, your father will help you”
Bathong boitumelo!

“I don’t want him to do it, I need you to help me mama. Maybe you should all get me a wheelchair so we make this official”

“No one is getting you a wheelchair. You’re going to be walking first thing tomorrow morning. Gumede will know what to do or else.....hmk! I don’t even want to say it but they’ll have an empty throne. Get in my arms Khwezi so I can help you” I really don’t want to my father to do this

“No” I would rather have this bladder burst up

“Bafo!” he turns to my guy who is been quite like he isn’t in the room

“I’m sorry princess. I’m too young to be traumatised by your poop my baby. I can’t watch you take number two in front of me” I’m demoting him as father “What did you eat? I can already smell the terrible fish and chips you had earlier. Yak! It’s going to be so gross”

“I just need to pee” I don’t know where they get the number two scenario from

“Hooo! That I can actually do” I can’t believe him right now, he looks relieved

“Okay, hold on to me?” I fold my arms and glare at him. What makes him think I’ll

take his offer while I refused his brother? He is even worse than them all because he is not going to stand my poop

“Mama please” I turn to her

“I don’t have a problem with helping you at the bathroom Khwezi. The problem is carrying you there” oh! I misunderstood, I thought she wanted my father to help me

“Oh, that I can allow” I swear vulamasango rolled his eyes on me, if only it was me or mama he would have had our heads on the platter.

An hour later my mother leaves me in the bathroom to call my father to come and carry me. I ended up taking a much needed bath. I’m happy to find Mkhulu Gumede and Mkhulu Zwe in my room. My grandfather is piercing me with a stare from when my father walks through the door carrying me.

“My princess I needed to see this for myself, you really can’t walk?” that’s Zwe. He is shocked and I don’t know how to respond to that. I feel my mother squeeze on my shoulder. She is helping me back in my covers

“Mkhulu Gumede am I going to be able to walk anytime soon?” I ask, I have put my trust in him because my parents also believe that he’ll do something

“Definitely. Your sister knew of your situation before we even knew. She gifted me of one thing that’s been missing in my ancestral bag. And she knew you’d be the first patient I use on” I’m confused but I don’t ask more questions, I have learnt to master not asking things that don’t concern me when it comes to my family’s shady doings. I’m just relieved that I’ll walk again. He lays his things. His reed mat fits the floor before he kneels and take out his creepy staff “MaDlomo remember the orc nail you were asked to give me?”

“Uhuh!” I think my mom is a bit confused but she does remember

“That nail is for this purpose. That nail has powers beyond humanity. With that nail I’m going to heal your daughter” whatever nail it I must be really powerful.....he is preparing his things on the floor when my grandfather asks

“Gumede is he supposed to be in here?” Zwe points with his head at Siso, who doesn’t look moved at all. If I were him with his family, I would have fled for my life when all this started. Mkhulu Gumede chuckles before he articulates an answer

“Why don’t you ask him yourself Zwelithini” he doesn’t look at them, he rained us in the room with a smelly liquid from his bucket. He dips a tail in the bucket and sprinkles the room.

“Boy, you need to give us room. This is a family thing” Zwe

“Mr. Dlomo I’m about to be family very soon” can he just listen once

“What do you mean? We are about to call on our ancestors in the room and they’ll want to know who you are. Who should we introduce you as?” Mkhulu Zwe still has an aura of leadership. When he tries to make someone see reason you can confuse him of shouting

“I’m vulasamasango’s son in law” my father huffs, I’m between him and mama, from the other side I hear my mother holding in a giggle

“Seeiso I’m going to need a red goat for calling me with my name. I’m a king and you’re a prince, you should know better” I would like to say something but I know better. Mkhulu Zwe is pleased with the fine, he has a smirk I can’t describe glaring at Siso. I think he is trying to scare him but this one is not having it

“Okay, I’m going to need you all to shut up. The boy explained who he is and that’s how I’ll introduce him should they ask” I wish to have a word with him, he can’t be in here “MaDlomo take your daughter and come and put her next to me with your husband by your side” I steal a glance at Siso and mouth ‘leave’ when my father carries me to the reed matt. I swear he is a stone, he does see me but he just glares back at me.

I’m between my mother and father when Mkhulu gumede starts chanting. The incense is lit and the light smoke fills the room

“Nina boDlomo, Mkhabela, Dinangwe. I bring before you our princess Khwezi Dlomo. She cries of her legs, she cannot feel them but we know in your world nothing is impossible. The orc nail made it to my bag and with your powers I ask that you show me a way to use it. I ask that you show me how to heal your princess.

I ask that you hold her and strengthen her again.....” he keeps still for a moment just clapping “Yebo bhelesi....ngivumile khweba” he looks up, through the crowd in the room, his now white eyes lands on Siso “Bend a knee!” it comes as a command. Both my parents shift besides me, I’m also a bit surprised “Give it to her, she’ll pass it to her mother” his words are directed at Siso. I’m lost, I want to know what they are talking about. Siso on the other side of the matt seems to know what he is talking about because he nods. His focus shift back to me. Now I see the scary nail when he picks it from the items before him “Vumani boDlomo!” the room sings our clan names as he pokes my feet with the nail..... *Mkhabela, Dinangwe, Bhelesi, Khweba, Malala nomunwe endunu, Avuke ancinde akhwife eMpumalanga, Abuye ancinde akhwife eNtshonalanga, Sikhaba esingangenkomo!*.....when they stop reciting our clan names he also stops. My feet hurt, they sting like hell beneath “How do they feel?” he asks normal glaring at me

“They sting” he side smiles before he orders

“Stand up and walk” I blink at him “NOW!” can he not scare me? I’m scared I’ll fall but because he is daring with a look I hold on to my mother as I stand on my aching feet. They are burning. Including my spine “WALK KHWEZI, LET YOUR MOTHER GO!” He shouts. I did manage to stand but I’m holding my mother’s head. I attempt a single step, grimacing and wincing in pain. Little by little I manage to swallow the room with my aching feet “Now this is how we do it, come and thank your forefathers” I’m happy standing by the bed though I’m in so much pain and still balancing by the bed. Again in baby steps I make it back to the reed matt where I kneel now. My knees feel fine. Before, I had been sited butt flat with my feet facing him. He closes the occasion with clan names after thanking them.

“Gumede why was the boy part of this?” Mkhulu Zwe asks as soon as he starts collecting his things

“Vulamasango let her walk. Don’t you dare carry her, she should walk as often as possible” he chides at my father who was trying to carry me, totally ignoring the question he was asked

“GUMEDE!” Mkhulu Zwe is not letting it go

“YEYI! ZWELITHINI!” we laugh, they are both losing tempers at each other

It's late at night, it still feels unreal that I can walk. I have much respect for Mkhulu Gumede and his people now. My parents left happy. They are still in Joburg. My mother promised to come see me before she leaves in the morning. Now that I can walk she needs to make her way back to the girls. The burning under my feet hasn't stopped. Probably why I'm awake so late at night. I wish I had my phone. I miss Siso's company now that he is not here, he finally agreed to go sleep.

I'm facing the boring tv on the wall when the door opens. I'm thinking a nurse is going to walk in through the door but the minute I see his ankle boot first I'm already married in smiles. He is carrying a bunch of flowers and a foodie bag. He read my mind.

"My star" I blush

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?"

"Whatever you bewitched me with is working. I can't seem to close my eyes when you're a minute away from me" he stoops to my face and plants a kiss on my forehead. I rise with his help sitting up straight "These are for your nose and heart" he is handing me flowers

"Nose and heart?" I ask sniffing them

"Yes. You'll sniff them as you are doing and your heart will melt" mxm! "And this is for your stomach" that I understand, he is putting the foodie bag on my lap

"And you?"

"I'm for your soul baby. I'm here to put you to bed" only it's the other way around "Let me do this.." he is taken in his phone for a minute or two

"What are you doing?" I have already started on my food. I'm eating for the days I didn't eat.

"Setting an alarm. I should wake by six before your parents get here" he is taking off his boots and leather jacket before he joins me on the bed

"Speaking of my parents, what did Mkhulu Gumede mean when he said 'Give it to her, she'll pass it to her mother'" his arm rest behind my neck pulling to his chest

“Finish up we’ll talk when you’re done” well food can wait, I need to hear this first. He shakes his head with a smile when I wipe my mouth with the serviettes and wrap the food again

“Well I’m full now and all ears” I look up at him. He heaves a sigh and plant a peck on my forehead again then reach for his jacket on the chair. From the inside pocket he produces an envelope and hands it to me. It’s addressed to my father. ‘To the Royal Highness, King Vulamasango Dlomol of the Zululand’, stamped with by the office of ‘His Majesty, Bereng Molapol of the Kingdom of Lesotho’ “What’s this?” I ask inspecting it on the outside

“A letter to your father”

“Letter of what?” I’m so confused. He takes it and places on the pedestal then intertwines his fingers with mine while his other hand wrap around my neck pulling me to his chest. I can’t see his face which is so wish to see but I have a feeling he is placing me here for a purpose

“My star”

“Hmmm”

“You do know I love you right?” God where is this going

“And I love you too” his chest expands and contract once again

“That letter is a letter asking for your hand in marriage when you come of age”

“WHAT?” I’m off his chest in a second but he forces me back there “Siso have you lost your mind? I can’t get married now”

“Hence why I said when you come of age. Khwezi you’re a princess, I’m a prince. You know how this works. If I don’t claim you now, another royal family will claim you. This is a royal claim, you’ll be promised to me and that will keep all the other houses eyeing you at bay. But I need to be honest with you, there is a reason why I’m doing this now”

“What reason is that Siso? My father would never agree to this madness” only now he allows me to look at him

“I know, hence why your healer asked me to pass it on to you and you’ll pass it to your mother. Maybe talking to your mother and making her see reason she’ll know

how to soften your father. Khwezi I don't know if you're away of who I am. I'm 24 and royal. I'm of the Baletsane tribe and the next king in line" my jaws drop "I'm the last of the royal blood to take the throne. I'm given one year left to collect myself. When I turn 25 I'm taking the throne and I need you to be my queen"

"Siso I'm eighteen" is he for real right now

"I know and as I had promised before Khwezi I'll wait for you. What I need is for you to accept this proposal so that I don't end up having someone chosen for me when I take the throne. At least when they know I already claimed for your hand they'll wait for you to reach twenty one before we actually get married married"

"This is not what I want siso. Yes I love you but I thought we are going to have fun first before marriage and all. Why can't any of your brothers take the throne?" he sighs once again, he is been doing it since he started this conversation

"My eldest brother is a wolf, a canis lupus wolf. He has his own house of wolfs to resurrect, he can never take the throne. My second brother is not full born royal. His mother was never of royal blood and that disqualifies him for the throne leaving me as the only option. I'm from the royal blood, both mother and father. And the last rightful blood for the throne. I was called in a meeting with the council and advisors. They gave me until twenty five before they start taking actions for me and that includes finding me someone else if I fail to do it myself until then. I know this is not what you signed up for when you agreed to be my girlfriend. And I know your still very tender and want to have fun. I promise you, I'll still give you all the fun in the world. I just need you to agree to this so we don't end up with someone in this union all because you were too young and wanted fun first. I'll not stop you from having fun I promise. I'll not even bother you. I just need you to agree my star and meet my people properly. They'll back off. I'll still take the throne and rule without us getting married while we wait for you to come of age"

"Siso I don't know" I'm really speechless, I have no words

"I don't want this either Khwezi but my father is sick. He might drop dead anytime. His sickness made me collect my act together. My fun days are over. I have the kingdom on my shoulders, which is something I never thought would be my burden until I was sat down. Please don't say no. I need you now more than ever my star"

his eyes sparkle in tears, this one I really didn't see coming. What do I do? And my father? That man is going to kill him.

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Volume 58

BOITUMELO

I'm here to say goodbye to my daughter. Sango and I agreed that he'll stay behind to make sure she is fine before they take her to school. She already missed a week but it's nothing she'll struggle with. The head of programme that we called assured that they are still under orientation week. He and Mtho will drive her. She is fine, the problem was just her legs.

Mabataung and I have been chatting. She needs me to have a piece of clothing of our prey, lupus will follow the scent of the provided clothing or at least know my supposed 'sister wife's full names and clans to send Lupus straight to her when I give the order. I know her name is thobile but I don't know her surnames and clans. I also don't know her face to face but I have my suspicions. From the text she mentioned my husband not acknowledging her earlier in the morning. The only woman I can think of that he was quite tense around is that palesa's aunt. If it's her it will be perfect because they both will not know that I know they are fooling me.

God is working in my favour. Palesa is sitting with Khwezi for a change. There is no Seeiso.

"Hey babies" I greet

"Mommy. Mrs. Dlomo" they both sing

"Makoti you didn't bring your aunt today?" she laughs, nervous laugh. She is not comfortable with her aunt, I see it in the way she is suddenly nervous.

"No mama Khwezi, she left, she went back to KZN" the pieces are coming together, the bi8ch text mentions going back to KZN. I just need to dig a bit deeper to make sure it's really her but careful not to get caught.

"I didn't catch her name the other day" I hope I don't out come too obvious

“Oh she is aunt thobile. I didn’t invite her the other day, she just followed me I swear” she is rambling and giving herself away. She knows something. I would like to corner her for information but that’s not a great idea, she might go back and tell her aunt, which is the last thing I want. I don’t want her to know that I know it’s her, it works in my favour when she thinks I don’t know her. At least now I know who I’m dealing with. Palesa’s aunt is the Thobile beautiful T.

“It’s okay baby, you don’t have to explain” I turn my gaze to Khwezi who looks a bit stressed “And then?” I ask picking her chin “I thought we are happy you can walk, what is eating you?” she lets out a sigh before she looks at Palesa

“Can you give us a moment?” Palesa smiles and walks out. Another sigh she releases before she looks back at me

“Mama I need your help”

“What help?” I can’t help the frown marrying into my face. From her drawer she produces an envelope and pass it to me

“Remember when Mkhulu Gumede was talking to Siso yesterday” I nod looking at the letter addressed to my husband “He was talking about this. Siso wants to claim my hand for marriage”

“KHWEZI!” it comes shocked in a whisper

“I know mama, I’m also shocked. I haven’t given him the answer. I don’t know what to do”

“Your very young my baby, why is he in so much hurry?”

“He is the next appointed king in line. He said his father is sick and he is given a year to make his decisions before his elders take decisions for him. If I deny him this, they are going to choose him a wife of their liking”

“Khwezi I hear all this but your father will never agree to this. And you? Do you really want to bind yourself with marriage so young?”

“That’s what scares me mama. I love Siso and it feels so right. I don’t want to lose him but then again I don’t want to make a mistake I’ll regret for the rest of my life” this child is confusing me

“What are you saying?”

“Mama I’m saying I don’t know. I’m so....this is not how I saw my life going. I love him and he makes me very happy but, marriage? Yes I love him to marry him but I just didn’t think it would be now. But then if I don’t agree to this, they’ll choose him someone and by the time I come to my senses it might be too late” Jooo! “Mama what should I do?” Jesus what to I tell her?

“Khwezi I can’t tell you what to do but I’m going to give it to you as your mother. You’re young, too young to even be thinking of this. You should be having fun and enjoying life, not tying yourself to a man. Marriage is not pap en vleis my baby. This might be a royal claim for your hand but if he is the next king in line, baby this might be marriage. As long as your above eighteen your legal for royal advisors. They might marry the both of you sooner than you think” her breathing, she is trying so hard to hold herself together “Don’t panic baby. I’m not telling you this to scare you. Rather I want you to be sure and ready. If you give me this letter to pass to your father, I need you to be aware of what you’re getting yourself into. Do you want to get married now?” she is breathing so fast and loud, I can almost hear every breath she takes from where I’m seated

“Mama....I don’t know” Sigh!

“What do you want me to do with this?” I wave the letter in my hand

“Can you please hold it for a while?” I frown for her to elaborate “I need to think about this and be sure. I’ll call you to give it to baba if I do decide to agree but if I don’t I’ll ask that you discard it” complicated matter it is but it’s still her decision at the end of the day

“Okay. I’ll wait to hear from you” I find the letter a space in my bag “Anyway, I came to say goodbye. I have to go back my baby. The girls needs me too”

“It’s okay mama I understand. Are you leaving with Mkhulu Zwe and Gumede?”

“Nop....Those two left in the morning. Your father booked us a jet. He is flying with me because he has a matter that needs his attention but by tonight he’ll be back to be with you. They’ll both be accompanying you to school as soon as you get on your feet” she smiles

“I can’t wait to go to school”

“And be with Seeiso 24/7 you mean” she laughs

“Mother leave me alone please. Uncle Tj told me that you also defied him in all ways, as much as he tried to keep you off my father” I roll my eyes standing, my brother was quite dramatic then. Sango asked me not to spend more than 30 minutes. I have to leave now so I can pass by Peter’s office.

“Listen baby, I have to go now. I need you to know that I love you Khwezi. Whenever you need me just know that I’ll be a phone call away, no matter how high the mountains in Lesotho will separate us. Know that you have a mother in me and I’ll jump just about those mountains to catch you. All I ask is that you don’t make me a granny. I’m going to talk to Peter to put you on some kind of contraceptive you’ll be comfortable with. I don’t want no walking, talking degree that will call me gogo” she laughs, out loud throwing her head up

“Sometime you’re as dramatic as your husband. I promise I’ll not bring you a degree that calls you gogo” we both laugh

“Come here baby” I hug her tighter, I don’t want to cry. It’s hard to believe that a six year old little girl I met who didn’t like shoes at all is now a grown woman about to start her own journey “Make mama proud okay? but if you happen to fall, don’t be scared to call me to help you up. What I need you to take with you is that you have 100 times to make mistakes and fall as much as you can. No matter how hard you fall, we don’t give up. I raised no quitter, rather you stand, dust yourself and try again. Even if it take you 100 times to actually get it. Go and have fun my baby. Live for you” We are not supposed to be in tears, she is the one sniffing on my chest “Can we tone it down a bit on the crying now that your older” she laughs, my daughter is natural cry baby. I kiss her forehead and rush to the door. I don’t want to end up crying too.

“Mama” she calls just as I hold the door open “I love you. And I’m sorry for ever saying you’re not my mother, you’re the best mother any child could ask for. Thank you for filling the void of a mother I had. You filled it so full that it’s overflowing with love. You are and will always be the mother I know and love” I hate that my tears drop, I didn’t want to do this here

“I love you too my baby” she smiles “Mama is got to go” she blows a kiss before I shut the door out. Breathe boitumelo! I have to remind myself. She is just going to Lesotho, you’ll still see her.

Peter is waiting on me. I had passed by his office before I went to Khwezi’s room.

“Mrs. Fula, what can I do for you?” He is pressing my buttons on purpose. I catch my watch first, I don’t have much time left. I have to get straight to the matter at hand.

“Peter, I need you to conduct a DNA test between me and Khwezi in secrecy” his eyebrows flickers up. He definitely did not expect this “Dlomo should not find out about this, I’ll tell him myself” he sighs

“Why? What are you suspecting?” I can’t say as yet but if my thinking is correct, my father is going to have to come clean.

“I just need you to do it, can you please?”

“I don’t want to piss that man Mrs. Dlomo. Just promise you’ll not mention my name when he gets mad” I laugh

“I promise. What do you need?”

“She is already here, I’ll make sure to get her sample. I just need your blood or any sample with your DNA you can provide”

“Let’s get to it then and oh before I forget. Can you please discuss contraceptives with her, put her on one she’ll be comfortable with” he nods following me to the consultation room. I’m glad we don’t waste time, ten minutes later I’m free and heading to the husband that’s already blowing my phone. My bags were already packed when I left. Abongile is driving me straight to the airport.

“MaDlomo” I’m settled on the seat next to him as we drive off, I look at him for him to see that I’m listening to him “I have been meaning to ask you. Can you please find Palesa a spot in your restaurant? I made her quit her job after the whole Milani saga” I heard about that

“I’m so sorry about Milani, is she okay?” he nods

“She is fine. Dlomo found her someone to talk to”

“And her step father?” I ask

“He is dead” well that I expected

“About Palesa...” I trail off biting my lip as I think “I’m about to start a project in KZN and I would take her as my assistant but I know you wouldn’t want her to move to KZN right” he nods laughing “I don’t think finding her a job at my restaurant would be such a great idea. I gave Lulu half shares of the restaurant and I don’t think putting them in one space would be such a great idea” I mean he had a thing with Lulu if I’m not mistaken

“How is she?”

“Who?” I know who but I need him to understand that he shouldn’t be asking about her, he is someone else’s person now

“Mrs. Luu” Raah! Men. Why does he want to know about her?

“I don’t know” I know, I just don’t want to entertain this

“She made a mistake, we shouldn’t all crucify her” he is a bit lost on the road when I steal a glance at him. Why does it look like.....let me ask

“Do you still have feelings for her?”

He shrug “I don’t know. I’m mad of the things she did more and how she belittled me. As for my feelings. I’m happy where I am but if she were to repent and come back, I would see how I juggle them both” ‘Amagents’ neah! Maybe it’s just a song but the truth in it, lezi zinto ziyafana, men will always be men.

“And marriage?” I’m so disappointed right now but it’s not my business

“Polygamy is made for reasons like this, when a man find his heart torn between two women” I think we need a women’s conference too as country just so we iron things like this and make sure they don’t come to life.

“I’ll talk to Dlomo to find her something at in one of the hotels” I choose to remain quiet the rest of the way. I feel sorry for palesa if her boyfriend is still thinking of another woman and actually thinking of marrying them both. I don’t wish to

witness Lulu and Palesa as sister wives. If Lulu really does become a qualified witch, she'll make Palesa vanish I swear.

And then? I'm a ball of butterflies. I feel weak at the drop off. My smile can warm all the lonely women in South Africa. I'm blushing all over Abongile's face when reaches for my door to open. He is a ball of smiles too.

"Mrs. Dlomo" he say trying hard to contain his laughter. This sure I didn't expect.

"Did Mtho have anything to do with this?" I ask him staring at my husband standing down the stairs of a maroon private jet written Zululami in italics. My Mtho question comes from his undone shirt, he has my eight pack out in display. This is a beautiful surprise but why is his shirt undone?

"This definitely has Mtho written all over" I shake my head still smiling as I head to my fool

"Do I have competition in Abongile?" he asks receiving me in his arms which rest on my waist

"Never. Why are you parading my assets?" my hands strolls on his bare chest buttoning him up

"My brother said it will make this sexier" sigh! "What do you think?" he gestures of the jet behind him with a head

"It's a beautiful jet, why is it written 'Zululami'"

"Because it's yours" I laugh and expect him to join in but when he doesn't I stare. I stare at him to say it's a joke "You asked for a car but I saw it fit to get you a jet so you can travel whenever you want to see your children, those in Lesotho and Joburg. It's yours to cross all over the continent"

"Vulamasango!" I exclaim, in disbelief letting him go to take a look at the jet

"MaDlomo I didn't buy you a jet to disrespect me. No name calling please" I don't care about his whining. I'm taken by the beautiful jet that's all mine. Just when I was planning his murder he goes out and do this....I'm definitely not willing to share this man with anyone. He is mine and I'm selfish about him. More reasons to eradicate the dog sniffing in my yard.

“Dinangwe I don’t know what to say”

“Just let me sika lekhekhe MaDlomo. That’s all the thanks I need” (.....cut the cake.....)The creatures we marry. I roll my eyes standing on my toes to peck his lips.

“Thank you Dlomo waka”

“No my heaven. Thank you for giving me my beautiful babies and taking me with all the horrors I come with. I don’t regret taking a short left to pick Sizwe’s sister in law in park station. That simple day gave me a taste of heaven on earth. I know I’m not going to see the big bafo who imprison people in his place called heaven but having you in my life is all the heaven I need. You are my heaven on earth” I’m one favoured woman aren’t I?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 59

VULAMASANGO

Would I be letting my team down if I admit that I'm scared of my wife? This woman has something on me and she is not willing to share the details anytime soon. I swear she is on a mission to kill me. It might sound crazy but I know my woman like the back of my hand, whatever angered her happened the day before yesterday. We were fine that night but jiki jiki while we waited for Gumede that day my baby is suddenly vile. I feel her eyes at my back even though I'm not looking at her. She is planning my murder this one. I thought buying her a whole Jet would compensate for all the shit I put her through and I would automatically step back in her good books but it looks like I was wrong. She is still planning to kill me.

"MaDlomo" I turn to her and find her digging me with her eyes "Are we okay my wife?" a woman's eyes tell a lot of story. My mother told me to pay attention to my woman's eyes. That's the only advice she is ever gave me about marriage.

"And why would we not be okay?" that answer alone shrinks my intestines. We just landed and I want to take her for lunch before I attend a meeting with my advisors

"I was thinking..." I take nervous steps towards her while we wait for Nkandla and that man...I think he was introduced as Kane. A young flight attendant found by my brother. I didn't know until I was made to pay him that they have male flight attendant. I'm careful not to raise her anger, I cup her figure in my hold and plant a kiss on her shoulder "I was thinking since we are already in town, why don't we have some food at the restaurant of your liking and you dish out that cake you've been really stingy with lately later on"

"Which cake vulamasango?" I hate it when she calls my name in full

"The one beneath this swimming pants consume your wearing" for a minute she blinks her million dollar blink before it gets in what I'm talking about

"Jesus Dlomo they are called jumpsuits, not swimming pants. Don't ever say that again you'll embarrass me" how am I supposed to know that? They are pants worn like swimming consumes

“Okay never mind the swimming pants, lets discuss the crucial sweet cake, when am I killing it vele?” she pushes me away with an eye roll, I’m horny asfk

“Behave yourself, we have an audience” the audience is just Nkandla, the pilot and attendant

“Yazi madlomo one of this days I’ll give some woman your d8ck”

“If you haven’t already” what’s that supposed to mean? I frown at her

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m kidding. Let’s go..... I want us to go back to that restaurant you took me to when you were trying to get me fat again” I stop, numb up a bit

“Which one?” I come a bit whispering, I’m hoping she say the steak house but I know she is talking about the restaurant where thobile works

“I think it was called the exclusive, come on Dlomo” fu8k! I curse under my breath as she pulls me to the car and actually pray ‘brother god I know you and I don’t see eye to eye but please just make sure thobile is not working today. I’ll visit your place of work if you do this for me. I think they call it a church’.

I don’t know if it’s guilt or what but this place is quite closer today. I feel like she is the one pulling me as we make way to the restaurant. My feet are suddenly heavy.

“What’s wrong Dlomo? You are sweating a bit” am I? I send my hand to my forehead and come back a bit sweaty indeed. She is the one doing all the talking today. She is asking for a table for two.

“I think I’m coming down with something” I lie inspecting the place as we head to our table with a different girl as our waitress. Brother god seems to be answering my prayer

“I bet you are” I don’t know what’s that supposed to mean. I’m too nervous to even pull her a chair. The young girl shows us our table and offers us some space while we go through the menu “Dlomo you look sick waitse motho waka” (.....you know my person) she is eyeing me above her menu, in a very suspicious way I can’t put my finger on, or maybe I’m the suspicious one because of guilt

“I don’t think I’ll stomach anything. It must be the jet. Eat up fast so we can get the hell out of here” she glares at me and I regret my choice of words immediately. I smile as an apology. I’m hungry as hell but the way I’m so nervous, nothing is going to sit. I’m about to experience what my brother calls nervous shit. He always talk about having a runny tummy because of nervousness, I can feel that I’m five minute to bursting my ass. And lord knows I have never and I’ll never take shit in a public toilet. I’ll have to pray my ass until we make it home “Why don’t you order then ask for takeaways. I really miss Ngelosi” I’m trying to butter her up. Yes I miss my babies but mentioning Ngelosi is specifically to soften her up. When she crack up in laughter I almost think I got her but not.

“You promised me lunch out Dlomo and it’s what you’ll give me” I hate being me. She wave her hand to place her order

“My king, my queen” f8ck! The voice. I close my eyes as I curse. God will never see me in his prison called church, I was actually going to visit if he came through for me this one time. Why the f8ck is out waitress changed to thobile?

“Hi...oh wow small world” my wife, what’s she talking about “Beautiful scarf. Your palesa’s aunt right?” I almost shit on myself. Now I remember they met at the hospital though she doesn’t know who she is. Jesus is still talking to his father for me I hope.

“Yes my queen. Thank you” she touches the scarf on her neck. It’s ugly as f8ck! I don’t know what this woman finds interesting about it.

“Wow. That scarf is really beautiful. I can’t get over how beautiful it looks on you. I wish I owned a piece like that, did you buy it anywhere close” what the hell is going on before me? And why is my ass not cooperating. I can’t shit on myself. Not when I’m a whole king.

“Aaah my queen. This old thing. I can give it to you, I don’t mind” she is already taking it off her neck. My stomach is aching right now.

“Oh thank you so much sesi” she opens her bag for thobile to shove the scarf “I’ll make sure to tell Palesa how humble and sweet you are. Please do pass by the palace sometime”

“You’re really beautiful my queen, in and out. We’ll get along just fine” f8ck life. I think I released some gas but I’m quick wrestle the chair a bit and clear my throat to cover the sound. It looks like they both didn’t hear me fart.

“Huh?” my wife is lost

“Nothing to worry about my queen. May I please take your orders?” this wh8re just gave up information. I pray my wife doesn’t dwell much on the details. She knows this woman as palesa’s aunt, she doesn’t know she is the thobile I entertained the other day. And kissed. It’s the one thing I didn’t come clean about and I’m praying to take it to the grave with me, hence why I’m this restless.

“I’ll task the king to order for me” she glances at me “Baby why don’t you order for me what you ordered that day. I have to take this call. It’s abuti Sizwe” I hate her for leaving me with this elephant in my life. Sizwe is supposed to give her the details of the surveyor and architect she’ll be working with on the Dlomo Empire.

“My king” I’m going to kill this bi8ch yazi, the smug on her face “She likes me” Damn it!

“Thobile!”

“We’ll make the best sister wives. I’ll respect her. Just tell her Vuvu or else I’ll tell her” she better not threaten me

“Tell her what? That we kissed?”

“Yes and that you promised to take me as your second wife” I have never seen a bi8ch trip so much over a kiss, I swear she would have kidnapped me had I fu8ked her. I talked with my wife, I’ll not be threatened by this wh8re. I’m just scared because I didn’t confess about the kiss, that’s the one detail she’ll not take well. Kissing is not cheating right? Especially because I was drunk.

“This is my last warning thobile. If you value your life, you’ll stay away from my wife. I’ll turn you into a vampire that you are ntombazane. F8CK OFF FROM MY FACE” (.....girly.....) I bark the last part

“I’m sorry Vuvu, I didn’t mean to make you mad, I’ll get you another waitress” about damn time. I almost relax when she walks off but my victory is short lived.

The shift of her body brings my wife to view. She keeps a glare at thobile until she is out of sight. What kind of call was she taking so short?

“Vuvu? Care explaining husband” expectantly she takes back her seat penetrating me with her questing stare

“Aaaah! It’s nothing babe, let’s get you something to eat” dismissively I would like that we don’t talk about this because I might end up on the wrong side of bed today

“Nothing? A woman calls you Vuvu? And you call it nothing? I know all your whores used to call you Vuvu. I don’t know if it was your stage name for when you climbed the poles and twerked your jelly ass for them or when you f8cked their brains.....” okay! This woman is insulting me

“Language MaDlomo! I’m your husband and you’ll not talk to me like that” she sighs, collecting her offensive tongue. I’m just glad she is not shouting in all this

“And the kiss?” for a minute I keep the silence, contemplating, no woman wants to know that her husband kissed another woman, especially an ex “Don’t you dare think of lying to me Vulamasango”

With a sigh I come out clean “Listen babe....” I cross hands over the table to reach hers but she moves hers from my hold “I was drunk, I told you that I drank my life away when you left me. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you that we also kissed. It’s the only detail I left out I swear. I just didn’t want to hurt you my wife. Please forgive me” she chuckles, shaking her head

“And you took me here the first time, knowing she works here?”

“What? No.... I didn’t even know she works here, I was just surprised myself. We were at the bar when all this happened”

“What a discussing man you are vulamasango. A whole damn king going out in bars and shoving your tongue down every wh8re you come across” I choose to take the heat. I could correct her and tell her I that the bar was empty because it was. The minute I entered the bar my escorts kicked almost everyone out but I know better, she’ll think something more happened when she hears that it was just the two of us in a bar “Mxm!” and there, lunch is over before it even started. My day just got ruined. She pushes the chair standing “Take me home” she doesn’t wait for me, she is storming out of the restaurant.

The journey back home is dull, all the happiness is gone out of the window. She keeps her eyes concentrated out of the window. I'm tempted to tell Nkandla to stop the damn vehicle and give us room...in fact I do.

"Nkandla can you stop somewhere and give us room for few minutes" She glances at me once and keeps her silence. Nkandla is quick to park at the side of the road. As soon as he is out of the door I try to hold her hands but she refuse me, she folds them across her chest

"MaDlomo please let's talk about this mkami" (.....my wife)

"Vulamasango not now please, can we just go?" she really is exasperated

"Not before we fix this. I'm sorry MaDlomo. I'm sorry that I didn't come out totally clean. I just didn't want to hurt you"

"Don't worry, you're not the only one with exes. One of this days I might meet up with an ex of mine too and entertain them, then come back to you with the 'I'm sorry I was drunk' apology" breathe! Slowly I have to remind myself to take in some air. This woman is trying to kill me before my time "And speaking of exes. I just received very interesting call from abuti Sizwe. He hired an ex of mine"

"TSIETSI?" I shout, unable to control my anger. This better be a joke, why would Sizwe do this to me? I'm going to fire the nigger before he even breathes close to my wife

"You did thought Tsietsi was my only ex did you? I have always attracted finer species. Don't worry your handsome face. I'm a married woman but I think getting drunk and kissing an ex is what married people do right? Then I'll come back and say 'Sorry Sango I was drunk'" F8ck! I need air. I step out of the car to catch my breath. I feel my vein threatening to burst out of my body. She is making me angry on purpose. I have never thought I would have a panic attack but this is the second time this happens. The thought of my wife with another man is going to kill me. Nkandla is sweet enough to rush to the car and get me some water. I'm trembling almost everywhere. Sizwe needs to give me the damn names of the men he hired. I cannot have my wife working with her ex.....how many exes does this woman have? I thought Tsietsi was the only one. I'm angered some more when I think she might have more than one ex....in fact I angrily walk back to her window, she rolls

it down before I even make it. I can't believe she is playing candy crush on her phone when I almost died of anger outside

"How many ex boyfriends do you have wena?"

"Wena? Jooooo! Someone is suddenly is quite angry for someone he just bought a whole jet for. Wena?" is she mocking me? "Baby I think I would need a quantum to fit all the men I have been with before you. And oh! I had sex with all of them"

"Haaaaa!" I cry like a bi8ch, my knees lose balance and I drop to the ground. Nkandla is running to me and offering water. This air is suddenly not enough again, my chest is closing in on me.

"MaNdlunkulu this person is having a heart attack" Nkandla is kind enough to make her aware, I don't know what it is but I'm struggling to breath and my voice is trapped

"Nkandla get in the car and drive me home" her tone, it comes final leaving no chance to be convinced other wise

"MaNdlunkulu we can't just leave him here" what does he mean leave me? He better carry me, I'm his king and what the f8ck is happening to my voice and legs. Did I inherit Khwezi's sickness? I feel numb on my legs, my heart stings like hell and I'm struggling to voice out.

"That's an order Nkandla" No! no! no! I want to scream no when Nkandla lets me go, they better not leave me in the middle of nowhere. I'm his king damn it! 'Nkandlaaaaa' I think I'm screaming but it comes as a cat whisper "Your phone is here, you'll walk home my king" she waves my phone as Nkandla starts the engine 'Mommy no' I'm trying so hard to speak but nothing. I scream in agony as the car disappears before me. This is the end. My wife killed me.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 60

BOITUMELO

Nkandla doesn't approve of what I did. I understand his anger and I get where he is coming from, he respects his king but today he had to desert him in the middle of nowhere under my order. I hear his angered rapid breathing from the backseat. His shoulders move in a way that confirms that he is burning, had I been just anyone, he sure would have told me where to get off. He is just holding it in for the sake of who I am. He keeps stealing glances at me but when I look at him he looks the other way. I bet he is cursing me for days in his heart.

To be honest, I don't feel even an inch of guilt. Vulamasango has continued to spit on my face, regardless of the respect and kindness I have given him. I'm afraid I have reached my limit of being nice, I'm only human at the end of the day and I can only take so much.

He reaches for his phone, dials someone on speaker and the voice fills the car. It's Mbhele. One of my husband's escort.

'Nkandla' Mbhele is the one to speak first

'Listen carefully ndoda.....'

"NKANDLA!" I'm fuming too. I want Vulamasango to suffer and he wants to stand in my way. I feel like I'm on fire. I interject him loud enough for even mbhele to hear. He looks at me surprised from the rear review mirror. He didn't expect me to shout I think "Drop that call. No one is getting Vulamasango Dlomo. He'll find his way home or die there" he opens his mouth to speak but when I glare at him, he shuts it. The call is dropped and we indulge in silence. Heavy silence of fuming beings.

I dive in my phone. I have no worry in my bone to offer the man that disrespected me. My problem is that I have been too humble and respecting of the man. First I call Mabataung and tell her to log on WhatsApp. I don't want Nkandla spying on me.

I have her scarf I get straight to the point

Paxi it and give me the day to unleash him perfect. I'll call the wh8re to confirm when we meet later on. I don't want to make her suspicious. Nkandla is parking inside the palace. He is an obvious angry zulu man but I won't be intimidated by him. Even when he opens my door he is hostile.

"Do not send help for him Nkandla" I remind him once again as I climb out of the vehicle. He nods. A mad nod but he doesn't say anything.

I missed my babies. They look fat. Ndlovukazi is eyeing me as I inspect them. I found her sitting in the lounge with them. Ngelosi recognises me, she is laughing and clapping her tiny hands kicking her feet in the air. Mhambi is her impassive self but I feel it in my heart that my baby also missed me.

"Is it me or they are fat Maa?" I ask playing with their feet on the couch

"They are fat. I fed them soft porridge" I knew it, she always feeds my babies porridge way before the time but I don't dare argue. I lost the battle with Mkhonto. How I miss that hot headed first born of mine, when I spoke to him on the phone he was fine. It's hard to believe that I'll not be seeing him for the next five years. We haven't told the kids about it, Sakhe is not going to take it well. They think he went on another baecation with Tlotla "Are you okay?" I don't miss the worry on her face, I was a bit consumed in my head. I expel heavy a sigh before I offer her my response,

"Your son is having an affair" she gasp

"MaDlomo!"

"And I left him on the side of the road having a panic attack, he might be dead as we speak" I want her to know so she doesn't come for me if he comes back in a hearse

"I own a gun. We should go on shooting lesson some time so I give you the gun because I no longer have use for it. I shot his father too" now it's time for me to drop my mouth in shock. Mhambi suddenly laughs out loud like she understands what her grandmother just confessed. We end up laughing too "I had to fight some wh8res too to be the only woman in his life. I wasn't going to allow him to put me

in a polygamous marriage, not when I gave him my heart. These men don't understand that a heart of a woman is not something to be toyed with" I didn't expect this, I thought she'll be shouting on top of her lungs.

"Were did you shoot him? Didn't you hurt him?"

"Bullets hurt madlomo. I shot his legs. Both of them. Had you met him, you would have seen that he was a physically fit men but he had to rely on walking stick for support. They couldn't walk long distances to his wh8res anymore and he became a stable man, my stable man who could walk short distances" I'm laughing, lost in thoughts trying to remember him from my visions

"NdlovuNkulu" it comes as whisper as I remember him sitting but he had a walking stick besides him and he was definitely an old hunk

"MaDlomo how do you know that name? He is the only one who used to call me like that" oh shit!

"Sango Maa, sometimes he tells me your stories with your husband and how he called you" thank god. I have learnt to lie pretty fast. Learnt from the best, dear possibly dead husband by now.

"Oh you just reminded me of my husband, let me fetch an album" when she passes the table where I put my bag, my phone rings. She throws the bag to me and I'm quick to find my phone. I don't recognise the number but I answer anyway

'Hello' I say

'Hi. My queen. It's me' her voice is not different from live but I have to play dumb. This woman is really thirsty.

'You who?' I ask

'Thobile, your sister wife' Vulamasango slept with this woman, there is no way it ended with just a kiss. She is too....eager, ambitious, like she has more than just a kiss confession over him

'Oh, Hi' I'm bored as hell right now

'You promised to meet when you get back in KZN. Are you back as yet' I have to remove my phone and laugh a bit. She definitely knows that I'm back.

'Oh yes I just got back. When do you think we can meet?' Ndlovukazi walks back in and glares at me

'Tomorrow my queen, I would really like us to talk so I can tell my family about the wedding' I wonder where she got my numbers. First she finds me on Facebook, now she has my numbers and actually calls me. I think she is a stalker but I'll know all that tomorrow.

'Tomorrow is perfect dear, I'll send you the location and oh, please don't tell anyone about us meeting because you might risk me being found out. I have to come alone without the escorts because it's a secret meeting' I'm praying she takes the bait

'I won't tell a soul my queen. His been grumpy with me lately and I'd like us to surprise him and see us together telling him you agreed for me to be your sister wife' Ndlovukazi is eyeing me when I keep rolling my eyes

'Don't worry, I like you before we even meet. I feel like we already click' bi&ch in your dreams!

'I know right!' she sounds so happy 'Don't worry you'll be surprised' she is the one going to be surprised 'I have to go, bye mnaks' hmk!

"That was your other daughter in law. She wants us to meet" I tell ndlovukazi as soon as I'm off the call

"MaDlomo you're not going to agree to this nonsense right?"

"No. I want her dead"

"Now you're talking my language, my gun is licensed, do you need it?" this old woman, she smirks

"Nop. I'm feeding her to Lupus. I have her scarf. I just have to find a way to get this scarf to Mabataung by tonight. I asked her to borrow me Lupus for just a day" she doesn't believe me, her stare alone is just as shocked

"And here I was thinking I was the vile one. Give me that scarf I'll make sure Mabataung gets it by tonight"

"How are you going to do that?"

“Don’t worry your murderous self about that. I was once a queen and unlike you, I used my name to get whatever I want. This will get to Lesotho by midnight child” well, I’ll put my trust in her

Okay. Now I’m shit scared. I’m gripped in fear every time the clock passes by. It’s 21:30 at night and he is still not home. I was mad, I’m still mad but I didn’t want my husband to die. I have kneeled twice to God so far to ask that he be safe wherever he is. I sent Nkandla back when 20:00 hit the clock and he said he couldn’t find him. He wasn’t there. I would say he called someone but his phone is with me. It hasn’t ringed since. The only call I got was from the Royal secretary who wanted to know where he was when ten minutes passed and he wasn’t in a meeting he was supposed to have attended. I lied and said he isn’t feeling well. My phone rings on my dressing table....

“Thank God!” I’m thinking it’s him as I kick off the covers to hurry and receive it. All my enthusiasm shatter to the base of my fears when I see it’s just Mtho. Sigh!

‘Mtho’ I receive the call

‘Where is my brother?’ Jesus! His tone. The big brother tone he gives when he really is pissed. I swallow hard, trying to think ‘BOITUMELO HOW DO YOU LEAVE A MAN HAVING A HEART ATTACK AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, WITH NO PHONE, NO NOTHING?’ he is shouting, something he rarely do, especially to me

‘I’m sorry Mtho, I was just mad’

‘I DON’T GIVE A DAMN HOW MAD YOU WERE, VULAMASANGO DOESN’T EVEN KNOW HOW TO HIKE? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?’ I fu8ked up didn’t I? I have no words to defend myself so I choose silence and take the heat ‘NKANDLA TEXTED ME AS SOON AS HE DROPPED YOU AND I SENT PEOPLE THERE, THEY COULDN’T FIND HIM. THEY HAVE BEEN ALL AROUND THE SURROUNDING AREAS AND THEY STILL HAVEN’T FOUND HIM. DO YOU KNOW HOW SCARED I AM TO GIVE THEM ORDERS TO START LOOKING IN HOSPITALS AND MORTUARIES? HOW COULD YOU LEAVE A MAN HAVING A HEART ATTACK ALONE?’ I’m trembling, I don’t know what to say of my self

‘Mtho I’m so sorry’ that’s all I manage through a whisper

'I have never been so disappointed in you' he is, even his tone is disgusted by me. He drops the call leaving me gripped with more fear. He wasn't having a heart attack, right? He has to be okay, I'll not live with myself if anything befall him.

I don't know what sleep feels like this morning. It's 03:00 in the morning and I have just been woken up by Ngelosi crying, I truly don't know when I slept. She is hungry and needs a nappy change. I attend her with an absent mind, checking her twin too and changing her.....they don't fuss. Thirty minutes later they are out of it once again. Now I know that I'll not be able to join them. My mind shuts again at the empty side of the bed. What have I done? I decide on a glass of milk, maybe it might help put me to sleep. I'll wake better and able to face the mess I created.

I take careful steps down stairs to the kitchen. It's wee hours of the morning but it looks like this house hasn't slept a wink. Almost everyone is pacing around on their phones. Uncle Zwe is the first to notice me. I don't miss the annoyance in his look. I feel dirty under every look. Everyone glares at me like a piece of garbage. Mtho is also here, not able to even look at me.

Tender hand grab me from behind when I fail to move from the glares I'm receiving. I have even forgot what brought me in this kitchen. My heart is beating out of my chest. Ndlovukazi pulls me a bit from the angry kitchen. She leads me to the lounge. She looks worried too but she doesn't give me the eye I expect her to give too.

"I'm so sorry maa" I murmur, sitting beside her on the couch where she put me

"It's just a bit stressing that he hasn't been found all night long. You have nothing to be sorry about. Please don't cry" I have to touch my cheeks to confirm that I'm really crying

"What if.....what if...." I can't even say the word, I don't want to say it

"Don't. He is fine. Vulamasango is fine, everyone is just overreacting. I'm his....."

"OVERREACTING?" she is interjected by Zwe glowering behind us. He roars so loud the entire room comes to a standstill. I squirm on my sit "SHE LEFT A MAN HAVING A HEART ATTACK IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AND YOU CALL THAT OVERREACTING? WE ARE ALMOST 24 HOURS LATER AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND MY SON AND YOU CALL THAT OVERREACTING?"

“There is really no need for you to shout. Vulamasango wasn’t innocent in all this” Ndlovukasi is brave enough to talk back to him, I’m a mess of tears and I cannot even attempt a look at him

“I don’t care if she found him having sex with another woman, she had no right and she is going to be severely punished for this”

“Zwelithini you’re taking this too far” Ndlovukazi

“Wena, MaDlomo. Go get dressed. The council wants answers and since you’re the one who created all this mess, you’ll answer for yourself” f8ck my life!

Ndlovukazi feels sorry for me. I feel sorry for her that she is caught in the middle. She wants her son found and okay but then again she doesn’t want me crucified for it. It’s 07:00 in the morning and there is still nothing. Now his sisters are here too, they hate me more I know for a fact. Buhle and Nkanyezi though they seem to be fine. The rest are rejoicing, signing to Zwe and almost every elder that they told them so. I was never good enough for him in their eyes.

The poor woman accompanied me to the council hall. Unfortunately she can’t come in with me. She rubs my back when I heave a sigh outside the door.

“I’m sorry my baby. Just bow your head and take whatever punishment they give” I nod, with a heavy heart “I was also fined two goats for shooting their king, they are just mad, they’ll be fine once he shows up” she is really hopeful

“Maa what if.....” she shakes her head no before I even say it

“Vulamasango came from me. I would know. Gumede would know. He is fine, believe me” Sigh! I better face the music.

“Thank you Maa” she gives me a lopsided pity smile before I enter hell.

All eyes penetrate me from the entrance. A bunch of angry zulu men eyes. They are supposed to stand at my presence but they don’t. Some are even clicking their tongues in disgust. I’m not supposed to greet, they are the ones who are supposed to greet me regardless of when I came in. It’s how it’s been done but not today. I don’t greet too. I know my position. I pull a chair of mine next to my husband’s throne and look at them.

“Where is our king boitumelo?” Ngema is the first to ask, he is an old man that’s been part of this council for decades. The vile one. He is not supposed to address me with my name but I guess today it’s different

“I don’t know where he is bab Ngema” they laugh, like I cracked a joke

“MaDlomo why would you leave him in the middle of nowhere alone and sick” At least Zwe still knows how to address me but he is very much annoyed

“We were having a fight and instead of disrespecting him by talking back with him, I thought living him was best”

“And what was the fight about?” Ngema

“He is having an affair” they laugh again, I try to look at Mtho but he is just impassive

“Wena ntombazane, Vulamasango is a king, he doesn’t have affairs. When he sees a beautiful flower he has every right to take it in his house. You’re mad that he wants to take another wife so you killed him” this one is called magubane if I’m not mistaken

“You do understand that we cannot let this go unpunished right?” Zwe. I nod “You are to call your family, tell them we want a cow for disrespecting our king. And you’ll kneel and apologise to each of the men in this room. You hear me?”

“Loud and clear bab zwelithini, may I be excused if that’s all”

“So cheeky. Don’t be rude sisi we might fine you for trying to raise those nose at us. We are still addressing you” I don’t know this one’s name

“Didn’t they teach you how to treat a king in Free State? I bet this is why he is taking another wife, you don’t know your place” another one, now they are taking turns on me. So far I haven’t fell apart, I’m surprised of myself.

“Maybe we should send her back, they’ll bring her back when she is learnt some manners” another one, almost the entire room nods “Do we all agree madoda?” they nod repeatedly once again “Good. Listen ke sisi, start packing. We want you out of this yard in the next two hours. Leave our children. Go back to your family and tell them to teach you some manners. They should bring you back with a cow

when you have learnt how to treat king” I nod, biting my lips so I don’t fall apart and give them the satisfaction

“Your excused” I nod once again standing. My throat is aching with a lump and I know I’m close to tears but I’ll not let them fall. Two hours is enough to get my babies out of here before they come out. They are mistaken if they think I’m going to leave my children behind. At least this time they kicked me out, I hope their ancestors don’t come for me again.

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MTHOKOZISI

Chaos. I don't know if the word chaos or mess is befitting for this clouds we brought on to ourselves. It's not even a day later, just couple of hours but shit is already breaking down. Ngema is a mess. He is crouched to the floor weeping like a little girl. Even when his wife died he didn't cry like this.

We had been sitting in the council house once again gathered by MaDlomo's name. We discovered after she left that she took the girls with, another hurdle she created. These old men were discussing another fine for her for going against their wishes. They were a minute to calling ntate Tau and telling him they want an extra goat when they bring her back tomorrow. It's what they said. Her family will bring her back tomorrow but I know better. Ntate Tau and Tj are not going to grin with us, they might take her for a whole year. I tried to make them see reason but who was I? I was reminded that I'm not a Dlomo so I shush my big mouth. It was discussed before she even arrived that they are going to exile her for a day. They were sure that tomorrow morning we will wake to clan praises from the gate by the Motaungs. But this, this to me just confirmed that shots are fired.

Somewhere through the after noon time one of the royal guards came in running like he was chased by something malicious "Bab Ngema your house is on fire" he reported panting through the council hall doors. We didn't need to hear it twice. We left him there trying to catch his breath. The old Ngema forgot his walking stick. He was faster than any of us. And to our luck Ngema's house is just couple of feet away from the royal house. We could see the dark smoke from a distance. The neighbours were already busy with water but it was all for nothing. The fire was just too strong and fast, and we still don't know what caused it.

He is been crouched the floor in the middle of what used to be his house. It's shocking. How a house can burn so fast and leave nothing. Everything is just ash. One would think it's a lie that there used to be a house here, even the bricks are all down. It looks like it was bombed but no one heard any sound. We all don't even

know where to start. All the council members standing here in silence know but no one is saying it. We wish it be something else.

“Lily....lily....lily” Oh dear lord! He starts to weep out loud again, rocking himself in the middle of what used to be his lounge. He is been crying for Lily the most. From when we got in his yard the first thing he did was demand Lily to his neighbours but when they all shook their heads, he failed to stand any longer. His hands clasped on his head as he kneeled crying for Lily. My heart shatters for Lily. The little baby that died in the house I think.

“How old was she?” I ask Kay in a whisper next to me. The others went to comfort Ngema once again, Lily’s death is doing the most to him. This time he is rolling on ashes like a Nigerian woman crying. It’s hard to tell that he is human. He looks like just another burnt item. He sure rolled himself in ashes for Lily

“Who?” Kay asks back

“Lily? Was she his grandchild? This is very sad” I feel Ngema’s pain, no parents or grandparent deserve to see their children die, especially in the most cruel way like this

“Lily is a cat” I think I didn’t hear him correctly, maybe hearing with my eyes will make this come out clear. I stare at him for clarification “Lily was a cat. His wife left him that cat when she died”

“And we are all standing here to comfort him over a cat? I actually thought it’s a grandchild or something” I cannot believe this man is this hysterical over a cat. He is crying for it more than his burned house

“See why I’m not out there trying to offer my condolence...” He is cut off by another young fellow pushing past us in hurry. He is screaming Magubane’s name.

“Bab Magubane! Bab Magubane!” everyone make way for the boy screaming on top of his lung. When he spots Magubane he breathes, touching on his knees for strength “Bab Magubane your house is on fire!”

“WHAAT!!!” we all sing, glaring at the young boy

“NO! NO! NO! My wife and children!” Magubane runs to his house, crying for his wife and children. Now all roads lead there, there is nothing to be done for Lily but hopefully Magubane’s family can still be saved. Ngema only stayed with Lily. His

daughter is married hence why I thought Lily was a grandchild. By the time we make it to Magubane's house his house is yet again another history. His wife and children all stand outside watching in disbelief as the home turn to ash. This time in silence we all borrow each other eyes, everyone is shitting in their pants. Who is next? We wonder.

Four hours later ten houses of ten council members out of thirteen have all turned to ashes. Now we know for sure. They are mad at us. Even though none is willing to say it out loud, deep down we know. Only the houses were burnt so far and I bet this is just the beginning. The warning stage.

We are heading to the palace with now homeless council members and their families. The mystery in this is that, no one died from the fire except the cat. I think his punishment was severe because he called MaDlomo with her name. No one is to address her with her name but Ngema here, did.

I feel it in the way they breathe alone that they are mad. From the thirteen of us who were part of exiling MaDlomo only the three of us haven't felt their wrath. I'm not rejoicing as yet, those mean ghost are still preparing for us. The three of us our houses are still very much in peace so far.

Upon our arrival at the palace, we are welcomed by another havoc. The council house is on fire. I don't have the strength to run anymore, so is every council member. We all stand shattered watching the guards try to save the house.

"What have we done?" I don't miss the pain and regret in Zwe's tone "We have pissed them haven't we?" Loudly he is the one to admit it first

"MaDlomo is not Vulamasango's bride only. She is their bride and you all disrespected her and now you are all going to feel their wrath" Gumede's voice comes loud from the back of the crowd. He left in the morning to seek clarity to the mountains where he usually goes when he can't see things. He asked that we wait for him but as soon as he was out of the door, decision were made in his absence. Nkandla and other escorts show people where to go. The council house couldn't be saved too. It was yet another angry fire.

“Gumede please plead for us, what do we do?” Zwe asks Gumede as the three of us remain outside trying to think

“It’s too late, the damage is done. I just feel sorry for the boys”

“What boys?” Kay asks, I would also like to know. But just as we wait for Gumede’s response, mam Jabu’s X6 comes in flying into the yard. She almost run us over but we are quick to jump. Why is she driving like such a maniac?

“Bring all the boys to the kraal. It will save them until you all find her if you do” Gumede.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Kay asks Gumede who is already walking off. He is annoyed by his wife’s driving and Gumede’s riddles. When he doesn’t get no answer, he runs to join us heading to mam Jabu’s car.

“I cannot lose my son....what is happening?” mam Jabu is a mess of tears, she is trembling. Ndaba is at the back seat shaking and groaning like Gumede when he has his moments. It looks like he is having a seizure of some sort.

“Jabu....what.....what happened?” Kay is shaking, he doesn’t know what to do or where to touch. I aid by carrying the boy while Zwe holds Kay down, Gumede said to bring the boys to the kraal

“I don’t know. We were sitting and then.....next thing he is.....he is like this. Kubeka what is happening to....” I don’t hear the rest of their conversation as I hurry the boy to the kraal as per Gumede’s request. He is waiting by the kraal when I approach. I put Ndaba who hasn’t stopped to shake in the middle of the kraal. He was hurrying to chase the cows out now I see. I try to catch my breath next to him but he doesn’t allow me

“Go help with the other boys”

“What other boys Gumede?” I ask failing to hide the annoyance in my tone

“All the boys are to die if their mother is not back where she belongs. Including yours” a moment of silence passes while I take in what he just said. I know what he means but I would like to think that they wouldn’t do that. These are their children “You all brought this on yourselves” he leaves me numb. How do we get MaDlomo back in this yard this instant?

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We found him. No, let me rephrase that. He found us. I was woken by a call from him in the morning. I received a call from him telling me he is in one of the hospitals in Durban. He was picked by a stranger by the side of the road and they dropped him off here. Unfortunately we couldn't find him in time because people here don't give a damn about kings. They don't know who he is. He was just a stranger found by the side of the road and dropped by another stranger.

I would be lying if I said I slept, it's been one boy after the other. The kraal is full of all the Dlomo boys. Ndaba was just the first. He is the second boy to be born after Mkhonto. Just when Gumede was still trying to figure what is going on almost every male child was brought into the yard because they are all suddenly sick. But what all this surprises us with is that Vulamasango's children are fine. Lihle confirmed that the boys are fine but last night she showed up too, with my boys who had joined the queue. I don't know why my children are dragged in this punishment too.

Deep down we know what we did. We pissed them. MaDlomo was the one to lift this curse and if she leaves, all that she brought will also be taken from us. And that is the boys. They will die without her. Though Gumede hasn't confirmed anything, it's the only logic explanation for all of this. The only thing he keeps saying is that we brought this dark clouds on to ourselves. We know.

The council sat down in the morning. We had no place to meet, our gathering was held outside by the tree. The council house burned too. All the women in the yard wants nothing to do with us, as soon as they learned that this is all happening because of the council, they didn't even spare us a room in the palace to meet. We are planning to go to Free-State to fetch our bride this afternoon. We just had to come see this one first.

The doctor that we have been waiting for on this benches is finally here. He tells us that he suffered a mini heart attack. I thought Nkadla was exaggerating a bit but he wasn't. He permits us to go ahead and see him though not to take long after providing with the directions to his bed.

He is sitting on the bed when we get in, bored as hell but he heave a sigh when he sees us.

“Finally, what took you all so long? Get me out of here” he is already trying to climb off the bed but luckily Ndlovukazi squashes him in a hug

“Jesus, Vulamasango, don’t ever scare me like that”

“Ohh Maa and drama” he is brushing her back while she hugs him, his eyes are looking at almost everyone, searching for her I know. I hate that I didn’t fight for her, I was just so mad. It’s true when they say don’t make decision when your still mad “Where is my wife?” Shit! Now it’s about to get real. We borrow each other eyes, no one is willing to open their mouth “Where is MaDlomo?” he ask again when he doesn’t get his answer

“When are they discharging you?” Zwe asks instead of replying him

“They say in a day or two, I asked where is my wife?” he is bit stern this time around, probably seeing the guilt in our eyes

“She..she...you two were fighting....so she....went home” Wow! Way to go Zwe “But....don’t worry son...we are going to get her back for you this afternoon” Kay and I are just agreeing along. We don’t know what he is playing at. Ndlovukazi has her eyes narrowed at us. I just pray she doesn’t tell on us.

“She left again?” this time we all nod “Oh! God, why do I keep hurting my wife?” he looks up, immersed in sorrow. Ndlovukazi hates how shattered he looks. I see it before she even opens her mouth that she telling on us

“They are lying, they banished her” f8ck! He opens his eyes with a frown to find Ndlovukazi pointing at us. He laughs, he thinks she is joking.

“Why would my wife be banished and who would take such drastic decision without my absence? That’s not a joking matter Maa. I would kill anyone who dare banish my wife” the promise in his words are real. I feel Zwe heave a sigh next to me before he speaks

“Dlomo we were not pleased with her, she needed to be reminded that she is still our daughter in law and needs to know her place” Zwe says. It hits him, he stares back a bit, in disbelief. Closing his eyes and shaking his head

“Wait....your all serious, you banished my wife?” he is appalled, hoping that someone can say it’s a joke

“It’s just punishment Vula, you’re a king, she wasn’t supposed to do that to you. But we are going to get her back” I’ll not say I damn thing. We were wrong, taken by emotions just as she was taken by emotions when she left him to die.

“Bafo please tell me this is a joke” I can’t, I can’t even look him in the eye. And there. We brought the monster in him back. The look in his eyes alone has a man swallowing. His fierce stare makes all the follicle hairs all over my skin stands. He tears the drip connected to his arm glaring at us. Holding us in place with just his vicious gaze. His breathing alone hungry for someone’s soul.....

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MTHOKOZISI

.....“VULAMASANGO. CALM. DOWN” I might sound a bit high but I’m not, I’m shitting in my pants. I’m trying to make him see reason. He is taking dangerous steps towards us. Steps that threaten our existence. One foot forward for him equals one foot backwards for us. We sure have an audience now. It doesn’t help that he is in a public hospital, patients who are awake from other beds are watching in shock.

“Where. Is. My. Wife” through gritted teeth his tone comes aching like his face. Oh boy my skin! It’s going to take forever for me to heal if he dare touches me.

“We apologize Domo we were wrong. Taken by emotions and we thought we were fighting for you”

“DID I SAY I FU8KING NEED FIGHTING FOR?” he roars, filling the entire hall with his bold vexed voice. His veins are aching to choke the life out of someone. His fierce scowl sucking the life out of my lungs. I have seen this side too many times, the demon in him. Something he infected his son with and I know when to eradicate myself. I’m not about to fight demons. My brother is human but in him, there is something malicious. I don’t want to find my skin purple for the next two weeks.

In a blink of an eye, the bed that was the only protection we had serving as a bridge between HIM and us lands on the far wall of the room. It all happens so fast. The moment feels like a blur as patients scream on top of their lungs while some gets under their bed. I don’t know when my feet carried me but I’m at the door. So thankful for being a coward. I’m begging for my poor uncles floating in the air as he chokes the life out of them.

“BAFO DON’T PLEASE!” I try my best to come loud enough from the entrance but make sure to be gentle. Nurses and doctors come running pushing past me but they all come to a halt when their eyes feed on the scene. His look alone has people trembling. The room is full of heavy silence, many words want to be said but no

one is got the courage. The look and his image alone is not to be messed with. Zwe is shaking. He is close to separating from his soul.

“Vulamasango” Jesus! I forgot about her. She brushes his arm taking the life out of Zwe “Don’t kill your uncles son. Make them pay anyhow but don’t do this. MaDlomo wouldn’t want you killing your uncles because of her”

“NDLOVUKAZI IS RIGHT BAFO” I add from the door, people turning to me at once and going to the vicious Vula. He listens “Oh! SOMANDLA!” I have eyes on me once again, I was just thankful when he dropped them to the floor, I thought I was thanking God in my heart but turn out I was loud enough. He is talking to Ndlovukazi. I wish to hear what they are saying but I’m not sure if it’s safe to get any close to him. I decide to go help my uncles who are now attended by doctors.

“Sir breathe. Take slow deep breathes. In. Out” that’s the doctor attending Zwe. He is old and getting choked ain’t for old people. Kay is still fresh, he is brushing his neck. I don’t miss his irritated look at me

“Why the f8ck did you run?” Uncle Kay bathong! I’m too yellow to be choked. I would have turned.... I don’t know what’s the worst colour than red

“Everything starts in order Kay. Small, smaller, smallest. Meaning – Zwe, Kay and Mtho. I’m just lucky that he didn’t get to the smallest part. And don’t say I ran. I was giving him an opportunity to deal with us in order you see” He clicks his tongue, look at Zwe who is now offered water with a straw. He is going to have a sour throat for ages “Can he speak?” I ask the doctor helping him, I doubt he can

“Ungazonginyela wena sdididi” (Don’t shit on me stupid) Oh he can speak. His tone though comes raspy and rough, like it’s delivered from a gravelly throat. He is a much stronger man than I am. If I were him, my voice would go on strike for a day or two.

“I’m sorry baba I just.....HAAAAAA!” I jumped. I’m on top of the bed in a blink of an eye. I know Vulamasango’s touch. A pat on my shoulder I know it’s him “I wasn’t there. I wasn’t even in the room. They just told me like you, can you believe them?” He hasn’t said a damn thing but I’m already defending myself, throwing people under the bus. It’s a crucial time now, no time to be playing for family, every man for himself.

“I want my damn phone!” Oh that! I take it out of my pants and throw it to him, I’m not about to be inches from him. I release air sucked in my lungs when he turns to his bed.

Ten minutes later Zwe is fine. Strong enough to plead our case. I’m behind them as we yet again make way to Vula’s bed. Ndlovukazi has a smug I hate so much on her face. She is enjoying this, now feeding the gorilla she birthed. She had food packed in her bag for her demon.

“Vulamasango we.....” he interject Kay before he even starts

“I don’t want to hear it. You all hurt me so much. My wife Zwe?” At least we are talking now but the pain in his look is not hard to miss, we didn’t do him right this time around “And you bafo? Wow!” fu8k that hurts!

“I’m sorry” that’s all I can say for myself

“Son, we were wrong and we apologise again. We thought we were fighting for you but it was wrong of us to take decisions for you. I know your mad right now but there is an urgent matter at home that needs your attention, we need you to calm down” Zwe is still trying to talk to him, I on the other hand will not try regardless of how many times Kay tries to poke me with his elbow. I know he will not listen “Son the boys are all sick except your sons”

“Which boys?” it looks like he’ll spare us an ear

“Every boy in the family except yours” he laughs, shaking his head

“And if I may ask when did all this start to happen?”

“Ndaba was the first to get sick, he was brought hours after....after.....” he trails off, it’s amazing how MaDlomo is favoured even by those before us. He can’t say it because its shameful. We thought we were just shaking her and putting her in her place but look at us now

“Hours after you all banished my wife?” Vula asks and we all nods “Then what do you all want from me? Why don’t you all go back and crawl to the Motaungs?”

“Son we need you to call ntate Morena, as one king to another talk to him before we leave” Kay

“I, Vulamasango Dlomo? I’m doing no such thing. I wish you all luck by the way and you all better be prepared to bury all your boys. I’ll get my wife in the yard when you all have suffered. The only call I’m going to give ntate Morena is to deny you all access to my wife.”

“Vulamasango don’t be so mean about it, the boys had nothing to do with this”
Zwe

“It’s not me, it’s your ancestors. They have never been fair, they always punish innocent people to get to their targets. I’m just glad that for once, my family and I are not in the firing line” he is right, for once he did nothing, we are the ones feeling the heat. He makes a call while we still talk to him

‘Sthandwa sami’ he is on the phone, glaring at us while he talks to his wife ‘Yes, I’m fine my baby, I just didn’t have a phone’ I wish I can hear what MaDlomo is saying. I tried her I don’t know how many times but she is not taking my calls ‘It’s okay my wife, I’m fine I promise and I’m thinking we take a.....konje what does Sakhe call it. Wait mama, just hold a minute’ he presses the phone to his chest and ask

“Is Sakhe among the sick list?” I shake my head no, he smiles and goes back to his phone ‘Oh zululami I was asking what does sakhe call that vacation taken by lovers’ he laughs ‘Yes that one, I think we should go overseas for a month or two, what do you think?’ he is laughing again ‘A.a don’t dare come here, I’ll come to you and don’t answer anyone’s call. All the family. Can you do that for me for almost killing me?’ he is laughing out loud ‘Mama you own a jet, don’t worry of how I get to you. We deserve a break, and I’m taking you on one’..... ‘Oh I love you too my heaven, kiss my girls for me’ then he kisses the phone, longer than necessary. F&ck his happy self “Mommy” Ndlovukazi is smiling “Your daughter in law said to tell you that she misses you. And I hear my beautiful mother is the only one who had her back” the smug

“Mkhabela we were wrong” Kay

“Now since you all can banish my wife in my absence. This is my fine to you all as your king. Each and every one of you will send two cows to the Motaungs, including your council member. You’ll fetch my wife with dignity and kiss her feet, ALL OF YOU but all this will happen when you all have felt the heat a bit” who made a man so in love a king mara?

“My son is okay. I’m not doing that shit” Bathong Zwe! The only son he has is Sakhe, all his wives kept giving girls. Ndlovukazi was the only one who gave him a son. And to think he was the one talking the most with those members

“Zwelithini I’ll tell Vulamasango everything you said to MaDlomo” Kay threatens him, that seems to put him back in his lane

“Oh don’t worry Uncle Kay. I had cameras installed in the council hall. I’m going to watch the tapes and then I’ll punish each and every one of you accordingly. This is just a general punishment for all of you. Then there will be a one by one fine based on what each said to my wife” Kay huffs

“Wena satan you’re aware we were doing all this for you?” Kay is always been short tempered

“This satan will teach you all that next time, you stay out of married people’s affairs”

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Hours later we make it in Free State. The darkness is starting to marry into the sky. We don’t know if she is home or she is at the bataung village but we had to start with her home. It’s the three of us alone as we park outside her home in dusk hours of the day. Vulamasango is not helping us. We need MaDlomo back in the yard as soon as today and waiting on Vulamasango who said is taking her on vacation will not do us well. We have to get her before he is discharged. He wasn’t bluffing I know, he will take her way just to punish us for what we did.

The gate is locked and there is no way to drive in. We have to leave the car outside the yard and go to the smaller gate. I spot mme Lebone outside in the balcony through the dusk skies, she was watching into the sunset just as we open the gate, holding a baby in her arms. This confirms that MaDlomo is here. She runs quickly to the house when she sees us, I bet to snitch. In no time Ntate Tau is at the door, he is moving fast to the garage. He opens the door and snaps his fingers for something and he comes out holding two pit bulls chained in his hands.

“OUT. OF. MY. YARD!” he roars, I’m already on standstill. I’m not afraid of dogs but I know a dog that is ready to kill when I see one

“Motaung please.....let’s talk. It was.....” Zwe doesn’t finish, he releases them and I’m the first to the gate. Zwe is screaming on top of his lungs at the back. I’m number one to jump to the car, number two is Kay. Ntate Tau hold the one that already had Zwe’s pants from the gate. He shuts his gate glaring at us. Zwe is on the ground outside the gate panting.

“I don’t ever want to see you people in my yard again. No daughter of mine will be coming back to your house. Tell your seer to prepare to untie my daughter to your people. This is divorce” he is furious, this just angered him more. We don’t need this getting more complicated.

“Tau please let’s talk..... I know we were wrong and..... we are ready to apologize in any way” Uncle Kay say from the car window, Zwe is trembling and panting on the ground. I don’t have the strength to go get him as yet, my knees are still kissing on each other.

“There is nothing to talk about. I have turned an eye for quite too long when my daughter suffered in the hands of that boy of yours. I’ll be coming to your house soon with my people. Prepare for the ceremonies to untie my daughter to your ancestors. Boitumelo is not going back to Vulamasango, I’ll die before I let my daughter go back to your house” shit! He turns with his dogs, he is spitting fire and I think this might start to make matters more complicated than we need. I don’t want to even think what will happen to us if he really separates them. Only now that he is away from the gate, I step out of the car to help my uncle. We settle in the car for a while not knowing what to do and regretting everything.

“If MaDlomo doesn’t return in that yard we are all doomed” Kay adds to our heavy thoughts, we haven’t moved from Ntate Tau’s gate “What do we do now?” he is the one scared the most, Ndaba is the first predicted to die then followed by each and every one that was born after him

“Yoh!” Zwe says out loud like he is waking from a threatening dream “I hate dogs that are not mine” I think only now he catches his voice. I’m tempted to laugh but I manage to hold myself “Okay....let’s breathe boDlomo!” he is the one needing breathing, we are okay. We let him breath and wait for him “Kubeka drive, let’s find a nearby bnb and rest. We’ll come try again in the morning” Kay nods bringing the engine to live. We need to rest, maybe tomorrow ntate Tau might talk to us.

He makes a stop at the filling station, filling up the tank before we go for a bnb. It's silent in the car, we are thinking of ways to get out of this mess. It doesn't help that MaDlomo doesn't take any of our calls.

"Okay, I'm thinking something" we borrow Zwe our attention while we wait for the car to fill up "We have two options left. We drive to nate Morena in the morning, he'll speak to his brother and he'll fine us. We cannot have them divorced. That's not an option. And the second option is to use the women"

"How do we use the women?" I ask

"Sorry sir your card declined" the young petrol attendant interrupt us giving Kay his card. We frown at him. Judging him.

"Wena boy. Do you know who I am?" Kay

"Sir I don't know who you are but your card declined"

"Hai! We don't have time for this nonsense, mi boy, pay with this one" Exasperated Zwe offers his card. We wait again now glaring at the petrol attendant and his speed point "Kubeka are you having money problems?" I would also like to know

"I'm not having money problems. Free state speed points are drunk nje"

"Sir your card also declines" okay now they are drunk for real

"That's impossible wena mfana, I....." I cut Zwe's livid tone. I can't believe I'm driving with broke oldies

"Here ntwana, keep the change" Lucky enough I have cash, I offer him all the notes in my wallet and ask Kay to drive "Let's go ndoda" he is glaring at the poor boy as if it's his fault that their cards declined

"Nxa! Uyanya lomfana. Decline? Does he even know what decline means" Zwe is shouting at the back

"Zwe, we were talking. You were telling us how we can use the women to get MaDlomo back" he sighs, clicking his tongue first

"MaDlomo is soft hearted. She is not taking our calls but we can tell the women what is going on. Tell them that the future of their boys lies in her return. They'll

call her and convince her. She'll come back for the children, she wouldn't let the children suffer" Okay that might work

"That's very clever, Mthokozisi make the call" Kay orders. It's worth a try. I produce my phone and dial Lihle. She receives the call on the first ring. It's past seven heading to night and I hate the noise in her background. It sounds like she is outside running or walking, her breathing is just unstable nje

'Thank God baby, I was about to call you' she say, panting

'What's going on?' I ask alarmed

'It's your mother'

'My mother?' I ask again, horrified this time

'Yes, your mother's ghost kicked us out of the palace. She was dancing on top of our heads, strangling us' I have to remove my phone a bit to let everything sink in

'Lihle what are you saying?'

'I'm saying your mother's ghost haunts the palace. Bab Gumede said she want's Mhambi. Mhambi was helping reunite her with her ancestors and you all interrupted that by kicking MaDlomo out. We are going to Ndlovukazi's house, all of us, we hope she doesn't follow us there' the hell! 'And wena Mthokozisi why are all my bank cards declining?'

'Lihle don't, I have gazillions under my name?' I have worked my white butt way too long to have my wives bank cards decline

'Well gazillion, you're as poor as Ngema now. Call your accountant and hear what he says. You all have no cents now' Okay, I forget the motive of the call and drop on her. I'm in my banking app in a minute. Checking my balances and I have to scream my poor lungs out loud

"Aaaaaaa!" I let it out, holding my palpitating heart as I see all the zeros in my accounts

"Mthokozisi don't annoy us please. Why are you screaming like a girl?" I annoy Zwe

"Turn the car around, we have to find that petrol attendant, I need my last money that I gave him" He is not listening, he is driving off "KAY WE ARE BROKE DAMN IT.

TURN THE CAR AROUND” still he is driving, regardless of how much I shout. I have to succumb to tears, I’m already hungry, I feel so poor in an instant.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 63

BOITUMELO

He is fine. I can breathe. I won't lie and say I wasn't scared. I have been a corpse staring at my phone almost every minute I get. My father welcomed me with open arms, he listened as I confessed my sins and told him what is expected of him. He made it crystal clear that they will not sniff even a single calf from him. He is livid now, more furious than I am. He is talking divorce, cutting ties with 'that boy' and that's my husband by the way. This is the problem about involving family in your matters. They get in and get way too deep. Now he wants me to divorce my husband. I don't want to. I love my husband regardless of the things we go through. I don't even know how to tell him that I spoke with my husband and we are fine. He wished him dead the minute I told him that I might have killed him. Now I have to worry about him too. It's going to hurt him when I go back to my husband.

Mme Lebone tells me that he chased Mtho and his uncle with dogs yesterday, he didn't even listen to a single word they said. I was just as surprised that he now owns dogs when I got home. He said they keep him company because we don't want to give him even a single grandchild to stay with. I understand, I feel where he is coming from. I don't even want to think of separating with my babies. This is my brother's problem. His children are the Motaungs, he should give his father one child.

I wasn't home when they arrived. I had to go collect Khwezi from Joburg. With her father missing, I had to fetch her so I can drive her to school. She was discharged and was just waiting on her father. I was in Joburg when all this dog chasing happened. I had left the girls with Mme Lebone and my father. I found my children with Marry in Joburg, apparently her son and Lihle's boys are sick and had to be taken to KZN. She didn't share much details, she just mentioned almost all the boys in the family being sick. I was just glad to see my boys healthy and not sick. Khwezi and I had to stay a bit because the boys didn't want me to go but I had to leave them with Marry again because they haven't closed for school holidays as yet. I'm to drive Khwezi to Lesotho this afternoon. With everything that happened in a short

space of time, Ndlovukazi couldn't help with the scarf situation but now that I'm skipping the country, I'll pass it over myself.

"I love this one. You know she is been awake but hasn't even made a fuss" We sit in the lounge with mme Lebone, my father emerges through the passage holding Mhambi. Khwezi is holding Ngelosi right by his side.

"Mina I love Ngelosi ntate moholo, she is dramatic like me" Ngelosi had just woke up and cried her lungs out

"It's a good thing your moving back home, I will see my grandbabies grow in front of me" he say retiring on the couch. Mme Lebone and I share looks. We didn't quite click. She didn't like me at first because I was my father's daughter and I didn't like her because it felt like she was replacing me from my father but as years past, we learned to embrace each other and reach a common ground of this old man

"Ntate moholo what do you mean mama is moving back home?" my father better not confuse my daughter, she doesn't need drama, she should focus on going to school

"Nothing for you to worry about princess, I mean she is moving now because she is going to spend the entire winter holidays here" I thank my lucky stars "What's that on your elbow?" My father asks Khwezi pointing at her white birthmark on her elbow

"It's a birthmark ntate moholo, baba said I must have taken it from my mother's side of the family because they don't have birthmarks like this ones in the Dlomos" my eyes follow my father, I see him fidget a bit. Peter hasn't sent me the results. I see him clear his throat before he asks

"Your....your mother.....do you know her baby?"

Khwezi shakes her head no "I don't know her, but mama do" I know my father, he gives his nervous look

"I think Khwezi was five or six when I met her, I haven't seen her since then, she left the country with her husband" he nod, a bit not at ease. Zonke is dead but that's the part people don't know. It scares me that we might have been sisters.

"Where...where was she from?" this old man

“Somewhere from KZN, she was from a royal family though because she was married to Sango” he coughs, fan his face as if it’s hot. He is saved by the door, he shoves Mhambi in mme Lebone’s arms with the excuse to get the door. He comes back with a little girl I don’t know and tell me that she is looking for me.

“She is Malerato’s grandchild” my father explains, I nod though I’m still confused why she is looking for me “This is ausi boitumelo nana, you said you are looking for ausi boitumelo” he explains to the little girl who also isn’t familiar with me.

“This is for you ausi” she shoves a paper in my hand and runs out. This is odd. All eyes are directed to me as I unwrap the folded paper. I know Mtho’s cockroach hand writing that my husband always mocks him with. This is his letter.

Dear Makoti

I write this to you officially poor. I know you don’t want to talk to me but I need you to know that I slept in the car. My knees and neck are killing me. I’m too old for car life. I haven’t had a proper meal since yesterday when I arrived in your hometown. Your husband cleaned my bank accounts and I’m going to die of hunger if you don’t get me food in the next 15 minutes. Please make a plan to feed me or borrow me R10 to buy some fat cakes. Thank you.

Yours officially a hobo brother in law

Mthokozisi no surname, I’m officially also leaving the surname. It has tortured me enough. I love you and I’m sorry. Mcwaa kisses. Make a plan please, I’m parked three houses away from your home. You can just make a plan for me only. The other two we’ll sort themselves out.

The letter is drawn a heart at heart at the bottom. I have to contain myself not to laugh as people stare at me expecting that I share the details.

“Who is it?” my father

“One of the guys I went to school with, he heard that I’m in town” I pray he buys it, when he takes his attention to the sport channel we are watching I look at Mme Lebone and Khwezi, and signal that we go outside. Mme Lebone is the first to get me, she puts Mhambi on the couch and goes out. I didn’t take Khwezi to be a slow learner but I literally have to say it out loud, she is staring back at me confused when I try to signal her out with my eyes.

“Khwezi come help me with something” now she understands, she puts Ngelosi in my father’s arms following me out.

“What’s wrong?” Mme Lebone asks as soon as we are outside. I give them the letter to read for themselves. They are laughing. This is not a laughing matter, Zwe is too old for car life “Your father will not agree that we serve them but you two can drive to town and buy them food” that’s an idea

“I think my guy is just exaggerating, him poor?” Khwezi. I think so too, maybe they just want to see me but I’ll see. I’m still not going back. My husband said he is coming tomorrow and we are going on vacation.

“Get my keys and phone, I don’t want to go back in the house and lie to him, just say we are going to buy few things that your leaving with when he asks” Khwezi nods leaving us out

Mme Lebone is eyeing me with a smile “You spoke to him, haven’t you?” I smile, my smile give me away “Is he okay?” I nod, I didn’t tell her because she is my father’s wife, she supports him with everything and I thought she also wished him dead “I see it in your face, your happier than you were when you arrived. You going to have to give that man the best sex ever!”

“Haaaa!” my jaws drop in shock

“Don’t haaa me. You almost killed the man” we laugh, burry the conversation as soon as Khwezi comes to sight.

Khwezi and I see them just as we drive out of the yard. Mtho is sitting butt flat on the pavement. Like a hobo he said to be. Khwezi resort to running to him after closing the gate while I drive. They are just three houses away. I get to him before Khwezi. The other two are still in the car.

“Mtho!” I’m appalled. He is an exaggerative person by nature but to sit butt flat on the pavement.

“Oh Makoti. I’m so sorry” he kisses my feet as I stand before him but I’m quick to move back a bit “I have never been so happy to see you” this person

“My guy! What’s wrong? What happened?” Khwezi finally gets here and asks what I was just about to ask

“Baby my life is in danger, I totally fall under the endangered species” drama, what would he be without drama “Don’t you have sweets? Anything to give me for strength?” Khwezi is always carrying chocolates and sweets in her bags. She takes out a block of top deck Cadbury out of her bag

“Yeiiii! Khwezi give him a piece, bring the other half here” bathong! This people are really hungry, uncle Kay screams from the car window. They are still both inside the car.

“Letha lana wena. I’m the youngest, they should think of me first” (Bring that here.....) he grabs the chocolate from Khwezi’s hand and literally shove it in his mouth in two minutes “Gosh! There, ngicishe ngafa makoti” (I almost died.....) he is brushing his stomach, licking his white lips “Where is the food now? that almost did it”

“I’ll go buy you food in town, what did you mean when you said your broke?” I ask

“Help me up mtanami” he hold out his hand for Khwezi to help him up “I meant exactly that. Your husband cleaned all our accounts. The three of us. How can you love someone so cruel madlomo? Hmm? You know he is killing us. When you touch a man’s pocket that’s death. Soul death” I’ll ignore his drama “Khwezi drive your grandfathers, I’ll join Makoti maybe I might find something to eat in her car”

“Mtho I get that you’re hungry and probably not thinking straight, what do you mean Khwezi should drive?”

“I can drive mama, my guy and baba always makes me drive when I’m with them. I just don’t have a license as yet” I look at him

He eats his nails, running his eyes everywhere but me “It was your husband, not me” I just shake my head in defeat.

“Only because you’ll have you grandfathers in the car. Don’t go around driving Khwezi. Your father and Mtho owns no driving school” she nods, jumping to the other car of the two men who haven’t left the car. Mtho follows me to mine.

Now that it’s just me and him in the car and he is searched my dashboard for any sweets which he didn’t find. I keep a clean car. I don’t go around throwing sweets

in my dashboard. He keeps his eyes on me while I drive, I'm not at ease with Khwezi driving, my eyes are on the rear view mirror every minute

"Makoti" his tone comes different, collected and sincere

"Hmmm" I know where he is going, I don't dare look at him

"Please forgive me. I'm so sorry for having a hand in kicking you out of your home. I was wrong and I ask that you find it in your heart to forgive me" I heave a sigh

"I was hurt by you not fighting for me the most. I know I was wrong, very wrong and you all had every right to be mad at me and fine me. But kick me out? Mtho you're the one person I know will fight for me if anything was to happen to my husband and when you joined in on everyone, it really hurt me I will not lie"

He nods with a sigh "And I'm truly sorry for that mistake. Please don't let this mistake I made come between you and I. I hurt you and I admit it, I would like to earn your forgiveness"

"Don't worry your yellow self of me, I love you too much to hate you. I'm not holding any grudge against you but I'm still mad. Allow me to be mad but know that we are fine. Don't be hard on yourself. We were both wrong"

He heaves a sigh again "Thank you makoti.....yoh! And please tell your husband I already kissed your feet so he can bring back my money" we laugh but I feel him change back to serious again, I have to steal a glance at him because I thought we ironed things out "Makoti something is happening though" I frown at him a bit "When you fetched Khwezi, did Marry tell you what is happening at home?"

"Yeah she did, she told me that all the boys are sick except mine"

He nods "What she didn't tell you is that the boys are sick because we are punished for kicking you out" lucky enough we are at the parking, I kill the engine and glare at him "The ancestors wants you back and they are threatening to take all the boys if you don't come back. It's not looking good Makoti. Every minute we waste, it scares the shit out of me that we might receive the news that one has died already. Especially Ndaba. He is the weakest"

"Mtho the kids had nothing with what you people did" my voice comes horrified

"I know, we know but this is to punish us. You know all the council members' houses burnt?"

"WHAT?"

"All of them. Including Lily" I'm shattered,

"Jesus Mtho, a soul was lost?" he nods, pained as I "Who was she?"

"Ngema's granddaughter, can you believe that. She died in the fire, in front of him. He is going to need serious counselling to forget that experience" oh my god!

"Don't be sad Makoti, let's go buy food"

"Mtho that's not anything a parent should see" I'm torn for Ngema, I don't like him but I wouldn't wish him something so painful

"Hai! Sizothini makoti, anyway before I forget, don't think that those two are avoiding you. They are not supposed to speak to you before they address the matter with your family and receive their fine. Your family has to grant them the opportunity to speak to you and only then they'll ask forgiveness. That is why they are not leaving the car" oh, I didn't know that but

"Mtho I don't care about your uncles, I care about the little girl that died. How old was she?" I can't believe this, I'm still stuck on Ngema's granddaughter

"She was five years old poor thing. Terrible news indeed"

"Oh my god!" all my emotions sink, I don't wish this to any parent "Mtho my father is not going to meet with any of you anytime soon. More souls cannot be lost because of this madness" he nods, shattered as I am. We are disturbed by my ringing phone. It's Sango. Mtho grabs it before I do

'Wena nja, I get that your mad but to clean our accounts' he spits on my husband on speaker

'Mthokozisi if I wanted to talk to you I would have called you. I called my wife because I need to talk to her. MaDlomo!' I steal a glance at the exasperated Mtho

'Sango'

'Baby I'm going to need you to drive home now. I'll fly to your family first thing tomorrow morning to receive whatever punishment they give. I just arrived here

and Ndaba is not looking good. I don't think he'll make it through the night. I don't want kids dying because of their cruel Yellow useless fathers' that's a jab

"Mtho can you drive Khwezi to school? I'm supposed to take her to school" I ask the one next to me

"I would if your demon didn't take all my money" his tone is voiced right on the speaker

'What money are you talking about Mthokozisi?' Sango asks

'My money, everyone is broke except you'

'And everyone's children is dying except mine. Don't give me powers. I had nothing to do with you all being broke and oh speaking of broke, please tell your uncles that all your cars that you left in the yard have turned to ashes. They burnt this morning' Mtho is looking at me in horror 'Baby please, will you be able to come? I know I promised you a vacation but I didn't think things were this bad. The boys are now living inside a kraal. Please mama and Ndaba....i wouldn't want a child to die. Please, I would come fetch you but Ndlovukazi is suddenly ill nje naye, a lot is happening in this yard'

'What's wrong with her?' the word ill and Ndlovukazi doesn't sit well with me. She must not be collateral too

'I don't know mama, she was fine feeding me in the hospital and fetching me in the morning and now that we are home she is sweating, she is speaking things that don't make sense, she is saying that she is seeing my father waving her over.....can you get here please? I'll deal with your father tomorrow please' oh my god! This cannot happen.

'I'm coming Dlomo' I drop the call and open Mtho's door "Please take Khwezi to school, I have to go back" Ndlovukazi, Ndlovukazi no...I don't want to think of it

"Why are you so panicky? Maa is old" She is but he doesn't know what I know

"Mtho nka" I hand him my credit card "I have to go as in now"

"I'll take Khwezi to school but I'm going to need you give me cash. I don't trust this ancestors anymore if they are capable of cleaning me for everything I have. Your card might be empty too once I touch it" Jesus I don't have time for banks

“Mtho get out. Khwezi is loaded, if my card declines use hers” my card will not decline, Khwezi and I swiped on our way here last night and I had no problems. I have to go back home to get the girls. My father is going to be so mad but.....eish! This is why I usually don't want to involve family in my matters. Now I have to break my old man's heart.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 64

BOITUMELO

I totally qualify to be called a South African driver today. You're not a driver in SA if you haven't made a mistake while driving and curse the other driver for it. I was literally running. And if it wasn't for Ngelosi crying at the back seat, I swear I would have been flying on the road. My father was livid. I broke his heart for a man. The things we do to our parents, yet when they burn us where we are we always crawl to them. I'm going to send the boys to him when they close for holidays to soften him up. I hope it works.

I kill the engine and thank God that I made it home in peace before I drive in. I was testing his patience ena today shame. That was just an audition for an accident but I'm glad he didn't pass it. When I have collected myself I drive in, the gates are wide open, no guards at the gate.

It's brought day light when rain falls as I drive in the yard. It takes me by surprise. My eyes are on the burnt council house. It looks like something bombed it, even the bricks are down. Then there is three burnt vehicles in the parking.....they are scraps, just metal to be given away. It looks like it rained fire in the past two days I haven't been here. My husband is already coming down the stairs with an umbrella to me. I'm in the car because I have no umbrella. I was about to call him.

He looks fresh. Really fresh. It's really hard to believe that he really suffered a heart attack. We have been talking on the phone but now that he is here, I'm scared once again. I don't know how I'm going to look at him and how he is going to receive me after I left him for dead on the side of the road.

He comes straight for my door. In a second he is opened it and picked me out of the car. I'm on his toes as he wraps one arms around my waist and kiss the raining day out of me. He takes me in a way only he can. Leaving me breathless and wobbly. If he wasn't holding me to his warm touch, I would have dropped on the floor.

"You okay?" he asks in my mouth, breath to breath as we catch ourselves

"I'm fine sango, wena are you okay?"

“Now that you’re here, I’m fine” our noses intertwine, face to face our eyes lock

“Dlomo I’m really sorry. I didn’t think you were really.....” he frees my waist of his warm touch to shush my lips with his index finger, his other hand still holds the umbrella

“I’m fine. You did nothing wrong. I don’t give a fu8k what anyone say. It was unfortunate that my heart couldn’t take the news of you fu8king a quantum full of men” I laugh, even saying it his tone comes with a huff “Was it really a quantum sthandwa sami?” this quantum issue doesn’t sit well with him but I won’t dare tell him I was just making him mad

“Let’s go Dlomo. Where is Ndlovukazi and the boys?” he grabs my waist again to steal a kiss on my nose

“One of this days you’re going to kill me. Where are daddy’s girls?” he frees me off his attention to open the back seat. I take refuge from the rain back to my seat when he moves with his umbrella. Ngelosi is Sakhe part two. A happy child who knows people. She know him too. She claps her tiny hands and kick her feet when she sees her father’s face. It warms my heart when he frees her off the seat picking her “She knows me” I nod, he is kissing her tiny lips “Oh my beautiful day, I could really use a beautiful day today” he is talking to his daughter, giving her his finger which she holds tight and try to bring to her mouth

“Yei! Yei! Sango” I admonish, he was letting her suck his finger “I don’t know where those hands have been, so please” he laughs, passing her to me while he picks the serious gogo

“Someone is pissed, why is she so serious?” She is a difficult child, as long as she is not crying she is good for me “Sawubona gogo?” he kisses her too “Who annoyed you? Mthokozisi?... Zwelithini?..... Kubeka?” Mhambi smiles in his arms, he smiles back “I know right? They pissed me too....what do you think I should do about them” Why was I killing my husband again?..... or he was f8cking around

“Dinangwe you and Mhambi will hold this meeting after we have made sure everyone is okay” he nods kissing her. He finds shade under his huge umbrella and come for Ngelosi and I. He hands my babies to one of the royal servant who had followed him but kept a safe distance. His hand clasp mine as he pulls me to the back of the palace “Where are we going?”

“To the kraal Zululami, all the women are there and Gumede. I was just in the house because I wanted to keep an eye on Maa”

“How is she?”

He sighs “I don’t know MaDlomo.....she is fine but she is speaking things that don’t make sense and saying she is burning.....you’ll see for yourself” Oh lord! Please not now.

Jehova! This is heart breaking. The kraal is full of boys and their mothers. Some are lying on the muddy ground, some are on top of their mothers. It’s literally a mess. I thought women are not supposed to enter the kraal where I come from but I guess it doesn’t apply here.

“Makoti” Gumede sounds from behind us, I respond to him with a sigh “Thank you for coming back mtanami. Take off your shoes and follow me”

“Follow you where?”

“Inside the kraal. They will all be fine the minute you step inside” Sango nods when I look at him. As told I give him my shoes and take Gumede’s hand. Rain finds me when I get out of my husband’s shade. It’s damn cold on skin. The minute we enter the kraal rain stops like it’s been switched off. Gumede smiles still holding my hand “They see you now and all will be well” I hope so. I feel a lap on my leg and I almost jump only to find Ndaba. He is lying flat on the muddy kraal. Oh poor child. I let my knees fall to the muddy ground to hear him. He is trying to talk but he is just so frail. I don’t miss Mam Jabu’s teary face just by his side.

“What’s wrong baby” I ask close to his face

“I’m....mama...I’m hungry” he say on a fragile voice

“He says he is hungry” I report to mam jabu who is looking at me with questioning eyes.

“Oh my god MaDlomo, they haven’t eaten even a single thing since two days ago”
Mam Jabu

“I’ll go find them something to eat” she nods, a bit smiley “Is it done?” I ask bab gumede when I rise from the muddy floor

“Yes. Get him food. Even if it’s a sandwich make sure it’s prepared by you. They will be running and playing ball in no time” he explains as we walk out of the kraal. Both he and I come to a standstill when our eyes come to a picture of Ndlovukazi coming behind Sango. She is rocking her beige two piece with her pierre cardin old woman 2 cm heel shoe and a purse clutched under her arm. The girl that received my babies is pushing them in twin pram next to her. She doesn’t look like she was ever sick.

“MAAA!” I exclaim, for sango to see what’s coming behind him. He has his eyes on us. Only now he turns and exclaim too, dropping my shoes he had in hands to the floor

“MAAAAA!” he is as shocked as I am

“MaDlomo” she kisses my cheeks and turn to Sango “Vulamasango I need money. I’m taking the girls to a stockvel”

“Maa you are..... I mean you were sick just few minutes ago?”

“And I took my grandchild in my arms and you won’t believe it when I say she touched my heart. Gogo dlomo touched me and all the heat I have been feeling just left me. She healed me with just as touch and now I feel alive and ready to face those stockvel witches who were already asking about my stockvel money” We have no words, even Gumede

“Maa you were sick” Sango repeats, I think he is still in disbelief

“Vulamasango do I look sick now? Make it snappy I want to make an entrance just as they all sit down and oh before I forget, I’m going to replace you as a beneficiary”

“Haibo! You want money from me yet you’re going to replace me?”

“Vulamasango you haven’t saved my life, not even once. Mhambi saved me, therefore she and Ngelosi are replacing you. I’m going to need R2000”

“Where is your money?” I would like to know too, she is loaded last I check

“I’m scared I might be bankrupt by the ancestors too. I don’t want to be embarrassed in front of my stockvel ladies when my card declines too”

“Your card will not decline maa”

“VULAMASANGO GIVE ME MONEY DAMN IT! WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO GIVE ME MONEY”

He huffs “Ndlovukazi you're not getting a dime from me. Not when you're going to replace me from your thousands with your grandchildren. Tell you're gogo to make a plan” I laugh

“Nxa! Uyanya satan. I gave birth to you and you were the biggest head of them all, yet you don't want to give me R2000. Do you know how many chickens I had to kill because of you and your wife” bathong! I thought we were past that

“Maa we paid for those and please don't shout, people shouldn't know about that mistake”

“That mistake? Ten chickens you call them a mistake?” it wasn't even five, I don't know how she got to ten “Talk to your man. I want money now” I glare at him

“I'll go get my wallet” now he is talking

“I'll be by the gate. Make it snappy big head” Ndlovukazi screams behind him as he shuffles his legs. I turn to the tap to wash my hands and feet off the mud before I go make Ndaba his food. I'm happy Ndlovukazi is fine. She scared the hell out of me though I'm still not at ease. She is taking the twins and that girl with to stockvel.

Like he said, all the boys are now playing ball on the backyard. It's unbelievable. As soon as Ndaba recovered after eating they all started rising off the kraal one by one. I'm watching them play from the balcony. Now that they are fine and Ndlovukazi is okay my heart drifts to my father. He didn't pick his call when I called to tell him that we arrived well. It's getting chilly but I'm consumed in my thoughts to go find something to wear. I feel him behind me before I turn to confirm. He wraps a fleece on my shoulder. Pecking both my shoulders when he is done.

“What's the matter now? We should be okay everyone is fine” he voices wrapping me to his body from behind

“I'm worried about my father, he was really mad when I left”

“I'm going to fix it. Stop worrying. I'm going to speak to Buthelezi before we sleep to see if we can have clearance for flying tomorrow”

“Who is Buthelezi?” I ask

“The pilot” oh “And speaking of the pilot, I owe you Mrs. Dlomo a vacation” I laugh as he turns me to him

“Sakhe would be so proud of you right now but about the vacation can we go once everything is settled down?” he nods

“I’ll wait a bit with the plans” I nod “Come here” he pulls me to a chair where he settles me on his lap. He doesn’t say a word for a while but his stare is fierce, it speaks a language that is sincere, full of regret and somehow in disbelief

“What’s wrong?” I ask wrapping my hands around his neck. I don’t know this look, it’s something I haven’t seen in his eyes. It’s silent but speaks volumes but I don’t know what it says

He breathes “MaDlomo I need to apologise, I’m so sorry sthandwa sami” I didn’t expect this “I know I hurt you and for that I am deeply sorry but please don’t let my f8ked up behaviour taint your hands” what the hell is he on about?”

“O bua kang?” (What are you talking about?) I ask

“I know that you and mabataung are planning to kill thobile” bathong! I blink my shame and swallow my nerves “Don’t have blood on your hands because of me I beg you”

“Lupus..she was going to be.....eaten by Lupus” I stutter

“I don’t care. I don’t want you to even justify it. I don’t want you to even think its okay to kill a person because you’re married to a murder. If you want thobile out of the picture, tell me I’ll make sure you never see sight of her”

“I don’t trust you with her, you kissed her and lied about it. What if you’re just going to hide her while you both make a fool out of me?” he sighs, a bit frustrated

“MaDlomo you’re not killing that woman”

“You don’t want your side chick dying?”

He huffs “You will not have that woman killed” yeah right! He’ll have to see about that

“I meant to ask, Mtho tells me that Ngema lost a granddaughter in the fire, what are the preparation about that?” I’m glad he lets the side chick issue rest as his face is now suddenly consumed by a frown

“No one said anything about anyone dying....as far as I know it was just their houses” well I shrug

“He lost a baby and I think we should go offer our condolences and find out if we can help with the preparations” he really doesn’t seem to know anything about this, he is just shocked “Apparently she was five years old and he saw her burn to death in front of his eyes”

“Haibo buthumelo!”

“Serious, so heart breaking”

“Hmk! Go find something to wear, we should go now. No one mentioned Ngema losing a granddaughter” I hate him but I still feel torn for the baby. I’m off his lap in a minute to find a jacket.

“Sheshisa MaDlomo! Why would this people hide such devastating news? You’ll find me in the study, I must take some cash to offer him” (Hurry.....) he is heading towards the study while I hurry to the bedroom to find a jacket. I wonder why no one mentioned the death of the little girl, it’s so devastating. I don’t even want to imagen what her parents must be going through.

They are allocated inside the hall with their families while they wait their hearing from the man besides me and my family. It’s a hall but they are receiving a three star treat. The servants are working overtime to make sure they are served and they lack nothing. Three plasmas are installed inside the hall and there are single beds lying in rows for almost everyone.

The hall comes to a standstill when we enter. Sango whispers to Mbhele besides him and pulls me out. In a minute all the women and children leave the hall. Mbhele appears to tell him that all the council members are ready for us.

Heads are bowed down in a respectful manner I almost laugh thinking of how I was humiliated by them when my husband wasn’t by my side. Men will always be men, if you don’t have a d8ck, they’ll not respect you.

“My king” that’s Ngema, he is always the voice of them all “My king we were still preparing ourselves come see you tomorrow and apologise to our queen”

“Hau Ngema I thought she was buthumelo to you” I nudge him, we are not here for that

“The tongue slipped my king, I wouldn’t address my queen like that” mxm!

“I’ll be waiting to hear what you all have to say for yourself tomorrow. Make sure it’s before I go to Free State though because I have to clean the mess you all created to my in laws. But, we are not here for that. You’re a pain in the ass Ngema but I cry with you. I’m sorry about your granddaughter, she wasn’t supposed to pay for your annoying ass. Here” he takes out a stash of cash out of his pockets, Ngema receives it with the biggest grin clapping twice before he shoves the cash in his coat “I hope it’s enough to help you lay your grandchild to rest” Ngema nods in gratitude, he is breathing so happily you’d swear he is not going to use it for a funeral

“God bless you more my king, my queen” he bow with a grin

“I’ll make sure that your house is build first so we can lay your child to rest” he nods again with a grin but the others are mumbling to themselves

“Eeeeh my king if I may ask, when did Ngema lose a grandchild” Magubane finally gathers strength to speak regardless of the murdering eye he receives from Ngema

“We all would like to know” the other sing now glaring at Ngema

“Gentlemen, my daughter lost her child last week. I lost a grandchild” he explains and I receive a questioning eye from my husband before he turns to Ngema. I’m confused too now because Mtho said the child died from the fire

“Ngema your daughter was here last week looking happy with her children, when did she lose a child?” Magubane

“Magubane you don’t know everything that happens in my family. My king thank you, you may go rest, MaNdlunkulu looks tired” he makes way to us and show us out, he is literally pushing us out of the door “God will bless you again and again my king. Lily is going to be buried with the dignity she deserves” poor thing he looks so happy, I would be so shattered but I guess we don’t deal with grieve the same way.

“I’ll talk to my people to start building for you tomorrow so you can start with the preparations” Sango tells him again when we reach the door, it’s just us and him now

“Oh lily!” he looks up in gratitude “That beautiful soul my wife left me is fighting for me in heaven, thank you my king”

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 65

PALESA

When a man has been nothing but a dream come true you learn to relax and love him in ways you never thought you'd love a person. I'm more than blessed to have this soul of mine. He came through for me. I'm a Junior assistant at Dlomo holdings. It's all thanks to him. I'm enjoying this new juncture of my life. I'm a kept and well taken care of girlfriend and it feels amazing. Last week before I started my job here I had hinted that I don't have much formal clothing and guess what. I was taken shopping with no limit. I had to choose everything I like and I did.

Good thing about working in cooperate world is that bosses understands that people have other commitments than working, they don't threaten to fire you when you ask to leave earlier because your man showed up with a bunch of roses and talked to your boss. I'm an assistant to Mr. Sizwe Zungu's assistant who is the HR. Manager here. I was a bit sceptical with him going to ask me from my big boss but he was cool, they seem to know each other though I don't know how.

"They smell divine" I don't know how many times I'm confessing this, we are in his car and he is driving to only he know where, he said it's a surprise when I asked where we are going.

"I must get you flowers every day if they make you this jolly"

"You should, are you really not going to tell me where we are going?" I know I'm pestering but I hate surprises, for black men they never go well. If he was a white man I would relax and let him surprise me as he wants but because of his skin colour, I have to be extra vigilant. A black man can surprise you with a whole baby and be like 'Baby surprise, I have a baby'

"Let's just say I'm taking you to our start. Where I am taking you it's where our journey as man and wife will start, no longer a boyfriend and girlfriend" I feel butterflies settle low in my belly. Gosh he is going to propose. He steals a glance at me and smiles when he sees how smitten I am. Good thing I'm wearing the matching undies. I picked them purposely when he called me last night and told me

that he is taking me somewhere today. My only bummer is the dress. I'm in formal pencil skirt and a white blouse, I could have dressed better if I had known that I was going to be proposed marriage today. I undo the two buttons of my blouse just to show him that he'll not regret marrying me. When he sees me push my breast up and he laughs out loud "Beautiful cleavage" he comments, drawn in smile

"Wife material cleavage, don't you think?"

"Most definitely Mrs. Mzamane, most definitely" oh boy don't I die! I got myself an old man who knows how to love me so well "I meant to ask pally, do you know how to drive?"

"No. I don't even have a license"

"Why?" haibo!

"I don't need to know, I don't own a car" he bites his lower lip, he does that a lot when he thinks

"I should get that fixed" he say

"Get what fixed?" I ask but he doesn't get a chance to respond, his phone rings disturbing us. The identity caller is saved as Ms. Luu. He is quick to remove the phone from the speaker connector and press it to his ear....Ms. Luu? Kgana who is ms. Luu? I'm trying to think as he receives the call.

'Hey' he say, a bit softer and I wish I could hear the other caller 'I'm almost here, I told you it's a surprise' 'Oh, oh yah I see you, do you see me?' 'Yes join back in the road and tail me, just follow me' 'You'll find out soon, just follow me' 'Okay, sharp...' he drops the call much faster like he is avoiding to say something, his eyes check the rear review mirror at the red car that followed behind us. The windows are dark and I cannot see clearly who it is.

"Who was that you were talking to and who is that at the back?" I ask of whoever is following us because he keeps stilling glances at him or her

"You'll find out just now, don't worry yourself" he takes my hand and caresses it. I'm no longer jolly I don't know why. Luckily he drives into a beautiful big yard with two houses that are almost the same. I'm taking in the beautiful houses wondering what it's got to do with my proposal. He is suddenly in hurry. He turns quick to my door after killing the engine and help me out of the car.

“What’s wrong, why are you so much in hurry?” I ask as he walks me quickly to one of the houses. He pushes me in and now I can’t admire the inside of the house, I’m frowning at him. From the window I see that red car that was following us coming in through the wide opened gate “What’s going on?” I ask, folding my arms to my chest. My stinking attitude is on speed dial by now.

“Just sit down please, I’ll explain just now”

“SIT WHERE?” I’m suddenly shouting though I don’t even know why

“I’ll be back, sit please” the f8ck? He is out of the door before I can ask, locking me in. I left my bag in the car and now I don’t have a damn phone. The house is empty though it’s beautiful. There is only a table with three chairs in the middle of what would make a lounge. From the window I stand and watch him open door of the red car and out comes my worst nightmare. F8ck! Now it comes back who is Ms. Luu. That tall dark slender beautiful woman. His damn ex. What the hell is this man playing at?

The beautiful woman clings on him in a hug when she climbs off her car. He is a bit reluctant, his eyes are one the window and he catches my furious glare. Abongile better not do me like this. He is too old to be a player, I didn’t take him to be one. My throat is already aching as they make way to the house hand in hand. I’m not getting a proposal am I?

I’m standing right at the door as he unlocks it, I’m aiming to fly out of here as soon as he opens and he does. They are both shocked to be met with my ranging fat body pushing out of the door.

“PALESA!” We battle, I’m pushing my way out and he is blocking me in. He let’s go of the woman’s hand to hold my waist and push me back inside. I hate that he is stronger than me “Luu come in” he say to the woman who I must say looks just as shocked. We have met, in a very compromising situation when she found me in a room with this man. And now we meet again, with this man as the equation once again

“Abongile what is going on? What’s she doing here?” The Ms. Luu woman asks, staring at me pinned on the wall. When she is finally in, the sneaky fool frees me off his tight hold and runs to the door. He is locked the door faster than lightening and shoves the damn key in his pants pocket.

“I’m going to ask that you both sit down” he says, looking between us. I’m doing no such thing, I’m fuming and hating this ms nyuu person for complying. I’m not about to sit and listen to this shit “Palesa!” he is glaring at me to join his woman on the table, I don’t even as much dare offer him my sight. He sighs and choose to also stand by the door. He shoves his hand in his pockets and stare between us. He starts his shit by heaving a sigh “Palesa, Lucia I brought the both of you here today because I need to talk to you” I never thought I would find myself in this position. I thought he was a dream come true a few minutes ago but he is turned to be just another man, just a man to toy with my heart “I need to tell you that I love you both, with everything in me and I would like to spend the rest of my life with the both of you” I hate that I laugh, not because it’s funny but because it comes as utter nonsense to me

“Mzamane I don’t want to share you” the calm Ms nyuu on the chair informs “Especially with a fat kid like her, she is not even in your league” says the damn charcoal but ke I am fat and I don’t care what she says about me because I’m leaving her with her man, I’m not about to be another woman who couldn’t stand her ground. I’m still young and I’ll find love again.

“Luuu we talked about this. You cannot say that about your sister wife, pally?” he looks in my direction with begging eyes. Now that I hate him I see that he is very ugly waitse, I don’t even know what I was seeing in this old man “I know it must come as a shock to the both of you but I need you both to understand that I love you both. I want to marry you both and I have bought this compound for the both of you to have your own houses. I’m going to send my people to both your homes to ask for both your hands as soon as we have talked about this. I’m hoping that you both agree because I truly cannot afford to lose neither of you. So this is my ask, I’m asking you both to marry me” When I get out of this house, I’m going to write a book with the tittle, shenanigans of a xhosa man. I’m glad when the so called Ms. Nyuu doesn’t afford him an answer too. I’m still waiting by the wall sizing my escape plan. I’m not about to share a d8ck.

“Mzamane who would be the first wife?” this woman shouldn’t entertain this shit, why is she even asking this stupid questions

“We have no first wife and second wife in this house, you’re both my wife and both equal in my heart. Pally please say something”

“I would appreciate it if you opened the damn door and let me out. The only thing I’m saying is no. BIG NO. I palesa, count me out” I glare at him, I don’t miss the woman rolling her eyes on me

“I’m afraid I can’t do that, you’re not leaving here until you agree to this” I change my gears to the woman, she doesn’t like me and I don’t like her either

“Can you please talk to your man? I don’t want to be part of this, you’ll have him in peace without me”

“Your right about one thing, he is my man, mine I don’t know what.....”

“LULU!” the rest of her sentence doesn’t see day. I have never had such a wasted day in my entire life. Abo finally leaves the door, he takes careful steps in my direction. I don’t know what he thinks coming to me will change because I’m not going to change my mind. When he tries to hold my hands I fold them to my chest “Please palesa I love you, you know that”

“And I love you enough to walk away. I’m sorry but this is not me. Please open the door for me”

He closes his eyes “I can’t”

“And why not? I’m not going to agree to this shit” I’m slightly shouting by now

“Your pregnant damn it! And I love you” say what? I’m glaring at him with a frown when he turns to ms nyuu and say “Talk to her” I’m still so shocked I miss him heading to the door, by the time my senses crawl back he is locked me again with this woman. I’m not pregnant. I cannot have another child. My mother would die this time around. We use protection....mostly.....and that firsts time incident we didn’t use it.....I cannot be pregnant

“And you couldn’t wait to trap him with a child could you?” F8ck this Anglo American coal, Abo is going to find two dead bodies in here.

BOITUMELO

Another week later I can safely say things are going back to normal. My family finally spoke with them and they lost five cows. A bit extreme thanks to my father and grandfather. My husband made sure that all those cows comes from those

council members pockets. He had them gathered and one by one they apologised to me. I denied the two cows he fined each as an apology to me. The men already lost their homes, they don't need much dent in their pockets. He is building for them and I'm in charge of the projects together with the Dlomo Empire. He is out of the town for two days and it's my first day at work. I'm a bit shaky, I have been out of the game for a while and working in a man dominated profession doesn't help with my nerves. It's the introduction and getting to know my team stage, nothing to be glassy about but I still keep it neat and simple though, black formal ankle pants, white shirt, red knee length coat and red bottom stilettos. I choose my black clutch bag to match my pants . I know Sango never mentioned the part of my ex being hired again because I know he took care of it. I'm going back to project managing with a whole new team I don't know. I just pray there be women included. I should have talked to abuti Sizwe when he was doing the hiring. My phone pings just as I collect my bags. It's Mtho. I roll my eyes before I read it, I know he wants money, he is like a teenager. Him, zwe and Kay are still broke, everything is coming together expect for them. I'm starting to think this has everything to do with my husband though he denies it. Gumede confirmed that all is well now and if it was the ancestors that bankrupt them, their money would have been back by now. Sango is sending money to their wives, more reason why I think it's him. He doesn't want the women suffering but them.

I have no shoes to go to work, my shoes are torn I must laugh after reading his text, his dramatic as hell

I'll send you another R1000 to buy shoes Yesterday he told me that he is stuck he doesn't have petrol, a day before that he was craving steers and needed money

I don't wear a R1000 shoe and he say he is broke

How much do you need Mtho? I fly back the text

Just send 10K, Vulamasango is cruel man. Do you know how painful it is to be white and broke I laugh, throwing my phone in my bag, I'll send him his money in the car

"Ye yee! Auuuu shame bamthathela kanjalo umtanami. You look beautiful" Ndlovukazi compliments when I make way down stairs, she is literally moved back

in because Mhambi loves her more than all the woman in this house, she is the only baby sitter she doesn't cry when she babysit

"Thank you gogo. I'm not even eating, I'm too nervous" she laughs, she is watching tv with Ngelosi on the couch by her side. I left Mhambi still sleeping in my room. I kiss my baby and make my way out

"Good luck baby" she sing after me.

Getting to the car I find Nkandla. He is my certified driver this side. I hate him and he doesn't care much, I hate him for telling on me the other day.

"MaNdlunkulu" he acknowledges opening my back door

"Nkandla" I acknowledge back. He knows where I'm going I don't have to tell him, he discusses my schedule with my husband. I decide to call my daughter while we drive to the site. It doesn't take long before she receives.

'Mamzo mamzo mme wakaaa' (.....my mother) I can't help but laugh, she sounds so happy

'Someone is in Lesotho for a week and you're already speaking sesotho'

'Mama leave me alone, I met mama tlotla yesterday and I gave her the plastic you asked I passed on to her' I had asked Khwezi to pass on the scarf to mabataung, I'm no longer there, Thobile seems to have miraculously stopped calling me

'Oh thanks baby, how are the classes so far?'

'Nothing hectic, it's just the beginning of the semester....eee mama I was going to call you later'

'Call me about what baby?' she sighs

'I'm going to need you to give my dad that letter' hebanna!

'Khwezi are you sure?'

'Mama I'm sure and I have to go' she drops the call leaving me looking at my phone, now this I didn't expect. One week in Lesotho close to the boyfriend motho is already sure. I just pray she doesn't turn me into a granny.....thinking of babies, I must pass by the doctor today, Vulamasango is close to eating me lately, I saw it in the way he looks at me. One of this day he'll not take no for an answer. I must put

this ass on some contraceptive. No more babies now. In fact I should just cut the tubes nje.....

“Eeee MaNdlunkulu I was ordered to make a stop here to get you your favourite coffee” Nkandla, I hadn’t realised that we have stopped. A smooth husband I have....maybe he and I might get along in time. I nod with a stupid grin and he smiles back attempting to get out but I stop him

“I’ll get it, do you need anything?” he shakes his head with a smile. The shop is smart and simple. No queue again which makes this more lovely. I put in an order for two espressos and muffins and step aside while they plate for me. I feel a burning presence of an angry person behind me before I turn to find thobile. She is fuming. She looks like she hasn’t slept in days.

“He thinks he can have people mug me to threaten me and get away with it?” I’m only glad that she is whispering to my face

“What are you talking about?” I ask in a lowered whisper too

“Tell him I have a recording of his dirty little secret. I taped everything. I know he was raped and that little ngelosi girl is the product of that. I know you left him for that. I know Ngelosi’s mother was killed so people can think you gave birth to twins. I’m taking it all straight to the media if he doesn’t marry me” inwardly in cursing in foreign languages but I know not to give myself away. And here I was thinking she took the hint and talked to her senses.

“Let’s meet tonight and talk, I’ll convince him”

“I don’t trust you anymore, you let me down before”

“I won’t now, I promise. Please. Give me your new numbers I’ll call you, if I don’t you can go to the media. Just tonight please” she is looking in my eyes, I think to see if she can trust me and when she finds what she is looking for, she types her new number on my phone

“If you don’t call me by tonight, our husband will be making headlines tomorrow” I nod and curse bi8ch your dying in my heart. She turns and only now I realise that she is wearing a uniform that matches the staff in here. She seems to be working everywhere.

I collect my coffee and muffins after paying. Nkandla was about to come into the store and I'm glad he didn't see all that. I don't say a thing but I follow him to the car. After we have settled back in I give him his coffee and muffins. I don't give him a look to deny me and he receives them. I take my phone out and text mabataung

Tonight is the night, I'll send you the time she will see it when she logs on, now I wallow in my thoughts enjoying my coffee. This shit distracted my nerves, I'm no longer nervous about work, I'm wondering about tonight.

It doesn't take long before Nkandla parks at the park homes containers. It's a site office space for now because there are no buildings. I grunt at the pair of eyes I receive, I see only one or two women. The rest is just men. I know which one I'll be using as an office for now so I make my way there to put the bags before I go introduce myself. It seems everyone was just waiting for me. I'm glad when Nkandla doesn't follow me to the office. At least it's neat and fresh. I decide on powering up the machine before I go out but.....

"HEY!" f8ck! I know this voice, I know it very well. This voice took my virginity and it's not supposed to be here. I thought Dlomo took care of this. I don't even want to turn to confirm that it's him. Why the hell is this day taking a direction I don't need?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 66

PALESA

I'm hungry, I'm angry....gosh I just want to break something. It's getting dark outside and I'm still locked with this woman. She hasn't said a word since her boyfriend stormed out and that's the only thing I'm happy about. My feet are aching and bruised from all this standing. I have abandoned my heels which weren't that high but they are still painful. Now I'm starting to think that I might really be pregnant.

I have walked the rooms in this house with the hope to see a bed but it's just empty. I need to sit and this white ceramic floors is not the option.

"Take a sit wena buffalo, I don't bite" finally she speaks, and she is better than me because she has her phone and she is been busy with it. She is sitting on the chair with her legs placed on the table. I drag my heavy self to the table and take the other two chairs. The first one I sit and the other one I rest my legs. At last. I can breathe.

"Firstly mind the things that come out of your mouth before you name call" I take her by surprise, she didn't think I'll speak. Yes I can speak now because I'm sitting
"Before you call me a buffalo, look at yourself, you look like you advertise kiwi polish, like you'd paint this white floors black when I wipe them with your needle self. I'm not your mate to name call me sisi, mind your black mouth"

She huffs, throws her phone on the table and fold her arms glaring at me "You're not my mate yet you're sleeping with a man decades older than you"

"It was a mistake and now that he showed me who he is, he'll never even as much sniff me"

"So you'll not agree to this?" she asks

"Never. Not now, not ever. I have never even as much dreamed myself in a polygamous marriage, I don't even want to think about it" she is smiling

"At least your clever, a clever buffalo. What about the baby?"

“I wouldn’t be the first woman to have amakikip babies and I definitely will not be the last” she rolls her eyes

“Why not just abort?” What? I stare at her “I can help you, I can give you something that will make you not feel even a slight pain” he banna!

“And you’re a doctor wena?”

“No. But I know things. I made this tea for Mzamane but I can talk to it and give it to you, it will remove that baby” she had a flask on the table which I just thought was her drink but.....come to think of it, she hasn’t even drank once

“How do you talk to tea?” I ask

“Don’t worry about that, do you want to remove that baby or not?” What’s this woman? Like what is she? She is.....

“What do you do for a living?” I ask

“I own and manage my own restaurant. All by myself” wow! For a minute there I would have said she is a witch. The door opens when we both least expect it, I was about to ask her more questions. Man of the moment walks back in drunk. He smiles standing by the door.

“Look at you two sitting and talking, I knew you’ll get along” yeah right “You talked” I’m the one to nod, faking a grin “And?”

“I’ll do it” the woman doesn’t question me because she knows I just want to get the hell out of here. I carry myself to the door when he steps aside “But we’ll talk, I have to go, you know Zodwa is not going to be happy with me coming home this late” he smiling, such a fool

“Thank you my love, let me take her home, I’ll be back” what? he tells the last part to lulu

“No...no I’ll call an uber. My sister wife would like to have you all to herself tonight” I turn to wink at her but she rolls her eyes “Let me just get my bag”

“No. I’ll drive you palesa. Stop being so stubborn” says a drunk man

“Here is your tea baby, don’t take too long, you’ll find me here okay” she is right behind us giving him the flask. I don’t even watch how he receives it, I just want myself out of here as in now.

He opens the front seat for me and I get in. I just want to play along until I get home. He rounds the car to get in his side and starts the car.

“Are you sure you can drive?” he is a bit too drunk and I would like to get home in one peace

“Worried about your husband?” he runs his hand on my thigh and I just want to stab it “I wouldn’t want anything to happen to the love of my life and Mila’s sister” I roll my eyes, looking the other way so he doesn’t see me. His flask of tea is sitting between us. I’m tempted to sniff it, I have a feeling it’s not really tea but I’m quick to reprimand myself. I concentrate outside when he plays his music singing along. He is happy he is marrying two women he thinks. I just need to get home and tell him where to get off. I’m hurt I will not lie but I’ll be fine. It’s another mistake I made. I’ll be fine.

“We are here Mrs. Mzamane” I grin, he parked two houses away from my home where he usually parks. I’m out of the car before he even comes to open for me. It’s too dark, zodwa is going to have a fit “What’s the hurry, no kiss for daddy” fu&ck his drunk ass. I’m already marching home with my bag clutched to my chest “Pally what’s the matter now, I thought we are fine baby” he is right by my side, walking me

“We are fine, I just need to get home”

“I love you okay? I’m sorry I told you like that but I didn’t know how to do it” he has his hand on my waist

“Hmm” I manage, because I’m fuming and close to giving him shit. I’m quick to enter inside the gate, he stands outside pocket handed. My mom and I always leave the padlock open for the last person to lock the gate. When I’m sure I have locked the gate. Now I grin “Bye Abongile, please do me a favour, lose my number. I’m not going to be your wife, I’ll be someone’s wife, someone who’ll be mine and mine alone. Good luck with your woman and fu&ck you ten times for breaking my heart” I spit

“PALESA.....” I leave him there shaking the gate “PALESA GET BACK HERE...” never! I hope my mother doesn’t hear all this noises.

I don’t know when tears braced my face because I promised myself that I wasn’t going to share tears for a grown ass khehla who wants to be a player but now that my mother is glaring at me I realise that I’m a mess of tears. She frowns instead of shouting which I’m mentally prepared for.

“What’s the matter” I hate it when someone looks at me like this when I’m crying “Palesa, what happened mtanami?” I can’t, I pick my daughter from the couch and storm to the bedroom where I just kick my heels and climb the bed cuddling my daughter. F8ck I hate men. I’m going for women when I heal from this heartbreak, I’m a lesbian as of today.

“Panisa askiesh....don craa” my daughter’s tiny hands wiping my tears and her broken engrish brings me to chuckle. At least the money I pay for that expensive crèche is not for nothing.

“Don’t cry baby” I correct with a giggle

“Eya panisa don craa” I have to laugh, this young souls are the best. She joins me in my laughter as if I’m not laughing her broken engrish. I hear a loud knock at the kitchen door that almost sounds like a bang. Precious and I stare at each other with frowns “Ke kgokgo panisa?” (Is it a bogeyman panisa?) she asks in a whisper, I shake my head no

“WHOEVER YOU ARE BETTER KNOW THAT I OWN A GUN” my mother shouts in the kitchen “PALESA WHY DIDN’T YOU LOCK MY GATE?” I locked it, I’m sure. I’d say it’s ausi thato but she never knocks like this....the knock is persistent, much rough than the first one “WHO ARE YOU?” my mother roars. I hold precious to my chest to go look through the window.

“It’s me....the....geyser man. Mr. Geyser” Jesus of Nazareth! What the hell? Did he jump my mother’s gate?

“I’M HOLDING MY GUN MFANA BE PREPARED TO DIE” I wonder what she is holding, she opens the door before I make it to the kitchen, I realise she is holding a broom when I make it to the kitchen “Mkhwenyana!!! Someone please shoot this man

“Come in mkhwenyana, what’s the matter so late? Palesa did not pay you” she is stepping aside offering him a couch

“Empeleni maa I’m not here for that, palesa paid for the geyser” (Actually.....) f8ck his drunk ass

“Then what’s the matter so late mkhwenyana” I’m holding my daughter on my waist standing by the bedroom door watching them. My mother rests on the chair opposite to him on the couch.

“Maa I’m in love with your daughter and I would like to marry her” I never thought my mother would be rendered speechless one of this days but she is. She is just glaring at him with no word “I don’t know what is happening to me but I love her....i do....then there is this thing....this voice in my head that forces me to someone else but I know where my heart is, my heart is with your daughter but I don’t know what is happening to me. Please maa, I love your daughter” now my jaws are also on the floor, he is now kneeled before my mother clasping his hands. My mother looks at me once with a frown then at the man before her on his knees

“Bhuti please sit up straight, there is no need for this. I....i’ll give you two space” Zodwa! Someone shock me again. She grabs precious from me disappearing into the bedroom. I’m still shocked at this drunk fool. Now he fails to look at me like he wasn’t courageous a moment ago.

“Did you jump my mother’s gate?” it’s the first thing I ask still standing where I had been standing all this while. He nods, looking down and twisting his palms “Abongile what do you want?” I ask with a sigh

“I want you...no...I.... I need you. I love you” I roll my eyes at his fake tears when he finally looks my way

“No you don’t. You love your woman and I was foolish to fall for you when you still had feelings for your woman. Please leave me alone. I’m not going to agree to your proposal”

“I can’t palesa. I love you. With you it comes easy, it feels natural, like something I don’t have to think about but just happens. But with her....i don’t understand.....one minute I hated her like everyone else, jiki jiki I want her, I feel

like I should be with her, like there is something pushing me to her. Do you understand me?" Oh Jesu!

"Abongile I don't understand and I don't want to understand. Just leave me alone motho" Yoh! I have never been this frustrated in my life

"I'm afraid that one I can't do, I love you too much to leave you alone"

"Maaa!" I resort to my mother, she better kick him out of her house. She comes back, glares between him and I before she takes her previous sit "Maa please kick him out"

"Bhuti you hear her, I'm going to have to ask you to leave"

"Maa I love palesa, I can leave but she shouldn't dump me, I don't know what is happening to me. I love her and I want to marry her please"

"Unfortunately you cannot force a woman to love you, if she doesn't love you just accept it and move on. Please mtanami it's late now. Go home and sleep, you'll try her tomorrow in the morning and if she is still sure she doesn't want you anymore, please accept it"

"Mama I don't know what is happening to me" his voice is trembling

"Go home and pray for the best. Ask god for help, okay?" gosh! She is so touched, even helping a mkhulu player up

"I love her" it comes as whisper now, he is choking in tears

"I know mkhwenyana, go pray about it" I watch them without even an inch of sympathy as they help each other out. My mother stands by the door our looking at him I guess "Haibo! This khehla of yours really jumps my gate!" she exclaims rooted at the door "PALESA!" now she glares at me, coming back in the house

"Maa please!" I attempt to go back in bedroom but she calls me back

"Come back here wena" Jesus! I drag myself back to the kitchen "Sit" urgh! I comply "Is he the reason you came in here looking like your world was coming to an end" bathong! I wasn't that bad. I nod "What happened?" I don't like talking boys with my mother but I have no choice because mkhulu khehla was too drunk to handle our break up

“He asked me to marry him with another woman. He said he wants to marry us both and I refused”

“You did well, was he dating the both of you?” I shrug

“I think she was his ex. I thought they weren’t dating anymore but now out of the blue he brings her and tell us that he wants to marry us both”

“Palesa did you pray for your relationship?” this old generation!

“Maa this is 2022, we don’t pray for relationships, they come and go, simple as that” she sighs

“Palesa I may be old but I know a man under the influence of witchcraft when I see one. If you love that man and don’t want to raise siyeza on your own, pray for that man, pray that the curse he is under breaks, pray that he see light through the darkness, ask god to be with him. Or else I tell you my child you’ll be the mother of amakikip but at least this one has a father who looks decent and mature unlike the dj father of precious with a red hair” bathong! Parents’ who created the mara! She leaves me shocked disappearing to the bedroom. I’m drowned in my thoughts when she comes back and throws me my phone “This thing of yours is going to wake precious” It’s ringing with Abo as the caller. I expel an exhausted sigh before I receive the call.....I welcome music to my ears, he is singing out loud to ‘All in you by Senior Oat featuring Kemy’

When I look into the mirror

It’s your grace I see

It’s your mercy I see

It’s your love I feel.....

A bad singer he is but I might as well enjoy his bad voice while I wonder what the hell is happening.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 67

BOITUMELO

Thabang? Yeerrrr! Another hurdle I don't need right now. I'll talk to my husband when he gets home, it might have slipped his mind. I know he is a jealous man and he wouldn't let me work with my ex. But to be honest, other than the thabang hiccup everything went smooth today. My team and I will get along with time I hope. There are three women on my team, better than not having any. And I managed to keep thabang the ex at bay, although he was very frustrating to deal with, I hope tomorrow be the last day I deal with him because I'm going to convince my husband to fire him, he was a nuisance with just one day, imagen the whole year of the project. Lord I would die!

With Dlomo still out of town until tomorrow, Ndlovukazi and I made our own plans for the night. Her job is to sneak me out of the yard tonight without being seen. I'm finally taking care of my problem. The woman has been a horn. She is definitely asking that I reunite her with her forefathers and it' what I'll serve and now she knows too much, definitely more reasons to eradicate her.

"Ready?" this old woman! She is wearing black, a tsotsi gogo if I must say. I'm lying at the back seat of her car as she drives out in the middle of the night. She is no longer a queen so she doesn't get much attention like I do. I can no longer even as much go to a grocery store without company lately.

"Drive maa please" I whisper back glancing at my watch, mabataung said Lupus will be where she is in three hours when we last talked, we are left with thirty minutes so far. I keep my silence as she drives out.

Indeed she is not questioned much by the guards at the gate, they only ask if she needs a driver and she denies them with an excuse that she is just running to the local shop. They let her be and when we are a bit far she tells me to sit up straight.

"Tell me about this tape, what did she say about it?" she asks as soon as I sit up properly

“Maa all she said is that she has a tape and if I don’t convince him, she is going to give it to the media. It seems she recorded whatever Sango’s secrets he was vomiting on her”

“Hmk! This girl doesn’t know me” she once almost burned Sihle with a kettle of boiling water, I know her and I definitely wouldn’t mess with her “And your dog, how far is it?” she asks

“First it’s not mine. He is in town following her I think. Mabataung said it will follow her scent wherever she goes but she’ll not see it” she nods, flying off the road going to her old house. The house they used to own with her late husband before they became who they are now.

“I have just one bullet meant for her. No bitch is going to come for my son’s family and get away with it” she is fuming more than I am. I let her curse all the way there. My focus is on Lupus. I wish I had talked to Abuti Majara first and ask that he doesn’t tell him. Vulamasango will not take it well when he hears that I killed his side chick “She agreed to come here?” she asks driving into her old house. She offered it as butcher house when I didn’t know where we going to meet. The house is still in good shape though at the back side of the old abandoned village

“Yebo Maa, she agreed” she nods parking in the yard. She is out of the door before I am and already heading to the door. I grab the keys and gun from her hands while she attempts to unlock the door when I make it to her

“Uyenzani?” (What are you doing?) she asks, her tone extremely vile

“You’re leaving, this is my fight and I’m doing it on my own. Go to town or something, I’ll call you to come fetch me when I’m done”

“MaDlomo I’m not leaving you to deal with that woman alone”

“Maa I’m not asking, I’m telling you. Your job is just to drive me. Vulamasango will not forgive me if I involve you in this. Please” she rolls her eyes “Maa please, Thobile will be here soon and I promised her that I’ll be alone”

“I hate this boitumelo”

“I know, I’ll come out of this door in one piece, I’m a sweet bitch but I can be as deadly when provoked. Worry not” she sighs

“I hope so. Just call me. I’ll take her out for you if you don’t have the guts to do it”

“Maa I want that woman dead. If it wasn’t for Mhambi, I would shoot her myself but I can’t. I need Lupus to do it so I keep my hands clean for my daughter. Believe me when I say there is no changing my mind, my guts is made up” she sighs

“Okay, I’ll be around the village” I nod and wait for her to leave the yard before I open the door. Thobile text me that she is a bit late just as I sit on the chair. There isn’t much in the house. It gives me time to go through my emails. Peter called in the afternoon and told me he sent me the results through my email. Reading through the document it confirms that I’m 99.9 percent aunt to Khwezi. Does it shock me? NO. Partly I knew but my father? How do I even ask him about this?

I collect my scattered thoughts and focus on this mission when I hear the gate shuffles. It doesn’t take long before there is a soft knock on the door. I allow her in and she does. Wearing doeks and dress like she is not returning home. Like she is already getting married. I fake the biggest grin of them all heading for the door, she is looking through the house when I lock the door.

“Where is the tape?” she turns with a frown at the tone of my voice. The nice boitumelo passed out when I was luring her in

“What did you say?” cheeky, she folds her arms with attitude for days

“I said I want the damn tape”

She laughs “And you think I’m going to give it to you just like that?”

“No I didn’t, but luckily I have a mother in law who own a gun so with one bullet, you might just talk” only now she seems to take me seriously

“You wouldn’t kill me”

“Nop. Are you going to give me the tape or.....”

“I’ll give you the tape after you have called the eldest member of the family and told him or her that your husband is taking a second wife and you give them my names” she gloats

“Dream on bi8ch!” and there, I reach around my waist and pull the gun from waistband of my jeans aiming at her. Her eyes bulges out, she trembles cowering back

“Mrs.....Dlomo...madam” she stutters, raising her hands in surrender

“You hear that, I’m Mrs. Dlomo. The only one there ever will be for Vulamasango. I’m going to teach you a lesson you’ll not forget even in hell” like my husband had taught me, I squeeze the trigger and fire. The bullet bites her right where I had aimed. On her thigh. She winces collapsing down on the floor crying out in agony, clutching her thigh as her fingers redden with her own blood.

“Bo....boitumelo.....sisi please.....don’t kill me” oh now we knows my name

“We are passed that stage love, THE TAPE” I shout the last part squatting to her, when I see her about to hesitate on me I push the gun mouth to the wound. I learnt from the best. She screams in agony when I push the pistol further into her wound “I’ll pull another trigger” I threaten, there is no other bullet but she doesn’t have to know that. She passes her bag to me failing to word, she is sweating and crying a river of silent tears “What am I looking of in here?”

“A tape.....hllllllll.....a tape....recorder..... I swear.....it’s the only.....record I have” indeed I find it and destroy it on the floor. I don’t want to hear how my husband took our marriage affairs to his woman. When it has died in pieces by my boot that I wore for this purpose. I squat down to her and ask

“Did you sleep with my husband?” I still need to know, he might have lied to save his ass

“No....no....i swear.....we kissed.....i.....i kissed him.....but he.....he pushed me.....and said.....he can’t....do this.....”

“Now listen to me. I would say stay away from my husband but you don’t look like the type that listens. What I can only say now is to advice you for your hell life. I have a feeling will meet there, even in hell when you see my husband, stay the f8ck away from him, you hear me wh8re?” I spit

“Crystal my queen.....i hear you.....and.....i’m sorry.....please.....” She is sweating and holding her oozing thigh.

“Good” I make my way back to the door to open for Lupus, my business is done with her, he can come and feast

“Don’t.....leave me here.....PLEAASSE” she begs in pain failing to word

“No baby I’m not leaving you, not before I make sure you become history” right behind the door I find the red eyed white wolf, shivers grow at the back of my neck. I’ll never get used to this. My bitchy attitude is replaced with fear, I squirm stepping aside for it to pass. My heart hammers behind my rib cage, and for a moment I think I’m about to become dinner too but he just sniffs me. I let out a deep breath when it moves towards thobile

“NOOO.....NO.....NO.....WHAT’S THAT?” She screams crawling back with every step Lupus takes, it lets out a low growl that makes the air vibrate somehow, twisting it’s neck and scratching the floor with its right leg paws as it stands in front of thobile. In a blink of an eye it jumps her, her head is out of her dislocated from her body and her neck is gushing blood. In that moment I admit that I’m a coward. I crouch down the wall and shut my eyes and ears. I let myself sink down rocking myself. I don’t want to see it, I don’t want to hear it. I resort to humming as rock myself pressing my head and ears between my thighs.

I don’t know how long I have been looking down but I’m brought back up by a penetrative look, slowly I look up to find its jaws bloody red face to face to me

“No...no...not me....i’m not...the food” I plead, trembling and hoping he’ll understand from within that it’s me. I have nowhere to go but the wall. It keeps still, glare at me regardless of my panic. I don’t want to look in its eyes but it’s taking me there, it’s head and eyes follow mine until we lock eyes. Now the fear I had been feeling is suddenly replaced with something, something friendly and inviting, it compels me to swallow. I don’t know this feeling, it’s foreign and something supernatural. Passed the red eyes I think I see him. It lets out a long tongue that lick both my cheeks quickly, its eyes tore from me and looks out the opened door. With a slight lift of its chin, it sniffs the air, then look back at me with those penetrating red eyes. In what feels like a swift, it is now a blur as it speed out of the door. Only then I gather the strength to stand and I couldn’t see it any longer. It left like shift

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 68

BOITUMELO

“Are you okay?” she is asking for the zillionth time. I don’t know how many times I have told her that I’m more than okay. My heart is at ease, I don’t have one inch of regret whatsoever.

“Maa for the last time I’m okay I promise” I assure once again

“Okay, I just want to be sure” she finally unlocks her car and I’m able to get out of the car. She locked us in just to ask that again before we get inside the house. Through the garage door we enter the house. We both look at each other at the deafening screams that welcomes us. I know my daughter, it’s Mhambi. I swallow my fears before we head to the living room where the cry emerges from. Mhambi is not a cry baby, I’m slightly shaken I will not lie.....what if.....No....let me not say it.

Our eyes lock immediately when we walk into a room. I have to stop and think fast but I can’t. He keeps me at his look, holds me there in one place until Ndlovukazi speaks.

“Hau! Dlomo your back” she walks to him to receive Mhambi. He is cradling her pacing up and down the lounge. Cynthia the servant whom we had left the girls with is curled on the couch like she received the lifetime scolding. She can’t even as much as look up at us. He doesn’t respond his mother but continue to glare at me. Ndlovukazi takes Mhambi but she still doesn’t stop crying, I finally collect my last drop of strength head to Ndlovukazi to receive my daughter, with every step I take I feel his apoplectic gaze inflamed at me.

The traitor daughter of mine shuts up like a switched off radio when I receive her in my arms. The look in her eyes compels me to retire on the couch. She is staring at me, the kind of stare that is soul searching. Deep down I can feel that she knows and she is not happy about it. I don’t know if it’s my daughter stare that is heavy or the look I’m subjected to by my husband but the room is just too heavy

“MaDlomo greet your husband” Ndlovukazi kills the heaviness in the room “Cynthia siyabonga sisi you’re excused” (.....thank you.....) Cynthia is quick to stand but she is forced back to the couch with a roar

“NO. Sit the f8ck down” his tone alone tells me that shit is about to go down “Nithi nibuyaphi the two beautiful mrs. Dlomo” (Where do you come from.....) the mock in his tone

“I took MaDlomo to introduce her to some of the ladies she is to attend as the queen now that she is taking reigns” Ndlovukazi

“Really?”

“Yebo boywami, where would I take your wife so late at night” (Yes my boy.....) if it was any other day I would have laughed, she hardly boys him but today of all days she had to call him ‘boywami’

“And those introductions had to happen at 22:30 at night?”

“Vulamasango the women wanted to meet us at this time, we couldn’t say no” she is losing her patience and lie battle

“Hmm” he say, steal a glance at me once and turn to Cynthia. I’m still invested in Mhambi’s look even now. Baby girl is still staring at me quiet with that look that say ‘Mommy I know what you did’ “Wena, what did this two say they are going when they left?”

“To the stores my king...the stores” the poor girl can’t even spare him a look

“We didn’t feel like sharing the details of where we are going when we left” Ndlovukazi is quick to jump in. He chuckles.

“Leave” he directs to Cynthia who flies out of the room, then he turns to his mother “You too”

“Vulamasa.....”

“NOWWW!” Jesus! He roars, filling the entire room with his vile voice. I catch a smile on the one in my arms when her father shouts. I swear this little girl is going to be the death of me.

“Yei wena satan! I’m still your mother and you’ll not talk to me like that, hau!” I wish to be like her when I grow up, she obeys though and come to me with the disguise of kissing Mhambi in my arms but she whispers to me and say “M’shayashayise, he’ll be fine, one round will kill all this anger”

“I heard that” can he die? Just for today. Ndlovukazi excuses herself feeling sorry for me. It’s now just him, Mhambi and I.

“Dlomo” I finally voice, putting Mhambi on the couch besides me, I don’t know why she isn’t asleep, it’s way past her bedtime.

“MaDlomo” I find comfort in the fact that he is not shouting anymore

“I was expecting you tomorrow” I look up at him, finally looking at him and I have to admire my husband first, he looks delicious. Maroon slim fitted formal pants with a black shirt and no tie. He abandoned the black coat that is thrown on the couch.

“I happen to miss my wife so bad and I decide to fly back home to be with you and guess who got surprised instead” he sits before me on the table

“Dlomo like Maa said, we.....” he shakes his head, stopping me from lying any further

“I don’t take well to be lied to. Mina nawe we both know amasimba k’phela lawo, now I’m gonna ask again, it better be the last time and you better tell the truth because if you dare lie to me buthumelo and I find out otherwise because I’m going to. You’ll not like how I react. So I’m asking for the truth this time around, nibuyaphi?” (.....You and I.....that’s just bullshit.....where do you come from?) silence, he glares and I have nowhere to escape his look “Namhlanje sthandwa sami” (Today my love) the only response I give is to swallow my nerves.....he cannot know, vulamasango is going to freak and I cannot have that

“Dinangwe we really went to.....” he shakes his head once again and grab my hands

“Don’t you dare.....you can’t be wearing jeans, boots and leather jackets and tell me you went to meet women like this. I’m not a fool but if you don’t want to tell me, I’m going to find out on my own” he retrieves his phone and makes a call ‘Who was at the gate when my mother drove out?’ he asks, I take it he is talking to the

guards 'She denied a driver?' I wish to hear what the other person is saying 'What time was it?' all this time he is glaring at me 'Sharp' he drops and dials another one, still not freeing me from his look 'Craig!' he say 'Sorry to call you so late man, I'm going to text you a registration number of a car I need you to trace it's movement between 20:00 and 22:30 today'..... 'No here'..... 'Tomorrow morning?' it sounds like he is asking 'That will still be fine. Thanks man'..... 'He bought three Samsung phones?' this time it sounds like he is talking about something else 'That's bullshit I told you to block all their liquid assets, where does he get money from?' 'Really?' 'Trace where the money came from too and block it' 'sure' he drops the call and breathes closing his eyes before he say "It looks like you have this night to come clean. Craig is far from his things for a night but tomorrow morning, he'll be home and he'll tell me what you have been up to" he leaves me there and only then I breathe. I need to find something to say before this Craig person. We were at his home, the car will point us there but he'll not know what was happening.

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I don't know when he came to bed, I'm a bit surprised that he is here next to me. Last night he ended up going to his study and I came to bed. We are still at cross roads and I still haven't found a way of saving my ass. He is seated by the headboard and it looks like he is been staring at me sleep for a while.

"Hey" My greeting comes nervous, I wonder if the Craig person has called or not

"MaDlomo" at least he acknowledges me back. I find my gown to check my daughters in their cot, they are still fast asleep

"Would you like some breakfast in bed?" I ask, careful to avoid his demanding look. He laughs, I didn't expect that

"If it's cooked by you, you haven't cooked for me in a while" I roll my eyes and decide for a shower, I woke before my alarm and I still have time before I go to work "Your phone is ringing" he warns just as I head to the bathroom "Majaraaaa!" he says it as whisper with my phone in hand, he was passing it on to me. I feel myself cringe, why the f8ck is he calling me now?

"Answer it" I say, to save my behind

“He is not calling me, he is calling you”

“Maybe he is looking for you, I don’t know why he is calling me” the phone has stopped ringing

“My phone is very much alive, majara would call me if he needed to talk to me. Do you have any business with majara that he’d call you so early in the morning?”

“WHAT? NO” I have to remind myself to chill “I’ll call mabataung and find out what he wanted” I literally fly to the bathroom before he responds. What’s abuti majara’s problem now? Our business is done, why is he calling me? I wasn’t even talking to him before, I talked to mabataung.....or he wants me to pay his Lupus services. My shower is quick because I want to make him breakfast, I’m still softening him. When I get out of the shower he still has my phone in hand and that expression, I see it with the way his chest expands and contract that he is five to killing me.....

“Sango” I call out, trying to find what the matter is, he is livid

“Are you cheating on me buthumelo” bathong!

“What? No” he throws the phone toward me and I catch it

“WHO THE F8CK IS SENDING YOU ‘I LOVE YOU AND I MISS YOU BITIFUL’ BITIFUL? THE FU8CKER CAN’T EVEN WRITE BEAUTIFUL. ARE YOU FU8CKING ME WOMAN?’ it’s there, I’m staring at my phone in horror, I don’t know this number

“Dlomo I honestly don’t know, I swear I’m not cheating”

“CALL IT. YOUR FU8CKING BOYFRIEND IS JUST BREATHING WHEN HE HEARS IT’S ME, CALL IT AND PUT IT ON SPEAKER. IS IT MAJARA? ARE YOU HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH HIM?” I’m shocked to the core, I honestly don’t know who this is and right now I would also like to find out so I dial the number but this time no one picks it, he is glaring at me “Woman I’m going to kill you if your cheating on me and kill myself” he bumps me and heads for the bathroom. I rest on the bed with my phone wondering what the hell is going on.

My morning just ruined my day. I’m at work but my mind is not here. I should be celebrating thobile’s departure but now I have mystery lovers who don’t respond my calls. I have been calling the number back but no one is picking it. I don’t want

to think it's Majara so I dial his wife, I have been talking to mabataung from the start and I'll not talk to him.

'The dangerous Mrs. Dlomo' she sounds happy

'Hey.....how are you?' I don't know how I'm going to ask what I need to know

'I'm fine girl, your problem is solved right?'

'Very and thank you.....do I have to pay?' that's the only thing I think Majara would call me for, she laughs

'Pay what? stop kidding, he should pay you for feeding lupus' Jesus how do I ask her why her husband called me?

'Thank him for me please, and thank you'

'No biggie love call me if you ever need help again'

'Thank you, I will' F8ck I curse immediately after dropping the call. What the hell is Majara's problem?.....but wait....Majara is too fine to not know how to write beautiful, Thabang??? Why didn't I think of this? I'm on my feet as soon as the idea hit me in search for thabang, this is exactly why I didn't want to be working with an ex. To my luck the fucker is right outside the yard when I open my door.

"Nyabang!" I gain myself stares and reprimand myself, I wave him over because I have a feeling I'm going to come out just too vile. When he enters my office I shut the door and glare at him "What the hell is your problem? Didn't I tell you to play far away from me?"

"You still look beautiful when you shout" he is too calm for my liking

"Fotsek maan! I'm married and you have no right sending me texts"

"It's not what I heard, I was told that you're in the middle of divorce" breathe boitumelo

"I'm going to say this once, if you value your life, stay the hell away from me. I don't know who lied to you and said I'm getting divorced. I'm a happily married woman, with a very dangerous husband you don't want to poke. That's warning for you. Stop texting me"

“Come on tumi, don’t be so hard. It’s me, you have a soft spot for me. I don’t care about your husband, he is not good enough for you. He doesn’t know you like I do” I need lighting, where do they sell it vele? “But as for texting I haven’t texted you as yet. What I have planned for us to rekindle our love is far beyond texting” I honestly have no time for this, I pick my phone and dial my husband when I have no energy left for this fool

‘My cheating wife’ and here is another fool in my life, is that a way to answer your wife’s call

‘Dlomo I found out who texted me’ there is shuffling, it sounds like he is moving

‘Khuluma sthandwa sami, is it majara?’ (Talk my love.....) he is suddenly impatient to know, I honestly don’t know why we jumped to him

‘No. Nyabang, remember that ex of mine I told you I was going to work with’ thabang is frowning at me

‘F8CK! How did I forget that, tell him to collect his staff, he is fired I’m on my way’

‘Hurry please, I can’t stand him any longer’

‘I’m coming zululami and I love you, please don’t cheat on me’ I have to smile

‘I won’t, I love you too’ I drop the call and glare at thabang

“Your fired, go get your staff”

“Haibo motho! I didn’t text you and you can’t just fire me for nothing” he shouts

“I guess you want to deal with my husband in person, please leave my space”

“Boitumelo I did not...”

“HAI MAAN! OUT NYABANG, YOH!” he walks out. I breathe, retiring back on my desk. I catch palesa’s text just as I breathe, my hand trembles when I open the text, I’m praying she is not asking about her aunt and thank God she is not *MamaKhwezi can I please call you, it’s about Abo* the text reads. Abo? Who is Abo?.....Wait Abongile?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 69

VULAMASANGO

One thing I will not tolerate is crap sniffing up in my business. My wife is my business and she is supposed to be my business alone. When a third party starts waving it's shit up in my business, it leave me no choice but to get my hands dirty once again. I'm trying so hard to be a good guy for once in my life but hell the universe keeps dragging me back to hell, regardless of how much I try to keep my now Jesus image clean.

I love my wife and I trusts her. Would she cheat on me? No I don't think so, but after that damn 'Bitiful' text I have no choice but to dig. Maybe I trust her too much and she is been making me a fool for a while. Right now my suspect is Majara. It bruises me to even think of him like that, but why would he call my wife at damn 01:00 in the morning? I don't give a f8ck what he is, he may swallow me but I'll enter his mouth with a pistol and blow his brains off. No f8cker is going to sniff my wife and get away with it. The best way to get to the bottom of this is to call the suspect himself. There has to be a reason or else will go to war if need be.

"My king.....Dlomo....MY KING!" f8ck! I forgot that I'm in a room with my council members, my mind is all over the place after the events that happened last night and this morning. My mother was kind enough to offer us her lounge to hold our meetings while we still wait for the council hall to be rebuild

"My apologies gentlemen, where were we?" it sounds like they have been trying for my attention for a while

"Hai! My king, go rest, you're not here today will pick up tomorrow" Ngema

"No Ngema, will finish today's agenda, some of us have to go job hunting tomorrow" Zwe articulates glaring at me, he thinks that tiny statement will claim my conscious. I'm not done with them, they'll see their money once I have healed from what they did to my wife. They take advantage because they know that she is soft hearted, but not me, I want them to suffer beyond repair before I give them back their money.

“Well I have to go buy myself a bakkie and the king’s absence of mind in this meeting is a clear indication that he cannot think today and he deserves a break” so kind of him, I didn’t know Ngema regards my wellbeing

“Maybe it’s time we talk about your granddaughter’s burial” Zwe spits, more like threaten him and that seem to get Ngema. He clears his throat and he is suddenly fidgety.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t be there Ngema, how did it go?” I probe

“Hai...okay my king.....my phone...if I may be excused” he is out of the door with his silent phone, maybe it’s on vibration. I have to follow him out because my mind is not here, I need to call Majara and find out why is he disrespecting me.

“Gentlemen, I would like a minute too” I don’t wait for their response as I’m already dialling him. I’m inching to know so I can start preparing for a battle. I’m running out of patience as he takes his own sweet time to receive my call, and just when I prepare my mind to hear the voice of a white woman who never get tired on our phones he picks

‘Dlomo’ I’m frowning, not at Majara’s tone but Ngema who is not aware of me. He is not on call, he is actually sitting outside my mother’s grass. She would tell him where to get off if she were to find him there ‘Snipper’ oh! konje I’m on call

‘Molapo you do remember how I got that name right?’ I hear a faint laughter

‘It’s too early to be talking about your killing skills, what’s up?’

‘What’s up? Are you trying me right now? Why the hell are you calling my wife at 03:00 in the morning’ he gasps

‘03:00? Dlomo what were you doing in primary school? Do you know 03:00 am?’

‘Majara don’t patronise me!’

‘Jooo! Zulu male drama is the worst, it was 06:00 in the morning and it wasn’t even me, I was with your son and he wanted to speak to his mother’

‘Then why not call me when you couldn’t get hold of my wife?’

‘Well he kind of hates you at the moment, he is learning of how he became the predator and your involvement in that has him hating you for now. But he’ll come

around' now I can breathe, his tone is proof enough that I'm paranoid. Part of me always knew that I'll have a rocky ride with my son when he finds out why he is what he is, I'll deal with that when he comes back home 'So you called me breathing smoke thinking I would disrespect your house like that?'

'Fire, not smoke' he laughs 'But on a serious note, I thought Mkhonto cannot be seen for the next five years'

'He cannot but what happened between MaDlomo and Lupus compelled me to go check on him'

'You see Majara, this is the shit I'm talking about. What the f8ck happened between my wife and your dog?'

'Dlomo let's just say MaDlomo and Lupus had a brief entanglement that has nothing to do with you but everything to do with Mkhonto, her mother and Lupus. I have to go. Drink coke and calm the f8ck down. MaDlomo is like a sister to me, she doesn't even stimulate me'

'F8ck you'

'F8ck your obsessed zulu ass back' nxa! We both laugh 'Oh before I go, please relieve Seeiso man, you're going to kill my brother and you'll force him to make you a grandfather because you're too hot headed'

'What are you talking about manje?'

'His royal claim for.....you know what, I have to go' the hell

'Maja....' He is dropped. Damn it! The hell is he smoking? But now I can breathe, I need to have a conversation with that wife of mine. When did she meet Lupus to have a situation with him? There is too many secrets lately and as for the f8cker that sent her a text, I'm waiting on Craig to get back to me. I'm going to send someone to hell sooner than their time I swear.

I'm about to go back inside the house when my phone rings. It's my cheating heaven. How can she be my heaven and cheat? She is now my hell, I'm demoting her.

'My cheating wife' I receive, her breathing tells me that she is annoyed

'Dlomo I found out who texted me' say what? Where the hell are my escorts.....

BOITUMELO

He is here, in the kitchen sitting on the bar stool watching me go about. His eyes does not leave me as I cook him a storm. I left with him after he fired thabang. He literally kicked him off the premises. I'm happy that we are not fighting so I came back to cook lunch for him. He is been crying of being neglected lately and I agree, I'm getting lazy at spoiling my husband. I know he is not a hard to please man, one warm plate of food is all he needs to chill. This thing of having people do almost everything for me is not good at all. My husband has to beg me to cook for him which is something he shouldn't even as much ask

"Mommy" I laugh, thankful I'm not facing his direction as I stir my pot

"Hmm" I respond

"I love you, you know that right" he is been throwing it every chance he gets, the news of me cheating ain't doing him good

"I love you too Dlomo"

"And that dress of yours is calling for me to rip it off you" I laugh, I have changed to a short summer flowing dress

"Go sit in the bedroom I'm dishing now" I catch him raising eyebrows when I turn

"The bedroom?" he asks and I nod "I'm going to be served lunch in the bedroom?" maybe he thinks I made a mistake

"Yes, so you can rip the dress and have a soul dessert when you're done"

"Shit MaDlomo!" he is on his feet, holding the front of his pants "Or we can start with dessert zululami.....it's been quite long hey" I laugh, out loud this time around. Men should confess one of these days that they love sex more than us

"You're the king Dlomo and today I'm going to dine you. Go and prepare to be pampered" the smirk, I don't miss the content smirk on his face before he disappears from the kitchen. We have come to a conclusion that thabang was

behind the texts, regardless of how many times he denied. The issue that he swept under the carpet is the majara issue and I'm glad he hasn't called again. And as for my coming home late yesterday he seems to have left it and I'm thankful again, I'm not going to wake it.

He is summoned Abongile here after I called palesa back and heard her cries. I still can't believe that Lulu bewitched Abongile. I should have seen it from that time he started mentioning of how we should forgive her, I just thought he was being an asshole to be honest, I didn't think there was more to that. Bab Gumede agreed to have a look at him. Palesa promised to come with him and they should be here this afternoon, though Gumede said we shouldn't tell him what he is here for because Lulu might reverse whatever she did to him. He thinks he is coming for a job and should be back tomorrow. Gumede said it will not take long to cleanse him.

I dish for my husband just how he likes and head to our room. I have to be careful up the stairs because the tray is too big. Pushing the door with my leg because my hands are full I find him with an erection on the bed, stuck naked. The fools we love.

"Finally Mrs. Dlomo" I'm giggling, putting the food on the pedestal because I have a feeling they are about to be the last meal

"I didn't say take off your clothes" he is right behind me when I turn, pushing his veiny hard on, on my stomach

"I wanted you to see how thin I am because you haven't been taking care of your husband lately" his now charming Asian eyes have dropped to my almost cleavage, he really isn't hungry for food anymore

"I guess you'll start with dessert"

"Exactly nje mama" he picks me to his waist and my legs dirtily wrap around him, thankful for the dress I'm wearing which give him free access to my sacred places. He rest on the edge of the bed and put me astride on top of him, his hand reaches for my zipper and undo it slowly way down. His face finds mine and he takes me for a delicate erotic kiss while he helps me out of my dress. The kiss alone is impatient and hungry "Oh madlomo I have missed you so much!" he murmur through the kiss. I raise my hands so he can take off the rest of my full body dress through my

head. His perfect warm palms takes slow paces to my thighs where he brushes up and down first before he holds the hem of my short dress and peels it gently off my body. My skin welcomes shivers of pleasure when I'm free of the garment and worn with just his touch that caresses me as it pleases. I feel perfect and warm with his touch caressing me almost everywhere.

"Dlomo!" I can't help it but moan in his mouth, he is suddenly now too slow for me and I'm aching to feel his rod inside me. He ignores my plea and continue to torture my body with just his touch and experienced mouth as I sit astride him with just my panties and bra. He takes his own sweet time freeing my boobies of the bra. When he drops the bra to the floor, he ceases the kiss for a minute and blow gentle air right on my nipple. The sensation is sweet and sends butterflies way way down my lady part. He trails kisses, light feather like kisses from my neck...his neck kisses are the worst, he is going to leave some hickies there....."Hmm Dlomo!" I moan in his erotic touch when I cannot handle more of the sexual shiver arousing kisses his giving on my neck. His oh so sweet lips takes a path further down, my shoulders receives wet kisses, then my left nipple. Gosh he takes my nipple like possessed animal, he does me so good, suck my nipples so good that he drinks my babies milk "Sies Sango!" I laugh, pushing him off my boobs when he drinks my babies' milk

"Leave me be please woman" he smashes my lips once again while we continue to laugh, his right hand travels under my panties. I feel him test my moisture between my folds. He is pleased of the discovery of how ready I already I am for him. I love a man who takes his time with me but not today, today I just want him to hit but boy is he savouring the moment....the torture of his finger exploring my beneath part is overwhelming, I'm a well by now. He is circling and teasing my clit, he hasn't even once penetrated me with his finger and it's driving me crazy

"Bunny...." I murmur, lost in his touch and I feel him smile through the kiss that ain't taking no prisoners. His free hand holds me delicately around my waist. He withdraws the other one from my core and gently helps me down on the black carpet down the bed. He feels deliciously heavy on top of me. He cages me, stare down at me sucking his finger that was inside me, the sight alone is arousing enough. He gives me a taste of his finger to taste myself...the scent of my lady part is still there but the taste is replaced with his taste "Dlomo I love you so much" I confess, lost in his touch

“I know mommy, and I love too with everything in me” He looks in my eyes, doesn’t kiss me but makes love to me with his look. I’m taken in his eyes when I feel his hand pick my right leg beneath him and place it on top of the high bed as we lie on the floor.

I’m wide open for him to f8ck me as he please. His hand falls to my opened thigh, he takes gentle path down my thigh. Keeping me still with just his look beneath him. The touch of his hand is so light that it’s driving me crazy, I tense in anticipation when his fingers reach my panties. He runs his thumb around the elastic, pulling on the panties hem as if to test if they fit properly. F8ck he is frustrating me! I squirm, send my hand down my sex to direct his hand where I want it to touch but he see me. He captures both my wrist and pin them above my head and goes back to torturing me.

“You need to learn to be patient mrs. Dlomo” I can’t, I’m at his mercy and he knows it, I’m aching to feel him inside and he is taking his own sweet time

“I can’t....bunny please” my voice has taken a sweet soft tone I’m not familiar with, he pecks my nose before he frees my wrist of his tight grip. I let out a deep breath when he pulls my panties to one side. The touch of his finger that touches my burning clit sucks all the breath out of me. He takes a quick reposition down my sex. I grin at his face staring right on my exposed wet panties. He returns the grin with a smirk before he pushes my legs further apart. My right leg is still on top of the bed. My undies are pulled to one side again and I welcome the pleasure.

His tongue starts circling where he is supposed to enter, changing the rhythm to pushing inside and out, and it feels so so good. I close my eyes and enjoy the feeling, swept away by the soft penetration of his tongue and intimacy of how he knows how to do me like only he can. His tongue feels gentle, loving and claiming that this is all his. It’s building me perfectly to pleasure. Elevating me high and higher and I push his head further in. The sensation is driving me damn crazy. And he knows my pussy. He knows where to touch to have me at my weakest, where I’m most sensitive and he presses his tongue right there. I feel electric shocks and warmth of wave pleasure claim my body. I’m quivering to release as I trap his head with my thighs. Something about the softens of his tongue makes me feel on fire and I can’t help but wriggle and moan gripping him further inside me

“Oh. Bunny. Oh it feels so good daddy” he suddenly stops, I want to curse him in sex language when he withdraws with a smirk on his face “NYULAAA!” the tone of my voice is not to be messed with. He laughs, coming to my face. I don’t want his face on my face, I want his face in my sex

“Patience my heaven” he murmur, leaning over me, resting his hands on either side of my shoulders. He supports his weight on his strong firm arms besides me. I’m totally beneath him with nowhere to go. Our eyes meet and I’m yet again lost. Oh my husband is handsome and sexy when he likes. His bedroom eyes are the best.....he keeps me at his sexy stare, it’s steamy and elevating me without doing nothing. I feel his hand path down to my knees and pull them further apart, my right leg is thrown up on the bed once again. Wide open I feel my sex muscle expand and contract on their own in anticipation. He captures my wrist once again and pin them on top of my head, his other hand goes back down, pushes my panties aside and there.....he is caught his prey and he is going in for the kill. I find it more arousing that he is not helping his length in, it knows exactly where it’s supposed to drill. Slowly and gently he plunges in...

“Oh!” I gasp, welcoming him in. He sinks gently in me, it stings at first but the pleasure over takes the stinging sensation. Delicately and gently he ease his veiny rod deeper and deeper in me, and to my delight, a faint...

....“Jesus woman!” tumbles from his lips when he is all in. He is the weakest one now, he can’t hold his eyes any longer “MaDlomo your killing me” oh boy, I love a man who says all the right things. He keeps still hissing at the penetration of his rod inside me, he is trying to catch his breath and he is totally failing “Baby I think I’m going to fry two minutes noodles here” I laugh, gripping my wall harder around him “Yoh!....don’t....please baby, inkomo yakho ishisa ka mnandi madlomo, you’ll kill your husband”

“Do it Dlomo please” I grip him once again

“F8ck!” he curses falling to my chest “Your intention is to kill me mrs. Dlomo” I shake my head no, flexing my hips to frustrate him so he can f8ck me. He starts to move, in a pace I didn’t expect, it’s unrelenting and chasing. Back and forth, back and forth he is f8cking me like it’s stolen moment. Harder and deeper he moves, comes back to my face to look in my eyes, I can’t keep them open “Look.....look.....at me mrs. Dlomo” he fails to word but I do hear him, I try, I try to maintain the eye

contact as he f8cks me.....with every thrust it feels like he is hitting a different spot, I feel myself turn softer under him, losing myself in the world of pleasure. Every fast stroke he serves sends sparks throughout my body

“Dlomo.....bunnyyy please slowdown” the pleasure is too much to take in, I cry but he goes deeper and deeper that my sight blurs up. I feel the tight overwhelming sensation and I know I cannot hold it any longer. He changes the pace when he feels me build up around him. In circles he moves his hips, circling and touching parts of me that only he can touch “Oh god!” I cry, closing my eyes and letting the sensation overcome me.

He goes back to his prior rhythm, back and forth getting deeper with every thrust. Shivers of pleasure wash over me until I see my world turn dizzy. His movement becomes harder and faster than before, we are both getting lost in each other. His hands travel beneath my butt cheeks and claim them, he spreads me wider from beneath, allowing his rod more space to drill “Saaaangooo!” I can’t, my body explode in pleasure and vibrations. I tremble beneath him as I cum hard, feeling myself throb against him and holding on tight. My moment is so delicious I think I see stars in dancing in my eyes. Sango’s hard breathing brings me back to help him reach his own peak. I squeeze my walls around him and release him, over and over pulling him inside me

“Buthu...mama....no....wait” he groans, I don’t listen, I grip him tighter. His jaws clenches, he lets out a long, low groan pushing himself deeper “WOMAN!” he falls on to me, still moaning and moving slowly as he empties inside me “MaDlomo this is my d8ck, don’t ever grip my d8ck, I’ll cum when I want, in my own terms, not yours” he is laughing, though not happy that I made him cum sooner than he wanted

“Now I need you to get off me and run to the chemist. Buy a pocket of vitamin C pills, Stametia and disprin”

“The hell? Are you sick” I laugh, still enjoying his weight on top of me, the frown on his face is very cute

“No, I’m going to clean your sperm inside me, I don’t want to wake to news of dying cows” he laughs, pulling his length out of me and I wince, the abandoned leaves a slight sting. He kneels between my legs and only takes off my undies now reaching

for a towel which was on top of the bed and spreads me up again wiping me with delicate care

“You bled, did I hurt you?” I don’t want those worry lines on his forehead. He is looking at the white towel with slight blood on

“Dlomo I’m perfectly fine” I sit up to kiss the creased lines on his forehead “You didn’t hurt me” he breathes, though he is still not sure

“Zululami are you sure” Jeez! I crawl on top of his thighs and wrap my arms around his neck

“Dlomo I am fine, I promise. We can even go for round 2” he laughs, I take the towel to clean him too. His phone rings disturbing our clean up moment. It doesn’t look like he has strength to go get it “Aren’t you going to get it?” I ask

“Whoever it is will leave a message unless you get it for me” I grunt but gets up to get it, it reports to be Craig calling as I pass it to him. Now I regret getting it.

‘Craig!’ he receives, pulling me back on the carpet to lie on his chest, I wrap naked around him and he brushes my bare skin

‘Boss man, sorry for not getting back to you this morning. I have your report now’ he puts him on speaker, glaring at me but not in a bad way

‘I’m listening’

‘First your mother’s car was right around the village, I sent you the text with the address where it was between the time you asked it be traced. Secondly it looks like your brother received the money to buy three phones from your wife. She sent him 10K’ the look, I wasn’t even aware I was under investigation for that ‘and thirdly and lastly, the number you texted me to trace this morning, its signal again reflects at your brother’s house’ another glare he throws at me

‘Is the number still active?’

‘Yes’

‘Thanks, let me call this number and check the address you sent, I’ll get back to you’ Sango

‘Sure’ he drops the call and glare at me scrolling down his phone

“You are going to tell me why you send Mtho money after I find out who this boyfriend of yours is.....” he is stopped by the ringing phone of the caller waiting to be picked, my heart is pounding out of my chest though I know I have no boyfriend, I really thought it was thabang

‘Sipho sabantwana Dlomo who is this’ oh dear lord!

‘SAKHE!’ we both sing in shock

‘Yei! Whoever you are, don’t be shouting in my new phone’

‘Sakhe!’ I’m the one to speak, Sango is still shocked glaring at his phone

‘Maa!...oh mommy I’m sorry, why are you shouting nawe? Did you get my message?’

‘Sakhe you have a phone?’ I ask

‘Brand new mamzo. Sumsang. Bab Mtho understands that we are men, he is raising men not cows like vulamasango. He knows that men should have phones. But don’t tell your boyfriend about it, he is not supposed to know until further notice. I don’t even have his number because I don’t want to make the mistake of calling him. But make sure he buys me airtime’ Jesus!

‘Why didn’t you answer your phone when I called back in the morning?’

‘I thought I heard Vulamasango’s voice and I just ate his airtime listening to him shout asking me who I was. I couldn’t risk him finding out that I have a phone’

‘Siphosakhe I’m with your father and you’re on speaker’

‘Hai boitumelo! Don’t play like that’

‘Siphosake?!’ I call out

‘Maa’

‘You’ll shit yourself if you dare call me boitumelo once again, your father wants to speak to you’ I hear him huff

‘Dlomoo?! The big Dlomo?! Dlomzozo?!’ he is suddenly so nice

‘Siphosakhe Dlomo, what the hell is sipho sabantwana Dlomo?’ Sango

‘Baba I’m a gift to all the girls, stop shouting you’ll die of high blood’

Sango breathes 'Siphosakhe why would you send my wife such a disturbing text' drama of vulamasango, I glare at him

'What text vulamasango? I told my mother I love her and I miss her'

'And she is bitiful, what the hell is bitiful? Am I paying private schools for bitiful?'

'Vulamasango don't forget who you are speaking to. My phone is very new and you cannot make such noise on my new phone. My mother is bitiful vele and I miss her. Hau! And I have to go, don't come here and take our phones, you were not supposed to know but this bitiful mother of mine betrayed me. Boitumelo I don't touch Milani's phone, Vulamasango should not touch your phone. Such betrayal!' he drops, we look at each other before we fall apart in laughter, he sounded so pissed

"One thing I'm grateful to Zwe for is Sakhe, the idiot thinks he is older than me" I know, he doesn't see him sometimes

"Ladies gift!" damn we have a great laugh

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 70

SEASON FINALE

PALESA

For the first time in a while I actually took my mother's advice. I have never been one to pray for boys until this Kehla driving next to me. I knelt in front of the opened bible and talked to God. I hadn't done that in a while and I have to say, it felt like something is now crystal even though I cannot pin point exactly what.

I called Aphiwe, Abo's sister in the morning and she wasn't much of help. I told her of my mother's suspicions and she actually agreed with her. She also filled me in, that Abo hasn't given her and Milani money in a month, it confirmed more of my mother's suspicions. I haven't known him for a long time but I know for a fact that he takes care of his sister and daughter. To just abandon them like that is even more suspicious. And to think he bought a whole two houses in cash just to fulfil his selfish witchery desires. Aphiwe was only useful with advising me to call Khwezi's father. I couldn't call that scary man so I ended up calling his wife because she is warm, her husband is just the black Rambo and I don't even want to hold that kind of conversation with him.

The man I didn't want to talk to took over the situation. He summoned us over. He actually ordered that we come today. We are driving there and I don't know how many times I have stopped him for a pee break. I still haven't summed up the courage to confirm the pregnancy news but all the signs are there, though everyone seem to think that I am. I don't know how I'm going to wrap that in my head. Two babies at the age of 23. I need black Jesus to whoop my busy womb.

"Eeeh Abo" he steals a glance at me, he is enjoying his deep house because I gave him a silent treatment when he tried to talk to me

"You want to pee" I do. It's the only time I have talked to him since the trip. I nod
"You are aware we are in the middle of freeway"

"Then what do you suggest I do?" I have lost count of how many times I stopped him for pee breaks

“Let me speak to Ave, she can’t be torturing me so early” his hand is on my stomach brushing while the other one focuses on the wheel “Chill baby, just hold your horses, it’s too early for drama”

“Abo I’ll chop this hand if you keep brushing my stomach. Who the hell is Ave? And I said I want to Pee” I snap. He sighs, changing lanes to the first one so he can stop the car

“Ave is my baby girl. Avethandwa. What do you think?” I’m honestly not thinking names, right now I just want to pee and he is taking his own sweet time. I’m quick to jump off the car and fight my jeans down, right by the door “Palesa hide my ass at least” I ignore him, my ass is out there and there are cars hooting at it. I just need to relieve myself and there.....oh it feels like a dream. Gosh I was so pressed.

“Pass me a wipe in my back” I’m still squatting outside

“You have to be f&cking kidding me, Palesa get off that ground” he snaps

“Abo I need to wipe myself, I can’t get dressed without wiping”

“Yeerrrr!” he is annoyed, he grabs my bag and open it, he is mumbling to himself as he finds my wipes and throw them to me

“Your mean” I tell, cleaning myself up

“I know, hurry up” so impatient, he glares at me when I jump with my jeans pulling them up “Why are you still wearing jeans? We should go shopping for maternity dresses” I roll my eyes, climbing back in the car. He crosses over to strap me with a seat belt. He is such a safe freak “I don’t like that, you can’t be showing strangers my assets” breathe palesa

“Where is your first wife?” I ask, changing the topic deliberately. He hasn’t mentioned her today.

“She is in KZN too”

“Really?” he nods

“She received a call today morning from some thabang guy whom she said was a friend and wanted her to drive down immediately” meleko! (Miracles!)

“So you were with her last night?” he nods, frowning at me like I’m mad to even ask that. I’m never going to sleep with this guy, never again “And she received a call from a guy in the morning and you’re okay with that?” he glances at me and blink ahead in silence. This is really witchcraft but there is one way to find out. I produce my phone and fake to be chatting, I’m giggling like a fool to annoy him “Who the f8ck is that?” it didn’t even take five minutes

“Be careful. Geez! Look ahead” he is glaring at me with a look that is ready to cremate my soul “Just a guy, he wants us to meet tomorrow” there is no guy, I just want to see his reaction since he is cool with his other woman driving to another province to meet some guy. I don’t see it coming. He grabs my phone from my hand still driving with one hand. I’m rendered speechless as I watch him put it on his lap opening the back cover “What are you doing?” he ignores me and take my sim card from my phone. I don’t know what I expected but I didn’t expect him to toss my sim card in his mouth and chew. Jesus! He is going to choke “Do you need water?” I ask in shock watching him grind my sim card to pieces between his teeth. He doesn’t need water, he gulps the pieces down his throat so hard that I see the movement of his adam’s apple.

“You’re not going to meet some f8cking guy” he spits, glaring at me once

“Do you need water?” I’m still shocked to the core. Who eats a sim card?

“Fotsek Palesa” (Piss off) Yoh! I don’t wish to be his ass when he has to take shit

“Hmk! don’t choke please, wake me when we get there” I recline my seat for a nap. I need to sleep this one off. It’s too much, I have never had a boyfriend who eats my sim card. Maybe I’ll wake up have forgotten the whole scene.

“Maka Ave.....mama Ave! Pally!” the hell! I’m prepared to eat him up for waking me from such a nice dream “We are here baby” gosh! I stretch. I feel more exhausted now. Damn it I’m really pregnant regardless of how much I want this not to be true “You okay?” he is down on my face looking worried

“Just tired Abo, help me up” he nods, pulling me up with my seat. I’ll never get used to how rich Khwezi’s family is. It’s a mansion after mansion. Back in Joburg they live in mansions and here in the rurals they also own this gigantic mansion. I just hate

the stairs of this one. I feel exhausted already before I even lift one leg. The mansion is up there and you have to climb the stairs to reach the double door entrance.

“I’m tired” he laughs, he is round the car to open my door

“Come here” he opens his arms with an attempt to lift me

“I’ll break you. Let just go but don’t rush please” I’m out of the car next to him stretching my legs, I swear I’m going to lose few kilos to this stairs.

I manage the first ten in a tortoise pace. I must be too slow because he lifts me when I least expect it. I melt on his chest. Breathing him in. I still hate him but he smells pleasant. He puts me down just as I enjoy the ride. We are at the door and I don’t like his breathing, I’m heavy but he shouldn’t show me.

“Yoh! A Whole 50kg meal meal plus that 10 inside you” mxm! The door opens just as we are about to knock.

“Mam, sir” the woman is smiling at Abo, I feel a twitch of jealousy at how she grins at my Khehla

“Donsi, where is Mr. Dlomo?” oh he knows her name

“The king is in his study Mr. Mzamane” Abo nods and leads me in. I have been in this gorgeous house before. Up the stairs again he leads me. I don’t like the house for the stairs only. He seems to know where he is going. I allow him to walk us down the corridor that leads to the far end of the floor.....

“Dlomo....no” we are welcomed by voices, those kind of voices. Abo is already smiling. This is embarrassing

“Kancane mama” (Just a little.....)

“Sango no....you had it this afternoon” the door is wide open. Khwezi’s mother is placed on top of the table and her husband is between her legs

“It was a starter MaDlomo we.....”

“Oh Palesa, Abongile” Khwezi’s mother sees us first and interjects her husband. How old is this woman? She looks like a kid. I swear she doesn’t age. She is in a short summer dress that looks like it was made on top of her. She has no shoes on and.....Jesus I’ll not end. She is trying to push her husband off her but the man is

just a wall “Dlomo move, Geez!” she snaps, he helps her down but doesn’t as much turn his body. Only his face turns. I think he is trying to hide his boner.

“Yoh! Abongile, your timing nawe” he sounds frustrated. Khwezi’s mother and Abo laughs. I can’t even do that in the same room as him. He is nice but I’m shit scared of the buff Khwezi’s father. Khwezi’s mother has me in her arms, she hugs me and wrap her hand around my neck glaring at Abo

“I miss you” she tells Abo

“I miss you too” they seem close

“MaDlomo you can’t be missing another man when you left me damaged like this” Khwezi’s dad sings from the table where he hasn’t even moved. No one pays attention to him between the two.

“I hate Nkandla, he is a snitch” the two next to me again laugh “Please come this side” she is pleading to Abo

“No one is coming this side. Nkandla is my guy” Khwezi’s dad jumps in “MaDlomo help Palesa with something to wear, I’ll take them to Gumede just now” something to wear? Khwezi’s mother is pulling me out when I hear Abo asking Mr. Dlomo what are we going to do to Gumede. I wish to hear the rest of their conversation but I don’t. This happy being is already leading me to.....gosh this bedroom is bad ass. It must be hers. There is a cot by the bed with a woman who is just sitting next to the cot with a book. I take it she is the nanny or something.

“They are still asleep?” Khwezi’s mom ask looking inside the cot

“Yes my queen” she smiles and disappear to what looks like a closet. I’m left smiling at the woman I don’t know. When she comes out she has a fleece and head wrap in her hands.

“You cannot enter bab Gumede’s hut in pants, just wrap this around your waist and put this on your head” Oh! I didn’t know “You can go rest Cynthia, I’ll take the monitor” Cynthia smiles standing when she is excused “Wait...the things I asked you to buy for me, who did you sent?” she asks Cynthia just as she is about to exit the room

“I asked Donsi my queen, they are in the kitchen”

“Thank you” Cynthia smiles again leaving the room

“Mrs. Mzamane” she regards me with her killer smile and I just blush. We are heading down the stairs back to the lounge I think “O dirang Lulu? She’ll show you flame that one” we burst

“Is she dangerous?” she shrug

“Let’s just say before she became what she is now, we were once best of the best friend. She wasn’t dangerous then but life.....the things she went through made her what she is today”

“You think your ngaka will be able to help him” she laughs

“Bab Gumede will help, don’t worry” she leads me to the kitchen, opening the plastic bag she finds on the counter “Thank God!” she exclaim, taking out.....it that stametta? There are tablets too, I only realise disprins because I’m familiar with them, the other one I don’t know “Do you want something to eat, drink?” she is opening the cupboards. Her mother in law walks in just as she manoeuvres about in the kitchen.

“Water will be fine” water will not be fine, the kitchen smells like good food but I have to hold myself

“Hello nana” Khwezi’s grandmother greets me also going about, she stops at what’s on the counter “And then?” she picks stametta asking Mrs. Dlomo. She passes me by bottle of water and a rinsed glass. While she takes the bottle from her mother in law filling the mug.

“Your son is trying to get me pregnant again, can you imagen?” she pinches her nose as she gulps the tablets with stametta. Gosh that’s going to leave a horrible taste in her mouth

“And what is wrong with that?”

“Haibo Maaa! Joooo! I would hang myself if I fall pregnant this time around. I need to book Peter. I’m cutting my tubes completely this time around” the old woman is laughing

“This thing will hurt you MaDlomo. Don’t go on drinking stametta like this. If you want to prevent pregnancy after intercourse. Buy dried apricot, mix them with honey, warm water and blend. No sperm will stay in your womb if you drink that, you’ll thank me later rather than this dangerous stametta of yours” I wish I knew that after my kehla did me

“Where can I get dried.....” she is put to a halt by the approaching voices. She flies to hide the bottle of the bitter liquid and tablets off the counter. Such a devious woman. She grins when her husband shows his face in the kitchen. He goes straight to her like we don’t exist “Sango.....vu..” her useless battle are really useless. The man has grabbed her waist and pulled her for a kiss. He is touching her as he please regardless of how much she fights. I’m staring, I wish I had a man who would pick me like a piece of paper just like that. The old woman doesn’t seem to mind them, it’s like she is used to this pornography going on. If she is not careful that man is going to sleep her right on that counter

“Vulamasango, boitumelo Move, I need a pot in here” such a bummer, I was actually enjoying the show. They stop, both lost in each other as they shift from the cupboard where the old woman takes out a pot

“Why is your tongue bitter” he is staring down at her, I think she didn’t expect that, she blinks, a lot

“Vulamasango aren’t you here to fetch Palesa?” thanks to the old woman

“Oh konje!” he finally frees his wife “Follow me” he orders passing next to me. I jump off the barstool and quick behind him. I wish he can slow down. His one stride is equals to three of my stride. He doesn’t say a word but lead me outside. Now I miss Abo. He would have carried me down this stairs that this man is climbing like nothing “Keep up nana” nana? I’m a grown ass woman but I don’t dare correct him “What’s wrong?” he stops to turn back at me. I frown in confusion as I hear my heart beat in my chest

“No...nothing” I manage, gulping air

“Why are you breathing so hard? Are you scared?” Yes...but it’s the stairs, he is dragging me “Gumede is not scary, don’t worry” he thinks I’m scared about the healer.

The hut is actually a modern one room. I was thinking we are going to an actual hut. It's not even that far. The old man's voice announced that I should enter before I even knocked. Mr. Dlomo only told me to take off my shoes and tried to leave but he was shouted to come in too. He huffed. It looked like he preferred to be elsewhere.

We find Abo already inside kneeling next to a huge basin as if he is going to bath. The inside again is not even creepy. I'm familiar with the old man. I have seen him during the inauguration and when Khwezi was in the hospital.

"MaDlomo will still be here when we are done" Mr. Gumede say to the annoyed king

"I would rather be holding my wife, thank you Gumede"

"Sit Mrs. Mzamane" I'll take he thinks we are married or whatever. I fall next to Abo. Mr. Dlomo falls next to me and I'm in between. He regards me with a stare that infects my skin with shivers, he smiles when I blink in fear "You have a powerful mother" I return the nervous smile "Hold his hand" I do. I put my hands on top of Abo's on the floor. He gives him a bottle of liquid "Drink, all of it. And sit properly, you're going to vomit all that river green algae she is been feeding you" Abo does as told.

"What is river green algae?" I ask almost in a whisper, the old man smiles

"I think your generation calls it mabhebeza"

"WHAT?" Mr. Dlomo and I exclaim almost the same time

"Jesus abongile what were you doing nawe meeting up nabo Lulu that you end up eating that thing?" Mr. Dlomo asks, very much annoyed like me. Abo is holding on his stomach, it looks like something is turning in there, he is starting to gag

"He didn't go meet her voluntarily. She used mabhebeza to call him. That thing is very dangerous and powerful. She used it to lure him in and it worked, now she was starting to feed him that thing. He was going to turn in to a puppet. He was going to do just about anything. Be glad that your mother sensed this before it spreads in him because he eventually would have died"

"Jooo baba how are you going to protect me, I'm scared of that woman" he laughs, pushing the basin closer to Abo. He is vomiting food first. I try to look for my sim

card but I don't see it. Just as I stare he gags hard and vomits a brownish green slippery thing. Strong hands grab me back just as I watch that thing move. It's moving inside the basin.

"Don't look so hard nawe palesa, what if it eats you too?" Mr. Dlomo says grabbing me back, he receives a glare from Mr. Gumede

"Don't scare the child Vulamasango" he looks at Abo "Mzamane push, there is more still in your stomach. Force it out" oh my baby! I brush his back to encourage him

"Can I take a picture?" Mr. Dlomo receives another glare "I just want to show my children so they be careful when growing up. Tell me Abongile how did you eat this" this man. My abo cannot speak okay! He is trying to vomit the rest of the mabhebeza.

"I regret telling you to come in. He didn't eat it, she gave him just a drop in his tea and it spread and grew inside him" the old man turns to me "Sisi, please go back to the house and ask for bicarbonate, if they don't have it they should rush to the shops and buy it" I don't want to let go of Abo, he is sweating and he doesn't look good

"Will he be okay?" I ask in so much worry

"He'll be free of anything he was given when you leave this premises. Go get bicarbonate sisi" I nod with a heavy heart. He squeezes my hand so I can let him go. I owe my mother a lot. If it wasn't for her I would have thought he was just another creature that was sent to destroy my life. Why do some women go to these lengths to have men in their lives?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 71

SEASON FINALE

PALESA

I'm itching to sink my nails in this driver's neck. I have never been this annoyed by a man. He is taking his own sweet time. I blame those creepy zulu songs he is listening to. My man is dying back in that hut and his job is to drive us to the shops to get the damn bicarbonate but bloody bicarbonate is in another world because he is jamming to his songs not hurrying as I prefer he should.

I glance at Mrs. Dlomo next to me. She tagged along because she needed to get the dried apricot. She is still on a mission to delete sperms in her womb. She is chatting to her boys, I hear it in the kind of voice notes she is recording and receiving. I have to nudge her to get her attention. She glances at KZN in front then at me. I know that look she is serving me it's the, what's the matter look?

"Tell him to hurry" I mouth signalling with my head. She smiles looking the other way. I guess that's her dismissing me too. I want Abo helped and this man is driving like a disabled tortoise. What if my man is dying back at home? "Why don't you have bicarbonate at home?" I'm frustrated as hell. She chooses to laugh, rolling her eyes while at it. Damn her!

I almost sing my thank you's out loud when he drives inside the mall parking. I jump off the vehicle immediately when he kills the engine. Mrs. Dlomo is also too slow for my liking. She waits for the man to open her door only then she stride to stand next to the impatient me.

"Why are we waiting?" I ask.

"For Nkandla, I'm not supposed to go anywhere without him" bathong! The man is jamming to a flipping zulu song, he looks like he is waiting for the track to end.

"Not to be disrespectful but can we just go please? Abo is dying".

She glances at me in defeat then at Nkandla "Bhuti Nkandla we are kind of in hurry" she says.

“MaNdlunkulu go right ahead, I’ll be right behind you” only then she leads the way after agreeing to him with a head nod.

We are in the parking lot heading to the elevator that will transport us to the shops. She stops dead track when her eyes land on a hunk before us. Some niggers are quite pleasing to the eye out there. I’m about to tell her not to drool because she has another hunk back at home when the man calls her name.

“Boitumelo!” the smug on his face is not hard to miss. He takes steps forward but Mrs. Dlomo takes hers backwards.

“Thabang not today please” her tone comes hostile, laced with a bit of fear.

“Unfortunately it’s going to be today and you’re going to stay the f8ck where you are?” he hisses, eyes glaring at her but she isn’t moved. She attempts to go back but..... “I said you’re not going anywhere” he retrieves a gun from his waist and aim right at her. All my follicle hairs stands in attention of fear. I’m literally in the firing line because I’m right next to his target “You think I was going to let your damn husband embarrass me like that and get away with it?” I can hear Mrs. Dlomo’s breathing, she is shit scared as I am.

“Thabang I apologise for him, I will talk to him to come apologise to you. You don’t have to go to this lengths to have his attention” I applaud her for being so strong. The gun is not pointed at me but I don’t think my voice could come as clear as hers if I were to speak

“I’ll see how arrogant he’ll be when I drop your corpse right at this gates. You’re coming with me” he comes closer, still keeping us in one place with his pistol aiming at us ready to fire “Areyeng!” (Let’s go!) He pokes her with the pistol right at the back. Unlike her, I cooperate without a gun on my back. The man keeps pushing her forward with a gun, I don’t know why this parking lot is so quiet. Where are South African residence when you need them?

He leads us to a familiar red car with dark tainted windows.

“Who are you?” he roars at me when we stand outside the car waiting for his further instructions.

“I’m....i’m....” I can’t, that’s the best I can say under the circumstances.

“She is my helper and she has nothing to do with this” another applaud I give her in silence, she is still able to even lie

“Dead weight, it’s best I just kill her” the man barks changing the target to me. I scream looking down when the aim is now me.

“Thabang you don’t have to kill innocent people to get me and my husband. She will not talk, like I said she is just a helper” the man keeps silent, he glares between her and I contemplating.

“Where is your phone?” he asks.

“In my bag”

“Give her your phone” he orders Mrs. Dlomo. She tries to take out her phone doing as told but she is stopped when the man barks another order “You know what? Give her your entire bag” he changes his mind. I have my mobicel clutched in my trembling hands, if it could speak it would also lay a charge of harassment on me. Mrs. Dlomo turns to look at me, she does something I didn’t expect. She grabs my phone in hand when she hands me her bag and shove it in the sleeves of her denim jacket. She is now wearing a denim jacket on top of her beautiful small dress. She looks in my eyes like she is trying to say something before she turns to the man behind us who has a gun pressed so hard as if we are also pointing back at him “Get in the car” he barks again pointing at Mrs. Dlomo.

She breathes, still so brave “Can I at least talk to her to make sure she doesn’t talk?” talk to me? the man looks in her eyes with a smirk.

“You do miss me too baby don’t you? We are going to have a great time, I’ll not kill you. Talk to her”

When she turns to me I see that she rolled her eyes when she rotated to me “Palesa, listen to me and listen attentively” the look in her eyes, she is saying something else “When you leave here, run to Nkandla.....”

“Who the f8ck is Nkandla?” the man roars pointing the gun at the back of her head

She raises her hands in surrender “Nkandla is not a person, my husband’s homestead is called Nkandla because of how it’s built, it’s almost like Nkandla” she explains, looking in my eyes “Can I continue?” she asks the man after a moment of silence

“Go ahead, but don’t try to be smart”

She breathe again “Go to Nkandla, don’t say a damn word” her eyes are saying the opposite of that and I’m ready to run to Nkandla and sing like a bird “Just say you left me in the shops, don’t say things that will put you in trouble. This man is extremely dangerous” I’m going to even exaggerate the whole thing, he shot her three times I’m going to say “Should anything happen to me, tell Dlomo I’ll not rest if he dare leaves my children orphaned. He should live for my babies” this time I catch a glimpse of sadness in her eyes, she means the words and it breaks my heart “He should live for my babies” she adds, sounding like her final message to her husband. A river of tears is flowing down my face.....she mustn’t, she’ll be found alive and well “Please” she pleads in a whisper, her eyes sparkle with tears too and only this time I see that she really is also terrified.

“Enough!” the man barks knocking her out with a gun, I scream again when Mrs. Dlomo falls unconscious on the floor. He hit her somewhere at the back of her head “Don’t f8cking move until I’m out of this parking” I nod in fear when he picks her from the ground and shove her at the back seat of.....Lulu, this is the car lulu was driving when she followed Abo and I to his witchery dream home.

As soon as the car turns corner I forget that I’m fat. Now I know the name of the man I called KZN earlier. I’m screaming his name like a mad woman as I run. Now the parking lot is bathed with couple of eyes that weren’t here when we needed them. Everyone stops to stare at me. Even the man I’m calling his name, he is standing outside causing noise pollution with his zulu songs blasting the parking lot.

“Nkosazane” (Princess) he regards me, I’m already singing but he doesn’t get me “Can you breathe and say what you’re trying to say proper” Bloody swine.

In and out I quickly breathe “F8ck you first, secondly Mrs. Dlomo was just kidnapped now and they shot her” he freezes, this time I have his undivided attention “DO SOMETHING DAMN IT!” I snap.

“Get in the damn car!” he roars, jumping back in the driver seat and I follow to the back seat. He speeds out of the parking lot, dialling someone and talking to me glancing at the rear review mirror “Did you see the car?”

“Yes, I think it belongs to Lulu. My witch sister wife” he frowns but doesn’t ask more as the person on speaker receives

“Nduna I messed up.....

VULAMASANGO

He hears him and he listens to him but he is not hearing him. His job is to tail his wife everywhere, shoot any dog barking at his wife, how can he fail such an easy task? He glares at him, not sure if choking the life out of him would be proper. He turns to the trembling Palesa.

“You say the car belongs to Lulu?” Palesa quickly nods her head

He glares at Nkandla, killing him with just his stare. From his desk drawer he produces a gun. He loads it with a single bullet and put it on top of the table pushing it to Nkandla’s direction.

“Shoot yourself” just like that he leaves the room, more like flying out of the room. Abongile walks into the study limping. His behind is burning. He is been taking out the foul organism in him through the mouth and behind. Palesa wants so much to jump him but she is just numb. She is never been exposed to a gun like that.

“What have you done?” Abongile questions Nkandla who is looking at the gun with a bullet meant for his life. The room is just heavily pregnant with silence “Maka Ave?” he resorts to palesa when Nkandla looks just numb.

Palesa manage to offer him the details of what happened.

“You are a walking dead man you do know that right?” Nkandla doesn’t react, he keeps his eyes at the gun.

“Mzamane please help me find her before him” He finally speaks, moments after having his silent prayers. Abongile sighs, shaking his head.

“Did you call Nduna?” he nods “What did you give him?”

“The name of the mall and the car description as your madam explained” Abongile bites on his bottom lip

“That’s not enough. We must have something to work on. I don’t think the car will be tracked, he wouldn’t be stupid to kidnap her with a car that has a tracker. There have to be something we can use to locate.....” It comes to palesa’s mind

“My phone” both gentlemen turn to look at her “My phone, she.....she took my phone and shoved it in her jacket”

“WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE?” Nkandla roars

“Don’t you dare shout at my woman? You failed to tail MaDlomo and it’s all on you. Be thankful she was there. What you should be doing is dialling Khoza, he is the only one that will talk for your dead head” he reprimands texting on his phone “I just texted Craig. He’ll locate the phone. For now let’s get on the road” Nkandla is thankful. He really didn’t think anything will happen to her. She is always a straight forward woman. She goes where she goes without any hassle, she doesn’t need any guarding.

Abongile makes way to his girl before he follows Nkandla out.

“Are you okay?” he picks her chin, she is a mess of tears

“I couldn’t get you bicarbonate.....what are we going to do now?” she is crying

“Hey, stop crying” he cups her face wiping tears “I got help. I’m fine now. I just have a runny tummy. One of the help was sent for bicarbonate when you both didn’t come back in time” she nods blinking in tears “Stop crying, you’ll upset my baby. I have to go find MaDlomo. Go to Ndlovukazi but don’t dare breathe a word, just say she went out with her husband” she nods, wiping her tears

“She....she....she gave me a message.....what if she doesn’t come back in one piece?” that last message haunts her, how is she going to tell that angry man? He might offer her a gun with one bullet too.

“Let’s not think like that. I have to go Mrs. Mzamane. I really want to be here with you and make sure you’re okay but this is my job. MaDlomo is my job and I have to go work”

“Go baby, I’m sorry” he plants a kiss on her lips and hurry out of the study to catch up with Nkandla. He feels so sorry for Nkandla. If he doesn’t find Vulamasango’s wife first, he is really dead.

:

Gumede sits in his hut indulging in a bit of peace. He usually just sit and enjoy silence listening to his people when he has nothing to do. He was a bit in his head he didn't feel the king making way to his hut. He is just surprised of his door being shoved open like he is some thief in running. He glares at him bewildered. He has a baby in his arms. When he puts the child down he is able to see that it's Mhambi. He is still very much confused as he watches him take off his shoes already inside the hut and throw them out of the door like he is hitting someone.

"Azishe, shisa impepho" (Burn the incense) he points Gumede down the reed matt next to Mhambi with his finger

"Dlomo. Calm down, what is happening?" Gumede wants to understand what angered him so bad

"BAB GUMEDE!" he roars, no matter what a lunatic he is, he knows this is not the place to make noise but not today "Angisho I'm not supposed to kill because of this one" this one is baby Mhambi, he points at his daughter who is just staring at his father as if she understands too. He hasn't joined down the matt. He is still shouting tall almost kissing the roof "She is the bridge nton nton between the dead and living. Connect with her. I need that Mkhonto who is controlling my life. I need him to get my wife in the next hour or else, I'll get her and he will not like how I get her. ONE HOUR" he cements the last past, storming out again leaving Gumede with Mhambi

"WHERE THE F8CK ARE MY SHOES!!!" he barks outside, both is escorts run to find his shoes where he threw them. If that hour ends, he is going to kill someone. Nkandla is the first on his list.

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BOITUMELO

Lifting of my heavy eyelids from the aching sleep I feel I have been immersed in, I'm welcomed by a sharp pain emerging from the back of my head. I groan the pain that is causing me a severe headache. I have to fight a bit to open my eyes the way the pain is so sharp. I feel a bit out of place and in battle.

My battle to recovery from aching sleep is aided by voices. I make out voices so close by yet in argument.

"FOTSEK MANTSHO! WE HAVE BEEN GOING IN CIRCLES FOR HOURS NOW"
Mantsho? Only Lulu I remember being called 'Mantsho', but it was back at home when we were young by people who knows us from high school.

Again I keep the fight to open my heavy eyelids.

"THABANG DON'T ANNOY ME. I'M DRIVING. I'M DRIVING YOU SEE. BUT WE ARE GOING TO BE BACK HERE ONCE AGAIN" now that's my ex best friend's voice. I know it so well because this person was once my rock.

Thabang? Thabang? I try to recall still eyes close and it comes back. I was shoved at the back seat of a car after being hit by a gun. Nyabang kidnapped me.

"WHAT KIND OF WITCHERY IS THIS? DID YOU DO SOMETHING WENA MOLOI?"
(.....you witch?) Thabang sound furious.

"Moloi ke mao boy! keo jwetsitse you can't kidnap boitumelo and expect to get away with it. I told you to just kill her but you had to kidnap her and go f*ck her. How are we going to get out of KZN now because we keep driving in circles?" (I told you.....) Lulu. I'm thankful my eyes are slowly participating.

The images starts blurred up at first until they come into full picture. Unintended I send my hand to the back of my head where there is a throbbing sharp pain emerging. I feel my hand touch on liquid.

“Oh my baby, your awake” next to me is the excited Thabang who looks quite pleased with my recovery. I ignore his smirk to check my hand which comes reddened with blood. I’m bleeding.

“Girlfriend!” I have never wished someone dead like this woman. From the front she steals a glance at me while driving through the rear view mirror. The car only occupies her in the front and then thabang and I on the back seat.

“Don’t look so scared now beautiful. We are going to have us some good time” my skin shivers in fear when thabang’s hand settles on my thigh. I see my chest expand and contract with every breath as he trails his hand way up under my dress “I hope I’m still going to find it tight, you didn’t give it all to that Zulu moron right?” I can’t make words. I’m swallowing my fears and praying for a miracle.

“Tight? Bi8ch gave birth to a f8cking soccer team, how do you expect that to be tight?” Lulu affronts from the front.

“You gave birth to one kid but you were loose as f8ck this morning” that shuts her up. It’s clear they slept together. More reasons to keep my mouth shut and just pray “Bula boitumelo” (Open up.....) he is back on my face, breathing so close to me I’m not sure what disgust me. His breath or his rough hand trying to make a pass to my sacred place.

“Thabang don’t do this, please” I beg, almost in a whisper pressing my thighs so tight together to refrain him from touching me.

“I broke our virginity boitumelo, I was your first and I should your last before I actually kill you. Vula mosadi wa vula” (.....Open up open’s wife) Lulu is tickles so well, she burst into a laughter. How could she when she is been through this?

“Thaba....” My plead sentence is cut short by a gun pressed on my stomach. His eyes stare in mine. He doesn’t need to say it twice. I open my thighs for him. Tears voluntarily fall from my face.

“Don’t cry baby, I’ll be gentle” I fold fists when his hand touches me. He is breathing so hard on my face tapping on my mound “I don’t think I can wait” up his hand travels to my waist, he tries to force the waistband of my panties down but he stops suddenly. His eyes freeze on me but actually staring outside “Mantsho!” he lets go of me looking kind of confused. His eyes are running outside as if searching “We did pass here atseba wena matalanyane” (.....you know darky)

“No we didn’t” Lulu

“WE DID” I’m only glad that he stopped touching on me to quarrel with his lover or whatever they are. He focuses on looking outside while Lulu continues to drive. I’m thankful for whatever is distracting him.

“Where is your hero husband now boitumelo?” Lulu asks with a smirk from the front. This time I look at her through the rear view mirror and fail to hold my tongue. Maybe there is still a person in her. The Lulu I know.

“Lulu how could you?” I manage whispered, even though I don’t know why I’m asking. If she is here driving the car that’s kidnapping me, it’s pretty clear that I mean nothing to her.

“F*CK! STOP THE DAMN VEHICLE. WE ARE UNDER THE SAME BRIDGE ONCE AGAIN” thabang shouts banging the roof of the car before she could respond. The car comes to an abrupt halt and I hit the front seat due to shock.

He gets out and bangs the door. Lulu is quick to join him out of the car.

“WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?” he roars at Lulu who looks as confused as he.

“Thabang I don’t know. Drive hee. Maybe it’s me, I don’t know” Lulu shrugs. The furious thabang jumps in the front seat and lulu now takes the one next to me. I see where we are but I don’t understand how they keep driving in circles. This is a freeway to Joburg. It doesn’t even have circles.

“How does it feel to be the one begging for her life now Mrs. Tlomo?” Lulu sneers next to me as thabang flies off the freeway. I haven’t begged for my life. I only asked how could she “You know, that handsome bastard you married had people shove me inside of a container like I was a piece of trash. I was half way across the ocean when my father found me. None of you even came to apologise to me. Even my own brother boitumelo. I don’t care much about you and your husband but you both took my brother from me. My brother has never checked on me since. I died to him and it’s all because of you and your damn bulamenyako” (...Vulamasango translates to bulamenyako in sotho. Open the doors in English) oh lord! I need to pray. Pray for my safety that I make it back home to babies and husband in one piece.

“YOU TOOK MY BROTHER FROM ME” she continues to rant when I don’t offer her my responses.

“Hai mantsho! Don’t f8cking shout. I’m stressed as it is and you shouting is not making things easier” the response comes from her partner in crime on the front seat.

We are heading to the bridge which is just a mile away when the car welcomes thick silence. I will not lie I’m also now panicked. I saw him head south but here we are again. Under the bridge the car stops once again. It’s dark. Too dark, but there should be cars passing by. This is one of the busiest roads in South Africa but tonight it’s oddly quite. Come to think of it we haven’t passed even a single car since he drove ahead.

“You bi8ches are going to talk. One of you is doing something” Thabang turns to us at the back with his gun now in hand. He is pointing between the both of us. I’m following his gun with my eyes when Lulu exclaims looking ahead.

“THE....HELL!” the two word comes in slow motion from her lips. I follow her eyes to where she stares in front of the car. Thabang also join in turning.

And there. Before the car stands my late father in law.

“Is. That. Your. Old. Husband?” Lulu’s words again comes spooked. I’m just shocked to the core. The man is dead and he has no business showing up in the land of the living.

“Nigger aged in hours, let me just finish him off” thabang chuckles, also starring ahead. I want to tell him no when he starts the car but I can’t, I just look ahead. Thabang drives through the late Mkhonto but unfortunately there is no collision. Ahead of the car he stands once again head bowed down under his Bheki Cele 50’s hat. He has both his hands holding on his walking stick before him.

“This. Is. Not. Abuti. Vula. Is. It?” Lulu’s question comes now too respectful. He is no longer Bulamenyako. I haven’t summed up some courage to respond her.

“Thabang don’t open the door, where are you going?” Now she comes panicked. Thabang is opening the door and climbing out like a hypnotised being “THABANG!” She screams but it’s too late. He is out of the car leaving the front seat wide open. We watch him slow walk to stand in front of my late father in law.

“Lulu!” this time it’s me. I exclaim watching her also open the car and climb out. Somehow I want to touch her and pull her back inside the car but I don’t. She also walks to stand next to thabang from the front.

I’m watching it like it’s a dream but I see and I believe it really is happening. Now that the two stand before him looking ahead like walking dead. He lift his head. From afar our eyes lock. I find myself smiling back at him. There is that smile of his on his face that looks just like my husbands’. I think he nods before he picks his walking stick and hit it on the ground. Like a gust of wind they disappear before my eyes. There is no him, no thabang, no lulu. I’m alone in a car under the bridge.

VULAMASANGO

I can taste my wrath. I’m on the edge of exploding and burning everyone and everything. I can feel my vein that throbs on blood pulsate. I’m extremely hungry to for blood. To squeeze the life out of a being. Be it Human. Especially this goat next to me.

I gave Gumede and his wailing partner an hour. Just an hour but they failed. This has been the longest three hours of my life.

I don’t know if it’s Mhambi’s cries that pushes my ire to the peak or its f8cking Nkandla seated next me. He had to come so I finish him off first if I don’t find my wife in one piece.

For the first time Gumede is driving. I didn’t even know that he still has his ancestral licence. I was just astonished when he flashed it before my eyes and instructed that we get inside the car. He is driving with Mhambi on his lap. How? I don’t care. It’s their thing. As long as they get me to my heaven.

I’m not even an inch bothered by my daughter’s cries. Gumede said he is following her cries. It will lead us to her mother. I hope for both their sake that this cries that doesn’t touch my heart even a bit at the moment really do work in their favour.

I’m going to be the first king to kill his guard, seer and daughter if my heaven is not in one piece.

“Don’t f8king make noise next to me Nkandla” the sight of him just irritates the shit out of me. Maybe I should have ordered him to ride at the back with Abongile and Mbhele. They are both driving behind us.

“Dlomo the car is quite, how is he making noise?” Gumede will annoy me too.

“He is breathing f8cking too loud. That’s noise to me. My wife could not be breathing where she is if it wasn’t for his.....what the hell were you listening to?” Palesa said he was jamming to zulu songs when my wife was getting kidnapped under his care “I ASKED A DAMN QUESTION DAMN IT!”

“Mgqumeni my king. Mgqumeni”

“When I’m done with you, you’re going to join that mgqumeni of yours” Mhambi’s cries stops like a radio switch all of a sudden.

Gumede’s ancestral driving skills also slows down as we head under the bridge that has a red car with opened doors from a distance.

I don’t know when Abongile and Mbhele passed us but they are already parking next to the car. I can see that Abongile is armed and ready for anything as he follows his tracker. It probably led them to the same destination. He signals with a hand that we should wait a bit as he sweeps the area but I don’t. I’m out of the car as soon as Gumede also parks from a mile. I’m glad my goat is behind me as we march to the car. I’m really going to blow his brains off if..... Oh my baby! This day should be Christmas for me. I lose my gun and run to my heaven when I see Abongile pull her out of the car from a distance. I swear this shit right now feels like watching The bodyguard. That Witney run to her white bodyguard. F8ck I’m still fit.

And there. The feeling. I feel like I’m only breathing now that I have her in my arms. Today has proven that I’m a damn weak man.

“Shhhhh hush my heaven!” I pick her in my arms where she belongs. She doesn’t fight me. I don’t care of all the stares trained at us from the passing by cars that decided to stop and watch. I put her between my legs and sit butt flat away from the eyes.

“Did they touch you?” I ask, still pressing her to my chest as she cries. She sniffs and cries.

“MaDlomo I asked a question”

“Sango please..... I just want to go home..... I want my children” she manage between the sobs

“And you’ll be with them sthandwa sami but right now I need my answer. Did they touch you?” right now I’m sure that fool wasn’t alone even though I haven’t confirmed the information.

“Dlomo let’s just go home...please” this woman

“MaDlomo where are they? I need to kill them” she still resorts to holding on tight to my chest. I’m itching to take a life.

“My heaven”

“Sango please, just take me home” she manage through hiccups,

“Not before i.....”

“Nyula!” madoda! I kiss her nose, both shoulders and lips before I carry her to the car. I know when I turn ‘Nyula’ I’ll just be signing my death warrant. But I still need to kill someone for this. I’ll text Abongile to have them captured for me. A life is supposed to pay for this.

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SEASON FINALE

BOITUMELO

I sneaked to the bathroom in the middle of the night last night while he had zoned out and texted Mtho that he should be here first thing today morning. I saw something in him that didn't settle well with me. There was a look hungry for blood deep in the core of his eyes. A look that shrunk my intestines.

As much as I tried to play the harassed wife so he can focus on me, I still saw that viper in my husband. That thrill to kill that scares the shit out of me. Last night I played vulnerable and he was there. I knew he wouldn't leave me for a night. He held me tight and I needed that but mostly I was buying time to get Mtho here. If there is anyone who can tame the viper in him has to be his brother.

Mtho has always been the perfect distraction for his vile ways. Probably why my children are paired up. I know its double blessings but maybe just like their fathers there is always going to be the good and bad. My husband is bad, Mtho is good. Mkhonto is....i don't even want to say it but I birthed something close to a demon and Sakhe is an Angel. Then Muzi and Zizwe. Those two scare the shit out of me. They love each other more than anyone and they have their father's traits. Muzi and Zizwe are the quite type but dangerous as hell. I'm scared that there is no good between them. Pure Vulamasango offspring's. But I have to hope and pray for the best. My children will be fine...I hope.

I know Mtho will help him deal with this issue. He'll help him deal like a human being, not to spill blood and actually feel like he dealt with his issues when there is a corpse lying on the floor by his hand. I don't know where his father took Lulu and thabang but I think they'll not be found in this lifetime because he is trying to keep his son's hands clean. I'm scared he is going to retaliate on innocent people. I'm taking the news of thabang touching me to the grave. That will just add fuel to this already heated fire.

“Zululami” I wasn’t aware he is awake. I had been facing the balcony thinking while he cuddled me from behind.

“Look at me mama” sigh! I turn to face him. Face to face we cuddle. His hand goes back to its prior position of my waist but this time he brings me way too close. The proximity of his face to me brings back the memory of thabang trying to touch on me but I blink quickly and squash it.

“Buthumule?” Oh Jesu! “Khuluma nami mama sthandwa sami, what happened in that car” (Talk to me my love.....) I have learned to lie to him face to face over the years. I just need to get my grip together.

“Dlomo nothing happened. I already told you they were trying to kidnap me. It was lulu and thabang but your father showed up and took them” that’s the details of my story. I have been singing it like that since last night when we got home.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you sthandwa sami” oh my baby! The bandage on my head angers him more.

“It’s okay Dlomo. You can’t always be everywhere”

“I feel like shit for not protecting you zululami” he does, even his voice says it all.

“Sango don’t please. Don’t blame yourself. You have been my hero since day one and even now you’re still my hero” he breathes, blinks once and I see that look back in his eyes. The one that freezes my blood.

“Nkandla is going to pay” it comes as promise. Exactly why I called Mtho. Nkandla is not at fault, yes he is my security detail but he couldn’t have known that I was going to be kidnapped that day. Sango just need to learn to accept that sometimes somethings will be out of his control.

“I’m moving Abongile this side” Jesus!

“Sango Abongile is got a life in Joburg. You can’t just transfer him this side because I was kidnapped”

“And you wouldn’t have been kidnapped if he was here. We are not discussing this. I pay Abongile and he’ll do what I pay him for” sometimes I hate him but I love him at the same time.

“You know Sango Abo.....” he cuts me short

“Woman! We don’t discuss your protection. I protect you how I like and having Abongile as your detail actually calms me so please Boitumelo” Urgh! Damn Majara! Why did he teach him to pronounce my name properly? Now it feels weird and like he is reprimanding me.

“I’m Buthumelo” he laughs, sliding down under the cover and pulling my chest closer to his face. I feel him inhale me. He breathes me for a while and I let him sink because he usually say my scent calms him. My poor big baby. Such a marshmallow when he likes. My hand roam on his head brushing him in.

“MaDlomo” he finally speaks after a while but he still faced on my chest and I don’t like where his mouth is going, his taking the direction to my nipple.

“Dlomo”

“What if your pregnant?” I freeze. I feel him grinning on my nipple. This is how he misses his morning glory. He ain’t getting some for trying to be Trevor Noah.

“Bula seka nleka hle” (Bula don’t annoy me)

“Bula?” he rises under the covers to look up at me.

“I was actually reminded yesterday that your name is Bula in sotho” he clucks, covers his head with the duvet and goes back to my nipple. He takes my nipple through my silky night garment and suck on it. It’s nice but.....

“Dlomo we still talking about the possibility of me being pregnant” I remind him, enjoying him milking my nipple up.

“Your fine sthandwa sami, I was just teasing you” as much as I’m enjoying this my mind is still stuck on the pregnancy issue. I only took stametta and vitamins as means of cleansing “One of the boys would have reported by now that another bull is dead” Hoooo! konje. I can breathe. He almost ruined my whole day with the pregnancy issue “Plus I made sure that I will never get you pregnant again” Say what?! I spank his head and he comes out with a frown plastered on his face “What?”

“What? What do you mean you made sure that you’ll not get me pregnant again?”

“It’s a Dlomo men thing”

“Dlomo men thing my left foot. Bua Nyula!” (Talk....) I warn.

“Yoh!” he breathes and gets off me. In a second he flipped me like an egg and I’m now on top of him “Okay so after we got our girls I talked to Gumede and asked him burry my seed”

“And that means?” inquire

“That means I had some sort of.....what do I call it” he holds my waist trying to think “Traditional vasectomy. Though this one defers in that he needs my sperm and underwear to block me from getting anyone pregnant”

“And when the f8ck was this done?” I’m getting mad!

“Language MaDlomo! I did it soon after you gave birth to Mhambi” meleko!

“And Vulamasango you didn’t see it fit to tell me and talk to me about it?” I mean come on, this man! What if I had a side snack?

“Sthandwa sami you’re confusing me mina manje, I thought you said your fine with kids”

“Yes I’m fine. I don’t want more children”

“Then why are we having this conversation”

“Dlomo you didn’t talk to me, what if I got pregnant?” Yes I don’t have a side dish but what if I made a mistake and had some secret fun and came back pregnant. This man would know that he didn’t knock me up.

“Uzongicasula MaDlomo. Got pregnant by who?” (You’re going to annoy me.....) I like that he is now getting worked up “Uyafeba wena?” (Are you wh8ring around?) I can’t help but lean down to him laughing. His so pissed!

“Oh! Mkhabela....calm....down.....I.....was.....just.....raising.....your.....high.....high” I say each word in between the kisses. He holds me down to his face, sneaking his hand under my nightie.

“There are other better ways to raise your man’s high high” staring in my eyes his hand travels to my sex “This stimulating way” oh! The sex freak I married! He prints my clit teasing it gently still covered in my panties.

“Dlomo you’re not trying to have sex”

“I am sthandwa sami. Let me....” he is cut off by a loud singing voice that we both know very well. I take his hand out of my lady part before this abomination gets in here.....oh gosh it’s really him and it sounds like he is heading straight here.

“YAH! VULAMASANGO!” manners Mtho! What happened to knocking? He is already inside our bedroom.

“Mthokozisiiiiiii!!!” Sango hisses in anger at the end of his name. I don’t turn to face him but I can tell that he is by the door.

“I need both of you to stop sexing. I have presents for the both of you” Mtho

“You don’t have money, where do you get money to buy presents?” they better not have this conversation while I’m seated on top of my husband in my sleeping wear.

“Oh Sango! My business with makoti is booming. Get dressed and come see for yourself” the look, my sango actually looks at me with a frown from beneath.

“What business?”

“I don’t know what he is talking about” I don’t know, I’m not in any kind of business with Mtho.

“Makoti try red or black or white at least if you want to play Angel. Stop wearing cream white night dresses it’s for abogogo, you’ll traumatise my brother”

“This is beige” I snap, hissing through gritted teeth and actually turning to face him. I didn’t want to look at him but damn!.....he looks divine “You look handsome. Is it a new face cream?” I have forgotten that I was ready to bury him alive. His grown his beard and it looks wonderful on him.

“New money new look” the smirk.

“I think I picked the wrong brother now” we both burst, the one beneath me squeezes my waist so hard.

“Mthokozisi can you please get your beard ugly face out of my room. What did you use anyway to grow so much beard?” Sango.

“Nothing. Just believe in yourself” bathong! He is laughing “I’m giving you both 10 minutes to show face down stairs or else I’ll be back” he brushes his beard and leaves the room.

“I can make you feel good in just 5 minutes” and then there is this one. He is still trying to score.

“Bye Sango” I’m off him and hurrying to the bathroom. He can’t honestly still be thinking about getting a morning glory.

Dlomo and I we head down stairs as per Mtho’s request after washing the sheets off us. The voices coming from the kitchen compels us to start there. Looks like Mtho brought the whole family. Lihle is making breakfast with the help of Ndlovukazi and Palesa.

“Morning morning!” I greet.

“MaDlomo damn girl! You look good” Lihle gives me a hug.

“Says the woman rocking Louis Vuitton so early in the morning”

“Life is good honey. Your business with hubby is bringing in some serious cash” she even twirls in excitement. I don’t miss my husband’s questioning eye. I really don’t know what business they are talking about.

“Where is he? He said he had presents for us” Sango questions talking out bottled water out of the fridge.

“Outside. He said to send you both outside....” Lihle is interrupted by Mary’s scream coming from the entrance. She comes in screaming with her phone in hand. It looks like she just got off the phone.

“You won’t believe this. He got me a Maserati” she looks so cute. Heavily pregnant and about to pop anytime soon “Dlomo airline is....” Only now she sees us when Lihle deeply clears her throat. Why do they both look so nervous?

“Dlomo airline?” Sango questions glaring at Mary. I know the look Lihle is giving me, it’s the begging look. For what? I don’t know. But I need to get the hell out of this kitchen so he can follow me. I know he’ll be tailing me for a while until he is certain that I’m safe.

Oh my babies! Passing by the lounge I'm welcomed by my serious young men. I didn't know I missed them this much. Gosh they look so tall and so grown.

"Hello everyone, mommy is here" I'm way too jolly. I wave my hands in the air to get their attention but nothing. Muzi and Zizwe are both drawn to their phones not even sparing me a glance. Sakhe is watching whatever on tv.

"Muzi, Zizwe, Sakhe! Hello!" bathong! I'm screaming my lungs out here expecting them to run into my arms but nothing.

"Hello Maa, mamzo, mama!" finally they each respond as they wish but still they are still seated on the couches.

"Ekse! Lethani la lama phone! My wife can't be screaming her voice out trying to get your attention but nibusy ngama-phone" Thank you my poison. He appears behind me and I actually get the attention I was earning for.

"Haaa! Baba" they whine.

"Lethani!" he confiscates them, one by one until he reaches to Sakhe who was just watching tv "Letha wena!"

"But I wasn't holding my phone"

"I don't care, letha siphosakhe"

"Joo! Sango, that's just cruel. Stand aside" he takes his phone and hands it to him watching so carefully on the tv.

"What the hell are you watching?" Sango questions, stealing a glance on the tv.

"Fatmagul" Sakhe. Muzi burst in to laughter, both Sakhe and Zizwe glare at him

"And then? What's tickling you wena?"

"That's Elif not fatmagul" Muzi

"Whatever it's a story nje about a little girl who is always kidnapped. Come join me my heaven" Sakhe pats the space next to him glaring back on the tv. No thank you. I don't have the energy to read the entire episode. It's in Afrikaans and unfortunately I don't do Afrikaans.

“They don’t look happy to see me” it stinks. I didn’t receive any hug what’s so ever. Even from my happy child Sakhe. Sango and I are heading out to receive our presents as requested my Mtho.

“They are growing MaDlomo. They are not your little boys who used to run to you for hugs anymore. Stop stressing”

“I miss those hugs” I see that he thinks I’m crazy.

“Don’t worry I’ll give you something better than those hugs” mxm!

Yeh yeh! And then this one. Mtho is standing next to brand new Maserati that looks exactly like Mabataungs’. F8ck the car makes my skin shiver. How I wanted this baby but got the jet instead. He look content. Wiping off the floor with Sango who is as jaw dropped as me as we stare in bewilderment at Mtho’s new car.

“Damn!” I exclaim “New look, new car what else is new?”

“Oh madam Vula. My partner. This is yours, not mine. I don’t ride like this” I’m laughing because I think is joke until he takes out keys and hands them to me.

“You’re not pranking me mtho, are you?” I need to be sure.

“Check the registration and the seats” hmk! I’m hesitant. Leaving my husband side to check the registration ‘His heaven’ it’s written, even the beige leather seats are engraved.

“Mtho!” I’m weak on my knees. I don’t know what to say or how to receive a gift of this sort from him “I...I.....” I stutter, shock stricken and out of words.

“Oh partner don’t look so shocked. Dlomo private air line is...oh man! Let’s just say we are rolling in cash makoti”

“Dlomo private air line? Where is your jet?” Sango asks glaring at me

“Where is it vele?”

“It’s in Cape Town as we speak. Waiting to transport one of our wealthiest clients back to joburg”

“You didn’t” Sango’s tone comes in disbelief

“Oh yes I did dear brother. You thought I was just going to starve to death while we had a jet sitting nje waiting for Makoti to use, when? I’m making money with that

jet. Makoti, we'll talk money and paper work when we are alone. We don't need extra bullies in our business"

"I bought that jet" Sango snaps

"And we thank you for that. I wasn't going to forget you. Here is your present for buying us a Jet to make money" he jogs around the car and comes out pushing a huge bicycle with pink ribbons engraved Sango on the seat. Oh my poor baby! He looks so defeated.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 74

SEASON FINALE

PALESA

This place is way too nice. It's just so calm and so soothing. I can get used to living here. And having not to lift a finger for anything is a bonus. The women of this house slave because they want to. Not because they have to. Gosh I would be way too fat if I were to stay here for the rest of my life. Probably as fat as that rude pregnant wife number two called sis Mary who keep throwing daggers at Khwezi's mother every chance she gets.

The slay queen wife number one called Sihle or something seems to be caught in the middle. She doesn't want to take a side.

Apparently Khwezi's guy bought MaDlomo a car as a present for their business. Somehow wife number two thought it was hers because he promised her something extravagant.

The car has caused serious beef amongst the women of this house, no it's actually between two women.

MaDlomo is not willing to compromise. She said she is been wanting that car for a while and she actually mentioned it to Khwezi's guy in passing how she loves the car, hence why he bought it for her. But now wife number two is not taking it very well.

The gents are outside chilling. All the ladies we are gathered in the lounge. The aim was to get drunk but now it's just awkward. Wife number two is a ticking time bomb. Even her nose is way too shiny and that's just evidence enough that she is a pregnant angry woman. If I'm pregnant I hope I get better looks this time around. There was a time when I developed snake skin with Precious. I swore never to get pregnant again and if I am, I need Jesus!

“I think we should just go to bed, this is not working” Wife number one suggest with a glass of wine in hand. I actually agree with her, the tension in the room is just too thick. It’s Sihle, Mary, MaDlomo, Mam Jabu, MaNhlapho and I in the room. We are having wine in silence because Mary keeps slicing MaDlomo at every conversation.

“No. Boitumelo should just give me my car keys and stop being the golden spoilt wife of the family. She always gets everything nje” Mary is not willing to let this one go.

“Mary the car was bought for MaDlomo. It was wrong for you to snoop around your husband’s phone and see that he bought a car and assume it’s yours” MaNhlapho is a bit older around the group, she tries to make her see reason.

“That’s my husband’s money and I want it. Mthokozisi sleeps with me not her. Boitumelo has no business receiving gift from my husband unless if she is Lihle” oh Lihle bathong! Not Sihle. This is the last glass of wine I’m having if I’m pregnant. I’m still on the ‘If’ stage so I must be careless a bit for when I’m certain.

“Mary mind your tongue” Mam Jabu intervenes.

“NO. Boitumelo can’t be taking gifts from her husband’s brother, it’s just wrong and.....Actually are you sleeping with Mtho now?” gasps! Yeh yeh! This is taking a direction that is not needed. Drama galore, I’m here for it anyway. MaDlomo bores me, she is not entertaining her. She is too nice for my liking.

“Mary that’s way out of line. You don’t say that to MaDlomo. We get that your mad about the car but address it with hubby” Wife number one steps in. MaDlomo is sipping her tea or coffee silently not uttering even a single word. I wish someone could spike that tea or coffee of hers. I want to see her worked up.

“Boitumelo is just too selfish. Why must she always get everything? She doesn’t even lift a finger. We are busy raising her children. Our lives are on hold because she is the queen and thina we have to make life easier for her, mother her burden while she get awarded with jets, cars, what’s next?” Oh oh! Now that’s the reaction I needed. It looks like mentioning her children boils her just how I wanted.

“I didn’t know my children were a burden to you ausi mary. I don’t mind raising my children. In fact I want to raise my children. I just left them because I had to move here in the middle of the year and I thought you and Lihle would help me with them

for just this year. I'm sorry I have been burdening you with my kids. I'll not burden you anymore. HERE!" she throws the keys. Shit! They land on Mary's nose. She is bleeding.

"MaDlomo!" Lihle

"Hai fotsek maan!" She is on her feet, leaving a pregnant woman bleeding. Maybe she is not as nice as I had thought. She doesn't even turn to check on her as she ascends the stairs up.

"Did you really have to be that mean? And to bring the boys? I didn't know you have a problem with the boys?" Lihle looks very much displeased with her sister wife as she helps clean the blood on her nose. The key scratched her nose.

"You all saw that. She attacked me" she is not responding to her sister wife's question.

"I don't think it was intentional but nawe mary" mam Jabu.

"I did nothing wrong. I spoke for you all. Boitumelo is the most spoiled woman in this house and she gets away with everything" silence. Their silence is the kind of silence that says she is telling the truth.

"And you're still addressing her as Boitumelo. In this house" MaNhlapho shakes her head standing "When Vulamasango comes for you, I wasn't here" she leaves.

"I don't want to find myself on the wrong side of Vulamasango so I wasn't here too" Mam Jabu leaves as well. Now I have no choice but to go to sleep too. I wasn't here too.

Getting inside our allocated room I didn't expect to find Abo already in here. I thought they were having drinks outside.

"Hey!" he smiles, I can tell he is in a good mood.

"Come sit next to me, I have been waiting for you" is it? He takes a pharmacy paper bag and an envelope that were placed right next to him on the bed and pats the space for me to sit. We sit on top of the bed.

“What’s that?” I ask of an envelope he is nicely caressing like it holds his life and the pharmacy paper bag.

“This is actually your mothers” he passes the envelope to me.

“Is this what I think it is?” I can’t contain my smile.

“Yes it is Mrs. Mzamane. I had the king draft it for me. Him, Khoza and Nduna will be leading the talks”

“I’m getting married” I wink at him and he laughs “I still need a perfect proposal though. Alone with no black mamba of yours woman involved please” I see in his eyes he doesn’t think it’s necessary.

“You’ll get it” I hope he is not just saying “And this one is for you” I even forgot about the pharmacy paper bag. A pregnancy test. Like really? “I need you to take it so I pay my debt in full to your mother. I need us to be sure so you can stop drinking wines palesa” Eish!

“I don’t want to be pregnant”

“Unfortunately it’s too late baby. Me and everyone already think that you are. Let’s just take the test”

“Fine!” he follows me to the bathroom. I don’t even stop him. He chooses to rest by the door and watch me pee on the damn stick.

“Don’t you want me to hold it for you?”

“No thank you” he chuckles. I wipe the stick and wash my hands then hand it to him. I decide to fix the bed while he paces up and down staring at the stick. I think he is now suddenly nervous. I might not be as pregnant as everyone say. If I’m not. I’m thanking God by having sex only after marriage this time around.

“OH YEAH!” he punches the air. It means I’m pregnant. It’s what he wanted “I’m having my third born!”

“Third?” I question as he jumps next to me on the bed in excitement.

“Yes. Milani, Precious and Ave” I only beam because my daughter is added in that equation “Thank you for this”

“Thank you for loving me” my khehla bathong!

BOITUMELO

What was that? I can feel my heart beat in a way that alarms me. I'm woken by a fear struck that has my heart beating out of my chest this morning. This has never happened to me. I actually feel scared even though I don't know why. My mind drift off to the events of yesterday. Maybe it's because I slept mad and hit a pregnant woman. I'm going to hell. I wasn't even sorry at all.

Taking in the morning I realise it's a thunderous morning. It's pouring so heavily you would swear we are not in middle of heavy winter. Still hearing the sound of my heart beat I head to the cot in hurry first. Yesterday Ndlovukazi took them because she felt I needed to be with my husband alone after the ordeal.

Ngelosi is sound asleep but Mhambi. Oh my baby! She is crying with tears bracing the corners of her face as she is looked up but there is not even a single sound from her. Why did my baby have to be so difficult? I take her in my arms and go back to rest on top of the bed.

"Gogo Dlomo? What's happening my baby?" the tears don't stop, her eyes find mine and that fear that woke me up strikes again. I have stopped breast feeding them but I know I still have milk. Mhambi preferred my milk more than bottle. I bring my nipple to her mouth with the intention to stop her silent cries but she looks the other way, refusing to breast feed.

"Hlelo kababa? Talk to me baby, show mommy what is going on" I'm whispering to an infant bringing her hand up to my heart where she always touches me when she wants to show me something but....nothing. She looks deep in my eyes with just tears flowing down her pink cheeks. My beautiful baby. With each day passing by she looks more and more like me. Same as Luhle. At least I got to see how my photocopies look like.

I strap her on my back after wrapping myself with a gown and go clean up my face. Maybe I should prepare my boys breakfast. It hurts that they are out growing me. It doesn't sit well with me that I wasn't showered with hugs and kisses yesterday.

These are my kids. Maybe they are forgetting that I'm their mother. It looked like they didn't care about me.

Mtho said they are finally closed for winter holidays hence why he brought them along. They had winter classes as Mtho explains that's why they couldn't come earlier. We are in mid-July right now.

I'm grateful for Mtho's arrival as I had asked. He managed to distract this bull snoring on the bed. He only asked Nkandla to keep away for a week or two. He said he'll call him back when he is calmed down.

First I head to the balcony to slightly open the doors before picking Ngelosi who is still sound asleep to lay next to her father. Dlomo likes morning air. He likes waking up to some fresh air roaming in the room. When I open the doors I stand a bit to breathe in the morning air first. It's still raining so heavily.

In the middle of the green yard in view I spot something. With a frown I take a step out. Just to have a clear view. It's a person.....wait is that Mtho? I don't need to look twice. I know yellow mellow. That's him lying silent on the yard.

"SANGOOOOOO!" I scream on top of my lungs running back inside. I forget that Ngelosi is asleep next to him. She wakes with a cry.

"Shhhh sthandwa sami it's a bad dream, I'll kill them all" my husband murmurs patting on Ngelosi as he turns the other way.

"VULAMASANGO!" I'm shouting so bad

"Lala baby, I'm going to kill Nkandla, no one will touch you again" I'm only hearing him because I'm standing on top of his head. This are the consequences of alcohol.

"NYULA!" once, that one gets him up. He narrows his eyes at me touching his forehead. They came to bed late with Mtho last night. He was happy. Too happy that he gave all his uncles and Mtho their assets back. But he still bullied himself in our business. Well Mtho's business. I'm only a partner because the Jet was bought for me.

"Eish! MaDlomo itoni?"

"Sango Mtho is lying outside in rain" I manage, even though I'm panicking

“Eish that one was drunk woman, can you let me be?” he tries to turn but my words has him wide awake

“Dlomo he looks dead and it’s raining quite heavily” he frowns, glaring at me
“Please go look from the balcony” maybe if he sees it he’ll see it like I saw it. He jumps out of the bed forgetting his sleepers. I pick Ngelosi in my arms and follow behind him.

One look my tall king flashes past me like lightning. He doesn’t even have his gown. He is only in his pyjama pants. Last night he was complaining of being hot.

With Mhambi strapped on my back and Ngelosi in my arms I manage the stairs down. Careful not to drip and fall I make it down. Its wee hours of the morning and the palace is still dead asleep.

By the time I make it to the door he is coming back inside the house carrying Mtho in his arms. I don’t want to entertain any thoughts when I see that Mtho is still silent not moving.

“Dlomo what’s happening?” he falls on his knees with his brother in arms, laying him on the carpet and performing CPR on him “VULAMASANGO!” I shout, not intended. I need him to say something.

“Go get Bab Gumede” Bab Gumede? He hardly respects him, unless he is shit scared.

“Dlomo is he in the house or his hut” I stop when I was about to climb the stairs, not sure where he slept.

“The hut please hurry MaDlomo” F8CK! I free myself of Ngelosi and Mhambi putting them down and hurrying outside in the rain. Mtho better not do us like this. What the hell happened to him?

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 75

SEASON FINALE

LIHLE

I'll not lie and say I'm not terrified. I'm frozen in fear like a pack of mixed veges that has lived its entire life in a freezer. My whole blood is on standstill. How my heart still pumps blood when there is no circulation, I don't know.

Watching my husband lie still with no movement whatsoever on top of the carpet in the middle of the lounge is numbing to my soul. My poor white horse. My heart was beating at speed of lighting at every act Bab Gumede tried to revive him but he just didn't come back to me.

What's so wrong did he do? He is a humble person, hardly gets in fights but here he is lying like he is punished for something. He was happy last night, over the moon to be precise. They patched things up with his brother last night. He even gave him all his assets back, both my white horse and his uncles. It was a happy night. The happiness I know that can only be brought by his brother was there. He is at his peak happiest when he is with brother.

I thought today was going to be yet another epic day but I guess not. By crack of dawn MaDlomo was banging my door telling me to come down stairs. Only to find white horse like this. In this state I cannot explain. It's been about two hours later if I'm not mistaken but there is still no response from him.

I pray, I pray my God and my ancestors that, this has nothing to do with Mary disrespecting MaDlomo. If it's her, I'm going to forget my nice first wife role.

Dlomo is itching to explode. He is shouting at Mary and I the most. He wants to know who his brother slept with last night. It was supposed to be Mary's turn. Mary say he didn't come to bed so she thought he was mad about the car situation. I on the other had didn't even bother to check because I thought he was with Mary.

"I don't know how he can have two wives and both be utterly useless and...."

“Sango!” I’m thankful for MaDlomo. She is holding him in place and maintaining him quite well from grilling us alive. His glance alone sends shivers down my spine.

We are sited in fear in the lounge with my unconscious husband placed on the carpet while we wait for Gumede who asked to go speak to his people alone. He couldn’t find anything wrong with him. He tried to revive him but he was just not responding to his callings.

“I’m disappointed in you” he spits, glaring at me and I swallow his intensive stare. I know he trust his brother’s care with me the most. I feel disappointed in myself as well. I should have known when he didn’t call to tell me that he loves me last night that something was really wrong. When he is with the other wife he always calls the one he is not with before bed time to send his love. But last night he didn’t.

“I’m sorry” I mutter.

“WHAT IF HE WAS REALLY DEAD…….” The rest of his screams don’t see day.

“WILL YOU STOP? SHOUTING AT LIHLE AND MARY WILL NOT HELP THE SITUATION” MaDlomo comes for our rescue once again, snapping at him.

“I’m sorry mama” he mumbles under his breathe. If there is anyone he cannot stand tall to it has to be MaDlomo. She pecks his ear and brush his neck down. They are just a horny weird bunch. Now that we are off his radar I can actually breathe.

“Why are you wet?” Mary! Mary! Her tone alone alerts me that she is about to start. She directs her question at MaDlomo. For God sake we just got saved from Vulamasango’s inquisition.

“She had to run outside in the rain to get Bab Gumede” the response comes from Ndlovukazi. MaDlomo doesn’t even bother herself opening her mouth in response to Mary.

“Is it?” Mary.

“What are you insinuating?” Ndlovukazi questions her. I wish to I had sat next to her to call her in order.

“I just think it’s weird that my husband is wet from rain and she is wet. And on top of that my husband buys her cars for stupid reasons. Maybe she was thanking him

inappropriately and the ancestors got mad and punished my husband alone” this is going to be a long morning.

“Mary Uthini?” (.....what are you saying) Ndlovukazi asks once again. I’m scared of Dlomo’s silence.

“Maa I think my husband is having an affair with his brother’s wife. Maybe they were together doing things they shouldn’t be doing and my husband was the one punished because she is favoured” the shock is on her. The person she is trying to embarrass doesn’t receive even a single judgemental look.

“You know what I think?” Ndlovukazi asks. She shakes her head no “I think you should give birth already, your annoying” unfortunately I agree. This behaviour is belittling and humiliating of her.

I’m stealing glances at the king, he is just glaring at her. I think he is reading her in a certain way, he just don’t move his eyes from her.

“What happened to your nose?” he finally speaks, calm under his wife’s touch who is consistent on brushing the back of his head down his neck as they sit on the same couch. He has MaDlomo’s other hand intertwined between both his hands. I’m glad he doesn’t dive into Mary’s crazy suspicions.

“Boitumelo attacked me” attitude! Where is this coming from?

“Boitumelo?” the king questions with raised eye brows.

“MaDlomo” she corrects under her breath. You can tell she doesn’t want to be saying that.

“Why did you attack her?” he turns to his wife next to him still calm as shallow seas waters.

“It was a mistake. I threw something at her but unfortunately it landed on her nose” she explains

“That’s not true. You attacked me on purpose and didn’t even apologise” Mary is screaming the entire room.

“MaDlomo!” Ndlovukazi questions in shock.

Boitumelo breathes before she glares at her husband. She looks intently in his eyes, "Are you not hungry?" she pecks his nose, not responding to what is asked of her.

"I am but I'll eat once I know my brother is fine or at least going to be okay"

"Hmmm, I'm hungry" she stands,

"MaDlomo I'm talking to you. You can't hit Mary and not apologise" Ndlovukazi snaps just as she is about to leave the room.

"I'm sorry Maa. I'm sick and tired of people walking all over me. I'm not going to apologise to Mary, in fact I should have thrown a knife to cut that busy tongue of hers. She owes me an apology, not the other way round" Uncle Kay cracks up but contains himself immediately when he earns himself a stare.

"What the hell did you do? MaDlomo is never lost respect for anyone in this family but you. You must have pushed her too far" Zwe is questioning my sister wife who has her nose flared up in anger.

"I did nothing, boitume....."

"MADLOMO" Dlomo roars correcting her "Maria I don't know if it's pregnancy or you're going back to your shady old ways but for now I'll give you the benefit of the doubt because this man sleeping here whom I share a heart with loves you. But please, I beg of you woman. Respect my wife. Know your place when it comes to my wife. Know your boundaries. Know people you can quarrel with but not Vulamasango Dlomo's wife. Are we clear?" Dlomo barks

"Crystal" she murmurs

"Thank you" he is mad, now that his heaven is not by his side the room welcomes his anger. Mary escalated him.

"WHERE THE HELL IS GUMEDE NOW?" he roars. No one dares to voice out, we all wish MaDlomo was in the room now. She could have calmed him down.

"Sango?!" MaDlomo peeps through the kitchen entrance,

"Come eat" it's a command. He huffs. His bare chest moves up and down before he stands on his feet. Thank God! I take a much needed breath when we are free of his anger. I need to have a sit down with Mary. This is not it.

“Get dressed while you at it Vulamasango, you don’t look nice parading your stomach all over our eyes” Ndlovukazi barks behind him. I don’t know what stomach she is talking about. The man is a feast....cracked in muscled lines that descend way.....this is my brother in law. Behave brain...and eyes!

The entire room stands when Bab Gumede comes back, he emerges from the kitchen door. He doesn’t address us but look down on the floor.

“Where is Mhambi?” he asks. We all run our eyes everywhere in search for her. She was just here with her twin playing on the floor. Ngelosi is the only one available to our sight.

“MaDlomo” Gumede questions looking at her. She came back from feeding her angry bird. She is as clueless as everyone.

“She was just here, maybe one of the girls took her” she is about to disappear the room when Ngelosi speaks her first word.

“Mama” she freezes. We all freeze. She looks at her in pure happiness. Poor little girl is grinning at her “Tiii” she points out the lounge door that is left ajar. For a moment we are lost at what she is pointing at “Tiii” she repeats still pointing outside the door.

“Isn’t that Mhambi’s.....” Dlomo trails off, he is on his feet heading for the door. He picks a pacifier that Mhambi was sucking by the door. MaDlomo has Ngelosi in her arms kissing her all over.

“THE FU8K!” We all stare at him as he curse looking outside in the rain “This child” he runs out, we join to see by the door and there.....a bit distance. Mhambi is crawling outside in the rain. It looks like she is heading to her hut. How did she even descend the stairs outside?

“VULAMASANGO LET HER BE” Gumede screams behind him but it’s too late, I doubt he even hears him.

“Bab Gumede my baby will catch cold in that rain” MaDlomo remarks occupied with Mhambi in her arms.

“Vulamasango should let her be. Zwe, Kay, pick him up and follow them” he orders.

“Pick who?” Uncle Kay sounds appalled,

“Mthokozisi. This is his mother’s work. Mhambi will help him in her hut”

“I’m not trying to lose weight thank you. Vulamasango will carry him” Uncle kay can be such a snob.

“Is he is going to be okay though?” I ask.

“Yes. It seems his mother has been trying to talk to him for a while but he just wouldn’t listen so she took matters into her own hands. She is strongest within this yard where she still roams. She took him for a while, talk some sense in his stubborn head. Mhambi will bring him back but she can only do that in her hut” Oh! Now it comes back, he was complaining of dreams. Always dreaming his mother pointing him in the middle of the yard at the Khoza mansion.

VULAMASANGO

In his life there are two people he cannot live without. First it has to be his heaven. The second person has to be his brother. MaDlomo knew that this shook him a bit. When he ascended the stairs and locked himself in his study after he left Mtho still unconscious in Mhambi’s hut, she knew that he needed time to himself. Sometimes it’s okay to give people space. Don’t force them to voice out while their emotions are still all over the place.

She waited. Patiently waited until he came back to her.

She is rocking Ngelosi in their bedroom after bathing her when he walks in looking like he lived, died and made a Uturn back to Earth.

“Zululami” he blows out a sigh throwing his weight on the bed. MaDlomo wants to bite him for moving the mattress while she is trying to get Ngelosi to sleep but she keeps to herself. She understands his frustrations.

First she goes to put Ngelosi in their cot and come lie next to him on the bed facing the roofing with their legs dangling on the floor.

“You okay?” gentle she asks, repositioning her upper body on his chest. He receives her by caging her with his arms while the other hand provide a pillow for his troubled head.

"I'm scared Zululami. I don't want to think the worst but....." He breathes, she allows him time to gather himself "I have always been the sick type. The weird type who'd sometimes sleep for no reason at all. But not him. The tables are turned now. He is the one with difficult issues this time around. It scares the shit out of me. I'm not ready to have my brother being the sick weird one" MaDlomo kisses his chest before she speaks.

"It's okay to panic Dlomo. It's okay to be scared. Don't overthink this, rather let's wait for him to wake. Hear what he says and hold his hand through this one like he is held yours through your entire weird life. If it's his turn to be the weird one, make him know that he still has a brother in you even in this one" he inhales deeply again. Bringing his wife for a forehead kiss.

"Can I tell you a secret?" MaDlomo frown at how he changes the topic out of nowhere.

"Y..yeah" It comes stammered.

"I cannot ride a bike" he confesses. MaDlomo raises her head in shock to look at him "He bought me a bike knowing exactly that I cannot ride a bike" he adds

"Tell me you're kidding? I can't have a husband who can't ride a simple bicycle" he is laughing.

"Well you do and there is no going back, khethile khethile s'thadwa sami, but there is something I can ride so well and I haven't rode it in quite a while" she knows him too well. There is silliness suddenly playing on his face.

"And that is?" she asks

"Mrs. Dlomo I haven't released my cream down you oesophagus in a while" his fingers trails on her throat "This throat looks too small, it needs my vitamin SL to expand" horny men are the worst.

"Vitamin SL?" she asks,

"Vitamin Sperms of Life. They are very important, do you want to know their functions?"

"I'm listening"

He chuckle “They release tension in human bodies. Bring life to broken souls and they again bring life to earth, do you see how important is it to have Vitamin SL every day?” they share a light laughter. He is about to lean in for a kiss when a voice comes behind the door.

“Vulamasango he is awake. One of the guards just came in saying he wants an umbrella” Zwe’s voice has the two married couple pausing their Vitamin moment. Vulamasango grabs the door open holding his wife’s hand.

“He is awake?” he questions once again as they head down stairs.

“Yes. One of the guards came to fetch the umbrella saying he was standing by the hut door and asked him to come fetch an umbrella for him” they laugh, his skin is his favourite. Be it rain, sun....anything but don’t mess with his skin.

They head to the balcony where the rest of the family stands in relief watching him walk tall like he wasn’t dead hours ago, with Mhambi in his arms under an umbrella.

MaDlomo squeezes her husband’s hand in assurance when she feels him take in a sigh of relief. Thank God.

He walks in to waiting pairs of eyes. Both Mary and Lihle are itching to jump in his hold but he looks....he has Mhambi in his arms. He makes a pass through eager eyes and rest on the couch. It’s weird. He hasn’t said a word. Now the whole lounge is awkward.

Ndlovukazi walks into the lounge. She was in her room cleaning her face. All this happened so early in the morning they didn’t have time to freshen up. When her eyes land on him, she runs right to him.

“Oh my baby! You scared me” he is her boy. He may have not came from her womb but she raised him from the age of two, she is cupping his face “What happened Thoko kamama?”

“Haaaa! Maa, you don’t call a grown ass man with two wives Thoko” Vulamasango is laughing. He knew that, the name Thoko will get him to speak. It’s his childhood name.

“You scares me baby” Ndlovukazi doesn’t entertain his rant. She crushes him in a hug kneeling before him while he still holds Mhambi “You’re so cold. Are you hungry?”

“Very. I feel like having soup. I didn’t think heaven was this cold until today”

“Heaven?” Ndlovukazi asks,

He nods “I was in heaven. I saw God. He looked like Father Christmas. White beard, white hair, everything was just white but so damn cold. He looked in my eyes, digging inside my soul and said ‘My Angel, it’s not your time yet. Go back baby, and make baba proud’ he is okay, now they can actually breathe.

“I’m going to make you a warm butternut soup and you’ll tell me all about God” Ndlovukazi kisses his cheeks standing “Zwelithini!” she shouts for uncle Zwe who is still seated “Let’s go” she say when he looks at her,

“Go where?” he asks drowned in confusion.

“To buy my yellow mellow some fresh butternut. I need to pamper him today”

“But I really want to hear about heaven” Zwe

“Zwelithini don’t test me” Zwe stands with a huff, following her out. It’s freaking raining yet he is dragged to buy some fresh butternut.

“What happened Mthokozisi?” Gumede asks bringing him to their worry,

He breathes, gestures for MaDlomo to come take Mhambi before he speaks “Does she have sight problems” he asks exchanging her to her mother, she is back to crying without a sound.

“I’m not sure, I’ll take her to a doctor when the storm cease” MaDlomo.

Mtho gathers his strength with a sigh “To answer you bab Gumede I don’t know. All I can say is that Thembela wanted to have a chat with me. She needs to join her ancestors and she is been trying to make me see what needs to be done but I just brushed off every dream she tried communicating with me through. Mhambi has her bone with my sister’s. The only thing missing is their hearts. They were buried in the middle of the yard in the Khoza mansion. She wants me to pinch a bit of soil

from where their hearts were buried and add the soil to Mhambi's ancestral bag. She will be able to pass her to the other world once she has all that"

"Couldn't she be nicer? What kind of a mother is she?" Mary snaps,

"Be nice. Her soul is still in this yard. She might be listening and might just visit you next" that gets her to hold her horses.

"How are you going to know exactly where their hearts were buried?" Uncle Kay.

"She said to take Mhambi with. She'll know where their hearts were buried"

"Does it have to be today? I have to go feed her and bath her" MaDlomo.

"No, we can go tomorrow. Right now I would like Vulamasango to run me a bath" lighting claps hard startling almost everyone when Vulamasango is about to put on a protest "You see, even my baba from heaven agrees that you should run me a bath" they expect Vulamasango to throw a curse but he actually stands.

"Do you want some essential oils added to your bath water to soothe you off all the stress" Vulamasango

"No bafo, your hands will do. I need them massaging my head, my shoulders. I'm traumatised, emotionally. Seeing God is not a child's play. And having him put his world on your shoulders as his favourite angel is another burden" thunder claps hard once again shaking the whole room.

"This one hit somewhere" Uncle Kay remarks. It felt too close. The rain is quite heavy and doesn't seem like it's going to stop anytime soon.

"You hear, even God agrees that I need your hands" the two disappear up the stairs conversing. The room is left shaking heads.

As soon as they are out of eyes in the king's study they share a look. A knowing look that they only communicate with. Mtho rest on the couch burying his burdened head under his hands.

"Talk to me bafo, what's the matter?" Vulamasango questions sitting opposite him on the one seater leather couch.

"Vula....Mary fed me" he breathes the words under his mouth,

"I don't understand. Fed you what? How?"

Mtho shakes his head with a sigh finally looking at his brother.

"Them...." He trails off, he hated her for too long that he got comfortable with calling her by her name "My mother showed me some things. Mary made me marry her"

"How is that even possible?" Vulamasango

"Apparently you were always her target. She tried feeding you her shit couple times but it just didn't work with you. I was never her choice. We were just fucking for fun but when brother one didn't respond to her potions, she resorted to me. She fed me her shit and I married her" Vulamasango gasps.

"Love potion?" Mtho nods pained "Jesus bafo, what are we going to do?"

"Nothing"

"Don't tell me nothing. She must....." Mtho interject him,

"We are not going to do anything to her. She is the mother of my children, and she is currently pregnant with my princess whom I intend on naming Thembela. This is the price I pay for fucking her because she looked like my mother. I guess I'm a player who got played"

"Bafo she can't get away with this"

"She is. We'll not do anything. This is the price I pay for chasing her skirt when I knew I had the woman I love waiting on me at home. I'll continue being her husband for my children's sake"

"This is fucked up. We can feed her to DeClerk, you don't have to go through every day with a woman who used umuti to have your heart"

The door burst open in the middle of their conversation. They turn ready to bark at whoever it is but they welcome frowns when Uncle Kay stands with a pounding heart. They can see his chest expand and contract in fear written all over his face.

"There.....there are two.....guards....down.....stairs.....They.....they say.....accident.....my my brother's car.....ligh...lightning" he falls immediately not

making sense but Vulamasango catches him before he hits the floor. Mtho is hurrying with a glass of water helping him drink.

“Kay, khuluma kahle, what are you trying to say” uncle kay covers his face with both his hands and fall apart. They see his shoulders move as he cries in pain. The two share looks confused until Mtho gets on his feet to find out what is going on down stairs.

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SEASON FINALE

BOITUMELO

Oh boy! Do we know peace in this house? I don't think so, it's one thing after the other. It was Mtho in the morning. Now midday there are bodies to be identified.

I was bathing my daughter when the report of Uncle's Zwe's car being hit by lightning broke in the lounge. I came back to wails and cries. I'm still crying myself. It has to be a mistake. They were just going to buy butternut. They weren't going to die. I thought we still have more time with them.

I hoped my husband will come back with better news but the way his shoulders carry him and his eyes stress to find mine in the middle of eyes staring at them for a feedback, I can tell that it's bad. Mtho is crying. Tears are flowing down his yellow skin. They left with the guards to identify the car and bodies. Apparently lightning hit uncle Zwe's car not so far from here. The guards saw it catch fire right before their eyes, the way they explained the scene it was obvious that the beings in the car were now bodies.

The moment his eyes find mine he takes in a deep sharp breath. I'm feet away from him but I can almost hear his pained sharp intake of breath. This is what happens when he hurts, I feel his pain. Three or four strides his standing in front of me. His hands hang loosely not knowing what to do or where to touch. I reach for his hands and look in his eyes. His bottom lip is trembling. He is a minute to tears and I cannot have him fall apart right now.

I help him up the stairs pulling him. He doesn't fight me but complies. Oh god! Why death. I knew but my heart still welcomes the news as anyone who didn't know. I guess it's true when they say one can never be ready for death. It still hits the same, whether the person was sick or in an accident. When death strikes, it bites just as much, especially when you held the person close to heart. I need to cry too but I need to keep it together for him.

“MaDlomo” his tone comes almost in a whisper mid stairs behind me ceasing. I turn to look at him “Tell them not to tell Sakhe, I’ll do it” oh my baby! This is going to break him so bad. He may be my son but he always knew who his parents were and he loved them just as dearly. I assure him with a nod and allow him to go to our bedroom. I’ll find him there.

“Eeeh! Bab Gumede” he is the only one in the lounge who doesn’t look crushed.....Mtho is squashed between his wives “Dlomo would like to break the news to Sakhe himself” Bab Gumede nods, I hope he passes the message to everyone.

MaNkosi, MaSibisi and MaNhlapho are still to find out. I don’t wish to be in their shoes. Death is cruel. It takes the purest of them all. The ones we hold dear to our hearts. It strips us of the jewels of our souls. Leaving us bare and wounded, but in the great words of Bruce Hornsby and the Range, they say the show must go on.

Maybe humans are the most sensitive of the beings ever created by almighty. We communicate well with love. Having someone dear to you snatched in such manner you question God. Does he hate you this much? Are you not worthy of that soul’s presence that he had to take them....it hurt but the show must go on.

As soon as I open our bedroom door I find him standing right behind the door awaiting me. Tears braces his face down without a cry. I try to hug him but he ends up being the one hugging me. He is too big and tall for me to wrap him. I’m off my feet walked to the bed where he seats me right on the edge. His face find a hiding place on my waist as he seats down the bed wrapping around my waist for dear life.

Only now I hear him fall apart. He cries. Painfully cry for his mother and his uncle....well more like his father. I cannot imagen what he is feeling. I lost mine my mother when I was 14. The emotions and pictures are a bit of a blur now but I still cannot wish anyone to lose their parents. Especially if they were still their parent’s babies no matter how old they were.

I remember coming here. He warned me of his mother multiple times but that beautiful soul ended up being the one I trust more than his sisters even to this day. I hope Ndlovukazi rest in pure peace. She deserves roses of life. The ones that don’t

die. Some will say she was vile but to me she was an angel. Yes we didn't click right away but the minute she learned that I'm not just any of Vulamasango's wh8res but his soulmate she accepted me like she is been waiting for me.

"Why them both" he manage, speaking through a pained heart that is followed by burdened breathing.

"Dlomo we don't question God's timing. Maybe it was their time both" my hand is brushing on his head as he cries on my waist.

"God!" he roars. I feel him grab on my waist way too hard that it hurts but I don't say a damn word "God did this? He took my parents in such a gruesome manner?" I wish to reply but I cannot. I don't know what to say.

"I'm so sorry Dlomo waka" I cup his face to look in his teary eyes. His lip tremble once again.

"Sthadwa sami he could have taken one, not the both of them" oh my poor king. I peck his lips and bring him back to my waist. He is so heart broken.

He didn't fight me when I offered him sleeping pills. I felt he needed to sleep and let it sink in. I offered them to Lihle to give them to Mtho who was also just numb. With the absence of him in the council house, I think he is asleep too.

I'm summoned here. The council was informed. What I'm doing here, I don't know. At least Uncle Kay who has his hand hiding his face and Bab Gumede are here. I take comfort in that, at the room that stands still until I round the long table to take my seat next to my husband's throne. Miraculously the storm has cleared. It cleared right after we found out that we are now short of Ndlovukazi and Zwe.

"MaNdlunkulu" Ngema remains on his feet while his colleagues take their seat. He is the one addressing me.

"You can speak up Bab Ngema"

He bows "First as your council we would like to offer our deepest condolence to our house" I nod "This is a truly difficult time for all of us but decisions have to be made immediately"

"I'm listening bab Ngema"

“Since our king is still mourning, all the decisions regarding the funeral lie on you until he is able to take over” I raise an eyebrow looking at Bab Gumede, only when he nods I close my eyes. I don’t get why they have to be so much in hurry. Sango will be okay to make decisions by tomorrow.

“I hear you bab Ngema, what would you like to know?” I ask,

He breathes “MaNdlunkulu thina lana we do things differently when we lose royal blood. We bury them almost immediately. Especially with the manner they died”

“I hear you bab Ngema but we can wait a bit. Dlomo will give you all the answers by tomorrow”

“MaNdlukulu not to disrespect you but you’re still learning our traditions. A royal blood that died by lightning is buried on the next sunrise. We have to bury them tomorrow” Jesus! I look at bab Gumede, he nods. Uncle Kay offer me a weak nod too and closes his eyes. I feel so sorry for him.

Sigh! “Okay Bab Ngema. Tomorrow will lay Ndlovukazi and Zwe to rest” he nods in gratitude.

“Siyabonga MaNdlunkulu. And before I take a seat and free you. Bab Gumede has to fetch them. And you as our Queen, you must accompany him standing in for our King” this has to be a joke.

“Can’t we wait for Dlomo?” I’m not ready to see the scene. The car was described to have burned to scrap. Their bodies were said to still have been strapped in seatbelt inside the car. I don’t want to see that scene.

“If the King will be awake by tonight we have no problem to wait for him. But now we need to prepare and inform other houses”

“Okay bab Ngema, if by tonight he is still not awake, I’ll do it. Is that all?” I’m staring at my phone that is buzzing in my hand. Khwezi is calling. I had left dozens of missed calls on her phone.

“That’s all MaNdlukulu. Thank you” I thank them back with a nod already on my feet out. I don’t want to miss her call. She has to be here tomorrow morning to bury her grandmother and grandfather.

'Sango's heaven' oh my poor baby. Just those two words and how happy she sounds has me falling apart. She is going to be so crushed. She grew in her grandmother's warm arms before I came into the picture.....

I hate being pressed in a corner. Everything is happening at a speed that has me feeling a bit squashed. I allowed my husband enough time to rest but now I have no choice but to wake him. I hope he is better now.

"Dlomo!" I peck his parted lips as he snores on the bed. I need him to wake and fetch his parent's spirit. I don't think I'm strong enough for that one. I can hold his hand and help ease the pain but I cannot traumatise my soul with the image of the car that took Ndlovukazi's life. I loved that woman. I would like to keep the last image I have of her as my memory.

"SANGO!" I'm loud enough this time around. I scream in his ear to motivate him to wake.

He stirs. Groans a bit flickering his lashes. Oh my poor handsome husband. I never tell him that he is handsome. Maybe this is the right time.

"You're handsome" I confess. He doesn't even as much flinch. His dreamy eyes just fall deep in mine. I catch pain in his eyes. He is totally not coping, now I understand why I had to stand in for him and make some decisions. He'll not be able to handle anything for a while.

"How are you doing?" I lean down to peck his lips. They are a bit dry, hence why I jump off the bed to find my daughters' Vaseline and apply on his lips. He cracks a little smile.

"I asked how you doing my king." I pray he doesn't snap at me. His response is a shrug. Sigh!

"Are you hungry?" I'm literally talking to myself. He shakes his head no to this one.

"What do you want?" I'm defeated by now but I haven't lost hope.

"I want you to cuddle me" Thank God I get a reply finally. I almost sing out loud.

I waste no time abandoning my push-ins and lying next to him on the bed. I cannot cuddle all of him. He is too big for my arms but I try by all my might to wrap my arm around him and spoon him.

He pecks my forearm wrapped around him and brush on them when we fall into a perfect position.

“Where is Sakhe?” he finally speaks after a moment of comfortable silence.

“I gave them their phones back to distract them. They locked themselves in their rooms surfing the net”

He nods first and then breathes “MaDlomo I want my mother and uncle back” say what? I sit up to stare down in his eyes. I don’t understand.

“Baby they are at peace, God.....” he interject me,

“Don’t tell me about God. Uyabona that dude, he is made an enemy in me” my jaws are sweeping the floor. He can’t call God a ‘Dude’ and say he is an ‘enemy’ “What I mean is that I want us to have one last pair to name Ndlovukazi and Zwelithini” Oh hell no! This has to be a joke. He looks damn serious. Unfortunately I’m not having more babies. I’m done in that department.

“Dlomo you know they will come out boys. What kind of a boy will you name Ndlovukazi?” I’m only entertaining this to comfort him. I’m not about to offer my womb for comfort. Whatever traditional vasectomy that he and Gumede did is working. We have been sexing a lot but I still have no soul growing in me. With this kind of madness growing in his head I have to be a step ahead. He might undo their thing to score me. I need to cut my tubes as soon as this week. He’ll not touch me until he is cleansed.

“The kind that is mine. I want to name my children Ndlovukazi and Zwelithini” hmk! Ya pota ngwetsi! (Madness)

“Okay, let’s talk about it after the funeral” I’ll be armed then. Ready to not have any sperm passing to my womb. I’m not having more babies.

“Thank you” he rises to peck my lips “Let’s go break the news to Sakhe” Oh boy! I’m not ready for this one. He takes my hand helping me off the bed and into my push ins. My happy child is going to be so devastated.

I take much needed breathe before we knock in his room once and enter. He is lying on his bed with headsets on kicking the headboard with his feet. Argh! I would bite his head off if it was a normal day.

He is not aware of us. We walk into a conversation that has me cringing as a parent. I need to take this one for prevention too. Boys do prevent I hope.

“.....Mily come on s’thandwa saSakhe, fail on purpose mama”..... “Just cry bullying and say you don’t want the school but make sure you tell him you want to move to my school”..... “I’m your man Milani, I don’t want fools disrespecting me. He wasn’t supposed to carry your school bag. That’s my duty, no one else”..... “I’ll have my brothers punch more of his crooked teeth”..... “Okay, I’m sorry, I’m no longer shouting baby girl”..... “Phephiza mama”..... “Yebo sthandwa saSakhe”..... “Haibo! I’m the man here, I cannot fail. Vulamasango and Boitumelo would have a fit plus I cannot be on the same class as you”..... “No Milani, I should be ahead. Wena fail and throw a tantrum about hating the school”..... “Ngizwa kahle mama”..... “I don’t want fools disrespecting me. My brothers might go to jail if you keep entertaining that fool”..... “Yebo I don’t fight. I have my brothers to sweat for me”.....

Where is peter? He needs to help me with prevention. If I’m not careful I might me a grandmother way sooner than I intended. The hell! My husband is as defeated as me.

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SEASON FINALE

BOITUMELO

.....Sango snatches his headphones mid conversation. Only then he sees us. He jumps like corrupt boy he is. He looks down at us on top of the bed with fear written all over his face.

“I can explain” I bet he can. What is he going to explain when we heard all of his indecent suggestions to his girlfriend?

“We are all ears Siphosakhe, but please get off the bed first” Sango.

He steps down with a sigh “First baba before I explain, respect is a two way street. I can’t just come in your room without knocking. I respect you as a man and I deserve the same respect, you can’t just come in my room without knocking, what if I was naked?” I rest my behind on the bed. This is going to be a long afternoon.

“Okay ndoda, the explanation?” Sango rest next to me. We both look at him tall before us.

“Okay thing is.....it’s an act....I’m the next big thing South Africa is yet to recognise....I’m practicing my lines. I have joined drama at school. I no longer want to be a Zulu teacher. I want to be an actor so.....i was just practicing my lines with my partner. That’s all. I’m a very good boy who is going to be an actor. I don’t have a girlfriend. I don’t even know what girlfriend means but I feel like they are not good for my innocence”

My husband breathes making space for him between us. He pats it indicating that he should sit.

“Maa I trust you, Vulamasango should not touch me in your presence. Please remind him I’m his uncle and brother before I’m his son” oh my poor baby, my eyes are already strained with tears but I’ll hold them. I cannot fall apart before him.

“Come sit, we need to talk to you. He is not going to touch you” even if he wanted to bite his silliness he knows that he cannot make noise in this state the family is in.

“What’s wrong?” he questions sitting between us as requested. He looks between us with a frown on his face “Maa, you were crying? What’s wrong?” I think only now he sees how red my eyes are.

I feel my husband take a deep pained breathe over his side. He takes his hands and cup them between his.

“Dlomo I have terrible news to tell you” My husband is as gentle as he can be.

“What is it? Is it Mkhonto? You promised that he’ll be back. What happened to him? Did he do something?” the fear in his tone is loudly audible.

“No son, it’s not Mkhonto. It’s Maa and uncle Zwe”

“My granny parents? What about them? Can you believe gogo wanted to sleep with me last night? Like me and her on the same bed. I kicked her out and locked my room. She always complained that I can’t sleep but jiki jiki nangu umuntu.....” he trails off when his eyes falls in Sango’s eyes. One blink tears are going to fall down his face “Maa?” he turns to me, I’m a mess already.

“Dlomo our parents are no more” Sango

“No more? What does no more mean?” he is staring at my husband who has one tear falling down his cheek “Baba what are you saying?” he gets it but he needs to hear it, his lowering tone is proof enough that he understand but he needs to hear it.

Sango shakes his head pulling him to his chest but he fights off standing to glare down at us.

“Mama, baba?!” oh my poor baby. His voice trembles looking for answers between us.

“Dlomo they left us this morning”

“Left us to where? Maaa?” I wish he could stop dancing around in circles but then again he is Vulamasango Dlomo. Hardly gentle in tone. He is trying his best.

“Baby they passed away this morning” I help break the news because I can see my husband hasn’t accepted it and he is not ready to use the word on them.

From where my son stand he looks at us with nothing. He is just empty. He gazes down at us with his chest bouncing up and down. It looks like his legs are going to betray him.....I guess not.....

“Dlomo!” He springs out of the bedroom before Sango could catch him. Down the passage he runs straight to Ndlovukazi’s room. It’s not that far.

“Siphosakhe!” Sango bangs the door. He ran behind him. It looks like he locked himself in Ndlovukazi’s room “Sakhe, please open my boy” I make it to him. He begs.

“Sakhe! Open the door my baby” I try too, only to be awarded by a painful cry that engulfs the entire corridor. He is only crying so painfully now. I fall apart too. I haven’t cried properly for my mother in law’s flawless soul. Sakhe’s cry spikes the sharp pain straight in my heart. I can’t hold myself no more. I feel his arms engulf me in his touch. On his chest I sob. Sob as painful as the cry coming from the bedroom.

“Mama, baba” behind us the twins questions with frowns. They both don’t know as yet.

“What is happening? Why is Sakhe crying?” Muzi questions passing us to the door “Malume, please open. It’s me and Zizwe” he doesn’t even bang the door. Immediately the door opens. They both get in and shut it before we could force entry. I guess we are not welcomed.

“Stop crying. You know I cannot stand your tears. We’ll check on them later” he cups my facing cleaning the salt water off my face. I need to keep it together. He pecks my lips and hug me under his arm leading us back to our bedroom “He is going to be fine right?” I don’t know, but I can only pray he be.

“I hope so”

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It's true when they say people grow because they want to. My eyes must be deceiving me. Our resemblance is shocking now. Even I can see that we relate. She is looking more like me with age. Maybe I should come clean to my brother. He deserves to know that she is his biological niece. And my dad.....this is his biological grandchild. Maybe he deserves to know as well if he doesn't. I need to go home after this.

"Maa!" her eyes finally find me among pair of eyes cooking a storm in the kitchen. She hurries to crush me in a hug.

"Where is my father?" she whispers in my ear as I refuse to let go. I wasn't aware I missed her this much.

"They went to fetch their spirits" I murmur. I spoke to Seeiso earlier and told him everything. I asked that he brings her tomorrow morning but it looks like my baby couldn't spend a night away when her family needed her.

"Where is Sakhe?" she whispers again still in my hold. Only then I free her to scan her from head to toe. I'm proud of myself. I did okay.....hell I did amazing. This young beautiful woman comes from this arms "Why are you smiling?" I can't help it.

"You look beautiful" she smiles "And I'm proud of myself" her smile grows "Let's go" I pull her off prying eyes so I fill her in on Sakhe and we catch up a bit. Up the stairs I lead her to my bedroom.

"Sakhe is not looking good baby. He locked himself in Ndlovukazi's room the entire afternoon. He hasn't opened for anyone but he did allow Muzi and Zizwe in"

"I'll go check on him now. How are you mama?" I have to raise an eyebrow, someone is really matured like fine wine. Khwezi my cry baby was supposed to walk in here rolling on tears.

"Why are you not crying?" she laughs,

"I am but now I need to be here for Sakhe and my father, I have cried and I'm still going to cry but my brother needs me to be his sister now, not another cry baby"

"Had I known that Lesotho would grow you this much, I wouldn't have given you a headache about going when you wanted to go immediately" she chuckles "But being real, are you okay? You and gogo were pretty close?"

She shrug, I catch a pained smile on her face “I thought it was my dad who died” of course she did. Khwezi is her father’s daughter before anyone else. He was the only parent she knew from being a toddler. So her father will always come first “I hope they both rest in peace. I know she’ll look over me where she is going. The both of them. I know my grandmother will never forsake me. She promised to be with me till the end. I’ll not have her in presence but in heart she’ll always be with me and I’ll carry her spirit with me for life”

“Don’t you want to say that tomorrow to her when we lay her to rest” she laughs shaking her head

“Never maa! Yoh! Have you seen the yard? It’s already packed. I had to leave Papa Tlotla struggling to find the nearest parking and come find you”

“Abuti Majara? Where is Seeiso?” I ask,

“I don’t know and I don’t want to know, even if he is dead I don’t care”

“Haibo! That’s your promised husband. What happened?” I mean we are expecting them very soon to talk on their negotiations.

“A lot happened Maa. I found out that I lost my grandparents. Then on the same day I find out that he has a four year old daughter with freaking hurricane Pabatso. Pabatso of all the bi8ches he could have slept with” Yei!

“I take it you don’t like this pabatso person”

“Like is too polite Maa. I hate that witch. She is going to make my life miserable. I’m not ready for this one. I’m going to talk to my dad. I’m not sure anymore”

“You’re not sure about Seeiso?” I ask,

“No. I’m sure about him. I’m not sure about the whole situation. I don’t think I’m cut out to raise Pabatso’s child”

“And who was cut out to raise you?” she frowns at me. She can’t be a brat about the situation. Children don’t choose their parents “When I met your father, I was a girl too and I wasn’t looking for a guy who has a child but I didn’t question his love for me just because he had a child. I accepted you. Because it’s what you do when you love a person. You love them with all they come with. Be it good or bad, baby your love shouldn’t be conditional. I don’t care who birthed that child but if Seeiso

wants to be in his child's life you'll hold his hand. You'll not make him feel bad about his blood. Children don't get to choose the people that bring them to the world. Don't judge a child because of their parents" she breathes, messes her face in exhaustion.

"Mama you have a good heart. I thank you for raising me so well. You have a heart of gold and you did an amazing job with but I'm not like you mama. Right now I just heard this. I'm all over the place. I just want to bury my grandparents and go to school. I don't know if I still want to go ahead with Seeiso and I because of his baby mama. My situation was different because you never had to deal with my mother. Believe me mama if baba had a baby mama like Pabatso, you'd question your relationship. I'm not ready for her drama. I can't speak much on the child because I don't know her and I don't know how close she is with her mother. Which I pray she isn't if I decide to go ahead with the wedding. I honestly feel exhausted before I even take on the journey if I decide to go ahead. Mama I'm sorry if I'm disappointing you but I feel that it's fair that I'm given time to make my mind up than to jump in a situation that I cannot handle and end up being a mean step mom" I hear her, it's not about me. Her journey and mine are different.

"Okay. I'm not disappointed and I understand now but don't make hasty decisions. My advice is that don't involve your father in this. That man can hold grudges. He'll deny Seeiso even when you have forgiven him. Rather tell him when you have made your final decision. Not now"

"Okay....you right. Can I go see Sakhe now?"

"Yeah, let's go. We have more pressing matters today than to talk boys" she laughs as we walk down the passage heading to Ndlovukazi's room.

This time Khwezi knocks once announcing that it's her and she is also given entry. I guess only siblings are allowed. I tail her in. Muzi who opened the door for her crushes her in a hug. Zizwe jumps to off from Sakhe's chair legs to hug Khwezi as well. My poor happy child is a mess. He is sitting on the chair that Nldovukazi loved which was always placed by the window that brings the outside to view. He is wrapped in Zwe's big jacket. His crouched himself on the chair watching the preparations outside the window.

“Malume” Khwezi gently pats his shoulder from behind. He acknowledges her by placing his hand over Khwezis. I don’t think I can stomach his face. I like seeing him happy. I know how to deal with him happy. I have never had to deal with the tormented Siphosakhe. It shatters my heart seeing him this broken. I blink my tears away and decide to come back later with my husband. Maybe I’ll know how to deal with this when my soul keeper is by my side.

“Mama” weakly he calls just as I’m about to walk out of the door. I freeze. Slowly turn only to find that he is still staring outside the window. Khwezi who was so strong minutes ago is crying. Tears are falling down her cheeks. I guess the state Sakhe is in breaks us all. At least he has his brothers and her. Zizwe is seating down the chair that carries him. Muzi is standing on his right side holding his shoulder while Khwezi stands on his left side not letting go of the hand she offered to assure her that he is okay.

“I need Mkhonto by my side when I lay my parents to rest tomorrow” oh boitumelo! How am I going get Mkhonto to come? It was made clear that we’ll only see him after five years.

HIS FOREVER S3

Volume 78

FINALE

The palace is flooded with people ready to say their goodbyes to their former king and queen. It's a painful day for the beautiful land of King Shaka. It's morning of the ceremony of great sorrow. The dark cloud has massed every being in the village to gather at the palace to put to rest the fallen royals.

In Ndlovukazi's room Sakhe still sit on the chair like he did yesterday. He hasn't moved or ate. Muzi and Zizwe both haven't left his side. But at least they ate and slept on the floor right by his side but not him. He longs for that one person that always carries his pain. He is a happy child because from birth he was brought to be happiness to his gift. His sadness is always carried by his gift. But today he is not here and he doesn't know how to deal with the ache in his heart.

Vulamasango couldn't handle the state his son was in. He asked that Majara make things happen for Mkhonto to be here for Sakhe.

He the king himself is not coping but he has his wife and brother who is just as shattered. It's safe to say everyone is in pain.

This is a royal funeral. The proceedings and customs differ to those we know.

When a horn is blown down the kraal, everyone stops what they are doing to gather around the royal yard which holds a tent erected big enough to fit the army. It really is happening. Vulamasango who is occupied his chair of power next to his wife squeezes her hand hard when everyone take sit to look at them. Right now he just want to cry but he has to keep still. Hold it in a bit. He'll fall apart alone with his wife or brother.

The front seat row which is supposed to occupy his children is empty. Even their sister is not in sight. He could have postpone the funeral until Sakhe is able to cope but customs had to be followed. They are all probably still by his side. There is one

extra chair just in case. Just in case Mkhonto shows up. Sakhe needs him now more than ever but Majara didn't promise anything.

He nods at the priest who seeks confirmation from him to start with the ceremony. The priest is probably confused with the empty chairs on the front. Sakhe needs to be here the most but he is not in a state to be forced. He'll take him to the graves alone when all this is done.

The priest spreads his hands indicating that people should sit down.

Just as all take chairs, Mkhonto makes an entrance that invites all eyes on him. He is not aware of eyes trained at him as he looks down his chest buttoning his shirt and trying to look proper to bury his grandparents.

The king and queen don't believe their eyes. They have joined on shock stares as if this boy does not carry their blood. He is changed. Too good, too good looking, too broad, too much his father's features. Only now the village realise that he was missing. The four of the king son's look so much alike it's hard to separate them. Especially the twins.

When he feels eyes penetrating his skin he stops fixing himself to stare back. One look is enough to chase eyes from him. He is a beautiful bastard but there is something in his eyes that leaves a shiver on skin. People swallow their fears to stare at the priest who is also suddenly scratching his neck looking anywhere but him.

Couple of feet he shuffles through the second row. There is a tiny little fat someone jumping of her chair. She stomp on people's feet hurrying to meet him half way. He doesn't word but catch her so big infecting curios stares at them. He places his giggling somebody on his waist and only then march to his parents on the front.

"Where is he?" deep hoarse voice comes down his throat. The tone leaves goosebumps on skin. He is asking his parents who are just glaring at him without a word. They are beyond shocked at this moment. He looks next to his father to bab Mtho but it seems he is also shock stricken. Besides bab Mtho seats uncle Kay who is able to respond to him.

"He is in Ndlovukazi's room" he nods in gratitude and speeds jogging up the stairs to get him.

Sakhe sees him run out of the tent with Tlotla on his waist by the window he is been watching from. He breaks a laughter standing of the chair he hasn't left since yesterday. He runs out to meet him halfway. Khwezi, Muzi and Zizwe run after him thinking he is lost his marbles. They didn't see their brother.

Right in the middle of the lounge they meet. Mkhonto puts Tlotla down and stare down the last staircase where Sakhe froze. All the pain in his heart feels like it's just erased as he stares at his brother. He feels like he can finally breathe now as he takes a deep breathe. The others join in to freeze as well. Mkhonto is the last thing they had in mind.

Sakhe breaks a content laughter once again retiring on the staircase shielding his face with his hands as he laughs and cry at the same time. His shield takes steps further and sit right next to him. He pulls him under his arm and squeeze his shoulder. Sakhe wipes his messy face. Tears of both joy and pain. He looks at Mkhonto with a painful smile.

"Thank you" he murmur,

"There is no place I would be except here with you, are you okay?" Mkhonoto

"I'm okay now that you're here, but did you really have to bring sdudla?" Mkhonto breathes, he hates it when he calls her sdudla but he'll have to accept it. It doesn't look like she has a thin bone. She is grown a lot but she is still just as fat.

"What do you need?" Mkhonto asks changing the topic on purpose.

"I don't have a suit" they both laugh,

"Look at me. I would have preferred seeing my queen for the first time in ages looking damper but I'm in a damn white shirt all because I was told you were on the verge of throwing yourself on the window" they burst. Mkhonto waves for Tlotla to come closer. He helps her between his legs "What do you think?" he asks his gift kissing on Tlotla's chubby cheeks. Tlotla is a blushing giggling mess.

"She shouldn't chase me with frogs, we'll get along if she eases on that" Mkhonto laughs, not letting Tlotla's cheeks rest.

"Do you think she'll still love me when I come back?"

“I hope not, look at her, why is she blushing so much? How old is she?”

“It’s fate, something you wouldn’t know nothing about. Come on, let’s get you cleaned up” Mkhonto stands turning only to be knocked back down. At least Sakhe grabbed Tlotla off the scene. Muzi and Zizwe have him pinned down on the floor “Guys, my queen is here, please” he begs to be freed of the tight hugs. Only when they are satisfied they let him go.

Couple of stairs up stands his sister whom he had crashed before he left. He doesn’t know if she ever forgave him for that. He swallows. Freeze a bit staring up at the frozen Khezwi. He feels a push down his leg. It’s Tlotla. He melts at her and take careful steps towards Khwezi.

“Sisi wami....” He is about to plead his case when Khwezi pulls him to crush him in a hug too. She also laughs and cry at the same time. She is welcomed with that feeling of not knowing you missed people until you see them “I’m so sorry” he whispers still in her arms.

Khwezi shakes her head “No today, not tomorrow, not ever. You have nothing to be sorry about. I’m happy you’re okay and I’m happy you could make it. I was sure we were going to bury Sakhe tomorrow”

“Khwezi don’t start with me, tell him you’re getting married” Sakhe

“What? Who is the fool?” Mkhonto

Khwezi rolls her eyes leading the way “Let’s get you guys dressed up”

“Did you knock the fool’s teeth out?” Mkhonto murmurs next to Sakhe

“And have your frog girl coming for me, no thank you. It’s that Seeiso guy can you believe him? He wants to eat my sister njee.....” Khwezi interjects their hushed whispers.

“I heard that” Sakhe doesn’t mind her as he continues

“.....on silver platter, he didn’t even ask for my permission as the uncle of the family”

“Malume Sakhe I’ll ask him to come ask me from you but right now I have to run you a bath so we can go down” Khwezi announces as they walk to his room where his suit is neatly placed on his bed.

“Hoo! Hold it there, It’s enough, don’t be taking Milani’s job please. What you can do is get me my yesterday dinner and today’s breakfast”

“Yesterday dinner?” Khwezi asks

“I didn’t have dinner. This means I’m hungry for my yesterday food and today’s food” Khwezi shakes her head leaving them be. She’ll see what she can fix him.

“Who is Milani?” Mkhonto asks as soon as Khwezi is out of the door.

“Your aunt boy, that one is going to sweep my mother’s yard. And she is actually a girl. Not a baby” Tlotla narrows her eyes at Sakhe “But babies are okay, very okay for you” he doesn’t need to be chased with frogs again.

It doesn’t take long for them to show face in the tent. They all walk in to take their seats on the front. Now the paused funeral can proceed with Sakhe who has a mountain of plate chowing like it’s his last meal on earth.

The funeral went okay. Everything went according to plan without any hustle. The queen, king and his brother are helping dish for people outside. The queen is the one that insisted that they help. The two brothers are doing it for her. They would rather be elsewhere but here.

“Mtho you can’t eat and serve at the same time. And why are you giving people small pieces?” MaDlomo is right between them serving carrot salad. Mthokosizi choose the chicken before anything else. He has drumstick in hand while he serves. It’s his third if not fourth drumstick.

“I’m just tasting”

“The fourth taste?” MaDlomo

“Stop looking at me, look at your husband, is that mash or pap?” Vulamasango is dishing mash like pap,

“Sango!” she exclaims.

“Sthandwa sami I should be sitting on the mattress crying my eye balls out but you had to force me here. I don’t even know what I’m doing and what is worse is that I’m serving the damn potatoes. At least if you allow me to help Mtho with the meat”

she sighs, he can't continue serving mash or else some people will not get it. She signals for one of the women on standby behind them to help him. He grabs two pieces of taste as soon as he stands next to Mtho who is on the fifth taste. She is defeated, she was just trying to lighten their sombre mood with the helping technic but now they are eating themselves.

"This chicken spice is amazing" Mtho compliments on the sixth drumstick,

"How do you know its chicken spice?" his partner in crime asks reaching for another piece.

"It's chicken moos, obviously it's spiced with chicken spice" Mtho

"I think it's salt spice, the salt is amazing"

"I'm not a cook and I'll probably never be but I have never heard of a salt spice, this is chicken spice" Mtho "Right Makoti?"

She breathes, the chicken queue is on hold because they decided to debate spices. They are hopeless. She signals for the women to take over and drag them off the queue back to their seats in the tent.

They all arrive to their covered plates waiting on them. The two don't waste time digging in their food. The mood seems lighter, she takes this as an opportunity.

"Mtho"

"Hmmm" he can't even speak properly with the chunk of meat he is battling with in his mouth.

"I need the boys to come stay with me"

"Yes, they'll come, next year we agreed" they did, but now she is not comfortable with her children going back under Mary's care who made it clear that they are a burden.

"No, I want you to leave them behind now. Dlomo will make a plan to find them schools this side" vulamasango was fine not being included in this. He knows that the boys will not agree to staying here, they have lived their entire life in the city and coming back to the rurals will be a challenge for them.

“Makoti I thought you were okay with them being with me. Those are my children too. We can’t just disrupt their lives.....wait, where is this coming from?” Mtho knows his brother’s wife so well. She doesn’t have a problem with him but to want to take the children in the middle of the year means something might have ticked her wrong “Does this have anything to do with you and Mary?” they are aware of the fight between the two, even though they don’t know much of detail.

“I just want my children back to me so they can stop.....burdening people” she mutter the last part.

“You’re not a very good lair makoti. Talk to me, is this about the car? I have your keys, the car is staying here because it’s yours. Mary was forward to sneak on my phone and assume the car was hers”

“Bafo are you going to eat that meat? If you could please give me those two big pieces” Vulamasango cannot be serious. He is not getting involved on this one but rather focusing on the food.

“Yoh! My mother’s dog, here” Mtho passes him his plate and focus back to MaDlomo between them “What if I promise that they will never go to mary’s house? They will stay with Lihle only” he can see that Mary is the reason even if she doesn’t want to agree,

“How are you going to do that?”

“I’ll give it to her straight. You don’t want your children in her care because you’re not comfortable. I’ll seat them down and make sure that the boys understand too that they now stay with mam Lihle alone, no more mam Mary” she is hesitant “Trust me, have I ever let you down before?” she shakes her head no “Then trust me”

“Mtho I swear if I hear that my children spent even a single minute at Mary’s house I’ll fly to Joburg and stay with them myself”

“What about me?” she rolls her eyes. He hasn’t raised even a single point but the mention of her staying in joburg brings him to ask his silly question “Plus you have duties here, you can’t leave your husband for horny teenage boys”

“Mhhkhmm” their conversation is disturbed by someone clearing throat behind them. MaDlomo is the first to jump off the chair and engulf him in a hug. He is grown so much.

“Oh twebankie ya mme wa hae” (Oh mama’s twebankie)

“Mama” he grunts, looking down at the fat person right by his side. MaDlomo kisses him as she likes regardless of his fight. He is relieved when Mtho takes over and fist bump him. This is not as embarrassing as his mother’s hugs and kisses.

“Baba” he smiles at Mtho who looks at him like a happy parent

“Did you get your birthday present?” Mkhonto closes his eyes, it was the most embarrassing. Mtho left him a birthday present when he went to settle Khwezi in Lesotho.

“Yebo bab Mtho, but why would you buy me a pack of white, yellow, green and red underwear’s”

“Because your father owned one too. It’s a family tradition I want to carry to all of you boys. Ndlovukazi bought him for his 15th birthday and you had to receive your pack too for your 15th birthday as well. Sakhe is receiving his pack soon, don’t worry. The twins will follow next year”

“I didn’t miss you” Mkhonto jokes bringing Mtho and MaDlomo to laughter. Vulamasango is swallowing non-stop next to his wife.

“Make sure to keep the white one clean, your father’s white pair was always dirty, it even changed colour” Vulamasango would defend himself if he wasn’t so scared of his little boy. He is scared that he hates him “It’s great seeing you boy, when are you leaving?”

“Tonight unfortunately, the great gray stole me for just a day” that sucks!

“Four more years is nothing. Come home when all is done” MaDlomo is teary, she doesn’t want him to leave tonight.....

“Can’t you go back tomorrow?” MaDlomo asks in a trembling tone “Are they even feeding you enough? Do you have everything.....”

“Maaa” Mkhonto brings her for a warm hug once again “I’m fine. Stop crying. I’ll be back home before you know it”

“Let’s give them some space makoti, he’ll come say goodbye before he leaves, right?” Mtho brings MaDlomo under his arm giving the father and son a chance.

“Yes I will. But before you go, Maa I need a favour” MaDlomo and Mtho stop to listen “Please take care of my girl when I’m gone. Make sure she knows me and doesn’t forget me. Maybe ask her parents that she visit once in a while” MaDlomo smiles with a nod, looking down at the blushing Tlotla. It’s weird how she clues to Mkhonto and seem to understand their connection.

“Baba” he stands by his father as they watch Mtho and MaDlomo leave,

“Baba” Vulamasango acknowledges back. He carries his father’s name, culturally that makes him his father too.

“I’m sorry I was so mad at you”

“No Dlomo, I’m sorry my thrill to kill made you turn this way. I feel like shit not seeing you every day but I guess it’s the price I have to pay for doing the one thing I was asked not to do”

Mkhonto chuckles “You know what’s funny baba. Now that I understand it, I understand your reason too. I would kill anyone who tries to take my queen away from you. Same as you killed the shit who tried to take your heaven from you. Even if it means I would have a monster for a son, I would rather have that monster and love it, as long as I have my queen for life”

I proud smile carries Vulamasango’s face “Come here” he opens his arms wide and he falls right in. it’s a manly hug, not as embarrassing as his mother’s “Thank you for forgiving me Dlomo”

“Thank you for making me The Predator baba. Now I cannot wait to start my life with this soul keeper of mine”

“You say she is your queen?” Dlomo

“She is The Predator’s queen” **THE END.**

Sneak peek into **HIS QUEEN**.

First let me clarify this. HIS FOREVER IS A SERIES OF ITS OWN AND OUR ZULU BRIDE WITH ITS SEQUELS IT'S A SERIES OF ITS OWN. THEY ARE DIFFERENT BOOKS. JUST THAT THEY SHARE CHARACTERS.

- HIS FOREVER chronological order is His Forever 1. 2. & 3
- Then OUR ZULU BRIDE is followed by WOLVES OF THE SOUTH and lastly WRATH OF WOLVES which is still loading

HIS QUEEN which is loading as well. Will be the only pdf that will combine characters of the two books to make one. Mainly the boys journey as they are now grown. Their parents might not be included as much on the book. Will read into the children's lives. Both Vulasamango and Majaras.

Gog Dlomo and Ngelosi make appearance here as well. Lerotholi was never chosen a bride between them. Who will he end up with? What sacrifice will be made for that to happen?

HIS QUEEN will be our final book to both series.

Thank you. It's been a ride.

Please let's give the new story the same enthusiasm. I have mentioned that I thrive when you guys comment. The more you comment. The faster I rush to feed you guys. So please. COMMENT! COMMENT!

Now sneak peek into **HIS QUEEN**

Prologue

What the hell was that foreign scent?

Tlotla Akela Molapo whose eyelids were too heavy to lift wondered with her fogged brain due to the hangover that was draining her down. She was under the aftermath of substance abuse but she was sure she smelled something. It wasn't a bad smell. In fact the scent left her nostrils begging for more. It was so foreign yet so familiar.

As a Luna Wolf she could make up few thing about the smell.

1. The smell belonged to a human being, a very delicious scent. Fresh and foreign.

2. The inviting scent belonged to a male. A male of her kind. A wolf.

She forced her heavy eyes open, stealing a glance right by her side. The opened cover next to her confirmed that she had company but he wasn't here anymore. The silky sheets beneath her made her realise that she wasn't in her room. Not even her home. She stood up with a curse, a bit relieved that she had a shirt on that dropped to her thick knees. Who undressed her? and whose shirt is this? She wondered, warily scanning her surroundings. The luxury around her was new to her eyes. The hell was she? She wondered.

The only memory her head was giving her was that they were celebrating her 21st with her varsity friends. They hit a club or two but she has never been one to drink to forget herself. Except if her drink was spiked. The thought of her drink being spiked infuriated her wolf. She felt the urge to kill something. She marched for the door to open it and wipe who ever might have spiked her drink.

Opening the door her face bumped into a chest. A steel of chest. She swallowed, her wolf crawling back where it belongs when it felt him. She was mad, had questions but now that the moment she is been angry for her entire life was finally here, she didn't know what to do.

She is always known that she was a chosen to Mkhonto Dlomo The Predator. That's the truth she knew from growing up and the connection she felt from deep in her heart. The man was supposed to have come straight to her when he came from the mountains but he never came. She got angrier with each year passing by that the man he was married to and had an impeccable connection with never came for her.

21 years later when she celebrate her birthday and decide to kiss a guy for the first time in her life he shows up. More like kidnap her.

"My father killed a man because he kissed my mother and I just killed a man because he kissed my wife" dominant, intimidating tone came in reprimand. She could feel him breath fire right over her head. But this is Tlotla Molapo. A girl who can run her tongue. She wasn't about to be intimidated by a damn chosen husband that hasn't been in her life for as long as she could remember.

She arched an eyebrow, looking up to meet his stare. The spark was still there. A damn beautiful bastard he still was. Her heart swelled with joy, but she didn't allow it to melt her.

"And who the hell do you think you are to show up in my life and tell me you killed a man because he kissed me? If you must know, I have kissed more than your finger count" the last part was supposed to make him jealous but he smirk on his face had her growling in annoyance.

"I would kill them all" he dared her staring deep in her eyes. She got lost in his dreamy eyes a bit, she missed that look. She was young when she last saw him but she never forgot his look. The look that certifies that she is this man's mate. With one shift she found herself back on the bed. Dreamy scent all over her. Content she felt to be in the arms of Her Predator, the one who calls her **HIS QUEEN**.