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I was at home with my mother on a Saturday morning, finishing up the rest of our spring cleaning when I received a call from my best friend. I was about to hang the laundry so I took my ringing cellphone from my gown and then answered my phone.

Me: hey mntase.

Sihle: hey mntase u right?

-are you good?

Me: ewe wethu wena?

-yes you?

Sihle: I'm good. I need a favour mngani.

Me: ndi mamele.

-I'm listening.

Sihle: so you know I don't have a dad right?

Me: who does?

I asked whilst laughing.

Sihle: well...it turns out it's me. I actually have a dad.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: umfumenephi?

-where did you get him?

Sihle: well uMakazi kind of went looking for him since it's my graduation soon. She said it's the least she could do for me.

I felt a lump in my throat. I mean yes I was happy for my friend but I did not expect this. We are about to graduate together, this moment was supposed to be something special for the both of us. It was supposed to be a reflection of all of the obstacles that we have overcome as children who were abandoned by their fathers and now...she went ahead and found hers. I know she didn't directly look for him herself but damn...this was painful to process but I could not ruin this for her.

Me: okay...so what is the favour?

Sihle: I want you to be there with me when I meet him. He can be like our Dad. Aunt says he has money. That is all she told me about him.

I laughed. Him being rich was a consolidation prize I suppose.

Me: okay friend. What time?

Sihle: ngo 1 mntase.

Me: ndinxibe ntoni?

-what should I wear?

Sihle: noba yinton wethu...akukhonto ingako.

-anything is fine...it's nothing major.

Me: okay. Your house?

Sihle: no Mhimhi. Bluewater Bay. I will send you the details kuWhatsApp.

Me: okay. Let me finish my chores keh.

Sihle: sharp. Bye bye.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then put my phone back in my pocket.

Mom: uthini uSihle?

-what is Sihle saying?

Me: ufumene uTatakhe...so ufuna ndiyombona and he will be at her graduation as well.

-She found her father...so She wants me to see him.

Mom's eyes turned watery but she tried to hold herself together for my sake. I could tell she wished she could be able to give me a father but the closest thing to a father that she could give me was love.

Mom: oh okay.

She said before hanging the last jean and then walking into the house with the bucket.

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I took a bath and then went back to my bedroom not knowing what to wear but I knew I had to be simple. I kept imagining in my head what Sihle's dad is like and whether or not Sihle looks like him...because my friend is beautiful and I knew that she looked nothing like her late mother. I decided to wear my white long sleeve light turtle neck with a black jean and some black air forces. That was the best I could do for the look I was going for so I sprayed my perfume, combed & ironed my wig and then wore it.

Once I was ready, I walked out to the living room where my mother was watching TV and then I kissed her cheek.

Mom: uyahamba ngoku?

-are you leaving now?

I nodded.

Mom: uhambe Kakuhle va?

-go well.

Me: okay Mama. Bye bye.

Mom: bye.

I took my car key and then I left. Sihle had given me the directions so I punched them into my GPS and allowed it to guide me. On my way there, Ovayo, my boyfriend called me.

Me: hello?

Ovayo: mntuwam uphi?

-my person where are you?

Me: ndise ndleleni eya eBluewater.

-I'm on my way to Bluewater [Bay].

Ovayo: ndise Magaleni ndicela uzondi landa undise Motherwell.

-I'm in Magaleni so please come fetch me and take me to Motherwell.

Me: I can't I have a commitment no Sihle for 1 pm and i can't be late.

Ovayo: so awuzi?

-So you aren't coming?

Me: nope.

Ovayo: yakgezisa le Picanto yakho ne Ncumo?

-this Picanto of yours is making you arrogant right?

Me: awusay baweli.

-yet you're longing for it.

I said before hanging up.

Honestly 9/10 times Ovayo is a good boyfriend...but there is the one time when he is the worst.

How dare He disrespect my car when he relies on his girlfriend to get around? I inhaled and exhaled deeply before allowing this

Argument to pass.

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Sihle parked a block away from her Dad's house so that we could arrive at the same time. The gate was opened by his white garden boy, I was really shocked by this. We drove into his yard and I was in awe of the two cars that were outside in the driveway. He had a BMW X6 M parked and a Porsche Cayenne. He must have a thing for SUV's by the looks of things. Once we parked, we were led into his beautiful mansion by his garden boy. Sihle and I were silent, only communicating through silent fuck's and shit's that we said underneath our breath. We walked into his living room and though it was beautiful, it looked cold and way too clean. It looked like nobody lived there.

Garden boy: you can make yourselves comfortable while I call umXhosa wam.

Me: umXhosa wam?

Garden boy: yes...that means my boss.

It took Sihle and I quite some time to figure out that like "mlungu wam" means boss to black people, in Sihle's Dad's house the black man was now the boss. I liked him already.

Me: chomi...wow uTatakho yi dyan.

Sihle: let's act natural chomi we'll fan out on WhatsApp xasi goduka.

She said underneath her breath.

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We were silent until 5 minutes later, when a man came down the stairs...he was wearing a blue Adidas tracksuit with some white Jordan's. His tracksuit top was open and underneath he was wearing a white vest which complimented the brown skin underneath. I noticed the shape of his lips and eyes, they looked exactly like ezika Sihle and he had these curly side burns that join his mini, clean, clearly maintained beard. He smiled when he saw us. But he made eye contact with me as he came down the stairs for at least 10 seconds. And it only takes 8 to evoke emotion in someone. We had surpassed that by 2 whole seconds.

Him: molweni.

-Hello.

Us: hi.

We said as we excitedly hugged him. He was energetic before but his mood switched up really quickly and he seriously asked us to sit down. A part of me was temporarily hoping that he would tell us that Sihle's father had cancelled on her or something just to save myself an entire

night of crying in my pillow wondering why my father doesn't want me.

Him: khange bani offerishe nto?

-didn't they offer you anything?

We shook our heads.

Him: Macy!

He called and their domestic executive walked into the living room. She greeted us and then turned her attention to him. She was another white person. Their dad must take black excellence seriously.

Him: make lunch for them. Perhaps a smash burger with some fries? Niyamthanda uRoco Mama's mos?

-you two like roco mama's right?

We nodded.

Him: with milkshake as well. Vanilla right?

We nodded. Sihle has a controlling brother. But I like it.

Him: yeah make that three.

Maci: okay.

The lady said before disappearing into the kitchen.

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The guy turned to look back at us and took a look at Sihle before exhaling. This man is gorgeous.

Sihle: uhm...Bhuti uTata akekho ne?

-Dad isn't here right?

He exhaled.

Him: ndim uTatakho.

-I'm your father.

The room fell quiet. I was hoping that this was a joke that he would eventually correct. Maybe this was an icebreaker...maybe he had a bad sense of humour...maybe...but no the truth is this man was serious and I could tell by the look on his face that he was telling the truth. I felt a sick inside to think that I had practically felt an ounce of interest in this man. It was crazy to think that this man who barely looked 30 was Sihle's Dad...and Sihle is 21. How was this even possible? I looked over to Sihle who was rubbing her eyes next to me. She didn't believe them and neither did I believe my own.

Sihle: Njani?

-how?

Him: I was 12. Your mother was 27.

Sihle was mortified. Speechless. She just didn't know what to think and her father's two sentences didn't offer any form of justification for what happened.

Sihle: benidyola?

-were you dating?

He shook his head. By the looks of things this man didn't want to talk about what happened. His answers were brief and offered very little room for expansion.

Sihle: then what happened...Tata? I'm trying to understand but wena awundi ncedi.

Him: Sihle umdala ngoku...uyayazi umntana wenziwa njani. You don't need to know the dynamics of our relationship no nyoko the issue is I missed out on 21 years of your life and I want to fix that. Ndicele noxolo for not being there...I was 11 ndisa nxiba i underpants ka Superman so I couldn't be a father to you even if bendi khona. You had a better life no Makazi

wakho than I could have ever given you...unga bhanxwa yindlu yam ne moto zam that's all bricks and carbon fibre and being a parent is more than that.

Sihle was crying now. I think more than anything she was just trying to process the fact that this is not the face that she had in mind whenever she and I would create scenario's of us meeting our fathers during break times in Primary school.

Him: Uvile sthandwa sam?

His voice was so genuine. It made me wish I was in Sihle's shoes.

Sihle: Ewe Tata.

Him: I don't deserve elo gama okwangoku.

He said as he made his way to her to give her a tissue. He got down on his knees in front of her and then wiped her face. I have never experienced a father-daughter moment so up close and personal. It was overwhelming.

Him: But ndizoli sebenzela Sihle, okay?

-I'll work for it.

She nodded and even managed to smile for him.

Him: So...I'm Luphelo Jama.

He held out his hand to her.

Sihle: Siphesihle Xaluva.

She said but rejected his offer for a handshake and gave him a hug instead. She was crying in her father's arms who held his daughter with dear life, it's like he wanted to cry too but something inside him wouldn't let him. I was crying softly too though...and he noticed. He looked at me for another 5 seconds before closing his eyes again.

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We stayed with Sihle's father until it became late. My mother had already called but I rejected her call and send her a text instead explaining that I was okay. Sihle was even drunk now from all the Moet and Remy that we were drinking with Luphelo. I didn't blame her. My friend is a lightweight when it comes to alcohol and besides, she rushed to finish the bottle because drinking Moet for us was always a dream every time we scroll through our Instagram news feeds.

Once she was out, Luphelo carried her to a bedroom upstairs and then came back to the living room where I was sitting awkwardly.

Luphelo: you look uneasy.

Me: tu kanti.

-not at all.

Luphelo: awuzolala apha wena?

-aren't you going to sleep here?

Me: uhm...I don't think I should. I should probably go home. Mamam se phone'ile.

Luphelo: mommy's baby? That's cute.

Me: no...I'm not a baby. I'm a woman.

Luphelo: uyabonakala.

-that's obvious.

He said before checking me out from the neck down. He was being discreet about it but I am analytical of everything...I liked it.

Me: okay...mandi hambe.

-let me leave.

Luphelo: if I am making you uneasy then you can stay ndihambe mna ndiye kwi cherrie yam.

-I'll leave and go to my girlfriend.

Me: nam ndinaye umntu.

-I also have someone.

I blurted. Fuck...this was stupid. I am so stupid. And I could tell he thought so too by the way he tensed his eyebrows in confusion.

Me: I mean ndinomntu endi dyola naye.

-I mean I have someone that I'm dating.

Fuck !! I need to just shut up right now...that's all I need to do.

Luphelo: that was vital information...Ncumo.

He said sarcastically. I'm a mess.

Me: yeah...bye.

Luphelo: will you be able to drive?

Me: yep .. ndi sober.

Luphelo: I'll follow you home. Masambe.

He didn't give me much of a choice and after all of the embarrassing things that my mouth had said i decided not to use it anymore. We walked out of his house and he locked behind us. We then climbed into our cars, I climbed into my mere Picanto and he used his Beamer to follow me home. He hooted and drove away when he saw that the lights were on at home.

I walked into the house where Mom was watching TV in the living room.

Mom: bekunjani ke?

Me: u Taka Sihle una 33.

Mom: Njani?

She asked with her eyes about to pop out from her head.

Me: we both had that reaction...uthi he was 12 when he had her...maka Sihle was 27. He wouldn't explain what happened.

Mom: Ncumo what

If Sihle's mother was molesting her father when he was young? And that's how she fell pregnant?

The question made my stomach turn. I could not fathom such happening to Luphelo. It just didn't seem possible so I shrugged the thought off immediately.

Me: andiyazi Mama. I need to go to bed now. Good night.

Mom: But-

Me: Good night Mama.

I said before walking down to my room.

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Mom: Vuka Ncumo! Masiye caweni!

My mother yelled in my bedroom which she barged into. She clearly knew that I was drinking last night and decided that she was going to punish me for it in the morning.

Me: hayi Mama unxolelantoni?

-Mom why are you yelling?

Mom: bekunga nxolwa dahn eBluewater bay izolo? Masambe siye caweni.

-wasn't there any yelling at Bluewater bay yesterday? Let's go to church.

She said before walking back out of my bedroom again. She had clearly woken up on the wrong side of the bed and was taking it out on me again. I didn't blame her, who else could she take it out on when it's just us at home?

I exhaled and then reluctantly got up and did my bed. My mother and I are very close...more like sisters actually but I respect her deeply. If she says jump, I'm asking how high? Because that is my mother. And that is the reason why I, at the age of 21, am still a virgin. I have never told anyone this besides Sihle. Only my mother, Sihle and well...Ovayo know this because I've had to make it clear to him that I literally had no intention to give away my virginity to a relationship of less than a year. Call me childish...but I've been hurt by my father's absence so I'm not willing to allow myself to deeply care about someone enough to put myself through this type of pain again.

After making my bed, I went to take a shower in Mom's bedroom and then got dressed for church. I had a headache but after a painkiller and Mom's porridge I was good.

Mom and I arrived at church and Sihle was already there. Sitting in our usual spot, on the 1st column on the left of the church in the last row. Mom greeted her with a handshake and signalled that they would talk after church since she had to take her position in the church with oMama bebhatyi. I went to sit next to her.

Sihle: why did you leave last night?

Me: molo nawe.

-hello to you too.

Sihle: Molo chomi but you still have to answer my question. Since when do we leave each other?

Me: I figured you need to spend time with Luphelo.

Sihle: mxm lowo...

She said while laughing.

Me: utheni?

-what did he do?

Sihle: he introduced me to his girlfriend. He said she's a "special friend". uGirl didn't like the intro one bit.

Me: befuna nton dahn yena?

-what did she want?

Sihle: girlfriend sabu wife to be you know those women who think marriage is everything.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: I'm happy for you kodwa chomi.

Sihle: thanks friend...I even told him ke nge nxaki yethu ka NSFAS ne graduation yethu and he told me we don't have to go through with our student loan. He will pay our balance.

Me: Our?

She nodded excitedly.

Me: thanks chomi...but no. I don't even know your father that well and already-

Sihle: Ncumo ndicela ungandi khubekisi. This is my father not my rich boyfriend he won't expect anything in return. Our balance outstanding is a fraction of the money he spends in a weekend so he doesn't mind.

I exhaled.

Me: thanks chomi.

Sihle: don't mention it.

She smiled before the pastor took the podium.

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After church, my mom and Sihle had their lengthy discussion while I stayed in the car waiting for them. That's when my boyfriend called me.

Me: hey.

Ovayo: hey. u grand?

Me: I'm okay you?

Ovayo: sharp...mamela I'm sorry about yesterday. Tshayiwe lento ebendiythetha. I was out of line. Your car is more than I have right now it's just sad that you have to be the one to transport me around when I should be the one doing that for you.

Me: I understand.

Ovayo: u sure?

Me: yeah I'm over it. Ndiyavuya that you actually saw a need to apologise. I forgive you.

Ovayo: enkosi baby. Une plans today?

Me: no. Unazo dahn wena?

Ovayo: I want to take you out namhlanje ebsuku.

Me: siyephi?

Ovayo: Mike's kitchen?

Me: yeah no problem.

Ovayo: okay...7 pm ke. I'll take an Uber.

Me: okay.

Ovayo: yeah...Bye then.

Me: bye.

I hung up and waited for a few more minutes before Mom came back. I hooted goodbye to Sihle and then drove home.

Me: Mama ndiye Summers keh ngo 8.

-mom I'm going to Summers at 8.

Mom: nabani?

Me: with a friend of mine who did the same

Course as me.

Mom: I hope he is a graduate too or about to be one. Andikfuni kwabantu abangena future.

-I don't want you around people with no future.

Me: speaking about lento ye graduation. Sihle says her father is willing to pay our fees that NSFAS won't pay so that we could graduate.

Mom: hay hay hay Ncumo! You don't even know this man but you're accepting favours from him. You already applied for a student loan so what is the problem?

Me: mom by the time I have my dream job I will already have a debt-

Mom: rather you owe a bank than to owe a black man mntanam. You won't accept his money.

That's it.

She said whilst breathing heavily. I couldn't understand why she was making things complicated but yet I didn't ask any questions.

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Mom and I weren't speaking so I asked Ovayo if we could meet up at 5 pm and he agreed so we went to eat at Mike's kitchen as we agreed. After an amazing time there, we decided to move and go to Raddison Tabu where we ordered up a storm. We ordered seafood with some wine which I took photo's of to upload onto Instagram. We enjoyed ourselves up until it was time to pay the bill because Ovayo's card declined.

Waiter: your card has been declined sir.

Ovayo: hay njani?

-but how?

Waiter: nje Kakuhle babes...it's declined ithi lonto your funds are insufficient. Azi pop'i.

Ovayo: jonga moffi ndin it's either ube professional or kanye ndawu biza i manager yakho abone icebo ngawe.

Waiter: hay uzambiza uthi kutheni? Uthi awuythandi ndlela endithi your card has been declined?

Ngu 6 no 9 kalok lona toto.

This guy was hilarious but I was embarrassed enough to even entertain him.

Me: Ovayo didn't you check how much you have before suggesting we come here?

Ovayo: ngu bhuti lona he said he sent all of my money icacile he didn't.

He said while burying his face in his hands. I was so upset that this was happening...on the one day that I decided to leave my wallet at home and only take my licence.

Ovayo: awunayo imali wena?

-don't you have money?

Me: of course not.

Waiter: haike bantase all roads lead to the manager's office.

We reluctantly got up and then followed the waiter. On our way my hand was snashed and something was put into my hand. When I looked down, it was Lumphelo. He winked at me and smiled sweetly so when I opened my hand I realised it was money.

Me: thank you.

I whispered and he gave me a nod before turning back and then focussing on his date. I felt a lump in my throat when I saw the woman he was with and remembered from my conversation with Sihle that she must be the girlfriend that she spoke about in church. I walked away and then stopped the waiter before we entered the elevator leading to the manager's office.

Me: ima Dumisani...I think this will be enough to cover the bill.

I said to the waiter before giving him my crinkled R200 and R100 notes. Radisson Tabu is expensive ya'll. Dumisani counted the notes and then gave back my change. The bill was R635.

Ovayo: uyfumenephi le mali Ncumo? Awunayo ne wallet.

-where did you get this money? You don't even have a wallet.

Me: it doesn't matter.

Waiter: akho nalo tip bantase?

-there isn't even a tip?

Ovayo: uphambene. Rha.

-you're crazy.

Waiter: mxm.

He said before walking away. Ovayo shot a disapproving glance at me before walking away.

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I didn't follow Ovayo instead I went to use the toilet. When I came back though Luphelo was not there anymore and neither was his date. It's like he vanished and I didn't like that because I wanted to thank him and to return his change.

I decided to leave after not seeing him so I went back to my car and then I drove home. Mom was still up waiting for me in her bedroom when I came home. She called me as soon as I came in so I went to sit on her bed next to her.

Mom: did you have fun with your friend?

Me: yes mom...I did. Thank you for asking.

Mom: okay...mntanam I did some thinking and I'm giving you permission to accept the money from Sihle's father.

Me: Really?!

Mom: ewe...I realised I was wrong to react the way I did. Sihle told me une mali and he's probably trying to make up

No Sihle by doing this...it's not about you. I just don't want you to rely on a man for anything...I raised you and gave you everything on my own.

Me: ndiyayazi Mama and I'm grateful. I will never depend on a man for anything but Luphelo isn't my man. He's Sihle's father. He wants nothing from me.

Mom: okay mntanam. I will let you accept the money if I meet him kuqhala so we can talk about this as adults and most importantly parents...and if you promise to pay him back once you get a good job.

I nodded.

Mom: ndiyakthanda va sthandwa sam.

-I love you my love.

Me: I love you too Mama.

We hugged and kissed. I was so emotional, not from this moment but i don't know...I couldn't explain this. All I knew was that I couldn't sleep alone tonight. I had to sleep next to my mother.

Me: can I sleep next to you tonight?

She laughed.

Mom: aw umntanam madoda. Iza sthandwa sam mbonxiba i pyjama.

-come my love to wear your pyjama.

I giggled before running to my room so that I could wear my onesie. I then went back to Mom's room and went to bed next to her. She kissed my temple and then switched the light off.

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Mom left for work when I was still sleeping so when I woke up I saw her note telling me that she left my breakfast in the oven. I then made her bed and went straight to the kitchen since I was hungry. It took me a while to fall asleep yesterday because I kept thinking about Luphelo. I didn't want to admit to myself that I like him...but I had no choice but to admit it because I do. I was internally battling with myself because I knew that what I was feeling was wrong...this man is my best friend's father and Sihle is too important to me for me to crush on her father.

After eating, I took a bath then got dressed because I had to fetch my Herbalife orders which I had to deliver to my clients. My cousin Onela was my last order for the day so I decided to have a chat with her.

Me: ziku phethe njani keh I products?

-how are the products treating you?

Onela: so far so good. Ndiyambona umehluko nangona ndifuna umila njengawe.

-I can see the difference although I want to be shaped like you.

Me: you'll get there mntase. Just keep using the products wena.

Onela: okay. Are you excited for your graduation?

Me: ewe wethu...I just have a lot on my mind.

Onela: like?

I was reluctant to tell her about what was going on but Onela is trustworthy enough to keep even your most explosive secrets. You could give her a suitcase and she would never look to see what's inside.

Me: like a man.

Onela: uthetha ngo Ovayo?

-are you talking about Ovayo?

She seemed bored when she mentioned his name. What is it about this guy? Even Sihle isn't a fan although she puts up a front that she's "civil" with him for my sake.

Me: lide ibali mntase...but Sihle recently found her father and he's actually 33-

Onela: Sihle is 21 mos-

Me: exactly...he was 12 mntase but anyway...when we met him okokqhala I thought he was her brother kanti he's her father and by then...I had already felt something for him. And I think he likes me too.

Onela: Ncumo you're playing with fire. You do realise he's your best friend's dad...young or old...he is still Sihle's father and you know Sihle is possessive and territorial. She just met her dad so I don't think she will appreciate sharing his time with you.

She was right and the truth stung because I needed to believe there was nothing wrong with this. But the fact of the matter is he's Sihle's dad and I knew that would change our friendship forever.

Me: true .. mandi hambe wethu mntase.

-let me leave.

Onela: okay...bye bye babes.

Me: bye.

I said before hugging her good bye.

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After leaving from Onela's house, I called Sihle on loud speaker.

Sihle: chomi?

Me: hey friend are you okay?

Sihle: ewe wena?

Me: I'm okay. Listen is Lumphelo still up to paying the fees?

Sihle: yes chomi.

Me: okay cos uMama would like to meet him so they can talk about this. Parent to parent. She wants me to promise to pay him back.

Sihle: Mamakho has pride for days chomi but I'm sure he will just agree to get her off his back.

Me: that's good enough. So please let him know so I can tell Mom.

Sihle: okay...how did date night go with Ovayo?

Me: horrible...his card declined.

Sihle: haibo chomi .. and then how did you get out of that mess?

Me: uhm...well...uhm Lumphelo paid.

Sihle: my Lumphelo?

Me: yes.

Sihle: Ncumo you're hanging out with my father now?

Me: hay chomi I'm not. Ovayo and I were at Radison Tabu and that's where Lumphelo was. I didn't even see him until he gave me the money .. then ndayo chama and when I came out of the toilet he was already gone.

Sihle: oh .. ngoba chomi I love you but I just met Lumphelo so I don't want to feel like other people are spending more time with him.

Me: I would never do that to you chomi ndithembe. I know my boundaries.

Sihle: okay...good bye anyway.

Me: good bye.

She hung up first and I exhaled. Onela was right.

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I spent the rest of my day alone, going window shopping for an outfit for graduation. I lay buy'd everything that I thought I would need and then I went home.

Mom called and told me that she was going to come home a bit later on in the evening because she was

Going to meet with Lumphelo. Sihle had contacted her directly and I took offense to that. Maybe she didn't like the fact that I saw her father and decided to cut me off from meeting him again. But I couldn't understand her logic because there was no way that I could have known that he was going to be at Radison Tabu but I decided to let it go.

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•• Sihle's perspective ••

After my phone call no Ncumo, I couldn't help but to feel some type of way about the fact that she had an encounter with my father without my knowledge. I've just met my father...and I wanted to get to know him without feeling pressure that someone else would get to know him before me so I decided to see my father. I took a taxi to his place and Johan, the garden boy led me in. Lumphelo was in his office upstairs so I popped my head in to get his attention. He smiled.

Lumphelo: ngena.

-come in.

I walked in and took a seat.

Me: am I interrupting?

Lumphelo: never. Unjani?

-how are you?

Me: I'm not sure dad.

Lumphelo: why?

Me: Ncumo told me that she saw you at Radison Tabu and apparently you gave her money to pay her bill. I don't know how to feel about that.

He relaxed on his office chair and leaned back. He looked a bit annoyed and all of a sudden I regretted saying anything.

Luphelo: what would you have said if I didn't help her and she saw me there...and I had the means to help her...but didn't? How would you feel about that?

I swallowed.

Me: but the thing-

Luphelo: phendula Sihle

-answer.

Me: I would have been mad. Look Luphelo you're my father and you're extremely young...I don't want girls around you.

Luphelo: so wena ucinga mna ndinga busy ne chomi zakho?

-so you think I could be busy with your friends?

I felt stupid for suggesting this.

Me: No. I'm sorry.

Luphelo: mntanam mamela...I do not pursue children. Women your age are children. I like grown women...a woman with a house and a minimum of 2 cars. But they must be sportscars. I like a woman with stamps on her passport, rings with plenty of carats on her fingers...I like women who wear shoes with red soles...Women who have worn a graduation gown more than once. I like women who can give me "did you know" facts out of the blue...so ke sisi which one of your friends can give me that?

Me: no one.

I said with my head held down and he picked my chin up with his index finger and asked me to trust him.

Me: Ncumo's mom would like to talk to you about the money. Parent to parent.

Luphelo: what time?

Me: I don't know but she usually knocks off at half 4. So many 5?

Luphelo: okay...her place?

Me: hayi tata...I think it's best if she comes over this side. Sithi abamnika imali anyway.

-we're the ones giving her money.

He laughed and gave me the green light to invite her to his place so I called her directly because I did not want to involve Ncumo in this. She's seen my father enough for the week.

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•• a month later ••

It was finally time for Sihle and I to graduate after 3 long years of being in NMU. She arrived with her two aunts, grandmother, grandfather and five cousins. My friend lives in a full house while I live in a 3 bedroomed house alone with my mother so I had no one besides her and her colleague to bring to my graduation.

Our families greeted each other and then went to sit together in the venue while Sihle was panicking because her father wasn't here yet. I was actually glad he hasn't arrived...I just couldn't face him after we saw one another at Tabu.

Sihle: chomi ndine stress...tatam akeka fiki.

-friend I'm stressed...my father isn't here yet.

Me: phola chomi inoba he's still deciding which cologne to wear.

She laughed.

Sihle: oh ndimlibele si slay king eso.

-I forgot that's a slay king.

Me: relax chomi he will be here. Let's just pray that he's going to come on time.

Sihle and I held hands and we said a prayer asking God to bring Luphelo safely to the ceremony.

Luphelo: amen.

He said and Sihle's excitement couldn't be contained. She jumped into his arms which caught her.

Sihle: I thought you weren't going to make it.

Luphelo: I couldn't miss this. Ndine scelo kodwa.

-I have a request.

Sihle: which is?

Luphelo: your family...ndiba bonile ngaphakathi...ndicela ukunga hlali nabo.

-I saw them inside...can I please not sit with them.

Sihle: but they want to see you...and we will have a celebration at my place which I want you to attend.

Luphelo: I can't baby girl...in any case I have to go to Cape Town later today to discuss a case. I already pushed it back so I can attend your graduation.

She sighed.

Sihle: okay.

Luphelo: xolo baby girl. On the bright side...you have your best friend here.

He said, paying attention to me for the first time today. He looked at me as if he wanted to fuck me. There was just something about the way he made me feel whenever we make eye contact.

Me: Molo Taka Sihle.

Luphelo: molo Ncumo. Congratulations.

He said before reaching out for a hug which I gave him.

Me: thank you.

Luphelo: let me go inside. Girls make me proud avah...ningawi e stage'ini.

-don't fall on stage.

We laughed.

Sihle: inoba wawa kule yakho I graduation wena.

-you probably fell on your graduation.

Luphelo: ndawa ndanya ndahlekwa futhuz...ayahoywa nalentba I graduated cum laude khacinge umsindo obendi naye.

-I fell and even got laughed at...it didn't even matter that I graduated cum laude. Just imagine how angry I was.

The last thing that I could have concluded about Luphelo was that he is an academic person. Sure he has the money but judging by his looks I thought he pulled strings to get to the top, I didn't think he actually paved his own way. But that was a turn on.

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•• later on in the evening ••

It was past 7 pm and I was still over at Sihle's house when I received a SMS saying "come over at Tabu so we can change what happened". I knew this wasn't Ovayo's number but he has been wanting to leave MTN for quite some time now so I figured he made the switch. So I replied by asking when and he told me now would be okay so I showed Sihle the message and she was happy for me. She asked me if I was going to be popping my cherry and I told her no.

I got dressed since I was already in my pj's and then I drove to Radison Tabu and called Ovayo using his old number to check if it still works and it did. He picked up.

Ovayo: hello?

Me: ndilapha ke.

-I'm here.

Ovayo: phi?

I was seriously getting pissed.

Me: at Radison Tabu where you told me to be.

Ovayo: akhange ndithi iya apho mna. Uyo dibana nala ntwana ibiku batalele I bill yethu Ncumo?

-I didn't say go there. Are you there to meet up with the boy who paid our bill?

Me: what? You texted me telling me saying you want to change what happened here.

Ovayo: mna? Ngeyiphi mali? Ncumo uyandi cheatela wena and mna-

-me? With what money? You're cheating on me and-

I immediately hung up when I noticed Lumphelo's car driving into the parking lot. I was fuming because I knew that if Ovayo didn't call me here it was him...and he was clearly lying about going to Cape Town so I stormed out of the restaurant and then went to meet him in the parking lot.

Lumphelo: Ncumo-

Me: wenza bani isibhanxa sakho?

-who are you making your fool?

Lumphelo: mamela-

-listen-

Me: no you listen! I don't know what game you're playing here trying to trick me but it won't work.

Lumphelo: I wanted to talk to you. Ndisa funa.

-still do.

I was breathing in and out heavily so he used his warm hands to calm me down by caressing the side of my face.

Lumphelo: Ncumolwam?

Me: it's Ncumolwethu!

Lumphelo: andiphazamanga. Wena ulu Ncumolwam.

-I'm not mistaken. You're my smile.

My breathing became slower. And so did the beating of my heart. And so did the throbbing of my temples.

Lumphelo: masingene motweni and just talk.

-let's get in the car.

Me: no...I'm going to lose a friend over you and I can't risk that. I love Sihle...so find another girl that you can talk to. And next time please don't take it upon yourself to risk my relationship while you're enjoying yours with your girlfriend, okay? So thanks but no thanks Jama.

Luphelo: I have booked into a hotel room...room 60, second floor. Take me up on my offer if you change your mind.

Me: I won't.

Was the

Last thing I said before walking away to my car. I climbed in and then spun my wheels as I dramatically screeched out of the parking lot and left him standing there.

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I drove home and I didn't even park my car inside the yard I just left it parked outside. I then used the backdoor to enter the house and I heard old skool RnB playing softly in the house while there was laughing. There were two dirty plates in the living room, a plastic container with strawberry leaves inside and some empty wine glasses on the table. I followed the sound of laughs and they came straight from Mom's bedroom. I could hear her voice clearly...but I could not hear a man's voice at all. It was as if these voices sounded the same but it didn't make any sense to me.

I opened my mom's bedroom and then I opened the folding door leading to her en suite. She couldn't hear me because of the water but I caught her. I could see her clearly through the glass of the shower door...She was inside the shower with her colleague Mam Joy. Mam Joy was not old at all...in fact she is in her early 40's but out of respect I call her Mam' much to Mom's approval. Joy has been in our lives for as far as I could remember but I had no relationship with her...Mom wouldn't allow it but whenever there was an important occasion in my life she was always there. I stood frozen in one place until I had the courage to open the door...and there I saw it with my own two eyes. My own mother in a shower with another woman...kissing and fondling each other's breasts. Both of them were shocked to see me...Mom must have told Mam Joy that I'm not coming back.

Mom: Ncumo ndicela si-

-can we please-

Me: No Mama!! No! No!

I screamed before running out of the bedroom and straight back into my car. I started it and then drove off...with no idea in the world where I was going to go. I drove around the city in tears until I found myself in a parking lot. I looked up and this was the parking lot at Radison Tabu.

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I called back the number that Luphelo texted me with but he didn't pick up. So I gathered the guts to go up to him because calling him was clearly not going to help. I locked my car and then walked into Radison Blu which is a hotel in the same building as Radison Tabu. I went to the receptionist, she looked friendly.

Me: hi sisi.

I looked at her name badge. Her name is Andisa.

Andisa: hi...would you like to make a booking?

Me: no...ndizo bona umntu.

-I'm here to see someone.

Andisa: uyayazi yena ukba ulapha?

-do they know you're here?

Me: he invited me but I said I wasn't going to come so I don't know...because I tried calling outside and he didn't pick up.

Andisa: name?

She asked while picking up the phone.

Me: Luphelo Jama.

She hung up the phone and then looked at me like I did something wrong.

Andisa: well you'll have to call him yourself. I can't use the hotel's resources for your personal benefit. It's either he wants to see you or he doesn't.

I exhaled and then bit my lip. This woman must know Luphelo personally and that's the reason why she's no longer interested in helping me. She must be jealous. I backed away from the counter gracefully and then walked out...my mind went back to the sight of my mother and Mam Joy in a shower together and I just couldn't spend this night doing anything mediocre...I just had to do something that was going to drown my sorrows so I decided to call Luphelo. He answered this time.

Luphelo: ewe?

Me: ndicela ukbona.

-can I please see you.

Luphelo: ndi tsibe keh mnake?

-so should I jump?

He was clearly upset that I refused to speak to him before.

Me: Luphelo ndicela ungayenzi lento.

-please don't do this.

Luphelo: why?

Me: because...because I'm sorry. And I need to talk to you. I just saw-

"Luphelo amanzi ethu a right ngok izovasa".

-our bathwater is okay now come take a bath.

Me: you've already replaced me?

Luphelo: good night Ncumo.

He said before hanging up on me.

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After crying a bit in the parking lot, I started my car and then drove out. I didn't know where to go so I went to book at Lungile Backpackers for the night and booked into a single room.

My mother called me when I was in bed, watching Game of Thrones on Netflix at 11 in the evening. I answered.

Me: Mama?

Mom: Sthandwa sam are you safe?

Me: ewe.

Mom: ndicela sithethe ngalento uybonileyo.

-can we please talk about what you saw.

My tears started falling again. I guess I should have seen this coming. I have never seen my mother with a man in my entire life. She has always been single. Always rejecting men but she was always around women. I thought it was because she was friends with them but she probably slept with all of them.

Me: sithethe sithini Mama? Izonceda ntoni?

-talk and then what Mom? What's it going to help?

Mom: Its going to help make you understand ukba azange ndicele ukuthanda abantu ababhinqileyo Ncumo.

-I never asked to love women.

Me: I get it mom I'm a modern woman. I just never thought my own mother would be a lesbian.

She exhaled.

Mom: uyandamkela?

-do you accept me?

Me: ewe Mama. I have no choice...I don't have a house.

She laughed.

Mom: so ngesona sizathu eso?

-so that's the only reason?

I laughed through my tears too.

Me: ndiyadlala.

-I'm joking.

Mom: please come back home.

Me: no Mama I'm okay klo Sihle.

Mom: okay .. good night ke sthandwa sam. I love you.

Me: good night mommy. I love you too.

She hung up. I must admit I felt much better after that call...I guess what put me in that state was shock more than anything because we live in a world where we're slowly coming to terms with the fact that love should not be limited to gender. People should be liberated...and be allowed to fall in love regardless of gender or race. To be honest...I was actually happy that mommy has found someone. She has been lonely for way too long.

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I woke up in the afternoon and then I went straight home. Mommy was already gone so I took a shower and then went to school to consult at graduate and student placement. Once I was done I met Ovayo who was on his way to

His next class. He is doing his fourth and final year in BCom Accounting Sciences so that's why he is still at school. We met on campus at the shuttle stop last year and that's where we clicked and exchanged numbers. He is quite the smart one...but that is what led Sihle to coin a phrase to deride his intelligence by saying "level 6 kwi Maths kodwa abeno level 1 ku life".

-level 6 for Maths but has a level 1 for life.

Ovayo: Ncumo?

Me: hey.

We hugged.

Ovayo: can we talk?

Me: awuzoba late?

-aren't you going to be late?

Ovayo: yeah but I was attending a duplicate anyway so masiye Rendezvous café.

I agreed so he took me to the café and ordered my favourite bacon and cheese wrap with a Cappuccino. We sat down and ate.

Ovayo: look I don't know what's going on with us. We've had our ups and down but lately andazi bruh .. since you went to Bluewater Bay with Sihle and then Tabu it's like you've been completely different.

Me: different how Ovayo?

Ovayo: you're cheating on me. Admit it...I won't break up with you.

Me: I haven't touched a man since we started dating Ovayo.

Ovayo: Ncumo just be honest so we can work this out-

Me: but I'm being honest Ovayo!

I might have not been completely honest but we could all agree that I haven't touched another man since being with Ovayo.

Ovayo exhaled. He looked at me like I was lying and I didn't know how to prove to him that I was faithful. For the most part.

Ovayo: okay.

He said. He had given up on getting the truth out of me so I changed the topic for us.

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I went to the gym where I received 3 clients for Herbalife. They paid me immediately so I placed their orders in the parking lot. Sihle and I hadn't spoken the whole day so I decided to bring some junk food so that we could chill. I arrived at her place but she wasn't there. Only her aunt Nolwazi was.

Me: hi sisi. Is Sihle here?

Nolwazi: Nope. She is going job hunting.

Me: Yedwa?

-Alone?

Nolwazi: no...uhambe with some friend. Uthe wena uhleli no Ovayo so akafuni ukuphazamisa.

-She said you're with Ovayo so she doesn't want to disturb.

I exhaled. This was a dumb excuse. But it's a good thing that she and I were not studying towards the same qualification therefore I didn't take her job hunting alone as a way to make sure she secures the bag first.

Me: uhm okay. I see.

I fake smiled.

Nolwazi: ukmemile kwi mbeleko yakhe?

Me: I didn't even know about that.

Nolwazi: hayi njani? Well she's having I mbeleko on Saturday kulo Luphelo.

Me: okay...I'll wait until she invites me then.

Nolwazi: you're family. You don't need an invitation. Maybe that's why she hasn't told you yet.

Me: I suppose. Ndicela umxelele ebendilapha...and that you invited me.

-Please tell her I was here.

Nolwazi: okay. Bye bye sisi.

Me: Bye auntie.

I hugged her and then walked out, feeling beyond disappointed.

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I didn't ask Sihle anything about imbeleko yakhe, I just relied on the fact that what's meant for you will always find its way to you. So if Sihle and I are meant to be friends we will work out shit out. And we did because she called me at 6 pm in the evening.

Me: hello.

Sihle: hey friend. Undiqhumbele?

-are you mad at me?

Me: and why would I be mad at you?

Sihle: ngoba Aunt Nolwazi told you that I went job hunting without you...and about I mbekelo yam.

Me: I wouldn't go as far as saying I'm mad at you but I am curious to know why you would not tell me.

Sihle: Ncumo you're my best friend and you know me well...if I told you about imbeleko in person you would see right through me. I just wanted to process the fact that Luphelo wanted a DNA test from me.

I raised my eyebrow. Why would he want that from Sihle when she's a light skinned version of him?

Me: Sukhubeka kalok Sihle. Luphelo is rich he probably gets false baby claims all the time.

-Don't be offended.

Sihle: yeah but I look like him though. What more does he need?

Me: confirmation. Introducing a child to the ancestors is a huge step...I'm surprised he thought about it this soon. And he probably wants to ensure that he makes the right decision.

She exhaled.

Sihle: I

Guess. Mamele I have good news for you.

Me: Zithini?

-what are they?

Sihle: I went job hunting without you because I had a lengthy conversation no Tata and I told him that you have a BSc in Construction Economics and he said when he's back he's going to work something out for you.

My mouth hung open.

Me: Sihle...thank you. Wena uzothini?

-what are you going to do?

Sihle: I don't know.. I think uzondi celela kwi chomi yakhe that's a banker so I can use my BA degree there while I part time this LLB shit then I can work something out with Dad.

Me: okay...Enkosi chomi. I don't know what I can do to make it up to you.

Sihle: a free belly flush combo would be okay.

Me: uwhoah ndakncama wena you're never losing weight.

-I gave up on you.

Sihle: watsho u #AskMeHow.

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In the evening before I went to bed I received a call. I answered.

Me: hello.

Luphelo: I'm outside. Ndicela uphume.

-please come out.

Me: uhm okay.

I said before he hung up. So I got up from my bed and then I sneaked out of the house and ran into his waiting car while I was in my pyjama's. He came in his VW black Tiguan. He really must have a thing for SUV's.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: unje kanti xawu lala.

-you're actually like this when you sleep.

Me: ndimbi?

-am I ugly?

Luphelo: you're gorgeous. If I knew unje ebsuku I would have dropped my pride the other night and came to you.

Me: bubambekile kalok Luphelo nge cherrie yakho so let's not blame what happened on your pride.

-you were held up by your girlfriend.

Luphelo: andina cherrie mna.

-I don't have a girlfriend.

Me: you said it yourself when we first met that you have a girlfriend.

Luphelo: I wanted you to doubt indlela endik jonge ngayo and not be sure that I want you.

-the way I looked at you.

I bit my lip and then turned my whole body on my seat to face him.

Me: so you want me?

He took his sunglasses off and then he looked at me as if he was trying to show me that my little attempt to seduce him was child's play compared to what he is used to. My pyjama is a short dress with a low neck cut so he could see everything clearly.

Luphelo: Ncumo...ndakutya unye mna. Ndicela uvale imilenze.

-I will fuck you. Please close your legs.

His comment alone sent my body into a frenzy. I didn't want to provoke him even further but at the same time I wanted to prove to Luphelo that I was woman enough to hang with him. Not knowing what to do though to prove myself to him, I did as he asked. I need to start working on myself.

Me: sorry.

I closed my legs but he put his hand between my thighs as if he was putting his foot in a door.

Luphelo: suwa vala onke kalok...I'm still enjoying the view.

-don't close them all the way.

He sent chills down my spine when he smiled. His hand moved up my thighs until he reached my lady parts and then he grabbed...he started rubbing my clit and I just looked at him...on face value I looked calm and collected but internally I was wishing he wouldn't stop. He pulled my underwear to the side and then his fingers made their way to my vagina but he stopped momentarily as if he wanted my consent...I parted my legs slightly as a way to give it to him and

he continued. He slid a finger inside but he couldn't seem to fit it in...Luphelo has reasonably signed fingers. Not too thick but also not thin either and they would fit with ease in a regular, wet pussy and it didn't take long for him to figure out why he was struggling with mine so he pulled his hand away and then looked at me.

Luphelo: you're a virgin?

Me: undi buzelani lombuzo?

-why are you asking me that question?

Luphelo: I have a daughter ... Ncumo .. and if I'm going to lose my shit over men who come into her life then I'm going to make sure I'm a damn good one.

I looked at him and we both burst out into laughter.

Me: simnandi speech sakho va.

-your speech was nice.

Luphelo: thank you.

Me: izandphuze keh.

-let me kiss you then.

I said before climbing over to his side of the seat and then sitting on him. He sweetly protested...while laughing at me. He fought me until he could no longer fight me so he put his

Hands underneath my dress, pulled me closer and then he kissed me.

Luphelo: you're going to be the death of me.

He whispered in my ear. Heart beating out of proportion.

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After we made out, I returned back to my seat and then sat cross legged with my legs brought close to my chest.

Me: Luphelo?

Luphelo: Hm?

Me: how did you get my number the other day?

Luphelo: xelela uSihle that Siphesihle is a bad password.

I laughed. I have been telling her for ages that her password is ineffective but she has never listened to me. She thinks that the fact that her phone is always in her hands means that people will never get access to it but she forgot to make provision for the fact that one day she might meet her biological father who will try to go through her phone in search of her best friend's number.

Me: mntanakho akamameli. Kudala ndamxelela.

-your child doesn't listen. I have told her several times.

Luphelo: myeke...it makes life easier for me.

Me: what do you mean?

Luphelo: I must know who my daughter is texting. By the way...yi ou yakhe lingu Bulelani?

-is her boyfriend Bulelani?

Me: yeah why?

Luphelo: imbi lantwana. Ncumo khamnqande maan before amithe ngoba andizo teketisa bhesha mna.

-that boy is ugly. Stop her before she falls pregnant because I won't compliment an ugly baby.

Me: uzabe engu mzukulwana wakho. Bhesha or no bhesha.

-it will be your grandchild. Ugly or not.

Luphelo: Mxm.

He sulked and then he looked away.

Me: Do you have any other children?

He shook his head.

Me: Sihle told me that you would give me a job.

Luphelo: bendizele lonto. I wanted to tell you that you start on Monday.

-that's why I came.

Me: as what?

Luphelo: you'll be my construction company's business administrator. Well not of the whole company...you'll only be dealing with the quality part of it. That's easier to work with.

Me: who said I need something that's easy?

Luphelo: you have no experience Ncumo don't get a big head. It's a risk that I'm even putting you here but that's why you're on a 6 months probation.

Me: the normal contractual probation duration is 3 months-

Luphelo: there is nothing normal about our contract so it's either you take it or leave it.

I exhaled.

Me: fine. What's my salary?

I said while batting my lashes and he laughed.

Luphelo: R15 000 Ncumolwam.

Me: Qha?!

-Only!

Luphelo: my starting salary was 10k look where I am now.

Me: fine...I thought you're a lawyer though. Why are you in Construction now?

Luphelo: I have 2 degree's. One for BCom law and another for Civil engineering. During my meeting with your mother she told me that she has masters in Psychology and thought I wasted my time by doing two separate degree's qhonda jonga mama if mntanakho bendingam ncwasanga ngendi hambe kudala apha qha funeka ndibene mbeko ngoba sisezo bonana..

-and I thought to myself look woman if I didn't like your daughter I would have left a long time

ago but i have to be respectful since we're still going to see each other.

I laughed before leaning in for another kiss. His phone rang and he answered the call. It was Sihle and he put the call on loud speaker.

Luphelo: Mamqocwa.

Sihle: hey daddy. Ubuya nini?

-when are you coming back?

Luphelo: ngoba dahn?

-why?

Sihle: kalok tata I need someone to help me choose a goat.

Luphelo: ukhona uMakaz wakho mos.

-you have your aunt though.

Sihle: ndifuna wena.

-I want you.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I'll come home tomorrow ke...for you.

Sihle: okay thanks Mqocwa.

Luphelo: ungay faki ku Instagram lo bhokwe sizay ketha ke Sihle.

-don't put the goat we're going to pick on Instagram.

She laughed.

Sihle: I promise I won't. I respect this ceremony...and you should be getting the DNA results tomorrow...when you come. It's stressing me to be honest.

Luphelo: ungu mntanam Sihle...ndiyayiva lonto kodwa I have to make 100% sure ukba ungowam ndinga hlazeki ebuhlanti xana ibhokwe ingakhali apha.

-you're my child...i can feel that but i have to make 100% sure that you're mine so I won't be embarrassed when the goat doesn't make a sound.

Sihle: yeah ndithethile no Ncumo and she said the same thing to me. I'm not mad at you for this.

-I spoke to Ncumo

Luphelo: hm...okay. I'm about to drive home ngoku...can we speak when I'm at Home?

Sihle: okay...I will call after 40 minutes.

Luphelo: okay.

She hung up and then he put his phone down and looked at the time on his wrist watch.

Luphelo: I need to go...mntanam uzand phonela back.

-my child is going to call me back.

He looked genuinely excited. It was cute. And knowing what is going to happen once Sihle knows about this...I felt bad for risking their relationship but at the same time Luphelo is also an adult and I'm sure he has thought about this. But still came to my house.

Me: hm okay...good night.

Luphelo: good night.

He leaned in for a kiss and kissed me. I opened the door and then climbed out of his car before sneaking back into the house.

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During the weekend, it was finally time for imbeleko ka Sihle so we had to go to Luphelo's home in New Brighton. His home isn't too far from Sihle's family house, it's about three blocks away

and according to her Luphelo hated the idea of having the ceremony held in his family home and wanted it to be done at Bluewater Bay. But because his house doesn't have ixhanti, it had to be done in New Brighton.

I was there since 7 am in the morning to help the family prepare everything and even met Luphelo's mother who didn't seem to like Sihle very much. It's like seeing her brought her pain...but she would never say anything to her. She mostly sent me for stuff, asked me to do things for her and cracked jokes with me but when it came to Sihle she was cold.

Luphelo arrived at 11 am with his girlfriend and I couldn't understand why the hell he would do that knowing I was here. He wore sunglasses to mask the fact that he had been drinking a bit so when I had the chance to be alone with him, I pushed him into his old bedroom and then I closed the door behind us.

Me: Luphelo are you kidding me?

Luphelo: ndenzeni Ncumo?

-what did I do?

Me: why did you bring your girlfriend here?

Luphelo: andina cherrie mna. Lowa is my source of sexual satisfaction.

-I don't have a girlfriend.

Me: and then what am I?

Luphelo: the death of me.

My heart dropped.

Me: really? So what's she doing here?

Luphelo: Ncumo awuboni ukba andikho right?

-can't you see that I'm not okay?

He said before taking his sunglasses off and exposing his bloodshot eyes. He had been crying and I can't believe I didn't notice that my own man was hurting. I got down on my knees and then held his face in my hands before hugging him. The door opened and in came Luphelo's "source of sexual satisfaction".

Zim: kwenzeka ntoni apha?

-what's going on here?

Luphelo: Zim ndicela uhambe.

-can you please leave.

The door opened even wider and in Sihle came. Seeing Zim in the same room as us probably neutralized the situation and didn't make her think anything of the situation.

Sihle: Tata u Right?

Luphelo: bendine ntloko. Ncumo no Zim bebendi nceda.

-I had a headache. Ncumo and Zim were helping me.

Sihle: okay...uyafunwa keh.

-they want you (at the front).

Luphelo: ndiyeza.

-I'm coming.

Sihle nodded and then walked out and Luphelo followed. Leaving me alone with Zim who stepped up to me. She is taller and more accomplished yes but she still couldn't intimidate me.

Zim: does Sihle know you're sleeping with her father?

Me: am I?

Zim: a skank like you wouldn't hesitate right? A man like Luphelo would do a lot for you.

Me: he wouldn't do anything for me that I wouldn't be able to do for myself.

Zim: Ncumo...I'm too grown to be arguing with a little girl over a man so I'm going to make

things simple for you...leave Luphelo or I'm running straight to Sihle and letting her know what's going on.

I swallowed.

Me: and you think she would believe you?

Zim: get close to my man...and we'll just have to see.

She said before walking out of the room.

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Sihle's ceremony ended well, the ancestors accepted her so we all stayed at New Brighton until it was late. My mom didn't come because she had to talk a patient from committing suicide so I was home alone texting Ovayo who was surprisingly entertaining on that night but we all know he wasn't whom I wanted to talk to. So I called the one I wanted to talk

To and he surprised me by picking up. Luphelo seldom picks up the phone...he is either too busy or too stingy with his time to pick up hence he prefers to call people himself.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: unjani?

-how are you?

Luphelo: ndi right Ncumo.

-I'm okay.

Me: I didn't like to see you in that state...especially not knowing what to do.

Luphelo: subana khala I sorted my shit out.

-don't worry.

Me: it's my job to worry about you Phelo.

Luphelo: utsho njani kodwa awukho nalapha?

-how can you say that when you aren't even here?

Me: ufuna ndize dahn wena?

-do you want me to come?

Luphelo: ukba unoza andino khalaza.

-if you came I wouldn't complain.

I'm used to Ovayo who jumps at every chance I have to come over so it was different to receive this sort of response from a man.

Me: I think we need to be really careful of Zim...she said if she feels threatened by me again then she will run straight to Sihle and let her know what we're doing.

Luphelo: I'll handle her iza emntwin wakho wena qha.

-just come to your person.

I giggled.

Me: Luphelo what are we?

Luphelo: soyi xoxa lonto xawu lapha.

-we'll discuss that when you're here.

Me: okay...but I still need to know why do you need Zim around? Because to me you're not sounding like a man who is prepared to let her go.

Luphelo: ndilale nabani keh ngok Ncumo?

-and then who should I sleep with?

Me: Me! Luphelo...you will sleep with me.

Luphelo: iya kla ntwana yakho...ubani? Ovakalayo? Ongevayo. Umcelele aku vule gqhiba ubuye uze ku Luphelo kengok ngoba I won't take your virginity. I will hurt you.

-go to your boy...who? And ask him to open you up then you come back to Luphelo.

Me: so you would be okay with me sleeping with another man? Yaz Luphelo...bye.

I said before hanging up my phone and then screaming in my pillow. I was so emotional...so upset and so offended that I had to drink water to calm myself down.

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I heard a knock on my window and when I checked I saw it was Luphelo so I went to open the door reluctantly. He is tall so he looked down on me and he was clearly aware that I was still upset as I closed the door.

Luphelo: ndicela sithethe?

-can we please talk?

Me: about?

Luphelo: I shouldn't have said what I said. It was a narcissistic suggestion. I'm sorry.

Me: Luphelo my decision to keep my virginity is way deeper than you think. I was doing this to protect myself from loving a person and being at risk of him not wanting me like my own father. And when I made that decision I never thought the man I would be ready to give it to would tell me what you told me.

Luphelo: Ncumo how long have we known each other for you to already be ready-

Me: it doesn't matter to me Phelo! Time means nothing to me...nor to how I feel about you. Ever since you came into my life...it feels like I'm finally working towards something...I feel like I don't have to be stuck with Ovayo and his crazy mood swings and you're the reason why I accepted that my mom is actually gay its because I know love has no rules. I mean who would have thought my vagina would be wet when I see Sihle's dad...I mean who fucking feels that way over her bestie's dad?

The tears started falling from my cheeks so he pulled me closer and then he kissed me. We kissed until he grabbed my butt cheeks and used them to lift me onto his waist and then carry me to my bedroom. I had my legs wrapped around his waist so he put me onto the bed and then he continued to make out with me. His free hand roamed my body until it landed South and instead of pulling my underwear to the side like he did last time, this time he took off it off completely and just feeling the liberty of being naked underneath Luphelo's body made me wet. He again slid one finger inside, patiently though and started fingering with his thumb stimulating my clit. He then used his left free hand to take his tracksuit pants off and I took my pyjama off completely so I could be completely naked. He started kissing on my body, caressing the parts of my body that make me a woman all the way down before he reached my pussy. He made eye contact with

Me and I nodded as a way to give him consent again. I don't know why consent is so important to Luphelo. He ate my pussy and this was a first for me...Ovayo didn't believe in oral sex and neither did I before Luphelo came along. He ate my pussy until white discharge came out of my pussy and then he kissed my neck.

Luphelo: yayazi ithetha ukthini lento?

-you know what this means?

He asked while laughing. He was teasing me.

Me: ndiyayazi tsh...ndicithile.

-I know...I came.

I said shyly and he kissed my lips. He then pulled something out from the pocket of his tracksuit pants that was on the floor. It was a strap on dildo and he had some lube with him as well.

Luphelo: ndicela sizame lento kuze ukuba thina asisebenzi ungandi capukeli.

-can we please try this so that if we don't work out you won't hate me.

I nodded, I was too emotional to speak because all of these things that were happening at once were overwhelming me. I still wanted to be mad at him for the shit he said over the phone but here he was..trying to make things up to me so that conflict was messing with my head.

He strapped on the dildo around his waist and then he put some lube on it. I opened my legs and it was clear we were gonna do this missionary style. He opened my legs a bit further himself...and then he positioned the dildo before trying to enter my vagina. I felt a sharp pain at first on the entrance so I held onto his shoulders tightly.

Luphelo: hurts?

Me: continue.

He pushed it in again and then he delivered small thrusts as a way to minimise the pain. He used this strategy until he penetrated me completely and then he started having sex with me using the dildo. I used my arms to pull him down to my chest where he remained for the entire round which probably lasted for a little less than 3 minutes. He then took the dildo out of my pussy and then he lay on my side where he unstrapped and put it aside.

Luphelo: how does that feel?

Me: it feels like I need the real one.

Luphelo: uphambene yaz Ncumo.

-you're crazy.

He said before laughing at me and then covering himself with my blanket and looked the other way. Luphelo was tired from everything that happened today but i didn't expect him to fall asleep like that. But I didn't mind though...because I wrapped my arms behind him and then slept with my cheek on his back.

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Luphelo: undenzani sis Nondwe? Andiziva right mna...ndiyeke...hayi sisi ndifuna uku goduka mna...sis Nondwe!!

-what are you doing to me? I'm not feeling alright...leave me alone...no I want to go home.

He screamed in the evening so I woke him up from his nightmare and he woke up in a pool of sweat. He looked confused and it took him a while to be able to remember where he was and who he was with.

Me: Phelo it's okay...ndilapha.

-I'm here.

I said as I wrapped my arms around him. He wrapped his arms around me and then he put his head on my chest. He was genuinely scared because his entire body was shaking from fear.

Me: u Right?

-are you alright?

Luphelo: bili phupho nje.

-it was just a dream.

Me: baby you're gonna have to do better than that. I know that uNondwe is Sihle's mother.

He removed his head from my chest and then he got up from the bed and started getting dressed.

Me: Phelo uyaphi ngoku?

-where are you going?

Luphelo: endlini.

-(my) house.

Me: please stay and I won't ask you any questions.

He didn't accept my deal. He just took all of his belongings and then he walked out of my bedroom. I followed him to the living room and tried to beg him to stay again but he wasn't having it. He just wanted to leave so I opened up for him and then he left without saying good bye.

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I barely caught a wink of sleep after Phelo left. I blew up his phone though but he didn't pick up my calls...all that he managed to do was to send a text letting me know that he is okay.

My mother came back in the morning looking well rested to the point where I even doubted her little "talking a client from committing suicide" story. She was probably with Joy.

Mom: Molo Ncumo.

-hello.

Me: hey mommy. Is your client still alive?

Mom: ewe shame...ndimnike ne pillis ze anxiety.

-yes...I even gave him anxiety pills.

Me: oh okay...Mom do you think that children who were sexually abused can grow up to be people who need consent from their partner all the time during sex?

Mom: they can...but it's not all of them. Some people like R Kelly grow up and want to be in charge like their abusers were...because in order for you to be able to deal with the pain you start to believe what's happening is alright and normal but it's not...so you keep telling yourself that one day you're gonna be in charge cos it seems fun I guess...then you get people who can't block that out. They know it's wrong...they know the abuse isn't supposed to happen...they remember the pain they felt during the abuse and vow to never put anybody through that. And that's maybe why they would seek consent all the time.

My heart dropped.

Me: And when do they have bad dreams about it? Does it happen all the time?

Mom: bad dreams come and go...sometimes they occur once they revisit a place that reminds them of the abuse...depending on how traumatic the abuse was. If a person was sexually abused and assaulted then their nightmares can be really bad...they can cause a person to wake up sweating, be dizzy etc...it's really not pretty mntanam.

Everything that Mom was saying was so true about Luphelo and as much as I wanted to ask him about it, I didn't want to risk pushing him away from me so I decided that I was going to reserve this information until I'm close enough to him to get complete honesty from him. I wanted him to get help...I wanted him to get rid of the demons that he was facing.

Me: how do you help such a person ma?

Mom: you can't. Unfortunately sexual abuse is a pain that one takes with them to the grave.

Her words brought a sharp pain in my chest. I didn't feel okay so I thanked Mom for her time before heading back to my bedroom where I cried for a little while then I fell asleep.

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On Monday, I prepared myself for my first day at work. I didn't know what to wear so I decided to wear a tight denim shirt with my denim pencil skirt and my fluffy black block heels which I bought at The Fix. Luphelo still hadn't spoken to me and I wasn't sure whether he would be at his construction company today or he would be in his law firm.

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Arrived at the company 30 minutes before my shift was supposed to start so that the hand over could be done to me. It was done by a man named Khuselo and he seemed a bit annoyed by me.

Khuselo: so when did you graduate? Yesterday?

Me: 2 weeks ago.

Khuselo: and you're already here?

Me: as you can see.

Khuselo: well you do look like Mr Jama's type.

Me: if you want to say something, grow a pair and say it. I don't like subliminals.

Khuselo: okay...how good is your sex? Cos I'm sure that's how you got here since you landed yourself a business administrator position when you still smell like a textbook.

Me: if I was a man would you have said the same thing?

Khuselo: no because Luphelo is not gay.

Me: not my problem.

I said before shrugging my shoulders. I continued doing my work as if I'm unbothered but truth is I was. If Khuselo already had that idea about me then I could only imagine what the other people in the company were thinking. I got up and then I went to the bathroom and on my way to the bathroom I noticed that 90% of the company had black workers in suits. I then picked the last bathroom stall once I was inside and then I called Sihle.

Sihle: mntase.

Me: I hate it here.

Sihle: Why? What happened?

Me: mntase this guy here thinks I slept with Luphelo to get here.

She laughed. I couldn't understand what was funny.

Me: care to share the joke?

Sihle: I just realised that you and my dad would make a cute couple.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: are you serious right now?

Sihle: I'm kidding ke friend I'm sorry. Look why do you care? You have a degree Ncumo don't trip over these nigga's who believe in patriarchy. I'm sure he's just pissed that he either got demoted from or didn't get promoted to your position.

I took a deep breath.

Me: okay chomi.

Sihle: look babes I need to go now but I will call you after work to know how it went. I love you.

Me: I love you too chomi.

Sihle: bye.

She hung up so I urinated and then walked out.

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I overheard a guy telling another woman that Mr Jama is in the office so I decided to go see my man. His door was opened slightly so I entered and he was inside with his PA. She was obviously beautiful, her suit complimented her figure as she exposed her toned legs for the world to see below her black pencil skirt and she had a 32 inches long weave which I thought was a bit too much.

Her: xolo sisi si busy.

-sorry sis but we're busy.

Me: I'm here to speak to Lumphelo-

Her: Mr Jama to you.

I looked at Lumphelo and he swallowed.

Lumphelo: Yolanda please...she's new. Be nice. You may excuse us. And close the door on your way out.

Her: fine.

She walked out and then pulled the door back shut. Lumphelo then shifted his attention back to me and I couldn't help but to appreciate his frame underneath his tight shirt.

Lumphelo: Ncumo lento siyenzayo in our personal lives does not give you the right to come into my office whenever you please.

Me: ebendiku khumbula Lumphelo.

-I missed you.

He exhaled.

Lumphelo: tixa sogqhiba uzapha.

-lock and then come here.

I smiled shyly and then went to lock his door. Then I went back to him like a little girl in a candy store and then I sat on his lap. I kissed him first and he returned the favour making us even.

Me: Lumphelo why do you have so many black people working for you?

Lumphelo: why? You feel comfortable when there are white people around?

Me: it's not that. It's just that-

Lumphelo: it's just that you're not used to black people occupying higher positions in a company therefore this visual makes you think that something is wrong. Kodwa ke ingathi ngoy qhela ngoba I put black people on. You'll find your white people on site working their asses off like they made us work and are still putting our asses to work.

-you'd better get used to it.

Me: okay Jama how did we get here? I'm sorry if I flipped a switch.

He rolled his eyes and then he looked away. I admired the view of his profile but my mind took me back to his PA.

Me: Phelo I don't like your PA.

Luphelo: I don't like her either but she knows her

Work. You have nothing to worry about.

He assured me.

Me: What are we Luphelo? Because I'm having a hard time processing this.

Luphelo: ufuna sibey ntoni wena?

-what do you want us to be?

I smiled.

Me: I don't know...but I know that I like you. And I also know that I don't like the fact that there are women like Zim in your life because I want to be the only one. I don't even know why you won't just take my virginity if sex is an issue.

Luphelo: andizo lala nawe Ncumo singeka yazani for barely even a month.

-I won't sleep with you before we even know each other.

I exhaled. Luphelo is so frustrating because after he used the sex toy on me to make me experience the feeling I fell inlove with the intimacy of sex. I fell inlove with the idea of being underneath him...holding onto his shoulders while he does rounds inside my vagina. The thought alone made my pussy wet...I was so horny and it was frustrating that Luphelo was not hearing me out. I wanted to feel the Real thing. Luphelo made Me tired of being a virgin. I wanted to be a woman. So I got down on my knees in front of him and then I pulled down his zipper.

Luphelo: what are you doing?

He asked calmly but I didn't reply. I pulled down his underwear and then I pulled out his penis. When I held it I wasn't even sure if I still want to go on with this anymore...I had been such a saint all of my life that I wasn't really exposed to a penis. Yes Ovayo has one but I had never been that close to a penis. Never held it close to my face...and have never put it in my mouth. But I did that for Luphelo, not even knowing how to give a blow job. I only even knew about it through Sihle who has done it several times to her boyfriend and through a few porn video's but it has always been taboo to me. But yet here I was, on my knees sucking my boss's dick. I sucked his penis until he came so I quickly fetched the small bin underneath his desk for him to cum inside it.

Luphelo: Ncumo how many times have you given head?

Me: this was my first.

He exhaled. He didn't believe me. I could tell by the way he looked at me.

Luphelo: okay...mamela I have to get back to work ngoku. And so do you before people start talking.

Me: 5 more minutes please.

Luphelo: ha.a Ncumo...leave. Now.

I reluctantly got up and then I walked out.

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Sihle called me when my shift ended.

Me: baby?

Sihle: ndine client entsha for wena mntase. Ubhitye okwe rhali so she wants the weight gain combo.

-I have a new client for you. She's as thin as a thread.

I laughed.

Me: thank you so much chomi. Give me her number on WhatsApp.

Sihle: I already did.

Me: okay, I still need to get you that belly fat flush combo you wanted.

Sihle: Mxm kodwa undi ncamile?

-but you have given up on me?

Me: I was joking mntase.

Sihle: mqund wakho. Just get me a bag kwa Edgars. Polo ke.

I laughed.

Me: okay no problem.

Sihle: I'm going to sleep over at your place tonight.

Me: okay. Zofika nini?

-what time are you going to get here?

Sihle: maybe 6?

Me: no problem.

Sihle: sure mntase. Bye for now .

Me: bye mntase.

I hung up and then I drove to the gym. I attended a core conditioning class and there I was approached by a woman I have never met before.

Her: hi.

Me: hey.

Her: sisebenza kunye. Kwa Jama Constructions.

-we work together. At Jama Constructions.

Me: oh hey...nice to meet you.

I said while giving her a handshake.

Her: likewise. Listen I approached you because I noticed that you were in Luphelo's office for a long time and I think I know what happened there.

I bit my lip.

Me: really?

Her: yes...look Luphelo is not someone that you should associate yourself with. He's heartless...he will literally want you today and tomorrow he doesn't. I was there once.

Me: does he pretend to like you in the beginning?

Her: that's the thing...he does not even pretend. I don't know how he does what he does but I feel so stupid for even allowing myself to be played like that. Luphelo is a cold man that can't be changed. He is not even affectionate.

I exhaled. This woman felt like she was talking about a different man. This

Sounded nothing like Phelo and I refused to believe her.

Me: look I appreciate you sharing this information and trying to warn me but there really isn't anything going on between us. I was just in there because he asked me to do environmental scanning and report back to him so that we could find ways to better our services and that's why it took so long.

Her: its your life Ncumo.

She said before walking out of the studio.

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Sihle called to cancel the sleepover so I spent the night with my mother. It's weird because although my mother and I are now living our lives separately...we are further apart but somehow closer than ever. It was uncanny but I was not complaining.

When it was time for me to go to bed I received a call from Luphelo. This seems to be a habit for us now to talk either on the phone or in person before I go to bed.

Me: hello.

Luphelo: hey. Unjani?

Me: I'm not so good.

Luphelo: utheni?

Me: Luphelo I don't like the way you treated me after I gave you the blow job.

Luphelo: ndi phonela lonto kanti Ncumo. Ndicela uxolo. I only did that because I was stopping myself from asking you to come to my place after work. I didn't want you to think I have intentions of being sexual with you because of that.

I smiled a little.

Me: oh.

Luphelo: oh? Ndifuna ukuva usithi undi xolele.

-I want to hear you say you forgive me.

Me: I forgive you.

Luphelo: enkosi. I'm so tired but I can't sleep I'm preparing for a case.

Me: what's it about?

Luphelo: ndi represent'a lomjita wethu...he's my age, lives an expensive lifestyle qha ke mos utya phantsi kum I mean like. Luphelo kay 1 kabini espilini. But asikho lapho. He is suing Mercedes Benz for breach of contract. You have four types of contract breaches: impossibility, repudiation, malperformance and delay in performance. So he is suing for delay in performance because lomjita uthi his car was supposed to be serviced for a business trip where he was going to make 150 k and he lost out on that money because his car was not ready at the time. So as his attorney I need to make sure he claims because he is entitled to remedies which are either rei vindicatio or unjustified enrichment but in his case its gonna be enrichment. But ezikaka zika Benz zithi they had repudiated the contract kwakdala through conduct which even if it were true bitshayiwe so I'm now looking at their Discovery.

Me: all of that Jargon Mr Jama is boring me.

He laughed.

Luphelo: you're really making it hard for me to not love you.

I smiled. I didn't know how to react to what he said at all...so I just sat smiling like an idiot.

Luphelo: Ncumolwam?

Me: Jama?

Luphelo: ndiya eDurban in a few days. Ndicela undikhaphe.

-I'm going to Durban. Please come with me.

Me: I can't sthandwa sam. What are we going to tell your child?

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I'll make a plan. If I do you're coming with me right baby?

Me: of course babe.

Luphelo: enkosi mntuwam. Now as I was saying...their Discovery shows that....

I exhaled deeply because I knew I was in for a long night of listening to Luphelo prepare for his case. Although I could not understand half of the content he was talking about, I couldn't help but to admire this man's intelligence. It took me back to my high school days with Siphesihle. She would grasp everything within the snap of a finger. That's why our Science teacher was angry at Sihle when he heard she had applied for BA Law instead of studying towards a BSc qualification. I guess this part of her which she was given by her father couldn't be ignored.

I listened to Luphelo going over his work like a child studying for an exam until I fell asleep unexpectedly.

Luphelo: Ncumo? Ndigqhibile ke...ulele ne? Yadika bruh. But ndifuna uyazi ukba I'm gonna get my shit together for you, okay? I'm not gonna lose you over my past...and I was thinking of going for counselling because I really wanted to sleep next to you tonight but I'm afraid I might get a nightmare or some embarrassing shit like that. But you made me face my demons and for that I thank you...I just hope you never leave me.

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When I woke up in the morning, my phone was next to me, on 37% but I realised that Luphelo never hung up although I fell asleep whilst he was calling. The call duration was on 07: 39: 17 and I tried my luck by trying to wake him up.

Me: Phelo wam?

He didn't reply.

Me: sthandwa samu? Are you there?

Sihle: Tata ukhona umntu othetha kwi phone yakho! Ndizay phendula.

-Dad there is someone talking through your phone. I will answer it.

Luphelo: hay hay ftsek Sihle yeka la phone.

-piss off Sihle leave my phone alone.

Sihle: rha ude uthukise kodwa ebendi senzela wena I favour.

-and you went as far as cussing but I was only doing you a favour.

Luphelo: khange ndikcele.

-I didn't ask you.

Sihle: hay khasuke wethu ude uphume kwi shower ubaleka unxibe I towel for I phone. Yinton unga tyibilikanga wawa ngenyeke njema umanzi.

-and you even came out of the shower running while wearing a towel for a phone? I wish you would have slipped and fell on your lip since you're wet.

He laughed.

Luphelo: icacile andili beki emsebenzini kalok xaku njalo.

-its obvious I won't be stepping foot at work if that's the case.

Sihle: mnk slay kings.

Luphelo: hamba kalok Sihle Tatakho uyadyola fondin. Ndiyeke ndithethe nomntu wam.

-leave Sihle, your father is in a relationship. Let me speak to my person.

Sihle: Sisi unomntana ona 21 keh umntu wakho.

-Sis your man has a child who is 21 years old!

Sihle yelled and I held in my laughter over the phone but Luphelo laughed before kicking Sihle out and then locking his door. I wished I could have been there to witness them but at the same time the thought of Sihle knowing what's going on between her dad and I made me sick.

Luphelo: good morning.

Me: morning...I didn't know that Sihle was there.

Luphelo: yeah I was lonely...ndayoncamela kuye. Ndiye ndayolala naye izolo ndashiya I phone yam ebhedini...don't know why I did that.

-she was my last resort. I went to sleep next to her yesterday and left my phone on my bed.

Sihle: hay rhaaa buncamela kubani?!!

-who was your last resort?!!

She yelled from the distance.

Luphelo: Sihle sudika mahn tsek suka emnyangweni wam.

-don't annoy me. Get away from my door.

Sihle: Ndimkile ke.

-I'm gone.

Luphelo: Enkosi.

Me: let's rather talk in the office. If there's one thing I know Sihle is good at...it's eavesdropping.

Luphelo: okay...ndicela unga nxibi nto I tight namhlanje. I can't focus.

-please don't wear anything tight today.

I giggled.

Me: okay. Bye.

Luphelo: Bye.

He hung up then I went to get ready for work.

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Since he asked me not to wear anything tight, I decided to wear a pink bob tube maxi dress to work with my black push in's. I tied my hair in a bun and I looked cute if I could say so myself. My phone was dead and I intended to charge it in the office but first I had to pop into Luphelo's office. Sihle was there, eating breakfast with him and I was stopped in my tracks but it was too late.

Me: Good morning chomi...and you Mr Jama.

Sihle: Mr Jama nto? Una 33 lomntu wethu...ngu Luphelo.

-Mr Jama what? This person is 33...he is just Luphelo.

Luphelo: abanye abantu bane mbheko Sihle abafani nawe.

-some people have respect unlike you.

Sihle: mxm...chomi wanna join us?

Me: uhm no friend I just wanted to discuss some business with your dad but I can always drop by later.

Sihle: no its fine mntase. I want you to help me get the truth out of my Dad. He won't tell me who his new girlfriend is.

She said while hanging onto his shirt. She really is a daddy's little girl and I envied that. I wanted to know what it feels like to sit next to your father while breaking bread and having a conversation.

Me: he has a girlfriend?

Sihle: ewe they were calling each other in the morning...ngo 6 Ncumo. Who does that?

Luphelo: ingathi ngewu thula or kanye sizoknika u brother kuze I trust fund yakho izo cutheka.

-you should keep quiet otherwise we will give you a brother so that your trust fund can be cut in half.

Sihle: Sorry daddy.

Luphelo: uyaythanda imali Sihle yhu. Awumfuni dahn u brother?

-you like money. Don't you want a

Brother?

Sihle: I do just not yet...I've just met you and another baby right now would take all of your attention away from me.

Luphelo: I run two companies simultaneously and both are successful. I could balance having two kids Sihle.

Sihle: ha.a tata yhu.

-no daddy.

She whined and he brought her close to his chest. I observed the situation and realised I had no place there. Sihle and Luphelo are so close that I just couldn't put myself between them. This was a recipe for disaster because it would leave us all feeling devastated.

Me: I should start working.

Luphelo looked at me and muttered "zubuye" which means I should come back. I nodded and then walked out...knowing that I wasn't going to come back.

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•• Friday ••

I had been ignoring Luphelo all week and only focussing on work and my clients after hours. We only met up once in his office for me to sign my contract which we had to be fraudulent about since we signed the contract later than I had started working.

On Friday I didn't go to work because I was sick in the morning but Moms home remedies helped a lot. I stayed at home all day and it seemed like I was gonna be home alone all night too because Mom told me that she wasn't going to come home.

At 5 pm in the evening, Luphelo came to my house. I opened up for him while I was in my gown but what was underneath it didn't even interest him one bit. He looked borderline pissed.

Me: yes?

Luphelo: uyandi avoid'a?

-are you avoiding me?

Me: I'm not avoiding you Luphelo.

Luphelo: ngok kutheni ungazi phenduli calls zam or even seeing me xandise msebenzini?

-why aren't you answering my calls?

Me: I have been busy. How did you even know you could come here at this time?

Luphelo: Sihle uthe ufuna ukuza kuwe since you'll be alone and I gave her money to go shopping so she could leave you alone.

-Sihle she said wanted to come to you.

Me: see this is what I'm avoiding Luphelo. The hiding...I can't take it anymore. Sihle is my best friend and I don't want to lose her over this. I'm done Luphelo. You and I are through starting from today. I choose her. I choose I chomi yam.

He looked down and then closed his eyes. Lophelo is a man that always has his chin and shoulders up so I never expected to see his pride drop.

Luphelo: Ncumo do you know how sick and tired I am of life? I finally meet a woman that I actually like...after so many years of not being able to commit to anyone...when I finally find a woman that I actually like to talk to it turns out that she's my daughter's best friend. Ncumo I didn't make Sihle...Sihle was made from me. There is a difference. And until you figure it out you're gonna keep doing this shit to me. But if usayemele lento and you still want to leave me then I don't mind but you aren't gonna keep coming in and out of my life to disrupt my peace.

His eyes were watering and I knew that when he said "I didn't make Sihle. Sihle was made from me" that he was admitting to being sexually abused and that Sihle was a result of that. It was easier to ignore when it was just Mom's suspicion but hearing him practically admitting it hurt me a lot to the point where I cried.

Me: ndicela uxolo Jama.

-I'm sorry.

He sniffed and then he collected himself before reaching out to me.

Luphelo: u grand?

-are you okay?

I nodded.

Luphelo: u Mama ufuna ukbona.

-my mom wants to see you.

Me: Why?

I flushed.

Luphelo: I tell my mother everything...so she told me she wants to see you.

Me: now?

He nodded.

Me: okay let me get dressed.

Luphelo: ndizoku linda emotweni.

-I'll wait in the car.

Me: okay.

I said as I walked to my bedroom.

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Once I was ready I went to meet Luphelo in his X6 M which he made me drive. I felt like uploading a picture of myself driving it on WhatsApp but there was the Sihle issue so I couldn't.

We finally arrived at New Brighton and I regretted agreeing to this immediately so I tried to run back into the car only to run into my man's arms who kissed me.

Luphelo: baby ngu mamam lona. She's emotional. Ndicela singam phoxi.

-this is my mother. Can we please not let her

Down.

I nodded and he smiled.

Luphelo: okay masingene.

-lets go inside.

I gave him one final kiss before we walked into the house. His mother was at home alone, watching television.

Luphelo: Mama kunini ndikxelela ukba funeka utixe?

-Mom how many times have I told you to lock?

Mother: hay wethu Pabbles akhomntu uzongena apha.

-no one is going to enter here.

Luphelo: besthethile ke ngelo gama.

-we spoke about that name.

He said between his teeth. I laughed internally. Does his mother really still call a grown man Pabbles?

Mother: xolo wethu...Molo ntombi.

-hello dear.

Me: molo ma. Unjani?

-how are you?

Mother: I'm happy to see you again...as my son's girlfriend this time because I liked you as soon as I saw you.

Me: ewe ma I noticed. I also grew very fond of you as well.

Mother: ndiyavuya mntanam. Pabbles please excuse us.

-I'm happy my child.

Luphelo: ndiyephi Mama?

-where should I go mom?

He whined.

Mother: hambo thenga I pizza. Cram decker.

-go buy pizza.

He nodded before getting up and then leaving me alone with his mother.

Mother: Ncumo...ndiyayazi ukuba your relationship with my son puts your friendship with Sihle at risk but yikaka leyo. Fuck that. She can go to hell. My son has never spoken to me about a single woman...in 33 years Ncumo I have never heard Pabbles speak about a female to the point where I thought he would have turned gay. Not that I would have a problem with that...but you do get my point right?

I nodded.

Mother: yes so I'm here to say if he mistreats you then you have every right to leave and do better. But please don't leave him because of Sihle. He has been calling me all week...telling me that you're avoiding him and he knew it's because of her. Please don't do that.

Me: but Ma it's complicated because men are unpredictable. It's hard for me to risk a friendship I've had since I was in pre school for a man I've just met. I truly love Sihle...I know you don't like her but that's because you don't know her. Sihle is a female version of Phelo....She is considerate, she always gives me clients for my business and expects nothing in return. She spoke to Luphelo to give me this job...She is funny, smart and she uses her intelligence to create solutions for people's problems. In all of these years we've been friends Sihle has never competed with me...never was the type of best friend to want to take your man or something like that. And all I ask is for you to give your grandchild a chance. She is nothing like her mother....but she is everything like her father.

Mother: I'll pass.

She said with some attitude in her voice and that's when I knew that she was never going to give Sihle a chance. We spoke until Pabbles came back with the pizza and our conversation

became not so serious this time and I started to enjoy myself until Mrs Jama asked this question:

Mrs Jama: so...niyalala kunye keh?

-do you sleep together?

Luphelo: yinton ngok Mama?

-what now mom?

Mrs Jama: hay I need to start preparing myself. I have all of these grandchildren but none from Pabbles. Yaz I have looked forward to holding your babies ever since you turned 5 and I realised you aren't a little baby anymore. That's how look it took me to come to that realisation.

Luphelo looked at me and then he held my hand.

Luphelo: anzom phendula umbuzo wakho Mama ngoba yafana uzocinga ndiyaxoka .. kodwa keh ndiyafuna umenza lo sisi u Mama wabantwana bam. Izokwenzeka.

-I'm not going to answer your question Mom because you'll think I'm lying anyway...but I do want to make this lady the mother of my children. It's going to happen.

The way he looked at me gave me chills...Luphelo looked decided and ready to commit such that it scared me a bit because I'm still young. His mother didn't see that however...all that she saw was her happy son.

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After meeting with his mother, we went to his condo in Humewood. It is a nice, spacious 4 bedroom, 3 bathroom, 2 living room and 1 kitchen apartment that was just perfect for us to spend the night in. We had bought a McDonald's share box so I fetched a tray from the kitchen which

I used to put our sharebox on. We started eating but I could tell that there was a lot on his mind.

Me: Pabbles? What are you thinking about?

Luphelo: just some work stuff.

Me: are we lying to one another now?

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I just want to be free Ncumo. I'm tired of feeling trapped or angry all the time. That gives me anxiety.

Me: in order to be free you have to communicate sthandwa sam. Let me help you carry this weight. You can trust me.

He bit the corner of his bottom lip and then released. I wish he knew that makes him 1000 times more attractive than he already is.

Luphelo: Nondwe was my baby sitter...she was paid to look after me but you know...She looked after my brothers as well. She would...always want to give us a bath and my brothers didn't mind but I liked it when my mother gave me a bath and wasn't really down with being naked in front of a stranger...so I would tell her no and she would beat me whenever I refused but I didn't care. I still didn't want to. I was about 10 then...but then my brothers had these other extra mural activities so they would come home later .. and that's when the sexual abuse started. She would touch me differently...She would carress my penis...give me hand jobs...She even gave me blow jobs and I didn't understand what the hell that was. She would...make me rub her pussy...touch her breasts...and then when I turned 12 she did it...that's when she had sex with me. She took my innocence...and she knew I was going through puberty but she still did it. She uhm...Mom caught her once attempting to rape me again but you know...Mom lost her shit and beat her to a pulp. She was obviously pregnant at the time you know...so she fled. And died while giving birth to Sihle. So yeah...that's what happened to me.

He said whilst looking down, avoiding eye contact with me but I wrapped my arms around his back and then I kissed his cheek.

Me: thank you for your honesty Luphelo Jama. I want you to know that I don't think you're less of a man because of this...in fact I respect how you're still able to love Sihle although she serves as a reminder of what happened. I won't leave you Luphelo. I will be here for you...I know I said I choose Sihle but I was a fool. I choose you. Ndizoqina Tiyeka ndibeyi mbokotho yakho xawena uphelelwa ngamandla ngoba xawuthanda umntu...wenza njalo. Imfihlo zakho ziphephile kum...wena qhubekeka ngo bomi bakho ubheke phambili ungaphinde ujonge emva.

-I'll be strong and be your rock when you have no more strength left because when you love someone...that's what you do. Your secrets are safe with me...you just carry on with life and go forward...and don't ever look back again.

Luphelo broke down and then he cried...so we just sat there crying together like two souls that look intact on the outside but are dying on the inside. That is though...until these broken souls found their way to each other and are slowly but surely learning to repair themselves.

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I received a phone call from Ovayo late in the evening, at past 11 pm nearing midnight. I took my phone then I went to answer it in another bedroom so that I wouldn't wake Pabbles who was sleeping on his back.

Me: Ovayo?

Ovayo: undenzani Ncumo?

-what are you doing to me?

He sounded like he was crying. There was music in the background...loud music at that but I heard the tears in his voice loud and clear.

Me: uthetha ngantoni Ovayo?

-what are you talking about?

Ovayo: awusandi funi...awusa thethi namu...awusena mdlala kwinto yethu...ufumene enye indoda ne Ncumolwethu?!

-you go longer want me...you don't talk to me...you are no longer interested in our thing...you have found another man right?

I exhaled.

Me: Ovayo please don't do this.

Ovayo: oh so ndinyanisile?

-I'm right?

Someone grabbed the phone from Ovayo.

Him: Sisi ndicela uzom godusa torho. Unxilile lomntu.

-lady please come and take him home. This person is drunk.

Ovayo: hey andinxilanga mna.

-I'm not proud.

He yelled in the background.

Me: uphi?

-where is he?

Him: beer shack.

Me: okay. Ndilapha e Humewood so give me 5 minutes.

Him: okay.

He hung up so I went to get dressed and then I took Lophelo's car keys. My man was sleeping like a giant baby, his breathing was even peaceful and I couldn't wake him up for an issue concerning the likes of Ovayo so I didn't tell him when I left. I just sneaked out.

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I arrived at Beer Shack and went looking for Ovayo. I spotted him sitting at a table with his friends so I greeted them.

Me: masambe Ovayo sigoduke.

-let's go home.

Ovayo: uzohlala nam?

-are you gonna stay with me?

I nodded. Knowing good and well that I was lying. His other friends also asked for a lift since they all live in the same area and I agreed...so they packed up their alcohol and then followed me to the car which they lost their minds when they saw.

Sam: shit! Ncumo ufuna ntoni kwi X6 M?

-what are you doing with a X6 M?

Ovayo squinted so that he could see it properly.

Ovayo: une blesser ne Ncumolwethu?

-you have a blesser?

Me: jonga Ovayo I'm here to do you a favour by taking you home. Don't undermine me.

Yanga: kodwa Ncumolwethu I was the one on the phone with you and you said ulapha eHumewood. Ulapha kubani eHumewood?

-you're here at Humewood. Who are you here for?

Ovayo: qhondile Yanga.

-absolutely.

Me: look it's either you all shut up and I take you home. Or you keep talking, I leave you here and you'll have to make use of Uber X.

Sam: hay sithule.

-we're quiet.

He said before they all climbed into the car and I followed last.

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It was terribly awkward in the car. No one said a single word until we arrived in their area. I purposely dropped the others off first because I wanted to give Ovayo and myself some time to talk so I could be able to break our relationship off.

I parked opposite his house and then I switched the car off which made it even quieter.

Me: Look Ovayo I'm really sorry about everything that happened between us.

Ovayo: I'm willing to start over Ncumolwethu. If you just leave this blesser of yours-

Me: he is not a blesser! He-

My phone rang and it was a call from Luphelo. I contemplated not answering his call but I didn't want to give him the wrong impression so I picked up.

Me: Tiyeka?

Luphelo: uphi?

-where are you?

Me: imoto yakho I right Luphelo.

-your car is alright.

Luphelo: so I wake up and my girlfriend is not in bed with me and wena ucinga ndikhathalele I moto?

-you think I care about a car?

Me: Can I please call you back?

Luphelo: no thetha nam ngoku Ncumolwethu!

-talk to me now.

I exhaled.

Me: ndihleli no Ovayo.

-I'm with Ovayo.

Luphelo: see now this is where I care about my car. Hlisa lomntu emotweni yam Ncumo sukundi qhela kakubi.

-get that person off my car. Don't disrespect me.

Me: okay okay...fine.

I said before hanging up and then facing Ovayo.

Me: Ovayo ndicela sithethe ngomso.

-can we please talk tomorrow.

Ovayo: ha.a Ncumo.

He said before climbing out of the car. I knew that if he wasn't drunk he would have said more but he couldn't. Once I saw that he

Was safely inside the house, I started the car and then drove back to Humewood.

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I didn't know what to expect from Luphelo because I've never seen him angry before. So I drove into the yard and then took a minute to collect myself when I was inside the car. I got out then walked into the condo and he was in the kitchen eating in his boxers and socks.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: uvelaphi Ncumolwethu Sifora?

-where do you come from?

Me: I had to fetch Ovayo. He was drunk and I had to take him home.

Luphelo: nge moto kabani?

-with whose car?

Me: Luphelo my car is at home. What was I supposed to do?

Luphelo: beku mele undi celile Ncumo.

-you were supposed to ask me.

Me: you were sleeping and I know you have trouble sleeping. I couldn't wake you up over Ovayo.

Luphelo: please respect my shit. I love you. But respect my shit.

Me: I'm sorry.

He finished up his sandwich then he walked back to the bedroom and climbed into bed. I switched the lights off and then went to climb into bed next to him and cuddled up behind him.

Luphelo: ndicela undiyeke Ncumo.

-please leave me alone.

Me: Jama please don't do this. I don't understand what the big deal is.

Luphelo: usadyola nala ntwana?

-are you still dating that boy?

Me: No I'm not. I was just helping him get home.

Luphelo: I blocked Zim's number for you and you're still communicating with Ovayo. How do you think that makes me feel?

Me: I'm sorry kalok Ngcolosi I've learnt my lesson. Yhini Jojo? Yhini Tiyeka?

Luphelo: mxm.

He knew I was going to win so he decided to quit while he was still ahead.

Me: ndiyakthanda.

-I love you.

Luphelo: I thought you liked me.

Me: Like would need steroids to make me feel this way. I love you.

Luphelo: I love you too.

He said before turning around to face me then he kissed me.

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•• Luyanda Jama's perspective ••

I was in my new psychologists' office because the psychologist that I used to go to had now passed away so I had to be transferred to a new one: Dr Patricia Sifora. She is a fair skinned elderly lady who liked to smile and was dressed in a shirt, dress pants and loafers. I could tell by her dress code that she is probably not into men because no man would want a woman that dresses like him.

She say cross logged on her couch while reading my file before nodding. She had offered me Some refreshments earlier which I had rejected.

Her: Sorry for keeping you waiting. I did an analysis of your file yesterday but I just wanted to recheck so that I could know where you are mentally.

Me: No problem.

Her: So it says here that you're trying to deal with a history of sexual abuse and that you've never opened up about that.

Me: True.

Her: Why are you finding it so hard to open up? Do you feel that it diminishes your masculinity?

Me: No...the thing is...this was all my fault.

Her: How was it your fault?

I inhaled.

Me: uhm...Nondwe sexually abused me first. Then she went to my youngest brother Pabbles...his name is Luphelo but we call him Pabbles. And Pabbles came to me and told me what happened but I told him that it was nothing to worry about. He said he was going to tell our mother and I told him she wasn't going to believe him and that's why he let the abuse happen. I don't know why I protected that bitch...I was scared but my fear ruined my brother. I failed my baby Doc. If you saw how small he was when he was younger you would understand why I feel the way I feel. I should have protected him but I protected myself. The family is going to hate me if I come clean and let them know that I was also abused.

Her: Was anybody else abused? Or was it just the two of you?

Me: It was just the two of us.

Her: And when did she stop abusing you?

Me: She uhm...never stopped. It happened right until she fell preg-...right until she left.

Her: Right until she fell pregnant. With whose baby Luyanda? Yours or Luphelo's?

Her question angered me to the point where I stood up and then kicked the small bin next to my seat and sent used tissues flying all over her office.

Me: You know what this is a waste of my fucking time. I want a transfer!

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Yelled before storming out of her office.

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•• Ncumolwethu's perspective ••

Luphelo dropped me off at home on Saturday morning and I immediately went back to sleep since I didn't have much of a rest on Friday night. I was woken up by my mother who came back looking like she had a hangover.

Me: and then?

Mom: never be a psychologist.

Me: Why? Rough client yesterday?

Mom: yoh he was so rude. He even lost his temper and kicked my poor bin.

Me: who is this maniac?

She flushed.

Mom: Patient-Doctor confidentiality.

She said before walking to her bedroom in a hurry. That was odd because my mother always tells me about what she discusses with her clients. What was different now?

I grabbed an apple from the kitchen before heading back to my bedroom and I had three missed calls from Sihle. I called her back.

Sihle: kunini ndik phonela wena?

-how long have I been calling you?

Me: I'm sorry babes I was still busy with my mother.

Sihle: oh ubuyile.

-is she back?

Me: yeah.

Sihle: okay...well I have good, gooder and goodest news.

Me: okay well lets fuck the laws of English for a second for the sake of your happiness.

She laughed.

Sihle: I have good, better and the best news. Which one would you like to hear first?

Me: lets use the ascending order.

Sihle: well the good news Dad gave me a job in his law firm which works well with my schedule. I'll be earning 7k a month.

Me: okay congrats...the better news?

Sihle: My grandmother called me. She said she would like to speak to me. Honestly I don't know whether she's going to be rude or nice to me but what I can say is I'm glad she won't be ignoring me like she did kwi mbheleko yam.

Me: I'm so happy for you mntase. And you're right...this is a step in the right direction and I do know she will love you. What is not to love about you anyway? But that brings us to our final news...what's the best news?

Sihle: Daddy told me that he's going to buy a car for me. I must just tell him which one.

Me: which one are you going to choose?

Sihle: a blue Renault Clio. You know how much I love that car.

Me: yeah...congrats chomi. Listen I gotta go now my stomach is acting up.

Sihle: okay...get well soon chomi. I still want that Polo bag.

I laughed.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then threw myself on my bed out of jealousy.

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I fell asleep and then woke up and decided to write a text for Ovayo to break up with him. I knew it was fucked up but I didn't have the guts to face him after yesterday. The message read:

Ovayo I know that what I'm doing is a cowardly move but I don't know how else to do this. I just can't bare to look you in the eye after last night. I blame myself for what happened...you didn't deserve it and I'm sorry. However I think we had to be honest with ourselves...we haven't been happy in forever and we were just saving face because we wanted to be like Sihle and Bulelani. But we aren't like them...we're different and our differences in ourselves just don't mix. But I do love you. I really do and that won't change...as for being in a relationship with you that has to

change. We're too young for this. I hope you won't be affected by my actions. I love you too much to hurt you intentionally. It's been a great journey with you and you'll always be a part of my life. I wish you nothing but love and happiness without me.

He read my message and left it on blue tick. That put me in a bad mood. It's not that I wanted him to reply with some sad response but all I wanted was to get an answer...any answer would be okay.

It's as if Luphelo knew I was upset because he called me.

Me: yes?

Luphelo: hay zama enye indlela yophendula xandiku phonela. Andiku phoneli nge free minutes kalok yi airtime lena ndiysebenzisayo.

-no try a different way of answering when I call you. I'm not calling using free minutes I'm using airtime.

Me: Luphelo I'm not in the mood.

Luphelo: Why?

Me: I told this idiot Ovayo it's over and he mized me.

He laughed.

Luphelo: ukhubekile umjita Ncumo. Suku khubeka wena.

-the guy is hurt. Don't trip.

Me: Mxm...and I heard the good news that your daughter is

Getting a car. Must be nice.

Luphelo: baby you want a new car?

Me: No...I'm good.

Luphelo: great ngoba bungazoy fumana shame. Sihle ngu mntanam. Wena uyi cherram. What I buy for her shouldn't give you chest pains.

-cos you weren't gonna get it. Sihle is my child. You're my girlfriend.

I exhaled. Luphelo's brutal honesty slapped but I needed to hear that.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: yeah...look I am going to fetch Sihle so we can pick up her car now. I'll speak to you when I get back.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: I love you.

Me: me too.

He hung up so I went back to bed to sleep off this embarrassment that I brought onto myself.

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When I woke up I checked my phone and I saw a message from Ovayo. He had replied to my break up text: Ncumolwethu andiso sbhanxa sakho mna. Ndiyayazi ukuba u Luphelo ngu Taka Sihle. Ebeku mele une ntloni ngo dyola no Tata we best friend yakho. Kodwa keh kuba namu ndingonwabanga kulendawu ndikuyo...maku nyeke macala. Mna ndizo xelesa u Sihle lento ndiyaziyo. Sibone ukuba lento yenu izoqhubekeka na.

-I'm not your fool. I know that Luphelo is Sihle's father. You are supposed to be ashamed of yourself for dating your best friend's father. But since I'm not happy either where I am...let there be trouble in both ways. I'm going to tell Sihle what I know. So we can see whether this thing of yours is going to continue.

I panicked, my brain froze for a moment before I called Luphelo. He answered just when I was about to hang up so that I could call him back again.

Luphelo: Sthandwa sam?

He calmed me down just by saying that. I smiled temporarily before reality hit me like a truck.

Me: Luphelo sine nxaki. Ovayo uthi uzo xelesa u Sihle inyani.

-we have a problem. Says he will tell Sihle the truth.

Luphelo: ithi makaze Humewood ngo 8.

-tell him to come to Humewood at 8.

Me: Why?

Luphelo: I'll talk to him. Boy to man. I can't afford to let him run this past Sihle. It would destroy me...destroy us. Tell him I want to make him an offer...he can name his price.

Me: fine. I will tell him.

Luphelo: okay. Bye for now.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then sent Ovayo a text back:

Luphelo wants to talk to you at Humewood @ 8. He wants to make an offer.

We texted back and forth but Ovayo finally agreed to meet up with us so I texted him the directions.

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Luphelo was sitting on his couch, drinking Remy Martin with one leg crossed over the other when I arrived. He had an ashtray next to him on the arm of his leather couch which was supporting a Cuban cigar. He was dressed in a white golf shirt, black Chino's and black suede pointed shoes which showed off his hairy legs. He looked sexy.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: here comes the death of me.

Me: death sounds so depressing. I wanna give you life baby.

Luphelo: you'll get that title once you give me a son.

He said as I climbed onto him and straddled his body then I kissed him.

Luphelo: I have a song dedication for you.

Me: lets hear it.

He took his remote and then he played Miguel's Sure Thing. I had always known this song but listening to it as a dedication from Luphelo made me fall in love with it. The mere fact that he felt that our "love is a sure thing" showed me that Luphelo was really falling in love with me. We made out to the song until we heard a knock on the door. Ovayo was here.

Luphelo: ndicela uyo vulela la ntwana yakho.

-please go open up for your boy.

Me: behave yourself.

He put his hands up as if he was surrendering. I got up then I went to open up for Ovayo who came in with a confidence to him that I knew Luphelo was going to destroy very soon.

Ovayo: ja grooetie..

He greeted Luphelo who shot a warning glance at him. I never knew Luphelo's face could ever lose its warmth. Pabbles was gone and now we were left with the real Luphelo.

Luphelo: kwedin yinton lento ndiyvayo ukba wena uthi uzo xelela ingcosi yam ngalento ukba ndi dyola no Ncumo. Yaqhala ulahlwa dahn? Ncumo beyi cherrie yakho yokqhala?

-little boy what is it that I'm hearing that you're going to tell my baby about the fact that I'm dating Ncumo? Is it your first time getting dumped? Is Ncumo your first girlfriend?

Ovayo: ndiya qhala uthanda I cherrie ngo Ncumo.

-Ncumo is the first girl I've ever loved.

Luphelo: nam ndiyamthanda ngoku kuthweni?

-I also love her. So what now?

Ovayo: makunyeke kalok.

-let there be trouble then.

Luphelo: tyini kanti sizovumelana?

-wow turns out we're actually going to agree with each other?

He said before getting up and then grabbing Ovayo using his neck.

Me: Luphelo!!!

He dragged my ex and then tipped him over the balcony. Ovayo was screaming, head faced down and the only support he had was Luphelo's left arm. Ovayo screamed while I was screaming along

With me behind Luphelo who looked at me as I tried to reason with him. He was angry.

Me: Jama ndiyakcela ndicela umeke!!

-please let him go!

Ovayo tried to hold on using Luphelo's wrist watch but that pissed him off.

Luphelo: tshayiwe kwedin ubambelela nge Rolex ekubeni uyikaka nje engena value suqhela ndaklahla unye mna. Nakokwenu awu insure'wanga nge price yale watch mqund wakho.

-are you dumb little boy, how dare you hold onto a Rolex when you're just a piece of shit with no value? Don't fuck with me I will throw you off. Even at home they didn't insure you with as much money as this watch is worth.

Ovayo: xolo grootman!!

-I'm sorry big man!!

He pleaded and Luphelo pulled him back into the condo and then fixed his outfit.

Luphelo: mamela keh ntwana yam...uNcumo ebengowakho kwi past tense. Ngoku u Ncumo ngowam kwi present continuous tense. Sihle yena akazoyazi lento yenzekileyo. If uyazile noba binge nguwe ndizokfikela vha?

-listen my boy...Ncumo was yours in the past yense. Now Ncumo is mine in the present continuous tense. Sihle won't know about what just happened. If she knows, even if it wasn't you, I will come for you okay?

Ovayo nodded out of fear.

Luphelo: sure keh...have a safe journey ke vha. Love you.

Ovayo: love you too.

I think those words came out of his mouth instinctively. He walked out in a hurry and then he closed the door behind him.

Me: was that necessary?

Luphelo: excuse me?

Me: did you have to go that far Luphelo?!

Luphelo: uyalibala ukuba ebezo kwenza ntoni lomntu? I was gonna lose my child and you were gonna lose practically your sister. I was just doing damage control.

-are you forgetting what this person was going to do?

I exhaled.

Me: that was just unnecessary. You could have just paid him.

Luphelo: oh? Ncumo you can follow him if you're gonna annoy me. How many people are we going to pay to keep this secret?

I kept quiet.

Luphelo: Ndimkile.

-I'm gone.

Me: uyaphi Luphelo?

-where are you going?

Luphelo: I'm going for a drive.

He said before taking his car key and then walking out.

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After he left, I made myself at home in his condo. I went to make food and then I cuddled on the couch with his pillow which smelled like him. I watched television and he came home when I was watching Basketball wives.

Luphelo: masambe siyolala.

-lets go to bed.

Me: ndibukele apha.

-I'm watching TV here.

Luphelo: ndakcela.

-please.

I gave him a cold stare and he surrendered.

Me: who do you come from? Zim?

Luphelo: Wow mntuwam I'm so offended. I can live without sex Ncumo.

Me: sapha I phone yakho.

-give me your phone.

Luphelo: ukba ufile ndithini mna?

-and if you die what should I do?

I stared at him and he laughed.

Luphelo: ndiyadlala. Which phone do you want?

-I'm kidding.

Me: zisapha zonke.

-give me all of them.

He took out two phones from his pocket and then he gave them to me. He unlocked them using his thumb while I went through his first phone which was fairly boring. It was all about business but his second phone was where he made all of his personal calls. It's where he had saved my number, Sihle's number and everyone else in his life. I went through all of his texts...He doesn't have WhatsApp so I became bored and gave him back his phones.

He came to sit down next to me and then he put my feet on his lap.

Luphelo: uMama made an effort to speak to Sihle. And it's all because of you.

Me: yeah she told me. I'm happy for her.

Luphelo bit the corner of his bottom lip again, symbolizing that he was deep in thought before taking a car magazine from underneath the coffee table and then he threw it at me whilst looking away.

Luphelo: ketha.

-choose.

Me: a car?

Luphelo: ewe.

-yes.

He sulked. It was clear that he was having an internal conflict between his mind and his heart. His mind didn't want him to buy the car for me but his heart wanted to.

Me: baby I don't want another car. I realised I was being childish for comparing myself to Sihle. It's not your fault I don't have a dad to get me really cool cars.

Luphelo: uyafuna umfumana? I could pull some strings and we could

Find him. That's if you get the necessary information needed to conduct the search from your mother.

-do you want to find him?

Me: yhu ndingavuya Luphelo. Ndizo thetha no Mama ngomso ndibuyele kuwe.

-I would be delighted. I will talk to Mom tomorrow and then get back at you.

Luphelo: okay. Masolala keh.

-lets go to sleep.

Me: I'm at your heels.

I said before he got up and went to the bedroom. I collected his throw over and my snacks then I followed him.

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I drove home in the afternoon and Mom was doing her laundry when I arrived.

Me: hey mommy.

Mom: uvelaphi?

-where do you come from?

Me: a friend.

Mom: a friend...Ncumolwethu do I look stupid to you?

Me: hehake mom what is up with you?

She stood up.

Mom: Ncumolwethu uhamba udyola namakhwenkwe ngoku?

-are you going around dating boys now?

Me: Mama ndina 21, andina mntana, ndine degree and I am a business administrator of a construction company but you still don't want to give me a break. I am sick and tired of being a perfect little girl. I have outgrown that phase Mom but if you must know...andidyoli nama khwenkwe ndidyola nendoda.

-I'm not dating a boy. I'm dating a man.

I said before walking into the house and then hiding in my bedroom. I locked my door because I was afraid of coming out and facing my mother. She came into the house and tried to open my bedroom door but it was locked.

Mom: Ncumo? Sihle's father is going to hurt you.

I flushed. How the fuck did Mom know about my relationship with Luphelo?

Me: What does Sihle's father have to do with anything Ma?

Mom: ucinga andiyazi ukuba udyola naye?

-you think I don't know that you're dating him?

Me: Wow Mama I can't believe you think so low of me!

Mom: oh so uyavuma that it's low?

-you agree?

Me: Mom I see what the problem is here. Sihle finding her father is putting you under pressure because you know you had a responsibility to give me a dad and you failed. Now you're going around accusing me of dating my best friend's dad...wow.

Mom: yaz this little obsession that you have with knowing your father is going to end terribly once you meet him. Mark my words. But as for Luphelo Jama..He will have sex with you...maybe even make you pregnant...and then leave you. And once he does mntanam, I will still love you but you will not love yourself.

She said before walking away.

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I didn't talk to my mother all weekend because of what she said to me. Our cold war extended to Monday and instead of catching up in the morning like we usually do, we just avoided one another. We both got ready for work and went our separate ways without talking to each other. I called Luphelo on my way to work.

Luphelo: good morning.

Me: what's good about it?

Luphelo: you're dating me that's more than enough convincing.

Me: mxm...dating you is seriously giving me a headache. It's like everyone is fighting our relationship.

Luphelo: nguban ngoku?

-who is it now?

Me: ngu mama. Somehow she knows about us. It's like her damn mommy third eye could see this...and she said some hurtful things like you're going to fuck me, make me pregnant and then leave me.

-it's mom.

Luphelo: I hope you don't believe that.

Me: I don't...but I'm just pissed. I don't even know how I'm going to approach her about finding my dad.

Luphelo: your mother loves you baby. She may be dramatic about it at first but...you need to know your father since you're going to get married soon. I need to know who to send the cheques to.

I giggled.

Me: you aren't sending a single cheque to that man Luphelo.

Luphelo: he deserves some credit for the daughter he made. Even if he never raised her but my God Ncumolwam...you're beautiful.

I smiled. My morning was slowly becoming better because of Luphelo.

Me: thank you baby. I don't want to go home tonight...can I please come to you?

Luphelo: sure. Stixo ndizasi thumela ngo Yolanda. I'm going to be at the firm today.

-I will send the key through to Yolanda.

Me: okay. Wena uzobuya nini?

-what time will you come home?

Luphelo: maybe 6? I will update you.

Me: okay baby. What should I cook?

Luphelo: 7 colours.

Me: on a Monday?! But okay as you wish.

Luphelo: thank you. Talk later baby.

Me: okay bye.

I hung up.

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At work I had meetings back to back. From having to oversee quality processes to having to attend meetings with quantity surveyors, by the time lunch came I was already exhausted so I relaxed in my new office which I was moved into. I threw my feet up on my desk and then relaxed before hearing a knock on the door.

Me: come in.

I said before dropping my feet and then wearing my shoes. It was Yolanda and she gave me a closed mouthed smile as she walked in which I didn't return.

Yolanda: Molo Ncumo.

-hello.

Me: hey.

Yolanda: Luphelo told me to give you these keys.

She said before putting them on my desk.

Me: finally. I couldn't unlock boardroom A5 without them.

Yolanda: so he gave you all of his keys just so you could open a boardroom?

Me: what was he supposed to do? Pull them out one by one?

Yolanda: uyamazi mos u Zimfefe right?

-you do know Zimfefe?

Me: mamela Yolanda ndiyayazi ukuba lento iyaphi and quite frankly ndidikiwe nini kule company with your stupid assumptions that something is going on between Luphelo Jama and I. He is my boss and he's being lenient with me because he knows I have the potential to take his company to New heights and I'm young. So if all you people can see in me is a pretty face and a vagina then you can go jump off a ledge but you will not disrespect me like that again. Sivene?

-listen I know where this is going and I'm tired of all of you in this company. Do I make myself clear?

Yolanda: yes.

Me: good. You may excuse me.

I said before taking the keys and then putting them in my drawer.

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I sent Lumphelo a text letting him know about what Yolanda said and he replied with "in a meeting". I then finished up the rest of my work and when it was time to go home, I sent my mother a text telling her that I was not coming home and she replied with "mxm". I laughed internally because I know how cute my mother is when she sulks. I went to buy groceries from Woolworths for the dinner only because I knew that's where Lumphelo buys his groceries otherwise I'm a Shoprite/Boxer type of lady all day. After buying the groceries, I went to buy Sihle's Polo handbag from Edgars and then I drove to Humewood.

I opened the door to his condo and then I

Put the groceries down.

Luyanda: Molo.

-hello.

Me: hey.

I was shocked to see this man here so I backed away and stayed close to the door. He caught me off guard but when I squinted I could see that he looks a bit like Lumphelo.

Luyanda: sukoyika. Nguwe uMamu Pabbles. Besendi bonisile I picture yakho. Ndiyavuya ukubona Ncumo.

-don't be scared. You're Mrs Pabbles. He has already showed me your picture. I'm happy to see you.

I exhaled.

Me: oh...sorry are you his brother?

I asked before giving him a hug.

Luyanda: Yes...I'm Luyanda Jama. The first born. Lumphelo is my baby brother.

Me: well trust me when I say he isn't a baby anymore.

Luyanda: I'm going to pretend you did not just make a reference to his dick size.

I laughed.

Me: Noooo that was the last thing on my mind. I just mean he's grown now...and I'm sure you must be proud of him.

Luyanda: I am...we all are. Mamela ndizo hamba ngoku...ndicela ungam xeledi u Lumphelo bendi lapha.

-listen I'm going to leave now...please don't tell Lumphelo I was here.

Me: why?

Luyanda: we're just in a really bad space right now. But we'll be good. Letting him know I was here will just ruin things.

Me: but then when did he tell you about me if you aren't in a good space?

Luyanda: do you have siblings?

Me: no but what does that have to do with anything?

Luyanda: if you had a sibling you'd understand a major argument can happen in a split second. Please...sumxelela ebendi lapha.

-don't tell him I was here.

I nodded so he gave me one last hug before walking out.

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Luphelo arrived before I was even finished cooking dinner. I was wearing his plain blue t-shirt which fit me like a dress and he grabbed my ass.

Luphelo: akumnandi ugodukela emntwini.

-its so nice to come home to someone.

Me: you're late though.

Luphelo: ndicela uxolo babe. Bendi bambeke emsebenzini. Ndi dikiwe ku sebenza kwi company ezimbini mna Ncumo. Nzokwenza uThuleka I acting CEO ye Jama Legal Services mna ndihoye I Jama Constructions.

-I'm sorry. I was held up at work. I'm tired of working in two companies. I'm going to make Thuleka the acting CEO of Jama Legal Services and I'm going to focus on Jama Constructions.

Me: if it was up to me I was going to ask you to stay at JLS because I'm tired of being accused of dating you.

Luphelo: ayiyo accusation njena.

-it's not an accusation though.

He said whilst laughing.

Me: sudika Luphelo. Go change and I will dish up.

Luphelo: ndiphuze kuqhala.

-kiss me first.

I reached for a kiss and then he went to the bedroom. It didn't take long for him to come back into the kitchen. He didn't change his clothes.

Luphelo: baby ukhona umntu obelapha?

-is there someone that was here?

Me: uhm...no why?

Luphelo: Ncumolwethu.

He looked at me in the similar manner that he looked at Ovayo the other day before he grabbed him and tipped him face down over the balcony.

Me: andiyazi Luphelo! Ukuba ebekhona umntu then ungene kuze ebendise Greenacres mna andazi nto!

-I don't know Luphelo! If there was someone then he came in when I was still at Greenacres I don't know anything!

Luphelo: uyayazi phofu ukuba there's surveillance I could speak to security and-

Me: Okay!! Okay Luphelo...your brother Luyanda was here but he asked me not to tell you because you guys are not on speaking terms. I'm sorry.

His face softened. Luphelo never yells, he is a Diamond Mabuza type of character. He will let you know that he is angry using his eyes only.

Luphelo: ndim indoda yakho Ncumo. Stay loyal to me even if other men spin you a sad story to make you keep their secret. Lomnqundu uthathe I 1k yam, hair brush ne toothbrush yam. How fucked up is that?

-I'm your man. That ass took my 1k, my hair brush and my toothbrush.

Me: Is he broke?

Luphelo: I don't know. But a toothbrush and a hairbrush Ncumo? Why would he leave everything else and only steal those items?

Me: andiyazi Tiyeka. But can we please not think about this...and just focus on having a good evening. I am going to be in really huge trouble with my mother when I get back. Let's make this worth it.

Luphelo: yeah...ndiyabuya.

-I am

Coming back.

He said before he went back to the bedroom. I dished up our food then took a picture for Instagram purposes.

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After eating, I put the dishes in the dishwasher and then I went to take a shower. Luphelo was taking care of some business so I assumed I was going to be done whilst he is still busy but no...he finished right on time so that he could join me. My blood boiled when I saw him opening the shower door and then entering the shower butt naked. My eyes were fixed onto his

manhood that was hanging low from his perfectly toned body. I could tell that he takes care of his body by hitting the gym whenever he has the chance.

He closed the door behind him and the mood was already set as soon as we realised it was just the two of us in there. We didn't even say a word to each other, he just cornered me in the upper far left of the shower and then kissed me. His hands were on my wet butt cheeks grabbing them and pulling me closer to his penis which was becoming stronger. He pulled me up unto his waist, my legs were wrapped around his waist and he used one hand to finger my wet pussy. I softly moaned, Luphelo was turning me on so I asked him to put me down and then I got down on my knees and gave him a blow job whilst holding onto his butt. The situation was becoming intense in that shower, Luphelo was horny so he flipped me over and made me face the shower door. I instinctively put my hands on it while my ass was perched up, ready for penetration. He delayed for a few seconds before positioning himself to take my innocence. After a few more seconds of hesitation, he pulled it away.

Luphelo: andikwazi Ncumo. Not kanje.

-I can't. Not like this.

I exhaled before switching the water off.

Me: izapha mntuwam.

-come here my person.

I said before opening the shower door and then reaching out my hand to him. He took it and then I led him out of the shower and into the bedroom. He knew what I wanted and tonight I was going to get it.

Me: Luphelo I'm giving you my consent to sleep with me. I know how important it is to you. I am a grown woman and I'm entitled to having my own decisions. If you said you don't want to sleep with me then I would have understood but I know you do...you just don't want me to hate you.

Luphelo: I lose interest in a woman after sleeping with her. I don't know why that happens...it's beyond my control. That's why I've been avoiding sleeping with you. I don't want that to happen to us.

I flushed. This information was scary and as much as I knew that I was taking a risk that could potentially hurt me, I couldn't stay in this relationship any longer knowing that there is a chance he might not be interested in me anymore because the fact of the matter is at some point we were going to have sex.

Me: what a better time than now to know right?

Luphelo: are you sure about this?

Me: I have never been sure of anything in my whole life.

I said before he kissed me.

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After plenty of foreplay, my body was now ready for Luphelo's manhood. I have been told many times in high school to lose my virginity earlier because the older I become, the tighter I would become and that would mean that sex would be uncomfortable and painful for me. But I never listened...and thank God Luphelo was considerate enough to use lube on me. He positioned himself between my legs and then he kissed my forehead.

Luphelo: u grand baby?

-are you okay?

I nodded.

Luphelo: useno jika inqondo Ncumo asinxamanga-

-you can still change your mind we aren't in a hurry-

Me: Luphelo uthetha gqhithi. Khayenze.

-you talk too much. Just do it.

He exhaled before opening my legs and then putting his penis on my opening...he then penetrated me slowly...My facial expressions were his guide. Once it was completely in, he started thrusting whilst I childishly closed my eyes with my hands. I couldn't face him because I was trying to process this perplexing feeling where I'm literally feeling pain but somehow...in the midst of that pain there is pleasure. I soaked in the feeling of his gentle but long strokes inside my pussy and the

Feeling made me feel like a woman until Luphelo removed my hands from my face to force me to look at him. Fortunately for me, he then came so after cuming he got off me and then he fetched a towel. I couldn't believe that Round 1 was already over, I suppose the rumours were right about it. It really does end in a split second.

Luphelo: use right?

-are you still okay?

I nodded whilst trying to hold in my smile. I was being coy. He wiped my pussy and then he lay on his back next to me. His penis was still erect.

Luphelo: Enkosi.

-thank you.

He said before kissing my cheek.

Me: can we do it again?

Luphelo: nzocitha kudala ngoku ukuba siyinxamele. Then the round will be long and boring. Relax we have all the time in the world.

-I will cum in forever now if we rush it.

Me: oh.

I felt stupid because I didn't understand how these things work. Lumphelo was breathing deeply next to me and just looking at him made me realise I couldn't have lost my virginity to anybody else other than him. He's just perfect.

Me: we didn't use a condom. Do you have any morning after-

Lumphelo: I had a vasectomy. Nothing is going to happen.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: when are you going to reverse it?

Lumphelo: for you...nangomso.

-even tomorrow.

I laughed.

Me: I'm serious.

Lumphelo: so am I.

I looked into his eyes and a smile was waiting for me. Lumphelo was becoming tame for me. He was dropping his guard and losing control of himself when he's around me. We continued talking about what just happened and that seemed to arouse him because he started kissing me again...in preparation of the second round.

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Lumphelo: Ncumolwam. Vuka sthandwa sam.

-wake up my love.

He whispered gently but loud enough to wake me up. He was on his knees by my bedside with a tray of breakfast.

Me: breakfast in bed? Enkosi Jama.

-thank you.

Luphelo: go brush your teeth. I have toothbrushes in the cupboard kwi en suite.

Me: okay.

I got out of bed, pecked my man's lips and then went to the en suite to brush my teeth. I felt refreshed, energetic and most importantly, happy. I felt like I could conquer the day ahead of me and that's the power of a good dick. It makes you feel feminine...yes anybody can have sex but nothing compares to the feeling of knowing the one you love consented to having sex with you.

I went back to the bedroom and my man was sitting cross legged on the bed in his black sweatpants, eating while he was topless so I kissed him. He still had food in his mouth and I disgustingly slid my tongue in his mouth and he retreated before laughing.

Luphelo: grow up Ncumo. Yinton ngathi uzalwe ngo 2000?

-why does it seem like you were born in 2000?

I laughed.

Me: xolo ke. Thank you for the food. It looks amazing.

I said before taking my phone, about to take a picture and he grabbed it from me.

Luphelo: ukutya kwakho kuzobanda ngenxa ka Instagram. Learn to live in the moment and stop feeling the need to let people know about the great moments in your life. Save them in your mind and in your heart...not on your timeline.

-your food is going to become cold because of Instagram.

His words spoke volumes so I nodded before taking my fork and then digging into my breakfast. It was two bagels each stuffed with bacon, avocado, cheese, tomato and an egg placed at the top. He then poured some Moet champagne so I downed my breakfast with it whilst having a great morning conversation with my man. I was running late for work but I didn't care, I was in bed with the CEO of Jama Constructions so I was immune to any consequences. After breakfast, we put our trays aside and then Luphelo gave me his black card.

Me: what's this for?

Luphelo: a thank you for last night.

Me: Luphelo...are you paying me for having sex with you?

Luphelo: no...I'm appreciating you for indlela oziphethe ngayo Ntikazi. Undi thembile wandinika ubuntombi bakho ngoku mna ndizok nika ubudoda bam. Money.

-the way you carry yourself. You trusted me and give me your womanhood so now I'm going to give you my manhood.

I smiled broadly before taking his card and then throwing myself on his body while screaming several thank you's.

Me: so what must I do with it Luphelo? I'm literally blank.

Luphelo: do your hair...get your nails done...do some shopping...get a new phone...buy your herbalife products andazi baby whatever your heart desires.

Me: ndiyakthanda va?

-I love you.

Luphelo: I love you too.

I kissed him again before sliding his card in my underwear which he found amusing.

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I took a shower with Luphelo, got dressed and then I went back home to change into my work clothes. Mom was clearly taking a day off because she was at Home cleaning. She does that when she's stressed.

Me: good morning Dr Sifora.

Mom: andisengo Mama ngoku?

-am I not Mom anymore?

Me: moms don't say the things you said to me.

Mom: and daughters aren't suppose to be sleeping out of the house whenever they please.

Me: Mom what must I do for you to acknowledge me as an adult? Tell me and I'll do it. Because this life that you're making me live is unfair-

Mom: Unfair? Ncumo you never had a Problem with how I treat you until Luphelo Jama came into the picture. Now you want to grow up and for what?

Me: I don't know how many times I need to tell you that there is nothing going on between Mr Jama and I but if I must tell you...I want to grow up for me Mama. I want to be happy for once. And I want to know my father...so if you have any information I could use to find him then please help me.

Mom: why doesn't he come find you?

I couldn't reply.

Mom: but if you must know...Iamnqundu is on Facebook. Igama lakhe ngu Graham Menze.

Me: Enkosi.

-thank you.

I said as I walked past

Her and into my bedroom. I changed into New clothes and then I went back to the office.

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I attended a meeting where Lumphelo was present in at 2 pm where we had to discuss business.

Me: I have an idea...to combat competition amongst ourselves and to ensure that Jama Constructions expands...I think we should buy existing construction businesses around us so that we could be the only major player in Port Elizabeth. Once we have conquered Port Elizabeth, we could move on to own branches in other provinces and once we have built a name for ourselves...we could start a Franchise.

Khuselo laughed.

Khuselo: what are we? McDonald's?

The men laughed.

Me: Khuselo what did you graduate in?

Khuselo: I have a diploma in management therefore I majored in Business Management.

Me: you majored in Business Management I chose it as an elective to fill up my credits.

Lumphelo: thixo.

-God.

Lwando: Miss Sifora that's enough now.

Lumphelo: you were all laughing at Khuselo's McDonald's joke right? Now we all know who Ronald the clown is. Thetha Ncumolwethu.

-speak.

Me: Thank you Mr Jama. Looking at the financial state of the company, we could afford to buy at least two other construction companies. I am looking to change our quality processes to ensure that Jama Constructions not only offers a service but construction products as well so we could not only just be an operating unit but a business entity too. So we could sell our own scaffolds, materials for formwork etc...you all understand what I'm saying right?

They all nodded in agreement.

Me: now once we do that, it will make it easier for us to become a franchise so other people can buy into our business because a franchise has various advantages for example there is a higher chance of success for the buyer and that's a fact , they will benefit from our national marketing campaigns and from collective buying power etc. So no Khuselo we won't be a McDonald's because McDonald's is a business format type of franchise and we are looking to become a Product franchise.

My proposal earned a round of applause from the table and I could see how proud Lumphelo was of me from the look in his eyes.

Luphelo: well done Miss Sifora. Please type that for me and then leave it in my bedr...my boardroom. Guys it's not easy alternating between two companies it makes you think about your bedroom all day. Take it to my boardroom A5 and keep it there once you're done.

Me: yes sir I will be on it.

Luphelo: right...meeting adjourned.

He said before getting up and then leaving.

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About 24 minutes after the meeting, Luphelo told me to come see him in his office. I hurried there and his face lit up when he saw me but he quickly calmed his own self down.

Me: yes?

Luphelo: Ncumo kutheni ungandi xevelanga uzoyenza lanto kwi boardroom? Sendi bhuda nge bedroom ngoku kungenxa yakho.

-why didn't you tell me you were going to do that in the boardroom? For me to end up mistakenly saying bedroom is because of you..

Me: why? Ubatyiwe?

-are you horny?

I asked while biting my lip.

Luphelo: izapha.

-come here.

Me: let me lock-

Luphelo: sutixa it's going to be quick. If they see it's locked they are going to be suspicious.

I rushed over to him and he met me halfway by picking me up and then pinning me against the wall. He supported me with one arm whilst undressing himself below the waist with the other arm. When his pants were down, he slid my panty to the side and then he entered me. He fucked me against the wall, his raw thrusts sent my blood boiling and body into a frenzy. I was moaning with my face hidden between his neck and shoulders and I could hear his gentle moans as well. He reached his climax and then he pulled out to cum in the bin. When he was done cuming we looked at each other.

Me: awo nelanga ne baby?

-you haven't had enough right baby?

Luphelo: ha.a ... tixa umnyango.

-no...lock the door.

Me: kodwa ubuthe abantu-

-but you said the people-

Luphelo: I'm the boss here I don't owe nobody anything.

That was touche so I went to lock the door before returning back to my man's arms who fucked

Me on the couch in the corner of his office. I couldn't believe this was me...being penetrated from behind while being on all fours in my boss's office...by my boss who also happens to be my best friend's father. Luphelo fucked me thoroughly...his gave me good dick doggy style and my body lost its ability to support itself when his head hit my g-spot.

Me: Jama! Oh bawo...fuck .. Jama. .suyeka.

-don't stop.

I begged as he delivered short but effective strokes into my pussy. I felt a discharge escaping my pussy. I was cuming and he came just by seeing me cuming. He then wiped me with his handkerchief when he was done and we just both lay on the couch, trying to let the feeling subside.

Luphelo: hambo sebenza baby.

-go back to work.

Me: andikwazi.

-I can't.

He laughed at me.

Luphelo: Ncumo ndiyakcela.

-please.

He begged and I listened. I pulled myself up and then I fixed myself in front of his mirror. Once I was sure I looked neat, I kissed him good bye and then walked out.

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After work, I went to give Sihle her Polo handbag which she was super grateful for. I then also told her that I lost my virginity and she was a bit disappointed that I lost it to "Ovayo" but she was happy for me anyway because she could see that I was happy. It was truly strange to know that my virginity was broken by the penis that made my best friend.

After delivering the handbag, I went to the mall to use Luphelo's card. I bought hair from Hair City salon at Greenacres, did my nails and then I went shopping. I bought some clothes and a lot of lingerie to surprise Luphelo with when we are together again. I decided to go to Spur so I ordered and then waited at my table alone. I took a selfie which I sent to Luphelo via MMS and

he replied with “ayisentle I ntikazi”. I blushed before texting him back with “awuka boni nto wena. Ndithenge ne lingerie so I can strip tease you”.

-you haven't seen anything yet. I even bought lingerie.

He replied “ndihleli no mama ngoku ndicela sibenale ncoko xandi sendlini ngoba ndizothi kutheni ku mama xayendi balisela ngo mphanga mna ndi batywe?”

-I'm with mom now so can we please have this conversation when I get home because how am I going to explain the fact that mom just told me about a tragedy and now I'm horny?

I laughed.

“lol okay talk later”.

He sent a thumbs up then I decided to log into Facebook to look up Graham Menze. I found him then I went through his pictures. He has two pictures posted like 20 times. I was anxious as I sent him a DM:

Molo Graham. My name is Ncumolwethu Sifora, Pat Sifora's daughter. If you remember her and perhaps have an idea who am I. Please get back at me there is an important issue that we need to discuss.

I sent the message and then exhaled. My food came so I ate alone and then went home.

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I bought Mom's favourite food and cake with Luphelo's money and then I went home. Mom was lying on the couch so I gave her the food.

Mom: ufuna undi tyisa ityefu ngoku?

-you want to feed me poison now?

I laughed. It was a joke.

Me: no Mama I want to apologise for disrespecting you. Growing up doesn't mean I have the right to talk to you like that. I love you and I'm sorry.

Mom: Thank you my child. I'm also sorry for treating you like a child. Truth is Ncumo I spent all this time trying to study how to close the part of you that needs a father. But no amount of research can truly control a human being.

Me: its okay Mama. You did your best as a mother and I'm proud of you.

Mom: Enkosi mntanam.

She hugged and then kissed me.

Mom: ndiyazi thanda inwele zakho. Zenzwe ngu Luphelo?

-I love your hair. Did Luphelo do them?

Me: Mama-

Mom: Ncumo you don't have to lie. I won't judge you. You accepted that I'm a lesbian...I'll accept that you want to be with him...umhle keh shame u bhutiza yhu unola ncumo.

-the brother is good looking...He has that smile.

I smiled. This felt good coming from my mother.

Me: Thank you mom.

She nodded.

Mom: just be careful mntanam. There is a lot at stake...Sihle, your heart, your job and your virginity. Just make sure that you keep them

All for as long as you can. I also want a meeting with him so I can tell him what I expect from him. You're too young for sex mntanam. Imagine you being those girls who have sex in the office since you work together ha.a mntanam I raised you better than that. That's why I wash my hands after touching office desks you never know whose butt was there.

She went on while I laughed. Mom is so dramatic. She thought I was laughing at the fact that she washes her hands after touching office desks...not knowing that I'm one of those girls who have office sex.

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I kept on checking my Facebook DM's for my fathers reply but he hadn't responded yet so I cuddled with my mother while we watched a movie.

Me: mommy?

Mom: yes?

Me: please don't be mad but...I would like to know what happened between you and my dad?

She exhaled, took her final piece of carrot cake and then closed the plastic lid.

Mom: when he heard I'm expecting our families immediately forced us to get married. He went along with everything...on the day of the wedding he never showed up. I haven't seen his face since then.

Me: that's fucked up mommy. I'm so sorry. How did you get over that?

Mom: it took a long time mntanam but I guess it was a blessing because I would have been trapped in a loveless marriage when I knew deep down that I want to be with women.

I hugged mommy tighter.

Me: So...when must I tell Lumphelo to come?

Mom: the weekend. Saturday?

Me: okay...I think that might be okay. He's a busy man so I need to check with him first.

Mom: Mxm wethu. Busy man se foot.

I laughed. She is so bitter.

Mom: Ncumo have you thought about what is going to happen when Sihle finds out?

Me: Mom please...I didn't plan to fall in love with him. Sihle needs to understand that love just happens...you find it in places you never thought you would. And Ma I really love this man...Lumphelo is different around me. He's relaxed...happy...funny and he's even romantic. I love the way he treats me.

Mom: ubona lamzimba ka Herbalife kalok.

-he sees that Herbalife body.

I laughed.

Me: ha.a Mama ndi dikiwe yi negativity yakho.

-no mom I'm tired of your negativity.

She laughed.

Mom: xolo keh bhabha. Zithandele indodakho wena.

-I'm sorry baby. Love your man.

Me: Mxm.

I said whilst sulking behind my moms back.

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•• 1 week later ••

It was time for Lumphelo and I to go to Durban for our Baecation that we disguised as a business trip to Sihle. She asked to come along but Lumphelo made it very clear that we were not there to have fun but to work.

He drove us to the airport in his Porshe Cayenne and then paid to have it kept in the parking lot of the airport.

Me: baby do you have our plane tickets with you?

Lumphelo: yeah.

I caressed his chin and then pecked his lips. He was looking so cute, he was wearing a red Adidas tracksuit with white Nike Air Forces and he had headphones around his neck. We entered the airport and Lumphelo went to put his bags in the conveyor belt that I didn't have to worry about because he told me I was going to buy clothes in Durban.

We finally got into the airplane. I had no idea that it was first class until I got in and lost my mind.

Me: Lumphelo this is first class!!

I screamed and earned disapproving looks from the white people on board.

Lumphelo: Ncumo uyakwazi umhlaza umntu shame. Yeka ingalo yam andifuni ubonwa Nawe.

-you can embarrass a person. Leave my arm I don't want to be seen with you.

We both laughed.

Me: xolo Jama I'm just surprised. Thank you for this.

Lumphelo: anything for my girlfriend.

He said before we found a comfortable seat. He allowed me to sit first before he sat down. He was so relaxed, his entire body was turned to face me. It was as if I was his favourite view and sometimes I would just catch him staring and he would refuse to tell me what he is thinking.

Me: baby how much was this flight?

Lumphelo: it was worth your smile.

Me: you aren't gonna tell me are you?

He shook his head.

Lumphelo: besides the company is paying for our trip.

I laughed.

Me: Lumphelo uyinxaki shame.

-you're a problem.

Lumphelo: and you're the only one in the world that can solve me.

Me: stahp.

I said before using my hand to push him away but instead he kissed it. Luphelo was adorably getting on my nerves. I wanted him to be Luphelo! The man he was when I met him. Confident, arrogant and sarcastic but now he different. He was all about me in a way that I never thought he could be.

Luphelo: awulambanga?

-aren't you hungry?

Me: Yes...ndifuna I prawns.

Luphelo: ezakwa Boxer?

-from Boxer?

He mocked my favourite supermarket and I laughed.

Me: Luphelo sudika. Yayazi akukho

Prawns kwa Boxer.

-you know there aren't any prawns at Boxer.

Luphelo: I need to invest in Boxer so they can sell prawns for umntu wam.

Me: ndiyakwazi uphambene ke wena ungayenza nyan lonto.

-I know you are crazy you would really do that.

He looked at me and then laughed.

Luphelo: mandiyokhangela ezi prawns zakho before uqhale ifight nam kuba ulambile.

-let me go look for these prawns of yours before you start a fight with me because you're hungry.

Me: Enkosi vha.

-thank you.

I said before he got up.

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We arrived at Durban, Kwa Zulu Natal is really a beautiful place. Luphelo hired a car for us so we fetched it and then he drove to our accomodation. We booked at the Beverly Hills Hotel and then went up to our suite. The suite was beautiful...I couldn't believe that all of this was for me so I lost my mind as I walked into every room in our suite while Luphelo followed behind me admiring how happy I was instead of admiring the hotel suite.

Me: baby this is so beautiful. Can we go to the pool?

Luphelo: uzobane fever Ncumo. It's dark...I just want to take a shower and cuddle with you right now.

-you'll catch a fever.

Me: are you okay baby? I expected you to be the one who would want to use the pool at this time of the night instead of me.

Luphelo: Ndi dikiwe kufihla I relationship yethu. Just the thought of Sihle finding out...I can't even fathom how I'm going to deal with losing her. But at the same time...I love you.

-I'm tired of hiding our relationship.

I exhaled.

Me: baby let's not depress ourselves with that right now. We're in Durban...away from everything. Let's make the best of it.

He smiled before taking my hand and then leading me to the balcony where he just yelled.

Luphelo: Yey jongani...ndiyadyooooooooola. Mna Luphelo Jama ndiya dyolaaaaaaaaaaaa. Ndi dyola no Ncumolwethu Siforaaaaaaaa anizombona kakuhle ngoba umfutshane but yeyyyyyyy ndiyadyolaaaaaa.

- Hey all of you look here ... I am dating! I Luphelo Jama am dating! I am dating Ncumolwethu Sifora! You won't see her clearly because she's short but hey I'm dating!

I laughed so much at the stunt he pulled. Luphelo is so random, so funny and just full of life that dating him is basically wondering what dumb thing he's doing to do or say next. After he was done getting things off his chest, we finally went inside and then we took a good old fashioned bath together. I sat in between his legs and my back was against his chest.

Me: what can we do here in Durban?

Luphelo: ndizok bonisa before this weekend is over.

-I'll show you.

Me: Can I post on Instagram just a couple of things? Please?

Luphelo: will it make you happy?

I nodded.

Luphelo: then yeah.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: Luphelo what did my vagina do to you?

Luphelo: what do you mean?

Me: you're whipped. You're like different from the man you once were and it's weird.

Luphelo: haike if being whipped means no more going to a club to check out which woman to ruin next, no more having to lie, make excuses or shit like that then I'm okay with that. It's just me and my one woman...I'm happy.

He said before wrapping his arms around me and then kissing my cheek. His hug pulled my entire body closer to his dick and there is nothing closer than that. Not even sex.

Me: ndiyakthanda Luphelo.

-I love you.

Luphelo: uthandwa ndim Ncumolwam.

-you're loved by me.

He kissed the side of my temple then we enjoyed the warm bubble bath.

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Luphelo woke me up the next morning when he was talking on the phone to Sihle. I could clearly hear their conversation through the phone so I got up, kissed his cheek and then I brushed my teeth. I was a bit hungry so I ate his leftovers and then sat next to him and waited for him to finish his call. Once he was done, he kissed me.

Me: Good morning.

Luphelo: hey. Kutheni unuka I BBQ sauce nje?

-why do you smell like BBQ sauce?

Me: because I ate your ribs.

Luphelo: zonke Ncumo?

-all of them?

I nodded and he shook his head.

Luphelo: women are bullies. But it's fine because I want us to go out for breakfast.

Me: aren't we going to order room service?

Luphelo:

No...I want you to experience Durban.

Me: I couldn't say no to that. I'll run our bathwater.

Luphelo: Okay.

I went to the ensuite whilst he did the bed.

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I wore the only outfit I brought with to this trip for our breakfast. He took me to St Clements and I fell in love with their menu right away. After breakfast, Lumphelo took me to the mall so that I could do the shopping that he promised me. Shopping with him was fun...because he is a man who naturally has style he was able to give me advice on what to wear and he could even make references to clothes that I left behind in Port Elizabeth. It was sad to know that I wouldn't get to do this often since him and I can't be seen together.

After I went shopping, Lumphelo excused me so that I could be able to go to the gym alone since he had to take care of business for a few hours. I gave him 5 hours maximum per day to focus on his companies whilst we are on this Baecation and he promised he would not exceed.

I worked out in a local gym that was free and Sihle called me right when I was about to begin my calf training set.

Me: hello?

Sihle: hey mntase unjani?

-how are you?

Me: I'm good thanks and you?

Sihle: mntase to be honest andikho right.

-I'm not okay.

I was concerned.

Me: why?

Sihle: ngu Tatam...ingathi akasena xesha lam ngoku.

-its my father. It's like he has no time for me anymore.

Me: why do you say that?

Sihle: kalok Ncumie he doesn't make time for me anymore...literally...noko ekuqhaleni I could text and ask to come to Bluewater Bay and he would be down...now he's never there. I don't know where he spends some of his nights...its his new fucking girlfriend. I miss Zim. He never spent so much time with her.

Me: but Sihle your father is young. Don't you think him spending time with his new girlfriend makes him happy –

Sihle: happy? What about me Ncumo? I am his child...He is the one who decided to fuck around at the age of 12 so he needs to be a man about it and take responsibility for his actions.

I was fuming underneath my breath because Sihle was busy getting upset over something she knows nothing about. Lumphelo didn't fuck around at the age of 12 he was abused...and I wished I could let her ungrateful ass know the truth but it was not my place.

Me: just...be considerate of other people okay? He's trying...unlike my dad who still hasn't replied to my DM.

Sihle: oh...I'm sorry friend maybe akena data.

-he has no data.

Me: maybe...look friend I need to leave okay? And take it easy on your dad...he's a hard working man.

Sihle: yeah I suppose. Thanks chomi..

Me: anytime. Bye.

Sihle: bye.

My fake smiled dropped along with that call.

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Luphelo was still busy working so instead of annoying him whilst he is working I decided to visit my cousin who is doing her final year at DUT. We caught up until it was late and Luphelo called to tell me I could come to the suite.

I opened the door and then put my purse down.

Me: Jama?

Luphelo: MaJama?

He came out of the bedroom with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. I smiled immediately when I saw them.

Me: you? And flowers?

Luphelo: awuzithandi?

-don't you like them?

Me: I do baby but I just don't know you like that.

Luphelo: bendisi bonile I status sakho when you were hinting you want flowers.

-I saw your status.

I took the flowers and then kissed my man as a thank you.

Me: thank you baby.

Luphelo: my pleasure. I know it's not much but for me to still be with you is a big deal so...happy 1 month.

I laughed. He was so serious over a month...30/31 days was worth celebrating to Luphelo Jama.

Me: happy 1 month sthandwa sam. I didn't buy you anything kodwa.

Luphelo: bendiy qhonda.

-I knew that.

He said before leading me to the balcony where he had this beautiful table set up with a beautiful décor. There were scented candles placed on the balcony to light up the evening and I couldn't believe that this candle lit dinner that belonged somewhere in a movie scene was all for me.

Me: Luphelo...

I was just speechless, my emotions were getting the better of me so I turned around and

Buried myself in his arms. I was crying a bit but I didn't want him to see me crying. He hates that.

Luphelo: this is now your reality Ncumo. Soak it in baby. Get used to it. I'm still going to be with you.

He kissed the side of my face and then hugged me tighter.

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He pulled back the chair for me so that I could sit then he pushed it back in. He then took his own seat and before he opened the metallic lid covering our food I asked him to pray.

Luphelo: baby uyayazi andi dibani nomthandazo njena.

-you know I don't get along with prayer.

Me: ndiyaku cela mntuwam. In order for our relationship to survive we need to make Jesus the third person.

-I'm begging you.

Luphelo: why funeka I third person ibengu mjita? Faka u Delilah pha for u balance'isa.

-why must the third person be a male? Put Delilah in there for balance.

Me: Jama do you even read the bible? Do you know what Delilah did?

Luphelo: she made Samson weak.

Me: and you want a woman to make you weak?

Luphelo: correction...I have a woman who made me weak but her intentions are good. Ncumo you made power unnecessary for me. Having the world in your hands means nothing if you don't actually understand why we exist in this world. You defined existence for me...made me decipher between living and being alive. You make me excited about the little things...buying expensive things doesn't excite me as much as buying chocolates on the way home for you. You make me want to treat you right...not just because I have to but because I want to. I crave your presence so much that I have a bottle of your perfume in my office at home so that when I work late I can feel like you're there. Your scent keeps me motivated and focused on building a better life for us...your scent keeps me up at night thinking about babies and...first birthdays and pre school graduation pictures. I am reversing my vasectomy for you Ncumolwethu. Whenever you want a baby let me know and I'll fund you.

Me: NSFAS we sperm.

He laughed.

Luphelo: ugcwele.

-you're well informed.

Me: Luphelo please don't change okay? I need you to love me forever.

Luphelo: andizo tshintsha mntuwam. Ndithembe.

-I won't change. Trust me.

He promised. We started eating our Dinner. It was so delicious so I asked Luphelo to save his food for me to eat in the morning. He agreed and that was unfair of me to ask but he agreed so it wasn't a problem.

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After dinner, he put out the candles and took the plates to the kitchen alone. I used the time that he was gone to prepare for his gift, me...so I went to the bathroom, wore my make up, curled my wig and then wore my lingerie that he hasn't seen before.

He came back into the suite then he shut the door.

Luphelo: heh babe nanko omnye u sisi efuna indoda yakho pha e kitchen.

-hey babe another lady wants your man down at the kitchen.

Me: wenze ntoni dahn?

-what did she do?

I asked from the en suite.

Luphelo: uphi ndizok balisela ndifuna ukjonga emlonyeni.

-where are you so I can tell you? I want to look you in the mouth.

There is nothing that Luphelo likes to tell me more than about women who find him attractive. Sometimes he doesn't even notice when they do and I have to point it out to him.

Me: in the en suite.

He came to the en suite and his eyes almost popped when he saw me looking like a Sandton prostitute.

Luphelo: wow.

His mouth said without his command. He had to pick his jaw up from the ground as he checked me out from head to toe.

Me: uthi la sisi ebese thini nge ndoda yam?

-what do you say that lady said about my man?

I asked in my best seductive voice while Beyonce's Dance for you walking over to him. I wrapped my arms around his neck and he grabbed my butt cheeks.

Luphelo: ndilibele baby.

-I forgot baby.

He lied as he swallowed hard. He just wasn't interested in telling the story anymore.

Me: Okay.

I said before slow kissing his lips and then moving down to his neck which is Luphelo's most sensitive body part. I took off his leather jacket and then walked to the bedroom with it and he followed me. Everything I was doing was calculated, I purposely walked such that my butt cheeks would bounce and his deep breaths told me that he noticed.

I threw his leather jacket on the kist in the corner then I turned to face him so that we could make out. I guess the wine we had for Dinner came into effect

Because suddenly I felt brave. I was taking initiative, making Luphelo do things I wanted him to do and that control surprised him.

Luphelo: u tipsy ne Ncumolwethu?

-you're tipsy right?

Me: noba ndi tipsy andiphazamanga Luphelo.

-even if I'm tipsy I'm not mistaken.

His eyes smiled. His eyes, the window to his soul was smiling. He was happy.

He took my lingerie off and I pulled his pants off whilst he was sitting at the edge of the bed. When they were completely off, I sat on his penis and then I rode him. He moaned as I controlled the pace, my pussy was too warm for him to handle and I loved to see the ecstasy on his face.

Luphelo: God this pussy..

He said as he came inside and then leaned backwards whilst supporting himself with his elbows on the bed. I climbed off his dick and when I tried to go reverse cowgirl on his dick he stopped me and then put me on the bed next to him.

Luphelo: give me a minute to breathe Ncumo yho ha.a you're a fucking energiser bunny.

I laughed at my man who lay next to me. This alcohol was making me experimental...so when he was ready I tried the reverse cowgirl position on him. I fucked Luphelo to the point where he flipped me over and made it doggy style.

Luphelo: ndim indoda apha Ncumolwethu sundqhela. Cimba ndizok bukela undi khalisa okwe cherrie apha?

-I'm the man here, don't mess with me. You think I'm going to watch you making me scream like a girl?

He asked as he pulled my legs down so that my feet could touch the floor and then he fucked me from behind until my belly button hurt. He came inside me so he wiped me and then we both lay on our backs, gasping for some air.

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•• Luphelo's perspective ••

I woke up in the middle of the night to get some water and I took my phone with me. I took a picture of Ncumolwethu as she slept with her lips slightly pouted. I then noticed that Sihle has been calling me. 7 missed calls...at past 11 pm. I called her back immediately because I was worried that something might have happened to her. She answered on my second ring.

Sihle: hello Tata?

Me: Sihle ndisando fumana I missed calls zakho. Yonkinto ihamba kakuhle?

-I just got your missed calls. Is everything going well?

Sihle: yes .. its just that I was calling you on behalf of Granny and Grandpa.

I exhaled.

Me: bathini?

-what are they saying?

Sihle: well they were saying you never paid damages for making Mom pregnant and stuff...so you kind of owe them and that the ancestors are angry because she died while giving birth to me.

My blood was boiling but I had to keep a cool head.

Me: I...must pay damages...to her family?

Sihle: Ewe Tata it only makes sense right? Traditionally that's what should happen.

Tradition? Her fucking mother raped me when I was 12 and now these motherfuckers want to talk about tradition?

Luphelo: Sihle...ndicela ulala? Ndi diniwe...ndicela ulala.

-can I please sleep? I'm tired...can I please sleep.

Sihle: kodwa Tata-

-but dad-

I hung up on her and then stood in place, trying to hold in my anger so I wouldn't alarm Ncumo but I just lost it. I threw my cellphone against the wall and then banged the counter.

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•• Ncumolwethu's perspective ••

I was woken up by a sharp sound colliding with the wall and a huge bang on the kitchen counter.

Me: Luphelo?!

I got up and ran to the kitchen where I found him crying softly in the middle.

Me: baby utheni?

-what happened?

He was so hurt that he couldn't speak. He just looked at me with tears coming out of his eyes. I couldn't bare to see him like this...He looked hopeless. Even seeing me didn't make him happy like it usually does. Tears started falling from my own eyes and that's when he could finally speak. He spoke to comfort me.

Luphelo: kuzoba right Ncumo. Ndicela ungakhali.

-it's going to be alright. Please don't cry.

I wiped my tears.

Me: what happened Luphelo? Talk to me sthandwa sam.

He inhaled.

Luphelo: I just got a call from uSihle...uthi ukuba her grandparents want me to pay damages for making her mother pregnant.

That hurt me to the depths of my soul. I didn't understand how they could expect

Damages from Luphelo when the only person that is damaged is him.

Me: Jama ndicela uxolo sthandwa sam kodwa funeka umxelele u Sihle kwenzeke ntoni.

-I'm sorry but you need to tell Sihle what happened.

He shook his head.

Luphelo: I'm a father I need to protect her. But fuck it hurts Ncumo...it hurts to be alive. I never asked to be a father. It happened without my consent and now I have a grown ass child who thinks I owe her the world and all I have to do is give all the damn time while all that people ever do is take from me. I'm tired Ncumo ndi ngumntu nam.

-I'm human too.

Luphelo cried so much that he ended up sitting down on the kitchen floor with his legs crossed and head faced down. He was on a different kind of sad, he was melancholy and I didn't know what to do to make him feel better but I sat down next to him and then put his head on my chest.

Luphelo: I'm sorry you have to listen to yonke le shit yenzeka ebomini bam Ncumo. Ndizozama ukuzi lungisa izinto kuze zingazoku khathaza-

-all this shit that's happening in my life. I'm going to try to fix things so that they won't worry-

Me: Ngcolosi mamela...when you surprised me with the dinner you told me that this is my reality now. You said I must get used to it and that you're still going to be with me. I'm not those women that are going to take you for the good and not accept the bad and the ugly. I want all there is to you...every inch...every mile...if it's you then I want it. If not they can keep it. Because I love you. And I'm here I'll never get tired of listening to your problems.

He sniffed.

Luphelo: I have a very strong feeling that we're going to get married one day.

Me: I don't want to get married and replace my beautiful surname with Jama.

Luphelo: baby Jama is short and sweet. Khacinge xasebuku biza Mamu Jama.

-imagine when they call you Mamu Jama.

I was internally in love with the sound of it but I couldn't let him know that. Luphelo hates desperation.

Me: its nice.

I said in monotone.

Luphelo: masambe siyolala. I feel better now.

-let's go sleep.

Me: Okay masambe.

-lets go.

I said as he got up first then helped me up and carried me to the bedroom.

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Luphelo woke me up in the morning by throwing his body on top of me. He was excited.

Luphelo: Ncumo vuka your Dad replied!!

-wake up.

I got up immediately.

Me: suxoka! Uthini?!

-don't lie. What did he say?

I said whilst removing my hair from my face.

Luphelo: uthi "hello ntombi. Umamakho ndiyamazi kwaye nangona ndine ntloni zoyithetha lento kodwa ndiyayazi ukuba ufuna sixoxe ntoni. Ndihlala eBhayi eSeyisi ukuba ulapha ndinga vuya ukubona".

-he says "hello lady. I know your mother and I'm ashamed to say this but I know what you want us to discuss. I live in Port Elizabeth at Seyisi. If you are here I would love to see you".

He showed me the message and I screamed out of excitement. Luphelo was so happy for me so we just had a mini crazy celebration dance going on. Luphelo can actually dance. His Thuso Phala dance is actually quite good and I didn't know that he is actually quite flexible. I should have been able to tell by the way he uses his waist during sex that he is a dancer.

Me: baby ndiphendule ndithini?

-what should I say back?

Luphelo: "ndizoza no mkhwenyana wakho".

-I'm going to come with your son in law.

Me: hay hay hay .. I don't know my father like that so I don't want him to see you and think we have money. He needs to love me for me...and if he passes phase one then I will expose him to you.

Luphelo: touche. Let's order food and champagne to celebrate the good news baby.

Me: that's an amazing idea but first...let's have shower sex.

Luphelo: Majama mahni.

He said with so much passion that it amused me. I went to the en suite, brushed my teeth and then got us ready for the shower.

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After we ate breakfast, Luphelo wanted us to get the full Durban experience so we drove out of the hotel and I called mom on the way.

Mom: oh ukhumbulile ukuba uzelwe.

-so you remembered that you were birthed.

Me: heh Mama please don't ruin my good mood.

Mom: yinton?

Luphelo ufumene enye I tender?

-got another tender?

Luphelo: saybaweli.

-I am longing for it.

Mom: hey wena Luphelo umntanam useyi virgin apho?

-hey you is my child still a virgin there?

Luphelo: yi ntombi nto. Siya fingerishana qha.

-she's a complete virgin. We only finger each other.

My mother laughed hysterically. She knew he was mocking the fact that she is a lesbian.

Mom: sudelela Luphelo or ziyanyuka inkomo.

-don't disrespect me or the cows will increase.

Luphelo: andina nxaki ndingaku thengela I farm yonke for uNcumolwam.

-I don't have a problem I could buy for you the whole farm for Ncumo.

I smiled.

Mom: mxm.

Luphelo laughed and he hijacked my entire call with my mother because now the conversation was between them.

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We spent our entire day sight seeing Durban. We did everything...went bungee jumping off the top of Moses Mabhida stadium, went to gamble at Suncoast casino, took pictures in the Japanese Gardens and the Botanic Gardens.

It was getting dark so Lumphelo suggested that we go home but the only problem is he didn't take me home, he took me to a studio where we met an old friend of his.

Lumphelo: Frank njayam u grand?

-are you good?

Frank: ndi grand njayam ndiyak bona nawe u grand ndikbona apha engalweni.

-I'm good I can see you're good too I can see from your arm.

He said, making a reference to me.

Lumphelo: yi Ntikazi lena eyokqhala neyokgqhibela. iNtombi yakwa Sifora kodwa usezobangu Majama ukuba nje unovuma. Igama ngu Ncumolwethu xayendi dika abengu Ncumolwam xaye ndenza happy.

-this is my woman the first and the last. Miss Sifora but she will be Mrs Jama is she would just say yes. The name is Ncumolwethu when she's annoying me but she's Ncumolwam when she makes me happy.

Lumphelo has these long ass introductions for me that are funny and adorable at the same time.

Me: molo bhuti. Andimazi lona enyinto ebeke wenza I bungee jumping so inoba imhlukuhle inqondo.

-I don't know about this one, another thing is he went bunjee jumping so maybe it shook his head.

I reached out my hand to him and he shook it respectfully whilst laughing.

Frank: nguwe lona Lumphelo fondin? Majama umenze nton u Lumphelo The Finisher?

-is this you? Majama what did you do to Lumphelo?

Me: andikayazi nangoku okwam.

-I don't know until this day either.

I said while giggling. We held idle talk before Lumphelo told me that we were here to take a photo shoot. I have mentioned to him before that I wanted us to take a photo shoot as a couple...but I didn't expect him to really go ahead with it. That's just the beauty of Lumphelo Jama.

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After having our photo shoot, Luphelo and I went home. We were tired so we took a shower, ate and then went to sleep.

I decided to make breakfast the next morning for us so I wore his hoodie with my ripped jeans and Nike Air forces. I took the keys of the rental and then drove to the nearest store to buy some groceries. I was then approached by Aunt Nolwazi who is Sihle's aunt as I bent down to get some bacon.

Me: hi Makazi unjani?

-how are you?

I asked excitedly as I gave her a hug.

Nolwazi: Ndi right Ncumo wena?

-I'm alright you?

Me: I'm okay. I didn't know you are here in Durban.

Nolwazi: Ewe wethu ndizele ukuzo bukela I show ne chomi zam.

-yes I came to watch a show with my friends.

Me: akumnandi.

-it is bliss.

Nolwazi: avah. Ndiyakbona nawe unxibe impahla ka Luphelo.

-right. I can see that you're wearing Luphelo's clothing.

I looked down at his hoodie and sweat covered my forehead already.

Me: Ewe wethu. I didn't pack enough casual clothes for this business trip. It was all formal wear now a girl is cold.

She nodded.

Nolwazi: I see...beku mnandi ukbona.

-it was good seeing you.

Me: likewise.

I lied. She smiled before walking away.

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After getting the groceries, I drove back to the hotel and got started with breakfast. Luphelo came into the kitchen in his boxers and then wrapped his arms around me.

Luphelo: Molo.

-hello.

Me: hey. I'm stressed.

Luphelo: ngoba?

-why?

Me: I ran into Nolwazi at the store when I was getting my groceries and she noticed I was wearing your hoodie.

Luphelo: kanene bendi nxibe yona when we had our first meeting.

-oh yeah I was wearing it.

Me: I'm sorry if I put your relationship with your daughter in jeopardy. I feel so bad Tiyeka.

Luphelo: relax Ncumo. If she finds out I'll protect you.

Me: promise?

Luphelo: I promise.

He kissed my temple and then left me in the kitchen to watch TV. After I was finished with breakfast, we ate and then got ready to leave Durban. Our return flight was scheduled for 3 pm so we checked out, Luphelo settled the bill using the company's funds and then we returned our rental. We took an Uber to the airport and then boarded our business flight back home.

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As much as my man begged me to go home to Bluewater Bay with him I refused and asked him to take me home to my mom. I missed her and I knew she must have been lonely without me. We bought more food for my mother and then Luphelo carried my bags inside the house.

Mom: molweni.

Us: Molo Mama.

Luphelo kissed her cheek on his way in and she may not admit it but I could see it made her blush.

Me: I missed you so much mommy.

I said whilst literally crying. This must have been the longest I have been separated from Mommy and Luphelo didn't understand this because he just rolled his eyes in the corner.

Mom: I missed you too mntanam. I'm glad you're home.

She wiped my tears and I wiped hers.

Luphelo: ndizohamba keh mnake ngoku. Ndizoni bona ngelinye ixesha.

-I'm going to leave now. I'll see you some other time.

Mom: okay Jama.

She left me and then rushed to give Luphelo a hug who kissed her forehead. After they hugged, he pecked my lips and then hugged me. Never did I think any man would be good enough to be able to kiss me in front of my mother.

Luphelo: ndizak phonela.

-I'll call you.

Me: okay.

He said his final goodbyes to us before leaving.

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My mother and I packed up the groceries and then cuddled on the couch like we usually do.

Mom: yaz umntu onokbona indlela ofeketha ngayo angacinga awuna ndoda kodwa yho.

-you know a person that would see the way you're such a baby at times they would think you don't have a man but wow.

I laughed.

Me: Mama what has my man done to you because wow you like him.

Mom: I just admire his intellect mntanam. He's smart because when we spoke about him paying your fees he was so serious to the point where I felt intimidated by his presence. Now he's different...I think this is the real him. You make him happy.

I blushed.

Me: we make each other happy mommy. And I was thinking about buying a house-

Mom:

Hay hay hay Ncumo! Ufuna ukundi shiya-

-no no no. You want to leave me-

Me: okay mom look...I won't leave I'll just buy a house while I'm living here with you and then rent it out until I'm married and can move out.

Mom: kodwa mntanam here is my house and I don't have another child besides you so if you buy another house then this one will be empty. I can even get an agent to tell you what the value of this house is-

Me: Mama I won't leave you, okay? And I love your house. This is my home and I know it's worth a lot but you have one child...who knows how many I will have? This house will one day belong to your grandchild and no child will have to fight over a house. I won't abandon nor sell it I promise.

A tear started falling from her eye. Mom was becoming emotional. I guess this me growing up thing is taking its toll on her.

Mom: Luphelo Jama must not take my daughter away from me.

Me: Mommy that won't happen. I love you so so so much. You're my everything.

I was making us both emotional so we just curled ourselves together whilst crying because I knew and she knew that we are now on borrowed time.

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Sihle called me and told me that she wanted to sleepover at my place so Mommy told me that she was going to give us privacy by going to Joy's house. My friend came to my place at past 7 pm and she looked tired. I dished up for her and then we chilled on my bed.

Me: chomi why do you look so worn out?

Sihle: zincwadi. LLB is no joke hey.

-it's the books.

Me: cela uTata wakho akuncede kalok.

-ask your father to help you.

She rolled her eyes.

Sihle: andina Tata mna.

-I don't have a father.

Me: do you still feel like he's ignoring you?

Sihle: jonga Ncumo wenze eyokgqhiba ngondi cimela nge phone.

-look Ncumo the last straw was when he hung up on me.

Me: what did you say to him?

Sihle: does what I said matter?

Me: yes because he's your father not Jesus Christ himself. He is bound to make mistakes. So what did you say?

Sihle: I said my grandparents expect him to pay damages for making my mother pregnant.

Me: Sihle u Luphelo was 12...your mother was 27. In that situation who do you think the adult was?

Sihle: please don't try to make my mother out to be a monster.

I swallowed.

Me: Sihle we live in a time when we try to stand for equality. How is it fair that Luphelo must pay just because he is the man but at that time he was just a boy. Your mother was the adult...she should have known better than to ra—than to sleep with Luphelo. Has your granny even showed you pictures of Luphelo at 12? He wouldn't have been able to even get a girl his age...how could a 27 year old have found him attractive? Its just fucked up-

Sihle: Okay! Okay Ncumolwethu that's enough talking bullshit about my mother that you don't even know. Your mother likes women...my mother perhaps liked boys. What's the big fucking deal?!

Me: you're asking this question? You're the same person who was posting #MuteRKelly because he likes young girls and now it's okay that your mother liked young boys?!

Sihle: R Kelly abuses girls...my mother didn't abuse and that is the difference. And don't you ever talk shit about my family that you don't know. I regret introducing you to my father because now you think you know more than I do.

I nodded slowly.

Me: please leave. I can't look at you right now. Leave.

Sihle: with pleasure.

She said before taking her stuff and then walking out of my house.

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I drank Adco Dol pills and then slept throughout the night. My phone was low in the morning so I charged it and then got ready for work. When I arrived I was already tired and demotivated.

Receptionist: awuse dhinwe Ncumolwethu. Yinton? Business trip bimnandi.

-you're so tired. What? The business trip was nice.

She mocked.

Me: iyaxaka ke lento ukba wena uhleli kulo ndawu inye ungasoze ubena chance yokuya kuzo ezi business trips ngoba uzo hlala ucinga zimnandi.

-the fact that you're restricted to that one place and won't have a chance to go on these business trips is tricky because you're

Going to think business trips are fun.

Her smile turned to a disapproving frown because I embarrassed her in front of the staff members that were present in the lobby.

Receptionist: if funeka uyazi I'm going to apply for the New vacancy to be a PA.

-if you must know.

Me: yeah didn't you read the email? You'll be applying to be my PA and one of the requirements is actually that I need to have a good working relationship with you.

Her mouth hung open.

Me: ndiyadlala.

-I'm joking.

I said whilst laughing. It was a terrible joke. Her face said it all but these office Bullies need to be taught a lesson.

Receptionist: Jama left you a gift. He won't be in today so he told me to give this to you.

My face flushed. A gift? In the workplace.

Me: what? Why?

She shrugged her shoulders before giving me a beautiful, purple box covered with two gold strings. I took the box, thanked the receptionist and then went to my office.

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I sat down and then immediately opened the box and it had the pictures from the photo shoot we took in Durban. I smiled as I went through each and every picture, there was like 25 of them and when I got to the last one I went back to the first one. I was just in awe...I never knew that Lophelo and I looked so good together. We complimented each other in a way that fits, he's slightly taller than the average man and I'm slightly shorter than the average woman. He's got a beautiful shade of Brown skin and I'm light skinned. He's too playful for his 30's and I'm a bit serious for my 20's. He puts milk in the bowl before adding cereal and I put the cereal before pouring the milk. We have so many differences but what we have in common is the ability to love without restrictions.

Under the pictures there was a CD which I played on my laptop and it was a video of all of our moments during the baecation. Miguels sure thing was the background song and I couldn't believe that I was watching my relationship on this CD. We looked so happy...so at peace with each other and seeing this motivated me to keep fighting for us. "Even when the sky comes falling. Even when the sun don't shine".

I looked in the box again and there was a cookies and cream Lindt Hello chocolate slab and beneath was a short hand written note on a purple card from Lumphelo. It was so cute that he took the time to physically write to me in this day and age. The note read:

Majama

The greatest mind in the world once said "the course of true love never did run smooth". So when the push becomes the shove please look back at our pictures and play back the clip so you can remember that I love you.

-L J

I brought the note up to my chest and hugged it.

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•• Lumphelo's perspective ••

Sihle sent me a long ass text on my business phone telling me how frustrated she was because of me. The source of her frustration was me not spending time with her and refusing to pay damages so I decided to put an end to this bullshit and told her I was going to visit her grandparents after work.

Once I was done working, I drove to their house. I didn't even answer my girlfriend's calls because she was going to relieve me of the anger that I needed once I get to Sihle's home.

I parked my car outside and then I went to knock on the door. Sihle's snot nosed little cousin opened the door and smiled.

Him: molo bhuti.

Me: ja kwedin.

He opened the burglar gate for me so I walked into their stuffy little house that was overcrowded. Sihle may be annoying as fuck lately but my daughter couldn't live here anymore. In the living room was both of her crusty grandparents, crusty uncle, crusy cousins, crusty

aunt...She was the only good looking member of that family and that's only because she looks like me.

Me: molweni.

They greeted me back. Sihle was called so she came to sit down next to me. Her family is so crusty that I felt like a celebrity amongst them.

Monde: uSihle ebetshilo kuthi ukuba ukxelele ngale nto ebisiy xoxile nje nge family kwaye siyavuya ukuba wena uqhondile ukuba mawuzovela.

-Sihle did say that she told you about what we as

A family have discussed and we're grateful that you decided to come through.

Me: ngayo yonke intlonipho kodwa kutheni kuthetha wena? Akumelanga ndithetha no Tata ka Nondwe?

-with all due respect but why are you talking? Shouldn't I be talking to Nondwe's father.

Grandfather: kunjalo Jama qha lentwana inako ukuphapha okuthile.

-that's right Jama but this boy has an element of being forward.

Me: so...uthini Tatu Xaluva?

-what are you saying?

Grandfather: ndithi nyana ukuba wena awuzange uhlawule isusu sika Nondwe.

-I'm saying son that you never paid for Nondwe's pregnancy.

Me: usakhumbula mos ukuba zandina ngaphi?

-you still remember how old I was right?

Grandfather: leyo into ayibalulekanga Jama. Uyindoda ngoku kufuneka ulungise apho wamosha khona.

-that isn't important. You're a man now you need to fix where you messed up.

Me: yimalini lena kuthethwa ngayo?

-how much are you talking about?

Grandfather: R100 000. For damages nokhulisa uSihle.

-and for raising Sihle.

I nodded slowly.

Me: Nantsi deposit. Yi fifteen thousand ke leyo.

-here is the deposit. That's 15 000.

I said before taking out Monopoly money and then putting it on the table. Everybody looked at me like I'm stupid.

Monde: yinton ngoku lena?!

-what is this now?!

Me: damages zomntana ona 12.

-damages of a 12 year old.

Grandfather: sukusiqhela wena Jama!! Ucimba yindlalo lena?!

-don't you disrespect us Jama! Do you think this is a game?!

Me: mamelani apha...Sihle nawe umamele ukba umntu une ngxaki nokuva makatsho ngoku ngoba mna andizokuzi phinda. Ayikho imali enizokuyi fumana kum nina. Ndiya gqhibelisa nokuza apha mna. Ningandi bizi noba kunothiwa nanku Pearl Thusi uhamba nge ndutsu iphandle apha kulendlu andizi ngenxa yenu uyawundi phosa.

-listen here...Sihle you should also listen and if someone has a problem hearing they must say so now because I won't repeat myself. There is no money that you are going to get from me. I'm coming here for the last time. Don't call me here even if Pearl Thusi is walking around butt naked in this very house. She will miss me because of all of you.

Sihle: Luphelo-

Me: hay Sihle ndi dikiwe bruh. Good night minqundu.

-no Sihle I'm tired bruh. Good night you assholes.

I said before getting up and then walking out of that damn house. I've waited for years to be able to cuss in their faces and it felt amazing to finally have the chance to do so. I went back into my car and smiled when I was inside.

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I was in bed, pissed that Lumphelo was not answering my calls when I heard a soft knock on my bedroom window. I opened a curtain and guess who I found, Jama smiling behind my window. He was drunk, I could tell by how starstruck he seemed when he saw me.

Lumphelo: hi.

Me: why haven't you been answering my calls?

Lumphelo: Ncumo udhuru umqhelo ndicela ungam susi or kanye sizo xabana.

-tipsyness is expensive so please don't take that away from me or we're going to fight.

I laughed internally before opening the window and telling him to come in.

Lumphelo: hay kutheni ndizo ngena nge festire nje? Uphi uPat? Pat!

-why am I going to come in using the window? Where is Pat? Pat!

He yelled.

Me: Lumphelo hay mahni yazibona ke ufuna uvusa uMamam?

-no man, you see now you want to wake my mother up?

I changed my facial expression just to scare him and he was as quiet as a mouse.

Me: ngena.

-come in.

He climbed inside my bedroom and hugged me when he was inside. Lumphelo was clearly drunk but he still smelt good. His clothes were still worn neatly, I was impressed. I closed the window and then took off his bomber jacket.

Me: Uvelaphi?

-where do you come from?

Lumphelo: klo Sihle. Rha imbi la family. Baby wonke umntu umbi mahn pha funeka ndim khuphe u Sihle pha. Kubi kwa usana lwaphana.

-from Sihle's house. Damn that family is ugly. Baby everybody there is ugly I need to take Sihle out of there. Even the baby is ugly.

I laughed. Baby Nangamso really is ugly.

Me: suybaxa Lumphelo mahni.

-don't exaggerate it man.

I looked at him.

Me: Jama ubatele I damages?

-did you pay

Lumphelo: uba? Mna? Ndibanike imali ka Monopoly.

-who? Me? I gave them Monopoly money.

Me: seriously?

He nodded and I laughed because I wouldn't put it past Luphelo. I felt sorry for Sihle because I knew how important this must be for her but at the same time she had to learn to think further than her nose sometimes and to realize that something's just don't make sense.

Luphelo: baby?

Me: hm?

Luphelo: ndi batyiwe.

-I'm horny.

He said before grabbing my ass and then he rubbed it. I felt a discharge already.

Me: ha.a baby.

-no.

Luphelo: please.

Me: ha.a baby not here.

He sulked a bit but he let me go. His ability to relent so easily when he was drunk and horny showed me the amount of discipline that my man has and that needed to be rewarded. So I closed my door and then I went to straddle him and we made out. He put me onto the bed because he wanted to fuck me missionary style and then he unzipped his pants. He took his hard dick out and he entered me raw. I lay on my back, enjoying the strokes he was giving me while Luphelo moaned on top of me with that attractive voice of his. He came onto my towel so I wrapped it and then put it aside.

Luphelo: Enkosi baby.

Me: buzele lonto ne?

-this is what you came for right?

I squinted and he laughed.

Luphelo: ewe fondin andizoy phika. Ndibatyiwe bufuna ndiye kubani phandle kwakho Majama?

-yes bruh I won't deny it. I'm horny so who did you want me to go to besides you?

I smiled.

Me: I love you so much yazi.

Luphelo: I love you too.

He said as he took his pants off and then folded it neatly and put it by my bedside so that he could sleep comfortably next to me.

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Mom left a sticky note on Luphelo's forehead saying "niyaqhela nina" and I only noticed when I woke up. I laughed hysterically.

Luphelo: yinton ehlekisayo fondin?

-what is funny bruh?

Me: my mom left a sticky note on your forehead.

He looked in the mirror and laughed.

Luphelo: ayibuhlungu lekaka xafuneka isusiwe. Why engaybekanga kuwe kodwa ndivulelwe nguwe?

-this shit is so painful when it has to be removed. Why didn't she put it on you because you're the one who opened up for me?

Me: because blood is thicker than water.

He sulked as I took the sticky note off his forehead and he screamed a bit. Since he was drinking last night I prepared a remedy for him and some breakfast before we took a bath

Together. We walked to my bedroom naked and then he quickly got dressed.

Luphelo: I'll see you later. I need to leave now.

Me: which company are you going to?

Luphelo: JLS. I have a MVA case to handle.

Me: okay...I'm done typing the proposal. So I'm going to drop it off at your bedr...I mean your boardroom.

He laughed.

Luphelo: it's just us now. You can drop it off at my bedroom if you want to.

Me: baby we can't keep doing this of sleeping together every night. We aren't married.

Luphelo: yet. Baby mamela...I love you but I'm running late. Your man has to leave.

Me: okay let me get you out.

I wore my gown and then I went to escort him out.

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I had a very rough day at work because there were problems on site because of go aheads that I consented to regarding certain aspects of construction so I was stressed the whole day. I was

even reprimanded by our plant manager who gave me a written warning for negligence. I felt like crying because I wasn't used to the feeling...and it also didn't help that I was on my period.

I went to the kitchen for lunch and then I made tea for myself. It was empty until someone I didn't expect came in-Ovayo.

Ovayo: Ncumo.

I almost dropped my cup when I saw him.

Me: Ovayo? Ufuna ntoni apha?

-what are you doing here?

Ovayo: uTa Phelo bendenzele I appointment kuze sizodibana. Ufuna ukundi nika I internship.

-he made an appointment for us to meet. He wants to give me an internship.

Me: that makes no sense Ovayo. Why would he bring you around me?

Ovayo: akhonto ndinawuze ndiyenze emva koxonywa ngapha kwe balcony. Ndiyani hlonipha.

-there is nothing I would do after being hung from a balcony. I respect you guys.

I relaxed.

Me: ndicela uxolo Ovayo. Akhange ndiyazi ukba ebezokwenza lonto kuwe uLuphelo.

-I'm sorry. I didn't know he was going to do that to you.

Ovayo: akukho nxaki. I guess our break up also opened some doors for me. And whether or not I'd like to admit it but I thought he was going to hurt you but indlela athetha ngawe ngayo indibonisa ukba yena ukthanda more than I ever did.

-there is no problem. The way he speaks about you shows me that he loves you more.

I wanted to smile but bit the edge of my lip to stop myself from doing such.

Me: truce?

Ovayo: truce.

He leaned into a hug which I accepted.

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I knocked off work early so that I could meet my father at half 2 pm. I drove to his house in Seyisi and I found him sitting on a bucket outside next to his wife. She looked friendly.

I climbed out of the car and then I greeted them.

Me: molweni.

Them: Molo sisi.

I hugged them and they asked me to go inside with them. I sat down as they offered me refreshments. I refused. Dr Sifora would die if she knew I accepted refreshments from people who "might want me dead".

Father: nkosikazi nanko ke uNcumo lona bendikxelela ngayo.

-my wife here is Ncumo whom I was telling you about.

Her: hmm akasemhle.

-she's so pretty.

Father: unangaphi mntanam?

-how old are you my child?

Me: ndina 21 Tata.

Her: unaye umntana? Utshatile?

-do you have a child? Are you married?

Me: No but I am a Construction Eco graduate and I'm currently a business administrator for a Construction company.

Her: oh...anda dhana.

-I'm so disappointed.

What?! Is she serious. So having a baby or a husband at the age of 21 is better than being a working graduate to her wtf I wanted to go home to my mommy right then and there so we can wear our black gowns together.

Me: njani Ma? Kodwa kulula ubangu Mama nomfazi...graduating and finding a job is harder.

-being a mother and a wife is easy.

Her: hay mntanam akululanga ubangu Mama no Mfazi qha nina niske nifune ubango Connie Ferguson.

-no my child it's not easy being a wife and a mother but you girls just want to be Connie Ferguson.

I raised my eyebrow. Wow this woman is backwards. I want my mommy.

Father: so unjani uMamakho?

-how is your mother?

Me: she's good thank you...she's a psychologist. Dr Sifora.

Her: yho mandihambe makhulu lamagama. O Psy-nton nton. Ndoyisiwe.

-let me leave these words are too big. I'm defeated.

I laughed internally as

Dramatically walked into their bedroom, leaving me in the living room with my father.

Father: sumhoya wethu. Une moods.

-don't pay attention to her. She's moody.

I nodded.

Father: enkosi ngozokundi bona Ncumo. Ndiyazi sola ngongabise bomini bakho. Ufuna ndithini ukuba ndizo xoleleka?

-thank you for coming to see me. I regret not being in your life. What do you want me to do in order to be forgiven?

Honestly if I had met this man before Luphelo came into my life then I would have given him hell but no...I was so happy with my life that I had no time to be angry or bitter.

Me: ndi happy mna Tata. Andinawo nomsindo qha bendifuna ukwazi nje.

-I'm not even angry but I just wanted to know you.

He smiled.

Father: enkosi mntanam. Iyandi vuyisa lanto.

-thank you my child. That makes me happy.

Me: yeah...ndicela nje okwesi duko Sam?

-can I just have my clan name?

Father: oh .. wena ungu Mamcethe, uChizama, uBhurhuma, Ncenceza, uDlinyamakrwada, uKhedama, Ngcoko, Mnyapha..yena onyathela amalahlala atshisayo ungafa.

I was so in love with those clan names that when he said them...I related. I felt a connection to them. I am MamCethe. For the first time in my life I felt like I belonged somewhere...Dr Sifora is a Makhasibe and I've had to lie and say I am too for way too long but now I could finally call myself something and mean it.

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My meeting with my father went well so to express my happiness I decided to go to my man's house in Bluewater Bay. I parked in the garage since it was open and then I opened the door which wasn't locked and I saw a woman sitting next to my man. My blood boiled, I was so angry I could breathe fire.

Me: LUPHELO!! UYANDI DYOLELA NGOKU?!! NGUBANI ELI HULE LILAPHA!!

-you're cheating on me now?! Who is this whore that is here?!

I was yelling and stomping my heels on his tiles. He stood up and tried to calm me down but I wasn't hearing it. My ears felt deaf...it took me a while to hear his voice saying "YI PSYCHOLOGIST YAMU NCUMOLWETHU!! MJONGE UPHETHE IPEN NE PHEPHA!"

-she's my psychologist!! Look at her, she has a pen and a paper.

I looked at her and she was waving her file in my face with Luphelo's information details on it. I stopped immediately and once my high had ended, embarrassment was all that was left.

Me: a psychologist? You didn't tell me you were going to see a psychologist.

I said in a low voice. Luphelo exhaled deeply, calming me down must have taken a lot out of him. The fear of losing me alone must have done that to him.

Luphelo: I was going to tell you after finding one that I'm comfortable with kalok mntuwam yhini wandenza indoda engena sdima sthandwa sam!

Luphelo was really angry but he still used pet names on me.

Me: I'm sorry...nakuwe sisi I'm sorry for calling you a whore.

She laughed.

Her: no problem. Luphelo should I leave or resume?

Luphelo: lets resume.

Me: I'll go upstairs-

Luphelo: no hlala. I'll be more comfortable telling my story when you're there to hold my hand.

I smiled.

Me: okay. I'll stay.

I said as we all went to sit down.

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When the psychologist left, we ate and then went to bed. I was becoming sicker as the night progressing due to my period pains which were becoming more intense. Luphelo didn't know what to do so he called his mother.

Luphelo: Mama uNcumo uphethwe zi period pains apha and mna andimazi mandithini.

-I don't know what to do.

Mamu Jama: mfake phantsi kwe ngubo umnike I hot water bottle.

-put her under a blanket and give her a hot water bottle.

Luphelo: okay and then?

Mamu Jama: khame ndisacinga.

-wait I'm still thinking.

Luphelo: khakhawuleze Mama uyafa umntu wam.

-could you hurry up mom my person is dying.

Mamu Jama: hay futsek Luphelo phola.

-relax.

Luphelo: njani Mama ungekho right uNcumo? Awu understandi wena mama kunjani uthanda umntu.

-how when she's not okay? You don't understand what it's like to love someone.

Mamu Jama: andimthandi dahn uTatakho?

-don't I love your father?

Luphelo: haska nina nanyanzelwa ngaba zali ukba manitshate. Mna ndithetha ngothando lwa manyani Mama uzikethele ukba uyamfuna lomntu

-oh please you guys were forced by your parents to get married. I'm talking about true love mom where you choose that you want to be with this person.

His mom laughed before recommending that he goes to the chemist and buys Neurofen tablets with some adco dols so she can sleep. He then thanked his mother before leaning by my bedside.

Luphelo: baby ndizoya echemist ngoku ndikushiye or sihambe?

-I'm going to go to the chemist now. Should I leave you or should we go?

Me: ndishiye.

-leave me.

Luphelo: okay.

He kissed my cheek and then he went out of our bedroom. After a couple of minutes he came back up and then he picked me up from the bed and carried me down to the car with his throw over. He couldn't stand to leave me behind.

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He put me inside the car and then he rolled the passenger seat of the Cayenne all the way down so that I could be able to rest properly. He then put the pillow and throw over for me.

Luphelo: u grand kanje Ntikazi?

-are you okay like this?

Me: ewe sthandwa sam Enkosi.

-yes my love thank you.

He got into the car and then he closed the door. He switched on the heater before starting the car and then driving out of the yard. I looked up where the sun roof is and the view of the night sky was beyond amazing.

Luphelo: unjani ngoku?

-how are you now?

Me: kusafana.

-it's still the same.

He exhaled. He was driving an automatic car so he used his free hand to hold my hand. He hated seeing me in this state. We finally arrived at the chemist so he parked.

Luphelo: is there anything else you want in the chemist? Sweets? Chips...anything?

Me: Maynards.

Luphelo: okay.

He got out of the car and then he walked into the chemist. After about less than a minute he came back into the car with the medication and a pack of pads.

Me: ukhawulezile.

-you were quick.

Luphelo: I offered to pay people to let me go first but they told me I don't have to pay.

He said with a soft smile on his face whilst opening up my medication and my bottle of water. He fed me the neurofen with the adco dol which made me sleepy. I didn't even make it back to Bluewater Bay awake.

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In the morning, I was woken up with breakfast in bed by my man. But this time he made porridge...like actual mielie meal porridge. His mother must have told him to feed me that instead of bacon and eggs.

Luphelo: Molo MamCethe.

I smiled shyly.

Me: Molo Zikhali.

Luphelo: here is your breakfast.

Me: enkosi.

I took the tray and then sat upright on the bed with his help. He asked me how I feel now and I told him that I'm better.

Me: I dropped the proposal off in your bedroom. It's in this drawer.

He nodded whilst smiling.

Luphelo: If this actually turns out that it may work...that's an automatic promotion. You're a fucking smart one...you turn me on everytime you speak in that black man dominated boardroom. Then you come in with your light skin and your bob wig and you put us all in line. Makes me proud to be your man.

I blushed quietly in my little corner before giggling slightly. Luphelo knows how to make a woman feel special...He can make you feel special just by looking at you and not saying a single word. We finished eating so Luphelo took the dishes down to the kitchen and then he came back up.

Luphelo: siyovasa?

-should we go wash ourselves?

Me: yes but baby we can't take a bath together I'm on my periods. We'll do so after 3 days.

Luphelo: okay...vasa apha wena mna ndizovasa ezantsi.

-you wash here and I'll wash downstairs.

Me: okay.

He walked out of the room so I got up, took the stained sheet so the laundry room where I made sure it was being washed before returning back to the bedroom.

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After getting ready, I wore Luphelo's underwear since I didn't have a new underwear to wear which was super comfortable. It supported my pad perfectly and was not tight around my waist which was on fire because of my period pains. I got dressed and Luphelo came into the bedroom just when I was about to go down to him.

Luphelo: uzohamba ngoku?

-are you going to leave now?

Me: ewe baby.

Luphelo: Ncumo this back and forth between my house, your home and work is making you late. Please move out because it's clear that this is how we're going to do things from now on.

Me: Baby I can't just leave my mother alone. You know what our relationship is like.

He exhaled. He was low-key mad at this but he knew he had no right to express it. So I got down on my knees in front of him and then I sucked his dick. Luphelo loves getting blow jobs, he especially loves to thrust into the mouth that is sucking his dick which is pretty inconsiderate if you consider the size of the dick in question. We exchanged power by me allowing him to fuck my mouth and he would relinquish his power by allowing me to put my hands on the part of his penis that didn't fit

And rub whilst I suck it. He finally came so I got up on my knees then I kissed him.

Luphelo: in the evening I'm going to have my operation for my vasectomy reversal so we won't be able to spend the night together.

Me: how long does it last?

Luphelo: 2-4 hours but I'll be admitted into hospital anyway.

I sighed.

Me: okay...good luck.

Luphelo: yeah...thank you.

He kissed me one more time before I took my pads and sweets then I went to my car so that I could leave.

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I went home, changed into my work clothes and Luphelo was right about this back and forth thing. It was seriously going to make me late which is something that I couldn't do whilst I'm on a 6 months long probation.

I received a call from Sihle on my way to work. I rolled my eyes when I saw it.

Me: ewe?

-yes.

Sihle: ndiyazama Ncumo. Ndicela ungabi krwada.

-I'm trying. Please don't be rude.

Me: uzama ntoni?

-what are you trying?

Sihle: I'm trying to fix things with you...with everybody. I literally don't know what the hell is going on with my life right now.

Me: why is that?

Sihle: the whole damages thing...uTatam came to the house yesterday wathuka wonke umntu. Uyamazi mos uLuphelo unjani Ncumo...he's a chilled person who never gets upset but yesterday he was livid. I don't know what Mom did to him but it must be really bad.

I exhaled.

Me: did you speak to him?

Sihle: I tried calling but he's not answering my calls. I'm going to go to his office-

Me: I don't think that's a good idea Sihle. You really think cornering him at work is going to work?

Sihle just broke down over the phone.

Sihle: he probably hates me right now...when all I ever wanted was to have a father. I love him so much...I was starting to enjoy his love and attention and then all of a sudden...some bitch took it away from me. Why?

Me: Sihle has it ever occurred to you that she might actually really genuinely and wholeheartedly love your father?

Sihle: then she should love his kid too. Bitch hasn't even tried to meet me...to know me...it's obvious she's just one of those damn ticks that are leeching off his blood. But it's okay...I'm done fighting for Luphelo's love.

Me: okay...mntase I need to go okay? I'm running late.

Sihle: bye.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then exhaled. It's not easy being a stepmom.

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•• Luphelo's perspective ••

I decided to visit Ncumo's mother at her workplace so I brought some food with me because she loves eating. Ncumo's mother eats more than my dad. Ncumo's mother eats so much that she would come first place in an eating competition and still help other competitors come second or third by eating their food.

I knocked on her door and she told me I could come in. She was surprised to see me but it was a pleasant surprise.

Her: Jama?

Me: u right Dr Sifora?

-are you alright?

Her: I'm okay thanks and you?

Me: I'm good.

I asked if I could take a seat and she agreed. I put the food down on her table which she thanked me for so we both took our meals and started eating.

Her: undi cinge ngantoni na? Yilento ubulele endlini yam izolo elinye?

-what made you think about me? Is it the fact that you slept over at my house the day before last?

Me: ndicela uxolo ngalonto. Ebendine stress ndake ndasela ndakhumbula umntu wam.

-I'm sorry about that. I was stressed so I drank and then missed my person.

Her: walala naye endlini yam.

-and you slept with her in my house.

Me: akhange-

-I didn't-

Her: ha.a Luphelo ungaklinge uxoke uthi umfingerishile. Wena uyalala nentombi yam. You can deny it all you want but there is no 33 years old man that is going to be celibate.

-no Luphelo don't you lie and say you fingered her. You sleep with my daughter.

Me: to my defence Pat I would do anything for your daughter. Nguye lona bethe mandimnike lento ayfunayo.

-she's the one who said I must give her what she wants.

Her: Luphelo!! My life was fine without that information.

She said before we both started laughing.

Her: but Ncumo is an adult. She knows what she wants and I'm proud of the woman she has become. I trust her reasoning so if she chose you to give her flower

To you then it means there is good in you.

Me: I'm serious about your daughter Pat...that's why I want to organise a braai or something for our parents kuze nizokwazana.

-so that you can know each other.

She looked at me in the eyes.

Her: uyayqhonda Luphelo ukba xawu dibanisa I family that's your way of saying we'll be in each other's lives forever?

-you do realise that when you introduce the families.

Luphelo: ewe...Pat lento andiycinganga kuze bendi ngena e toilet ndingena phone. It's been in my mind for weeks now...I'm reversing my vasectomy tonight so I'm thinking about babies who will need to have United grandparents.

-I didn't think about this when I went into the toilet without my phone.

Her: ubu shoot'a I blanks lonke elixesha kanti.

-you were shooting blanks all along.

She laughed hysterically.

Me: oksalayo I gun ndinayo.

-at least I have a gun.

I said mocking the fact that I have a penis and she doesn't. She laughed and I love this woman for Her ability to take a roast.

Her: lo comeback bawo. Mxm uyikaka khasapha lo burger for lonto.

- That comeback Lord. You're shit give me that burger for that reason.

She took my burger and then put it next to hers and all I saw was Ncumo's tendencies. The Apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

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•• Luyanda Jama's perspective ••

I came home in the evening to my wife who was sitting alone in the living room, watching Isibaya.

Madlamini: hey.

Me: hey baby. Balele abantwana.

-are the children asleep?

She nodded.

Madlamini: uZama ebeku lindele wade wozela shame.

-was waiting for you until she fell asleep shame.

Me: did she need me to help her with homework?

She nodded.

Madlamini: uRight Luyanda?

I exhaled.

Me: ndicela siye roomini.

-can we please go to our bedroom.

My wife got up from the couch so I followed behind her to the bedroom. We took our seats on the bed.

Me: usakhumbula lamsebenzi wo mntana ka Pabbles? Lona bendithe ndicela undixokele kuwo uthi ndise Kapa?

-remember that ritual for Pabbles's child? The one I asked you to lie for me and say I'm in Cape Town?

She nodded.

Me: I think uSihle ngowam.

-is mine.

Her eyes grew wider than saucers.

Madlamini: ngoba?

-why?

I swallowed.

Me: Because her mother molested me too. Yes Pabbles was going through puberty at that time but...come on let's weigh out the possibilities. He was 12 and I was 19. Sihle is my child.

Madlamini: but Mabombo it's not about that. He was also capable of making a baby-

Me: Madlamini stop!! That child is mine. Nondwe told me before She fled.

She exhaled.

Madlamini: but Lumphelo did ask for a DNA test and she is his child. Your mother told me-

Me: Mxm they probably used the cheaper DNA. That kind doesn't differentiate DNA markers between brothers. Mna no Lumphelo have the same mother and the same father so what did you expect?

She inhaled.

Madlamini: so what are you going to do? Have your own DNA test?

Me: I will have to speak to uMama because I broke into Luphelo's condo and stole his hair and tooth brush kanti both were new. I don't understand this rich people life yaz everything is new.

Madlamini: and if she's really your child...kuzothwani?

-what's going to happen?

Me: if she's mine then she has a choice...Me or Luphelo. She may go either way that makes her happy but she needs to know who her father is.

I said before burying my face in my hands.

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•• Ncumo's perspective ••

I came home earlier than Mommy and decided to cook dinner. Mom came home at to 6 pm in the evening looking happy.

Mom: hey daughter.

Me: hey mother. Why are you so happy?

Mom: I had a visit from my son-in-law.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: uJama?

Mom: yes. He brought food and we had a chat. By the way ndiyayazi uyatyiswa mntanam it's all good.

-I know you get fucked my child.

I tensed my eyebrows. Who is this clone that I was talking to because she definitely isn't my mother.

Me: okayyy...Mom you're being weird.

Mom: uthe ufuna ukwenza I braai kuze azokwazi udibanisa mna nabazali bakhe.

-he said he wants to make a braai so he can introduce me to his parents.

Me: and that's what made you so

Happy?

Mom: mntanam to be honest with you...this life of being alone isn't fun. We don't have family...it's always been you and I but I had to be strong for your sake because I didn't want you

to feel the isolation we got from people who are still alive. And you went through that because of me...now here is our chance to have a family and be amongst people. You're my daughter so I won't sell you...but Lumphelo Jama has more heart than money so me encouraging this relationship isn't for the sake of money it's for the sake of genuine happiness. So I'm excited to meet his family. He says his father is funny so I'm sure we'll have a nice time with them.

Me: have I ever told you how much of a great mother you are?

Mom: yes but let me hear it again mntanam.

Me: you're the best mommy in the world mommy.

Mom: says the best daughter in the world.

She opened her arms up for me to enter so we hugged one another tightly.

Mom: I'm a proud mommy.

She whispered in my ear and I kissed her cheek.

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It was now Saturday morning and time for the long awaited family gathering. My mother has been on my neck about it since Lumphelo pitched the idea to her. She was excited...and nothing was better than seeing her happy. As a daughter who grew up watching her mother struggling alone to make ends meet, my mother's happiness is priceless to me. And it made me fall even deeper in love with Lumphelo for not only being good to me but to my mother as well because he understood that we're a package.

My mother woke me up at 7 am by shaking my body.

Mom: vuka Ncumo vuka! Awuyazi kukrwada ukuba late xawu menyawe.

-wake up Ncumo wake up. Don't you know how rude it is to be late when you've been invited.

Me: Mama une drama shame.

-you're dramatic.

I said whilst sitting upright and then rubbing my eyes.

Mom: Ndi right ndibene drama andifuni abazali baka Luphelo bacinge singabantu abangena nkathalo.

-I'm fine with being dramatic I just don't want Luphelo's parents to think we're people who don't care.

I smiled.

Me: okay Mama. Give me a minute.

She walked out of my bedroom so I did my bed then I called my man. He was still in bed. I could tell by the sound of his husky voice.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: hey baby ndixakiwe ngu Dr Sifora sahna.

He giggled.

Luphelo: wenzeni?

-what did she do?

Me: she's excited. She just woke me up ngoku uthi she doesn't want your parents to think we don't care so she wants us to be on time.

Luphelo: yintwentle njena leyo Ntikazi.

-that's a good thing.

Me: I know but it puts pressure on our relationship.

Luphelo: pressure creates diamonds sthandwa sam.

Me: or...it can burst pipes.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: are you seriously doubting you and I? Knowing good and well that we love each other? Suyenza lonto.

-don't do that.

He pleaded.

Me: I'm sorry.

Luphelo: ndikuxolele. Nxibani nibebahle no Mamakho sogqhiba nize. Abam abazali sebelapha. Bebelele apha.

-I've forgiven you. You and your mother should get dressed and then come. My parents are already here because they slept over.

Me: oh okay...we'll be there soon.

Luphelo: sure. I love you.

Me: I love you too.

He hung up then I went to take a bath.

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Mom and I got dressed and she wore a white ginger Mary t-shirt with her blue jeans and some nice sandals. Her dreadlocks were tied in a bun and that's not usually how mommy dresses but I could tell she wanted to hide her sexuality from them. Maybe she thought they weren't going to accept her because of it. I on the other hand wore a beautiful red maxi dress which I bought in Durban with my black sandals. I wore my 14 inches long body wave wig and then Mommy and I hit the road.

We arrived at Bluewater Bay and the front door of the house was opened. Soft, 80's R&B was playing in the living room where Luphelo's parents were ballroom dancing together whilst Luphelo stood in the corner taking a video of his parents with his cellphone. He looked at me and then winked at me. I could already tell that he pictured us doing this when we're old and grey. Mr Jama Senior was hyping his own dance moves. He kept on saying "banganya kum...ndiyasi jija isinqa". I looked at my mother and whilst this was not what she expected, she was still impressed.

Mom: xolweni ngophazamisa kodwa sifikile.

-we're sorry to interrupt but we have arrived.

They stopped dancing and looked at us.

Mrs Jama: oh molweni. Inoba nithi siyaphambana apha.

-oh greetings. You are probably saying we are crazy here.

Mom: tu kanti. Intle lento ndiybonayo.

-not at all. What I'm seeing is beautiful.

We all greeted each other so I sneaked past to get to my man. I gave him a hug and then pecked his lips.

Me: ndicela I quickie.

-can I please have a quickie?

I whispered in his ear and he bit his bottom lip.

Luphelo: masambe.

-lets go.

He took my hand as we tried to disappear Tatu Jama called us out.

Him: usayofaka inkunzi esibayeni ngoku kujongiwe na nyana?

-are you trying to have sex although there are people watching son?

I was so embarrassed.

Luphelo: xabektheni ngoku Tata?

-because of what now Dad?

Him: ndini bona ni

Zimela kalok. Kodwa hambani nive kamnandi.

-I see you two hiding. But go and have fun.

Luphelo exhaled as we made our way back to them.

Mrs Jama: hay hambani. Anisafuni ngoku?

-no leave. Don't you want to anymore?

We didn't reply we just awkwardly stood there until Luphelo's older brother Luthando saved us by showing up.

Luthando: molweni.

-greetings.

We all greeted him and his family seemed really excited to see him. He hugged my mother first and then he stopped in front of me to check me out.

Luthando: hay Pabbles uyaphumela uMajama fondin. Well done mntanam. 10 out of 10.

-Majama is beautiful.

Luphelo: Enkosi Ta.

Tatu Jama: ndisatsho mna nangoku uPabbles umfumene kwi auction lomntana.

-I still say Pabbles got this girl from an auction.

Luthando: beyi highest bidder.

The whole family started laughing as Luthando hugged me. He then hugged his parents and hugged his little brother lastly. Their hug was so emotional. Luthando loves his little brother, you could tell by the way he kissed his temple although they are both grown men. You could tell that he sees the baby in him. This family has been through a lot.

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The food was served so we all sat down around the dinner table. My mom asked to pray and got the stare of death from the Jama's so she said never mind. Another arrival came, it was their sister Lusanda who is 2 years older than Lumphelo making her 35 but she didn't look a day older than 25. They got their good genes from their mother.

Lumka: yhu nisebabi nangoku?

-you guys are still ugly even now?

Lumphelo: subay hypocrite.

Luthando gave Lumphelo a high 5 as they laughed. Their parents were so happy to see their only daughter but not more than Lumphelo who stood up and went to meet his sister with a hug.

Lumphelo: I didn't know you are back.

Lusando: ndibuyiswe ngu bhuti wakho. Uthe uPabbles ufuna ubonisa I family uMajama ndathi mna andicinge ndingazoy bona lena.

-your brother brought me back. He said Pabbles wants to show the family his girlfriend and I said I can't not see this.

Lumphelo giggled before showing her Mommy and I. Lusanda greeted my mother and then pecked my lips. She smelt really good.

Lusanda: ndiyakwamkela sisi uzothiywa ndim xawutshata no bhuti wam.

-I accept you my sister. I'm going to name you when you get married to my brother.

Me: Enkosi sisi.

She sat down next to me and then asked for her plate. Lumphelo told Macy to dish up for her so she received her food and then started eating.

Lusanda: so ndicela ukubuza ukba uSihle uthini ngalentba uTatakhe udyola ne best friend yakhe?

-so may I ask what is Sihle saying about the fact that her father is dating her best friend?

Luthando: wena uthini ngalentba I wig yakho ihleli rongo?

-what are you saying about the fact that your wig is sitting incorrectly.

Mrs Jama: wazintoni nge wig wena Luthando? Njema ingathi uynxibile lo fade.

-what do you know about wigs? Because it looks like you're wearing that fade of yours.

Lusanda and Lumphelo burst out laughing.

Mr Jama: hay kxanimeni bendisa ghinya. Nithi lentwana uPabbles udyola ne chomi ye ntombiyakhe. Sihleli phezkwe mali mos apha. Singayenza ifilm ngale meko.

-hold up I was still swallowing. So you're saying this boy Pabbles is dating his daughter's best friend. We're sitting on money here because we could make a movie out of this situation.

Mom died from laughter. I looked at her and she tried to stop laughing but she couldn't stop. I decided to lighten up as well because Tatu Jama was just being dramatic.

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After eating, we were given desert and Tatu Jama looked confused.

Mr Jama: desert emini?

-during the day?

Luthando: uyasi hlaza Timer.

-you're embarrassing us Dad.

Mr Jama: azange ndathetha lonto keh mnake kwedin kuze wawuphume kwa Jika Majika ndingayazi kutheni zawunga yekanga kuhambe uLuphelo. Wajaiva umqundu apha wavala iminyango for uLusanda no Luphelo abakwazi uyo jaiva pha for la mali ngenxa kucinjwa bazokwenza la kaka yenziwa ngu brother wabo.

-I didn't say that when you went on Jika Majika when you were supposed to let Luphelo go instead. You danced

So terribly that you closed doors for Lusanda and Luphelo. They couldn't dance for that money because the producers thought they would do the same shit their brother did.

We all laughed at that memory. Luphelo was laughing so much that he had tears in his eyes.

Luthando: okay shot Timer. Uphi uLuyanda?

Lusanda: he's in Cape Town last time I checked. He's back and forth between there and PE.

Luthando: yasenza isithukuthezi lomntu lowo.

Luphelo: yeah...but let me bring you all to the reason why I did this. As my sister had already said...Ncumo is Sihle's best friend and obviously Sihle won't like this when she finds out...but mna ndiyamthanda uNcumo. Uvile baby? Ndiyakthanda.

-but I love Ncumo. Did you hear that baby? I love you.

He smiled at me and then winked. His family booed us and I laughed.

Luphelo: so I want to know what do you elders suggest? Niyazi ke kukho ne psychologist apha so ndiythembile le panel. Phandle kwakho Timer itya wena xayiphelile nantsi neyam idesert isekhona.

-and know there is also a psychologist here so I trust this panel. Except you Dad...you just eat and when your desert is done mine is still available.

Tatu Jama laughed before saying "suqhela kwedin".

Lusanda: does Sihle know how her mother become pregnant?

Luphelo shook his head.

Lusanda: then tell her what happened and tell her you love Ncumo. Don't give her a choice Jama.

Luthando: I agree with Lusanda...your love for Ncumo is the only thing you had a choice in. She can't expect you to drop everything after you were violated.

Mr Jama: yinton uNondwe enga rape'anga mna bettere esiya ebantwaneni.

-why didn't Nondwe rape me instead of going to the children.

Us: Oh Tatu Jama.

Mrs Jama: Luphelo awuzo lawulwa ngu Sihle apha. You have suffered because of what her mother has done to you and if she has any heart...She will learn to look past the fact that Ncumo is her best friend and see the fact that she is the love of your life. You have a beautiful girlfriend by your side...strong willed, intelligent and she is not submissive. She doesn't care about your money nor what you are...She cares about who you are. So mntanam thatha le Nzwakazi uyithathe uyibeke kwa Jama kamnadi sewumqhelisile eligama lika Majama. Ukhulisile Makhasibe.

-you won't be controlled by Sihle. You have raised her well Makhasibe.

She said to my mother who shed tears of joy next to me. That was a kind of emotional moment for both of our families.

Mom: ndiyabulela Mamzangwa. At first I was not happy with their relationship for obvious reasons...it's because I looked at Luphelo as Sihle's father and looked at Ncumo as Sihle's best friend. But this isn't about her...it's about them...and that's when I could see things for what they are. Mamzangwa we gave birth to lovers. 12 years apart but...I have faith in what they have. Luphelo has this thing where...if he buys Ncumo flowers he'll buy them for me too. He spoils us both because he knows I don't have a man.

Mr Jama: Ndikhona-

-I'm here-

Luthando: khame mahn Timer.

-wait a minute Dad.

He gave Mom a chance to wipe her tears.

Mom: so yeah...I hope Sihle can give these kids a chance.

Luthando extended his hand to my mother and then kissed her hand. Luphelo was also crying softly. We were all so emotional and Lusanda brought me to her chest and whispered "please don't leave my brother" in my ear.

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We had such an amazing time with our families that they decided to sleep over at Luphelo's house so everybody picked a room to sleep in. Mom slept in her own room, Luphelo's parents slept in their own and Luthando and Lusanda shared a room although they didn't have to.

I went up to the main bedroom where Lusanda was taking some money from the stack in the drawer.

Me: Lusanda?

She turned around.

Lusanda: hey mntase. Are you coming with us to the club?

Me: I didn't know about that but I'm game. Is Lophelo also coming?

She nodded.

Lusanda: nguye othe mandizo landa imali.

-he said I must come and fetch the money.

Me: okay. Let me get a jacket.

Lusanda: okay. Ncumo?

Me: yeah?

Lusanda: I have this memory of Luyanda

And Nondwe. In bed.

Me: doing what?

Lusanda: I don't know mntase...can you imagine over two decades ago? It's blurry but yeah...I'm sure I saw them.

Me: having sex?

Lusanda: who knows? I don't want my mind to play tricks on me.

Me: was Lophelo the only one who was molested?

Lusanda: I don't know babes.. I just think-

Lophelo opened the bedroom door and stuck his head in.

Lophelo: Lusanda imali kalok. Masambeni.

-the money. Let's go.

Lusando: alright fine. Let's go Ncumo.

Me: okay.

I followed behind her as we prepared for the club.

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We walked out to the car but all of a sudden I had a change of heart about going to the club. I was tired and felt like being in bed with my man.

Me: I don't feel like going out tonight. I think I'm going to call it an early night.

Luthando: hay hay Majama... Sukudika apha. Siyaqhala ukwazi so we wanted to spend time with you.

-don't be a bore. It's our first time knowing you.

Me: ndiyayazi lonto Jama kodwa ndidiniwe nyani. We'll have to take a raincheck.

-I know that but I'm really tired.

Luphelo looked at me and then climbed out of the car.

Luphelo: ndiyeza give me a second.

-I'm coming.

He said as he took my hand and then took me up to the bedroom where he closed the door behind us and then faced me.

Luphelo: okay Ncumo talk to me. What's the matter?

Me: I just feel overwhelmed Luphelo.

Luphelo: with?

Me: this whole thing of our families meeting. You can see how close the family already is when we don't even know if we are going to survive this Sihle thing.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: ngok ufuna ndithini Ncumolwethu? Ndimxelele uSihle? Yilonto uyifunayo wena?

-so what must I do now? Must I tell Sihle? Is that what you want?

Me: your ride is waiting for you.

Luphelo: yimoto yam leyana mabandi linde. Ncumolwam...ndiyakthanda Ntikazi ndifunga oMqocwa belele ukthula ukba wena ndizokwenza umfazi ngenye imini kodwa ndicela undi thembe Ntikazi. Ndi dibanisa abazali bethu nje ndenza ukuza bazokwazi ukusi xhasa kwi meko ka Sihle. Uvile Majama?

-that is my car they must wait for me. I love you and I swear on my ancestors that one day I am going to make you a wife but please trust me. I have introduced our parents because I wanted them to support us through this Sihle situation. Did you hear that Majama?

I smiled a little bit as he took my hand in his and then he kissed it.

Me: I love you LJ.

Luphelo: I love you more. What should I bring you when I come home?

Me: nothing baby I'm full.

Luphelo: okay. Good night.

Me: good night.

We hugged and kissed before he walked out.

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My mother came into my bedroom with Luphelo in the evening.

Me: baby nguwe lowo?

-is that you?

Mom: ha.a Ncumo ndim. I spoke to your father in law mntanam and ended up coming clean about my sexuality. He was so supportive mntanam... I almost cried.

-no Ncumo it's me.

She said as she climbed into bed behind me and then cuddled.

Me: andisavuyi Mama. I didn't even want you to hide who you are but at the same time I didn't want to force you to talk about something that you don't want to talk about.

-I am so happy Mommy.

Mom: being homosexual in this country is not easy mntanam. Some people think you're a joke... Some people think I'm too old to be a lesbian as if it's a trend... And some people are just plain ignorant. I love being who I am Ncumo qha some people just make it really difficult to be happy with yourself.

I turned to face my beautiful mother and then smiled because her face brings me joy.

Me: Mamam I don't care what people say about you. I wish I would have changed my reaction when I found out but I was just shocked...not ashamed not embarrassed... I was just shocked but Mommy I love you so fucking much.

Don't you ever forget that.

She kissed my forehead and then cuddled next to me. We spoke until Luphelo walked into the bedroom.

Luphelo: ulapha kanti Sis Pat? Ndizoske ndi lale kwenye I room-

-you're here Sis Pat? I'll just sleep in another bedroom-

Mom: hay Jama akukho nxaki izolala no mntu wakho. Bendizom hlalisa qha mna.

-no Jama there is no problem. Come and sleep next to your person. I was just here to keep her company.

She said as she got up from the bed.

Me: good night mommy.

Mom: good night.

She said as she slightly tapped Luphelo's chest on her way out.

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Luphelo undressed and then he came into bed in only his underwear. He wrapped his arms around me whilst pressing his manhood bulge against my ass.

Me: bekunjani ke?

-how was it there?

Luphelo: beku right.

-it was alright.

He said as his hand slid into my underwear. He was horny.

Me: ufuna ntoni Jama?

-What do you want?

Luphelo: ndifuna I mpundu.

-I want ass.

He is clearly tipsy when he starts using that language. But I love it though... I love it when my man is unfiltered. When he gives the raw meaning of what he wants. After all... Luphelo Jama can get away with telling a woman straight what he wants from her and still get it.

Me: zithathe kalok.

-take it then.

That was all the consent he needed before he slowly took my underwear down my legs... He took the time to enjoy the feeling of my warm skin knowing that he was about to enter something warmer. I turned around to face him and he kissed me... His tongue was the driving force behind our kiss. He was clearly not in the mood for much foreplay, he never really is unless I force him to spend more time on making me wet but when Luphelo is drunk it's his way or the high way.

He climbed on top of me and settled between my legs. He kissed me passionately as I rolled his underwear down his legs and then grabbed his ass when I felt him entering me. His raw flesh penetrated me slowly... My hands were on his ass forcing him to penetrate me deeper. I wanted all of him... I wanted his dick to touch my soul. He was making love to me... Sweet, eye contacted love where he was keeping one hand on the side of my thigh and the other on the side of my face as if I was precious to him. We were fucking to the beat of our hearts, whoever created sex must have had this in mind. He came inside me and then he collapsed on my chest and I held him close to me as we both exhaled.

Me: baby?

Luphelo: hm?

Me: when are we going to start using condoms?

He shrugged his shoulders.

Me: Jama what do you mean you don't know? Didn't your doctor tell you when you're going to be fertile?

Luphelo: hay Ncumo ndithe ndiqitywa I operation ndabe sendi xelexwa ukba uBeyonce une documentary ku Netflix. Inqondo yam biseku Homecoming not kule kaka ye vasectomy.

-just when I was done with my operation I was told that Beyonce has a documentary on Netflix. My mind was on Homecoming and not on this fucking vasectomy.

I laughed at the fact that Luphelo is a member of the BeyHive. He just never came across as the type. He got up and then he went to fetch a towel to wipe me. I thought it's because he knew he had to... But no its Because he wanted round 2.

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I woke up in the morning and decided to make breakfast for everybody. I wanted to show Luphelo's family that I am not just a career woman... I can actually whip up a storm in the kitchen as well so with the help of a cook book I found in one of the drawers in the kitchen which I assumed belongs to Macy, I made breakfast.

Once I was done, I woke the family up so everybody sat around the dining room table whilst I dished up.

Lusanda: Guys can we just admire the way Lumphelo is looking at Ncumo while she dishes up.

I caught a glimpse of what Lusanda was talking about for a split second before Lumphelo snapped out of it because of Lusanda.

Ma: wena uzojongwa nini njalo? Una 35 Lusanda awunaye nomntana. Uzobane complications xawu ready.

-when are you going to be looked at like that? You're 35 and you don't even have a child. You're going to have complications when you're ready.

Lusanda: Mama andifuni mntana mna. Luthando's children are enough for me.

-I don't want a child.

Senior: hlambi naye uLusanda une vasectomy.

-maybe Lusanda also had a vasectomy.

Everybody laughed before thanking me for the food. I sat down next to my man.

Senior: family uPat has an announcement to make.

Lumphelo looked at me and I nodded because he was thinking what I was thinking.

Luthando: let's hear it Sis Pat.

Mom: I'm a lesbian.

Lusanda: Ncohl!! Why didn't you bring your girlfriend?

Senior: hay akho K wam uzoza apha tsek.

-there is no competition of mine that is going to come here.

Luthando: competition yanton Tata kodwa awufunwa?

-what competition but she doesn't want you?

We all laughed.

Ma: u right Ma

Khasibe ubeyi lesbian wena. Ayadika amadoda.

-you're right for being a lesbian. Men are annoying.

Mom: ndisuka pha ndiyawazi. Kodwa keh I just want to thank the family for accepting my sexuality. I was prepared to hide it because I didn't want the family to discriminate against my daughter because of who gave birth to her.

-I've been there. I know them.

Luthando: That's bull Sis Pat. We love you and your daughter... This isn't about us it's about Luncumo and we're just all here to make sure this couple stays strong because they love each other.

Senior: Lumphelo uMazala wakho uthanda amacherrie fondin. Sisbethi.

-your mother in law loves women. She's a womanizer.

Everybody laughed but I gave Lumphelo the stare of the death.

Me: hleka Jama! Hleka!

-laugh.

Lumphelo: khayeke baby.

He said as he started laughing. We ate until we heard a knock on the door.

Lumphelo: baby ndicela uyovula umnyango.

-please go open up the door.

Me: okay.

I got up and then I went to open the door. Problem is although I had no expectations for who was standing behind the door, I didn't expect it to be Sihle that was standing behind the door. We both looked at each other, frozen in place until reality hit her like a truck. She walked past me into the house and into the dining room where Lumphelo was standing.

Lumphelo: Sihle... Udebene ne cherrie yam?

-you've met my girlfriend.

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The entire room fell silent when Lumphelo was done talking. I looked at him with my jaw dropped because we have never discussed this stunt that he has just pulled but judging by the look on his face, Lumphelo didn't give a shit.

Sihle: so wena... Umdala ungaka... Udyola no Ncumo?

-so you... As old as you are... Are dating Ncumo?

Luphelo: so you never questioned the 15 year age difference between your mother and I but you're questioning the 12 years between Ncumo and I which means nothing because Ncumo is an adult. She's grown...I was still a child but you never questioned anything. Never asked me if I'm emotionally stable after that... Why? Is it because I'm a boy and boys don't cry?

Sihle looked at me and then back at her father.

Sihle: Luphelo ungu Tata wam. How do you think I'm supposed to feel knowing that you're having sex with my best friend-

Lusanda: yey Sihle your only concern is supposed to be the fact that Luphelo is dating your best friend. Not who he is sleeping with. Sukuqhela.

-don't be disrespectful.

Lusanda was turning pink in the face from anger.

Sihle rolled her eyes before looking back at me.

Sihle: were you in on this Ncumo?

I was crying as soon as she turned to face me.

Me: Sihle I didn't know that he was going to do this-

Sihle: does it even fucking matter Ncumo?! I told you what problems I was having with my father but you didn't do shit about them knowing good and well you could have spoken to your boyfriend and asked him to be a better father. You and I Ncumolwethu... It's been us since creche and you are doing this to me? Over a man?

She was crying hysterically by then.

Me: I didn't expect to love him-!

Sihle: what the fuck were you doing around him long enough to catch feelings?

I exhaled as I looked down.

Luphelo: uNcumo ulandelwe ndim. If you want to blame someone for this relationship then blame me.

-I followed Ncumo.

Sihle: Luphelo you have to make a decision. Its either uketha mna... Your blood or you choose pussy. What's it going to be?

Senior: yho awam kethisa kakubi unyana Wam keh ngok Sihle.

-what a hard choice you're giving my son.

Luphelo: I choose happiness Sihle. I've been stressed lately... Unable to show off the fact that I'm happy because I've been worried about how you're going to feel but fuck that. I've also been trying to hide how you were made because I'm a father but Sihle grow the fuck up and put two and two together... Your mother abused me sexually and that's how you were created. So tell

me... If you were me... Would you deprive yourself of happiness any longer when you've lived your whole life trying to get just a bit of it.

Sihle: good question Tata because I've needed you all of of my life and this shit that you are doing with my best friend is depriving me of my happiness. So I won't allow it.

Luphelo: khange ndikbuze ukba uyavuma Sihle. I choose uNcumo.

-I didn't ask you if you accept it. I choose Ncumo.

Sihle: I can't...

She said as she ran out of the house in tears. Luthando followed Sihle as I sat down on the floor and cried my eyes out. My mother walked out, Lusanda and Majama walked upstairs whilst Luphelo and his father continued eating.

Senior: Pabbles hambo thetha nomntanakho –

-go and talk to your child.

Luphelo: hay khame Timer.

Senior: kwedin ndiku bethe unye kwi dining room yakho keh mnake. Hambo thetha nomntanakho.

-I will beat you in your own dining room. Go and talk to your child.

Luphelo got up and then he went upstairs instead of listening to his father's command.

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After I gathered enough strength to, I got up and then I went to the bedroom. Luphelo was sitting at the edge of the bed facing the window.

I went to fetch the dress I wore yesterday from the wardrobe and then put it on the bed.

Luphelo: uya phi?

-where are you going?

Me: ndicela undiyeke Luphelo.

-please leave me alone.

He turned to face me with a raised eye brow.

Luphelo: Ncumo I have just lost a daughter over you. Don't tell me to leave you alone.

Me: akhange ndikcele wenze lento uyenzileyo. Don't treat me like I owe you anything.

-I didn't ask you to do what you did.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: so what does this mean? You're leaving me?

Me: yes... What the fuck were you thinking pulling a stunt like that without even letting me know?

Luphelo: ngoba ebendiyazi ukuba you're going to be against it Ncumo. I had to do what I thought was right for us.

Me: and what about Sihle?

Luphelo: Ncumo all I am to Sihle is a ATM. Not a father. She doesn't see me as one but today she will cry as if she just lost one. When I look at her... I don't feel like I'm with a daughter either.

Me: yazi yinton Luphelo Jama? I'm done with this relationship, okay? You have shown me what lengths you're willing to go just to have things go your way. You act like you are the only one who lost someone and are not even considering the fact that I lost a friend... A sister! But it's all good Jama...enjoy being alone.

I said as I undressed and then wore my dress.

Luphelo: ndicela ungandi shiyi Mamcethe.

-please don't leave me.

I wore my shoes and when I was about to open the door Luphelo rushed to stand in front of it.

Me: Luphelo suka!!

-move!!

Luphelo: ndiyakcela Ncumolwethu Sifora. Sukundi shiya ndizo phambana.

-I'm begging you. Don't leave me. I'm going to go crazy.

Me: I don't give a shit. Move.

He moved so I opened the door and then walked out.

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°° 3 weeks later °°

Luphelo has been hiding at JLS ever since we broke up so it took him two weeks to come back to Jama Constructions.

He called a meeting at 10:00 am for his staff whilst looking clearly irritated.

Luphelo: when I started this company I had a vision... I wanted to build a company filled with black people in suits... I wanted black people to realise that you don't need white people in your space in order to feel like you've made it. I wanted black investors, black shareholders, black

people in management, black staff... And white construction workers.. But now it seems like my vision to rectify the past is coming back to bite me in the ass because black people are jealous of each other. You refuse to help one another because you all want to get my attention so you throw one another under the bus now knowing that you're playing with my money. So if I come here again to babysit grown ups then someone is getting fired. I'll even make a lucky draw. Am I clear?

Us: yes boss.

Luphelo: right so... Listen something happened in my life. And I'm still trying to recover from it... Recover from her... But I'm stepping away from the responsibility of being a CEO of Jama Construction.

Litha: for how long?

Luphelo: andiyazi...as long as it takes to heal. But yeah... I bought food for all of you... I'm not sure when it will be here but by lunchtime you will have it. Enjoy your day.

He said before hurrying out of the room. Everybody was left wondering who this woman is that broke Luphelo Jama's heart. Ovayo took my hand and then he led me out to my office and then he closed the door behind me.

Ovayo: Ncumo don't get me wrong I'm not exactly a fan of you and Luphelo being together but the man loves you... Why would you hurt him like that?

Me: Ovayo please stay in your lane. You have no idea what happened.

He exhaled.

Ovayo: I don't think whatever happened is worth losing a man that loves you as much as Ta Phelo loves you. I'm sure the entire company was shocked to see him in that state... Uzibonele nawe what they were saying. Ta Phelo is arrogant, he's narcissistic at times and he's savage but today he looked like he wanted to cry. For you Ncumo. Give him a break.

He said before walking out of my office and then closing the door shut.

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At the end of the week, I was invited to go clubbing

With a group of Ovayo's friends and some of their girlfriends. We decided to go to the Black Impala where we got settled. Ovayo was my date so there were 4 other couples there with us. We probably were there for a half an hour because Luphelo Jama walked in with another woman. My mouth hung open so much that Ovayo followed the trail of my eyes which led him to Luphelo and his date. He didn't see me but I could tell by how he looked around that he felt like he was being watched.

I looked at the bitch he was with and I was green with envy. Bitch was rocking a wig while I had braids on and she was quite tall, she was just an inch shorter than Luphelo with heels on and

she had a beautiful manicure. Bitch had nice brows, a nice tattoo on her arm and the bitch had a nice smile. Bitch got nice skin.

Ovayo: relax Ncumo.

Me: yindoda yam Ovayo leyana.

-that's my man.

I said as I got up and then I went to Lumphelo's table..

Me: molo LJ.

-hello.

Lumphelo seemed shocked to see me. But not excited.

Lumphelo: Ncumolwethu.

Me: Molo sisi. Mna ndingu Majama.

-I am Majama.

Akhona: I'm Akhona.

Me: nice to meet you. Did Lumphelo tell you that we have a child together that he doesn't see because she has autism?

He looked at me with a raised eyebrow.

Akhona: Lumphelo yinyani Lena?

-is this true?

Lumphelo: ndiyaqhala uyiva mna lento.

-this is my first time hearing this.

Me: uyamphika uSihle ngoku? Jonga sisi Nantsi picture yakhe-

-you're denying Sihle now? Look here is her picture-

I took my phone out but she stopped me.

Akhona: there's no need sisi. I'm done with this jerk.

She said as she took her drink and threw it on Lumphelo who was so chilled on his seat.

Lumphelo: ngu G Star Raw ke lona ke mqund wakho.

-this is G star raw you asshole.

He said as she walked away. Only Lumphelo can cuss with a straight face.

He focused on the stain on his t-shirt before looking back at me.

Lumphelo: ufuna ntoni kum Ncumo?

-what do you want from me?

Me: I'm sorry I left you Luphelo. I was just caught up in the way you did things to realize the sacrifice you were making.

Luphelo: so ndi thini mna?

-so what should I do?

Me: I want you back Jama...Mqocwa, Tiyeka, Butsolo bentonga. Ndixolele Jojo, Zikhali Mazembe... Ucelwa ndim Mbizana.

Luphelo: undityela ixesha kanjani Ncumo. Khame ndiye ku Akhona ayondipha impundu.

-you're wasting my time. Let me go to Akhona so she can give me ass.

Me: zikhona nje ezam. Ndinga khupha Zona.

-mine are available. I can give them to you .

I could see a smile threatening to form on the sides of his mouth but he was very controlled.

Luphelo: bendizam tyela egarage uAkhona. I don't have time for your Queen shit.

-I was going to fuck her in the garage.

Me: I don't care Luphelo. Masambe.

-let's go.

I said as I got up and then I walked out.. Luphelo followed behind me and then unlocked the Tiguan for us.

I climbed in on the passenger seat and then closed the door.

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He drove to his place and then he parked. We both climbed out and then he locked the car before opening the door. In the living room, Sihle was sitting cross legged on the couch whilst eating popcorn. When she saw me she immediately got off.

Luphelo: Sihle! Ndicela uzapha.

-please come here.

Sihle: Luphelo uthe kum andizo phinde ndim bone.

-you said I won't see her again.

Luphelo: Ucelwa ndim Matiyeka.

-I'm begging you.

She looked at me in the eyes before exhaling. She then went back to sit on the couch and Luphelo and I eased into doing the same.

Luphelo: niyayazi phof ukba ndiyanihanda?

-do you both know that I love you?

We replied mentally.

Luphelo: Sihle my approach to you was wrong. I've apologized about this already but I owe you a lot of apologies. My actions weren't that of a father... And for that I'm sorry. I've just been going through a lot of shit... I Lived an empty life because of what your mother did to me. I'm 33 years old but I'm friends with people that are barely 30 Because my peers are married... They have children but I can't even call a woman back after sleeping with her because sex ruins things. But I took a risk with Ncumo and after I slept with her-

Sihle: yho ha.a Luphelo fast forward.

Luphelo: uxolo. Point is I'm still with her. And I would like to still be with her.

Sihle: Luphelo... I understand that you were molested and I don't take that lightly but this is my best friend. We grew up together... This is the person I used to have play dates with. Chase butterflies with... Share toys with. We sat next to each other on the mat during pre school. We graduated together... Twice. And now she's sleeping with my father. How do you think I'm supposed to process that?

Luphelo: Sihle...I managed to love and accept you after everything that happened. Your feelings are still Important to me after everything. Please accept us.

Sihle looked at us and then exhaled.

Sihle: Luphelo I don't give a fuck about what you two have going on. Dyolani but what I will not do is to be friends with her again. Ya'll chose each other right? Nobody needs me.

She said as she got off the couch and then stormed up to her bedroom. Luphelo bit the corner of his bottom lip to symbolize that he was deep in thought.

Me: u right?

-are you alright?

Luphelo: iza ndiku goduse.

-let me take you home.

Me: haibo Luphelo ngoba?

-Luphelo why?

Luphelo: I need to focus on my daughter. I can't keep breaking her heart over someone that will jump ship whenever the going gets tough.

Me: Luphelo what did you expect me to do after the way you treated Sihle? I thought she was either going to find out for herself or you were going to break it to her in a respectful manner. I didn't think you were going to do it like that.

Luphelo: Ncumo Sihle spoke to me on that very same day because of how I did things.. Uyamazi uSihle unjani.. If I had given her a choice ngese qhumbile nangoku.

-you know what Sihle is like.

Me: you could have at least told me and prepared me if you were so Damn decided.

Luphelo: I don't need this.

He said as he walked out of the house leaving me alone in the living room. I decided to go looking for his daughter So I knocked on her bedroom door.

Sihle: hambonya Ncumolwethu.

-you can go take a dump.

Me: Sihle please it's been a month of us not talking.

Sihle: bulindele ntoni wena xawu lala no Tatam?

-what did you expect when you're sleeping with my father?

Me: kodwa chomi your father is actually the first man to treat me like a queen.

Sihle: nyan?

-really?

Me: yeah... Sihle u Luphelo is young and he's attractive and he has money.. He can get any woman he wants out there but he chose me and we've been best friends since forever so I'm sure you can understand why he chose me. Chomi I love him. So fucking much.. Luphelo is funny... He's charming... He's sweet and gets along with my mother... Even when he's angry at me he will call me "mntuwam" and it just makes me wonder what will I ever do without him. But mntase when he did that to you... I just couldn't be with him anymore. I left Luphelo because of you. I chose you from the start... He can tell you but I changed my mind when he told me what happened to him.

Sihle was crying from the other side of the door.

Me: I love you chomi. And I know your father loves you... He loves you more than he loves me. He just wants us to have a chance and that's why he treated you the way that he did.

I heard her bedroom door opening and then my friend came out. She opened her arms out to me and then invited me into a hug.

Sihle: you can be with him on these conditions Ncumo: 1) I receive enough daddy-daughter time. 2) I don't hear a word of your relationship nor see a thing that reminds me that you two are dating. 3) don't spend my dads money. Okay?

Me: uhm okay... Fair enough.

Sihle: great.

She said as her smile widened.

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Luphelo came back in the early hours of the morning. He didn't ask for sex this time and I couldn't help but to feel like maybe he had gone back to Akhona and got what he wanted from her.

Sihle was already gone by the time I was up. I looked at her status on WhatsApp and she had posted that she was on her way to Durban for a Baecation so she would be back in a week. I put my phone down then I made breakfast for myself and then I watched television. Once I was done eating, I washed my dishes and then went up to the bedroom where Luphelo was on the phone.

Luphelo: hay wethu andiyazi liphela laphi eliyana mna. Yayazi Mos xaku shushu athatha ngo xhaphaka amaphela kodwa sabe sisathini sim share'isha nawo lomhlaba. (laughs) mamela funeka ndihambile ngok. Ndizok bona.

-I don't know what cockroach that is. You know when it's hot they become abundant but what can we do when we share the world with them... Listen I have to leave now. I will see you.

All Xhosa people know that once someone talks about a cockroach, they are actually talking about someone that is annoying and if Luphelo was talking to Akhona then it's clear that I am the cockroach.

He hung up and then he looked at me.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: you look awfully energetic for someone who has been out drinking all night.

Luphelo: Ncumo I drink expensive alcohol and I dash with expensive juice that is high in vitamins and minerals therefore I never get hangovers.

Me: hm I see...ndim iphela?

-am I the cockroach?

Luphelo: hehake National Geographic.

Me: Luphelo uye wabuyela ku Akhona Izolo?

-you went back to Akhona Yesterday right?

Luphelo: Ncumo when I'm with you every other woman on earth becomes non existent.

Me: yes or no?

I rolled my eyes.

Luphelo: no. I was with my brothers.

Me: okay... Uhm I spoke to Sihle. She forgives me.

Luphelo: really?

I nodded and he exhaled.

Luphelo: ndiyavuya Ntikazi. I need to call her though. I can't take it for granted that she is okay with everything.

-I'm happy.

Me: okay. I'm leaving now. I have to go back home.

Luphelo: okay.

Me: yeah... I will just call an Uber.

Luphelo: no problem.

He said as he turned himself back around and then fell asleep.

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When I arrived at home, Mom was in her bedroom with Joy so I greeted from the passage and then stayed in my bedroom all day. Mom cooked chicken but I didn't like the smell of it so I told her I was just going to eat bread instead.

I went back to bed where I was thinking about the way that Luphelo was treating me. It was as if he no longer saw a need for me anymore because I didn't want to come home. I just wanted him to beg me to stay but he didn't and that bothered me. It's as if he knew that I was thinking about him because he called me.

Me: hello?

Luphelo: hey... Ndisando vuka ndakhumbula ukba buhambe nge Uber so I wanted to check if u Right.

-I just woke up and remembered that you left with an Uber so I wanted to check if you're alright.

Me: to be honest Luphelo... Yes I'm at home safely but Luphelo the situation between us is worrying me. It's like you're no longer the lover that you once were to me and I'm afraid that this is now our

Reality.

Luphelo: I'm sorry. Kalok Ncumo nam ndingumntu and I didn't take what you did lightly when you left me. I understand that what I did with Sihle wasn't part of the plan but you could have stuck around to see if it was going to work.

-I'm human too.

Me: I know and I'm never going to put you through that again. I'm sorry.

Luphelo: masiye kwi date ebusuku. Ngo 8.

-lets go on a date at night.

Me: okay baby.

Luphelo: uMamakho yena uzokwazi ukuza?

-will your mother be able to come?

Me: I don't think so... Mam Joy is here.

Luphelo: okay ke. See you later sthandwa Sam.

Me: later. Bye.

Luphelo: bye.

I hung up and then smiled to myself.

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Sihle called me at about 5 pm in the evening.

Me: Matiyeka?

Sihle: hey unjani?

-how are you?

Me: good thanks and yourself?

Sihle: I'm okay. I've been calling my Dad for the past 10 minutes but akaphenduli. Is he with you?

-he's not answering.

Me: No he's not with me right now. Is this important because I could-

Sihle: It's not that important but I applied for a transfer to Grahamstown so that I could study my LLB at Rhodes. And I got accepted.

My jaw dropped.

Me: Sihle are you leaving because of us-

Sihle: yes... No... I mean Ncumo Rhodes is the best school of law Luphelo even said it himself. I applied way before I found out about you two...so I'm taking the offer. Grahamstown is not too far so you can always come and visit me.

Tears fell from my eyes.

Me: Sihle I'm so sorry. If there's anything you want from me-

Sihle: chomi relax... I know Luphelo has a slick tongue I'm even mad at the fact that he's my father so I can't date him. But if I could... You know I wouldn't hesitate. I can understand how and why you fell in love... You dumping him because of how he treated me speaks volumes. I'm still... Angry and upset but this is life. I also need to be considerate of Young Luphelo in all of this. If you give him the happiness and stability that he never had... Then hey I need to grow a pair and be strong.

I wiped my tears and then exhaled.

Me: good luck on that side chomi.

Sihle: thank you mntase. I have to go now Bulelani is complaining. Bye.

Me: tell him I say hi. Bye chomi.

We hung up so I went to the bathroom to wash my face.

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In the evening, I prepared myself for my date with my man and then drove to Primi Piatti where we were going to have our date. He was already there when I arrived and I appreciate the fact that Luphelo never keeps a lady waiting. He stood up when I arrived to hug, kiss and compliment me. He got seated after I sat down. A waitress came to give us our menu's and she was totally into my man but Luphelo couldn't see anything.

Waitress: we do have seafood starters so you could maybe order some snails or some prawns depending on what you like.

She said as she put her arm on the small of his back.

Me: sisi ndicela ususe ingalo yakho kumqolo we ndodayam. Yonke lento uyenza phamkwam uziqhonda ukba uyandi qhela.

-please remove your arm from my man's back. You're doing all of this in front of me to prove that you're disrespecting me.

Waitress: xolo my darlie. I didn't even realize what I'm doing. Askies.

She was mocking me and honestly I had no time for this.

Me: masambe Jama.

-let's go.

Luphelo: siyephi ngoku?

-where should we go now?

Me: no McDonald's is better than this.

I said as I packed up my stuff and then stormed out. Luphelo followed me out to the parking lot as I walked past the car, crossed the street and then made it onto the bridge.

Luphelo: Ncumo kwenzeka ntoni ngawe? Are you seriously tripping over that woman? Have you seen yourself?

-what's going on with you?

The tears fell down my eyes.

Me: Luphelo uSihle uyahamba and it's all because of us. I crushed her dreams of having a father. What kind of a friend am I?

He exhaled as he came to sit down next to me.

Luphelo: uzondi lahla kwa khona?

-are you going to dump me again?

I shook my head.

Luphelo: great... Now stop blaming yourself for what we have going on. I love you.

Me: I love you too.

We hugged and then we kissed before looking at the view of Summerstrand and its restaurants. We saw two people that looked like Aunt Nolwazi and Luyanda coming from the Boardwalk.

Luphelo: what the hell is going on here?

He said as he took his Huawei P30 and then he zoomed into them using the camera. We could see them as clear as day, as they walked out together and parted ways to get into their cars without even saying goodbye to each other.

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Luphelo called Luthando whilst we were in the car. It was cold outside so we had to move.

Luthando: ntwana?

Luphelo: bhuti Ndisando bona u Luyanda apha eBoardwalk ehamba no Nolwazi.

-Brother I just saw Luyanda here at the Boardwalk and he was with Nolwazi.

Luthando: ufuna ntoni ebu crustyini?

-whats he doing at Crusty?

Luphelo: andiyazi but the encounter seemed a bit tense. Inoba baya tyana.

-they are probably having sex with each other.

Luthando: yeah... Ndizo thetha naye Pabbles. Akakwazi ubane relationship with that family after everything that they have put us through. It's insensitive to you.

-I'll talk to him.

Luphelo: enkosi bhuti.

-thank you brother.

Luthando: alright. Ndiyakthanda ntwana Uyayazi ndi njani ngawe.

-I love you boy you know how I feel about you.

Luphelo: uthandwa ndim Grotie.

-you're loved by me Biggie.

Luthando: sharp ke. Good night.

Luphelo: Good night.

He hung up and then he faced me.

Luphelo: siyotyphi?

-where should we eat?

Me: I don't know. I don't even feel like eating Jama. It's like everything smells terribly. Even the smell of being at Primi was too much for me.

He raised his eyebrow.

Luphelo: so? What should we do?

Me: ndi goduse and I'll just sleep.

I exhaled and he Knew I wanted to go home with him but just playing hard to get.

Luphelo: ndicela sigoduke kunye Mamcethe?

-can we please go home together?

I nodded whilst smiling and he kissed me. I got out of the car and then went into my own where I called my mother when I was inside.

Mom: my smile?

Me: hey mommy andizo buya va.

-I'm not coming home.

Mom: hay njani kodwa bendizi xelele ndizo lala nawe namhlanje.

-how but I told myself that I'm going to sleep next to you today?

Me: oh imkile icherrie yakho ufuna ulala namu ngoku.

-your girlfriend is gone and now you want to sleep next to me now?

She laughed.

Mom: ugxothe ndim kanti Kuba ndithe kuye ndifuna ulala nawe.

-I sent her away because I told her I want to sleep next to you.

Me: I'll sleep next to you tomorrow mommy.

Mom: okay. I love you and enjoy your night.

Me: I love you too mommy. Good night.

I hung up and then put my phone down.

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We arrived at Humewood and got settled. Luphelo recommended that we watch Breaking In so we cuddled in bed whilst watching the movie and eating popcorns.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam?

Me: yes?

Luphelo: ndiyak khumbula.

-I miss you.

I turned around to face him.

Me: ndilapha nje.

-I'm here.

Luphelo: no you're not Ncumo. Si stress?

Me: yeah... I thought if Sihle finds out then we would be happier but it's not the case. I'm miserable.

Luphelo: Majama we're free now. We can watch movies together in the cinema, you can post our pictures on Instagram... We can do everything that we wanted to do and more. Sihle will be okay... Grahamstown will be a good place for her to regroup.

I smiled.

Me: I love you.

Luphelo: uthandwa ndimu Ntikazi.

He pulled me closer to his body and the contact my breasts made with his chest was painful.

Me: yho ha.a Tiyeka my breasts hurt.

Luphelo: khulula ibhodi kalok.

-take your bra off.

Me: sendiy khululile babe. Ndizo khulula iskipa.

-I have already taken it off. I'm going to take my t-shirt off.

Luphelo: okay.

I took my t-shirt off and then lay on my back whilst my breasts were exposed. My nipples were hard and this feeling was foreign.

Me: yho ha.a baby I legit don't know what's happening with my breasts.

Luphelo: ndize ne ice?

-should I bring ice?

I laughed at his suggestion. Luphelo probably thinks I'm suffering from a bruise.

Me: no baby I'll be fine. Let's just watch the movie.

Luphelo: okay.

He said before kissing the side of my face.

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When I woke up in the morning, I went to the kitchen to make breakfast. I didn't feel like making bacon and eggs so instead I just made pancakes with honey on top. I made coffee for us then I went to serve Luphelo's breakfast in bed. I woke him up with a kiss so he went to brush his teeth and then took his breakfast.

Me: uzobuyela nini emsebenzini?

-when are you coming back to work?

Luphelo: maybe next month. I'm still enjoying this not working thing. I have more time to think about what to do next in terms of my businesses. I want to grow my assets Ncumo. I can't do that when my head is stuck in the sand.

Me: okay. Have you made a decision about my idea?

Luphelo: yes... I'm going to use it. I still need to contact the investors and let them know.

Me: Okay. Listen baby ndizohamba in like... 20 minutes. Otherwise I'm going to be late for work.

Luphelo: you still haven't thought about moving in with me?

Me: talk to my mother. If she gives you permission then I don't mind.

Luphelo: ndizo zama ukuya emsebenzini wakhe during her lunch time.

-I'm going to try to go to her workplace.

Me: okay babe.

We chilled and spoke a bit until his phone rang. It was a call from Luthando.

Luphelo: Mkhuluwa?

-big brother?

Luthando: Mninawa ndithethile keh no Mkhuluwa wethu. I told him I want us to all meet at home so that this issue can be discussed in the presence of Mom and Dad.

-Little brother I spoke to our big brother.

Luphelo: uvumile ke u Luyanda?

-Did Luyanda agree?

Luthando: yes. The meeting will be held at 7 pm.

Luphelo: okay. I'll be there.

Luthando: sharp keh. Bye.

Luphelo: bye.

He hung up so I took our things downstairs and then prepared to leave.

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My day was going reasonably well until Ovayo barged into my office unannounced.

Me: kwenzeka ntoni ngoku Ovayo?

-whats going on?

Ovayo: awandi menya on Friday Ncumolwethu.

-you humiliated me on Friday.

I exhaled.

Me: Ovayo I'm sorry. I didn't think that Luphelo was going to be there.

Ovayo: this isn't about uTa Phelo Ncumo. It's about you using people when you need them and when you're done with them, you drop them like a hot iron.

I exhaled.

Me: it's really not that deep. I was going through somethings in my relationship and if you thought there was some hope between us then you were wrong. I'm with Luphelo now... And that's how it's going to be until he decides otherwise because I am not changing my mind about him.

He shook his head before my door opened. It was Lusanda.

Lusanda: is this a bad time?

Me: no come in... Ovayo we'll talk later.

Ovayo: mxm.

He said as he walked out and Lusanda walked in. I hugged her then we sat down.

Me: mntase should I get something for you?

Lusanda: no babes I'm okay. Ndiqonde qha ukba mandizok bona. Sigqhibelene kudala.

-I thought I should see you. We haven't seen each other in a long time.

Me: I know and I'm sorry about that. It's just that this whole Sihle thing kinda flipped my world upside down and I had to regroup.

Lusanda: yeah...I mean to be honest Luphelo discussed this thing with us before he did it. I didn't believe it was going to work if he cornered her like that but... Here we are.

Me: I wish he could have told me. I was mad at the fact that he didn't consider our relationship that's almost 20 years long when he did it. He could have at least done it when I was at home.

Lusanda nodded.

Lusanda: iphi ibhodi Ncumo?

-where is your bra?

Me: uhm I didn't wear one namhlanje because my breasts are painful. I need to buy bra pads today.

She smiled a bit.

Lusanda: Luphelo told me that you're not yourself lately and apparently pancakes were on the menu although you love your bacon and eggs.

Me: Luphelo needs to go back to work Yaz.

I said as we both laughed.

Lusanda: Ncumo... Come the fuck on!! Wake up!! You're pregnant.

Me: hay hay hay Lusanda. I'm not pregnant. I'm just going through a phase. Ndizoba right.

-I will be alright.

Lusanda: I bought you a pregnancy test babes. Please use it.

She took a ClearBlu pregnancy test from her bag and then passed it over it to me. I took and then put it in my drawer.

Me: enkosi.

-thank you.

Lusanda: no problem babes. Take my number and then let me know what it says.

I took her number and then exhaled.

Me: does Jama suspect that I'm pregnant?

Lusanda: mxm Wethu lowo ucinga une ringworm.

-that one thinks you have a ringworm.

We laughed at

How arbitrary this was.

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After work I went to the bank to apply for a loan of R150 000 because I wanted to buy a new car. I was tired of driving a mere Kia Picanto next to a man whose cheapest car is the latest VW Tiguan. I had no idea which car I wanted but all that I knew was that my budget was going to be 150k.

On my way back home Luphelo called me.

Me: baby?

Luphelo: mntuwam I spoke to your mother today about the moving in issue. She turned it down.

Me: did she tell you why?

Luphelo: she says we aren't married.

I exhaled.

Me: uhm okay... I guess I expected that.

Luphelo: it's fair... But now we can put that idea to bed..

Me: I suppose. I just came from the bank to make a loan for a car.

Luphelo: wow mntuwam. I'm actually really impressed with the fact that you want to get a new car kodwa Ntikazi bendithe kuwe I will buy a new car for you.

-I told you that I'm going to buy a new car for you.

Me: and I said I don't want you to baby. You're my boyfriend not my blesser. I can maintain myself..

Luphelo: have you decided which car you want?

Me: no I haven't. But my budget is R150 000 so I will go car shopping maybe on Friday.

Luphelo: ndicela ukukhapha.

-can I please come with you?

Me: of course baby.

Luphelo: okay enkosi.

We spoke until I arrived at home. Mom was at home by then and she was cooking dinner..

Me: hey mommy.

Mom: hey. Ncumo ukxelele uJama ukba uzile wazondi bona?

-did he tell you that he came to see me.

Me: yes and you turned him down.

Mom: I think any mother would back me up on this Ncumo. I'm not about to let you exhaust what you have to give as a wife to a boyfriend.

Me: I understand.

I said as I walked to my bedroom. Mom probably thought I was upset when I just wanted to be alone so that I could test if I'm pregnant or not. So I got out of my work clothes, wore my pyjama and then went to the bathroom with my pee stick in the pocket of my gown. I locked the door and then I urinated on the stick and waited. That was the longest 3 minutes of my life. I was anxious, scared and excited... I couldn't wait to see the results so I said an internal prayer begging God to let his will for my life be fulfilled through this pregnancy test. After due time, the wait was over so I looked down at the pee stick and saw the word "Pregnant".

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I stared at my positive pregnancy test for so long that I started crying. It was too soon for me to already be pregnant for Lumphelo. Yes him and I love one another and yes... Lumphelo is not the type of man to abandon his child but that still didn't mean it was the right time to introduce a baby into this relationship. I wanted us to have enough time to know each other... And I ruined that by falling pregnant. I was so overwhelmed... So anxious that I told myself I was going to keep this pregnancy as a secret.

Mom: Ncumo! U Right?

-are you alright?

Me: Yes mommy I'm okay.

Mom: are you sure?

Me: yeah.

Mom: okay. Your food is ready.

Me: I'm not hungry mommy.

Mom: okay.

She left so I got up and then washed my face. I walked into my bedroom and then I sent Lusanda a text message: hey Lusanda ndim uNcumo. I'm not pregnant.

I lied. I exhaled and then hid my pregnancy test in my bag which I keep in my wardrobe. I then went to sit on my bed and caressed my stomach. My heart was beating so quickly... I thought about my stomach getting bigger and the thought of Lumphelo's smile brought a smile onto my face.

Mommy went to bed and Lumphelo called me again.

Me: Jama?

Luphelo: I'm outside. Ndicela uphume.

-please come out.

Me: okay.

I hung up and then walked out to his waiting car. He came in the X6 M so I climbed into the passenger seat and then closed the door.

Luphelo: bukhala?

-were you crying?

Me: no... I'm just tired.

Luphelo: uMamakho uthi kum wena awutyi.

-your mother said to me that you aren't eating.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: you two need to get a life honestly.

Luphelo: you are my life Ncumolwam. That's why I brought you some food I know you won't say no to.

He took out a box of Debonairs Creamy Chicken Real Deal pizza. It was all I needed to kick start my appetite recovery process and the fact that this man came all this way just to make sure that I have eaten made me emotional. I cried and Luphelo didn't understand what was happening with me.

Luphelo: baby wam? Utheni? Talk to me. Whatever it is... I will be with you through it all.

I shook my head as he wiped my tears.

Me: I think I'm close to my period that's all.

Luphelo: okay... Call me if you need your meds. I'll bring them va?

I nodded before kissing him. He took some juice out for me when I started eating and then took pictures of me. He posted one on WhatsApp and his caption was "akasa phangi lomntu bekuthiwa uyaghula. Ama cherrie ethu madoda". I laughed at his caption whilst wondering why him and I rarely use WhatsApp to communicate... We always call one another.

After eating, he gave me a plastic filled with junk food just to comfort me.

Luphelo: ndikthengele no teddy bear mntuwam. Ukwi backseat.

-I got you a teddy bear. It's on the backseat.

I looked on the backseat and there was a white teddy bear on the backseat which I couldn't wait to cuddle with so I climbed over to his side and then I straddled him. I was horny so I made out with him whilst unzipping his pants. I heard him reaching for the arm rest where he pulled out a condom which I took and threw on the passenger seat.

Luphelo: Ncumo I'm fertile.

Me: I'll use the morning after pill.

He still took the condom from the seat and then he wore it. I was so upset at the fact that he insisted on us using it but I could not come clean about my pregnancy. Not now so when he was ready I climbed on his penis which I rode. We fucked until he came so he wrapped his used condom in a tissue and then he exhaled. We both sat on our seats in silence whilst breathing heavily. I looked at the side of his face, I was just so in love with this man. It tempted me to tell the truth so I had to go back into the house.

Me: Luphelo I have to go to bed ngoku.

Luphelo: baby after one round?

Me: xolo I will make it up to you.

I took my teddy bear and junk food then I climbed out of the car but Luphelo came out of the car to meet me outside.

Luphelo: Ncumo what's going on with you?

Me: good night Luphelo.

I said as I walked into the house and then locked behind me. I went into my bedroom and then cried myself to sleep.

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I woke up in the morning feeling like my body had just been beaten. I was tired but I had to go to work so I took a bath and then got dressed. Mommy woke up when I was making lunch.

Mom: Ncumo uJama is worried about you. Oko endi cela kuWhatsApp ukba ndiku jonge.

-he's been asking me On WhatsApp to keep an eye on you.

Me: Mom I'm not a baby. Luphelo needs to chill.

Mom: you have a caring boyfriend and wena uthi he must just chill? Ncumolwethu what the hell is going on with you?

Me: nothing wethu Mama I'm just tired of being treated like a little baby when I'm about to have... When I'm about to have one of the best years of my life financially. I even applied for a loan so that I could buy a car.

I said as a distraction.

Mom: nyan Ncumo? What kind of a car do you want?

Me: I don't know. Anything that doesn't make me look broke next to Luphelo.

Mom: yincame ke leyo.

-you can give up on that.

She said as she laughed on her way to the bathroom. I was so irritated that I just took my lunch and then drove to work without telling her that I was leaving.

When I arrived at work, I had a bunch of flowers waiting for me on the reception desk.

Receptionist: Ncumolwethu you have a delivery for all of these flowers.

It looked like a jungle on her desk. I cradled my belly as I approached the card that was left which was clearly read. He wrote in his handwriting:

Ntikazi.

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I hope these flowers will show you how serious I am about wanting to understand and heal your pain. I don't know what it is that you're going through but I hope you can trust me enough to open up to me. I love you more than I love myself.

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Luphelo Jama

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He wrote his name out because he wanted people to know that him and I are together and to make no mistake about it because he knew that the card was going to be read.

Receptionist: udyola no Luphelo wena kanti?

-you are dating Luphelo.

Me: ayise cace.

-Its so obvious.

I said as I took an armful of my flowers at a time to my office and then I called my man to say thank you.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

Luyanda canceled on us yesterday so we had to have the meeting today. I was already annoyed but this meeting had to happen so that I could know what was going on with Luyanda who arrived 45 minutes later than we had agreed. Mom was pissed about that.

Mom: jonga Luyanda sukusi lindisa apha ingathi silinde uMotsepe.

-don't make us wait as if we are waiting for Motsepe.

Lusanda: kungasi boni apha kuye.

-he just doesn't respect us.

Luyanda: I'm sorry.

He said as he sat down next to our father.

Mom: Luyanda ufuna ntoni ku Nolwazi?

-what do you want from Nolwazi?

Luyanda: niks Mama we just met at the Boardwalk.

Me: I just wanna know why is it that ever since Sihle came into my life... You're now being seen with her aunt and you broke into my house and stole my toothbrush and hairbrush.

Luyanda: yeses inomlomo mos la trits u Ncumo-

-damn that trick Ncumo has a big mouth-

Lusanda: Rhaaaaa!!

I buried my face in my hands before looking back at him.

Luphelo: Luyanda... Thetha njalo kwakhona nge Pillar uzobona ndizak thini.

-talk about the pillar like that again and you'll see what I'm going to do to you.

Luthando: xolo Pabbles ntwana akayazi ukuba yi 560 leya. Subanomsindo Kalok Tiyeka.

-I'm sorry Pabbles he doesn't know that's your 560. Don't be angry Tiyeka.

I exhaled before looking back at Luthando's face and felt calm.

Me: makaphendule umbuzo lomntu.

-let this person answer the question.

Luyanda: I needed money so I broke into your place but ended up seeing your tooth brush and hair brush so I took them with since I saw they were new.

Me: I had a 46k stack and you only took R1000 from it? And Luyanda awukho broke fondin suxoka. You took the R1000 as an excuse...a cover up in case you get caught.

-you aren't broke don't lie.

He exhaled.

Luyanda: haike andiyazi ufuna ndi thini.

-I don't know what you want me to say.

Lusanda: you wanted to have a DNA testing for Sihle right?

Luyanda: why would I want that when Nondwe slept with Luphelo and not me?

Lusanda: suxoka mahn bhuti! It has taken me years to make sense of this memory but I remember... You and Nondwe... She raped you too Luyanda.

-don't lie bhuti!

Luyanda: I WAS NEVER RAPED LUSANDA!!

Lusanda: YES YOU WERE. JUST TELL THE TRUTH LUYANDA NO ONE IS GOING TO JUDGE YOU!!

Luyanda broke down on his chair while I sat with my leg crossed over the other.

Me: So Mkhuluwa... If she did the same thing to you it means you lied to me when you told me that she isn't capable of doing something like that. Meaning if you weren't quiet... I wouldn't have been raped either. So you threw me under the bus.

I was fuming inside but I had to keep a cool and collected front for the sake of my sanity. Luyanda didn't reply... He just cried on his seat along with every member of the Jama family.

Me: Is Sihle yours?

Luyanda: the test came out as not a match. And I heard that... Before you did the ceremony for her... You made her do a DNA test that came out as you being the father.

Me: so she's really mine?

He nodded.

Senior: we need to see these results. Ulixoki kwedin. Asino themba nto kuwe.. Lo Sihle umosha ubomi buka Luphelo. Akonwabanga unyana wam. Sifuna ubona I proof.

-you're a liar boy.. We can't trust anything from you. This Sihle is ruining Luphelo's life. My son is not happy. We want to see proof.

Luyanda nodded and that was my cue so I got up and then I walked out of the house.

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I went to sit at the beach where I just watched the waves to clear my head. It was night time and the view was spectacular. I felt someone tap my shoulder and I almost died from shock but I'm always chilled so at least I was not a bitch about it. I didn't scream.. It was Ncumo..

Me: undifumene njani?

-how did you find me?

Ncumo: your location was on so I figured I should track you since you weren't replying to my calls.

She smiled so I laughed. She didn't seem sure about my reaction towards her decision to track me down but I literally have nothing to hide so maka track'e umntu wakhe ubaby when needs be.

Ncumo: are you okay?

A tear fell from my eyes.

Me: Luyanda knew that Nondwe was abusive... But akazange andimele Ncumo. Ndinje... Kungenxa yakhe now I have a whole daughter because of it.

-he never stood up for me. I'm like this because of him.

Ncumo: imagine if she wasn't here... Would you have met me?

It was the first time in my life that I have ever felt like there was a positive to what I went through. Maybe... Just maybe this was all part of God's grand plan to make me find a good woman that I'm going to treat right because I know what it took for me to get her.

Me: you just saved me from a lot of why me's.

Ncumo: Look Luphelo I know I let you down when I left you but you can rest assured that I love you and I won't repeat that mistake. I have your best interests at heart... There is nothing that I want more than to see us grow and prosper... And maybe even in the near future start our own family. Have a baby... And be happy. I can and I will give you that baby.

I smiled before giving her a kiss. I kissed her and then kissed her forehead.

Me: let's go skinny dipping.

Ncumo: hay hay Luphelo tyini.

Me: ndiyakcela...you only live once.

-please.

She exhaled before undressing next to me. I did the same before we ran onto the sand and into the cold water naked.

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I didn't sleep over at Humewood after being with Luphelo. I went back home and that was strange to him because he knows how much I enjoy going to bed with him. But I couldn't give

into that temptation because then I would end up telling him that I'm pregnant. I didn't know exactly what it was that made me decide to hide this pregnancy... I guess I was just scared. After all my mother told me that my father was the perfect lover until she fell pregnant... Babies can make or break a relationship. And I was scared of this baby being our downfall.

When I arrived at home Lusanda called me. I picked up.

Me: hey sisi.

Lusanda: mntase sorry I was out of data. I just saw your message now.

Me: yeah well...I'm not pregnant.

Lusanda: after all of those symptoms Ncumo? No... You're pregnant but choosing to hide the pregnancy.

Me: what reason in the world do I have to hide it?

Lusanda: you tell me since you're hiding.

Me: I will send you a picture of my pregnancy test then.

Lusanda: no... We'll go to the doctor. You could get your mother to pee on it or something so I don't trust you.

You legit can never lie to a Jama.

Me: okay I will let you know when I'm free.

Lusanda: okay baby. Good night.

Me: good night.

I said before hanging up. I sent Lumphelo a good night text then I went to bed.

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It was raining in the morning when I woke up and I already knew where I was going to sleep tonight. I just needed to remind myself to not say a word to Lumphelo about this baby. I took a shower, got dressed and then ate breakfast with Mom who kept looking at me.

Me: Yinton Mama undi tyisa kakubi.

-What Mom? You're disturbing me as I eat.

Mom: kutheni unga nxibi bhodi nje?

-why aren't you wearing your bra?

Me: ndiyi libele.

-I forgot about it.

She raised her eyebrow.

Mom: Ncumo umithi?

-are you pregnant?

Me: No mommy come on. I'm not pregnant. I forgot a bra and that's it. Let's not get ahead of ourselves now.

I finished up the rest of my breakfast and then put my dish in the sink.

Mom: ungalibali uthe uzolala nam namhlanje. Or Kanye ufuna uyolala no Tata womntana?

-don't forget you said you're going to sleep next to me today. Or do you want to sleep next to the baby's father?

Mom was so excited but I couldn't tell her because she was going to run to her best friend and let him know that he's going to be a father.

Me: mom don't do this to yourself okay? I'm not pregnant.

I said as I kissed her good bye and then I walked out.

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°° Sihle's perspective °°

My aunt knew where I was in Durban so she knocked on the door of the hotel that Bulelani and I were booked in. I went to open up for her and gave her a hug... I noticed that she wasn't alone. She had some company. It was a tall man who had eyes and lips like my father's... Which happen to be features that Luphelo and I have in common.

Me: Molo.

-hello.

Luyanda: hi... Ndingu Luyanda.

-I'm Luyanda.

Me: I'm Sihle.

I reached out my hand to him which he kissed instead of shaking. Nolwazi told us to come inside so we followed her and then sat down. I offered them something to drink but both declined so we sat down in the quiet living room.

Nolwazi: Hlehle uya bona Mos lomntu uyafana no Luphelo.. Ngu Mkhuluwa wakhe Lona qha ebe ngekho kumsebenzi wakho.

-you can see that this person looks like Luphelo. This is his big brother but he was not present during your ceremony.

I nodded.

Me: oh okay Makazi.

Nolwazi: yeah... Sihle uvile ngo Luphelo ukuba yenzeke njani yonke lento ukuba uSisi wam amithe... Obviously that was true but she didn't just do that to Luphelo. She did it to Luyanda too.

-you heard from Luphelo how this whole thing of my sister falling pregnant happened.

Me: I'm so sorry to hear that. Honestly uMama... I feel really ashamed to be her daughter right now.

The room fell silent. Aunt Nolwazi turned to face me with tears in her eyes.

Nolwazi: Hlehle I don't think you're hearing us... Luphelo is not your father. Luyanda is.

I felt a sharp, deafening noise in my ears when she said that. I felt momentarily dizzy... I just couldn't make sense of what she had just said. I felt like I missed it.

Me: I'm sorry what?

Nolwazi: I made a mistake Hlehle. When I contacted Luphelo and we discussed this... He told me that as far as he knew... He was the only one that Nondwe molested. Luyanda never owned up to it... And that's why we thought he is the father. I'm sorry Hlehle.

The tears fell from my eyes and I buried my face in my hands. I thought about Ncumo and Luphelo and the fact that this was going to be good news to their relationship. It hurt me to the depths of my soul to know that my pain was going to pave the way for them to be happy. I dried my tears and then looked back at them.

Me: why did you tell me this?

Luyanda: Matiyeka you had to know the truth. What you do with it is up to you... But you had to know who your real dad is.

Me: Luphelo is my father! We have our issues from time to time... But I know that he loves me.. And now you just ruined that for me. So both of you get the hell out of here... And don't say a word about this to my Dad.

I said as I stormed up to the bedroom.

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°° Ncumo's perspective °°

It was lunch time at work so I decided to look for watches to buy for my man. I realized that I have never really bought him anything... And now that he has knocked me up and made me a mother... I had to show my appreciation. I found a nice Fossil watch that is worth R6450 and although it was going to take me a month to recover from this, I decided to buy it.

After work, I went to Fischers Watches at The Boardwalk and then I bought the watch for Luphelo. This costed me a fortune but it was probably going to be the cheapest watch in his collection.

I called him and he told me that he is in Bluewater Bay so I walked in using the back door since he told me that it was open. I found him in his office where he was busy talking on his phone. I knocked and he told me to come in whilst he finished up his call. He hung up and then he focused on me.

Luphelo: awusemhle.

-you look so beautiful.

Me: enkosi mntuwam. Ndenzele wena.

-thank you my person. I did this for you.

Luphelo: ungatsho nje ukba ndine luck'a?

-why don't you just say I'm lucky?.

Me: bunga khange ungayazi.

-you never didn't know.

We laughed.

Luphelo: baby I want to take you to Cape Town this weekend for another Baecation. Are you in?

Me: usabuza Luphelo? Yes I'm in. Thank you.

-are you still asking?

Luphelo: you're welcome. Let your mother know keh kwangoku ngoba uyamazi unjani.

-now already because you know what she's like.

I nodded before taking out my gift to him and then put it on the table. He stared at my gift and a softness fell onto his face when he saw it.

Luphelo: nge yam le watch Ncumo?!

-is this watch mine?!

I nodded as he excitedly opened the box and then tried it on. He put the watch on his left wrist and then admired it.

Luphelo: izapha.

-come here.

I stood up and then went to sit on his lap where he kissed me and then he hugged me.

Luphelo: enkosi Mamcethe.

-thank you.

Me: you're welcome Tiyeka.

Luphelo: what did I do to deserve a R6 450 watch Ncumo?

He raised his eyebrow.

Me: it's just a reward Jama... For being a good boyfriend.

Luphelo didn't understand. He thought I was just acting weird but he was still grateful nevertheless.

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I went home and then took a bath before going to my bedroom and then standing in front of the mirror to see my belly. I couldn't see any linea nigra. I was a bit disappointed because I wanted to see transformations in my body.

Me: hello wena Jama. Heh mntaka Luphelo. Heeh wena Tiyeka.

I said as I cradled my stomach and admired the fact that there was a little, tiny life blossoming inside of it.

I was so fascinated with this pregnancy... It's like I had a little gift that only I could unwrap in the night time when I'm alone. I needed to tell Luphelo though...at some point he had to know that he is a father for the second time. But for the first time in his

Life he had a say in this. I decided that I was going to tell him during the Baecation that I am pregnant.

I logged onto WhatsApp and then I viewed Luphelo's status. He had posted a video of him having dinner with my mother at The Coachman.

Luphelo: ndilapha kwa Coachman neli phela.

-I'm here at Coachman with this cockroach.

Mommy laughed in the background.

Mom: ndi dikiwe kanjani nguwe Luphelo.

-I'm tired of you.

Luphelo giggled.

Luphelo: otherwise madoda uyakhutshwa uMaka Bae. U Maka Bae uyabulelwa. U Maka Bae uyakhunjuzwa ukba uyamthanda umntanakhe. U Maka Bae funeka aboniswe ukba umntanakhe aka phazamanga ngawe.

-Bae's mother must be taken out. Bae's mother must be appreciated. Bae's mother must be reminded that you love her child. Bae's mother must be shown that her child isn't mistaken by being with you.

Mom: baxelele Jama.

-tell them.

Luphelo laughed.

Luphelo: Ncumo baby...this is all for you Ntikazi. I love you.

The video ended and my heart melted. This is the man that I'm pregnant for. The man that found me as a girl and made me a woman and a mother.

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I stared at my positive pregnancy test for so long that I started crying. It was too soon for me to already be pregnant for Luphelo. Yes him and I love one another and yes... Luphelo is not the type of man to abandon his child but that still didn't mean it was the right time to introduce a baby into this relationship. I wanted us to have enough time to know each other... And I ruined that by falling pregnant. I was so overwhelmed... So anxious that I told myself I was going to keep this pregnancy as a secret.

Mom: Ncumo! U Right?

-are you alright?

Me: Yes mommy I'm okay.

Mom: are you sure?

Me: yeah.

Mom: okay. Your food is ready.

Me: I'm not hungry mommy.

Mom: okay.

She left so I got up and then washed my face. I walked into my bedroom and then I sent Lusanda a text message: hey Lusanda ndim uNcumo. I'm not pregnant.

I lied. I exhaled and then hid my pregnancy test in my bag which I keep in my wardrobe. I then went to sit on my bed and caressed my stomach. My heart was beating so quickly... I thought about my stomach getting bigger and the thought of Lumphelo's smile brought a smile onto my face.

Mommy went to bed and Lumphelo called me again.

Me: Jama?

Lumphelo: I'm outside. Ndicela uphume.

-please come out.

Me: okay.

I hung up and then walked out to his waiting car. He came in the X6 M so I climbed into the passenger seat and then closed the door.

Lumphelo: bukhala?

-were you crying?

Me: no... I'm just tired.

Lumphelo: uMamakho uthi kum wena awutyi.

-your mother said to me that you aren't eating.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: you two need to get a life honestly.

Lumphelo: you are my life Ncumolwam. That's why I brought you some food I know you won't say no to.

He took out a box of Debonairs Creamy Chicken Real Deal pizza. It was all I needed to kick start my appetite recovery process and the fact that this man came all this way just to make sure that I have eaten made me emotional. I cried and Lumphelo didn't understand what was happening with me.

Lumphelo: baby wam? Utheni? Talk to me. Whatever it is... I will be with you through it all.

I shook my head as he wiped my tears.

Me: I think I'm close to my period that's all.

Lumphelo: okay... Call me if you need your meds. I'll bring them va?

I nodded before kissing him. He took some juice out for me when I started eating and then took pictures of me. He posted one on WhatsApp and his caption was "akasa phangi lomntu bekuthiwa uyaghula. Ama cherrie ethu madoda". I laughed at his caption whilst wondering why him and I rarely use WhatsApp to communicate... We always call one another.

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Luphelo: baby after one round?

Me: xolo I will make it up to you.

I took my teddy bear and junk food then I climbed out of the car but Luphelo came out of the car to meet me outside.

Luphelo: Ncumo what's going on with you?

Me: good night Luphelo.

I said as I walked into the house and then locked behind me. I went into my bedroom and then cried myself to sleep.

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Mom: Ncumo uJama is worried about you. Oko endi cela kuWhatsApp ukba ndiku jonge.

-he's been asking me On WhatsApp to keep an eye on you.

Me: Mom I'm not a baby. Luphelo needs to chill.

Mom: you have a caring boyfriend and wena uthi he must just chill? Ncumolwethu what the hell is going on with you?

Me: nothing wethu Mama I'm just tired of being treated like a little baby when I'm about to have... When I'm about to have one of the best years of my life financially. I even applied for a loan so that I could buy a car.

I said as a distraction.

Mom: nyan Ncumo? What kind of a car do you want?

Me: I don't know. Anything that doesn't make me look broke next to Luphelo.

Mom: yincame ke leyo.

-you can give up on that.

She said as she laughed on her way to the bathroom. I was so irritated that I just took my lunch and then drove to work without telling her that I was leaving.

When I arrived at work, I had a bunch of flowers waiting for me on the reception desk.

Receptionist: Ncumolwethu you have a delivery for all of these flowers.

It looked like a jungle on her desk. I cradled my belly as I approached the card that was left which was clearly read. He wrote in his handwriting:

Ntikazi.

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I hope these flowers will show you how serious I am about wanting to understand and heal your pain. I don't know what it is that you're going through but I hope you can trust me enough to open up to me. I love you more than I love myself.

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Luphelo Jama

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He wrote his name out because he wanted people to know that him and I are together and to make no mistake about it because he knew that the card was going to be read.

Receptionist: udyola no Luphelo wena kanti?

-you are dating Luphelo.

Me: ayise cace.

-Its so obvious.

I said as I took an armful of my flowers at a time to my office and then I called my man to say thank you.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

Luyanda canceled on us yesterday so we had to have the meeting today. I was already annoyed but this meeting had to happen so that I could know what was going on with Luyanda who arrived 45 minutes later than we had agreed. Mom was pissed about that.

Mom: jonga Luyanda sukusi lindisa apha ingathi silinde uMotsepe.

-don't make us wait as if we are waiting for Motsepe.

Lusanda: kungasi boni apha kuye.

-he just doesn't respect us.

Luyanda: I'm sorry.

He said as he sat down next to our father.

Mom: Luyanda ufuna ntoni ku Nolwazi?

-what do you want from Nolwazi?

Luyanda: niks Mama we just met at the Boardwalk.

Me: I just wanna know why is it that ever since Sihle came into my life... You're now being seen with her aunt and you broke into my house and stole my toothbrush and hairbrush.

Luyanda: yeses inomlomo mos la trits u Ncumo-

-damn that trick Ncumo has a big mouth-

Lusanda: Rhaaaaa!!

I buried my face in my hands before looking back at him.

Luphelo: Luyanda... Thetha njalo kwakhona nge Pillar uzobona ndizak thini.

-talk about the pillar like that again and you'll see what I'm going to do to you.

Luthando: xolo Pabbles ntwana akayazi ukuba yi 560 leya. Subanomsindo Kalok Tiyeka.

-I'm sorry Pabbles he doesn't know that's your 560. Don't be angry Tiyeka.

I exhaled before looking back at Luthando's face and felt calm.

Me: makaphendule umbuzo lomntu.

-let this person answer the question.

Luyanda: I needed money so I broke into your place but ended up seeing your tooth brush and hair brush so I took them with since I saw they were new.

Me: I had a 46k stack and you only took R1000 from it? And Luyanda awukho broke fondin suxoka. You took the R1000 as an excuse...a cover up in case you get caught.

-you aren't broke don't lie.

He exhaled.

Luyanda: haike andiyazi ufuna ndi thini.

-I don't know what you want me to say.

Lusanda: you wanted to have a DNA testing for Sihle right?

Luyanda: why would I want that when Nondwe slept with Luphelo and not me?

Lusanda: suxoka mahn bhuti! It has taken me years to make sense of this memory but I remember... You and Nondwe... She raped you too Luyanda.

-don't lie bhuti!

Luyanda: I WAS NEVER RAPED LUSANDA!!

Lusanda: YES YOU WERE. JUST TELL THE TRUTH LUYANDA NO ONE IS GOING TO JUDGE YOU!!

Luyanda broke down on his chair while I sat with my leg crossed over the other.

Me: So Mkhuluwa... If she did the same thing to you it means you lied to me when you told me that she isn't capable of doing something like that. Meaning if you weren't quiet... I wouldn't have been raped either. So you threw me under the bus.

I was fuming inside but I had to keep a cool and collected front for the sake of my sanity. Luyanda didn't reply... He just cried on his seat along with every member of the Jama family.

Me: Is Sihle yours?

Luyanda: the test came out as not a match. And I heard that... Before you did the ceremony for her... You made her do a DNA test that came out as you being the father.

Me: so she's really mine?

He nodded.

Senior: we need to see these results. Ulixoki kwedin. Asino themba nto kuwe.. Lo Sihle umosha ubomi buka Luphelo. Akonwabanga unyana wam. Sifuna ubona I proof.

-you're a liar boy.. We can't trust anything from you. This Sihle is ruining Luphelo's life. My son is not happy. We want to see proof.

Luyanda nodded and that was my cue so I got up and then I walked out of the house.

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I went to sit at the beach where I just watched the waves to clear my head. It was night time and the view was spectacular. I felt someone tap my shoulder and I almost died from shock but I'm always chilled so at least I was not a bitch about it. I didn't scream.. It was Ncumo..

Me: undifumene njani?

-how did you find me?

Ncumo: your location was on so I figured I should track you since you weren't replying to my calls.

She smiled so I laughed. She didn't seem sure about my reaction towards her decision to track me down but I literally have nothing to hide so maka track'e umntu wakhe ubaby when needs be.

Ncumo: are you okay?

A tear fell from my eyes.

Me: Luyanda knew that Nondwe was abusive... But akazange andimele Ncumo. Ndinje... Kungenxa yakhe now I have a whole daughter because of it.

-he never stood up for me. I'm like this because of him.

Ncumo: imagine if she wasn't here... Would you have met me?

It was the first time in my life that I have ever felt like there was a positive to what I went through. Maybe... Just maybe this was all part of God's grand plan to make me find a good woman that I'm going to treat right because I know what it took for me to get her.

Me: you just saved me from a lot of why me's.

Ncumo: Look Luphelo I know I let you down when I left you but you can rest assured that I love you and I won't repeat that mistake. I have your best interests at heart... There is nothing that I want more than to see us grow and prosper... And maybe even in the near future start our own family. Have a baby... And be happy. I can and I will give you that baby.

I smiled before giving her a kiss. I kissed her and then kissed her forehead.

Me: let's go skinny dipping.

Ncumo: hay hay Luphelo tyini.

Me: ndiyakcela...you only live once.

-please.

She exhaled before undressing next to me. I did the same before we ran onto the sand and into the cold water naked.

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I didn't sleep over at Humewood after being with Lumphelo. I went back home and that was strange to him because he knows how much I enjoy going to bed with him. But I couldn't give into that temptation because then I would end up telling him that I'm pregnant. I didn't know exactly what it was that made me decide to hide this pregnancy... I guess I was just scared. After all my mother told me that my father was the perfect lover until she fell pregnant... Babies can make or break a relationship. And I was scared of this baby being our downfall.

When I arrived at home Lusanda called me. I picked up.

Me: hey sisi.

Lusanda: mntase sorry I was out of data. I just saw your message now.

Me: yeah well...I'm not pregnant.

Lusanda: after all of those symptoms Ncumo? No... You're pregnant but choosing to hide the pregnancy.

Me: what reason in the world do I have to hide it?

Lusanda: you tell me since you're hiding.

Me: I will send you a picture of my pregnancy test then.

Lusanda: no... We'll go to the doctor. You could get your mother to pee on it or something so I don't trust you.

You legit can never lie to a Jama.

Me: okay I will let you know when I'm free.

Lusanda: okay baby. Good night.

Me: good night.

I said before hanging up. I sent Lumphelo a good night text then I went to bed.

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It was raining in the morning when I woke up and I already knew where I was going to sleep tonight. I just needed to remind myself to not say a word to Lumphelo about this baby. I took a shower, got dressed and then ate breakfast with Mom who kept looking at me.

Me: Yinton Mama undi tyisa kakubi.

-What Mom? You're disturbing me as I eat.

Mom: kutheni unga nxibi bhodi nje?

-why aren't you wearing your bra?

Me: ndiyi libele.

-I forgot about it.

She raised her eyebrow.

Mom: Ncumo umithi?

-are you pregnant?

Me: No mommy come on. I'm not pregnant. I forgot a bra and that's it. Let's not get ahead of ourselves now.

I finished up the rest of my breakfast and then put my dish in the sink.

Mom: ungalibali uthe uzolala nam namhlanje. Or Kanye ufuna uyolala no Tata womntana?

-don't forget you said you're going to sleep next to me today. Or do you want to sleep next to the baby's father?

Mom was so excited but I couldn't tell her because she was going to run to her best friend and let him know that he's going to be a father.

Me: mom don't do this to yourself okay? I'm not pregnant.

I said as I kissed her good bye and then I walked out.

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°° Sihle's perspective °°

My aunt knew where I was in Durban so she knocked on the door of the hotel that Bulelani and I were booked in. I went to open up for her and gave her a hug... I noticed that she wasn't alone. She had some company. It was a tall man who had eyes and lips like my father's... Which happen to be features that Luphelo and I have in common.

Me: Molo.

-hello.

Luyanda: hi... Ndingu Luyanda.

-I'm Luyanda.

Me: I'm Sihle.

I reached out my hand to him which he kissed instead of shaking. Nolwazi told us to come inside so we followed her and then sat down. I offered them something to drink but both declined so we sat down in the quiet living room.

Nolwazi: Hlehle uya bona Mos lomntu uyafana no Luphelo.. Ngu Mkhuluwa wakhe Lona qha ebe ngekho kumsebenzi wakho.

-you can see that this person looks like Luphelo. This is his big brother but he was not present during your ceremony.

I nodded.

Me: oh okay Makazi.

Nolwazi: yeah... Sihle uvile ngo Luphelo ukuba yenzeke njani yonke lento ukuba uSisi wam amithe... Obviously that was true but she didn't just do that to Luphelo. She did it to Luyanda too.

-you heard from Luphelo how this whole thing of my sister falling pregnant happened.

Me: I'm so sorry to hear that. Honestly uMama... I feel really ashamed to be her daughter right now.

The room fell silent. Aunt Nolwazi turned to face me with tears in her eyes.

Nolwazi: Hlehle I don't think you're hearing us... Luphelo is not your father. Luyanda is.

I felt a sharp, deafening noise in my ears when she said that. I felt momentarily dizzy... I just couldn't make sense of what she had just said. I felt like I missed it.

Me: I'm sorry what?

Nolwazi: I made a mistake Hlehle. When I contacted Luphelo and we discussed this... He told me that as far as he knew... He was the only one that Nondwe molested. Luyanda never owned up to it... And that's why we thought he is the father. I'm sorry Hlehle.

The tears fell from my eyes and I buried my face in my hands. I thought about Ncumo and Luphelo and the fact that this was going to be good news to their relationship. It hurt me to the depths of my soul to know that my pain was going to pave the way for them to be happy. I dried my tears and then looked back at them.

Me: why did you tell me this?

Luyanda: Matiyeka you had to know the truth. What you do with it is up to you... But you had to know who your real dad is.

Me: Luphelo is my father! We have our issues from time to time... But I know that he loves me.. And now you just ruined that for me. So both of you get the hell out of here... And don't say a word about this to my Dad.

I said as I stormed up to the bedroom.

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°° Ncumo's perspective °°

It was lunch time at work so I decided to look for watches to buy for my man. I realized that I have never really bought him anything... And now that he has knocked me up and made me a mother... I had to show my appreciation. I found a nice Fossil watch that is worth R6450 and although it was going to take me a month to recover from this, I decided to buy it.

After work, I went to Fischers Watches at The Boardwalk and then I bought the watch for Luphelo. This costed me a fortune but it was probably going to be the cheapest watch in his collection.

I called him and he told me that he is in Bluewater Bay so I walked in using the back door since he told me that it was open. I found him in his office where he was busy talking on his phone. I knocked and he told me to come in whilst he finished up his call. He hung up and then he focused on me.

Luphelo: awusemhle.

-you look so beautiful.

Me: enkosi mntuwam. Ndenzele wena.

-thank you my person. I did this for you.

Luphelo: ungatsho nje ukba ndine luck'a?

-why don't you just say I'm lucky?.

Me: bunga khange ungayazi.

-you never didn't know.

We laughed.

Luphelo: baby I want to take you to Cape Town this weekend for another Baecation. Are you in?

Me: usabuza Luphelo? Yes I'm in. Thank you.

-are you still asking?

Luphelo: you're welcome. Let your mother know keh kwangoku ngoba uyamazi unjani.

-now already because you know what she's like.

I nodded before taking out my gift to him and then put it on the table. He stared at my gift and a softness fell onto his face when he saw it.

Luphelo: nge yam le watch Ncumo?!

-is this watch mine?!

I nodded as he excitedly opened the box and then tried it on. He put the watch on his left wrist and then admired it.

Luphelo: izapha.

-come here.

I stood up and then went to sit on his lap where he kissed me and then he hugged me.

Luphelo: enkosi Mamcethe.

-thank you.

Me: you're welcome Tiyeka.

Luphelo: what did I do to deserve a R6 450 watch Ncumo?

He raised his eyebrow.

Me: it's just a reward Jama... For being a good boyfriend.

Luphelo didn't understand. He thought I was just acting weird but he was still grateful nevertheless.

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I went home and then took a bath before going to my bedroom and then standing in front of the mirror to see my belly. I couldn't see any linea nigra. I was a bit disappointed because I wanted to see transformations in my body.

Me: hello wena Jama. Heh mntaka Luphelo. Heeh wena Tiyeka.

I said as I cradled my stomach and admired the fact that there was a little, tiny life blossoming inside of it.

I was so fascinated with this pregnancy... It's like I had a little gift that only I could unwrap in the night time when I'm alone. I needed to tell Luphelo though...at some point he had to know that he is a father for the second time. But for the first time in his

Life he had a say in this. I decided that I was going to tell him during the Baecation that I am pregnant.

I logged onto WhatsApp and then I viewed Luphelo's status. He had posted a video of him having dinner with my mother at The Coachman.

Luphelo: ndilapha kwa Coachman neli phela.

-I'm here at Coachman with this cockroach.

Mommy laughed in the background.

Mom: ndi dikiwe kanjani nguwe Luphelo.

-I'm tired of you.

Luphelo giggled.

Luphelo: otherwise madoda uyakhutshwa uMaka Bae. U Maka Bae uyabulelwa. U Maka Bae uyakhunjuzwa ukba uyamthanda umntanakhe. U Maka Bae funeka aboniswe ukba umntanakhe aka phazamanga ngawe.

-Bae's mother must be taken out. Bae's mother must be appreciated. Bae's mother must be reminded that you love her child. Bae's mother must be shown that her child isn't mistaken by being with you.

Mom: baxelele Jama.

-tell them.

Luphelo laughed.

Luphelo: Ncumo baby...this is all for you Ntikazi. I love you.

The video ended and my heart melted. This is the man that I'm pregnant for. The man that found me as a girl and made me a woman and a mother.

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Mommy came home at to 10 pm in the evening with her own flowers which she put next the vase of my flowers on the table. I had donated the rest of the flowers Luphelo sent to me to the single ladies at work and to those who wanted to make their men jealous. She also had a box of Lindt Chocolates which she held proudly.

Me: yhu Mama ndicela undiphe.

-mom please give me some.

Mom: hay andifuni ke shame.

-I don't want to.

Me: Mama uyifumene ngam ke yonke lento njema uvhimba mna.

-you got this because of me now that you're refusing to give me some.

She laughed.

Mom: Yaz Ncumo I was against this you dating a man that's 12 years older than you kanti it was the best thing for you. I never thought you would find a man who understands our relationship to the point where he would be able to take me out on dates. Luphelo is a keeper.

I blushed.

Me: enkosi Mama. He asked me if we could go to Cape Town-

Mom: uthethile namu ngalonto ndathi it's fine.

-he spoke to me about that.

Me: hmm kodwa ukba bucelwe ndim...

-but if I asked you...

I said before shaking my head whilst crossing my arms.

Mom: bizoba ngu hayi ozimeleyo kalok.

-it was going to be an independent no.

We laughed and I felt so nauseas that I rushed to the bathroom to throw up. Mom brought a jug of water and then gave it to me as I kneeled down in front of the toilet. I took it then I rinsed my mouth and she followed me.

Mom: Uyayazi u Luphelo?

-does Luphelo know?

I shook my head. I was done lying at this point.

Mom: why haven't you told him?

Me: ndoyika I reaction ka Sihle Mama... And most importantly... What if he stops loving me like Dad did to you?

-I'm scared of Sihle's reaction.

Mom: Ncumo stop letting Sihle be a factor in your relationship with this man... And it's the ultimate insult to Luphelo to compare him to your father. This is the very same man who just took your mother out on a date. I don't believe I'm fun to be around... He did this to show you that he loves you.

Tears fell from my eyes.

Mom: so... Xelela uJama inyani. And congratulations mntanam.

-tell Jama the truth.

She extended her arms out to me and then kissed my forehead.

Mom: my little baby is having a baby.

Mommy was proud and that is all I ever wanted her to be of me. I never thought she would be proud of me falling pregnant out of wedlock... But maybe something in mommy changed when she realized that happiness is more important than doing what is seen as morally correct.

Me: enkosi Mama.

Mom: uzolala nam namhlanje?

-are you going to sleep next to me tonight?

I nodded before going to her en suite to fetch a tissue. Once I was done crying, I climbed into bed next to my mother and we cuddled.

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°° Friday °°

We took a flight to Cape Town and this time I was able to flex on Instagram about how I travel. Ever since I was free to post about my real life on Instagram, the number of my followers have increased and I knew I had my man to thank for that. The gifts that he gives me and the pictures that we post on Instagram are what have made my social media following grow.

We took an early flight to Cape Town so by 14: 00 pm we were already at the Radisson Blu Hotel at the V & A Waterfront. We got settled and in true Luphelo Jama fashion, he told me not to bring any clothes.

Me: Luphelo uyay thanda iRadisson Blu ne?

-you like the Radisson Blu right?

Luphelo: yeah... It reminds me of the early stages in our relationship... And the times I used to envision us in this position.

He said as he grabbed my butt cheeks and then pulled me closer to his chest.

Me: ndiyakthanda.

-I love you.

Luphelo: I love you more. Get ready kuze sizokwazi ukuya e Mall.

-so that we can be able to.

Me: okay.

I kissed him before going to the bathroom so that I could wear my make up. I was never a make up person but dating Luphelo has made me want to be more feminine... And these make up tutorials that I was watching on YouTube were truly of great help. After getting ready, Luphelo and I went out to our rented Mercedes Benz S63 AMG which I drove myself.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

When Ncumo and I arrived at the mall, we first went to eat at Spur. After having our lunch, we watched a movie and then I took her shopping. I decided that this was how things were going to go everytime we go on a Baecation... Ncumo is going to come with an empty suitcase that she was going to fill once we arrived at our destination. I'm dating a Queen. And she needed to be treated as such.

I left her shopping at Zara so that I could look around in the mall for something to get for myself. That's when I received a call from Sihle.

Me: baby girl?

Sihle: hey Tata unjani?

-how are you?

Me: I'm good thanks and you?

Sihle: I'm okay. Is this a good time to speak?

Me: uhm yes... Singa thetha.

-we can talk.

It wasn't really a good time to speak but what kind of a father would I be if I turned my child away in her time of need all because I wanted to enjoy a Baecation.

Sihle: okay... Ndi cela undi Batalele I school fees.

-can you please pay my school fees?

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: I thought Uzobatalelwa ngu NSFAS nje Sihle.

Sihle: yes but Tata I'm going to have to pay back the loan kanti if I get this money from my father then I'll be set.

Me: Sihle what is R300 per month once you get paid? But if it's a problem then I will pay you R300 extra by the time you work for JLS.

Sihle: but Tata it's too much of a hassle when done like that. You might as well just pay it now for me.

I exhaled.

Me: fine.

Sihle: speaking about JLS... Tata can I please have some shares there.

I choked on my own saliva so I coughed.

Me: nje njalo Sihle? Kwenzeka ntoni ngawe? Uyamensa dahn and I cravings zakho ziyi Mali?

-just like that? What's going on with you? Are you on your periods and your cravings is money?

Sihle: I'm actually really serious Tata. By the time I graduate I know I will be a valuable asset to the company. You might as well give me a slice of the pie now.

Me: then we'll talk once you graduate. For now... Focus on your studies. Bye.

I said before hanging up. I couldn't believe she just asked for shares.

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°° Ncumo's perspective °°

I had bought a new dress from Zara that I wanted to wear for my man during our date tonight. He had booked the entire The Vue Sky Bar for us so we had the entire place to ourselves.

The table was decorated in gold and black with the surrounding scented candles lighting up our evening. There was music playing... I was impressed with the set up. This was definitely an upgrade from what he did for me in Durban.

Me: you're most definitely getting rewarded for this tonight.

Luphelo: ngantoni?

-with what?

He asked with a sinister smile on his face.

Me: nge mpundu.

-with ass.

He laughed and so did I. We have gotten so used to Luphelo's unfiltered mouth.

Our food was served and the waiter poured some champagne for us.

Me: hay enkosi bhuti mna ndi cela I juice.

-can I please have juice.

Luphelo raised his eyebrow.

Luphelo: baby wena wonke?

-you of all people?

Me: yeah I want to detox my body.

He nodded to the waiter so he left and then returned with some strawberry juice for me. We started eating whilst having a great conversation filled with good laughs and good stories being shared over good food. I then asked him to give me a minute so I went to the bathroom. I took my bag with me so that I could fix my make up. I was crying a bit... So I had to reapply my mascara and powder my nose. I felt ready to tell Luphelo the truth about my pregnancy so I exhaled several times. I was nervous... Anxious and I was a bit dizzy. Honestly movies make this moment seem so exciting but in reality it can be nerve-wracking.

I went to urinate and when I came out, a waitress came in. Her name is Thami.

Thami: wena no mntu wakho are so cute.

-you and your person.

Me: thank you sthandwa sam.

Thami: why do you look stressed?

Me: I'm pregnant so... I am going to tell him tonight.

Thami: ncoh relax baby... Your man will love you more because of this baby.

Me: really?

Thami: yeah... Just go out there and tell him.

Me: thank you so much.

I gave her a hug before taking my things and then walking back out to Luphelo.

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He was on the phone when I arrived but he put it down when he saw me.

Me: I'm sorry for keeping you waiting.

Luphelo: Akukho nxaki Ntikazi.

-no problem.

I exhaled.

Me: Luphelo ndicela sime ngenyawu... I want to get something off my chest.

-can we get up on our feet.

He looked so concerned.

Luphelo: yeah sure... Are you okay?

I nodded as we got up from our seats and then held hands.

Me: uhm... Look Luphelo I don't know how this happened.. Actually I do but... Yes well considering what's going on I know this wasn't the perfect time... And I would understand if you're upset... Or what to leave me.. You won't be the first man to anyway... Nor the last but what I'm trying to say is... Jama I'm pregnant.

I swallowed hard before the tears started falling again. I was expecting the worst so I looked down until I heard him speaking.

Luphelo: umithi Majama?

-you're pregnant?

His voice was shaking and it was the most beautiful sound in the world to hear Luphelo Jama nervous. I nodded before looking back up at him.

Luphelo: mna nawe... Sizoba ngabazali?

-you and I... Are going to be parents?

Me: yes baby.

I wiped my face before taking out a positive pregnancy test from my handbag and then gave it to him. He didn't even look at it because he just got down on his knee in front of me. My heart dropped... The visual alone of the man I love on his knees made my temples throb.. I felt numb...my heart was beating like crazy as he reached for his back pocket and then pulled out a beautiful maroon box. He opened the box and exposed a beautiful princess cut diamond ring.

Luphelo: I don't know whether I'm asking for too much but... You made me a dad Ntikazi.. Please make me a husband too. Ndiyak cela.

-I'm begging you.

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[Seinfeld:]

Getting engaged is like getting, uh, it's the first hill of the roller coaster and you hear those clickers, the loud sound – this really violent, metal 'Chunka-chunka-chunka' and you go, "What, what's going on here?" You know?

"Boy this thing is really, really goes high!"

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My heart was beating out of proportion. I felt butterflies in my stomach and extreme anxiety. But a good kind of anxiety... The type of anxiety that you feel when something is so right and you're just scared of it going wrong. I had an entire game plan for my life... I was going to be a boss bitch with no responsibilities in the form of a husband and a child. I was going to live life on my own terms and only worry about my mother. But here I was... Pregnant at the age of was with the father of my child on his knee in front of me... Begging me to wrap this thing up and make it a family.

I wiped the tears under my eyes and sniffed. God this man... This perfect man who had been

hurt but didn't want to hurt anybody. This man that cries when needs be and laughs in such a beautiful sound that he makes you fall in love with him every time you watch a comedy show.. This man that is thoughtful... Sweet and sensitive although he puts up a front to the world that he couldn't care less. This man that is grown but is a kid at heart that is trying to find happiness at the end of the day... This man that has more money than everyone in his life but still is the most humble... That is my Luphelo Jama and I love him. I love Luphelo so much that I cry when I think about him... I challenge myself everyday to love him more... To love him better and to show him that I will never leave him again. I challenge myself to be a better lover ... A better friend and a better listener... But now I had to prepare myself to be a wife and the mother of his child.

Me: Lophelo uyayazi lento uyenzayo?

-do you know what you're doing.

Luphelo: ndiyazi more than I know how to run a company.

Me: uqinisekile ngalento uyenzayo?

-are you sure about what you're doing?

Luphelo: I've been sure about this since I met you. Dating you was just confirmation.

Me: then ewe Jama... Yes.

Tears threatened to fall from his eyes but he caught them with the sleeve of his shirt. He slid the ring on my finger and then he got up to kiss me. We kissed so passionately... The kiss wasn't even sexual but it had meaning. It showed commitment to making our marriage last.

The waitresses and waiters that were on duty gave us a round of applause and cheered us on as we made our way out of the The Vue and Lophelo left them to enjoy the Bar on their own.

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I stared at my ring as we were in the car.

Luphelo: uyay thanda?

-you like it?

Me: I love it baby.

Luphelo: bendi bawela uku thengela la 3 piece set we ring u Gold ufana noka Mamam qha ndak sizela.

-I wanted to get you that golden 3 piece set ring that looks like my mother's but then I felt sorry for you.

I laughed.

Me: hay hay Jama bendingazo vuma lo engagement kalok.

-I wasn't going to accept that engagement then.

He laughed.

Luphelo: eza ring ziyi guarantee ukuba asizo divorce'a.

-those rings are a guarantee that we won't divorce.

Me: I know we won't. I wouldn't have agreed to this if I thought there was any chance in hell that we could stop loving one another. Call me naive or stupid... But Lophelo I believe in us. I have this crazy feeling when I'm with you that this is how it's going to be for the rest of my life. I think for what it's worth... Our baby is lucky to have you and I as parents.

He used his free hand to caress my belly.

Luphelo: kungona ndiziva ingathi ndingu Tata Ntikazi. Thank you for giving me this feeling.

-it's only now that I'm starting to feel like a father.

Me: you're welcome. By the way that's why I bought the watch for you. It was a thank you for the

sperm allowance. Yazazi kalok ungu Nsfas we sperm.

He laughed.

Luphelo: uzazi ke awuphelelanga kulona umntana. Usezo mitha ngoba ndine 7 years before ndibena 40. Abantwana bam abano fika sendimdala.

-you must know that you aren't done with this child. You're still going to fall pregnant because I have 7 years left before I'm 40. My children cannot arrive when I'm old.

The reality of our age difference hit me but Luphelo is the type that will age like fine wine therefore I was not a Bit affected by that.

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We arrived at the hotel room and we were both tired. This was our first night as an engaged couple but we didn't even have sex. We just played video games in our bedroom whilst making a gender bet. Luphelo said we're having a son and I said we're having a daughter although I really couldn't care less what the gender is. As long as I have a beautiful, healthy baby..

Luphelo: Majama... You'll have to take your ring off once we get home. I haven't sent a letter so I don't want your mother to think I'm being disrespectful.

Me: okay... Did you ask for her blessing?

Luphelo: baby uMamakho u orderishe i plate ye R380 kwa Coachman gqhiba walumela nge Cocktail ze R90 each zantathu. Nantsiya i blessing yam tsek.

-your mother ordered a plate worth R380 at Coachman and then drank three Cocktails worth R90. That's my blessing.

I laughed. All jokes aside but uMama beyibaxa.

Me: so khangе uyicele nyan i blessing Luphelo?

-so you really didn't ask for a blessing?

He shook his head before kissing the side of my face.

Luphelo: you're pregnant now. I don't need blessings.

He said as he rubbed my belly. He continued talking about what he hopes our baby achieves...

What he wants our baby's personality to be like and I noticed how when we spoke about our baby... He was open to the possibility of our child being homosexual. I guess his conversations with my mother have really opened Luphelo's mind to these things and I appreciated that. He spoke until I fell asleep.

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When I woke up in the morning Luphelo was on the sofa making a call on his business phone. I listened.

Luphelo: mamela Eddie ndifuna ulungisa i will yam...uNcumo just told me that she's pregnant so... Enkosi Ta Kodwa ke that made me realize I need to have a will ngoba asiyazi ndizofa nini... Ziyathakatha ezi reject zam kalok ndimhle mna so hlambi bazofuna undi susa mpela... (laughs) yeah I want my son to have my companies... Until he's 18 uMamakhe would take over khubone... Maybe temporarily change the name to Majama Constructions if uyafuna (laughs) yeah but I also have a daughter uSihle. She's doing her LLB ngoku as a postgraduate for 2 years so in no time she will be ready to work for JLS so I want to make provision for her... She wanted shares which she will get over my dead body... So I will give her a 33% stake in the company, my son will get the other 33% yena uMajama she will get 34%. Yeah... And my properties will be for my wife and my children can split the cars. Yeah... Next week I'm in PE so

you tell me when we can meet... Tuesday at 3 is fine... Sure thing... Bye.

He hung up and then he turned around to face me.

Me: already thinking that far na Jama?

Luphelo: yeah akhange ndilale Izolo Ncumo.. I'm excited.

-I didn't sleep yesterday.

He said as I went to sit on his lap and kissed him. He kissed my ring and then kissed my belly.

Me: I'm actually glad that this is your first pregnancy so we're going to learn together. I'm excited too.

I said as I kissed him.

Luphelo: yeah... Baby masibuyele Bhayi... Ndi dikiwe Kuba lapha sendi funa uyoqhayisa mna ngoku.

-let's go back to Port Elizabeth. I'm tired of being here because I want to go home and brag already.

I laughed.

Me: uwhoah. Masambe.

-let's go.

I got up from his lap then I went to prepare our bathwater.

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We checked out of the hotel and then went to catch a flight back home. It was not easy getting one last minute but there was A vacancy on the general flights which we took. Luphelo took me home on Saturday and then he stopped outside the house.

Me: masingene kalok.

-let us go in.

Luphelo: yhu ha.a Ntikazi ndi diniwe ndifuna ulala..

-I'm tired I want to sleep.

Me: okay keh. Uzozi zisa nini mpahla zam?

-when will you bring my clothes?

Luphelo: maybe ngomso.

-tomorrow.

Me: okay. Bye keh.

I kissed him.

Luphelo: sapha i ring kalok baby. Uzay fumana xana o Malume befikile.

-you'll get it back once my uncles arrive.

Me: hay Kodwa Jama..

I sulked but he looked at me semi bored so I first took a picture of my hand whilst it had the ring before taking it off and then giving it to him. He put the ring inside the box and then put it in his arm rest.

Me: take care of my ring Luphelo.

Luphelo: Ewe Mkam.

I smiled before kissing him.

Me: bye bye...I love you.

Luphelo: ndiyani thanda.

-I love y'all.

He said before kissing my belly. I kissed him one more time before getting out of the car.

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Mommy was with her girlfriend when I arrived. They were sitting in the living room playing cards.

Me: molweni.

-greetings.

Them: molo Ncumo.

Mom: kutheni ubuye early? Nixabene no Jama?

-why are you back so early? Did you and Jama have an argument?

She was so worried mainly because of the pregnancy.

Me: no relax mommy...we're great. Beyond great actually.

I said as I sat down and brushed my knees.

Mam Joy: oh? Care to elaborate?

Me: he proposed.

My mommy jumped up and started ululating and Mam Joy joined her. They danced in circles around me and both gave Me a kiss on each cheek.

Mom: wathini ke wena?

-and What did you say?

Me: ndivumile Mama. Ndizoba ngu mfazi womntu.

-I said yes Mommy. I'm going to be someone's wife.

Mommy and Mam Joy started ululating all over again. They were so happy.

Mam Joy: iphi ring?

-where is the ring?

She asked as she lifted up my plain left hand.

Me: uyithathile uLuphelo kuba esithi uzandi nika xaku fike o Malume bakhe. Nantsi Kodwa I picture.

-Luphelo took it since he was saying he will bring it back to me once His uncles arrive. Here is a picture though.

I took out My phone and then showed them the picture of my diamond ring. They couldn't stop gushing over it.

Mom: So when can we expect the letter?

Me: I don't Know Mama...I'll ask u tata womntanam uvuka kwakhe.

-my baby daddy when he wakes up.

Them: eshee.

They said as I laughed on my way to my bedroom.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

Once I was fully rested, I called my brother Luthando and my sister Lusanda and told them that I would like to meet them both at Mom and Dad's house. They all arrived on time, curious to know what the meeting is about.

Senior: kwedin jonga ndidikiwe nguwe umane undi phazamisa nge xesha lam lika Dragon Ball Z.

-look boy I'm tired of you keeping on interrupting me during my time to watch Dragon Ball Z.

We all laughed.

Lusanda: grow up Daddy.

My dad was clearly in a foul mood since I interrupted his viewing pleasure but I hoped that the news I had were going to compensate for it.

Mom: Thetha kaloku Pabbles...kutheni silapha?

-talk Pabbles...why are we here?

I took out the box bearing Ncumo's engagement ring out of my pocket and then held it in My hand.

Me: ndicele u Ncumolwethu anditshate...and she said yes.

-I asked Ncumolwethu to marry me.

My family has always been the most supportive people on earth...my biggest cheerleaders and my main source of hype but there is nothing that I have done that has made them happier than knowing that I am getting married. Even my father, the nonchalant joker that I've always sought

emotion from gave it to me at this very moment. He got up from his seat and then opened his arms out to me.

Senior: Yabona ke Lumphelo...ndizo yeka ukuthi kwedin xandi thetha nawe. Imali ayikwenzi ndoda nyana...lusapho olukwenza Indoda. Umthande umfazi wakho nyana ngoba ukukhululile kwi nxaki obunazo. Angakhali uMamcethe ngoba uzondi moshela amathuba kuMamakhe-

-you see Lumphelo...I'm going to stop saying 'boy' when I speak to you. Money doesn't make you a man...family makes you a man. Love your wife son because she has freed you from all of the problems you had. Mamcethe must not cry because you're going to ruin my chances with her mother-

Family: Ohhh!

They said in disapproval. My dad was finally speaking sense for for the first time in 33 years and he had to ruin it. I gave him a hug and gave one to the rest of my family which was really happy and excited about the news which was even heightened by the fact that she's pregnant as well.

Me: so Tata ndicela ubize u Tancu Xola kuze azoya phana Kulo Ncumo ayondisela I letter.

-please call Uncle Xola so that he could go to Ncumo's home to send my letter for me.

Senior: no problem nyana.

He said before we discussed more important details about the wedding.

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°° Ncumolwethu's perspective °°

I received an SMS from my bank letting me know that my application for a loan has been successful so my day went from great to fucking awesome so I had to go to the bank on Monday. The approval of my loan made me think about a lot of things...the baby and the wedding so I decided instead of buying a car I was going to help Lumphelo with the wedding. I knew he didn't need any help but it was the least I could do.

I received a call from Lusanda when I was in bed thinking about baby names. I picked up.

Me: hello.

Lusanda: I'm really disappointed Ncumo.

Me: Can I defend myself?

Lusanda: I'm listening.

Me: I was really scared of telling Lumphelo the truth. I was afraid he'd freak out and leave me or something. And Sihle made me promise that this relationship would be invisible. Now I'm pregnant and about to get married.

Lusanda: Ncumo I would understand why Sihle is pissed...imagine my Dad being with my friend but at some point she needs to realize that this whole thing seems wrong because she's making this about her. Otherwise there is nothing wrong with a man and a woman who are not related falling in love.

Me: true..

Lusanda: Yeah but congratulations Ncumolwethu. I have never seen Lumphelo this happy...please don't do a thing to change his current state of mind.

Me: never...I love that man so you have nothing to worry about.

Lusanda: okay mntase. Enjoy your day Vha I love you.

Me: I love you more. Bye.

Lusanda: bye.

She hung up so I decided to make an appointment at the hospital in 3 weeks time for a check up.

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My fiance called me in the evening and told me that he needed to see me. So I went to meet him in his car at night like we usually do. I kissed him when I entered and he kissed my belly.

Me: baby sewuy bhalile na I letter?

-have you written the letter?

Lumphelo: kudala ngoko. Sendifuna ukbona unxibe I ring yam ngoku mna.

-a long time ago already. I just want to see you wearing my ring.

Me: iphi futhi? Let me wear it in the meantime.

-where is it?

He giggled as he took it out of his pocket and then he put it on my left hand and then he kissed my hand. I admired the way it looked on my hand and vowed that once its officially on...its never coming off again.

Me: I'm obsessed.

Lumphelo: uyazi ke andizo nxiba ring keh mnake.

-you should know that I won't wear a ring.

Me: uphambene shame Lumphelo.

-you're crazy.

He smiled.

Luphelo: ufuna icace ukba ndi tshatile na Mamakhe?

-you want it to be obvious that I'm married?

Me: yes. Kalok Tiyeka you aren't an average looking man therefore when these thots see you I want them to wonder ngu myeni kabani Lona.

-whose husband is this.

He laughed.

Luphelo: I'm still not wearing a ring.

Me: yes you are. And if you insist on not wearing it uzonxiba ene spikes. Take your pick Jama.

He Laughed before shaking his head. He probably thinks I'm crazy. He then reached into the cubby hole and then he pulled out a baby sized crown. It was the cutest thing I have ever seen before. It looked so real but yet it was comfortable enough for a baby's head. I gushed over it while Luphelo just smiled. He was proud and I felt proud to be the first woman to give him a baby to raise and a chance to be a part of a pregnancy.

Me: kodwa of all the toys you could buy Jama...you decided to buy a crown?

Luphelo: ewe ngoba sendine gama. Umntana wethu uzobangu Kumkani Jama.

-Yes because I already have a name. Our child is going to be Kumkani Jama.

Me: King Jama.

Luphelo: yes...I'm going to give my son everything Ncumo. He will live a life fit for a King...so why don't I just name him King. And he won't have a second name...its going to be simple and straight forward...Kumkani Jama.

Me: you're putting pressure on me to give you a son Kodwa Luphelo. What if it's a girl?

Luphelo: if it's a girl then she's my girl. I won't be disappointed...qha ndine 3-4 years yokufunda ukubopha inwele noku frerha amarobhi.

-but I have 3-4 years to learn how to tie hair and to plat cornrows.

That was so cute. The thought alone threatened to send me into an early labour because the thought Of Luphelo combing his daughters hair whileShe is sitting on his lap, patiently waiting to be able to look at herself in the mirror excited me. He asked me to come home with him but I refused because I was not really feeling well and didn't want to overburden him with my health.

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°° Nolwazi's perspective °°

I went to the Black Impala where I was going to meet with my date whom I met on DateSA. I sat and ordered a glass of wine which I drank for over a half an hour since my date didn't even arrive.

I was upset yes but I'm a big girl who knows better than to let hurt run her. See I'm the type of female that believes that she shouldn't get mad but get even instead...the bad part is I never get even with whoever hurt me because I imagine that they expect me to. Instead...I get even with unsuspecting victims like Luphelo whom I saw drinking alone by the bar. He had a small blue stuffed animal in His hand that he kept smiling at and I got the feeling that Ncumo may be expecting so I called my hottest friend Cynthia who is a slay queen aka a glorified prostitute.

Cynthia: Nolwazi?

Me: hey Cynth unjani friend?

-how are you?

Cynthia: ufuna ntoni friend?

-what do you want?

I exhaled.

Me: kukho indoda apha endifuna uyitye.

-there is a man here that I want you to fuck.

Cynthia: Name?

Me: Luphelo Jama.

Cynthia: Street name?

Me: The Finisher.

Cynthia: Residential area?

Me: Bluewater Bay.

Cynthia: Occupation?

Me: Chief Executive Officer of Jama Constructions and JLS.

Cynthia: What's in His cup?

Me: Hennessy very special cognac.

Cynthia: No thanks I don't do 70 year olds.

Me: Nope...he's 33 Chomi.

Cynthia: what the fuck...ndiyeza. Uphi?

-I'm coming. Where is he?

Me: I knew I could count on you. Black Impala.

Cynthia: give me 10 minutes.

Me: sure.

I said before hanging up and then looking back at Lumphelo who had no idea what was coming. My niece needed leverage otherwise she will be cut off once he knows she's not his.

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°° Nolwazi's perspective °°

I walked out of the Black Impala because I didn't want to risk Lumphelo seeing me so I went to wait in the car. Cynthia called me when she had arrived so I told her to come to my car. She opened my door and then climbed onto the passenger seat. She looked good.

Cynthia: chomi uhleli phi keh lomntu?

-where is this person sitting?

Me: by the bar. Uzombona. Nanku.

-you'll see him. Here he is.

I said as I took my phone and then showed her a picture Of Lumphelo with Ncumo which I got from Instagram.

Cynthia: akasemhle. Yi Cherrie yakhe Lena?

-he's so attractive. Is this his girlfriend?

I nodded.

Cynthia: akasemncinci. Ngathi wenzu matric.

-she's so young. Its like she's doing matric.

Me: ina 21 lento Lena but iyathandwa yindoda yakhe so kuzo funeka ungabi weak. Bring your A game chomi.

-this thing is 21 but she's loved by her man so you will have to not be weak.

Cynthia: mxm wethu I've got this. So iphi Mali yam?

-where is my money?

I exhaled.

Me: you'll get it from Lumphelo kalok.

She held out her hand so I had to give in and pay up. I gave her R1000 and told her she was going to get the rest after getting pictures of them in bed together. She agreed so she got out of my car and into The Black Impala.

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°° Cynthia's perspective °°

I walked into the Black Impala and strutted my stuff as I walked over to my next victim. He was still drinking by the bar and the men inside turned their heads to my direction when I walked in.

Some whistled and that along with the sound of my heels caught Luphelo's attention who looked at me as I stood in front of him.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: hi.

Me: ndiya qhala ukbona apha.

-its my first time seeing you here.

Luphelo: nam ndiyaqhala ukbona.

-its also my first time seeing You.

He said before downing his shot and ordering a new one.

Me: I'm Cynthia. Wena?

-you?

I asked as I held out my hand.

Luphelo: Luphelo.

He shook my hand and then released. It was something new for me to be shaking a smooth hand. I'm used to these grown rich men with their wrinkled hands.

Me: so...Luphelo are you going to buy me a drink?

Luphelo: so I need to buy you a drink kuba umhle?

-because you're beautiful.

I giggled.

Me: ewe you have to.

Luphelo: awtiyam...ndicela uhoje u Sisi Lona.

-my man...please give the sister some attention.

Barman: okay ufuna ntoni sisi?

-what do you want?

Me: ndicela i Blush.

-Can I please have a Blush?

Barman: coming right Up.

He said before I stared at Luphelo. The way he sips his whiskey. The way he speaks...he's clearly a shy man that is given the confidence to speak by his money...his hair...his skin...all of those elements attracted me to him. I'm not a bitch that catches feelings...but tonight I was assigned the wrong mission because I was hooked by someone who probably wasn't thinking much of me.

Me: so...where do you live?

Luphelo: Blue water.

Me: uyafuna undi bonisa indlu yakho?

-do you want to show me your house?

Luphelo: lityotyombhe.

-its a shack.

I laughed.

Me: ityotyombhe eBluewater Bay? I don't think so. Take me there.

-a shack in Blue water Bay?

Luphelo: I'm getting married soon and I Have a child on the Way.

Me: Cheat now...or forever hold your Peace.

I joked before taking the drink he bought for Me and then downed it. I then got off my chair and when I was about to leave, I felt his hand holding my arm so I stopped and looked back at him feeling hopeful.

Luphelo: hlambi amadoda Abanye abantu baqhele ukleqa Kodwa mna ndiyi ndoda ka Ncumo

undijonge kakuhle. Ndawuk pholela unye ngok umhle gqhiba ndibene ndawo ezi medidate'ayo.
-maybe other people's men usually run after you but I'm Ncumo's man, look at me carefully. I will mize you although you're beautiful and even medidate.

He let go of my arm and then focussed on his drink again. I have never felt so embarrassed before in my life.

I went to Nolwazi's car and then threw myself inside.

Nolwazi: and?

Me: mxm yi moffie leyana.

-he's gay.

Nolwazi: Luphelo...gay? No Cynthia you failed to get him, didn't you?

Me: ingxaki ayikho kum Nolwazi. Lomntu uzobano mntana and uzotshata. He's probably still nursing his fiancée's feelings.

-the problem is not with Me. This person is going to have a child and get married.

Nolwazi: Intoni?! Uyatshata?

-What?! He's getting married?

Me: yes thats what he told me.

She banged the steering wheel and then exhaled.

Me: Nolwazi yinton Lena iqhubekayo? Ukwenze ntoni uMfazi ka Luphelo?

-What is going on? What did Luphelo's wife do to you?

Nolwazi: akenzanga nto lowo...but uLuphelo is my niece's father so if he gets married and has a baby then he won't give her the attention she deserves.

Me: attention or money?

Nolwazi: fokof. Sapha imali yam futhi. You failed.

-piss off. Give back my money.

Me: consider it as a bad investment.

I said as I got out of her Car and then walked out.

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°° Ncumolwethu's perspective °°

Luphelo woke me up with a phone call and told me that he was coming. I thought that maybe he had a nightmare so I told him I would open the window for him. So when he arrived I opened up for him and when I went to give him a hug I got a kiss instead. A hot, passionate kiss that indicated that he wanted more than just a make out session. I was sick but I gave into his desires as he pinned me against the wall and then his hands roamed underneath my pyjama dress. He was relieved when he realized I wasn't wearing any underwear so he pulled his dick out and then fucked me raw. He came after some strokes and I wiped the mess whilst he sat on my bed. His penis was still hard so I sat on it and he grabbed my ass.

Me: Are you okay?

Luphelo: yeah.

Me: baby what's going on. I know you...you don't just come here and just fuck me without Even greeting me.

Luphelo: ndizothini na xandisitya impundu endizoz tshata? Ebeku mele ndiqhala ngobulisa ngoko ngoba Bendi cengile.

-what am I going to say when I'm fucking ass that I'm going to marry? I was supposed to greet first back then because I was begging.

I laughed.

Me: uyaphambana Tatakhe.

-you're crazy.

Luphelo: Mamakhe ndicela i blow job.

-can I please get a blow job.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: Okay...ndine worry ngoku-

-okay I'm really worried now-

Luphelo: baby please don't ask questions. Please just suck my dick.

He sounded a bit desperate so I didn't question him and just gave him what he wanted. I got down on my knees in front of him and then sucked his penis. I must admit I enjoyed it too...but I couldn't help but to wonder why Luphelo was acting weird. After the blow job he fucked me again and only left at 4 am in the morning after he was satisfied.

My mother received the letter from Luphelo's uncle on Sunday afternoon and the letter was all I heard about all day long. It was sent along with my ring which I was now free to wear since my mother had now consented to the Marriage. She and Luphelo's uncle had agreed that the lobola negotiations were going to take place a month from now.

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°° Sihle's perspective °°

I had just arrived back in Port Elizabeth with my man and I was immediately called to Luyanda's house. He lives in Kwa Magxaki which is like a suburban area to black people who cannot afford to live in real suburbs because the value of the properties there are well over R500 000 and the area is quite filled by people who are well off.

I took my car from the airport and then I dropped Bulelani at home before going to Luyanda's house. I was quite bored of these secret meetings that my aunt and my so called father kept on having because truth is...I hated going behind Luphelo's back. He really hurt me when he chose Ncumolwethu over me but what we were doing was not right.

I arrived at Luyanda's house and my aunt was already there. I think these two might be having an affair.

Me: I think its pretty gross that my so called biological father and my aunt are having sex with each other.

Nolwazi: Sihle stop making things about you. he's a man and I'm a woman. If we wanna fuck...We will fuck without having to worry about you.

Me: I guess thats what Ncumo and Luphelo thought too I suppose. Everybody thats close to me is just fucking and I need to be okay with that.

I said whilst rolling my eyes.

Luyanda: Molo Sihle.

-hello.

Me: Hi.

Nolwazi: iphi ke la fake paternity test result?

-where is that fake paternity test result?

Luyanda took an envelope And then waved it in the air.

Luyanda: nantsi. Ndizam nika namhlanje uLuphelo.

-I'm going to give it to Luphelo Today.

Nolwazi: don't forget to congratulate him.

Me: on what?

Nolwazi: he's getting married to your best friend...and she's pregnant.

Me: WHAT?! How the fuck did you find out before I did?!

Nolwazi: he slept with a friend of mine Cynthia and told her he shouldn't be doing that because he's getting married and about to have a kid.

Me: So he cheated?

My aunt nodded and I laughed.

Me: So...does Ncumolwethu know about this?

Nolwazi: nope...call her and act mad...and if she asks you how you know about the pregnancy and engagement...tell her from her fiance/baby daddy's bitch.

Luyanda: Is all of this necessary-

Nolwazi: Khame wena. Sihle work your magic mntaka Sisi.

I took my cellphone and then called Ncumolwethu.

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°° Ncumolwethu's perspective °°

I was playing with my baby's crown when I received a call from Sihle. I exhaled before picking up.

Me: hey Frie -

Sihle: sube usagqhibezela Ncumo. Why don't you just say "hey step daughter" since you're now getting married to my father?

I swallowed.

Me: Who told you this?

Sihle: Is that even important Ncumo?! It won't change the fact that you promised I wouldn't see or hear about this fucking relationship and now you're pregnant too.

Me: this relationship is all I have Sihle. Ndicela ungay thuki.

-please dont swear at it.

Sihle: umqund wayo!!

Me: umqund wakho ke.

Sihle: utsho?

-is that what you're saying?

Me: undive kakuhle.

-you heard me clearly.

Sihle: haike...I tried to hold it in but let me tell you where I heard this. My aunt Nolwazi told me...Nolwazi heard from her friend Cynthia who slept with your baby daddy/fiance. So...usatsho ukba this relationship is all you have? You're free to ask your man who he told about this and to ask those people who they told...and see if my aunt and I were in a position to know about this innocently.

She laughed before hanging up on me.

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“Phola Ncumolwethu”.

I said to myself as I wore my Nike tracksuit and my Cortez sneakers. I had to go to Luphelo’s house to confront him but I couldn’t let him know I was coming just in case he is with a bitch right now and I would be giving him time to get her out. So I took my car key and then I walked out like a woman possessed. I even drove like one too.

I arrived at Bluewater Bay and all I kept hearing was the sound of Sihle’s laughter. She was enjoying this and I didn’t blame her. I probably would have felt the same way too if my father cheated on my best friend who started dating him behind my back and took away the quality time I had been wanting from him for years.

I parked my car outside and then I walked into his yard. I knocked on his door. He came to open up in his pyjama pants whilst he was topless. I enjoyed the view of his torso. A grown man with abs is as rare as a leather underwear.

Luphelo: baby...ufuna ntoni apha ngeli xesha?

-what are you doing Here at this time?

Me: yinton Lekaka undi buza yona Luphelo?

-what bullshit are you asking me?

Luphelo: I admit that was a dumb question but ndicela unga thethi namu ingathi uhlika emthini.

-please don’t talk to me as if you’re climbing off a tree.

Me: Luphelo uyandi dyolela?

-are you cheating on me?

Luphelo: ndingabe ndiyenzela ntoni Lonto Ncumo Kodwa uyayazi ndiyakthanda?

-why would I do that but you know I love you?

Me: yilento ndingay understand’iyo Luphelo!

-that’s what I don’t understand Luphelo.

Luphelo: Ncumo uve ntoni? Ubone ntoni?

-what did you hear? What did you see?

Me: Sihle called me endixelela ukuba she knows that I’m pregnant and engaged to you and that they found out through Nolwazi’s friend Cynthia whom you slept with!

He exhaled and wiped his eyes. He was tired.

Luphelo: baby awuboni bazama usixabanisa ababantu? Yonke lento yenzeke izolo and that's why I came to you ndibatywe Nyani. Cynthia befuna nditye impundu zakhe qha mos mna ndiyazazi funeka nditye ezika bani.

-can't you see these people are trying to make us fight? All of this happened yesterday...that's why I was really horny when I came to you...she wanted me to fuck her ass but I know whose ass I should fuck.

He gave me a naughty smile which I fell for. I believed him. For the life of me I didn't care whether or not he slept with her...all that I cared about was the fact that uTaka Kumkani is still in this relationship. And for him I'm willing to compromise.

Me: Okay. Uzothini Ngo Sihle?

-what are you going to do about Sihle?

Luphelo: subana worry ngalonto wena. Masiyo lala qha thina.

-don't you worry about that. Let us just go to sleep.

He reached his hand out to me and I took it and he led me into the bedroom where we went to bed together.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I woke up in the middle of the night when my fiancée was sleeping. I kissed her forehead and then wore my sneakers with my hoodie before walking out. I drove to Sihle's home. It was a good thing that she was already in Grahamstown. Not that I gave a fuck bendizo yenza lento naxana ekhona yena but through everything I still love that girl. So I consider her feelings as far as I can before deciding on anything.

I thought I would have to get my hands dirty to get into that house but Nolwazi left her bedroom window opened so all I did was to climb in and then I sat on her bed. She opened her eyes and screamed a bit when she saw me but then calmed Herself down.

Nolwazi: Luphelo...ufuna ntoni apha?

-what are you doing here?

Me: Nolwazi yinton inxaki yakho Nam?

-what's your problem with me?

She swallowed.

Nolwazi: hay Luphelo...andina nxaki nawe mna.

-No...I don't have a problem with you.

Me: ngok kutheni uthumela I chomi zakho ukuba mazizondi seduce'a nje? As if that's not the worst part...nohlulekile no Cynthia ngok uthumela uSihle ayoxoka ngam Ku Mama womntanam.

-then why did you send your friends to seduce me...when you and Cynthia were defeated you sent Sihle to lie about me to my child's mother.

Nolwazi: ndixolele Jama.

-forgive me.

She was genuinely scared and that was the intended reaction.

Me: Nolwazi...if something goes wrong again in my life...

I grabbed her foot and then twisted her ankle such that I heard a bone break. She screamed in pain but I put a pillow over her mouth.

Me: uzokunya.

-you'll suffer.

I said before escaping using the window and then I drove back home.

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°° Ncumolwethu's perspective °°

I didn't make breakfast in the morning. I actually didn't think he deserved it after he left me sleeping last night. So I went to run my bathwater and he invited himself inside so I sat between his legs with my back against his chest and his hands on my belly.

Me: ubuphi izolo ebusuku?

-where were you yesterday night?

Luphelo: uLusanda-

Me: uyaxoka Taka Kumkani.

-you're lying.

He exhaled. He was then dead silent.

Me: wow.

Luphelo: Ncumo ndicela undithembe. Ndimdala ndimngaka for uku cheat'a. Zintozama khwenkwe ezo. I just went to make sure akhomntu uzophinde asithelekise and that's it.

-please trust me. I'm too grown for cheating. That's something boys do.

I didn't reply so he pulled me closer to him. I love it when he does that. Mothers will know this...the body that gave you a child gives you a certain high when you're close to it. Its attention makes you feel like a real woman.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: yeah...Ncumo I changed my appointment no Eddie. Sizodibana namhlanje ngo 5. Ndicela uhambe nam.

-We'll meet today at 5. Please come with me.

Me: okay but Jama ndingenaphi mna kulonto ye will yakho?

-what do I have to do with your will?

Luphelo: ndifuna ibhalwe nguwe. Ndizoy Jonga umna ukba I reasonable na and that's just about it...otherwise as my wife I give you control of my finances...of Me.

-I want you to write It. I'm going to see if its reasonable.

I smiled internally. Sihle is going to regret she ever said anything.

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Luphelo and I took the same car to work so we showed up at Jama Constructions together. Baby was looking dapper in a black tight fitted turtle neck with tight blue jeans and his black Versace suede Gucci loafers. He smelt good and I felt proud to be the woman on his Arm. I wore a black maxi dress with black push in's from the clothes I bought in Cape Town which Luphelo never delivered back to my house.

Everyone was staring at the sight of us showing up together at work. I guess although they heard the rumours...seeing us together actually made everything seem new.

Receptionist: Ubuyile Jama?

-you're back?

Luphelo: ewe. Ndinazo I messages apho?

-yes. Do I have any messages there?

Receptionist: Ndizithumele zonke Ku Yolanda.

-I sent them all to Yolanda.

Luphelo: okay...enkosi.

-thank you.

He said as we walked down the hall together. Luphelo is such a love sick puppy because he walked me to my office and then went back to his office.

During lunchtime though, he called the staff so we all gathered to listen to him. It must be nice being a CEO. You just get to call random meetings and everyone must just pitch up.

Luphelo: so last time I was here bendi lahliwe so you guys remember how depressed I was. Kodwa keh ndingu Ngcolosi mna amadlozi am asebenza I double shift, u 6-6 so ithe kanti uSisi umithi so she had to come back to me.

-But I am Ngcolosi and my ancestors work double shifts, 6-6 so it turned out that Sis is pregnant.

The staff laughed and started applauding when Luphelo took out my positive pregnancy test.

Kelvin: uyindoda Jama!!

-you're the man!!

Luphelo: uyayazi.

-you Know.

I was actually surprised to see the staff so happy for us. There were even some women congratulating me because they knew I had to be the pregnant one.

Luphelo: I can't let you all know how this has changed my life...I'm going to have a baby who would have thought? When this sort of thing happens...it knocks sense into you...it makes you a better lover because you know that the best gift a father can give his children is to love their mother. And I would kill for my babys

Mother and if needs be...even die. But since none of that is necessary...I chose to propose instead. So can my fiancee and the mother of my child please come here?

I walked to him as the staff cheered. I am not Usually the type that likes attention, Sihle enjoyed these kind of things in High School and University but it was never my scene...however today I wanted every single eyeball on me. I scanned the crowd as they cheered and watched Ovayo walking away.

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Luphelo and I went to Eddie's Office in Newton Park to write Luphelo's will after work. Honestly I didn't like this kind of stuff...writing a will as a preparation for death seemed like we were jinxing it. Once we arrived, he talked us through the entire process. When it was time to get down to the business of it all, Luphelo let me speak.

Eddie: Luphelo you know how a will starts mos...I don't have to go through that. But Ncumolwethu its just basically him having to state that he's not under duress, he's over 18 and of sound mind blah blah.

Me: Okay.

Eddie: now you have to choose an executor to carry out the directions of the will.

Me: That will be me.

Luphelo: yatsho lanto.

I laughed before nudging his shoulder. Eddie wrote down the details.

Eddie: Now we move onto the primary beneficiaries. Who are you going to leave your assets to?

Me: Myself and the baby.

Eddie: uSihle yena?

-And Sihle?

Me: Utheni?

-What about her?

Eddie looked at Lumphelo who looked down.

Eddie: Jama?

Lumphelo: Majama how about we...leave some money for her but not assets?

Me: No.

Lumphelo: I'm waiting for paternity test results anyway Ta Eddie...so let's have it her way. If she's still mine then we'll see.

Me: sizobona kakade.

-we'll really see.

Lumphelo exhaled.

Eddie: and how are the companies going to be divided?

Me: 50% me, 50% for the baby.

Lumphelo: No. 51% you and 49% for the baby. I want you to have the power to make decisions so that 1% is gonna make a difference.

I nodded so Eddie jotted everything down and told us that the Will shall be ready by the last working day. We double checked everything in Lumphelo's estate and once we were done, we left. I then took a new picture of my ring and then posted it on my WhatsApp status. I excluded everyone and only left Sihle to piss her off. My caption was "today I really felt like a wife. My fiancé and I went to his lawyer and he let me write his will. It feels good to have someone consider you important enough to make decisions about his life". And Sihle must have viewed it because she called Lumphelo's phone which was in my hands and then I cut her call before Lumphelo even noticed it was ringing.

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I was making dinner in Luphelo's kitchen when I heard a knock on the door. I went to open it and behind it Luyanda was standing with an envelope in his hand.

Me: Molo Bhuti.

-hello.

Luyanda: hi sisi unjani?

-how are you?

Me: ndiyaphila enkosi wena?

-I'm well thanks and you?

Luyanda: ndi right. Ukhona uPabbles?

-I'm alright. Is Pabbles here?

I nodded before extending the door way for him to enter. He sat down so I asked him if he would like anything to drink and he told me whiskey would be good so I called Luphelo and then poured a shot of Luphelo's King James IV edition of Johnny Walker which I brought along with some cheese and avocado topped crackers. Luyanda thanked me for them before I went back to the kitchen but eavesdropped.

Luphelo: you have the results?

Luyanda: yeah... Nazi.

-here they are.

He put the envelope on the table.

Luphelo: I don't know what to believe anymore. What if... You faked these results trying to cover your ass?

Luyanda: Why would I do that if I know Sihle is mine?

Luphelo: azange wathatha responsibility wena Mkhuluwa... For anything ebomini bakho. Kwa sisa khula it was always Luthando who took the heat for every single one of us Ukhona wena umdala.

-you never took responsibility big brother...for anything in your life... Even when we were still growing up it was always Luthando... Although you were there and the oldest.

Luyanda: well you should know little brother that being born first doesn't magically give you courage.

Luphelo exhaled before he took the envelope and then opened it. He read the results and then inhaled.

Luphelo: so she's mine?

Luyanda: yes. I thought you'd be happy.

Luphelo: happy? Awumazi wena uSihle.

-you don't know Sihle.

Luyanda: actually I do know her.

Luphelo: umazelaphi? Oh kanene I forgot you're fucking with her aunt which by the way yeka lokaka before I put an end to it myself.

-how do you know her?

Luyanda: Luphelo guard'a italk wena ndingu mkhuluwa wakho kwedin.

-watch how you speak to me I'm your big brother boy.

Luphelo: same big brother who watched me being abused and never said shit. Yeah right...and unga phinde undibize kwedin endlini yam uyeva?

-and don't call me boy again in my own house.

That for some reason must have flipped a switch with Luyanda who jumped over to Luphelo in attempts to attack him but was instead met with a devastating slap which knocked him down. I have never known that Luphelo was capable of hurting someone like that. He dropped his big brother with a single swat and then looked down at him..

Luphelo: sibadala ngoku Luyanda. Sobabini singama dodana...ndaku khaba unye ngoku undi khuphe kwi group chat ka WhatsApp ye family. Ncumo ndicela ukhuphe le nkunkuma..

-we're grown now Luyanda. We're both men. I will beat you so much that you will report me to the family's WhatsApp group chat. Ncumo please take this trash out.

He said before walking upstairs and left me to help Luyanda up. He looked embarrassed because he could barely look me in the eye as he walked out.

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Luphelo didn't even eat dinner.. He just went straight to bed so Sihle called me while I was eating dinner alone.

Me: hello?

Sihle: can we talk?

Me: about your Dad's will? Don't worry ukhona.

-you're on it.

I lied.

Sihle: That's not why I called. I'm here to tell you that I spoke to my aunt... Uthi she lied about Luphelo. He didn't sleep with Cynthia.

My heart dropped.

Me: And did my status somehow assist with this realization?

Sihle: No... It helped with the confession. Look she tricked me Ncumo...and yes I was happy that "it happened" because I'm upset that you're pregnant and about to get married to Luphelo. You promised I wouldn't see nor hear about your relationship anymore.

Me: Yeah well Sihle that was kinda unfair because basically you're expecting my relationship to not go anywhere with Luphelo. He's growing older... By the time our kid is 7 he will be what? 40-41...is that what you want for Luphelo? To die a lonely bachelor who doesn't know what it's like to change diapers of a kid he made?

She exhaled.

Sihle: Of course not Ncumo. Look I'm sorry... But now you can rest easy knowing that he didn't cheat on you.

Me: thank you for sharing that information. But next time please understand I don't give a fuck who my man fucks. As long as he's coming home to me.

Sihle: no problem. So... When are the negotiations? Or your appointment? I would like to be there.

Me: Well negotiations are at the end of the month... And the appointment is kinda gonna be restricted between Luphelo and I only. Family can attend later on.

Sihle: I see... Please keep me posted.

Me: alright..

Sihle: bye.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then exhaled.

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Luphelo didn't want to go to work the next morning.. He said he's tired and I thought he didn't get much sleep last night because of the fight. So he allowed me to take any of his cars to work and I chose the BMW. I love that car... I love the color, the rims and the 4 pipes behind it. I especially die for the interior and the comfort once you drive it... You never know you're driving too fast until you check the numbers.

I received a call from Luphelo's mom once I was in my office.

Me: Ncumo Sifora's phone hello?

Ma: ingathi ngewu qhela ujika I intro yakho sisi.

-I think you should get used to changing your intro.

I giggled.

Me: I should nyan... Unjani?

-how are you?

Ma: ndi right wena ninjani nomzuku?

-I'm okay how are you and my grandchild?

Me: si right ukufa noko uyandi sizela ngoku.

-we're great at least he's feeling sorry for me now.

She giggled.

Ma: kuhle keh. Majama kwenzeke ntoni konyana bam Izolo?

-that's good. What happened to my sons yesterday?

Me: Uhm well... Luphelo said something uLuyanda didn't like and Luyanda tried to attack u Luphelo waske wabethwa. Yaphela njalo.

-and instead he got beaten... That's how it ended.

Ma: baxabene ngala family?

-did they argue about that family?

Me: not really but... u Luphelo wanted Luyanda to stop sleeping with Nolwazi. Things escalated from there.

Ma: hay 21 years later and sisa Xoxa into ka Nondwe. Enkosi Majama... I look forward to seeing you xasewu lotyoliwe.

-and we're still discussing Nondwe's issue. Thank you... When you've been paid for.

Me: okay Ma. Enjoy your day.

Ma: nawe Mamcethe.

-you too.

She hung up.

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°° 2 weeks later °°

It was finally time for Luphelo and I to go for our first doctor's appointment. We were so excited that we barely caught a wink of sleep last night because we couldn't wait to find out what the gender of our baby is. We even bought two Steri Stumpies: one was Strawberry flavored and the other was bubblegum flavored for absolutely no reason in the world other than the fact that we're a couple that's having their first baby and doesn't know how to contain themselves.

We arrived a bit early and waited for about 2 hours and a half for our appointment but we didn't care. When we were called in, that was all that mattered.

Doctor: welcome Miss Sifora and Mr Jama.

Us: thank you.

Doctor: I can tell by the smiles that this is your first pregnancy... For both of you.

Luphelo: first pregnancy I get to be a part of.

Doctor: I see. Miss Sifora... I need to get your height, weight, blood pressure, breathing, pulse etc... I also have to test you for diseases, a breast exam-

Luphelo: you'll touch my woman's breasts?

Doctor: it's minimum contact Mr Jama. It's nothing sexual at all... Or you can help me if you don't like having people on your property.

Luphelo: I wouldn't exactly refer to her as property but... I would prefer to be the only man touching her.

The doctor agreed so he started running the tests on me including blood and urine chests. After that I had my pap and pelvic tests. The appointment was really long but then we finally got to the part Luphelo and I had been waiting for. The ultra sound so we anxiously waited as the doctor applied gel on my stomach. We focused on the screen before hearing a sound...a weird sound that sounded something like a heartbeat. Luphelo Took my left hand and then kissed it as we listened to the sound.

Doctor: Congratulations Luphelo and Ncumo... That is your baby's heartbeat.

Although our baby's heart was beating... It made my heart stop and just pay its respects to our little baby. This was a beautiful moment... A great feeling to know that my womb bore fruit like a tree. Luphelo was in awe... His mouth was hung open whilst his eyes were glued to the screen.

Luphelo: so Doctor... Where is my baby?

He couldn't see anything so the Doctor giggled before pointing out our baby to Luphelo who relaxed.

Doctor: Trust issues I see.

Me: he's a lawyer so he always needs circumstantial evidence for everything.

They laughed before the Doctor explained everything about the baby. Luphelo requested to know the gender so the doctor searched for the genitals and told us that we're having a boy. I don't know how Luphelo predicted this but seeing the smile on his face when he knew that he is going to have a son was the highlight of my entire life.

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°° Sihle's perspective °°

Luphelo and I hadn't spoken for almost a month now. He was not replying to my calls so I begged Ncumo to speak to him on my behalf and convince him to meet up with me. So we scheduled to meet at Red Rock Spur and he was early. He never keeps a female waiting. He thinks it's the death of chivalry.

I arrived and then sat down on the chair opposite him. Normally Luphelo stands up When I arrive to hug and kiss my forehead or cheek but today he just ate his Buffalo wings.

Me: hello.

Luphelo: hi.

Me: You good?

Luphelo: yeah... You?

Me: Yeah. Uhm... Thank you for meeting me.

Luphelo: can't say I had much of a choice Sihle.

Me: Are you really going to shut me out? Over a woman?

Luphelo: I'm not shutting you out over a woman. I'm shutting you out because you're selfish and borderline evil. Yafana no Doofensmirtz.

-you're just like Doofensmirtz.

Me: Did you just... Mention Doofensmirtz?

He smiled. I really couldn't believe that my father watches Phineas and Ferb and felt like my personality matches that of an evil scientist.

Luphelo: mamela Sihle.. I love you. Ndikthanda kakhulu but you need to understand that this is beyond Ncumo being your best friend now... It's about her being my wife to be and the mother of my child. If you threaten my family in anyway... Then I will shut you out not because I love them more but because if you take away my one shot at happiness then icacile you don't love me at all.

Me: Nolwazi lied to me and-

Luphelo: I don't want to hear it Sihle. You had no right to tell uNcumo whether I did it or not.

I exhaled.

Me: I'm sorry.

Luphelo: I'm sorry too. Truce?

Me: yeah Truce daddy.

He took my hand and then he kissed it.

Luphelo: I came from the Doctor... You're having a brother.

He said before taking out pictures from the ultrasound and I had to act excited although deep inside I was dying because this nigga is going to have everything I didn't have. Luphelo probably loves him more than he loves me although he hasn't even met him.

Me: Ncooooh what's his name?

Luphelo: Kumkani. Ngu King Jama lowo fondin.

-that's King Jama.

He gave me the pictures which I looked at with tears forming in my eyes. Fuck Ncumolwethu ruined my life.

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°° Ncumolwethu's perspective °°

Luphelo took me home before he went out to meet his daughter so I just remained at home whilst cooking our dinner. It was still early but I was tired and I wanted to get it over and done with already. Mommy called me.

Me: Dr Sifora.

Mom: I think today I would like to hear Mama instead.

Me: I smell drama on the way.

Mom: Yeah well I've been lonely these past couple of days because my one and only child is pregnant and has a fiance.

I laughed.

Me: You know other moms would be so happy about that but not you.

Mom: and rightfully so. There is nothing to celebrate about a marriage... Get your paper and I'll be happy. Well you are already doing that so...

I exhaled.

Me: Mama what's going on?

Mom: I'm upset Ncumo... Luphelo's family wants your father to be present during the negotiations and they won't let me negotiate by myself although I told them that I am all you have.

Me: ndizo thetha Nabo ke... Kutsho bani?

-I'll talk to them. Who said that?

Mom: La Tanci ka Luphelo une ntloko ingathi yi minivan.

-Luphelo's uncle who has a head that looks like a minivan.

I laughed hysterically. Luphelo's call cut through so I apologized to Mommy and told her I was gonna call her back before answering my Man's call.

Me: Jama?

Luphelo: baby ndiqhabukelwe li tire. Ndicela uze ne spare wheel se X6.

-my tire burst. Please bring the spare wheel for the X6.

Me: Liphi?

-where is it?

Luphelo: Garage. I called an Uber for you so... Hurry and you'll bring it with the Uber.

Me: Should I give it to the driver?

Luphelo: ha.a iza I wanna see your pretty face.

I blushed.

Me: okay I'm on my way.

Luphelo: sure.

He hung up so I went to look for the spare wheel. I found it and then left when the Uber arrived.

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The Uber took me to Walmer park to a street where there is a dead end. I was sitting on the backseat, minding my business by watching 13 Reasons why on Netflix when the Uber stopped.

Me: have you been paid?

Driver: yes ma'am.

Me: okay.

I climbed out of the car before being stopped in my tracks.. Luphelo's car was parked next to an electric blue Range Rover Evoque Sport with a bow on it. Another SUV.

Me: Molo Luphelo.

-hello.

I said to my fiance who was sitting on the hood of his car.

Luphelo: Molo sthandwa sam.

Me: Uh... You have a tire burst?

Luphelo: are you seriously going to ignore your new baby?

He asked whilst laughing.

Me: this is for me?

I asked whilst getting emotional so he climbed off the hood of his car to hug me. I returned his hug and even gave him a kiss because by then I was full on crying.

Luphelo: this is a... Thank you for giving me a son gift.

Me: a car Luphelo? This is also my child at the end of the day.

Luphelo: hm wrong... Ngu Jama lona sthandwa sam. He's my baby. So that's why you have your own to compensate for relinquishing your 50% ownership of him.

We bought giggled as I sized up my new vehicle.

Me: I love you.

Luphelo: I love you more.

He said before kissing the side of my face and then giving me the keys so I could drive my car back home..

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It was the day of my lobola negotiations and I had to reach out to my cousin Onela and to a former high school classmate who DM'd me on Instagram a few days ago and told me that she would like us to hang out. So this was now my new idea of hanging out... I needed her to get covered up next to me so that Luphelo's uncles could identify me amongst them.

I slept at home on Friday with Onela but my friend Thembie agreed that she was going to come at 12 pm. I told her to use the backdoor.

Onela: So Ncumo... You're really getting married at the age of 21?

Me: Yinton e wrongo? Too young?

-whats wrong?

Onela: yeah I mean... Luphelo is like over 30. And wena you were a teenager like 2 years ago.

I laughed. She didn't find it funny.

Me: hay wethu once udibane no Luphelo uzombona... Uzipholele lamntu.

-once you meet Luphelo you will see. That person is chilled.

Onela: yeah but...

I felt like I was going to throw up so I ran to the bathroom and did my business. Maybe I was borderline tired of Onela's questions. I may be young but I was ready for this... If anything that Luphelo and I had gone through in the past couple of weeks was anything to go by then I'm ready.

I brushed my teeth and my mom came into the bathroom.

Mom: u right angel face?

-are you alright?

Me: yeah... Ngu mntanam qha lona undi ghulisayo. Izophela nini lento Mama?

-it's my child that is making me sick. When is this going to end?

Mom: by the end of the first trimester you should feel better.

I nodded as I brushed my teeth again. Sihle came into the bathroom.

Sihle: hey mntase.

I wiped my mouth.

Me: hey.

Sihle: u ready?

Me: yeah... I'm ready.

Sihle: great... Molo King Jama.

-hello.

Me: Shh the family don't know yet... We'll tell them during the gender reveal party.

She giggled.

Sihle: sorry. I'll be in the kitchen no Mamakho.

Me: sure.

She kissed my cheek and for a moment there I was hopeful. I felt like I had my friend back... And I thought that maybe we had a chance to mend the fences and build the bridges between us and let the water flow underneath it.

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°° Sihle's perspective °°

My dad's uncles called from behind the gate.

"Mamcethe, Chizama, Burhuma, Ncenceza...sithi oMqocwa, Zikhali Mazembe, oJojo, Tiyeka, Mabombo, Ngcolosi".

Ncumo's mother, father and Mam Joy got up and then walked out to meet Luphelo's family outside who greeted and then offered R350 to enter the yard. The trio representing Ncumo agreed on the fee so they opened the gate and allowed the family to enter into the yard. Luphelo's camp followed behind Ncumo's into the house and they were allowed to sit for free.

Uncle #1: Sizqhala ngo bulela ukba nisingenisile eyardini yenu nakwi ndlu yenu.

-We are going to start off by saying thank you for allowing us to come into your yard and into your house.

The second uncle put a bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label on the table and that's when Ncumo's camp could speak.

Dr Sifora: Yinton enibeka apha?

-what brings you here?

Uncle #3: Unyana wethu uLuphelo... iNtando yika Lubango ibone imbali kule gadi yenu... Wasithuma ukuba sizoy cola le mbali kuze azokwazi uyenza le mbali ibe ngeyakwa Jama.

-our son Luphelo... Lubango's last born saw a flower in your garden. And he sent us to come and pick this flower so that he can make this flower belong to the Jama's.

Mam Joy: ningakwazi uyolatha le mbali?

-would you be able to identify this flower?

They nodded so Ncumo, Onela and Thembe were called and they all came to the living room and got down on their knees with their heads bowed. The uncles looked at her picture from Instagram and shook their heads.

Uncle #1: ezi selfie zabantwana. Eh Madoda. Ayingulona unga phakathi?

-these kids' selfies. Oh man. Isn't it the one in the middle?

It was Ncumo who wanted to burst into laughter. They then agreed and sent the ladies away. It was then back to business.

Father: umntanam uye e Victoria Park High School-

-my child went to...

Dr Sifora: ndi cinga abantu mabathethe nge zinto abazaziyo. Kodwa ewe... uNcumo ndimse eVP. Wayofunda uNMU. Une degree ye construction economics ngoku.

-people should speak about things that they know about. But yes... I sent Ncumo to VP. And she went to study at NMU. She now has a construction economics degree.

Uncle #1: Kodwa ngoku uphangelela uLuphelo andithi?

-but now she works for Luphelo right?

Dr Sifora: she works with Luphelo because she gives him ideas on how to grow the business so her education does in fact benefit him.

Uncle #1: okay... Yintoni enye?

-what else?

Mam Joy: uNcumo udyole no Luphelo eyi ntombi nto kwaye ubuntombi bakhe buthathwe nguye ngoku lonto ithi ukuba uNcumo uqeqeshekile. Uye wamithiswa keh ngu Luphelo... Abe lona engu mntana wakhe wokqhala. So akafikanga namthwalo.

-Ncumo dated Luphelo whilst she was still a virgin and her virginity was taken by him so that says that Ncumo is disciplined. She was impregnated by Luphelo... And this is her first child. So she didn't come with baggage.

Uncle #1: kalok ezonto asizibali ngoba uLuphelo umnike umsebenzi for ubuyisela into yoku thatha ubuntombi bakhe kwaye wam thengela ne Range Rover. Ncumo wamitha... uLuphelo wacela umtshato. Asinozi Bala ezonto.

-we cannot count that because Luphelo gave her a job to compensate for taking her virginity and he bought her a Range Rover. Ncumo fell pregnant... Luphelo asked for marriage. We cannot count those things..

Ncumo's mom scoffed.

Dr Sifora: We want 10 cows worth R5000.. That's all we want. And that money must not be used for the wedding... Mayize kum Mama ka Ncumo.

-It must come to me... Ncumo's mother.

So Ncumo is worth R50 000? Realistically speaking she was underpriced but she's been a bitch lately so I was happy about this settlement. The two families shook on it and that's how the relationship was built.

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°° Ncumolwethu's perspective °°

Luphelo called me after his family had left and I was sitting on my bed with Onela and Sihle. Waiting for mommy to get ready for the braai.

Me: baby.

Luphelo: niphi?

-where are you?

Me: I'm still here at home but I will be there soon.. I'm still waiting for uMama.

Luphelo: okay... Unxibe I lingerie enga sokolisiyo baby... Yayazi xandi tipsy andithandi ukusokola.

-wear lingerie that doesn't give me hassles... You know I don't like to struggle when I'm tipsy.

I turned pink in the face and Sihle noticed so I went out of the room.

Me: Okay... Luphelo how much did they pay for me?

Luphelo laughed.

Luphelo: andiyazi kalok Ntikazi bazond xelela nam xabe buyile.

-I don't know. They will tell me when they are back.

Me: will you tell me?

Luphelo: I can't tell you Mamakhe. Maybe I might let it slip during pillowtalk.

I giggled.

Me: I can't wait to be your wife.

Luphelo: I can't wait to be your husband.

We continued speaking until Mom was ready to leave so we all took my Range Rover to Bluewater Bay.

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When we arrived, it was quite full and I didn't expect that. Luphelo brought out his entire family with his friends as well which I was meeting for the first time. There was alcohol, meat and salads with snacks as well which was prepared by Lusanda whom I had grown fond of.

She came to hug me when I came in and we briefly spoke before Luphelo came to me so she left to give us some space.

Luphelo: Molo sisi.

Me: Molo bhuti.

Luphelo: awuna nxaki ngam ndizo ncokola nawe phof?

-you don't mind me speaking to you?

Me: no... Andazi mntu apha so I need your company.

-I don't know anybody here.

He giggled.

Luphelo: okay... Ndingu Luphelo mna.

-I'm Luphelo.

Me: Ncumolwethu.

We shook hands and smiled at one another before he kissed my hand.

Luphelo: ndiyoyika bonanje Ncumo nje ndi lapha. Ungandi bethisi ngomntu wakho.

-I'm scared since I'm here. Don't set your man on me so he could beat me.

I giggled. That was a typical Xhosa man line.

Me: No don't worry... I'm single.

Luphelo: nam ndi single... Awubaweli siyzame lento siybone ukba ingasibekaphi? Hlambi singade sithandane... Sibeno nyana...Uxoxelwe ilobola and maybe... Maybe ndikuthengele

Ne Range Rover.

-I'm also single. Don't you want us to try this and see where it might take us? Maybe we might fall in love... Have a son... Have your dowry price discussed and maybe... Maybe I might buy you a Range Rover.

I giggled before turning to face him.. He can be so cute... So charming when he reminds me of what we have together. He wrapped his arms around me and then kissed me... His hand roamed down to my ass which he grabbed but I pulled away because I felt his dick swell and I was getting wet too.

Me: Luphelo... Let's cut it out baby.

He didn't reply. He just snapped himself back to life and took my hand as he led me to the rest of the party.

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The gender reveal party went well... We used blue fire works to let everyone know that we're having a son. The party was going so well... People were tipsy and it didn't help that Zim showed up who is Luphelo's ex "source of sexual pleasure". I saw her talking to Luphelo in the backyard and I dreaded the possibility that something between them might have happened so I called Luphelo.

Me: Luphelo Izapha.

-come here.

Luphelo: okay. Zim ndizo buya.

-I'm coming back.

I stormed into the house and he followed me to our bedroom.

Luphelo: what's wrong?

Me: why are you talking to that bitch in private?

Luphelo: because she asked if we could speak in private Ncumo. Nothing happened.

Me: Why is she even here?

Luphelo: Ncumo... Mamakhe...I'm not going to run away from the women in my past. That's not loyalty. Loyalty is being able to be around the women in my past but still being faithful to you. But this is your house now... You're my wife. If she makes you uncomfortable. Mgxothe anye baby.

-Tell her to leave.

I laughed.

Me: how are you able to keep your temper in check with me though?

Luphelo: it's love Ntikazi. Can I leave?

Me: yeah sure.

He smiled before walking out. I walked out too and decided to fetch some candy so I went to get candy from Luphelo's candy wall. I took a cup but I heard voices coming from Sihle's room. I opened her door slightly.

Sihle: Nigga wants to tell Luphelo the truth. Khamqande mahn Nolwazi. If Luphelo knows I'm not his child when he has a son on the way then he will hate me. I can't risk it. Luyanda is fucking risking right now.

She turned around just in time for me to pull my head away from the door. My heart was beating heavily. I had tears in my eyes so I dropped my cup and then ran downstairs.

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I was running down the stairs like a mad woman whilst I was crying. Luthando stopped me when I was on my last step.

Luthando: whoa...Majama umyeni wakho akano thanda ukbona unje. Utheni?

-your husband wouldn't like to see you like this. What happened?

Me: I just... Heard something.

He raised his eyebrow.

Luthando: well if they started accusing my brother of cheating again then don't believe them. Luthando is selective of his bitches okay? He doesn't just sleep with anybody... Anyhow.

Me: Gee... Thanks as if that makes me feel better to know he would actually put some thought into who he cheats on me with.

He laughed.

Luthando: you know what I mean. Have some milk. I can see you're shook.

Me: ndicela I Amarula.

-can I please have an Amarula.

Luthando: Ncumolwethu hayi. Ufuna ughulisa uKing ngoku?

-you want to make King sick?

I exhaled.

Me: No.

Luthando: What did you hear that fucked you up so bad?

Me: uhm...

Sihle came down the stairs and then looked at Luthando and I whilst holding the cup.

Sihle: did anyone come up for some candy?

Me: Nope...why?

Sihle: because this is my dad's house and I don't appreciate people who can't tidy up after themselves.

She said before leaving. Luthando didn't understand why she was so pissed so he just shook his head and let her leave.

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In the evening when everybody had left, I started cleaning up in the kitchen. Luphelo came to wrap his arms around me. I love it when he does that... I feel safe in his arms. They are like a different dimension where it's all about me. I love his attention... To feel his heart beating against my back.

Luphelo: baby stop cleaning. Macy will take care of it.

Me: I'm going to be a wife soon so... I need to be prepared to cook and clean kokwenu when there is a ceremony.

Luphelo: awuzo bali khoboka wena Ncumo. Bayeke abanye bathumele abafazi babo ukba baya qhonda. But not lowam.

-you won't be a slave. Let the others send their wives if they think. But not mine.

I blushed.

Me: uzand capukelisa Kodwa Jama nje.

-you're going to make them hate me though.

Luphelo: I love you. That's all that matters.

He said as he turned me around and then he kissed me. He put me onto the kitchen counter and then pulled my underwear down my legs.

Luphelo: ndithe nxiba I lingerie.

-I said wear lingerie.

He whispered whilst kissing me.

Me: iyandi bamba.

-it's tight.

Luphelo: Hm.

That must have turned him on because he turned me around again and then inserted himself inside me doggy style. He pounded into my pussy, his raw flesh penetrated me as I held onto

the counter with my shoulders back and head faced down. We were being so animalistic with our fucking, there is nothing that turned him on more than seeing my ass bounce on his dick.

I was moaning, he was moaning... We were both feeling it until he ejaculated inside of me. He didn't want to take his dick out so I took it out for him. He wiped my pussy with his t-shirt which he took off and then kissed my forehead before giving me a hug. I stayed in his arms.

Me: I don't want to stop being in your arms.

Luphelo: awunyanzelwanga uyeke. You can stay right here as long as you'd like.

-you aren't forced to stop.

I smiled.

Me: aren't you scared of getting married?

Luphelo: cimba ndinga khulela eNew Bright gqhiba ndoyike umtshato? Baby please... I'm more scared of losing you.

-you think I would grow up in New Bright and then be scared of marriage?

I giggled.

Me: I have something to tell-

His phone rang.

Luphelo: hold that thought Ntikazi.

He took his phone and was on a long business call as I finished up cleaning. After cleaning I took a shower and then went to bed where he came back and then fucked me again.

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I barely got a wink of sleep last night so I was really tired in the morning. A lack of sleep combined with the pregnancy tiredness fucked me up to the point where I didn't make breakfast. I just made sandwiches for myself, wrote a note for Luphelo telling him that I'm going back home and then drove to Mom's house. She was still at home slightly hungover from drinking yesterday.

Mom: what brings you here?

Me: I live here...

Mom: are you sure about that?

Me: Mom how many times must I apologize about spending most of my days with my fiancé/baby daddy? He's practically my husband now so I don't know why I'm apologizing.

Mom: awuzazi nyani.

-you really don't know.

I exhaled.

Me: I came to talk to you about something though. I needed to run this past a psychologist before... Going forward with it.

Mom: I'm listening.

Me: Izolo... At the party I overheard uSihle talking to her aunt and she was saying that... Luphelo is not her father. And I don't know how to tell uLuphelo that.

Mom exhaled.

Mom: ilula lento Ncumo just... Open your mouth and speak.

-this is easy.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: kutheni uyenza Lula lento Mama?

-why are you making this sound so easy Mom?

Mom: that's because it is. Or uyeke uLuyanda amxelele ngokwakhe uLuphelo.

-or you let Luyanda tell Luphelo himself.

Me: amxelele ntoni... Mama I never told you that... Or did you already know?

She exhaled.

Mom: bendi yazi Ncumo but... Luyanda was my patient-

-I knew.

Me: and when did he tell you this? Before or after Luphelo told Sihle about us?

Mom: Before.

She said before looking down.

Me: Wow Mama. Just wow. So all this time you watched mna no Luphelo suffer and you didn't say a thing?

Mom: Ncumo have you ever heard of doctor-patient confidentiality?

Me: Yes Pat but I thought being a Mom was more important than honoring that stupid oath. I am out of here. I will come back for my stuff later.

Mom: Ncumolwethu I'm sorry!

She pleaded as I walked out to my car and then drove off.

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I drove to Luphelo's condo in Humewood and then made myself at home since I had the keys. I called him when I was inside.

Luphelo: Ncumo?

Me: ndicela ulala eHumewood namhlanje. Ndidikwe ngu Mama.

-Can I please sleep at Humewood today. I'm tired of Mom.

Luphelo: kwenzeka ntoni Ncumo? Anixabani nje no Mamakho.

-what happened? You and your mom never argue.

I laughed sarcastically. He must have forgotten the arguments we had when I was fighting for our relationship.

Me: I don't want to talk about it.

Luphelo: okay... Why ufuna ulala eHumewood Kodwa ndise Bluewater mna?

-why do you want to sleep at Humewood when I'm here at Bluewater.

Me: I just wanna be alone Luphelo.

I said as the tears fell down from my eyes. What killed me was the thought of telling Luphelo that Sihle wasn't his and what it would mean for me to have to be the one to ruin Sihle's life. I was never supposed to be involved in her family in the first place. All that Sihle did was to want me to meet her father... And I did more than that. Even when my friend made sure my outstanding balance for school was paid so that I could graduate and made sure I was employed... I still managed to betray her and break her heart. I had been so caught up with trying to build a future with Luphelo that I forgot to consider Sihle in this whole thing. In my mind she was a villain... An entitled spoilt brat... But that's a character she had become after my involvement with Luphelo.. Otherwise before me she was excited to meet his "new girlfriend" and she didn't mind me being around him... Until she saw that my involvement was going to Fuck up hers.

Luphelo: can I at least come over ndizobona ukba use right na?

-to see if you are still alright?

Me: No trust me... I'm fine. Maybe it's just the pregnancy that's making me so emotional.

Luphelo: ndicela ubalapho nani Ncumolwethu.

-Can I please be there with ya'll.

Me: we'll be fine Tiyeka... Bye bye.

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I remained at Humewood alone, eating delivered pizza from the couch whilst doing a little bit of wedding planning. I heard a knock on my door and when I went to open it was Sihle.

Me: hi.

Sihle: hey. May I come in?

Me: sure.

I opened the doorway wider for her and then she came in and took a seat.

Me: uyayfuna I pizza or-

-do you want pizza or-

She shook her

Head.

Sihle: No... I'm good.

I sat down on the couch opposite her.

Me: undifumene njani?

-how did you find me?

Sihle: I called your husband.

Me: first time hearing you call him my husband instead of your dad.

Sihle: that's because I know you dropped the cup.

I exhaled.

Me: so you have been playing us all this time?

Sihle: Not all this time Ncumo I just found out not too long ago.

Me: wathulela ntoni?

-and why did you keep quiet?

Sihle: are you kidding me?

Me: No I'm not Sihle. Why? Is it Luphelo's money-

Sihle: you must be out of your fucking mind Ncumo!! Have you forgotten the relationship I had with Luphelo before you slept with him and made him yours?

Me: I didn't-

Sihle: you didn't sleep with him? You didn't make him yours?

Me: I didn't forget.

We both exhaled. Tears started falling from Sihle's eyes.

Sihle: Luyanda is a great dude and all... But Luphelo really knows how to make a person feel special and loved. He made me feel like a daughter... Although he's only 12 years older than me but he really knew how to. And by telling him... You'll be taking away the only thing I've ever

wanted and you know that. Shit... Ncumo we've been friends since we still shat ourselves during nap time. Don't fuck me over like that.

Me: I have to tell him Sihle. I can't lie to my husband-

Sihle: why haven't you told him thus far?

Me: because I needed time to wrap my head around this.

Sihle: I don't think so. I think it's because deep down you know... The only reason you have to tell him is because he's your husband. Otherwise you would have kept my secret and been a good best friend. But you got yourself involved in my life and now you don't wanna be the one to ruin it. But go ahead Ncumo... Knock yourself out.

She said before getting up and then walking out leaving me in a pool of tears.

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°° 2 months later °°

I had managed to keep Sihle's dirty secret for two whole months which was aided by our deal that she wouldn't ask Lumphelo for money nor emotionally blackmail him into acting like a father that he isn't to her. She had managed to keep her end of the deal... And only came home when needs be. Just like when it was Lumphelo and I's traditional wedding. We had the biggest traditional wedding that our families had ever seen... Our attires were something that him and I had sat down and discussed together by taking pieces of different looks, putting them together and then putting African print on them. We looked amazing... The pictures were amazing and of course Instagram had a field day for those who followed me. I was even given a name by Lusanda which they were going to call me by whenever I step into a Mqocwa homestead and my new name is Hlalumi Jama.

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I woke up next to my husband and kissed his lips while he slept. It's kind of unfair to have to watch him sleep until the sun comes out because he is the boss and the rest of us have to wake

up early. I went to take a shower, got dressed in my clothes which symbolise that I'm a new wife and then I went to make breakfast for myself before heading to work. Ovayo was avoiding me all day, everyday since I got married and I thought it was about time that he spoke to me.

Me: Ovayo?

Ovayo: yintoni Ncumolwethu?

-what.

Me: kutheni undiqhumbela kangaka nje?

-why are you so mad at me?

Ovayo: andiqhumbanga.

-I'm not mad.

Me: Really Ovayo? You talk to everyone here... Including my husband but you won't talk to me.

Ovayo: yeah well I can't exactly ignore my boss.

I exhaled.

Me: what can I do to make it up to you?

Ovayo: you're fucking married Ncumo... And pregnant! What else can you do to make it up to me? Get a clone of yourself? Just leave me the Fuck alone.

He stormed out of my office and I just stood there exhaling before I heard an announcement from the intercom saying "Mrs Jama u busy? Mr Jama ufuna uzokbona".

-Mrs Jama are you busy? Mr Jama wants to see you.

And that was Lumphelo himself so I went to fetch him from reception and pulled him into my office.

Me: Jama bikhona iNeed yokba mawundi biza nge intercom ikhona iPhone?

-was there a need to call me via the intercom when there is a phone?

He smiled.

Lumphelo: andina airtime.

-I don't have airtime.

Me: you could have used eye receptionist.

-you could have used the receptionists phone.

Lumphelo: and what's the fun in that?

Me: touche.

I said before we both giggled and he pulled me closer to him then kissed me. Luphelo is so sexual that I knew as soon as he grabbed my ass that he wanted to Fuck so I locked the door and we had a quickie. After the quickie he kissed my forehead then helped me fix my clothes.

Luphelo: Hlalumi ndicela ungandi lindi. Ndizo goduka late.

-please don't wait up. I'm going to come home late.

Me: uyaphi Taka Kumkani?

-where are you going?

Luphelo: to a party. I'll be back.

Me: okay. Isn't there anything else you wanna say so that you won't say it through the intercom?

He laughed.

Luphelo: no... I just love you.

Me: I love you more.

He kissed me and my belly before walking out.

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After work, I took a shower and then I changed into my casual wear. I started packing alone before I received a call from Lusanda telling me that she's outside who came to help me pack up everything including Luphelo's "necessary" clothes so that we could be able to move to his home in New Brighton since that is where we had to stay until I am allowed to stop wearing my bridal clothes. Once we were done packing, we carried everything to my Range Rover which now had a new number plate MAJAMA1 EC.

On the way Lusanda told me that she's hungry so I bought some KFC for us and then we parked and ate on the side of the road.

Me: Lusanda ndicela uhlale nam phana endlini just until we move out.

-please stay with me there at the house.

She laughed.

Lusanda: Hlalumi... Uyay qhonda phof ukba it took me so long to buy a house. And now that I'm in you want me to move back out?

Me: I understand inkulu lento ndiycelayo but please. What if your parents over work me?

She laughed.

Lusanda: so in other words you want a partner? Hay sisi ayindim uMrs so no.

-I'm not the Mrs.

I sulked and looked at her with puppy eyes.

Lusanda: hay hayi... Shit is this what my brother deals with?

I smiled and she gave in.

Lusanda: fine... But it's not like they will over work you because Lumphelo made it clear that he doesn't want his wife to work at all so lucky you.

I smiled before looking down.

Lusanda: Hlalu? Konke kuhamba kakuhle?

-is everything going well?

Me: yes... I mean no.

I said before a tear escaped my eye. I wiped it and then looked away.

Lusanda: uyaku abuser uLumphelo?

-is Lumphelo abusing you?

Me: no... He's far Better than what I had imagined a husband to be judging by you know... The marriages I have been exposed to.

Lusanda: then what is the problem?

I exhaled.

Me: problem is... I kept a secret from him for the past two months.

Lusanda: what is the secret Hlalumi?

Me: Sihle is not his child... She's Luyanda's child.

Lusanda: God damnit Ncumolwethu!! Why the fuck would you keep that from him?

Me: because... Lusanda!! Sihle shifted the blame back to me. She acted like if I didn't date her father... Lumphelo... Then her secret would be safe. She made me feel like I did wrong by her-

Lusanda: still not an excuse to lie to your husband. Hlalumi... I suggest you tell Lumphelo the truth. He may be better than the husband you imagined him to be... But Lumphelo hates being lied to. And he can make your marriage be worse than the ones you've been exposed to. And don't you dare tell his ass I knew too because fuck... Lumphelo is crazy.

She said before taking a reckless bite of her drumstick and then scoffing.

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°° Lumphelo's perspective °°

I was out with my mother who asked me to take her to see her traditional healer since she was having a lot of nightmares and wanted to be cleansed. I may come off as the type of man who believes in the western world because of my lifestyle but I'm a black man so this kind of stuff is real to me hence I didn't mind taking Mommy there.

Mom: unjani umtshato ke nyana?

-how is the marriage son?

Me: ushushu si stove esiku 6.

-it's as hot as a stove that's on 6.

Mom laughed.

Mom: yi jersey Eno ntshontshi?

Me: yi ngubo ka Presles.

-it's a blanket from Presles.

We both laughed.

Mom: I just hope Awuzo cheat'a Luphelo.

-you won't cheat.

Me: no Mama ndiyakwazi uycina ebrukweni. Can't say I cheated on anybody when I have never been serious about anyone.

-I can keep it in my pants.

Mom: okay... Qha suy Khuphela ku Hlalumi gqhith keh.

-just don't take it out on Hlalumi too much.

Me: uye wathini kuwe dahn?

-what did she say to you?

Mom: just that uyifuna everyday. Myeke aphumle.

-let her rest.

I laughed.

Me: Mama I paid R50 000 for that ass. If I want it every day I'm gonna get it everyday.

Mom: where did I go wrong with you?

She asked as we both laughed about it. We finally arrived at her traditional healers house so we waited on the bench until it was Mom's turn. After she came out she told me that the healer would like to see me..I couldn't understand why but I couldn't question her so I went into her small backroom. She told me to leave my shoes outside but these were red bottoms so I asked my mother to hold onto them for me. I closed the door and then kneeled in front of the woman.

Healer: Luphelo... Mntaka Mama Jama.

-Mama's baby.

Me: ukuxelele lonto uMama?

-did mom tell you that?

Healer: wancedwa ndim uMamakho ukba akubeleke. Wazalelwa apha wena.

-I helped your mother give birth to you. You were born here.

Me: Kodwa bathi ndazalwa eGreenacres Hospital nje.

-but they said I was born at Greenacres Hospital.

Healer: mxm ngeyiphi medical aid? Wazalelwa ebobosini wethu wena.

-with which medical aid? You were born in a shack.

I was good without that

Information so I just nodded and allowed this to pass.

Healer: Luphelo bangaphi abantwana bakho?

-how many children do you have?

Me: two. Siphesihle who is 21 no Kumkani who is 21 weeks.

I giggled internally.

Healer: omnye wabo ayisingo wakho

-one of them isn't yours.

My heart stopped.

Me: what do you mean?

Healer: ayise cace Luphelo. Omnye phakathi ko Siphesihle no Kumkani ayisingo wakho. Mna ndibona umntana omnye apha qha.

-it's so obvious Luphelo. One of them between Siphesihle and Kumkani isn't yours. I only see one child here.

I inhaled.

Me: Sihle bene DNA test ezimbini... Zombini zaphuma zisithi ngo wam.

-Sihle had two DNA tests made. Both came out saying she's mine.

Healer: ingathi keh... Ngewu jonga ngapha ku Kumkani.

-it seems that... You should look on the other side at Kumkani.

I started hyperventilating before getting up and then storming out of that back room.

Mom: Luphelo!!

Luphelo: masambe Mama.

-let's go Mommy!!

I said before storming to my car and then driving off.

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I called my Doctor who performed the vasectomy operation for me when I was alone at Humewood.

Doctor: Hello?

Me: Hey Doctor Smith it's Luphelo Jama here.

Doctor: hey Jama to what do I owe the call? Have you changed your mind about having a family again?

Me: no actually I have a question.

Doctor: I'm listening.

Me: so uhm...how long does it take a man to be able to be fertile again after having his vasectomy reversed?

Doctor: that would take about 6 months to a full year.

I had a chest pain. How the fuck did Ncumo manage to fall pregnant in a month?

Me: are there any special cases where it can happen sooner?

I asked while a tear escaped my eyes. The doctor laughed.

Doctor: special cases? I don't know Jama... There are special cases in everything... Just extremely rare.

Me: okay. Thank you.

Doctor: no problem.. Bye.

I hung up and then threw my phone against the wall and screamed. How could Ncumolwethu do this shit to me?

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I went to my usual drinking spot, The Black Impala to just drink alone to think about this bullshit. I was in a mess of emotions and I needed some time to think about it before going off on Hlalumi. I guess I wasn't strong enough to face the truth...I guess I knew that by confronting her about this then I would literally be pressing my own self destruction button because I will not survive this. I would never be able to be a step father even under normal circumstances... Let alone under these circumstances that I was cheated on. I felt insecure about myself. That was a feeling that I was never used to until now. And it's as if the universe wanted to console me because a pretty woman came to sit next to me. Not nearly as beautiful as my wife but... Tell that to my dick.

Amahle: hey.

Me: hey.

Amahle: kutheni usela wedwa nje?

-why are you drinking alone?

Me: Nje.

-just.

Amahle: une nxaki emtshatweni?

-you have problems in your marriage?

I looked at my left hand and chuckled when I saw my ring. I didn't even wanna wear this shit but she made me do it.

Me: I don't discuss my marriage with anybody so...

I swirled my glass before drinking another shot.

Amahle: L J awusandi khumbuli neh?

-you don't remember me?

I looked at her and took a good look. This is the girl I used to date when I was still in high school. She was in Grade 8 when I was in matric.

Me: Mahle?

Amahle: yeah. You good?

She said before leaning in for a hug and I gave it to her.

Me: I'm fine. Ubuye nini eBhayi?

-when did you come back to PE?

Amahle: last month... Gosh Luphelo... You were sexy in high school but now you're like... Grown and dammit...you're married. It's actually sad because ubuya kwam ndiye ndabuzisa ngawe and they told me utshatile. I just couldn't believe it.

-when I came back I asked about you.

She sulked. I took her hand and then pulled her closer to me. She smiled.

Me: I'm married... So?

Amahle: so you're that kinda husband right?

Me: call me whatever you wanna call me Amahle but the fact remains is... You never gave me that blow job. And sakhumbula zawuy thanda njani Bluewater Bay?

-remember how much you used to love Bluewater Bay?

Amahle: yes?

Me: I live there now so... Want a tour?

She bit her lip before taking my car keys and then walking out so I followed her out.

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I drove to my house and then I parked in the yard when we arrived. She was awe... Her mouth hung open as she admired it from the outside.

Amahle: Luphelo... Nguwe wonke lona?

-is this all you?

Me: yeah.

Amahle: wow... Une Mali Mos.

-you have money.

She said as I opened the door and let us in. She admired the interior more than the exterior.

Amahle: umfazi wakho une ntlantla shame. Imagine coming home to this.

-your wife is lucky.

Me: ndicela unga thethi ngo mfazi wam.

-please don't talk about my wife.

Amahle: why? Feeling guilty?

I didn't reply because I just stared daggers at her until she apologized.

I took her upstairs where she went through every bedroom except the main bedroom.

Amahle: ndicela uyibona torho.

-can I please see it.

Me: No.

I said as I walked down the stairs and she followed me.

Amahle: andizo hlala xesha lide njena.

-I won't stay for long.

Me: Ncumo ndithe hayi.

-I said no.

I exhaled When I realised my mistake.

Amahle: so ligama lakhe elo? Lihle.

-so that's her name. It's pretty.

I sat down on the couch and then buried my face in my hands. I was so annoyed by Amahle. She's a great woman... Was down for me since we were younger but I couldn't get Ncumolwethu out of my damn mind. I wanted to be attracted to Amahle so that I could survive after the divorce but there was no way in hell that it was going to happen. I was never going to recover from this...and the best way for me was to take myself out of this damn misery because Ncumo got me used to living without my demons. She saved my ass from them but now she opened the floodgates and allowed them to all come pouring in.

Amahle: Luphelo? Are you okay?

Me: khame Amahle I have to go.

Amahle: what about that blowjob?

Me: I'm not that type of husband.

I said before rushing out of the door, climbing into my car and then driving off.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

Luphelo came home in the evening just when the family was about to have dinner. Looking a bit cold in the eyes. He sat down next to me around the dining room table but he didn't even look at me.

Senior: bendi tshilo lendoda ayizoy phosa isophoro.

-I told you this man won't miss supper.

We all laughed.

Luphelo: ndihambe Tata?

-should I leave Dad?

The room fell silent.

Senior: Luphelo! Mamela lento ithethwayo uyeke ucinga lento ufuna uyicinga. Ndinga funelantoni uhambe?

-Listen to what is being said and stop thinking what you want to think. Why would I want you to leave?

Luphelo: mxm.

He said before shrugging and then eating his food. I didn't know what was wrong with him and I didn't want to ask him in front of everybody. I thought it would be better to ask him when we're alone.

Lusanda: Pabbles uyile keh kwi party?

-did you go to the party?

Luphelo: No.

Lusanda: why?

Luphelo: for fucks sakes Lusanda! Khandiyeke.

-leave me alone.

Mrs Jama: ndikbethe unye keh ngoku Luphelo. Ungenwe Yinton?!

-and then I fucking beat you Luphelo. What has gotten into you?

Luphelo: mxm Hlalumi masambe.

-let's go.

Me: siyaphi?

-where are we going?

Luphelo didn't respond because he just got up and walked out. Lusanda looked so concerned that she asked me to keep my location on just in case. I didn't understand why that was necessary... I'm Luphelo's pregnant wife. Surely he wouldn't do anything to hurt me but when she said please I decided to trust her. I followed Luphelo out to the car who drove off when we were inside. It was awfully quiet in the car.

Me: Ngcolosi utheni?

-whats wrong?

He didn't reply. He just kept driving whilst his gaze was focused on the road. He finally stopped on a gravel road at Swartkops and then looked at me. My heart was beating out of proportion... His gaze was sinister. Something didn't feel right here. This isn't my husband. Its as if he was possessed.

Me: Lumphelo u right?

-are you alright?

Lumphelo: ngu mntana weyphi ndoda Lena uythweleyo?

-whose man's child are you carrying?

My mouth hung open and my breathing slowed down. I couldn't understand what kind of question this is.

Me: Lumphelo... I have never slept with another man besides you. Undibuza njani lonto?

-how can you ask me that?

I was boiling internally. How dare he question my God damn morals.

Lumphelo: that's funny ngoba ndisuka kwi gqirha lika Mama wathi ukba omnye phakathi ko Sihle no Kumkani ayisingo wam. I had two fucking DNA tests from Sihle saying she's my kid!! Kumkani yena?!!! It takes 6-12 months for a man to be able to recover from a vasectomy you fell pregnant in a month! How?!

-I just came from moms Healer and she said one between Sihle and Kumkani isn't mine.

My breathing stopped. I wanted to be there for Sihle... Have her back but playtime was over. I never expected this... Never expected this lie to get to this point where Lumphelo would question Kumkani's paternity.

Me: Sihle is not your child Lumphelo not u Kumkani!! They faked the second DNA test.

I said whilst crying.

Lumphelo: what about the first? And ngubani uThey?

-who is they?

Me: Luyanda and Nolwazi.

Lumphelo: and you knew all of this and didn't tell me?

Me: I'm sorry.

I said whilst crying. Lumphelo looked at me and then took out some pills from his pocket and then he put them on the armrest.

Lumphelo: zi abortion pills ezi-

Me: Lumphelo hayi-

Lumphelo: Mamela Ncumolwethu!! I brought you here to give you these pills and force you to drink them Because I wanted to hurt you like I'm hurting but I can't. Qha wena uzonyiswa yinto ebizwa yindoda because I have never cheated on you and I never will. And I will never understand your reasons-

-but you will suffer through what is called a man.

Me: Goddamnit Luphelo just have the third DNA test On Sihle. Call her... Do whatever. But I know this boy is yours... Kumkani ngo wakho. And if she is still your child then I will let you divorce me and not even fight for your money. I would never-

A car pulled up behind Luphelo's car and out came Lusanda. She ran to our car and then opened the side of Luphelo's door.

Luphelo: so she sent you to come check up on her?

Lusanda: Lophelo you know how you get xawuno msindo. I was just worried about her because I could see it in your eyes that you aren't okay.

-when you're angry.

Luphelo got out of the car, grabbed Lusanda's car keys and then walked to Lusanda's car and drove off with it.

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Lusanda drove off with Lophelo's car whilst I cried on the passenger seat.

Lusanda: are you okay?

Me: are you serious?

She didn't reply so I took my phone and Then I called Sihle.

Sihle: Lumie?

The tears started falling from my eyes again.

Me: Uyayazi nyani Sihle.

-he knows the truth.

Sihle exhaled.

Sihle: u Right wena?

-are you alright?

Me: I'm trying. I'm sorry.

Sihle: kwenzeke ntoni?

-what happened?

Me: he... He uhm... Bekhaphu uMamakhe aye kwi gqirha lathi omnye phakathi kwakho no Kumkani ayisingo wakhe and he thought Kumkani isn't his child because he got two DNA's from you. And he had this goddamn vasectomy that takes 6-12 months to make a man fertile again so he doesn't understand how I fell pregnant so soon. I had to come clean Sihle.

-he went with his mom to a Healer and it said that between you and Kumkani one isn't his.

Sihle: is he mad at you?

Me: but what about you-

Sihle: fuck me Ncumolwethu that's your fucking husband. Is he mad at you for lying for me?

She asked whilst breaking down on the other end of the phone and I cried too.

Me: yes...I don't know. He's just mad. I don't know about which part.

Sihle: okay. Ndizothetha naye.

-I'll talk to him.

Me: okay.

Was all I could say.

Sihle: I'm sorry. I love you.

Me: I love you too.

Sihle: bye.

She said before hanging up and I broke down even more so Lusanda stopped by the garage to get me some water.

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°° Lumphelo's perspective °°

I arrived back at Bluewater Bay where Amahle was sleeping on the couch. I admired how she didn't take it upon herself to sleep in one of my bedrooms so I carried her to a spare bedroom. I then sat on the floor of my own living room while wrapping my arms around my legs. I was deep in thought... Recalling all of the events that had just occurred. It dawned on me that Hlalumi knew that Sihle was not my child but didn't say anything to me. That killed me... Because by the looks of things she chose to be loyal to her best friend than to her husband. But what did I expect? These people have been friends since creche and the mere fact that Sihle ranked higher in Ncumo's personal hierarchy than I did showed me that she was not worthy of being my wife. That's when I realised that I married her sooner than she could handle... I'm 33 years old and she's 21. I'm a grown man and she's still trying to figure her shit out that's why she thought it was a good idea to lie. Or maybe she was even lying about Sihle's paternity and was just buying herself some time. Damn Nondwe for ruining my fucking life.

I heard a knock on the door so I went to open it. It was an Uber driver.

Me: yes?

Driver: Hi I'm here to drop off a package. It's from Mr Luyanda Jama.

I looked down at the envelope and then took it.

Me: thank you.

I said before giving the driver a tip which he thanked me for. I closed the door and then opened the envelope up. It was a copy of Sihle's paternity results stating that Luyanda was the father and it dated back to around the time Luyanda broke into my place. I sat down on my couch and cried about it. I admit it... I cried about it. I was fucking angry, hurt, betrayed... I was a ball of emotions and I noticed there was a hand written note by Luyanda at the bottom.

Mninawa I am sorry. I have failed you. Please forgive me.

I tore that shit up and then threw the pieces of paper aside.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I barely caught a wink of sleep last night. I was too busy thinking about Luphelo and how he must be feeling so as soon as the sun came up I got up and then drove to Bluewater Bay

Where I thought he might be. I ignored Sihle's request, who drove from Grahamstown to Port Elizabeth at night just to be with me, to leave Luphelo alone to cool off.

I arrived at Bluewater Bay and I was happy to see Lusanda's car parked so I went to open the door and what I found killed me inside. There was a woman in my kitchen. I looked at her making breakfast for two people whilst wearing my husband's t-shirt.

Me: ungubani ke wena?

-and who are you?

Amahle: oh hi Ncumo. I'm Amahle.

Me: Gama lam ngu Hlalumi.

-my name is Hlalumi.

Amahle: okay. Hi Hlalumi.

Me: ufuna ntoni endlini yam? Unxibe impahla yomnyeni wam?

-what are you doing in my house? Wearing my husband's clothes?

Amahle: ubuphi wena Izolo kuze umnyeni wakho bene stress eBlack Impala?

-where were you yesterday when your husband was stressed at the Black Impala.

Luphelo came down the stairs looking tired.

Luphelo: Amahle ngu mfazi wam lona. Mhloniphe endlini yakhe.

-this is my wife. Respect her in her house.

Amahle: fine.

We heard the sound of a hooter going off.

Luphelo: that's your Uber.

She shrugged before storming out so I went to switch the stoves off and threw away her breakfast because I don't know what she could have slipped in there for my man.

Me: Luphelo we have one disagreement based on a traditional healers unreliable opinion and you go out there and fuck these bitches in our house?

Luphelo: unreliable?

I exhaled.

Me: you get my point.

Luphelo: I'm not a cheater Ncumo. I can't anymore. But if that's what you think then I'm glad cos It means it's gonna fuck you up like I'm fucked up right now.

Me: Baby please listen-

Luphelo. Andifuni Ncumo. Now make a decision... I leave or you leave? Cos I don't wanna be around you right now. I only said that shit to Amahle cos I don't want people to know our business but fuck Ncumolwethu. I don't trust you anymore. I lost my connection with that child growing inside of you. So I want a DNA test on him too although I got Sihle's real paternity test . It will cost me R20 000 to do it now but I don't give a fuck. Until then... Don't call me. I will text you the rest of the details sometime later.

He said before taking his ring off and then putting it on the granite counter. I was speechless as I watched my husband walk out of the door and leave me standing in that lonely kitchen.

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I stood frozen in the center of the kitchen before he came back into the house.

Luphelo: ndicela isitixo sam.

-can I please have my key.

I gave him his car key and in return he gave me back Lusanda's car key.

Me: Luphelo please don't leave.

He didn't reply. He just walked out so I called my mother whilst crying on the barstool.

Mommy: angel face?

Me: Mommy he's leaving me.

I said before crying on the phone.

Mommy: kwenzeke ntoni Hlalumi?

-what happened?

Me: he found out that I knew Sihle isn't his... And what's worse is he went to this stupid traditional Healer with his mother who told him that either Sihle or Kumkani isn't his... So he confronted me thinking that Kumkani isn't his but he got Sihle's paternity test and now he wants Kumkani's paternity test too.

Mommy: but why xakuthiwa only one isn't his?

Me: Mama Luphelo had a vasectomy reversal surgery and I fell pregnant way quicker than was expected.

Mommy: but baby... Medicine has a lot of special cases nje. Is he really leaving you?

I swallowed as I stared at his ring on the counter.

Me: andazi Mama. He left his ring.

-I don't know Mom.

I heard my mom breaking down too.

Mommy: are you okay?

Me: no. You?

Mommy: no. Do you... Want me to speak to your in laws?

Me: they know. Bathe bazothetha naye.

-they said they will speak to him.

Mommy: when?

Me: I think today.

Mommy: okay... Ubuyele kum keh sthandwa sam. Qina.

-get back at me my love. Stay strong.

Me: Okay.

Mommy: sure. Bye.

Me: bye.

I hung up on her and then wiped my tears. I took Luphelo's ring and then I put it in my wallet before holding onto my belly.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I received a call from my mother when I was still driving around with no direction. I answered it reluctantly.

Me: hello Mama.

Mommy: msunu ka nyoko yinton lekaka uyenzayo?

-what the fuck are you doing?

Me: Mama sundi thuka. I'm not in the mood.

-don't swear at me.

Mommy: ucinga ndine xesha le moods zakho Luphelo? Uyi khululela ntoni ring yakho?

-you think I have time for your moods? Why did you take your ring off?

Me: bindi bamba.

-it was too tight.

Mommy: oh... Biku bamba? Waze wayazi nini ukba iyaku bamba msunu?

-it was too tight? And when did you realise that it's too tight?

Me: Mama Uyayazi phof ukba uNcumolwethu-

-do you know that Ncumolwethu-

Mommy: HLALUMI!! Ligama lakhe elo.

-that's her name.

Me: whatever wethu Mama... She knew Sihle isn't mine but wathula knowing good and well how Sihle came to be and what her existence meant to me. I had to find out in one night that Sihle isn't mine, my wife is a liar, my brother screwed me over and that there is a possibility that Kumkani might not be mine and you want me to go around wearing a ring ezondi khumbuza about my fucked up marriage right now?

Mommy: Kumkani isn't yours? Luphelo uMaduna uthe omnye akasengo wakho. One. Siyayazi ngubani lo One. Ngu Sihle.. Umfakelantoni uKumkani kulento?

-said one isn't yours. And we know who that one is. It's Sihle. So why are you putting Kumkani into this?

Me: Mama I deal with several cases like this I'm a lawyer. Men come in day in and day out bathi they ignored the signs and let things go without getting the full truth but I will not let it go. And if Hlalumi wakho has nothing to hide then makaphole.

Mom exhaled.

Mommy: Funeka nithethe no mfazi wakho so ngo 6 izani. Ndizo biza no Sihle no Luyanda-
-you and your wife have to talk so at 6 please come. I will call Sihle and Luyanda-

Me: No Mama. Just Hlalumi and I please.

Mommy: Luphelo... Pabbles wam? Ntondo yam yokqhala neyokgqhiela. Nanaza nananaza nanananaza.

Mommy still thinks I'm a little baby but I must say, her making those same baby sounds she used to make for me when I was younger felt good.

I laughed.

Me: fine.

Mommy: okay baby.

Me: I love you mommy.

I said in my deep voice.

Mommy: I love you too son.

I hung up.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

We waited for Luphelo for about 15 minutes before he arrived. It was quiet around the dinner table. All of us had anxiety because Luphelo is the craziest member of an already crazy family Because even his father was nervous.

When he arrived, the entire room fell silent. He didn't even greet anybody but he did manage to kiss my Mom's forehead. Luphelo genuinely loves my Mother. A tear fell from my mother's eyes when he kissed her and Luphelo looked emotional too because they didn't want to lose each other through our marital problems. I wiped my eyes too as Luphelo sat down and stared into the eyes of Sihle and Luyanda. I was just glad I wasn't the one on the receiving end of his ruthless stares.

Ma: ndicela uthethe torho Pat.

-Please speak Pat.

My mom swallowed.

Mommy: ndicela uba xolele Luphelo.

-please forgive them.

Luphelo: andifuni Pat.

-I don't want to.

Mommy: ndiyakcela.

-please.

Luphelo shook his head slowly before wiping his nose with the sleeve of his hoodie.

Mommy: so yi divorce ngoku?

-so it's a divorce now?

Luphelo: depends on the results.

Me: I never cheated on you Luphelo. Uvile nawe Mos kuthweni. It's either Sihle or Kumkani.

-you heard what was said.

Senior: nyana... Majama uthwele unyana wakho. Sukubane nkani.

-son... Majama is carrying your son. Don't be stubborn.

He exhaled and then he looked at me.

Luphelo: awunikanga mntu impundu wena?

-didn't you give anyone ass?

Me: never.

He bit his lip before looking back at his parents. He was starting to melt and that's what he was avoiding.

Luphelo: ndoyika ukuyi yeka lento so gqhiba ndim thande uKumkani so gqhiba kuthiwa ayingowam. Ngoba my doctor said it's extremely rare for me to be fertile so soon... He said extremely gqhiba wathi rare. How do you expect me to not freak out.

I laughed internally. The emphasis on the "extremely gqhiba wathi rare" was unnecessary.

-I'm scared of letting this go and then love Kumkani and it turns out that he's not mine.

Senior: uzobeleka soon uMajama. Nyamezela... Inyani izophuma ungayenzanga le DNA test iphambeneyo. Kodwa nyana ndi yakwazi uyam thanda uHlalumi. Naye uyakthanda. Uthando lwenu aluqheleki. Andiqhondi ukuba angade akuxokisele kangaka. Nalento be yenza...

Ebecimba uyaku khusela. Mxolele nyana... Usemncinci naye umfazi wakho usezo khula abone kwenziwa njani emtshatweni.

-Majama is going to give birth soon. Endure... The truth will come out without you doing this dumb DNA test. But son I know you love Hlalumi. She loves you too. Your love is unique. I don't think she would lie to you like this. And even this thing that she did... She thought she was protecting you. Forgive her son. Your wife is still young and she will grow up and see how it's done in a marriage.

Luphelo: okay.

Ma: Luphelo usamthanda uHlalumi?

-do you still love Hlalumi?

Luphelo: Uthando lwam Liku ultra power saving mode... But ewe.

-my love is on ultra power saving mode... But yes.

We laughed gently.

Ma: Hlalumi wena usamthanda uLuphelo?

-do you still love Luphelo?

Me: Uthando lwam Liku battery fully charged. Please remove charger.

Lusanda: 100% kwedin.

She said before we all laughed again.

Ma: haike we're done here. Now uSihle no Luyanda-

Luphelo: Mama intwe balulekileyo is fixing things with my wife. Not Naba.

Ma: akhange bacinge-

Luphelo: Ngam. They didn't think about me. None of you know what it's like to be molested except well... Luyanda. I suffered for years and you three made a decision for me that I would not have made for myself. This decision had no benefit for me.. I love Sihle but you were emotionally abusive and entitled. And if Hlalumi would have told me... Or any of you then I would have been at peace. Maybe even adopted you if your father doesn't want you but you lied. Dragged my wife in this shit. Made me go crazy for a night. But Never again. I want the car I bought you. I want the fees I paid at Rhodes and NMU. I want the phone I bought you. I want every single thing I bought back by tomorrow. I want everything back.

Sihle: Luphelo-

Luphelo: no Sihle. Ndi grand.

-I'm good.

He shut down her attempt to explain.

Luyanda: I will pay for everything.

Luphelo: I really don't care how or where payment comes I just want it.

Luyanda: okay Mninawa.

Mommy: Luphelo... You do have the ability to forgive them but it's going to take time for you because I know what you went through. I didn't become a lesbian from being left by a man... I was raped too. It happened once but it fucked me up enough to change my sexuality. For Luphelo it happened frequently and when it didn't happen he was scared that it would. I won't tell everybody what you said to me but sexual abuse is the worst thing that can happen to a person and you three forced Luphelo to have to be a father to a traumatic experience in his life and that was fucked up. You never considered the flashbacks he must be experiencing when he sees her... You didn't consider how having a grown daughter at his age makes him feel. It gave him anxiety attacks because he didn't know when the next emotional abuse attack is going to come from Sihle... And everytime it happened he had to be a Dad and give into whatever she demanded and couldn't lash out even when it felt like his intestines were burning from anger. He felt bad for not loving her enough when he didn't have to. And that was fucked up and that's a psychologist saying it's fucked up. You three fucked up. Plain and simple. And if he was a woman everybody would be on his side but because he's a man he gets a call from his mom swearing at him and forcing him to come to meetings as if he's wrong. He gets ganged up. Men are emotionally weaker than women don't let their muscles fool you.

The mood became depressing. Mom made us all think about where we went wrong and the whole family became quiet for a while in an unawkward silence. There were tears involved... I cried because I had no idea that this happened to my mother who cried when she made eye contact with me.

Ma: so sigqhibile?

-are we done?

Lusanda: not until Luphelo wears his ring.

Luphelo: I'm not ready.

Senior: Luphelo... Nxiba lo ring. Uzi noodles dahn njema ufuna uba ready? And uzolala ecamko mkakho namhlanje..

-wear that ring. Are you noodles since you want to be ready? And you're sleeping next to your wife tonight.

Ma: no... Unyana wam ulala nam namhlanje. Wena Lubango bona ukuba uzothini.

-my son sleeps with me tonight. You Lubango should see what you are going to do.
Luphelo looked at me because he wanted his ring back and I told him he doesn't have to wear it if he doesn't want to yet... Or at all because he was against wearing it from the start.
The meeting was adjourned so everybody got up and parted ways.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I went to my parents' bedroom and then I sat down on the edge of the bed whilst undressing.

Mommy: hay hay Luphelo nxiba ipyjama. Andingo Hlalumi mna njema uzolala nge underpants.

-wear a pyjama. I'm not Hlalumi since you want to sleep in your underpants.

Me: hay Mama ku shushu.

-it's hot.

She exhaled before climbing into bed and we both faced opposite directions.

Mommy: Pabbles?

Me: Ma?

Mommy: awuzobano msindo?

-aren't you going to be angry?

Me: nganton?

-about what?

Mommy: uMaduna uxelelwe ndim ngalento yenu.

-I told Maduna about this thing of yours.

I became dumb.

Me: uthini Mama?

-what are you saying?

Mom sat upright and sighed.

Mommy: Pabbles ndithi... Ndiye ndava ngalento ka Sihle andakwazi uku xelela. Ndiye ndava ngo mfazi ka Luyanda. Nda qhonda keh mnake mandiyi ku Maduna abe ngathi uyibonile lento kwaye iye Yandi capukisa ukuba yena maka kwenze uthanda buze no Kumkani. Bekunga melanga uyenze njalo... Bendi funa athi ngu Sihle ongaso ngo wakho qha.

-I'm saying... I heard about this Sihle thing and couldn't tell you. I heard from Luyanda's wife. So I thought I should go to Maduna and let it be like she saw this herself and it annoyed me that she made you doubt Kumkani. She wasn't supposed to do it like that. I wanted her to say Sihle isn't yours and that's it.

My heart dropped so I sat upright and looked at my mother.

Me: do you have any idea what you have just done?

Mom: Bendizama uku xelela inyani Pabbles without making us get our hands dirty.

-I was trying to tell you the truth.

I buried my face in my hands. I was done being angry.

Me: it's okay.

I comforted my mother who was now crying.

Me: Funeka ndiyo thetha nomfazi wam ngoku.

-I need to go speak to my wife now.

Mommy: okay. Call me if you need back up.

Me: okay.

I said before kissing her cheek and then walking out of the bedroom.

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Naturally I'm a person who can't deal with nor handle pain.. So whenever the going gets tough I like to play things off like they don't matter. So when my mother made her revelation I played it off like it never happened just so that I could get through the night.

I locked our bedroom door and then I undressed. I had my purple lingerie on and I admired my body in the mirror. I look good for a pregnant woman in her second trimester. I rubbed my belly whilst looking in the mirror and then decided to take pictures. I heard a knock on the door.

Me: ngubani?

-who is it?

Luphelo: your husband.

I screamed internally before collecting myself and then opening the door. He would not have called himself that if he didn't come in peace. He stood by the door when I opened and then looked me from head to toe.

Luphelo: utixelani?

-why did you lock?

Me: kukho abantu so akhange ndifune mntu angene e spacin.

-there's people so I didn't want anyone to come in unannounced.

Luphelo: I see. Ndicela unge-

-may I please come-

I pulled him inside before pinning him against the door and then kissing him. He was already in his underwear, I was already in my lingerie so it made sense for us to fuck. He put me down onto the bed and then he pulled my underwear to the side before entering me. He fucked me missionary style whilst my legs were wrapped around his waist, forcing him to penetrate me deeper. I sucked his neck whilst he was fucking me before the door opened and in Lusanda came whilst holding a tray with chocolate ice cream and Oreos. Luphelo slid off me and exhaled.

Lusanda: uMamakho Uyayazi ukuba uphumile kwi cot yakho wena?

-does your mother know that you're out of your cot?

She took a swing at Luphelo for being a Mama's boy.

Luphelo: Lusanda khahambe Ndakcela.

-Lusanda please leave.

Lusanda: but Hlalumi we planned to watch the second season of 13 Reasons why together while your husband went to breastfeed from his mother.

Me: mntase we can always do that I will even pay for this month's Netflix bill.

Lusanda: Hlalumi me? Or Luphelo? Because he would choose his mother over you.

Luphelo: Lies.

Lusanda: Hlalumi Jama? Me? Or dick?

I didn't know how to reply so I just turned to face Luphelo's direction who kissed me and then climbed on top of me again. Lusanda got the message so she walked out of the room before

Luphelo and I continued fucking.

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In the morning I went to make Jungle Oats for the entire family and then set the table before waking everybody up for breakfast. Everyone came down and took their seats and we greeted each other.

Ma: ni right Hlalumi no Luphelo?

-are you alright?

Lusanda: zi right ezintwezi.

-these things are alright.

Senior: umsindo duu.

We laughed.

Luphelo: si grand Nozala.

-we're good Mommy.

Me: family ndine appointment ngomso ngo 4 ka King Jama so ukba nizokwazi Ukuza itshoni yazba ndizo phuma early emsebenzini ndizoni Landa.

-I have an appointment tomorrow at 4 for King Jama so if you are able to come please say so so that I could knock off work early to come and fetch you.

Ma: sizokwazi thina.

-we will be able to.

Me: Lusanda?

Lusanda: andizokwazi ukuza mna and I have 13 reasons why.

-I can't come.

I laughed. She is still upset about that.

Me: please mntase. I will make it up to you.

Lusanda: I'm only coming for King's sake otherwise...

She rolled her eyes at me before taking a spoon full of her porridge.

Ma: Hlalumi how did you react keh to what he told you?

Me: told me? Ngantoni?

-about what?

I looked at Luphelo.

Luphelo: I didn't get a chance yesterday but sewumxelela ngok wakho Mama.

-tell her yourself.

He said before getting up and then taking his dish to the kitchen. He then went back upstairs to our bedroom leaving me puzzled. His mother then told me the story of how she asked the traditional Healer to tell Luphelo about Sihle's paternity but the Healer fucked it up and threw my son into this. Honestly I was fucking mad at his mother. I was livid that she allowed my morals to be questioned over her own doing and she just watched it all happening and only decided to come clean when the dust had settled.

Ma: Uvile Majama?

-did you hear that?

Me: yeah... It's okay..I nodded before collecting everyone's plates and then washed the dishes in the kitchen.

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Luphelo left for work earlier than I did but he was now spending more time at JLS than he did at Jama Constructions so I knew I wouldn't get to see him until we get home. I called him five times and he didn't reply.. Perhaps he was avoiding me because he knew I was going to go off.. So I called Mommy..

Mommy: baby girl?

Me: hey Mommy are you okay?

Mommy: if you're asking about what I said then please drop it.. I don't wanna talk about it.

Me: but Mommy we have to discuss-

Mommy: no we don't have to discuss anything Hlalumi. This is why I didn't want to tell anybody.

I vowed to never speak a word about this but I had to be with my son yesterday. He needed me to be on his side. But that was just for yesterday so can we drop it.

I exhaled.

Me: fine Mama have it your way. But if you ever need to talk...

Mommy: I'll call your husband.

I laughed and so did she. I couldn't even get mad at her for that.

Me: yazi this whole thing was orchestrated by his mother. She sent him there for a reason and made the Healer say those things but caba the Healer wasn't supposed to put my sons name into that whole thing. She just wanted Luphelo to know the truth but fucked everything up.

Mommy: she couldn't have controlled what the Healer was going to say. She just wanted to help her son. I'm not mad at that.

Me: Mama I looked like a bitch in front of everyone.

Mommy: boooo hooooo poor Hlalumi. You looked like a bitch for one night get over it they know the truth now. You still have a man who loves you after this when some men would have gone crazy and took this as a reason to cheat . You still have a healthy baby growing inside of you when other women can't conceive. You have a Range Rover. A job. A house in Bluewater Bay. You come home to a full house of in laws who love you and don't hate you. Count your God damn blessings child and stop complaining. I didn't force you to get married at your age but I couldn't stop you because you were gonna hate me. So qina Hlalumi. Ncumolwethu days are over.

She said before hanging up on me and that shit felt real. That was my mom's way of telling me I'm on my own from now on. I cried in my car for a moment before deciding to suck this shit up and be a wife.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

Luyanda called me and told me that he would like to come to my office so he could make the necessary payments that Sihle owes me so I told him to come to JLS and he did. He knocked on my door while I was still on the phone with a client. I wrapped up the call because I hated being around his presence.

Luyanda: Molo.

Me: Molo.

Luyanda: uSihle akekho right Luphelo.

-Sihle isn't alright Luphelo.

Me: I'm glad that's no longer my problem.

He inhaled.

Luyanda: don't you think that maybe if you showed her enough love she would have found it

easier to come clean? Or it's you that made her feel like if she isn't your daughter then you will toss her out like you are right now? I mean you're the same person who chose a woman over her. Her best friend.

Me: then I suppose sinyisene but I don't play with my money. I want it back.

-we fucked each other up.

He exhaled before giving me a cheque of R85 000. I didn't know where he got it but I didn't realise how much I had spent on Sihle until now. And it made me sick.

Me: uyifumenephi lemali?

-where did you get this money?

Luyanda: why? You care?

Me: nah.

Luyanda: exactly. The Renault is in the parking lot. And if you think we owe you more then tell me.

Me: okay.

He got up and then he walked out of my office.

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°°Hlalumi's perspective°°

My mother was invited to spend time with the Jama's so Lusanda and I made dinner in the evening and dished up. Food was served with wine and whiskey.

Ma: Yaz Pat ngaske nawe uzohlala nathi apha ngoba siyambona uMajama uya gowisha ngaphandle kwakho.

-you know Pat I wish you could also come and live with us because we can see that Majama is losing herself without you.

Family: ncoooh.

They said before laughing.

Mommy: hay Maka khule wethu Sisi amele isigqhibo sakhe.

-she must just grow up and stand by her decision.

Lusanda: uyakcela nge style keh ukba uzohlala apha uMama qha usebenzisa uHlalumi.

-mom is indirectly asking you to come live here but she's using Hlalumi.

My mom turned pink in the face. She didn't expect that.

Pat: won't I be overcrowding?

Senior: double story Lena babes.

Mommy laughed.

Pat: I don't know... Can I think about it? Hlalumi would that be okay with you mntanam? You hated it whenever I followed you and went to places you were in back in high school.

I laughed.

Me: it's fine Mama. I hated how you were kind of lonely anyway at home.

Mommy was semi emotional but kept her shit in check.

Mommy: okay... Fine yes.

Lusanda: yaayy.

We all cheered as Luphelo hit a drumroll sound on the table which created hype as I went to hug my mother. I was so happy that Mamu Jama asked my mom to live with us because she knows how much of a baby I can be. I also knew that deep down this was her way of making things up to me.

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We heard a knock on the door and Luphelo went to open it. It was Luthando and his girlfriend coming in with his children.

Luphelo: Mkhuluwa.

Luthando: hey Mninawa. What's good baby.

He said before hugging his brother and then focusing on his girlfriend.

Luphelo: 560 lona?

Luthando: yeah. Mbali meet uTaka King, uMnyeni ka Hlalumi... My baby, my son...my heart... My brother Luphelo.

Luphelo: undi shiya nge 5 years ke sisi. Kodwa Molo ndavuya ukwazi.

-he's only 5 years ahead of me. But hello I'm happy to meet you.

Mbali giggled before saying she knows how Luthando can over exaggerate things. I looked at Mbali, she looked like your typical Instagram slay queen but she's the few ones who actually look as good in person. But it was not just her features that I noticed... It was the way in which she looked at my husband that stuck with me. And for the first time ever I felt scared. I felt like I was going to lose my marriage just by looking at the size of her ass.

Luthando: La Familia. Quid agis?

-the family. How are you?

Mommy: sumus boni.

-we are good.

Senior: ha.a nawu phuma phandle keh njema seni thetha I language yase gwadana.

-you will go outside since you are speaking the language from Gwadana.

Gwadana is a place Xhosa people strongly believe witches and wizards go to during midnight to practice witchcraft.

We all laughed.

Luthando's daughter sat on Uncle Luphelo's lap whilst his son went to sit on Aunt Lusanda who seemed to really enjoy having them around.

Luthando: Familia I would like to announce the fact that I'm getting married.

His announcement was met with an awkward silence.

Ma: nabani?

-with who?

Luthando: no Mbali.

Ma: nidyole ixesha elingaka Nani? Anika gqhibi nonyaka.

-how long have you been dating? You haven't even finished a year.

Luthando: Hlalumi no Luphelo bona bamgqhibile?

-Did Hlalumi and Luphelo finish it?

Luphelo: hay kalok thina sadyola I overtime susifaka nomkam.

-no but we dated overtime so don't include my wife and I.

Luthando: a little support Luphelo would be appreciated.

Luphelo: uhm...bavumele Nozala.

-allow them to Mom.

Ma: hay andazi.

-I don't know.

She said as she got up and then walked into her bedroom leaving the mood depressing in the living room. Moods can switch up really quickly in the Jama household.

Senior: nyana sumhoya une stress qha ngalento iqhubekayo. Uzoku vuyela subana xhala.

-son don't pay attention to her she's just stressed because of what is going on. She will be happy for you. Don't worry.

Luthando: thank you Daddy.

He said before he went to sit down next to his father and put his arm on his father's shoulder. That's when I realised that Luthando is low key a daddy's baby and I actually admired how Luphelo's family is attached to one another in a weird but beautiful way. Luyanda and Lusanda I guess are just independent.

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°° Lusanda's perspective °°

The men and I decided to play a game using Luthando's Xbox one so we all grabbed our controls and then sat on the same couch whilst playing Call of Duty.

Luthando: bantase sithi ngoku aba?

-siblings is this us now?

Luphelo: unje xaye tyiwa keh lomjita uqhala ngobuza I question ezi deep.

-this is how this guy gets when he's being beaten he starts by asking deep questions.

I laughed.

Me: tsh asomhoya.

-we won't pay attention to him.

Luthando: no but really. Remember when we were the fantastic 4?

Luphelo: icacile sasingekho fantastic keh Mos.

-it's clear we weren't fantastic.

Luthando exhaled.

Luthando: ndizo tshata mna Luphelo and I kinda want Luyanda to be here.

-I'm going to get married.

Luphelo: Andiku nqandi. He's your brother.

-I'm not stopping you.

Me: would he even show up?

Luthando: I don't know.

Me: Pabbles you managed to forgive your wife though. Why can't you forgive them?

Luphelo: my wife thought she was sparing me from being hurt. Bona they knew this was going to hurt me and still they carried on. I'm not even angry at them I just don't wanna see them.

Me: cos you're angry.

Luphelo: hehake Dr Phil.

Luthando: Our sister has a point.

Luphelo: andina sister mna.

-I don't have a sister.

He sulked and we laughed.

Luthando: so now you're down to one sibling? Ndine pressure not to piss the last born off.

We laughed.

Luthando: I just don't understand why Nondwe never touched me though. Ndimbi guys?

-am I ugly?

Luphelo laughed.

Luphelo: Sabaweli ubambi xaku caseka you don't get touched xawumbi.

-I wish I was ugly if it means you don't get touched when you are ugly.

Luthando: Yey Mninawa ndenzba I don't understand ndaqatyadelwa ntoni. Ngesi traumatized sonke ngoku apha.

-little brother I don't understand why I was skipped. We would have all been traumatized here.

Luphelo: you wanna get married? Usezoyazi trauma.

-you're still going to know trauma.

We laughed.

Me: yhu give me your character or I'll Tell Hlalumi what you just said.

Luphelo: Exhibit A Mkhuluwa. Ndincama igrime yam Kuba ndingafuni uxabana.

-I'm relinquishing my game since I don't want to argue.

Luthando nodded his head whilst laughing in between the exchange of controls between Luphelo and I.

Me: Luphelo did you end up taking the money Sihle owes you?

He nodded.

Me: hay Kodwa Luphelo do you think that's the best thing to do? You don't even need the money.

Luphelo: Lusanda if there are billionaires that are still working to get more money then who am I to let imali yam ityiwe ngu Sihle who will turn around and not know me when her life is going well. I spent more than 85 k on her plus the car I bought for her cost 168 k. That's 253 k that you expect me to let go of knowing I have a son on the way. That's money for him to study, change courses if he wants until he makes his mind up ... Go to Harvard. Do shit with his life that we couldn't. If that makes me a bad guy then it's all good.

Luthando: true... Invest kwangok keh Mninawa.

-invest it now.

Luphelo: yeah. Mandihambe ngoku ndiye emfazini wam.

-let me go now to my wife.

Me: oh ufuna impundu ngoku.

-you want ass now.

He just laughed and didn't reply as he walked back upstairs.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My husband came into our bedroom whilst I was still taking a shower. I heard him come in.

Me: baby ndicela I slippers zam.

-can I please have my slippers.

He came into the en suite then he opened the shower door and looked at my body from head to toe.

Me: are you just gonna stand there? I want my slippers.

Luphelo: ndizak funqula baby.

-I'll carry you.

He took a towel which he wrapped around my body and then he carried me to the bedroom where I dried myself as he took his phone and started using it by the charger.

Me: baby what do you think about Luthando's girlfriend or fiancée or whatever?

Luphelo: u grand. Fana no Faith Nketsi.

-she's great. Looks like Faith Nketsi.

My mouth hung open but he didn't notice because he was on his phone.

Me: baby... What's that supposed to mean?

Luphelo: she has that body mntuwam.

Me: what body?

Luphelo: I'm not even attracted to that type of body nje mntuwam relax. I like a body that has what I need and won't attract unnecessary attention from other men.

I exhaled. I wasn't feeling any better by his words so he got up and then he sat next to me on the edge of the bed. He asked me to sit on top of him then he put his hands on my belly as we faced the mirror.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam remember how your body looked before you fell pregnant? You had a tight waist and I think bunayo ne 6 pack ethile?

I nodded and we both laughed at the memory.

Luphelo: you looked good sthandwa sam but I'm loving this new you. This heavier you that puts my biceps to use when I pick you up. I mean you're carrying an entire King in your body... I need to put respect on your name.

Me: so you aren't attracted to her?

Luphelo: no trust me.

He kissed my belly and then spoke to his son. I then heard a feeling... Like a tiny jab against my belly.

Me: Luphelo uyivile lonto?

-did you feel that?

Luphelo: yeah... Was that... A

Kick?

Me: I think so.

Our baby kicked again and gave us three consecutive kicks that made his father emotional.

Luphelo: I'm sorry I doubted you.

Me: I understand baby.

I kissed his forehead as we bonded over our son who was now awake.

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I received a call from Sihle who asked if she could see me so I sneaked out of the house and then climbed into Luyanda's car which she was now using.

Sihle: I didn't think you were going to pick up my calls.

Me: I didn't think so either.

Sihle: Do you think your husband would be cool with us hanging out?

I shrugged my shoulders.

Me: we aren't exactly hanging out. But I do need to see you... And make sure you're okay.

She nodded.

Me: Are you okay?

Sihle: what part of this is okay? Honestly Ncumo I didn't expect this is how meeting my father would be like. And I have tried to reach out to Luphelo but he's fucking stubborn..

Me: he's low key hurt about this whole thing but he would rather people think he's angry than hurt.

Sihle: well fuck that Ncumo... And fuck him.. I know you love him but God... He's so stubborn.

I exhaled. That "and fuck him" didn't sit well with me but I had to consider what she must be going through.

Me: how's your relationship with your father coming along?

Sihle: he's trying but akufani. Luyanda is... I don't know.. You just never know with him. He's boxed in.. Lacks personality a bit... I don't know maybe he's just an introvert but he keeps to himself a bit. Zasi thukana no Luphelo. Athi ftsek Sihle ndithi mbonya Luphelo and he was cool with that. Ku Luyanda... Yho.

He's serious.

Me: the man is 40 years old.

Sihle: 40 going on 100. Chomi I need my father back. Please talk to him... I won't want his money or whatever... I just want us to talk things out. Make him understand things from my perspective. If he still hates me after hearing my side of the story then I will let it go. After all you owe me. I set you up with your husband.

I giggled.

Me: it's like that now?

Sihle: it is like that.

Me: fine I will talk to him but I won't push. Uyamazi uba njani.

-you know what he's like.

Another car stopped behind us and Lusanda came out wearing her long sleeve cotton top with her pyjama shorts. I rolled down the window.

Me: uya endodeni?

-are you going to your man?

Lusanda: sifuna lomtshato sonke sisi.

-we all want this marriage.

She was so excited as she climbed into her man's car whilst Sihle and I laughed. Being a part of this family is amazing.. Life felt amazing.. But I needed my best friend in it.

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I went back to my bedroom which I share with my husband after talking to Sihle. He was awake when I arrived, urinating in the en suite.

Me: oh... Uvukile?

-you're awake.

I asked as he came back to the bedroom in his boxers. Luphelo has got the sexiest body. It looks even better when it's not under the light and all that's visible is his frame.

Luphelo: yeah ndi bethelwe ukba ikhona ikaka eyenzekayo.

-I got a feeling that shit is happening.

I exhaled. He knows where I come from.

Me: you don't understand how this is hard on me. I'm trying so hard to switch off the emotions I have for her but I just can't. She and I have so much history together and I put myself in a position where I have to choose between you and her. It was my doing because Sihle has always looked out for me.

Luphelo: and when it comes down to it who are you choosing?

Me: I choose you.

Luphelo exhaled.

Luphelo: be friends with her I honestly don't Care.

I smiled.

Me: nyani Tatakhe?

-really?

Luphelo: niyaze nonzakale xaye mane ezok check'a ebusuku and andifuni lonto mna so ewe.

-you'll get hurt if she keeps on coming to check up on you at night and I don't want that so yes.

Me: thank you so much baby.

I said before walking into his arms which Hugged me. He kissed the side of my face and my forehead and I kissed his lips.

Me: so... She would also like to talk to you-

Luphelo: don't push it sthandwa sam.

He said gently and I nodded.

Me: okay. I'm sorry. Masambe siyolala.

-let us go to sleep.

Luphelo: Masambe.

-let's go.

We went to bed and fell asleep in the spooning position which he used to put his hands on our baby boy.

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They say falling asleep next to the one you love is healthy. That is a beautiful fact because in the morning I wake up a few minutes earlier than my husband to just stare at him in his natural habitat whilst he is at his most relaxed. I took his ring from my drawer and then I slid it on his ring finger. I missed him so I decided to wake him up.

Me: Pabbles...The Finisher... Jama... Luphelo... Husband ka Hlalumi... Taka Kumkani?

I whispered but nothing woke him up.

Me: nazi mpundu.

-here's some ass.

He pretended as if he was just waking up and I laughed at his performance. My man loves sex to the point where it was a bit confusing for me to decipher whether it's because I give good pussy or because he's naturally a person who loves to fuck.

Luphelo: good morning.

Me: good morning.

We lip locked before going to brush our teeth. That's when he noticed the ring on his finger and looked at me.

Luphelo: ukhona umntu who motivated this decision?

-is there someone?

Me: no. I just felt like you needed to wear it again. I needed that from you.

Luphelo: hm. Okay.

He wiped his mouth and then he came to kiss me. I turned around because I wanted him to take me from the back so I held onto the sink as he hit it from the back. Doggy style is a brutal position when dealing with a man like Luphelo because he doesn't forgive my G-spot. He fucked me until my pussy creamed. We both came so we took a shower where we fucked in too. Once we were done we got dressed and then I went downstairs to make breakfast for the family.

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Everyone came to gather around the dinner table when breakfast was served. Honestly I was tired of this whole being a maid life. I know that Lumphelo tried to negotiate having the amount of duties I have to do reduced and this was the reduction but still... I couldn't understand why women have to be put through this physical strain all because we are married. I was especially pissed by Mbali who came to take over from my hard work by taking the plates which I had put on trays and dished food out on to the dining room. She didn't even greet me nor have the decency to ask me what to Do. When she came back for the second tray I had to react.

Me: xolo...but wenzani?

-sorry but what are you doing?

Mbali: ndiyasebenza.

-I'm working.

Me: next time cela uthethe nam kuqhala.

-please speak to me first.

She scoffed before taking the food away into the dining room. I was upset about this but decided to fuck it. I don't even know how long she is going to stay here so I should just hold this in for a few more weeks then I'm back to the comfort of my own home.

I went to the dining room and then I sat down once everyone's plate was served. My husband had his niece on his lap who kept stealing his bacon and he pretended like he didn't see a thing.

Ma: so Luthando mntanam niyayazi Mos ukuba anika vumeleki ukuba nihlali kunye no Mbali?

-my child you guys do know that you aren't allowed to live with Mbali?

Luthando: so kuthweni keh ngok Mama ngoba sizama ukufumana indawu no Mbali? And renting right now would be costly.

-so what must happen now Mom because Mbali and I are trying to find a place.

Ma: kalok Mbali angahlala nathi wena uyohlala eHumewood endlini ka Lumphelo.

-Mbali can stay here with us and you go stay at Humewood in Lumphelo's house.

Lumphelo: kodwa Mama-

-but Mom-

Ma: khathule wethu Lumphelo.

-keep quiet Lumphelo.

My mother and Lusanda laughed at how Lumphelo was banned from having any opinion about his own house.

Luthando: fine... That's fair.

Lumphelo just sat there eating what's left of his food because he didn't know what else to say.

Mommy: uhm Yaz I was also thinking of moving out.

Ma: ngoba? Sithi?

-why? Is it us?

Mommy: hay ayinini... I'm just used to a certain level of freedom and my girlfriend has been complaining ngoba ngoku andikwazi uphuma ndiye kuye and spend the night or bring her over ngoba it's going to look bad. Although it's fun being here with a lot of people... I just have to compromise my relationship and it's not fair from her side.

The family understood Although they weren't happy with her decision.

Lusanda: Saku khumbula Pat.

-we'll miss you.

She said before putting her arm around my mom.

Pat: I'll miss you all too.

We all continued eating our food and once everyone was done, Ma told Mbali to wash the dishes since I made breakfast.

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Luphelo and I went to Jama Constructions together and had to attend a meeting regarding the fact that we wanted to merge with another Construction company in Port Elizabeth. Luphelo sat next to me this time since the boardroom table broke from his end and needed to be repaired.

Luphelo: so first thing is first... Since we want to buy out this company we need to pick a classification of mergers and acquisitions that we are going to use and I need to know why what will work and how will it make sure that our primary goals are met and at the same time, that Jama Constructions gets more control over that company because I don't like any interference when it comes to making decisions about my company.

Khuselo: I think an amalgamation would work.

Patrick: you need more than one company for an amalgamation Khuselo. And besides Jama did say he wants control which he won't get under that sort of merger.

Me: true Patrick. I think an Absorption would work better because if we buy this new construction company then it will basically become liquidated and therefore we will have all the powers.

I said before putting my hand on Luphelo's thigh trying to find out which side he laid his penis. He laid it on his right, making it easier for me to play with it under the desk. He looked at me whilst breathing heavily but I didn't pay attention to him.

Khuselo: which we could still have if we became a controlling company. I don't understand why we need to absorb an entire company and endanger people's jobs all because we want more money.

Me: such things happen all the time. Companies shut down... People face retrenchment. We can't play superhero right now.

Khuselo: are you even listening to yourself? You sound selfish.

Luphelo: Khuselo this isn't the time to be emotional. Mrs Me is right. If we choose the right merger of business this could be huge for us...and for you as a part of this company.

I pulled his dick out on his lap and then I gave him a hand

Job. He was so horny. He tried to use his right hand to stop me from giving him a hand job but it didn't work. I wanted to make him jerk off in the boardroom.

Khuselo: no this is huge for you and Majama and your legacy. You have zero fucks to give for us nor other people as long as you're in charge and that's why you are always in support of her decisions.

The staff members made disapproving comments.

Luphelo: Mamakhe khahoye pha rhou rhou.

-Mamakhe please quickly give some attention over there.

He said as he leaned back nonchalantly. Luphelo just redefines chill.

Me: Okay Mr Me. Listen Khuselo if you don't like the fact that this is "Jama" Constructions then you can take a hike because I knew as soon as you suggested that we should become an amalgamation that you wanted us to lose the company name and become something else with another company. There is nothing wrong with having a legacy and if you had one you would understand. If you think Mr Jama is listening to my ideas because we're married then maybe we should all vote and see whose suggestion is the most effective.

Victor: I'm with Mrs Boss on that one.

Khuselo: I don't want a vote. I want a review of the company's code of conduct regarding colleagues entering into a relationship. These two dated for months and denied it and for what reason? They knew it's wrong all of a sudden they rock up married and she's pregnant.

Sakhile: he's got a point though Jama. We have to review this as management because both of you occupy high positions in this company and we don't even know how Majama became a business administrator. If we found out she became one during to the fact that she was your girlfriend at the time then she will have to step down.

I was so scared that I had to put Luphelo's dick back and listen to what was being said about my fate in this company. God Khuselo is such a bitch.

Luphelo: and if she steps down I hope for your God damn sake that whoever occupies her position will produce the same results she produced because if not, I will have to re employ her with a bigger pay cheque. So let's stop being childish and restart this meeting like professionals because we're wasting time dwelling on such matters.

The management team agreed so we started from the top.

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I was so upset coming into the doctors appointment about my day at work that it took seeing my King for me to eventually cool down. The family family showed up so we decided to eat at Spur instead of making me cook dinner so the family unanimously decided that Luphelo should pay the bill. After the dinner we all went home and then went to our bedroom where Luphelo and I bonded over a pregnancy magazine whilst eating all the junk food that I was craving. I sat in between his legs whilst he wrapped his arms around me and I supported the magazine with my thighs.

Me: baby I'm stressed about my job.

Luphelo: relax mntuwam. I will sort this out and if not I will find another job for you in another company. I have friends-

Me: No Tiyeka funeka ndizenzele lento.

-I have to do this myself.

Luphelo: no you don't. There's nothing you have to do by yourself when you're married. I will make a plan for you wena just relax and take care of our baby.

I smiled.

Me: Luphelo I love how sweet you are lately.

Luphelo: lately?

He giggled.

Me: yes lately. Uyazazi uyikaka xawthandile.

-you know you're shit when you like.

Luphelo: ndiseyikaka but andifuni ubayiyo kuwe Majama. Ndiyakthanda.

-I'm still shit but I don't want to be to you. I love you.

Me: I love you more.

He leaned down to kiss me and King Jama kicked just by feeling his father's touch.

Luphelo: heh baby le ntwana Isandongi khaba ebusweni.

-this boy just kicked me in the face.

He said as we both laughed.

Me: heeh wena King Jama kutheni ukhaba umnyeni wamu nje?

-why are you kicking my husband?

Luphelo: rha yi beef Kumkani. Uzalwa kwkaho nje ndizak khaba ingeka sikwa ne umbilical chord.

-it's a beef Kumkani. When you're born I'm going to kick you before the umbilical chord is even cut.

I laughed.

Me: awusa xoki.

-you're such a liar.

He laughed as he rubbed my belly and kissed my shoulder blades as I took another bite of pizza.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I woke up in the evening to get a midnight snack. I was hungry and thirsty so I wore my pyjama pants and then I went to the kitchen barefoot. I hoped I wouldn't run into my mother because she would overexaggerate and tell me I'm going to become sick.

I switched on the lights and then I looked in the fridge for something to eat. I felt someone creep up behind me. That scared me but I kept it in like a man. It was Mbali and she laughed when she saw the look on my face.

Mbali: uligwala kanti?

-you're actually a coward?

Me: uyakwazi uthetha kanti?

-you can actually speak?

She smiled as I took out butter, some beef slices and a cheese spread.

Mbali: I do talk. It's just that your family intimidates me.

Me: ayikho lonto.

-there's no such thing.

I said as I took out 8 slices of bread and started buttering my bread.

Mbali: so the rumors about you are true.

Me: which are?

Mbali: uyathanda ukutya.

-you love to eat.

Me: Kuya xokwa.

-it's a lie.

Mbali: I love a man with appetite though.

She looked at me with these intense eyes that I get from my wife when she wants to make me cum.

Me: and umfumene.

-and you found one.

Mbali: yeah... Luthando does love to eat. You have a nice body. How long did you work for those abs?

Me: andazi ndiveske ndabona ngazo sezi lapha ndaqhonda good.

-I don't know I just saw them here and thought good.

She smiled so when I finished making my sandwiches she took 3 and left me with 5.

Mbali: enkosi va. Izandphuze.

-thank you. Let me kiss (you).

She came near me but was interrupted by Pat who came into the kitchen. She looked annoyed.

Pat: ulele umfazi wakho?

-is your wife sleeping?

Me: ewe ulele.

-yes she's sleeping.

Pat: oh.

She looked at Mbali from head to toe who asked to be excused. She then walked into her bedroom which she shares with my brother and then Pat gave me the stare of death.

Pat: jonga wena Luphelo. Cheat on my daughter and I will pluck those perfect eyebrows of yours one by one until you bleed and then castrate you. Once I'm done I will crucify your ass but you won't wake up after 3 days it will take you straight to death so you can burn in hell where the rest of the cheaters of this world go.

I swallowed.

Me: yes ma'am.

She calmed down so I took my food and went to eat in the living room away from her.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was not feeling well in the morning so Luphelo told me that he was going to make breakfast on my behalf. He made cheesy bacon omelettes with some fries and guacamole on the side. The family was happy.

After breakfast, I decided I was going to stay at home instead of going to work so I called into work to let them know that I was not coming in due to pregnancy related sicknesses. I then stayed at home with my mother who was packing her bags and Luphelo's mother.

Me: uyephi uMbali?

-where did Mbali go?

Ma: ndimkhathalele ngantoni?

-what do I care?

Mommy: Yaz andithandi ukuhleba ngabantu Kodwa andimthandi la Mbali.

-you know I don't like gossiping about people but I don't like that Mbali.

Ma: unento no jongana no Pabbles wam ezithulele usana lwam.

-she has a thing with my Pabbles, my quiet baby.

Me: ukba uyakwazi ukwenza lento akaselo sana Ma.

-if he can do this then he's no longer a baby.

I rubbed my belly and she and mom laughed.

Ma: our babies grow up so fast.

Mommy: true. Kodwa Yaz ndi bone intwendi ngaythandanga Izolo ebusuku. Lo Mbali was coming onto u Luphelo.

-but yesterday night I saw something I didn't like.

Me: what?! What did she do?

Mommy: she was just... Flirtatious. Even took his sandwiches and then tried to kiss him... I don't know if it was playful or what but... I don't like it.

Ma: I really can't risk having another rift between my sons. I'm already left with the mess Luyanda created between him and Luphelo so Hlalumi I think I need to take you out of your bridal clothes so you guys can go home. Ngoba if I tell Luthando Mbali needs to leave too he's going to think I don't like her.

Mommy: but Louisa kuse early for ukhululisa uHlalumi. And uzabe umkhululisa for what? A loose woman? Luphelo funeka ake ambuke umfazi wakhe xaye nxibe impahla zakhe.

-it's still early to strip Hlalumi. And what will you be stripping her for... Luphelo needs time to admire his wife whilst she's wearing her clothing.

Ma: unyanisile. Funeka ndike ndi thethe no Lubango ake abone icebo lokuba gxotha ngoba kuzo shuba eke uLuthando wayazi ngalento.

-you're right. I have to talk to Lubango so he can come up with a plan to get them out because it's going to go down if Luthando knows about this.

She bit her lip as my mother and I continued packing.

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After dropping Mommy off, I received a call from my Husband. It's the best feeling in the world when that caller ID "YOUR HUSBAND" pops up on the screen of my monitor so I answered whilst driving.

Me: husband?

Luphelo: hey uphi ngoku?

-where are you now?

Me: ndiya kwa gqirha.

-I'm going to the doctor.

Luphelo: oh how do you feel?

Me: ndiya ghula baby andikabi right. Kodwa sizobona ukuba ugqirha uzothini.

-I'm sick baby I haven't been alright yet. But we will see what the doctor is going to say.

Luphelo: ndicela zubuyele kum keh.

-please get back at me.

Me: okay baby.

Luphelo: ndiya themba ukuba awughuliswa si stress so msebenzi. I said I will work this shit out Majama.

-I hope it's not work stress that's making you sick.

I exhaled.

Me: maybe I have been over thinking it just a bit. I don't know why Khuselo is making my life a living hell.

Luphelo: ndiyayazi mna.

-I know.

Me: why?

Luphelo: awuzond hleka kuqhala if ndikxelele?

-won't you laugh at me if I tell you?

Me: No sthandwa sam I won't.

Luphelo: une crush kum lomjita. Wandixelela last Valentines before mna nawe sidibane wandithumelela I basket yonke ene chocolate qhonda hehake.

-this guy has a crush on me.. He told me last Valentines before you and I met and sent me an entire basket with chocolates and I thought what the hell.

I broke my promise and laughed hysterically. I didn't know that Khuselo is gay.

Luphelo: yazbona ke?

He sulked. I just couldn't get the thought of Luphelo receiving a basket full of chocolates from another man.

Me: did he send a letter?

Luphelo: yeah Tshayiwe wethu lo Letter leyo. Aloqe gqhiba andi nyise nge quote ka Shakespeare. Gqhiba wathi ndisi stove esiku 6 lamjita ndaxakwa.

I laughed so hard at this whole thing. It made my day.

Me: so why is he mad at me and not you?

Luphelo: he gets an attitude with everyone linked to me lamntu he hated Zim too.

We continued talking until I arrived at the hospital.

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The doctor confirmed that I was stressed so he referred me to a psychologist but I knew I didn't want to see one so I just agreed to everything just so that he could let me go. He gave me a prescription for a supplement and a Panado but that was it. After work, I went to visit Sihle so we stayed in my car and spoke whilst eating the food I bought.

Me: Yaz ke uLuphelo knew I was with you yesterday and he actually didn't mind which was surprising.

Sihle: I wonder kujike ntoni.

-what changed.

Me: andazi. But that's the least of my worries. Some nigga is trying to get me fired emsebenzini and ndine stress. I was even sick today ngenxa ye stress.

-because of stress.

Sihle: come on Ncumo you don't need a job.

Me: ndicela undibize Hlalumi torho.

-please call me Hlalumi.

I pleaded with a smile and she laughed.

Sihle: watsho Majama1 EC fondin. But okay Hlalumi. You don't need that job. Your man can afford to provide for you.

Me: since when have we been those girls who are reliant on a man?

Sihle: touche. I just wanna get married too you know. I think what you and Luphelo have is special. I still have his memory card that he lent me and I saw your video. Sure thing was playing in the background and that's when it really hit me that you guys genuinely love each other. King Jama is gonna have the childhood we never had.

Me: enkosi chomi. But... Any

Progress with your father?

Sihle: yeah... He took me to mom's grave yesterday. Luphelo yena wayendi jamela qho xandim cela athi "andinoya apho noba sekuthiwa ndizo batalwa".

-Luphelo used to give me the ugly look everytime I asked him and he would say "I wouldn't go there even if I'm going to get paid".

I giggled.

Me: but rightfully so. He takes things to heart a lot.

Sihle: yeah but... I needed that and I'm happy he gave it to me.

Me: yeah... My father... Mxm nigga still doesn't check up on me. It's like we never met all over again.

Sihle: maskhale chomi.

-let's cry friend.

Me: masiye.

-let's go.

We laughed before literally crying about our problems.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

My wife was sick so I decided to go buy a weave for her just to make her feel a little bit better so I went to Crystal Studio Hair and all that glitter and feathers was just too much for me but I had to get through it.

Her: hi sir how can I help you?

Me: ndicela sithethe isiXhosa sisi rha English bundles zi depleted.

-can we please speak isiXhosa my English bundles have depleted.

She laughed but I was dead serious. I had back to back meetings since 9 am so my word count had been exceeded. God gives Xhosa people a certain amount of English words to use and I had exceeded that limit.

Her: Akukho nxaki.. Ndingaku nceda nganton?

-no problem. What can I help you with?

Me: ndicela Eza nwele zenu.

-can I please have those hair of yours.

Her: ibe ngakanani?

-how long must it be?

Me: ibende.

-long.

Her: ewe kalok but ibende ka ngakanani? 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 or 32 inches?

-yes but how long must it be?

I became dumb.

Me: yhooo... Sapha u 24 ke.

-give me 24.

It was a random pick because she told me she has 14 and 18 inches once. So maybe 24 will be fine.

Her: okay... Which Grade?

Me: yhoo... Andazi give me the best one.

Her: okay 11A. Which type of hair?

Me: yhoo... Human?

Her: zonke zi human kalok besingazo thengisa Eze animal nathi.

-all of them are human we weren't going to sell animal hair.

Me: nwele zase Dubai ke.

-hair From Dubai then.

Her: azikho.

-we don't have them.

Me: give me curly hair.

Her: okay.

She went to the back and then came back with three bundles and what they call a closure. She made me touch the hair to feel the quality and I didn't understand what is so deep about choosing hair ladies. I paid for that hair and then walked out with her gift.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My husband arrived at home when I was still sleeping so he kneeled down in front of my bedside and woke me up gently. He knows that waking me up is totally fine because I don't really like sleeping.

Me: baby? You're late.

I said as I took my phone from beneath my pillow and then looking at the time.

Luphelo: yeah ndiqale eSummers then I came home and you know how the peak hour is.

Me: okay. What were you doing at Summerstrand?

Luphelo: I just thought this would give you a speedy recovery.

He handed me the plastic bag and I screamed before even opening the plastic bag because I knew my baby went and copped me some hair. I sat upright and I was so excited as I took out the bundles from the plastic bag.

Me: baby thank you so much!!

I said before putting the bundles aside and then tongue kissing him. After the kiss, he kissed my belly then back to my forehead whilst I played with those inches.

Me: baby this hair is so cute. How did you know what to buy?

Luphelo: I just guessed everything and hoped for the best.

Me: Iza ke ndizok fundisa ngo ketha I weave.

-come then so I can teach you about choosing weaves.

Luphelo: baby ha.a ndi bamba rhou mna kalok ndizothi ebantwini kutheni ndizazi kangaka intoze nwele?

-baby no I catch on quickly so what am I going to say to people is the reason why I know hair so much?

Me: because you have a wife. Please.

I sulked so he undressed and then climbed into bed and sat in between my legs and I explained to him the grading system, how selecting length works and what type of hair to choose. I also educated him about choosing the right closure and he just couldn't stop saying "baphela ubudoda bam" in between my sentences. We heard a frantic knock on the door before Lusanda decided to fuck it and open up. She was crying hysterically and she was pink in the face.

Lusanda: xolo ngo phazamisa Kodwa Luphelo... uBhuti use sbhedlele. Bekwi car accident.

-I'm sorry to interrupt but Luphelo... Big Brother is in hospital. He was in a car accident.

Luphelo's face went from happy to borderline about to lose his mind as Luthando also came into the room with swollen eyes too.

Luphelo: usenathi?

-is he still with us?

Luthando: yeah. But he's in a critical condition.

Luphelo: ngoku simele ntoni apha masambeni?

-so what are we standing here for let's go.

He said as he tried to walk out but they told him he must get dressed. He forgot he wasn't so I also wore my tracksuit before the whole family including the parents walked out to Luphelo's car.

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The drive to the hospital was emotional. My mother in law was crying hysterically in the backseat and Lusanda and I tried our best to comfort her but she wasn't calming down at all.

Ma: ngu mntana wam wokqhala lowana. Thixo angaku linge.

-that's my first child. God must not dare.

Lusanda: Mama uzoba right uBhuti subana stress uzazi une high blood.

-mom big brother will be okay don't stress knowing you have high blood.

Ma calmed down a bit so I passed her a tissue. I looked at Luphelo who was driving and he was stressed too because he was driving with his left hand balled against his mouth. Meaning that he was deep in thought.

We arrived at the hospital and we went to the waiting room where Luyanda's wife was. She cried when she saw Ma so they hugged.

Ma: kwenzeke ntoni?

-what happened?

Madlamini: besi xabene so ndathi mna Maka hambe. Wahamba naye... I didn't even mean it. Waske wangena kwi ngozi. Ndiyazi Sola Ma.

-we argued so I told him to leave. And he left... And then got into an accident. I regret myself.

She cried and Lusanda comforted her.

Lusanda: bungenoyazi sisi ukuba ibizokwenzeka lento. Don't blame yourself.

-you couldn't have known that this is going to happen.

Ma: ayikho lento uyithethayo Lusanda. Ibiyintoni egxothisa uLuyanda endlini yakhe kwaku qhala? Zithi kanti le drama yakho ibulele unyana wam uzondazi Madlamini.

-there's no such thing as what you're saying Luanda. Why would you banish Luyanda from his own house? If it turns out that your drama killed my son you will know me.

Luthando: Mama hayi.

-mom no.

Ma went to sit down and we all followed just to cool ourselves down. Madlamini told us that the doctor said we aren't allowed to see him yet so we all sat and waited. Sihle came into the waiting room looking distraught and Luphelo looked up when he saw her.

Sihle: is he okay?

She asked.

Madlamini: he's still alive baby girl.

She nodded so Sihle looked around for a place to sit but every seat was occupied.

Luphelo: izohlala phezkwam Sihle.

-come sit on top of me.

The look she gave Luphelo made most of the family cry because that's when everything felt real since forgiveness was involved. She walked over to him and then sat on his lap and leaned into his chest. This moment was emotional for everyone involved so I asked if anyone would like anything to make them feel better so they requested drinks, water and even some sweets so Lusanda and I went to buy them from Dulce Café inside the hospital. When we came back, the doctor had allowed us all to see him.

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We followed the doctor into Luyanda's waiting room. He looked really bad but at least he was awake.

Sihle: Tata u Right?

-Dad are you alright?

She asked whilst wiping her face.

Luyanda: ndi right just tired.

Sihle: please don't leave me. I don't want to be an orphan.

Luphelo wiped the tears which fell from his eyes when she said that.

Luyanda: awuzobayiyo anytime soon.

-you won't be one.

She kissed his forehead and then Luyanda looked at all of us.

Luyanda: andizofa sanuba depressed.

-I'm not going to die don't be depressed.

Senior: siyavuya ukbona nyana.

-we are happy to see you son.

Luyanda: Enkosi Timer.

-thank you Dad.

He looked at Luphelo.

Luyanda: Pabbles mminawa... Sukhala ndizoba right.

-Pabbles little brother... Don't cry I'm going to be alright.

He was so caught up in his own feelings that he couldn't reply so he just nodded.

Luyanda: ndicela undixolele ngalento ndiyenzileyo kuwe. I don't deserve your forgiveness but not talking to you sucks ntwana Uyayazi I fucked up and let fear and irresponsibility get the best of me but ndiyakthanda Ntando. Sakhumbula Mama kuze uPabbles zayemncinci zandi goduka early kuze ndizokwazi uzomphatha?

-please forgive me for what I did to you... But I love you last born. Remember Mom when Pabbles was little I used to come home early so that I could hold him?

The parents and Luthando and Lusanda laughed at that memory. They remembered.

Ma: umshiyele nokutya kwakho oku qinileyo ngoku Luphelo engena mazinyo.

-and you would leave your solid food for him although Luphelo didn't have teeth.

We giggled.

Luyanda: I'm sorry.

Luphelo: nam ndiyaxolisa.

-I'm sorry too.

Luyanda: I love you bro.

Luphelo: I love you too.

The eldest and youngest brother hugged their bullshit out in an emotional exchange that made Luthando cry too. Their mother came to kiss her sons who reconciled and asked them to never forsake one another no matter what and they agreed.

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Luyanda fell asleep so the family had to leave.

Sihle: Makhulu may I please spend the night at your house?

Ma: ewe mntanam. Uzolala kwi room ka Tatakho.

-yes my child. You will sleep in your Dads room.

Sihle: enkosi Makhulu.

-thank you granny.

Ma: ucele uManci wakho aku lungiselele athi make sure I clean.

-ask your Aunt to fix the room for you and make sure it's clean.

They laughed.

Me: kunjalo ngoku? Okay.

-it's like that now.

Sihle: relax mntase I won't use you.

She said as she held my hand and we walked to the car. The family climbed in but we had to wait for Luthando and Luphelo who accompanied Madlamini to her car. Then they came back and Luphelo took the driver's seat.

Luphelo: akhomntu funa ukutya?

-doesn't anyone want food?

Lusanda: yeah I need wings after this.

The whole family agreed on wings.

Luphelo: wena baby uzotya nto? Intozi fana ne wings azikho right for umntanam.

-baby what are you gonna eat? Things like wings aren't good for my child.

Me: nzoske nditye endlini ke maybe make a sandwich.

-I'll just eat at home then.

Luphelo: okay.

He started the car and then drove out of the parking lot. We went to KFC where the wings were bought and I chose to have ice cream before we went home.

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At home Sihle, Lusanda and I chilled in Sihle's new bedroom whilst eating food.

Me: are you okay now chomi?

Sihle: I'm trying. I was so afraid of losing him.

Lusanda: you won't baby. Luyanda is a strong son of a bitch.

We laughed.

Me: I feel so sorry for Madlamini though. I don't know how I would have felt if that was my husband lying there.

Lusanda: you would have still been horny. Him too. I think the last word out of Luphelo's mouth would be "impundu".

Sihle and I both laughed.

Sihle: the accuracy.

Me: yho guys that man loves to fuck. I don't know what's his problem.

Sihle: same as Bulelani Yaz.

Lusanda: Xhanti as well and I'm not even energetic in the bedroom. I only do missionary.

Me: damn. I do everything but anal. I don't want to make him used to fucking an anus and then all of a sudden he's playing for both teams I can't.

They laughed.

Sihle: so you don't mind riding? I just think that position is uncomfortable.

Me: it is but my husband grabs my ass and controls how deep I go. When I wanna be in control I use my knees to help me support how deep I get it. But make sure you use lube when you want to ride a grown dick.

Lusanda: uthi his dick isn't a mama's baby.

Me: siskhali esikhala kahle.

-it's a great weapon.

We all laughed.

Lusanda: teach me how to move my waist when I'm on top Hlalumi.

Me: Okay. Whose gonna be The Finisher?

Lusanda: Sihle since she has his eyes and lips.

Me: okay. So I like to start by giving him a blow job right...so suck your man's dick while making eye contact with his ass. Don't cut his ecstasy short so ask him questions but not too many... Ask him how it feels... Ask him if he's feeling it... Ask him what he wants... What he wants to see you do... And if his answers show you he's still enjoying it... Give him extra time maybe 2 minutes or 3. Then once you are done...climb on his lap and let him see you. Stand on your knees upright and let him see your body. Let him see you naked... Then lean in for that kiss. Make sure his penis is laying flat so you can slide on it with your pussy that will stimulate his shaft right. After the kiss which shouldn't turn into a full on make out session... Take him and then put him inside you... Keep your hands on his shoulders and ease on it.

Make sure you're comfortable and then use your waist to guide you... Grind on it. Move your waist in small imaginary circles... Make eye contact with that delicious muthafucker and if you feel a bit tired... Bounce a bit but don't throw your weight around. Just bounce gracefully and make him grab your ass..

I said whilst taking Sihle's hands and then putting them on my ass. The door opened and Luthando came in. The sight of me grinding on Sihle freaked him out so he walked back out in the funniest manner.

Luphelo: ujikelani?

-why are you turning back?

Luthando: uyatyelwa kula room Mninawa masijike.

-someone is eating from your plate in that room little brother let us turn back.

They were talking in the passage.

We laughed as Lumphelo came in, saw what Luthando saw and then bit his lip.

Lumphelo: Sihle akhange simlasele keh lo Makoti.

-Sihle we didn't go 50\50 on this bride.

We laughed.

Sihle: hay Kodwa Tanci she come onto me because I have the same eyes and lips as you.

Lusanda: it's funny how you look more like him than your own Dad. I don't understand this DNA shit. I can't imagine carrying a baby for 9 months then he comes out looking like Luthando.

Luthando: hay ngoba kutheni?

-why?

Lusanda: remember the conclusion you drew as to why you weren't molested. You were right.

The three of them laughed. It must be an inside joke that was a bit distasteful for me. Such things aren't a joke but maybe it was a way for them to cope and heal.

Luthando: ndimbi Pabbles fethu?

-am I ugly?

Lumphelo: u gorgeous Mkhuluwa.

Luthando: yabona?

-you see.

He boasted as Lumphelo came to sit on the bed.

Lumphelo: what time are we going to the hospital tomorrow?

Luthando: I think we can make 6pm visiting hours.

Me: yeah he's right. We should bring food for him though. What's his favorite.

Lusanda: amanqina.

-chicken feet.

Lumphelo: ade awatye ne sauce.

-he even eats them with sauce.

We laughed and bonded over stories of how Luyanda takes chicken feet as a serious Delicacy and even sprinkles them with spices imported from international restaurants. Mbali came into the room and didn't say a word to anybody. She just sat down next to Luthando and looked at everybody, creating an awkward silence.

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The awkward silence caused by Mbali's presence was so loud that someone had to do something about it.

Sihle: uhm... Hey Mbali.

Mbali: hi.

Lusanda: hay Kodwa why are we greeting you Kodwa you came into our space?

Luthando: Lusanda..

Lusanda: hay bhuti andi khathali noba sixabene but we can't turn a blind eye to such behavior kalok tyhini.

-no brother I don't care even if we argue.

Mbali: oh hay molweni ke.

-greetings then.

Lusanda: you're late.

Luphelo looked at me and he tipped his head to the left indicating that we should go to our bedroom. I nodded so we got up and said our goodbyes to them before walking back to our bedroom. I locked.

Me: Luphelo what the hell is wrong with Mbali?

Luphelo: inoba une stress sika Snapchat wethu lomntu I filter yasuka engeka foti. Andazi kutheni ubuza mna.

-maybe she has stress over Snapchat and her filter came off before she took a picture. I don't know why you are asking me.

Me: are you sure her attitude has nothing to do with the fact that she maybe wants you?

Luphelo: is that what your mother told you?

Me: yes. Luphelo sitshatile. If a bitch tries to kiss you funeka undi xelele so I can get her in line ngoba you are my husband.

Luphelo: baby I didn't tell you because I didn't know what to make of it. And andimfuni... Nditshatile... I'm happy and I don't want drama since we live in the same house. If we didn't live in the same house ebendizak hlebela.

-I don't want her. I'm married.

I smiled.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: sulinda kalok Majama.

-don't be jealous.

Me: ndiyekile.

-I'm done.

Luphelo: phakama Mkam bakbone. Izapha kumnyeni wakho.

-stand up my wife so they can see you. Come to your husband.

I giggled shyly. I went to him and he hugged me. I think this man enjoys hugging me more than kissing me or maybe even having sex with me.

Luphelo: I didn't marry you to frustrate you. I did this Because I love you and I want my love to keep you happy always. So relax Ntikazi no one will change what we have.

He leaned in for a kiss and I reached to meet him halfway. He wrapped his arms around my waist just to offer me stability. He took my jacket off whilst I took his hoodie off and then I pulled his pants down and gave him a hand job as we made out. I took off my track pants and when I was in my panties... I pushed him onto the dressing table where he sat down and I rode his dick in reverse cowgirl. My husband was moaning, I was moaning and the sound of our pleasures coming together felt beyond amazing. He came so I took the towel this time and wiped myself. I then went to bed with him where we spoke and had more sex. Sometimes I feel like that's all we ever do but I was not in anyway complaining.

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Sihle made breakfast in the morning so I thanked her for helping me. So we all gathered around the dinner table as normal and ate.

Luthando: so family Mbali and I are moving out today.

Senior: niyaphi?

-where are you going?

Luthando: siyohlala eHumewood kalok.

-we are going to live at Humewood.

Lusanda: did you even get Luphelo's permission?

Luthando: ungenaphi wena?

-and where do you fit?

Lusanda: hay ndenzba this is an open conversation because you will be an inconvenience to my brother.

Luthando: he's my brother too fondin Yinton na wena waba ngu Mamjiji?

For those who don't know, Mamjiji is a witch on the South African comedy movie production "Madliputhu".

Ma: anibadala.

-you are so grown.

Mbali: I think now is the time to ask Luphelo for permission babe.

She looked at Luphelo who was still deep in his thoughts so he was caught off guard by the question.

Luphelo: uthini?

-what are you saying?

Mbali: can we live in your house?

Luphelo: buza umfazi wam.

-ask my wife.

He sent the eyes to my direction.

Me: uhm...nizohlala ixesha elingakanani?

-how long are you going to stay?

Luthando: a month maximum.

Me: uhm okay... That's fine. Right baby?

Luphelo: andinanto mna Hlalumi. If it's fine with you, it's fine with me.

-I have nothing.

Family: Ncoooh.

Senior: hay Hlalumi ndakncoma uyalikwazi iyheza. Ubethe unyana wam wasisi yoyoyo. Rha uLuphelo wonke abenje? Yayingena ntliziyo lento le.

-no Hlalumi I have to give it to you, you know how to use a potion. You made my son a weakling. An entire Luphelo is like this now? This thing was heartless.

We chuckled.

Luphelo: Sihle akumelanga use Rhodes ngok wena?

-aren't you supposed to be at Rhodes right now?

Sihle: I'm dropping out Tanci.

Luphelo: why? Is it money?

His face flushed.

Sihle: No... I have time to do this LLB degree. Right now I'm gonna use my BA degree to find a job as maybe an economist-

Luphelo: uzosokola because imagine in an interview I show up with a Diploma in Economics or a solid Degree in Economics and you show up with a BA degree where you majored in economics... Who is gonna get the job? Me right?

Sihle exhaled.

Sihle: I know but it's worth a try.

Luphelo: ndicela ufunde mntaka bhuti. Nzokwenzela ne assignments. We can video call for hours whilst you study as long as you go back to school.

-please study my brother's child. I will even do your assignments for you.

I saw a smile creep up on my best friends face before she nodded.

Sihle: okay.

Luphelo: yeah?

Sihle: yeah. I will go back.

Luphelo: thank you.

Ma wiped her eyes because it brought her the most joy to know that her sons were looking out for each other's kids. I was also emotional because I have always imagined Sihle and my future husband getting along... But what I didn't expect was them to become family and for him to motivate her to study further. I sent him a text telling him that I am proud of him and he replied with a smiley face.

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Luphelo and I arrived at work and we had to meet with the board regarding this issue of my job.

Martin: good morning to all board members of JC. This meeting is about the fate of our business administrator Mrs Ncumo Jama. Who as you could all guess is the wife of our CEO Mr Luphelo Jama. An employee raised a complaint stating that Mr Jama has been blindly agreeing to every idea and/or suggestion brought forth by his wife Ncumo without considering the effects that it

might have on the company. He believes that they have acted against the company's code of conduct by being romantically linked and that they hid their relationship because they were aware of the fact that it conflicts with the companies policies and above all things, he hired her because they were already dating by then. So Mr Jama what do you have to say about that?

Luphelo was so chilled about this whole thing although I was sweating because I love my job and I don't want to start over elsewhere.

Luphelo: Out of everything you have mentioned, this employee was right about one thing: that Ncumo is my wife. Everything else is his personal assumption because I hid my relationship with Ncumo because it conflicted with my family life. My wife is the best friend of my niece... Who I was led to believe is my daughter. So yes I fell in love with her at that time and Sihle is the reason why we kept our love as a secret. Not this company. And I don't blindly accept her ideas... I put thought and consideration first before accepting and if you don't believe that then I think we need to check spreadsheets and not ego's. Ncumo brought in more money in a single month than you all did in a 3 months time span whilst she's pregnant. How can we possibly want to discard such an asset all because of code of conduct?

Vince: a code of conduct is a code of conduct Mr Jama. We cannot keep changing or bending the rules whenever we see fit.

Luphelo: that policy was introduced to keep employees from favoring one another or from endangering the company's interests by refusing to work together should they break up. You don't have to worry about that with us and I can't believe we are just going to ignore Ncumo's work in this company. She has changed company processes to ensure we put minimum input but get maximum output. That's why our profits have been so

Unbelievable. She suggested that we manufacture our own products which have sold quite well to other construction companies and has made us spend less on materials because we have our own.

Dave: she is still your wife. Things may be good now but we don't know until when.

Luphelo: okay I'm losing my temper right now Because I don't know why you are more concerned about withholding a code of conduct over business. We are all here to make money not to make sure that every rule on that piece of paper is followed. This is Jama Constructions. It's a sole proprietorship. You all remember what I told you when you funded me I said this is my show and you are just funding my production. So if my wife walks I tear this whole bitch down, pay back the money you used to fund me and you all end up jobless then I send a copy of the code of conduct in your postbox at 12 pm in the afternoon and you are gonna get it cos you'll be at home. Then my wife and I will move to JLS and I make an example of what I do to people who think with their emotions rather than with sense. So... Let's vote. Anyone in favor of Mrs Jama staying please raise your hand.

Everyone raised their hands and then Luphelo smiled.

Luphelo: good. I suppose we owe Ncumo a round of applause.

They gave it to me reluctantly but I was happy regardless.

Luphelo: meeting adjourned.

He said before we all stood up and then walked out. He walked out behind me and grabbed my ass. I suppose that was his way of telling me that I owe him what he just touched.

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°° Mballi's perspective °°

Luthando hired an Uber to take our belongings from the Jama household to Lumphelo's Humewood condo. When I arrived there I was in awe... This place was sick. It was the perfect place for a bachelor to live and I could already imagine how many bitches he fucked in this place. I could only imagine how his house in Bluewater Bay looks if him and his wife could be willing to let us move into this place.

I already gave my best friend Gloria the directions to the condo so she knocked on the door when she arrived and I opened.

Gloria: heyyyy chomi.

Me: heyyy friend. Look at this place.

Gloria: haibo mnge does your man live here?

Me: my man? Mxm lowo he is still looking for a place. Was even talking about Central just imagine the danger of that place.

Gloria: chomi it's still a suburban area nje.

Me: a dangerous one chomi I can't have to look around when I go home kalok.

Gloria: true. So whose place is this?

Me: it's his brother's place. Chomi he is not even a yellowbone but he's handsome. And he's loaded... Yaz I need to be honest with you because I haven't been in a while.

Gloria: I'm listening.

Me: So I started following his wife on Instagram ... She's like 21 and he's 33. But anyway... He got her a Range Rover just for falling pregnant.

Gloria: what?!!

Me: yes... Just for falling pregnant. Imagine what she's going to get for giving birth.

Gloria: Lamborghini kalok.

We laughed.

Me: but she's a spoilt ass wife the other day she got hair just because she was sick. So I was like lemme use the brother to get into this family... And then maybe have an affair with him so I can get money too. I'm tired of being with pensioners.

She laughed.

Gloria: Mbali but now you will be using brothers. That's wrong.

Me: No I will just dump Luthando and then make silent moves on his brother. Luthando already squashed a beef with his brother I don't Wanna put him through another. I'm a thoughtful hoe.

Gloria: what if he doesn't want you?

Me: and say no to all this ass? Impossible.

We laughed as I took her on a tour of the condo.

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The family went to visit Luyanda in the evening and we brought food: 2 McDonald's Share boxes and one from Steers along with some snacks.

Luyanda: benizofa kanene ukuba benihleli I hour ningatyanga.

-you were going to die if you went an hour without eating.

Luthando: qondile.

-true.

Luyanda: ndizotya nton ke ngoku mna ngoba andimthandi McDonald's or Steers?

-what am I going to eat since I don't like McDonald's or Steers?

Lusanda took out his lunchbox with his chicken feet and the way the family hyped this whole thing was funny.

Luyanda: Ngama nqina anga bantase?

-are these chicken feet my siblings?

Luthando: amanqina with a side of Greek sour cream with Italian cheese.

The siblings laughed before Luyanda gave Luphelo a fist bump. He opened his lunchbox and then ate excitedly whilst we ate our food too.

Sihle: Tata ndizobuyela eskolweni ke.

-Dad I'm going back to school.

Luyanda: uTanci wakho khangela avume usiyeke isikolo ne?

-your uncle didn't allow you to leave school right?

Sihle nodded and Luyanda giggled.

Luyanda: yeah uncedile Mninawa. She wouldn't listen to me.

-you helped little brother.

Luphelo: andifuni ibendim ndedwa one degree ezimbini kule family.

-I don't want to be the only one with two degrees in this family.

Sihle: yeses.

-God damn.

Luyanda: nanko.

-there he goes.

Luphelo: ningandi thakathi torho. Xolweni.

-please don't bewitch me. I'm sorry.

Me: aniwa thandi amagqwirha kule family.

-you love witches in this family.

Lusanda: bruh.

We laughed. It was a vibe. One that was interrupted by Nolwazi's visit.

Nolwazi: molweni.

Ma: ufuna ntoni keh ngoku wena? Luyanda usadyola neliphela?

-what do you want? Luyanda are you still dating this cockroach?

Luyanda: hayi Mama andimazi ufuna ntoni apha lomntu.

-no Mom I don't know what this person is doing here.

Nolwazi: ndizok bona Luyanda. Sisadyola sukundi phika.

-I'm here to see you Luyanda. We are still dating don't deny me.

Sihle: Makazi ndicela uyeke uTata torho we are trying to be happy.

-Aunt please leave Dad alone.

She looked at all of us.

Nolwazi: fine.

She walked back out before Luyanda received a lecture from his family.

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Once visitation hours had ended, we said our goodbyes to Luyanda who looked emotional that we were all leaving. The doctor said he was healing rapidly and that he credits the enormous support he was receiving from his family for that.

Luphelo: baby ndicela ugoduse I family yam and then mna ndizo godusa oLuthando.

-please take my family home and I'll take Luthando (and Mbali) home.

Me: ufuna mna ndiku yeke uhambe nala bitch?

-you want me to let you go with that bitch?

Luphelo: we won't be alone Nkosikazi yhini na? Noba beku njalo...andimfuni uMbali. Ndifuna wena.

-even if it was like that... I don't want Mbali. I want you.

Me: No Luphelo this is too much. What do I have to do in the meantime while I wait for you to come back?

That was a dumb question.

Luphelo: ndikthumelele uCandy Crush?

-must I send Candy Crush for you?

I gave him the stare of death.

Luphelo: unless you want someone else to drive your Range Rover then hey... I don't mind asking you to come with us and then maybe Sihle can drive your Rover.

Me: Let her drive your Beamer home then we all take my Range Rover to Humewood.

Luphelo: okay Maka Kumkani. Izand phuze intoyam.

-let me kiss what's mine.

Me: ndaythanda indlela othetha nam ngayo bonanje.

-I love the way you speak to me.

He giggled before we kissed. He had his arm around my waist then he kissed my forehead. I realised it was dumb to want to keep tabs on a man who is clearly in love with me so I decided to chill.

Me: okay yeka I will drive the family home.. You can go.

Luphelo: okay. Ningalali no Kumkani ndiyabuya.

-don't you and Kumkani fall asleep I'm coming back.

Me: sure. Drive safely.

Luphelo: nawe Majama.

He said before walking to his Beamer and I walked to my Rover.

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I called my mother when I got home.

Mommy: hey.

Me: hi. Are you okay?

Mommy: couldn't be Better. How are things going that side?

Me: I'm okay. My baby kicked. Even kicked his Dad in the face.

Mom laughed.

Mommy: umntana ubonile he needs one after his encounter with that girl.

I exhaled.

Me: Mama when are you gonna let that go? It's not like he kissed her.

Mommy: yeah but what would have happened if I didn't walk in.

I swallowed.

Me: Mom I'm pregnant, okay? I really don't want to be imagining things about my husband that are going to stress me. He said nothing happened and he doesn't want her... I'm sticking to that until he gives me a reason to believe otherwise that's beyond your speculation.

Mommy: fair enough. I apologise because Kakade it didn't look like a set up for a make out session but what I will say is this... You have a sexual husband. He loves you but he's sexual.

Me: and that's where I come in Mama as his wife. To make sure he's satisfied. Please don't make me distrust him.

Mommy: fine... I'm sorry.

Me: can we please talk about what happened to you?

Sihle came into my bedroom and sat on my bed.

Mommy: no Hlalumi... Yaz Yinton? Good night.

-you know what?

She hung up and I exhaled.

Sihle: everything alright?

I nodded.

Me: Yaz Mom is putting these ideas in my head about I don't know... My husband maybe cheating. And I never really thought of him like that because he's such a great husband but... This Mbali wants him and you see what she's like... She's Faith Nketsi 2.0 and I can't compete with that.

Sihle: she wants him and you guys aren't gonna tell Luthando?

Me: yeah she tried to kiss him but it's not our place to tell.

Sihle: Cynthia is exactly like Mbali but Luphelo never fucked her... Okay she's a bit smaller but still she's sexy. And Nolwazi actually thought this was funny... Uthi Luphelo said to her "hlambi uqhele amadoda akuleqayo Kodwa mna Ndiyi ndoda ka Ncumo". That stuck with me.

-maybe you are used to men who run after you but I'm Ncumo's man.

I teared up.

Me: really?

She nodded so giggled whilst rubbing my belly.

Me: uvile Kumie uTatakho uthini kwezi bitches? Uthi yena uyindoda ka Mamakho.

-Kumie did you hear what your father says to these bitches? He says he's your Moms man.

Sihle laughed.

Sihle: chomi I just wanna say I'm sorry for everything. I love you and I want you to be happy. I guess without you I wouldn't have had the relationship that I have with the family now. So Thank you.

Me: I don't wanna be emotional but... I'm sorry too. Sleeping with your "father" was not cool. None of that was... But I am glad we forgive each other and are still friends after everything. Its through you what I am living this life so thank you so much.

We hugged.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

My wife left the hospital first with my family but my brother and I stayed behind with Mbali in the car. Luthando had a phone call from a colleague who told him he was at Cape Road and would like to take him out for dinner. Luthando agreed and said he would be taking a plus one... Of

which Mbali rejected the offer and said she would like to sleep. I knew why she declined... A girl like Mbali doesn't just "sleep". So I looked at my wedding ring and exhaled. Yaxoka uMbali my marriage will not go down like this.

So we left Luthando behind and then I started the car. I drove out of the parking lot and made my way to Humewood with Mbali in the passenger seat.

Mbali: I just want to thank you for allowing us to use your condo.

Me: uvunyelwe ngu mfazi wam nje.

-my wife allowed you though.

Mbali: true but she couldn't say no to your family.

Me: maybe she doesn't know that yet but... She can.

Mbali: okay. Intle... I wonder how many bitches you have fucked there.

I laughed but she was really expecting an answer.

Me: let's say about 6.

Mbali: wanna make it 7?

Me: no... Uhm I'm Good. I get enough action at home..and I would assume that applies for you since you're in a relationship... With my brother.

Mbali: your brother is a sweetheart and all but he's no you. Luphelo

I think you're the type of man that most women want to get married to. Une Mali... Umhle... Unomzimba o right... You're funny, smart... And awuno thunywa ice nguwe othuma abantu I ice. Luthando isn't that. And as much as I love him... A man like you is what I need. Uyandi bona Mos ndi njani mna.

She enhanced her face by pouting slightly and then flashing her cleavage which made me hard. I kept telling myself to relax before my dick swells and betrays me in front of her.

Me: k.

She laughed.

Mbali: you're trying so hard to control yourself. Breathe.

Me: bandi funi?

-what if I don't want to.

Mbali: then you will die without knowing how warm my pussy is.

Me: aytsalanga.

-that's no stretch.

I lied. It was a fucking stretch but I'm married. I sped through the cars trying to get to the condo quickly. When I arrived I exhaled so I climbed out of the car and walked her to the door. Just so she can be safe.

Mbali: thanks for the... Dangerous ride.

Me: yeah.

Mbali: not even a hug?

I hugged her and the weird ass trick had her arms around my waist and her hands in my pocket.

Me: Mbali get your hands out of my pockets.

Mbali: I'm sorry that's how I hug . Good night.

Me: good night.

I walked back to my car and she walked into the condo. I made a promise to myself that I need to tell my brother the truth about this girl so I called him and he didn't pick up and left him a voicemail: Mkhuluwa it's me Luphelo. I need to tell you something mfowethu it's important. Text me when you get this.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My man came home in the evening so he kissed my forehead and then fell asleep next to me. I really didn't feel like having sex so I was happy when he just fell asleep and expected nothing from me.

I got up to urinate because Kumkani was awake so I couldn't sleep. I tripped over my man's Jean but didn't fall... So I picked it up and folded it but a piece of paper fell out with a number written in a female handwriting. I decided to check out who the number belongs to so I took my cellphone and then I punched in the number which I saved on my contact list. I then went to search the number On WhatsApp and found Mbali on the display picture. Even her 'about' proved that it was her account because it was a flower with a lipstick. That could not be Luthando's phone number.

I felt a sharp pain in my chest and I got a headache immediately. I felt beyond hurt.... I was betrayed and I was confused. Why would he cheat on me like this? I cried silently whilst my feet took me back to the very same reason why I was crying. So I climbed into bed next to my cheating husband and then I kissed his back. I don't know why I did that when I should be going off.

Luphelo: baby umntana ukvusile?

-did the baby wake you up?

He asked with his sleepy voice.

Me: no lala babe.

Luphelo: u sure?

Me: yeah.

Luphelo: okay.

He fell asleep again leaving me breaking down internally. I mean it was clear he fucked her because why else would he not fuck me when he does it everyday? This was the worst pain I have ever imagined.

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I thought about this whole thing until I became really disgusted. I was way past this feeling of wanting to preserve my marriage out of fear of not being with Luphelo anymore when he is running around Port Elizabeth fucking Instagram thots so I decided to pretend to be him and catfish the fuck out of this bitch in order to figure out what happened between them. So I took his cellphone and he was in such a deep sleep that he didn't feel me taking it from under his pillow. I punched in his password which is "KumkaniJ", saved Mbali's number and then I sent her a text on WhatsApp. Bitch must have been waiting for my man all along because she was online.

Me: hey.

Mbali: yhu uyamlindisa umntu. 📧❤

-you can keep a person waiting.

Me: sorry I had to wait for my wife to fall asleep before I could text you.

Mbali: oh lowo. It's okay tho as long as you got back to me.

Me: yeah. We should do today again.

Mbali: which part? 😊

Me: whatever was your favorite... 😊

Mbali: favorite part was watching your dick swell when I flashed my boobs in your face. I respect your size. 😊 Feel like I might choke on it if I tried to deep throat.

Me: 😊 well this escalated quickly. Listen let me go to sleep I will text you in the morning.

Mbali: sure Phelo. 😊😊

I took a screenshot of the conversation, deleted it on his phone and then I sent it to me. I erased any memory of these chats before sitting upright on the bed whilst crying in silence. This was fucking painful... It was hell to know that he saw another woman's breasts and had an erection. How did they even have time to be alone? Wasn't Luthando with them? Or was that a lie to give them some alone time. I couldn't help but feel like this whole thing was premeditated... After all Lumphelo is no fool. And why didn't he tell me? His initial excuse was that he didn't want any drama since they lived with us but now they no longer did. I was just so stressed that my mom's words rang in my ear.

"he loves you but he's sexual".

"he's sexual".

"sexual husband".

"loves you but he's sexual".

I looked at him lying in bed looking like an angel with a halo so I got up and then I went to the kitchen to eat. I didn't feel like going back to bed with that hoe so instead I went to Lusanda's room who is a light sleeper so she woke up as soon as I came in.

Lusanda: Lumi?

Me: Can I please sleep with you?

Lusanda: everything okay between Kumies parents?

I nodded but was lying. She opened her blankets up for me and then allowed me to sleep next to her.

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°° Mbali's perspective °°

After texting Lumphelo, I went to take nudes. I decided to send 1 without a face just to motivate him to be with me. I needed his money and Lumphelo being young and all made it possible for me to actually quit this life and be with one person. Sadly you don't find a lot of men who can afford my type of lifestyle and still be attractive... Unless you go for those young trust fund Skrr Skrr teenagers whose dicks fracture just by thinking of me riding their dicks.

After sending the picture, I heard a knock on the door. Luthando was back and he looked a bit tipsy but he handles his liquor quite well and doesn't change character when he's intoxicated.

Luthando: Lotus Jama.

Me: hey. Bekunjani keh?

-how was it?

We hugged.

Luthando: it was fun. Glad to know little brother brought you back safely.

Me: you guys really need to stop calling Luphelo little because-

Luthando: because what?

I was thinking more in terms of dick size but I couldn't say that to him.

Me: because we are living in his place and all.

He rolled his eyes.

Luthando: if I hear about the financial difference between my little brother and I then I'm going to lose my temper Mbali. I'm trying, okay? I'm not broke. And if I didn't have a brother who can afford to buy his wife a Range Rover then I wouldn't have to feel like I am.

Me: nobody called you broke Luthando. You have a good job you just don't prioritize. You should have at least a Renault Clio by now.

Luthando: at least? Really?

Me: you know what I mean.

Luthando: yeah I know what you mean. Fuck it I'm going to sleep.

He walked to one of the guest bedrooms and then fell asleep there. I decided to take his cellphone just to see what he's been doing. It's ironic to want to keep tabs on him when I'm the one that's cheating but cheating makes you paranoid so I unlocked his phone and then checked his recent activities. He had a voice message which I listened to and it was from Luphelo: Mkhuluwa it's me Luphelo. I need to tell you something mfowethu it's important. Text me when you get this.

My jaw dropped. I panicked because I thought maybe he wanted to tell Luthando that I came onto him so I deleted the voice message and missed calls Luphelo made to his brother.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

It was a Saturday morning so I decided to go and clean the yard. I'm not expected to do that since I'm pregnant but I thought it would help me get my mind off things. Once I was done, I went back into the house and then cleaned alone. My blood was boiling so I literally didn't feel tired I just kept going until I was done. After cleaning, I went back into my bedroom with Luphelo where he was still sleeping. I brushed my teeth and then I took a shower. Once I was done, I

went back to the bedroom to get dressed. Luphelo woke up when I was getting my make up done so he kissed my forehead.

Luphelo: Molweni.

He was greeting his son and I.

Me: hi.

Luphelo: kutheni bunga lelanga nam Izolo?

-why weren't you sleeping with me yesterday?

Me: you were snoring.

Luphelo: cela undivuse next time. I don't like sleeping without you.

Me: okay.

He went to brush his teeth then he came back to the bedroom.

Luphelo: Nkosikazi ndyaphuma keh namhlanje. Is that okay or you want to make plans with me?

-I'm going out today.

Me: it's fine.

Luphelo: Ncumo...what is wrong with you?

Me: Nothing. Just found out that your dick became hard for another woman's Breasts.

He exhaled before looking down.

Luphelo: uve ngabani?

-who did you hear that from?

I exhaled. Hearing him ask me that question instead of denying it broke my spirit. I could only imagine what else happened between these two that I wasn't aware of.

Me: so it really did happen...wow.

Luphelo: yeah but not ngale ndlela ucinga yenzeke ngayo.

-not in the way that you think it happened.

Me: I don't care how it happened Luphelo. I just want you to go get that bitch out of my condo.

Luphelo: baby ndizo yenza njani lonto without giving Luthando a valid reason for telling his girlfriend to leave?

-how am I going to do that?

Me: I don't care how you do it but I won't have that bitch living in my property. Honestly I don't care if you keep fucking her but what I will not tolerate is knowing she's living there.

Luphelo: okay. But Hlalumi-

Me: No Luphelo. No. Today I'm going to my moms house. I hope you're fine with that.

Luphelo: yeah.

He said with his head faced down.

Me: Ok.

I said as I finished up my make up, took my stuff and then I walked out.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I kept calling my brother but he was not picking up my calls so I decided to drive to Humewood to speak to him. I knocked on the door when I arrived and Mbali opened up.

Mbali: hey.

I exhaled.

Me: ukhona uBhuti?

-is my brother around?

Mbali: yeah. Don't fuck things up.

She said as she moved away from the door and I walked in.

Me: Luthando?

Luthando: ndiyeza Mninawa.

-I'm coming little brother.

I sat down as I waited for him to come down the stairs. Mbali got seated and a friend of hers came to the living room.

Gloria: hey. I'm Gloria.

Me: Luphelo.

I said awkwardly. She sat down next to me before Luthando arrived.

Luthando: you good?

Me: not really... I come baring bad news.

Luthando: okay?

Me: ebendike nda cinga ngoythengisa le condo and even put it up for sale kwi property guide but I never received any feedback but ngoku I just received a buyer. Uthi uyaythatha lendawu and he's ready to buy it immediately.

Luthando: why didn't you tell me you are selling this place Luphelo I would have put up an offer.

I swallowed.

Me: my buyer wants to buy it cash... And settle it. Wena buzofuna ukundi batala in monthly installments ngoba you won't get I loan to pay me in full.

Luthando: Luphelo... How does R3000 a month sound?

If only my brother knew I don't want money I just want his thot out of the house otherwise my wife is going to lose her temper.

Me: at that rate elityala will be your son's responsibility because we'll both be dead before you finish paying.

Luthando: you are so God damn selfish bonanje Luphelo. You don't need this money. This condo used to be empty and now you won't accept 3k per month? That's 36k per year that you don't even fucking need Luphelo because you already have everything.

I bit my lip and then got up because I don't like arguments with my siblings. They hurt.

Me: okay. But by tomorrow I need you guys to leave. Ndanicela.

I walked to the door.

Luthando: well fuck you keh Luphelo. Fuck you so God damn selfish.

I turned back around and then looked at Luthando.

Me: I called you yesterday... Sent you a voicemail asking you to call me back because I wanted to tell you that your little fiance is a thot. She's been throwing herself at me and my wife knows hence she wants this bitch gone. So you... Luthando, can stay here for as long as you like although you just told me to fuck myself but Mbali has to leave.

Gloria: yhu chomi game over.

Mbali: shut the fuck up wena Gloria!! Baby I don't know what the fuck he is talking about...

I heard her say before I walked back to my car.

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I didn't go out on Saturday night so I just went to bed early. Lusanda came into my bedroom with chocolate ice cream and Oreos.

Lusanda: so you pissed off my sister in law... Now you have to step into her shoes and watch Netflix with me.

Me: no I don't.

Lusanda: yes you do.

Me: Mama!!!

Lusanda: really? Uzandi xela kuMama?

-you're going to tell on me to Mom?

We both laughed so she cuddled up behind me.

Lusanda: Luthando told me what happened.

Me: it's fucked up.

Lusanda: Kodwa Luphelo why didn't you report this shit when it started?

Me: so you want me to report something ithi kanti I'm living in my head and it's all just a misunderstanding... Or Mbali is just like that naturally. But I tried to tell him yesterday but his phone was on voicemail.

Lusanda: he says you didn't leave a voicemail.

Me: andazi ke.

-I don't know then.

Lusanda: Luphelo don't worry about this. Luthando will come around... Your wife will come around... It will all work out.

Me: okay.

Lusanda: I love you Pabbles.

She said whilst trying to tickle my stomach. It didn't work. I have abs now.

Me: I love you too.

Lusanda: ease up on the sit ups kalok I am your big sister and I don't want to lose my right to make you laugh after tickling your stomach.

I laughed.

Me: phambene bonanje Lusanda.

-you're crazy.

Lusanda: yeah but I don't want you to drive yourself crazy so let's Netflix and chill with some snacks, okay? Hlalumi doesn't chew loudly keh so zimbambe.

-hold yourself.

I sat upright as she went to fetch Ncumo's laptop and then opened it up in front of us. We probably watched for a few minutes before Lusanda received another call from Luthando. She put it on loudspeaker.

Lusanda: hello?

Luthando: I'm coming back to the house. Please make sure I don't run into your little brother.

Me: mbonya.

-you can take a shit.

Luthando: izoy thetha kum ebusweni lonto Luphelo.

-come say that to my face.

Me: uphi fondin?

-where are you.

Lusanda: hayini mahn futsekini yere... Are you seriously gonna let this bitch get between you guys? Luthando if Luphelo wanted to fuck your bitch he would have but he didn't can we credit him on that? I know you are angry but come on.

Luthando: mxm. Lusanda I'm 4 minutes away. Make sure I don't run into your brother qha.

Lusanda: bye bye Luthando.

Luthando:bye.

She hung up, gathered all the snacks she brought and then left. Her absence left a huge void in me so I took a risk and called my wife. She picked up.

Hlalumi: hi.

Me: hey.

<silence>

Me: uhm... Uphumile ke uMbalu eHumewood.

-Mbalu is out of Humewood.

Hlalumi: good.

Me: akhange-

-I didn't-

Hlalumi: you have been singing that tune Taka Kumkani. I know.

Me: please come home.

Hlalumi: I will be back tomorrow.

Me: oh okay. How's my son?

Hlalumi: he's good... Uhm Luphelo if there's anything else? I would like to sleep.

Me: yeah okay... I love you.

Hlalumi: me too. Bye.

Me: bye.

She hung up. I put my phone down and I never felt so lonely.

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°° Mbali's perspective °°

My friend Gloria and I took an Uber back to the Jama household because I needed to work things out with Luthando. I don't know why in the world Luphelo would change his mind after the conversation him and I had last night... Maybe his weak ass decided to stick with his wife and blocked me because even my nude picture didn't get sent and I could no longer see his DP. I always knew he was not man enough to handle a woman like me.

My strategy was simple: I was going to use the conversation I had with him on WhatsApp to prove to him that Luphelo wanted me too because I was not going down alone. I don't love Luthando but I like him. He's a good man... And if Luphelo doesn't want me he should have just left and not have thrown the baby out with the bathwater.

Gloria: chomi what if he doesn't want to speak to you?

Me: we will cross that bridge when we get there. For now let's just remain optimistic.

Gloria: sakhumshi.

-you are speaking so much English.

I rolled my eyes. She always derides me when I'm using words she can't understand. The Uber dropped us off so I paid and then we got off. The gate was still opened so I went to knock on the front door. Mr Jama opened.

Him: ayo bachelor party Lena so asi dingi strippers.

-this isn't a bachelor party so we don't need strippers.

Gloria: hay Tata ungaklinge.

-no old man don't you dare.

Him: andibhekisi nakuwe awuno qeshwa wena.

-I'm not even referring to you because you wouldn't even get hired.

Gloria caught feelings but that served her and her mouth right.

Me: Tatu Jama can I please speak to Luthando. I need to explain myself then I will leave.

Him: I will call both kuze ungazo xoka ngo Luphelo.

-so you won't lie about Luphelo.

I exhaled.

Me: okay.

He went to call both sons so Luthando came down first. He looked disgusted to see me. Luphelo followed 3 minutes later, topless whilst walking barefeet.

Luthando: awuna skipa wena?

-don't you have a shirt?

Luphelo: azibuhlungu I sit ups for ukba mandi fihle I 6 pack Yam.

-sit ups are too painful for me to have to hide my 6 pack.

Luthando rolled his eyes.

Him: thetha Nontombi.

-talk girl.

Me: uhm Luthando I don't know why Luphelo is pinning everything on me as if I came onto him when he is the one who came onto me. But then I threatened to tell his wife and he decided to beat me at my own game since he knew I can't say anything since I live in his condo.

I looked at Luphelo whose eyebrow was raised and he didn't say anything. He just stood there looking dumb.

Luphelo: washa!

Luthando: iyahlekisa Luphelo lento?

-is this funny?

Luphelo: yeah cos uyaxoka lomntu she came onto me. Luthando kudala saphuma kunye mna nawe I could get any girl I want why would I go after my brother's fiancee or whatever she is to you?

Luthando: because you want every fucking thing ebomini Luphelo. That's why.

Luphelo: seems like you have already decided who you are going with so mna ndiyolala.

-I'm going to sleep.

Me: look at the chat we had!! I'm sorry Luthando but he was part of this too.

I took my phone out and then I showed him the chats because I was already the bad guy so I had to bring him down with me. Luphelo: what fucking chat?

He said as he came to see the chats and that's when Luthando lost his temper because he saw the number belongs to Luphelo.

Luphelo: I don't know where these chats came from. I didn't do this.

Luthando: mnqundu!

He said before slapping Luphelo who didn't even react. The slap created an awkward silence and stunned their Dad who looked on.

Luphelo: ndizamile Timer.

-I tried Dad.

That's when he shot a punch right on the bridge of Luthando's nose and broke it. Then he caught his brother when his body fell and then wrapped his arms around him.

Luphelo: cela zungam xeledi uMama.

-please don't tell Mom.

He patted his brothers back before he went back into the house. Luphelo really looked like he didn't know about these chats... Meaning Hlalumi found the number before he did and tried to find out what we did together.

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°°Luphelo's perspective °°

Lusanda made our breakfast in the morning so we gathered around the dinner table to eat our Sunday morning breakfast. Although my family isn't religious but Sundays are important to us and we always make sure we spend it as a family although Luthando didn't join us for breakfast and Hlalumi was not at home. Dad and I kept making awkward glances at one another since we wanted to pretend like last night never happened.

Dad: uphi uMaka Kumkani?

Me: uku Mamakhe.

-she's with her Mom.

Dad: uyafaketha keh umfazi wakho Luphelo.

Me: uRight Timer ndimtshate ndimazi andizo khalaza xana eselapha.

-she's right Dad I married her knowing that so I won't complain now that she's here.

Dad: ewe Kodwa akano hamba qho xaninga vani Luphelo. A ndithi she must tolerate your bullshit Kodwa ke nyana no marriage is easy. Yena makafunde ukuqina qha.

-she can't leave everytime you don't get along. She must learn to be tough.

Lusanda: and what must your son learn?

Me: khayeke Lusanda andibaweli ukulwa bonanje.

-stop it Lusanda I don't feel like fighting.

Lusanda: andilwi nam qha ndiya buza.

-I'm not fighting either I'm just asking.

Me: subuza izinto ezingaku funiyo keh Lusanda. Awufuni utshata andithi wena? So don't stick your nose in marital affairs.

-don't ask things that don't concern you. You don't want to get married right.

Lusanda: I may not be married but I know how a partner should be treated.

Me: I did too kuze kwaku dyolwa trust me. Marriage is a different ball game so ndicela uthule.

Lusanda: okay this is me being told by the last born what to do.

Mommy: whether he is the last born or not but when it comes to his marriage he has the right to ask you to keep quiet.

Lusanda: right.

Luthando came downstairs with Mbali and then greeted everyone.

Ma: haibo Luthando itheni impumlo yakho?

-whats wrong with your nose?

Luthando: bendi sando Nika uMbali I cunnilingus so gqhiba wandi khaba empulweni nge mistake yophuka.

-I had just given Mbali cunnilingus so she kicked me in the nose by mistake and it broke.

Mom: Yinton I cunnilingus?

-whats cunnilingus?

Lusanda: Mom don't even bother its disgusting.

Luthando: whatever so family me and my girl are back at home. Amazing right?

Nobody replied.

Luthando: awkward but okay. Sihle you are happy right?

Sihle: yeah.

She lied. Then it became silent.

The silence was cut by my wife's arrival. She looked different. She was wearing the hair I bought her and had her nails done. She looked amazing. And nothing hurts more than seeing your wife glow after she was away from you.

Hlalumi: molweni.

Family: Molo Hlalumi.

Hlalumi: ninjani?

-how are you?

They stated how they were feeling.

Hlalumi: ndiya eRoomini keh.

-I'm going to the room.

I took my plate and then I got up since I wanted to drop it off in the kitchen on my way to our bedroom.

Dad: hambofumana impundu Tiyeka! Ndikuthembile.

-go get some ass Tiyeka. I trust you.

Me: khayeke Timer.

They laughed as I followed my wife upstairs.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was so livid when I saw Mbali back at this house because when I told them to leave Humewood I thought I was helping myself feel better not knowing that I was bringing myself back to square one. Honestly it was Better when they were kilometers away from us than to have them live under the same roof as us.

Luphelo came into the bedroom when I was taking off my clothes.

Luphelo: Majama ndicela sithethe?

-can we please speak.

Me: ifuna ntoni la bitch apha Luphelo?

-what is that bitch doing here?

Luphelo: baby uthe mabamke eHumewood. Ufuna kuthweni?

-you said they must leave Humewood. What do you want to happen?

Me: how about she disappears?

Luphelo: that's not my call Hlalumi. But we can leave and go back to our own house.

Me: andizo khululiswa impahla zam zobu Makoti mna ngenxa ka Mbali zindi fanela.

-I won't be stripped of my bridal clothes Because of Mbali when they suit me.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: so sithini?

-what

Do we do?

Me: we stay until I have served my time.

I said as I went to him to get him to take my bra off. The lace of my underwear rubbed against his dick and I felt it swell. He took my bra off and then his hands fought themselves whether or not to grab my breasts but the temptation was too much so he grabbed them. I could feel his breathing rising as he caressed them and I felt my pussy dripping. We were both horny... So he slid his hand in my lacy underwear and then he rubbed my warm but wet pussy. He played with my clit and I moaned... Before he used his free hand to pull my underwear down. I let it slip down my legs and then I turned around to face him and we made out. We had nice, easy, slow arousing foreplay before he kissed my body all the way down to between my legs.

Luphelo: Kumkani take notes son.

He said before he licked my pussy. He gave me flat tongue licks with soft gentle sucks to my clit which made me grab onto the sheets. He sucked on the lips of pussy and played with his tongue on my clit. I felt a discharge coming out of me which he picked with his finger and wiped on his t-shirt. That was my cum. He got me off with his tongue alone and that made him horny so he pulled out his penis but I grabbed it as soon as it was out. He gave me a side smile when he saw I wanted to be in control... So I took it and teased the opening of my pussy with it just so that he could feel how warm it is with his head.

Me: want that?

Luphelo: yifake Ncumo ndaku cela.

-put it in Ncumo I'm begging you.

I rubbed his head against my opening again then I took it out, closed my legs and gave him the stare of death.

Me: Mamela ke Luphelo Jama. I may be 21 but I'm not a baby you can keep hurting. I'm your wife. The mother of your child and I'm done seeing you be associated with different bitches. I don't care what the story is... Don't give a fuck if you fucked them or not. But if a bitch come near you make a plan to make her disappear because you know good and well I used to be sexy until you came inside me. Don't fuck with my esteem.

Luphelo: xolo kalok Majama.

-I'm sorry.

Me: I'm sorry too cos nyan shame you aren't getting this pussy today I'm sorry. I'm going to the hospital to see your brother ngoku so Uyeza or kanye?

-are you coming or what?

Luphelo: Hlalumi are you really going to leave me with an erection?

Me: Luphelo you put a ring on my finger, a baby in my belly and you bought me a Range Rover. No man is ever going to approach me again so this is the only way I can get back at you.

I said before getting dressed and then walking out of the room.

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The whole family went to Luphelo's car so we climbed in and he couldn't even start the car.

Luphelo: Sihle ndicela uzoqhuba.

-please come and drive.

Senior: kutheni ungaqhubi ngokwakho nje Luphelo ube usokolisa umntana.

-why don't you drive yourself instead of being an inconvenience to the child?

Luphelo: hay Timer andiboni.

-no Dad I can't see.

I burst out in laughter and ended up apologizing since no one knew what I was laughing at. But I was laughing at the fact that not getting pussy made Luphelo blind. Him and Sihle switched places so she started the car and then drove to the hospital. We arrived there but couldn't see Luyanda yet because we arrived slightly earlier than visitation hours so I called Mommy in the car.

Mommy: Angel face?

Me: Mama uLuphelo uyafa vha? Akaboni no bona ngoku kunzima no qhuba.

-Luphelo is dying. He can't even see its even difficult to drive.

Mom burst out in laughter.

Mommy: as in blind?

Me: as in blind. U Depressed ufana nenja enethelweyo heeh hay bendimazi uyazithanda impundu but angade abe blind. Shorta ndimthengele I walking stick.

- He is depressed he's like a dog that's been rained on. I knew he loves ass but not to the point where he would be blind. I need to buy him a walking stick.

Mom laughed.

Me: heeh hay Mama Akaboni akeva sahna nangok imoto isima bekufuneka exelelwe ukuba Luphelo sifikile hlika. Uyagowisha.

-Mom he can't see nor hear even when the car stopped he had to be told that we arrived and he needs to get off.

Mommy was laughing so much she even chocked on her saliva and said I'm killing her.

Mommy: pheza uyandi bulala uJama rha. Mphe Hlalumi angafi.

-stop Jama is killing me. Give him some so that he won't die.

I laughed.

Me: akazofa wethu. Listen I need to get back inside the hospital keh ngoku. Bye.

Mommy: bye baby.

I hung up and then went back into the hospital.

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We were allowed into Luyanda's hospital room and with every single passing day he looked better than the last.

Luyanda: kwenzeke ntoni kwi mpumlo yakho Luthando?

-what happened to your nose?

He exhaled.

Luthando: yophulwe ngu Luphelo.

-Luphelo broke it.

Ma: Kodwa buthe-

-but you said-

Luthando: I lied. I'm just sick and tired of this God damn question so let me just tell the truth.

Ma: Luphelo umbethele ntoni ubhuti wakho?

-why did you beat your big brother?

Luphelo: undi qhwabile kube ecinga mna bendi textela ihule lakhe.

-he slapped me because he thought I was texting his whore.

Luthando: Luphelo Ndiyak nqanda-

-Luphelo I'm warning you-

Luyanda: Luthando suku chukumisa uLuphelo mahn. Thetha naye sukumbetha ayizo phela kakuhle.

-don't provoke Luphelo man. Talk to him don't hit him it won't end well.

Luthando: makanga bizi cherram ihule Kodwa abe yena ebe WhatsApp'a naye.

-he must not call my girl a whore but he was WhatsApping with her.

I exhaled.

Me: akhange uLuphelo amu WhatsAppele uMwali. I did kuba uMwali ufake inumber yakhe kwi back pocket ka Luphelo and I wanted to figure out what they did together so I pretended to be him while he was sleeping. I didn't know it was going to get to this point.

-Luphelo didn't WhatsApp Mwali...because Mwali put her number in his back pocket.

Ma: Hlalumi!! Uyenza njani lonto so gqhiba umke wena ushiye I mess?

-how do you do that and then leave a mess behind?

Me: I didn't know Ma-

Ma: ewe you didn't know cos all you know is running!! Balwa onyana bam ngenxa yakho-

-my sons fought because of you-

Luphelo: balwe onyana bakho ngoba uLuthando uzenze uTatam wandibetha otherwise lento Ngeyi phele kungo phukanga mpumlo yamntu. So if you want to blame someone choose between me, Luthando and Mwali. Hlalumi is just my pregnant wife who found a number in my back pocket and found a truth she wouldn't have gotten from me by doing what she did.

-your sons fought because Luthando made himself my father and hit me otherwise this would have ended without anyone's nose getting broken.

Ma: yho hay I'm sick and tired of you children to be honest.

She said before drinking her water and then looking away.

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When we arrived back at home I was in a low mood so I went to the kitchen to get some food. Ma came in and stopped me on my way out.

Ma: Hlalumi I'm sorry about the way I spoke to you. I was just upset... I hope I didn't hurt your feelings.

Me: it's okay Ma.

Ma: no it's not. Unyanisile uLuphelo what caused the actual fight is Luthando and not what you did.

I nodded so she hugged me.

Ma: Kodwa ke mntanam funeka uyeke lento yakho yokumane usiya kuMamakho xakunzima. Utshatile ngoku... Ungu Mama we khaya. Uzothini xa uKumkani sezelwe? Ufuna akhule kwi khaya apho xakunga vanwa uMama uya hamba?

-but my child you have to stop this thing of yours of going to your Mom when it's Hard. You are married now... You are the woman of the house. What are you going to do when Kumkani is born? Do you want him to grow up in a home where Mom leaves everytime there is an argument?

Me: no Ma.

Ma: good. Qina Mamcethe... Qina Chizama. Senza lonto emtshatweni.

-that's what we do in marriage.

Me: Okay ma.

Ma: sharp keh Hlalumi.

I walked out of the kitchen and into my bedroom where my husband looked happy to see me.

Luphelo: awuzondipha nyan impundu Maka Kumkani?

-are you really not going to give me ass?

I laughed.

Me: Luphelo I am going to watch Netflix now.

Luphelo: baby ndizazi xhoma shame ngoku awuboni amehlo amu abomvu Ngenxa yokhala.

-baby I am going to hang myself now can't you see my eyes are red from crying.

I laughed.

Me: then you will make me a millionaire should you decide to hang yourself either way I'm good.

He laughed. You know that laughter when you are laughing but aren't really laughing you are just trying to convert your pain into a laughter.

Luphelo: iyho. Let me go drown myself in the bathtub akuse khonto ndiy philelayo.

-there is nothing that I'm living for.

I laughed as he went into the en suite.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I was so horny to the point where I needed emotional support. Hlalumi's decision to starve me fucked me up so bad to the point where I went to my Dad.

Me: Timer u busy?

-Dad are you busy?

Dad: hayi utheni?

-no what's wrong?

Me: ndi batyiwe Tata u Majama akafuni undipha impundu.

-I'm horny Dad Majama won't give me ass.

My dad gave me a hug.

Dad: yeses nyana khame ndive intliziyo yakho ukba isabetha na.

-damn son let me feel if your heart is still beating.

Me: isabetha Timer qha yi pulse Lena ndingay vayo.

-it's beating Dad but it's my pulse that I cannot feel.

My dad laughed so hard that I laughed too. He put his arm around me then he led me to the guest bedroom and closed the door behind us.

Dad: uthi ukuvimbela ntoni ilungelo lakho lotya I mpundu uHlalumi?

-what reason did Hlalumi give as to why she is depriving you of your right to eat ass?

Me: Uzama ukundi nyisa ngenxa yalento ka Mbali.

-she's trying to torture me because of this Mbali thing.

Dad: uMbali ongamtyanga obusenomtya nangok ukuba bufuna.

-Mbali whom you didn't fuck whom you could still fuck if you wanted to.

Luphelo: nqho.

-exactly.

Dad: mamela keh nyana... Andithi ukhuphe iR1000 eziy 50 wanika uMamakhe kuba umthenga uHlalumi a ndithi?

-listen son... You coughed out 50 R1000's and then you gave it to her mother because you were buying Hlalumi right?

Me: Ewe Timer.

-Yes Dad.

Dad: so ngena kula room uyotya eza mpundu nyana. Sumhoya noba uthini... Itya wena qha.

-get into that room and eat that ass son. Don't pay attention to what she says... Just fuck.

Me: hay Kodwa Tata yi rape leyo.

-no but Dad that's rape.

Dad: nawe uzamjonga umntu wakho kalok Luphelo. Fika pha ukhulule I brukwe ne underpants enye nenye izoz bonakalela qha akho nyana wena ungazoy fumana I sex apha.

-you are going to Monitor your person. Get there and take your pants and underpants off... Everything else is going to reveal itself but there is no son of mine that isn't going to get some sex here.

We laughed.

Me: hay Timer ndizam linda uHlalumi. Yand capukisa Kodwa ngoba ndayaz

Ucetyiswe ngu Mamakhe.

-no Dad I'm going to wait for Hlalumi. I'm annoyed though because I know her mother advised her.

Dad: oh uPat madoda. Nyana ndiyambawela la sisi shame... Just one night is all I need with her ndimbonise Senza njani kwa Jama.

-and show her how we do here at the Jama's.

Me: Oh Tata mandihambe.

-let me leave.

He laughed as I walked out of the room.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was washing my face in the wash basin when Luphelo came into the bedroom. He came into the en suite and then he urinated.

Me: awuzo thetha nam keh ngok Luphelo?

-aren't you going to talk to me?

Luphelo: Iza ne topic.

-come with the topic.

I laughed.

Me: siku Mxit ngoku Jama?

-are we on Mxit now?

Luphelo: baby I'm in a bad space right now. Whatever lesson you wanted to teach me about uMbali I have learnt it. I'm sorry. I won't keep things from you even if I feel like it's minor. I will always keep you aware... Keep you informed at all times baby. If a bitch even looks at me I will call you. Ndicela nje impundu Majama yhini na Maka Kumkani?

-can I just have ass.

I laughed as he pulled me closer to him using my waist and he kissed me. He had his hands on my ass as we tongue kissed.

Me: I love you so much husband. But you need to get through one night.

Luphelo exhaled and I knew he was lowkey annoyed but he didn't protest so he undressed and then climbed into bed next to me and we cuddled. He had his dick print pressed up behind me but I ignored it.

Luphelo: baby if ndivuke ndi file ngomso ndicela uxelele unyana wam ukuba zandiyi ndoda enjani.

-if I wake up dead tomorrow please tell my son what kind of man I was.

I laughed.

Me: okay baby. I will let him know.

He got up and then he walked out of the room then he came back with a glass of water and some sleeping pills. He took one and then came back into bed.

Me: good night Taka Kumkani.

Luphelo: good night.

I kissed him then I switched the bedside lamp off and we fell asleep. He really wasn't gonna get pussy today.

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The alarm went off so Luphelo woke up as well because he had an early meeting this morning.

Me: Molo mnyeni wam.

Luphelo: mxm. Andina xesha labantu abayalwe ngu Sathana mna.

-I don't have time for people who were advised by Satan (on how to be a wife).

I laughed as we went into the en suite and then brushed our teeth. When we were done, I went to my husband and Hugged him. He smells good... Somehow his scent always clings to his bare skin and all that's left is that faded smell which is great in the morning. He pulled me closer to his body which makes me feel safe. Luphelo is no Brock Lesnar nor Roman Reigns but when you are in his arms he makes you feel secure... Like you are in the arms of a real man. I love that feeling.

Luphelo: baby ndifuna uxoxa indaba yethu yokuhamba ngoku. Ndi dikiwe kuba lapha.

-I want to discuss the issue of us leaving now. I'm tired of being here.

Me: Kodwa Tatakhe ndiyathanda mna ukuba lapha.

-but I like being here.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam... It's not up for discussion. There is too much tension and I can't live like this.

Me: fine. When are you going to speak to your mother?

Luphelo: ubuya kwam emsebenzini.

-when I come home from work.

Me: okay. Masovasa keh.

-let's go wash.

He nodded so I went to get our water and then went into the shower. We showered whilst our bodies were glued together, that intimacy made us both horny so we kissed whilst his fingers played with my pussy. He then put his dick between my thighs, grabbed my ass and then started thrusting. It felt so good... The contact his shaft was making with my clit felt so good. He was stimulating it... Sending a tingle down my spine and that's what unlocked the cookie jar. I bent over with my hands on the faucet and Luphelo fucked me doggy style whilst standing in the middle of the shower. He was relentless... Usually he doesn't put his entire length inside my pussy but this time he did. I screamed so he pulled it back out.

Luphelo: u Right Hlalumi?

Me: fuck... Yeah... Mbuyisele baby.

-put him back in.

He did as I asked and continued fucking. He came but didn't wait this time after he was done cuming, he just inserted himself back in again and started fucking me again. He got tired of the shower so he switched the faucet off and then he fucked me Missionary style on the bed. We tired one another out but couldn't afford to be late so he lotioned my body and then fucked me again doggy style while he was lotioning my back and my ass. We got dressed then he kissed my belly which was now so obvious it was adorable. Kumkani was already awake by then.

Luphelo: hey King Jama... Molo boy. Unjani nyana ka Tata? Jonga ndicela ungam hluphi umfazi wam namhlanje va? Myeke asebenze ancede I company ka Tata... I legacy yakho. Ndakthanda keh Tiyeka behave yourself.

-how is Dads son? Look I'm asking you to please not bother my wife today. Let her work and help Dads company... Your legacy. I love you.

He hugged my belly before getting up and then kissing my lips.

Luphelo: ndizo dibana no Mamakho ke namhlanje. Ndiyam khumbula.

-I'm going to meet up with your mother today. I miss her.

Me: okay baby. Have fun together.

Luphelo: sure. Bye bye mntuwam.

Me: bye baby.

He kissed my forehead and then he walked out.

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I went to make breakfast for the family whilst I was dressed for work.

Lusanda: I like this visual Hlalumi but you are probably going to be late so hamba uye emsebenzini.

-go to work.

Me: no mntase I do want to finish up.

Sihle: khahambe wethu Ncumo ufuna nje ukusi flexela ukuba you look good in the kitchen.

-just leave you just want to flex.

I laughed.

Lusanda: uyam bona?

-can you see her?

Me: not even. But Lusanda when are we meeting Xhanti?

Lusanda: when he has proposed. I can't bring a man who is still contemplating marrying me to this family. It would be like bringing oJama to Date my family and then be shocked when I don't get picked.

We laughed.

Sihle: bruh imagine uTamkhulu keh ngok.

Lusanda: andifuni no thetha ngo Tata. I'm just worried about my brothers... Luyanda is Better noko he's quiet. Kukho la Luthando nala last born izondi dalela inxaki.

-I don't even want to talk about dad...there is Luthando and that last born that are going to cause problems for me.

We laughed.

Me: don't overthink it Wethu mntase. Just bring him over... Even today might be fine because Luphelo wants us to leave soon and go back to Bluewater Bay.

Lusanda: ndizom phonela.

-I'm going to call him.

Me: okay.

Senior: Hlalumi!! Mandizi bone ndi hlafuna.

-I should see myself chewing.

Lusanda: hay khaphole wethu Tata!!

-no just chill Dad.

She yelled as he came into the kitchen.

Senior: usaphila unyana wam?

-Is my son still alive?

I laughed because I couldn't believe Luphelo told his father that I had refused to sleep with him.. I should have known though.

Me: subana worry Tatu Jama usaphila.

-don't worry he's still alive.

Mbali and Luthando came down and greeted.

Senior: Luthando le Nkazana yakho ike yenze ntoni apha endlini? Ayo B&B Lena ptsek sekutheni kuzo sokola umfazi konwabe inkazana?

-what does your girlfriend ever do in the house? This isn't a B&B why is the wife going to Suffer and the girlfriend is going to have a nice time?

Luthando: mxm sizohamba wethu namhlanje.

-we will leave today.

Senior: ndizani bizela I press nifotwe xani hamba ngoba niyonqena nobabini. Andina nxaki Nani nihlala apha Kodwa yenzani into apha endlini.

-I will even call the press so they can take your pictures when you leave because you are both lazy. I don't have a problem with you two staying here but do something in the house.

Neither replied so I dished up, Sihle and Lusanda helped me serve then I went to work without eating.

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I had a meeting in my office with an architect who is the CEO of some company that deals with the architecture side of things. He was late and honestly I was annoyed because I didn't want this meeting to take up my lunch time so I ate my sandwich in my office. He walked in since my door was already opened and smiled when he saw me eating.

Mandla: the cutest thing I have seen all day.

Me: sorry.

I swallowed and then drank my juice.

Mandla: no don't stop on my account. I was the late one I'm sorry.

I wiped my mouth and then got up to give him a handshake.

Mandla: Mandla Mthethwa.

Me: Ncumolwethu Jama.

He kissed my hand.

Mandla: so you are the one who made u Luphelo ayeke ubali hule.

-stop being a hoe.

I laughed.

Me: you know him personally?

Mandla: yeah... We... Were roommates in University. UCT when he was studying Civil Engineering and I was studying Architecture. And let's just say... Wayenga lalisi lamntu. I was just a farm boy when I arrived at University and he turned me into a party animal. Taught me how to dance. But he's very intelligent. Your baby won't struggle with Maths.

I smiled.

Me: okay so... Let's get started.

We went to get seated and then I opened my laptop.

Me: so uhm... We just got a tender to build a block of flats. So we want a design that is going to attract younger residents because that's what the clients wants. So this is the land that we are going to build on.

I said whilst zooming in on the computer. He took note of the specifications.

Mandla: should the design be landscape or portrait?

Me: don't buildings that are built in landscape create the illusion that they are bigger?

Mandla: yeah...

He looked at me then he smiled. It was awkward.

Me: so let's maybe provide 2 landscape possible designs and 1 portrait and then the client can pick.

Mandla: okay.

He looked at me again and his stare gave me the chills. I diverted my attention back to the work we had to be busy with.

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Lusanda called me after my meeting and told me that her boyfriend had agreed to meet the family so I rushed home after work so that we could start cooking. Mbali was in the kitchen when I arrived and that annoyed me but luckily for me Sihle was there to distract me through everything. Lusanda arrived perhaps 20

Minutes later and helped us cook.

Her boyfriend arrived in the evening and he looked really nervous. Luyanda was out of the hospital so him, his wife and their children joined us for supper.

Xhanti: molweni.

Family: hello.

Xhanti sat down and took his hat off. He asked us how we all were and then introduced himself.

Xhanti: uhm my name is Xhanti Zatu. Ndina 37 and ndiphangela kwa Vodacom. I have a diploma in Information Technology... Live in Motherwell and I have 2 children. Two girls from my previous relationship but... Their mother isn't a problem we split amicably and she actually likes u Lusanda. They have met and talked things out so... We have her blessing and has allowed uLusanda to be in our children's lives so... Yeah. Even my parents like Lusanda so... Yeah.

Luthando: why did you and your girlfriend split? Did you cheat?

Xhanti: uhm... I made a mistake. I really loved her so losing her over cheating made me realise its no joke. The consequences are serious. And I don't want to be that man again.

Luphelo: if um cheatele uLusanda sikthini?

-if you cheat on Lusanda what should we do to you?

Senior: cingisisa Xhanti une 6 pack lomntu buzayo.

-think carefully Xhanti the person asking has a 6 pack.

We laughed.

Xhanti: ndibulaleni ke.

-kill me then.

Luphelo: moja.

Lusanda was so happy to see her loved ones together that she winked at me for suggesting. We ate supper then dessert and then I went to wash dishes. Luphelo followed me to the kitchen and then rolled up the sleeve of his turtle neck.

Me: hay baby I'm okay go have fun with the family.

Luphelo: no Mamakhe masizi vase kuze uzo gqhiba rhou sizo lala.

-let's wash them so you can finish quicker then we sleep.

I reached for a kiss which he gave me.

Me: thank you.

Luphelo: pleasure.

Me: I met your old roommate today... uMandla. Told me about your UCT res life. Wawu yikaka shame Luphelo.

-you were shit.

I laughed but he raised his eyebrow.

Luphelo: udibenepi naye?

-where did you meet him?

Me: kalok babe his company is going to design our new tender for the flats.

Luphelo: oh.

Me: Zikhali is there something wrong?

Luphelo: no... Just that uMandla is that type that always pushes things. He can't take a no for an answer so I don't like to be around him anymore. So if he does something you didn't like... Ndixelele.

-tell me.

Me: okay. Baby are you threatened by uMandla?

Luphelo: Do I have a reason to be Hlalumi?

His voice deepened out of the blue as he looked at me with snake eyes.

Me: No Tatake I don't want him but I just know you can overreact sometimes. I'm so sorry if I said the wrong thing I'm sorry Luphelo ndicela uxolo.

He laughed when he saw me squirming and I beat him with the dishcloth.

Me: ptsek mahn Luphelo I'm too pregnant for this shit.

Luphelo: xolo mntuwam. But just... I'm serious... Stay away from him. And from now on I will deal with him at work. Okay?

Me: okay.

He kissed my forehead then we continued washing the dishes.

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Luphelo and I took some left over dessert to our bedroom and then we locked our bedroom door. I was so excited to be alone with him...I had butterflies in my stomach and I am grateful for that feeling because it simply means that I'm happy.

We sat on the bed whilst soft R&B music played in the background. Kumkani was awake so I had one hand on my belly whilst the other was on my spoon.

Luphelo: baby first thing we do once we get back home is to pick a bedroom for our baby which will be the nursery and then we go shopping for things to put inside the room.

I literally turned pink.

Me: Luphelo awuyazi kunini ndifuna uyenza lonto.

-you don't know how long I wanted to do that.

Luphelo: no Ovayo?

Me: ungenaphi?!

-where does he fit in this?!

Luphelo: hay tsek nzonga buzi ngoku? But you upgraded Majama I mean yeses khajonge umnyeni wakho rha. Ndi hot okwe on again off again boyfriend.

-just look at your husband. I'm as hot as an on again off again boyfriend.

I laughed. He was right. Luphelo isn't exactly what comes to mind when you think about a husband.

Me: Yaz ndifuna ufrerha inwele zam qha ndonqena ukuya ku Lusanda cos amafreherha am akhululekile.

-you know I want to plait my hair but I'm lazy to go to Lusanda because my plaits came loose.

Luphelo: Iza ndiyenze.

-let me do it.

Me: u yakwazi?

-can you?

Luphelo: I will try. Ndibonise then ndizay gqhibezela.

-show me and I will finish it.

Me: Okay.

I went to sit between his legs whilst he leaned against the headboard and watched what I did.

Me: you got it?

Luphelo: yeah.

He said as he took over and then started plaiting my hair. I had my head tipped to the side against his knee which I was hugging. I was chatting up a storm as Luphelo went to work on my head. When he was done, I went to look in the mirror and I was so shocked that he actually pulled it off.

Me: hay baby I can actually not wear a wig tomorrow ndiye emsebenzini ndinje.

-and go to work like this.

My head looked so good, I have long hair so my plaits actually looked neat. I could work with this natural look.

Luphelo: kuyo yonke into oyenzayo unga linge uxelele mntu ukuba wenzwe ngubani.

-in everything you do don't you dare tell anyone who did this.

I laughed as I went over to kiss him.

Me: enkosi Tatakhe. Are you sure this is your first time being a husband?

He laughed.

Luphelo: you think I would do this twice? Buya phela ubudoda bam Hlalumi ngenxa yakho. Ngoba nangok ndine ndaba... Kukho le couple Mos phana kwa JLS. Ngu Sinazo no Kamva. Kamva utyana no Yolanda la PA yam. Ndaba bhaqa babe betyana kwi office yam ndake ndama emnyango qhonda hay kalok oko i wifi igheza namhlanje kwa JLS so andabina chance yongena kwa Brazzers so andizo nqanda worse ngabo abakethe utyana kwi office yam so ivictim ngu Luphelo. Ndahlala phantsi ndaba Bukela ndalibala ukuba bendine appointment no Sinazo wangena okwamanzi uSinazo ngok batyola mna ukuba ndi gqwirhy why ndinga nqandanga qhonda hehake.

-my manliness is depleting because of you. Just like now I have gossip...There is this couple at JLS. It's Sinazo & Kamva. Kamva is fucking my PA Yolanda. I caught them fucking in my office and I just stood at the door Because the wifi was down today so I didn't have a chance to access Brazzers so I didn't stop them because they chose to fuck in my office so I'm the victim. I sat down and watched them and forgot I had an appointment with Sinazo who came in like water. Now they are blaming me saying I'm witchy since I didn't stop them.

I laughed so hard at this story.

Me: why don't I just work for JLS Because JC is so boring. Stuff like that never happens.

Luphelo: ewe yhu into ikwa JLS baby rha.

He told me more stories that have happened in his companies that left me in stitches.

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We all gathered around the dining room table for breakfast as a family in the morning.

Sihle: family I just want to say thank you to all of you for accepting my apology. I know that it

wasn't easy to let the past go and accept me after what I have done to uTanci... And you have all treated me with love and support and made me feel like one of you. Thank you.

Ma: you are one of us Sihle. Akho need usibulele for Ionto.

-you don't have to thank us for that.

She smiled.

Sihle: yeah so I'm going to go back to Grahamstown this week. I just wanted to let you all know that.

Luthando: we love you baby girl.

Sihle: enkosi Tanci.

-Thank you.

Luphelo: uzohamba ngantoni?

-what are you going to leave in?

Sihle: nge taxi. Tatam akazokwazi undisa ngoba use paranoid after the accident.

-my Dad won't be able to take me since he's still paranoid.

Luphelo: can I take you?

Sihle: I would love that.

Luphelo smiled back at her and then ate his food.

Lusanda: Hlalumi akhange ndisi qwalasele istyle sakho... Mahle Loma frerha. Bunje Izolo during dinner?

-I didn't notice your hairstyle. Those plaits are nice. Were you like this yesterday?

Luphelo gave me the stare of death.

Me: no ndizenzile..

-I did them myself.

Lusanda looked confused.

Lusanda: no mahn it can't be... Luphelo is this you now? Uyafrerha ngoku? The Finisher?

-you're plaiting now.

The family laughed at my husband.

Me: hayini he's just being a good husband.

Senior: being a good husband? Luphelo hay hay Yinton dahn impundu zika Majama ziyi A grade? Zi importiwe?

-is Majama's ass A grade? Was it imported?

Luphelo: Timer I'm in love. Not yonkinto idibene ne sex okoko-

-not everything has to do with sex all the time.

Family: yhoouooooo!!

Luthando: Imposter!!

Ma: Lidemoni phuma ku nyana wam phuma!!! Ucimba lomazwi anga phuma ku Luphelo!!

-its a demon get out of my son get out!!! You think those words could come out of Luphelo!!

That dramatic moment between the Jama family was literally the most hilarious ever. Their genuine shock when Luphelo said those words was so funny that even Luphelo's eyes were wet from laughing. This is what I will miss about living with my in laws... Mornings with them are always the best part of my day.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

My wife gave me the time for her meeting with Mandla so I cleared up my schedule so that I could be able to meet him myself. I asked my PA to lead him into my office so he walked in with

his usual vibe.

Mandla: aw The Finisher madoda. Look at you looking all successful.

Me: It's not a look ndoda.

I said as we shook hands and he laughed.

Mandla: I mean no disrespect Yinton na wena? I am just trying to say you look good but I'm a man so I can't be direct. I need to beat around the bush, you know?

Me: I see. Care to sit down?

Mandla: yeah. Uphi uMrs?

Me: ukhona qha she has an enormous workload and I have nothing on my plate so I decided to delegate. And since we know each other I thought it would help us reconnect.

Mandla: I was really looking forward to working with someone different.

Me: she's busy.

Mandla: yeah but she has an energy that I like to work with. Uyabhora wena. Wayeka ukuba ngu la Luphelo ndimaziyo.

-you're boring. You stopped being the Luphelo I know.

Me: I grew up a little. You should too. But energy you want or not I will still get the job done.

Maybe even better since I'm more qualified in this area than she is.

Mandla: Luphelo! I want her.

Me: then I Suggest you walk the fuck out of my building cos that's my wife and you don't just get to decide. Its my company that's going to sign the damn cheque. So you are in no position to make demands.

His face softened.

Mandla: xolo Jama... I just think uNcumo is a firecracker. I love her spirit... I hope you don't think I'm overstepping because I would never fuck up your marriage. Relax.

Me: my wife has standards so that's the last thing on my mind. I'm relaxed I just need you to understand who is in charge in this situation and that's all.

Mandla: okay... Once again I am sorry. Would a double date with you and Ncumo plus my wife and I fix things?

Me: I will ask my wife. But as for now Masi sebenze.

-let's work.

I said as I switched my laptop on and he watched.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I arrived at home and then I started cleaning. This was the part about being a wife that I hated but Mos being a 21 years old wife meant you could clean with earphones on and then sing your heart out.

Me: even if the sky comes falling.

Even if the sun don't shine.

I got faith in you and I.

So put your pretty little hand in mine.

Even if we down to the wire baby.

Even if it's do or die.

We can do it baby simple and plain.

This love is a sure thing.

Mr Jama tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and then took my earphone off.

Me: Ta?

Senior: asivani ke no mheza and kudala ezama ukundi nyisa ngoku ndoyika ukuba hlambi ngoku se phonele nama polisa esithi ukuba mna ndiyaba betha abantu balendlu kanti no kucula uMolokazana walapha. Hlalumi Andazi noba nibhanxana nithini no Luphelo xanizi tixele kula room yenu Kodwa keh even if the sky comes falling... Even if the sun don't shine wena uzo hlala ucula ikaka. Avah?

-my neighbor and I don't get along and he's been trying to make me suffer now I'm afraid that he might have called the police and said that I beat the people in this house but no its just our daughter in law singing. Hlalumi I don't know what lies you and Luphelo tell each other when you lock yourselves in that room of yours but even if the sky comes falling, even if the sun don't shine you will remain singing bullshit. Okay?

I nodded whilst holding my laughter in. I was not going to give him the satisfaction that he made me laugh after such disrespect.

Me: okay.

Senior: xebele Mamakho ndiyabulisa.

-tell your mother I say hi.

Me: okay Tata.

I said as he walked back to the living room and I just burst out into laughter.

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Luphelo came back in the evening and he didn't even eat dinner. He was so tired so I offered to give him a back rub so he lay on the bed on his stomach and I sat on his butt then rubbed.

Me: baby do you think ndi cula ikaka?

Luphelo: ewe.

Me: ndizay yeka keh lento ndiye nzayo.

-I will stop what I'm doing.

Luphelo: ungayeka shame baby. But inyani mawuyazi.

-you can leave it. But you must know the truth.

I sulked.

Me: mxm how was your day?

Luphelo: don't wanna talk about it sthandwa sam.

Me: was it rough? Yes or no baby.

Luphelo: yeah.

Me: would ass make you feel better?

He giggled.

Luphelo: ndi ride'e Majama andina energy for yonke enye into ngoku.

-ride me because I don't have energy for anything else.

Me: okay. Your baby kicked me when I was in the middle of a very important meeting today Tiyeka. I couldn't even focus.

He giggled.

Luphelo: should have texted me. I was going to take your place.

Me: yhu... You want another board meeting requesting me to step down?

Luphelo: minqundu yabo wethu baby.

His voice was fading with each and every response. He was tired so when he finally dozed off I covered him with his blankets and then kissed his lips and forehead good night. I admired his left hand which had my ring and just tried to make sense of the fact that this specimen in front of

me is mine...

Me: I love you Luphelo. God bless you.

I said as I knelt down next to him and then I prayed for my marriage.

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°° Mballi's perspective °°

I received a call from my half brother Mandla telling me that he was in town so I could come see him. So at night I lied to Luthando and told him that Gloria has a problem and she needs me so he allowed me to leave and hired an Uber for me. I lied to Luthando because he knows I like money and I knew he would think Mandla is my man and not my brother if he found out that I am going to see him. And Mandla doesn't want me to be in a relationship so he would never bail me out of Luyanda's suspicions. And without family in PE nor pictures of us together when we were younger to prove it, I decided to not take any chances.

It took me to my brother's house in Walmer Heights and I excitedly ran to the door and knocked.

Me: Mandla!!

I knocked twice and then he opened with my daughter in his arms. I broke down as soon as I saw her.

Me: hey baby girl.

I said as I took my baby from him. She looked so damn adorable and way bigger now. I hadn't realised that it's been 7 months since I last saw her.

Mandla: Uvela phi?

-where do you come from?

Me: from where I live.

I said as we went to sit down on the couch.

Mandla: yeah but uhlalaphi ngoku?

-where do you live now?

Me: oh so you care?

He stared daggers at me.

Mandla: ndijonge umntanakho apha so gqhiba wena undi buze lonto? Do you know how much her hospital expenses cost?

-I'm looking after your child here and then you ask me that?

I exhaled. Her hospital bills are the only reason why I gave her up to them and they are the only reason why I am living this life. As soon as I have saved enough money to be able to afford raising her and be able to take her to the doctor then I will take her back and be a mother to her. That's why I wanted Luphelo... He could afford to take care of us and still be a lover to me.

Me: let's not pretend like your wife didn't want my baby. Beniyenzela nina lento and not me.

-you were doing this for yourselves.

He smiled then shook his head as if he was calling me ungrateful.

Mandla: we could have adopted any baby but we chose yours. And it's not too late to change our minds.

I didn't reply, I just focused on my baby.

Mandla: so let's try this shit again... Where do you live now?

Me: with my boyfriend and his family.

I was feeling brave.

Mandla: who is your boyfriend?

Me: Luthando Jama.

He put his glass of whiskey down.

Mandla: Luphelo Jama's brother?

I nodded.

Mandla: shit. So you do get around uLuphelo right?

Me: yeah. We practically live with them now since him and his wife are newly Wed.

Mandla: wow... So has he ever made a move on you?

Me: mxm he's gay.

Mandla: Luphelo is not gay trust me. If he doesn't touch you it simply means he doesn't want you. Or his wife whipped him really good. But I don't blame him... I mean just look at his wife. She's perfect.

I swallowed. I normally don't give a fuck about my brothers opinions but this slapped.

Me: okay.

Mandla: yeah. Let me know when you want to go home, okay?

Me: okay.

He got up and then he went upstairs and left me alone with my daughter.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I didn't feel well in the morning. I was feeling a bit light headed and my chest was killing me. But I wanted to go to work so I got up and then brushed my teeth. My husband came to stand behind me as I spat out my water and pressed his morning erection on my behind. He kissed my shoulder blades then my neck and his erection grew with every kiss. I looked at us in the mirror and tried to imagine how our baby is going to look. It didn't matter though... He is going to be handsome irrespective of who he looks like.

Luphelo: Molo Ntikazi.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: ninjani no Kumkani?

-how are you and Kumkani?

He asked as he rubbed my belly. I held onto his biceps.

Me: si right wena?

Luphelo: I'm good...baby ndicela undi khaphe ndiye Walmer Park namhlanje. Ndifuna uthenga impahla.

-please accompany me to Walmer Park today. I want to buy clothes.

Me: uzo phuma xeshaphi emsebenzini?

-what time are you going to knock off work?

Luphelo: when you are done come to my office and let me know.

Me: okay.

He kissed my temple and then we went to take a shower. After the shower we heard a noise coming from the gate so we went to look from the window and it was Luthando throwing Mbali out. He threw her suitcases over the gate and the parents ran out to assess the situation.

Senior: hayini mahn niyasi jongisa.

Luthando: Tata suku khathalela abantu ukodlula mna. Lento le iphume ngobusuku isithi ukuba iya ku Gloria kanti iyazazi ukuba uzoya eWalmer Heights kwi ndoda endingayaziyo.

-Dad don't worry about other people over me. This thing went out at night saying she's going to Gloria but she knows she is going to Walmer Heights to men I don't know.

Mbali: I told you ndiye ku Brother wam qha wena buzondi cingela ingathi ndiyaxoka.

-I went to my brother but you were going to think I'm lying.

Ma: hehake Mbali sewusi bonisile ukuba awungomntu wothembeka apha. And wena Luthando wakholelwa lento le over uMninawa wakho eku xeleda ukuba li hule eli. So sukusi nxolela apha xana ijive ichamile.

-you have already shown us that you are not trustworthy. And you Luthando believed this thing over your little brother even when he told you that this is a hoe. So don't make a noise here when it's difficult.

She took her husband and then they walked back into the house.

Luphelo: ndifuna yonkinto le ebomini kalok.

-I want everything in life.

He yelled out of the window and I didn't know what he meant but it's probably something that Luthando said to him regarding the Mbali situation.

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Luphelo and I went to work in my Range Rover and I allowed him to drive. I was craving some McDonald's so I asked him to get me a Mega McMuffin with an Oreo McFlurry. He ordered both for me and was never ready for the fact that I literally poured my McFlurry over my McMuffin and then ate the whole thing together. He tensed his face.

Luphelo: Mamakhe Yinton lento uyenzayo?

-what are you doing?

Me: ayimnandi baby. Yafuna uyiva?

-it's so nice baby. Do you want to taste it?

Luphelo: ndicela zunga ndi vusi xana isusu sibublungu ebusuku ke.

-please don't wake me when your stomach hurts at night.

I smiled as I took another bite and he rolled his eyes.

Me: now that Mbali is out of the house... Can we please stay with the family a bit longer?

Luphelo: baby ndi dikiwe kunxiba I underpants imini yonke mna. Ndifuna uhamba endlini yam nge mpundu xandiyotya ebusuku.

-I'm tired of wearing underpants all day long. I want to walk around my house naked when I go eat at night.

Me: finna flex that dick size?

Luphelo: but of course. Sthandwa sam I want you to start thinking about our white wedding. Once you give birth and you are back on your feet... Ndifuna siyenze.

-I want us to do it.

Me: what's my budget?

He laughed.

Luphelo: budget Yinton lonto? Ligama le insurance?

-whats that? Is that the name of an insurance?

I laughed.

Me: hay babe I'm serious.

Luphelo: babe I will never cheat on you or put our marriage in a position to end. So this is the only wedding you will have. Use whatever you need just keeping in mind we have to have a life after the wedding. A honeymoon as well... So yeah.

Me: I love you Taka Kumkani.

Luphelo: I love you too Maka Kumkani.

I tried to take another bite of my McMuffin mixed with Oreo McFlurry and Luphelo was so annoyed with my abnormal combination.

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After work, Luphelo and I went to Walmer Park so that Luphelo could go shopping. We started at Zara where I also picked out some clothes for myself and he looked at me semi bored.

Luphelo: Hlalumi sizele mna apha.

-we came for me.

Me: hay Luphelo zi cravings kalok ezi. Umntana ufuna uMamakhe anxibe uZara.

-these are cravings. The baby wants his mom to wear Zara.

He laughed.

Luphelo: ndi yaqhala uyiva.

-it's my first time hearing this.

He said as we Continued doing shopping. We fitted our clothes, bought them and then we went To Truworths since I wanted new underwear. We went to the underwear section and then we looked around.

Me: baby ucinga ntoni ngalena?

-what do you think about this one?

Luphelo: andim thandi u orange mna.

-I don't like orange.

Me: okay... What about Lena imnyama?

Luphelo: ingathi Ingaveske ikrazuke xandiy tsala ecaleni lo panty for I quickie.

-it looks like it would just tear when I pull that panty to the side for a quickie.

I turned red. There were people around and Luphelo just said that in his normal, deep voice.

Me: Luphelo intloni.

I said whilst whispering.

Luphelo: baby umithi wonke umntu Uyayazi uyatyiwa. Usafihla ntoni.

-you are pregnant everyone knows you get fucked. What are you still hiding?

Me: oh my God.

I said before walking out and he followed me. My cheeks were on fire. Luphelo should not leave the house at all.

We went to have dinner at John Dorys before he drove us back home.

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Luthando was watching TV in the living room when we arrived, looking depressed.

Luthando: Luphelo no Hlalumi ndicela nihlale phantsi. I want to talk to you guys.

-Luphelo and Hlalumi please sit down.

We sat down on the couch and put our shopping bags down.

Luthando: I'm sorry I doubted you Mninawa. I should have known better than to doubt the fact that blood is really thicker than water.

Luphelo: okay.

Luthando: and ndicela uxolo na for ukubetha.

-I'm sorry for hitting you.

Luphelo: you hit like a bitch but okay.

I shook my head. Luphelo makes apologizing so damn hard sometimes Yaz.

Luthando: okay I will take that. But uhm... I really wanna get the fuck out of here so... Since you said you only want Mbali out of Humewood and not me... Can I move back in?

Luphelo: that's my cue keh Mninawa when discussing such things I told you andinanto mna.

Baby sizo dibana eRoomini.

-I have nothing. We will meet in the room.

Me: okay.

He took our bags and then he walked upstairs and left me to deal with his brother. Luphelo makes me feel important. He makes me feel respected. He has relinquished all the power he has worked for over the years and given it to me all for the sole reason that he loves me.

Luthando: Majama... Can I please move in? I will even pay rent-

Me: No... I will give you 5 months to stay for free as long as you take care of the service charges. after that you will have to pay rent.

Luthando: okay... Did Luphelo tell you I have an interest in buying the condo? For R3000 a month.

Me: 3k? Hay Kodwa bhuti that's a 3 bedroomed flat in Algoa Park. Not a 4 bedroom condo in Humewood... Let's be fair with one another.

He exhaled.

Luthando: R4000?

Me: I actually wrote my husband's will and we left that condo for uKing. If the bank doesn't give you a loan then we will be the losers in this whole deal because it will take years for you to settle this condo. Please understand...

He wasn't happy but he understood.

Luthando: true... Ndizo khangela enye indawu.

-I will look for another place.

Me: okay. I love you though. You know that.

Luthando: I love you too Majama.

We hugged and he kissed my cheek before we went our separate ways.

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I went back upstairs to my husband who was on a business call. He really hates them nowadays so I kissed his back while he was on the phone and wrapped my arms around his waist. I ran my fingers through his abs before slipping my hand in his underwear. I gave him a hand job and he gently took my hand out of his pants. He couldn't focus so I let go and then went to the kitchen to make food.

Senior: molokazana.

-daughter in law.

He whispered.

Me: yinton Tatazala? If ufuna ukundi gezela kwakhona ndicela uyazi andi khathali va?

-what father in law? If you want to tease me again please know I don't care okay?

He laughed.

Senior: ndlela le ndikthanda ngayo Hlalumi. Uyi favorite yam. Even if the sky comes falling kalok.

-the way I love you though Hlalumi. You are my favorite.

I giggled and faced his direction.

Me: ufuna ntoni?

-what do you want?

Senior: ndifuna ubamba isusu sakho... Ndiva umzukulwana wam. Azange ndiyenze lonto.

-I want to touch your belly... And feel my grandchild. I have never done that.

Me: heh ude usebeze Lubango.

Senior: hay tsek ndingu Lubango kuwe?

-am I Lubango to you?

He asked while laughing so I went over to him and he rubbed my belly. He was so happy because Kumkani was awake.

Senior: nanko unyana we Finisher. Heeh mntaka Pabbles?

Izozthanda impundu Lena sendiyiva. Abantwana bazo khala ngo King Jama fondin.

-here is the Finishers son. Hey Pabbles's child? I can already feel that this one is going to love ass. The girls are going to cry over King Jama.

Luphelo stood by the entrance of the kitchen and watched us while smiling but Senior couldn't see him so he walked back to the bedroom. Once Senior was done, he gave me a hug and then we parted ways.

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I came back to the bedroom and I got horny just by seeing Luphelo. It was the most arbitrary thing in the world... He was not even exposed, I became wet just by seeing his face and thinking about the things he could do to me. So I made my way to our bed and then I climbed in next to him and adjusted myself so that I could be within good reach of his dick. He was wearing his boxers so I initiated our kiss. We kissed slowly... Gently... Such that it was as calm as the waves of the ocean during low tide. We studied each others body rhythm until we found one rhythm that we rode. He took his body and used it to tower over me and then he pulled down my lacy underwear down my thighs using his one free hand. When it was off, he kissed my neck and sucked which left a love bite which was going to look so unprofessional on me but I didn't care. I'm pregnant... They should ask themselves how I got there. My man disappeared underneath the blankets and then he ate my pussy out. His warm tongue ate my pussy underneath the blanket and left me panting on the surface.

Me: Luphelo I want the dick ngoku yhoo ha.a baby andikwazi ulinda.

-I can't wait.

He exposed himself then he took his boxers off. I opened my thighs and waited in anticipation as he put his dick in and had the brief struggle to put it in. Once it was in, I relaxed my back and allowed us to have sex. Raw, passionate, old fashion missionary style sex which happens to be my favorite position. There is an intimacy in missionary sex that you don't get with other positions... The touching, the staring and kissing that you experience during missionary sex is what makes the position ideal for people like my husband and I.

Luphelo took my hand and then he kissed it. I have never had sex with another man besides him but I didn't think this was common. I didn't think it was common for a man to still be romantic during sex.

Luphelo came so he came on my belly. It was quite ironic but he put himself back inside me and fucked me again.

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In the morning I typically woke up earlier than Luphelo. I don't know his schedule so I decided to let him sleep as I freshened up and then got ready for work. He woke up when I was getting dressed.

Luphelo: uyazu thandu muntu velu gcwale ngaye. Uvelu boni straight, Uvelu bonu mshato ngishu Ma wengane.. Impilo yakho yonki phelele wenu munaye.

Me: kanti yena ufunuk' hamba ufun' ubona banye.

He laughed.

Luphelo: I'm not going to work namhlanje baby. I will be taking Sihle to Grahamstown.

Me: yhu sehamba? I need to say goodbye.

-she's already leaving.

Luphelo: yeah. We are leaving on Saturday so we can go back to our house.

Me: okay. Mandiye ku Sihle.

-let me go to Sihle.

He gave me a kiss then allowed me to go to my besties room. She was still packing when I came into her bedroom feeling all sorts of emotional.

Me: hey.

Sihle: suthetha.

-don't speak.

She was trying to stop herself from crying. I keep forgetting what a weak bitch she actually is.

Me: remember when we promised each other that at some point... We would live together? I know this isn't what we meant... And its too late for us to live together like we planned but having you around has been the best thing ever. You are the best friend anyone could ever ask for so to thank you for having my back and making sure I could graduate by begging Luphelo to pay my outstanding fees I'm going to give you 1, 5k per month just so you can be happy that side. I know it's not much but I earn 20k now which gets taxed and I'm trying to save money for my son I don't want his father to be the only one making trust funds and shit like that for uKing. She wiped her tears.

Sihle: I don't want your money Ncumo. Look where the love of money almost got me. I almost lost everything so I'm good.. Wena just focus on your beautiful

Marriage. I know you always wanted a family so... You got the ring and you have the baby. With the degree and job on the side. I hope that when I'm older...

She said, mocking the fact that I'm really young to be already married. I laughed because we both know I rushed into things. I don't even take offense to that anymore.

Sihle: it can happen for me too.

I wiped my tears.

Me: I hope so too mntase.

Sihle: yeah so izapha Cousin King.

She said before kissing my belly and then kissing me.

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°° Mandla's perspective °°

I walked into my office and I found my PA busy on her phone in my office. Everybody knows that I have a no phone policy in my company and that could lead to an automatic dismissal since we have company phones available for staff to communicate important business activities.

Me: Lisa! What are you doing?

Lisa: Mr Mthethwa I'm sorry I'm just...

She decided to quit while she was still ahead.

Me: give me your phone.

My face was serious so she handed her phone to me and I saw that she was on Instagram. She was stalking Ncumolwethu. Her Instagram name is mrs_hlalumijama.

I checked out her bio:

-Degree in Construction Economics.

-Married. ♂

-Pregnant with a King. ☐

-Black Bill gates in the making.

I scrolled through all of her pictures and then asked Lisa to excuse me and I won't dismiss her for this. She left me with her phone then I locked my office.

I looked at all of her pictures from the time when she used to sell Herbalife products so I pulled my dick out and masturbated to her pictures. She is so sexy... Once I was done masturbating I called Luphelo. He picked up.

Luphelo: hello?

Me: hey u grand?

-are you good?

Luphelo: yeah you?

Me: I'm good. Mamela ndine chomi ezizi businessmen yabo... Young black businessmen like us who are pretty accomplished and I was invited to go on a trip to Johannesburg and I think you should come. It will be a great chance to network and maybe start new business ventures. .

Luphelo: okay sounds pretty good. Funeka ndi thethe no mfazi kuqhala Kodwa.

-I have to speak to the wife first though.

Me: oh Luphelo lighten the fuck up bruh what happened to you?

Luphelo: umithi umfazi wam I can't just up and leave like a little boy. I will let you know what she says by tonight..

Me: alright I will let you know.

Luphelo: sure.

He hung up so I called my sister.

Mbali: hello?

Me: hey... Don't you want to go to Johannesburg?

Mbali: yeah... Why?

I smiled before explaining the details to her.

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I made dinner for the family and I must say, it was not the same. We were getting smaller by the numbers and the house was getting less overcrowded. Luphelo enjoyed that because he is used to living alone but I didn't enjoy it because it reminded me of my life with my mother. Not that there was anything wrong with my life with my mother... It was just too lonely for me and I always wanted to marry into a family such as the Jama family. A big family that understands the importance of family.

After eating, Luphelo went to help me wash the dishes. I looked at the dish water and seriously wanted to drink it. It looked refreshing but I knew Luphelo would die twice before he allows me to do such a thing.

Luphelo: Yinton waqwalasela amanzi ezitya kangaka Hlalumi?

-why are you noticing dish water so much?

Me: hay akhonto Tatakhe. Ndiyacinga qha.

-it's nothing. I'm just thinking.

Luphelo: oh. About what?

Me: hay Yinton na wena wayi detective?

-no why are you being a detective?

Senior: hay Pabbles ukuba uvasa izitya gqhiba unga kwazi umphendula uMajama kulento asandoy thetha ndizok ncama nyana. Uyi moffie.

-if you are washing dishes and be unable to answer Majama on what she has just said then I am going to give up on you son. You are homosexual.

Luphelo: Tata subasela. Ndicela undi yeke ndihoye umtshato wam nge ndlela yam.

-Dad don't entice me. Please let me handle my marriage my way.

Senior: mnk ayimfutshane lento iku delelayo. U Weak Luphelo mahn awuyo Finisher uFinished.

-this thing that is disrespecting you is so short. You are weak Luphelo you are not a Finisher you are Finished.

We laughed.

Luphelo: andi mind'i.

-I don't mind.

He said before his mother wrapped her arms around her husband.

Ma: khayeke igqhibelo lethu libengu mnyeni o right wethu Lubango. Bizoba ngenye ukuba ebeyinja.

-let our last born be a good husband. It was going to be another thing if he was a dog.

Luphelo: bone Nozala.

Senior: yho hay hlambi kwenziwa ngolu hlobo emtshatweni ngok qha sithi aba ba late. But ndiyanithanda.. I wish your marriage the best of luck.

-maybe that's how things are done in a marriage nowadays but we are the ones who are late. But I love you guys.

Luphelo: Ncoho izand phuze.

-give me a kiss.

He said before walking over to his father who tried to fight out of his sons hold but Luphelo managed to land one on his father's cheek. I rubbed my belly as I watched them with a smile. Ma was smiling too.

After they left, Lusanda came to help me finish up the dishes while Luphelo and Luthando went to speak in the car.

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I video called Sihle while I waited for my husband in the bedroom.

Sihle: Maka King.

Me: hey mntase. Ufike kakuhle?

-did you arrive well?

Sihle: yeah. The road trip was really fun but I miss home.

Me: ndim lona uzokhumbula ukuba lapha cos sahna umntuwam ufuna siye Bluewater Bay ndibe mna ndifuna ukuba lapha endlini.

-I'm the one that's going to miss being here because my person wants us to go to Bluewater Bay when I want to be here.

Sihle: oh hay kalok Hlalu anino hlala apho forever kalok.. You have to go to your house at some point.

-you can't stay there forever.

Me: I know but imagine not seeing my father in law for a week hay hay.

I sulked and she laughed.

Sihle: esi sphanxa eso. Kalok you can visit him nge weekends. I have to see him nge holidays which is worse.

-that idiot.

Me: yho mntase I will have to teach him how to video call so you two can be able to be in contact.

Sihle: okay. I would appreciate lonto-

My husband walked into the room.

Sihle: yho mandi bye bye'ise before ndi bye bye'iswe.

I laughed.

Luphelo: ndi thanda lentba uyazi iya eku bye bye'iseni.

She laughed.

Me: bye babes. I love you.

Sihle: I love you more. Bye bye Taka Kumkani.

Luphelo: bye bye.

I hung up then focused on my husband who was on his knees by my bedside so I sat on the edge of the bed with my legs opened just to seduce him. He lifted up my night dress and then kissed my thighs slowly... Inwards and I was wet already. I was wearing my underwear so he sucked my coochie over my underwear and it felt great. I panted as he pulled my underwear down my thighs and then sucked my pussy. I moaned as I ran my fingers through his hair with my nails. When he had enough of eating pussy, he kissed my coochie in a series of kisses that left me giggling.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam ndicela ukuya eJoburg.

-my love can I please go to Joburg.

Me: hay hay hay Jama for ntoni?

-what for?

Luphelo: uMandla invited me to a trip with other businessmen our age and he thinks it would be good for me to network because that could lead to some potential opportunities for business.

Me: why would Mandla know about this and not you babe? Because your businesses are bigger and he has like one. I don't understand. It makes no sense.

Luphelo: it's all about who you know Kalok Nkosikazi uMandla knows people and that's how he came up. By association... I have always been a loner. That's why he knows more people.

I wasn't feeling good about this but I didn't have any grounds to object.

Me: okay Tiyeka.

Luphelo: suvuma kuba uziva ingathi awuna choice Majama. I'm your husband. The man that made you pregnant. Talk to me... I will listen.

-don't agree as if you don't have a choice.

I smiled before gently pulling him closer to my chest and then kissing his forehead.

Me: I'm done talking Jama. There's no need to... Have fun.

Luphelo: I love you.

Me: I love you more.

We kissed and then he kissed my belly.

Luphelo: yandcisha uMamakho boy yhoo losisi.

-your mother is killing me boy wow this lady.

I giggled before hugging my husband. After the hug, we prayed then went to bed.

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°° Saturday °°

It was the day I was dreading, we had to move out of the Jama household and I was being stripped of my bridal clothes. Also my husband was leaving for Johannesburg so emotionally I was in the worst space ever.

I woke up in the morning to make a sandwich. We don't really eat breakfast on Saturday since people wake up really late so I sneaked outside and then went to the garden where Ma plants her roses. I know that she keeps her soil very clean around her roses so I grabbed some soil and then put it inside my bread. I took a bite and the taste made me emotional.. It was so delicious. I couldn't understand how I had been ignoring a free delicacy for so long.

Luthando: I don't think that's good for my nephew.

He scared me.

Me: Luthando! Undothusile.

-you scared me.

Luthando: xolo Hlalumi... Kodwa keh ndicela ulahle lonto uyityayo before I call my little brother and see what he has to say about this.

-please throw away what you are eating.

Me: but imnandi Luthando njena Ndakcela. Ndicela nje uluma okok gqhibela.

-but it's nice Luthando I'm begging you. Can I please take my final bite?

Luthando: ha.a Hlalumi sapha. If you want soil Iya kwa Woolworths and get those spinaches or what not that have roots that are still growing. As for this...

He took my bread from me and then he threw it in the garbage bin.

Luthando: ungaphinde uyitye. Ndakcela.

-don't ever eat it again. Please.

I nodded before walking back into the house. I knew I was going to make another soil sandwich once I get to Bluewater Bay where nobody can see me.

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We said our goodbyes to the family, it was emotional yes but our door was open to them to come spend the night at our house whenever they felt they wanted to. We drove back to Bluewater Bay in our separate cars and I didn't realise how much the image of seeing that woman in my house fucked me up until I felt like a stranger in my own house... I felt uncomfortable and on edge because I expected to see another one.

Luphelo: u Right?

Me: no. Didn't you bring another bitch home?

He exhaled.

Luphelo: no.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: ndicele uxolo Kodwa Ncumo.

-I apologized though.

Me: that's one of the few apologies I will never accept from you Luphelo.

I said as I walked up to our bedroom. He followed me.

Luphelo: Ncumo ndihambe njani keh ngoku xana wena unje?

-how should

I leave when you are like this?

Me: oh so it's about you again? You aren't concerned about what coming home to a house where I once saw a woman wearing my husband's t-shirt in my kitchen felt like?

Luphelo: Kodwa sthandwa sam we both know what the situation was on that night. I was angry... I thought we were over momentarily and I made a bad call but I never slept with her. I was just desperate for some sanity.

Me: sanity? So wena bukhangela eyakho isanity walibala ngeyam? It's fine Luphelo andinanto ndizo phinde ndiy thethe mna.

-you were looking for your sanity and forgot about mine.. I have nothing more to say.

Luphelo: you're seriously breaking my heart Ncumo because it's not even like that. I don't know if it's your hormones or utheni but please... Be fair.

Me: mxm.

Luphelo: ndi hambe Ncumo?

-should I leave?

I didn't reply so he exhaled.

Luphelo: bye bye... Ndizokbona xandi buya. Ndicela undi phuze.

-I will see you when I come back.

He didn't even try to hug or kiss me good bye because he knew I was going to reject him so he walked out. When I heard him opening the front door I ran after him.

Me: xolo keh mntuwam izapha.

-I'm sorry my person come here.

He stopped for me so I gave him the kiss I knew he wanted..

Me: I don't know what came over me.. I'm sorry.

Luphelo: it's okay baby. I'm really gonna be late sthandwa sam-

Me: okay yeah... Have a safe trip mntuwam. I love you.

Luphelo: be safe wena apha. I love you more.

We kissed for the last time and he kissed his son before he headed out. I closed the door and just cried on the floor. Watching my husband leave sucked.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I drove to the airport and then I paid to have my car kept there. I didn't know why I wasted money unnecessarily instead of asking u Ncumolwethu to take me to the airport but I was already here. Therefore there was no need to cry over spilled milk.

I took my luggage out of my boot, locked my car and Mandla called me as I was walking in.

Me: hello.

Mandla: hey uphi?

-where are you?

Me: Ndisando ngena e airport ngok nzayo check in'a.

-I just got here at the airport now I'm going to check in.

Mandla: okay sendi ngaphakathi keh mnake.

-I'm already inside.

Me: moja.

Mandla: sure

I hung up, checked in and then went to put my luggage in the conveyor belt. I then went to board the business flight where I found Mandla sitting with a thot. I was already uncomfortable.

Me: hey.

Mandla: hey. Hannah meet my good friend LJ.

Hannah: hi LJ.

Me: hey.

I looked at Mandla with a raised eyebrow on some "Wtf bruh?"

Mandla: listen cupcake... I need to discuss some business with him I will call you when we are done.

Hannah: sure.

She got up and went to find another seat.

Mandla: Lumphelo Yinton ujonge uHannah ingathi..

-why are you looking at Hannah as if..

Me: as if what?

Mandla: ngathi uyamonyanya..

-as if you disgust her.

Me: you misjudged my expression Kodwa into enzaythetha is andi understand'I ufuna nton apha lomntu xasiyele I business eJoburg.

-what I'm going to say is I don't understand what this person is doing here if we are here for business in Joburg.

Mandla: kalok Lumphelo we aren't all married to women who look like Ncumo. If I knew I'm coming home to such a face after this trip... Hannah wouldn't be here. So ndicela undi yeke ndenze lento izondi vuyisa.. You don't have to be around any bitch if awufuni.

-please let me do what's going to make me happy.

I exhaled. I really don't like hearing my wife's name coming out of another man's mouth.

Me: do you bruh. Unga bhaqwa qha.

-just don't get caught.

He laughed as he poured a shot of Johnny Walker Blue Label for me and then poured one for himself as well.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I called my big sister-in-law Lusanda when I was at home. I was too bored being home alone and my husband was slowly replying to my texts on WhatsApp hence I decided to have some company.

Lusanda: Mamakhe?

Me: hey mntase uphi?

-where are you?

Lusanda: ndilapho undishiye khona sisi.

-I'm where you left me.

I laughed. She was still a bit mad over the fact that I begged her to live in the Jama household with us and then left her there without letting her know I was moving out over the weekend. That was wrong of me, I know.

Me: can I make it up to you by taking you out?

She giggled.

Lusanda: siyephi?

-where should we go?

Me: Masiye Summerstrand kalok. Maybe sitye kwa Company and watch a movie? Whatever looks good kuwe.

-let's go to Summerstrand... Maybe eat at Company?

Lusanda: okay I will sleep over apho ke. I'm coming over in an hour.

Me: okay sure.

She hung up and I became really irritated with Lumphelo's slow replies so I called him.

Lumphelo: Hlalumi?

Me: why do I have to be the one calling you Luphelo Kodwa you know I'm home alone and pregnant?

Luphelo: xolo kalok mkam kumnandi apha ngok ndiye ndalibala uku phonela.

-I'm sorry my wife it's nice here so I forgot to call you.

The tears started falling from my eyes and I didn't even know why I was so angry. I hated this lack of control I had over my feelings.

Me: ha.a Luphelo it's been hours since you said you were going to call me. How do you expect me to feel?

Luphelo: mthuke umnyeni wakho baby umamele.. Mxelele uyadika baby. Itsho.

-swear at your husband baby he's listening. Tell him he's annoying baby. Say it.

I smiled.

Me: uyadika mahn.

-you're annoying.

He laughed.

Luphelo: xolo sthandwa sam kalok. I'll do better.

-I'm sorry my love.

Me: promise?

I sniffed.

Luphelo: yeah... I promise. Use right wena?

-are you still alright?

Me: yeah... I was just bonding with your son. Akasandi pholeli ngelo xesha if you were here ngeku dala sekhaba khaba.

-he is so chilled but if you were here he would have been kicking.

He giggled before I heard him yelling to someone in the background that he's still on the phone.

Me: unga hamba Luphelo. I will be fine.

-you can leave.

Luphelo: nyan?

Me: yeah.. You will call me before I go to bed right?

Luphelo: ewe Mamakhe.

Me: cool then.

Luphelo: sharp I love you.

Me: I love you more.

I hung up.

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Lusanda couldn't come over because Luthando's baby mama needed help with the children so she had to look after them. I decided to call Luphelo's parents and ask them if I could take them out and they agreed so I gave them an hour to get dressed. When they were ready, I drove to the house to pick them up. Tatu Jama was sitting in the living room with a friend when I arrived.

Me: molweni.

Them: Molo.

Senior: ngu Hlalumi ke lona Rhadebe. Ngumfazi ka Luphelo.

-Radebe this is Hlalumi. She's Luphelo's wife.

Friend: akasemhle mahn. Enye into uLuphelo une Mali besiy lindele ukuba uzobano mfazi onje.

-she's so beautiful. Another thing is Luphelo has money so we expected him to have a wife like this.

Senior: hay Kodwa ayomali Lena bayathandana aba. Ngo "even when the sky comes falling" kalok aba.

-but it's not money they love each other.

I was offended by the friends views but my father in laws defense was good. Ma came into the living room and she looked so beautiful.

Ma: singa hambani ke.

-we can leave.

Senior: awusemhle mfaz wam wogqitha no Hlalumi lona.

-you are so beautiful my wife you even beat Hlalumi.

Me: yaxoka.

-lies.

We all laughed as my husband's parents shared a kiss. We all walked out and I unlocked the car so they could get in. Once they were in, I drove to Summerstrand where we all watched a movie and then went to eat at Company afterwards.

Ma: u Luphelo ufike kakuhle eJoburg?

-did Luphelo arrive well in Johannesburg?

Me: ewe Ma.. I called and he's okay.

Senior: yaxoka wethu Luphelo akayo phangela pha uyobona icherrakhe uBonang.

-Luphelo is lying he isn't there to work he's there to see his girlfriend Bonang.

No but Senior is an idiot. I laughed.

Me: khatye wethu Awuthandi nje undibona ndi happy.

-just eat you just don't like to see me happy.

He laughed.

Senior: if biyi nyani leyo ngendi ngekho apha.

-if that was true I wouldn't have been here.

Ma: nge lapha wethu Hlalumi ayina hayi ekutyeni lento le.

-he would have been here this thing doesn't have a no when it comes to food.

Senior: oh ndiyinto ngok kuwe Nokwanda?

-oh I'm a thing now to you?

He sulked but his wife romantically caressed his cheek and he went back to being happy again. These two are goals.

Me: uhm... Ma nawe no Tatu Jama ndini zise apha ngoba bendi funa ukuni bulela ngo nyana enim khulisileyo. Ndi yamthanda umnyeni wam... He's the most important person in my life and he has made me happy in unimaginable ways. Ndadibana naye ndingu Ncumolwethu Sifora yena wandenza uHlalumi Jama. Zandi hlala endlini no Mamam yena Wandenza uMama we khaya... uMaka Kumkani... He helped me graduate and gave me a job but he never reminds me of that he's humble. Respects me... Listens to what I have to say... I love him so much so thank you parents for bringing Luphelo into the world.

Ma wiped her eyes.. I think she never expected her son to ever settle down so it brought her utter happiness to see his life so complete.

Ma: nawe Mamcethe Siya bulela ngonika unyana wethu ikhaya. Kungenxa yakho sikwazi nathi uke silindele umzukulwana wethu ozophuma ku Pabbles... Ngoba he never wanted children and that scared us so thank you Mamcethe.

-we are also thankful to you Mamcethe for giving our son a home. It's because of you that we are able to wait for our grandchild who comes from Pabbles.

It was emotional around that table but a good type of emotional. I was happy that I was able to have this evening with my parents in law.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I was drunk as fuck but my wife called so I had to act

Sober.

Me: baby?

Hlalumi: unxilile ne Tatakhe?

-you are drunk right?

Me: mna?!! Ha.a Mamakhe ndi sober.

-me?!!

She exhaled.

Hlalumi: Luphelo what is going on kulo trip? Heh Tiyeka? Were you playing me?

She sounded so low and I couldn't deal with that shit.

Me: sthandwa sam I have never been on one of these things so I didn't know kuyanxilwa but baby mamela... Suqumba..

Hlalumi: okay.

Me: uzityile minerals zakho ze iron ntoza ntoza.

Hlalumi: yes.

Me: okay. Xelela unyana wam ndi yamthanda Ndakcela.

-please tell my son I love him.

Hlalumi: mna?

- What about me?

Me: check your left hand.

She giggled.

Hlalumi: nawe check yours.

I looked at my left hand which had her ring and smiled.

Me: I did.. Baby can I please sleep? We will talk ngomso.

Hlalumi: okay good night. I love you.

Me: I love you too sthandwa sam.

I hung up and then went up to my bedroom.. I was drunk yes but I wasn't tripping over my feet drunk. I opened my door and a thot was half naked on my bed.

Me: oh thixo wamu impundu ezingaka. Reid khazapha bawo.

-oh my God so much ass.. Reid come here man.

Tinashe: Luphelo don't worry. I know you are married and I understand...

Reid came up to my bedroom and yelled when he saw Tinashe.

Reid: yhuuuuu!! Luphelo masitshintshe fondin.. Sapha uTinashe mna ndizak Nika uLola.

-let's swap. Give me Tinashe and I will give you Lola.

Me: hey fondin aninoyiki Aids Nina?

-aren't you guys scared of Aids?

He laughed.

Reid: heh hay Jama ucinga impundu ezingaka Zingane Aids?

-do you think an ass this huge could have Aids?

I exhaled.

Me: it's fine take them both. Ndizo lala.

-I will sleep.

Reid: LJ what happened to you man? Mandla told me you changed but are you really fucking turning down a bitch?

Me: if my marriage has to go down then let it go down but not because of a bitch that I will have to pay after yonke lento. So bathathe I will pay for them.

-take them.

Reid: happy belated birthday gift keh leyo.

I laughed as he walked out with Tinashe and I closed my bedroom door. I was turned on so I locked my door and then went to search for my sleeping pills in the drawer and then drank one pill with my bottled water. I felt sleepy so I went to bed and blocked out the noise and fun that was going on downstairs.

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°° Mandla's perspective °°

Tinashe came down with Reid so I took her from him..

Reid: Yinton na wena?

-whats going on with you?

Me: ndifuna uthetha no Tinashe.

-I want to talk to Tinashe.

Reid: mxm.

He said as he continued his journey to his bedroom with Lola. I pulled Tinashe into my arms and then I kissed her. She kisses better than my wife.

Me: uthini uLJ?

-what did LJ say?

Tinashe: he gave me away to Reid.

Me: what? Just like that?

She nodded.

Tinashe: yes... Mandla this guy is clearly faithful so why are you messing with that? Did he do something to you?

Mandla: I wanna fuck his wife that's why. But I'm no rapist so if I'm gonna do it... I need to win her over the right way. And that's to get him out of the way.

Tinashe: you have me though..

Me: you aren't Ncumolwethu... That woman is gorgeous...smart...fiesty and she's got a fat ass too. I love it. But excuse me I need to make a call. Go to my bedroom I will be up soon.

She nodded so I called my sister.

Mbali: hello?

Me: he didn't sleep with the prostitute.. So please get me some sleeping pills. Really strong ones.

Mbali: you gonna drug him now?

Me: yeah... Lumphelo won't cheat on his wife for nothing and I won't let go for nothing. Ncumo will be mine and Lumphelo will be yours.

We laughed.

Mbali: okay mntase I will get them tomorrow.

Me: sure. Bye.

I hung up and then put my phone in my pocket.

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