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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I woke up in the morning and then I called my wife immediately. I missed her and it was quite lonely waking up without her. I wanted to go home, this trip isn't what I expected. I love to have fun but being around men who make cheating on their wives a lifestyle was discouraging. I felt out of place... And it was crazy to know that at some point I was the leader of this gang back in Cape Town. I used to orchestrate our movements and plan all of the mischief we used to get up to. But it seemed like Mandla had taken my place and made me look weak but I really didn't care. I would rather be weak with a ring on my finger than to be strong without one.

My wife picked up my call on the first ring.

Hlalumi: hey husband.

Me: hey. Ndikvusile?

-did I wake you?

Hlalumi: yeah but I don't mind ngoba Kakade I was waiting for your call. I miss you.

Me: baby if you want me to come back-

Hlalumi: no baby have fun. Usebenza nzima kwi business zakho and when it comes to making me happy. You need a break.

-you work hard on your businesses.

I smiled.

Me: I don't know what I would do without you.

Hlalumi: neither do I baby. Uzobuya nini Kodwa mntuwam? Ndifuna ukuba ready for uku twerkela. Be ndenze i squats Izolo and ingathi zi sebenzile.

-when are you coming back though? I want to be ready to twerk for you. I did some squats yesterday and I think they worked.

I laughed.

Me: khandbone..

-let me see.

Hlalumi: let's video call.

Me: sure.

I hung up.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I went to bed naked so my husband called me back via video call. I got out of bed and then put my phone against the mirror on the dressing table..

Me: uyand bona?

-can you see me.

Luphelo: yeah.

I turned around for him and exposed my butt cheeks. He started exhaling over the phone and it felt good to get that reaction from him..

Luphelo: khachole esa slipper baby. Unga nxami.

-pick up that slipper. And don't rush.

I laughed because I knew which view he wanted so I dropped and slowly got back up and he became erect when he saw my coochie.

Luphelo: mhm..

He groaned as he pulled his penis out and then masturbated.

Me: ngesi yenzani ngok baby? Huh?

-what would we be doing now?

Luphelo: I'd be hitting that from the back..

He said as he jerked off. My husband is so sexual. He cleaned up his mess then he put his dick back. I was still naked because I love being naked in front of my husband. It makes me feel like a woman.

Luphelo: have you started thinking about our wedding?

Me: no baby I can't do this without you. I want your opinion about everything.

Luphelo: Mamakhe I got what I wanted.. You have my last name so mna ndi grand. Nale white wedding ndiyenzela wena no Instagram wakho otherwise I don't need it.

-I'm even doing this white wedding for you and your Instagram.

I laughed. My husband is so adorable.

Me: I don't think you have any idea how much I love you.

Luphelo: awunayo nje nawe sthandwa sam. Oko ndicinga ngawe apha... Andiqondi ndingakwazi uphinde ndibe ngenye into ngaphandle kobayi ndoda yakho.

-you don't have it either though. I have been thinking about you all along here. I don't think I could ever go back to being anything besides your man..

Me: and you won't ever have to.. I love you Tiyeka, Zikhali Mazembe, Ngcolosi, Jojo...

He smiled.

Luphelo: aw icherram madoda.

-my girlfriend man.

We giggled.

Me: haska don't demote me I'm a wife tshi.. Baby ndifuna uye toilet ngok masithethe ku WhatsApp or call me if usenayo i airtime?

-I want to go to the toilet or call me if you still have airtime.

Luphelo: yeah okay Nkosikazi. I will call you.

Me: sharp.. Bye.

Luphelo: bye.

He hung up so I got up and went to the bathroom.

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I realised I hadn't taken any time for myself since I became married to Luphelo so I decided to take myself out and have some Ncumolwethu time. My mother called me when I was on my way to the Baywest mall.

Me: hey Maka Ncumo.

Mom: hey Maka Kumie. Bufuna lonto ne?

-that's what you wanted right.

I giggled.

Me: ewe Mama this is my first pregnancy please understand.

She giggled.

Mom: how's it going?

Me: good qa I have weird cravings. Bendike nda bawela amanzi ezitya ndaphinda ndatya i sonka esino mhlaba.

-I craved dishwater and then ate bread with soil.

Mom: sies Hlalumi mahn. Uzogula uKumie ngalento uyenzayo. Is that what you want?

-Kumie is going to get sick because of what you are doing.

Me: no... But right now I'm going to have some mother and son bonding time. I want to get anything related to pregnancy maybe a book as well so I can write down some cute moments and then share it with uKumkani when he's older.

Mom: ingantle lonto mntanam. Ndiyak khumbula Kodwa so ndicela uze apha endlini uzotyia i dinner nam.

-that would be nice my child. I miss you though so please come to the house and eat dinner with me.

Me: okay Ma...what time?

Mom: when you are free... Come home.

Me: okay Ma.

Mom: sure Majama.

She hung up so I arrived at Baywest and did some baby shopping. And everytime I picked up an item I would talk to my son as if I wanted his opinion on it. I shopped and when I was on my way to the till to pay, I saw Lusanda's boyfriend with another woman. He was so lovey dovey with her that it was hard to justify so I paid, took my stuff and then followed him. I tapped him on the shoulder and then greeted him.

Xhanti: hiiii.

He was so shocked that he exaggerated his words.

Me: hi bhuti Andazi noba ndi yakwazi na qha Ndiyak fanisa. Have we met before?

-I don't know if I know you but you look familiar.

Xhanti: yes... No... Andazi.

-i don't know.

Me: my name is Lusanda by the way.

Xhanti: oh... I don't know you.

Me: okay.

I fake smiled before walking away... Not knowing how to tell Lusanda about this.

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°° Mandla's perspective °°

It was our second party in a row and everybody was turned.. We wanted to celebrate us closing in a huge business idea that we had discussed so this trip wasn't for nothing. We legitimately combined heads and came up with something that was going to be huge. And for the life of me I hoped that after I win his wife over Luphelo won't pull out of this deal because he is our Biggest financial asset and besides he is an expert entrepreneur therefore he is also the brains of our entire operation.

We ordered some shots so I strategically placed Luphelo's spiked shot on the tray such that it would get to him and it did. He drank it and the drink usually takes 2 minutes to work.. It took damn near 10 minutes to work on Luphelo.. He's got the system of a veteran. Once he felt his body was failing him, he sneaked out and dragged himself up the stairs to his bedroom but he couldn't make it up and passed out midway so Mbali helped me carry him upstairs. We put him on his bed and Mbali exhaled..

Mbali: rha uyasinda lomntu.

-damn this person is heavy.

She panted.

Me: khulula ungene ebhedini naye.

-take your clothes off and get into bed with him.

Mbali: I thought I'm going to have sex with him.

Me: Mbali u Luphelo has been molested before. We can't do that to him again otherwise he will seriously lose it.

Mbali: umkhathalele ngantoni Mandla? Ndifuna umntana kuye mna qha.

-why do you care about him? I just want a baby from him that's all.

Me: so you want evidence that you fucked him? Then they test his system and find out he was drugged? What do you think is gonna happen to you cos mna I want no part of such thing.

Mbali: kodwa-

-but-

Me: Yey Mbali!!

I said before slapping her against the wall. Something in me snapped when she wouldn't take a no for an answer. Melusi came into the room running.

Melusi: Yinton Mandla fondin?

-what Mandla?

Me: ayikufuni lento wena.. Khandi bizele uYonika phana.

-this doesn't concern you. Call Yonika for me there.

Melusi: nifuna ntoni kwi room ka LJ?

-what are you going in LJ's room?

I exhaled. He knew I wasn't going to reply so he went down and called Yonika who came up a few minutes later.

Yonika: yes?

She was disturbed by

Mbali who was crying in the corner.

Me: take your top off... And LJ's top off and cuddle up next to him. Make him look like you too had sex but don't touch him too much... Make it look natural. Don't pose... Don't do too much.

Yonika: okay.

She took her top and shoes off before climbing into bed next to Lumphelo. She took his t-shirt off and tossed it aside.

Me: Mbali thula or uzofokofa apha.

-keep quiet or you are going to leave here.

She ran out of the room so I switched the lights off and then took pictures of Yonika and LJ. The pictures looked convincing enough... Yonika is a fucking pro. Once I had enough pictures, I told Yonika she could leave and then reviewed all of those pictures. They were perfect. I walked out of LJ's room and then took my used condoms from yesterday and put them on the floor next to Lumphelo's bed so he could wake up and think he did it.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

When I woke up in the morning my body was tired. I felt like a stampede of elephants had just ran on top of me. My eyes were heavy, head was aching and my mind was empty. So I tried my hardest to get up and I managed to sit upright. I was topless but I was still in my jeans so when I looked on my bedside, I saw 4 used condoms on the floor.. Looking disgusting as fuck. I didn't know who these condoms belonged to because I don't remember having sex with anyone last night. I panicked... My mind was scrambled and it didn't help that some bitch named Onika came into my bedroom.

Onika: hey LJ.

Me: ufuna nton apha wena?

-what do you want here?

Onika: I want to thank you for such a great night.

Me: great night? Onika.. We didn't have sex.

Onika: my name is Yonika. And we did have sex.

Me: I don't fuck with my pants on. A quickie yes... Not 4 rounds with My pants on.

Onika: I dressed you. You were drunk... But you called me and said you wanted sex so we had sex.

I exhaled. I was seriously on the verge of crying. I buried my face in my hands and scratched my head.

Me: what the fuck did I say?

Onika: you said "khandiphe impundu".

-give me ass.

Me: oh thixo. Fuck!! Get out.

-oh God.

That was me.

Onika: but-

Me: khaphume Onika yere!!

-just get out Onika damn!!

Onika: it's Yonika.

Me: andikhathali ptsek.

-I don't care.

I said as I closed my door behind her. I need to get the fuck out of this city so I packed my bags and then called an Uber. When it was here, I dragged my bags downstairs.

Athenkosi: uyaphi Jama?

-where are you going?

Me: home.

Athenkosi: you have my number right?

Me: ewe bawo.

I was seriously annoyed as I practically ran to the Uber, put my bags in and then I taken to the airport where I paid for a last minute flight back home.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was at home with Ovayo when I heard a knock on the door. I went to open it and it was my husband. He looked besides himself though... He looked tired. Really tired.

Me: Jama? Mntuwam utheni? And why are you back so early? Are you okay?

-whats wrong?

Luphelo: ndi right Ncumolwethu.

-I'm alright.

He walked into the house and he tensed his eyebrows when he saw Ovayo.

Ovayo: Ta Phelo unga cingeli grootman akhonto yenzeka phakathi kwam no Mfazi wakho.

-don't overthink it nothing is going on between your wife and I.

Luphelo: kwedin ndimhle kunawe ngok ndinga vasanga sube ucacisa intwe ninzi. Hamba futhi ndizokwenza lanto zange ukwazi uyenza ku Ncumo.

-boy I'm more attractive than you are although I haven't taken a bath so don't explain too much. Anyway leave so I can do to Ncumo what you couldn't do.

Me: Luphelo hay mahn.

-no man.

He left his suitcases downstairs and then walked up to our bedroom.



Me: I'm sorry. Uske abenje keh uLuphelo.

-Luphelo gets like this sometimes.

Ovayo: and that's how he got you. This was a bad idea.

Me: I didn't know Uzobuya namhlanje. I'm sorry.

He nodded before walking out.

I walked back upstairs to the bedroom where Luphelo was taking a shower in the en suite. I watched him through the glass and he kept scrubbing himself. I know how Luphelo washes himself... He's black so he uses the cross method: face, arm pits then the dick & ass. But this time he was scrubbing which is something I used to do for him. I waited until he was done so when he came out of the shower I sat cross legged on the bed.

Me: Luphelo? Are you okay?

Luphelo: yeah. Iphi roll on yam?

-where's my roll on.

Me: I don't know.

Luphelo: Ncumo njani ungayazi?! Akhange ndihambe nayo!

-how can you not know? I didn't leave with it.

Me: hay Luphelo Akhange ndithi mna suka eJoburg uze Bhayi unga vasanga.

-I didn't say come from Joburg to Port Elizabeth without taking a bath.

Luphelo: ingena phi lonto kuwe ungayazi Iphi roll on yam?!

-how's that relevant to you not knowing where my roll on is.

Me: if you took a bath eJoburg we wouldn't be having this dumb argument. What the fuck happened there Luphelo? Was this trip some fucking lie so you can socialise with Mandla who you told me to stay away from?

Luphelo: hehake andimdala for i scams. If I want to do that ndizak xelela ezinkonqeni ukuba ndiyemka ngok.

-I'm too grown for scams... I will tell you that I'm leaving now.

Me: then explain us arguing over a God damn roll on that you don't even have because you don't use roll ons. You use sprays Luphelo.

His face softened.

Luphelo: oh.

Me: you're so mean sometimes.

I stormed out of the bedroom and went to Sihle's old bedroom..

°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I didn't apologize to my wife after our argument because I didn't want to find myself in a position where she was going to want to know the truth about Johannesburg. I got dressed and then I went to find her in Sihle's room.

Me: ndiya hamba keh.

-I'm leaving.

Hlalumi: Luphelo uyaphi?

-where are you going?

Me: ndiya ku Tata.

-I'm going to Dad.

Hlalumi: okay.

Me: ndiyaku thanda.

-I love you.

Hlalumi: mxm.

She came to close the door in my face but I blocked it and then kissed her.. It managed to do the trick because she gave me a smile. It was all I needed from her before I could leave. I drove to the house then I called Dad to come to my car. He came after 5 minutes and then sat on the passenger seat.

Dad: nyana Yinton inxaki?

-son what's the problem?

Me: Tata kuthiwa nditye ihule pha eJoburg. Ndivuke kukho icondom ecamkwe bhedi yam and naye le trits lthi Ndiyi tyile. Mna Andiy khumbuli lonto.

-they say I fucked a hoe in Joburg. I woke up and there was condoms next to my bed and this trick says I fucked her. I don't remember that.

Dad: uthi utheni kuye lomntana?

-what does this girl say you said to her?

Me: uthe ndithe makandiphe impundu.

-she says I asked her to give me some ass.

Dad: hay umtyile nyan nyana.

-no you really fucked her son.

I shut my eyes momentarily before the tears fell from my eyes.

Dad: sukhala Tiyeka uzondi khalisa nam.

-don't cry you're going to make me cry too.

He took his spectacles off and wiped the corner of his eyes. My father and I had a moment of silence in the car which is the reason why I came to him. No one ever understands my pain quite like my father does.

Dad: xelela umfazi wakho inyani Luphelo. Awuyazi ukuba ababantu baphana bazothini ngalento bayaziyo. Umhle uHlalumi... Umncinci kwaye ufundile. Bahamba rhou abafazi abanjalo. Abafani naba fazi bexesha lo Mamakho.

-tell your wife the truth Luphelo. You don't know what those people there are going to do with what they know. Hlalumi is beautiful... Young and she's educated. Wives like that leave easily. They aren't like the wives during your mom's time.

Me: I can't Tata. Ndiyoyika. Umithi... Ukwi 6 months and lonto inga risky ukuba unobeleka.

-I'm scared. She's pregnant. She's on her 6th month and that would be risky if she would give birth.

Dad: makave inyani yakho Luphelo. Angavi inyani yomntu umntu.

-let her hear your truth. And not someone else's truth.

I exhaled.

Me: okay.

My dad shined his spectacles and then wore them again. This was stressing him out.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My husband came home in the evening when I was about to dish up for myself. I had been crying over our argument because I didn't know why we were like this now all of a sudden. I didn't talk to him before I had left him missed calls and messages but he didn't reply to any message nor did he pick up any call.

Luphelo: hey.

I didn't reply as I took out his plate and then dished up for him.

Me: appletiser or coke?

Luphelo: how bout I get you?

Me: drink yaphi leyo?

-where is that drink from?

Luphelo: baby please. I'm sorry for the argument I started. I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you. I'm sorry.

Me: kwenzekile ntoni eJoburg Luphelo ekwenze wabuya ungavasanga?

-what happened in Joburg that made you come back without taking a bath?

Luphelo: kuxatyenwe phana baby... Reid wahlaba uAthi. It was messy so I left before I didn't want to be caught up in the cross

Fire. I have a wife and a baby on the way... So I panicked.

Me: oh my God baby.. Usaphila uAthi?

-is Athi still alive?

I asked as I Hugged him.

Luphelo: I don't know. I don't care as long as I don't have anything to do with that.

Me: Kakade mnyeni wam. Are you okay?

He nodded as I kissed his forehead.

Me: I feel so bad ngoku. Should we go to bed? Have sex?

I smiled shyly.

Luphelo: not tonight Mamakhe. Im going straight to bed.

Me: okay.

I sat down on the bar stool and then I watched him while he ate. He made no eye contact with me. He does that when he's lying. I couldn't take it anymore so I put my food in the microwave.

Luphelo: uyaphi?

-where are you going?

Me: to bed.

I said as I walked up to our bedroom and left him in the kitchen.

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I went back to our bedroom and then I changed into my pyjama. I prayed and when I was done praying, my husband came into the bedroom. He's so fucking handsome that it is really annoying.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and then he took off his shoes.

Luphelo: bekumele yenziwa nguwe ke lento.

-you are supposed to be doing this.

Me: uphambene.

-you are crazy.

I said as we both laughed. He took his shoes off and then he took his clothes off until he was only left in his boxers. I just love that view.

Luphelo: ndicela uzapha Hlalumi. Bendik khumbula baby. Andiyazi kutheni sinje.

-please come here. I missed you. I don't know why we are like this.

I felt like running to him but I walked... It felt like forever when I could finally be in his arms. I sat between his legs on our bed and my back was against his chest. He had his arms wrapped around my waist and his hand was on my belly.

Me: ndi thenge impahla for umntana wethu.

-I bought clothes for our child.

Luphelo: khand bone?

-let me see.

Me: okay.

I got up and then went to fetch our babys clothes and then I lay every outfit neatly on the bed for my husband to see. He smiled.

Luphelo: azise ncinci ezimpahla baby. But zintle mntuwam.

-these clothes are so small. But they are nice.

Me: thank you babe.

Luphelo: rha i sex i serious Mos baby.

-damn sex is serious.

Me: bruh. I can't believe I'm really going to be a mother. I wonder if I'm going to be a good one.

Luphelo: no you'll be a great one. You're the reason why I reversed my vasectomy, remember?

He tucked my natural hair behind my ear and then he kissed me. And for the life of me I tried to not lose myself in this kiss but how could I not? We kissed passionately and then stopped momentarily to look in each other's eyes. He dropped the eye contact first and then proceeded to kiss me. The guilt. I pulled away from the kiss and then forced him to look into my eyes by caressing his jawline. His beautiful jawline.

Me: Uyayazi phof ukuba waziwa ndim wena?

-do you know that I know you?

Luphelo: bekumele kunjalo.

-that's how it was supposed to be.

He stood his ground and I giggled.

Me: okay Tata womntanam.

I gently slapped his cheek twice, got up and then I went to my side of the bed. Leaving him on the floor with his heart beating out of his chest.

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In the morning I went to brush my teeth and then I went downstairs to make breakfast. Although I enjoyed being in the Jama household, I really didn't miss having to make a giant breakfast for every single member. But making breakfast for a dishonest husband can take its toll on you. You feel like you are feeding his lies... Making him stronger and smarter. But Luphelo Jama has a hold on me that can't be explained. No matter how hard I try to hate him... I just come out needing him more than ever.

He came downstairs in his boxers barefeet. Exposing his cute, long feet. He wears a size 7 that he believes is average.

Luphelo: Molo.

Me: hey.

We kissed and he kissed my belly before sitting on the barstool. He yawned.

Me: baby I have a question? A legal question?

Luphelo: yeah?

Me: if you see a crime being committed and then you run away... What are the consequences? Should charges be pressed what happens to you?

He squinted. He knew what I was trying to figure out and he didn't want to throw himself under the bus but at the same time he didn't know how to get off the bus.

Luphelo: what's the crime Hlalumi?

Me: does it matter?

He exhaled.

Luphelo: you withheld information.

Me: and that could get you some jail time right? Which I'm sure is pretty bad for cases such as attempted murder or what not.

I asked as I dished up.

Luphelo: yeah..

Me: wow so Advocate Jama knew all of that and still chose to run away when he saw Athi stabbing Reid? Am I supposed to believe that?

Luphelo: Ncumolwethu uAthi is my friend, okay? I can't Betray him like that and the guys have the situation under control. No one will press charges.

Me: if Athi is your friend then kumele uyaya emapoliseni and not withhold information because according to you last night... He was the one who got stabbed and not Reid. Heh Advocate Jama? Heh? Unje eCourt kanti?

-are you like this in court?

I laughed and he laughed too.

Luphelo: Iya ku nyoko and let her teach you something about psychology. Maybe you will understand why leaving was the first thing on my mind.

He was pissed so he took his food which we ate in silence.

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I went to work alone since my husband was going to be at JLS. I was glad Because I wasn't in the mood to pretend we were all good just to please people when we were not.

I received a call on my land-line phone from Mandla. I didn't know it was him until I picked up.

Me: hello.

Mandla: hey Mrs Jama. Unjani.

Me: I'm good thank you and yourself?

Mandla: ndi right. Bendi funa nje ukxelela ukuba I have submitted the designs through to your email address.

-I'm alright. I wanted to tell you that...

Me: okay I will check on them.

Mandla: okay.

Me: yeah how's Athi?

Mandla: oh lowo he... Mamela Ncumo... Sweetheart I have a call that I need to get. I will call you back.

He hung up and I couldn't even decipher whether or not he really had to answer a call or he was trying to cover up for Luphelo's ass. I exhaled as I checked my emails and then downloaded the pictures. I checked them out before hearing a knock on my door.

Me: come in.

The door opened and in came a man holding a big purple box.

I stood up.

Me: hello.

Man: hi. Are you Mrs Ncumo Jama?

I will never stop getting excited over hearing that.

Me: yes.

Man: please sign.

He gave me his clipboard so I signed his list and then I thanked him. I took my big purple box and then I looked inside, there was a beautiful handbag from Aldo and other bundles of hair. There was also a pair of thigh high boots From Aldo and I screamed. My man has taste for days. I read his little note that he sent me:

Lumi ka Phelo...

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I'm sorry sthandwa sam. I'm trying by all means to be the best husband I can be to you and I hate that I keep failing. I love you so much and I can't imagine my life without you. You are the glue that keeps me together and the gravity that holds me down. I love you and you deserve the finest things to compensate for the pain I cause you. I hope you like these things.

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LJ



The letter was so adorable that I had to call my man back but his PA called and said he was busy and would be back in a half an hour.

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In the evening I cooked up a storm for my husband. I wanted to reward him for his apology and I knew it was stupid of me to let things go because of materialistic things but I appreciated the fact that he knew he was wrong and tried to fix it. I decided to put aside all of the suspicions that I had about him for the sake of keeping my home together.

I kept looking at the time and Luphelo was running late again. I kept calling and he wasn't picking up so I lost my shit again because I wasn't thinking he was injured or some shit like that... I was thinking he was on top of some bitch riding her like he rides me. My skin crawled.

I heard the door opening and in came my estranged husband of an hour. I was about to rain on his ass but his father followed behind him so I stopped in my tracks and faked a smile.

Me: hey Tatu Jama.

Senior: Molo Hlalumi. Awusemhle.

-you are so beautiful.

Me: enkosi Tata.

Luphelo: I'm sorry I didn't pick up your calls. Bendiyo Landa uTatam.

-I went to fetch my father.

Me: oh uzohlala for i sophoro Tata?

-are you going to stay around for dinner?

Senior: ewe Molokazana.

Me: okay ndizo phaka keh ngoku.

-I'm going to dish up now.

Luphelo: uhm... Baby khame. uTata unento afuna uku xelesa yona.

-Dad has something that he wants to tell you.

My heart dropped. This sounded serious.

Me: okay.

They eased their way to the couch and I did too. Luphelo had his head down and I didn't think I was ready for what I was about to hear.

Senior: eh Molokazana... Lento kuze bendi qhala uyiva indi

Bulele. Ndamxelela uPabbles naye ukuba Makayi khuphe inyani kuba kalok imfihlo azi philisi kamnandi and hlambi naye uzo Funda kulento yenzekileyo azazi izinto emaka zenze njenge ndoda etshatileyo. Eh... Yena ebeyoyika ukxelela Kodwa uthi ukuba wena ingathi uyambona kwaye ayimonwabisi imeko phakathi kwenu. Eh Hlalumi ndicela lento ingakwenzi ukhulule umsesane... Ndicela ubengu mfazi ngakwe ncinga nange zenzo. Ndizothi keh mnake uPabbles wenze iphutha... Walala nomntu eJoburg Kodwa ebenga qhondanga.. Ebesele... Wavuka ecamkwakhe. Le ntombi keh yi ntombi uLuphelo ebeyazi ayingomntu nje... Hlambi i prostitute. Hayi ngumntu amaziyo.

-daughter in laughter... When I first heard this it killed me. I told Pabbles that he should reveal the truth because secrets make life unbearable and maybe he will learn from what happened and know what he should do as a married man. He was scared of telling you but he says it's as if you could see it and the situation between you two wasn't making him happy. Hlalumi please don't let this make you take your ring off... Please be a wife by thought and by doing. I'm here to say that Pabbles made a mistake... And he slept with someone in Joburg but he didn't mean to. He was drunk... And he woke up next to her. This girl is a girl that Luphelo knew its not just any girl. Maybe a prostitute... No it's someone he knows.

I heard a ring in my ears. I heard a deafening sound and my breathing became slower. Tears automatically fell from my eyes... Just a tear from each eye. I looked at Luphelo whose face still hadn't been picked from the ground.

Me: Okay.

The room fell silent. No one knew what to say.

Senior: okay ntoni Hlalumi?

Me: Andazi nam Tata. Ndicela uyolala..

-I don't know either. Can I please go to sleep.

I said as I got up and headed upstairs.

Senior: uzoba right Majama?

-are you going to be alright?

I didn't reply because to be honest he was asking me bullshit. I went to my bedroom and fell on my knees crying. I really didn't expect this from Luphelo. Not this God damn soon. I had so much faith in us... In our love. I believed that him and I were different. That I'm enough for him... That he loves me. I didn't understand why he did this... Our sex life is amazing. I give it to him every God given day... Just the way he likes and I'm beautiful. But even that shit wasn't enough for him. I wiped my tears and relaxed my bottom lip which was trembling. I am angry.

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I sat on the edge of our bed, head faced down in defeat. Marriage is a battle ground and that is why people who are divorced are called return soldiers. I didn't know what to do about the fact that my husband has been unfaithful. I didn't know whether I should leave him or I should stay with him and hope for the best. All I knew was I was angry and I couldn't stand to face him for another day.

I heard his footsteps making their way upstairs. Slowly as if he was buying himself some time to think about what to say. His footsteps finally stopped in front of the door which he opened and then closed behind him.

Luphelo: Mamcethe ndicela sithethe.

-can we please speak.

I wiped my face and my nose.

Me: andifuni ukuthetha Luphelo.

-I don't want to speak.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: ndicela ithuba loku cacisa.

-can I please have a chance to explain.

I shook my head gently. I had enough. I was weak. I wanted to yell at him but I was afraid I would just end up collapsing.

Me: andina mandla alento Luphelo mna.. Ndino nyana eku funeka ndim cingele. So I have to put my health first. I don't care about lomtshato to be honest. I don't give a fuck. So ndicela uphume Luphelo.

-I don't have the strength for this. I have a son that I have to think about. So please get out.

Luphelo: Hlalumi-

Me: PHUMA LUPHELO!!! GET THE FUCK OUT. NGUBANI UHLALUMI HEH? BUYAZI UKUBA NDINGU HHALUMI WHEN YOU FUCKED ANOTHER BITCH? DAMN YOU LUPHELO. DAMN YOU.

-who is Hlalumi? Did you know that I was Hlalumi?

I grabbed my toiletries from my bedside drawers and then I threw everything at him. And instead of running, Luphelo stood there and took the hits like a man. I stopped when I saw he was taking them and just balled out in tears because although he hurt me, I didn't want to hurt him.

Me: hamba. Please.

-leave.

He reluctantly walked out and closed the door behind him. And left me in a world of suffering.

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I barely got enough sleep but I had to wake up the next morning and go to work. So I took a shower, wore my make up and my wig and I looked beautiful. I made porridge for my husband and I who came down dressed in his full pyjama.. I can't ever get used to the sight of him wearing his pyjama's.

Luphelo: Molo Ncumo.

He greeted gently.

I didn't reply. He sat down on the barstool.

Luphelo: Ncumo Ndiyakcela sthandwa sam. Ndiyafa apha.

-I'm begging you my love. I'm dying here.

Me: mamela Luphelo. It's either you learn to shut the fuck up or I pack my bags and leave. I'm still making your food. I'm still wearing your ring. I'm still in your house. What more do you want from me? Hay mahn sukundi cekra.

-don't annoy me.

I said as I lost my appetite. I received a text from my Uber driver saying he is here so I walked out to my Uber which took me to work.

Driver: hello sisi.

Me: hi.

Driver: Ndibona i Range Rover, iBMW X6 M ne Porsche Cayenne kule yard Kodwa ukhwela i Uber ukuya emsebenzini. Ngoba?

-I see a Range Rover, BMW X6 M and a Porsche Cayenne in this yard but you are taking an Uber to go to work. Why?

Me: please mind your business.

Driver: sorry.

I exhaled as I looked away and wiped my tear which fell from my eye.

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I arrived at work and rushed to start working just to distract myself. My mother called me during break.

Me: Ma?

Mommy: hey baby girl. Are you okay? I just thought about you kwabuhlungu intliziyo ngok nda qhonda mandik phonele.

-and my heart ached so I thought I should call you.

I cried quietly.

Me: Lophelo slept with another woman in Johannesburg.

Mommy: oh angel face... Are you going to come home?

I wiped my tears.

Me: no Mama I can't keep running everytime my husband fucks up.

Mommy: but your husband has to stop fucking up angel face. Your presence is too valuable for you to be wasting it on someone who doesn't deserve you.

Me: Mama Ndakcela... I can't leave. What if I leave and he sleeps with someone else?

Mommy: then he doesn't deserve to call himself your husband mntanam. Ncumo you are too beautiful and young to be in this position.

Me: I know but Mama... He's my child's father and I can't just walk out on him like that. I need some time to think... For u Kumkani.

Mommy: for u Kumkani or for you?

I exhaled.

Me: Mama ndiyamthanda u Lophelo and it hurts that he did this to me. I don't understand where I went wrong Mama. I give him every single thing.. I'm the brains behind his business moves, ndipheka kamnandi, I make sure I look beautiful every single day for him, I am adventurous in the bedroom... I do everything but it was still inadequate for him.. What do I have to do more to make him faithful?

Mommy: just come home Ncumo. We will figure it out.

I heard a knock on my door.

Me: Mama I have to go. Bye bye.

I hung up and then told the knocker to come in. It was Mandla.

Mandla: hey. Is this a bad time?

I fixed my face.

Me: uhm no... What's going on?

Mandla: remember when we were discussing the designs for the first time and you told me you like prawns? Well I would like to take you out to a seafood restaurant at 8. If that's fine with you.

Me: uhm...

I wiped my face again.

Me: I can't.

I said as I put my left hand up to show him why. He seemed really shocked to see my ring. I don't know why.

Mandla: I see... If you change your mind let me know. And check your emails okay.

Me: okay

I said as he walked out. Weird.

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°° Mandla's perspective °°

I called Mbali on my way out of Jama Constructions.

Mbali: hello?

Me: why didn't you send those pictures to Ncumo?

Mbali: I did noba khangе zi attacheke kakuhle kalok.

-they probably weren't attached properly.

Me: yabona keh Because of you I just got rejected by her. Send those pictures Mbali time is running out.

Mbali: hehay Mandla. I didn't know there was a sense of urgency.

Me: well now you know so get on it. But something is fishy mahn when I went into her office it seemed like Ncumo was crying. And I can't help but to feel like maybe Luphelo told her what he woke up to. He's a weak bitch lately so I wouldn't put it past him.

Mbali: what? Mandla if we send the pictures to her then it probably won't make a difference if she is still with him. Then all of this money was spent for nothing.

Me: Yey sukundi stress'a apha Mbali. Because I don't know how else I can get u Luphelo in that situation again.

-don't stress me.

Mbali: I think at this point we should just ask Yonika to DM uNcumolwethu herself. You may be on the verge of forgiving your cheating husband but once the prostitute he slept with starts DMing you... She will take you back to square one.

I smiled.

Me: utsho?

-you reckon?

Mbali: ewe wives hate being disrespected. If Yonika DMs her then whatever forgiveness she was willing to offer him will be lost.

Me: haike talk to Yonika and tell her to DM uNcumo. Yayaz handle yakhe Mos.

-you know her handle.

Mbali: yes.

Me: okay... Bye then.

Mbali: bye.

She hung up.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

Luphelo called me 10 minutes before I knocked off. I looked out of the window and I saw his car parked in the parking lot. I rolled my eyes before deciding to ignore his call.

I canceled my Uber and when it was time to knock off, I walked to his car and then I climbed into the passenger seat. I closed my door and his scent filled my nostrils immediately. He was wearing a blue tight fitted Porsche tracksuit with black Puma originals. He then completed the look with a black cap and honestly Satan was trying me. How can someone break your heart and still manage to look attractive?

Luphelo: hello.

Me: Luphelo ndicela ungandi landi emsebenzini kwa khona.

-please don't fetch me at work again.

Luphelo: Kodwa Mamakhe umithi awukwazi Umane uhamba nge public transport.

-but you are pregnant you can't keep using public transport.

Me: why?

Luphelo: I don't trust other people's driving.

Me: it's about you again isn't it?

He exhaled.

Luphelo: hayi Mamakhe I care.

Me: about you. That's why you are here. You want to see me and you didn't stop to consider whether or

Not I want to see you.

Luphelo: I'm sorry about what I did Hlalumi. I wish I could take it back but I can't. I don't even remember what happened. I feel like I was drugged-

Me: we all drink too much at times and do dumb shit but we don't ever stoop down to the level of saying we were drugged.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: baby ndiyakthanda yevah?

-I love you.

Me: <no reply>

Luphelo: ndicela uphuza isusu sakho?

-can I please kiss your belly?

Me: khawuleza.

-hurry.

He kissed the center of my belly... And then his lips started moving upwards. I inhaled as his kiss went north until he reached my cleavage. He used his left hand to caress my breast and my nipples hardened just by feeling him touching my thighs with his right hand. He kissed my neck and when he looked into my eyes as if he wanted to look for consent somewhere inside them to kiss me, I thought about him doing this to another woman and that's when I lost it. I pushed him away and then looked away. I was crying again.. I wanted to slap him but I didn't want to introduce abuse in our relationship.

Luphelo: ndicela uxolo Hlalumi.

-I'm sorry.

Me: just fucking drive. And don't talk to me again.

I said whilst feeling exasperated. He reluctantly started the car and then drove away.

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Being at home was hell. It was cold, lonely and depressing. I had so many questions to ask my husband but I wasn't sure I was ready for the answers yet so I stayed in our bedroom all evening long and just watched TV. He was sleeping in the guest bedroom and my body was craving to be with him but I couldn't give in that easily to my need for a cheater.

I heard a knock downstairs so I turned the TV down and that's when I heard my Mom's voice yelling.

Mommy: Hey wena Luphelo!!! Why are you hurting my daughter like this?!

Luphelo: Pat ndicela unga nxoli.

-please don't make a noise.

Mommy: oh so you cheat on my daughter and the biggest issue to you right now is my noise levels? A 🖐️  
NDI 🖐️ ZO 🖐️ NGA 🖐️ NXO 🖐️ LI.

I went downstairs to assist the situation.

Me: Mama ufuna ntoni apha?

-what are you doing here?

Mommy: ndizok thatha Ncumolwethu.

-I'm here to take you.

Luphelo: Pat ndiyakthanda. Uyayazi ndikhloniphile Kodwa awuzo hamba nomfazi wam.

-I love you. You know I respect you but you are not going to leave with my wife.

Mommy: ngumntanam lona Luphelo. Uzalwa ndim. Ukhuliswe ndim. She belongs to me.

-this is my child. I birthed her. I raised her.

Luphelo: watshatwa ngubani?

-who married her?

Mommy: you don't deserve to be a husband-

Me: Mama!! Andiyi ndawu. I'm going to deal with the problems I have no Luphelo apha endlini yethu. I will keep updating you as my mother because I know you care but please... Let this go.

Mommy: wow.

Mom shook her head and then walked out of the house.

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I followed my mother out of the house.

Me: Mama ndicela ume.

-please stop.

Mommy: Ncumolwethu unje ngoku? Oko ibindim nawe onke leminyaka so gqhiba udibana ne ndoda ngok uthetha nam ngoluhlobo?

-you are like this now? It's been you and I all these years and you meet a man now you are speaking to me this way?

Me: suyenza lento Mama. Uyayazi I respect you but you can't just come into Luphelo's house and disrespect him. Nawe you need to have boundaries. I can handle this.

Mommy: how are you handling it xawu lapha naye?

-when you are here with him?

I was seriously getting annoyed.

Me: do you encourage all of your clients to leave their partners after they cheat or is it just me Mama?

Tears fell from her eyes.

Mommy: ndinomsindo Ncumo! I went through hell and back for you and I will be damned if Luphelo Jama thinks he can just hurt you like that. Ungowam wena Ncumo. Mine.

-I'm angry... You're mine.

She cried and used her cars boot to support herself. I went to hug her and we cried together.

Mommy: goduka mntanam.

-come home my child.

She pleaded.

Me: Mama look at me.. Luphelo cheated I know. But Mama let's not pretend you don't know how loving he can be. Uyayazi lonto and nam ndizama ukwenza i decision about my life and it needs me and me

alone. Nam ndingu mzali ngoku... Umfazi I'm not just your daughter. You aren't used to sharing me I know but please be fair.

Mommy: fair? Mnk.

She scoffed before climbing into her car and then driving out. I bit my lip before turning around and then walking into the house where Lumphelo was sitting on the couch.

Lumphelo: uqumbile uMamakho?

-is your mother upset?

I nodded.

Lumphelo: iya kuye kalok Majama. Andifuni unilwisa. That would be selfish.

-go to her. I don't want to make you two fight.

Me: nditshatile Lumphelo makaphole.

-I'm married... She must chill.

He smiled.

Lumphelo: uthini?

-what are you saying?

I tried to suppress a smile.

Me: nditshatile.

-I'm married.

Lumphelo: nabani kengoku?

-to whom then?

He had me with that charm... That God damn charm of his and I knew that if I give into his charm the next thing that will happen is me dropping my panty for him.

Me: good night Lumphelo.

I said as I walked back to our bedroom upstairs and then closed the door behind me. I exhaled before switching the light off and then going to bed.

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I woke up very early in the morning just to clean the house. I wasn't getting enough sleep without my husband in bed with me so I woke up at 3 am to start vacuuming in the living room. I made it spotless

and then moved to the kitchen where my motive was to erase the memory of that bitch that was in my kitchen.

Luphelo must have come for a night snack because he saw me cleaning and stopped me.

Luphelo: baby wenza ntoni?

-what are you doing?

Me: nguye lona bulele naye?

-is she the one you slept with?

Luphelo: baby suyenza lento Ndiyak cela.

-don't do this please.

Me: I shouldn't do this why Luphelo? Ufuna ndithini Zikhali? What more can I do to make you happy? Ufuna i anal sex ngoku? Do you wanna stick a fist in my pussy? What must I do to make you faithful to me?!

I asked whilst crying and using the kitchen counter top for stability.

Luphelo: Mamakhe you are perfect bendi nxilile -

-I was drunk.

Me: Luphelo how drunk were you? I know the kind of alcohol you drink. You drink whiskey not beer. And I know how you drink. You don't rush utywala and you were on a trip with other businessmen who can afford expensive bottles so you wouldn't have to rush to get drunk..And Luphelo I know you so damn well. Xawu nxilile wena you never lose timing. You are always yourself just slightly childish. So what the fuck happened?

-when you are drunk you never lose timing.

I wiped my tears and when I could see him clearly he was biting his lip... Meaning he was thinking. I suppose he needed another lie.

Luphelo: ndicela sithethe ngalento uvuka kwethu.

-can we please talk about this when we wake up.

Me: Wow.

Luphelo: masambe siyolala.

-let's go to bed.

Me: Luphelo-

Luphelo: Hlalumi. Masiyolala.

His tone was so grave that I followed behind him and went to bed next to him in the spare bedroom.

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I woke up next to my child's father and I felt like feeding him Wasabi. I got up and then I went to brush my teeth. My mother called my phone but I didn't pick up because I wasn't in the mood for her drama this early in the morning so I made breakfast as normal. Luphelo woke up a bit early this time and greeted me.

Luphelo: Majama ndizak batala iR200 for ikiss. Nje ibenye sthandwa sam. Nantsi.

-I will pay you R200 for a kiss. Just one my love. Here it is.

He took out a R200 note from his pocket.

Me: R200 qha?

-just R200?

Luphelo: andina cash kalok apha kum ndi phelele kulo R200.

-I do not have any cash on me I only have R200.

I opened my palm so he gave me the R200 which I took. I stuck to my end of the deal and then gave him the closed mouth kiss he paid for.

Me: nantso i order yakho.

-there's your order.

Luphelo exhaled. He was suffering and I loved the way I was treating him. I was hurting him without being a whore and I felt proud of myself.

I dished up our breakfast and then we ate in silence.

Luphelo: kwenzeka ntoni eJC?

-whats happening at JC?

Me: we don't discuss business at home.

Luphelo: okay.

I exhaled.

Me: you need to buy an architectural company. Take it over.

Luphelo: yazazi wena company ezinjalo that are wiling to sell?

-do you know of companies like that?

Me: thetha no Mandla.

-talk to Mandla.

Luphelo: akacinge.

-he would never.

Me: okay.

We continued eating in silence and then we took separate showers. We got dressed and then took the same car to Jama Constructions.

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°° Ovayo's perspective °°

I was in the kitchen when Yolanda came to me.

Yolanda: Ovayo.. LJ would like to see you.

Me: okay.

I dropped what I was doing and then I went to his office. He hates waiting but I understood. In a construction company time is of the essence. And besides that I like being around him. I like to observe the way he does things. Figure out why Ncumolwethu left me for him. I really wish I was more like him. I wish I was as funny as he can be. As smart as he is. As rich, influential and confident as he is. I have been around him for so long that he taught me how to handle women. How to put them on the palm of your hand. And he's always calm. That's what I admire the most about him.

I knocked on his door and he told me to come in. He was smoking a cigar while his office chair was faced towards his large window. He does that when he's stressed.

Me: Ta Jay?

Ta Jay: uthi le degree yakho ngeye computer Mos?

-you say your degree is about computers?

Me: partially...

Ta Jay: Yey Ovayo andikwazi ukhumsha xandine stress mna translate'a.

-I can't speak English when I'm stressed so translate.

Me: uhm... Ewe 50% wayo.

Ta Jay: 50% yi half yayo Mos.

-that's half of it right?

Me: yeah...

How stressed is this guy?

Ta Jay: yakwazi u hack'a hotel footage? Cos ndayaz laminqundu ayizondi Nika ukuba ndiba celile.

-can you hack hotel footage? Cos I know those asses won't give it to me if I ask them.

Me: footage yaphi?

Ta Jay: kwi room.

Me: hay kalok Ta Phelo Uyayazi ukuba abakwazi ukubane camera phakathi kwe hotel that's a violation of privacy. Mele Uyayazi lento uli gqwetha fondin.

-you know they can't have cameras inside a hotel. You should know this you are a lawyer.

He turned his office chair around and then he faced me.

Ta Jay: okay unгахamba.

-you can leave.

Me: ni right no Ma Jay?

-are you and Ma Jay alright?

Ta Jay: ndikfake i RKO keh mnake emfazini wam.

We both laughed.

Me: just asking otherwise I'm over her.

He shrugged his shoulders before I nodded and walked out of his office. I lied. I still love Ncumolwethu. And I will never stop.

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°° Lumphelo's perspective °°

I went to the Mercantile hospital to get a blood test because something really didn't feel right. Everything that my wife had said was absolutely true about how I drink

Because the last thing I remember drinking was a blue shot of some alcohol that I didn't know and that was it. It didn't make sense at all for me to go from tipsy to dead and having sex with someone out of the blue.

I saw my GP who gave me a letter of referral to a blood specialist informing him what to look for. When I got there, there was about 6 people in front of me so I waited. I was bored out of my mind and filled with anxiety.

When it was finally my turn, I had my blood drawn to not only check for the drug but also test for HIV because Yonika fucks for a living and I can't be selfish enough to bring this disease home to my innocent wife and son.. I love them enough to relinquish my position in this family for their health. My HIV results

were back faster, I was negative but I had to wait 40 minutes for the lab to come back with my other results. Once the 40 minutes had expired, the doctor told me that they found large traces of the sleeping pills which could be linked to those that I had been using lately... Just greater. So that was a confirmation that something had been used to put me in that deep sleep state.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was at work when I received a direct message on Instagram from a woman.

yonika\_jhb: hey hlalumi. nice pictures.

mrs\_hlalumijama: thank u 😊❤️

yonika\_jhb: your husband was at jhb last week

mrs\_hlalumijama: why are u asking?

yonika\_jhb: im not asking I'm telling 😊

mrs\_hlalumijama: cool. ☐☐

yonika\_jhb: did he tell you we fucked? he paid me but not all my money and he's ignoring my calls. im a prostitute lol. 😊 so if you wanna call me a home wrecker save your breath I was just working.

mrs\_hlalumijama: how much does he owe u?

yonika\_jhb: R3700 outstanding.

mrs\_hlalumijama: will pay u if I see proof that he hired u.

She sent about 5 pictures of them in bed together. Luphelo was sleeping in every single picture. It was undeniably him. I felt my temperature rising, heart rate accelerating and my temples were throbbing. Tears fell from my eyes and my throat was burning. I opened the bottle of water by my desk and then called my mother immediately. I was shaking.

Mommy: Ncumo kunini-

Me: ndicela uzondi Landa emsebenzini torho.

-please come and fetch me from work.

Mommy: utheni?

-what happened?

Me: lanja ndiyibiza umnyeni ilala nonorhoshha. Izondi Landa Mama before ndiwe!! I can't take this.

-that dog that I call a husband is sleeping with prostitutes. Come and fetch me before I faint.



Mommy: ndiyeza.

-I'm coming.

She dropped her phone while I exhaled on my seat, trying to calm myself down for the Sake of my baby. I thought I could be a starring for our relationship... Handle this shit but I cannot stay married to a muthafucker who can't go without sex to the point where he would pay thousands for it when we aren't in the same place.

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yonika\_jhb:

hello?? 🗣️

still need my money sis. 💰

hlalumi? need more proof? 📄

mrs\_hlalumijama: relax u will get your money I'm at work so u have to wait. I'm doing u a favour so don't harass me like u fucked me.

yonika\_jhb: okay. 😊

I didn't know where I got the courage to reply to this whore but something in me was so hurt that at this point I was just saving face. My mother arrived in my office looking all kinds of worried.

Mommy: u Right sthandwa sam?

Me: ha.a mama.

Mommy: masambe.

-let's go.

She helped me wipe my face then she took my stuff and we walked out of the company. There were a few stares but since I'm pregnant they probably thought I was just being hormonal emotional but no... I was really going crazy at the hands of a black man. She took me into the car, helped me in and then

strapped me in with the seat belt. She used to do that for me until I was in my first year of University. She went into her side of the car and then climbed into the driver's seat and started the car.

Me: Mama uyaphi ngapho?

-where are you going that side?

I saw her taking a Different route that is going to lead us back to her house.

Mommy: ufuna ukuyaphi kanti Ncumolwethu?

-where do you want to go?

Me: ndifuna ukuya endlini yam ndiyobona ukuba ndi zothini ngo Luphelo.

-I want to go to my house and see what I'm going to do about Luphelo.

Mommy: Hlalumi uzo ghula ubene Aids ngok ndingak zalanga nayo ngenxa yoxhasa indoda elala nonorhosha. Does he even care about the fact that his actions can hurt his child? You are miserable and stressed and that's unhealthy for the baby.

-you are going to become sick with Aids though I didn't birth you having Aids by supporting a man who sleeps with prostitutes.

Me: Mama Intooyo goduka ayizo jikanto ngoba at some point I'm going to have to deal with this. It doesn't matter when. I'm so tired of fighting him and then having to fight you as well so if you don't want to listen to what I'm telling you drop me off kwi taxi ndizoziyela eBluewater Bay.

She didn't reply. She just literally dropped me off at a spot where taxi's usually stop.

Me: Mama?

Mommy: mela umzi wakho. Andizo kwazi ukukhusela umntana ubomi bakhe bonke gqhiba ndim bukele ebulawa yindoda. Hlika. Mna ndazi uNcumolwethu Sifora. Andisazi esisbhanxa singu Hlalumi Jama.

-stand for your home. I can't protect a child all her life and then watch her being killed by a man. Get off. I know Ncumolwethu Sifora. I don't know this fool Hlalumi Jama.

I was so betrayed but because Luphelo already exposed me to what it feels like to be betrayed, I didn't care anymore. I took my stuff, got off and then I waited for a taxi.

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A taxi arrived and I sat on the seat in front right next to the driver. I hate being there because everyone can see the side of your face so if you cry everyone will be able to see.

Me: yimalini bhuti?

-how much is it?

Driver: uyaphi?

-where are you going?

Me: Bluewater bay.

Driver: yoh sisi asiyi pha straight kalok yacaca ungu mntu we moto wena.

-we aren't going there straight it's obvious you are a car owner.

I sniffed.

Me: ndizo Batala i R250 cela undise straight.

-I will pay R250 if you take me there straight.

The driver looked concerned when he saw my face.

Driver: yeka nzokusa straight for free.

-I will take you there straight.

I smiled.

Me: enkosi.

-thank you.

I was grateful for his kindness but still decided I was going to reward him for his kindness once we get to my house with Luphelo's whiskey bottles. He can't have the luxury to drink his sorrows away while I'm pregnant and forced to deal with my issues head on. My phone kept ringing and I knew it was Luphelo but I put my phone on silent.

The driver finally arrived at my house and Luphelo was in the yard about to climb into his car. He probably was on his way to look for me.

Lady at the back: ayisentle lendlu.

-this is such a beautiful house.

Other lady: yeka indlu uthini nge ndoda?

-leave the house what are you saying about the man?

Me: ima bhuti ndizak Nika imali.

-wait brother I'm going to give you money.

Luphelo came to help me climb off and his beautiful eyebrows were tensed.

Luphelo: uhamba njan nge taxi Kodwa size kunye?

-how do you take a taxi knowing we came (to work) together.

Me: sapha i R300.

-give me R300.

He gave me the R300 so I went around, paid the driver and then thanked him for his kindness before he drove away.

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I always have this policy that I will never cause a scene or draw attention to my marriage hence I waited until we were inside before I could finally explode.

Luphelo: Ncumo umkelantoni?

-why did you leave?

Me: ubuzandi xelega nini ukuba the lady you fucked was actually a prostitute?

-when were you going to tell me..

His face dropped.

Luphelo: Ncumo ndi suka esibhedlele ngok banazo i blood results zam to confirm lento Bendiy thetha ukuba I was drugged.

-I just came from the hospital and they have my blood results to confirm what I was saying that..

I was so God Damn annoyed with this drug story.

Me: stop fucking saying that Luphelo!! Stop and take responsibility for your bullshit for once in your life!! Your bitch sent your pregnant wife pictures of you two in bed together. How do you think that makes me feel?

I said whilst crying all over again.

Luphelo: take responsibility? For once in my life? Ncumolwethu all I have been doing my whole life is taking responsibility for other people's bullshit and I'm done. Ndiyak xelega apha ukuba I was drugged. Ndine results Kodwa wena awufuni ukuva niks.

-I'm telling you that I was drugged. But you don't want to hear anything.

Me: uthi lo yonika ndini wakho ukuba umbatele qha ushorta nge R3 700 so icacile buyazi lento buyenza Luphelo.

-this Yonika says you paid her but you are R3700 short so it's clear you knew what you were doing.

Luphelo: Ncumo undazi more than I know myself. Look at those pictures and ukuba umnyeni wakho ulala ngelo hlobo ndizo thatha intozam ndimke because Andazi Yinton lento yenzekayo.

-if your husband sleeps like that I'm going to take my things and leave because I don't know what's happening..

He said as the tears fell down his eyes. I cried too as I took my phone out and then looked at the way he was sleeping. And that was not the way my husband sleeps.. His body was spread, shoulders dropped, his fingers were spread and his head was not properly aligned on the center of his pillow where he usually sleeps. Luphelo's body is usually controlled when he sleeps... He likes to keep to himself if he's not cuddling with me or he sleeps in the fetal position as a way to protect himself and that's how I can tell sometimes that the abuse he endured as a child came back to him during the day. But he never let's himself go. And his shoulders are always kept up, his hands are always closed or sometimes he will keep an open hand but it is never opened because he always claims it makes the inner part of his fingers cold. He really was drugged.

I put my phone down and then I went to hug him. We have never hugged for that long in our entire relationship.

Me: I'm sorry baby.

Luphelo: it's okay. Ndicela uyolala Ncumo ndi diniwe.

-can I please go to sleep I'm tired.

I knew he was just emotionally fucked. I nodded.

Me: I'm going to go to my mother va baby. I will be back though.

Luphelo: okay.

I kissed his forehead and watched him walk up the stairs. I then took my cellphone and texted the bitch asking for her number and she gave it to me so I called her.

Yonika: hey Mrs Jama.

Me: hey. I want to give you the money in person.

Yonika: what's wrong with sending it through the bank?

Me: don't act like this is a normal transaction. I need to see you. Woman to woman.

Yonika: fine. Where should we meet I don't know PE?

Me: where are you staying right now?

Yonika: I will text you.

Me: I will tell you where we should meet.

Yonika: okay. Bye.

I hung up and then took my car key. I walked out of the house, climbed into my car and then drove to The Mall where I looked for what I wanted and got it. Then I went back Home.

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I made dinner for my husband in the evening who was still a bit quiet. He sat on the barstool opposite me and toyed with his food.

Me: baby I have to go to Mom again.

Luphelo: why?

Me: she's still a bit reluctant to believe what's going on.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: nditshate naye or kanye ndi tshate nawe Majama?

-am I married to her or am I married to you?

He was mad so I went to his side and put his head on my cleavage. He always submits whenever I put him there.

Me: Mqocwa, Jojo, Tiyeka, Zikhali Mazembe, wena Butsolo bentonga, wena Mabombo, Ngcolosi...hlisa umoya kalok Mbizana. Utshate nam and that's why I'm still here. But a wife needs her mother's support. Avah Tiyeka?

He nodded.

Me: I would kill for you, uyevah?

He smiled so I kissed him and then we finished up eating. After supper, I had to leave so I reminded the bitch about our appointment via phone call and she said she hadn't forgotten.

I finally arrived at our meeting place at Kabega Park and waited.

Me: Mamela keh Kumkani boy. Unyoko uzolwa ngok ingathi ngewu bamba noba yi liver yam or i rib uzikhusele cos andizoqheleka kakubi mna ngomnyeni wam mna.. Ayzokwenzeka lokaka.

-listen Kumkani. Mommy is going to fight now I suggest you hold even a liver or a rib of mine and protect yourself because I'm not going to be disrespected with my husband. That shit isn't going to happen.

I wiped the tears that fell from my eyes. I was shaking from anger because my mind couldn't erase the thought that maybe this bitch drugged my husband and raped him. Luphelo has already been down that road before and if I could think about it I'm sure deep inside he knew there was a possibility it could have happened but he is a man and can't say it. It killed me to think that in the midst of such pain, he still had to fight for his marriage. I saw her pull up in a small Yaris so I took my ring off, wore my brass knuckles and my hoodie cap on. I tucked the small baseball bat I bought in my hoodie and then got out of my Range Rover.

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The bitch came out of her car, strutting her stuff in her Bathu sneakers.

Yonika: so... Hi. Where's my money.

Me: before I give it to you I need to ask you something... Do the Jama's look like a couple to fuck with?

Yonika: what do you me-

She couldn't even finish her sentence before I shot a disastrous metallic punch to her face which broke her nose. That punch knocked her down and she bled and cried immediately.

Yonika: Hlalumi!

Me: Did you rape my husband Yonika?! He was fucking drugged did you rape my husband?

I asked as I knelt down and picked her up using her neck only to punch her again.

Yonika: I didn't rape him...

She pushed the words out of her bloody mouth but it still didn't satisfy me so I pulled out my baseball bat and struck her ribs. She yelled out in agony.

Me: then explain what happened to my husband. Cacisa mqund wakho.

-explain you ass.

She coughed out blood so I kicked the side of her head to encourage her to speak faster.

Yonika: Mandla... He asked me.. To take photos... In bed with LJ... We didn't... Fuck. It was... Just... Pictures.

Me: did anyone touch my God damn husband?!

She coughed.

Me: phendula!!!

-answer.

I grabbed her hair and then bashed her head against the tar and she cried.

Yonika: no one touched him I swear. We... All... Let... Him sleep.

The tears fell from my eyes. I was livid. I got up and then wiped her blood on my clothes.

Me: I don't give a shit about anything in this world except my husband and my son Yonika. Touch them I eliminate you. So go back to Joburg and when you are ever assigned to try anyone's husband go ahead but when you see Hlalumi's husband run mqund wakho run.

I said as I left her to suffer alone, climbed into my car and then I drove away.

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I drove home and parked my car inside the yard. I wore my ring, took off my bloody clothes and then I put them in my little sports bag which I keep in my backseat for emergency essentials. I then took my sports bag, closed and locked my car before walking into the house where my husband was sitting on the kitchen counter. His back was faced towards me so he couldn't see me walking in nor hear me because he was on the phone laughing.

Luphelo: uyikaka Kodwa Yanga anzok fihlela uyikaka. Ungena njani kwi contract ungay fundi?

-you're shit though I'm not going to hide it from you you're shit. How do you enter a contract without reading it?

(pause)

Luphelo: kalok wena ungene kwi suspensive contract so in terms of lo contract you are supposed to get imali yakho nge 31st ka September. Le inga zange yathi gqhi.

-you entered a suspensive contract so in terms of the contract you are supposed to get your money on the 31st of September. That which has never came by.

He laughed hysterically.

Luphelo: hay subana worry this is easy I will just claim that the contract is void since there is no possibility of there being a September 31st which means you can claim for restitution and thus get your money back... Yeah okay don't stress about it. Moja bawo.

He hung up and then he got off the kitchen counter and saw me.

Luphelo: kudala ulapha?

-have you been here for long?

Me: no I just got here. It's the sexiest thing to listen to you go from talking about suspensive contracts and restitution to saying moja bawo.

Luphelo: ndi lawei nase court keh. Nday xelela ne judge ukba hay 70 ngawe fondin Yinton ngok ngathi uzas phatha efokothweni ngok?



-I'm like that even in court.

I laughed. He is such a liar.

Me: suxoka Tatakhe. I have something to tell you.

-don't lie.

Luphelo: yeah?

Me: I didn't go to my mother. I actually went to meet up with uYonika.

He raised his eyebrow.

Luphelo: Majama sizilungisile izinto nje-

-we fixed things-

Me: ndiyayazi Jama but I couldn't help but to feel like maybe.. She raped you. And I know deep inside you thought about it too and that's why I went to meet up with her. But sthandwa sam.. It didn't happen, okay?

A tear escaped his eye as soon as he heard that she didn't touch him. Luphelo is such a sensitive and emotional man. I forget that about him sometimes. He cries easily when he is in the presence of people who make him feel safe. He wiped his tears with his skin because he was topless.

Luphelo: uyamkholelwa baby?

-do you believe her?

I nodded.

Me: uthi she only posed for the pictures because uMandla asked her to.

Luphelo wasn't even surprised. We received a knock on the door.

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The knock interrupted us and Luphelo went to open the door while I went to hide my sportsbag in the oven. I didn't have time to tell Luphelo what happened and my heart was threatening to beat out of my chest from fear but if I had to do what I did again I would. I have no regrets. Fuck with mines and that's what you get.

Luphelo opened the door and there were two policemen standing behind it. The bane of Luphelo's existence.

Luphelo: ndingani nceda?

-can I help you?

Policeman: speak English buddy. You know we can't understand.

Luphelo: ndingenaphi mna apho?

-and what does that have to do with me?

Policeman: fucking hell. Do you know Ncumolwethu Jama?

Luphelo: Ncumolwethu Jama? Utheni umntuwam?

-what about my person?

Policeman: yeses really man. How can you live in a house this big and not be able to speak English? do you know that you are committing an obstruction of justice by pretending you cannot speak English to an officer of law.

Luphelo: I am not in anyway obligated to speak English just because you are white. You are in my property you should be understanding me not me understanding you. Im an advocate so please don't go down this road with me. Go play with your gun or something.

He exhaled. Luphelo was having fun on the expense of this policeman and I was concerned that it might cause bigger problems for me.

Policeman: just tell us where Ncumolwethu Jama is.

I walked over to the door.

Me: here I am.

Policeman: Mrs Ncumolwethu Jama you are under arrest for gruesome assault. Anything you say or do can and will be held against you-

Luphelo: Assault? When did this happen? Ncumolwethu?

Me: xolo Luphelo.

-I'm sorry.

Luphelo: do you have evidence of what you are charging her for? If not I suggest you leave my wife the fuck alone. She's pregnant... I will fucking sue your entire station if you find no evidence and she gets hurt inside that cell.

Policeman: it's a risk we are willing to take.

He said as they cuffed me and put me into the policevan. Luphelo tried to get inside with me but they obviously wouldn't allow him and I have never seen Luphelo that angry in his life. He ran to look our front door then he climbed into his car and followed behind the policevan.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

I called the station commander who owes me a favour and asked him to help get my wife out of jail and he said he isn't even in town so I would have to wait about 5 hours for him to get there since he has to release her personally and not make any calls. So I called my father and asked him to come to the station alone without my mother because she would add some unnecessary stress. I waited in the car for my father and when we walked into the station Pat was already there.

Dad: oh lavela la right ilizwe.

-and the world became alright.

Pat was annoyed and so was I. But she was more annoyed by me more than anything.

Pat: Luphelo uyabona ukuba ubufebe bakho bumbekephi umntanam?

-can you see where your promiscuity has put my child?

I really wasn't in the mood to reply to her but I had to out of respect.

Me: Pat ndicela sithethe ngalento xasisodwa.

-can we talk about this when we are alone.

She exhaled before looking down.

Dad: awusemhle.

-you are so beautiful.

Me: Timer khayeke mahn.

-please stop.

Pat: ufuzile Luphelo sudikwa. Uyindoda etshatileyo ethanda amankazana ufuze uyihlo.

-you take after him don't be annoyed. You are a married man that loves women just like your father.

Me: awundazi Pat. Ndicela ungand fanisi nalomntu.

-you don't know me. Please don't compare me to this person.

Senior: mnk ukhulise umntana nge Nestlé njema intanga zakhe zazisitya ipapa akhule athi ungandi fanisi na lomntu mnk.

-you raise a child with Nestlé while his peers would eat pap then he grows up and says 'don't compare me to this person'.

Pat: mxm khathule.

-keep quiet.

Dad: Pat Yaz lento yethu inga sebenza. Khajonge... uHlalumi ufana nawe, uLuphelo ufana nam. Inga sebenza lento.

-this thing of ours would work. Look... Hlalumi looks like you and Luphelo looks like me. This would work.

Pat: andiwa funi amadoda. Ndizibone bone sendi banjwa mna.

-I don't want men. And see myself getting arrested.

Dad: Pat une drama Kodwa jonga naye Luphelo yenzekile lento yenzekile kuwe Kodwa ndlela le azithanda ngayo impundu Ude alile. Wena... Yenzeka kanye awufuni ndoda. Khathathe noba yi textbook enye noba ngeye first year Yale psychology yakho ufunde how to be strong.

-Pat you are dramatic though. Look the same thing had happened to Luphelo but he loves ass so much that he even cries. You... This happened once but you don't want any man. Just take one first year psychology textbook and read how to be strong.

Pat laughed.

Pat: wazi nton wena nge first year? Yayazi University? Or wawusiya for uyo Bukela u Luphelo e graduate'a.

-what do you know about a first year? Do you know University? Or did you go there to watch Luphelo graduate?

My dad laughed. It was good to watch them talk and laugh but I was stressed as fuck.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was released earlier than I had expected. I was cold, hungry and miserable but all of those emotions faded when I saw my husband. I ran into his arms and he hugged me tightly.

Luphelo: xolo yevah Majama?

-I'm sorry.

Me: it's okay.

I saw my father in law and my

Mother and as much as I felt like crying I knew I had to be strong. Mom looked pissed as fuck though.

Senior: hey Majama hay undoyikisile xaku thiwa ubanjiwe qhonda uKumkani angazalwa sena bantu abaziyo ngaphakathi etrongweni sibone ngaye enga funi ukuya eDay care ngoba ufuna ukuba lapha.

-you scared me when they said you are arrested because I was thinking Kumkani will be born already knowing people inside prison and we'll see him not wanting to go to day care because he wants to be here.

I laughed through my pain and lethargy.

Me: ha.a Tata it's nothing serious.

Mom: nothing serious? Ncumolwethu... Yaz let me just leave before I hurt your feelings. Ndigoduse wena.

-take me home.

My mom bossed Senior who walked out with her and we followed behind them.

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My husband helped me into the car and strapped me in with the safety belt. It was already morning so the sky was melancholy and grey.

Luphelo: Lumi ka Phelo?

Me: mhm?

Luphelo: ndiyabulela.

-I'm grateful.

Me: it's okay Sthandwa sam.

Luphelo: no awuyazi Majama kunjani... To have to walk around not knowing what happened to you... And then my wife just...Andazi kutheni undazi kangaka it's like you can read my mind... I didn't have to tell you that's what I'm thinking you knew. I don't want you to ever have to do something like this again sthandwa sam but... The respect I have for you now is greater than it was Izolo. Not to mention the love I have for you... You redefine what it means to be a wife. Mna I think hlambi uMandla becinga uyaso hlukanisa ngalento ayenzileyo but instead he brought us closer to each other. Because you showed me that you stopped running and now you are starting to fight for our marriage. And your chill when they arrested you it's as if you knew what you were doing had those consequences and you didn't give a fuck. You did it anyway. Ndiyakhanda Mamcethe.

Me: ndingenza nantoni na for the best husband in the game.

-I would do anything..

We laughed as he held his fist out and I gave him a fist bump. I then rubbed my belly and spoke to our son who was up and stretching.

Me: Kumie when you grow up please be a husband like your daddy? Please study hard so you can afford to take care of your wife, help her find her feet by giving her a job in your company... Respect your wife ufane no Tatakho cos even when he's mad at mommy he will still call her sthandwa sam... Afford to buy her a car just for falling pregnant. Trust me it's not about the car but when a man rewards you for falling pregnant which is the most natural thing in the world... It changes your perspective about the man. Grow up and be a faithful man like your father is... He has never ever cheated on your mother. Zithande impundu mntanam but thanda ezomfazi wakho qha njengo Tatakho. And make your wife laugh. If you

do all those things... And if you do them well... you will become her weakness. And anyone that touches you will know the depths of the love of a happy wife.

Luphelo: ngathini lthi kanti uKumkani umamele i earphones so akakvanga?

-what if Kumkani is listening to earphones so he didn't hear you?

Me: hay ptsek keh.

We both laughed as he took my hand and kissed it.

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Luphelo bought a McDonald's Mega McMuffin for me and an Oreo McFlurry which I poured on my McMuffin like I usually do.

Luphelo hates this combination but he knew I deserved it after all that I have been through hence he didn't complain. He bought his nuggets which I kept feeding him along the way and he would eat a nugget then kiss the tip of my fingers. He's so romantic at times... Honestly.

We arrived at the house, he parked the car in the driveway and then helped me out. I was so tired that I really wasn't going to make it for work today.

Me: baby uyaya emsebenzini?

-are you going to work?

Luphelo: no I will cancel my meetings ndihlale nawe.

-and stay with you.

Me: don't you have important meetings to get to?

Luphelo: none are as important as you.

I smiled.

Me: that's flattering Tiyeka but you have to hustle. Phangela.

-go to work.

Luphelo: I know I wanted you to face our problems head on but I didn't say change. I fell in love with my childish wife who feels entitled to my time.

I giggled.

Me: ayika jiki lonto I still feel entitled to your time but your free time. Not the time you have to work for your son.

-that hasn't changed.

Luphelo: Funeka akhule eflex'a kanene.

-he has to grow up flexing.

Me: qondile Ta Jay.

-true.

Luphelo: shot Ma Jay nguwe lona?

-is this you?

Me: ndim huzet?

-it's me why?

Luphelo: sentsho yandcisha.

-I'm just saying you are killing me.

I giggled before pulling him closer to me and then we kissed. He kissed me against the wall with his hands wrapped around my waist and his body pressed against me. Kumkani was kicking, causing a distraction between us.

Luphelo: khame kwedin mahn.

-wait a minute boy damn.

I giggled with our lips still touching and kissed him again. He grabbed my butt and pulled me even closer to him and we continued our make out session.

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After we were done kissing, we went to take a shower together and he got dressed for work.

Luphelo: awoyiki uhlala wedwa? Hlambi ndingakusa ekhaya uyolinda pha.

-aren't you scared of being alone? Maybe I could take you to my home and you could wait there.

Me: hehake Tatakhe andimdala.

He laughed.

Luphelo: I'm just trying to be extra cautious kalok sthandwa sam.

Me: if I get there Uyayazi your dad will be on my neck Endi ghezela I'm good.

He smiled.

Luphelo: sumfaka entloko lamntu.

-don't put that person in your head.

He said as he came to sit on the bed next to me.

Luphelo: I'm leaving ngok sthandwa sam call me if you need anything.

Me: I need dick baby.

Luphelo: eyiphi baby?

-which one?

Me: lena.

-this one.

Luphelo: yikhuphe ndiybone.

-take it out so I can see it.

I smiled as I went to unzip his pants and then I pulled it out of his underwear. I then proceeded to suck his dick. I know it's more for the man than for the woman but have you ever sucked the dick of a man who can afford you? Shit tastes like ice cream. His cum tastes like vanilla. He moaned and hearing him exhaling because of my tongue was the best form of hype in the world. He gently ran his fingers through my hair and gently pulled me up using my hair so I could look at him. He kissed me, before laying me down and then fucking me. We haven't done this in days so it felt new to me for some reason. Having my husband between my thighs was the most electrifying feeling in the world. There was nothing in the world between us... Except well Kumie but he's such a huge part of us that it didn't matter. He came inside me and then he kissed the inner part of my thighs.

Luphelo: nzoba late sthandwa sam. Ndicela uhamba.

-I'm going to be late my love. Can I please leave?

Me: okay.

I wore my slippers and then I walked him out and kissed him good bye before going back to bed.

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My mother called me and asked me if she could see me. So I told her that I was at home and she could come. She arrived after 15 minutes and she had a gift for Kumie with her.

Mommy: Molo mntanam.

Me: hi mommy.

I hugged her.

Mommy: u Right?

-are you alright?

Me: yeah I'm alright. I'm just tired.

Mommy: Ncumolwethu... Kwenzeka ntoni ngawe?

-whats going on with you?

Me: Mama my husband was drugged. He woke up thinking that he slept with another woman. And instead of hiding that from me...he manned up and told me the truth because he is a man of integrity. Then I get a DM from a prostitute claiming she slept with him because she and some other people were conspiring against us. I saw the pictures and the first thing that went through my mind because I know how Lophelo sleeps... Is was he raped? Do you expect me to sit back and do nothing about that? If you really do then we should stop talking right now because we are never going to agree on anything moving forward.

Mommy: can we at least agree on the fact that you grew up too fast?

Me: yes.

I mumbled.

Mom exhaled.

Mommy: Ncumolwethu I'm upset because the pain I'm feeling is equivalent to how you would feel if you did everything for Lophelo and he turned around and loved another woman more than you. I know I shouldn't have loved you so damn much because it would make me unable to let you go but Ncumo... It hurts that you are so happy and I have nothing to do with that. I feel useless and I feel empty. I also feel lonely. But mntanam I am happy for you. I know that Lophelo is a great husband. He loves you and I see it in his eyes when he looks at you. But mntanam kuyo yonke lento I want you to understand your worth and to never settle for a cheating man. If he can cheat on a beautiful woman with great skin, a full cleavage, hips, huge thighs and an African ass... Then he doesn't know what he wants and it will never get better.

Me: ndiyayazi lonto Mama.

-i know that mom.

Mommy: otherwise Hlalumi Jama ndizok yeka uhoje umtshato wakho nge ndlela yakho ndiku xhase as your mother. If you still need me around if not I will understand.

-I will let you handle your marriage your way..

Me: I will always need you Mama kalok Subanje.

She giggled as we hugged and kissed out our problems. She then gave me the box of little Nike sneakers for Kumie which were so adorable that I had to send his father a picture who replied with "umshiya naban uphaqa" which was such an anti climax.

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°° Ovayo's perspective °°

I was with Ta Phelo in the car, waiting for Mandla. He didn't tell me why we were waiting for him but I could tell he was getting annoyed in the car as he smoked his cigar.

Me: Ta Jay khaze eyi 1 kalok.

-give me 1.

Ta Jay: Tshayiwe. Ayo nkawza le.

-you're crazy. This isn't a cigarette.

I exhaled.

Me: Ndakcela.

-I'm begging you.

Ta Jay: mamela kwedin... Ndine company eziy 2 namhlanje kuba akhomntu waye funa ukundi tshayisa i cigar. Ndiyak motivate'a lewei.

-listen boy... I have two companies today because no one wanted to let me smoke their cigar. I'm motivating you.

Me: mxm.

He laughed before exhaling the fumes and then fixing his plain gold Rolex.

Me: Ta Jay andifuni ubangathi Ndiyak delela but wenza njani ukuba u Majama makaknike?

-I don't want to seem like I'm disrespecting you but how did you get Majama to give it to you?

He laughed hysterically.

Ta Jay: khajonge obubuso fondin. Nga fika uyand funa wena ngoku qha yonqena ukutsho cos Yandazi andiyo two pin plug.

-just look at this face. It could be that you want me but you are afraid to say so because you know I'm not gay.

I laughed.

Me: hay Ta Jay ndi serious.

Mandla's car pulled up so Luphelo and I got out. He came out of his own car and then he met us next to Luphelo's Cayenne.

Mandla: Jama.

Ta Jay: ja Mthethwa. Ndi vile ngalento yenzeke eJoburg.

-i heard about this thing that happened in Joburg.

He said as he slowly removed his watch. Mandla probably knew what was coming but he must have panicked and froze into one place. Luphelo handed his watch over to me.

Mandla: what are you talking about Jama?

Ta Jay: the drugging, the pictures... Trying to fuck with my marriage. Do you know how long it took me to love someone?

Mandla: heh LJ-

Ta Jay: jonga nzak khaba ngoku.

Andifuni uthi ndikuzumile.

-look I'm going to kick your ass now. I don't want you to say I caught you off guard.

Mandla: Jama-

He couldn't even finish his sentence because Luphelo threw a punch which landed on the center of his face. He didn't even wait for Mandla to fall down because he grabbed him on his way down and drove Mandla's head straight into his knee which made a grown man cry.

Me: Ta Jay hayi!!

I yelled but it didn't help. He took Mandla's lifeless body and single handedly threw him against the grill of his Cayenne and his bumper was bent by the force of Mandla's head who had now probably suffered several brain traumas. Luphelo wasn't done because he kicked Mandla in the balls before strangling him until Mandla lost consciousness. Then he bent down and felt his pulse. It was still beating. I was too scared to even come close to him at this point. That was the fastest beatdown I have ever seen in my life. Luphelo doesn't play. He was able to knock a grown man out in about 20 seconds. That's some MMA shit.

He got up and then he dragged Mandla's body to his car before returning back to his car. I sat awkwardly on the passenger seat, afraid for my life but we were in the middle of nowhere therefore I needed his transport.

Me: ugrand Ta Jay?

Ta Jay: yeah. Wena?

Me: I'm fine.

He cracked his bloody fingers before starting the car and then driving off.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My husband came home when I was cooking dinner for us.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: hi baby.

He hugged me and then he kissed me.

Me: Ovayo texted me. And he told me what happened.

Luphelo: bend qhela ikaka Kodwa uMandla Hlalumi.

-he was disrespecting me.

Me: I know sthandwa sam.. Are you okay?

Luphelo: yeah. I'm okay.

Me: good... Cos uMama bezile naye and she's seemingly understanding that I don't need her to tell me what to do with my marriage.

Luphelo: bexakwe Yinton kwasek qhaleni.

-what was so hard from the beginning?

Me: Tiyeka...

Luphelo: xolo sthandwa sam. Andilambanga Kodwa..i just want to take a shower ndilale.

Me: okay I will finish up and then simke because nam Andilambanga.

Luphelo: okay.

He went upstairs as I finished cooking. Once I was done, I switched off the stoves and then I went upstairs to Luphelo who had just finished showering.

Luphelo: awufuni massage?

-don't you want a massage?

Me: ewe yhu... This pregnancy is taking a toll on my body.

Luphelo: ubotsho kalok Hlalumi.

-you should say so.

Me: aw The Finisher mahn. Husband goals.

He laughed.

Luphelo: Uyayazi.

He took some musk flavored rubbing cream and asked me to undress. I stripped completely and tried to lie on my stomach... It was a bit uncomfortable because of my belly so I had to elevate myself a bit by being on all fours.

Luphelo: baby this view... Uyay qhonda phof ukuba undibonisa impundu.

-do you realise that you are showing me ass?

I giggled.

Me: oh Luphelo nditye keh.

-fuck me then.

He laughed before inserting himself inside me.

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After we had our 3 rounds of sex, my husband fell asleep while I had to take a shower to get rid of all of the cum he left inside me. After showering, I lotioned, got dressed in my pyjama and then I kissed him. He was sleeping so peacefully but again... Shoulders were up, body was controlled and the head was aligned perfectly in the middle of his pillow.

His phone rang and Although I never made it a habit to, I answered. The caller ID read "Reid".

Me: Lumphelo's phone hello?

Reid: you must be Hlalumi. His wife?

I smiled. I really can't get enough of that.

Me: yes I am.

Reid: I'm happy to finally speak to you Majama. Uphi lamnyeni wakho?

-where is that husband of yours?

Me: yhu usando lala. And andifuni nomvusa ngoba khange alale izolo.

-he just fell asleep. And I don't even want to wake him up because he didn't sleep yesterday.

Reid: okay no Akukho nxaki. But mamela Hlalumi before ucime i phone... Enkosi mahn ngalento uyenzele uMjita wam. Lumphelo zayeli hule eKapa... Phof sonke sasingama hule sisezi ntwana Kodwa yena hay waye extra. Kodwa eJoburg ndibone uLumphelo encama impundu wayolala uMjita kuse early kuthi. Ndiyeke nalonto yoku dyolela umfazi wam ngoba ndizi bonile ukuba Akukho excuse ukuba kuno retire'isha uLumphelo wonke akhomntu ungeno yeka.

-no problem. Listen Hlalumi before you hang up, thank you for what you did for my friend. Lumphelo was a whore in Cape Town... We all were when we were boys but Lumphelo was extra. But in Joburg I saw Lumphelo giving up ass and he went to sleep when it was still early to us. I have stopped cheating on my wife because I saw there is no excuse. If Lumphelo of all people can retire then anyone can stop.

I looked at my husband's sleeping body and smiled. I love him.

Me: I needed to hear that. Enkosi bhuti.

Reid: no problem. Good night Hlalumi.

Me: good night Reid.

He hung up so I put my man's phone on my bedside and then cuddled behind him. I kissed his shoulder and then went to sleep.

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I woke up with a nosebleed on the following morning so I hurriedly made it to the en suite so that I could wipe my nose. That was a scary sight because the last time I had nose bleeds was literally when I was in the lower grades of primary school. I blew my nose after wiping it and then threw my toilet paper in the toilet and flushed. I rubbed my belly because I knew this was associated to my pregnancy and I couldn't wait until I give birth. This isn't what I signed up for. Pregnancy is adorable on paper but when you actually have to go through it yourself it is hell.

The best husband in the game woke up and then he came to grab my ass while I brushed my teeth. I was too tired to entertain him so I just rinsed my mouth and then wiped it.

Me: kuyabuliswa Luphelo.

-people greet.

Luphelo: cimba biyi ntoni la ass grab?

-what do you think that ass grab was?

Me: mnk. If you were in the hunger games you wouldn't die because of the danger you would die due to a lack of sex.

He laughed.

Luphelo: qondile.

He said as he took his dick out of his boxers and then urinated. Me: baby let's take a bath for once and enjoy each other's company. All we ever do is shower.

Luphelo: okay Sthandwa sam.

We kissed a closed mouth kiss before I went to the main bathroom and ran our bathwater. I was already naked and walking around Luphelo's house naked was the cherry on top of my dream of getting married and having children. He came to join me so we bathed, lotioned and then got dressed. I took my wig and then made my husband wear it so I could iron it.

Luphelo: andiyazi Lena ndiyenziswayo.

-I don't know this that I'm forced to do.

I laughed.

Me: baby sushukuma.

-don't move.

He sulked as I started by brushing my wig.

Me: baby your brows.

I sulked as I removed my wig from his face and drew attention to his face. He looks like Sihle's twin sister. The resemblance was too much.

Luphelo: mxm khasuse ezinwele Ntikazi.

-remove this hair.

I laughed as I switched on the iron. He was complaining but I hadn't even started.

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°° Ovayo's perspective °°

I went to knock on the Boss's office door.

Ta Jay: come in.

I opened the door and he was talking to his wife. My ex girlfriend. Ncumolwethu. My heart breaks everytime I see them together but I have a really great job here that I cannot afford to fuck up because of my feelings. And besides after what he did to Mandla I really didn't want to get on Ta Jay's bad side.

Me: molweni.

They greeted me back. I caught a glimpse of Ncumolwethu's belly and it was huge now. Whatever denial I was having was gone...like her. She's now the mother of another man's baby irrespective of the plans we once made together.

Me: Ta Jay?

Ta Jay: Iphi Rolex yam?

-where's my Rolex.

I took it out of my pocket and then I gave it to him. He checked it before wearing it.

Ta Jay: enkosi. Mamela are you busy? I need a favour.

Me: no I'm not.

Ta Jay: okay ndicela uye phakum endlini uyolanda i external yam. Sine meeting in 10 minutes ne Ntikazi so asokwazi ufika pha so wacebisa uHlalumi ukuba ndicele wena since sewuyazi sihlalaphi. And we don't know anyone else kle company personally besides you.

-please go to my house and fetch my external. We have a meeting in 10 minutes hence we can't get there so Hlalumi suggested that I ask you since you know where we live.

I nodded.

Me: where is it?

He took a sticky note page and then he drew a map for me.. My woman left me for a man who has to draw a map for the directions to rooms in his house. She was forgiven.

Ta Jay: nantso. It's right on my desk.

-there is it.

He marked it with a butt shaped object which made Ncumo roll her eyes while we laughed.

Me: ndicela imoto kalok.

-can I please have the car.

Ta Jay: yakwazi uqhuba baby lomntu?

-can this person drive?

She nodded so he gave me his keys.



Ta Jay: crash it uzondazi.

-you will know me.

Me: hay relax Ta Brock.

Ta Jay: qondile.

He said as I took the keys and walked out.

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I went to Luphelo's car and then I unlocked it when I was a few feet away from it. That's how he does it. He unlocks his car two meters away so people can know that's his car. I climbed in and then I push button started his car before driving off in his BMW X6 M. I have never been in a car with 4 exhaust pipes before. Never experienced such driving comfort. It really must be amazing to be LJ.

I arrived at his house and then I parked outside, greeted his neighbors and then walked into his house.

Me: Moja bawooooooo.

I yelled in the living room and it felt good. I could imagine that's the entrance he makes when he comes home. I walked up the stairs whilst following the map he drew for me and I tried to imagine how it must feel to be a man who can afford this sort of lifestyle. His house is amazing... And it had warmth. It was clear there was a woman living there with him. I opened their main bedroom and the infusion of Hlalumi's expensive sweet perfume and his cologne screamed power. I looked at their king sized made bed and used my fingers to feel how soft the mattress is. I then went to open Luphelo's closet and walked into it. His shoes were neatly placed on the left hand side while his clothes occupied the right hand side. He had a perfect balance of shoes and clothes. His closet looked like the closet of a baller. I opened his drawers and found his watch collection on the top drawer. Second drawer had his sunglasses. Third drawer had his chains and his wedding ring which he wears sometimes. He looks cooler without it. And in the forth drawer he had stacks of money. And socks. Along with a few bottles of cologne.

I took my cellphone out and then I started an Instagram account. I chose a user name: @phelo\_jay. I started following people from other provinces, made my account private and then I saved Luphelo's picture from Ncumolwethu's page and then uploaded it on my profile. I had this deep need to feel like him, be like him, have his confidence and be able to call abantu iminqundu and

Have no consequences because I could and probably would beat the fuck out of them. I thought about his fight with Mandla and the way that Luphelo hit that knee and how fast he ended that fight meant that he did MMA at some point in his life. So there is literally no way that I could beat him unless I join a MMA club or shoot his brains out if he ever tried to teach me a lesson about coming close to his wife.

I snapped out of my thoughts and then I went up to his office. The real reason why I'm here. I went to open it and the external was exactly where he said it would be. His office smelt like success, arrogance and power. He had a painting of Fenrir behind him and I knew he sees himself in that wolf. So I sat down on his office chair and listened to the leather compress... It was a beautiful sound. His office phone rang. I picked it up. I deepened my voice a bit.

Me: hello.

Caller: hello is this Mr Luphelo Jama?

Me: qondile.

Caller: okay asiyfumenanga i payment from Jama Constructions for the timber we delivered on Tuesday.

Me: I'm sorry about that. Could you please email the quote to me and I will take care of it.

Caller: okay no problem.

Me: yeah... So ndingak bona nini?

-when can I see you?

She giggled.

Caller: heh utshatile nje. I follow your wife so..

-you're married.

Me: so? Uzoncama obubuso fondin?

-are you going to let go of this face?

She laughed.

Caller: okay keh... I'm free namhlanje ngo 8.

Me: okay that's fine. Yayaz Mos ndifuna impundu kuwe qha and that's it.

-you know I just want ass from you.

She choked. But recovered.

Caller: okay.

Me: sure. Give me your number. I will tell you when we will meet.

She gave me her number and her name. I was surprised this is how easy women throw themselves at Ta Jay. It was also surprising that he has not fucked any of them. I have cheated on Ncumo although I had nothing... But here a rich man who is double the man I am, keeping her on a pedestal. And that's where the frustration kicks in for a man like me. I dropped the phone after talking to this floozy and then exhaled. Took the external and then walked out.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

It was Friday night so my husband asked me out on a date. It was the cutest thing ever to hear him shyly say "cela siye kwi date Majama" with the slightly bitten lip and puppy eyes to back up his request. I accepted so I went to dress up at Bluewater Bay and he dressed up at Humewood. And we arrived in different cars to The Coachman.

When I got there, he was already seated with a glass of whiskey on his table. He looked so handsome. He had a turtle neck on with a blazer above it, tight fitted jeans with his leather Italian shoes. I wore a knee length velvet dress with my thigh high Aldo boots which were a gift from him. I also brought the handbag he bought and he stood up when I arrived.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: hi.

We hugged and he grabbed my ass slightly. We were in public but Luphelo never cared about that. I giggled whilst pushing him away then we got seated.

Luphelo: awusemhle Ntikazi.

-you are so beautiful.

He said as he fiddled underneath the table.

Me: baby what are you doing?

Luphelo: I'm shifting my dick.

I laughed.

Me: already?

Luphelo: the cleavage Mamakhe.

He stared.

Me: hay subasi sfebe. Tonight is about us... So we can reconnect.

Luphelo: hehake Dstv decoder.

He rolled his eyes as our waiter came to take our orders.

Waiter: hay jonga grootie... Umhle umfazi wakho va.

-your wife is beautiful.

Luphelo smiled.

Luphelo: ndayeka nobu vrawush for Lena fondin.

-I even stopped being promiscuous for this one.

Waiter: hay Kakade grootie biyi must ubuyeke ubuhule ubene morals.

They laughed as they fist bumped. Guy code is a beautiful thing though. The waiter left so we continued talking.

Me: Luphelo I don't know if I should tell you this but...uXhanti ka Lusanda is cheating on her. I caught him eBaywest when you were in Joburg with another woman. They were clearly dating and naye when I asked him if he knows me... Ndathi my name is Lusanda he said he doesn't know me.

He tensed his eyebrows.

Luphelo: why are you only telling me this now?

He asked as he downed his shot.

Me: because we had our own problems in the beginning to deal with that I actually forgot.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: Uyayazi yena?

-does she know?

I shook my head.

Me: what are you guys going to do about it?

Luphelo: I don't know qha uzonya yena umqundwakhe ku sister wam. Lusanda is way too old for this shit. I really don't understand what is so God damn hard about being loyal Ncumo. It's the most basic thing in the world... It's about self control, knowing what's important to you and not wanting to lose it. Mna shame baby I will never cheat on you cos it's an honor to be your husband. Like ndi honored bruh... Like having the privilege to come home to you... Ndikbone in my kitchen cooking for me... Sthandwa sam sex will never be worth losing you so uzonya yena uXhanti shame.

He was so pissed but at the same time... The emotion he showed when he was voicing out his disapproval for cheating was amazing. Our food arrived so we thanked the waiter and then started eating. Luphelo cut his steak and then he stabbed it with his fork and reached out to me.

Luphelo: Ina Nika uKumkani.

-here give to Kumkani.

I giggled as I ate his steak. It was really good. We continued eating, once we were done we called the waiter and asked for our bill. That's when I noticed Mbali sitting opposite a very sickly looking man who even had a bandage around his head.

Me: baby khajonge uMbali she has a sick blesser now.

He turned around and then he saw them. He raised his eyebrow.

Luphelo: ngu Mandla Mos lowana Ntikazi. What the fuck are they doing together? Baya ku phase 2 we plan yabo?

-that's Mandla... Are they going to phase 2 of their plan?

I laughed.

Me: baby did you do that to u Mandla? He looks like he was ran over by a truck.

Luphelo: hay baby une drama naye uMandla uysaphi bandage entloko?

Me: no but Ovayo did say he's worried about the injuries you caused to his head. I know this shouldn't be happening but I'm wet.

He laughed but nonchalantly. It's like he didn't understand how seeing the damage he can do to another man makes me feel.

Me: no really... Jama. I need you to fuck me so hard right now... That my pussy will come out looking like uMandla.

He looked at me intensely. He scoffed as if he was feeling sorry for me.

Luphelo: ungand xeli ku Mamakho xandi Gqhibile ngawe.

-don't report me to your mother when I'm done with you.

The threat was flames. He was reminding me that he's much older than I am but I stood my ground.

Me: okay.

I said with a bit of attitude.

Luphelo: masambe.

-let's go.

Me: Masiye.

I said as I got up and he followed me out.

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A Ncumolwethu & Luphelo appreciation insert. ❤️💍

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We walked out and then went into our separate cars. For a moment there we regretted ever coming in different cars but Luphelo dropped his car off at Humewood where Luthando now stays and then he drove my car. He played my music and Vusi Nova's Thandiwe came on.

Luphelo: buyazi ukuba ndi yakwazi ucula?

-did you know that I can sing?

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: uhm no... But I know u Sihle can sing but I thought hlambi she got that from her mom's side of the family.

Luphelo: nope... Uyifumene kwa Jama.

-she got it from the Jama's.

Me: khandculele keh.

-please sing for me then.

I blushed. Just the anticipation was enough. So when Thandiwe crossed over to the second verse, Luphelo sang. I took out my phone and made an Instagram video for my story.

Luphelo:

Ngoluthando

Nd'cela sihlale sibonisane

Singayek' umhlaba asihlukanise

Kudala siwa mina nawe baby

Kodwa sihlala thina sibambile

Ew' emhlaben kunzima

Andfun ukphila ngaphandle kwakho

Hlalumi...

(Thandiwe)

Hlalumi wehhh.

(Thandiwe)

Hlalumi weh.

(Thandiwe)

Hlalumi mntakwethu.

(Thandiwe wam)

Kushiyeki ncinga.

Me: so my husband just told me that he can sing tonight after all this time. Akancole.

I sulked before ending the video and then posting it. Luphelo is just a unique character... He has so much going for him that he didn't think telling me that he can sing was important. I was especially impressed by how he replaced Thandiwe and sang his wife's name instead. He sang my name with so much passion and there was spark in his eyes.

Me: baby ndinomona.

-I'm jealous.

He giggled.

Luphelo: uzoba right.

Me: so all of you guys can sing?

He nodded.

Me: nifuze bani?

Luphelo: you won't believe it but sifuze iTimer.

Me: uLubango Jama can sing? No wonder he was laughing at my vocals when I sang endlini.

Luphelo: yeah... I hope u King naye will be able to sing.

Me: of course kalok... But you shouldn't have told me this Kodwa baby cos ngoku I'm going to annoy you and ask you to sing for me when I can't sleep.

Luphelo: ndlela le ndikthanda ngayo mfazi wam I don't even mind.

He took my right hand and then he kissed it repeatedly. It's just really nice to be loved. It makes your hair grow and your skin glow.

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He arrived at our house and then he carried me inside whilst kissing me. We didn't even make it to the bedroom because we started undressing each other in the living room.. We made out onto the couch, his hand reached down to my coochie which he played with. He rubbed my clit vigorously and he watched me panting.

Me: fuck..

I cursed as he got down on his knees and then he put his face between my thighs and ate my pussy. Luphelo's mouth knows exactly where to lick and where to suck. He kissed my pussy like he usually does and the effect caused by the withdrawal of his lips always does the trick. He left my legs shaking then he sat down on the couch and asked me to climb on his penis. I straddled him and then sat on his dick. I exhaled as I took his entire dick inside. It was slightly uncomfortable but I could take it.

Luphelo wrapped his arms around my back such that we were almost chest to chest. He was limiting my movements by doing that because he wanted to control me. He then started thrusting from below whilst I held onto the couch. He was holding me in place forcing me to stand by what I wanted. His thrusts strengthened in intensity until he got up with me in his arms and then he pinned me against the wall. I cried.

Me: baby xolo kalok bendidlala.

-I'm sorry I was playing.

I said as he fucked me against the wall. My legs were wrapped around his waist and his hands were supporting my ass. I was already sweating, wondering when Luphelo is going to cum so that he could put me out of my misery. But my man is fit as hell. I'm pregnant. I'm heavy. I weigh almost a ton. But he has me in his arms and he wasn't even breaking sweat.

Luphelo: budlala?

-you were playing?

I nodded. I felt cheeky. Like a kid who has just been disciplined by her parent. Luphelo put me down and then asked me to make him cum since I quit earlier than he expected me to. He's such a demon in the bedroom.. I got down on my knees and then I sucked his dick. That's how he managed to come so he came in the dustbin. Then we relaxed on the sofa whilst exhaling deeply, trying to catch our breaths.

Luphelo: hey masiphinde.

-let's do it again.

He poked me and I smacked him. We both laughed. He's crazy if he thinks I'm going to fuck him again. I felt my pussy and it was weak. Its elasticity was gone.

Me: let me call uMamam ayikho Lena. My pussy can no longer support itself.

-this isn't on.

I got up and he laughed as he grabbed me and pulled me down so I could sit on the couch where he was chilling.

Luphelo: baby when you were in grade 1 I was in matric. Nga phinde undi challenge'e vah baby girl?

-don't challenge me again okay?

Me: awusa diki.

-you're so annoying.



I said as I went to cuddle with him and he wrapped his arms around me. That was so comfortable.

Me: you aren't wearing your ring again?

I said as I sat upright.

Luphelo: xolo ndizay nxiba ngomso.

-I'm sorry I'm going to wear it tomorrow.

The anger arose again. I went from 0-100 in a split second. I was so annoyed.

Me: tomorrow when what happens? When you're married? Oh kanene you're already married Luphelo you should be wearing it right now.

Luphelo: ewe xolo kalok Ncumolwam yhini na Ntikazi? I'm sorry.

I got up and then I fetched a packet of chips from the kitchen cupboard then I went upstairs to our bedroom and locked Luphelo out. He came upstairs and knocked on the door.

Luphelo: Ncumolwethu? Suyenza lento kalok. Ndilale phi?

-don't do this. Where should I sleep?

Me: go find a room we have plenty.

Luphelo: I will wear my ring kalok and not take it off again just open sizothetha Mamakhe. We are too grown to be solving disputes like this.

Me: mxm. Khahambe Luphelo.

-leave.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I love you.

Me: mxm.

I switched on the TV and then watched TV while eating.

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Pregnancy hormones can make you seem bipolar because when the anger subsided I didn't even know why I was angry. So I went to take my husband's ring, poured his shot of whiskey and then I went to his other bedroom when we don't see eye to eye. I brought along my junk food as well and then I walked into his bedroom.

Me: Tatakhe?

Luphelo: mhm?

Me: xolo.

-I'm sorry.

Luphelo: mxm.

I switched on the beside lamp.

Me: ndikphethele i Remy Martin.

-I brought you a Remy Martin.

Luphelo: le ithengwe ndim?

-the one I bought?

I giggled.

Me: xolo kalok mnyeni wam. Xolo 1...Xolo 2... Xolo 3... Xolo 4...

-im sorry my husband.

Luphelo: zund vuse ku xolo 1000.

-wake me up on your 1000th apology.

Me: hay yazbona keh baby?

I took a biscuit and ate it.

Luphelo: utya njan Kodwa ucela uxolo Ncumo?

-how can you eat whilst apologizing?

Me: I'm hungry.

I sulked. I took his ring out and then I got down on my knee.

Me: Luphelo Jama, I love you so much sthandwa sam and it's been that way since I first saw you. I remember when you came down those stairs wearing your blue Adidas tracksuit I knew that something would come of us. The way your eyes locked with mine... It made my heart skip a beat and after that you were all I thought about. You were the first man to touch me between the thighs, the first man to make me excited about life beyond my mother and you were the first man that my heart ever truly loved, still loves and always will love. I love your smile, I love your eyebrows, your cute hands and feet... I love your long side burns, the way you sing... And I love your dick like bruh... You have my respect in that department. You're the best baby daddy anyone can ask for so please wear this ring as a sign of our union.. I know you hate rings but please Tatakhe... I want the world to know you are someone's husband. Like legal husband. So please Tiyeka?

He gave me a side smile before giving me his left hand. I slipped his ring on

His finger and then we gave each other a closed mouth kiss.

Me: truce?

Luphelo: yeah.

I kissed him again before climbing into bed next to him. We talked and somehow we ended up having missionary sex but it was totally unplanned. It just happened. Our private parts have some sort of magnetic field going on because wow. Sex for us is natural... It's a must. We have to do it. But it's not forced nor tiring. We love it. And Luphelo is that husband whom you know if you step into his territory uzotywa akaxoxisi uJama.

After we fucked he gossiped about his friends while plaiting my hair so I sat between his legs with my head resting on his right knee.

Luphelo: heeh baby sakhumbula kuze buvelo Qhekeza lamqund uYonika... Bubuye ndise phonin no Yanga Mos. Lo Yanga keh yabawela ubandim... uya Renta apha eBluewater ke. Imagine baby? And ndimxelele ke ukba aybadlanga indaba ye rent cos abantwana abazobana lifa yangathi ndifuna ubane zinto ndodwa ndaqhonda mandimyeke baby. But la contract angene kuyo bezama uthenga i X6 yango 2012 I think... Kuba efuna ubane moto endinayo.

-do you remember when you came home after beating Yonika... You came when I was still on the phone with Yanga. So Yanga wants to be me... He rents here in Bluewater Bay. And I told him it doesn't make sense to rent because his children won't have an inheritance but it seemed like I want to be the only one with things so I thought I should let him be. But he got into that contract because he was trying to get a 2012 X6 model because he wanted to have the car I have.

Me: you have the recent M powered nje wena baby.

Luphelo: okay.

I laughed at his drama. My husband is hilarious at times.

Luphelo: hay baby otherwise ndiythwele into.

Me: baby you would make such a great gay friend Yaz.

Luphelo: yandbo?

-can you see me?

Me: ndikbona nqo.

-I see you clearly.

Luphelo: okay. Jika ngapha.

-turn this side.

He was ready to plait the other half of my head but he noticed that there was a wet stain on my nightie where my left nipple is.

Luphelo: baby what's that?

Me: I'm leaking breast milk.

I said excitedly..

Luphelo: khandibone?

Me: you just want to see my breasts right now.

I joked and he laughed. I don't know if it was true or funny. I stuck my breasts in his face and he licked my left nipple.

Me: what does it taste like?

Luphelo: Andazi babe... But it doesn't taste like milk..let's Google this shit since we are both completely clueless about pregnancy.

I took his phone and then I Googled whilst he was busy with my hair. That's just the most exciting part about being with a man with no kids. You are both new to this and every discovery into a pregnancy brings you both the same level of excitement.

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Insert 61: thank you to MaDiba Jwambi

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My husband's phone rang in the morning when we were still sleeping. He picked it up and spoke in his sleepy voice.

Luphelo: hello... Timber yanton ngok Ovayo ulijongile ixesha kwedin... qondile... ja... okay... ewe thula ngok ndiyeza fondin... bye bye.

-what timber Ovayo did you look at the time boy... True... Yes... Yes keep quiet now I'm coming.

He hung up so I turned to face him and he kissed the bridge of my nose.

Luphelo: Molo Mamcethe.

Me: Molo Mqocwa.

He kissed my forehead.

Luphelo: ninjani no mntanam?

-how are you and my child?

Me: si right wena?

-we're alright and you?

Luphelo: I'm fine. I just have to go to work to sort out this payment that Ovayo says we owe some company for the timber they delivered. They said we haven't paid so I need to check the books.

Me: can't you pay uMandisa? She's in charge of finance nje baby.

Luphelo: Sthandwa sam uyenzile i Labour law. Don't act like you don't know I will have to pay her double for working nge weekend.

I exhaled.

Me: I just don't want you to leave Luphelo. I will pay her from my own salary.

I said as I cried. I just wanted to be in bed with him... Smell him, touch him and constantly be in awe of how handsome my husband is.

Luphelo: mntuwam masambe sobabini keh. But it's a waste of money to pay her to do something I could do myself.

-let's go together.

He wiped my face and then pecked my lips.

Me: no its fine buya rhou qha wena.

-its okay just come back early.

He nodded before kissing my temple.

Luphelo: I love you.

Me: I love you more.

He kissed my belly and then he got up and went to take a bath while I stayed in bed and just slept. My entire body was just exhausted.

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°° Ovayo's perspective °°

The boss arrived at work wearing a white G star raw t-shirt with tight Fitted jeans and then he wore Lacoste flip flops. Which CEO do you know shows up at work in flip flops? Then he completed his look with a black bomber jacket and he had a fresh hair cut. He met me on my way down the passage to his office.

Ta Jay: Molo mnqund wakho.

Me: Molo msunu.

He laughed as we walked into his office. He sat down and then he opened his laptop.

Ta Jay: uthi bathi khange siy batalele i timber?

-you say they are saying we didn't pay for the timber?

Me: yeah.

Ta Jay: uthethile no Mandisa?

-did you talk to Mandisa?

Me: yeah... She just couldn't access our account uthi the system has been down hence she couldn't make the payment.

Ta Jay: I will have to take care of it from my personal bank account then. Yimalini lento?

-how much is this?

Me: R450 000. The quote is in your emails.

He started clicking while I took my phone out and then took a picture of him. The flash went off and embarrassed me. Luphelo looked at me with a raised eyebrow.

Ta Jay: wenzani?

-what are you doing?

I panicked.

Me: uh I'm texting this girl yabo... So she asked me to take a selfie ngok iPhone yam yazcofa yafota when I was trying to switch to i front cam.

Ta Jay: oh... Is she your girlfriend?

Me: uhm no... Yes Andazi.

Ta Jay: have you even seen her phof? People catfish phandle apha all the time.

I giggled painfully.

Me: yeah I know but we have video called. She's legit... And sobonana namhlanje. .

-we are going to see each other today.

He smiled.

Ta Jay: nantsi lekaka ye quote. Let me call them.

-here is this fucking quote.

I panicked because I didn't want Somila to pick up the phone because she is still mad that Ta Jay "canceled" their plans.

Me: they won't answer nge weekend Ta Jay.

Ta Jay: it's worth a shot.

He dialed their number and then answered on loud speaker.

Somila: Woodtree Timbers and construction supplies hello?

He pouted when she answered as a way to mock me.

Ta Jay: hi unjani?

Somila: I'm good thanks and you?

Ta Jay: I'm great... You are talking to Luphelo Jama of Jama Constructions.

Somila: ufuna ntoni?

-what do you want?

He raised his eyebrow. I was so stressed because I know Ta Jay has the least tolerance for bullshit.

Ta Jay: I want to make a payment for the money we owe. So I would like confirm if the banking details on the quote you emailed to me are the ones I should be using.

Somila: ayise cace.

-it's so obvious.

Ta Jay: okay enkosi. Bye.

She hung up and I was surprised at how Luphelo handled that.

Me: Ta Jay wena wonke umyeke umntu athethe nawe ngola hlobo?

Ta Jay: I'm happy at home mna kwedin. I'm married. About to have a son with the woman I love. Ucinga ndine xesha labantu abanje?

-you think I have time for people like that?

I faked a smile as I took my phone out and then took more pictures of him.

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°° Pat's perspective °°

I decided to take Luphelo's mother out to Angelo's just to have a mother-mother lunch. She looked great and she smiled when she saw me.

Her: Molo Pat.

Me: Molo Majama unjani?

We hugged.

Her: ndi right wena?

Me: I'm good.

We sat down and a waiter came to give us the menu. We scanned and then ordered. The waiter left.

Her: Pat I know sisi ukuba we are very close in laws but when you called me I was very surprised that you wanted to take me out. Kutheni uyenza lento?

-why are you doing this?

Me: kalok Majama I sat last night staring at the picture of our children during their traditional wedding... And my daughters smile was so broad. And the way your son was looking at her... It was charming and he loves her. So I thought mandibulele uMama ozala umnyeni womntanam.

-let me appreciate the mother who birthed my daughters husband.

She smiled.

Her: hay Kodwa Pat nguwe ofuneke ebulelwe because my son was going through a lot before Hlalumi came along. Ela gqwirha uNondwe Wamophula umphefumlo ka Pabbles. I never thought I would ever get a daughter in law from him... Or a grandchild. But I have all of those things. And that's why I love your daughter she made my dreams come true as a mother.

-that witch Nondwe broke my sons spirit.

I smiled before reaching into my bag and then giving her the gift I bought for her. It was a gold Guess watch.

Me: I thought you deserve this. You raised a gentleman and I think he's the best lover my daughter could ever have. He made her a woman... Made her feel alive, beautiful and special. Enkosi Majama.

She emotionally reached into her bag and then gave me my gift. It was a pair of diamond earrings from American Swiss.

Her: and wena Pat... You raised a lady. A smart, humble and beautiful woman who knows how to carry herself. uHlalumi has my son on his toes and he's so scared of losing her...but in a good way. It's not intimidation it's... I don't know Pat... Its just him knowing that happiness doesn't exist without her. It's pure love. So thank you for being strict on her Because she really is the woman she is today because of you.

I wiped my eyes as we exchanged the gifts and we both admired the gifts we received from each other.

Her: I love you Pat. I really do sisi. Mna nawe sizale o "even when the sky comes falling" kalok. We need to be united and support them because they are so young. They will always need our guidance.

I laughed.

Me: I love you too sisi and I agree... They need our support at all times. And our grandchild who is on the way...we need to treat him like the king that he is.



Her: andisena stress uzogheza uKumkani. Uzo gheziwa uzo qalwa ngu Tatakhe ngoba kalok he's his first child and it's a boy.

-im so stressed because Kumkani is going to be naughty. And he's going to be made naughty... By his father first.

I giggled at the idea. We continued gushing over Kumkani before getting our food.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was at home with my man. It was a lazy Saturday evening and I was watching television while he was reading a book between my legs. Yes, a book. About maths of all things.

Me: Jama are you really reading a book about maths but I'm right here?

Luphelo: yathanda ucinga uyi hit kanjan.

I laughed as I wrapped my arms around his neck and then kissed his temple.

Me: awulambanga?

-aren't you hungry?

Luphelo: yeah can I please have a grilled cheese sandwich?

Me: how many?

Luphelo: 8.

Me: okay.

I kissed him and then I went downstairs to make food for us. I made 16 sandwiches in total and then I walked back upstairs feeling a bit exhausted. I gave him his plate of sandwiches and he thanked me for them. We ate and his phone rang. He answered on loud speaker.

Luphelo: hello?

Luthando: hey mminawa Iza elmpala ziyawa.

-come to Impala it's going down.

Luphelo: ndihleli no Mfazi ngok mkhuluwa anzokwazi.

-I'm chilling with the wife so I can't.

Luthando: hehake Majama khayeke.

I laughed.

Me: ha.a bhut Luthando siyalala thina.

-no we are going to sleep.

Luthando: Ndakcela Majama. Ndodakho izobuya.

-please. Your man will be back.

Me: okay.

Luthando: sure... Luphelo Iza kalok. Ndi lapha no Luyanda.

Luphelo: okay ndiyeza.

He hung up and then Luphelo got up from the bed.

Luphelo: what should I bring for you buya kwam?

Me: nothing... I'm good.

Luphelo: okay. I love you.

Me: I love you too.

I hugged him.

Me: Dear God. Please protect my alcoholic of a husband as he is about to go turn up with other sinners.

Luphelo: hehake Hlalumi.

He interrupted my prayer with a laughter which I ended by holding his lips together.

Me: please bless his journey to and from the club and please bring him home safely. Please make sure that no woman looks at my husband for Lord you know I don't play like that. Lord you know I'm crazy. Please block my husband's throat so that one bottle of Remy Martin can be enough for my husband I am sick and tired of him spending thousands on alcohol although he knows we are having a baby on the way and he should be saving.

Luphelo: Lord please tell my wife that I'm rich.

Me: Lord please tell my husband that is no excuse to spend his riches on alcohol.

Luphelo: Lord please tell my wife to mind her business.

Me: Lord please tell my husband that his business became my business the day we said I do.

Luphelo: Lord please tell my wife... Mxm Amen Hlalumi.

We both laughed because he knew I was right. He kissed me.

Luphelo: even when the sky comes falling.

He sang.

Me: even when the sun don't shine.

We giggled before he kissed me for the last time.

Luphelo: good night I love you.

Me: I love you more.

He spanked my ass before walking out of the room..

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Luphelo came home after only two hours. I was surprised that he came home so early but I could tell by his heavy breathing that he was upset. He doesn't know this about himself. That's why Luphelo can never lie to me. I know him. To test my theory, I knew that if he's really mad he's not going to face my direction once he gets into bed so I waited for him to finish undressing. He climbed into bed in his boxers and faced the opposite direction. So I turned to face him and then I put my hand in his underwear.

Luphelo: uzokhala keh.

-you're going to cry.

I giggled before kissing his shoulder.

Me: kutheni unomsindo?

-why are you angry?

Luphelo: I'm not angry.

Me: you're lying to your own chief examiner?

He exhaled. Then he sat up and looked down.

Luphelo: eBlack Impala kufike le trits imile ngathi yi mermaid so gqhiba yathi mna ndenze iplans nayo and canceled on them. Baby ebe vutha ngathi ndi tshilo nyan telling me that she told her friends I asked

her out and made her look stupid. Then she threw her drink at me... Ngabe ndiyam xeleda andi pliti abantu abane kiss madoda mna hay akayiva lento ndiy thethayo. Ndaqhonda hay mandi goduke otherwise ndizo bajwa apha.

-at Black Impala there came this trick who is shaped like a mermaid and said I made plans with her and canceled on them. Baby she was fuming as if I really said so... I kept telling her I don't ask out women with knees that touch but she wasn't hearing what I was saying. So I thought I should go home otherwise I'm going to get arrested.

I laughed out loud. What happened wasn't funny...what was funny was the emphasis that he was making about her legs.

Me: kalok Tiyeka maybe she has always liked you and someone decided to pull a prank on her and she believed it.

Luphelo: maybe but I'm literally tired of people and their bullshit Hlalumi. Ndizoke ndi phole nini mna?

-when am I ever going to chill?

Me: Sthandwa sam... They can do whatever but we both know they won't break us up ever again. I trust you and you trust me, okay? Hlisa umoya Ngcolosi.

-calm down.

I put his head on my chest and watched his face submit.

Luphelo: you have nice breasts.

Me: thank you baby.

Luphelo: can I suck them?

Me: hay hay Luphelo ufuna Ugqhiba ubisi luka Kumkani?

-you want to finish Kumkani's milk?

Luphelo: Buzo expire'isha Mos.

-it's going to expire though.

Me: it won't expire in breasts.

He looked up at me with puppy eyes so I reluctantly took off my nightie and exposed my naked body. So Luphelo climbed on top of me and kissed me. We made out and I felt his penis trying to put itself inside me so I opened my legs further to help him get inside. When he finally did, I put my hands on his butt cheeks and grabbed his ass while he fucked me. He then inserted his entire penis inside me and we yelled.

Me: Fuuuuuck...

Luphelo: Hlalu Jama... Yeses.

He moaned my name before he spilled inside me. He rolled over and then he lay on his back next to me while we both gasped for air

Luphelo: Kumkani...andifuni ukuva ubiza uHlalumi Mama... Ngu 'mntu ka Tata' kuwe lowo

-I don't want to hear you call Hlalumi Mama... That's Daddy's Bae to you.

I blushed.

Me: oh hay Luphelo I want my child to call me Mama njena..

Luphelo: ha.a Majama yena makak bize 'Mntu ka Tata' qha.

-no he must call you Daddys Bae.

I let the idea of a little, happy baby calling me 'mntu ka Tata' in his childish voice and I couldn't stop smiling.

Me: oh Luphelo keh wena.

I said before he climbed on top of me again and kissed me. I'm convinced if Luphelo could win an all expenses paid trip to anywhere in the world he would still choose to explore what's between my thighs because he slowly put his penis inside me while looking into my eyes... Searching for consent. I gave it to him by wrapping my arms around his waist and enjoyed his thrusts.

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My husband woke me up in the morning with a kiss.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: hey baby. Masambe siyovasa... Ndifuna siye caweni.

-let's go take a bath. I want us to go to church.

Me: okaaaaaay.

I said whilst feeling his forehead.

Me: baby awughuli?

-aren't you sick?

He laughed.

Luphelo: hehake Majama. I just want to go to church I'm perfectly fine.

Me: mnyeni wam... Please let me know what's going on. Uyayazi your secrets are safe with me.

Luphelo: Majama I'm fine. I just want to go to church. I know one that has a one hour service... One hour qha... Its in Love more Heights.

Me: okay keh mntuwam.

I kissed him and then I got up and went to brush my teeth. He went to do the bed and my man was just acting weird.. It's as if he had a surprise for me. I ran our bathwater and we bathed together. After our bath, he gave me a Zara package bag and he put it on the bed.

Me: baby what's this?

Luphelo: it's a jumpsuit I thought you would like it.

Me: why sthandwa sam?

Luphelo: ngoba usezo fika kwi third trimester but usexy kunazo zonke eza trits zase Black Impala.

-because you're almost in your third trimester but you are sexier than all of those tricks from the Black Impala.

I laughed.

Me: awusa diki baby. But enkosi mntuwam. I try my best to look sexy for you I'm happy that you noticed.

-you're so annoying. But thank you.

He pulled me closer and then he kissed me. After our kiss, I got dressed and then I asked him to put my wig on for me. I was getting too tired to do the basic things. After we were done, we went to the car and left.

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I bought our breakfast at McDonald's then we went to Love more Heights. I noticed that there wasn't a church... Luphelo took me to this beautiful house.

Me: baby-

Luphelo: shhhh baby yhu soloko ufuna ubuza.

-you always want to ask.

I sulked and he kissed me as compensation. He parked and there were a lot of cars there so we climbed out and he led me into the enormous yard. We had to walk to the back of the house where I heard "SURPRISE!!!"

There were so many people there: some friends from high school and university that I speak to online but never really in person because I never bother to make time, there was close and extended family, colleagues and some people that I didn't know. I assumed they were Luphelo's friends. All of the women were wearing white and the men wore blue. It was a really beautiful color scheme.

Me: Luphelo?!

Luphelo: bucimba nzoza ecaweni nyan wena? Tshayiwe.

-you really thought I'm going to go to church? You're crazy.

I giggled as I took a moment to collect myself. I was emotional. I then went over to the guests to greet them as they said "ncooh" in unison.

Once everything was settled, the event started and there was a DJ, nice food and drinks... The décor was really great. There were even games being played where men had to complete challenges whilst carrying a fake belly. They even had a dance competition of which Luphelo was banned from entering because they knew he would win. I was having the time of my life until I saw Ovayo walking into the house. He was probably going to the bathroom but I sneaked out and followed him. I stopped him on his way inside.

Me: Ovayo Yinton lento uyenzayo?

-what are you doing?

Ovayo: about?

Me: so we send you into Luphelo's office and next thing a bitch pours a drink in my husband's face claiming that he asked her out and then "canceled".

Ovayo: hay wethu Hlalumi you like to overthink everything. What would I gain from pretending to be him and then asking a woman out?

Me: you tell me... Usand funa Ovayo?

-do you still want me?

Ovayo: mxm Ncumo I used to cheat on you even when we were dating so don't think you're the shit.

I giggled.

Me: I wasn't the shit when I was dating a piece of shit. Cos look at me now... I have a man who loves me, spoils me, buys me expensive shit... Look at my baby shower bro. It's got sushi and Moet. So mamela kwedin... Kwekwe... Laatie... Ntwana... Stay the fuck away from my husband. You will never be LJ. So stop this nonsense before you get head injuries.

I said as I walked back to my baby shower.

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I had the best time ever during my baby shower that I really didn't want it to end. But

Luphelo strategically made it on a Sunday Because he knew people would have to go home. They all took their bottles home with them so only close family was left behind. Even my bestie uSihle came down for my baby shower.

My husband was a bit tipsy so I went to him as he was drinking his shot. I sat down on his lap and then kissed him.

Me: thank you for today baby. I didn't know you were planning this and I'm grateful. It was so fun and beautiful... Thank you.

Luphelo: thank you for putting me in a position to have to plan a baby shower.

I kissed him.

Luphelo: intle lendlu ne?

-this house is beautiful right?

Me: yhoouo Jama. It's amazing. I will probably be dreaming about it. The bathroom sthandwa sam... The kitchen... Ahhhhhh... Yho baby I could imagine us living here and Kumkani could play in this yard and be a happy little family. But yeah babe once I'm on your level I need to go 50/50 with you so we could own something like this.

He smiled.

Luphelo: great because I bought it and it's ours. I just got the keys today.

I went deaf.

Me: hay mahn Luphelo suxoka.

Luphelo: I swear sthandwa sam.

He took the keys out of his pocket and then he gave them to me.

Luphelo: Hambo faka esa stixo kla mnyango and see what happens.

-go out that key in that door.

I could finally see he wasn't joking and I screamed.

Me: MAMA!!!!

I jumped up out of excitement while yelling but Luphelo adorably grabbed me and then silenced me with a kiss. He was laughing simultaneously.

Luphelo: baby suba xelele abazo funu hamba. Soba xelela ngomso. Okay? I want us to have it to ourselves tonight. Okay?

-don't tell them they won't leave. We will tell them tomorrow.

I nodded as the tears came down my eyes. Tears of joy. This was the best evening ever..

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I didn't get a wink of sleep at night. Every time my body threatened to shut down my mind would immediately abort the mission because I didn't want to relinquish this "dream" that I was in. Yes, our house in Bluewater Bay is beautiful. It was everything but this house makes me feel like I live in Calabasas and the Kardashians are my neighbour's. I would keep stealing glances at Lumphelo who was sleeping peacefully unless an itch on his nose would disrupt his sleep. I am in love with him. I am utterly, unapologetically and unconditionally in love with my husband. I love everything there is to him... But above everything I love his soul. There is nothing quite like a young, black and successful man that is determined to be the best husband and father he can be. He owes me absolutely nothing but still... He gives me the world every single day.

I checked the time and I knew it was almost time for him to wake up for breakfast so I went down to the kitchen and then I warmed our leftovers from my baby shower which was so lit that I had a lot of reposts on Instagram. My page looked so beautiful due to the collection of pictures that I had posted, the blue and white was such a beautiful color combination that it made my page pop.

I poured some appetiser for him but he came to meet me downstairs in the kitchen as I was about to go upstairs.

Lumphelo: Dankie Mpilo. Dankie Mali!!

He yelled before doing the Thuso Phala with his car key in hand. Lumphelo likes to over complicate things. Sure he can dance but it was totally unnecessary for him to Thuso Phala, drop it, pick it up and then bring it back. But it was sexy as fuck.

Me: awusa diki. Here's your food.

He laughed as he came to hug me. His hands were all over my ass.

Lumphelo: Molo mfazi ka Lumphelo.

Me: Molo Lumphelo.

He kissed me before laying me on the kitchen counter. His breakfast was leftover platter dish pieces so pulled down my underwear and then he put his food on my coochie.

Luphelo: this is how real men eat.

He said before kissing the inside of my thighs all the way down to my coochie. He finished his food and then he licked the crumbs of the pie off me and I'm telling you that shit set me off. He licked me so good that I orgasmed. I experienced intense muscle spasms and came all because of his tongue. He wiped my pussy then he drank his Appletiser whilst I exhaled.

Me: I'm not going to work today. I want to sort out the gifts that I received and then put everything in Kumkani's bedroom. And then handle the moving of our furniture from Bluewater Bay since you said we have a week to move out.

Luphelo: okay. Call me if you need anything. I have to go to work.

Me: okay.

He checked the time.

Luphelo: I have to leave ngok sthandwa sam. Enjoy your day I love you.

Me: I love you more. Ube safe Tatakhe I need your dick.

Luphelo: Yaz ndi cimba uzathi you need me?

He laughed.

Me: hamba sthandwa sam or uzo khubeka.

-leave my love or you're going to have your feelings hurt.

He laughed as I walked him out of our house.

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I took a shower and then changed into some of the clothes that were gifted to me from the baby shower. I wore a Grey one piece tracksuit with my Nike Air Forces and I looked really cute. So I took a mirror selfie which was done justice by the background. I uploaded my picture on Instagram and my caption was: thank u to all my friends & family who came thru for my baby shower 😊 I had a blast & I am grateful that u all managed to keep it as a secret 🤫 oh & my husband bought the house we held the baby shower in 🏠😊 imali ikhona guys asazi mahn asazi siythini. 🏠🔥

After posting that picture, I took pictures of my empty house and then I called my best friend who picked up.

Sihle: hey chomi.

Me: hey mntase. Please come over.

Sihle: okay give me 20 minutes.

Me: I don't live eBluewater Bay anymore keh. I'm in Lovemore Heights where the shower was held.

Sihle: wenzani apho?

-what are you doing there?

Me: I live here now.

Sihle: oh okay... Nice. Ndiyeza.

-I'm coming.

Me: okay enkosi.

She hung up then I called my mother to tell her about the house. She was beyond happy for Luphelo and I but said she was going to come by after work.

Sihle finally arrived after about a half an hour and by then I had already called the movers. I noticed she looked a bit different but I couldn't point out what was different about her.

Sihle: mntaaaase. Wow!!

She said as we hugged and jumped around in the empty house.

Sihle: chomi haibo! When did Luphelo buy this?

Me: I don't know chomi he surprised me yesterday.

Sihle: you're lucky bruh.

Me: I know chomi. But you look different... I don't know what it is... But you look different.

She exhaled.

Sihle: eh chomi I'm pregnant.

Me: friend!

I literally froze on the spot.

Sihle: yeah.

Me: Congratulations... How far are you?

Sihle: 3 months..

Me: are you ready?

Sihle: ready? How am I going to face oJama with a huge ass belly? They are going to hate me. Grandpa is going to troll my ass. Granny is going to judge me. Daddy is going to hate me. uTanci is going to flat out ignore me. I'm just depressed bruh.

She started crying so I took her and then pulled her into my arms. I could feel her pain.

Me: you're killing yourself. I will sort this shit out for you, okay?

Sihle: maybe it is such a good thing after all that you married into this family bruh.

We giggled as I wiped her tears and then kissed her forehead.

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>>> 2 months later <<<

Luphelo and I had plans to go out to watch a movie so I got dressed in a pink maxi dress with black block heels. I paired it with a black leather jacket and then fixed my wig.

Luphelo: Mamakhe kha khawleza mahn otherwise songayi ndawu sihlale apha ndiktye unye silale.

-please hurry otherwise we won't go anywhere we'll stay here, I'll fuck you then we sleep.

I giggled.

Me: andiko yiki kanjan Luphelo. Izondi nceda because I'm in my 8<sup>th</sup> month of pregnancy so I'm tired.

-I'm not scared of you. Come help me.

Luphelo: why are you wearing heels in your final month sthandwa sam. Wear flat shoes so you can be comfortable.

Me: I want to look good for you nje Tiyeka. I don't want to let myself go.

Luphelo:

Out of all of the girls.

You're my one and only girl.

Ain't nobody in the world tonight.

All of the stars.

They don't shine brighter than you are.

Ain't nobody in the world but you... And I.

He sang before pulling me closer and then kissing my forehead. I had been trying all this time to keep up just to satisfy his needs and it made my night to know that he thought I was still perfect.

Me: you have an amazing voice sthandwa sam.. Enkosi.

Luphelo: thanks Mamakhe... Masambe.

-let's go.

I changed and wore my black Luella push ins instead of my heels and then my husband romantically carried me out of our house.

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We arrived at the cinema, bought our tickets and popcorn combo and then we took our seats. We held hands whilst we were waiting the movie trailers. I was feeling a bit sick so I put my popcorns on Luphelo's lap.

Me: baby ndiye toilet va.

-I'm going to the toilet okay?

Luphelo: zunga plitwa apho... Lento le intle Yodwa emhlabeni.

I smiled.

Me: enkosi baby.

I got up and then walked out to the toilet. I wasn't feeling well... I was having these weird contractions but they were increasing in intensity. I picked the last bathroom stall and then sat down. No urine came out, just pain.

Me: ohhhh God.

I heard a knock on the door.

Lady: sis are you okay?

Me: no... I'm having contractions.

Lady: oh God... Where's your man?

Me: cinema 5...first chair in the second last row. His name is Luphelo.

Lady: okay.

She ran out while I had to endure these horrible contractions. I wasn't even crying but my fists were balled and I was resting my forehead on the toilet paper roll as a way to minimize the pain.

The lady and Luphelo arrived in the women's toilets which wasn't allowed to happen but this was an emergency.

Luphelo: Hlalumi vula sthandwa sam.

I opened the door as soon as I heard his  
Voice and he came in.

Luphelo: Majama utheni?

-whats wrong?

I cried as soon as I knew I had his attention.

Me: I don't know...it just fucking hurts.

Luphelo: Masiye esbedlele kalok Mamakhe.

-let's go to the hospital then.

I nodded and he helped me up then pulled my underwear up which had this blob of reddish discharge it in. He offered to carry me out but I needed to walk so I limped out of the cinema and into the car.

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Luphelo was so nervous as he took me to the hospital. He didn't know how to drive... I would yell at him for driving too fast and for driving too slow but he handled the situation very well. I was immediately taken to the Labour ward when we arrived to the bed that we had already pre booked for my Labour. This was all surreal. I was almost in my 9<sup>th</sup> month but was too far from my due date so I couldn't understand why this was happening so soon.

Me: baby will our baby be born too little and then die?

Luphelo: ha.a sthandwa sam masthandaze eza polony zakho zakwa Boxer zimtyebisile otherwise andiphinde ndikthengele obabubhanxa.

-no my love let's pray those polony of yours from Boxer have fattened him up otherwise I will never buy that madness for you again.

I cracked a bit of laughter through the pain as the doctor came with my file.

Doctor: Mrs Jama how do you feel?

Me: Terrible I just want to give birth.

I said as I cried.

Doctor: what symptoms have you been experiencing?

Me: my lower back hurts, I saw this discharge in my underwear... It's was reddish brownish... And I have been experiencing contractions.

He nodded.

Doctor: I will have to induce your Labour Mrs Jama. So nurses, get her ready to receive her induction.

Luphelo: so she's going to give birth soon?

Doctor: yes it could take hours of days. You just need to be strong for your wife because it's a long process.

He said before tapping Luphelo on the shoulder. The contractions came back so I held onto the bed sheets as the nurses came to give me my robe and asked Luphelo to dress me. Once I was dressed, they helped me into bed and then put my drip in. I have never in my life experienced such pain..

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Insert 64: Welcome Kumkani Nande Jama.

Born: 2 April 20\*\*

Weight: 3.00 kg

Time: 06: 20 AM

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>> 5 hours later <<

I wasn't responding to the treatment they were giving me to induce my Labour so the doctor said they would give me more time. So I was lying on the bed while Luphelo sat anxiously by my bed side. The pain was unbearable but I'm a woman and I had to be strong for Luphelo who doesn't understand any of the things that are happening.

Luphelo: use right?

-are you still alright?

Me: yeah... I'm okay. Uvile bathe we won't be able to have sex for 6 weeks.

He laughed.

Luphelo: ndafa.

-I die.

Me: uzoqina.

-you will be strong.

I exhaled vigorously as the pain came back. Lophelo got up and stood above my bed until I returned to my equilibrium. This was killing him.

Me: yho Jama. I want shares after this.

He laughed.

Lophelo: okay.

Me: and your closet space.

Lophelo: okay.

Me: I want your Rolex too.

Lophelo: okay.

Me: yisapha ngoku.

-give it to me now.

He took it off and then he put it on my wrist. I shook my wrist and smiled.

Me: I need to use the bathroom.

He helped me out of the bed and then he followed me to the toilet and then back to the bed.

Once I got on and settled, I felt this liquid rushing down my legs.

Me: Lophelo call the nurse. I think my water just broke.

He probably saw from the movies that this was quite serious hence he hurriedly walked out in search of a nurse. I rang the bell which is what he should have done instead of going on a wild goose chase. The nurse I called came first, he returned with his nurse a few seconds later.

Nurse #2: u Right Mos?

My nurse: yes thanks.

The other nurse left.

My nurse: what's the problem Mrs Jama?

Me: my water just broke.

My nurse: okay Mrs Jama you are now in the active phase of your Labour which means that the pain will now be a little bit more intense... So we really need you to be strong for your family okay? I will remove this but in the meantime please stay put.



Luphelo: how dilated is her cervix?

My nurse: its on... 4 cms. She's doing good.

Me: hambotya Luphelo. You're stressing.

-go and eat.

Luphelo: baby I can't leave you.

Me: I'm fine Tatakhe. Eat then come back.

Luphelo: sure?

I nodded and he kissed my forehead.

Luphelo: 10 minutes.

Me: no half an hour. I want you to update the family before they go crazy.

He nodded before kissing my lips. His lips are so soft they cause muscle spasms after a mere lip lock. He walked out and then I exhaled.

My nurse: Yhoo umnyeni wakho sisi. Akemhle Yinton.

-your husband. He is so handsome.

She said as she removed my sheets.

Me: nzak phoxa wena.

-I will cut you off.

I said as I closed my eyes while the tears flowed down my cheeks.

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>> 4 hours later <<

After 4 more hours of intense pain and Suffering, I was finally fully dilated and ready for Labour. I was finally ready to push so my mother and my husband held my legs apart. I have never seen Luphelo this nervous before.

Doctor: Okay Ncumolwethu I will count down from three to one... When I get to one please push with everything you have okay?

Me: okay.

Doctor: and three... Two... One... Push!!

I didn't know whether I was doing that shit right or not but I had to use my motherly instincts. To me it felt like I have always been a mother to this boy since I found out that I was pregnant with him. My biggest fear was not pushing him out properly and then he ends up getting suffocated and dies before I even hold him. That shit would kill me. So I searched deep within me for strength to push my baby out. And I found it somewhere close to my soul. I pushed and the first push wasn't enough according to the doctor but they could see his head. Its as if everything in the world stopped except the sound of the doctors instructions.

Doctor: again!!

I scraped for every bit of strength inside of me and it finally paid off on my 5<sup>th</sup> push. I felt him. I felt him escaping my body and I have never had more respect for this body of mine until I was able to produce an entire human being. I felt powerful. Like I could do anything and everything with my body. Yes, men are strong but women are God damn powerful check the receipts.

I exhaled as my body shut down and waited to hear a sound but I heard nothing. Kumkani was quiet. The room fell silent. I was bleeding from my vagina but I was able to sit upright when I couldn't hear my son crying. Luphelo cut the umbilical cord and picked him up.

Luphelo: hayi Kumkani Ndakcela boy Ndakcela Ndakcela jonga uTatakho... Jonga uyihlo boy ndim. Ndim lamntu bethetha nawe kuze busese suswini mntanam nawe undibulise.

-no Kumkani please boy please please look at your Dad... Look at Daddy boy it's me. It's me that person who was talking to you when you were in the womb my child and you would greet me.

Doctor: Mr Jama please bring the baby back.

Luphelo: Kumkani ndiyakcela suyenza lento uyenzayo.

-please don't do what you are doing.

My soil was on fire. My entire world came crashing down. I felt a sharp pain as I watched Luphelo begging his son to come back to life. The doctor was begging him to release Kumkani's body but Daddy wasn't hearing it. He took his sons body and put it close to his chest to get some human contact and that's when I heard a tiny cough. Kumkani had a mucus like substance in his tiny throat that was blocking his breathing and he had passed out. The mucus landed on Luphelo's chest whose tears fell uncontrollably when he saw that his son was now alive.

Doctor: Mr Jama... He's alive. Can we please have him so he doesn't catch any infections?

Luphelo reluctantly gave over his child but he followed the nurses as they took him. I on the other hand still had to deliver the placenta but I was weak, in pain, had a headache and my spirit was down. I delivered my placenta and was stitched while my mother was in the room.

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When I woke up my entire space was covered in blue. I had blue “new mommy” banners, blue and white balloons, white roses, blue ribbons... It was all overwhelming. There were also a lot of gifts too for Kumkani and some toys.

Luphelo was on the chair with our son in his arms. He was sleeping.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: Kumkani... Nanku mntu ka Tata uvukile.

-here Daddys Bae is up.

I giggled weakly. He got up and then gently put our son in my arms and I must admit. He’s ugly.

Me: akambi. Did you take the right baby?

-he’s so ugly.

Luphelo was so offended.

Luphelo: khasapha umntanam cos oyena mntu umbi apha nguwe lona une wigs ze 5k Kodwa usenje.

-give me back my child cos the only ugly person here is you that has wigs worth 5k but you still like this.

Me: ndi njani?

-how am I?

Luphelo: umbi. Ude ughezele umntu one 3 hours Kodwa oko wena unje I 22 years yonke Kodwa thina sithule asithethi.

-you’re ugly. To go as far as teasing a 3 hour old person but you’ve been looking like this for 22 whole years and we aren’t saying anything we’re quiet.

I laughed. It was slightly painful. I looked at our sleeping baby and I fell in love with the way his mouth was shaped as he slept. He looked at peace. I didn’t even realise that I was crying again but I was because the memory of almost losing him replayed in my head like a bad dream.

Me: heeh wena Kumkani ka Mama. Hello mntaka Luphelo. Hello mntaka Hlalumi. Hello mntanam. Heh nyana ka Ncumo? Heh Sthandwa sam? Heh mntana wo “even when the sky comes falling”.

We laughed.

Me: where is the family?

Luphelo: outside.

Me: please call them. Has he been fed?

Luphelo: baby ulele khamyeke.

-he’s sleeping leave him..

Me: hay baby I want to bond with my son.

Luphelo: mxm. He's ugly Mos.

He sulked as he got up and then went to call the family.

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Luphelo gave me a bath which was extra painful and helped me freshen up. Kumkani and I were evaluated and were deemed fit to go home so at 9 PM in the evening we were officially discharged. I had to wear a pad because I was still experiencing bleeding from my vagina so Luphelo helped me into the car whilst carrying our baby's carrier. He

Was holding it like a shopping basket. He put Kumkani in the backseat before helping me into the car and then he rolled down my seat to make me comfortable. He also put my fleece over my body and then he closed the door whilst I looked out of the window.

He climbed in on his side of the car and then he took Kumkani out of his carrier and then he put him inside his t-shirt. Kumkani fit right in. Kumkani was facing the direction of the windscreen so he could see the view and he was held in place by his Dad's safety belt. I have never seen any deeper display of stupidity. Like at what point of wanting to be a Dad for so long would you start thinking this is right?

Me: Luphelo sapha umntana wam ayikho lento uyenzayo. Uzam limaza usemncinci lomntu.

-give me my child what you are doing is not on. You will hurt him this person is still small.

I was too weak to be fighting u Luphelo but luckily he gave me back my child. We were clearly first time parents: young, dumb and excited. Our baby accommodated us though because he was sleeping throughout his parents' custody battles..I took Kumkani's blanket and covered him with it then I held him in my weak arms. He was getting more handsome by the hour but still... I wasn't happy. There was a pain deep in my soul that I couldn't explain... Like an anxiety and I didn't know why because this was supposed to be the happiest time of my life. I was suffering internally and Luphelo was chatting away, talking and driving so he couldn't see me nor hear me crying right next to him.

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We arrived at home so Luphelo and I took a bedroom that is downstairs. Our family was already in the house so they took Kumkani immediately while Luphelo took me to the bedroom and then gave me my medication. Lusanda came with my food and gave it to Luphelo who fed me.

Luphelo: Mamakhe enkosi fethu uyevah? I appreciate it.

-thank you.

I faked a smile before taking my next bite. I was in pain but the painkillers seemed to help a bit.

Sihle came with Kumkani who was screaming and then gave him to his father.

Luphelo took his son and rocked him in his arms.

Luphelo: King Jama...thula kalok boy unxibe I push ins ezino boya ne onesie fondin abantu bacimba uyindoda suku jumpisa. Thula Jojo. Thula Tiyeka. Thula mntaka Luphelo. Thula boy.

I watched him rocking his son until he kept quiet. Luphelo came to sit next to me and then he gave me our son who was hungry apparently.

Me: Yinton?

-what?

Luphelo: feed him kalok Mamakhe.

Me: hay sukundi nyanzela. Libele lam Eli.

-no don't force me. This is my breast.

Luphelo: awuna fokol wena ndali Lobola elo bele kuze lizoku tyisa abantwana bam.

-you don't have anything I paid Lobola for that breast so that it could feed my children.

I giggled weakly as I took our son and then put my nipple in his mouth. Luphelo's dick was hard just by watching me breast feed. This one still has a long way to go. I didn't have a lot of milk already so Luphelo brought his bottle to supplement the milk I gave him. Once he was full, his father burped him and we watched our son falling right back to sleep. So Luphelo fixed a nice little comfortable nest made of pillows and fleeces in between us for our son. He put him there and watched him sleep as I went to take a bath to remove my pad. No one really talks about the after effects of Labour. Those stitches don't hold everything in.

Once I had freshened up, I slowly made my way back to the bed where my baby and my husband were. My husband was now topless whilst our son adorably curled himself onto his dad's chest and was sleeping with his butt elevated which was so adorable. He had stained his father's t shirt with baby puke that's why. Luphelo had his hands wrapped around his sons back to hold him down. I climbed into bed and then fell asleep next to my husband and our new born baby. My body just shut down.

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Our son screamed in the early hours of the morning so Lophelo woke up to attend to our baby's needs. He was topless, in his underwear as he picked Kumkani up from the bed. He was also tired but he is already such a great father that it didn't matter.

Lophelo: okay kalok Jama nika uTata i chance kalok. Andiboni.

-give Daddy a chance. I can't see.

Lusanda came rushing into our bedroom just as Lophelo switched on the lights. She caught a glimpse of his dick print and her mouth hung open.

Lusanda: I can't... No I can't. Ina Ina inaaaa mahn Lophelo thatha.

-here man Lophelo take it.

She forced Kumkani's warm bottle in her brothers hand before rushing out again. I laughed.

Lophelo: what the fuck just happened?

Me: I would rather not answer that.

He shook his head before feeding his son and then sitting down on the bed. Kumkani was quietly drinking his milk.

Lophelo: Milkessey madoda. Nantso i Milky Martin.

I laughed at how he was comparing Kumkani's milk to Hennessey and Remy Martin.

He beamed as he looked down at his pride and joy who was drinking his milk peacefully. He is so Inlove with his son that I felt bad about myself for not being on the same level as he is. Because whenever I hold Kumkani, I just want to finish doing whatever I have to do and then pass him on. I love him. But holding him brings me pain. Lophelo finally took the bottle away from Kumkani who still wanted his bottle because he cried.

Me: Lophelo mnike kalok.

-give it to him.

Lophelo: hay baby akumelanga uyay gqhiba usemncinci lomntu qha keh mos une appetite ka Mamakho that's why he's crying.

-no baby he's not supposed to finish the bottle. This person is still small but he has your mother's Appétite.

I was disappointed that he knew so much over me already but I allowed the hurt to subside. My husband started patting Kumkani's back who eventually burped and then smelt his diapers and noticed that he made a mess after eating. So he brought Kumies plastic bath tub which was a gift from Luyanda

and then he poured some lukewarm water and gave our son a full bath whilst sitting cross legged on the carpet.

Me: you should have just washed his butt Luphelo. You didn't have to give him a full bath.

Luphelo: hay baby day 1 sewu funa ndimenze umqamlezo? Hay noko.

-no baby it's day 1 and you already want me to wash him using the cross method?

I exhaled. He's so extra. Once he was done, he dried our sons body and his hair then he lotioned him. He also applied some J&J petroleum jelly in the inside of Kumkani's butt and his inner thighs before putting on his diaper. Kumkani was already asleep after the bath given by Daddy so Luphelo put our son in his nest, threw the water out and then he came back to bed next to us.

Luphelo: good night sthandwa sam.

Me: good night baby.

Luphelo: ebendithetha no mntanam but... Nawe.

-I was talking to my child but... You too.

Me: mxm.

I rolled my eyes as I shifted and went to sleep.

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Our baby was taken by his grandmothers later on in the morning to give Luphelo and I some time alone. We woke up alone on the bed at about the same time and he took my hand. I was so excited.

Luphelo: Molo MamCethe.

Me: hello Mqocwa.

He leaned in and then he kissed my lips. He moved in closer to my body and made my hairs stand on end. His hands caressed my ass and my toes curled on my one foot as he kissed my neck all the way down to my breasts. My nipples hardened as Luphelo planted arousing kisses on my body. I wanted to be intimate with him but I couldn't and he knew that too hence he brought his kiss back up to my mouth where he inserted his tongue and we kissed. It was amazing to have him kiss me like this after giving birth to his child. His erection showed me that I still got it.

He pulled away and then he kissed my forehead.

Luphelo: how do you feel?

Me: I feel okay.

Luphelo: good.Masovasa keh.

He helped me up and then he ran our bathwater himself whilst I brushed my teeth. He then helped me into the bathtub where I sat in between his legs and my back rested on his chest.

Luphelo: Mamakhe?

Me: Mhm?

Luphelo: I know you love our son but... There's something that's not right and I don't know what it is. Are you Suffering from post partum depression?

The tears fell from my eyes.

Me: Andazi Luphelo. I just feel really horrible inside... Because I love our baby but I just can't figure out what's wrong. I can't figure out why when I looked at him I saw an ugly baby instead of seeing my soul.

He kissed my temple.

Luphelo: abantu bathi ufana no Mamakhe.

-people say he looks like his mother.

I giggled whilst looking down. I love it when he jokes about serious situations to decrease the effect it has on me.

Me: you're annoying.

Luphelo: we will see someone to help you get through this, okay? And for the most part... Hlalumi. You're a great mother. An epic wife. A home maker. Khazi jongisise ntomb yomXhosa. Ndlela le umhle ngayo buno zala gqhiba uhambe ungene uMiss South Africa u win'e same time. Aw iNkosikazi yam ene degree madoda. Umfazi wam othatha ishishini lam alibeke kwelinye izinga emini so gqhiba andi fudumezele omthondo ebusuku. Ntikazi Ndiyak bulela sthandwa sam, ndiyakthanda kwaye intlonipho yam unayo. Andi funi chomi ndizo citha zonke imini zam nawe. Andifuni sitya ngoba uyazo gqhitha ngobuhle Kakade. Ndixolile nawe ntombi yakwa Sifora, mfazi wakwa Jama. Ungaze uluthandabuze uthando lwam Mamcethe.

-look at yourself thoroughly Xhosa lady. You are so beautiful that you could give birth then go enter Miss South Africa and win at the same time. Aw my wife who has a degree. My wife who takes my business to New heights during the day and then keeps my dick warm at night. Ntikazi I thank you my love, I love you and you have my respect. I don't want friends because I will spend all my days with you. I don't want a side chick because you are prettier than all of them anyway. I am content with you daughter of the Sifora's, wife of the Jama's. Do not ever doubt my love Mamcethe.

I wiped my tears because what my husband just did for me touched my soul. I was really down... In spirit, energy and esteem but he resuscitated me by showing me that he still loves me although I look terrible to me. But to him I look beautiful.

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My husband and I finally showed our faces in the dining room where the family was eating without us.

Luphelo: hay hay nitya njan abantu be mansion ena 7 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 3 dining rooms, 2 living rooms, swimming pool ne jacuzzi, a TV room ne basement not to mention i servant quarters ezi phandle ne pool house bengekaty?

I rolled my eyes before laughing. Luphelo is so extra.

Mommy: itsho qha Luphelo ukuba ubufuna ukusi xelela.

-just say it that you wanted to tell us.

Lusanda: tsh. Mommy here's your baby.

I took him.

Me: thank you. Is he fed?

She nodded.

Senior: uvile Mos Luphelo... 6 weeks? Ndicela unga qhaqhi imithungo ka Hlalumi.

-you heard Luphelo right? Please don't rip Hlalumi's stitches.

We laughed as Sihle came to dish up for us.

Luphelo: hay phola Timer ndivile.

-no relax Dad I heard.

I made eye contact with Sihle as she dished up for me and she nodded. She was giving me the go ahead to tell the family about the news so when she was done dishing up and was sitting down, I spoke with my baby in my arms. He was sleeping.

Me: uhm... Family I would like to thank you all for being here. Your support has been amazing.

Luphelo: translation to isiXhosa: nifokofa nini?

-when are you leaving?

Lusanda: rhaaa you have never taken care of a baby before wena mnqundwe last born. You need us!

Luphelo: Lusanda uyanxola sise Love more Heights apha please ungafika kukho i neighborhood watch njema ulibele kunxola.

-you are making a noise we are in Lovemore Heights here please there could be a neighborhood watch going on while you are making a noise.

Luyanda: Ingenaphi neighbourhood watch kulento?

-what does a neighborhood watch have to do with this?

Luthando: uyasqhayisela ukba ikhona apha kalok.

-he's

Bragging that they have one here.

Lusanda: yhuu Mom and Dad you should have stopped with me shame cos you have 2 boys and a girl. Why did you have to make this thing?

Luphelo provoked his siblings and was just enjoying watching them arguing.

Luphelo: catch flights and not feelings babes. Nalapho... Business class not general.

Lusanda: andisak capukeli!

-I hate you so much.

He laughed as the commotion started all over again.

Me: family please!!

They stopped and focused on me.

Me: uhm... I know that some of you won't be happy with this but I want you to know that I'm sticking by her and I don't want anyone to judge her nor make her feel bad about it. It's life... We all make mistakes but what's important is us showing one another support. We are a family and that's what family does... So with that being said. I would like to announce that we are growing even bigger as a family... Because Sihle is pregnant.

The mood died. Everybody looked at Sihle.

Sihle: I'm sorry.

She said with her head held down.

Luyanda: Uzojika ufune uku thyola abantu for your God damn mistakes but we're trying to give you a family and a better life and wena uya hamba uyomitha? Ftsek mahn Sihle. Uzozi fumanela umsebenzi for ukondla lomntana or nibonisane nalo kwekwe ikumithisileyo but as for mna... Andiyonto kulo mntana lowo.

-you will want to blame people... And you go and fall pregnant. Piss off. You will find a job to feed that child or you and the boy who made you pregnant will have to see a way forward but as for me... I'm nothing to that child.

Luphelo: Sihle umdala ungako. You have a degree already. You can work. Andimazi uManyoko kutheni ezo thukisa apha ingathi he never fucked up in his life but being a parent is the best shit ever and I've been at it for a day. Congratulations.

Sihle: enkosi Tanci.

Luyanda: unjena keh wena Luphelo unento nam wena.

Ma: Luyanda hay mntanam. Sihle is grown. There is a better way to voice out your disappointment than for uthuka umntana. You can see she's ashamed... For absolutely no reason in the world because she's grown. Don't beat her while she's already down. Congratulations mntanam.

Lusanda: congraats Sii.

Luthando: can't wait to be a grandpa.

Sihle managed to smile a bit. She thanked her family and then winked at me but I know her. Deep down her father's approval meant the world to her.

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Luyanda didn't take the news well so he went up to the bedroom that he had picked for himself. I really didn't know who told our family that they could move into our house. Yes we wanted support but this was ridiculous.

Kumkani yawned in my arms and then opened his eyes. He looked at me and then kept smacking his lips. He really looks like me. I scoffed when I saw the resemblance and broke into a smile.

Me: hey baby.

I whispered as I got up from my seat and then I went to sit in the living room with him. I didn't do anything much with him, all that I did was to try to wrap my head around the fact that I made this human being in front of me. I made his skin, his bones, his nails... His hair. I produced his blood and formed his organs. His brain and his breath... They were all made by me. It all made me feel drawn and much closer to him than I did before I understood that there is no one that can love Kumkani more than his father and I can. Therefore I had to get over whatever it was that I was feeling and be a mother to my son. He deserves that much from me.

My mother came into the living room and then sat down next to me.

Mommy: doesn't sitting down hurt?

I nodded.

Mommy: tell your husband to get your cushion. Bendik thengele ngoba I knew you would probably experience perineum soreness.

-I bought it for you because..

Me: thanks mommy. I feel like shit.

Mommy: yeah I felt that too. But I had no support. You have all the support in the world so that means you can beat this post partum depression.

Me: uthethile nawe uLuphelo?

-did Luphelo talk to you?

Mommy: no we never spoke about this. I just know you. If you were happy ngeku dala wamfaka kuInstagram lomntana but you haven't.

-you would have long put this child on Instagram.

The tears fell down my eyes and I wiped them.

Me: after almost losing him you would think I would... I don't know... Be obsessed with him but I'm not. What's wrong with me Ma?

Mommy: there is nothing wrong with you Ncumolwethu. You could just be having baby blues which is normal. But if it's really post partum depression then it could be due to a drop in your hormones. Your body will return back to normal.

Me: yeah but then I have to wait until 6 weeks to be intimate with uJama. What if I never return to normal? What if I'm not ready after those six weeks then those weeks turn to months and I'm ugly, fat and broken... Then he finds a woman who has his shit together Mama-

Senior: if kwenzeke njalo molokazana m'divorce'e anye so gqhiba utye imali.

-if it happens like that daughter in law, divorce him and then you eat his money.

I giggled as he came to sit down next to me.

Me: unyanisile.

-you're right.

He laughed. I didn't know whether he was here for me or for my mother but yeah.

Senior: relax Molokazana uyathandwa ngu Luphelo. Ngu mntana wenu wokqhala lona and yena kudala wafuna ukuba ngu Tata so into ye mpundu ayisa balulekanga kuye. Akacinge abeke umtshato wenu ecingweni. Mthembe.

-you are loved by Luphelo. This is your first child and he has always wanted to be a father so this thing of ass is no longer important to him. He will never put your marriage on the wire. Trust him.

Me: enkosi Tata.

Senior: sure Hlalu.

He got up and then he walked out of the living room. I needed that from him.

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I have been told that I have to sleep whenever the baby is sleeping otherwise I will never get any sleep at all so I went back to sleep when Kumie was sleeping on the bed next to me. I was sleeping so close to him that his tiny nose was breathing right onto my face. Shit was adorable as hell. Then he sneezed in my face and I squinted.

Me: asizovana ke mntaka mnyeni wam. Asizo vana tu.

-we will not get along my husband's child.. We won't get along completely.

I said as he opened his eyes. He was awake again but at least he had managed to sleep for 4 hours so when he got up I checked his diapers and he made a mess so I gave him a bath and then changed him into new clothes. Luphelo's mother even came to help and then gave him to me before leaving.

I slowly made my way to the bed with my child and then I sat down hip first. Luphelo came in as I was about to breastfeed. He locked the door behind us and then he came to just watch me breastfeed. His dick was hard again and I don't know why watching me breastfeeding turns Luphelo on so much.

Luphelo: sarhaleli ukubayile ntwana.

-I am longing to be this boy.

Me: please don't start.

Luphelo: start with what?

Me: Lophelo I know you want to be intimate with me but there's no fucking way in hell so I don't know why you need to keep reminding me that you're horny.

He kept quiet.

Me: ndithetha ne donga ngok Lophelo?

-am I speaking to a wall now?

Luphelo: andifuni sixabane phambko mntana.

-I don't want us to argue in front of the child.

Me: he's a fucking day old Lophelo it doesn't matter!!

Luphelo: it matters to me. We will not argue in front of our children and that's that.

Me: I don't know why I have to listen to you all of a-

Luphelo: Hlalumi ndithethile nawe.

-I have spoken to you.

That little warning tone turned me on. I took my breast out of his son's mouth and then I burped him.

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My emotions were all over the place because in the morning I woke up and Luphelo by then was not in bed with me. I knew he was probably with uKumkani and I didn't care because I needed me time. I took a bath and then I got dressed. I was feeling a bit better now: I was not as tired, my pussy was starting to heal and my eyes were no longer tired.

My husband came back in the bedroom with our son sleeping on his back. He literally had Kumkani wrapped with a towel on his back. It was the cutest thing in the world. I smiled.

Me: baby uyabeleka ngok nawe?

He smiled.

Luphelo: iyand fanela neh?

-it suits me right?

I nodded as I went to kiss him and our son.

Luphelo: uyaphi?

-where are you going?

Me: uhm... I'm going to work. It's Monday.

Luphelo: Ncumolwethu... Are you serious?

Me: ewe Luphelo. Do you need anything?

Luphelo was just speechless.

Luphelo: no we're good.

Me: okay. Bye bye Kumkani Sthandwa sam. Mommy loves you.

I kissed his tiny cheeks and then I walked out without even eating breakfast.

When I arrived at work people looked at me like they had seen a ghost. They knew I had given birth but I suppose the question everyone was asking is what am I doing at work? Truth is I didn't know either. And I could imagine that the follow up question was where is Luphelo? I went to my office where my replacement was.

Lona: good morning Mrs Jama.

Me: good morning. You are my replacement?

Lona: yes Mrs Jama.

Me: Call me Ncumo please.

Lona: okay I'm Lona.

Me: yeah okay listen... Have you done this line of work before?

Lona: no but I graduated in administration and majored in business.

Me: good mamela keh love take this as training because I don't want to take maternity leave.. You will still get your salary without working as hard as they want you to. I won't be a bitch to you. Hell I will even make you some coffee just... Let me do my work.

She giggled.

Lona: okay sis.

Me: thank you.

I said as I took my seat and then did my work.

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During lunch I called Luphelo. He picked up.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: hi. How's he doing?

Luphelo: he's abusing my vocals lomntu. He cries whenever I stop singing.

I giggled as the tears fell down from my cheeks and I wiped them.

Me: maybe he became familiar with the sound of your voice from the time I was still pregnant.

Luphelo: yeah maybe. I noticed he has my feet.

Me: yeah I know. Just really small and thinner.

He giggled.

Luphelo: yeah. We've been alone for like two hours now. And I made an appointment for you at a psychologist. I hope you don't mind.

Me: no I don't sthandwa sam... I want to be able to bond with our baby. I'm glad you did.

Luphelo: okay Majama.

Me: please be patient with me Luphelo. I hate the shit that I'm putting you and our son through.

Luphelo: you aren't putting us through anything Hlalumi. You wouldn't Have gone through all of that pain trying to give birth to Kumkani only to reject him in the end. Stop hurting yourself and focus on getting better. We will be waiting for you. Doesn't matter how long it takes but we will wait for you.

I wiped my nose.

Me: ndiyanihanda Maqocwa.

-I love you Mqocwa's.

Luphelo: we love you too baby.

We continued talking until lunch ended.

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I worked until it was late so I only arrived at home at past 7pm in the evening. The family was waiting for me before they could have dinner so I sat on my cushion around the dining room table, we prayed and then Sihle and Lusanda started serving our food as I went to fetch my baby. He was awake so I took him and then kept him on my lap sitting comfortably while relaxed on my left arm.

Mommy: beku njani emsebenzini Majama?

-how was it at work?

Me: it was good thanks.

Ma: hay Kodwa Majama yintoni ephangelisayo Kodwa usando beleka? Kumkani akeka gqhibi ne vekhi Kodwa wena sewumshiya.

-what is making you work although you have just given birth? Kumkani hasn't even completed a week but you're already leaving him.

Luphelo: Nozala makoyonwabe I homeowner.

-let the homeowner be happy.

Senior laughed at that swerve.

Senior: imali inikwe umntu orongo kule family.

-money was given to the wrong person in this family.

Luthando: Kakade Timer but I do agree with Pabbles. What Hlalumi wants to do should be up to her at this point.

Ma: no but leaving a child after 3 days? I love you Hlalumi and you know that. But you have to give your child some attention.

Me: ndiyamnika Ma.



-I do give it to him.

Ma: nini Hlalumi? Umke apha ngo half 6 wabuya ngo to 8. What I'm saying to you now is what I would have said to my son if he was the one doing this. It has nothing to do with being a woman. Your child needs attention otherwise you will hate yourself once Kumkani gets attached to his father and doesn't need you.

I exhaled. I wanted to just storm out but I didn't want to embarrass Lophelo so I stuck it out like a wife. There is no woman that is going to make me look childish in my own house.

Me: okay Ma.

I said before taking a bite of my meat. The mood was very awkward around the dinner table but I did not care. No one knows what I'm going through. So I'm not going to allow anyone to Mommy shame me.

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A Lophelo & Ncumolwethu appreciation post. 🍷👑

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After dinner, Lophelo and I went to our bedroom while I carried King. He's getting cuter by the day and managing to stay awake longer now. He's such a quiet baby... If he has milk in his stomach he will never bother you so I gave him a bath, gently washed what's left of his umbilical chord and then I went to lotion him. His father walked in and then he sat down on the bed and watched us.

Me: uyamfuna ne?

-you want him right?

Lophelo: no I have had him all day. You need time with your baby.

Me: thank you.

Luphelo: lets go to an open mic night.

Me: tonight?

He nodded.

Me: what should I wear?

Luphelo: wear whatever you feel comfortable in. I understand you are still healing kalok sthandwa sam.

Me: okay give me 10 minutes.

I gave him our son so he took him and then walked out of the room. I assumed he went to ask for a favour from someone to keep Kumkani for us while we go out. I quickly freshened up, got dressed in my red velvet hoodie, black ripped jeans and my black Air Forces. I wore my curly wig and then I took my phone. Luphelo came into the bedroom.

Luphelo: hay Skrr.

Me: khayeke. I really do look like a Skrr Skrr.

I laughed as I took my handbag.

Luphelo: you look beautiful.

Me: thank you.

I wrapped my arms around him and then I kissed him. We got caught in that kiss such that we had to dig deep before we could break it up.

Me: uhm who did you leave our son with?

Luphelo: uSihle. She's using him as her Guinea pig as she prepares to be a mother.

I giggled.

Me: let me say goodbye to my son keh.

Luphelo: ndzok Linda emotweni.

-I will wait for you in the car.

I nodded before going to Sihle's bedroom to say good bye to my son. She had him on her back held in place with a towel.

Sihle: Kumie look who's here... Mommy.

Me: hi baby I'm leaving now okay? I will see you when daddy and I get back.

I said before kissing his face. I really have a gorgeous son.

Sihle: you will get better mntase va? I love you.

Me: I hope so. I love you too.

We hugged before I walked out and walked to the car.

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The night was so beautiful as I watched it from the window. Not to mention Lumphelo's amazing music selection. The Cayenne is automatic so he took my hand and kissed it.

We arrived at a small jazz night club in Central and then we took our seats next to Reid and his wife Lelethu. We all greeted each other then our husbands went to buy food for us.

Lelethu: hay sisi uyasi nyisa ku Instagram sahna. I follow you.

-no sis you are killing us on Instagram.

I turned pink before laughing.

Me: ndizoyeka.

-I will stop.

Lelethu: imali ikhona guys asazi mahn asazi siythini.

-the money is available guys we don't know man we don't know what to do with it.

I laughed.

Me: khayeke.

We started talking before our men came back with our food and then the show started. We watched all of the performances and they were amazing until Lumphelo and Reid were Called up onto the stage. I had no idea that they were going to perform and I could tell by the look on Lelethu's face that she didn't either. They got up and then they walked onto the stage.

Me: did you know about this?

Lelethu: tu but relax I know Lumphelo can sing. What the fuck is Reid doing yena?

I laughed as I raised my shoulders to express that I didn't know. After about a minute, they started their performance after introducing themselves.

Lumphelo: You've got

Those pretty little innocent eyes.

A contrast to those thick devilish thighs.

I spend most of my days inside.

But I still make time to love you.

I love you cos you give me peace of mind.

I love you cos you cos you accepted my past.

And never made feel like less of a man cos a woman took advantage.

(Reid: took advantage)

In fact you married me and became my bandage.

(Reid: a love bandage)

To my heart.

No prenup, we betting our money that we'll never be apart.

(Reid: Ooooh)

Ask me what love is and I tell you this is it.

Put my son in my arms and I told myself I made it.

Million dollar crib, my cars got 4 pipes and my wrist got diamonds but when I looked at my son I felt rich.

(Reid: for the first time)

Spoke to him today and said King don't ever fuck a bitch.

(Reid: don't fuck a bitch you a King)

Sex is spiritual and not every woman has a clean spirit.

(Reid: Ooooh...)

Ask me what love is and I tell you that it's my wife.

(Reid: you my Hlalumi)

Post partum depression or not baby you still my life.

(Reid: real talk)

You think I'm gonna watch your hips crack

Just to give up?

(Reid: never)

Nah I got your back.

You think I'm just going to watch you bleed

Just to not give you everything you need?

(Reid: never)

Nah I got you.

Dedicated to the greatest wife in the game.

(Reid: Lumi ka Phelo is her name)

I stood up and gave them a standing ovation when they were done and so did Lelethu. The audience cheered and honestly I was touched by his plan to bring me here to dedicate his piece to my condition because he knew its killing me. I met him halfway as he came down and gave him an emotional hug because I don't know how it would have felt if I had to deal with not feeling a connection with my son and then losing the deep connection that I already had with my husband if he was not an understanding man.

Me: ndiyakthanda bonanje Luphelo.

-I love you though.

Luphelo: uthandwa ndim Ntikazi.

-you're loved by me.

He kissed my forehead as we went back to our seats.

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I had the best evening ever with Reid and his wife so she and I exchanged numbers and took selfies which we posted on Instagram before leaving. I actually enjoy couples nights out and I wanted more of them.

We went our separate ways so on our way to the car we almost got robbed. Two men walking our direction saw that I had my cellphone out since I was texting Sihle to check on my baby uKumkani.

Me: Luphelo bazos rob'a ababantu.

-these people are going to rob us.

Luphelo: ziphi brass knuckles zakho?

-where are your brass knuckles?

He laughed.

Me: ayhlekisi Luphelo.

-it's not funny.

I said as I put my phone away.

Luphelo: sapha lo phone.

-give me that phone.

Me: are you crazy?

Luphelo: ine mela keh lekaka. Sapha lo phone.

-this shit has a knife. Give me that phone.

I panicked because I didn't even notice that one of them has a knife. Central is no fucking joke. Luphelo took my hand and tightened his grip as the men approached us. He put me behind him.

Guy 1: iPhone fondin.

Luphelo: anina please makwedin?

-don't you have a please you boys?

He asked as he slowly rolled up his sleeves. Such a neat freak.

Guy 1: andina xesha lalento mna..

-I don't have time for this..

His intention was to stab my husband who threw my phone right on the face of the first guy. The impact was so severe that it caused him to drop his knife and when it dropped, I picked the knife and my phone which fell and cracked my screen protector. Luphelo then grabbed the guy and threw him head first against the wall and then knelt down next to him where he beat him with some punches in his face. He must have forgotten about the second guy who tried to attack Luphelo from behind and I panicked. I still had the knife so I impulsively stabbed his arm and he screamed.

Guy 2: biiiitch!! Yeses.

Luphelo: mizuzu Hlalumi masambe.

He said before taking my arm and then we ran to our car. Climbed in and then he drove off.

Luphelo: uyaythanda I trongo ne Hlalumi?

-you like jail don't you Hlalumi?

I laughed as he drove off on 180 km/h.

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I was filled with so much adrenaline from what just happened that I couldn't wait to go home and to see my son. I just wanted to tell him all about what happened tonight. Unfortunately he was crying when we arrived so we had to take turns trying to get him to calm down. We didn't know what it was that was bothering him but I took some rubbing oils and gave him a rub next to the heater. The heat along with the relaxation helped him fall asleep because he rejected milk so he was clearly not hungry.

When he was Asleep, Luphelo and I just sat staring at him sleeping.

Me: how did we end up creating such a beautiful soul?

Luphelo: don't we have beautiful souls?

Me: sisando hlaba umntu babe.

-we just stabbed someone.

We giggled?

Luphelo: si? Ha.a babe that was all you.

-we?

Me: baby he was ready to attack you and I panicked. If you didn't forget about the guy I wouldn't have done what I did.

Luphelo: I'm happy for moments like that because it means you have my back at all times.

I pecked his lips and he returned the kiss.

Me: I feel better.

Luphelo: don't force it Mamakhe.

Me: I'm not forcing it Tatakhe. I'm not completely there but... I don't know. Now when I hold him... It's a bit different. My heart is beating rapidly but not in the anxious kinda way... In a good way. I'm quite happy and it's Because of you. Thank you for sticking with me.

Luphelo: that's what husband's are for.

Me: our marriage is soooo healthy. I'm proud of us baby.

I said as I caressed his chin and then kissed him again.

Luphelo: nxaki it's healthy ngoba Sine evidence eninzi that could put each other in jail so that's why we are making our relationship healthy. Soyika itrongo.

-problem is its healthy cos we have a lot of evidence... We are scared of jail.

I laughed.

Me: ptsek ke.

Luphelo: ptsek nawe tshonge kuku ene rhali.

-with your pussy that has threads.

Me: uyibawela ngok ine rhali awuzoy fumana.

-you want it although it has threads but you won't get it.

Luphelo: ndiya dlala Mamakhe khaze kalok nje 1 round.

-I'm playing come here.

Me: kuku ine rhali kalok.

-the pussy has threads.

I said as I pulled down my ripped jeans and then walked around in the room in my underwear just to tempt him. I took slow walks though. Careful not to hurt myself cos after I ran I hurt myself a bit. Lumphelo's dick swelled but he composed himself and instead chose to curl himself up next to Kumkani.

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***Unfortunately insert 68 had to be deleted due to the fact that it was posted as a caption to a picture that has to be taken down to satisfy Facebook's standards.***

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Insert 69

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I love the little bedroom sessions that I have with my husband. Him and I had gotten so used to using sex to keep our relationship afloat such that I was really starting to feel like I'm getting to know him all over again. I like Lumphelo. Ngumjita o grand lowa. He's a dope ass nigga. Funny, smart, supportive as hell and he's humble. He never puts himself above anyone but if I were to say that about him most people wouldn't believe me because he sold himself to be the opposite of who he is.

He was brushing his teeth when I walked in with King who was awake.

Me: baby?

Lumphelo: hey.

Me: u Lusanda no Sihle went out today but I chose to stay here with you guys. Cos I'm really trying my best to beat this.



He leaned down and then he gave me a passionate, slow tongue kiss that lasted close to 15 seconds. He broke it and then he kissed my forehead.

Luphelo: I'm proud of you.

He said as he caressed my chin and I blushed like a kid in high school who just got recognition from her crush.

Me: enkosi baby.

Luphelo: Yinton waqhosha? Am I driving you crazy?

Me: inyawu likwi accelerator.

-your foot is on the accelerator.

Luphelo: utsho?

-you reckon?

I nodded shyly and he took my hand in his then he led me to the bed where I sat down.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam... Since you turned me gay with all this information about weaves and heels and make up...I got a gift for you.

I giggled.

Me: should I close my eyes?

I asked excitedly.

Luphelo: please.

Me: Okay. Kumkani your daddy though.

I closed my eyes as Luphelo handed me a box. I opened my eyes and then I opened the box and inside was an entire Fenty Beauty make up kit. I was so excited.

Me: No fucking way!! Luphelo thank you so much baby!!

I said as I jumped onto his lap and bombarded him with kisses. How tf did he know I wanted this?

Luphelo: you're welcome Sthandwa sam.

Me: baby where did you get this we don't have this make up in South Africa?

Luphelo: I ordered it online.

Me: baby you're such a great husband. Enkosi Tiyeka.

I said before kissing him for the last time.

Luphelo: anything for uMama womntanam.

Me: sooooo... Can I test out my make up on you?

Luphelo: ha.a Hlalumi this isn't part of the deal.

Me: Ndakcela Taka Kumkani you have the best brows ever kalok and your lips are great for testing out these lipstick colors. Ndakcela or nzokhala mna.

-please... Please or I'm going to cry.

Luphelo: khala ptsek.

-cry.

I sulked before sitting down on the bed. I sniffed and he looked at me.

Luphelo: okay keh Nkosikazi. But don't make me look like a thot.

I laughed.

Me: I promise I won't.

I said as I excitedly got up and then I gave him a face beat while our son was sleeping on my back. I'm really turning Luphelo into my doll but what's the point of having a husband if he won't be down to helping you do the things that make you a woman? Once I was done, we both laughed at how pretty he looked.

Luphelo: Luphelo Jama... What the fuck happened to you ndoda?! You're getting face beats Ngok Finisher?

I laughed as I wrapped my arms around his neck and then kissed his lips.

Me: hey Finisher leave my man alone wena. Luphelo is husbanding properly and u yathandwa ngu mfazi wakhe. You make coming home exciting Luphelo Jama. Have I ever told you that?

Luphelo: no.

Me: then I owe you an apology.

He smiled.

Luphelo: I love you... Bully.

I giggled.

Me: I will Bully you until we die but I will never ever cheat on you nor leave you.

He held out his fist and I bumped it with mine.

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We didn't sleep at all at night because of our baby but what was so significant is how Luphelo and I did everything for our baby together. We didn't take turns like we did before, we helped each other do

everything for Kumkani who was giving us hell. But teamwork is dreamwork because we were able to overcome everything.

Kumkani was sleeping on his father's chest in the morning so I took a picture of them sleeping and posted it on WhatsApp. The flash woke him up so he opened his eyes and then looked at me.

Me: xolo ngokvusa baby.

-I'm sorry for waking you up.

Luphelo: it's okay.

He said as he gave me my morning kiss then he kissed his son.

Me: Mnyeni wam we need to get rid of the family ngok shame. I'm literally sick and tired of everyone. I just want us to be alone with our son and that's the only way I will be able to deal with this.

Luphelo: okay hamboba xelela keh.

- Go tell them then.

Me: hay Tatakhe why me? The majority here is your family so I can't just tell them to leave.

Luphelo: ngubani fani yababantu?

-what's those peoples surname?

Me: Jama?

I raised my eyebrow cos I didn't understand the purpose of this question.

Luphelo: and yours?

Now I got it.

Me: Jama.

Luphelo: hambo xelela I family yakho imke endlini yakho keh.

-go and tell your family to leave your house then.

Me: uyadika mnyeni wam shame.

-you're annoying.

He laughed.

Luphelo: I love you too.

We kissed multiple times before I took our baby from him.

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I took care of u Kumkani and then made breakfast whilst he was on my back. He was making little noises on my back and I would reply to them as if I was having a conversation with my baby. Mrs Jama came into the kitchen whilst I was making breakfast.

Ma: Molo Majama.

Me: hi Ma. Unjani?

Ma: I'm good sthandwa sam wena?

Me: nam ma.

Ma: Its good to see you bonding with your baby. You look so beautiful while carrying him around on your back like that.

I smiled.

Me: thanks Ma.

Lusanda came into the kitchen, looking like a zombie.

Lusanda: olady.

Ma: buyawa Sela Lusanda?

-you've been drinking?

Lusanda: ewe mahn Mama Khandiyeke ndizi pholele mna I have lost the love of my life so I'm stressed. I need liquor.

-leave me alone to chill.

She said as she came around to kiss uKumkani.

Lusanda: hi nephew. Heehh mntana ozo khula e flexer. Heehh mntana ozokhulela kwi burbs. Mntana one trust fund. Heehh wena Tata une Porsche uMama une Range Rover. Tata une X6 M uMama une Mercedes Benz. Hey wena... Tata une VW Tiguan I garage I gcwele.

-Child that is going to grow up flexing. Child that is going to grow up in the burbs. Child with a trust fund. Daddy has a Porsche and Mommy has a Range Rover. Daddy has a X6 M and Mommy has a Mercedes Benz. Daddy has a VW Tiguan the garage is full.

I laughed.

Me: itsho qha ukba umntanam umbi ungade umteketise nge burbs ne moto.

-just say so that my child is ugly and not compliment him using burbs and cars.

She laughed.

Lusanda: not at all.

She said before helping me finish making breakfast.

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Breakfast was served so the family gathered around the dining room table.

Senior: Sihle ufika nini uTaka Bhabha kuze azo batala intlawulo? Asiyfuni thina ngoba azange siku khulise Kodwa keh funeka aybatale kuthi thina siyise kokwenu thina.

-when is the baby's father coming so he could pay damages? We don't want it because we never raised you but he has to pay it to us then we send it to your home.

Sihle: uhm... I don't know Grandpa. I will have to talk to him about that.

Luyanda: Azange nathetha Ngayo Sihle? Iyawazi amasiko lentwana?

-have you never spoken about it? Does this boy know tradition?

Sihle: he never had anybody to teach it to him. Bulelani is trying Dad. So please give him a chance.

Luyanda: mnk.

This is legit one of the reasons why I want my family to leave. Luphelo was late for dinner so he came and then he sat down and only greeted me and his son.

Senior: ptsek Kwedin bulisa.

-piss off boy greet.

Luphelo: rha ndibatale Indlu kabuhlungu ndi phinde ndi bulise abantu abase ndlini yam? Bulisani Nina akhonto niyenzayo.

-so I should pay for a house and then greet the people that are in my house? You greet me since there's nothing you're doing.

The family laughed.

Sihle: Tanci is an entire mood though.

Luthando: Aw umntu ka Hlalumi madoda. Guys sometimes I think Hlalumi has forgotten Luphelo's name cos qho it's "mnyeni wam, Tatakhe, Taka Kumkani, sthandwa sam".

We laughed And I turned pink because I haven't said Luphelo's name in a while.

Senior: Abanye abantwana batshatile njema ulibele ku dlalisa wena so awuzo understand'a.

-other children are married while you are busy playing around so you won't understand.

Luyanda: marriage ain't shit wethu. Going through the most ngok mna njema nindi bona ndi lapha.

Lusanda: uzenzile aka khalelwa.

She said making reference to the fact that Luyanda cheated on his wife.

Lusanda and Luyanda started arguing and it gave me a headache.

Ma: ofuna ubethwa anye ndim makathethe kwakhona.

-whoever wants to be beaten by me should speak again.

They both became quiet. We continued eating and at the end of breakfast I told the family that we needed them to leave so that we could have time to raise Kumkani alone and they agreed to move out and give us our privacy.

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By 6 pm the family was already gone and it was just Luphelo and I in the house playing mommy and daddy to our son. His phone rang while we were applying gel to Kumkani's hair who seemed to find this whole thing relaxing.

Luphelo: ndicela undi Nike I phone yam.

-please give me my phone.

I took his phone and then I picked it up. He rolled his eyes.

Me: hello?

Yanga: hey sisi unjani?

Me: I'm good thanks and you?

Yanga: I'm good. Ndicela uthetha no L J.

-may I please speak to L J.

Me: he's still busy at the moment but I can take a message.

Luphelo shook his head and then leaned back while watching me answering his phone like he's not even in the room.

Yanga: okay please tell him that we're having a braai apha e Jeffrey's Bay beach so we'd like him to come. You can come too. There will also be our wives there so... You'll have company.

Me: okay I will speak to him but as for me I just had a baby so...

Yanga: yeah I understand you haven't healed.

Me: yeah... But I will let u Luphelo know.

Yanga: shot.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then put Luphelo's phone aside.

Me: Yanga is inviting you to Jeffrey's Bay Beach.

Luphelo: ndihleli nani njena so andizokwazi uhamba.

-I'm here with you guys though so I can't leave.

Me: you can go Tiyeka.

Luphelo: wena uzothini?

-and what will you do?

Me: I will give Kumkani a face beat.

He laughed.

Luphelo: ungak linge u block'e I pores zomntanam umenze amaqhakuva.

-don't you dare block my child's pores and then cause him to have pimples.

I laughed.

Me: I'm joking but iya.

-go.

I said before taking my wallet and then giving him R2300.

Me: thenga utywala bakho ne petrol and the change is for being one handsome ass muthafucker God dammit Luphelo you're handsome as fuck.

-buy your alcohol and petrol.

My husband has never been more confused before. He tried to say something but stopped himself before he ruins whatever is going on with me.

Luphelo: you're okay right?

Me: I can't bond with my son if you're around. Mqundwe PPD I'm gonna love my baby and I'm gonna love him whole heartedly. So wena Tatakhe go have fun and let me be a mommy. I'm done allowing my emotions to overcome my motherly instincts.

He smiled.

Luphelo: okay. Ndicela imoto yakho. Intswembu lawei yakho Mamakhe.

-can I please have your car. That thing of yours is amazing.

I went to fetch my car key from the drawer and then I gave it to him while feeling nothing but pride in myself. The feeling of borrowing your man your car that you bought yourself is empowering. He took my key, thanked me with a kiss, gave one to his son and then he walked out. Leaving me alone with Kumie whose face is more valuable than anything that could be bought.

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A Ncumolwethu & Lumphelo appreciation post. 🧘❤️

Before reading this insert please download Snoh Aalgera's 'I want you around' and then read while listening to it.

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Kumkani's father wasn't relaxing at all at Jeffrey's Bay. He was always texting me asking if his son is still okay so I called him.

Lumphelo: hi.

Me: uyandi dika.

-you're annoying me.

Lumphelo: nawe uyandi dika. Why are you holding my child hostage?

-you're also annoying me.

I laughed.

Me: khasele utywala obu wethu.

-just drink that alcohol.

Lumphelo: kunini ndisela apha but the music here is making me miss you. Everybody is boo'd up here besides me.

I smiled.

Me: pleas sing the song that is making you miss me. The best part of it.

Lumphelo:

We can get away

Palm trees, beach views.



Ordinary day.

All I wanna hear is inner visions on replay.

And sit right next to you, you.

I try not to show how I feel about you.

Thinking we should wait, but we don't really want to.

I just wanna get away.

And sit right next to you.

You...

Me: you should definitely play that for me when you're back.

Luphelo: okay. Nzobuya in about 2 hours.

Me: moja bawo.

He laughed.

Luphelo: shot kau.

I hung up and then I wore my make up, took a bath and then lay my lingerie out on the bed.

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When I saw him driving into the yard I quickly wore my lingerie. I didn't know why I was doing this knowing that I hadn't healed but I just wanted to be intimate with him. I miss his skin... His heavy breathing when he's deep inside me... I miss the smell of his cologne mixed with sweat, the pinkish colour of his nails whenever he presses his fingers too hard against my thighs. I miss the way he ignores my requests for him to take it easy on me just before he's about to cum. I just miss him.

So I played the song he sang for me which I downloaded after googling the lyrics. The song is from a Swedish singer named Snoh Aalegra titled 'I want you around'. This was going to be my female response to Miguel's Sure Thing. Luphelo walked in and I love his reaction to my broken, ruined beyond compare body that I had given up on.. I felt like it was never going to go back to normal because I'm fat. I even have love handles and I could barely fit into this damn lingerie. But Luphelo dropped his glass of whiskey and the glass smashed on the floor. The music was on, Luphelo was tipsy and his dick was hard. Yeah this wasn't going to end well.

Luphelo: ngeyam lento?

-is this mine?

Me: bizoba ngeka bani?

-whose was it going to be?

Luphelo: I have a huge dick sthandwa sam if I fuck you I will be killing you. And you have a son who needs his mom around.

I had chest pains. The arrogance was just arousing.

Me: God damn it Jama.

He laughed.

Luphelo: let's rather dance.

He said as he pulled my body closer to him and then we moved along to the rhythm of the song. I had my face on his chest, smelling his cologne and I felt loved. Luphelo's body has warmth.

Me: never thought you would ever turn down sex.

Luphelo: never thought I would ever get married either. But look at me coming home early and shit.

Me: are you happy?

Luphelo: beyond happy. You?

Me: yeah... I'm happy. I just didn't want to lose you nor let go of our marriage by putting more focus on Kumie than on you. I want a balance. Cos I still love you and I still feel butterflies in my stomach when I see you. I don't wanna lose you.

Luphelo: you won't. Zithembe. You're beautiful. But I'm digging this... A young working wife, mother of 1 with a Benz. It's sexy.

I smiled as we continued dancing while his hands moved further down my ass. He kissed me whilst grabbing my ass. He slipped his one hand into my underwear and then he touched my pussy. It was the first time in about a week that Luphelo touched me down there. My breathing was slowing down, his dick was swelling and our hormones were raging. His fingers searched for my pussy but when he tried to slip a finger in, it stung.

Me: khupha khupha Luphelo ibuhlungu!!

-take it out it hurts.

I said with my eyes closed.

Luphelo: uxolo Ncumo. Are you okay?

-I'm sorry.

Me: I'm fine.

I said before getting down on my knees and then giving him a blow job to compensate for my inability to satisfy him.

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After going down on him in the living room, I made food for him. He was already hungry although he ate at Jeffrey's Bay so him and I ate and then decided to take a walk in our neighborhood while Kumkani is asleep for the next 5 days. I swear that's how long our son sleeps. We were holding hands as we walked.

Luphelo: baby ukuba kuthe gqhiinja apha sizothini njema ufuna ukwenza intozabe lungu?

-if a dog comes what are we going to do since you want to do white people things?

Me: I have a man nje.

Luphelo laughed so hard that he even stood still.

Luphelo: ukuba uthembele ngam Masi jike shame.

-if you're relying on me let's turn back around.

Me: uligwala kanti?

-you're a coward?

Luphelo: yes I'm scared of dogs Majama.. Ndigezele, bruise my ego. I don't care.

Me: hay masambe I'm not scared of dogs. My mom once had a pit bull so I know how to control them.

Luphelo: hehake Batista.

I laughed.

Me: ptsek.

Luphelo: mbonya.

I punched him in the stomach and he took my wig off.

Me: ha.ana Luphelo sapha!!!

Luphelo: masilwe keh man to man. I don't hit women.

-let's fight man to man.

Me: ha.a Luphelo sapha mahn man to man wanton kaka?

Luphelo: masilwe Ta Lumi fondin.

Me: Luphelo nzokhala sapha i wig yam.

-I'm going to cry give back my wig.

He gave back my wig while laughing then he helped me wear it properly.

I sulked as we passed a store and then bought junk food and airtime. The night was so beautiful and the air was nice and crispy as we walked whilst eating the things we bought. We sat down on the side of the road and he had his arm around me as we observed the minimal activities of Lovemore Heights.

Me: yabhora le ndawu usizise kuyo babe.

-this place that you brought us to is boring.

Luphelo: ukufa. But we need our surroundings to be as peaceful as our relationship.

Me: our relationship? Is your definition of peace?

Luphelo: khayeke uphikisa Majama this is peaceful. I'm trying to be romantic here.

-stop contradicting.

Me: yaybona lento bendiy thetha. Siyaxabana ngoku.

-can you see what I was saying. We are arguing now.

He sat and meditated. I'm annoying.

Luphelo: it's your fault.

Me: khathule wethu or ndakphuza unye mna.

Luphelo: Phuza net wena uzobona nzak thini.

I kissed him and he kissed me back.

Luphelo: revenge kalok. Andenzwa njalo mna. Rha undi phuze ndikyeke?

I giggled as I laid my head on his shoulder and then we continued listening to our music. We probably listened to 5 songs before reality struck.

Me: Luphelo we're parents let's go check on our baby.

Luphelo: sendam libala lowo. Masambe. Ofike sigqhishi une post partum depression.

-i even forgot about that one. Let's go. Whoever comes last has post partum depression.

I picked my phone up and then I ran because I didn't want to lose this race. He purposely gave me a head start which didn't last long because he finally caught up to me and then we ran together. Symbolizing that this wasn't my race alone... It was ours.

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I had been planning Luphelo and I's wedding for 2 months now. And in that 2 months, Kumkani's umbilical chord had fallen and so did my Post Partum Depression. Yes, the psychiatrist helped but I credited my healing to my husband. He had been nothing but supportive, patient and loving during my time of need and I didn't know how I could ever thank him for that. There was no price I could pay as compensation for the love that he has shown me so I knew that the only thing I could do for Luphelo is to continue being faithful to him, give him great sex and continue to be an asset to his business.

Our wedding was officially going to start at 11 am so I did my make up in the presence of my mother, mother-in-law, Sihle, Lusanda, Mam Joy and her daughters. I had a full face beat done and then they helped me into my dress before my weave was put on my head. I had 36 entire inches of hair that I didn't even tie because I wanted there to be no doubt in the world as to whose wedding it is.

Mommy: awusemhle Majama.

-you are so beautiful.

Me: thanks Mommy.

Lusanda: Kumie come and see how beautiful mommy is.

She said as she brought my beautiful son around who is so heavy. She put him on my lap and I blew his stomach to make him laugh.

Me: heyoo Jama. Unjani uMamakho? uMamakho uyotshata no Tatakho namhlanje baby.

-how does your mommy look? Your mother is going to marry your daddy today.

I bragged to my almost 3 months old son who gave me a little side smile. I kissed him before giving him back to Lusanda because I really didn't want him to ruin my dress by puking or doing something of that nature. Once I was done, Luphelo's mom started ululating as I wore my shoes and this started an entire ululation between the ladies. Everybody was making a noise that made me so anxious although I'm already married to Luphelo who sent me a text. I opened it and it was a dick Pic. The caption: in case you were thinking of leaving me on the aisle. 😊🍷

I texted back: seriously reconsidering cos bendizok shiya nyan 😊🍷❤️ seбатыwe bruh 🍷🍷

Sihle: Okay Ncumo we really have to go now. Put your phone down and let's leave.

Me: okay.

I took my phone, got up and then I followed them out into the hired Lamborghini. Yes, you heard right. I hired a Lamborghini because I didn't want to be driven around like a Princess while I sit in the backseat of a Rolls Royce. No I wanted to drive my own Lamborghini because my own alter ego is myself: Mrs Hlalumi Jama. I strapped my son on the passenger seat and then started the car.

Me: khome nsayo tshata lentwana ungu Tatakho.

-let me go marry that boy which is your father.

The car is automatic so I pushed up the gear to R, and then stepped on the accelerator. I had on the Rolex he had given me so I felt gangster as fuck.

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We all arrived at the chapel and I made the grandest entrance ever. The camera man captured my entrance in the Lamborghini and the way I climbed out of it gave people life. Even road users were in awe of this bride who is jumping traffic in a Lamborghini.

I took my son out of the passenger seat and then I locked the Lamborghini and then waited as the people were ushered into the church so that the wedding could start.

Once the wedding could officially start, I waited as the Bridesmaids walked in as 'This is why I love you' played, Sihle walked in with Kumkani as the matron of honor, Lumphelo's mother walked in, my mother and then finally... It was my turn.

As soon as I walked out into the church and saw my husband standing at the end of that aisle, my heart became right. Everything that we have been through in the past couple of months and even year felt worth it. I walked down the aisle with my bouquet in hand, eyes fixed on my husband who had tears in his eyes. But Lumphelo will never cry in front of people he isn't related to. It felt like I would never get to him and when I finally did, I felt triumphant. I stood in front of my bridesmaids and honestly this damn veil was annoying. I wanted to see my man clearly.

Pastor: you may sit down.

He said to the people attending and they did. Lumphelo winked when he saw me. I winked right back at him.

Pastor: Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today in the presence of these witnesses, to join The Finisher and @mrs\_hlalumijama, follow for a follow if you have Instagram, in matrimony, which is commended to be honorable among all men; and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly and solemnly. Into this holy estate these two persons present now come to be joined. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.

Lumphelo: ndyakhaba keh mnake bantase. Just saying.

He warned the crowd and they laughed at his threat. The pastor gave them 5 seconds before proceeding.

Pastor: I don't know if you really consent to this marriage or noyika u Luphelo but let's move on. (laughter) let us allow our lovely couple to say their vows to each other. We shall start with you Lumi.

Me: uhm... Phelo we fell in love under peculiar circumstances.

Luthando: thoba i English bawo huzet wangu Shakespeare?

-turn down the English why are you being Shakespeare?

We laughed. This wedding is ghetto as fuck.

Me: hade Mkhuluwa.

-sorry.

Luthando: shot Majama.

Me: uhm I don't want to say much Luphelo because I don't want to break down and cry... Because I won't be able to pull myself together. Cos when I think about everything we have been through I just can't believe we made it. I love you sthandwa sam... You're the best life partner and child's father anyone could ask for. The effort you put into making our relationship work is just unbelievable cos you acknowledge the fact that no relationship can thrive when only one person is trying. I promise that today moving forward I will give you consistency... Because I know for a fact I'm doing the best I can to be the best wife I can be to you and I will maintain that until I can't breathe anymore. Thank you for everything sthandwa sam. I love you.

Pastor: and wena Luphelo?

Luphelo: I just have to let you know how long my night was without you. I realised that I was making the right decision by marrying you cos I never wanna go through that again. I don't wanna go to bed without you Mamakhe you make the little things in life exciting. A man like me doesn't get to fall in love because money attracts toxic females and I had to be pretend I was okay with that lifestyle but I wasn't. Majama thank you for not caring about who I am and for putting me in my place when you're upset. You literally have more power in our relationship than I do and I respect that about you. You make me so weak and I'm fine with it cos I have you and Kumkani. What else do I need? I promise to always love you, our son and the children that we will still make in our marriage. I promise to always listen to your needs and to never make you jealous of another woman. I promise to love you until uthi yhu ha.a Luphelo uyaybaxa. I don't wanna make any verbal promises cos I will show you but what I will say is this: I will never be anything or anyone besides the Luphelo you know and learnt to love... I promise.

The pastor called for the rings which we had to slip on each other's fingers while repeating after the pastor.

Pastor: Ncumolwethu Sifora, do you take Luphelo Jama to be your lawfully wedded husband. To love and to hold until death do you part?

Me: I do.

Pastor: Lumphelo Jama-

Lumphelo: ewe.

We all laughed. Technically Lumphelo never said I do he said ewe.

Pastor: By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss your bride.

Lumphelo took my veil off and then he kissed me as the people cheered for our kiss. We never practiced it but I was super proud of us for not delivering a sloppy x rated kiss. After our kiss, we jumped the broom and then he carried me out of the chapel.

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After we became declared husband and wife, we went to take pictures in the park with friends and family before going to our reception. My train was removed which was really long so I went from having a Cinderella dress to having a mermaid dress which was so simple yet elegant. My man loved it.

We sat on our chairs and watched as our ceremony unfolded. We had an amazing time, our decor came out just as I imagined it would. It was black and white and included gold finishes that looked amazing. Our venue looked amazing so whilst the speeches were going on which were so funny, Lumphelo whispered in my ear.

Lumphelo: ndicela impundu.

-can I please have ass.

Me: Lumphelo kukho abantu.

-there's people around.

Lumphelo: we'll fuck in the bathroom.

Me: it will look weird if we leave at the same time.

Lumphelo: these people are busy Majama.. They won't notice.

Me: uyahlupha but okay.

We sneaked out and then got into the first bathroom which was the women's bathroom and we closed the entire bathroom and he fucked me doggy style against the sink. I have never reached an orgasm that fast. Lumphelo went to cum inside the toilet while I exhaled with my mouth opened in an O shape. I looked for toilet paper to wipe my own cum. Once we were done, we went back to Reception where Lumphelo joined the dance floor. I can't dance so I stood on the sidelines, watching Lumphelo deliver a head voshho by opening and closing his blazer which was so sexy.

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People were really turned up during our wedding, even Lophelo's speech was slurpy from being drunk. Kumkani was at home with his nanny whom I texted a million times to ensure that my baby was safe. I was tipsy too so later on in the evening I slipped into my white tight jumpsuit and black sandals while Lophelo was still in his suit. By the way, Sihle caught my bouquet.

My husband called me whilst I was drinking with my friends so I followed him to the other side of the venue where it was peaceful and empty.

Lophelo: umphonele uSophie?

-did you call..

Sophia is Kumkani's nanny.

Me: yeah. Uthi he's sleepy and she even sent a picture.

I showed him the picture of our son sleeping and he smiled.

Lophelo: yafana nam le ntwana.

-this boy looks like me.

Me: he really does sthandwa sam. He's cute.

He kissed my lips.

Lophelo: baby I wrote my cars in your name. I wrote the house in your name. Wrote both of my companies in your name. Cos if I fuck up and lose you... I might as well have nothing. I know you will never cheat. Call it blind faith or whatever but you have too much respect for your pussy to give it around like that so yeah... That's why I did what I did. I just really love you bruh.

He said as the tears fell from his eyes and I hugged him.

Me: I love you too.

Lophelo: ndi nxila kakubi bonanje.

I laughed as he blamed his emotions on the liquor.

Me: we did it baby. We survived into ka Sihle, survived into ka Mandla no Mbali and we survived post partum depression together. What's next?

Lophelo: peace. That's what's next.

He said as he pulled me closer to him and then kissed me. Fireworks went off in the background which made us giggle in between our kiss before resuming.

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Insert 72: Clock Vincent Lephema

Kumkani was now 3 months old meaning that I could take him out of the house. I was so excited so I decided to take him to work. I woke up earlier than his father and Kumkani was already awake by then as well. His big eyes looked at me with so much excitement and I smiled.

Me: yafuna uphangela no Mama wena Jama? Heh sthandwa sam? Jonga keh minca inteché yakho Lena inkulu kuze uTatakho angazokuva xana ndiku thatha.

-do you want to go to work with Mommy? Hey my love? Look squeeze in your big pot belly so that your father won't feel you when I take you.

I whispered to him before pulling him out of Luphelo's arms who grabbed his sons foot.

Luphelo: uhleba uthini?

-what are you gossiping about?

He let go of Kumkani's foot so I took my son and carried him on my hip before rubbing his ankle cheekily.

Me: I wanna take my baby to work.

Luphelo: we have a no baby policy Hlalumi.

Me: change that policy kalok cos I want everybody to see how beautiful my son is. Khamjonge Luphelo. Awubaweli uqhayisa?

-just look at him. Don't you want to brag?

A smile formed on his lips.

Luphelo: ey intle nyani keh lentwana..

-this boy really is beautiful.

Me: yabona? Please daddy. We wanna go to Jama Constructions. So that Kumkani can see his inheritance.

Luphelo: fine masambeni.

-let's go.

Me: yayyyy!!

I said as I pulled Kumkani's fist up in excitement.

Kumkani: yiiiihihi.

He threatened to cry.

Me: xolo keh xolo mntana womnyeni wam.

-I'm sorry my husband's child.

Luphelo kissed us then we went to brush our teeth and he ran our bathwater so the whole family got into the bathtub and I breastfed Kumkani while I was in the bathtub.

Luphelo: Kumkani suvuma utyela eToilet.

I laughed before kicking Luphelo's leg.

Me: Subay kaka Luphelo I'm trying to feed him before he loses his routine.

Luphelo: this is turning me on Mamakhe.

He squinted. I looked at his dick and it was erect so I went over to him and then I climbed on his dick whilst I was breastfeeding.

I rode Luphelo while breast feeding his son and he just leaned back against the bathtub with his face facing the ceiling.

Luphelo: Hlalumi...

He exhaled.

Me: mhm?

Luphelo: suka nzocitha.

-get off I'm going to cum.

I climbed off his dick and watched him cuming in the bathwater.

Luphelo: you're a heck of a wife.

I laughed at how weak he was as I burped Kumkani.

Me: khajonge uTatakho.. One round sephelile. Mnk.

-look at your dad... One round and he's finished.

Luphelo: mxm.

He sulked as we bathed together.

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We dressed our son in a nice tank top since it's hot with skinny jeans and baby Nikes. He looked chilled asf. We covered his head with a hat then we took him to my car since we were going to take it to work.

My man bought McDonald's for us which we ate on our way to work. I didn't mix the McMuffin and Oreo McFlurry this time. I didn't even know why I would think that combination went together. Pregnancy hormones are crazy. I fed Luphelo his nuggets until we arrived at Jama Constructions.

Everyone's eyes were glued to us as we walked into the building with Kumkani. Those stares turned into a round of applause and congratulations cheers. Luphelo was carrying Kumkani who maintained a straight face through out the chaos. He really is his father's baby. He's always unbothered.

We got to Luphelo's office and then we got settled.

Me: can I have my baby please?

Luphelo: uzohlala nam uKumkani Hlalumi.

-he's going to stay with me.

Me: hay mahn Luphelo. I begged you to let me take uKumkani and now you want him to stay in your office? Sudika.

-don't be annoying.

Luphelo: I'm still not giving him away.

I punched his stomach and he yawned. So I had to use my charm instead. I pulled him closer to me and then kissed him before Lona came into Luphelo's office without knocking.

Lona: Mr Jama ndi dinga i signature yakho.

-I need your signature.

Luphelo pulled away and then looked at her. I was really upset about the way that she came into his office like she owns him. And naye he allowed it to happen. He didn't even notice hence I wasn't mad at him for it.

Luphelo: babini oMr Jama apha. Ufuna i signature yomphi?

-there are two Mr Jama's here. Whose signature do you want?

She cracked a naughty laughter. I felt invisible.

Lona: eyakho Luphelo tsh.

-yours.

I was so annoyed that I grabbed her clipboard and then signed the damn documents myself by forging Luphelo's signature.

Me: hamba keh.

-leave then.

Lona: wow.

She said before walking out of the office leaving me all worked up.

Luphelo: Hlalumi-

Me: hay Jama.

I said before taking my son and then walking out of his office.

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Lona is now permanently employed but in a position lower than mine so she wasn't in my office anymore but she was in my space because I had to train her.

During lunch I went to the kitchen and then I overheard her speaking to another colleague of ours.

Lona: sahna... So I sent him nudes today in the morning. We slept late Izolo Because oko si WhatsApp'a qhonda heh his wife keeps posting as if ba happy meanwhile the man isn't sleeping because of me. And yena uGhyel-

Ovayo: hi Ncumo.

He greeted me nervously. This time he was not only rocking Luphelo's haircut but he also was dressed like him.

Me: hi. Wait I'm listening-

Ovayo: Listening to what?!

He raised his voice such that Lona and Sindi stopped talking and continued making their food.

Me: you're really impossible. Lona I need you in the boardroom.

Lona: Okay Mrs Jama.

She keeps calling me that although I want to be referred to as Ncumo or Hlalumi if you really want to acknowledge the fact that I'm married.

I walked into the boardroom and she followed behind me then closed the door.

Lona: yes?

Me: is there a past between you and my husband of some sort?

Lona: uhm no... Why?

Me: why? Cos I don't like the way you're acting around him. And I'm only dealing with you cos you're the one making moves. If it was him I would have been dealing with him but you have this tendency of calling me Mrs Jama as if you're patronizing me, you're acting weird around my man and it's bothering me.

Lona: no relax. I won't cause trouble.

Me: good cos I don't know if you have heard but I fuck up a bitch really good. Don't try me with my sons father.

Lona: yes ma'am.

Me: great. Fokof'a keh.

-get the fuck out then.

My emotions were boiling at that point.

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Luphelo and I knocked off so he drove to Forest Hill cemetery. I didn't know why he was there but we allowed Kumkani to sleep in the back seat in his portable sleeper and then he took us to Nondwe's grave. We didn't speak in the car so I didn't know that he was taking me to her grave. He looked down at her grave with tensed eyebrows. He was still disgusted. Even after 22 years.

Me: Jama what are we doing here?

Luphelo: ndizothi make sure ukba isafile Lena na.

-I'm here to make sure that this thing is still dead.

I exhaled.

Me: are you okay?

Luphelo: I used to come here every single year just to piss on her grave but this time around I'm just scared of the same thing that happened to me, happening to my son. Ingand bulala.

-it would kill me.

He said as the tears fell down from his eye. I wiped the tears that fell from my own eyes and sniffed. What the hell is Luphelo putting me through.

Luphelo: Nondwe msunwakho. You made me feel like shit vah? Hay jongaaa... You took away a lot of choices that I should have made for myself but couldn't cos you raped me. I had to say I was molested for so long cos it sounded better than to say I was raped but I don't care anymore cos I'm living the life

you wanted. You always wanted to get married, have a nice paying job and have a family but you died ungeyonto and that's why you had time to rape little boys it's cos you were 27 years old and you had nothing. Achieved nothing. No matric. No job. No husband. No hope. No future... You were just shit. So I actually thought you were powerful cos you brought me so much pain but you were a weak muthafucker anyone who can't

Control themselves sexually is weak. So yeah... Mqundu... Happy birthday msunu. Haske ndi phinde ndixelelwe ukba ufile..and if you ever show up in my dreams again ndayoy tshisa inye ela tyotyombhe la kokwenu.

-I wish they could tell me you are dead again... I will burn that shack of your home.

He said as he stuck a "Rapist" sticker on her grave and then he walked back to the car. Honestly I thought there was power in what Luphelo just did. To be able to put a Rapist sticker on the grave of your rapist so that everyone can know what kind of person that person was should be made legal.

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We washed our hands and then I did the driving back home. Luphelo was still a bit emotional but he did his best to stay responsive. We played those baby jams for u Kumkani that he seemed to enjoy in the backseat because he would make sounds and that showed that Kumkani is a quick developer. He takes it from his father because Ma has mentioned to me that Luphelo was a smart baby who was always ahead of his age development.

I decided to take my boys out so I paid for dinner at Spur and then we went home. This day really was amazing being out and about with our baby. We got home late at night so I fed our son, gave him a bath and then put him to sleep. Then I went to the bedroom where Luphelo was sitting on the chair. Dumbbells in both hands while he's topless. And those were lightweights. He had 10 kgs on each hand. Eyes closed. Earphones on. Dick print looking like it would hurt anybody who dares to challenge. So with my silk gown on, lingerie underneath and my heels on I switched on 'I want you around' and I poked him. He opened his eyes and devoured the view of me in my gown. He took his earphones off and dropped his weights.

Me: you can sit there and feel sorry for yourself or you can take advantage of this body.

I said as I danced for him along the slow beat of this song. Which needed me to slowly move my waist and those slow subtle movements looked arousing since I was wearing the gown and I was in heels. Luphelo got up, stood up behind me and danced with me. Our private parts were keeping contact with one another... I would grind my ass against his dick and he seemed to endure that until I stopped grinding and allowed my ass to permanently touch his penis. He got tired of playing around because he pulled my underwear to the side and then he fucked me along to the beat. The vibe was set. This was us letting our emotions take over our mood. Once he came, he took his pants off and then he put them aside to focus on me.

Luphelo: We can get away.

Me: palm trees, beach views.

Luphelo: ordinary day.

Me: all I wanna hear is inner visions on replay.

Luphelo: and sit right next you.

We sang as we danced together. I'm enjoying this. Dancing with my husband in the middle of the week. Our weekend is all day everyday.

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Insert 73: Mafugal ZN Maimane

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Me: Luphelo you're snoring.

I said as I tapped his back in the middle of the night.

Luphelo: ndi divorce'e ke.

-divorce me then.

Me: ha.a mahn Tatakhe please tone it down.

Luphelo: nzozama.

-I will try.

He went right back to snoring so I exhaled and then I got up, took my phone and went to sleep in Kumkani's bedroom.. Sihle had left me a lot of missed calls so I got back to her. She surprisingly picked up.

Sihle: Maka Kumkani Nande.

Me: hi I got your missed calls. What's going on? Are you okay?

Sihle: ewe mntase I just have good news.



Me: okay? I'm listening.

Sihle: uhm uBulelani proposed to me so we're going to sign on Saturday. However I don't want the family to know so can you please be my witness.

Me: what?!!! Okay congrats mntase... Oh my word I'm so happy for you both.

Sihle: enkosi mntase. So can you come through?

Me: usabuza?! Am I allowed to tell my husband?

-you're still asking?

Sihle: No uLuphelo can't keep secrets worse xaye hluthi or xaye tipsy. Ubay journalist.

-when he's full or when he's tipsy. He becomes a journalist.

I laughed hysterically and so did she.

Me: jongaaa that's so true. But okay mntase do you need me to help you with anything? Buy you something? A dress? Shoes? Hair?

Sihle: won't that be a problem mntase?

Me: no mntase for wena? Hell no I love you.

Sihle: I love you more sthandwa sam. So I think I will need hair and make up. Even if you borrow me the 36 inches of hair you wore for your wedding and maybe you can borrow me those goldish heels of yours...

Me: eziyana zi botshwayo?

-the ones that you can tie?

Sihle: nqho.

Me: okay mntase. Accessories?

Sihle: I'm okay apho Lumi. I just need hair and your shoes qha.

Me: okay please get back at me with the time. I will be there. Omg I'm so excited mntase!!

She giggled.

Sihle: uwheooooah you're exciting me ngok. Anyway mntase I have to go I'm sleepy. I love you, good night and thanks for being a good auntie.

I laughed.

Me: I love you niece... You and my grandchild should have a good night.

She laughed before blowing me a kiss and we hung up.

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°° Saturday °°

I already told my husband that I have plans for Saturday so he told me he is going to stay in with his son. It was nothing new to me because Luphelo's Saturdays have been dedicated to being a daddy. I really wish I had a father like Luphelo. Maybe I would have turned out differently if I did.

I woke up to an empty bed so I made our bed and then I went downstairs where Luphelo was making our breakfast whilst playing music in the kitchen for Kumkani who was giving his father little approving baby sounds. Luphelo was topless, talking to his son.

Luphelo: amadoda funeka ephekile Kumkani. Siphaka ekitchen nase bhedini nyana ungalibali... Umfazi funeka umenze anga phinde akubize nge Gama. Umphathe kakuhle amane esithi "mnyeni wam" xayekbiza, akuthuthe esthubeni Tiyeka. And umfazi akabethwa... Umfazi funeka abone nge facial expression ukuba unomsindo ngok otherwise akabethwa umfazi. Ukuba ufuna umntu wobetha Iza kum u Tatakho silwe kuphele uchuku.

-men have to cook. We dish up in the kitchen and in the bedroom son don't forget. A wife must be made to never call you by your name. You should treat her so well that she keeps saying "my husband" when she calls you, and chant your clan names out of nowhere. And a wife shouldn't be beaten... A wife must see from your facial expressions that you're angry otherwise a wife should not be beaten. If you want someone to beat come to me your father so we can fight and put the conflict to rest.

I stood against the wall whilst watching him speak some sense into his son. I loved these Daddy lessons he was giving and I hoped Kumkani would grow up with them because Luphelo's treatment of me is the reason why my skin is popping. I have a low maintenance husband. One who doesn't get jealous, angry nor does he need to be babysat.

Me: Molo mnyeni wam.

-hello my husband.

Luphelo: Molo sthandwa sam.

I went over to him and then I kissed him. Then I kissed Kumie.

Me: have you fed him?

Luphelo: yeah. That's why he's so energetic.

I giggled as I tickled his stomach.

Me: thanks baby. I'm leaving in about 2 hours keh.

Luphelo: okay. Uzobuya nini?

-when will you be back?

Me: probably at 11 pm or maybe during midnight?

He scoffed.

Luphelo: yho hay Kodwa Lumi. In the morning?

I raised my eyebrow. I run shit in my marriage. The Finisher is the Finisher when we aren't in the same room together.

Luphelo: okay.

He sulked as he dished up breakfast for us, we ate and then I took a shower. Got dressed and left.

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I drove to the court where I met Sihle and Bulelani still waiting for their time to get married.

Me: Mr and Mrs Cingani..

Sihle looked gorgeous by the way.

Bulelani: ey Majama.

He said before hugging me.

Sihle: where's my cousin?

Me: ndimshiye no Tatakhe. I woke up today and he was in the kitchen giving Kumkani some daddy lessons. It's the cutest thing in the world.

Sihle: ncoh. Bulelani please take notes.

She joked as Ovayo came to sit next to me. I honestly forgot that him and Bulelani were good friends Because of Sihle and I.

Ovayo: molweni.

Sihle: Molo Luphelo.

Ovayo: moja bawo.

Sihle: exhibit A. Hlalumi does this look normal to you?

Me: andifuni no theta mntase khaya. If Luphelo hasn't said anything to his imposter then what can I say?

-I don't even want to speak.

Ovayo: I'm not copying Luphelo. He didn't invent fades and tight fitted tracksuits.

Me: k.

We sat and spoke until I noticed that Ovayo's phone was so out of his back pocket that 90% of it was exposed and only 10% was inside his pocket so I pulled it out as a joke to see how long it would take him to notice that it was gone. Then I became curious so I excused myself and went to the bathroom because I wanted to see what is happening in his life since this transformation into Luphelo Jama Junior. I unlocked his phone, his password has always been the same. It's his mother's name so I opened his WhatsApp. I checked out his status and there were different pictures of Luphelo and even some of Kumkani. My jaw dropped. His display picture was a picture of Luphelo's wrist which had his Rolex. I was so shocked by everything that was happening so I decided to go through his chats: I saw Lona's photo as a display picture for a chat name "my love" and when I read their conversations, I realised that Lona was being catfished into believing that she was speaking to Luphelo. I went through Ovayo's entire phone so I could see what else he was doing with my husband's name so I read all of his texts and realised he was even promising some people jobs, promotions, asking and giving nudes under Luphelo's name, getting "training application fees" from different people and that was just on WhatsApp. On Facebook and Instagram he was doing way more and I just couldn't believe my eyes so I took screenshots, sent them to me, deleted the chat and then I went back to everyone before I miss Sihle's signing.

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Sihle & Bulelani finally tied the knot and I must have come across as a jealous friend Because what I had just discovered fucked with me so badly that I was angry and couldn't fake happiness at all. I couldn't wait to tell u Luphelo so that he could give Ovayo some head injuries Because he deserves it. He made me look like a joke at the workplace because people are now looking at me as if I'm playing happy families with a cheating man after all that Luphelo has done to try to protect me from looking stupid.

As I was about to call Luphelo, I received a Call from Lelethu who is Reids wife.

Me: hi babes.

Lelethu: hi Ncumo uphi?

Me: I'm at the court but I'm on my way out. Why?

Lelethu: siyasela thina nabafazi eBlack Impala. So khaze.

-the wives and I are drinking at Black Impala. So do come.

Me: okay no problem.

Lelethu: are you dressed the part cos keh these wives are rich.

Me: ndingu mfazi ka The Finisher Jama mna noba bendi nxibe impahla zobu Makoti

Mabamise inqondo.

-I'm the Finisher Jama's wife so even if I was wearing bridal clothes they would have to get their minds straight.

Lelethu: yeses.

She hyped and I laughed. I really will not be undermined as if I don't go to bed next to one of the hardest working men in PE.

Me: tsh... Give me about 3 hours cos I promised my best friend I would stick around for her celebration.

Lelethu: okay babes.

Me: sure.

I hung up and then walked to my car where I followed behind Sihle and Bulelani's "just married" car. Luckily, Ovayo wasn't going to come to the celebration with us.

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After drinking at Sihle's celebration party, I went to Black Impala to meet up with the "rich wives". They were a bit too snobbish for my liking in the beginning but after some shots, I began to tolerate them.

I began drinking so much that I thought I could dance. Fuck, I was having the time of my life. I haven't had this wild type of fun in forever. I was really drunk that I started crying cos I missed my man. Ladies have you ever been so drunk that you just want your man? the music was super loud and all of these different guys were hitting on me. This guy came to speak to me.

Him: hi lovey.

Me: nditshatile.

-I'm married.

Him: awumncinci for u tshata. Unangaphi? 25?

-you're so young to be married. How old are you?

Me: twenty two.

Him: yaybona lonto... Iza kum xawune nxaki zakho emtshatweni ndizak nceda.

-can you see that... Come to me when you have your problems in your marriage I will help you.

Me: tshayiwe wena yamaz mnyeni wam? Akamhle wenza umsunu... Mntuwam une Mali angay thenga inye le club ukba ike yavuka inkenqe... Mnyen wam une 6 pack uqhuba iPorsche, BMW ne Tiguan. Wandithengela ne Range Rover owam umntu... And jongaa mntuwam uthwele i underpants iyasindwa nguye. Jo... Uzandikbonise i picture yakhe-

-you're crazy do you know my husband? He's so handsome... My person has money he can buy this club if he wants to... My husband has a 6 pack and he drives a Porsche, BMW and a Tiguan. My person

bought me a Range Rover... And look my man is loaded his underpants are being overloaded by him. Look... Let me show you his picture-

I felt Lophelo's hand grabbing my shoulder. My heart stopped. I turned around to look at him and he looked really pissed.

Lophelo: masambe Hlalumi.

-let's go.

Him: umsaphi?

-where are you taking her?

Lophelo didn't even justify himself he just gave that guy a loud backhand which the guy didn't even retaliate to because he knew there was more where that came from.

Lophelo: ngumfazi wakho lona?! Suqava mqundu.

-is this your wife? Don't be forward.

He said before taking my hand and after that backhand I didn't want to upset Lophelo so I followed him out as drunk as I was.

Me: baby ubizwe ngubani? Bingu Lelethu?

-who called you here? Was it Lelethu?

He was so upset that he didn't say a word.

Me: Lophelo baby hima hima hima whoa... Uyayazi ukba ndiyakthanda? Khame mahn baby... Uyayazi ukba wena uya Thandwa ndim?

-do you know that I love you? Wait man baby... Do You know that you are loved by me?

Lophelo: Luthando olu lenzayo Hlalumi? Uncokola nawanye amadoda ndi khona?

-is this love that you are doing Hlalumi? You're talking to other men but I'm here?

Me: bungekho Lophelo-

-you weren't there Lophelo-

Lophelo: so that makes it okay?

His voice was cracking. Lophelo wanted to cry and I keep forgetting how sensitive he is. I don't know why I keep doing that.

Me: ha.a baby yhoo... Mamela... Mntuwam lamntu bendi plita... But umna bendim xelela ngawe... Hima hima whoah Taka Kumkani... Hima... Uzibonile indlela omhle ngayo for ubane worry ngawanye amadoda.

-listen... My person that person was asking me out... But I was telling him about you... Wait wait... Have you seen how handsome you are to be worried about other men?

Luphelo: Hlalumi -

Me: ha.a Mnyeni wam I not will let you think of me that etc. Never again in infinity!

Luphelo: Yinton lekaka uykhumshayo? Khangene motweni before undihlaze. Yere uKumkani akena Mama.

-what English are you speaking? Just get into the car before you embarrass me. Damn Kumkani doesn't have a mother.

I laughed as I climbed into the passenger seat on his car and he climbed into the driver's seat.

Luphelo: where's your ring?

I gave him my left hand and his face softened when he saw it. Kumkani was in the backseat but I didn't want to wake him up.

Me: baby Ndiyeke usela?

-should I stop drinking?

Luphelo: no... You're 22. Have fun but don't leave with random people. I will come pick you up whenever you go out just let me know. Okay?

He caressed my chin and I smiled.

Me: okay. But furthermore there are various upcoming further news I should be talking-

Luphelo: hay khathule Hlalumi. Indenza i stress le English yakho.

-no keep quiet. Your English is stressing me out.

I laughed hysterically as I leaned back and fell asleep.

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Insert 74: MaDiba Jwambi

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I had my first drunken sex moment with my husband on that night. I never knew that sex has the ability to make a female so horny. I fell asleep in the car but I woke up when I felt him carrying me up the stairs and then put me on the bed... I was so aroused. Yes, I'm attracted to my man but the liquor made my pussy really wet. He put Kumkani in his cot in our bedroom and I watched him undress. I slid my hand in my underwear and then masturbated to the sight of him stripping down. His silhouette... His frame... Those firm buttocks... I was horny. He came around to my side whilst he was still in his underwear and then he leaned down to undress me. He knew I was up but Lophelo didn't know what to say to me at this point so he took my clothes off including my bra and left me in my underwear.

Me: awuzonditya?

-aren't you going to fuck me?

Lophelo: unxilile.. I'll fuck you in the morning xawusezi nqondweni.

-you're drunk... When you're in the right mind.

If Lophelo won't even have sex with his own wife when she's drunk then why do some men think it's okay to have sex with women when they are in that state? Spousal rape is a real thing... And Lophelo refuses to do that to me.

Me: Mnyeni wam... Mamela... Ezi impundu nge zakho... Ungazitya 24 hours nge emini bengathi ungena kwa McDonald's mntuwam... Monday to Sunday... Uzilobolile ezi mpundu zitye zinye... Noba ndikqhumbele impundu zona nzakupha ngoba andifuni uyozi fumana kwenye indawu... So Iza mntuwam.

-my husband... Listen... This ass is yours... You can eat it 24 hours a day as if you are entering McDonald's my person... You paid Lobola for this ass fuck it... Even if I'm mad at you I will still give you ass cos I don't want you to get it elsewhere... So come my person.

Lophelo: baby kukho umntana eroomin-

-there's a baby in the room-

Me: yamaz uKumkani yi heavy sleeper baby.

-you know Kumkani is a heavy sleeper.

He thought about it before he climbed on top of me and then he teased my entrance with his dick until his dick could enter smoothly. My legs were wrapped over his shoulders as he penetrated me deeply. His head was stimulating my G-spot so I was groaning and moaning as Lophelo's raw penis thrust inside me. His body was colliding against my clit while he was reaching the g spot and that sent me cumming. I reached an orgasm which left me experiencing muscle spasms and some shivering although it was hot in our bedroom since Lophelo adjusted the temperature for Kumkani who was coming down with a flu. I came first and Lophelo followed by cumming on my neck but he didn't even give me a break. He just went right back to fucking me and I had my hands on his buttocks. Trying to do as much as I can to control his depth and simultaneously spank him when he's giving me too much Xhosa dick. We were recklessly kissing. I have never been the girl who fucks whoever so this moment made me feel like a whore and I loved it. I will be a whore for my husband any day who gave me long, slow strokes between the thighs which left us both groaning and my legs shaking. His grip on my body was quite firm



so when he came it softened and he slept on my chest while cumming inside me. Our bodies sunk back into our pre-aroused state and we shut down.

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I was extremely hungover When I woke up in the morning but luckily for me I was never the type to throw up in the morning. I had a headache, my body felt tired but when I looked at my bedside chest of drawers, Luphelo had left two chocolate chip muffins, a juice bar, a glass of water and two headache tablets.

Me: fucking lifesaver.

I said as I ate the muffins, drank my juice and my pills. Once I felt a bit of relief, I took my phone and then I called him because I noticed that Kumkani was not in his cot.

Luphelo: Mamakhe?

Me: hey niphi?

-where are you two?

Luphelo: bendiyo Landa iBenz yakho kalok. So I left with our baby.

-I went to fetch your Benz.

Me: oh... I forgot about that. Ndicela undi thengele ukutya.

-please buy food for me.

Luphelo: I not will help etc. Never again in infinity.

Me: Luphelo please don't do this to me right now I'm suffering.

He laughed.

Luphelo: yaynxila ikaka shame Hlalumi. But is Roco Mama's okay?

Me: no I just need zinger wings sthandwa sam.

Luphelo: okay. I love you, you little troublesome wife.

I laughed.

Me: I love you too baby.

He hung up and then I went to bed.

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When Kumkani and his Dad arrived home, I had already taken a shower and brushed my teeth. I waited in bed for them and Kumie smiled when he saw his mommy.

Me: hey yancuma wena Jama? Ncumela uMamakho wena Jama? Hay ntana entle? Heh ntana ezo khula i flexer? Ntana ethandwayo? Inkulu ka Lumi no Phelo? Heh ndoda?

I fussed over my baby boy who kept pulling my bottom lip.

Luphelo: Yibambe njalo Kumkani.

-hold it like that.

He said before kissing my bottom lip and we laughed. It was cute. He gave me my wings which I couldn't eat properly since Kumkani made my lips his toy but his father distracted him with his Winnie the Pooh stuffed toy. I finally Ate.

Me: Tiyeka I just want to apologize for what you saw at the club. I really didn't do anything with that guy and I'm sorry you had to see that. I have too much respect for you as my man to go around entertaining other men. I'm sorry if you felt disrespected by that.

Luphelo: hay relax Hlalumi I know what happens emjaiveweni... People talk to each other all the time so its okay. Thank you for apologizing though. It means a lot.

He said before caressing my chin and I blushed and turned pink.

Me: I love it when you do that Luphelo stop... My face is going to explode.

He laughed.

Luphelo: uxolo sthandwa sam.

I recovered. I really didn't want to have to ruin our mood by telling him this but I had to.

Me: mnyeni wam... I need to tell you something about uOvayo. Uhm... Yesterday I was with uSihle and her man and Bulelani and Ovayo became friends during the time him and I were dating. So I took his phone as a prank but then I became curious and went through it. That's when I found out that Ovayo has been catfishing abantu using your pictures . What's worse Jama is that he's even catfishing people from Jama Constructions. Lona is the one he's really fast with... He even asks for and sends nudes its ridiculous... He even scams people of money, makes employment and promotion promises to people... It's just a lot Luphelo. I even took screenshots and sent them to my phone.

I showed him the screenshots and Luphelo was calm and collected on the surface.

Luphelo: ihlisa isidima Sam lentwana.

-this boy is diminishing my dignity.

Me: I know and that's why I'm upset mnyeni wam. You look like a whore. I look stupid at work. It's infuriating.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I will sort it out baby relax, okay?

Me: okay Jojo, Tiyeka, Zikhali Mazembe...

I called out his clan names because I wanted to activate Luphelo's sicko mode. His beast mode. Ovayo deserves the beating of his life. And I knew he was going to get it.

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°° Ovayo's perspective °°

Ta Jay called me and told me he was outside my home. I didn't know why he would come to my place because whenever he needs me he always expects me to come to him so I was curious to know what was so urgent that he would come down his high horse and come to me.

So I went to his car. He came in the Porsche Cayenne this time and everytime I see that car I think about Mandla. I climbed into the passenger seat and he was wearing a tight fitted dark blue Polo tracksuit with brown horses all over the jacket and white Bathu sneakers. His fade was freshly cut and the stripes were crisp. Side burns trimmed and all that. Ta Jay really is a clean man.. He started the car and then he started driving.

Me: Ya Ta Jay.

Ta Jay: so wena undim ngok?

-you're me now?

My heart dropped. How the fuck did I get busted? Who snitched? Luphelo was so calm about it that it scared me.

Me: hay Ta Jay Mamela..

-no listen..

I expected him to cut me off but he didn't. I

Didn't have an explanation so I had to be honest, truly honest and hope it would evoke emotion in him.

Me: bend funa uyazi kunjani uba nguwe Ta Jay. Bra undi xuthele i cherrie yam ebendiy thanda, wamu mithisa gqhiba wamtshata. And nam bendi bawela uba njengawe ndiphile ubomi bakho cos yabonakala ukba uHappy wena grootman. Like onke lama cherrie baya phambana ngawe... Uyaba cisha ndaqhonda keh mnake ndibawela la attention Ema meidini.

-I wanted to know what it's like to be you. You snatched my girlfriend that I loved, made her pregnant and then you married her. And I also wanted to be like you and live your life because it's obvious that you are happy. All of the girls are crazy about you... You're killing them and I thought I would like to have that attention from girls.

Ta Jay: bungeno sebenzisa i pictures zika Kwesta keh undiyeke mna?

-couldn't you use Kwesta's pictures and then leave me?

I looked down because that was typical Luphelo being sarcastic. I knew I was going to get my ass kicked any moment now. I just needed to brace myself for it. The location where he took me to said it all.

Ta Jay: get the fuck out of my car.

I climbed off and then he came to meet me. He took his jacket and watch off. LJ protocol. He doesn't want blood on his brands.

Ta Jay: mamela keh mqund wakho... Mna nawe sizolwa ngoku. Ibayindoda uyeke umoshana ne sdimi Sam ngoba emsebenzini inoba bandi jongele ingathi mna Ndiyi ndoda engena sdimi ngelo xesha mna ndizthandela umfazi wam. Yeka ukhalaza ingathi uyi damsel in distress mnqundu. Zange ukwazi umpatha uHlalumi so ayo Mali emenze wahlala nam. Luthando. Gqhiba kwam ngawe in the next 30 seconds, uzolungisa into ozoythetha emsebenzini to clear up my name and then hand in your registration. Uvile?

-listen here you ass... You and I are going to fight now. Be a man and stop ruining my dignity because at work they are probably looking at me like I'm a man with no dignity although I only love my wife. Stop complaining like a damsel in distress. You never could treat Hlalumi right so it's not money that made her stay with me. It's love. When I'm done with you... You're going to fix what you're going to say at work... Did you hear that?

I nodded as the tears fell down from my eyes. I didn't even challenge Ta Jay who threw a fist right to the side of my cheek. It ripped my skin apart and I bled before he followed it up with a kick to the side of my head that knocked me down but Ta Jay never let's his victims fall so he shot a stinging knee in between my eyes which hurt like a bitch to force me back to my feet. He grabbed my body and then he power slammed me to the ground where he punched multiple face breaking shots. I was bleeding but that wasn't enough because he kicked the side of my face when I was down. in true MMA fashion, he wrapped his legs around my neck and squeezed just to make me pass out. I tapped weakly because this shit was a painful submission maneuver.

Ta Jay: ubona i referee apha mqund wakho? Referee yi catfish. Yibize izonqanda.

-do you see a referee here you ass? The referee is a catfish. Call it so it can break us up.

He said before shooting a disastrous shot to my temple which rattled my skull. And that's what did it. That's what knocked me out.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My husband came home at about 6 in the evening. I was carrying Kumkani on my back when he came home. He looked too relaxed for someone who just went to take care of "business".

Me: are you okay?

Luphelo: yeah ndi grand.

Me: how's Ovayo?

Luphelo: use sbhedlele.

-he's in hospital.

Me: okay keh Zikhali . What do you want your reward to be?

I asked as I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him. He was ice cold.

Luphelo: uvile ndithini kuwe Ncumo? He's in hospital.

-did you hear what I'm saying to you.

Me: and that's where people who fuck with us belong. I don't feel remorse anymore for people who fuck with us Luphelo. I really don't. And I know you're sensitive and emotional but Jama... Our family comes first at all times so I don't feel bad for protecting our family.

Luphelo: kwenzeke ntoni kuwe Majama?

-what happened to you.

Me: I struggled to get to this point where I can be happy so whoever fucks with my family will need a medical aid mntaka bawo.

I said as I walked back into the kitchen to decrease the heat of the stove before our dinner burns.

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Men are weak. I see it all the time with Luphelo. Sure he kicks ass and he's ripped but this thing with Ovayo was really taking its toll on him. So after dinner and putting his baby to sleep, we took a shower and then I rubbed his back as he sat on the edge of the bed.

Me: Luphelo kutheni iku phatha kakubi lento? Ovayo is not your first victim.

-why are you taking this badly?

Luphelo: bendi bona i potential kula ntwana Hlalumi. Ebendi Khumbuza ngam kuze bendi lingana naye ngok iyandi nyisa eyo kuba funeka ndimenze lento.

-I was potential in that boy. He reminded me of myself when I was his age now it's fucking with me that I have to do this to him.

I kissed his neck.

Me: baby I feel for him too. I mean at some point... He was my boyfriend. But life changed and I have to think about you now. What if someone posted the nudes on social media and it trended? Cos you didn't know this was happening and I can only imagine the excuses that he gave those girls as to why he can't meet up with them. They could have gotten frustrated and decided to ruin you. How would that have affected us?

Luphelo: maybe was there no furthermore upcoming catfishing never again in infinity kalok ku Ovayo mntuwam.

I laughed as I let go of Luphelo.

Me: uzond dika.

-you're going to annoy me.

I pointed at him with my index finger and he kissed it whilst laughing.

Luphelo: Ovayo was supposed to confess to the people at JC about what he did and clear my name... And then resign because I don't want to be sued for unfair dismissal. But we have to wait until he's healed.

Me: oh...don't worry about that baby. Let's watch TV qha thina and just be grateful that nothing major happened.

Luphelo: Okay.

We kissed and then he sat in between my legs while we watched Fifty Shades freed. I applied hair food to his scalp. We have to keep the fade looking healthy for the Finisher.

Me: baby am I going to get dick tonight?

Luphelo: never again in infinity.

Me: k.

I said as I cheekily combed his hair.

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I left Kumkani with his father in the morning since I didn't finish all of my work on Friday therefore I needed an early start at work. By 9, I was already finished with Fridays work so I was relaxed by the time Lona came into my office. I had literally forgotten about her because my mind was focused on the people Ovayo catfished as a collective that I forgot about his favorite victim.

Lona: hi Mrs Jama.

There the bitch goes again. This is exactly why I needed Lophelo to fuck Ovayo up. It's because he put me through bitches like Lona who can't stay the fuck away from married men.

Me: hi Lona unjani?

Lona: I'm good thanks and you?

Me: I'm fine.

Lona: yeah I need an update please on how many water pipes have been sent for Site 490. Because I just got a call saying more is needed so I need to make sure that the site manager isn't maybe... Selling them for personal gain and then lying to us by saying there has been a shortage.

Me: good thinking. I will send you an email.

Lona: thanks.

Me: yeah and by the way Lona... I'm really upset about this but I'm going to be very professional about this. I understand that you had reason to believe you were speaking to my husband. And it bothers me that you ignored the fact that he's married and entertained a married man.

Lona: Ncumo-

Me: oh so you know my name now?

Lona: Ncumo it wasn't like that-

Me: it wasn't Kakade Because Ovayo was using Lophelo's pictures to talk to you girls and you all fell for it. Now if this is not a lesson to leave married men alone then I don't know what is because your nudes... Are on Ovayo's phone. My husband never saw them. So please go back to all of the ladies you talked to during lunch time, making me out to be the fool... And let them know that he isn't the man you were sending nudes to in the early hours of the morning.

She shook her head weakly and I laughed.

Me: uSis Bhanxa rha.

-you're a fool Damn.

I said as she walked out with her tail in between her legs. It's really never a good idea to start something with a married man.

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After work I decided to visit Ovayo. I knew he had a medical aid and he often goes to Greenacres hospital so I asked which room he's in and I was told so I went up to him. He was really fucked up. I would have passed him if he didn't have a slab of Bubbly by his bedside chest of drawers which is his favorite. So I sat down on the chair and he avoided eye contact with me by looking forward.

Me: Ovayo do you know why I started putting a watermark on my Herbalife pictures?

Ovayo: no.

Me: it's because there was this girl who started a fake profile using my pictures and started scamming people of their money who wanted to buy Herbalife. And you know how expensive the products are. I then met this woman who harrassed me while I was out with my mother at the mall saying I took her money and ghosted. It wasn't pretty... She made threats so my mom had to pay her. But after that I never felt safe again. Cos I didn't know who else was going to threaten my life and I didn't have that kind of money to pay everyone she scammed back. That's why this whole catfishing thing angered me it's because you put my husband in danger. He cannot protect himself from things he doesn't know about and Ovayo... If one of those bitches you were talking to has a psycho partner and he tried to or did kill my husband over that whole thing I would have killed you myself. Cos I am incapable of loving another man that is not Luphelo Jama. And imagine if those nudes were posted online and they thought it belonged to Luphelo. Just think of how his businesses would suffer?

The tears fell down his eyes.

Ovayo: it's painful watching you with him. And knowing he's a better man far beyond his money hurts even more cos he really does love you... There's no way I'm even getting you back from him. And that's why I tried to live his life but I went too far.

Me: you had one job bruh... And one job only. And that's to treat me well. The sex would have followed but you couldn't wait. So please... Move on. You're a handsome, smart guy and I love you but family comes first.

Ovayo: I fucked up.

Me: we all fuck up. And him beating you like this wasn't to hurt you... He also didn't take this well but I warned you and you didn't listen so this was necessary. Luphelo and I have been through so much in our marriage because of people and it has made me really angry to the point where I don't care what happens to people who threaten my family anymore.

He coughed out blood so I wiped the blood coming out of his mouth with his cloth.

Me: are you okay?

Ovayo: yeah just some broken bones. That's all. Yi sylon uTa Jay rha.

I exhaled.

Me: I brought you your favorite though... Pizza from Pizza Hut. I kept it in the car because I wanted to see how our conversation was going to go first.



He laughed.

Ovayo: do I deserve it?

Me: yeah I'm coming back.

He nodded so I went back to my car and then I came back with his pizza.

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Sihle called me and told me that she and Bulelani would be coming to the house. I let Lophelo know so I cooked dinner and dished up when they arrived. Bulelani looked terrified of Lophelo. I think the stories he heard from Ovayo scared him. Sihle put Kumie on her lap and he adorably cuddled up to her belly and slept.

Sihle: aww uMalume.

We laughed. Its really funny that Kumkani is going to be an uncle soon. Ffs he's not even a year old and he's already got responsibilities.

Sihle: eh Tanci I need to tell you something.

Lophelo: andifuni uyiva.

-I don't want to hear it.

Me: ndakcela Tancu Rolex. Aw Bhut "I get what you get in 10 years in 2 days". Tancu Law school Cum Laude.

She was really working on his ego and it was working in her favor.

Lophelo: Mxm Sihle ufuna uthini?

-what do you want to say?

She laughed at his side smile.

Sihle: uhm I'm married.

Lophelo squinted.

Lophelo: why Sihle?!

Sihle:

Because Tanci it's the best thing for us right now.

Lophelo: Sihle subhanxwa ngu Instagram ka Hlalumi. Do you know the responsibilities that come with being married?

Sihle: it can't be harder than being a parent Kodwa Tanci-

Luphelo: well are you a parent yet? You're pregnant... You know nothing at this point about what you're putting yourself into. When you're married you need to become a provider, you no longer have control over your finances ngoba what's yours becomes ours... You are no longer living for yourself anymore... You need to overthink your decisions and make sure they won't inconvenience your spouse. Marriage is not easy I don't know why you kids make it sound so easy-

Me: you kids?!!

I exclaimed and Sihle and Bulelani laughed.

Sihle: your wife is a kid too keh.

Luphelo laughed.

Luphelo: guys hayin mahn I feel like the only adult in the room right now.

Bulelani: Grootie it was my Idea to marry her and I'm aware of all of the things you have brought up but I promise you have nothing to worry about.

Luphelo: ulbatele i Lobola Kwedin? Uyaziwa zi ancestors zakokwenu uSihle?

-did you pay Lobola boy? Is Sihle even known by your ancestors?

Bulelani: andikabina Mali yayo bhuti. We are currently focusing on raising our baby.

-I don't have money for it yet.

He looked down and Luphelo bit his lip. He does that when he's thinking.

Luphelo: I don't know why the fuck I became so soft but fuck... Mamela Sihle. Ndiyakhanda mntaka bhuti. And ndifuna u lungisa indlela endak phatha ngayo kuze ndive ukuba awungowam so masenze kanje... Bulelani ndizok Nika imali Yolobola uSihle Kodwa keh sizoy gcina phakathi kwethu lento. Abanye abantu mabangayazi ngoba bazo funa uthetha ikaka yabo bakjongele phantsi but I need to play my role and be an uncle ngoku so yeah... I need you to promise me that you will treat my daughter the same way I treat my wife. If not, uzayolala ecamko Mnge wakho uOvayo.

-listen Sihle. I love you my brother's child. And I want to fix the way I treated you when I heard that you aren't mine so let's do it like this... Bulelani I will give you money to pay Lobola for Sihle but we are going to keep this between us. Other people shouldn't know about this because they will want to talk shit and look down on you... You will sleep next to your friend Ovayo.

I don't know why tears started falling from my eyes when he said that but when I looked at Sihle she was also in tears.

Sihle: enkosi Tanci.

She said as she went over to her uncle and they hugged. And for the first time I saw them lock lips and it was the cutest thing ever because that's okay in Xhosa families as long as it's consensual and heartfelt.

Sihle: I love you so much Tanci you don't understand.

Luphelo: I love you too baby girl.

Bulelani got up and also hugged Luphelo.

Bulelani: ndyabulela grootie.

-I'm grateful.

Luphelo: sure ntwana. And send me your payslip and CV I will try to get you a job that pays more cos I don't want Sihle to quit school.

Bulelani: thank you grootie.

They broke up their hug before going back to their seats. I got up and went to fetch some tissues because this night was too emotional but beautiful.

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Insert 76: Mpho Gift Tolo

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Kumkani couldn't stop crying when Sihle had to leave. So Luphelo and Sihle had to sing a duet for him in order to calm him down. Once he was calm, I carried him upstairs whilst holding my baby close to my chest. Nothing brings me more joy in this world. His tiny hands grabbed my skin while I planted little meaningful kisses along the crown of his face. My little King. My first born. The only thing in this world that could ever make pain worth it. My child. My son. My oxygen in an air filled with toxic gasses. My baby. My everything. My reason to wake up in the morning and make money. It's not even about creating envy on Instagram anymore. Its about making sure he grows up flexing. I have never experienced a love deeper than the love I have for Kumkani. I think I even love him more than the man I'm married to. I struggled to love this baby and when I did, I came out guns blazing.

Luphelo came into the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

Luphelo: ulala nathi lomjita namhlanje?

-is this guy sleeping with us today?

I nodded.

Me: is this us now? Sleeping with a little us in between us?

He smiled.

Luphelo: it's been almost 4 months but ayqheleki.

-it's hard to get used to.

Me: true. It feels-

His phone rang. He picked up.

Luphelo: hello... Tshayiwe andizi... Last time you said what you said remember how that shit turned out... Fine ndiyeza.

-you're crazy I'm not coming... I'm coming.

He hung up and I looked at him with a raised eye brow.

Me: what's going on sthandwa sam?

Luphelo: I just got a call from uMandla. Uthi he's arrested and he needs me.

Me: so you are going to help uMandla?

Luphelo: he's going to pay me Hlalumi. Don't make it seem like a favor.

Me: Ngcolosi... Please don't associate yourself with that person.

Luphelo: Maka Kumkani listen... We need to pay off this mansion andithi? I owe R1 000 000 ngoku of which I planned to pay it off in the next 6 months but if I take this case I could cut it down to maybe 4 months. So let's not let feelings get in the way of business. Please.

Me: okay.

I sulked and he kissed my forehead. Then he kissed the bridge of my nose. And he paused before kissing my lips. I smiled.

Luphelo: yekile uqhumba? Andikwazi uhamba umfazi wam Endi qhumbele.

-are you done being upset? I can't leave when my wife is upset at me.

I smiled as he caressed my chin. One of these days I'm going to lose my face due to overheating.

Me: I'm okay ngok sthandwa sam but just... Don't get emotionally attached.

Luphelo: okay Mamekhaya. Good night.

Me: I'm gonna sleep when you get home phola.

He laughed.

uTatekhaya gave his son a kiss and then he walked out.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

When I arrived at the police station, Mandla was being questioned in the interrogation room by the detective handling his case.

Detective: Mandla you shot your wife with an illegal gun. The evidence we have is solid-

Me: Detective if you don't learn to start utilizing the word "allegedly" when speaking to my client then you will give me reason to have you looked into because you are being biased towards my client.

He exhaled as I walked into the room and took a seat next to Mandla who relaxed when he saw me.

Detective: I'm just trying to help your client.

Me: then set him free.

Detective: you know it doesn't work like that.

Me: just like interrogating someone without their lawyer present. So please excuse us.

The Detective got up. I know him. We didn't get along when we were growing up in New Brighton. He had everything and allowed his parents' money to get to his head and when he lost them, his world came crashing down.. But he has since recovered.

Detective: ungu mnqundu Luphelo ukuba uzomela lomntu. He killed his wife.

-you're shit if you are going to stand for this person.

Me: keh ngoku? Uyoyika dahn? Khange uthi solid le evidence yenu? And ndithe kuwe lthi allegedly msunu.

-so? Are you scared? Didn't you say your evidence is solid? And I said you should say allegedly.

Detective: inxaki ndiyakwazi Luphelo ngo phika. But not this time around Jama.

-the thing is I know you and denying.

Me: you forget I got the name The Finisher in court. But khahambe mahn sifuna uythakatha le case and lithe igqhirha lam funeka siqhumise ngo 10 entloko singabi late.

-but just leave man we want to be witch this case and my traditional doctor said we have to light smoke at 10 pm sharp.

Zuko was so annoyed that he walked out and left me alone with Mandla who was stressing.

Me: Mandla what the fuck did you do? I don't have the evidence file with me right now.

Mandla: I shot my wife.

Me: I know but why?

Mandla: because... Uhm... I was abusive. And... She tried to fight back this time around and... I shot her.

Me: and this gun you used... Is it really illegal?

He nodded and I wiped my face.

Me: so when you fought with your wife... Did she suffer from any bruises or anything that the state could use to maybe try to prove that it was pre meditated? Because if they are successful that immediately ups your sentence.

Mandla: andi khumbuli.

-I don't remember.

I sighed.

Me: I have dealt with such cases and I could get you out on a very strict parole which is Better than nothing but I need my deposit. I will charge R1 150 000 and I need my deposit of R500 000.

Mandla: yeses Luphelo udhuru Kodwa.

-you're expensive though.

Me: let me paint a picture for you. You killed your wife with an illegal gun, your wife of 10 years who has filed several assault charges against you over the years and I'm 100% they will bring that up and try to establish a pattern of behavior within you that deems you unfit to walk amongst society. You can get life for that or even more than life. But I'm guaranteeing you maybe 10-15 years of parole... But if money is more important-

Mandla: okay fine. I will make sure you're paid first thing in the morning.

Me: okay. Now don't accept any plea deals without talking to me... Phof don't accept them at all. Issa trap.

Mandla: Yinton wakhala ngo Issa wena wabasi Skrr Skrr se advocate hay ptsek mahn.

I laughed cos deep down I enjoyed seeing him in this position. I was worried about his wife more than anything because I told her years ago to leave Mandla because abusive men never stop being abusive until they kill you but she never listened. And now the world mourns her. I wrapped up my meeting with Mandla and then I went home to my wife and son.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

My man came home at about past 11 pm. I was really excited about him coming home so I went to meet him downstairs and tried to scare him as he came inside.

Me: Bhaaa!!

Nigga didn't even flinch. The only thing that moved was his eyebrow which he raised.

Luphelo: une xesha.

-you have time.

I laughed but I was really disappointed.

Me: baby weren't you lowkey scared.

Luphelo: no.

Me: mxm... How did it go? What did Mandla do?

Luphelo: car accident.

He avoided eye contact with me. He's lying.

Me: let's try this again Taka Kumkani... And this time I need you to tell me the truth. What did Mandla do. Lie to me again and we'll have a problem.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: he killed his wife.

Me: wow... And you're defending a person that killed his wife?

Luphelo: Majama... I'm an advocate that's my job.

Me: you already have enough money to reject this case-

Luphelo: so you're content with this life? Don't you want to have more money? Be a Billionaire someday?

Me: no I'm good with this lifestyle. It's giving me everything and a good nights sleep.

Luphelo: this lifestyle... Has been funded by my decisions Hlalumi. My dreams. I don't want comfort. I want money. I already turn down rape cases cos I just can't... I get emotional. I lose my shit whether they put me on State or whether they put me on Defense so if I turn murder down too what am I going to earn?

Me: Kodwa Luphelo uMandla-

Luphelo: let Mandla go Hlalumi. It's not about him. Yaz Yinton in case you couldn't tell but I'm upset, I'm tired of this shit. I just

Want to go to bed.

He said as he walked past me and went to sleep in the spare bedroom. He needed time to cool off because Luphelo doesn't like confrontations so I let him be.

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>> Next Friday <<

It took Ovayo two weeks to recover from the beating he received and even then he hadn't fully recovered so he went back to the office to fetch his stuff, hand in his resignation letter and then clear Luphelo's name. The reason why he was told to resign is because he was given this job as a favor by Luphelo because he felt sorry for taking his girlfriend. he didn't even qualify for such a job in the first place since he hasn't finished studying yet and he fucked things up for himself. This is real life. You bite the hand that feeds you, you end up hungry. We called everyone in the office to gather around to watch Ovayo say his speech.

Ovayo: uhm guys listen... I'm sorry to everyone who has been affected by my actions. I didn't mean to hurt anyone's feelings nor image. The consequences of my actions will always haunt me... Uhm I catfished some of you using Mr Jama's pictures. I just allowed admiration to turn into a dangerous obsession and need to be like him. I used his pictures to start relationships and to feel powerful... I'm sorry to everyone whom I deceived. I was just going through a hard time and I will never stop regretting myself. I hope that what has happened to me could be a learning lesson to everyone to not catfish other people. You risk their reputations and business interests if they have them. I thought I was finding healing by pretending to be the man who married my ex girlfriend but I was actually pulling myself further from healing. So Mr Jama said he will pay everyone I scammed back with my salary for this month so you will be refunded guys. Thank you for listening.

He adjourned the gathering and all along my eyes were fixed on Lona who was so embarrassed. Ovayo walked out of Jama Constructions with his head held down.

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It was Friday night and a girl wanted to drink so I called Lelethu and asked her what her plans were. She told me there was a house party somewhere in Zwide so I bought my alcohol and then went to meet her there. I had already asked my husband if it was okay and he told me I must be back before he gets mad. And Luphelo has a long temper so I still had time.

I was wearing the clothes I wore at work, my black chest revealing black blouse, ripped jeans and black heels. I'm hot bruh. The HJay steeze was on point.

I met Lelethu when I walked into the house and she couldn't stop gushing over how sexy I looked. I thanked her so we stopped speaking in the kitchen and went to join everyone and honestly I had a blast. The men were fighting over me. Even men who have their girlfriends present at the party but I'm married and I take that seriously so I didn't let any man come close enough to touch what Luphelo has paid to touch. We danced, smoked and drank before I received a call. I didn't even check what the caller ID was. I just answered.

Me: thetha joe thetha thetha yey ndithi kuwe thetha.



Ma: hay Hlalumi ndim uMazala wakho.

-no Hlalumi it's me your mother in law.

I became sober immediately.

Me: uhm Molo Ma I'm sorry me was thinking hlambi... Maka Luphelo...uhm Mama bendi cimba ungu Luphelo.

-I thought you are Luphelo.

My brain was fried.

Ma: oh so wena umphendula njalo unyana wam? Uthi thetha yey ndithi kuwe thetha?

-oh so that's how you answer my son? You say "talk yey I'm telling you to talk".

Me: ha.a Mama.

Ma: ndi lapha eZwide ndabona imoto. Ndicela ukbona.

-I'm here at Zwide then I saw the car. Can I see you.

Me: okay on the way mama.

She hung up. I was so fucking scared.

Me: Lelethu khaze i jersey yakho my mother in law is here.

Lelethu: ufuna nton lowo?!!!!

-what does that one want?!

Me: chomi if I known ngendi ngazanga.

-i wouldn't have came.

Lelethu: chomi let's go together cos ha.a sahna that English needs back up.

Me: teamwork ok chomi.

I wore her jacket and then we walked out together to Luphelo's mother who stood next to my car.

Me: Greetings Maka Bae.

Lelethu: Molo Mazala.

She said as she squeezed my finger.

Ma: molweni sisi. Ayinkulu le jersey Hlalumi uphinde wamitha?

-this jersey is so big are you pregnant again?

Me: never. It's the climate yho Mama i global warming tends to be troublesome shame. Hence the jersey is big.

Lelethu: ngqo. Hence Mamazala, hence.

Ma: mnk... Buyekeni utywala shame. Anindi bhanxi.

-leave alcohol alone. You are not fooling me.

Me: What?

Lelethu: alcohol?

Me: what's that?

Lelethu: I don't know chomi.

Me: tsh Kodw Mamu Jama after sithe hence usasi tyhola ukba siyasela. Umntu onxilileyo akamazi uhence kalok.

-after we said hence and you are still accusing us of drinking? Drunk people don't know hence.

She took her phone out and called her son on loudspeaker. I was dead quiet.

Luphelo: Mama?

Ma: ndi lapha eZwide no Hlalumi. Uyamaz ukba unxilile?

-I'm here at Zwide with Hlalumi. Do you know that she's drunk?

Luphelo: ewe bend xelele.

-yes she told me.

Ma: wena no mntana niphi?

-where are you and the baby?

Luphelo: endlini kalok Mama.

-at home.

Ma: so wena uyi house husband while your wife is out drinking?

Luphelo: yakwazi uzi phatha uHlalumi Mama ndicela uyeke umfaz wam.

-Hlalumi can carry herself Mom please leave my wife alone.

Ma: nanku umamele nangoku.

-here she is listening now.

Luphelo: nxila ugheze mntuwam umqala ngowakho!!

-drunk and become mischievous my person the throat is yours.

Me: shot Ta Jay!!!

Luphelo: uba Nike i English lessons mntuwam ndikthembile Shakespeare!!

-and give them English lessons my person I trust you Shakespeare .

Me: Nzabanika mnyen wam!!

-I will give it to them my husband.

We all laughed.

Luphelo: bye bye keh. I love you.

Me: bye bye sthandwa sam. I love you and my son.

Luphelo: moja baby.

He hung up whilst Ma shook her head.

Ma: haike Hlalumi have fun mntanam.

Me: k ma. Bye bye.

Ma: bye.

We hugged and then Lelethu and I walked her to the house that she was in before turning back to go to the party. I'm really married to the coolest man in the game.

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Insert 77: Kuhle Jadezweni

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I drove back home myself and arrived at about 11 pm at home. It was just before midnight and Kumkani was still awake. Watching movies with his Daddy. The temperature in the living room was so warm. It was welcoming.

Luphelo: hi.

Me: hellllllllo ladies.

I said before dancing in the living room. My husband watched me with a raised eyebrow.

Luphelo: ubhekisa kuba xawusithi ladies?

-who are you referring to when you are saying ladies?

Me: kuwe no Kumkani.

-to you and Kumkani.

He laughed.

Luphelo: uyaqhela. Khaze baby. Ebendik khumbula.

-you are disrespectful. Come baby. I missed you.

I took my shoes off and then I cuddled up next to him and our son. I covered myself with their blanket and we all snuggled up together. I kissed him.

Me: thanks for the defense against your motherhood.

Luphelo: pleasure all is the mine.

Me: idea is gone for all the stuff I did to deserve husband as you.

Luphelo: my want is live the 1th life you is having. Young is you.

Me: young is me baby?

Luphelo: young is you sthandwa sam. Let fun have you.

I laughed as we kissed. Kumkani became restless and started crying.

Luphelo: crying is the son of us.

Me: handle the son of us please.

He laughed.

Luphelo: okay.

He gave our baby the bottle before rocking him to sleep. I was so tipsy that I fell asleep whilst watching him putting out baby to sleep.

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In the morning, my husband woke up and wore his robe. I seldom see him in it because he keeps it in the office at JLS so everytime I see him in it I become really horny. He wears it with so much pride. So much dignity. He looks like an advocate from a movie and not a real one. He's so neat and so put together but at the same time he's got that fade with those stripes that take 10 years off his age. He wore his watch and his cologne and I exhaled.

Me: look at you going to get a murderer off.

Luphelo: look at me going to be paid in a 7 figures.

I exhaled.

Me: Kodwa Luphelo-

-but Luphelo-

Luphelo: Hlalumi I support every little thing you do. I need you to do the same..

Me: okay.

Luphelo: you can come watch me if you would like.

Me: I will do a better job at supporting you Tiyeka Kodwa... I can't knowing that he's guilty.

He nodded before shrugging his shoulders.

Luphelo: okay.

He took his laptop bag and then he kissed my lips.

Luphelo: I love you.

Me: I love you too.

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I decided to go watch Mandla's trial so I arrived at the court when it was my man's turn to cross examine the first witness who is Mandla's late wife's sister. She took the stand and Luphelo stood up, looking sexy as hell. I didn't agree with what he's doing but it is his job. It's not like he's committing a crime.

Luphelo: So Miss Mafu, please tell the court what kind of a person your sister was.

Her: she was very kind, loving, honest and she was very smart. She liked to help people and was very motherly to everyone who needed motherly love. She liked to share and was a strong believer in God.

Luphelo: then why didn't you two get along? Because I have siblings too... And I know that good siblings get along with good siblings. One good sibling doesn't get along with one bad sibling. So if my maths literacy serves me correct, you must be the unkind, unloving and dishonest sister. Right?

Her: no that's not the case. We just didn't get along because (pauses)... I was jealous of her life.

Luphelo: I see you also have a history with drug and alcohol abuse.Are you still using?

Her: no I'm... I have recovered and I have been off drugs for a little over a year now. And I have been sober for 7 months.

Luphelo: congratulations. What do you do for a living?

Her: uhm... I'm unemployed.

Luphelo: let me repeat myself... Uviwe Mafu what do you do for a living?

Her: I sleep with wealthy men.

Luphelo: so you're a prostitute?

State advocate: Objection Your Honour. I request the Defense to use a different line of questioning.

Judge: I will allow this line of questioning. The defense might be onto something here. Answer the question Miss Mafu.

Her: yes.

Luphelo: so when you're with these different men... Sleeping with them. Is it easy for your mind to tell your self that you love them and that you're enjoying this experience since you previously said you don't use drugs nor alcohol anymore?

Her: yes... I mean... No... I just-

Luphelo: you mean yes. So lying is easy for you?

Her: no lying is not easy-

Luphelo: but you just said yes without hesitation? Your Honour Miss Mafu is not a credible witness and is unfit to take this stand because firstly she is woman with a very colorful history with drugs and she's also a very elaborate liar who is not only able to convince other people of her lies but she is also good at convincing her own self hence she can sleep with different men that she may not even be attracted to without using drugs nor alcohol.

State advocate: Objection. Your Honour the defense is drawing an entire conclusion about my witness's character based on very minimal information.

Judge: Sustained.

Luphelo: Let us go to the unfortunate night when my client tragically lost his wife.

I rolled my eyes because Luphelo was making this so God damn emotional knowing good and well that his client killed her.

Luphelo: you said you were there, sleeping in one of their servants quarters right? So when you came running into the house, what did you say to Mandla?

She started crying.

Her: I screamed and yelled what did you do? And he confessed by saying "sorry".

Luphelo: just sorry?

Her: yes.

Luphelo: so there was no pronoun for example "I" that points directly to my client. No finite verb "I am" that we could use in addition to the sorry to conclude that my witness is confessing. "Sorry" alone could be "Sorry I didn't protect her". Therefore we cannot use a single word to throw a grieving widower in

prison. But Miss Mafu, you previously stated to the court that you are sure that the gun belongs to my client. Could you please corroborate?

Her: uhm I don't understand.

Luphelo: I mean explain why you are sure.

Her: because I have seen him handling the gun before. It was in his safe. So I know he killed her.

Luphelo: you're lying Miss Mafu like you always do. That gun weighs 4.7 kg's. My client is left handed which also happens to be his weaker arm. He could not have possibly been physically able to shoot his own wife 7 times using his weaker hand. You are just trying to believe that Mandla did this and I'm even doubting the fact that you were there on that night maybe you were somewhere getting high and distorting reality-

Her: but I have recovered-

Luphelo: that will be all Your Honour thank you.

He said before sitting down and then taking a sip of his bottled water.

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Insert 78: Continuation

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The court went for a break so I went to my husband who didn't expect to see me there. He was so pleasantly surprised.

Me: hey.

Luphelo: what changed your mind?

Me: you talked about support and I'm your wife. I owe you that.

He gave me his fist which I bumped and we giggled.

Luphelo: masambe siyo Linda emotweni. Ndi lambile.

-let's go wait in the car. I'm hungry.

Me: okay.

We went to the car and on our way we met a man dressed in policeman gear.

Him: Finisher ndiyakucela yeka le case.

-I'm begging you to leave this case.

Luphelo: k. Sapha la Mali bendizay fumana ku Mandla.

-give me the money I was going to get from Mandla.

He exhaled.

Him: I don't have that money.

Luphelo: then I won't drop this case.

Him: Luphelo-

He grabbed Luphelo's wrist who grabbed an entire policeman by the neck and strangled him. I have a pit bull of a husband. Who is tamed only by the sound of my voice.

Me: Jama.

He dropped that guy and then fixed his own robe.

Luphelo: le watch ingak khupha e matyaleni uyeke uba blacklisted cimba andiyazi ukba une beef no Absa? Ngaphinde undi bambe kwi Rolex uyawfa. And don't ever touch me like that in front of my wife again.

-this watch could get you out of your debts and stop being blacklisted. You think I don't know you have a beef with Absa? Don't touch my Rolex again you'll die.

He said before we walked to the car and then ate pizza.

Me: who is that?

Luphelo: Zuko. This is probably the 3rd person he has arrested that I'm defending so we know each other well. And he knows I'm going to win this so that's why he's pissed.

Me: Luphelo you're such a great advocate I didn't realise that.

Luphelo: why do you think they call me the Finisher?

Me: wait... You got that name here?

He giggled.

Luphelo: ewe. I'm the Brock Lesnar of the Legal world. Manqanqa. Mike Tyson. Muhammed Ali. Xandi dlula kuthi huuuu.

Me: unomoya?!

Luphelo: vele.

I laughed as I took my last bite of pizza.



Luphelo: celi blow job kalok Mamakhe.

-can I please have a blow job.

Me: hay Luphelo.

Luphelo: I need the boost for the second witness. Please.

I shook my head as he pulled his dick out and I sucked it.

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Court was in session again so the second state witness was brought to the stand. She was examined by the State and then it was brought over to Luphelo who casually drank his water.

Luphelo: Mrs Faku, how long have you known the deceased.

Her: 21 years.

Luphelo: and you say she was abused by my client and she has filed several charges against him but ended up dropping them. Why?

Her: she loved him.

Luphelo: Love of him or love of his money?

Her: Love of him.

Luphelo: Not lack of proof that he was abusing her?

Her: That wasn't an option though sir-

Luphelo giggled. I swear all advocates have the same laughter. Is there a module that teaches advocates how to laugh?

Luphelo: That wasn't an option? Just like letting your best friend of 21 years down isn't an option so you are choosing to ignore the fact that your friend was continuously building a case against my client so that one day she may be able to leave him to be with her true love, Chuma, because a string of abuse claims could mean she will get money from their divorce settlement since they signed a prenup?

State advocate: Objection My Lady! Speculation.

Judge: The Defense's reasoning is reasonable. Advocate Jama you may proceed.

Luphelo: Thank you my lady. Mrs Fana, if you say the deceased loved her husband more than she loved his money. Why did she cheat on him?

Her: she was feeling ignored, undermined and lonely. She needed a shoulder to cry on and reached out to Chuma and they picked up where they left off.

Luphelo: so... The deceased was feeling ignored, undermined and lonely... Then she reached out to her high school sweetheart whom she has loved longer than she loved her husband and they had an affair which only stopped once my client found out otherwise they clearly had no intentions to put an end to their affair. Would you agree that she loved him more than her husband?

She looked down.

Her: yes.

Luphelo: would you agree that she didn't leave my client to be with him Because he doesn't make half as much money as my client does and wouldn't be able to afford the lifestyle she has become accustomed to?

Her: yes.

She was crying at this point.

Luphelo: my client found out about this and didn't lay a single finger on his wife nor on the man who was sleeping with his wife. Would you agree that if my client was abusive he was supposed to have beaten her following this scandal?

Her: I...yes.

Luphelo: Do you believe that your friend wanted out of her marriage to be with her ex?

Her: yes.

Luphelo: Okay I get it. clearly divorce wasn't an option for the deceased because they signed a prenup. So over the years she falsely amassed multiple false assault charges that couldn't be used due to a lack of evidence because she wanted to make sure she leaves with some money if she divorces him. But then she realised that she could make more money from killing him instead so the deceased hired a hitman to kill my client but the plan went wrong and she got killed. So Mrs Faku, do you believe that there is a possibility that the deceased could have tried to get my client killed in order to claim from his insurances.

Mrs Faku teared up on the stand.

Her: Judge make him stop please..

Luphelo: Mrs Faku you're wasting our time it's Saturday and we have plans.

Her: Yes!!!

Luphelo: thank you Your Honour. I think we're good.

Luphelo went back to his seat and reclined. Handsome devil.

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After we came from the court, we went to drop my car and then Sihle called me when I was in Luphelo's car and we were about to drive to my mom's place where I left Kumkani.

Me: babes?

Sihle: hi sisi uphi uTanci?

-where is Uncle?

Me: he's right here. The phone is on loudspeaker.

Sihle: okay so Tanci I just want to tell you that the Lobola has been paid keh. Bulelani uyoyika uthetha nawe atsho ngokwakhe.

-is scared of talking to you and say so himself.

He laughed.

Luphelo: Its okay mntaka bhuti.

Sihle: yeah so today I'm having a little "bring your own booze" party cos we leased an apartment so we just want to have a little chilled party so I wanted uHlalumi to come.

Me: Yaaaaaaaas!!! What time?

Luphelo: no Sihle akazi. She went out Izolo... Tonight is strictly husband and son time.

Me: but-

Luphelo: no.

Sihle: Kodwa Tanci-

Luphelo: no. Tonight I'm spending time with my wife.

I sulked.

Me: haike mnge. My husband has spoken. I will see you maybe next weekend vha?

Sihle: okay keh... Bye guys I love you both so much.

Us: love you too.

We said before hanging up.

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We took our son from mom's house and then took him to Mercantile where he got his injection. My baby hates injections so he couldn't stop crying. We had to buy chocolate and make him lick it before he could stop crying. Our baby likes nice things.

We spent the rest of our day at the Baywest mall where we watched a movie with Kumkani who was dead silent in the cinema. He would baby giggle at irrelevant moments though which was super cute. We then ate at Spur, bought a few clothes for our son and then we drove back home. Our house may be too big for the three of us but the love that's present inside those walls is too much.

We took a bath together, all three of us and Luphelo put my cushion in the water so that his son could sit on and he held his son upright since his back can't support itself.

Me: baby look at Kumie's fingers. They are so gorgeous like yours.

He giggled.

Luphelo: designer baby fondin Lena.

Me: I never thought I would ever have a baby so adorable.

Luphelo: me neither.

Me: baby aren't you upset about your mother seeing me drunk? Even the least?

Luphelo: baby you're grown. I married an independent woman capable of making her own decisions. I really don't want anyone telling me what to do with my wife because you owe me loyalty and that's it..not submission. So I can't tell you to stop drinking cos you're happy when you're drunk. I love seeing you happy.

I smiled.

Me: you Are such a great husband.

I said as I caressed his chin and he blushed too.

Luphelo: I love to see you happy.

Me: I'm happy with you. And you have my blessing to defend Mandla. I will be as supportive as I can.

Luphelo: I'll buy you another car as soon as we're done paying the house. Sabu BMW M3.

Me: I don't want anymore cars baby I want a farm.

Luphelo: hehake De Beer.

I laughed so hard.

Me: this coming from Mr "Black excellent". Let's buy a farm sthandwa sam and stop buying cars that lose their value as soon as we leave the car dealership.

Luphelo: okay Sthandwa sam. Kumie ungasbulali please cos yey imali ozobanayo Kwedin.

-don't kill us please cos the money you're gonna have boy.

I laughed.

Me: we'll have to sleep with one eye open.

We laughed and Kumkani looked at us then he smiled. Babies sense the energy in the air and reflect it.

Insert 79: MaDiba Jwambi

It was Sunday morning when I was woken up by a slap between my face from Kumkani. He giggled when he realised what he had done and I squinted.

Me: undbethelani mntaka Luphelo?

-why did you hit me Luphelo's child?

Kumkani: \*blows bubbles through his mouth\*

Me: wenzi MMA nawe baby? Fuzu Tata wena?

-you're also doing MMA baby? You're just like daddy?

I asked as I picked my bundle of joy up and then I went to feed him. Since I am now drinking I had to relinquish the beautiful honor of breastfeeding my baby. I was bottle feeding him against the kitchen counter when my husband pressed himself behind me. Dick print pressed against my ass and everything. His breath smelt like mint, flesh smelt like cologne... Lips as soft as cotton. I felt butterflies in my stomach... And fire in my heart at the touch of my husband.

Luphelo: Molo Ntikazi.

Me: hi.

Luphelo: you're (kiss) good (kiss)?

Me: keep kissing me and I'm going to drop this baby. You're making me weak.

He giggled before planting a kiss to the side of my face. His eyes shifted to his son and his eyes beaming.

Luphelo: Molo Tiyeka. Molo boy.

He said as he kissed his baby all over who giggled with every kiss his father gave him. Luphelo was kissing our baby's belly and the inside of his thighs and Kumkani was dying from laughter.

Me: baby uyambulala.

-you're killing him.

We both laughed before he kissed his sons forehead.

Luphelo: baby I have court today keh. What will you do?

Me: I wanted to go to church namhlanje sthandwa sam but I guess it will have to wait until next week.

Luphelo: go to church Majama... The trial starts at 2 but I have to be there earlier so go to church then come watch your man show you "how to get away with murder".

Me: Cum Laude madoda. Mr "pay me in 7 figures".

Luphelo: yeses.

We giggled as I took our baby and then we went to take a bath in a different bathroom..

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I called Sihle so I asked her to attend church with me. So I dropped Kumkani off with Luphelo's mother since they live closer to the church and then I picked Sihle up from her new apartment with her husband. We arrived at church and then she forced me to buy food for her. Bully.

Sihle: chomi did you and Tanci have sex until the final month?

Me: I gave birth at 8 months kalok mna but I think if I carried full term we would have cos wow.

She laughed.

Sihle: he's that good hey?

Me: you do know what they say about men who can dance.

Older lady: hayin sanuthetha ngezonto ecaweni.

-don't talk about those things in church.

Me: hehake secretary ka God.

Older lady: sies niyazi thanda izimanga bantwana ndin. Izimanga azizonisa ndawu. Nizomitha qha nixakane nabantwana abangena Tata umnye.

-yuck you love sex you children. Sex won't take you anywhere. You will just fall pregnant and not know what to do with children who have different fathers.

Me: yhuuuuu sitshatile.

-we are married.

We said as we flashed our rings.

Sihle: Senza baaaaa?

-who are you making us out to be?

Me: tyi singo Mama bekhaya nathi Mama. Siyafana nawe.

-we are the women of the house too Mama. We are just like you.

Older lady: mxm abafazi Bangok.

-wives of today.

She shook her head and then turned her head and we laughed.

Sihle: what are your plans for today mntase?

Me: go to court, see my mother-

Sihle: go to court? What for?

Me: kalok my man has this murder case he's working on so I want to support him, you know? At first I didn't agree but Lumphelo defends me even against his mother. Like lately I have been going out, drinking and just living my best life and he doesn't shame me for doing that... He encourages me to have fun and he stays at home with our baby. I'm just blessed to have him Sihle sometimes I feel like certain life experiences are great because of him. I just love that man chomi yhoo... Thats my heart. My soul. My baby daddy my friggin husband... The way he looks at and loves our son is just amazing. I'm blessed.

Sihle: Ncoooh chomi you have a real one.

Me: bruh...

Sihle: can I watch him too?

Me: yeah sure.

I kissed her huge balloon face then we focused on the service.

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After church, I drove to the court with Sihle on the passenger seat. I always make sure I come right on time for my man's cross examinations because the State's examinations are boring tbh. Lumphelo is the sauce of this whole boring thing.

The Third State witness was the one with the biggest meat on his bone so Lumphelo had to come for this witness with everything in him. It was Mandla's long time enemy, his own father. The man who taught

Mandla everything he knows about abuse. He was brought to the stand in order to prove that Mandla's upbringing in an abusive home is the reason why he killed his own wife.

Luphelo: So Mr Xaba, please tell the court what kind of a relationship you have with your son.

Him: we don't like each other.

Luphelo: I have a son. And one of the things that I realised is that it's my duty to love my son and that my actions towards my son are what determine the relationship we will have in future. So do you think you are the reason why you don't like each other?

Him: yes but I have reached out to him and tried to fix things but he won't listen to me.

Luphelo: when did you try to reach out to him?

Him: when he was about... 27?

Luphelo: isn't it just convenient that you tried to reach out to him exactly when my client became a millionaire? Because when my client turned 27 he was worth R1 600 000.

Him: I didn't know that.

Luphelo: Mr Xaba you are under oath.

Him: I didn't know he was a millionaire but I knew he had money.

Luphelo: you knew he had money. So with this being said do you agree that Mandla rejected having a relationship with you because he knew you were after his money and that it's not because he's got "a heart of stone" like you have previously told the court?

State: Objection My Lady! Leading the witness.

Judge: Overruled. The witness must answer the question.

Him: yes, yes I Do.

Luphelo: Right so Mr Xaba, you were not very involved in your son's life. All you ever did was to bring pain and Suffering to your children. Was your father like you?

Him: he wasn't in my life.

Luphelo: so where did you learn to be abusive?

Him: I'm short tempered so it's a combination of that and alcohol abuse... And poverty.

Luphelo chuckled.

Luphelo: well my client is pretty controlled and has no anger issues, he doesn't have an alcohol abuse problem and he's rich. He's also the same man who was cheated on by his wife and didn't lay a single hand on her. So Mr Xaba, I don't know about you but I believe that your actions showed my client what a deadbeat, good for nothing, alcoholic, lazy, unemployed, abusive man is like and he vowed that he would be better than you-

State: Objection My Lady!! Badgering the witness.



Luphelo: and you just cannot take it-

Judge: Advocate Jama!!! (banging)

Luphelo: because it makes you sick to your stomach that you couldn't get anything right-

Judge: Advocate Jama!!! (banging)

Luphelo: and now your son is a better man today because of your downfalls.

Judge: Advocate Jama!! (banging)

Him: STOP QUESTIONING ME DAMNIT I TRIED!!

He lost his shit and tried to reach for Luphelo who didn't even back up. His stare fucked with Mandla's father so badly that he retreated and sat down again.

Luphelo: Now Mr Xaba, you said your son isn't left handed. So let's test what you know about my client. If you don't know just say "I don't know " please don't try to explain anything. It's either you know or you don't know. So What's his favorite color?

He exhaled.

Him: I don't know.

Luphelo: what was his favorite sports activity growing up?

Him: I don't know.

Luphelo: what was his first word?

Him: I don't know. That was too long ago.

Luphelo: I said don't explain. What did he study at University?

Him: I don't know.

Luphelo: at least tell me Which University he went to?

Him: I don't know!

Luphelo: what's his favorite food?

Him: I don't know.

Luphelo: When is his birthday?

Him: 5th of November.

Luphelo: it's on the 27th of February. You know nothing about your son Mr Xaba. And here you are again... Failing him like you have done all his life. Last question, you said during your questioning with the State that you are 100% sure that your son is not left handed. Given the fact that you knew nothing out of these questions that I have just asked you... Are you still sure that he's not left handed?

He exhaled.

Him: I'm not sure.

Luphelo: no further questions for the father of the decade Your Honour. Thank you.

He said before sitting down and then fixing his ring. My face turned pink.

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I had been waiting for hours for the State's next witness: Mbali. I was very excited to watch Luphelo decimate her because I asked him as a personal favor to make sure she pays for all the shit she did to us in that courtroom and he asked me "have I ever failed you". The State completed her questioning and it was then handed over to uTaka Kumkani.

Luphelo: Miss Jali, taking into consideration everything that you have said about my client and his alleged abuse towards his wife and towards you... Do you believe that my client is capable of murder?

Her: Yes I do believe that he is capable of murder.

Luphelo: are you sure?

Her: yes.

Luphelo: If you believe that he is capable of murder then why did you allow him and his wife to adopt your baby?

Her: it wasn't a legal adoption. They were just raising her for me because I can't afford to raise her yet due to her expensive hospital bills.

Luphelo: how much are her monthly medical expenses?

Her: they can range from R4700 minimum to R12 000 maximum. Some months are better than others.

Luphelo: I see. That watch you're wearing... It's a Michael Kors Chronograph Crystal Pave Dial Ladies watch. Retails for R8 500. Correct?

Her: Yes.

Luphelo: Okay... But it still doesn't change the fact that you were allowing a man whom you believe is capable of murder to raise your child. What kind of a mother allows her child to be raised by a man who beats his own wife and sister? Unless... That is all a lie.

Her: Its not a lie. Mandla is abusive, short tempered, mean spirited and he's an overall narcissistic human being. If I had my way I wouldn't even be speaking to him let alone letting him raise my daughter but I didn't have a choice.

Luphelo: "I didn't have a choice". (scoffs) Miss Jali, are your breasts, hips and buttocks real?

State advocate: Objection Your Honour!! Relevance?

Judge: Advocate Jama. What does the nature of her body have to do with your case?

Luphelo: Please trust me Your Honour.

Judge: Proceed. Miss Jali you must answer the question.

Her: uhm... No.

Luphelo: I took the liberty of asking for your medical report from the Doctor who performed your four surgeries: you had breast augmentation, a liposuction, you had fat from the liposuction inserted into your buttocks and you had hip fillers.

He said before taking four pages and then handing one to the judge and one to Mbali.

Luphelo: now if we check the dates that you have had these operations, the first one was performed on the 7th of July of the previous year when your daughter was already 6 months old and you had previously told the court that your daughter was sick from 3 months. I also took the liberty of obtaining your daughters medical record from the time she became sick until now which is on the second page. I then highlighted the medical costs spent from the month your daughter was adopted by my client and the deceased and they have spent R76 000 on her medical costs. You have spent R84 000 on your plastic surgeries. So tell me, what are we missing here Mbali? Do you love your daughter?

She started breaking down.

Her: Yes I love my daughter how could you even ask me that?!!

Luphelo: Then please explain to the court how can a mother who loves her daughter allow a man who has abused not only her but his wife as well to raise her daughter? How can a mother who loves her child allow a man whom she believes is capable of murder to raise her child?

Her: Luphelo please!!!

Luphelo: Your Honour this woman told the court that she had no choice but to allow my so called abusive, capable of murder client to raise her child for her because she couldn't afford her daughters hospital bills but I have just proven to the court that this witness is a liar because she could afford to slap her daughters entire hospital bill on her breasts, hips and buttocks... I cannot understand how a mother-

State advocate: Your Honour!!

Judge: Advocate Jama!! (banging)

Luphelo: could risk her child's safety by sending her off to live with her abusive brother who is capable of murder just to look appealing to men and to look rich on Instagram with R8 500 watches-

Mandla: Luphelo enough!! She's still my sister. Can't you see she's crying?

Luphelo exhaled.

Luphelo: Your Honour look at my client. He cannot even hurt his sisters feelings and you want to believe that he is capable of taking a life? But the question still stands... If my client is such a bad man who abuses women and is capable of taking a life... Why is Miss Jali choosing to allow him to raise her daughter when I have just proven to the court that money is not the issue. The issue here is that Miss

Jali is not fit to be a parent and she understands that my client... The hardworking, loving and forgiving husband that he is... Could do more for her daughter than she ever could.

Luphelo is so good that he had already discussed this stunt with Mandla. He told him that he would make Mbali cry and that once she cries, he needs to stand up and defend her just to look good.

Judge: Advocate Jama she is crying on the stand. Please give her a break. The Court will now take a recess. We will be back tomorrow at 4 pm. Court is adjourned.

She banged and then walked out as Luphelo winked to the State attorney who rolled her eyes at him. She must have challenged him before the case started and now was learning the hard way why he is called the Finisher.

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°° Luphelo's perspective °°

The court was adjourned so I escorted Mandla out because I needed to talk to him.

Me: bawo state witness esi landelayo ngu Reid. Ndiy libele.

-the next State witness is Reid. I forgot.

Mandla: ngok nxaki lphi? Mnyise lewei unyise abanye.

-so where is the problem? Fuck him up the way you fucked everyone else up.

Me: I don't have enough information about him. He's clean.

He exhaled.

Mandla: satyana.

-we fucked.

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: what?

Mandla: ewe... Bruh usakhumbula eRes kuze wena wenzi kaka wathengisa ibhedi yakho gqhiba waynxila lamali? And we had to go looking for you so when we found you... I let you sleep on my bed. I was prepared to sleep on the couch but lamjita wathi Mandize kweyakhe iroom he has a sleeping bag so fine ndaya keh pha... And we drank, talked and it was all good... Andazi kwenzeka nton but ndabona ngomjita sendphuza and yeah... We had sex.

-remember at Res when you fucked up and sold your bed then you drank that money... I don't know what happened but I just saw the guy kissing me.

My stomach turned. Not at the thought of them sleeping together but at the thought of me having to say this in front of everyone.

Me: I can't say that Mandla.

Mandla: Luphelo... Reid has the potential to destroy me, okay? He knows a lot about the shit I have done to my wife and I used to tell him all the time about my desire to kill her. He could fuck me up.

I exhaled.

Me: did you two fuck once?

Mandla: no...

Me: when did your fling end?

Mandla: the day I met my wife. I was convinced that I wanted-

Shirley: well, well, well... Scheming much?

That was Mandla's cue.

Mandla: nzokbona Jama.

-I will see you.

Me: moja.

Shirley is the State Advocate that I'm against.

Me: What do you want?

Shirley: When they told me I'm up against you... I knew this would be the most challenging case of my life because I know you're like an uncaged animal but what I didn't expect is for you to disrespect Mbali the way you did. You targeted the two most important things to a woman: her motherhood skills and her body. And I am disgusted.

Me: And I don't care. You have been in this industry long enough to Understand that what we do is not a reflection of who we are but you just don't like the fact that a brown skinned advocate is kicking your ass. That's what disgusts you. So relax... And swallow some Colgate. It helps with nausea.

I said as I walked out in search of my wife.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I waited for Luphelo against his car while talking to Sihle. He arrived dressed in that robe of his that smells good.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: hey baby. Good job out there.

I said as I kissed him.

Luphelo: enkosi babe.

He turned his attention and then he hugged his niece.

Luphelo: I didn't know you were here.

Sihle: Hlalumi told me you had a case so I thought I should watch you. You're amazing Tanci.

Luphelo giggled shyly with his head faced down. His high must have worn off and he was back to being humble.

Luphelo: enkosi. Mamakhe let's go land shopping kalok. I know of at least 4 different pieces of land on sale and we still have time to go through them all.

Me: okay. Chomi cela uthathe imoto yam but please... Take care of it.

-please take my car.

Sihle: Haska ndi qhele i Porsche zika Tanci mna cimba ndithe nqha nge Range Rover?

-I'm used to Uncle's Porsche do you think I care about a Range Rover?

Luphelo: lo Porsche ka Tanci ise gameni lika Majama eyonanto.

-That Porsche of your Uncle is in Majama's name.

I laughed before giving my man a high 5. He's always got my back.

Me: yabona wena sthandwa sam.

I giggled as we kissed and Sihle rolled her eyes.

Sihle: hambani yhuuu.

-just leave.

Luphelo: bye bye.

Sihle: bye guys.

Me: bye. Please drop my car off at my house and then take an Uber home.

I said as I gave her R200 to pay for her Uber but she rejected.

Sihle: I got it.

Me: thanks chomi.

She hugged us and then went into my car. She drove off as I took the driver's seat of Luphelo's car and then drove.

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We arrived at Luphelo's home and my mom's car was there. I was nervous because a part of me was afraid that maybe she was there for Lubango but no: she and Luphelo's mother were painting each other's nails while drinking wine in the dining room. It was the cutest thing in the world to watch our mothers kick it like friends and it was even better knowing that it is all because of us. Kumkani was awake, watching them from his high chair.

Luphelo: mommy 1 and mommy 2.

He hugged them both by wrapping each arm around them.

Them: hey.

I also greeted then we sat around the table opposite them. Luphelo took his son and put him on his lap.

Me: Yaz Mama bendi funa ukuza kuwe namhlanje.

-mom I wanted to come to you today.

Mommy: mxm ndi busy mna Hlalumi. Nge weekend mna no Louisa Siya eJoburg.

-I'm busy Hlalumi. During the weekend Louisa and I are going to Joburg.

She beamed.

Luphelo: what for?

Ma: tyhin nyana we gave birth to soul mates. And we share a grandchild. We need to go out together to strengthen our relationship to improve our communication so that if you two ever encounter problems we can be able to deal with them accordingly.

Luphelo: Hehake Bella Twins.

Mommy: umona!!

-jealousy.

Mr Jama walked into the room looking sleepy.

Luphelo: ekse Timer.

Senior: Ya Nyana. Hey Hlalumi kutheni ungabulisi? Ucinga iCider?

-Hlalumi why don't you greet? Are you thinking about a cider?

Me: Ooh Tatu Jama Khandiyeke.

-leave me alone.

He laughed.

Senior: hehay jonga... Le ntwana iku fuzile akemde umqala. Ugqhibe ubisi benyanga lomntu eyedwa Andazi noba uthi masthini thina.

-this boy takes after you his throat is so long. He finished a months worth of milk all alone I don't know what he wants us to Do.

We laughed.

Me: yaktyola uKhulu Mos Ndoda andithi?

-Grandpa is accusing you man right?

I said to my son who flashed that beautiful smile.

Senior: Mjonge uyancuma. Yayazi inyani.

-look he's smiling. He knows the truth.

We continued talking until Luphelo told them we have to leave.

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The sky was beginning to darken and it was becoming really beautiful. Night time is my favorite part of the day especially when I'm not driving. Kumkani was relaxing in my arms so I held my baby with everything I had. I'm so in love with him. Luphelo was playing love songs, all dedicated to me. My favorite dedication though was Trey Songz's 'Already taken' which he sang for me.

Since it was getting late, all we did was to view the different pieces of land to decide which one we wanted. We had a blast showing Kumkani the different pieces of land that he was going to own in future. We want our boy to grow up flexing.

On our way back home, it started to rain. It was amazing.

Me: baby I was thinking... I don't know if it seems like a stupid idea but I really fell in love with law. Like you make it seem so good... And I want to go back to school and maybe study LLB when I'm 25. Maybe study part time for 5 years.



I said with my head faced down. Luphelo pulled my chin up with his index finger and then he made me look at him.

Luphelo: that's an amazing idea sthandwa sam.

Me: really?

My eyes beamed.

Luphelo: yeah. There's nothing you can't do Ncumolwethu... You're so smart. So beautiful... So eager to learn and I admire that about you. If you want to study law, I will support you. Mentor you... Give you all the training you need... I will stay up late with you when you study. Help you with your assignments...whatever you need i will give it to you.

I wanted to cry, I felt the tears coming so I wiped them with my sleeve a bit.

Me: really?

Luphelo: yeah. Really.

He held out his fist and I bumped it.

Me: even when the sky comes falling?

Luphelo: even when the sun don't shine.

He locked his fingers in mine and then he kissed my hand.

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When we arrived at home, we took a bath as a family, fed our son and then we ordered pizza for ourselves before watching Television with the baby of us in the middle. He slapped Luphelo.

Luphelo:

Yemka i trust fund.

-gone is the trust fund.

Kumkani smacked him again.

Luphelo: zemka ishares zika Jama Constructions.

-gone are the shares of Jama Constructions.

Kumkani formed a fist and punched his father in the mouth.

Luphelo: ha.a Kumkani mahn. Baby am I okay?

I laughed so hard at how concerned he was about his appearance. Luphelo has soft lips so he had a little tear.

Me: you have a little scratch mnyeni wam.

Luphelo: yaybona lento yakho yolwa umithi.

-you see this thing of yours of fighting while you're pregnant.

I laughed hysterically.

Me: Ingenaphi Jama?

Luphelo: tsh wake wambonaphi umntana one left hook enje?

-where have you seen a baby with a left hook like this?

I laughed.

Me: mxm he just takes after you wethu.

I said as I kissed my man's cut.

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Kumkani was dosing off so I took him upstairs to his bedroom and then I put him in his cot. He doesn't really like it, he likes sleeping on our bed but he was already asleep so that's why I put him there. And besides, I wanted to spend time with my husband and just focus on us. So I went back downstairs to my husband who was busy texting on his cellphone.

Me: uthetha nabani?

-who are you talking to?

Luphelo: my mother.

Me: let me see?

Luphelo: utsho ukuba ufuna sohlukane Majama.

-just say if you want us to break up.

I giggled as I sat on the armrest of the couch and put my legs on his lap.

Me: oh so incoko yakho no Mamakho iyohlukanisa?

-oh so your conversation with your mother is capable of a break up?

Luphelo: baby do you know what the top 5 diseases that cause the most deaths worldwide according to the World Health Organization are?

Me: no.

Luphelo: Ischaemic heart disease, stroke, Chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, lung cancer ne phone yendoda.

-and a man's phone.

I laughed hysterically.

Me: don't worry I'm immortal. Give me the phone.

He giggled as he handed his phone over to me which he had unlocked with his finger print. I scrolled through his WhatsApp but Luphelo is such a loyal husband that I didn't even read any of his chats. So I handed his phone back to him.

Me: I really don't need to do this to you sthandwa sam. So... Let's go upstairs.

Luphelo: okay.

He switched off the TV and then he went upstairs with our blanket.

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I took a bottle of wine from our wine cellar and some wine glasses then I went upstairs. I always knew I would live in a house with a wine cellar with a collection of aged wines but I didn't expect it to happen so soon. This just takes black excellence to another level. I started to see things from Luphelo's eyes from that moment on. Luphelo loves being black. He loves his culture. He loves his brown skin. Loves his tradition. Loves being uMqocwa.

I walked into our bedroom and Luphelo was sitting by the balcony. Smoking his cigar while he stared out at the view. He's stressed.

Me: are you okay?

I asked as I sat down opposite him and then poured his wine in a glass then gave it to him. He thanked me.

Luphelo: Mamakhe... Being an advocate is nice and all. Pays really well. Gets you respect. But you have to say things to people... And reveal things about them that you shouldn't. Just to secure the bag.

I was pouring my own glass of wine by then. I took a sip and then looked at Luphelo.

Me: are you talking about uMwali? Baby everyone knew her ass is fake-

Luphelo: I'm not talking about that thot wethu Majama. She deserved it. I'm talking about uReid. He's bisexual and I have to reveal his sexual encounters no Mandla in court and use that... To spin some kinda bullshit about that. I don't even know what I'm going to say yet. What do I do Hlalumi?

I exhaled.

Me: can't you tell him to say the right things so you won't have to attack him?

Luphelo: no baby uReid didn't get a subpoena he went to the cops and wrote a statement about uMandla telling the cops what he knew. So he can't change his statement.

He sniffed as the tear fell down his eye. He wiped it before looking down. Nothing is as precious as watching him break down and cry.

Me: sthandwa sam listen... Qina Tiyeka. I know it's not easy... But if he was in your shoes he would do the same thing. I just want you to know that you aren't a bad guy... You're the sweetest, most considerate man I know and if you weren't... You wouldn't be going through what you're going through ngoku. You hear me baby?

He nodded.

Me: Taka Kumkani... Mnyeni ka Hlalumi... You have responsibilities now. You need to provide so go out there and do what you got to do... Then come home and cry about it.

Luphelo: okay.

Me: I love you.

Luphelo: love you too.

Me: thank you. Your loves mean a lot to me.

I said as I wiped his tears and then put his head on my breasts. His safe place.

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I had one of the best mornings with my little family. We took a bath together like we usually do and since it is Mr Jama Snr's birthday, Luphelo and I said Happy birthday to him when we went to their house to drop Kumkani off. We really need a nanny but Luphelo's history with sexual abuse has made him not trust a single soul that is not his mother, my mother, Sihle or Lusanda. Those are the only people that he is comfortable with.

Mr Jama said he wants us to organize a dinner for him at our house and to let everyone know so I created a group chat on WhatsApp named "The Jama's". My mother changed the group chat to "The Jama's and Sifora's". Mr Jama changed the group chat to "Susqhela Pat uy1 oJama bay 8 ". Lusanda

changed the group chat to "Aniba dala". Luthando changed the group name to "ithini way forward". Luphelo changed it to "hehake Potwana". Ma changed it to "Lubango's birthday celebration". Luyanda changed it to "its not about him". I changed it to "8 Jama's, 1 Sifora" and then the family got along.

At work, Luphelo sent out an advertisement for a new position: for a quantity surveyor and then he called me to his office. I walked in and then closed behind him.

Me: baby?

Luphelo: uybonile la ad?

-did you see that ad?

Me: ha.a oko ndi busy kalok.

-no I have been busy all along.

Luphelo: okay there is a vacancy for a quantity surveyor position and your degree is in quantity surveying and business management right?

Me: ewe.

Luphelo: okay so... Unfortunately you have to follow protocol like everyone else and submit your CV and qualifications and be interviewed but you're the most qualified for this position Sthandwa sam. So Khabe uzilungiselela for upeya iR30 000 okwa ngoku.

-so just prepare yourself to earn R30 000 for now.

Me: sthandwa sam thank you.

Luphelo: no Hlalumi thank you. If you weren't a smart ass wife this money would be going out to other people but now our wealth stays in the family.

He looked at his watch. The one I bought.

Luphelo: I have to attend a meeting ngok. I will see you later keh vah.

Me: okay.

He got up and then he hugged me while his hands grabbed my ass.

Luphelo: uyeke ezo brukwe zithe nca that ass makes it hard for me to think.

-and stop wearing those tight pants.

Me: eshee.

I said as we giggled. He walked out and left me in his office.

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Reid was unable to take the stand on that afternoon so his testimony was postponed until further notice. But for now, the trial had to carry on and call other witnesses to take the stand.

Mandla's neighbour was called to the stand. His name is Jaco Van Niekerk. He was examined by the State and was now going to be cross examined by Advocate Jama.

Luphelo: Mr Van Niekerk, you told the court that you are, and I quote "beyond certain that daai ding killed his wife". Can you please repeat for the court what you saw on that night?

Him: I was driving down the street in my bakkie. And I heard some screaming so I turned down my radio and stopped my car. I heard his wife screaming and then heard a gun shot. His gate was opened so I went in and saw through their sliding door him shooting her 6 more times. I then ran back to my bakkie to get my phone. I was the one who called the police.

Luphelo: Do you know what he was wearing on that night?

Him: uhm a blue sweater with blue jeans and black sneakers.

Me: do you recognize that clothing as his? He's your neighbor so... Was he wearing anything familiar?

Him: he's rich he can afford to buy new clothes everyday.

Luphelo: Yes or no?

Him: no... He didn't wear anything familiar.

Luphelo: did he wear a glove?

Him: I don't know...no...i don't remember look I was terrified okay? I didn't pay attention to everything.

Luphelo: but you still remember what he was wearing. So please tell the court, keeping in mind that you're under oath, whether or not you believe he was wearing a glove or not. I need just a yes or no.

Him: no.

Luphelo: so if you are "beyond certain that daai ding killed his wife" then why didn't the police find any gun powder on his hands?

Him: I don't know. Witchcraft maybe? You black people have your way with things.

The black people in the court watching went crazy. The judge had to call for order.

Luphelo: Wow... Mr Van Niekerk would you consider yourself a racist?

Him: no.

Luphelo: I went through your social media page on Twitter and you tweeted "yes, I am a racist" 5 weeks ago. So Mr Van Niekerk you are lying under oath and if you can lie about being a racist then why should we take anything that comes out of your mouth seriously? By the way, you have the Apartheid flag as your profile photo.

Him: that's different okay boetie? Whether I am racist or not has nothing to do with this case-

Luphelo: Oh well it has every single thing to do with this case. Your Honour this man tweeted "honestly all black people look the same to me". So looking at me, looking at you My Lady, looking at my client and even looking at this lady in the front row... This man cannot see a difference because we're all black-

State advocate: Objection Your Honour! The Defense is using a social media tweet from the witness to discredit his testimony. People post irrational things on social media all the time. It doesn't necessarily mean they mean what they post.

Judge: But whatever people post on social media is a reflection of their thoughts. Adv Jama continue.

Luphelo: thank you, your Honour. Mr Van Niekerk, you also told the court that you knew that my client was abusing his wife. You also told the court that you knew my client owned a gun and that it's illegal.

Him: Yes.

Luphelo: but how come you didn't know that your wife who was living under the same roof as you and was sleeping on the same bed as you... Was depressed? Why did she have to end her own life before you knew that she was battling with depression?

Him: She didn't say a word to me!!

Luphelo: Did my client tell you he was abusing his wife? Did he tell you he had a gun?

The witness was getting upset. He knew he wasn't making sense. I have never seen Luphelo this calm with a witness. And this is the only witness who actually saw what happened on that night. Without him, this case is as good as nothing.

Him: No but I saw everything that he was doing! Mandla beat her in the yard sometimes he didn't care who was watching. The whole street knows this.

Luphelo: okay... Your daughter. Why did she move out? Be honest this time. We can only tolerate so many lies in court before we are forced to discredit your entire testimony.

He exhaled.

Him: she is dating one of you people... And I wouldn't allow it. So she left.

Luphelo: Why wouldn't you allow it?

Him: I just can't!! All you people are the same. Look this one killed his wife. I don't want my daughter to end up dead too.

Luphelo: Your Honour, here we have a racist man who is "beyond certain" that my client has killed his wife. A man who believes that all black people look the same and refers to us as "daai ding" to show that we have no individuality to him. He sees us as a collective and not individual members of society. If this man cannot be able to distinguish between black people during the day. How can we trust him to tell us whether my client is the one who committed the murder on that night? This man also told us that the killer in question was not wearing a glove so if my client was the killer... Gun powder should have been detected on his hand but both of his hands were clean. He never even saw the face of the killer but today he is "beyond certain" that it was my client because according to him we are all the same. His racism against black people runs so deeply that he let his only daughter leave just because he can't

stand the fact that she's with "daai ding". And now he's trying to take his anger out on my client by trying to have him convicted of a murder that he didn't even commit. My Lady this isn't a testimony, this is what an old racist white man would like to believe happened so that our prisons could be filled with black people like they were during his favorite Era, The Apartheid Era which he is still enjoying the benefits of.

Thank you, Your Honour.

Luphelo said as he took his seat and the court room went silent after his conclusion because everyone in the room felt that. The State advocate buried her face in her hands because she knew it was over.

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Court was adjourned earlier today so my husband and I went to buy a gift for his father. We fetched Kumkani and then drove back home to prepare for his birthday dinner. The food I had ordered arrived and the cake so I prepared the table decor and decorated the dining room just so that it could look nice for him. Luphelo didn't do a single thing.

The family arrived at about 7 pm so once everybody was settled, I brought the platters while everyone was chatting away. Kumie was on his grandfather's lap, eating cream.

Senior: Hlalumi enkosi mntanam.

-thank you my child.

Me: akho nxaki Tata.

-no problem.

Lusanda: guys we need to sing happy birthday for Daddy. Luthando isuprano kalok.

Luthando: happy birthday to you.

He started off the song and it was my first time hearing him sing. He's so good. His siblings followed behind him with their unique vocals and Sihle also joined in. I was so jealous cos I couldn't even sing to save my life.

Lusanda: Luphelo ivay vay kalok.

Luphelo: toooooo youuuuuuuuuu.

We all giggled before Senior gave him children a round of applause.

Senior: I love you kids.

Them: we love you dad.



All 4 got up to hug and kiss their dad happy birthday and I took a group selfie of them. The dinner was great. It was a chilled family vibe filled with laughs and good food and drinks until Sihle ruined the vibe. I know her. When shes overthinking something she just blurts it out.

Sihle: I'm married!

The room fell quiet.

Ma: Yintoni ngoku Sihle? Uxelele bani ukuba uyatshata?

-what now Sihle? Who did you tell that you're going to get married?

Sihle: ndixelele uTanci.

-I told Uncle.

Luphelo: into? Hay hay Sihle uze apha sewutshatile ufuna ukundi faka enxakini.

-what? No Sihle you were already married when you came here you want to put me in trouble?

I keep forgetting that Luphelo is still terrified of his mother.

Luyanda: Mom let it go. Luphelo no Sihle will always do things in their own way so let's not even worry about it.

Luphelo: bhuti uvile ndithini? Ndithe ufike kum setshatile what was I supposed to do?

-did you hear what I was saying? I said she came to me already married.

Luyanda: and what did you say? Did you even

Reprimand her?! Or did you just accept it.

Luphelo: reprimand her on what grounds Luyanda? My wife is her age fondini..

Senior: Luyanda no Luphelo yekani ukulwa-

-stop fighting-

Luphelo: No Tata ndi dikiwe kuba caught phakathi kwaba babini mna. When I take a step back from Sihle's life I'm the bad guy. When I'm there I'm still the bad guy. What must I do?

-I'm tired of being caught between these two.

Ma: But Luphelo nawe you should have told your brother-

Luyanda: exactly Mama he likes to play older brother just because he's got the money and he doesn't fucking respect me as Sihle's father-

Me: uhm bhut Luyanda... You kept in a secret for months that could have prevented all of this from happening andithi? If you had owned up to the fact that Sihle is your child from the beginning, this bond wouldn't have occurred. So you have no right to complain nor to point fingers at my husband. So please don't demand respect from Luphelo just because you're older when you keep raising your voice at him

in his own house. I, as his wife, can't take it. Please understand that whose older than whom ends at the gate...then it becomes about whose house it is and then people have to adjust themselves.

My mom looked at me with enlarged eyes. Mr Jama bit his lip. Lusanda's mouth was hung open. Even Kumkani kept quiet and stared.

Ma: yho Mamcethe. Sicela uxolo.

-we are sorry.

The family giggled lightly.

Luyanda: yho hay Majama ungand bulali ngendoda yakho. I'm sorry to you both.

-Majama don't kill me over your man.

Me: it's okay.

Luphelo gave him a thumbs up to show that he was over it.

Luyanda: Sihle nawe congratulations I suppose ke.

Sihle: thanks Dad.

Luyanda: just... Slow the fuck down with the announcements ngok shame.

She giggled.

Sihle: okay Dad.

She looked at me and then winked at Aunty to thank her for knocking some sense into her father.

Luphelo on the other hand, slipped his hand underneath my skirt, pulled my panty to the side and then played with my pussy while we ate and I had to keep a straight face.

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It was now time for dessert so Lusanda, Sihle and I took the plates to the kitchen. They washed the dishes while I made ice cream with custard and crushed Oreos.

Lusanda: so basically 22 year Olds are getting married and I'm not? Hayin guys share the secrets. What did they teach you at your old model C high school that I wasn't taught eLungisa?

We laughed.

Sihle: mitha babes. That might make the situation urgent for your man.

-fall pregnant.

Me: ha.a bad advice Lusanda. Just... Wait until it's real. If it's not then marriage will suck. And a marriage really isn't supposed to suck.

Lusanda: no but Hlalumi waiting for something that's real at my age is a little bit... I don't know... Unrealistic? I just want stability, you know? Dikiwe kubuzwa ndi tshata nini.

-I'm tired of being asked when I'm getting married.

Me: it's better to be asked "when are you getting married" than to be asked "why are you still staying with him" Lusanda. We aren't all going to get married... Marriage isn't an achievement. Look at my mother... She's not married but she's happy bruh. She lacks nothing. So don't let your friends or Sihle and I pressure you into getting married to someone prematurely.

She sighed.

Lusanda: yho hay Kodwa it's easy for you to say cos you already have the ring ...Sihle what's your name keh?

Sihle: Yandisa.

She beamed.

Lusanda: uzamile shame uSister ka Bae. It's a beautiful name. Do you know what Hlalumi's name means?

-Bae's sister really tried.

Sihle: No what does it mean?

Lusanda: stay and be firm.

Sihle: even if the sky comes falling.

Lusanda: even when the sun don't shine.

They mocked and we all laughed.

Me: mxm ya'll are annoying.

I said as I sliced the cake.

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I served the dessert to everyone and Luphelo grabbed my ass when I put his plate and wine glass filled with ice cream down.

Me: hay Tatakhe.

-no.

I said as I adorably pointed at his nose with my index finger. He smiled.

Senior: heke nyana. Cofa impundu zakho bengathi uva i sonka sika My friend ukba asikho stale na.

-press your ass as if you are determining whether bread from the foreigners shops is stale or not.

We giggled. As a father, Senior couldn't be more prouder of Luphelo's sexual nature. He must be the only son who really takes after him.

Mommy: oh hay umntanam uhleli kakubi apha.

-no but my daughter is not in a good space here.

Senior: utsho ngoba?

-why are you saying that?

Mommy: uveske acofwe impundu nje espacin?

-she just has her ass pressed out of the nowhere.

Senior: ngok Yinton ekwenza ucimba uhleli kakubi?

-so what makes you think she's not in a good space?

Mommy: umbonile uthi hayi Mos.

-you saw her saying no.

Senior: Patricia believe me when I say uHlalumi uya acter. Uyithanda ukufa lento yenzwa ngu Luphelo.

-Hlalumi is acting. She absolutely loves what Luphelo was doing.

Mommy: u yazelaphi Senior?!

-how do you know?

Senior: nantsi evidence ifaka umnwe kwi dessert yam. Cimba u Kumkani wenzwe njani?

-here is the evidence putting a finger in my dessert. How do you think Kumkani was made?

We all laughed.

Me: mommy don't listen to him.. u Kumkani was conceived via IVF.

Mommy: sandbhanxa.

-don't fool me.

I giggled as we all ate our dessert.

Luthando: otherwise it's getting late guys we might as well sleepover.

Luphelo: bhuti ha.a yazbona keh?

Lusanda: I second that.

Sihle: I third that.

Luphelo: khaye ku mnyeni wakho wena.

-go to your husband.

Sihle: No I'm good here Tanci.

Luphelo exhaled. This sucked.

Luphelo: all of you should be out of here by 8 am ngomso.

Senior: birthday week kalok Lena nyana. We will leave during the weekend.

-this is my birthday week.

Luphelo: Dad... 8 am tomorrow. And that's it.

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After dessert, we gave Senior his gifts and that was the end of the birthday party dinner. I was surprised that our family had even brought back up supplies just in case someone brings up the possibility of them sleeping over and then it becomes confirmed so they wanted to be prepared. They must really love being in our house.

My man and I decided to take a walk outside in our neighborhood since Lusanda had offered to sleep with Kumkani so we were free. We held hands and walked like two lovers that are still trying to get to know each other.

Me: Kodwa Tiyeka our family doesn't respect the fact that we're grown. I just dislike how they do whatever they like in our house and we just have to accept it.

Luphelo: utshate ne last born born Mamakhe. Izinto bezizoba njalo Kakade.

-you're married to the last born. That's how things were going to be.

I exhaled.

Me: it's unfair though Jama... But I will let it go for your sake cos I know you love your family. And I don't have siblings so I will never understand. You worked hard for this house so you should be able to have your family around from time to time.

Luphelo: your maturity is a turn on. Enkosi.

He said as he kissed my temple.

Me: it's not maturity kanti ku thanda umnyeni wam.

-it's loving my husband.

He giggled.

Luphelo: even better then.

Me: Luphelo?

Luphelo: mhm?

Me: what's its like to be The Finisher? Like please tell me what it's like to be so young and to be so... Wealthy? Ndixelele? Please.

-tell me?

I said as I took both of his hands and then I held them. He was laughing at my curiosity.

Luphelo: it's cool and all Mamakhe... It makes you feel good about yourself cos you made it and you can afford whatever you want. But it doesn't feel half as good... As being married to you.

Me: suxoka Tatakhe.

-don't lie.

Luphelo: I promise.

He wrapped his arms around me and then he kissed me. At first I felt like he was misleading me but why would he do that? All he has ever done was to support me.

Me: baby I have an idea.

Luphelo: okay?

Me: can't we buy taxi's? Like from your next tender... Drop a million on maybe 10 taxi's and then we get a discount for buying in bulk... And that way our wealth grows. And it's even going to cut down on transportation costs for our construction workers to and from sites... We don't have to pay for transport anymore we will just claim from the quote. And you know how expensive transportation costs are.

Luphelo: What about the farm?

Me: We still have time for that. But the taxi business is a monster business and a huge guarantee that our son is going to grow up flexing. And by the time we're gone, he's going to have an empire.

Luphelo: so we're doing all of this for our son?

Me: yeah. All of this is for our son.

Luphelo: akumnandi ukuba ngu mntaka Lumi no Phelo.

-it's so nice to be Lumi and Phelo's child.

Me: yaybona?!

-can you see?!

We giggled before hugging each other and then we kissed underneath the stars.

Me: baby please sing for me and be my jukebox on our way home.

Luphelo: khayeke Hlalumi.

He dismissed But I looked at him with my puppy eyes. Jukebox it is. I asked for a piggyback ride from him while he sang all of my favorite songs. No but I'm a wife bully sometimes but this man is my best friend so he has to deal with it.

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I woke up on a stained sheet in the morning. I was on my periods. I had been told by my doctor during my checkups that I should start anticipating them soon but I became so comfortable that I relaxed. And Luphelo and I had been having a lot of raw sex so I started becoming anxious, wondering if I couldn't be pregnant again. That would really fuck me up because I don't believe in producing an army of kids. If I have a daughter in maybe 3 years, its a wrap and Luphelo will have to understand.

I got up from the bed whilst yawning and then tapped my husband on the back. He's handsome even in his most natural state.

Luphelo: mhm?

Me: ndi mensele i sheet ndicela uvuke ndizolisusa.

-I menstruated on the sheet so please wake up so I can remove it.

Luphelo: it's just blood phola.

-chill.

Me: ha.a Jama vuka kalok.

-wake up.

He exhaled before getting up from the bed. I took the sheet off the bed before he kissed me.

Luphelo: hambo Vasa. I'll put this in the washing machine.

-go take a bath.

Me: no it's okay-

Luphelo: mntuwam... Ndingabe Ndiyi ou enjani ekuyeka usebenze Kodwa uyamensa? What if une period pains? Hm?

-what kind of a boyfriend would I be to let you work although you're menstruating? What if you have period pains?

He's so charming. And so sweet.

Me: I love you.

Luphelo: I love you more. (kiss) galela amanzi ethu Mamakhe ndiyeza. Ndizobuya no Kumkani.

-run our bathwater I'm coming. I will come with Kumkani.

Me: okay.

He walked out with the dirty bedsheets so I went to take a quick bath, wore my pad in my underwear and then I changed the bedding.

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As a woman, nothing sucks more than seeing another woman in your kitchen. Especially one that you aren't really familiar with. But she couldn't have known because she doesn't know me well enough to know what I like or don't like. She has only interacted with me a handful of times but never Directly enough to know me. She's Mrs Jama. Luyanda's wife. I didn't know when she came. She must have come when we were already asleep.

Me: Mkhuluwakazi hey.

Her: hi Mninawakazi.

We hugged.



Me: uright?

Her: I'm alright wena?

Me: I had my first period so Andika zazi ndi njani.

-I don't know how I am yet.

She giggled.

Her: you will be fine wethu. I'm sorry for coming into your house this late qha I work very late. I just landed. I was in Ibiza for two weeks.

I keep forgetting this lady has the best job in the world. She gets paid to travel.

Me: what is it like there?

Her: well-

Ma: ngaske abayenu Benu babenje.

-I wish your husband's could be like this.

She said as she came into the kitchen with my son. We giggled.

Her: kunga netha imali.

-it would rain money.

We all laughed. Ma made porridge for my baby so Milisa and I dished up breakfast and then served the family. We sat down and then everyone started eating their breakfast.

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The family left as we had all agreed and then I went to work. Leaving my son and my husband behind. He had to prepare for Reid and I had to take care of JC. I was in and out of meetings all day although I did make time to submit my application for the new position at HR.

After work, I went to watch the trial. I even called Luphelo before I left just to make sure that he's still okay. The last thing that I wanted was for him to walk in that court room feeling like it was the end of the world. At the end of the day, he had to win this case for not only his family but for this reputation. These are the types of cases that give advocates exposure. Having a healthy winning streak on some cases brings you a lot of recommendations that are good for business..

The Trial Started and the State attorney questioned Reid. Once his questioning was over, it was time for him to take a walk through hell. Courtesy of Advocate Jama.

Luphelo: Mr Faliso, after you heard that my client's wife had been tragically murdered you immediately went to the police and wrote a statement telling Detective Zuko that you're sure that my client has killed her. Is that a fact or is it just something that you assumed?

Him: it's something that I assumed based on my knowledge of the accused. And I have explained to the court why. I don't want to repeat myself.

Luphelo was immediately getting annoyed by his attitude.

Luphelo: I see. You also told the court that you had witnessed my client abusing his wife, you knew that he owned a gun and have also produced evidence in the form of texts and voice notes of him telling you that he is going to kill his wife. Did you ever maybe warn the deceased or try to get any help for her?

Him: I didn't take it seriously. And that was my mistake.

Luphelo: so if you and I go to South America right now. And we're about to cross a swamp and I'm busy setting up a boat. Then an anaconda swims up to you and knowing it's nature... And what it's capable of, just like you claimed you know what my client is capable of and his nature in that statement... If it tells you "I'm going to squeeze the life out of that guy over there"... Are you not going to take it seriously and warn me that I might get killed so I need to protect myself?

Him: I'm going to take it seriously and warn you.

Luphelo: but you failed to take my client seriously and you failed to make the deceased aware of my client's alleged intentions to kill her. So it's clear that you're either lying to the court or you're over exaggerating your testimony.

Him: I'm not lying nor am I overexaggerating anything!! Mandla is abusive!! He's arrogant!! He's been that way since we were still in university!!

Luphelo: he's the love of your life too, isn't he?

The courtroom fell silent.

Him: Luphelo hayi mfethu.

-no bruh.

Luphelo: Mr Faliso, keeping in mind that you're under oath.. Please tell the court whether you have ever loved or had any sexual encounters with my client?

The tears fell from Reid's eyes and I could tell by the look in Luphelo's face that he wanted to cry too. But he had to keep it together.

Him: yes.

Luphelo: and I understand that it was very difficult for you when he met the deceased and told you that your relationship had to end because he loves her. It was so difficult that you left Cape Town and relocated to Port Elizabeth just so that you wouldn't have to be reminded of the fact that you're no longer together. If my client was abusive and arrogant since you were still in university, by the way that's when your romance began, why was losing him so hard?

Him: because I loved him and he abuses women and not men. I could handle him.

Luphelo: that's a lie Mr Faliso. I have a record of all of the assault charges that have been laid against my client. All of them are pressed by men. Only one has been pressed by a woman, and that woman is the

deceased and we all know why she did that. Your Honour I would like to call a Clinical Psychologist specialist, Dr Patricia Sifora to come and give her professional view point of Mr Faliso's testimony.

My mother got up and walked up to the front and she stood next to my husband. Both of them dressed in black and white. Both of them dripping in postgraduate degree's and professionalism. I was so inspired by the teamwork between them. This was the best surprise in the world.

Mommy: Thank you Advocate Jama.

Husband: The floor is yours Doctor Sifora.

I died.. 😊

Mommy: Your Honour, listening to both sides of Mr Faliso's testimony I have been able to come to the conclusion that Mr Faliso is still in love with the accused. That is why him and the accused still keep in contact because there is absolutely no reason for someone to keep close contact with an ex lover that broke his heart and is allegedly "abusive". Men naturally have a lower tolerance for abuse than woman so it is absolutely unlikely that Mr Faliso could have watched the accused abusing his wife and not done anything about it especially since he claimed "I can handle him" . He has never reprimanded the accused even once about his alleged abuse against his wife which leads me to believe that Mr Faliso either enjoyed watching him abuse his late wife or he would just like to believe that the deceased was being abused just to convince himself that he was better off being without the accused . Lastly, Your Honour, I have observed that Mr Faliso likes to act on things before thinking them through. He didn't take the accused's threats seriously for years because he knew he was just venting about his marital problems to a friend since that's all Mr Faliso is to the accused now but the minute he heard that his wife was shot, he went to write a statement. The question is why? I am not certain but from my expert opinion I can honestly say that Mr Faliso knew that this is his one chance to escape the man that he loves but can't have nor get rid of. Thank you Your Honour.

My husband and my mother both gave one another a nod of respect before she stepped down and went to sit down. I couldn't be any more prouder of the baddest team any Court has ever seen.

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Luphelo: Mr Faliso, given Dr Sifora's expert opinion about your relationship with my client. Do you believe that you might have jumped at the opportunity to have my client implicated by your statement just so that you could have him out of your life for good?

Him: No.

Luphelo: Do you have other proof besides those texts and those voice notes to prove that my client had any intention to kill his wife?

Him: No.

Luphelo: Do you believe that my client might have just been venting to you in particular that he would like to kill her just to make you happy? Just to express how dissatisfied he was in his marriage? And that he didn't actually mean any harm.

Him: it could be a possibility.

Luphelo: "it could be a possibility". I need a direct yes or no-

State advocate: Objection Your Honour!! The Defense is forcing my client to answer for his client and that is an absolutely absurd expectation.

Judge: Sustained. Advocate Jama, accept his answer that it could be a possibility.

Luphelo: Noted My Lady. Since you claim that there is a possibility that the only tangible proof that you have that my client had intentions to kill his wife could have just been him venting out about his marital strife and not him actually planning to kill her, do you believe that you had overreacted by writing that statement based on what he said in those texts?

Him: yes.

Luphelo: no further questions Your Honour. Thank you.

He said before sitting down with his head faced down. He couldn't stand to face Reid after what he had just done not only to him but to his marriage.

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Court was adjourned so I followed my husband. I was going to meet up with my mother a bit later but I needed to make sure he's okay. So I caught up to him on his way to his car.

Me: Luphelo?

Luphelo: Ncumo?

He exhaled when he saw me.

Me: are you okay?

Luphelo: no. Ndicela uthatha i drive no Kumkani just to think?

-can I please take a drive with Kumkani?

Me: uzayomlamda?

-are you going to fetch him?

Luphelo nodded.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: nzam fundisa uqhuba.

-I'm going to teach him how to drive.

Me: ungaklinge.

-don't you dare.

We giggled as he hugged me. Reid came storming to us and then he stood in front of Luphelo.

Reid: why the fuck didn't you warn me about this shit Luphelo?! I thought we were friends fondin Jama.

Me: okay Reid can we just talk about this?! He was only doing his job-

Reid: well fuck his job then. What happened to muthafucking heart? Friendship?

He said as he yelled in Luphelo's face who fixed his clothing. He didn't know what else to do nor say.

Reid: I would never do that shit to you Luphelo!! Never!! Why the fuck did you even accept this fucking case after all the shit he did to me... To you! You're already The Finisher everyone knew that if they've got you they will walk free you didn't need this case bruh. You ruined me. You ruined Mbali. You ruined Melz's sister on that stand. And Mandla fucked us all over we didn't deserve this shit.

He pointed at Luphelo's forehead whose conscience was so scarred that he didn't even protect himself. He just allowed Reid to do whatever hence I stayed out of it because if Luphelo wanted this to stop, he would have ended it before it even started.

Luphelo: ugqhibile fondin?!

-are you done?!

He asked cheekily. He was upset.

Reid: get the fuck out of here.

Luphelo: I will meet you at home Hlalumi.

He said as he climbed into his car and then he drove away so I decided to go to my mother.

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I climbed into my mom's car and then I hugged her.

Me: I didn't expect to see you Mama. It was an amazing surprise.

She smiled.

Mommy: umnyeni wakho told me you had taken an interest in law so telling you would have ruined the surprise. He wanted to inspire your dream.

I smiled.

Me: it worked. But Mama were you even allowed to do that? Like... You're his mother in law.

Mommy: I'm a specialist first and his mother in law second. I can defend my opinion anywhere. Kalok Ncumo uLuphelo told me it would be good for his case to bring in a witness of fact to discredit Reids decision to write that statement so that's what I did. It's the judge's prerogative to use my opinion or to discard it. Whatever she does with it... That moment with my son in law was amazing Hlalumi.

I smiled.

Me: I'm just sad that this is how Mandla's wife lost her life Mama. Imagine being killed and no one really cares? Like other people are gonna get paid in 7 figures, other people are getting inspired to study law, other people are forming motivational teams... It's just sad.

Mommy: that's why you should not accept even a slap. I don't care what the reason is... There is no abuser that starts off by blowing your brains off. It starts off with a slap. Then he gives you a backhand. Then it's a fist. Then it's a full on assault. Then he has you staring down a barrel and like the white folks say "the rest becomes history". I don't want to lie mntanam... I love the life you're living. You're happy. But if that Jama boy ever touches you. I will divorce him myself.

She said as her breathing rose. She was getting angry just thinking about a man beating her daughter.

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I drove home and I really will never get used to coming home to an empty home. A house without my chubby, adorable son and my husband will never be a home so I decided that I was going to make burgers for dinner since we both needed a pick me up so I took the bacon and beef Patty's out of the freezer just to let them defrost. I made my Boxers Chilli Russians in the meantime and then I went to take a shower. I changed my pad and then received a call from Lelethu. I was too nervous to pick it up because I expected her to confront me about what happened at the court.

Me: hello?

Lelethu: Hlalumi have you seen my husband? He hasn't come back after the trial and I know Luphelo's reputation for tearing witnesses apart. What did he say to my husband?

I exhaled. I didn't know whether I should tell her or not. But I didn't know what else to say... So I had to come clean.

Me: uhm... He... Asked him about his history no Mandla.

Lelethu: what history? Were they... Together?

Me: yeah.

I said, exasperated. She exhaled over the phone.

Lelethu: why did he keep that from me?

I raised my eyebrow.

Me: I don't know... Maybe... He thought you would mind?

Lelethu: Hlalumi... Love is love. I don't care if he's bisexual I just love my husband.. Can you please help me find him?

Me: yeah I will call Lumphelo and ask him to take us. He might know where Reid might be.

Lelethu: okay hurry I'm nervous.

Me: okay.

I hung up and then called Lumphelo and told him to come home quickly to pick me up so I got dressed in my Fila bodysuit, ripped jeans and sneakers then I wore Lumphelo's hoodie since it was cold. He arrived at home with Kumie so I climbed into the car, we picked Lelethu up and then we left.

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I love night time but there was nothing to love about this night. Kumkani was awake, smiling at me. He loves smiling. I held him in my arms while Lelethu argued with Lumphelo.

Lelethu: why the fuck would you do him like that Lumphelo?!

Lumphelo: it's my job.

Lelethu: I'm a lawyer but I still don't understand why it was necessary.

Lumphelo: all you do is give out legal advice Lelethu hence you don't understand. It's people like me that have to do the heavy lifting.

Lelethu: poor advocate Jama. Poor Finisher. Wawunje Kwase classin mqundwe cum laude.

-you were like this since we were in class fucking cum laude.

I didn't know that they studied together.

Lumphelo: ptsek.

Lelethu: msunu.

Me: guys isn't that Reid's car?

Lelethu: yiyo misa mahn wena tshonge fade Kodwa una 30'nto.

Luphelo: ayisandi faneli.

-it suits me.

He said as he parked and then she climbed out and ran to her husband who was sitting inside of his car. We also climbed out of the car and then watched as Reid got out of his car.

Reid: Lelethu what are you doing here with those people?

Lelethu: why didn't you tell me that you're bisexual?

Reid: FUCK LUPHELO YOU TOLD

HER TOO? WHAT THE FUCK MAN?!

Lelethu: No it's not like that Reid. I accept you, okay? My dad told me during his last days ukba he wishes he had been more honest with us that all he ever wanted was to be a woman. He felt like a woman trapped in a man's body. So he told me I have a responsibility as his daughter to be more accepting to the people that I love. So Reid mnyeni wam... Okay you like men too but do you love me? I mean really love me... Like in love with me? I need to know whether you're just gay or bisexual? Please be honest.

He started crying.

Reid: ndi bisexual Lelethu. I love you. I really do and we have been so great until la Satan we Advocate ruined things.

Lelethu: no la Satan we Advocate freed you. You don't have to pretend anymore cos I'm okay. As long as you are faithful. I don't care what your past is.

Reid took his wife and kissed her while Luphelo and I watched from our car, hearts experiencing contentment.

Reid: so ndithini kla Satan we Advocate? Ndithi enkosi?

-so what do I say to that Satan of an Advocate? Say thank you?

Lelethu: hay uzam gezisa la Satan we Advocate myeke.

They giggled before Reid and his wife came to us.

Reid: I'm sorry fethu.

Luphelo: I'm sorry nam bawo.

Reid: sigrand ngok?

-are we cool now?

Luphelo: ingandvuyisa lonto.



-that would make me happy.

He said as our husband's shook on it and hugged it out. Lelethu came to stand next to me and wrapped her arms around me. She was cold.

Me: Soooooo... Husband's sicela i carry pack ezimbini ne Ciroco for le trauma nisafake kuyo.

-husbands we are asking for two carry packs and a Ciroc for the trauma you put us through.

Reid: yere Lumphelo uyanxila umfazi wakho.

-damn Lumphelo your wife can drink.

Me: hayyy rhaaa uthini ngo Lelethu?

-what do you say about Lelethu?

Reid: she drinks but wena?!!

We argued while laughing at our argument.

Lumphelo: let's have dinner eCubana ninxile phana keh. But first let's go drop the baby off kuMamam.

Lelethu: okay guys.

We all agreed on the plans so Lumphelo and I got into our car and they followed behind us in their car.

Me: baby thank you va?

Lumphelo: for making peace with Reid?

Me: hay rhaaa for lentba uzovusa ndingenaphi kwi beef yenu mna?

-no for the fact that you're going to buy alcohol for us what do I have to do with your beef?

My husband looked at me and then shook his head. He probably doesn't know what the hell he did to deserve a wife who loves alcohol as much as I do.

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We arrived at Lumphelo's home and then we went to knock on the door. Mr Jama Senior opened up the door in his vest, boxers and gown. He was wearing his wife's slippers.

Senior: Anda Dikwa.

-I became annoyed.

We laughed.

Lumphelo: asizanga kuwe mahn Timer size ku Mama.

-we didn't come to you Dad we came to Mom.

Senior: please keh nithi make sure nihamba no King Jama. Sifuna i peace namhlanje no mkam.

-please make sure you leave with King Jama. My wife and I want peace today.

Lumphelo: Nozala?

-mommy?

Ma: ndiyeza Pabbles.

-I'm coming.

She said before she walked into the living room.

Ma: Hlalumi mntanam Molo.

Me: Hi ma.

We Hugged.

Lumphelo: Mama ndicela undi jongele umntanam.

-Mom please look after my child for me.

Ma: okay nizomlanda ngomso?

-are you going to fetch him tomorrow?

Lumphelo: ewe Mama.

Ma: okay. Bye bye 'ini ke.

Us: bye Ma enkosi.

We said as Lumphelo handed Kumkani over with his bag. Ma took him and then I kissed him goodnight and goodbye. No but this leaving my son life really sucks but I needed to have fun.

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We arrived at Summerstrand and then made our way inside Cubana. I really like this place. And so did Ovayo. We chose a table near the balcony just to get the right view for Instagram. Lelethu and I took selfies with Luphelo's phone and then uploaded on Instagram before the menus arrived. My man and Reid ordered a Cubana Mixed Grill with a bottle of Bisquit Cognac which they were going to share then Lelethu and I ordered a rib basket with Usain Bolt cocktails for now. Luphelo asked for 12 shots of tequila which came in a tray.

Reid: Luphelo for ntoni keh ngok?

-what for now?

Luphelo: ndifuna ubona ngubani ozokwazi usela the most tequilas without even flinching.

-I want to see who will be able to drink..

Reid: you expect us not to flinch? Kwi tequila fondin?

Luphelo: ewe fondin Reid Izani. Any questions?

Me: what's the end game? What are we playing for?

Luphelo: Respect sthandwa sam. Bragging rights.

Me: ha.a mnyeni wam. Lets all put R250 on the table. Winner takes all.

Lelethu: Hlalumi why must everything be a business venture apha kuwe?

Luphelo: awumazi. Noba ndithi baby ndicela impundu uzathi jonga "beka nezi zakho impundu baby yazba sokwenza more rounds xanezakho zilapha".

-you don't know her. Even if I say baby can I please have ass she's going to say "look put your ass too baby then we know we will make more rounds if yours is also here".

They laughed. He's such a liar.

Me: mxm Jama.

I said as I stroked his arm. Everyone took their R250's and then we placed them on the table. Winner gets R750.

Luphelo: masiqhaleni ke. We will do this Anti clockwise keh.

Reid: Okay. LLB start.

Lelethu failed immediately. She lost her money by flinching.

Reid: Iza Cum Laude.

Luphelo passed round one..

Reid: BSc in Construction economics sime ngawe.

I took two shots without flinching and Lumphelo's mouth hung open.

Lumphelo: Maka Kumkani Xabektheni?

Me: Yinton Taka Kumkani? I'm taking the load off. Iza fondin Bachelor of Architectural studies.

Reid passed round one. We were having a blast stunting with our qualifications. We went through our second round where all 3 of us passed and I still took two shots while the men took one. Lumphelo retired on the third round because he said he still had to drive. So it was between Reid and I. But he quit on the fourth round and claimed he couldn't catch up to me anyway since I was taking two shots at a time so I took 6 tequila shots in total. And I was starting to feel the effects but a bitch had to stay firm and pretend my husband wasn't right here to pick me up. You can't be a weak bitch when you're drinking around people. That's how you black out and end up in trouble.

Lumphelo: shorty imma only tell you this once you this illest.

He said as he gave me a round of applause for winning the competition.

Me: thank you so much guys for giving me imali nje out of the blue you guys are so kind.

They giggled.

Lelethu: sadiki umfazi we Finisher.

-the Finishers wife is so annoying.

Lumphelo: yi Punisher Lena fondin.

-this is the Punisher.

He said as we side eyed one another in the most adorable way ever. I love him. I love him even more for never embarrassing me when we're out with other people or couples. He knows how to behave.

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After dinner, Lumphelo settled the bill and then Reid took care of the tip. I was fucking drunk by then but I didn't want to open my mouth because I knew I was gonna say some dumb shit. I held my mans hand on my way to the car and didn't even let go when I was hugging Reid and Lelethu goodbye. They left so Lumphelo gave me the keys. Tf? Is this man serious? How can he expect me to drive in this condition?

Me: undi Nickelani isitixo ngoku Jama?

-why are you giving me the key?

Lumphelo: Funeka ufunde uqhuba xawunxilile Majama. If I'm going to trust you to go out on your own I need to make sure you can drive back noba Sektheni because other men will take advantage of you and I don't want you to experience the pain of being raped. Okay?

-you need to learn how to drive when you're drunk.

He sniffed. The thought of someone raping his wife was too much for him even to think about so I took the key and although I was tripping over my own feet, I climbed into the passenger seat and then started the car.

Luphelo: nxiba i safety belt.

-wear the safety.

Me: Yes Mr Love of my life.

He smiled, rolled his eyes and then he looked away as I wore my safety belt.

Me: Did you just blush Taka Kumkani?

Luphelo: hayi kha qhube wethu.

-no just drive.

I giggled as I took his hand in mine and then kissed the back of his hand like he does to me when he's driving. His hand smelt like apples since that's the flavor of his hand lotion. You just have to respect a man who makes sure his appearance and hygiene is on point. He kept giving me "drunk driving" lessons all because he wanted to make sure that I don't ever let my guard down and be unable to drive home after a wild night out.

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I couldn't go to work the next morning, I was way too sick to even get up. But Luphelo gave me a bath since I was still on my periods and needed to take a bath then he made breakfast for me. I ate, went to bed and after two hours I had to get up from the bed to fetch Kumkani from his grandparents' house. He was so happy to see me. He even giggled. I took him to the mall where I bought him some clothes then I called Bulelani when I was there.

Him: Hlalumi?

Me: hi B are you good?

Him: yeah wena?

Me: I'm fine. I'm here at the mall no King and all of a sudden I thought about having a baby shower for uSihle.

Him: kalok Hlalumi I'm still the only one working so I can't afford all the extra things. We have spoken about it.

Me: kalok you don't have to plan it alone. People can make a contribution. That's what family is for.

Him: okay... That would be nice... So I'm leaving it up to you then you can let me know what's going to come up.

Me: okay keh.

Him: sure thank you.

Me: bye.

Him: bye.

In the mall I ended up buying a new phone for my man, the iPhone Xs and then I bought a customized pouch for him. It was black and was written in gold "look at me about to be paid in 7 figures" - The Finisher. Lophelo is so going to love this. After shopping in the mall, I went to a car dealership to negotiate the price of buying taxi's in bulk and it could amount to a 10% discount which I couldn't wait to tell Lophelo about.

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It was eventually time for us to go to the court where the judge was now going to give her ruling. So the State Advocate and Lophelo had to state their case for the court one more time in order to try to convince the judge that Mandla is either guilty or not. Detective Zuko was also called in to tell the court what he believes happened during that night but Lophelo tore that down immediately since there was insufficient evidence to point it back to Mandla.

The court took a break while the Judge deliberated. She came back after an hour with her final verdict.

Judge: I have carefully and thoroughly investigated this case with a fine tooth comb because domestic abuse, gender based violence, gun violence and murder are an ongoing problem in South Africa. And it is a problem that we as the enforcers of the law are trying to combat in order to ensure that our country is safe. I urge all of the women, even men in this court of law to make a commitment to protect our women and to do a better job at protecting the women who need your help. Do not let fear of doing the right thing cost another woman her life. However in this case, a criminal case, the State had to prove without a reasonable doubt that the accused had killed his wife on the night in question. No gun powder was found by detectives on the hands of the accused. The only witness who saw what happened on that night couldn't confirm whether or not the killer in question is the accused and he stated clearly and unambiguously that the killer in question was not wearing a glove. Considering what the accused has been through, I do believe that there is an element of abuse in him. Every single state witness that has taken this stand has atested to this and I cannot overlook that. But this is a murder case. Not an assault case. Therefore the court finds Mr Mandla Mthethwa, not guilty of murder. However, he is sentenced to 2 years of probation to ensure that he doesn't abuse any soul. He will have to consult with his probation officer about the terms of his probation and failure to comply with the terms of his probation will result in another hearing. Court is adjourned.

She banged before getting up and then walked out. Mandla was so happy that he tried to hug Lophelo who shrugged him off. I read his lips.

Lophelo: sund bamba. I did my part so we're done ngok.

-don't touch me.

Mandla: I know you hate me but thank you for getting me off I knew I could trust you.

Mandla was fetched by the officials so the State Advocate came to give Luphelo a handshake. I moved in closer to hear this cos I can't have females around my man and not eavesdrop.

Her: well done Luphelo.

Luphelo: well done for getting a murderer off?

Her: a certain advocate once told me that I should know that who we are in court isn't who we really are. Yes, this wasn't the best circumstances to show off who you are but you're a fucking good brown skinned advocate Luphelo.

Luphelo: thank you.

Her: I would like us to work together at some point. I have a law school... Well it's a family business and I would like you to occasionally teach my students how to have swag. You just have that thing that makes you so fun to watch... You're in?

He laughed.

Luphelo: yeah I'm in.

Her: cool. I will call you sometime.

Luphelo: okay bye.

Her: goodbye LJ.

She walked away and I rolled my eyes. You just know you're a good advocate when you make the State advocate fall in love with you 😊.

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A Ncumolwethu and Luphelo appreciation post. 😊👰

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I walked out of the court room and then went to my car. I was lowkey annoyed about this woman and her feelings towards my husband but I had to remind myself that nothing was going to happen. Luphelo loves me. And he has proven that time and time again.

He followed me to my car where Kumkani was sleeping. He climbed into the passenger seat and then he closed the door.

Me: Iphi moto yakho?

-where's your car?

Luphelo: Molo nawe Majama.

-hello to you too.

Me: hello. I'm sorry.

Luphelo: I took an Uber and left my car at work.

Me: Oh okay... May I congratulate you on your victory?

Luphelo: definitely not. Ndi grand ngale case mna I just wanna put it behind me and pretend I'm not the reason why that muthafucker u Mandla is going to be free to abuse somebody else.

-I'm all good with this case.

Me: at least he's on parole though. Maybe that will make a difference?

Luphelo: masthembe. u Shirley, la advocate that I was up against would like me to teach her students in future. I was really surprised that she asked.

Me: she wants you. That's why she asked.

Luphelo: no she has a law school and she just wants to ensure that her students get the best training-

Me: while she gets with a successful black man. She wants you Luphelo sukundi phikisa. I could tell by her body language when you two were talking that she wants you.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: haike... Cos I like a woman with coarse hair and thick lips. Umntu endinom thutha... A woman with colour on her skin whose ass bounces back when I slap it. A woman who can carry my baby on her hips cos they are broad enough... I love black women Majama. I love you in particular so relax. You will never lose me to another woman in general... Let alone a white one. Yayazi English yam iphelelwa rhou.

-you know my English runs out quickly.

I giggled. I love it when Luphelo says relatable things because he's not a relatable at all. He's just different. He took Kumkani from the backseat and then he held his baby all the way to the house. It was a beautiful sight. A black man holding his baby whilst wearing his robe which Kumie puked on anyway.



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We arrived home, took a shower and then we made dinner. We ate, took care of our baby whom is an angel because he's really quiet unless he's hungry or something is bothering him then he will scream. Otherwise the baby of us, Kumkani Nande Jama is an angel and moms keep telling me to enjoy these months whilst they last because when he's teething he's going to become impossible.

After putting him down, I went to the bedroom where my husband was sitting on the edge of the bed.

Luphelo: Mandla paid the rest of my money keh... So tomorrow we're going to settle the house.

Me: you're going to settle the house Jama. It's your money.

Luphelo: the last thing I'm going to do as a husband is to let how much I earn disrespect your contributions to our family. When I was 22, I didn't have anything. You're on the right track mntuwam and one day... You're gonna be as successful as your husband.

I smiled.

Me: you think so?

Luphelo: I know so.

I wrapped my arms around him and then chilled behind him whilst occasionally kissing his back.

Me: I went to check out the price of the taxi's and we could get a 10% discount if we buy 10.

Luphelo: we can't just go to one dealership Mamakhe. We need to compare at least from 5 and see where we can get the biggest discount.

Me: yeah I know qha I just wanted you to know what we're looking at.

Luphelo: you do know that the taxi business is ruthless right?

Me: yes but I also know we can make it work as long as we aren't greedy. Let's do things the right way and we will be fine. And besides we won't only use our taxi's on the road as I said they will be beneficial to Jama Constructions.

Luphelo: Okay Mamakhe. But let's buy 4 now and see how it goes... Then buy the rest if everything goes well.

I kissed his shoulders as I nodded. I love a man who can fund a dream

Me: khaphe umntu wakho umthondo keh.

-give your person some dick then.

He giggled as I caressed his chest whilst planting kisses on his back

Luphelo: izomthatha.

-come and fetch it.

He said seductively and I switched sides without hesitation. I missed him. We hadn't had sex in a while because of this trial so it felt good to be in his arms again. I straddled him and we kissed with so much passion because we both knew we hadn't done this in a while so we had to savour the moment instead of rushing it. We made out whilst he undressed me until I was completely naked so he put me down on the edge of the bed before wearing a condom. I really can't get used to him wearing a condom since he always hits it raw.

He pulled my legs apart before inserting himself inside me. He gave me about four strokes before he became annoyed by the condom and then he took it off and fucked me raw. The perks of being married. We fucked for three rounds and after the last round, I gave him his new cellphone which he was beyond excited about. Not to mention the pouch.

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Kumkani screamed in the early hours of the morning so his parents went to his bedroom. We were both sleepy so we switched on the lights and he stopped crying when he saw us and baby giggled. He's so adorable especially when he starts kicking those little legs of his.

Luphelo: Kumkani usibizelantoni apha?

-why did you call us here?

Me: Uyayazi your son doesn't want to be alone so he woke up and realised he's alone so he started crying.

He exhaled before taking his son and then he kissed him before we sat cross legged on his carpet and then put Kumkani in between his father's legs.

Me: baby khandfundise ujaiva torho kalok. It's Friday tomorrow and I'm going out.

-baby please teach me how to dance.

He laughed.

Luphelo: I thought you'd never ask Iza mntuwam. Hambo thatha i Huawei yam eroomini yethu.

-come my person. Go fetch my Huawei from our bedroom.

I ran to our bedroom then I came back with my man's phone and gave it to him. He unlocked it then he played his favorite gqom Playlist which he got from Lusanda who is another great dancer. He asked Kumkani to hold his phone for him which was the funniest thing ever.

Luphelo: yaykwazi Thuso Phala Mos?

-you know how to do the Thuso Phala right?

Me: no baby I can't.

I sulked.

Luphelo: watch me.

Me: don't do your cum laude Thuso Phala that has the Vosho involved. I just need the standard Thuso Phala that everyone does.

Luphelo: haha okay Ncumo.

He did it and then it was my turn to. I wasn't so bad so we moved on from him teaching me individual dance moves to him teaching me an entire routine while Kumkani watched us dancing in front of the mirror whilst his back was against a pillow. After more than an hour of getting dance lessons from my husband, I was finally the Gyel. I wasn't on Babes Wodumo's level but if a song came on right now I was going to be the first on the dance floor.

Me: enkosi baby

I said as annoyingly sat on his lap whilst bombarding his face with several kisses.

Luphelo: Ncumo ndizowa kanjan.

-I'm going to fall.

He said before trying to get his balance.

Me: xolo mntuwam... But I'm so ready for the weekend ngoku. Lelethu is not gonna know how this happened.

He giggled.

Me: baby do we need to discuss a curfew? Cos I feel like sometimes I'm pushing it.

Luphelo: Andiy boni point ye curfew mna. You're grown Hlalumi...be safe and be loyal. Even if you come home at 6 am as long as you told me I'm good. Marriages end cos people become way too possessive and that's fucked up mntuwam. You need to chill in a marriage and allow your partner to breathe. Kuthi huuu pha kuye. You already had to deal with a strict mom so... I don't want you to deal with a crazy strict husband.

-I don't see a point of a curfew.

I hugged him and then ran my hair through his fade.

Me: I love you so much.

Luphelo: I love you more baby. Believe me.

I kissed him and he kissed me right back.

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Luphelo: thetha fondin iyasinda i iPhone XS.

-talk bruh an iPhone XS is heavy.

I was woken up by Luphelo's flex in the early hours of the morning so I giggled as I got up and then kissed his face. I then went to fetch our son from his bedroom who was still sleeping like an angel and decided to allow him to sleep between us whilst I give him time to wake up on his own. There is nothing that Kumkani Jama hates more than being woken up. If you wake him up, he will be cranky the whole day. His father wrapped up his call then he put down his phone and looked at his son so affectionately.

Luphelo: akasemhle lomjita.

-this guy is so beautiful.

He said before kissing his son and Kumkani took his hand and put it on his father's face as if he was encouraging Luphelo to keep kissing him. It was so adorable.

Me: Luphelo uyay need'a i nanny ngoku uKumkani.

-Kumkani needs a nanny now.

Luphelo: Mamakhe, it's either you take a maternity leave or we keep taking him to my mom's house. He's not getting a nanny.

Me: Luphelo nothing is going to happen to him, okay? Trust me. Not every woman is uNondwe.

Luphelo: I'm not going to take chances with my son Hlalumi.

He said as he got up and went to the en suite so I stuffed pillows next to King to make sure he doesn't fall off the bed as I go argue with his father in the en suite.

Me: Luphelo we will install camera's keh to see how the nanny will behave around our son. Please!

Luphelo: anzoxabana nawe mna ekhona uKumkani.

-I'm not going to argue with you when Kumkani is around.

I exhaled as I pulled his arm out of the bedroom and then we went into his office.

Me: Luphelo we can't keep having to live like this okay? uKumkani ulele ngoku and we both know our baby hates being woken up. He cries all day cos he becomes moody. Kanti if he had a nanny he would be able to sleep as much as he wants.

Luphelo: then take maternity leave Hlalumi it's that simple. Or my parents can live here with us. Those are the two options.

He said as he walked out and I became so damn frustrated.

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I went down to the kitchen and made Luphelo's breakfast. We may be mad at one another but he's still my husband so he still needs to eat. I made a call to Lona telling her that I won't be going to work cos I will be at home with my son so I asked her to attend all of my meetings. Luckily I never schedule important meetings on a Friday. Luphelo came down with Kumkani and his bag but I went to take my son and carried him on my back. His diaper was still clean since we had just changed it in the morning.

Luphelo: unxiba nini?

-when are you getting dressed?

Me: andizok phendula.

-I'm not going to answer you.

Luphelo: ye yakho naleyo.

-that's your prerogative.

I exhaled.

Me: I'm not going to work today. I'm going to look after him.

Luphelo: I hope you're not going nanny hunting cos sizoxabana.

-we're going to argue.

Me: Luphelo I'm just trying to figure out a plan okay? Stop being so mean to me I'm not used to you being like this.

I sniffed and wiped my eyes.

Luphelo: I'm sorry Hlalumi... It's just that you know what my issue is with nannys. I don't know how to be civil when dealing with this situation.

Me: Luphelo please understand that while I may not be the kind of mother who you may have expected me to be... I fucking love my son and anyone who hurts him will die and that's not a threat it's a warning and a spoiler.. I would lay on a track while a train is coming for my son and die for him cos life without him now seems impossible. So you need to trust me with this, okay? We need a nanny.

He looked down and then wiped his own tears. Nondwe really fucked my husband up.

Luphelo: have it your way. Ndimkile ngoku Hlalumi. Bye.

-I'm gone now.

He said as he got up and then he walked out. I exhaled before leaning on the kitchen counter and cried in my own arms.

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Mommy called me just when I was done dressing my little baby and I was putting on cartoons for him to watch. He loves those baby songs.

Me: hey Mama.

Mommy: hey angel face. Utheni? You sound so sad.

I held my tears back to no avail.

Me: Mama uLuphelo akafuni sibene nanny but Kumkani really needs one at this point.

-Luphelo doesn't want us to have a nanny.

Mommy exhaled.

Mommy: you know what his nanny did to him Kodwa Hlalumi.

Me: I know but mama that won't happen to uKumie. I will make sure of it.

Mommy: Sthandwa sam that's easy for you to say cos you don't know what Luphelo went through. Kalok Nondwe didn't just molest him she abused him emotionally as well and he's had to live with that pain for literally as long as you have been alive Hlalumi.

Me: I think I should take maternity leave then. Cos I don't know what else to do to solve this problem..

Mommy: maybe you should nyani Hlalumi cos I have to take his side apha.

I wiped my tears because I really didn't want to leave my job.

Me: maybe.

Mommy: Hlalumi sthandwa sam be strong vha? Kumie will grow up and you can go back to work and be you again. Okay?

Me: yeah.

Mommy: okay. I love you.

Me: I love you more.

Mommy: bye.

Me: bye.

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°° Shirley's perspective °°

I decided to visit Luphelo at his law firm because I heard through the grapevine that he has one and I didn't even know about that. So I was told he was still in a budget meeting but as soon as it was adjourned I went up to his office with some seafood for lunch.

I knocked on his door and he told me to come in. I opened the door and his mouth hung open with he saw me. I didn't know why. Whether it was me that he was surprised to see or my body or the fact that I had food... I just couldn't tell.

Luphelo: Shirley what are you doing here?

Honestly black men look hotter when their shirts are tight.

Me: I just thought I should come check out your company in case I get fired.

He smiled.

Luphelo: I don't know if you have noticed but this is a black lawyers only firm so...

He shrugged before getting up to hug me.

Me: I could get a tan and cornrows. That would work right?

He shook his head as he laughed silently at my endeavors to fit in.

Me: okay. I brought seafood. I hope you like it.

Luphelo: No I don't... Actually I hate it. I just like fish.

Me: well luckily I brought fish so thank me later since it's lunchtime and you don't have lunch.

I was doing so much out of nervousness and I could tell by the look on his face that he noticed too. I just couldn't explain why I was feeling this way over this man. I have been up against a lot of men in my 9 year career but none of them have wrecked havoc like Luphelo has. He's so smart. So sarcastic. So cool and he's interesting... Has that thing about him that you can't put your finger on but you know it's there.

I laid down our lunch on the table and he asked his PA to bring bread for his fish. It was the weirdest thing ever. His PA came with a loaf of bread and Luphelo ate his fish and chips with bread. He put everything in bread. He put prawns in bread. Lobsters in bread. I just couldn't stop laughing.

His door opened and his wife came in. Carrying their beautiful son on her back and she had a little bag which I assumed had his lunch. She looked a bit surprised to see a woman in his office but recovered when her husband spoke.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam.

Ncumo: hi.

Me: hello.

Ncumo: I'm Ncumolwethu Jama. His wife.

Me: I'm Shirley Zeelie. I was the State advocate of Mandla Mthethwa's trial.

Ncumo: I know I watched. You were good.

Me: thanks.

She turned to her husband and then put the bag on his desk.

Ncumo: uhluthi Luphelo?

-are you full?

Luphelo: mntuwam akhange undi xelele Uyeza.

-you didn't tell me you're coming.

Ncumo: Ithi lonto itya ukutya okuze nalomntu? Bona icebo keh uzokutya nokwam.

-does that say you should eat food that came with this person? Make a plan cos you're also gonna eat mine.

Luphelo: heh Maka Kumkani iabs zam fondin zithini zona?

-what about my abs?

Ncumo: andithanga nqha ngazo fondin.

-I don't care about them.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: Uhm Shirley..

Me: I have to leave right?

Luphelo: yeah.

He

Said whilst feeling exasperated.

Me: okay. It was nice seeing you two. Good bye.

Them: good bye.

I neatly took what was left of the lunch I came with and walked out with it.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I took Kumkani and put him on my lap as I sat down on the chair opposite Luphelo's lap and watched him with squinted eyes.

Luphelo: ha.a baby uyandi bulala ngoku. Ndi hluthi.

-no baby you're killing me now. I'm full.

Me: what was she doing here Jama?

Luphelo: andimazi Mamakhe. But she had food and quite frankly she saved me cos I was really hungry.

I rolled my eyes before taking my food but he stopped me.

Luphelo: nzayitya ngo 3 Hlalumi. Enkosi.

-I will eat it at 3. Thank you.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: Can I please have my son?

Me: Didn't Shirley bring you a son?

Luphelo: Ndafa Nkosyam.

-I die.

I was becoming annoying so I decided to give him a break. I gave him his son whom he put on his chest.

Me: Luphelo I decided to take maternity leave.

He raised his eyebrow.

Luphelo: wena?!

-you?

Me: yes me... Luphelo you always have my best interests at heart for everything. When I need you, you're always there. And I don't like to see you cry it fucks with my soul because I know nothing will happen to our son but you don't believe that so as your wife... I'm going to take maternity leave to show you that I love my job but I love you and Kumie more. So yeah.

Luphelo gave me the broadest smile I had ever seen.

Luphelo: khand phuze.

-kiss me.

He said as I went over to his side and then gave him a lip lock. His lips are so soft.

Luphelo: enkosi Lumi ka Phelo.

Me: you're welcome.

I kissed his cheek and then laid my hand on his shoulder while smelling his cologne. Then Kumie farted and spoiled the entire family moment.

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My man's phone rang so he put the call on loudspeaker. It was his mother.

Luphelo: Nozala?

Ma: Pabbles uphi uMamekhaya? Ndizamile umphonela Kodwa akaphenduli.

-where is the woman of the house? I tried calling her but she's not answering.

Me: ndi lapha Mama.

-I'm here.

Ma: Okay Majama kukho umgidi ekhaya eKamva ngoku ndicela uyoncedisa upheka mntanam. Kodwa subana worry sendiba yalezile ukuba une degree wena ne Benz ngoku bathi wena uzo chuba i veg awuzoya ngamandla.

-there is going to be a Homecoming at my home at Kamva now I'm asking you to please be of help in terms of the cooking. But don't worry I already told them that you have a degree and a Benz now they said you will just chop the vegetables you won't do much.

Luphelo laughed.

Luphelo: Ja Nozala!!

Ma and I giggled.

Me: okay Mama nini?

-when?

Ma: Saturday. Sorry for the last minute notice Kodwa you have to start cooking tonight. Please mntanam.

Me: okay sure Ma text me the directions and I will be there.

Ma: uzay thini Kumkani?

-what are you going to do with the King?

Me: ndizamsa ku Mamam.

-I'm going to take him to my mother.

Ma: ha.a ipetto yam ibusy namhlanje. Ndizam jonga.

-no my friend is busy today. I will look after him..

Me: okay ma.

Ma: sure Majama I will text you.

Me: okay Ma.

Ma: bye bye'in ke.

Us: bye Ma.

He hung up so I looked at the time. Luphelo's break was long gone.

Me: baby we need to leave ngoku. I will see you when you come home.

He got up and then he came to hug me before he kissed me.

Luphelo: lento yalo mgidi ayizo moshu i plans zakho keh ngoku? You're allowed to say awufuni fondin. Awutshatanga bona utshate nam.

-won't this thing of this Homecoming ruin your plans? You aren't married to them you're married to me.

Me: yeah but it's my responsibility to come through for events like this as a wife-

Luphelo: bullshit. People need to start hiring caterers and stop treating our wives like free Labour. So if awufuni Majama let me know and I will let uMama know.

I kissed him.

Me: I will be fine sthandwa sam, okay?

Luphelo: okay.

He kissed his son and then helped me carry him on my back. Once King was strapped in, I gave him one final kiss before walking out with our baby.

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I called Lelethu once I arrived home.

Her: Lumi?

Me: mntase I can't make it for tonight's plans.

Her: hoekom?

-why?

Me: want ek sal besig wees met n kak mgidi van my man se familie. ek Moet die vegetables chop.

-because I will be busy with a shit Homecoming of my man's family. I must chop the vegetables.

Her: let me help you kalok chomi. I don't mind.

Me: okay thanks chomi. I will text you the address and please come through in your BMW.

Her: so you want us to be wife goals up in that bitch?

Me: yeah...that's the plan.

Her: okay chomi. Text me the address keh.

Me: sure but I'm getting dressed ngoku.

Her: sure.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then forwarded the message Ma sent me to Lelethu before going to change into my traditional clothes. As a wife you have to dress in a certain way when you are going into any house that your husband is related to so I had to wear a doek, a shirt with my traditional skirt and had my scarf wrapped around my waist. I sprayed on my Beyonce heat, took selfies and then I walked out with my son and dropped him off at his granny's house.

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Since Lelethu was not ready I ended up going to Lorraine to wait for her to finish getting dressed. Then she and I followed each other in the German beasts we bought ourselves. We bought our alcohol and the vegetables from Woolworths that Ma asked me to buy. We even sped down the freeway and threw gang signs at one another cos we're the shit and we knew it.

We finally arrived at Kamva and parked our cars next to each other. MAJAMA 2 EC next to EYAM 2 EC.

Lelethu: sizokwazi usela apha?

-are we going to be able to drink here?

Me: Lelethu mntase masi galele utywala pha kweza botile zika Kungawo.

-let's pour alcohol into Kungawo's bottles.

Kungawo is her 1 year, 2 months old son.

Lelethu: chomi wena.

She said as we went into her car and then we poured our Ciroc into those bottles and dashed with Grape flavored Appletiser. We then walked into the house while wearing our sunglasses and Rolexes. An entire mood.

Us: molweni family.

We said in the kitchen. The family went quiet for a moment. They didn't know what just hit them because they had never seen wives with such drip. But they quickly recovered.

Mandisa: Molo ungu mfazi ka Luphelo Mos wena. Lona une Benz?

-hello. You're Luphelo's wife right? The one with the Benz?

Me: precisely. Ndize nale veg bendiy celiwe.

-I came with the vegetables that I was asked to bring.

Zimasa: eyakwa Woolworths sahna. Mnk.

-from Woolworths?

Mandisa: usincedile wethu. Enkosi.

-you helped us. Thank you.

Luyanda's wife came in using the back door. She greeted Lelethu and I with a hug and we spoke a bit before Lelethu and I chopped vegetables in the bedroom because we said we want to be in "solitude" but that's because we wanted to drink our alcohol in peace.

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I received a call from Sihle as I went to my car to get more alcohol. We had weakened our Ciroc with the juice so we weren't even tipsy.

Me: hello?

Sihle: Ncumolwethu who are you hanging out with?

Me: Sihle haibo... I'm hanging out with u Lelethu.

Sihle: is she your new best friend now?

Me: no she's not Sihle.

Sihle: then why are you always with her? Am I boring you?

I exhaled.

Me: Sihle I love you so much but I really don't need this right now, okay? It's Friday I just wanna drink and have fun okay? I will talk to you ngomso.

Sihle: No Hlalumi akhonto sizay thetha ngomso. I get it... You and Lelethu are goals together. You two are living life... And I'm not. So I don't fit into your puzzle-

Me: that's bullshit Sihle and Uyayazi lonto. You have always turned up ever since we were teens but I had to stay at home cos my Mother was strict. I'm starting to get my freedom and you're pregnant that's why it feels like we're drifting otherwise I will always be down for you.

Sihle: mxm. Fuck you. And good night.

I scoffed.

Me: I love you too Sihle.

She hung up so I reluctantly went to pour our alcohol and Lelethu followed behind me. We dashed 65% Ciroc and 35% juice this time and we even used a calculator to determine how much ml's we needed of each to get the desired percentage. Our husband's showed up.

Luphelo: abafazi bethu bade basebenzise ne calculator for ubhala utywala Reid mfethu.

-our wives even use a calculator to calculate alcohol.

We laughed.

Us: ningenaphi?!!

-where do you guys fit in?

Reid: i scientific nogal.

-it's even scientific.

They laughed as I went to my man and kissed him until he pulled away.

Luphelo: Hlalumi ndibatyiwe suka.

-I'm horny move.

I pecked his lips as he shifted his penis to a less revealing position then we all walked back to the house. I didn't even realise that Luphelo's brothers were all there and Mr Jama as well so we greeted and then went inside where the wives were dishing up. I took the first two trays for Mr Jama and his friend and then I went back inside to fetch the other plates for Reid and Luphelo.

Me: u mnyeni wam akayityi butternut keh so Ndicela ningay faki otherwise ithanga lona uyali thanda bendil thengele yena specifically keh so ndicela uligcwalise. Wena Lelethu mntase buthe owakho umnyeni uthanda ntoni?

-my husband doesn't eat butternut so please don't include it otherwise he loves pumpkins and I bought it for him specifically so please put a lot of it. And you Lelethu what did you say your husband likes?

Lelethu: itapile ne nyama mntase akamthandi umnqusho.

-potato and meat he doesn't like samp.

Me: okay.

The lady dished up so I went to give Reid and Luphelo their food before going back into the house to take more plates to the people.

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It was finally time for Lelethu and I to sit down and eat. We were exhausted and tipsy so we sat on the bed that was in the bedroom we were chopping vegetables in.

Me: yhu hay ndifuna u goduka ngoku mna. Ndifuna umntanam.

-I want to go home now. I want my baby.

Lelethu: Aw u King Jay. How is he?

Me: I don't know let me call uMa but last time I checked he was fine.

I said as I took my cell phone out and then called Ma. She told me that he was okay and that she had just put him down so I thanked her and then hung up when we were done speaking.

Me: chomi I'm taking maternity leave keh.

She put her hand on my forehead and I laughed.

Lelethu: the Punisher is taking a maternity leave? Boss bitches don't rest kalok mntase.

Me: yeah well I'm doing it for my husband. He doesn't want nanny's around our son so I had to make a sacrifice.

Lelethu: that's what being a wife is about keh Majama. I'm proud of you cos I remember when I met you I thought you were those entitled, spoilt girls that are just after imali ka Jama. I honestly thought he was making a mistake but you're not like the other girls. You're actually real.

I smiled.

Me: I feel so motivated ke ngoku. Enkosi.

She giggled.

Lelethu: yeah chomi married life is fun on the outside Kodwa keh on the inside umnqundu ukwi primer.

-your ass is on the primer.

I laughed hysterically.

Me: Yinton dahn?

-what's going on?

She bit her drumstick.

Lelethu: chomi this whole Reid being bisexual thing. I'm starting to look at the men he's around differently ngoku... Like yey what if?

I tensed my eyebrows.

Me: no mahn Lethu I don't want you to do that to yourself. Reid loves you and he treats you well. If he's gonna cheat, he's gonna cheat. Whether it's with a man or a woman... It's an affair qha qwaba.

Lelethu: what would you do though? If you were me?

Me: it would take time to accept but... I don't think I would be able to leave uLuphelo. Cos he's a great husband... And if I leave him for being bisexual what am I gonna do? Who am I gonna be with cos no man would ever treat me the same way again. I just think lento has to do with abantu... We are so afraid of what people gonna say that the issue isn't that your man is bisexual the issue is people and their big mouths.

Lelethu: chomi... Thank you.

Me: am I making sense?

Lelethu: truck loads. I will make sure I keep you company on your days off keh. Maybe use your pool house as my office to consult my clients cos i rent is so expensive lately yazi.

I giggled.

Me: I legit don't mind as long as you're gonna keep me company. But we need to first speak to the Finisher.

Lelethu: oh bawo. Akadiki



-he's so annoying.

I laughed as I finished my food.

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Lelethu and I didn't have to wash the dishes so we said our goodbyes to the other wives and then went to where the men were seated.

Me: Tiyeka?

Senior: khajonge le ntwana ibanjwe ngamasende ngumfazi wayo izo taka nje ngo bizwa kanye.

-just look at this boy whose wife has him by the balls is going to jump after being called once.

Luphelo: andiso sthulu Timer.

-I'm not deaf dad.

Senior: skaa u weak mahn.

-you're weak.

Luphelo ignored his father and just got up and came to me.

Me: Siya hamba keh ngoku.

-we're leaving now.

Lelethu called Reid who came to stand next to his wife.

Reid: nizohamba ngok ngok?

-are you leaving now now?

Us: yeah.

Reid: andika funi uhamba mna Kodwa so sithini?

-I don't want to leave yet so what must we do?

Lelethu: ninga hlala kalok nina asithanga nqha ngani.

-you guys can stay we aren't phased by you guys.

Luphelo: yinyani Lena baby?

-is this true baby?

He asked as he looked at me seductively. I froze. His voice was even slightly toned down.

Me: uh..

Lelethu: Lumi mxelele asithanga nqha.

-tell him we aren't phased.

Luphelo: hm? Awuthanga nqha ngomnyeni wakho?

-aren't you phased by your husband?

He asked as he took my hand and pulled me closer as I watched him chewing his gum slowly. Why are men so gorgeous? It's unfair.

Me: ndithe nqha ngawe mna baby.

-I'm phased by you baby.

Lelethu: Argg mxm sies uweak!! Masambe mahn Hlalumi.

-lets go Hlalumi.

Reid: yeka abanye abantwana bathandane ukhabe usiza ngapha wena.

-leave the other children to love each other while you come this side in the meantime.

He said before pulling his wife to her car and then Luphelo and I went to his car.

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We made out in the backseat of his car and fucked with me on top. I was riding him in reverse since Luphelo loves to see ass and he came onto the scarf I wrapped around my waist. We fucked for two rounds before Lelethu knocked on his window.

Lelethu: gqhibani ngoku Kumkani usali need'a ixesha loba yedwa.

-finish up now Kumkani still needs time to be alone.

Me: ndiyeza.

-I'm coming.

Lelethu: okay.

I kissed my husband before fixing myself.

Me: Uzobuya nini?

-when are you going to come home?

Luphelo: maybe ngomso kalok Mamakhe. Funeka siyolanda ikrwala ehlathini ekseni.

-maybe tomorrow. We have to fetch the "krwala" from the bush in the morning.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: I can't wait until our son becomes a man.

Me: uzoko lukela esbedlele njena.

-he's going to be circumcised at the hospital.

Luphelo: inoba nenze i miscalculation yotywala no Lelethu kuze benibala nagalela 100% yotywala..

-you and Lelethu probably made a miscalculation when you were counting and poured 100% of alcohol.

I giggled.

Me: xolo keh baby. Uhm u Lelethu would like to use our pool house as her office as she keeps me company during my maternity leave. Ndathi mna I will first speak to you.

Luphelo: okay. As long as ezomka before I'm back cos kalok andifuni chomi when I'm back and wanna fuck.

I rolled my eyes and looked away.

Me: yeah thats fine ke. Good night I love you.

Luphelo: good night I love you too.

We kissed.

I got up opened the door and then I went out and he followed me.

Luphelo: Hlalumi?

Me: hm?

He showed me my own underwear which was in his hand but he immediately stuffed it into his pocket and closed it with his zipper. I turned pink on the spot cos wow... I felt like my own man's bitch and that felt good.

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Lelethu and I agreed that she was going to sleep over at my place so we first fetched Kumkani from Ma's place who was reluctant to let me take him because deep down she knew I had been drinking but she couldn't see it because I became sober as soon as I knew I was going to drive home with my son. I checked the blind spot before switching lanes all the time, I was even driving 10 mph less than any speed limit showed by road signs because I wanted my baby to be safe. A mother would even drive home blind folded if her child is in the car.

Once we arrived at home, I put him in my bed and he just couldn't stop crying. Lelethu and I tried everything to calm him down to no avail so I had to swallow my pride and call his father.

Luphelo: Hlalumi?

Me: uyakhala uKumkani and mna andiyazi mandithini.

-Kumkani is crying and I don't know what to do.

Luphelo: khamnike iPhone.

-give him the phone.

I put the phone against his ear, still screaming.

Luphelo: mntanam Yinton lento umenza yona umfazi wam ngoku? Uyazama kalok uMama nangoku uzoyeka into aythandayo, umsebenzi wakhe for wena ngok wena umbulela ngolu hlobo? hay kalok Tiyeka... Suyenza lonto kalok ngoba uMama uzo cimba yinyani xaku thiwa "men are trash" kanti asiyo trash mna nawe andithi Jama? Siyamthanda uNcumo thina neh? Siyamhlonipha neh?

-my child what are you doing to my wife now? Mommy is trying she's even going to leave the thing she loves, her job for you and this is how you pay her? No way Tiyeka. Don't do that because Mommy is going to start thinking it's true when they say "men are trash" but we aren't trash right Jama? We love Ncumo right? We respect her right?

His son started calming down as he started to be able to identify his fathers voice.

Me: uyathula baby.

-he's keeping quiet.

Luphelo: scratch under his left foot and kiss it. He will fall asleep.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: bye

Me: bye

He hung up so I followed his advice.

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Was finally time for umgidi so I took a shower in the en suite and Lelethu took a bath. She then left at about 7 am to get dressed in her own house and that's about the time my man came back home to change so he said he wanted to sleep a bit so I fed uKumkani, gave him a bath and then I kissed him a million times. My baby loves kisses. They unleash a volcanic eruption of giggles within him especially when he's being kissed on his belly he will even wet himself sometimes. I just think that's one of the best things about my baby. How happy he is. Kumkani is such a happy baby you will even see it in his eyes that he's happy and the way he behaves when he sees his parents. He will become so excited that he will even kick his legs forward.

Lelethu and I decided to go to Kamva in our SUV's this time. I came in my Range Rover Evoque Sport and she came in her Jaguar F Pace. That car slaps. And as usual, we parked side by side. But this time we promised each other that we would cook because we are actually good at cooking so we worked really hard but it was optional. No one was going to force us to bust our asses like we had nothing in our heads and I was only doing this because Luphelo gave me good dick last night otherwise I was not going to do shit tbh. The patriarchy system in our black families is so oppressive to us women that we are competitive over who cooks the best food instead of who is making the most money and to me that's a problem. Not that we have to be competitive at all but if needs be... I would rather we make money moves and eat out at CO if we feel we need good food.

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The food was served which Lelethu and I cooked together whilst wearing Rolies and she was teaching me what she knows about law. People really loved our food and Ma couldn't stop raving about the fact that her daughter in law made it. It actually made me feel really proud of myself to listen to my mother in law speak so highly of me. She also bragged about Luyanda's wife who gets paid to travel so naye she wasn't left out.

I wanted to speak to my husband so when I went out I saw him talking to the other men, it actually seemed like a debate.

Man: so Luphelo wena uyamyeka umfazi wakho asele akushiye endlini ne ngcosi?

-so you allow your wife to drink and leave you alone with the child.

Luphelo: Ngeyam la ngcosi.

-that's my child.

Man: so? Usakshiya ne ngcosi nge weekend fondin uthi wena thini?

-she's leaving you with the baby during the weekend what is she saying you must do?

Luphelo: uthi mandi jonge umntana lona ndimenzileyo ake yena ayotyela xesha waliphosayo kula 9 months ebendenzela umntana. Anina mbulelo Nina madoda ingathi azange nangena kwi delivery room.

-she says I must look after the baby I made so she can make up for the 9 months she missed while she was making a baby for me. You men aren't grateful it's as if you weren't in the delivery room.

Man 2: hay but still Luphelo umfazi ngu mfazi. Akeno kwenza unothanda ndimbukele yikaka leyo.

-a wife is a wife. She can't do whatever she likes and I have to watch her that's bullshit.

Luphelo: mxm aninayo ne Mali Kodwa nifuna uba controlling I don't understand imagine if beni peya in 7 figures ngeni njani? Cos mna I want my wife to be free. Khacinge I'm going to spend my entire life with this person... Ndizazi thini eza hours azihambayo on a Friday when I have my whole life with her? Umtshato Nina nimenza nzima that's why abafazi benu be dikwa Nini it's because niyaythanda i power

and ni abusive. Mna ndifuna ubayi best friend yomfazi wam. I want to be the coolest person in her life. Xayene nxaki aqhale kum. Ndibey first option yakhe yomntu wohamba when she wants to explore indawu entsha. Ndifuna xayene idea andi xelele cos she knows andizom hleka I'm going to support her and even fund her dreams if I can afford to if I can't sobona icebo nomntu wam fondin as long as she gets what she wants cos I married her kuba bendiyazi I can make her happy. Andiyazi ke Nina nitshatele ntoni but try making your wives happy uba yellow umfazi ubone ngaye sengay nxibi ne wig cos umncome wade waybona ukuba she doesn't need it. Umhle kuwe. So yeah... Khabe ke Nina nifuna ubangaba zali ebantwini benu mna nzohlala ndingu "mnyeni wam".

He squeaked his voice to imitate me and the men laughed as they hyped him.

-ya'll don't even have money but you want to be controlling I don't understand how ya'll would have been if you got paid in 7 figures. Cos I want my wife to be free. Just think what am I going to do with those hours that she takes off on a Friday when I have my whole life with her? Ya'll make marriage difficult and that's why your wives get annoyed by you guys it's because you love power and you're abusive. When she has a problem I want her to start with me. I want to be her first option when she needs someone to go with her to a place she's exploring for the first time. When she had an idea I want her to tell me cos she knows I'm not gonna laugh at her I'm gonna support her and even fund her dreams if I can afford to if I can't my person and I will make a plan as long as she gets what she wants cos I married her because I knew I can make her happy. I don't know why you guys got married but try making your wives happy, she will become light skinned and you will see her not wearing her wig anymore cos you complimented her until she saw she doesn't need it anymore cos she's beautiful to you. So yeah keep being parents to your wives while I remain being "my husband".

Reid: qondile bawo.

-true.

He said as they fist bumped and Lelethu stood next to me.

Lelethu: mnk kanti they are actually smart?

I giggled.

Me: ndi shooketh.

-I'm shook.

She laughed.

Lelethu: masambe siye kwa Spar ndibawela ichocolate.

-let's go to Spar I feel like getting a chocolate.

Me: okay.

I said as we walked out to her car and then I drove her car to Spar.

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It was Sunday and I was too tired to go to church although I would have liked to. So I faced my son who was quietly playing with his fingers in between us. He was awake, eyes opened and I kissed his mouth. He stopped playing and put his hand on my cheek. I'm so in love.

Me: Kumie hey.

I whispered and he exhaled. He had eaten in the morning when he cried so that's why he was still quiet.

Me: mama uyakthanda mntanam vah?

-mommy loves you my child okay?

He squeezed my cheek and I kissed his cheek. His father's phone rang. The caller ID was Shirley Zeelie. I exhaled before picking his phone up.

Me: hello.

Shirley: hi Ncumo. May I please speak to Lumphelo.

Me: he's sleeping but I can take a message.

Shirley: okay. Please let him know that 10 of my students are going to write their board exams soon so I would like him to please go over law of evidence theory with them. Hopefully on Wednesday.

Me: sure. I will let him know.

Shirley: thank you. Enjoy your day.

Me: same applies to you. Good bye.

Shirley: good bye.

I hung up and then exhaled. Honestly it was really flattering when I was a teenager to have people crushing over my boyfriends but now it was becoming a headache. Nothing turns Lumphelo on more than an intelligent woman and Shirley is way smarter than me. She knows more. Has more. And she's his age so I felt really insecure. If she was black I would be going crazy right now. Lumphelo heard his phone ring so he woke up but allowed me to continue speaking.

Luphelo: hey.

Me: hi.

We kissed before he took his son.

Luphelo: uthini lo?

-what is this one saying?

Me: uthi i students zakhe eziy 10 zibhala i board exams so ucela uyoba fundisa i law of evidence theory.

-she says 10 of her students are going to write board exams so she's asking you to please teach them the law of evidence theory.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: uyayazi uShirley lento. She's just wasting my time.

-Shirley knows this.

I looked down and he pulled my chin up with his index finger.

Luphelo: u Right Majama?

Me: yeah I'm okay.

Luphelo: awubaweli uyofunda ilaw of evidence since uzabe ukwi maternity leave?

-don't you want to learn law of evidence since you will be on maternity leave?

I flashed a smile.

Me: sooo... Ndinga hamba nawe?

-I can go with you?

Luphelo: yeah. Xawunombuzo uthi "xolo Adv Baby Andiy understand'i mna lento".

-when you have a question you say "sorry Adv Baby. I don't understand this".

I giggled. He made me feel better already.

Me: I'll be there. Thanks baby.

Luphelo: sure.

I kissed him then played with Kumkani's hair which was due for a little hair cut at the top soon.

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We planned to have a family picnic so we took a bath, got dressed and then Luphelo drove to Checkers where we bought some junk food and then he drove to the park. We laid our rug which we sat on and then set up our snacks. The weather was just perfect.

Luphelo: baby Siya jumpisa ukba sine Mali?

-are we making it obvious that we have money?

I laughed. His question was so random yet lit as hell. I can't wait to relate to my husband.

Me: you're such a mood.

He smiled as he opened his chocolate and he ate it. He really likes chocolate.

Luphelo: ndimxelele uReid about your idea yothenga itaxi and he said we can go 50/50 to buy our wives the taxi's you two want cos caba naye uLelethu it's been something she has spoken about kwakdala so... Yay.

He rolled his eyes.

His Yay was bored yet so funny.

Me: baby manyani?! Does Lelethu know about this?

Luphelo: I don't know yet but I'm sure semxelele. But Hlalumi let's make it clear, yours are strictly for uJama Constructions and all the transport costs will be paid to you. Lelethu yena can use hers for public transport.

Me: deal. Enkosi baby.

I said as I hugged him then I kissed him.

Luphelo: anything for you.

Me: I'm really excited Luphelo... You don't understand cos now I get to do this with my best friend-

Luphelo: best friend? uSihle yena?

I exhaled as I ate my chips.

Me: baby our lives are different ngoku. I love her more but I have more fun no Lelethu. It's like we think the same... We stand for the same purpose. We're both feminists... We both love cars, work and our husband's... We both have sons that we would die for... I don't know how to make you understand.

Luphelo: baby I know you're having the time of your life being goals no Lelethu and the double dates are good but your friendship needs money. Eyakho no Sihle has always been there without money. So... please don't fuck up your sisterhood over a friendship cos uzobe ukhala apha ndibe mna ndi batyiwe ndikutye ngoku une ntliziyo ebuhlungu cos I warned you.

-you will be crying while I'm horny and I'm going to fuck you although you have a broken heart.

I laughed.

Me: you're so mean but unyanisile. I owe her an apology bruh.

He smiled.

Luphelo: bendi funa ntoni emntwini ona 21 ndina 33 thixo wam. Look at me giving friendship advice at my age .

-what was I doing with a person who is 21 when I'm 33 my Lord?

He asked as he looked up.

Me: kuthanda impundu apha kuwe.

He laughed but sometimes I even forget such an age difference exists between him and I. Luphelo is really one dope ass husband.

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After the picnic Lelethu called me and asked me if I heard the news and we both gushed over them before ending our conversation when Kumkani cried over my noise. Then Luphelo parked opposite Sihle's new apartment with her husband so I came in with the rest of the stuff we bought for our picnic but didn't get to finish as an apology. I went up to her apartment, knocked and she opened looking very tired.

Me: hey.

Sihle: hi.

Me: may I come in?

Sihle: yeah.

I walked in and then she closed the door behind me as she followed me to the living room.

Me: how are you nomntana?

Sihle: we're fine enkosi. Wena no Kumie?

Me: we're okay mntase. Thank you.

She nodded.

Sihle: juice?

Me: no thanks bruh I came to give you these... And to also apologize for making you feel like you come second to Lelethu. I started hanging out with her after you got married and then we just became alcoholics together... Otherwise there's nothing more to it.

She giggled.

Sihle: wena? An alcoholic? I'm even surprised she got you to this level cos ndazama ndakuncama mna you just weren't into alcohol.

Me: mntase I don't know what came over me bummandi qha utywala. But I'm gonna tone down ngoku before Lumphelo gets tired of understanding.

Sihle: he won't he's patient.

Me: you're supposed to be encouraging me to stop mntase.

She laughed.

Sihle: I'm glad you came and apologized cos I don't wanna lose you cos at this point I don't know where the fuck my life is going. I understand why Dad was upset.

Me: you won't lose me mntase cos I don't wanna lose you either. I'm sorry I was a bitch and you're 22 stop putting pressure on yourself. You're gonna give birth soon, get a job and then things will fall into place.

Sihle: yeah I suppose but ndiku xolele.

-I forgive you.

Me: so are you now cool with me hanging out with her?

Sihle: yeah.

She smiled so I gave her a hug.

Me: I love you Yandisa.

Sihle: I love you too Hlalumi.

She said as we continued chatting.

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Reid and Lumphelo made the necessary payments for the taxi's we wanted and he told me that I was going to have to go to work on Monday to let them know about our new transport system and I was so excited because I was going to work for a day!! Waking up sucks I know but I'm passionate about my job and I'm grateful for it so everytime I'm there I become happy. We then went our separate ways. They went to celebrate at Black Impala and we went home, ate, showered and then the family of three got ready for bed. It was still early but we wanted to cuddle

Lumphelo: baby ndiceliwe ukuba mandi thathe i rape case.

-I was asked to take a rape case.

Me: baby ukwi defense?

-are you on the defense?

Lumphelo: no... Fuck no. I was approached by the State.

He bit his lip.

Me: Jama I think it's time you took it sthandwa sam. In order for you to heal you need to tear apart that rapist

Like you tore apart Mandla's case and made him get a 2 year probation for a murder. Like what the hell.

Luphelo: what if I fail keh ngoku Ncumo? Cos I have never finished a rape case... I lost my first one, quitted on 3 others and then I stopped taking them.

Me: how old were you when you lost your first rape case?

Luphelo: bendina 26.

-i was 26.

Me: buyi attorney ngoko uyintoni ngoku?

-you were still an attorney then what are you now?

Luphelo: an advocate.

Me: ungu bani ngoku?

-who are you now?

I said as I punched his chest.

Luphelo: The Finisher.

Me: and what does the Finisher do with his cases?

Luphelo: wreck havoc.

Me: and how did The Finisher obtain his LLB degree?

Luphelo: Cum Laude.

Me: so why the fuck are you doubting yourself?

Luphelo: cos I'm scared.

Me: scared of what?

Luphelo: thinking about uNondwe.

Me: uphi uNondwe?

-where is Nondwe?

Luphelo: she's dead.

Me: and where are you?

Luphelo: I'm right here.

Me: right... Sthandwa sam accept this case and do it for free. I will be there with you and hold your hand throughout this case cos I love you and I'm done seeing the man I love tripping over a dead bitch. You're strong Luphelo and I believe you can do this. So... Are we doing this or what?

He smiled.

Luphelo: we're doing this.

I held out my hand to him and instead of shaking it as a nod of power he submitted by getting down on his knees and then hugging my body. Such power, physical strength and attitude given to a man who has a tiny, weak soul.

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I couldn't wait until Monday because it was the last day for me to go to work. I will really miss my job and it sucked that I'm going to be away from it for about 4 months so when Luphelo woke up, I left Kumkani to sleep and then followed him to the en suite and brushed my teeth as well.

Luphelo: kutheni uvuke early nje?

-why did you wake up early?

Me: ngoba ndifuna ukwenza i breakfast yakho.

-because I want to make your breakfast.

Luphelo: I can cook Hlalumi ungaphinde uvuke early for indoda endala.

-don't wake up early for a grown man again.

Me: baby please let me wife in peace torho? I appreciate you trying to make sure I don't encounter unnecessary hardships in our marriage but please... I like this.

Luphelo: okay..

He stood behind me and I knew what was coming.

Luphelo: what else do you like?

He asked as he slid his hand inside my underwear and then searched for my clit. When he found it, he played with it. A moan escaped my lips.

Me: I like this...

I said nervously.

Luphelo: I thought you were gonna say you like dick.

Me: no... I love dick.

He stared at me through the mirror before he took his hand out of my underwear and then pulled it down my thighs and then parted my ass. He then put his penis between my thighs and allowed me to put it in myself so we fucked doggy style. Our second round was done on the closed toilet where Luphelo sat down on it and I rode him while he buried his face between my breasts. The visual turns him on... And I like to show it to him.

After the second round, we took a shower and then I wore a towel and made breakfast whilst I was wearing my wig in a messy bun, towel and slippers. I looked really sexy and it was all for my man. Luphelo came down whilst already dressed without Kumkani.

Me: akeka vuki?

-isn't he up yet?

He shook his head.

Luphelo: uzoya xeshaphi kwa JC?

-what time are you going to JC?

Me: the meeting is at 1 so by half 12 I will be there.

Luphelo: okay mntuwam.

Me: sure. Here's breakfast Mqocwa .

I said as I served his food. The presentation of his food was on point. He had his plate positioned accurately in the center of the tray, utensils neatly packed and his juice didn't have any spilled drops. It was just perfect cos I wanted it to be out of respect for my man.

Luphelo: enkosi Mamakhe.

He grabbed my ass, kissed me and then I fed him. I probably fed him for 5 minutes before I heard our son crying so I ran upstairs to fetch him and then I came back down with him. I really miss breastfeeding but I chose alcohol so I made his formula in the kitchen while bouncing around in my towel to calm him down.

Luphelo: Uyayazi sexy njani lento uyenzayo?

-do you know how sexy what you're doing is?

I blushed.

Me: I'm sorry if I'm turning you on-

Luphelo: I don't mind.

He said in the sexiest manner ever. He looked at me like he was going to eat me. He was making me feel so sexy as I was feeding his son. He finished his food and then he looked at the time before getting up.

Luphelo: Funeka ndi hambe ngoku. Ndizoni bona ubuya kwam. Ndibuye nantoni?

-I have to leave now. I will see ya'll when I come home. What should I come home with?

Me: nothing I'm cool.

Luphelo: okay. Thank you for agreeing to take maternity leave. I know it's not easy but enkosi mntuwam.

Me: you're welcome sthandwa sam.

He kissed me whilst grabbing my ass and then he kissed his son and asked him to take care of his wife. I don't know how many ass grabs I got from Luphelo this morning alone. I put Kumkani on my chest as his father lifted my towel up and fucked me for the last time. He then walked out of the house and left me alone with our baby.

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I took lots of nude selfies for Luphelo whilst he was at work. I then sent 6 nudes to him and his reply was "I'm putting my tongue inside when I get home 🔥🔥".

I giggled before deciding to send more appropriate pictures of Kumkani and I bonding together whilst wearing some of Luphelo's clothing items. He was really happy about that and even made one of our selfies his profile photo on WhatsApp and the best part about it was the fact that he took the worst out of the bunch. It was clearly his favorite.

Lelethu called me while I was doing the laundry with Kumkani on my back. I picked up.

Me: chomi?

Lelethu: hey friend. Unjani?

Me: I'm good thanks and you?

Lelethu: I'm good. Did you speak to uLuphelo about the pool house?

Me: ewe I did but he told me ukuba it's okay but I really don't feel comfortable with the idea of people coming in and out of our yard mntase.

Lelethu: oh hay Kodwa Hlalumi it's not like it's going to be chaos njena.

Me: I know that Lethu Kodwa still... I'm sorry for getting your hopes up bendi nxilile. I didn't think this through.

Lelethu: okay keh.. I will just have to carry on kulendawu ndikuyo keh.

Me: okay mntase.

Lelethu: sure ke babes. Bye.

Me: bye bye.

I hung up and exhaled. I was hoping this didn't drive a wedge between our friendship but she seemed like she understood my reasoning.

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It was time for me to go to work so I got dressed in a Grey knee high dress, my black heels which I bought From Zara and my wig. I didn't apply any make up, I'm a new mother who has been complimented by her husband adequately before I left the house so I was good. The wig was just there to make me feel like I am the Gyel.

I arrived at work with Kumkani who attended his first board meeting ever. I kept him in his stroller inside the board room where his father was sitting on the far end of the Boardroom table.

Me: so the central reason of this meeting is because myself and my husband would like to discuss and to inform you all of a change in our transport system. Over the weekend we had just purchased 5 Toyota Quantums which we will use to transport our construction workers to and from construction sites as a way to make sure that we generate more money from tenders. We bought 5 because we wanted to test out exactly how much we can get from using our own vehicles and if everything works out, which we are quite optimistic it will, we will look to expand our fleet and buy more. So how this will work is... We will have to first make sure we get a return on the money that was spent on the purchasing of the vehicles. Once that is out of the way, 60% of the profits will come to us personally and 40% will be shared amongst the company.

Lwando: 60% will come to you Mrs Jama? How when you bought the fleet using the company's money?

Me: no this came from our personal account.

Lwando: no you guys are just fucking with us right now.

Luphelo: Language. We're all grown here.

He said in a flat tone. Lwando apologised.

Martin: we need to see proof of this though Mrs Jama. That it came from your personal account.

Me: that will be sent through first thing tomorrow.

He nodded.



Khuselo: but still even if it's their money... You said you first make sure you pay off the money you spent on the fleet which is fair enough and we have no problem with that. But once it's paid up... Why must you take 60% and make us share 40%? Its ridiculous.

Me: because we took the risk and came up with the idea so we need to reap the fruits of our brains. You are in any case getting nothing from using other people's transport. From this deal... You stand to get something so its either you stop being greedy and accept your 40% or my husband and I take 100% because we are not doing something illegal or unethical. This is just business nothing personal. Whoever is with us can raise their hands. If not, you can keep your hand down and that means you will be excluded from getting the 40% management share that is a privilege and not a right. So whats it gonna be?

Everyone raised their hands up and I smiled.

Me: good. Is there anything anyone else would like to say?

They shook their heads.

Me: Jama?

He shook his head.

Me: right. Meeting adjourned.

I said as I got up and then walked out with my baby.

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°° Shirley's perspective °°

I have another murder case and this time I'm on defense so I decided to pay the Finisher a visit because I needed to discuss this with him and see how I could get out of it because the evidence against my client was tight. So I needed him to help me get a strategy so I knocked on his half opened door as he was speaking to his PA. She's beautiful. I didn't even understand why I was jealous because I'm not his wife.

Me: hello.

Them: hi.

Me: am I interrupting?

Luphelo: yes-

PA: No, not at all. I was just on my way out. Expect my call pha ngo 5 keh.

Luphelo: okay.

He sighed as I closed the door behind me and sat down.

Me: I'm sorry if I have been annoying you lately I just need your help.

Luphelo: with what this time?

He really is annoyed.

Me: I have a murder case and my client is fucked. So I need your help.

He wiped his face.

Luphelo: what happened?

Me: uhm my client is 27, shot a man dead in the early hours of the morning... The bullet matches the gun licensed to my client, there's fingerprints... everything. My client is known in his area as a gang member.. So I'm sure we will be having a lot of witnesses on the stand confirming this meanwhile the man who was shot dead was a family man so yeah... It doesn't look good.

Luphelo got up and then he went to his white board.

Luphelo: your client is 27 but what's his weight?

Me: he looks like he could weigh maybe 60-70 kg's but only because he's tall. Otherwise he's skinny.

He wrote that information on his white board.

Luphelo: make sure you weigh your client. And the deceased? How old was he and what's his weight?

Me: uhm he was 48 and he was classified as being obese.

Luphelo: did an assault take place?

Me: yes and my client still has marks to prove it.

Luphelo: are the fingerprints of the deceased on the gun?

Me: yes... But the gun has a license though.

Luphelo: good... So unlike my case with Mandla, you have no choice but to admit he did it but say it was self defense.

Me: how but my client is the criminal?

Luphelo: so criminals are made of steel? If they get shot won't they die? Was the deceased working before he died?

Me: uhm no he lost his job but didn't tell his family-

Criminal law excites Luphelo. He becomes a kid in a candy store when he finds a way out of difficult situations.

Luphelo: so this is what you're gonna do. Paint this picture to the court that the deceased was desperate to get some money so he tried to attack your client. Your client is skinny and he was about to be attacked by a man who is classified as obese so naturally he had to use his gun since he wasn't going to win this fight himself. That's why it's legal to own one. How many shots did your client fire?

Me: two but only one shot was used on the deceased since he missed the first shot.

Luphelo: yes!!... So by law we are required to fire one warning shot. Your client "fired a warning shot" they don't know that he missed. And you can claim that the deceased knocked the gun out of your client's hands but then he had to run for it and got to it first... Because of inertia... And then he shot the deceased where?

Me: on the forehead.

Luphelo: yeah... Because he knew that's the only way he was going to die because your client is not a murderer who enjoys torturing other people. He wanted to ensure that his first shot will be his only shot because he was scared of losing his life like...

Me: like his father did!! His father was shot on his way home from work when he was 13.

I was so excited that I jumped up from my seat.

Luphelo: see? It's simple. Just work on that strategy and you will be good.

He sat down on the edge of his desk and crossed his arms. I stared at the bulge in between his legs and I thought it was just an opinion that black men have larger dicks than white men. It's actually a fact.

I smiled.

Me: so what can I do to make it up to you?

I asked as I swayed back and forth between his legs while seductively playing with his tie. I have seen that tie before... It's from Tom Ford.

Luphelo: do you really wanna know?

He asked with a naughty smile.

Me: yeah.

Luphelo: come here.

I came closer.

Luphelo: you can stop calling me for one... And stop showing up at my office. I'm not interested I have a wife.

I have never been this rejected in my entire life. This feeling was foreign. I was on the verge of crying from humiliation so I took my stuff.

Me: I have to go..

I said with my voice cracking and then stormed out.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

I was making dinner while my son was on my back. I had no wig on. No make up on. I wasn't even dressed like I usually do I was wearing my blue and white maxi dress which is tight fitted and some flip flops. But when Luphelo saw me, I started to doubt whether he was seeing me or maybe he was having hallucinations.

Luphelo: baby... You look so natural.

His mouth hung open. Not dramatically... Just subtly but I could see he was pleasantly surprised.

Me: yintwe right leyo?

-is that a good thing?

Luphelo: yes. You are so beautiful.

Me: stahp.

I said as I tried to look away but Luphelo was truly intrigued.

Luphelo: kham ndi phonele uMamakho okuzalayo.

-let me call your mother who gave birth to you.

He took his phone out and then he called mommy. She picked up.

Mommy: Phelo?

Luphelo: Pat intombi yakho.

-your daughter.

Mommy giggled just by hearing the sound of his voice.

Mommy: utheni?

-what did she do?

Luphelo: undiphfumalisa nzima apha Pat izomthatha uphinde umbuyise cos kalok ngowam ngoku. Ndithi ndizi buyela emsebenzini ndizi dinele ndi fike ndidibane nobuhle obungaka ndadinwa worse hay Pat khamnqande.

-she's making it hard for me to breathe Pat come take her and then bring her back because she's mine now. I'm coming home tired and I come across such beauty which made me even more tired please stop her.

She giggled.

Mommy: oh hay mahn nzazomthatha nge weekend avah? Kudala ndimkhumbula Kakade.

-I will come fetch her over the weekend. I have been missing her for a long time now.

Luphelo: Okay Sis Pat... Kodwa ndicela uyazi ndiyabulela nge nzala yakho. She means the world to me.

-but please know I'm grateful for your offspring.

He said as he looked up at me. I smiled.

Mommy: uyathandwa ndim wena.

-you're loved by me.

Luphelo: nam ndakthanda Pat. Bye bye.

-I also love you.

Mommy: bye bye'in.

She blew a kiss before hanging up so he pulled me into his arms then he kissed me.

Me: did you really just call my mother to tell her how beautiful I am?

Luphelo: yeah. Wena nzak Lobola every 5 years. Siphinde sixoxe futhi naku round 2 we Lobola.

-I will Lobola you every 5 years. There will be negotiations again for round 2 of the Lobola.

I blushed.

Me: okay.

Was all I could say because I didn't want to say some dumb shit out of being in the presence of my crush.

Luphelo: you're so gorgeous.

Me: thank you baby. But I need to use Herbalife again cos look at isusu sam-

Luphelo: I love isusu sakho mna. There has to be something about you that makes you normal... That face will never be normal. Umhle Hlalumi. With or without make up... But jonga without make up... Uthetha ne ntliziyo yam.

-you speak to my heart.

He said before taking out 5 keys from his pocket and then put them in my hand. They were the keys of the taxi's I asked for.

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I ran my fingers through his hair and then kissed his lips. As soft and addictive as they are. One kiss is never enough. So I put my tongue in and lost myself completely. He tightened his hold around my body as he kissed me. It's amazing how we still have that chemistry. I pecked his lips before pulling away to attend to the pots since I was still cooking. The last thing I wanted was to burn the food I had prepared with so much passion for him.

I made dumplings and beef with gravy. Nothing beats an African, home cooked meal. I dished up and then gave my man his food with his cold drink. Honestly this felt so good. I may be a feminist but nothing feels better than submitting to a man who deserves your respect and I was going to make today all about him.

Luphelo: enkosi Mamakhe.

-thank you.

Me: okay. Fork and knife?

Luphelo: for I dumplings hay hay tsek.

I giggled.

Me: you're so ghetto sometimes.

Luphelo: hay fondin. Ncoske uthi mandovasa izandla wena qha.

-you should rather say I should go wash my hands.

Me: yeah do that please.

He got up and then he went to wash his hands. Then he took his seat and ate with his hands. He even does that in restaurants when he's fed up of pretending he is about that life.

Luphelo: heh baby bunyanisile.

-you were right.

Me: about?

Luphelo: ukuba u Shirley makathi gqhi kwi office ye ndodakho efuna uncedo cos kalok uGyel une case qhonda uyand qhela cos uzayosi shine'isa kla court nge strategy ska Luphelo but yiyeke leyo... Wavuya ke uGyel wandibuzwa angenza ntoni to make it up to me qhonda undi buza ikaka cos idhuru le advice ndimnika yona njema yena ebeku mela ukhupha I cheque book waske wadlala nge tie lam umntu Endi seduce'a Qhonda heh hay ayse weak nalento ayenzayo. Ngok ndamxelela mna ukba Maka yeke undi founela ayeke nozond bona heh wasitsho isikhalo umntu baby. Wathi akazo hamba yena kwa funeka ndim bizele I security baby heeh bimbi into ne metro police bezipha zoyiswa Ngu Shirley eba khomba nge mipu esithi yena ufuna uLuphelo heh baby kwafuneka ndiphume nge festire ndasindiswa yi

parachute. Ndafika emotweni ndakama I fade yam mntakabawo qhonda heh akamhle umfazi wam for unxiba mnyama akamncinci umntanam for ukhula phandle ko Tata ngenxa yo Shirley.

-Shirley came to your man's office wanting help because the Girl has a case and I thought she's disrespecting me cos she's going to make herself look good in that court using Lumphelo's strategy but never mind that... Then the girl became happy and asked me what she could do to make it up to me and I thought she's asking me bullshit cos the advice I gave her was expensive she was supposed to be taking out her cheque book but instead she played with my tie trying to seduce me and I was thinking wow what she's doing is so weak. Now I told her she must stop calling or seeing me and she just cried hysterically baby. Then she said she isn't going to leave and I had to call security on her baby the scene was so bad even the metro police was there but they were being over powered By Shirley who was pointing guns at them saying she wants Lumphelo. Baby I had to escape using the window but I was saved by the parachute. I arrived in my car and then brushed my fade thinking my wife is too beautiful to be wearing black and my son is too young to grow up without a father because of the likes of Shirley.

I laughed hysterically.

Me: uxokelani Lumphelo?

-why are you lying?

He laughed.

Lumphelo: baby ndithetha inyani ngoku njena.

-baby I'm being honest right now.

Me: no Lumphelo I believe she came into your office and asked for advice... And asked you how can she make it up to you but the rest? No.

He laughed and then held both of my hands in his.

Lumphelo: let's just say she won't be calling your man's phone anymore. She won't be in my office anymore. And she won't be making you feel insecure cos I don't want women in my life that make my woman uneasy.

I smiled.

Me: do you remember what you said to me when we met okokqhala? When we were alone?

Lumphelo: I said you look uneasy.

We giggled.

Lumphelo: andisoze ndilibale. I swear...when I looked at you... I didn't know what the fuck hit me I was just... I knew I was going to marry you and make you pregnant qha eyoba nini, njani... Was the part I didn't know cos you were my "daughters" best friend.

-I will never forget.

Me: ncoh utheni namhlanje Jama? Upeyile?

-what's up with you today? Did you get paid?

He laughed.

Luphelo: yes.

Me: sayibaweli I 7 figures.

-I'm craving for 7 figures.

Luphelo: divorce me and you'll get 8.

Me: hay makuyekwe Finisher mntakwethu.

-no lets leave it then.

He smiled sweetly before taking another bite of his food.

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After eating, I decided to put the dishes in the dishwasher this time since I wanted to save time otherwise I kinda like washing dishes. It relaxes my mind. But tonight I wanted to be busy so I took care of Kumie then I put him down with a kiss on his forehead and then I went to our bedroom where I gave his Dad a bath myself and then gave him a full body massage when he was out.

He was butt naked on the bed as I rubbed his back, his shoulders and his neck. They were a bit tense so I asked him why and he told me everything I needed to know. It felt like a therapy so I moved on to massage his legs and feet. This must have been so relaxing to him because his responses started becoming vague before he didn't reply at all. He fell asleep. So I tried to help him get into a better sleeping position and then covered him with the blanket. I then knelt down beside him and prayed. After praying, I took my cellphone and then made a separate group chat on WhatsApp that excludes uSihle since I wanted to let the family know of my plan to throw a baby shower for her.

Me: molweni bantu bakwa Jama & mommy, I would like us to please plan I baby shower ka Sihle on her behalf cos I spoke to u Bulelani & he said they spoke about it but I baby shower financially Izoba sokolisa since he works alone at the moment. So mna ndi cinga simncede hlambi wonke umntu azame I 2k like per house... Then its going to be successful. ❤️

Lusanda: if it's 2k per house I assume uthetha per couple so what should luthando and I bring since we're single af?

Luthando: uyasi khwekhwa mntase. 😊

-she's mocking us.

Me: tu kanti xolweni ukba niyatyeka but it's gonna be 1k kalok for you guys 😊

Lusanda: tsh mntase 😊 but okay I'm in.



Luyanda: izoba right I 7k?

-will 7k be alright?

Me: yeah I think klo 7k we should spent 2k and give her i5k to spend for the baby.

Mommy: why can't we just give her the money and let her decide what she wants to do with it cos baby showers are overrated?

Senior: nanko u Dr Phil ezasi moshela isinxilo sethu ☹️

Mommy: oko undi lindele ☹️

-you have been waiting for me all along.

Me: Kodwa Tatu Jama mommy has a point. ☹️

Luyanda: she really does. Im going to bed ngok Hlalumi text me in the morning what you guys have decided 🙄

Me: okay bhuti.

We continued speaking in the group chat until we all concluded that we were going to donate 3, 5k each. 1, 5k is going to be used for the party and 2k is going to be given to her. The Jama family may be dysfunctional at times but when one of us needs us, we will come through.

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I overslept in the morning but when I woke up Kumie had a note attached to his stomach from Daddy saying "I fed him don't let him trick you into thinking he never ate". I laughed because I didn't even know that uKumkani did that trick. He was still sleeping since his father gave him a bath so I took a bath, got dressed and then got him dressed. Lelethu called me.

Me: hey.

Her: hi sis how's day 2 of maternity leave? Are you still coping?

Me: mntase... Thanks for checking up on me. I'm still coping.

She giggled.

Her: hay kalok mntase I know this is hard on you and I just want you to know you have support.

Me: enkosi mntase. Are you at work?

Her: no ndise ndlini.

-I'm at home.

Me: let's go out chomi please.

Her: okay what time?

Me: I'll text you kalok I'm also gonna

Plan my bestie's baby shower. So I need you to help me.

Her: okay sure ke sisi.

Me: alright bye for now.

Her: bye.

We hung up so I combed my natural hair and then tied it into a bun. I took a selfie for my husband who put it on his WhatsApp status and his caption was:

"onondenza ndi cheatele uMajama uzo fumana I 100k bantase izani masbone who's got what it takes".

-the one who can make me cheat on Majama is going to get 100k come let's see...

Me: Luphelo sometimes...

I said as I shook my head and laughed as I texted him.

Me: Yinton lekaka uythethayo uzasi thakathisa.

-what bullshit are you talking about you are going to get us bewitched.

Luphelo: Soze kalok ndafumana ulevel 7 mna kwi physics ukuba ndike ndathakatha kuyawuba tense eBhayi.

-never cos I got level 7 in Physics so if I would ever get into witchcraft it would be tense in PE.

Me: mxm let me just go Luphelo you're crazy. 😊😊

Luphelo: uyaphi?

-where are you going?

Me: endaweni zam. 😊😊

-to my places.

Luphelo: ndizak Biza kwakhona. Uyaphi Hlalumi Jama?

-I'm going to ask you again.

My only wish was to get to hear him asking me that question instead of him typing it.

Me: like I said Luphelo Jama... Ezindaweni zam. Bye. 🙋

I sprayed on my sweet perfume, took my son who was looking at me with his huge eyes.

Me: masambe Kumkani ka Mama.

I said as I took him, put on his hat and sun screen then we walked out.

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I collected the money from every Jama family member including Mommy and then I deposited the money into my old Nedbank student account. Then I met up with Lelethu at Baywest mall where she helped me plan everything about Sihle's baby shower while we were at Spur. Kumkani couldn't stop eating. He wanted the marshmallows and cream of my milkshake but I just gave him the cream. He wanted to eat the cheese of my prawn steak. He wanted every single thing to the point where the manager was so in love with him he offered to give him free ice cream but I rejected cos he's way too young for ice cream.

Lelethu: uzosela ke kule baby shower?

-are you going to drink at this baby shower?

Me: njani sahna in front of phambko Mazala?

-how in front of my mother in law?

Lelethu: yhu sokwenza njani keh ngoku?

-how are we going to do it?

Me: I'm not drinking kle weekend yand bona nangoku I'm drinking milkshake.

Lelethu: hay don't you dare bore me.

We laughed.

Me: I want to detox wethu and maybe I can be able to breastfeed again. I miss breastfeeding my baby.

Lelethu: speaking of your baby... uJama wants to take uKing to brain development classes when he's 2 to train his left hemisphere of the brain so he can be great kwi maths. He literally wants to turn uKing into a robot uthi ndifuna umvusa ekseni ndimbuze "whats the square root of 1 000 000" and King should know when he's 4 ukuba its 1000. Now that idiot uReid wants to take uKungawo to those classes and mna I'm not down to having a robo baby sahna.

I laughed.

Me: what's the harm in that? Our sons could be scientists, doctors etc.

Lelethu: but their dads are already great kwi maths so imagine if they actually do this. They will be extra.

Me: and that's okay cos it means school will be easy for them. Do you know how painful it is to look at I university prospectus and realise you were only like 9% away from being a doctor? Yes our husband's are being extra by wanting them to be robots but as parents we have all these expectations for our kids academically but we never did the necessary research to make sure our children grow up with the fundamental training to make learning easy for them. Worse it's not even expensive... Even buying a

child puzzles, books, maths charts etc... we just rely on the schooling system which is even more discouraging and competitive to teach our children and they sink even further into depression.

Lelethu: I suppose you're right. I will consider this mtase.

Me: okay mtase.

I said as I sipped my milkshake which Kumkani tried to take so I gave him a spoon full of milkshake and cream. He was so happy.

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After meeting with Lelethu, I went for my check up, brought lunch for my man at work and then I went back home to spend time with Kumkani who has a thing for my lips. Honestly it's the greatest feeling in the world to stare at the fruit of your womb, fertilised by the seed of the man you love.

Luphelo told me not to cook he was gonna buy pizza so I took a nap with my son before my phone rang and woke me up.

Me: hello?

Her: hi am I speaking to Mrs Ncumolwethu Jama?

Me: yes.

I wiped my face of sweat.

Her: okay. My name is Fiona Swartz from Omega Constructions. I am happy to let you know that you got the job you applied for as a Senior Quantity Surveyor. I still need to get your current pay slip, dating back to 3 months but we are willing to offer you R45 000 right now. The rest of the negotiations will be done once we received your pay slip.

I swallowed.

Me: but I'm on maternity leave right now.

Her: Oh... We need someone to start immediately Mrs Jama.

The tears fell from my eyes.

Me: when's immediately? Tomorrow? Next week?

Her: latest next week.

Me: wait... I didn't apply for a job there. Who... Applied for me?

Her: you didn't?

Me: no.

Her: well here we have a “drop your CV” kind of system and your CV ended up there. We can’t find out who sent it through I’m sorry. But we picked you... So whether or not you’re taking it is up to you regardless. So we need a response latest tomorrow at noon.

I wiped my tears.

Me: okay.

Her: alright then. Enjoy your day and please kiss the little one.

Me: will do. Bye.

Her: bye.

She hung up so I went to the bathroom to wipe my face.

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I wiped my face and then I went back to the bedroom. Kumkani was playing with his toys by then, gently banging his stuffed centepede on the bed. I sniffed before taking him and then putting him on my lap.

Me: enze njani uMama Tiyeka? Hm Ngcolosi?

-what must mommy do?

He pulled my bottom lip and that’s all that I got from my son. But what did I expect? I put him back down and then contemplated calling my mother but I already knew what she was going to say. Mommy was going to suggest that I take that job and screw what Luphelo thinks because she doesn’t understand the sacrifices that go into keeping a marriage alive. I tried to think who might have taken my CV to Omega Constructions and why would that person do that? I must have been so deep into my thinking that I lost Track of time because Luphelo came back home. He came into the bedroom and stood at the door.

Luphelo: baby? Abazali bam balapha so ndicela unxibe.

-my parents are here so please get dressed.

Me: okay.

He looked at me then he closed the door. I knew what he wanted but I really wasn't in the mood for it. But I knew that if I refuse he's going to ask me what is wrong and I wasn't prepared to talk about it right now so the best thing was for me to give it to him.

He kissed me whilst pulling my underwear down my thighs.

Me: Luphelo uKumkani –

Luphelo: akasi jonganga lomntu baby.

-this person is not looking at us.

He said before laying me down and then unzipping his pants. He pulled his penis out and then he fucked me raw. I closed my eyes and allowed him to deliver his strokes, get what he wants from me while I laid there like a wet blanket. Waiting for it to end. All I was doing was trying to make sure that Kumkani doesn't roll over and see us. Yes, he's still a baby and he won't remember anything but it was bad enough we were fucking on the same bed he's sleeping on. I couldn't imagine him actually seeing it.

Luphelo finally came so he came inside me and then he kissed me. I didn't enjoy it. It was probably the nerves because Luphelo is used to making me cum. When he doesn't make me cum, he at least fucks me until I shiver. But today, I didn't feel it at all.

Luphelo: u Right?

Me: I'm fine.

I said as I got up and went to the en suite to take a quick rinse in the sink. He stood next to the shower.

Luphelo: did I just force myself onto you?

He asked with so much remorse in his voice.

Me: No... I just have a lot on my mind sthandwa sam.

Luphelo: awu qhelanga ubanje Hlalumi even when you have a lot on your mind. So please tell me... Did I force myself onto you?

-you aren't used to being like this.

I exhaled.

Me: Jama...I didn't want to but I didn't mind doing it. If I minded... I would have said so. Kukho umahluko.

-there's a difference.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: Ndizoya downstairs ke.

Me: okay.

He walked out of the room and I sighed.

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I went downstairs dressed in a doek, skirt & scarf around my waist. I don't understand tradition. This is MY house. So why should I have to dress appropriately for my husband's parents who are in MY house but he could walk around in his boxers in front of my mother if he wanted to? When I arrived downstairs, the whole family was there and not just his parents. There was 4 boxes of large pizza on the table and 3 2l bottles of soda so I didn't need to offer them anything.

Me: molweni.

I said as I sat down.

Them: Molo Hlalumi.

Me: ninjani?

Them: si right wena?

Me: I'm okay.

Senior: so we called this meeting no mfazi because we all know umntana wethu uSihle aka phangeli. She's studying and she's about to have a baby soon. So we thought about Majama's idea to put together money to give her a baby shower and we realised it's not enough. uSihle is married ngoku and she's relying on her husband... We can't let that happen to our blood because when men are the sole breadwinner they become arrogant and entitled. So that's why we decided that we should come together to give uSihle money monthly until she can get a job. Lo Mali is going to be her contribution to her family so that when her man says Rha yena uzothi Rhe.

We laughed.

Lusanda: I'm with that idea daddy.

Luyanda: sure Timer.

Senior: ewe so as the head of this family-

Luphelo: kutsho bani?

-who said so?

The Lu's: Ooooooooooh nanko!!!

Senior: yere wasi mosha uThixo ngonika lomntu imali.

-God ruined us by giving this person money.

Luphelo can be so childish when he's with his family that he always provokes them to get a reaction which leaves him laughing. Typical last born tendencies.

Senior: anyway I was saying before ndiphazamiswe... Singo Jama thina. We stick together no matter what so if you don't want to contribute to this then please get up and leave. We won't hold it against you... Qha don't expect help when you need it from us.

Madlamini: ndicela ubuza ke mnake... Sizo yenza kude kuthini lento?

-can I ask... Until when are we going to do this?

Senior: until aphangele.

-she gets a job.

Madlamini: what if she doesn't get a job?

Senior: kuyawu funeka simncedise awufumane.

-we will have to help her get it.

Madlamini: what about our personal interests Tatu Jama? We work hard for imali yethu and to just give it away without a choice? And if we say no it will make us look bad and not get assistance when we need it.

Senior: ayo threat Lena Madlamini. If awufuni unceda uSihle because it conflicts with your personal interests then don't expect the family to be keen on helping you the day you need us. Ndinazi nonke financially nimephi so I won't expect the same contribution but some of you here ninxiba iGucci belt, you drink Hennessy, you do all these expensive things but do not consider what your blood is going through. So I'm not going to hold a grudge against anyone who doesn't want to contribute but understand that life is not short. It's long and you don't know whose help you will need in the long run. That's it.

Luthando: so when must we start doing this?

Ma: hlambi next month? Upeya kwenu.

-maybe next month. When you get paid.

Senior: nipeya Ngeyipi imini?

-which day do you get paid?

Lusanda & Luthando: 25<sup>th</sup>.

Mommy: 15<sup>th</sup>.

Luyanda & Madlamini: first.

Luphelo: sanuzulisa yi grant leyo.

We laughed and Luyanda gave his little brother a middle finger.



Me: 25<sup>th</sup>.

We looked at Lumphelo.

Lumphelo: hay kalok mna ndakwazi no peya nge 13<sup>th</sup> nje randomly.

The Lu's: oooh nanko!

Lusanda: are you gonna die if you don't flex?

Lumphelo: ewe ndingane cardiac arrest.

-yes I would have..

Lusanda rolled her eyes.

Senior: so... Ndicela zeni buyele kum with how much you are willing to contribute and then we take it from there.

Us: okay.

We changed the topic and then talked about lighter matters.

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The family left at about 8 pm in the evening. So I tidied up after everyone and then went to throw the boxes away. Lumphelo has two personalities: there's Pabbles who always comes out when he's with his siblings and is childish and then there's Lumphelo the husband. Who doesn't believe in sweeping things under the rug. He firmly deals with whatever issues we have and as much as I respect that, sometimes it feels like a curse more than a blessing.

Lumphelo: oko uthule Ncumo.

-you have been quiet all along.

Me: I just had a bad day.

Lumphelo: can we talk about it?

Me: no.

He exhaled.

Lumphelo: Ncumolwethu!

He banged on the kitchen counter. I have never been more scared of him as I was at that moment in my whole life. My voice cracked.

Me: yintoni Lumphelo?

-what?

Luphelo: andizo zenza I victim apha but ndikbuzile if I forced myself onto you and you said no... Now you're walking around not saying shit to me. How do you expect me to feel about myself?

-I'm not going to make myself out to be the victim but I asked you-

Me: Luphelo if I didn't want us to have sex we wouldn't have. Sure I wasn't feeling it but you didn't force yourself onto me!

Luphelo: ngoku Yinton inxaki Ncumo?

-then what is the problem?

He asked as the tears fell from his eyes and he wiped them.

Me: I got a job offer.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: a job offer? Bukhangela umsebenzi?

-were you looking for a job?

Me: no my CV somehow rocked up at Omega Constructions and they called me and told me I'm hired as a Quantity Surveyor.

Luphelo: that's the same post you are gonna get-

Me: yeah but they are offering to give me R15 000 more Luphelo. Khacinge what that could do for me?

He exhaled.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam how the fuck did your CV end up phana? You expect me to believe someone applied on your behalf for your dream job? No... Hayi Maka Kumkani noko.

He still calls me sthandwa sam even when he's angry at me.

Me: mntuwam believe me I have no fucking idea! I even told uFiona that I didn't apply and she said they have a "drop your CV" system so they can't tell who sent it in.

Luphelo: Yaz Yinton baby... I'm not buying this shit, okay? You wanted more money it's okay. You still have 4 months to reconsider.

He said as he turned around. I closed my eyes.

Me: bafuna idecision by tomorrow at noon. And for me to start latest next week.

-they want a decision.

He turned back around and faced me then he scoffed.

Luphelo: what about our son?

Me: I can drop him off with your mom-

Luphelo: keep my mother out of this.

He said as he took his son and then he walked away. I could tell by the direction he took that he wasn't going to our bedroom. He was going to sleep in a different one tonight.

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I love my family. There is nothing more in this world that I value more than my family. But you don't get applause for having a husband. You don't get applause for having children. You get applause for having your own power and that's what I want. I want to be a self made woman and not one that is living underneath her husband's shadow. And being at Jama Constructions makes me feel that way. Even applying for that quantity surveyor job at Jama Constructions made people look at me like I was wasting my time because it was obvious that I was going to get the job since I'm sleeping with the CEO. I feel like a little poodle next to a pit bull when I'm with Luphelo. The difference between us is too much and I don't like it. I walk around with a target on my back every single day at Jama Constructions and that's why I wanted to leave. I don't have friends. I have enemies there. I spend my tea breaks in my office working because people are always judging me, my outfit, my life etc because they think they know me. No one even takes me nor my qualifications seriously there. They don't see an educated woman in me. All they see is Luphelo's young wife who just happened to graduate.

I washed the dishes in the kitchen and then I went to knock on the bedroom Luphelo was going to sleep in tonight.

Luphelo: Yintoni?

-what?

Me: ndicela uthi good night ku Kumkani.

-can I please say good night to Kumkani.

Luphelo: okay.

I opened up the door and then went to fetch my son from the bed. He is learning to roll over on his own now.

Me: good night mntaka Mama. I love you boy. Ndizokbona kusasa.

-I will see you in the morning.

I said before kissing him. I then turned to face Luphelo.

Me: Good night.

Luphelo: yeah.

Me: can we please not let this come between us?

Luphelo: take that job Hlalumi. If it's what is going to make you happy. I will eventually get over this mood but as for right now... Ndicela uphume if ugqhibile.

-please get out if you're done.

The tears welled up in the brim of my eyes. This really was serious.

Me: okay.

I walked out of the bedroom whilst crying and went to the kitchen in search of sleeping tablets. I took 3 and then I went straight to bed.

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I woke up early in the morning just in time to make Luphelo's breakfast. I made a bacon, cheese, egg, mayo and avocado wrap which was too good to decline. He came to the kitchen and the scent was too much for him to ignore.

Me: Molo Zikhali.

Luphelo: hi.

Me: I made breakfast.

Luphelo: I will grab something on my way to work.

Me: Luphelo ndicela ubuza what am I doing wrong?

Luphelo: awuyi boni?

-you don't see it?

Me: No. Luphelo do you know what it's like to work at Jama Constructions? Ndiya hletywa Luphelo. People don't take me seriously there. I am smart. But I find myself having to defend myself to abantu who don't have half the knowledge I have ngoba they are clinging to the fact that I am your wife and they can't see past that. Everyone judges me there on a daily basis and I don't say anything to you cos I

told myself this is a family business but when I got that call I felt like maybe... Just maybe I could be free and be able to start over in a company where the men won't be undermining me or the women won't be eyeing my husband.

Luphelo: Hlalumi you need to develop a thick skin. That shit happens everywhere. Those women are jealous but at least you know you're in charge there. Uzofika uthini kwa Omega?

I scoffed.

Me: ndizo fika and be offered R15 000 more at least Luphelo.

Luphelo: why is money so God damn important to you Hlalumi? We have everything-

Me: No Luphelo!! You have everything. I want my own shit. When I married you and had uKumkani I knew that I still wanted to be me. Don't you think I also want to make my own 7 figures? Don't you think I want my own shit Luphelo? You asked me before you freed a murderer who almost ruined our marriage if I don't want to be a billionaire... And I do Luphelo so why won't you support me? Or must you be the billionaire and I have to just live off your money like a little spoilt wife who always says "thank you baby". No Luphelo!! I refuse. I want to be my own woman and start my own shit one day. I can't do that while I'm still in your company.

Luphelo: fair enough Hlalumi but patience. You had PPD and that kept you away from our son. Then you healed. Don't you think you owe it to uKumkani to take this maternity leave?

Me: I don't owe uKumkani shit Luphelo. I gave birth to that baby. I'm the one whose body experienced pain to make sure that he's here. Everybody is praising you for being a good Dad but Luphelo you never fell pregnant! You never had an imbalance of hormones so loving him came naturally to you as it would have to me if I didn't go through that. But still... I Persevered and here I am. I made sacrifices so I could take maternity leave but I'm not gonna allow myself to lose out on opportunities because of a baby we both made. It's fucking unfair. If anyone should take a leave between you and I... It's you. Cos you can afford to work from home. You earn in 7 figures right? You have 2 companies. So take a leave ke Jama. Let me see you lose all your money for 4 months... For uKumkani since I'm the terrible mother who loves money more than her family.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I'm going to be late.

He said as he walked out. I was crying so much that I threw my mug and the sound of it smashing against the tile soothed me.

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I didn't reply anyone's calls all day. All that I did was to read Luphelo's message who told me I could take the job but honestly I was so pissed. I wanted nothing to do with it anymore. Luphelo killed my desire to take it. So I was going to stay at Jama Constructions and keep taking the abuse that his employees were throwing at me. I was going to keep taking their mockery. I was going to let the ladies try their luck with

him and hope they are never successful. I was going to let them Mommy shame me. I was going to let it all happen... And hopefully by the time I'm back from the maternity leave things will be different.

I received a call from Fiona. I answered.

Me: hello?

Fiona: Hi Mrs Jama. This is Fiona-

Me: I know. I'm not taking it.

Fiona: Mrs Jama is it the money? I told you we can negotiate-

Me: No its not the money. I'm just... Happy... Where I'm at right now.

Fiona: Mrs Jama at Omega Constructions we-

I hung up on her and then threw my phone on the bed and just cried in my arms. I was so frustrated. I was a mess. A wreck. I hated being a wife. I hated being a mom. I hated these one sided responsibilities that comes with being a woman because Luphelo's paternity leave was only 10 days long but mine was costing me opportunities.

Lelethu called me and honestly this girl has too much airtime and time on her hands to be calling me every day. I didn't want to answer her so I switched off my phone and then went to clean the house. It's so big. And here I was, cleaning it by myself since that's what my life has now been reduced to.

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When Luphelo came home I had just made dinner so I dished up for myself and sat on the couch in the living room. I was watching TV while eating and he leaned down for a kiss but I stopped him.

Me: Yinton lento uyenzayo?

-what is this that you're doing?

Luphelo: ndingam phuzi umfazi wam ngoku?

-shouldn't I kiss my wife now?

Me: Luphelo!!

He felt that so he sat down on the couch closest to me.

Luphelo: Majama ndicela undi phakele? Andik nyanzeli ndiyaku cela.

-please dish up for me? I'm not forcing you I'm asking you.

Me: akhange ndik phekele.

-I didn't cook for you.

Luphelo: ngoba?

-why?

Me: ngoba kalok mna ndisi sbhanxa sakho esivuke ekseni sizama ucengana nawe kuze uzobona ukuba I don't mean harm ngalento ndiyenzayo but you didn't appreciate what I was doing. Ndakwenzela I breakfast and what did you do? You didn't even show any appreciation instead you made me feel like shit.

-because I'm your fool that woke up in the morning trying to beg you so you could see

That I don't mean harm with what I'm doing..

Luphelo: Ndicela uxolo ke Hlalumi I realised how wrong and fucked up I was and I told you to take the job-

Me: well I didn't take it Luphelo. I gave up the one shot I had to be free of the abuse I receive at your company but I would rather take the disrespect I get at the Board meetings than to feel like I failed at the one thing that I love most: wena no Kumkani. You hear how those men speak to me even when you're around what do you think it's like when you're gone? Do you know that the only time I'm taken seriously at Board meetings is when you are around-

Luphelo: Hlalumi-

Me: hay Luphelo. I'm tired. Ndifuna ulala but I couldn't cos I had to watch uKing and he's been awake all day so ndi cela umjonge while I go to sleep.

Luphelo: ndicela simbeke kwi cot yakhe eroomini yethu then silale-

-can we please put him in his cot in our room then we sleep-

Me: no I think I like our new sleeping arrangements. Good night.

I said as I took my plate to the kitchen and then put it in the microwave. Then I went to bed with a glass of wine ngoba wow pain levels were on hundred.

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When I woke up in the morning, I brushed my teeth and then I went downstairs. It was Saturday so I was going to fetch Kumkani from his father but in the kitchen I found his father making breakfast while his son was strapped on his back. I opened the fridge.

Luphelo: baby Molo.

Me: Hi.

Luphelo: uzotya?

-are you going to eat?

I looked at him and exhaled. I was really angry but I was hungry and he made pizza so I couldn't say no to that.

Me: okay.

Luphelo: enkosi.

-thank you.

I went around to fetch my son from him whom I kissed. He blew spit bubbles at me.

Me: unje ke xawu khunjulwa.

-you're like this when you're missed.

I put him on my hip.

Luphelo: Hlalumi ndicela sithethe-

-can we please talk-

Me: akhonto sinoy thetha ngoku Luphelo it's done.

-there is nothing we can talk about now..

He exhaled and he dished up the fries and then took the pizza out of the oven. He poured my juice and I thanked him for it before taking my food to the living room with my son. He thought we were going to sit in the kitchen, eat and have fun like we usually do but nah...he followed me to the living room and sat down on the couch.

Luphelo: uhm Majama... uzo peya I 30k emsebenzini Kodwa I will give you an extra 30k from my salary just to make up for lento ndiyenzileyo-

-you will earn 30k at work but... To make up for what I have done-

Me: it's not about the money.



I said as I took a bite of my pizza.

Luphelo: I'm trying Ncumo-

Me: and I don't need you to.

He exhaled and then became quiet. We ate in silence and then after eating I went to take a bath.

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Luphelo came into the bedroom when I was packing my clothes for the weekend.

Luphelo: uyaphi?

-where are you going?

Me: uMama betshilo she wants me to visit her nge weekend you know this.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: are you seriously going to leave at a time like this?

Me: so I need to let this job go... And also let I weekend with my mother go? Wow Jama.

I said as I took my bag and then carried it. He blocked my exit.

Me: Luphelo khasuke!!

-just move.

He took his phone and then he made a call on loudspeaker. Reid answered.

Reid: Tata we King?

Luphelo: uphi?

-where are you?

Reid: espan huzet?

-at work why?

Luphelo: khanike uJoe I phone.

-give Joe the phone.

Reid: okay.

He went to give Joe the phone.

Joe: hay hay andi thethi nabantu abakhuphe uMandla mna.

-no I don't talk to people who got Mandla off.

Luphelo: jonga ndawu kwenza I appeal mna kususwe kwalo probation yakhe so ingathi ngewu mamela.

-look I will make an appeal to have his probation removed so maybe you should listen.

He exhaled.

Joe: uthini Ta Jama?

-what are you saying..

Luphelo: let's swap employees. I take your wife to be my business administrator... And I will give you my wife to be your quantity surveyor or financial planner.

Joe: yey ndivile ke ngale way yakho kuthiwa I clever iyanya. Inoba unyana wenu se accept'iwe nase Rhodes ngoku.

-I heard about that thing of yours they say she's fucking clever. Maybe your son has already been accepted at Rhodes.

That was quite funny.

Joe: akho smoko Ta Jama qha umenzile umnqundu kula case ka Mandla yere.

-no problem Ta Jay but you really fucked up on that Mandla case.

He hung up because he was getting annoyed by this Joe and his obsession with Mandla being found not guilty. Luphelo bit his lip and then he looked at me.

Luphelo: sthandwa sam... Ndiyazama. Ndicela ubeke ibag phantsi sithethe.

-I'm trying. Please put your bag down and let us talk.

He said as he took my bag out of my hand.

Me: Luphelo I really promised my mother I would go to her house... Please let me go.

He sniffed.

Luphelo: okay.

I took Kumkani and walked out.

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°° Patricia's perspective °°

I was excited all week for my daughter to come back home to spend a weekend with me but that's not the version of her I expected to see. She was melancholy and she told me why. And honestly I felt for her because Ncumolwethu has always had big dreams ever since she was in primary school. She always wanted to be successful hence she spent most of her time studying and as unhealthy as it was. As a mother I was happy that that was how she chose to spend her days instead of being locked up with a

boy, getting pregnant. But now she had to put her dreams on hold for her family and as much as I understood where she was coming from, women are the ones who are expected to stay at home and raise the baby while the men work. But how do you explain that to a feminist who believes that both sexes should be held equally liable for their children?

She decided to go to sleep so I called Louisa while looking after Kumie.

Her: Mntase?

Me: andisena stress.

-I have so much stress.

Her: why sisi?

Me: abantwana bethu abavani Louisa.

-our children aren't getting along.

Her: Oh hay ngoba?

-why?

Me: Hlalumi got a job offer but then she's on maternity leave so uLuphelo didn't like that she's Going to leave uKumkani. So she ended up declining now she's heartbroken.

Her: hehay keh ngoku Luphelo how can he expect her to leave a job offer over I maternity leave? Khame ndomo phula amathambo-

-let me go break his bones-

Me: ha.a Hlalumi uzoqumba akafuni sizi ngene indaba zakhe no mnyeni wakhe.

-will be mad she doesn't want us to be involved in her and her husband's matters.

She giggled.

Her: sena stress ke ngok Pat but uzo Charm'wa ngok axole ngok Mos yena.

-I'm so stressed Pat but she's going to be charmed right now and be content.

I laughed.

Me: kuzothiwa "Majama khandiphe impundu" bengathi akhange balwe mntaka bawo sishiyeke thina siqumbe sodwa.

She laughed hysterically.

Her: ewe but thina let's be on standby yabo... Cos our children cannot fight kalok yhu.

Me: ewe sisi.

We continued speaking until we hung up.

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°° Hlalumi's perspective °°

Lelethu called me again so I picked up.

Me: hey.

Lelethu: wow you haven't been answering my calls.

Me: abantu ba busy Lelethu.

-people are busy.

She scoffed.

Lelethu: wow... Okay Hlalumi.

Me: look I'm sorry I'm just not okay. I don't wanna talk about it though.

Lelethu: okay. Bye then.

Me: No Lelethu wait... I'm sorry I was so mean to you.

Lelethu: it's okay chomi text me xawu right okay? Since you don't want to talk.

Me: okay babes.

Lelethu: sharp ke. Bye.

Me: bye.

I hung up and then I got dressed. I took my CV and then went out to the living room.

Mommy: uyaphi angel face?

-where are you going?

Me: I have no idea Mama I just need to think.

Mommy: uphonile umnyeni wakho wathi uyakthanda.

-your husband called and said he loves you.

Me: mxelele nam ndiyamthanda.

-tell him I also love him.

I said as I took my son then I walked out to my car. I climbed in and then I drove to Omega Constructions. I wanted to see how this system of theirs works so I parked my car in their outside parking bay and then walked to the gate leaving Kumie in his baby seat and covered the wind screen to block the sun. The security guard whistled when he saw me.

Him: yoooooh hay Beyoncé!! Awusemhle sisi. Ndicela I number yakho.

-you are so beautiful sis. Can I please have your number.

Me: hay xolo bhuti ndi Tshatile. Ndifuna ubona ezi CV zibekwaphi apha.

-no sorry brother I'm married. I want to see where you put these CVs.

Him: heh hay sisi ndicela ukwazi mahn.

-can I please know you..

Me: mnyeni wam wenza iMMA ke. Ngu Brock Lesnar.

-my husband does MMA.

He laughed.

Him: uthi intozi yenza I Suplex.

Me: hay jonga... Unika umntu I brain injury zintozi ncane kuye.

-giving a person a brain injury is something small to him.

He laughed.

Him: yhuuu hay xolo Beyoncé.

I laughed.

Me: so... Where must I put this CV?

He took it and then looked at it.

Him: hay mahn sisi I have seen le CV before njena. Line butterfly kwi cover page. You can't apply twice.

-I have seen this CV before. The one with a butterfly on the cover page

Me: uybone kubani?

-who did you see it from?

Him: I can't tell you kalok sisi-

Me: I will give you my number ke.

Him: yisapha kuqhala.

-give it first.

I Exhaled before giving him Luphelo's number. He took it and then he checked Luphelo's WhatsApp but luckily I was Luphelo's profile picture so he smiled.

Him: I will check the footage ngomso and then let you know on WhatsApp first thing.

Me: promise?

Him: sho Beyoncé asoze ndi dlale ngawe sweetheart. Mna nawe si dangerously in love kalok ugewe.

-I will never play with you. You and I are dangerously in love you know.

I laughed.

Me: okay. What's your name?

Him: Siphelo.

Me: you're a prefix away from being annoying. Anyway thanks for your help... I will wait for your response.

Him: sure Queen B.

I turned around and he lost his shit when he saw my booty.

Him: yhoo hay jonga inoba ugym'a nge ndutsu zakho uBrock.

-Brock probably gyms with your buttcheeks.

I rolled my eyes. Faked a laugh before getting back to my car.

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I was on the couch, cuddling with Mommy and watching a movie when Lumphelo texted me. Him and I had been texting back and forth since he would constantly check up on uKumkani but that is just about it. We never really spoke about us.

Lumphelo: sthandwa sam ndi fumene I message from umntu endi xeleda zi sexy indutsu zam. 😊😊

-my love I just got a message from someone telling me my ass is sexy.

I held in my laughter.

Me: it's some guy I met and he asked for my number so I gave him yours.

Lumphelo: okay. I'm outside.

Me: right now?

Lumphelo: ewe ndicela ugoduke Hlalumi.

-please come home.

Me: I want to but it's unfair on Mommy ngoba she was looking forward to this all week.

Lumphelo: okay.

Me: but ndizo phuma ndizok bona. Let me get dressed.

-I'm going to come out to see you.

Lumphelo: I'm still your husband. Iza unjalo.

-come as you are.

A tingle went down my spine. I blue ticked because I didn't know how to respond so I got up from the couch.

Mommy: uyaphi Hlalumi unxibe njalo?

-where are you going dressed like that?

Me: heh hay Mama... uTaka Kumkani u phandle.

-Kumkani's dad is outside.

Mommy: mnk.

Was all she could say so I tied my gown and then went out to Lumphelo's car.

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I sat on the passenger seat and faced forward. He looks even better when we aren't getting along. He was dressed in a black Versace plain shirt and left the first two buttons open, tight black leather pants and black Balenciaga Italian shoes. He looked like a classy Skrr Skrr I don't know how the fuck he managed to pull it off. And he had a black cap on and then that watch on those hairy arms... It felt like I was breathing through a straw and he smelt so good. Goodness.

Lumphelo: uqale nini unxiba xawu siza kum ngok wena?

-when did you start dressing when you come to me?

Me: uxolo.

-I'm sorry.

Lumphelo: ndikthengele I Ciroc.

-I bought you Ciroc.

I bit my lip to cover my smile.

Me: enkosi.

-thank you.

Lumphelo: okay.. Hlalumi marriage isn't easy. But I would prefer to go through such days with you... Than to be happily dating someone else.

Me: hehake Luther Vandross.

He laughed and I smiled whilst looking down.

Me: me too.

I mumbled as I looked out of the window.

Me: Luphelo?

Luphelo: Ncumo?

Me: can we try talking it out... Step by step? So we can understand where we went wrong? Cos this hurts. And I know we would never be selfish towards each other.

Luphelo: yeah... We can do that.

I exhaled.

Me: I don't like being under your shadow. It's like nothing I do will ever deserve the necessary respect because when I got my own Benz abantu said I can afford it cos it's the only bill I have cos everything else is taken care of by you. They are even doubting whether I really bought it or it was another gift from my husband. That's why I'm so determined to be successful and do my own thing. It's not that I don't care about wena no Kumkani. I just want to be my own person.

Luphelo: I hear you.

Me: Do you really?

Luphelo: yes... I really do. I won't forget that.

Me: okay. Your turn.

Luphelo: I don't like the fact that you didn't tell me you were looking for another job.

Me: I didn't Tiyeka. Today I went to Omega Constructions to try to figure it out... That guy who said I have a sexy ass is the security guard and he's going to try to figure out who sent my CV in.

He exhaled.

Luphelo: I'm sorry I blamed you. I thought you did it yourself.

Me: it's okay. I would think so too if I was in your shoes.. But uhm... I also don't like how you discarded the fact that I was willing to take maternity leave until this job happened. They are the ones who were going to force me to start working asap. Haven't I proven myself to you that I'm willing to stay at home for him? But it's really unfair for me to have to compromise my dreams just because I don't have as much money as you do.

Luphelo: you have proven yourself baby but it happened way too fast for me to process it. That you're actually doing this maternity leave thing... Hlalumi you're a business minded machine...the only woman in this world to ever challenge me in anything. I'm proud to have a wife who won't submit but kha submit'e mnqundu wakho Yhooo.

-just submit you ass.

He said out of frustration and I laughed hysterically. He put his head on the steering wheel and that's when I realised that Luphelo was exhausted of the power struggle between us. He just wanted us to find a way to co exist.



Me: I can't do that Luphelo... But what I will do is give into what uKumkani needs and he needs his mom around.

Luphelo: Hlalumi... I'm only mad about this because you're my greatest asset. There is no one in that company that brings to the table what you bring and I can't afford to lose you. That's why I'm pissed so please... Don't leave, okay? As for those dicks kla boardroom I will deal with them. The ladies bona they are just jealous because they have never seen a woman who has a wealthy man but still has her own dreams. They don't understand it. I fucked most of them Kakade and couldn't even call them the next day but you... You made me get married so I'm sorry for what I did. It was unfair to expect you to be liable for a baby we both made. I'm sorry.

I was shedding slow tears because this really took its toll on me.

Me: I'm sorry for making you feel like our family comes second to my dreams.

Luphelo: okay Sthandwa sam. Now can you please kiss me?

I smiled before pecking his lips but he used his arms to bring me over to him so I straddled his lap as we made out on the driver's seat. My mother came and knocked on the window on Luphelo's side so I climbed off him and he opened the door. Then he climbed out as a sign of respect.

Luphelo: Molo Sis Pat.

Mommy: I hope you aren't going to ruin ixesha lam no Hlalumi ke. She promised to sleep over.

Luphelo: Sis Pat kanti imali yam ye Lobola yayi batalele ntoni kanye kanye?

-what did my Lobola money actually pay for?

Mommy: Ooooooh so we're going there now?

Luphelo: ewe Masiye Pat cos mna ndizo godola ngok Kodwa ndibatele.

-yes let's go Pat because I'm going to be cold although I paid.

Mommy: hay mahn Luphelo I made an appointment for my own daughter and we agreed. You knew in advance she's coming so sudika tshonge perfume yase Traduna mall.

-with your perfume from Traduna Mall.

Luphelo: yi cologne.

-it's cologne.

Mommy: tsek lonto iyiyo. Hlalumi... Correction Ncumo masambe mntanam.

-let's go my child.

I laughed as I climbed out of his car because mommy wasn't going to leave. I know her. She was even holding my hand.

Me: Mama can I at least say goodbye.

Mommy: make it quick.

Luphelo: azange ndaybona ke Lena.

-I have never seen this.

He said as we all laughed. He hugged me and then he pecked my lips.

Luphelo: I love you.

Me: I love you too.

Luphelo: Iza Pat nawe suqina.

Mommy: Haska.

Luphelo: ndakcela.

-please.

Luphelo is so charming that he charmed my own mother into giving him a hug then he kissed her forehead.

Luphelo: By 6 am ube sewuse ndlini wena.

-by 6 am you should already be at home.

I laughed.

Me: okay.

He said his final good byes before driving away.

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I walked into the house with Mommy and then went to check on my son. He was still sleeping so I went to the living room. I was so horny. Have you ever been so horny that you become deaf?

Mommy: Ncumolwethu!!

Me: yhu Ma Yinton?

-what?

Mommy: kunini ndiku Biza? Ndithi kuwe umntana wase next door uthenge I Spark esi bomvu ngenxa I Benz yakho ibomvu.

-how long have I been calling you? I'm telling you that the child from next door bought a red Spark because your Benz is red.

Me: uyazi phambanisa.

-she's driving herself crazy.

Mommy: yambo? Akacingi afike kowam umntana kalok.

-can you see her? She will never get to my child.

She beamed.

Me: heh hay Dr Sifora you need to see a psychologist nawe.

Mommy: your marriage needs a psychologist.

Me: oksalayo nditshatile. Wena? Umtshato wakho yi fani ka Jhene.

-at least I'm married. You? Your marriage is Jhene's surname.

Mommy: Aiko?

We burst out laughing.

Mommy: ptsek tshongo mtshato o toxic.

-piss off with your toxic marriage.

Me: rhaa. My marriage? Toxic. We call it ups and downs babes.

Mommy: Luphelo bezothi "hehake elevator".

-Luphelo was going to say..

We laughed.

Me: mommy do you really think our marriage is toxic?

Mommy: no it was a joke angel face. Umhle umtshato wenu.

-your marriage is beautiful.

I smiled.

Me: Soooo Mama?! Ndicela uya emntwini wam ke?

-can I please go to my person then?

Mommy: hay Ncumo you promised to spend time with me..

Me: I know but mommy please... Umbonile nawe umhle njan and he's obviously not going straight home tonight. Ndokwenza I damage control mna before amacherrie ase Bhayi abe busy nomntu wam.

-you saw how handsome he is.. I'm going to do damage control before women from PE become busy with my man.

Mommy: mnk hamba.

-go.

Me: thanks mommy. Please keep an eye on my baby.

Mommy: andina choice.

-I don't have a choice.

She sulked as I kissed her. I went to my bedroom, kissed my son goodbye and then I walked out.

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I drove back to my house and then changed into different clothes. I wore my black lacy body suit with black pants and my black pointed see through heels which I bought from Zara. I wore my curly wig, wore my make up and then I put on some perfume. I looked amazing so I tracked Luphelo's location and he was at The Black Impala so I called Lethu. She answered.

Lethu: Mfazi we Finisher?

Me: babes umnyeni wam ulapho?

-is my husband there?

Lethu: yep u busy apha ufaka utywala kwi formula ka Kumkani basela yona namadoda apha.

-yes he's busy putting alcohol in Kumkani's formula him and the men are drinking it here.

I burst out in laughter.

Me: oh uTaka Kumkani bawo. Okay... I'm coming qha don't tell him that I'm on my way.

Lethu: okay sis.

Me: sure.

We hung up and then I drove to the Black Impala. When I arrived there, Luphelo was sitting with 6 of his friends... All of them brought their spouses. But yena he was sitting next to some girl and they were

talking. Looking like they had important matters to discuss because he was leaning towards her when he spoke and I took a deep breath before walking over to their table.

Xolani: yho yho yho ngubani lona?

-who is this?

His mouth hung open and that's when everyone looked at me. Luphelo's eyes blinked twice before he could recognize me.

Luphelo: lona ngu Miss Independent wam madoda.

Them: Tsiiii.

Luphelo: Isthara sam esqhuba iMercedes madoda.

Them: Tsiii.

Luphelo: iMbali yam endilalisa kamnandi ebusuku.

-my flower that makes me sleep well at night.

Them: Tsiii.

Me: No guys I can't...

I said as I blushed and covered my eyes and they all giggled at the fact that I was turning pink. They found it cute. My man got up and gave me a hug then he kissed my forehead.

Me: Luphelo sometimes...warn me.

He laughed.

Luphelo: okay Mamakhe. Ciroc yakho ikwi X6 and ndiy shiye endlini ndaza ngo Reid so ndik thengele enye.

-your Ciroc is in the X6 and I left it at home and came with Reid so should I buy you another one?

Me: yes since wena unxila nge formula ka Kumkani.

-since you're drinking with Kumkani's formula.

Luphelo: hay baby ndithethile no mntanam wathi ndingay thatha.

-I spoke to my child and he said I could take it.

I giggled. He's such a liar.

Luphelo: I'm glad you're here mntuwam. I don't like not talking to you.

He confessed.

Me: before we get all emotional... Ngubani lona buhleli naye?

-who is that you were sitting with?

Luphelo: ngu Qhama but relax I'm not fucking her or anything like that. I just didn't want to look like a third wheel apha.

Me: ubondi phonela.

-you should call me.

I said as I went to the bar to order alcohol.

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I bought food as well. Steam bread and ox liver which my husband loves. So we went back and this Qhama girl was not prepared to give me space so I had to sit on top of Luphelo who was so horny. I ate whilst texting mommy and asking her for updates on Kumkani while uLuphelo kept drinking his "Milky Martin" which is a mixture of Remy Martin and Nestlé Nan Stage 1 Starter Infant formula.

Reid: This one is for Kumkani Jama for agreeing to give us his formula kuze sizoy nxila.

-so we could drink it.

Them: To King J.

Athi: uYour Highness.

I shook my head as they toasted with my sons formula.

Me: ayidhuru bawo.

-it's so expensive lord.

I mumbled as they laughed.

We spoke until Mampintsha and Babes Wodumo's 'Mercedes' went on.

Me: haike haike.

I said before pulling my husband and then we went to the dance floor and danced. Honestly I had the best time of my life dancing with him and twerking, grinding against his penis. We were so in love with each other... Maybe alcohol had something to do with it but ultimately it was bringing out the love we already have for one another.

He pulled me closer to him with my waist and then he tongue kissed me on the dance floor. And usually I'm the one who is conscious about our environment but this time I didn't care. I just wrapped my arms around my husband's neck and kissed him with my cup in my hand.

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We left the dance floor to tell everyone that we were going home. They weren't happy about that but it was late and we wanted to fetch Kumie so I drove to Mommy's house while my husband kept telling his overly spiced stories. They are Hella funny though. I then went to knock on the door and mommy opened the door.

Mommy: ubuyile?

-you're back?

She smiled.

Me: no Mama I came to fetch u mntanam.

Mommy: hehay Hlalumi... Why?

Me: mommy I'm sorry we argued kle weekend no Luphelo but I really need to go home and be with them. I will make it up to you I promise.

Mommy: okay but are you fit to drive no King?

Me: yes. I wouldn't endanger my own baby Mama.

Mommy: okay.

She opened the burglar door so I went to fetch my son and all of his stuff and then I took him to the car where his father took him. We then said our goodbyes to Mommy and drove home with our baby.

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We arrived at home and by then Kumkani was already up and he was crying. I didn't know what he was crying about but his father and I stayed up for about 30 minutes trying to calm him down. All to find out he was constipated.

Luphelo: masimnike I stameta.

-let's give him some stameta.

I laughed.

Me: dumbest idea ever Jama. No... Masicinge enye into.

-let's think of something else.

Luphelo: syringe.

Me: Luphelo hayi. Something else.

Luphelo: sunlight?

Me: okay you're drunk. Go to bed mntuwam.

I kissed his forehead and he kissed my lips.

Luphelo: Kodwa mntuwam... Fruits helps with constipation so if we give him fruit he will be okay. Like berries..

Me: he cant eat solids kalok Tiyeka... But we have juice. He can drink juice right?

Luphelo: I suppose... Yeah.

Me: baby let's do this together kuze if he falls sick it can be our doing.

He laughed.

Luphelo: okay Masiye.

We walked downstairs and then we gave our son some mixed berries juice and he loved it. We gave him just enough and then we put him on the bed naked and just watched his butt to see if he's going to shit.

Luphelo: indutsu ezi sexy. Heh abantu bakho Hlalumi.

-a sexy ass. Hlalumi your

People.

He laughed. He's such a mood when he's drunk.

Me: uzuthi "abantu bakho" even when I know who did this.

Luphelo: I don't even care anymore Hlalumi. Its clearly a set up someone wants to fuck with our marriage... Again... Cos they know how business is important to us. But somehow whenever we go through such bullshit we come out knowing each other more... And loving each other more. So I'm good.

Me: I get that Kodwa ke Luphelo... I need an explanation from whoever did this. I can't just let this shit go.

I said as Kumkani finally was able to pass his stool onto the towel we had put for him so once he was done. We washed him to make it easier for him to fall asleep, gave him a body massage and then he was out like a candle flame.

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I was truly exhausted by the time Kumkani was asleep but Luphelo wasn't exhausted at all. He was only getting started. We put Kumie in front of me since I like cuddling with his potbelly. His tiny body brings me peace. So I kissed my sons head and then closed my eyes. Luphelo pressed his manhood against my butt cheeks. He was horny.

Luphelo: mamekhaya?

Me: mhm tatekhaya?



Luphelo: ndicela udlale indima yakho.

-please play your role.

Me: ithini indima yam?

-what's my role?

Luphelo: suqhosha ntombentle Uyayazi ndifuna ntoni.

-don't be shy beautiful girl you know what I want.

Me: hlambi ungandi Khumbuza ngoyi khomba lento uyifunayo kalok soka lam..

-maybe you can remind me by pointing at what you want my boyfriend.

Luphelo: mna ke ntomb'yam ndingu Zikhali, uTiyeka, uJojo, uButsolo bentonga... Ngoku xandi khomba mna ndi khomba nge ntonga.

-I, my girlfriend am.... So when I point I point with my stick.

Me: ungenza ngalendlela ubona ngayo Ngcolosi ngowakho lomhlaba.

-you can do the way you see fit because this is your land.

Luphelo: haike ntombi Endi ncumisana nayo yase Macetheni... Iza ndi xhentse kumhlaba wam.

-well then, my girlfriend from the Cethe clan... Let me dance on my land.

He was being so romantic that I didn't want him to stop but at some point he was going to have to get what he wants. So I turned around and faced him before kissing him. We then went on to have one of the most beautiful sexual intercourse we have ever engaged in.

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I was still curious to know who dropped my CV off at Omega Constructions so I took Luphelo's phone from under his pillow and then I took his finger and unlocked it while he slept. I went to his WhatsApp and then went straight to Siphelo's contact.

Siphelo:

Hi bbe. Ndutsu ezsexy. 🍎

Beyonce.

Hee ynd blue tika nba hlel nala kaka Brock.

Mxelel and moyik.

Snke sinaw manqind.

I almost bit my tongue from the irritation of how he was typing. That irritates me. No wonder Luphelo didn't even reply to his texts. But I needed him so I got up and then I went to my closet and called him when I was inside.

Siphelo: aww Queen B.

Me: Hi. Uyifumene la footage?

-did you get that footage?

Siphelo: kalok Queen B bi down l system izolo namhlanje andingeni. Lento ndizay fumana ngomso kusasa subana worry.

-the system was down yesterday and today I'm not going in. I will get this tomorrow morning don't worry.

Me: oh okay. I will call you ngomso ke.

Siphelo: okay. Why undi blue tick'a nje?

-Why are you blue ticking me?

Me: yamaz uBrock kalok u yalinda so... Bundi textela Ngama xesha ama wrongo nawe.

-you know Brock keeps tabs so... You were texting me at the wrong times.

Siphelo: okay. Kodwa wenzani wena ngoku?

-but what are you doing now?

Luphelo wrapped his arms around me and then he kissed my temple.

Me: uhm jonga ndizo buyela kuwe Ku WhatsApp vha can't talk. Bye.

-look I will get back to you on WhatsApp.

I hung up and then put my man's phone down on my chest of drawers in the center of my closet. I was holding onto it for support as Luphelo planted small, arousing kisses on my back. I arched it and pulled out my ass for him because I knew what he wanted. He lifted up the only piece of clothing I had, his t-shirt and then he fucked me doggy style. I moaned as he ran his fingers through my natural hair with one hand and then used the other to control my body. I know that he likes the look of a female booty so every time his body collided with my butt cheeks I made sure to exaggerate the bounce and that fucks with him. He finally came so he came into my little gold dustbin in the corner before coming back to me. No pun intended.

Luphelo: Molo Majama..

I smiled.

Me: so uqhala ufake inkunzi esibayeni so gqhiba ubulise mva.

-so you first fuck me and then you say hello afterwards.

He laughed.

Luphelo: subano chuku Ntikazi.

I gave him his phone back.

Luphelo: uyivule njani?

-how did you unlock it?

Me: ndisebenzise umnwe wakho kuze ubulele..

- I used your finger when you were sleeping.

Luphelo: okay. Ubuthetha nalamntu wase Omega?

-where you talking to that person from Omega?

Me: yeah he says he will know by tomorrow.

Luphelo: okay. Baby uJoe texted me about the exchange... Do you still wanna go through with it?

Me: you don't want me to change nje baby.

Luphelo: no fuck me right now... What do you want?

I exhaled.

Me: ndizo hlala.

-I will stay.

He smiled.

Luphelo: ndiyakthanda. Umamele?

-I love you. Are you listening?

I love it when Luphelo speaks our language. His entire delivery changes when he speaks in isiXhosa.

Me: I love you too.

We kissed but it was broken up by the sound of Kumkani crying.

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We fed our baby and then we took a bath with him. He likes water. It's the best thing in the world to him so Luphelo always gives him little dips in the water which make him laugh. We put his plastic toys in the bathtub with us and he enjoys that. He's at the point now where he even cries for certain toys when taken away from him and is able to cling to toys now. He's even got a favorite toy and it's one that I picked for him. It's a plastic Stallion.

After we got out of the shower, I picked out his outfit for today while Daddy lotioned his son and put on his diaper. I sprayed a bit of baby cologne from Clicks and then dressed him in a sky blue tracksuit with his tiny Air Forces. He was so cute.

Me: heeeeeh wena mntaka Phelo. Heeeeeh wena mntaka Finisher. Heh baby? Heeeeeh wena mntana we crush yam. Heh?

I said as I lifted him up and affectionately shook him. He laughed so I took him and then kissed his tiny lips while he held onto the side of my cheeks.

My phone rang while I was playing with my son.

Me: Jama ndicela uphendule I phone yam.

-please answer my phone.

He took my phone and then he answered.

Luphelo: thetha phambkoba libole I apile.

-talk before the Apple rots.

Me: wow.

I said as I rolled my eyes. Luphelo just can't let a call end without letting the other person on the line know that he's using an iPhone. Luphelo is what we Xhosa's call "umXhosa xhwa". And that means that a person is Xhosa through and through, money will not change their tendencies because he should be used to all of these things but he gets excited over everything like it's his first.

The call didn't even last long before Luphelo took the phone away from his ear and then looked at the screen.

Me: ngubani?

-who is it?

Luphelo: andimazi.

-I don't know.

He gave me my phone so I checked the number. It was Ovayo's and I still remembered so I texted him back. He replied with "please meet me at my house I need to talk to you". I exhaled before getting dressed and then sat on the bed when I was done.

Me: baby can I leave?

Luphelo: yeah zobuya nini?

-when are you going to come home?

Me: maybe at 4.

Luphelo: okay. Shiya uKumkani mna namadoda sizosa abantwana bethu kwa Spur. Cos my squad has responsible black husbands and fathers.

-leave Kumkani cos myself and the men are going to take our children to Spur.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: inincedile into yonxila nge formula Mos Izolo. But what is your son gonna eat?

-drinking with a formula really helped you guys yesterday.

Luphelo: kalok nzamnika I yoghurt... Just a bit.

-I will give him yoghurt.

Me: baby please be careful with our baby.

Luphelo: I will Mamakhe phola.

I exhaled before kissing him..

Luphelo: you're beautiful.

Me: thank you baby.

He gave me his phone.

Luphelo: le security guard yase Omega oko iphone'a apha so take my phone with you. And mxelele makayeke I drama he's a security guard not ijoni makasuse I bomb le ikwi DP.

-this security guard from Omega has been calling all along... And tell him to quit the drama he's a security guard not a soldier so he must remove the bomb on his DP.

I laughed because I also thought the bomb was overly dramatic. I said my goodbyes to my boys and then I walked out.

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I drove to Ovayo's place and then I knocked on the door. His sister opened and she didn't look too pleased to see me.

Her: uzothini apha ekubeni ubumshiyile uOvayo?

-what are you doing here when you left Ovayo?

I exhaled.

Me: I thought you'd be happy you didn't like me kakade busithi ndizenza better so why are you so touched all of a sudden?

Her: No I'm not touched qha I don't understand what you are doing here. Shouldn't you be with your husband? And your baby? Instead of being here with my brother.

Me: your brother needs better communication skills ke. Cos he called me apha.

Her: Mxm. Ovayo une flat ngoku. So jikela.

-Ovayo has a flat now. So go around.

I nodded.

Her: Ncumo?

I looked at her.

Her: you look way better... Now... Without my brother. Congratulations on everything.

Me: enkosi.

I said politely as I walked around to Ovayo's flat. I knocked on the door and he opened. He had a girl inside. She's Thobeka and she lives two blocks away from his house. I always knew she had real love for him but he just couldn't see it no matter how many times I tried to show him.

Thobeka: Ovayo what the fuck is this? Are you still with her?

Ovayo: hayi baby she's just visiting-

Thobeka: I don't believe a word you're saying Ovayo you two will always have a thing for each other.

She said as she packed her bag. I suppose she slept over.

Ovayo: Ncumolwethu thetha fondin!

-talk!

Me: hay Thobeka nditshatile okay I'm... Not here to ruin your relationship we just want to talk.

Thobeka: so married women can't cheat? Inoba nicimba ndisi sbhanxa mna.

-you probably think I'm a fool.

Me: hehake Thobeka

I don't want him I promise. We can even talk in your presence ke-

Ovayo: no we will not do that. Thobeka utshate no Ta Jay lomntu.

-she's married to Ta Jay.

She scoffed.

Thobeka: Lowe BM?

-the one of the BM?

He nodded cheekily. All of a sudden she calmed down as if she knew I wouldn't cheat on Luphelo with Ovayo.

Thobeka: oh... Xolo Ncumo mntase I didn't know.

Me: it's fine mntase.

Thobeka: I will wait inside the house ke..

Me: yeah...

I faked a smile before she walked out and then Ovayo and I exhaled and sat down. He offered me my Mama's Chilly Russians from Boxer and I couldn't say no to that so we ate.

Ovayo: eh Majama... Ndicela uthethe no Ta Jay torho... I need a job. This job hunting shit is so hard although you have a degree.

-please talk to Ta Jay.

I exhaled.

Me: ha.a Ovayo I'm not getting involved.

Ovayo: please Hlalumi. I need a job and I was getting good money eJama Constructions until I fucked it up.

Me: besides Ovayo he created that position specifically for you because he didn't feel good about dating your girlfriend. He just wouldn't say it but ndamazazi uLuphelo he's sensitive like that so you fucked with his sympathy now he needs to ask himself whether he needs your qualifications or not... And to be honest he doesn't.

Ovayo: I will babysit uKing Jama ke.

I laughed hysterically and so did he.

Me: hay hay...

Ovayo: please Hlalumi.

Me: jonga Ovayo... Go to uLuphelo.. Be a man about it... Don't show intimidation but do own up to your bullshit. And cry... He will forgive you.

He scoffed before sipping his juice. But that's the lesson our boyfriends need to learn. Mistreat us today. Tomorrow you're begging our husband's to hire you.

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After meeting with Ovayo, I went home and then I waited for Luphelo and Kumie who came home after about 2 hours so in the evening I made supper for us and then we watched TV in our bedroom with Kumkani who sat on my lap in his diapers.

Me: hi Kumie.

Luphelo: ze ayazi English kuqhala kune siXhosa umntanam net soxabana. Ithini Molo Kumie.

-should my child know English before isiXhosa we will argue. Say "Molo Kumie".

Me: skaa.

I gave him the hand which he kissed. I kissed him and somehow we were both thinking the same thing... To the point where we didn't even need to communicate so I put Kumie against my pillow and then held his hand so that he doesn't fall off the bed. Luphelo pulled my underwear down and then he fucked me missionary style. I thought it was going to be a quickie but no...Luphelo fucked me so good and so slow that I let go of Kumkani who ended up falling off the bed. Luckily for us our bedroom mat is quite thick so although he fell, he didn't hit hard. And he only cried when he saw us crowding him.

Me: Kumie I'm so sorry baby fuck!!

I said frantically. This was his first fall ever and I just couldn't take it. I literally cried more than he did and Luphelo was just sitting on the bed, taking in the pain as a man. I managed to calm our son down and then gave him his dummy which he sucked with wet eyes.

I went to sit down next to Luphelo .

Luphelo: are you okay?

I nodded.

Me: you?

Luphelo: grand.



We just exhaled before I received a call from my step mother telling me that my father is sick and that I should come see him at his house so my husband and I got dressed along with our son then we drove to this house.

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When we arrived there, the mood was very depressing. My father didn't look like he was about to die but I understood why the family was concerned. He wasn't even talking but I had called my mother and told her on the way what happened and she said she would come see him. She sounded really concerned over the phone so I had hope that maybe she had put her feelings for him aside and was going to support me.

My father cried when he saw me... Especially when he saw uKumkani maybe he was guilty over the fact that he had gotten so big and he hadn't even seen him but he knew I had given birth. I guess he didn't care enough but he didn't really know about my financial status. Maybe now that he knows... He will treat me differently because money makes people cling to you even when they don't really give a fuck. The family decided to gather in a prayer but we heard some singing outside. Luphelo looked at me and whispered.

Luphelo: baby that sounds like... Our family.

Singing:

Designer waye culu Panda...

Iyooohaaaaa.

Culu Panda.

Culu Panda.

Designer waye culu Panda.

Iyooohaaaaa.

Culu Panda.

Culu Designer.

Designaaaaaaaaa.

The door opened and Patricia Sifora barged in with Luphelo's family as her backup. Literally Tatu Jama was there, Luthando, Lusanda, Luyanda along with three of my old cousins. Luphelo's mouth hung wide open. I was mortified that these grown people thought it was okay to barge into the house of a person who might die at any given moment to let us know that Designer once sang a song called "Panda".

Mommy: Sithi Timmy Timmy Timmy Turner

\*finger clicks\*

He be wishing for a burner.

\*finger clicks\*

To kill everyone walking. He know his soul in a furnace.

\*finger clicks\*

Fuck bitch on BET

\*finger clicks\*

Have her Wilding.

I got up and then tried to stop this chaos that my in laws led by my mother were doing.

Me: Mama!!! Yinton lento niyenzayo kuyathandazwa apha?

-what are you doing there's a prayer in session here.

Mommy: tseeeek cimba uThixo uzosindisa uGraham? Tsek lonto leyo.

She said as she and the family continued with their song. Lumphelo hadn't moved an inch. He was still frozen with his mouth wide open from the disbelief.

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Insert 97: Continuation, Bonus insert whatever you wanna call it. ❤️

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Step mother: ngobani ngoku aba?

-who are these people now?

Senior: sizi Ghost Busters.

-we are the..

Uncle: hay hay phumani anina mbheko?! Nibadala for lekaka niyenzayo-

-get out don't you have respect?! You are old for the shit you're doing-

Mommy: yey George ungaku linge undi xelele ngobudala mna! Kuze u Mninawa wakho bendi dlwengulile buyazi waxakwa kunqanda ngoku umdala ngoku uzondi xelela ngobudala?!

-Hey George don't you dare tell me about being old. When your little brother raped me you knew and you couldn't even stop it although you are grown now you are going to tell me about being old?

Tempers were flaring and my uncle tried to reach for my mother but Senior stepped in. Now I understand where Luphelo gets his calm but intimidating chill.

Senior: Mbethe. Mbethe. Awuphinde ke ngoku uzibuze ukuba ndi ngubani uzondazi.

-hit her. You won't ask who I am again you will know.

He said with his hands behind his back. My uncle exhaled and then he looked away.

Senior: ndithe Mbethe!! Or kanye bufuna umntu obhinqileyo?! Awuy funi indoda yona?

-I said hit her! Or you want a woman? You don't want the man?

He asked as he came near my uncle who kept taking steps back. Senior is just like Luphelo. He doesn't chase. So he wanted to back him against the corner but Luphelo had to get up to stop his father.

Luphelo: Timer ndayaz unomsindo Kodwa ndakcela myeke lomntu.

-I know you're angry but please leave this person.

Senior was staring bullets at my Uncle at that point but Luphelo managed to persuade him to let him go. I could understand why Senior was upset... That happening to his own children made it hit home and that's why the siblings also tagged along. Sexual abuse is such a sinister form of abuse... It never goes away unless you find people who are willing to love the person you are after it because you will never be the same again. Mommy, Luyanda and Luphelo are people who are surrounded by a family that will do anything and everything to make sure they receive healing.. No matter how absurd it might be. I took Kumkani then the family walked out of the house and into our separate cars. It was clear that we were all going to sleep at my house tonight because they all followed behind our car.

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Luphelo and I didn't speak at all in the car. We just walked into the house and the family followed and then we all gathered around the dining room table. I was surprised that Ma had come but she waited for them in the car because she wasn't prepared to let us know that Designer once sang a song called Panda.

Me: Mommy what happened?

She was an emotional wreck.

Mommy: ndikxelele nje Ncumolwethu.

-I told you.

Me: no Mama akhange undi xelele.

-you didn't tell me.

Mommy: he raped me.

She shrugged her shoulders.

Me: when? But he left you at the aisle-

She became so frustrated.

Mommy: Luphelo talk to your wife she's so slow.

She said as she wiped her eyes. I looked at Luphelo.

Me: buyazi?!

-you knew?

Luphelo: she asked me not to tell you kalok Majama.

I wiped my tears and bit my lip.

Me: Thetha kaloku.

-talk.

Luphelo: uGraham raped her and that's how she had you... They never dated it was just a story she told to protect you.

I inhaled deeply because the truth broke me. Hearing how I came into this world disgusted me. I am the product of a sin. An assault. I must be just as guilty because I come from the manhood of a beast. I was the fastest thing that came out of him to reach my mother and I was ashamed of myself. I looked at my mother who cried on her chair and honestly I felt like dying but I couldn't make this about me. This was about her. So I went over to her and then I hugged her. My mother and I have always been close so hugs were nothing new to us but we have never held one another tighter than this.

Me: uxolo Mama.

Mommy: it's okay.

Senior gave us some tissues and we wiped our faces.

Me: I love you so God damn much. Thank you for never treating me like a sin-

Mommy: a sin? Ncumo... You saved me. You make me proud. You gave me a family I could call when I need to fuck shit up.

The Jama's laughed gently.

Mommy: if you're a sin then I will burn in hell to be your mother because I love you. So much. I hate him but he gave me you. And that's the only reason why I waited until he fell sick before I did anything.

Luphelo was even crying in the corner at that moment. But that was nothing new. What was new was seeing Senior crying. My husband got up and then he came to join our hug and so did the entire family.

Luthando: Sijama family over everything guys! Wolf pack mentality at all times we got each other.

Us: yes.

We all agreed.

Luphelo: wenzani uDesigner Bantase?

-what is Designer doing my relatives?

Them: Waye culu Pandaaaa.

lyhooaaaa.

They sang before we all laughed it off.

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The family first spent time by the pool, eating and taking the edge off with a bit of wine. But Luphelo and I didn't join, we went to our bedroom and I could clearly hear Mr Jama betting that I was probably going to fall pregnant again next year. So Luphelo and I went to the balcony.

Me: siyakuva Tata.

-we can hear you.

Senior: nam bendinga sebezi.

-I also wasn't whispering.

Me: haike uzo lose'a imali yakho ngoba ndi Gqhibile mna ngoku for at least 3 years.

-well then you're going to lose your money because I'm done now..

Senior: rhaa Nina? Mxm.

He just has the funniest "mxm" I have ever heard so we laughed it off, said our goodbyes before we climbed back into bed and I sat between Luphelo's legs while he plaited my hair.

Luphelo: baby looking at how close our family is we really need to get our shit together and make sure our marriage lasts.

Me: they would be more sad than us if we divorced.

We laughed.

Luphelo: iGhost Busters. My dad is embarrassing yazi.

I laughed.

Me: I loved the way he stood up for mommy though. Kuze uGeorge befuna umbetha.

-when George wanted to hit her.

Luphelo: uzothini efuna impundu?

-what's he going to do when he wants ass?

Me: hay but baby for him to fight just because he wants ass?

Luphelo: heeh baby awzazi impundu wena!! Impundu zinga kwenza ubethe uUndertaker ngempama uthi "yes madolo ka yise usay nxiba nangoku I mascara". It's really not that deep with my dad.

-you don't know ass. Ass can make you slap The Undertaker and say "yes Daddy's knees do you still wear mascara".

I burst out laughing.

Me: is he still on that though?

Luphelo: yeah.. But I warned him against that. It would ruin the family and I also trust uPat that she wouldn't do that to uMamam.

Me: yeah of course.

Luphelo: baby uMamakho uzazelaphi lyrics zika Timmy Turner? Ngoba andizazi mna kuqhala ndiva ngaye ukba kukho o "Fuck bitch on BET. Have her wildin".

-how does your mother know the lyrics to Timmy Turner? Because I heard from her that there's...

Me: Jonga I have no idea. Do you think they rehearsed this?

Luphelo: bebezoli fumana phi xesha? Mental institution patients are good at improvising.

-where would they find the time?

I laughed. He had a point there.

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After he finished plaiting my head, I thanked him with a kiss and then I got up.

Me: baby I'm gonna sleep with Mommy tonight va?

Luphelo: I'm also gonna sleep with mine ke.

Me: who is Kumie gonna sleep with?

Luphelo: no Mamakhe tyin.

-with his mother.

I giggled as I went to take my baby from his little nest that we made between us, kissed Luphelo good night and then I took out my debit card from my wallet. By the way, don't get a credit card Issa trap.

I walked to Mommy's bedroom because believe it or not... Our family has already picked their rooms in our house and they always use the same rooms. So I knocked on Mommy's door and she opened up for me.

Mommy: angel face?

Me: hi mommy. Singa lala nawe?

-can we sleep with you?

Her eyes smiled even before her mouth did.

Mommy: of course.

I smiled excitedly before closing the door behind us and then I fixed Kumkani's place.

Me: mommy I'm sorry for everything I put you through from the time I started seeing uLuphelo and started acting out because I wanted to grow up... To the time I started wanting to know lanja u Graham... I just didn't know-

Mommy: Ncumo. I went to school because of you. If I didn't have you I would have never been a Dr. So yes I was raped and that hurt my soul but look at what God gave me in the end because there was no way I was going to get a masters degree, a beautiful daughter or this life all on my own. And after letting it out today... I'm finally free.

I wiped my tears and then put my debit card on the bed.

Me: the pin is 2109. Luphelo's birthday. I want you to take a day off tomorrow and go crazy. I love you Mamam and I'm blessed to have a mother like you.

She Hugged me and kissed me. No matter how grown you are, nothing beats being in mommys arms.

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Kumkani cried twice in the morning but even with those disturbances Mommy woke up with a smile on her face.

Mommy: Molo Angel face.

Me: Molo Mama. Awusencume ngathi awuvuswanga kabini ngu mzukulwana wakho.

-you are smiling as if you weren't woken up twice by your grandchild.

Mommy: ndlela le ndimthanda ngayo.

-the way I love him.

Her dependent clause was so beautiful that it was an exception to the rule. We could allow it to stand alone. It made sense without any back up.

Me: he loves you too Mommy. How do you feel today?

Mommy: I feel at ease. Kuze bundi xebele uGraham uya ghula bendi qhonda ngaske ndimbulale Hlalumi. Umsindo... Nda fonela uLubango ndamxelela ukuba ndibawela ukuya endlini ka Graham ndiyom tyisa ityefu but he said we should rather storm in there and turn their grief into a circus otherwise I would get arrested and I wouldn't even be able to get uLuphelo to represent me. And Hlalumi that showed me that yazi we become so obsessed with acting our age that we lose our minds and forget to laugh. That's why adults die from stress related diseases it's because we would rather take the high way just to be appropriate than to handle things in a humorous way. So I feel so good. I'm glad I did what I did. I haven't had fun like that in forever.

-when you told me that Graham is sick I thought I wish I could kill him. The anger... I called Lubango and told him I want to go to Grahams house and feed him poison.

I laughed.

Me: wena no Lubango are the best parents anyone could ask for because you both make it so easy for us as your kids to communicate and we all appreciate that.

Mommy: kalok Hlalumi there is a fine line between respect and fear. We want respect. True, genuine respect... And respect stems from love. Knowing that's your parent and you will do whatever they want you to do because you love them and you want to. And knowing you can talk to your parent about everything and anything... But you still know that's your parent and not your friend. Then we get uptight parents who want fear... Those parents don't know their children because they don't listen to their children. They lose their children to alcohol and drugs because when their children get into trouble the first thing on their mind is "Mom and Dad are going to kill me" ngelo xesha Mom and Dad have the answers but they raise their children with an iron hand and then wonder why their children aren't successful Kodwa they ruined them mentally. So mntanam it's okay to be grown and to want authority but just look at how much fun our family is having. The parents along with their children... It's a vibe... A mood... Because no one is uptight and you could build a skyscraper with the respect we have for each other and no one has wrinkles.



I giggled.

Me: come to think of it... Unyanisile. Lubango is like 58 but he looks so good.

Mommy: that's due to knowing when to be serious and when to just chill. Can't be serious all the damn time mntase khaya yhu.

I giggled as we continued talking about how she plans on spending my money today.

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I went downstairs to feed Kumkani and to make breakfast but Lusanda was already there. She likes being busy. That's one thing I like about having her around. She always helps to take the load off me whenever my in laws are around and does a great job of hiding the fact that I wasn't worth the Lobola shame I'm quite lazy. . I make great food yes but cleaning? I hate that... But I have to do it because I don't want to hire a maid. We may afford one but I don't like the idea of having a stranger in my house, cleaning after my family.

We greeted each other and then I fed Kumkani while she finished up breakfast and telling me about how she and her brothers all slept on one bed last night. It was quite funny.

Once breakfast was ready. We served breakfast, everyone ate, freshened up and then people left one by one so I approached Luthando and asked to meet him in the smallest living room we have in the house.

Luthando: yes Hlalumi?

Me: uhm... I just want to thank you for being one of the people who helped uMama. It means a lot that you were willing to do that for her.

Luthando: Wolf pack mentality all day everyday.

Me: yeah... That's why I wanted to talk to you. I wanted to tell you that you can move back in eHumewood and not pay rent. You can live for as long as you would like... But please make sure you do buy a house. Just so that your kids can have an inheritance otherwise... You can live there.

He smiled.

Luthando: Uyayazi uPabbles lento?

-Does Pabbles know this?

Me: he won't mind I know. He loves you guys so yeah..

He hugged me and then lifted me up and kissed my forehead.

Senior: hey hey hey... Sanukwenza intozika Bold and the Beautiful apha.

-don't do Bold and the Beautiful things here.

We laughed.

Me: Iza ndikphuze nawe ndakbona ufuna eyakho.

-come let me kiss you too I can see you want your yours too.

He laughed before extending his arms and I hugged him but I could only reach his jaw because he's quite tall. Luphelo looked at us from the doorway and he smiled.

Luphelo: Tata ungabi ngu Bill Spencer.

-Dad don't be Bill Spencer.

They laughed.

Senior: haska oHlalumi ngama 2000... Abantu abane ID ezingama card ngathi umntu uzo swipe'a. Yonki information ilapha. Fondin mna ndifuna abantu abane ID eyincwadi Umane ngoy tyila..

-Hlalumi is a millennial. People with ID's that are cards as if they about to swipe. All the information is there. I want people who have ID's that are books that you can keep paging.

We laughed as my husband signaled that I should come to him so I did and he kissed me goodbye. And left his phone with me.

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When I was finally at home alone, I called Siphelo.

Siphelo: Queen B?

Me: hey. Did you finally see the footage?

Siphelo: yes but andimazi ngubani lo sisi khazozi bonela .

-I don't know who this sis is come and see for yourself.

Me: awundi bhanxi?

-aren't you fooling me?

Siphelo: tu sis wam ndingane sono.. Iza uzazi bonela.

-not at all my sister I would have sin. Come and see for yourself.

I exhaled.

Me: okay give me 20 minutes.

Siphelo: sure.

I hung up and then took Kumie and we went out together. It was raining so I really enjoyed the drive to Omega Constructions. It calmed down my nerves because I was really anxious to see who did this.

I finally arrived so I kissed Kumkani's face because he was awake.

Me: baby ndizobaleka, ndifumane i face yalomntu Uqhela umtshato wabazali bakho umqundu so gqhiba ndibuye rhou uyevah? Nzathi 1, 2, 1, 2.

-baby I'm going to run, get the face of the person that is disrespecting your parents marriage and then come back quickly okay? I'm going to be fast.

I opened the door and Kumkani made baby sounds so I closed it. He was quiet. Then I opened the door and he cried again and I closed it then he kept quiet.

Me: Oh ke.

I said as I took him and he smiled when I took him out of his carrier. I giggled a bit before putting him underneath my turtle neck and then covered him with my rain coat before running to the gate.

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Siphelo let me into his tiny "office" and then he closed the door.

Siphelo: ngubani lona? Blue Ivy? Baby Brock?

-who is this?

I laughed.

Me: it's Kumkani.

Siphelo: Royalty fondin. Molo Your Highness.

He said as he shook Kumkani's hand. Siphelo is sweet.

Siphelo: nantsi ke lento. I couldn't see the face but I remember this woman she dropped your CV that's how I could tell. Do you recognize her?

I zoomed into the picture. At first I couldn't recognize her but then I remembered... It was Zim. The bitch Luphelo was with when we first met.

Me: ewe ndiyamazi..

-yes I know her.

I said with my breathing slowing down. I was pissed.

Siphelo: kutheni u nomsindo Queen B? I mean lomntu ukzamela umsebenzi... Yintoni embi apho?

-why are you so angry Queen B? This person is trying to get a job for you... What's bad about that?

Me: you won't understand Siphelo lomntu bezama ukundi xabanisa no mnyeni wam.

-this person was trying to make my husband and I

Argue.

He exhaled.

Siphelo: but sisteri... Uxabanisa dhuru lomntu.

I laughed and he smiled when he saw me laughing. I reached into my back pocket and I had like R85 there so I took it out and gave it to him.

Me: I know this is stupid but... McDonald yaphuma apho so maybe you can get lunch I don't know but thank you for your help.

Siphelo: sure sisteri. Enkosi.

Me: enkosi nawe. Bye bye.

Siphelo: bye bye Sisteri.

He hugged me and then kissed Kumkani's hand before we walked out.

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I drove to Luphelo's JLS and then walked in with Kumkani to the receptionist.

Me: hi ukhona uTaka lo?

-is this one's father in?

Her: yes-

I didn't even listen to what else she had to say because I just walked to his office where he was smoking his cigar, staring into thin air. He must have come from court because he was wearing his black gown.

Me: ndi suka Kwa Omega.

-I come from Omega.

Luphelo: and?

Me: your ex uZim is the one who gave in my CV.

Luphelo: told you she's not my ex.

Me: I don't care what she is point is benilala kunye andithi..

-you were sleeping together right..

Luphelo: precisely.

Me: so that makes her your ex for all intents and purposes. But Luphelo why didn't you tell me you still keep in contact with her? It's clear she still visits your office... No wonder she got my CV.

Luphelo: Hlalumi must I tell you everything ngoku?

Me: she's your ex... It would be good to know that you see her.

Luphelo: buphi izolo?

-where were you yesterday?

He smoked his cigar and I flushed.

Me: with Ovayo.

I said cheekily.

Luphelo: bund xelele?

-did you tell me?

Me: no but... It's not the same Luphelo.

Luphelo: what's the difference?

Me: all of the shit that happens to us always comes from your side Luphelo. People you know.

Luphelo: so when your ex catfished using my identity... That was okay? That wasn't shit?

I inhaled and looked down.

Luphelo: Mrs Jama?

Me: heh Mr Jama?

Luphelo: ayidhuru i white wedding for ukuba Masi qhumbelane.

-a white wedding is so expensive for us to be mad at each other.

My mouth betrayed me by giggling. I sealed my lips.

Luphelo: uyayazi phofu ukba uza kuqhala ku mnyeni wakho?

-do you know that you come first to your husband?

Me: e.e

-yes

I said while blowing up my cheeks and tensing my eyebrows. When women lose the fight, we become babies.

Luphelo: Izake ndi ncamise ezi nyeke ziqhumbileyo.

-come then so I can kiss these lips that are upset.

No but I can't... I can't with Luphelo Jama's charm anymore. I got up and then went to sit on his lap and we kissed. I love him and I shouldn't have taken this out on him but I was just taken by surprised when I saw who did this because Zim was the last person on my mind. I deadass thought it might be some

heffar from Jama Constructions but honestly I should have known they aren't smart enough to think of such.

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Insert 99: Sandra Mcdonald ❤️

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I left my man's office and then drove home. Mommy knocked on the door shortly so I went to open up for her. It was still raining so she wiped her feet on the doormat and then hung her coat.

Mommy: yhu Lumi andi dhinwe.

-I'm so tired.

Me: khandbone uthenge ntoni?

-let me see what you bought.

I said with a smile. I was so excited to see what she had bought.

She showed me a gold bracelet which she bought at Sterns and a cute two piece jumpsuit for babies and her eyes beamed when she showed me all she bought.

Me: Mama uthenge lento qha?

-mom you bought this only?

Mommy: ewe kalok Hlalumi this two piece was R900 and le bracelet biyi R1 200.

-yes Hlalumi this two piece was R900 and this bracelet was R1 200.

I buried my face in my hands.

Me: Mommy I told you to buy whatever you want and you come home with an outfit for uKumkani and a cheap bracelet?

Mommy: it's R1 200 Hlalumi it's not cheap-

Me: it's cheap compared to the things you did for me Mama so hamba uphindele emall uthenge intwe bhadlileyo.

-go back to the mall and buy something that makes sense.

Mommy: Kodwa Hlalumi-

-but-

Me: Mama!

Mommy: sudikwa kaloku.

-don't be annoyed.

She sulked.

Me: Hay Kodwa nawe Mama uyatyafisa tsh uKumkani has enough clothes. I want you to do whatever you want because I have been saving my salary for months so I have enough money for you to maybe... Go to a different province no Joy and just have fun.

Mommy: hay hay asoze ndibheje nge Mali yomntanam kalok. Andika yityi imali yabakhe so mna ndizoz visa kamnandi ngale Mali.

-no no I won't spoil her with my child's money. I haven't spent her children's money so I'm going to make myself feel good with this money.

I laughed and so did she.

Me: I love you mommy.

Mommy: I love you more. Akeka goduki u Mr "ndi peya nange 13th nje randomly".

-Hasn't Mr "I get paid even on the 13th randomly" come home?

I giggled.

Me: No. Ndivela kuye ndiyolwa naye waske Wandi charm'a umntu Mama heeeh. He was like "izake ndi ncamise inyeke ezi ziqhumbileyo".

-I came from him because I wanted to fight with him instead the person charmed me.

Mommy blushed as well so we just sat there laughing at it.

Mommy: Lumphelo is his father's son wake wamuva uLubango xaye thetha? Bethe kum ukuba ndifuna i revenge ngalentba ebendi molestiwe ukhona yena ndinga phindisela kuye.

-have you ever heard Lubango when he speaks? He said to me If I want revenge about the fact that I was molested he's here so I could get revenge on him.

I looked at Mom with a raised eyebrow.

Me: Mama are you still a lesbian?

Mommy: Hay hay Hlalumi Ndiyi lesbian nangok if Bunga zalwa ndim bendizak plita.

-I'm a lesbian even now if you weren't birthed by me I would have asked you out.

I laughed hysterically. Mom though.

Me: I'm just saying Mommy we have a close family and I know those Jama men have a slick tongue that make panties drop. Please don't ruin our family.

Mommy: hehake Hlalumi you don't trust me? Let me go to the mall futhi before they close.

Me: heh mommy..

Mommy: tsek.

I laughed as she kissed Kumkani good bye and then walked out with my card.

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My man came home when I was in the kitchen baking brownies which was going to be for dessert but dinner was pork ribs with two half corns and coleslaw salad.

Luphelo: molweni.

He greeted his son and I as he came into the kitchen.

Me: hi Mqocwa.

I toned down the heat of my stove from 6 to 3 and then went to hug my husband then we kissed. Kumkani was excitedly kicking his legs on his high chair when he saw Daddy so Luphelo took him from his chair and then kissed his baby.

Luphelo: akasa nuki kamnandi. Good job Mommy.

-he smells so nice.

I smiled. Honestly being told by your man that you're doing a good job as a mother is the best compliment he could ever give you. Far better than being called beautiful.

Me: thanks Daddy. How was day 1 of court today?

Luphelo: siqhale kakuhle Hlalumi. Enkosi ngondi support'a.

-we started off well. Thank you for supporting me.

Me: that's what wives are for baby. Are you ready for dinner?

Luphelo: yeah please ndi lambile.

-I'm hungry.

Me: okay.



I said as I went to dish up for him and he went upstairs to change with Kumkani whom he said he was going to try to put to sleep. Then he came back topless, dressed in only his black sweatpants and it was clear that he wasn't wearing any underwear. Breathe Hlalumi. I took his food to him along with his alcohol and then I got down on my knees when I served him.

Luphelo: baby what's going on with you?

I giggled.

Me: what do you mean?

Luphelo: buqhumbele into ka Zim like 3 hours ago. Then I come home and you cooked this amazing meal with my favorite cognac and now you're kneeling in front of me. Channel 171 ndiyam Bukela sisi this is a set up for a murder so tell me Iphi poison? Ikwi ribs? Or kanye iku mbhona? Or ikle salad? Or ikwi cognac? Or kanye ikweza brownie zise ovenin? Itsho ngoku ndibe ndi sitya ezi zi safe ndinga fiki ezulwini sendi lambile ndi dike uYesu ndisa fika sendi buza kuphakwa nini.

-you were angry about this Zim thing.. I watch Channel 171 sis... Where is the poison? Is it in the ribs? Or is it in the corn? Or it's in the salad? Or is it in those brownies in the oven? Say so now so I can eat the safe ones in the meantime so that I won't arrive in Heaven hungry and annoy Jesus upon my arrival by asking when are they dishing up.

I burst out laughing. Why doesn't he trust me?

Me: baby I'm your wife. I love you and I just wanna spoil you... There is no poison.

He smiled.

Luphelo: I love coming home.

Me: I love it when you're at home.

I said before pulling his manhood out of his sweatpants and then giving him a blow job.

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We ate dinner and dessert then we put the dishes in the dish washer and he carried me to the bedroom.. Then he put me on the bed and kissed me. He climbed on top of me with his body in between my legs and he tried to pull my skirt down but I stopped him. I wanted him to beg for it. He's so romantic when he is begging for pussy.

Luphelo: yintoni ngoku Nzwakazi?

-what now Beautiful?

Me: ndiyo yika.

-I'm scared.

He looked at me on some "bitch I saw you giving birth" but he smiled and stuck to the mood. I laughed internally.

Luphelo: andizoku visa ubuhlungu. Ndizokuba nobulali.

-I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to be gentle.

Me: andi qinisekanga..

-I'm not sure.

Luphelo: ndi thembe Ntikazi yam. Ndicela undi ngenise ngesini.

-trust me. Please let me into your vagina.

He finally unlocked the cookie jar and that's when I allowed him to pull down my skirt and to penetrate me between the thighs. I opened my legs and allowed him to thrust inside me.

Me: ahhh fuck!

I screamed as one hand was on his buttcheek and the other was around his neck.

Me: ooooh Phelo baaaawo.

I said breathlessly as he made love to me. I enjoyed the rhythm of our bodies having sex with each other, our skins rubbing and the electricity was being built up inside us. I wrapped my legs around his waist, allowing him to penetrate me deeper. After a few more strokes he was ready to cum so he came into a towel and then he collapsed next to me and we both breathed heavily on our backs.

Luphelo: so mna ndisa cenga for impundu ngoku nditshatile?

-so I still beg for ass although I'm married?

I giggled and nodded. He laughed too then he got up and he went to fetch a plastic bag in his laptop bag from Hair City. I sat upright on the bed with a huge smile on my face.

Luphelo: Hlalumi... you and I argue over the dumbest shit sometimes. Sometimes I care and sometimes I don't but as soon as a woman is involved in our arguments I have to be a man and apologize because you had the best body in the world until I made you pregnant so... Of course that's going to fuck with your esteem. By the way mntuwam... This thicker you is really making it hard for my dick to stay down.

I smiled as he caressed my chin.

Me: Taka Kumkani stahp.

Luphelo: Ndiyeke?

-should I stop?

Me: hay hay Qhubekeka.

-continue.

He laughed.

Luphelo: so baby I really don't want you to trip over any woman. You're the only one I want. So I owe you 3 bundles and a closure for everytime we argue about a woman I don't fuck with so yeah...I'm sorry mntuwam. I don't want you to be threatened of any woman in this world.

He said as he gave me the plastic bag and when I looked inside. There were three bundles of 28 inches of Malaysian hair and the closure had bangs. I screamed.

Me: baby!! Baby thank you so much!! Yazi Taka Kumkani uZim le CV beyphathiswe ngu Shirley, no Qhama no Amahle-

-you know Zim was helped to carry this CV by Shirley, Qhama and Amahle-

Luphelo: suxoka Hlalumi Jama!!

-don't lie.

He said as he laughed hysterically and wrapped his arm around me before kissing my cheek.

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The next morning went by way too quickly. I ironed my man's clothes, fed my baby and then he gave me the contract to sign for my new Quantity Surveyor position which I was going to take once I get back to work so when he left I just spent my morning planning Sihle's baby shower which was going to be this weekend so I called her and we spoke for a while. Our conversation was really mediocre and boring. I really tried to add life into it but Sihle was bored. Not bored of me... Just bored in general and I could relate because those final months of pregnancy just suck you dry so I understood and didn't take offence to that. If anything, I could appreciate how she tried to act interested in speaking to me.

So after that call I decided to call Lelethu.

Lelethu: Yibamb' iMercedes. 🎵🎵

Me: Yibamb' iNtoyam. 🎵🎵

She laughed.

Lelethu: hey Mamu Jama.

Me: Mamu Faliso. I'm busy planning the rest of the baby shower apha so are you free?

Lelethu: yes babes.

Me: okay I will come pick you up ke in like 2 hours.

Lelethu: sure.

Me: bye.

I said before hanging up. I decided to wear my white Nike body suit with my blue jeans, black pointed red bottoms and my black leather jacket. I took my son and then I went to the Greenacres mall where I did my natural hair and then sent my weave to Hair City to ask them to turn it into a wig. Once I was done, I went to fetch my bank card from Mommy and this time around she actually spent it wisely and I was content with everything she did with my money. Nothing beats being able to spoil your mother. After fetching my card, I went to pick Lelethu up. I took a selfie in my car and sent them to my husband who posted my selfies and captioned them "the man is having way too many speeding tickets because road speed limits don't make provisions for men who have wives this beautiful and therefore need to get home sooner". 🐱🐱

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We bought everything we needed for Sihle's baby shower and honestly everything was coming together now so she and I ate at Mugg and Bean and then I told her about the Zim story and she actually told me that she knows Zim. Apparently Zim and Lumphelo had a thing for about 4 years prior to him and I being together but Lumphelo never made it official. He never gave it a name. Never celebrated a single anniversary with her. In essence he was only fucking her for 4 years so that's why she was upset. She gave him an ultimatum when he left her for me and said she would leave and not come back if he chose me and he chose me... so she went to Dublin for a while and then came back to check if we were still together... Only to find out we are married with a baby now so I drove to her workplace. She's a huge events planner so I went to her office and knocked. She told me I could come in so I walked in with Kumkani and then sat down on a chair opposite her. She looked really shocked to see me.

Zim: Okay this is strange.

Me: Far stranger things have happened.

Zim: Care to elaborate?

Me: with pleasure. Far stranger things like seeing your face kwi surveillance camera's zase Omega Constructions dropping my CV.

Her face flushed.

Zim: so uzothini ke? Uzond betha right now?

-so what are you going to do? Are you going to hit me?

Me: if I was ngendi shiya umntana ka Jama emotweni but no. I don't need to. Just like I also don't need to be here but I had to tell you woman to woman. Awundi tyeli, awundo yikisi qha uyandi dika. Wena uyafana nje ne pad ethi nca kwi nzeft. So Ndakcela yiyeke lento uyenzayo lekaka looks good on television not kwi real life.

-I would have left Jama's child in the car...You're not eating from my plate, you don't scare me you're just annoying me. You're just like a pad that sticks to your pubic hair. So please stop this because this shit you're doing looks good on TV not in real life.

Zim: so it was good when you took my man?

Me: when he was with you besithini xaye fill'isha in i form? Besithi single andithi? Uthini ngoku enam kwi form? Uthi married. So he was fair game and besides wayekphika. What could I have done ndibona indoda endiythandayo?

-what did he say when he used to fill in a form? He used to say single right? What is he saying on the form now that he's with me? He says married...besides he was denying being with you... I was seeing a man that I love.

Zim: andizo nqandwa nguwe mna Ncumolwethu. Luphelo is a man entitled to make his own decisions.

-I'm not going to be stopped by you.

Me: okay. No if he fucks you it's fine I won't deal with you cos I married him... But pull another stunt like what you've just done and I'm telling you you are going to cry because I don't know how far you're willing to go before you accept that he doesn't want you . That's what I came here for to warn you just in case you think I don't know what you're doing. But ke here's a word of advice and I tell this to everyone: you can try any marriage in the world and that's fine... But when you see oka Hlalumi umtshato... run mqund wakho... Run. I'm not going to beg you to back off I'm going to make you back off. And you don't want to know how.

I scoffed before getting up gracefully with my son and then walked out.

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