



*Designed By Angel N. M.*

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## INTRODUCTION

ISIDINGO is a mixture of fiction and real life events story that brings you a polygamous family/ marriage.

Mazwakhe Sibeko, a tycoon business man mostly transport,land, construction and funeral parlor services is married to 4 wives.

The first wife is Thabisile MaZungu Sibeko who is now a primary school principal. Thabisile is Mazwakhe's best friend,sweetheart and soul mate. Together they have 3 kids named Phakamani the first son, Khethelo and Mbali.

After Thabisile comes Nokubonga Gwala Sibeko,(2nd wife) who is a social worker and partner in one of Mazwakhe's business. Nokubonga and Mazwakhe has 2 kids named Nhlonipho and Nosipho. Nokubonga is considered as a loner and

mostly minds her business. She tolerates the other wives but doesn't really like them. It's her kids and husband that really matters. Thank God everyone has their house in different locations so she really doesn't have to see them often.

Nokx is followed by a "slay queen" as they normal call her, Sanelisiwe MaSibiya Sibeko. She met Mazwakhe back in Gauteng in the middle of the road, her car had broken down and guy was passing by, he stopped and helped her. Sane had everything except a man and Mazwakhe swept her feet. She relocated from Johannesburg to Durban where she is currently a university lecturer. Her and Mazwakhe has no kids at the moment (by choice).

Lastly, we have Nonhlanhla Mamchunu Sibeko. Nonhlanhla is older than Sanelisiwe, she met Mazwakhe as his helper in a house he rented in Mpumalanga for business. The two got naughty and she fell pregnant. She sometimes feels like the

least loved but happy to have everything she desires. The other wives except Sane, feels like she waste their hard earned money as she is a house wife and raising their 2 year old son with Mazwakhe named Sanele.

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Pick your fighter, we are about to start soon!

Sponsorship without any advisement is R60. With competitions and beauty pageants, inbox me as the price vary depending on the kind of promo we are running.

This is ISIDINGO bringing you the Maziya's (Sibeko) family to you! I hope you get to enjoy it.

Tag, mention and share it with your friends!!

PROLOGUE

## NOKUBONGA- MAGWALA

A red Mercedes Benz G63 drives inside a very beautiful home and parks outside the garage. A man, proly in his middle 50s steps out of the car and his two kids runs up to him for a hug. It warms his heart to see this reaction from them whenever he comes home, even though they are now old.

Mazwakhe: Bo Mcusi, nikahle?( my kids, are you good?)

Nosipho takes his bag while Nhlonipho gets inside the car to park it.

Nosipho: we are good dad, we missed you.

They walk inside the house hand in hand where Nokubonga is busy with her pots. She gives him one look and blushes. Mazwakhe's heart did a rocky dance at that. Nosipho gives her parents space, Mazwakhe goes to his wife.

Mazwakhe: Sawubona ...(hello)

He greets wrapping his hands around her waist giving her a baby kiss.

Nokubonga: Yebo sawubona,kunjani? (Hello to you too,how are you?)

Mazwakhe: Well now that I'm home i feel good.

Nokubonga: As if you weren't good wherever you were.

Mazwakhe:(giggling) olwani uchuku? ( why are you spicy)

Nokubonga: Have a seat, the food is almost ready.

Mazwakhe: Why are you cooking instead of Nosipho?

Nosipho: Urhm dad, you know your wife loves to show off and impress you.

Nosipho quickly defends herself and Nokubonga smiles. She doesn't do much around the house but makes sure that she handles the pots whenever the owner of the house is home. He loves her cooking, one of the reasons he married her.

Nhlonipho joins them as they catch up on the

dinner table. Mazwakhe asks them about varsity and all.

Nhlonipho: I was talking to Phakamani few days ago, he can't wait to come back home for good.

Nosipho: I also cannot wait to see him, he has been gone for so long.

Nokubonga: His job is demanding, i am sure Thabisile is overjoyed about the news.

Nhlonipho: No one knows he is coming back except me. I am telling you this because i was hoping we can host a smallnyana welcome home party for him? Dad?

Mazwakhe: It's a good idea Nhlonipho but you can't do it without his mother's knowledge. She has to be involved and know her son is coming home so that she can arrange whatever gift she feels like giving him.

Nokubonga: Your father is right, whatever you plan to do, run it by Thabisile first.

Nhlonipho: Okay i hear you, it would be nice though

to see both u Mamkhulu and Phaks surprised but i hear your points. Dad?

Mazwakhe: Do not ask me money, please...

Nosipho:(giggle)Ave u stingy!(you are so stingy)

Mazwakhe: I work hard for every cent i own so it is well within my right.

Nhlonipho: Well as his father ke you don't have a choice but to contribute.

Mazwakhe shakes his head checking his phone as it indicates that there's a new unread messages. It's pictures from Sanelisiwe wearing a lingerie. He types fast replying with fire emojis and hearts before putting his phone down.

Mazwakhe: How much are you going to need?

Nhlonipho smiles proudly and write the figure down and pushes the paper to his father. Mazwakhe takes one glance and shakes his head.

Mazwakhe: Angeke, khohlwa! ( no ways, forget it!)



Nhlonipho: Dad come on...

Mazwakhe: I can only give you R50k not more than that.

Nokubonga: Kanti ufuna malini lo? ( how much does he wants?)

Mazwakhe: Tell him to show you...

Nhlonipho: Nosipho was right, you are so stingy it's not even funny. We haven't seen Phakamani in a year because of his training in the army. He deserves a ball and a car nyana to welcome him home. What is 50k going to do? Dad, we have to slaughter a cow, you know how expensive they are . Drinks, gifts and all, yet you talk about R50k! It's fine, i will fund the event from my pockets.

He looks very disappointed and gets up from the table with his plate. Nosipho follows him leaving the rents alone. Mazwakhe is eating and licking his fingers unbothered about the drama these two bring.

Nokubonga: Why do you always have to do this?

Mazwakhe: Do what?

Nokubonga: You know what I'm talking about, we had this conversation.

Mazwakhe: MaGwala, not today s thandwa sami.

Nokubonga sighs and eats in silence, Mazwakhe cleans his teeth with a tooth pick typing on his phone.

Mazwakhe: the food was delicious, thank you.

Nokubonga nods and continue to eat in silence.

Mazwakhe brushes her hand softly.

Mazwakhe: I'm sorry, i will give Nhlonipho the money for his brother's home welcoming party.

Nokubonga: Thank You Maziya.

Mazwakhe: Now stop sulking...

Nokubonga:(smiling ) I'm not sulking...

Mazwakhe: Yes you are, come here.

Nokubonga: Ai bo, the kids can walk on us anytime.

Mazwakhe: You call the people who throws

tantrums at me kids? Besides, this is my house, onenkinga angiphumele(Whoever has a problem should leave)

Nokubonga: Tell whoever you are chatting with that now it's my time uzobuye ubabone.

Mazwakhe:(smiling) Done!

He says putting his phone on silence, gets up from his chair and goes to her. He wraps his arms around her neck, Nokubonga leans against his body closing her eyes.

Nokubonga: I missed you.

Mazwakhe: Not as much as i missed you sthandwa sami..

Nokubonga: Go take a shower, I'll join you shortly.

Mazwakhe: Don't keep me waiting.

Nokubonga: (smiling)I won't.

Mazwakhe grab his phone and heads to the bedroom while she goes to her kids in the kitchen.

Nokubonga: I spoke to your father, he is going to

give you the money you asked for.

Nhlonipho: Thank you Ma, i was counting on you.

Nokubonga: next time ask and not demand.

## SANELISIWE - MASIBIYA

She looks at her messages and there's no response from Mazwakhe. She click her tongue bored and heads to the fridge for another wine. Today she wanted to get laid so badly, did all the tricks he loves to try and convince him to come home but it didn't work. That's the hard part about polygamy people don't talk about.

Having to wait for your turn and Mazwakhe made it clear that if he's with another wife, he shouldn't be bothered unless it's an emergency.

Well because she is Sanelisiwe Sibiyi, she doesn't follow that command and texts/call him whenever she feels like and he has made peace with it. Now that he is not responding, it means he is getting it on while she is here starving, ai suka!

Her phone vibrates and she jumps answering without checking the caller ID.

Sanelisiwe: Love?

Khethelo: Wuuh, Ncane, it's me.

Sanelisiwe:(checking her phone)Oh Khethy, yini ebusuku?

Khethelo: I'm sorry, did i catch you at the bad time?

Sanelisiwe: No it's okay, it's just that i was expecting your father's call. What's up?

Khethelo: Please don't be mad...

Sanelisiwe: Oh no,I'm mad already. Say it so that i can shout at you once and for all. What have you done?

Khethelo: I'm at the police station, me and my ...my friend got arrested for drunk driving.

Sanelisiwe: J esus Khethelo you want your mother to die?

Khethelo: That is why I'm calling you Ncane,i don't want to stress MaZungu and dad will kill me. You

know your man.

Sanelisiwe:(sighs) I'm going to kill you for this, text me the details I'll be there.

Khethelo: Thank you so much, you are the bomb. And Please Ncane, this stays between us.

Sanelisiwe:(rolling her eyes) obviously, but you owe me and i will come and collect.

Khethelo: yes ma'am.

The call ends and a message follows shortly with the address. Sanelisiwe goes to her bedroom and change to track pants and tekkies. She check her purse to see how much money does she have for bribery.

Khethelo is very troublesome yet she is the elder sister. They get along with her maybe it's because their age gap is close, the other 2 girls are cool as well but she hardly talks to them the way she does with Khethy

She is not only her stepdaughter but confidant and a friend. They share a lot together.

## THABISILE - MAZUNGU

Mbali is doing the dishes as Thabisile is busy with work when Khethelo drives in. Thabisile picks her phone up and check the time, she shakes her head and continue with work silently.

A knock comes through the door and Mbali opens for her. Thabisile frowns at the smell of alcohol from a distance, Khethelo tries to maintain a straight walk but she is so drunk. She looks at her walk as she sits opposite her at the table.

Khethelo: Ma!!

Thabisile: Khethelo, i thought i wasn't going to say anything since you are an adult but this lifestyle of yours is starting to bother me. What is wrong?

Khethelo: There's nothing wrong ma, i just went out to have fun, that's all.

She says raising her hands in surrender.

Thabisile: I don't have a problem with that but you

can't be drinking this much and drive. You could be arrested or be involved in car accident.

Khethelo burps and apologies after.

Khethelo: Groove is my happy place, when I'm there i get to be free and happy. Forget about my miserable life, demanding job and everything.

Thabisile: I don't like this Khethelo, what example are you setting for your younger sisters? Look at what you are wearing ? You know if your father was home he wouldn't like this!

Khethelo: With all due respect ma, i am 27. My peers owns their own apartments and reports to no one but not me. Since your husband said i will only leave this house when i get married, fine. But i won't be imprisoned while staying here.

Thabisile: That's the reason why you party and dress like this to provoke him so he can kick you out? Khethy, he said that because he loves you and wants to protect you from the leaches out there.

Khethelo:( laughing) loves me? That man loves himself and his penis, he doesn't care about me or



another person.

Thabisile: Khethelo!

She gets up from the chair and gives her mother a tight hug.

Khethelo: Good night my beautiful mother, i love you. Please don't ever forget that.

Thabisile's heart softenes up and she brushes Khethelo's hair off her face.

Thabisile: I love you too my angel,go rest, Mbali will make you some black coffee.

NONHLANHLA -MAMCHUNU

It's been 4 days since Mazwakhe left her house to Nokubonga's and she misses him. This time around it was very much fun. They went out with their son and did lot of activities as a family. There were no calls or messages asking him to show up else where.

She stands in front of the mirror and looks at her self, she doesn't like what she sees, her body picked up so much weight after the birth of her son. The extra pound of flesh on her stomach and arms makes her very insecure and unattractive. Even the sex is not as fire as it used to be when they were sneaking around.

She wants her body back, that vavavoom, yes she was never a slim person but now, wow. She googles easy and fast ways to loose weight and thousands of ideas pops up. Which is which now? Eix. Her phone rings, its her mother.

Nonhlanhla: Salukazi?

Mamchunu: Ntombi yami, how are you doing?

Nonhlanhla: (sighs) Not so good mama, i think i am depressed.

Mamchunu: Why would you be depressed living in a mansion, driving the fanciest car and a fat bank

balance?

Nonhlanhla: Trust me mama all those things are not filling the void in my heart right now.

Mamchunu: talk to me...

Nonhlanhla: I don't like my body mama, i feel so unsxy.

Mamchunu: Did we not have this conversation Nonhlanhla? Remember how i encouraged you to tie your stomach up after birth but you were whining about how painful it is? Look at me, i have 4 kids but you won't say!

She is not lying,her mother is a slay magogo that one. The way it is so bad, people always assume that they are sisters or the other way around.

Nonhlanhla: Ngiyazisola shame, and now i can't with this body. I feel like Mazwakhe will soon get tired of me and find another one.

Mamchunu: You have all it takes to look good, the money and time ,dust yourself up ntombo.

Nonhlanhla: I am afraid of doing a surgery, what if i

become like Kim K and struggle to conceive after?

Mamchunu: who said anything about going under the knife? Exercise girl exercise! Anyway i called to let you know about your brother's ceremony .

Nonhlanhla: Oh yes, I'll be there, thanks for reminding me mama.

Mamchunu:No problem, it would be nice to see our son in law.

Nonhlanhla: I will tell him and if he is free , we will come.

Mamchunu: That would be nice, remember that he is your husband too, you share the same rights.

Nonhlanhla: yebo mama, i will send you guys some money to add few things.

Mamchunu: Siyabonga Chunu elihle.

They say their goodbyes and she logs into her banking app and sends her mother money immediately. After that she makes a decision that she is going to try this lemon and coffee thing she

sees trending on social media. At least it is not much of a work and if it doesn't work, then she will consider other options, gym is the last one.

## MAZWAKHE

He comes from taking a walk around where he met his neighbor who asked him a loan and he said he is going to think about it. He knows very well that he won't give it to him, he hates this thing of people seeing him as a walking bank. His money is for his family and they know it doesn't come from the tree, they earn it.

Walking inside his house, he sees Mbali and Khethelo washing windows and his heart melts. Khethelo is a lazy bum, no words or scolding will change her and Mbali is very hard working.

He compliments them for cleaning while

proceeding inside his house where his wife MaZungu is folding their clothes in their bedroom. He rests on the bed and watches her in silence. The love of his life, the one that stood with him against all the odds.

Thabisile: Why are you looking at me like that?

Mazwakhe: Is it wrong for me to admire my wife?

Thabisile: mmmm...

Mazwakhe: Stop what you are doing and come here, there's something i want to run by you.

Thabisile sits next to him and Mazwakhe places his hand on her shoulders.

Mazwakhe: I was thinking about doing umemulo for Mbali. She really respected us, make us proud everyday and does well at school.

Thabisile: That is true but she wants a 21st party.

Mazwakhe: We can do both i don't see a problem

Thabisile: That will be great Baba, which month were you thinking of doing it?

Mazwakhe: Her birth month...

Thabisile: That's like a month and half away baba!  
Can't we postpone the event to June maybe? So  
that her brother can be here?

Mazwakhe:(smiling) He is going to be here.

Thabisile: What do you mean? Phakamani comes  
once a year every June.

Mazwakhe: He is coming home soon,for good this  
time.

Thabisile half screams and attacks him with a hug.

Thabisile:You are not messing with me right?

Mazwakhe: No, i heard it from his brother Nhlonipho.

Thabisile: Oh my God,i am so happy, my baby is  
coming home!

Mazwakhe: A 29 year old man called baby?

Thabisile: He will forever be my baby, please!

Mazwakhe:(shaking his head) Please wait for  
Nhlonipho to break the news to you. He's going to  
be mad at me for blurting it out.

Thabisile: My lips are sealed.

Mazwakhe: Do you have another reason for postponing the event?

Thabisile: No, let's do it!

Mazwakhe: I was thinking we buy her a car just to show gratitude. Kids her age have 2 or more kids but her she is, still a virgin and going strong.

Thabisile: I agree baba, she really earned it. What model do you think we should get for her?

Mazwakhe: A Mercedes Benz Amg A200

Thabisile:(smiling) It is going to suit her

Mazwakhe: I will contact the dealership for arrangements.

Thabisile: Thank you for being a wonderful husband and father my love. Before we wrap this conversation, i want to ask you to reconsider your decision about Khethelo living on her own.

Mazwakhe: There's nothing to reconsider here, akukho ntombazana yako Maziya ezoyoqasha umuzi wakubo umkhulu kangaka. The next thing



she will have a man living with her, eating her money because her father is rich. She will only leave this house with a white gown.

Thabisile decides to drop it, clearly she is not winning here.

**KHETHELO**

They are almost done with the windows when Mbali gets down from the chair she is standing on and runs to the toilets built outside the house and throws up. Khethelo frowns and follows her to the bathroom, she stands by the door folding her hands watching Mbali coughing her lungs out.

Khethelo: What's wrong with you?

Mbali gets up, flush the toilet , wash her hands and rinses her mouth.

Mbali: I think nginenyongo. I can't stomach anything lately.

Khethelo: come here.

Mbali take few steps closer, Khethelo places her hand on her forehead, it's burning.

Khethelo: Your forehead is burning, at the same time you are wearing a jersey in this heat. Mbali, are you pregnant?

She doesn't answer but looks down, Khethelo clap her hands in disbelief. A whole Virgin Mary pregnant? Insomi!

Khethelo: Maziya will kill you wena and i won't be here to witness it!!

To be continued....

(We are within )

[06/11, 16:37] : Chapter 1

## MBALI

Khethelo is looking at her in disbelief and waiting for her response. What can she say? It's been 2 months now since she managed to keep the secret of her periods known to her. Obviously she is scared of the outcome and outburst from her parents but the support and reassurance from her partner is what makes all of this worth it.

She is praying for strength to hold it down just this once and finish her exams so that she can elope with her boyfriend. The pregnancy will not only kill her parents but also the nationality of her partner. Knowing her father, he won't accept him, instead of focusing on her happiness, he is going to ridicule him to the core.

He makes her very happy and at peace, she knows for the fact that he is going to be a great father. Looking at Khethelo standing in front of her, he

wants to confess to her sister but she is afraid that Khethelo might run to her parents and expose her. Mbali knows that her sisters feels intimidated by her because she is the favorite daughter yako Maziya, something she has no control over.

Khethelo: I asked you a question Mbali, are you pregnant?

Mbali: No i am not.

Khethelo: You sure? Because if Mbali you are it will be best to inform mom.

You see why she won't tell this one? Inform who, MaZungu? Soze!

Mbali: Like i said,i need to cleanse my system and i will be fine. Let's take the buckets inside and start putting the curtains back.

Khethelo: I know that maybe you feel scared or pressured but you don't have to Mbali. You lived your whole life impressing the parents and honestly i think its not fair because your father will never be

satisfied. Don't be like me, if for anything i will advise you to choose yourself so early and break free from these chains.

That is exactly what she is planning to do, there is no way she is going to allow her father dictate her life the way he has been doing to Khethelo and Nosipho. She is going to be happy with or without his approval.

Mbali: Thank you sis but i promise, it's nothing like that, i am not pregnant.

Khethelo: If you do find yourself in such situation you will tell me right?

Mbali:(smiling) I promise.

Khethelo: Great, let's finish this off, i promised Sane a visit. Do you want to come with me?

Mbali: I will pass, i have to study for my exam. Do extend my gratitude to her though.

Khethelo: I will, although it would be nice to have you there. She really wants to have a relationship

with you.

Mbali: I know but i am really swamped,take Nosipho with you.

Khethelo rolls her eyes and Mbali laughs. These two are always on each other's throats. They are like Tom and Jerry, everyone has learned not to get involved in their fights.

Mbali:(laughing)she took your wig again?

Khethelo: No, I'm just mad at her for something else.

Mbali: You guys are weirdos.

Khethelo: She is a spoilt brat that one,the day i give her a varam clap, God forbid.

Mbali: Please tell me in time so that i can record the fight between you guys.

Khethelo: You are stupid, let's finish this off before my hard working data bundles depletes.

NONHLANHLA- MAMCHUNU

Mazwakhe surprised her with a visit carrying goodies. She didn't expect to see him here because according to their week schedule, it's Sanelisiwe's turn to be with him. But she is not complaining, his excuse was that he missed the little man, he bought him lots of toys-Again!

Mazwakhe: What's in here?

He asks taking a sip from the drink inside her coffee mug.

Nonhlanhla: Please don't drink that...

She doesn't get to finish her words because Mazwakhe spits the mixture of coffee and lemon on the sink with a frown face.

Mazwakhe: Yini lembi so ngathi imbiza?( what is this thing that tastes like traditional medicine?)

Nonhlanhla: It's a mixture of coffee and lemon.

Mazwakhe: It's my first time hearing those two mix. How do you drink such a horrible thing?

Nonhlanhla: Well it's taste awful i agree but it has

good benefits. I want to lose weight.

Mazwakhe: Why?

Nonhlanhla: Because i don't feel sexy and beautiful anymore Mazwakhe. Look at how big i am! I am sure you no longer enjoys sleeping with me.

Mazwakhe pulls her closer to him and peck her lips, that touch calms her down because tears were about to fall from her face.

Mazwakhe: You know i love you right?

Nonhlanhla: I know but...

Mazwakhe: No buts. I love and appreciate you as you are. I acknowledge the changes your body made but it is because of the sacrifice you took for carrying and giving birth to our son. You should never feel less or unattractive because of that.

This mixture is not healthy, too much caffeine alone is dangerous, i don't want to imagine when you drink it this much. I am not against your will of losing weight but please do it in a proper manner than drinking things that will endanger your health.



Sanele still needs you,so do I. Pick a doctor, gym or personal trainer i will handle it.

This man, then you blame her for falling for him even though she knew he was married to 3 wives? He is a charmer this one. She hugs him tight sniffing in his ears.

Nonhlanhla: Thank you Maziya, you have no idea how much i needed to hear those words.

Mazwakhe:(wiping her tears) I got you, i have to go now, i will see you guys.

Nonhlanhla: Before you leave, there's something i needed to run by you.

Mazwakhe: Okay?

Nonhlanhla: My brother is having a ceremony, it's something small for close family and friends this coming weekend. It would be nice to have you accompany me there.

Mazwakhe: Mamchunu it is short notice...

Nonhlanhla: I know, i was just putting it out there incase there is a chance for you to come.

Mazwakhe: I am not promising anything but i will see if i can do something.

Nonhlanhla: I will appreciate that, let me call Sanele so that he can say goodbye.

## KHETHELO

She finally makes it to Sanelisiwe's house and finds her wearing shorts and a crop top. This one never miss a chance to slay and everything suits her without even trying so hard. She is the slimmest in the group of wives but not too slim, wears size 34.

Khethelo: I hope i am not disturbing you.

She says giving her the takeaway box she is carrying and sits on the couch.

Sanelisiwe: I just came back from work so nah, you are not disturbing. Should i dish up?

Khethelo: For yourself yeah, as for me, I'm fine. I ate before i left so mom suggested that i bring some for you.

Sanelisiwe: Remind me to text and thank her, she's so sweet.

Khethelo: Too much,she says i should greet

Sanelisiwe: I should make some time and go see her bakithi. Is she okay though?

Khethelo: She's fine...

Sanelisiwe: And you?

Khethelo: What about you?

Sanelisiwe: You look drained.

Khethelo: I just want to be like other people Sane. You know my girlfriend yesterday was complaining about not spending enough time because i am still treated as a kid at home.

Sanelisiwe: Wait,you said "girlfriend "?

Khethelo: Yes Sane, I am gay.

Sanelisiwe: Ohw, Okay.

Khethelo: I know you are disappointed...

Sanelisiwe: Why should i? There's nothing disappointing about dating the same sex.

Khethelo:(chuckling) Tell that to my dad. I swear that man enjoys seeing me suffer.

Sanelisiwe: That's not true Khethy; i think he cares and over protective of you girls because he knows how rough the world is to women.

Khethelo: I highly doubt that, your man has his favorite kids and I'm not one of them.

Sanelisiwe: Sorry babe, have you thought of coming out or it's still new?

Khethelo: And have him disown me?

Sanelisiwe: He wouldn't, you are his blood.

Khethelo: Trust me he would. We once had this conversation back then after watching a tv. Dad is homophobic, he made a statement that if any of his children, worse his sons were to be gay,he would disown them. He said something about going to his kraal to inform his ancestors and cut you off.

Sanelisiwe: Wow, that's heavy.

Khethelo: It hurts so much that despite everything that i have done to have him love me it's not enough. You should see how he over hype and praise Mbali over everything, no matter how small it is. It is the reason why i have gotten to the point of doing me and living my life the way I want to. But then its hard sometimes because i respect and loves him so much hence i am afraid of moving out of home without his blessings. What if he curses me or turn his back completely from me?

Sanelisiwe:ah Khethy, don't cry babe.

Sanelisiwe hugs Khethelo so tight and remain like that for a moment.

Khethelo: Please tell me what to do, should i get a fake boyfriend that will you pose as a husband for me or what?

Sanelisiwe: I think you need to stand your truth and

tell him how you really feel. Start with your mother.

Khethelo:(chuckles sniffing) Mom and Dad are inseparable, she agrees to everything he says one would think he bewitched her of which i strongly think he did. It's not only me he is unfair to but Phakamani as well. He still holds a grudge that Phakamani chose army instead of the family business and i am happy he did because this man called your husband was going to be the reason my brother kills himself.

Sanelisiwe: I am sad to know all of this, when i joined you guys 3 years ago, i saw this perfect united loving family nje.

Khethelo: perfect njani? He cheated on you while in a honeymoon phase and now he has a baby that is a year younger than your anniversary. That should tell you a lot about the kind of man he is.

Sanelisiwe: Well that didn't bother me much because i knew that by being wife number 3 means that there is going to be another one after me. Although i got to admit that it shocked me how

soon that happened.

Khethelo: Whatever you do, don't fall pregnant. You stand a chance of waking away anytime you want to than feel tied up because of the kids.

Sanelisiwe: Kids are not plan of the plan,i made that known to your father before we even reached a decision of getting married.

Khethelo: I'm curious to know what attracted you to my dad? I mean you are a bomb ass lady that can have any man she wants. Why my dad?

Sanelisiwe: Heee child; this one needs wine. I'm coming back.

She goes to the kitchen and comes back with it and two glasses.

Sanelisiwe: You see besides the money that people assume i married your father for,he is passionate and a good listener. First and foremost,he accepted me for who i am. I don't remember him complaining about my looks, how i dress,me drinking and smoking. He knows i don't cook,clean or domestic but accepted me still. I vented to him about my

childhood traumas and how hard it was for me to be in a fully committed relationship and he told me i was capable of being loved. Not only did he tell me that,he showed me. He gave me something money can't buy- belonging and fulfillment.

Khethelo: Wow, it's like we are talking about two different people here.

Sanelisiwe: Listen Khethelo, i sympathize with you but i need you to be patient a bit. Your father is an old school that needs to be educated about the current affairs. Give me time i will talk to him.

Khethelo: For real?

Sanelisiwe: Trust me..

Khethelo: Thank you so much, well i should leave, I'm sure he is on his way here now.

NHLONIPHO

He decided to surprise his stepmother at work with flowers and chocolates. He knows she is very fond



of those. Walking to her office, he notices the young female teacher's looking at him like a snack. Well it's unfortunate for them because he has his eyes and heart to someone else and unlike his father, he has no intentions of dating more than one woman.

Nhlonipho: Knock-knock...

Thabisile lifts her head up and a smile broadens her face upon seeing him. She pushes her chair back and stands up to give him a hug.

Thabisile: What a lovely surprise! How are you son?

Nhlonipho: I'm good Ma, besides juggling between work and varsity, I'm doing good.

Thabisile: I'm glad to hear that, we cannot wait for your second graduation, a whole MD holder!

Nhlonipho: Well I draw inspiration from the women that raised me.

Thabisile: True, education is an inheritance no one will take from you. How is your mom and sister?

Nhlonipho: They are doing well, what about my

sisters?

Thabisile: They are fine, its Khethelo intending to give me grey hair nje.

Nhlonipho: What has she done?

Thabisile: I don't know how to put this but she is behaving like a teenager. Going out and coming back late at night. Yazi the person who is supposed to stress me this much is behaving very well. I sleep peaceful at night but as for Khethelo yena, ai shame.

Nhlonipho: But Khethelo is an adult Ma, i don't understand why do you feel the need to curfew her.

Thabisile: It's not like that but she is a girl child, someone's future wife and elder sister to you guys. Maybe you can talk to her...

Nhlonipho: As you mentioned, she is my older sister and i have no desire telling her how to live her life.

Thabisile: I sometimes wish Phakamani was still around,he would know how to deal with her because ever since he left, she became rebellious.

Nhlonipho: speaking about Phakamani,i have news

regarding him.

Thabisile: What news? Is he okay?

Nhlonipho: Relax Ma, he's very much fine. He is coming home, for good this time around.

Thabisile: You are not messing with me right?

Nhlonipho:(laughing) I wouldn't think about it, your son, my elder brother is coming home!

She covers her mouth and blink a bit stopping her tears.

Thabisile: Finally my answers has been answered, i missed him so much.

Nhlonipho: We all missed him, i can't wait to fill him in about what happened.

Thabisile: I hope he won't be joining the South African army?

Nhlonipho:I don't know Ma, he just said he is coming home. As his brother, i spoke to my parents and suggested that we throw him a welcome home party. Mom helped me into twisting Dad's hands about funding this party.

Thabisile: You know what, let's have this conversation over dinner so that you can tell me all about it in the presence of your sisters. It's beyond my knock off time vele so I'll just carry these files home.

Nhlonipho: Let me help you with that.

## MAZWAKHE

He drives inside his house that he shares with Sanelisiwe and sees Khethelo driving out. She lowers her window and talks to him.

Mazwakhe: Awu Maziya, uxoshwa yimi yini? Kwafika mina wahamba? ( Why are you leaving on my presence, am i kicking you out?)

Khethelo: Cha baba ufika vele bese ngilungiselela ukuhamba( No dad, i was already leaving)

Mazwakhe: Oh ai kulungile, ushayele kahle emgwageni( Oh it's okay, drive safe on the road)

Khethelo: Thank you father, have a great evening.

She hoots and drives out leaving him walking inside the house and finds Sanelisiwe throwing the wine bottle in the bin.

Mazwakhe: MaGumede...

Sanelisiwe:(smiling) Baba...

Mazwakhe: You are looking so good I'm even jealous of the people that saw you this sexy.

Sanelisiwe: Well, it's only you and your daughter. I changed to these clothes after work.

Mazwakhe: That's better, but i will ask you to change into something decent and comfortable.

Sanelisiwe: Why?

Mazwakhe: Because you are coming with me to the rank, i need you to help me with counting money.

Sanelisiwe: Ai bo,I'm not good with taxi mathematics nje mina?

Mazwakhe: It's not that difficult counting money , you always do nje with the one i give you?

Sanelisiwe: Phela that one doesn't require any change.

He wants to laugh but he has to maintain a straight face.

Mazwakhe: You are wasting time, and i was hoping that we pass by that place you love where they sell that spicy food of yours.

Sanelisiwe: It's African cuisine restaurant love.

Mazwakhe: Whatever it is called, I'm craving that rice, what do you call it?

Sanelisiwe: Jollof rice, i plugged you well! Wait here I'm coming.

She runs back to the bedroom leaving him shaking his head smiling alone . That gives him time to attend to his messages and before he knows it, she shows back looking like a doll.

Mazwakhe: MaGumede, we are not going to a fashion show remember?

Sanelisiwe: I am done, shall we go?

Mazwakhe: Wow, women. You look beautiful

though.

Sanelisiwe: Thank you boo.

Mazwakhe: Yazi ngimdala for all these pet names you keep throwing at me?

Sanelisiwe: (clearing her throat) Well you are still very much young at heart and somewhere.

She says checking herself in huge wall mirror placed in the passage. The way this dress is showing off his asserts and suits her perfectly, he finds it hard to control his member inside his pants

He stands behind her and look at her from the mirror, his body pressed against hers.

Sanelisiwe: We are going be late...

She says not moving her eyes, he heaves a sigh and steps back.

Mazwakhe: You are right.

Sanelisiwe take two steps from him but he stops her, pulling her back by her hand, she wrap her arms

around him jumping onto him. He carries her to the couch with him kissing her hungrily.

Sanelisiwe: Let me, tonight.

She says as he is about to put her down on the couch....

To be continued

(Sponsored by Thabisile Rapita )

[06/11, 16:38] : ISIDINGO

Chapter 2

(Not edited, please excuse the errors)

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

It's such a joy to see how Mazwakhe's fellow taxi men respects her, she feels like a Queen that she in their presence as she watch and listens to them



talking about taxi routes and all.

Mazwakhe keeps on stealing glances at her, she knows that look, it screams "i want you". Their session earlier ended with only one round as they had to rush out to come here.

After what seems like forever, Mazwakhe announces that they can now leave and she couldn't be more happier.

Sanelisiwe: How much is in there?

She asks as he hides the bag that has money under his seat and starts the car.

Mazwakhe: R15k and a couple of hundreds.

Sanelisiwe: Wow, so your taxis makes that much per day?

Mazwakhe: No, 3 of the drivers haven't delivered.

Sanelisiwe: How much am i getting out of that?

Mazwakhe: Zero...

Sanelisiwe: Hawu baby?

Mazwakhe: You can blink your eyes all you want but you aren't getting any. You know your money comes in a form of an allowance, like every other wives.

Sanelisiwe: Yes but it won't hurt to get a thousand nyana from today's profit.

Mazwakhe: No, I have plans for this money.

Sanelisiwe: Such as?

Mazwakhe: I had to give it to Nhlonipho, he wants to throw his brother a welcome home party.

Sanelisiwe: Oh Phakamani is coming back? That's nice.

Phakamani is...well hot. She doesn't know him that much because he is forever not around but from the little that she picked up from him, he is quite, stubborn and look totally different from others. Mazwakhe is not dark nor light skinned just caramel but Phakamani looks colored.

His hair is too black and curled, when he has a cut you would swear he applied some relaxer on them. Thabisile is Light skinned, so are all her kids but Phakamani is totally different.

Mazwakhe: Yes he is coming back and from what I heard, he is coming back for good.

Sanelisiwe: I am sure Thabisile will be thrilled. Where will he be staying at?

Mazwakhe: I don't know, maybe he is going to rent his place or continue living with us, whatever the case is, I'm fine with it.

Sanelisiwe: But when Khethelo speaks about independence you deny her, why?

Mazwakhe: Because she is a girl and...

Sanelisiwe: I'm sorry to disturb you while you are talking but this is not fair. Times nowadays have changed baba. Khethelo is an adult, she needs her space.

Mazwakhe: My house is big enough, she can have all the space she wants.

Sanelisiwe: You are not hearing me, i don't want to tell you how to be a father but please be reasonable and fair.

I sometimes feel like you are overly protective and unnecessary at times. Let your kids live their lives without you controlling it.

Mazwakhe: So I am controlling? Is that what Khethelo told you? That i am a bad father?

Sanelisiwe: No,she didn't say that and you know she would never say such and that is not what i mean as well. My love you have done your part as a parent now it's up to her if she continues with your teachings or not.

Mazwakhe: You know if i allow this with Khethelo,Mbali and Nosipho will demand it as well?

Sanelisiwe: As long as they are being responsible, i don't see anything wrong. I had my independence at the age of 19 and i turned out just fine.

Mazwakhe: Is that a truth or what you want to believe?

Sanelisiwe: What do you mean by that?

Mazwakhe: Let us drop this conversation before we fight. Until you have your own child, you will understand how I'm feeling.

Sanelisiwe: Oh wow, so in another words i don't have a say when it's comes to your children's lives because i don't have one yet?

Mazwakhe: Why are you twisting my words? That's not what i said!

Sanelisiwe: Yazini, take me home...

Mazwakhe: MaGumede...

Sanelisiwe: Don't MaGumede me, take me home or I'm going to request an Uber if ungafuni!

Mazwakhe: What about the food, i thought you want some too?

Sanelisiwe: Not anymore...

Mazwakhe: Sthandwa sami I'm sorry if my words sounded harsh, that was not my intention at all.

Sanelisiwe: When you brought me to your family

you said I'm also their mother but today my advice is useless? Okay, you will never hear me say a thing again.

NHLONIPHO

The dinner went well, he doesn't remember when last did they chill and laugh like this as a family. He ended up informing his mother and sister that he is sleeping over. Each house has enough rooms for sleepovers for whoever decides to spend a night.

Mbali complained about being tired and went to her bedroom while MaZungu got busy with work. He is chilling with Khethelo by the pool drinking and smoking weed. It's actually the first time they get this comfortable because all along Khethelo has been hiding the fact that she smokes weed and Nhlonipho tells her to relax.

Nhlonipho: I wish Phakamani was here already, i can't wait to hear his stories and the American women.

Khethelo:(laughing) I am still surprised that he doesn't have a white baby that one.

Nhlonipho: He definitely took after dad when it comes to loving women.

Khethelo: You are the only one who stood out and decided that one woman is enough. I hope you never change or feel pressured

Nhlonipho:Khululeka, i am too busy to have more than one woman demanding my attention sis.

Khethelo:I trust you to teach our younger Brother Sanele the ropes.

Nhlonipho: I will do my best, as soon as he is 5 i will teach him.

Khethelo: That's the spirit, simbona nini vele umconjwana wakho,kade samgcina? ( when are we seeing your skinny girlfriend again, it's been long since we last saw her?)

Nhlonipho:(laughing)Listen to you dissing my girl! I love her like that, sexy and portable.

Khethelo: I'm not into big shapes but that girl

doesn't look healthy to me. Nhlonipho is she okay nje?

Nhlonipho: Very much okay but into modeling, you know how it works.

Khethelo: weeh she is starving herself for the bag.

Nhlonipho: Please leave my girlfriend alone, let's talk about your boyfriend. Maybe he's ugly nje and broke.

Khethelo:( laughing) Me, a broke ugly boyfriend? Please!

Nhlonipho: What can we say because you are hiding him? I know you are dating because you go on vacations and takes pictures alone that gives away the fact that you are with another person.

Khethelo:Nhlonipho, are you stalking me?

Nhlonipho: No I'm not, come with it sis, i promise i won't judge him.

Khethelo: Forget it, the next thing you will be video calling Phakamani about it.

Nhlonipho:(laughing)Is he ugly kanti vele?



Khethelo: I'm going to push you inside this water and watch you drown! Asazi ngoba you can't even swim at your big age.

Nhlonipho: And i am not bothered kanjani!

Khethelo: You working tomorrow?

Nhlonipho: Daar, it's Tuesday today so obviously!

Khethelo: Well I'm working from home so i was thinking maybe we hit the club?

Nhlonipho: Oh God, why did i agree to sleep over here?

Khethelo:(beaming with joy) Is that a yes?

Nhlonipho: Under one condition..

Khethelo: Name it!

Nhlonipho: You tell me the person you are dating.

Khethelo: you are so nose y, your car or mine

DAYS LATER

MAZWAKHE

He is a jolly mood today, even his children can see it.

He is happy because Mbali's car has been bought already and he gave Nhlonipho the money he asked for.

Today he is supposed to be with Sanelisiwe, he came by to drop Mbali's car keys to MaZungu and go back. Seeing Khethelo, he remembers his words with Sanelisiwe. She hasn't been okay after that and she is giving him silent treatment. He bought her a gift to apologize and has thought it would be better if he speaks to Khethelo and hears how she feels.

Khethelo: Is everything okay?

She says sitting opposite him after calling him to his office he shares with MaZungu.

Mazwakhe: Yebo Maziya, all is well. I want us to talk nje as abaphathi balomuzi. How are you? Is work okay?

Khethelo: I am good baba, as for work, all is good.

Mazwakhe: I am glad to hear that, as an Accountant, you know every time this month I need you to

balanced the business books and give me a feedback.

Khethelo: I will do that this weekend baba.

Mazwakhe: Thank you my child, besides work, are you okay?

Khethelo: I am fine.

Mazwakhe: I know that i hardly do this or don't know how to do it but i want you to be open to me Khethelo. Talk to me about, is there anything you are not happy about?

Khethelo:Cha, everything is good.

Mazwakhe:Then what is it that i am hearing about you insisting that you want to move out lakhaya if you everything is fine?

Khethelo: Baba,that got nothing to do with. anyone but for my own good. I want my own place, privacy. I know you are worried that i am going to misbehave or have a man out there take advantage of me but i can promise you that none of that will happen.

Remember you groomed me to be wise baba. Me moving out doesn't mean i am turning my back against the family or home. I will always come back to visit. You know i have never given you problems and i don't want to disrespect you emzini wakho but sengimdala and need my own space.

Mazwakhe summarize her speech in his mind by concluding that her daughter uyajola and she doesn't want him to see her shenanigans.

Mazwakhe:(sighs) That will you make you happy?

Khethelo: So much, to leave with your blessings.

Mazwakhe: Then you have them...

Khethelo: Baba, are you serious?

Mazwakhe: under one condition...

Khethelo:(covering her mouth teary) Okay?

Mazwakhe: I will buy you an apartment,i meant what i said, you will start buying your house with your husband.

Khethelo: Isn't that another way of monitoring my moves baba? With all due respect, i appreciate the

gesture but i feel like i won't have privacy still because you will always show up as it will be your house. Maziya, You have done enough for me and I'm grateful. Let me do this on my own and i promise if i need help,I'll always run to you.

Mazwakhe: Kulungile. (It's okay)

Khethelo:(hugging him tight)Thank you dad,i promise you won't regret it.

Mazwakhe: I hope not.

MBALI

She is dolled up and ready to go, it's been an hour she waited for her father to leave and he finally did. She is going out on a date with her boyfriend and is meeting one of his brothers who runs multiple shops around Durban.

Ebuka: My love,how far are you?

Mbali: I'm almost done baby,i just need to style my weave and I'm good to go.

Ebuka: Okay,i can't wait to see you and our baby. I missed you guys

Mbali: We missed you too daddy.

Ebuka: Love, don't you think of telling one of your family members?

Mbali: If i tell them then kiss your life goodbye because my dad will load izinkabi (hitmen)in his taxis to come beat you to death.

Ebuka: J esus, are you serious?

Mbali: The problem is,you don't listen to me. My dad is not one to mess with, so no, we are continuing with the plan until I've delivered. At least then i know he won't want my baby to be fatherless.

Of course her father won't kill him but she knows him and her brothers will beat him up as if he raped her. She loves him and chose him against many.

Mbali: Baby,I'm going to borrow my mom's electronic comb I'll be back.

Ebuka: Okay baby.

Mbali ends the call and heads to her mother's bedroom calling for her because she knows that MaZungu doesn't want them in her bedroom,they

don't go there unless she sends them.

Mbali:(Shouting) mama, I'm going inside your room!

She push and opens the door heading to the dressing table and starts looking for the comb.

Mbali: Where is this girl's comb kanti?

She moves to her closet and opens it. Her eyes spots a nice gift bag and she can tell that it's from her dad. Being nosey to see what her father bought her mom, she opens it checking if her mom is not coming.

Mbali: Mhmm, my mother is loved shame, another car?

She says seeing the brand new key of the Mercedes Benz. There's a hand written letter.

Mbali: My dad is romantic; a love letter?

Her eyes runs through it and she sees her name. It's actually a speech his dad is planning to say on her 21st and memulo. Her heart beats faster as she reads through and can feel the tears blinding her vision. She quickly returns everything as it is and

runs away back to her room hoping no one saw her. She lock her bedroom door and sits at the edge of the bed and allows tears to roll down her face. She always knew that she is the favorite daughter but the words in that letter pierced her heart. Her father loves her so much and has high hopes for her, this will break him to the core.

Her phone rings and she looks at it with Ebuka's name popping on screen. She let it ring untill he hangs up.

Mbali gets up from the bed and stand in front of her mirror, she lifts up her t-shirt, her tummy still flat, she touches it allowing tears to stream down her face.

Mbali: I can always have another baby....

To be continued.

( Fam, i have never been one to force people to engage but your level of interaction is discouraging.



You know i love to read comments from you guys.  
Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE our inserts for  
growth )

[06/11, 16:38] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 3

### KHETHELO

She knocks at Mbali's room for quite sometime before she opens the door. Her eyes are red, Khethelo notices that she has been crying.

Khethelo: Mbali, are you alright?

Mbali: No but i will be fine. I need to go somewhere. Can you please borrow me your car?

Khethelo: I can but i will need to know where are you going with it.

Mbali: I am meeting my friends for a late lunch.

Khethelo is not convinced but at the same time she doesn't want to push it.

Khethelo: Okay, come get the keys from my bedroom. What time will you be back?

Mbali: Since now it's 3, I might be back around 5.

Khethelo walks out with Mbali to her bedroom and hands her the car keys. She can drive and has been driving for a while now. Mbali thanks her and walks out immediately.

Thabisile: Where is your sister going to?

Khethelo: I have no idea, she looks like she is in a hurry.

Thabisile: Mhmm, anyway now that she is out, I want to show you something and ask for your opinion.

Khethelo: Okay?

Thabisile: (taking Khethelo's hand to her master bedroom) sit I'm coming.

Thabisile heads to her closet and comes back with the gift bag and shows it to Khethelo.

Khethelo: I thought your car was still new mama?

Thabisile: (smiling sitting down) It's not mine, but Mbali's from your father.

Khethelo: oh?

Thabisile: Yes, it's a 21st gift for carrying herself with dignity till this far. I remember when i initiated her into the reed dance,i didn't think she was going to last this long. We are very proud of her.

Khethelo just nods, this will be obvious to everyone that Mbali is the favorite. Khethelo and Nosipho had 21st, got expensive gifts but not cars. They got to buy themselves cars because they are working, well Nosipho took Nhlonipho's first car.

Khethelo: It's a beautiful car mama, I'm happy for her

She really is but this is painful as fuck that is not a lie.

Thabisile: Wait until you see her dress i imported

from the UK, cost 10k. I want her to look like a princess that she is.

Someone come and shoot Khethelo! A 10k dress? Is her mother okay? Wow!

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

She is cuddling with Mazwakhe as today is that time of the month and her periods really gets heavy. Sh expected Mazwakhe to switch and go to another wife as soon as she mentioned that the robot is red but he stayed, ran a warm bath, cooked for them and now is massaging her back.

Sanelisiwe: I'm proud of the decision you have taken to release Khethelo. I know it wasn't easy but she is going to be fine.

Mazwakhe: It's all thanks to you for opening my eyes. I know I'm not perfect but i am trying.

Sanelisiwe: We love you like that, the imperfect you.

Mazwakhe: I won't lie i am worried about my

daughter's safety. What if people breaks in and try to harm her?

Sanelisiwe:(smiling) Who will dare touch Mazwakhe's children mara?

Mazwakhe smiles a bit and shake his head

Mazwakhe: No one; unless they have a death wish.

Sanelisiwe lay her head on his chest and he kisses her forehead.

Sanelisiwe: I think we can now try for a baby.

Mazwakhe: Are you sure? You know i don't mind waiting until you are ready.

Sanelisiwe:I am ready,it gets lonely here when you are not around.

Mazwakhe: Well,i guess i need to go get my sex booster so that i can score immediately.

Sanelisiwe:(laughing) You are crazy, it may not happen immediately because of the injection in my system.

Mazwakhe: Whenever it happens i will be happy

because i have been longing for a child with you.  
Ngiyabonga MaGumede.

Sanelisiwe wrap her arms around him and close her eyes. She may have told Khethelo a week back that a child is out of the cards but now she wants one. Something that will belong to her alone.

Mazwakhe's phone rings disturbing them from their moment. She gets a glimpse of Nonhlanhla's name on the screen and keeps quite. Mazwakhe ignores the call and return back to her.

Sanelisiwe: answer, maybe it's about your son.

Mazwakhe: I will be back.

He kisses her and gets off the bed taking his phone with leaving their bedroom. She can hear him talking to her on the other side and closes her eyes. The medication she took for the pains is making her drowsy.

MBALI

She came back and ignored everyone that was trying to make a conversation with her. Nosipho and Nhlonipho are here, maybe it's about the party they are planning for Phakamani. She is not interested or in the mood to chill with them and talk about parties when her heart is aching.

She had to make a painful decision ever and no one told her the pain will be this bad. But at least she did it with a legal doctor. Her phone vibrates and it's a message from Ebuka. She has been ignoring his calls the entire time.

"I'm outside your house, if you don't come out I'll go in and ask for you. I don't care if your father shoots me"

The message reads and she quickly responds saying she is coming. Ebuka is crazy. She change to her track pants and walk outside. The laughter that is coming from the lounge room from her siblings is on the roof.

Nosipho: Hey Sis, aren't you joining us?

Mbali: No, I'm not feeling too well.

She opens the door and steps out heading to the gate and sees Ebuka standing next to his brother's car. He welcomes her with a hug.

Ebuka: You had me worried when you didn't answer my calls. What happened baby because we were supposed to go out?

Mbali: I went to see a doctor.

Ebuka: Why? Is everything alright with you and the baby? Why didn't you tell me?

Mbali: (trying so hard to control her tears) I saw the letter my dad wrote for me and the gift for my 21st. I can't disappoint them like that.

Ebuka: I don't understand how what you are saying now connects with you leaving me hanging earlier. Please tell me in simple English what is it that is going on?

Mbali: (swallowing hard) Our baby is gone.

Ebuka: Mbali; what are you talking about? What happened to our baby?

Mbali:(crying ) I'm sorry, there's no baby anymore.



Ebuka: what do you mean?

Mbali: I terminated...

Ebuka:You did what? Why?

Mbali: I am sorry, i can't disappoint my parents. They have so much faith in me and they are gifting me with a brand new Mercedes Benz A200.

Ebuka:(blinking but tears drop anyway)so all of this for a car i could have gotten for you as soon as i started to work?

Mbali: It's not about the car, but my family...

Ebuka: Mbali; i thought you loved me!?

Mbali:(holding his t-shirt) I love you Ebuka....

Ebuka:(crying ) No you don't!

Mbali: I do baby, look at me..

Ebuka: How can i look at you when you killed our baby?

Mbali: We can always have another baby when the time is right. We can even try soon after the 21st is over.

Ebuka: Are you listening to yourself? All you care about is presenting yourself as this perfect person to your family . You don't care about the innocent soul you murdered? Mbali i thought you were a good hearted person!

Mbali: Ebuka!

Ebuka: You have hurt me more than anything and everyone. I will never heal, forgive or move from this.

Mbali: (crying)Ebuka...

Ebuka: I hope you and your family have the best life. I guess money talks right? I wasn't the ideal candidate for you, why? Are you embarrassed that i am foreign?

Mbali: Baby it's not that...

Ebuka:(wiping his tears) It's okay Mbali...

This is a mess and she doesn't know how to stop him from leaving and crying as she is crying herself. Ebuka gets inside the car and drives off in a speed. Nosipho appears outside the gate and holds Mbali

as she fall on her knees on the ground.

Nosipho: Sis, what is wrong?

Mbali holds on to Nosipho and cries out so hard.

Nosipho:(brushing her back) It's okay, whatever it is we will solve it. Come inside.

Mbali:(crying)I messed up so much.

Nosipho: We all do, it's what makes us human

Mbali: You don't understand, not me.

Nosipho: Yes even you Mbali,you are allowed to be flawed and make mistakes. Come inside before we get robbed here.

## NONHLANHLA- MAMCHUNU

She keeps on looking at the time hoping that Mazwakhe gets here immediately. She feels guilty for what she did lying about her son not feeling well so Mazwakhe can come home. Well she needs him, the itch is too much to wait for her turn shame.

She sees lights hitting her window and knows that he is home and quickly fixes her gown revealing her cleavage, she is wearing nothing underneath.

Moments later a knock comes through and she heads to the door to open for him. Her smile quickly disappears when she sees MaGwala standing by the door.

Nonhlanhla: Nokubonga? What are you doing here?

Nokubonga: Can you let me in? Thank you. Our husband texted me asking that i come see you because you need help.

Nonhlanhla: His help!!

No he didn't! Did he just send his wife instead of coming here himself?

Nokubonga: Well he is busy at the moment.

Nonhlanhla: Too busy for his sick son? Wow!

She is boiling, she can't believe this man,he

promised to always show up for them. What is this?

Nokubonga: Can you take me to Sanele's room so I can see if the meds i brought him can help or if he needs a doctor?

Nonhlanhla rubs her neck worried that she might be caught that she lied.

Nonhlanhla: Sure, this way...

To be continued....

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[06/11, 16:38] : ISIDINGO

Chapter 4

(Not edited, please excuse the errors)

NONHLANHLA -MAMCHUNU

Can the ground open now and swallow her because wow! How is she going to face MaGwala after this? They get to Sanele's room and switch on the lights,

the boy is sleeping peacefully sucking on his thumb.

Nokubonga touches his forehead to check the temperature and looks at Nonhlanhla with a look full of questions.

Nonhlanhla: I can explain.

Nokubonga: The child looks fine to me nje Mamchunu?

Nonhlanhla: Can we not talk here in case we wake him up?

Nokubonga sighs and follows her back to the kitchen.

Nonhlanhla: Coffee or tea?

Nokubonga: You don't have wine?

Nonhlanhla: There's some.

Nokubonga: Bring it rather.

Nonhlanhla fetches it with glasses and they have their first sip. This is actually awkward. Nonhlanhla has never sat down with the senior wives before for

a chat, it's better with Sane because she texts her on WhatsApp.

Nokubonga: Look, i know all of this is probably still new to you and i have been there i know it. But no matter how bad you get to miss Mazwakhe, don't use your child as a bait because that is dangerous. What if we never take you serious in future when the child is really sick?

Nonhlanhla: (looking down) I know i was wrong, i guess i allowed the need to get the better of me and i couldn't resist it.

Nokubonga: You should learn to because it is going to get you in trouble. I am pretty sure you wouldn't like it if i called and asked Mazwakhe to come over when it's your turn to be with him. You got into this knowing he had 3 wives already so you need to deal with it and follows the rules. We may not like each other but respect is the key in all of this. Respect someone's time and territory. He is your husband and man when he is with you, once of your sight, know he's someone else's.

Nonhlanhla: Thank you MaGwala,i even feel ashamed of what happened today.

Nokubonga: Don't beat yourself too hard about it,be thankful I'm the one who showed up than him. You need to buy yourself a dildo.

Nonhlanhla:(laughing covering her mouth ) Ewu Nokx that's extreme, uzothini nje u Mazwakhe?

Nokubonga:(shrugging her shoulders) what he doesn't know won't kill him and it's definitely better than the stunt you pulled.

Nonhlanhla: Nah, i don't know. It would feel like i am cheating on him.

Nokubonga: Weeh then find a hobby ke mfazi. This thing of sitting at home and watch reality show 24/7 is messing up with you and the reason you will Mazwakhe to be with you all the time. Besides him rotating amongst the 4 of us, he has businesses to tend to.

Nokubonga's words are harsh but she silently admit



to her being right. Not doing anything is really driving her nuts.

Nokubonga: I should take my leave now.

Nonhlanhla: Okay, thank you for coming when you were asked to and not judging me. I now know that I can always ask for help.

Nokubonga: Anytime, Good night.

They share an awkward hug ever and Nokubonga walks out of the door.

## MBALI

The pain killers worked like magic, she is feeling better but empty, as much as the baby was still a fetus, she miss her so much. The conversation she used to have daily with her about her daily life, now she is left with an empty stomach and heavy heart.

Ebuka has been venting on his WhatsApp statuses but never disclosed in detail what happened. He is blue ticking her messages and it hurts so much, she

doesn't want to leave him, he is a good man.

As soon as the festivities ends, she is giving herself and man another chance to conceive again. She dials his number and this time his phone is off, sighs and types another message apologizing before stepping out of her bedroom to join the rest of the family for breakfast.

Mbali: Morning family

Thabisile: Morning baby, did you sleep well? You look drained...

Mbali: I will be fine thanks mama.

Nosipho: You woke up in time because we were about to leave for town.

Khethelo: We almost left you,so eat fast ntombo.

Mbali: What's happening in town?

Thabisile:We are shopping for few things for your brother. You know tomorrow is thee big day.

Nosipho: I want the big balloons written " welcome home" to carry at the airport, my bad, konje we won't be going to the airport.

Mbali: Is there something i can do here at home? I really don't feel like going out and be around people.

Khethelo: Your moods, yooh ha.a. If i didn't know better i would assume you are pregnant.

Mbali shoots her a sharp look as Khethelo hits the nerve but her mother quickly jumps in before she can give her a piece of her mind.

Thabisile: It's okay, Mbali can stay back and oversee the people who will be coming in later to drop their decor and all. Will that be fine sis?

Khethelo:(Clapping her hands) Wuuh awusamncengi nje!

Mbali:( clearing her throat) That's okay mama, I'll also help them with it.

Khethelo: Nosipho, let's go. Mama you will find us in town when you are done with your daughter.

Mbali keeps quite and eats slowly watching them follow each other. Her mother smiles warmly at her squeezing her hand.

Thabisile: Don't mind them, i will also leave now.

Remember to not overwork yourself, those people are paid for their services.

NOSIPHO

She has been observing the reaction from Khethelo earlier and realise that there is more to it. Her sister seems to be battling with a lot inside.

Nosipho: Are you okay? Please don't lie and say yes because that outburst earlier says otherwise.

Khethelo: I am not okay Nosi, i am just fed up with our parents and their favoritism! Do you see how mom speaks softly with Mbali? Yuuh the way she treats her like an angel!

Nosipho:(laughing ) what do you mean? She is the Angel of family, i mean she is 21 and a virgin whereas we lost ours when we were teens.

Khethelo: Yes but we were done with high school and above 18! It's not like we had sex at 13.

Nosipho: What can we say? She is the golden child.

It's same with Nhlonipho, mom can move mountains for him and he says whatever however but mina babes, kunganyiwa.

Khethelo: I hate this with all my heart. Why can't they treat us the same? They need to be told about this someday.

Nosipho:(chuckling)Good luck with that babes, when i tried to bring it up with my mom, did she not guilt trip me playing victim? She started stating things she has done for me and mentioned how ungrateful i am.

Khethelo: Bayafana nje abafazi ba baba! ( dad's wives are the same)

Nosipho: It's his type sana; i even find Sanelisiwe better. Maybe it's because she is almost our age group and doesnt have a kid yet.

Khethelo: Yeah maybe but she is genuinely a kind person, you should give her a chance you will see.

Nosipho: I'll try. Let's go shop for our brother.

Khethelo:(starting her car) The unfavoured one..

Nosipho:( putting on her seat belt) Yesterday when i went out i found the princess crying in the road on her knees. From what it looked like, a car had just passed by.

Khethelo: Weeh, ngeke acale anyiswe umjolo phela yena! ( there's no way she is having relationship struggles)

Nosipho: (laughing) hahaha, Mjolo has no formula babes, usinyisa sonke. Doesn't care whether you are a virgin or not.

Khethelo: Oho, virgin from where?

Nosipho: Ai bo sis, do you know something i don't?

Khethelo: I'm not saying anything but the parents have a big surprise waiting for them.

## PHAKAMANI SIBEKO

He is wheeling his bags out of the airport when someone whistle his name. He stops walking and take off his sunglasses, his lips stretches into a big smile when he sees Nhlonipho waving at him.

He walks up to him faster and they share a tight brotherly hug while patting each other's backs.

Nhlonipho: Damn i can't believe this is you Phaks!  
Welcome home my brother!

Phakamani: It feels good to be back,look at you, gaining weight and shit. What are you eating?

Nhlonipho:(grabbing one of the bags) I am eating pussy...

Phakamani:(laughing) Oh wow! No wonder poor child is so skinny,you are sucking her dry.

Nhlonipho: Uyabheda sam, let's go home and shock everyone with your presence.

They get inside Nhlonipho's car and drives home. They are chatting about Phakamani 's trip and the weather. He is dripped in an all black outfit, black is his favorite color. It suits him perfectly since he is light skinned.

Phakamani: How is Maziya and his wives? I hope he doesn't have a 5th wife?

Nhlonipho:(laughing) You know your father,he is

good. Well it seems like the last one is holding him down.

Phakamani: She better do that. Yooh this man will finish all the women for us marn.

Nhlonipho: And he seems to be managing all of them well, i have never seen all of them fighting.

Phakamani: (staring outside the window) his muthi is very strong, that i can tell you.

The car finally makes it to Thabisile's house and the moment they drive through the gate, everyone screams and ululate. Balloons everywhere and Phakamani can't help but smile feeling emotional, there is no place like home.

The first person to run up to him are his sisters and they form a group hug. He picks Sanele up and chat to him greeting each of his mothers with a hug.

Mazwakhe is grinning like an idiot looking at him.

Phakamani: Baba..

Mazwakhe: Maziya, welcome back home son.

They hug and he pats him on the shoulder before



releasing him.

Thabisile: I am so happy you are home, please come and have a seat.

Phakamani admire the decor as everyone take their turns into talking to him.

Phakamani: Kiddo, you good?

He asks pinching Mbali's cheeks and she laughs.

Mbali: Ai marn Bhuti, don't do that sengimdala manje.

Phakamani: Umdala kuphi? You are Still a baby and i hope there's no boy you are messing with because uzonya.

Mazwakhe: Tell her...

Sanelisiwe: Leave the child alone you guys. And wena, i thought you were coming back with a baby.

Phakamani:(laughing out loud) Zala wena kucala!  
( you should have a baby first)

Nokubonga: I agree with Sanelisiwe, i thought you were going to come back with a white wife.

Phakamani: You guys don't have faith in me shame.  
I'm single as i come.

Nonhlanhla: That's a lie, you can't be this hot and be  
single.

Mazwakhe clear his throat drinking his juice,  
Nonhlanhla laughs brushing his hand.

Nonhlanhla: He has nothing on you Baba.

Mazwakhe: Of course...

Everyone cracks up at the table...

To be continued.

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CHAPTER 5

(Not edited please excuse the errors)

## PHAKAMANI

The glitz and glamz of him coming back has now slowed down and he must admit that it feels great waking up from his bedroom. He appreciates the effort everyone put together into making sure that everything was a success.

Walking back to the house from his morning run, he sees his father drinking coffee while typing on his laptop.

Phakamani grab a cup from the cupboard and drink some boiled water from the kettle. He doesn't drink tap water no matter what, according to him unprocessed water is unhealthy.

Phakamani: Good morning Maziya.

Mazwakhe: Morning son, did you sleep well?

Phakamani: I slept very good although the body clock got me up around 4. I had to stay in bed awake for a while before I jumped out for a run.

How about you?

Mazwakhe: All is well; there's no greater feeling than having you back home.

Phakamani smiles acknowledging his kinds words, he has to because Mazwakhe is not an affectionate man.

Mazwakhe: Since you are back, what is the plan?

Phakamani: I don't know what i want to do as yet. I just need to take some time off from work while relaxing and finding myself.

Mazwakhe: In case nothing comes up, remember your seat is reserved in the family business

Phakamani nods hoping that his father drops it. They had this conversation before and it didn't end well. He doesn't want them to go back there again, not when he just got back.

Phakamani: What are you going to do today?

Mazwakhe: I'll go about my day, attending few meetings and see Khethelo's new place later on.

Phakamani: She's finally moving out?

Mazwakhe: Yes; i trust her to be responsible.

Phakamani: She is responsible; you have nothing to worry about.

Mazwakhe gets up from his chair, fold his laptop and collect his keys

Mazwakhe: I'll go inform your mother I'm leaving.

Phakamani: Okay; have a great day, I'll go shower and see what to have for breakfast and unpack my bags.

**EBUKA**

The bottle of whiskey is on the floor amongst other beer bottles. He is a mess and the best way is to remain drunk. He was looking forward to be a father, ready and prepared. His brother had promised to help him pay damages and dowry for Mbali instead of eloping. Tony( his elder brother) didn't support this running away thing.

Ebuka feels cold water all over his body and jump

from the leather couches he is sleeping on.

Ebuka: What the hell man!

Tony: What did i say about you sleeping on my couches? And what is this, you have now turned my house into a some piggy place?

Ebuka: I'm sorry i am going to clean up.

Tony: You better start by cleaning up your life! I'm sorry about what happened but it's life. I warned you about that girl and South African girls altogether, but i was really hoping she disappoint and proves me wrong. Guess what? She's just like all of them!

Ebuka: Mbali is a good person, she was just pressured by her family members.

Tony: (chuckling) Good people don't abort without the father's concern. Clean this mess, me and you will hit the club and I'll hook you up to some girls that will help you forget about her fast.

Ebuka: I don't want other girls Tony, i want her!

Tony: J esus! Fine, i see you want part 2 of the heart

break to a point where you see S.A ladies you run. Go ahead and let her finish you off.

Ebuka forces himself up and starts collecting the bottles. His heart still wants her so bad but then his mind is reminding her of what she did and it's aching so badly. Is it possible that they can move past this? How is he going to trust her after this ordeal? What if she does something even worse than this? Well the heart wants what it wants. He pick his phone up and sends her a text message that he is ready to talk.

MBALI

She has been locking herself inside the room crying her eyes out. But as soon as she receives a message from Ebuka, she jumps off her bed with joy and heads to the shower getting ready to leave.

Thabisile: Going somewhere?

She asks standing by her door with her hands

folded to her chest.

Mbali: Yes mama, i need to step out real quick i will be back.

Thabisile: Before you do that,come i want to have a word with you.

Mbali's heart races,it's not always a good thing to hear those words hey, especially when you know you are guilty of something. Phakamani and Khethelo are also part of this meeting, Great!

Thabisile: Please have a seat.

She sits next to her mother as the siblings looks at her.

Thabisile: It's unfortunate your father is not here as we had to do this with him present but he permitted me to go on. Mbali as you know that your birthday is coming where by you will be turning 21 years. We decided to throw you a umemulo and the party in one day.

Mbali: Mom,are you serious?

Thabisile: Yes, the traditional event will happen in



the morning while the glam party will happen later. I am telling you so that you can prepare and invite your friends especially the ones you attended the reed dance with.

Mbali: This is good news mama, thank you so much.

Phakamani: It's the result of carrying yourself with dignity Mbali, you are indeed the flower of this family that we are so proud of.

If his brother can know what she did, he will take those words back because she doesn't deserve them.

Thabisile: That's all we wanted to tell you, anything and everything else will be discussed with you going forward.

Mbali:(hugging her mother) Thank you mama, ungibongele nakubaba.

She gets up and announces that she has to leave. Khethelo offers her a lift.

Khethelo: Why are you crying when you should be over the moon?

Mbali: I am just overwhelmed with happiness right now, i didn't expect all of this.

Khethelo: Mbali; do you understand what is going to happen that day? Let me break it down for you. The ritual involves slaughtering a cow and the traditional Zulu dance Ukusina involving a spear and guests gifting you with money and other blessings. This ceremony signifies that she is now ready for marriage, they are going to call those old grannies to inspect if you are still a virgin, you will have to wear umhlwehlwe and dance around with it. If it falls on the ground it will be a sign that you are not a virgin and trust me that is very embarrassing.

I suggest that you come out clean now before you embarrass yourself and family in front of people. No one will crucify you, somdala manje.

Mbali sighs, this is very tricky. The past 4 months she started sleeping with Ebuka, she missed the virginity testing making excuses. She was very unlucky to fall pregnant on her first night with him.

Mam Masondo is closer to her, maybe if she can

bribe her with some money to say she is still a virgin it can work. Eyomhlwehlwe uzoyibonela i plan, maybe gets stronger pins to hold it together, she always saw it happening.

Confessing is the last option and thing to do.

Khethelo: Mbali; are you listening what I'm saying?

Mbali: ( clearing her throat) yeah, i hear you.

Khethelo: I hope you are going to do the right thing.

Mbali looks outside the window praying that this car moves faster.

NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

It's been a busy day for her, the social worker department always have cases to attend to, it never ends. A knock comes by her door and she sighs bored. She was hoping to take 5 minutes break without seeing a patient.

Nokubonga: come in!

The door opens and Phakamani walks in taking off

his bennie black hat. She smiles warmly at his presence.

Nokubonga: Oh it's you son, please come in and have a seat.

Phakamani: Thank you Ma, how is work?

Nokubonga: It has been very busy, i can't wait to go home and rest. You are already going up and down,i thought you will be home resting.

Phakamani: Actually Ma this is not a social visit.

Nokubonga: oh?

Phakamani: I thought maybe since you know best about these things you can help me.

Nokubonga: Yini Phakamani, kwenzenjani? ( what is it Phakamani?)

Phakamani: I need help Ma, angikho right.

His tone and facial expression changes immediately as he says that. Being a mother, seeing him like this cuts so deep.

Nokubonga: You know you can always talk to me

mfana wami.

Phakamani: I didn't just wake up and decided to leave work that side. My mental state hasn't been okay, and it has been like that for a long time. I have decided to come back home deal with this for once and for all. I am tired of turning a blind eye as if i don't see what is happening and it kills me everyday.

Nokubonga: Phakamani, you are scaring me.

Phakamani:(sighs) I need you to help me conduct a DNA between me and my father. Or better yet,help me with the truth. You work with these things ma, i don't want to tear the family apart but i deserves to know the truth and have my mind at peace.

Nokubonga's intestines turns immediately and she feels cold while it's so hot outside. A huge lump on her throat block her from saying a word. To her rescue, someone walks in without knocking.

Nokubonga: Phakamani, can we finish this conversation later maybe? I'll call you.

Phakamani: Okay,I'll go see my younger brother.

Nokubonga: Okay baba...

Phakamani leaves and Nokubonga asks to be excused for a few minutes as she dial Thabisile's number.

Thabisile: Nokx?

Nokubonga: We need to talk,I'm coming to see you now.

Thabisile: I'll be waiting...

She ends the call and grab her handbag.

Nokubonga: I am sorry sis i have to go, i have pressing family issues i need to attend to. Please come back tomorrow.

She doesn't wait for the response but walks away to her car in a hurry.

To be continued...

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## CHAPTER 6

(Not edited please excuse the errors)

### THABISILE

She waits in anticipation to know what is it that Nokubonga has in store for her. Time seems to be moving very slow for her, deep down she wishes that she can go to her and hear what is it.

At long last Nokubonga arrives looking spooked, oh no, this is not a good sign.

Thabisile: Ngiphuthume, what is it?

Nokubonga: Your son came to see me.

Thabisile: Phakamani?

Nokubonga:( nodding) Yes, he wants answers.

Thabisile looks down feeling her heart racing from zero to 100 real quick.

Nokubonga: I think you and Mazwakhe need to tell him the truth Thabisile before he goes crazy trying to figure it out on his own. We don't want him to think otherwise, tell him what happened and i believe he is going to understand why you kept it from him.

Thabisile: What if he goes around looking for that monster? Nokubonga i can't have that dog in my son's life after what he put me through. What are his siblings going to say?

Nokubonga: I don't think he will want to do that, he told me he is not planning on ruining the family but to put his mind at ease. He has no reason to go look for his father, Mazwakhe accepted him before he was born and raised him as his own. This is just a formality and his right to know the truth.

Thabisile: I don't know MaGwala, this is the last thing i expected. I already have a lot going on with Mbali's ceremony preparations.



Nokubonga: For once MaZungu put your son first! He may not be a Sibeko but he's your own flesh and blood and he deserves the attention you have been giving Mbali.

I know I'm not perfect and i have received criticism from my daughter it's not nice. Trust me you don't want your son to start feeling that you are neglecting his feelings because he is not our husband's son!

Thabisile sighs, maybe this is the reason stayed away for so long, maybe she is the reason why he chose to ask Nokubonga for truth than coming to her as his mother.

Thabisile: Thank you for telling me, i will call Mazwakhe and inform him about it.

Nokubonga: Please do, I'm here if you need me, all will be fine, don't stress yourself.

They share a sister hug silently thinking hard about the situation.

MBALI

She arrives at Tony's house and walk around slowly as if it's the first time she is here. Ebuka shows up looking clean and but his body language screams fatigue and pain.

Ebuka: Hi, thanks for coming.

Mbali: Thank you for inviting me to come.

Ebuka: Would you need anything to drink?

Mbali: Water will be fine.

Ebuka: Water coming right up...

He leaves her alone for a moment and comes back with juice and her favorite snack. Her heart sinks a bit, these were her pregnancy cravings.

Mbali: Thank you.

Ebuka: I have been rehearsing about what to say to you but now that you are here, i really don't know where to start.

Mbali: I understand that this is heavy to you and i

am sorry. It's hurts to me too, every night i get reminded of my decision and I hate myself for it.

Ebuka: Then why did you do it Mbali? Everything was coming alright and you had to ruin it by doing that?

Mbali: I succumbed to the pressure of being the good child of my parents. I read the letter dad wrote for me for my 21st birthday celebration. I have underestimated his love for me, but after that letter, i realized the length this man is willing to go for me. I can't thank him with a pregnancy after everything he has done for me.

Ebuka: So in other words you are telling me that you are going to live under your dad's shadow your whole life? How long are you going to play the perfect girl cover for?

Mbali: It is soon going to be over and we can be together freely, go to vacations and spends weekends away together as you always anticipated. We are going to do it all with no restrictions this time my love i promise.

Ebuka: I highly doubt that, Mbali i find it hard to forget and forgive what you did. I don't know how we are going to move from it.

Mbali: Maybe we can arrange some counseling to help us deal with this. You don't have to worry about money I'll pay for it.

Ebuka:(shaking his head) Maybe that is another reason why you do as you please, because of the money. I may be a student but i am not poor Mbali.

Mbali: I know and I'm sorry. So what's going to happen next?

Ebuka: I think we should call it quits

Mbali: Ebuka,no! Please give us one last chance.

Ebuka: I'm sorry i can't do that Mbali. I loved you and will forever do but this is bigger than the both of us.

Mbali: We are going to try for another baby. Don't leave me Ebuka please,you are my sanctuary.

Ebuka: I wish you all the best with your future endeavors. I hope the party and events goes well.

Mbali: I was hoping that you come or better yet be my Mr party.

Ebuka: I'm sorry i can't watch you dance and rejoice while i know that you took away something so precious from me .

Mbali: I understand you are hurting and i am willing to give you time to process everything and calm down. I will be waiting for you whenever you get ready. I love you Ebuka and i am sorry for everything.

She gets up and walk to the door leaving.

## NONHLANHLA -MAMCHUNU

She is standing by the kitchen window watching Phakamani chasing after Sanele and the little boy has been giggling none stop. It is evident that he is having so much fun with his big brother around.

Nonhlanhla fixes her dress and clear her throat going outside.

Nonhlanhla: Phakamani, lunch is ready.

Phakamani: Oh thank you Ncane. Come big boy;lets go eat.

Phakamani carries Sanele on his shoulders walking inside the house. She watches as he washes his hands thoroughly and with so much detail. He is so hot!

Nonhlanhla: You are so good with kids, have you thought of making your own maybe?

Phakamani: Yeah, but not before i get married.

Nonhlanhla: That's a good thing,marry first then create a soccer team.

Phakamani: (smiling)That's the plan, Thanks for the food, i was sure tired, Sanele has energy for day.

Nonhlanhla: Tell me about it, i enjoy it so much when he is sleeping.

Phakamani: When are you taking him to creche?

Nonhlanhla: As soon as he turns 3,it is so hard to let go.

Phakamani: I can imagine but he has to go to preschool so that he can learn like other kids.

Nonhlanhla: I know, your father has already found him a creche. From here where to?

Phakamani: Maybe I'll go see Sane before going home. I dedicated this day into seeing all my mothers.

She smiles, why is she jealous that he's going to see Sanelisiwe?

## KHETHELO

Her father insisted in helping her around with furniture since she refused buying her the place and she didn't refuse. Now they are almost done with moving things around and it is looking homely.

Khethelo: Dad, I'll be fine!

She says clinging on his arm as he looks like he is about to cry. He has to leave her behind and go to one of his wives.

Mazwakhe: I am a phone call away whenever you

need me.

Khethelo: I know, thank you so much dad.

Mazwakhe: Thank Sanelisiwe who opened my eyes about this.

Sanelisiwe, yes she really has to thank her, buy her something nice maybe.

Khethelo: I will do that, now go before Nonhlanhla throws a fit for coming home late.

Mazwakhe: Why are you chasing me? You expecting a man already?

Khethelo:( laughing) come on daddy, we overworked ourselves i need a shower and my brand new bed.

He gives her a suspicious look shaking his head and grab his keys walking out. Khethelo follows him and they bump into her girlfriend walking in.

Mazwakhe: Ntombi...

Mandisa: Baba...

Mazwakhe says goodbye to Khethelo and drives out.



Khethelo returns to her flat and find Mandisa taking out the goodies she brought.

Khethelo: Finally we have privacy !

Mandisa: Finally! Babe, your dad is such a daddy though chile! A whole snack!

Khethelo:(pulling her closer) Not like you.

She smashes her lips into hers...

To be continued.

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[06/11, 16:39] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 7

(Not edited, please excuse the errors)

NONHLANHLA -MAMCHUNU

She looks at Mazwakhe who has fallen asleep with Sanele on his arm while watching the tv and smiles alone. Sometimes she asks herself how life would have been if Mazwakhe was her husband alone, not sharing him with the other wives, probably good but she grateful for what she currently have.

She shakes him gently and he opens his eyes.

Nonhlanhla: I need to take him to his bed.

She whispers and Mazwakhe nods standing up with Sanele on his arms. He carries him to his bedroom and carefully tugs him in.

Mazwakhe: Let's go to bed, i am tired.

They follow each other to their bedroom, Mazwakhe strip his clothes off and gets under the blankets.

Nonhlanhla switches off the lights before dropping down her gown and joins him in bed.

Mazwakhe: Why did you undress in darkness?

Nonhlanhla: I didn't want to do the back and forth to the light switch.

She lies, this coffee and lemon thing doesn't work,

instead she feels as if it is making her worse. Or is she impatient?

Mazwakhe: Come closer...

Nonhlanhla decides to use this opportunity to bring up a subject that has been bothering her for a while now.

Nonhlanhla: Love...

Mazwakhe: Mhmm?

Nonhlanhla: I was thinking, since Sanele will be going to creche, how about i find something to do?

Mazwakhe: Like what?

Nonhlanhla: I don't know, anything that will keep me busy because staying at home not doing anything is going to drive my mind.

Mazwakhe: Okay; but what exactly?

Nonhlanhla: Maybe i can open a salon, i know how to make people's hair.

Mazwakhe: Okay, you need to do a business plan for it and then I'll give you money to start it up.

Nonhlanhla: Business plan for a salon?

Mazwakhe: Yes Nonhlanhla for every business you need to have a proper planning for it. Long and short term goals so that you see where the money goes.

Nonhlanhla: Yooh, that sounds like too much admin

Mazwakhe: I don't mind helping you but you need to know how to run a business on your own without my help. Maybe you should do a short business course on the side that is going to equip you about all the skills you will need.

Nonhlanhla: I am too old to go back to school and study...

Mazwakhe: That's absurd, besides there's free online courses that you can do and get to finish up in few day then get your certificate.

Nonhlanhla: Serious?

Mazwakhe: Yes, I'll send you the link to sign up.

Nonhlanhla: Ngiyabonga Maziya...

Mazwakhe: Anything to make you happy. Manje ithi ngithinte kancane nje..(now let me tap a little bit)

His hand goes between her thighs and she willingly opens them to gain him wider access.

Mazwakhe: Damn, you are so wet!

Nonhlanhla: Ngicela ulifake. (Please put it in )

Mazwakhe gets on top of her instantly....

**KHETHELO**

They lay naked on her bed after a hot steamy shower they just had with Mandisa.

Mandisa: I think we need a joint.

Khethelo: I agree, after that session, we definitely need one.

Mandisa: I am going to roll one.

She gets off the bed and head to her bag taking out the packet of weed.

Khethelo: Babe, so i was thinking..

Mandisa: Yes.

Khethelo: That you move in here with me, i mean this place is big enough for the both of us.

Mandisa: And what are you going to tell your family?

Khethelo: They won't suspect anything since we are both ladies, we can push the friendship card up until i am ready to tell them about my sexuality.

Mandisa: Will you ever tell them mara? Khethelo it's been 2 years already sneaking out! I can't even flaunt you on social media because we have to protect certain people's feelings.

Khethelo: Mandisa; It's really not that easy and I've explained this to you.

Mandisa:(chuckling rolling the joint) It's funny how you always talk about Mbali living a fake life and under her parent's shadow but ya'll are actually the same. You are trying so hard to have your father's approval that you are willing to put your own happiness on hold. It's high time you loose the "abantu bazothini" syndrome. I am getting tired of this secret relationship. And up until you grow some balls and come clean to your family about us,I'm

not moving in with you

Khethelo keeps quite, it's really hasn't been fair, Mandisa introduced her to her family and they accepted them with warm hands.

Mandisa: I'm done rolling, are you coming?

Khethelo: Yeah, sure.

She gets off the bed and follows her to the balcony where they smoke in silence.

Khethelo: Babe...

She draws closer to her and Mandisa keeps quite.

Khethelo brushes her arms

Khethelo: I am sorry to make you feel that you are a secret, you are not. In fact, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. You helped me survive depression and suicidal thoughts a number of times.

I love you and I am going to do right by you I promise. I just need you to exercise a little patience for me. This is a start to greater things in life. Soon,

we'll be fine.

Mandisa: I'm sorry my statement came out harsh, I don't mean to put you under pressure but i need something to hold on.

Khethelo: I know, believe me i do.

PHAKAMANI

His head is pounding painfully, he has been having these migranes for quite a while now and the paracetamols don't work anymore. He has decided to stop feeding his body with the drugs and take the pain as it comes.

He lies awake staring at the ceiling in his bedroom thinking about his life. MaGwala's reaction to his request was a proof to him that he is right. Besides the color of his skin, there's so many events that now he is thinking about them were the sign that he's not a Sibeko.

He looks at how Nhlonipho has never had to ask for anything twice without Mazwakhe doing it but when it comes to him, he installed the rule that he has to work twice as hard to get whatever he asks for.



A knock coming from his door distract him from his thinking, he sway his head looking at the door and answers the knock.

Phakamani: Come in.

Mazwakhe slowly makes his way inside and Phakamani can tell that he already knows, his eyes are avoiding him. He sits up and looks at Mazwakhe.

Mazwakhe: Am i disturbing you?

Phakamani: No father, i was just thinking about my life and so many things.

Mazwakhe: I am going to the farmer who is going to sell me the live cow for Mbali's ceremony. Do you want to accompany me?

Phakamani: I would love to, as long you are not going to ask me to go near that cow.

Mazwakhe chuckles shaking his head.

Mazwakhe: City boys, get dresse in something casual, we are leaving in 5 minutes.

Phakamani: I'll be right behind you.

Mazwakhe excuses himself out and Phakamani takes out his overalls and wears them on top of his shorts. He finds Mazwakhe whispering with his mother at the kitchen and his gut tells him that it's about him.

Phakamani: We can go, I'm ready.

Mazwakhe:(kissing Thabisile) I'll call you later.

Phakamani: Ew do you have to do that in my presence?

Mazwakhe: Why not? That's my wife.

Phakamani: And my mother!

Mazwakhe shakes his head laughing and they head to the car. They are using his Jeep today and the drive is filled with silence for quite sometime.

Phakamani is brought to life when the car comes to a halt, he looks around and sees it's an open space away from noise and people.

Phakamani: Is this the place are going to buy the cow from?

Mazwakhe: No, we are still far away from there, i

just stopped so that we can talk.

He steps out of the car after saying that and Phakamani follows him, suddenly he has an anxiety and is so not ready for whatever that is going to happen. Could his suspicions be correct or wrong? Mazwakhe sits on top of a big rock and Phakamani sits opposite him folding his hands.

Mazwakhe: Your mothers told me that you are questioning your relation (DNA). I knew this day will finally come, i actually expected it to come sooner but as time went by, i thought maybe it would never be necessary for me to do this. I don't know what is going to happen after you have heard what you want to know but i need you to know that whatever decision you are going to take I'll respect it even if i don't agree to it because i love your mother. It is the same love that made me accept you before you were even born, i fell in love with you and was happy to be a father. Everyone was questioning me about you because you looked so much like your father when you were born, your mother was diagnosed with PND and had to stay away from you,

us for 6 months because she couldn't deal with how you looked like your dad. It was hard to the both of us; we were newly weds and now had to deal with this strange disease that made her unable to connect with you, and my family who was asking questions about you.

They were asking questions because i married your mother before she could show the signs of pregnancy.

I know that i am not perfect, had my own share of flaws but i did all i could to raise you to be a better man and if there's a chance where you feel like i wronged you,i apologize. You will forever be my son and first born because i got to learn about fatherhood through you and that is a special gift i want to treasure forever.

Phakamani wipes the tears off his face and looks up to Mazwakhe.

Phakamani: Thank you for the uncomfortable truth,i truly appreciate it. If you don't mind me asking, who is my father and what happened to him?

Mazwakhe: (sighs) I don't know where is your father or if he is still alive.

Phakamani: What do you mean?

Mazwakhe: The night i saw your mother, she had escaped from him and wanted to kill herself. She jumped on the road and thank God i managed to stop the taxi i was driving on time. She was angry when she realized the car didn't hit her, started talking about how she wanted to die and all. When she told me about her boss whom she was working for sexually abusing her, i got so angry and went there. I beat him up to a pulp and he managed to flee after shooting me on the leg. He was a very rude; racist white man.

Phakamani's lump is on his throat right now. So his father is white and rapist?

Phakamani: So i am a product of rape and pain? Is this the reason why you have so many wives?

Mazwakhe: No, being a polygamist has always been a personal choice and it had nothing to do with your mother. Even before we got married, she knew i

wanted more than one wife.

Phakamani nods unable to say another word, he doesn't know what is better from knowing the truth or being in the dark.

Mazwakhe: You are and will always be my son. This doesn't change anything, don't let it destroy you. You are a Sibeko, blood or not.

He lifts his eyes up and they meet with Mazwakhe's whose eyes are red. Mazwakhe pulls him into his shoulder and pat on his back brushing it...

Mazwakhe: I love you son....

Phakamani pulls back and looks at him, it's the first time he is hearing such words from him in his 29 years existence in this life..

To be continued....

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[06/11, 16:39] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 8

### PHAKAMANI

Did thee Mazwakhe Sibeko said "I love you"? From what he concluded on, he only says those 3 words to his wives, Nakhona not everyday.

Phakamani: What did you just say?

Mazwakhe:(smiling) You are seriously going to make me repeat that vele?

Phakamani: Yes so that i can confirm if i wasn't dreaming about what i just heard.

Mazwakhe: You are very dramatic. I said what i said.

Phakamani: Please say it again, Ngiyacela baba...

Mazwakhe looks serious at him holding his hands.

Mazwakhe: I love you Phakamani Sibeko, no matter what happens, never doubt that.

Phakamani: Thank you for loving me and my

mother so much. I may not understand your choice of loving more than one woman but i truly admire what you did for her and i just learned something from you.

Mazwakhe: What is it that you learned?

Phakamani: That you may not be a bad man after all.

Mazwakhe:(chuckling) That doesn't mean i am good either. One day i will leave this world, and everything will be on your shoulders to deal with, including your mothers and siblings. Sometimes i may appear tough on you, that doesn't mean I don't love you or anything like that. I am preparing for the tomorrow that is unknown.

Phakamani: I don't like this talk, it sounds as if you are saying goodbye.

Mazwakhe:(chuckling) I am not dying before i see you getting married and having your own family. So now that you know the truth, what's going to happen?

Phakamani: We move.



Mazwakhe: You are not going to go on search of your biological father?

Phakamani: No, I'm going to talk to my mother about it and that will be the last time i bring it up.

Mazwakhe:(smiling) That's such a relief, i was really worried about the possibility of you looking for that man.

Phakamani: I don't want to end up in prison for murder so no, i won't look for him.

Mazwakhe: Let's go get your sister's cow, the way it is so expensive, i fear for the guy that will ask her hand in marriage.

Phakamani: Ai bo baba, Mbali is still young to ship her to marriage. She needs to date and explore life.

Mazwakhe: And be hurt by her peers who will drag and take her for granted? My daughter is gold and deserves to be treated as such.

Phakamani: Oh oh, why does this screams "arranged marriage "vibes? Please do not think about it.

Mazwakhe:( starting the key) I don't know what are you talking about. When are we seeing your girlfriend/(s) ? Nhlonipho has already brought someone home.

Phakamani: And what do you think about her?

Mazwakhe: Ai, i still hope he finds someone else and not marry that girl. Imagine leyantombazana eyondile isiphithizela emagcekeni akoMaziya nonyoko? Weeh cha ngeke, my son still need to do better.

Phakamani laughs so loud, trust Mazwakhe to say such.

Phakamani: Then you expect me to bring a girl home so that you can diss her like you did with Nhlo's girl?

Mazwakhe: I am hoping that you don't disappoint me Jesu but actually do corrections, show your brother how we do things lakoMaziya.

Phakamani: Well to answer your question, i haven't really met someone who makes my heart skip more than once.

Mazwakhe: Come to the rank and drive one of the taxis for a month, i bet you will meet your special somebody.

Phakamani: My potential wife is definitely not using taxis and struggles with taxi mathematics. I am not trying to be Mqhele and definitely not looking for Hlomu.

Mazwakhe: You are reaching 30, and you should be having your own house with kids running around already that time.

Phakamani: All in good time Baba...

Mazwakhe: I am hoping that my daughters do not disappoint me by bringing thugs as sons in law because i will die.

Phakamani laughs, he really will die shame.

THABISILE- MAZUNGU

She screams for Mbali's name excitedly looking around the house for her.

Thabisile: Mbali, come see your dress, it has arrived!

Mbali comes out of her bedroom wearing her track suit hoodie covering her head looking sour. The moment her eyes land on the dress, her face brightens up immediately.

Mbali: Mama!?

Thabisile:(smiling) Khuluma ngizwe?(talk, I'm listening)

Mbali: This is beautiful, oh my word!

Thabisile: A beautiful dress for a beautiful princess, you deserve it my sweetheart and this is a gift from me to you, saying thank you for making me a proud woman in the community. Seeing kids pregnant with a school uniform pierce my heart everyday. Words cannot express how proud i am of you Mbaliyezwe. Continue shining your light not only in this family but to others as well. This dress was custom made for you,no one else has it except you.

Mbali:(crying) I honestly do not deserve this...

Thabisile:(wiping her tears) You deserve it and more,I'm proud of you my angel.

Mbali: Thank you mama, if ever one day you find out that i disappointed you,please know that i really tried to make you guys happy.

Thabisile: what are you talking about? You? Disappointment? Come on!

Mbali: Actually mama, there's something i need to tell you about.

Thabisile: Sounds serious...

Mbali: It is...

Thabisile's phone vibrates from the coffee table and its a message from Phakamani.

" I just had a lengthy talk with my dad and he told me the truth. I want you to know that i appreciate you and loves you so much Salukazi. Thank you for loving me even through difficult times. I love you even more "

Tears form on her eyes and she fan herself using her hand to stop them from falling.

Mbali: Mom, are you okay?

Thabisile: I'm fine, you were saying?

Mbali: Urhm, that can wait since you don't look okay.

Thabisile:( smiling) I am really fine, it's just a message from your brother. Take your dress with you and keep it safe. I need to get started with dinner before your father and brother comes back home.

Mbali: Okay mama, i am going to fit this on and see how i look. Thank you again.

Thabisile: You are welcome, please do fit it so that we can know if it needs any adjustments or fixing to be done on it.

## SANELISIWE- MASIBIYA

She places the tray of snacks and wine in front of Nonhlanhla and sits on the couch next to her.

Today she was surprised to receive a call from Nonhlanhla asking if they could meet.

Nonhlanhla: Your house is really gorgeous mfazi, it is one of the best.

Sanelisiwe: Thanks to our husband, it is my heaven on earth. I am curious to know what brought you here mfazi.

Nonhlanhla: I need your advice and help on something. You are a business studies lecturer right?

Sanelisiwe: Yes i am...

Nonhlanhla: MaGwala told me to do something with my free time instead of lazing around and wait on Mazwakhe to come home. So i thought of starting a salon and ran the idea with Mazwakhe last night. He told me about a business plan and so many things including goals. I don't know where to begin with that.

Nonhlanhla: Oh wow; Urhm i am really happy you decided to go that route. I promise you that you won't regret it. Having your own money as a woman is really expensive hey. So do you want to enroll for the course?

Nonhlanhla: I was hoping that maybe you help me draft the business plan?

Sanelisiwe: I could but there's skills and knowledge you need to acquire in order to know how to manage money and the business.

Nonhlanhla: He said the same thing.

Sanelisiwe: He's right, there are short courses you can do that can help sharpen up your brain and keep you well informed about the route you want to take.

Nonhlanhla: (sighs) Maybe being a house wife is not as bad as i thought it was, after all Mazwakhe is not complaining...

Sanelisiwe: I thought this was for your own benefit?

Nonhlanhla: Yeah but it sounds like a lot of admin. I am also dealing with a lot already.

She sounds like she is about to break down.

Sanelisiwe: What is it?

Nonhlanhla: I think my husband doesn't find me attractive anymore. I feel like he does it for the sake



of doing it, no longer emotional involved in it.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, what steps have you taken to bring the spark back?

Nonhlanhla: I tried losing weight but i am seriously failing.

Sanelisiwe: The problem might not even about weight but maybe your performance in the bedroom.

Nonhlanhla: What do you mean?

Sanelisiwe: I've often heard you guys say i control Mazwakhe and honestly i don't.

Nonhlanhla: Well at times it looks like that.

Sanelisiwe: My control mechanism is my bedroom performance hunny. I ride that man as if my life depends on it, not only that but i am such a freak when it comes to him...

When last did you get a wax, new underwear, fragrance or hair style?

Nonhlanhla: Yooh it's been a while, especially shaving, it's a bush down there.

Sanelisiwe: Ew, no man likes that hunny, no man! Tell you what, let's go shopping today! He is still with you right?

Nonhlanhla: Yes, went out with his son but coming back later.

Sanelisiwe: Perfect, that gives us enough time.

Nonhlanhla: Time for?

Sanelisiwe: Fix whatever that kills the spark in your bedroom, let's go.

EBUKA

Tony walks on him fitting on his 3rd new suit and turning around in the mirror looking like a successful forex trader.

Ebuka: How do i look?

Tony: Like someone who is about to get married, what is the occasion?

Ebuka: I am confused on which look to go for.

Please help me choose.

Tony: The one you are wearing is perfect. Are you not going to answer me?

Ebuka: Sorry, what was your question?

Tony: I asked what is the occasion for these suits?

Ebuka: Oh, let us just say i have been invited to attend a 21st birthday celebration. After careful consideration, i figured it would be rude for me to decline that invitation. Right brother?

Tony:(looking at him suspicious) Right. Ebuka, what are you up to?

Ebuka: I don't understand what you are talking about. Since this is a winning look,I'll have it altered out.

To be continued

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## CHAPTER 9

(Not edited please excuse the errors)

### NONHLANHLA -MAMCHUNU

She barely recognizes herself after the make over she did with Sanelisiwe earlier. They did a lot of shopping her feet hurts, Sanelisiwe seemed to be used to this i mean she was even wearing high heels.

Sanelisiwe even offered to baby sit Sanele so that they can have all the time they need with Mazwakhe. Stepping out of the shower wearing a towel, she looks at the new lingerie deciding on which one to wear.

She picks up the black one and starts applying make up as Sane taught her. The brows are on fleek already so she needs to do touch up on her face and comb the installed weave on her head.

"Mamchunu , Sanele, I'm home "

He shouts from the living room and Nonhlanhla

panicks putting away her make up kit and the other clothes she bought and quickly covers herself with a gown.

Nonhlanhla: Ngiyeza! (I'm coming)

She takes a deep breath and walks out of the bedroom back to the lounge where she finds Mazwakhe pressing his phone. He stops everything the moment she steps in front of him.

Mazwakhe: Wow, i almost didn't recognize you for a moment. You are looking so beauty sthandwa sami.

Nonhlanhla: Thank you baba, i thought maybe i should upgrade my looks and be sexy for you.

She says smiling seductively and Mazwakhe clears his throat.

Mazwakhe: Where is my son?

Nonhlanhla: Oh, he is spending the night with Sanelisiwe, it's just you and me tonight. Come, sit down I'll bring your food.

Mazwakhe: Okay...

Nonhlanhla firstly bring up a bowl of warm water

and a cloth to wash his hands. Mazwakhe eyes are stuck on her and she loves it! Sanelisiwe is really a star! They start eating immediately as she brings the food.

Nonhlanhla: So how was your day? Did you guys manage to get the cow?

Mazwakhe: Yes, it's fit, fresh and a perfect for the ceremony.

Nonhlanhla: I have been meaning to ask, where is this ceremony going to take place at? Your house with Thabisile or?

Mazwakhe: No, the traditional part of the event we are taking it back home, my father's house where everything will be done at. As for the party, it will happen in a different location booked and picked up by Mbali's mother.

Nonhlanhla: Okay that's good because i was wondering where are they going to get the river from.

Mazwakhe: No they will go back home Emsinga, Khethelo, Nosipho and Mbali with her maidens for a

week.

Nonhlanhla: I cannot wait, my attire is so ready.

Mazwakhe: I am full now, thanks for the food.

Nonhlanhla takes the plates back to the kitchen and Mazwakhe follows her. He hugs her from behind kissing and sucking on her neck, his hands touching her all over undoing the ropes of the gown. Sanelisiwe said another thing that spices things up is having sex everywhere in the house not only in the bedroom. Maybe they should try it here in the kitchen. She turns around and kisses him, taking Mazwakhe by surprise and she's leading him to the table.

Mazwakhe:(smirking) I love this fire, and this little black number you are rocking, beautiful!

Nonhlanhla just smiles and jumps on top of her glass table and the unthinkable happens, the table breaks and sends her to the floor.

Mazwakhe: I'm sorry, are you hurt?

She shakes her head no feeling so embarrassed

and emotional. What was she doing in the first place?

Mazwakhe: It's okay Mamchunu, we can attend to the table later, let's continue what we started.

Nonhlanhla: I am no longer in the mood!

She walks so fast to her bedroom and lock the door standing behind it feeling so embarrassed and heart broken. What a kill joy! Is she that heavy?

PHAKAMANI

He decided to visit Khethelo after doing a mini shopping at town. It's probably only him who haven't been to her new apartment since she moved from home.

The place is clean, cosy and definitely suits her, he approves and congratulate her on this new achievement.

Phakamani: Have you packed and ready to go to Emsinga?

Khethelo: I have and i am so not looking forward to seeing the aunts there and that granny who likes



talking non stop.

Phakamani: Aw come on sis, you just have to ignore her. Old age is messing he up.

Khethelo: A whole week is so damn long but for peace sake, she must not ask me when am i getting married and all that shit. What did you buy?

Phakamani: Take a look and see.

Khethelo opens the shopping bags taking out the traditional attire he bought and shades. He is going to look handsome, that is one thing he is sure of.

Khethelo: You are going to look good my brother but you should have a back up plan in case the weather changes.

Phakamani: I am not having any back up plan, this outfit is the one,through and through.

Khethelo: What if it gets cold or rains?

Phakamani: Cold or rains are temporary but drip is forever.

Khethelo:(laughing) J ust say you want to score yourself a Virgin Zulu maiden.

Phakamani: It wouldn't be a bad thing but no thank you. I have learned that the innocents are not so innocent after all.

Khethelo: Right? I'm glad you are saying it

Phakamani: Except Mbali of course, she has made us proud that one.

Khethelo: She did, so what's going to happen now that you are back home?

Phakamani: I might take Maziya's offer in the family business.

Khethelo: You? Were you not so adamant that you don't want anything to do with it?

Phakamani: I know but i have changed my mind. A person is allowed to change his mind once in a while.

Khethelo: Now I'm curious.

Phakamani: Let's just say, we spoke and reached an amicable understanding. We are good now.

Khethelo:(Clapping her hands) You clearly won't tell so i won't push but congratulations nonetheless.

Help me with the bags to your car. It's better i come home with you before your mother starts shouting at me

Phakamani: She is so stressed and i understand, tomorrow ya'll will be gone for a week and a journey to womanhood for Mbali begins.

Khethelo: When this is over,i want to tell you something.

Phakamani: Can you tell me now?

Khethelo: No Phakamani,i said after this.

Phakamani: Okay!

He doesn't push but he already has an idea of what could it be. He pays attention to his siblings and can safely says he knows what is it.

## MBALI

It has been said that she won't be going anywhere up until they leave to her father's home where he grow up. She is not excited about the trip at all but hopes and pray that it can be done and over with.

The anxiety of having to hold down the shenanigans she has been up to are depressing.

The dress has been altered twice because of her weight loss, but at least her tummy is flat and her breasts are firm so she is good to go physically wise. Her phone rings, it's Ebuka. She answers in a hurry.

Mbali: babe...

Ebuka: I read your message, when are you leaving?

Mbali: Tomorrow, are you going to come?

Ebuka: I don't know Mbali, i have bought outfits and all but then, i am not sure if i want to be there.

Mbali: Please come, your attendance will means the world to me.

Ebuka: Why do you want me so badly there?

Mbali: Because i want to introduce you to my family.

Ebuka i know i made a mistake but i love you and this is me trying to rectify it.

Ebuka: I don't know Mbali; I'll think about it and if i decides to come, I'll let you know.

Mbali: Okay, i love you.

Ebuka: I love you too, you know that.

She smiles, at least he still loves her and that's a relief.

Ebuka: Look my brother is here and we have to go, we'll talk later.

Mbali: Okay cool.

The call ends and Mbali smiles, hopefully Ebuka will come and she is going to do right by him. This will be the only chance to save her relationship with him.

TONY

He is dressed up and ready to rock the club. He knocks at Ebuka's room and he opens the door still wearing his track pants.

Tony: You are not serious, Ebuka you are still not dressed after i told you long time ago that we have somewhere to be at?

Ebuka: What is this got to do with me? I am tired

and wants to sleep.

Tony: That's all you ever do, eat, laze around, watch tv and sleep! No wonder Mbali did what she did, you are so weak and i am running out of patience for you. I promised myself that I'll wait until you finish your studies and i did. Now it's time to work and contribute to the money you have been spending, i won't baby sit you forever!

Ebuka:(sighs) Give me 5 minutes.

He closes the door right at his face and Tony sighs, this boy be stress him, what kind of childish behavior is this one? When he sends him to School, he wanted him to be streetwise and be the brain of his empire.

He comes out dressed in smart casual, Tony is not pleased about the look but it's not bad after all. They get inside the car and drives away.

Tony: When we get there, you will just observe and say nothing unless you are spoken to. Do you understand?

Ebuka:(rolling his eyes) Sure.

Tony: Do that again I'm going to smack you, which one is this one? Abeg, don't make me angry ooh!

It doesn't take long for them to reach their destination, the bouncers know Tony and they walk them to the VIP area where Tony makes himself comfortable.

Tony: What are you going to drink?

Ebuka: Castle...

Tony: Don't embarrass me! You know what, I'll choose the drinks for us.

Ebuka asks to use the bathroom and as soon as he leaves, the men he's meeting arrive. They all shake hands and sit down.

Tony: Nhlonipho, do you have my money?

Nhlonipho: Look, I will have your money soon, give me only this week. I had a lot going on, back to back ceremonies but all will be fine.

Tony: You do understand that after this week I'll have to sell your father's taxi you used as bait if you don't pay me?

Nhlonipho: It won't get to that, as soon as we come back from Emsinga I'll have your money.

Ebuka returns and greets the gentlemen.

Tony: Guys, this is my brother i have always told you about. He is now done with school and I'll train him about the business. He is going to be my right hand man.

Ebuka: (whispering) Can i have a word with you?

Tony nods and stand up following Ebuka to the side.

Tony: What's up?

Ebuka: What is Mbali's brother doing here with you?

Tony: Who is Mbali's brother?

Ebuka: The one with white shirt, that's Mbali's elder brother from her father's second wife!

Tony: Oh really? I didn't know that, small world!

Ebuka:You didn't answer my question Tony!

Tony:Listen,this is business and you better shut your mouth about that fly by night relationship you had with that girl before you ruin things for me. Now,



act normal and learn how i do things. Let's go back to the table.

To be continued....

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[06/11, 16:39] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 10

NARRATED

Umemulo is a traditional ceremony that commemorates the coming of age of a Zulu lady. It is a very meaningful ceremony as it marks the transition of a Zulu girl into womanhood, signifying that she is now ready for marriage. It is a reward from the girl's parents for "good behavior" or remaining a virgin. The Umemulo ceremony is carried out when a girl hits 21 years and signified by drastic changes as per the Zulu traditions and

culture.

Umemulo meaning Umemulo is one of the many beautiful Zulu words whose English translation is “coming of age.” While the word is synonymously Zulu, the ceremony it represents can be found in other cultures all over the world such as the Hispanic Quinceaneras. It marks the transition of a girl into womanhood signifying she is an adult and therefore ready for marriage. Umemulo is not just a birthday party; it is a process that involves years of planning from the moment a girl hits puberty at around 13 or 14 years of age.

Immediately she starts her menstrual cycle, the countdown to her Umemulo begins and ends with the actual ceremony once she turns 21.

Traditionally, the girl is supposed to undergo various classes where she is taught of everything that is expected of her and the disappointments she may face once she crosses into womanhood.

Chastity is highly valued at this stage with the crowning jewel being the Umemulo ceremony that is solely for virgins.

In keeping with this requirement, Zulu girls may be required to attend monthly virginity classes from their first period to the moment they undergo their Umemulo ceremony. In as much as these classes are to test virginity, they are also used to educate the girls on all matters self-worth, respect, and womanhood. Once a girl reaches 21 and having fulfilled her Zulu tradition obligation she can now prepare for her Umemulo.

The ceremony is finally happening today, it's been a very tough week but everyone is happy that the day is finally here. Khethelo cannot wait to go back to her life and be with her girlfriend.

The whole week, Mbali was not allowed outside the house. Everything she needed was provided by her

bridesmaids (izimpelesi) for the whole week, and she got the bride treatment all week. Only now is she allowed to go out for a few minutes, covered with a blanket to welcome the cow the family gifts her as a present.

Khethelo and Nosipho watch with their phones recording as Mbali goes to the kraal. After receiving her gifts, she retreats to the hut once again amid singing.

The cow is very significant, and each part plays a significant role in the Umemulo ceremony the following day. In the middle of the night, all the girls leave the house completely naked to go and sleep by a river singing and dancing all night. In the morning, the ukhlohlwa (final virginity test) is carried out by old women and once positive a lot of ululations to alert the family is made. All the girls bathe and get ready in their Zulu traditional wear to begin the celebration. The fat from the cow that was slaughtered is put around Mbali's shoulders after her and her izimpelesi come from the river.

The girls are wearing grass-reed beads embellished skirts and short hair only, while engaged women cover their breasts and grow their hair. Married women have to fully cover up in cowhide skirt and izicolo, a circular shaped cotton and grass hat.

Mazwakhe takes the cow's bile and performs a number of customs with it; that include sprinkling it on the Mbali's fingers, toes and the top of her head. This is believed to connect the girl with her ancestors and pleads with them to keep her safe and help in finding her a prospective husband.

The moment Mazwakhe is done with that, Khethelo helps Mbali dresses up in traditional Zulu attire and is covered with a layer of fat taken from the cow's stomach.

The woman who performed virginity testing on the girls comes forward and relieves Khethelo. Mam Masondo looks at Mbali who looks so beautiful and innocent.

Mam Masondo: (whispering) remember to not over dance. Take it slow and go back to the house fast.

Phakamani walks inside looking all kinds of hotness in his traditional attire. Mam Masondo steps back leaving the siblings alone.

Phakamani: Are you ready?

Mbali nods, Phakamani leads her to the gathering and Mbali start dancing with the other girls.

Mbali blows a whistle as a way of asking for monetary contributions. The moment she blows a whistle, the guests in attendance shower her with money (which is often put in the hat she's wearing). After the hat is completely covered with money, Mbali is then led back into the house.

The moment she gets to the front of the home she throws the spear and it lands in front of the hut, Mazwakhe jumps up shouting words of praise and dancing to symbolise his gratitude, excitement, love and pride before the whole community.

Mazwakhe: (singing and dancing to the clan names)

Maziya,

Gembe, Mkhabela,

Mcusi omhlophe izandla nezinyawo,

Wena wenjiki emnyama yas oHlelo,

Wabona ngani ukuthi injiki iwelile?

Wabona ngamanzi ukudungeka,

Wena wekunene wanginika ugaba,

Zaba mbili saphulelana!

His wives joins him in ululations and dancing with him. It is evident to every guest presence that this family is supper proud of their daughter today.

In the midst of dancing and singing, Nhlonipho spot Ebuka in the crowd wearing shades with his hands tucked inside his pockets.

He walks up to him and grab him by his arm roughly leading him away from the celebration stage.

Nhlonipho: You really didn't have to follow me all the way down here! I told Tony that I'll sort him out as soon as i get back!

Ebuka: Ey man look; I'm not here for you or the business you have with my brother.

Nhlonipho: If he didn't send you then what are you doing here?

Ebuka: I am an invited guest...

Nhlonipho's heart races a bit, who else in his family knows these people? Ebuka is fine, still a kid but if it can be out there that he knows Tony; a lot can go wrong, especially his work.

Nhlonipho: Who invited you?

Ebuka:( smirking) Why don't you wait and find out?



Nhlonipho: Ebuka i swear if you try anything funny...

Ebuka: Look, a word of advice for free, drop whatever it is you are doing with my brother.

Nhlonipho: It's too late now, i am already too deep.

Ebuka: What do you mean?

Nhlonipho: Do you even know what your brother does for a living besides the shops he is fronting with?

Ebuka: No but...

Nhlonipho: Then this conversation is pointless.

He returns back to the event and finds his father singing praises about his daughter. There's a car brought in the middle surrounded by lots of other gifts. Mazwakhe is a proud man who time to time feels the need to remind people that yena udla kusale. ( he's rich).

Nonhlanhla:( whispering) I can't believe they bought her a brand new car.

Sanelisiwe: Neither do i but the girl did well so she deserves it bandla.

Nonhlanhla: Each and everyday i question myself how rich is our husband?

Sanelisiwe: Filthy darling. You didn't tell me about your magic night.

Nonhlanhla: mxm; ohho, it was a mess.

She narrates to Sanelisiwe what happened and she cracks up laughing.

Sanelisiwe: oh my God! But if it was me shame i was going to laugh and continue with my mission.

Nonhlanhla: Mazwakhe still laughs about it till today. Anyway let us focus, it looks like he is about to give her the car.

Sanelisiwe: I feel like he should have waited to give her later at the party.

Nonhlanhla: Most of these people won't be there to witness that of which is a whole point of him doubt it here.

Sanelisiwe: Makes sense...

Mazwakhe hands the car keys to Mbali looking all proud.

Mazwakhe: This is not a 21st key that one you will get it later and i want to insist that even after getting it, you won't do as you please but continue to behave the way you have been doing.

Amongst all my kids, you are the first and only one i have bought a car cash and brand new. This is not about favoritism or anything like that. You are getting this car because you respected us as your parents. Not even once did we hear that you are involved in any scandals, you also excelled at school. It is for that reason I am proud to be your father today. These are the keys to your destiny that will make your journey into womanhood an easy ride. Happy birthday Maziya.

He gives the keys to Mbali whose head was down the entire time he was speaking. She lifts her wet face because of tears up and stares at him. She

accepts the keys with so much gratitude visibly in her eyes

Mbali gets up with a song praising and thanking her father for raising her. The other ladies joins her in a dance surrounding the car, she is happy and the joyfully sound around is fueling her dance.

"EIX," " Yooh" , "Hai bo", "Njani?" Escapes from people's lips the moment the cow fat (umhlwehlwe) drops on the ground...

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To be continued

[06/11, 16:41] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 11

MBALI

Can the ground open and swallow her this moment because how is she going explain this to her parents? The people gathered here to celebrate her? Maybe she needs to climb inside her brand new car and just drives away.

Her corner of the eye catches a glimpse of her father looking like he is about to pass out ; before she can do or say anything, Khethelo jumps into the scene and picks up the cow fat from the ground dusting it.

Khethelo: Oh my bad; I completely forgot to add more napkins when helping you dress up earlier sis. It is really my fault guys before you think otherwise or celebrate; ngiyanazi phela nina niyaloya.

People laughs at that statement and Mbali sighs in relief as Khethelo dress her up again; she holds her

hand tight, trying by all means to control the tears that want to fall from her eyes.

Mbali: Thank you Khethy...

She means in; this moment right here; is something she will forever treasure and holds dearly to her heart.

Khethelo: I got you; keep your head high and walk straight. Okay?

Mbali: (nodding) okay...

Khethelo: But after this we have to talk Mbali; like really talk and I expect you to tell me nothing but the truth because I cannot back you up if I don't know what is happening.

Mbali: I promise...

She has no choice; I mean Khethelo is the only one in her corner at this moment so she will tell her the truth; except the abortion part.

Khethelo starts a song blowing the whistle and Mbali's girls back her up and the dancing resumes. Mbali dances as if guilt is not swallowing her at this point as ululations hit the sky as the celebratory mood is back on.

Deep down she knows that a whole interrogation is waiting for her and she is not ready for such one bit.

Ebuka seem to be entertained as he attempts to dance after pinning some money on her hat; Mbali decides that she is not going to introduce Ebuka; at least not today.

## EBUKA

The traditional ceremony ended and the location changed to where they are celebrating the 21st of the last daughter of the family where Mbali was given a key and more gifts by her mothers and siblings.

As much as the language is bit barrier, he can tell that there is some high tension that erupted since the cow fat dropped on the ground and the father doesn't look pleased at all.

Everyone is talking good about her and he gets an idea how serious and traditional this family is. As much as Mbali broke his heart by taking away the most important gift ever, she is not a bad person. He walks up to her hoping that they get to talk.

Mbali: Ebuka..

Ebuka: Hey; you look so beautiful.

Mbali: Thank you; I must say you look good too; I have been stopping myself from drooling ever since.

Ebuka: Is that a reason the reason why the cow fat dropped because you were not concentrating?

Mbali elbows him and Ebuka laughs stepping away from her a bit.

Mbali: For a moment there I thought you were going



to put a nail in the coffin and embarrass me further.

Ebuka: Why would I do that?

Mbali: I don't know; maybe tell everyone about what I did...

Ebuka: (holding her hands) Mbali look; what you did hurt me so much but after today I understand why you did it. I am sorry I was not so patient and didn't wait nor did more research on how you do things. You are a good child who did everything right to make her parents proud. The timing for us to be pregnant was off and I was also selfish for getting you pregnant because I didn't want to lose you.

Mbali: wait; are you trying to tell me that you wanted to trap me with a baby?

Ebuka: That was very selfish of me and I am sorry; I don't want you to live your life feeling guilty about what happened. The timing was really off and I believe that we are going to have more children in the future.

Mbali: Future?

Ebuka: I would like us to start afresh this time; attend therapy as you mentioned before.

Mbali: Ebuka are you sure?

Ebuka: If you would have and take me back; I would love to be your lifetime partner.

Mbali: what are you trying to say to me?

Ebuka reaches for his inside pockets in the blazer he is wearing and comes back with a box consisting of a ring inside. He takes Mbali's right finger and holds it sweating a bit; other people are taking note of what is happening but thank God no one is recording as of yet.

Ebuka: I would like for you to be my husband and me be your wife...

Mbali presses her lips together in attempt not to laugh and Ebuka chuckles rubbing the sweat in his forehead.

Ebuka: please be my wife so that I can be your husband? Look its okay; you don't have to give me the answer now. Go home and take your time thinking about it; you can answer me any time you are ready. J ust keep and take the ring with you.

Mbali looks at him smiling...

Mbali: Yes...

Ebuka: Yes?

Mbali: I know I want to spend the rest of my life with you so yes; I will marry you!

Ebuka slides the ring on and they share a very passionate kiss until they feel someone's hand separating them from each other. It is Mbali's sister; the forward one.

Nosipho: Hey love birds easy now before someone takes a video of you too smooching each other. Who is this hottie here?

She asks referring to him as her eyes scan him all over and he starts to feel a bit uncomfortable.

Maybe it is his eyes and mind playing game with him; she cannot do that. Mbali wraps her arms around Ebuka laying her head on his shoulder.

Mbali: That my sister is your brother in law; my fiancée!

Nosipho: Fiancée?

Mbali: yup; he proposed and I said yes! Look at my ring; gorgeous right? Forgive my manners; his name is Ebuka; babe this is my sister Nosipho.

Ebuka: Pleased to meet you Nosi...

They shake hands and Nosipho holds his hand a bit longer than expected and brushes it causing Ebuka to cough pulling it back; she smiles.

Nosipho: Likewise; I hope we get to see you more often and congratulations on your engagement.

She walks away and Mbali wraps her arms around his neck.

Mbali: That went well.

Went well? That was awkward and uncomfortable as fuck!

Ebuka: Mind if we go somewhere more private with fewer eyes?

Mbali: Sure; go I will follow you. I need to inform my sisters and friends so that they can cover for me in case the rents or my brothers decide to come back.

## THABISILE

The fatigue and stress that came with planning Mbali's event is slowly cooling down and she can finally rest as everything went accordingly as they planned. The cow fat thing doesn't bother her that much because she trusts her daughter. Mazwakhe toss and turns around looking at her with his sleepy eyes.

Thabisile: Good morning baba; did you sleep well?

Mazwakhe: Not quite; just closed my eyes and it is a next day already.

Thabisile: You look exhausted and stressed; we can stay in the bed the whole day.

Mazwakhe: Nope; I have so much to do today and I am late already. I want us to talk about your daughter; both actually.

Thabisile: Okay; what about them?

Mazwakhe: Do you think they were playing us?

Thabisile: In which way?

Mazwakhe: I don't buy what Khethelo said after the cow fat dropped and I am going to get to the bottom of this. I have a feeling Mbali lied to us and I feel sorry for her if she did.

He pushes the blankets and get out of the bed leaving Thabisile thinking that she needs to see Mam Masondo really quick and get the answers before her husband does so that she can protect her daughters.

NOSIPHO

She is at the kitchen looking at the pictures they took yesterday at both the events and they looked beautiful. She finds herself zooming on Ebuka's pictures unable to get off the fact how gorgeous this man looks like. If you know Simphiwe Ngema's baby daddy Tino then you will know how fire this man is and Mbali gets to have him.

She understands why baby girl couldn't resist the temptation to give him her precious cake because WOW.

But she finds it unfair that she gets to have all these good things; perfect love from parents; a hot boyfriend and now she is going to get married. Impela bakhaphe abo Mbali lamhlabeni.

Mazwaakhe makes his way to the kitchen and heads straight to the coffee machine and makes himself a cup. No greeting today? Okay! She came home with Mbali last night as it was her responsibility to ensure she was safe after Khethelo

dis appeared without informing them.

Nosipho: Good morning Dad.

Mazwakhe: Morning; have you seen Mbali?

Nosipho: I think she is still sleeping...

Mazwakhe: When she wakes up tell her to see me.

Nosipho: I will do that...

He nods and leaves; Nosipho follows him out and heads to Mbali's bedroom where she knocks once and opens the door. The princess is still sleeping with the ring on. This girl has a death wish shame. Nosipho pulls the blankets off her and Mbali grunts with annoyance.

Nosipho: ei ma'am wake up! Your dad wants to see you and he is not in a good mood if you ask me.

Mbali: Eix I might have an idea why.



Nosipho: Do you think he is not buying what Khethelo said? And are you going to tell him about the engagement?

Mbali: I don't know Nosi; It will depend on his mood but we both know it won't be easy. Dad doesn't like foreigners and not just any but Nigerians to be precisely.

Nosipho gets an idea from this statement; maybe her father's resentment towards foreigners is going to be her ladder that she will climb in order to get close to Ebuka.

Nosipho: I hear you and all the best with your meeting with him; I am going to bath see your mom before I leave.

Mbali: I might as well get up because he doesn't like to be kept waiting. Thanks for getting me home safely last night and may I please ask that the news of the proposal remains between us?

Nosipho: (sealing her lips with her finger) my lips are sealed...

MAZWAKHE

Walking inside his study and finding Phakamani busy with the taxi file calms his mood and brings the bright side out of him. At least today is not all that bad after all; he offers his coffee to Phakamani and sits opposite him in the table.

Mazwakhe: Is this what I think it is?

Phakamani: (smiling) which is?

Mazwakhe: (chuckling) Come on; you know what I am talking about; you taking the ropes and leading the business?

Phakamani: Dad you need to relax; I was just reading through and checking how is it going.

Mazwakhe: And; anything interesting?

Phakamani: A bit and there are some parts that are

not making sense or should I say confusing.

Mazwakhe: which parts are those?

Phakamani puts the coffee mug aside and shows him the math and writing he has been doing.

Phakamani: In totally according to the maths we have 11 taxis but here; we only have 10.

Mazwakhe: I don't understand.

Phakamani: One taxi is missing.

Mazwakhe: But how because no driver reported a missing or stolen taxi to me?

Phakamani: the taxi is operating but its papers aren't here baba.

Mazwakhe: How is that possible?

Phakamani: exactly what I have been trying to find out this while. Who has access to your books?

Mazwakhe: Khethelo since she balances them for

us.

Phakamani: Please check with her if she didn't misplace any of the documents.

Mazwakhe: I will but Khethelo has always been careful and never made such a mistake.

Phakamani: (shrugging his shoulders) just to be sure.

Mazwakhe exhales sharply thinking about this dilemma and hopes that indeed Khethelo misplaced those documents because the other possibility is something he doesn't want to think of.

Mazwakhe: (getting off his chair) Let me call her...

To be continued...

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[06/11, 16:41] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 12

### KHETHELO

Mandisa shakes her up with a ringing phone on her hand. She grunts pulling the blanket over her head that is pounding like crazy.

Khethelo: Whoever is calling can wait i need to rest yoooh!

Mandisa: Well maybe it's an emergency because she wouldn't stop calling.

Khethelo sighs defeated and take the phone from Mandisa. It's Mbali calling.

Khethelo: Mbali mntana mama mara couldn't you call at 12?

Mbali: I am sorry to wake you up sis, i was also awoken up by Nosipho who told me that dad wants to see me. I am so nervous, what should i do or say when he calls me?

Khethelo: Eix, just go there and hear what he says Mbali, I'm sure whatever it is, it won't be that hectic. Dad loves you.

Mbali: I know that but this time i really messed up mntase, what if he disown me or even worse, take the car back?

Khethelo: And how will he explain you not driving the Mercedes Benz to people? You know your dad suffers from abantu bazothoni syndrome so he won't take that car back i promise you.

Mbali:(sighs) I am so scared sis yooh. There's another thing.

Khethelo: You are pregnant?

Mbali:( coughing) No!! My boyfriend proposed last

night.

Khethelo: Oh wow Mbalz congratulations! When are you coming over so we can chat?

Mbali: After the meeting with your dad.

Khethelo: Okay all the best and if he pushes for the truth please confess.

Mbali: Alright sis, I'll update you later.

Khethelo: Send me pictures of that ring

Mbali: Coming right up!

The call ends and she smiles alone.

Mandisa: You no longer look mad for being awoken up.

Khethelo: Well i am just happy at the progress my sister and i are making. I feel like we are starting a new page and we can be close.

Mandisa:(smiling) I know how important that has been for you, so I'm happy for you babe.

Khethelo: She's coming over later, stay and I'll introduce you to her as my girlfriend.

Mandisa: You're sure?

Khethelo: Positive, i am doing this and soon, I'll also Come out to my family.

Mandisa: Thank you babe, this means a lot to me.

Khethelo: I love you..

NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

She watches attentively at her daughter who is busy with her phone looking all worked up about something.

Nokubonga:What is it?

Nosipho: I am trying to look someone up but his



profile is locked.

Nokubonga: It gives me stalker vibes..

Nosipho: No Ma it's nothing like that. Ma?

Nokubonga: Yes baby?

Nosipho:Do you think there's something wrong with me?

Nokubonga: No, why would you think that?

Nosipho:Because mom I'm 24 with a meaningless life. No boyfriend,baby or something tangible to point at. I feel like i am dancing around the same circle while my peers are progressing.

Nokubonga: That's not true my baby, you are still young. You can go back to school and or mingle.

Nosipho: You know me and school are not friends,i have this degree because i had to please your husband other than that i belong in the city as someone's wife.

Nokubonga:(Clapping hands) I hope what you are saying is just a joke because you can do more and better than being a man's maid. If you don't know what i am talking about; take a look at your father's 4th wife. She is forever complaining about everything.

Nosipho:(sipping on her juice) Well i won't be like her phela mina but will have my own man.

Right then Nhlonipho walks in with a bloodied shirt and they all stand up frightened but he looks fine and not hurt.

Nhlonipho: Please relax guys, that's not my blood and no i won't say more than what i already said. I am fine.

Nokubonga and Nosipho looks at each other

shocked at what the fuck just happened? Nosipho shakes her head and gets up walking away.

## MAZWAKHE

He is driving to Khethelo's house hoping that he is going to get an answer around the mystery of missing papers for his taxi.

His alarm rings reminding him of the appointment he has with Sanelisiwe. He promised to fetch her niece who is visiting from Joburg together with Sanelisiwe.

He tries to call her but she is not picking up. The last option he has is to ask Phakamani to go on his behalf and get the girl from the airport and take her to Sane's house. He is going to see them later as tonight he is spending the night there.

Phakamani responds after receiving the pictures of

the girl and says he's going to go there and fetch her. One problem solved.

He arrives and walk up to Khethelo's flat number after parking his car. This place is really clean and safe,at least it's still is. He knocks at the door and Khethelo opens up looking shocked to see him.

Khethelo: Baba...

Mazwakhe: Maziya, ukahle? (You good?)

He asks proceeding inside and sees the girl he saw the other day watching TV on the couch. She sits properly when she sees him. They exchange greetings

Khethelo: I didn't expect to see you.

Mazwakhe: Who were you expecting to see?

Khethelo: Mbali, she said she was coming.

Mazwakhe: Oh Mbali is also coming here?

Khethelo:Yes..

Mazwakhe: That's even perfect,call and tell her to come now. And you my dear,please excuse us because we are about to have a family meeting.

Mandisa doesn't wait to be told twice but disappears to the bedroom and comes back with her bag. She bids goodbye and leaves. Khethelo doesn't look pleased.

Khethelo:Would you like anything to drink or eat?

Mazwakhe:Cha, please have a seat i want to talk to you.

Khethelo lowers the volume of the TV and sits waiting to hear what he has to say.

Mazwakhe:Phakamani has been going through the books and papers of one taxi are missing. Do you

have an idea about that?

Khethelo: Missing kanjani baba?(Missing how?)

Mazwakhe: As in they are not with the other documents of the taxis.

Khethelo: That's strange and i can confirm that whatever it is, i know nothing about it.

Mazwakhe: I know you wouldn't be involved in anything dodgy, i was just asking in case you misplaced them after working. Don't worry i will start an investigation and find out what is happening.

Khethelo:Please do because this is serious baba, last time i checked you have cctv cameras planted on your office right?

Mazwakhe:Why did i not think of that? I completely forgot about them,i will start looking there.

Khethelo: Great, and baba, please next time when you are coming text in advance.

Mazwakhe:So that you can hide your boyfriend?

Khethelo gives him a look that cracks him up.

Mazwakhe: Okay I'll call.

Khethelo: I'll go open for Mbali.

PHAKAMANI

He is at the airport busy tapping his foot on the ground and checking his watch. After what seems like forever, he spots the girl looking lost. Damn, she is indeed Sanelisiwe's niece, it runs from the family. He walks up to her and greets her.

Phakamani: I have been sent to pick you up by your aunt's husband.

Her: Oh, she said she was fetching me herself nje?

Phakamani: Well her car has a problem and my dad isn't around to drive her. Can we go?

Her: What's your name? I need to call my aunt and verify.

Phakamani: My name is Phakamani Sibeko.

She nods and dials her aunt who is on a loud speaker.

Her: Aunty, i am here at the airport and a guy by the name of Phakamani is saying he was sent to fetch me?

Sanelisiwe: Yes bunny i just read my messages from my husband. Go with him he's family.

Her: Okay Aunty see you in a bit.

Sanelisiwe: I can't wait.

The call ends and she gives Phakamani her bags they walk to the car. He loads them inside the boat and opens the door for her.

Her: Thank you, I'm Nadia by the way.

Phakamani:Pleased to meet you Nadia.



He almost asks about her race and quickly remembers how annoying it is when people does that to him so he shuts his mouth and drives in silence. The silence is interrupted by his phone ringing, it is connected to the car's Bluetooth so he answers.

Phakamani: hello?

Voice: Phakamani, can we talk to your father? His phone's battery died after he answered.

Phakamani: I'm not with my father right now but i can take a message. Who is this?

Voice: One of your drivers, please tell him that some Nigerian guy and his guys came to the rank and took his taxi by force.

Phakamani hits the breaks hard and lifts the phone up.

Phakamani: I'm sorry what did you say happened?

Voice: It was a mess, guns were drawn and the guy who was driving the taxi was shot trying to defend it.

Phakamani: Tell me he is okay?

Voice: (sighs) Unfortunately it was too late when your brother got here.

Phakamani: I'm coming there.

He ends the call and starts the car speeding like crazy.

Nadia: Wait a minute, you are not driving with me to the taxi rank right?

Phakamani: Yini, do you want to get off and request an Uber to the house maybe?

He realises that his tone is unkind but this girl better shut her mouth because he is not in the mood, someone died!

To be continued....

(Please like the previous sponsor's post to stand a chance in getting chapter 13 before 11 )

[06/11, 16:41] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 13

(NOT EDITED PLEASE EXCUSE THE ERRORS)

### PHAKAMANI

The scene at the rank it's chaotic, the men are hungry for blood and war. This is the last thing he needs, as someone who worked around wars time to time, he is not looking forward to it. From his investigations, he discovers that Nhlonipho is involved in this as he was seen trying to negotiate with the guys who took the taxi.

Now it makes sense that the missing documents weren't misplaced by Khethelo but taken by Nhlonipho. For what? That is something he hopes to find out soon.

He walks back to the car where he left Nadia and finds her sulking with pouted lips and hands folded on her chest. He almost laughs, she's cute no doubt.

Phakamani: I am so about this inconvenience but it was an emergency.

Nadia: Is everything okay?

She's mad but still concerned that is better.

Phakamani: Not really, I need to take care of things here.

Nadia: What about me?

Phakamani: Can you drive?

Nadia: You are not serious!

Phakamani: Yes or no?

Nadia:(sighs) I can but...

Phakamani: Great, text your aunt to send you here location and I'll come for my car later.

Nadia: You are such an arse hole!

Phakamani laughs and hands her the keys stepping out of the car.

Phakamani:I'll make up for this i promise.

Nadia: Don't bother! I've concluded that I don't like you so stay away from me!

Phakamani: leave my car then.

Nadia shows him middle finger driving off.

**MBALI**

Their father is staring at them like an angry lion ready to pounce. She is nervous and wants to run but this is now or never, the time where she gets to stand up to her dad and fight for her relationship with Ebuka.

Mazwakhe: Mbali i am going to ask you one question and I expect you to tell me nothing but the truth. I don't have the whole day. Do we understand each other?

Mbali swallows the thick saliva on her throat, she's hiding her hand inside the jacket she's wearing.

Mbali: Yebo baba...

Mazwakhe: Are you still a virgin?

Mbali:( looking down) Cha. (No)

Mazwakhe:When did you stop being one?

Mbali: 4 months ago.

Mazwakhe stand on his feet and Khethelo shifts closer to her in case Mazwakhe does something to Mbali.

Mazwakhe: And you didn't think of telling us? Or did you know about this too?

He asks Khethelo.

Mbali: She didn't know, no one did because i didn't want to disappoint you guys.

Mazwakhe: You watch me sing praises about you while you know there's no such thing? Mbali ngubani yena lones ibindi sokugqekeza isibaya sako Maziya? ( who's the brave guy to take your virginity?)

Mbali: Ngiyamthanda baba and he wants us to get married.

She shows the finger with a ring on and he click his tongue snatching his phone from the charger.

Mazwakhe: Take that off your finger this minute! You have disrespected me and my ancestors enough!!

He storms out and Khethelo embraces her on a

tight hug as tears stream down her face. She feels so heart broken and guilty.

Mbali: He hates me sis.

Khethelo: No he doesn't, give him space to come around.

Mbali: Did you see how he looked at me? Gosh it was as if I'm the most disgusting thing ever.

Khethelo: Mbali you are exaggerating, give the man a break.

Mbali: I'm scared of what is going to become next. He didn't even look at my finger or questioned me about my fiancée

Khethelo: He is yet to digest the news, i also think the call he received disturbed him. Give him some time, he will be fine.

Mbali: I hope so because i love Ebuka...

Khethelo: (smiling) Tell me about him..

Mbali: (wiping her tears) where do i begin?



## SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

She welcomes her niece who looks grumpy and mad that Phakamani made her drive herself to the house.

Sanelisiwe: Stop sulking, you are here now and that's all that matters.

Nadia: It was a hassle driving here and drivers this side are horrible nor follow road rules. I hate your stepson shame for doing this to me.

Sanelisiwe: (laughing) Don't do that, give him time and i promise you will like him. He's a good person.

Nadia: I don't think so, he's hot and all but...

Sanelisiwe: aha! You noticed his looks?

Nadia: Despite everything that happened, i can't take away that this man is hot and you chose his

father over him. How? Is what i want to know.

Sanelisiwe: Well i love his father and Phakamani is a kid to me. Freshen up and I'll get us something to eat so that you can tell me all about my brother and his wife.

Nadia: those two, I'm glad to be away from them shame. You got a beautiful house Aunty.

Sanelisiwe: Thank you baby...

Nadia walks away and Sanelisiwe takes her phone from the table. She calls Mazwakhe while tapping on the table counter with her nails waiting for him to answer.

Mazwakhe: Sthandwa sami

He sounds calm but not okay and that gets her attention although she wanted to fight

Sanelisiwe: Are you okay? You sound down

Mazwakhe: Now that I've heard your voice I'll be fine. Ufike kahle umntwana?

Sanelisiwe:(sighs) Yes she's home safely. But where are you? You should be here.

Mazwakhe:I know but i have crisis at the moment that i need to attend to. I promise I'll be home as soon as everything clears.

Sanelisiwe:Okay,please be good and take care of yourself.

Mazwakhe: Ngiyabonga mama, I'll do that.

Sanelisiwe: I love and miss you so much.

Mazwakhe: (chuckling) Is it you or Maziya junior making you needy?

Sanelisiwe:Ai bo Mazwakhe, junior obuyaphi?

Mazwakhe:My soldiers are strong, i know I've scored...

Sanelisiwe:Mxm bye because you are full of games. Let me attend my niece.

Mazwakhe: Thank you for the call baby, i am now

feeling better. I love you too, and the little one you are carrying.

Sanelisiwe:(blushing) i hope to see you later.

Mazwakhe: You will, i promise.

NHLONIPHO

His head is buzzing, he cannot move past what happened earlier. Work proves to be slow and unprofitable at all. He is back at work after dashing home to change his bloodied shirt. This thing took an unexpected turn and now it's a whole mess.

He dials Tony standing by the window of his office smoking.

Tony:Yes?

He answers very cheeky and Nhlonipho sighs.

Nhlonipho: Did you really have to do that?

Tony: Nhlonipho i have been patient with you long enough. I'm still Suprised at your liver to ask me such. You owe me remember?

Nhlonipho: I know but i asked for little time

Tony: Well i don't have that time anymore.

Nhlonipho ends the call as he hears footsteps approaching the door. Phakamani walks in and stands next to the chair.

Nhlonipho: Bafo, what a nice surprise, i didn't expect to see you.

Phakamani: I'm sure you didn't. Where's my dad's taxi?

Nhlonipho swallows a burning cigarette and coughs terribly. Phakamani hands him the bottle of water that's on top of the table looking unbothered about

what is happening to him right now.

Nhlonipho's phone rings again and it's Tony...

Phakamani: Aren't you not going to answer that?

To be continued...

( Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE)

[06/11, 16:42] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 14

### NHLONIPHO

He comes out from the bathroom where he went to throw the cigarette out of his system. He was hoping to find Phakamani gone but no nigger is making himself comfortable in his chair waiting. He

is definitely not escaping this, but maybe he is better with Phakamani than Maziya himself. Who knows, maybe Phakamani can help him out of this mess.

Phakamani: How did it go?

Nhlonipho: It managed to come out but my throat hurts.

Phakamani: Okay let's go back to what brings me here, dad's taxi. What did you do with it?

Nhlonipho:( scratching his head) I found myself in a serious debt with the wrong person. To buy time, I gave dad's axi as a collectalry.

Phakamani: why would you do that? Wouldn't you rather use your own car? And what kind of debt is that? Nhlonipho you have a good job!

Nhlonipho: It's complicated.

Phakamani: Uncomplicated it for me because the moment dad finds out you are involved in this then

you are dead. Are you on drugs?

Nhlonipho: What? NO!

Phakamani: Then what's your business with Nigerians?

Nhlonipho: I needed money for betting and he helped me with it. I guess I got carried away with a few wins and I couldn't stop playing even after losing.

Phakamani sighs, closing his eyes with his hands.

Phakamani: It's even worse, you are a gambling addict!!

Nhlonipho: I swear I had it under control.

Phakamani: Under control Nhlonipho? Someone died, our dad's taxi is with some Nigerian and you call that control? What's next? Your mother's house is on auction as well? Why didn't you borrow money



from your father or mothers ?

Nhlonipho: Are you going to help me or judge me through?

Phakamani: If you needed my help you were going to call me.

Nhlonipho: I do need help,I was embarrassed and didn't want to involve people in this.

Phakamani:Well we have one option, to fetch that taxi and negotiate a new payment method with him.

Nhlonipho: He won't agree..

Phakamani: When you knock off we are going there. In the meantime I'll go find out what your father is up to.

He leaves the office and sighs, it's a mess and at this point he wishes he can just vanish.

MAZWAKHE

It's been almost 30 minutes going through the CCTV footage and it clicks to him that there's some deleted footage in there. Whoever was here knew exactly what they were doing and this frustrates him even more.

He finishes packing his bag ready to leave for Sanelisiwe's house. Thabisile walks in carrying Tupperware and places it next to his bags.

Mazwakhe: What's that?

Thabisile: Meat from Umemulo, you and Sanelisiwe can braai or cook it.

Mazwakhe: I don't want anything from that mockery of an event we had.

Thabisile: Hawu baba!

Mazwakhe: Don't act all surprised! I had a conversation with your daughter and she confessed not being a virgin anymore.

Thabisile: What?

Mazwakhe: Please drop the act! For what I know, you probably paid Mam Masondo to lie and say she's still pure.

Thabisile: My husband, I swear this is news to me.

Mazwakhe: Oho? Let me break another news to you: she's engaged and already wearing a ring. Thabisile what was I paying that reed school money for if Mbali is going to disrespect me like this? Do you even talk to these children as their mother?

Thabisile: Why do I feel like you are blaming me?

Mazwakhe: I'm not but I find other things very questionable. I expected you to be a hands on mother and not dump all the responsibility of motherhood to those women!

Thabisile: I get that you are disappointed after spending so much money but...

Mazwakhe: This is not even about money...

He closes his eyes and exhales trying to calm

himself down.

Mazwakhe: I need to go, I have a lot to attend to. I'll see you guys around.

He kisses her cheeks and walks out of the bedroom with his bag to the car. He returns the missed calls from one of his drivers.

Mazwakhe: Mvelase my phone's battery died earlier when we're talking. What were you saying?

Mvelase: I managed to get your son and he said he was handling it.

Mazwakhe: Oh?

Mvelase: Yes I promised to give him time before involving you into it.

Mazwakhe: Ngizozwa ngawe ke ndoda.

The call ends, he trusts Mvelase and if he says Phakamani is handling it then he needs to let him

be. He has been begging him to be involved so meddling with whatever he is dealing with won't be a great idea.

SANELISIWE

She opens the door and Phakamani walks in, she is expecting Mazwakhe but she welcomes him in. Phakamani carries that strong aura around him that makes her heart skip a bit when she sees him. It's the soldier status for sure, those people banesithunzi nje.

Sanelisiwe: You are here for your car?

Phakamani: Yes, where is your niece?

Sanelisiwe: Sleeping, she complained about jet lag.

He laughs, that contagious laughter.

Phakamani: Jet lag from Gauteng to KZN? Your

niece should be a comedian I swear..

Sanelisiwe: What did you do to her because she was breathing fire when she got here?

Phakamani:( waving his hand off chuckling leaning on the couch) Like I said; that girl is dramatic but I will fix it. Me and her will be best of friends.

Sanelisiwe: That's something I cannot wait to see.

Phakamani: Watch the space..and why are you looking all this hot and glammed up? Are you going somewhere?

Sanelisiwe: No silly, I'm expecting your dad.

Phakamani: Oh is it? Where are my car keys?

He quickly gets up from the couch and stands on his feet.

Sanelisiwe: There by the table. You are leaving already?

Phakamani: Yes; please do me a favour, hold him

down. Make sure he doesn't answer calls or leaves until tomorrow.

Sanelisiwe: Is everything alright?

Phakamani: Not quite but I am hoping all will be soon.

Sanelisiwe: Whatever it is, good luck.

Phakamani winks and walks out, Sanelisiwe releases the breath she didn't know she was holding, fixing her dress and wondering when Mazwakhe arrives.

EBUKA

The noise from the lounge wakes him up from his sleep. He puts his shoes on and leaves the bedroom to check what is happening. His brother's voice on top of the roof shouting, there's other men in the room.

Ebuka: What's going on? Since when do we have body guards?

He asks, referring to the men patrolling the patio with guns.

Tony: Since I am venturing into a taxi business. Those Zulu men will know me today!

Ebuka: You are now into the taxi business?

Tony: Yes I am...

Ebuka looks at him, Tony is holding his arm that is bandaged. It's clear he was shot and he can tell it has to do with this taxi business he is talking about. He even looks drunk.

Ebuka: I think you should go to bed..

Tony: Shut up, why do you think it's okay for you to tell me what to do in my own house?

One of the men badges in with a gun in his hand.



Man: Boss, he's here.

Tony: Is he alone?

Man: No, he got company

Tony: How many?

Man: One...

Tony: Let them in and be on standby.

Ebuka waits with anticipation as he feels like shit is about to go down. A minute later, Mbali's brother's walks in and they are surrounded by guns.

Tony: Nhlonipho, it's good to see you decided to come see me. Who is the pretty boy you are with?

Nhlonipho:(clearing his throat) That's my elder brother...

Tony: (chuckling) For real? I don't see the resemblance but either way, elder brother, welcome.

Phakamani: Tell your goons to drop their guns...

Tony: Why would I do that? What if you are armed?

Phakamani chuckles and steps closer to Tony who points his gun on his chest.

Phakamani: You have your men search us before we walk in. Didn't you?

Ebuka watches the stare competition between Phakamani and Tony. After what seems like forever, Tony drops his gun and Phakamani steps back.

Phakamani: Tell them to leave, I don't discuss business with boys..

The liver Phakamani has! How can he call armed men boys?? Tony sighs and nods.

Tony: Alright gentlemen you may excuse us...

Phakamani makes himself comfortable on the couches and Nhlonipho follows sitting beside him...

To be continued

( Please LIKE; comment and share )

[06/11, 16:42] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 15

TONY

He looks at this guy, honestly he is fascinating. Although he won't admit it publicly, it is hard to believe that he is Nhlonipho's brother. Looks aside, his physic and aura demands so much respect.

He is not one to succumb to orders so easily but this guy right here didn't have to say it twice for him to act. Only if Ebuka was that, he would be so proud to have such a brother in his corner. Unfortunately for him Ebuka is not even Nhlonipho, way too weak this one.

His confidence and cocky self is spot on and admirable. Although he is all that, this is his house and he calls the shots so they need to know. Since Nhlonipho involved his brother in this, he chooses to involve Ebuka as well.

Tony: What can I do for you gentlemen?

Phakamani: I want to know how much my brother owes you and for how long?

Tony: Didn't he tell you?

Phakamani: Am I not asking you right now?

This guy! He's surely testing his patience!

Tony: In total he owes me R750k.

Phakamani: How much did he ask for in the beginning?

Tony: He asked for R50k, then R75k, and the last one he asked for was R80k.

Phakamani: So in total he owes you R200k?

Tony: Yes but you must know there's something we call interest rate.

Phakamani: I'm coming to that because I need to understand what kind of interest results in R750k debt?

Tony: The kind of interest he failed to pay in 7 months. Every month it increases.

Phakamani: What is your interest per loan?

Tony: I charge 50% interest; for example, if I borrow you R1000 you bring it back as R1500.

Phakamani: (clicking his tongue) Uyahlanya wena! That's daylight robbery!

Tony: Well, I don't force anyone to my terms.

Phakamani: Now back to my father's taxi, why did you take it?

Tony: The taxi costs equals the debt he has with me.

Phakamani: That's not his taxi...

Tony: Well; he told me this one in particular is part of his inheritance. That your father each gave you a taxi.

Phakamani looks at Nhlonipho in total shock.

Phakamani: Not only are you a thief but you are a liar too? ( back to Tony) I need the car keys and their papers.

Tony: And what about my money?

Phakamani: We'll pay it back.

Tony: You and who?

Phakamani: That's none of your business but this car needs to be back tonight.

Tony: And if I don't want to return it back?

Phakamani: Then you are going to be arrested for the commotion you caused. You killed someone, remember? On top of that you won't get this money back. Your choice.

He sighs and looks at them, it's money or war/prison and at this point, he wants his money back.

Tony: Ebuka, get the keys from my pockets and the documents in that drawer.

This arm sling is frustrating him but he hopes to heal in no time. Ebuka reaches into his pockets for the keys and takes them out, he goes to the drawer and comes back with the papers.

Tony: You only have a week to bring my money back...

Phakamani nods and snatches the keys off his hands walking to the door walking out.

Tony: Nhlonipho, remember "tik tok"! I won't be this kind next time.

He just nods and follows his brother out.

Ebuka: I can't believe you made enemies from the people I am looking for a wife from ! Why are you like this? Like seriously you are hell bent into making my life a living hell!

Tony: Will you stop whining for one day and use your brain? I told you to forget about that lousy relationship with that girl and focus on the business. We just resolved the issue, what more do you want?

Ebuka: You must be stupid if you think they will let you go easily like that after you killed one of their own in cold blood.



He leaves the room and Tony thinks hard, this boy has a point. He needs to watch his back, this Phakamani guy looked too calm for his liking. He needs to prepare himself for anything.

MAZWAKHE

He finds himself thirsty and wakes up to drink some water from the kitchen. His heart nearly stops when he sees the tv on in the darkness and quickly remembers that there is a visitor before he reaches for a gun in his gown pockets.

The lights switch on and Nadia sits up from the couch looking at him.

Nadia: I'm sorry, is the tv too loud?

Mazwakhe: No it's not, I'm here for water.

He proceeds to the kitchen and gets one from the fridge, Nadia follows suit with a bowl and glass in her hands putting them in a sink. His eyes follow every movement she makes and quickly shakes the thought of his head drinking his water.

Mazwakhe: Why are you not sleeping so late?

Nadia: I had a very long sleep when I got here and now I'm a zombie.

Mazwakhe: I see, I didn't even see you during dinner because your aunt said you were relaxing.

Nadia: Yeah I just needed to rest not only my body but my mind as well.

Mazwakhe: I heard about what happened to you and I'm sorry. I can't imagine how it feels to lose a pregnancy.

Nadia: It's a pain I don't wish for my worst enemy. Bonding with a child for a whole 9 months only to leave the hospital empty handed has to be the worst kind of pain I've ever experienced.

Mazwakhe: How are you dealing with all the emotions?

Nadia: It is very hard hence I thought maybe a change of scenery will do me good. Thank you for allowing me to visit.

Mazwakhe: It's okay, Sanelisiwe's family is my family.

Nadia: Ngiyabonga Sbari, you are a good man.

He was not ready for the hug after that, so to not make things awkward, he hugs her back.

Mazwakhe: (clearing his throat) I have to go back to bed.

Nadia: ( smiling and pulling away from him) Of course, goodnight.

Mazwakhe returns to his bedroom but quickly picks up the feminine scent in his gown and vest. He

undresses and puts the clothes in the washing machine before going to bed.

Sanelisiwe: Why are you doing the laundry so late?

She asks as soon as he gets to bed. He pulls her closer to her and she complains about his cold hands.

Mazwakhe: I spilled water on them and thought it's better I put it on the laundry.

Sanelisiwe: You are so cold...

Mazwakhe: Make me warm...

Sanelisiwe lifts her face up and kisses him, he returns the kiss grabbing on her ass and pulling her closer to him.

Mazwakhe: You are gaining weight in the right places...

He whispers the compliment in her ear, turning her around so that her back faces him.

Sanelisiwe: You are taking good care of me, the glow is explainable...

Mazwakhe: When last did you see your periods?

His shaft slides inside her warm honeypot while his hands grab on her boobs. Sanelisiwe forgets to answer the question and moans at his thrusts as he goes in and out of her...

Mazwakhe: MaGumede...

His voice is more like begging as he feels his climax nearing and her pushing her ass back to his thrust..

Sanelisiwe: Yes baby...

Her manicured fingers find their way between their legs and massage his balls.

Mazwakhe: Ahhh..ngizochama..(I'm cuming)

Sanelisiwe: Cum with me daddy...

They both climax and hold on to their stuffy sweaty bodies hard while breathing heavily.

Mazwakhe: I love you...

Sanelisiwe: I love you too...

Mazwakhe: Tomorrow we have to buy a pregnancy test..

She doesn't respond. Could it be that he scored

already? His lips stretch to a wide smile at the thought of that. She would make a great mother. He kisses her forehead and covers her body with the blankets before retiring to sleep with her in his arms.

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

She is fuming at what Phakamani tells him about Nhlonipho and his deal with the Nigerians. Unable to contain her anger, she hits Nhlonipho with a frying pan in his head and Phakamani quickly jumps up to defend his brother.

Nokubonga: Hey wena Phakamani, let me kill this child on my own before he gets killed by thugs! Ingihlolelani lengane? To steal your father's taxi? Your father will kill you and I am going to help him!

Nhlonipho: Ma...

Nokubonga: Don't "nywee" me! You honestly don't

think I am going to sit on this now do you? Not after a person died! Because at the end of the day we have to pay off your debt. Wait a minute, what did you do with the money you kept on loaning because you are still living under MY roof, eating MY food?

Nhlonipho:( rubbing his head where his mother hit him) I was assisting my girlfriend in...

She feels all kinds of anger rising to her throat. All this trouble for a girl that's not even his wife? She takes her phone and dials Mazwakhe. At this point she doesn't care about the rules, this is an emergency!

Mazwakhe: MaGwala...

Nokubonga: Baba, ukuphi? ( where are you?)

Mazwakhe: I am driving..

Nokubonga: Please drive your way to this house asap!



Mazwakhe: Konke kuhamba kahle?( Is everything ok?)

Nokubonga: No, Nhlonipho wants to send me into an early grave.

Mazwakhe: What happened?

She looks at Nhlonipho who is begging her with his eyes. She loves her son but there's no way she is letting him go free from this. Every action has a consequence.

Nokubonga: He stole your taxi papers to settle his debt.

A moment of silence passes between them in the call and he breathes out heavily.

Mazwakhe: Umtshele anganyakazi, I'm on my way!!!

To be continued...

( Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:42] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 16

### NHLONIPHO

A mother is supposed to be your ride or die, have your back and protect you like isikhukhukazi sivilela amachwane aso. But no, Nokubonga is one kind of a mother shame! Wt? Did she just straight up tell his dad what happened? He knows that eventually his father was going to find out but the least he could have done was to twist the story a bit so that it doesn't sound as bad as it is!

At least Phakamani is here, but he won't be here forever and at some point he will face his father alone. He is so not ready for that! The time is

moving very slowly and Nokubonga seems to have calmed down because he is now laughing and chatting to Phakamani asking him when he is bringing a woman home.

He is the first one to hear his car driving in and he can tell from its speed nje that kuzonyiwa. He stands on his feet and waits for him. He knocks and walks in, the first thing he does is kiss his wife. Ewu, no matter the awkwardness man won't stop showing affection for his wife.

He asks that they all sit down and be told from the word go what happened. Phakamani narrates the whole story and he listens attentively, brushing his beard and his eyes on him. Nhlonipho can't make his mood; his reaction is totally different from what he expected. He thought that he would be six feet underground now.

Mazwakhe: What do you have to say for yourself?

The question is directed to him and there's no other way out of this. He has to answer!

Nhlonipho: I am really sorry Father, it was not my intention for things to get this bad. I was sure that I had things under control. Everything turned out South real quick.

Mazwakhe: Why didn't you come to me for money? Or your mother?

Nhlonipho: You weren't going to give me because you never loved nor accepted my girlfriend.

Mazwakhe: So now it's our fault?

Nhlonipho: That's not what I am trying to say. I just didn't want to bother you and knowing how you don't just dish out money so easily.

Mazwakhe: There's banks for loans, you qualify for them. What happened to that?

Nhlonipho: I wanted an easy way out that wasn't going to require a long process of paperwork.

Mazwakhe: Yet you took my car's papers to your friends. Why ungijwayele kabi so?

His father is angry but he is keeping it together.

Nhlonipho: I am really sorry dad, I am going to do everything in my power to fix this mess.

Mazwakhe: Can you bring my driver back to life? The man was a father and a husband, now his wife and kids are left in the cold because of your stupidity!

That gets to him, he really messed up! Mazwakhe turns to Phakamani.

Mazwakhe: Give me details of this guy and I will handle it from hereon. Wena Nhlonipho, follow me!

Nhlonipho gets up looking at his mother hoping that she's going to stop her husband.

Nokubonga: Whatever you are going to do with him, please don't kill him.

Listen to this woman, she's supposed to stop him from leaving altogether!

Mazwakhe: My ancestors will turn their back on me if I kill my own. Nhlonipho and I are going to have a man to man talk, privately!

Oh Lord, have some mercy please!

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

Nadia is making lunch and she is about to leave the house to the university where she lectures.

Nadia: My slaying Aunt!

Sanelisiwe: Please stop!

Nadia: Look at you glowing, you sure you are not pregnant?

Sanelisiwe:(rolling her eyes sitting down) You and Mazwakhe need to stop, I am not pregnant.

Nadia: Well then you must be really happy.

Sanelisiwe: I am but I feel bad...

Nadia: About?

Sanelisiwe: Lying to Mazwakhe about family planning. I never stopped.

Nadia: Why?

Sanelisiwe: I was caught up in the moment when I said that. After careful consideration, I decided that I am no way ready to have a kid and I thought Mazwakhe will forget about it.

Nadia: That's a recipe for a disaster, you need to tell him before this escalates to something else.

Sanelisiwe: I just don't want to disappoint him because he really looks happy about the idea of us having a child together. I am really stressed out.

Nadia: I am sure it won't be such a big deal, he has kids already so it won't hurt to wait for you a little bit longer.

Sanelisiwe: I suppose not.

Nadia: Mina I'm just curious how he manages to divide himself amongst you guys and maintain the same energy.

Sanelisiwe: That you have to ask him yourself because I also don't know. All I know is that I am loved and catered for.

Nadia: It's pretty much obvious, sbwl!

Sanelisiwe: It's not all roses and gold, it has its own days. Thanks for the lunch nana, I'll see you later.

Nadia: Okay Aunty, have a great day at work.



They hug shortly and she takes the lunch box and heads to her car that she missed driving so much! Just as she is busy connecting her phone to her car's Bluetooth, Phakamani calls her.

Sanelisiwe: Phakamani...

Phakamani: Ncanes, you good?

Sanelisiwe: I'm good and you?

Phakamani: I'm alright. Are you at the house?

Sanelisiwe: I'm going to work, what's up?

Phakamani: I need a favor...

Sanelisiwe: I'm listening.?

Phakamani: Nadia's numbers...

Sanelisiwe:(laughing)I should have known!

Phakamani: Awu kahle! Uzongisendela? ( you are going to send them?)

Sanelisiwe: I will but remember you guys are

cousins...

Phakamani:(clearing his throat) Uhm yeah, sure!

Sanelisiwe laughs and forwards the number to him then drives out. Maybe Phakamani is the distraction her niece needs in order to heal from that ordeal she went through.

MBALI

Driving the Benz feels so great and it is her obsession. The stay at her sister's was great, she enjoyed every moment of it and cannot wait to do it again soon.

She walks inside the house and switches on the lights. Her mother is sitting in the darkness with a box of tissues and wine next to her.

Mbali: Mama, why are you seated in the dark alone?

Thabisile: How can you do this to me Mbali?

Mbali: Ma?

Thabisile: Couldn't you tell me the truth about you not being pure than lying this much? Now I am a bad mother in the eyes of my husband because my child hid the truth from me so damn well? My sin was to trust you to be responsible and not do a follow up every month about your virginity?

Mbali: I am sorry mama, I really didn't mean to put you into this position. But coming out with the truth was hard

Thabisile: Why? I try by all means to be open to you Mbali.

Mbali: Honestly I felt too pressured,I lived my whole life feeling like I was not expected to make a mistake instead of being this perfect child.

I am grateful for the unconditional love you both

showed me but somehow it created a drift between me and my siblings because it wasn't it wasn't the same to them. Forgive me for being scared to be the failure and a laughing stock amongst my elder siblings.

Thabisile's facial expression changes immediately and she becomes soft.

Thabisile: My child, I didn't know all of this, I am so sorry...

Mbali: I am sorry too mama but I never meant to be a disappointment, I just want to lead a normal happy life. I'm sorry that all is causing a strain in your marriage.

Thabisile: Your father and I will be fine, we have overcome so much this is small waters. I am told you are engaged?

Mbali:( Blushing) Yes, to a wonderful man.

Thabisile: Look at you blushing, grab a glass and come so that you can tell me about it.

This is great, her mother inviting her to a drink? Maybe she can tell her about the abortion or its too early?

**KHETHELO**

Shortly after Mbali left, Phakamani arrived. It's obvious that she is not seeing her girlfriend anytime soon. Her siblings are keeping her company and she is not complaining.

Phakamani is licking his fingers after dishing up for him. He tells her the Nhlonipho drama and she cannot believe it.

Khethelo: I can't believe the length Nhlonipho went

to stall his debt and knowing Maziya, he is not going to pay that debt shame.

Phakamani: I wouldn't either. So what did I miss about this side?

Khethelo: Well, your younger sister is engaged and I am gay.

She says the last line and holds her breath.

Phakamani: Mandisa?

Khethelo: How did you know?

Phakamani:(chuckling) The way you look at each other and the paragraphs you write when you post her on your Whats App statuses.

Khethelo: You are so attentive, that time I was trying to keep it low.

Phakamani: Well not for this guy. I'm happy for you, I mean you look happy and that's all that matters.

Khethelo: I am really happy, I just need to come out to the parents sooner and later.

Phakamani: Do it when you are ready and prepared.  
As for Mbali, who is she engaged to?

Khethelo: Some Nigerian guy named Ebuka, she is  
head over heels in love. It's cute.

Phakamani: Wait, I have heard that name before...

TONY

He is in the passenger seat not driving because of  
the arm injury. Him and his 2 men are parked into  
the garage filling the car up and the driver decides  
to step out for cigarettes.

The guy behind Tony steps out to pee and Tony is  
left alone in the car smoking his weed and drinking.

Tony: I love this song marn!

He increases the volume jamming into it and a  
screeching sound of a Quantum parking right in

front of his car disturbs him.

Tony: Shit!

He tries to reach for a gun with his one hand but it's too late. This man who has jumped into the driver's seat hit his head hard on the dashboard he sees stars. He hears gunshots going off and the man starts the car driving off...

" You think you can bully my son into giving you my taxi,kill my driver and get away with it? Did you perhaps do your research about me before trying to mess up my business?"

Oh crap!!

To be continued...

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[06/11, 16:42] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 17

(NOT EDITED PLEASE EXCUSE THE ERRORS)

### NOSIPHO

Nhlonipho came back looking like he was attacked by bees from his "talk" with Maziya and he doesn't want to say a thing about what happened.

She is helping him get dressed after taking a bath using her bath salts that usually helps when she is experiencing period pains. Intombi yakwa Gwala kept her mouth shut as if she's not seeing that Nhlo was panelbeated.

Nhlonipho: Thanks sis.

He says under the blankets and Nosipho shakes her head.

Nosipho: Kodwa nawe Nhlo, a whole taxi? Unamaganga ngozi mntase. At least he didn't kill you though.

Nhlonipho: I thought he was going to, that old man has mean punches i swear.

Nosipho: I hope this was a lesson and you are going to seek help so that you don't go back. Phela manje uzodayisa indlu.(you will sell this house)

Nhlonipho: I'm not an addict Nosipho, I just got carried away.

Nosipho: If you say so. What is going to happen to your debt?

Nhlonipho: Maziya said he is going to take care of it.

Nosipho: At least. Goodnight, I hope you are going

to wake up feeling better.

Nhlonipho: Your pain killers are already making me drowsy.

Nosi switch off the lights and leaves his bedroom to her. She take off her gown and gets under her own blankets and scroll through twitter. Trending news are of that of a taxi men ambushing people in gas station and starts firing up at them.

Although it's still not clear who these men are as the taxi had no number plate and everything happened so fast, Nosipho zoom on the arm showing outside the window of the car that is said to be hijacked.

She knows that watch very well! Holy shit! Her fingers scroll down her phone's contact and dials her dad's number with her heart racing.

Mazwakhe: Nosipho this is not a good time, I am driving!

Nosipho: Baba, you guys are trending on Twitter!

Mazwakhe: Ukhuluma ngani?

Nosipho: The ambush at the garage? Please throw that watch away!

A moment of silence passes by only a sound of a speeding car is heard.

Mazwakhe: Okay, thank you Maziya.

She ends the and say a short prayer hoping that her father doesn't get caught in this. He was only protecting what is his of which is business and family.

NADIA

After eating she washed the dishes and tied up the place leaving it spotless clean. Now she has

nothing to do and TV is really boring during this time of the day. Her Aunty is only knocking off around 5 and gets home around 6 to half past if there's traffic.

She doesn't understand why is Sanelisiwe working while she has a man like Mazwakhe who does everything for her. I mean look at this house! Speaking of the house , she decides to give herself a tour and admire the art around it.

Their happy and smiley pictures plastered on the wall. She lifts one big framed picture of Sanelisiwe and Mazwakhe and looks at it in a close angle. He is such a Zulu man! Fit, strong and handsome! Nadia didn't attend her aunt's traditional wedding due to their amniosity at the time but from the pictures, it looked fun.

She puts the picture back and proceed to their bedroom, it's smells heavenly. Sanelisiwe has

always a neat and glamorous person. Her wardrobe is packed nicely and according to colors. There's some of Mazwakhe's clothes in there.

Nadia finds herself on Sanelisiwe's dress, shoes and weave on. She parades in front of the mirror trying to imitate her walk and style of pose and smile.

Her phone ringing on the bed distract her and true caller identifies the number as Phakamani's. She rolls her eyes sitting on the bed taking off Sanelisiwe's shoes.

Nadia: Hello?

Phakamani: Nadia hi, It's Phakamani here.

Nadia: Oh hey. What's up?

Phakamani: All good and you, are you settling in well?

Nadia: It's been a day and a half but all is good.

Phakamani: I'm glad, listen I would like to take you out sometime. Just show you around Durban and get to know you better.

Nadia: That would be nice.

Phakamani: Neh? Please let me know of day suitable for you so that I can make arrangements.

Nadia: I'll definitely do.

Phakamani: Okay then, enjoy the rest of your day.

Nadia: Sharp.

The call ends and she throws her phone on the bed and take off the dress and put it back exactly as she found it. She double check before leaving the bedroom if everything is the same as she founds them.

NONHLANHLA

Mazwakhe is home today and taking a shower. When he got here, he took off the clothes he was wearing including the watch he received as a gift from Thabisile and burned them.

She doesn't want to ask but she can tell that he is not in a good mood tonight that time she missed him so much and wants to chat.

Her mind is brought back to living when she feels his hands all over her body. She was just dishing up for him.

He kisses her neck while undoing her robe and touching her all over. His touch is doing wonders as she is so wet terribly down there.

He turns her around and oh God, he is naked with only a towel wrapping his lower body and his member pointing front underneath.

The kiss is passionate and full of need and lust. He



carries her up to the space next to the sink and places her there. Nonhlanhla is still traumatized about what happened last with the glass table. As if Mazwakhe can read her mind, he laughs.

Mazwakhe: This is a built in cupboard, it is not going to break.

Nonhlanhla rolls her eyes and attends to his body. He brings her to the edge and kneels down, he bury his head between her thighs. Oh God his tongue goes straight to her clit she nearly cries.

Her head tilted back and eyes shut close, she sing his praises while pushing his head even deeper into her nana. He stops and feels his lips into her while rubbing himself on her

Mazwakhe: I missed you...

He confesses while entering her slowly and she

moans...

Mazwakhe: Look at me...

She forcefully opens her eyes and meet his, they are red..

Mazwakhe: Ngiyakuthanda yezwa!( I love you okay?)

Nonhlanhla: I love you too...

His pace increases and he lifts her leg up and her head keeps on bouncing around the cupboards and the dishes are moving inside the cupboard.

Mazwakhe: Ziyeke zife sizothenga ezinye...

**EBUKA**

It's been an hours since his brother called saying he is leaving the club and coming to the hours. He fall asleep on the couch waiting for him after talking to

Mbali on the phone. She was excited as she told him that her mother and elder sisters knows about their relationship and are happy for them.

One of the men guarding the house woke him up from his sleep and his eyes lands on the wall watch. It's almost 11pm but Tony is not back home. He is panicking.

Man: Your brother was hijacked and shot badly.

Ebuka: Oh my goodness! How bad it is?

Man: very bad, he was found by people driving dropped in pit with several bullet holes in his body. We just got informed that the men he was with at the garage were shot dead.

Ebuka blinks his tears away, they may not get along with Tony at times but that's the only family he has.

Ebuka: Where is he now, my brother?

Man: In the Hospital, it's bad, doctors says chances of survival are slim.

Ebuka: Take me to him right now...

Man: You cannot go there, what if the people or person who was trying to kill him realises he is not dead and comes to finish him up?

Ebuka: So what must I do? Sit here and wonder?

Man: Your brother would want you to be calm, strategic and safe. Being out there is not safe. We are going to keep you posted and we will move your brother somewhere safe for you to visit him. Untill then, you are not going anywhere.

Ebuka drops back on his couch and rubs his eyes. He warned Tony, only if he listened!!

Man: What should we do?

Ebuka: What do you mean?

Man: Ebuka, this is war! We need to strike back, we already know who did this.

Ebuka: No..

Man: Huh?

Ebuka: You heard me, if my word means anything to you, then you are going to listen to me. This madness ends now before a lot of innocent people get hurts!

To be continued....

( Loves, can one of you kindly buy me vodacom data on this number 0794770120. Any amount will be appreciated. Thank you. Don't forget to Like, comment and share )

[06/11, 16:43] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 18

## EBUKA

He opens his eyes and is shocked at the miracle of being able to sleep after last night's shenanigans. His mind has been going wild wondering how Tony is and if he's going to survive. He prays he survives so that he can take what happened as a lesson to respect the world and tread carefully on its ground.

Without Tony; he is forced to oversee the business and do a follow up in checking that everything is going well. His hand picks up his phone under the pillow and he unlocks it. The wallpaper of his phone is none other than his gorgeous fiancée.

Sadness consumes his heart when he thinks about the bad blood between their families already. Will their love survive it? Well, he's willing to try and fight for it, even if it means they elope.

Maybe one day they will resolve the issues and be a family. For Mbali, he's willing to cross the ocean and restore peace. He calls her number and waits as it rings on the other side. She's probably still sleeping, after all she's not a morning person. Just as he is about to hang up, she answers.

Mbali: Babe...

Ebuka: Hey love, morning.

Mbali: Good morning baby, how are you?

She sounds very much asleep and yawning.

Ebuka: Not so good, I'm sorry to wake you up.

Mbali: It's okay baby, what's wrong?

Ebuka: My brother was shot last night...

Mbali: Oh no! Is he okay?

Ebuka: I hope so; I haven't seen him.

Mbali: Is there any lead on the people who did this?

How is he going to answer this one? She clearly is

in the dark and he's not about to drag her into this.

Ebuka: Well it looked like some rivalry of some sort.

Mbali: That's even worse, are you safe?

Ebuka: I'm fine babe, I promise.

Mbali: I hope your brother gets well soon..

Ebuka: I'll be praying for him as well. Let me get up, I have to stand up for him today and the next coming days he's away off.

Mbali: Okay baby, we'll talk during the day, I love you.

Ebuka: I love you even more...

He feels better already and kicks off the blankets getting off the bed. His phone notifies him of a request to follow on Instagram. He checks who it is before he can accept it and sees that it's Nosipho.

Ebuka:(speaking alone) ah ah..what this girl wants from me now? Chai! God forbid!



He deletes the request and continues making his bed...

NADIA

Today's the day she is meeting up with Phakamani. She made sure to dress up and look good. Her black leather bum shorts and oversized shirt matching them with her white sandals and summer hat suits her perfectly.

Sanelisiwe: Mhmm mhmm, why are you fighting? I feel sorry for Phakamani.

Nadia chuckles while applying her lipstick.

Nadia: Why?

Sanelisiwe: What is he going to do with himself when you are this hot?

Nadia: Well, he's a big boy, I'm sure he is going to handle it.

Sanelisiwe: Nadia, I have been meaning for us to talk especially about your loss. I know you are hurting and desperately want to heal but please, Phakamani is a good person. Don't hurt him.

There we go again, just when she thought she was over this "judge judy" phase she does this?

Nadia: We are only hanging out, there's no need for you to sweat.

Sanelisiwe: I'm just saying, I am not one for drama.

Nadia: Don't worry Aunty, you got nothing to worry about. Besides, I am not emotionally ready for a relationship, I am still healing.

Sanelisiwe: Good, take your time, let me leave you to it.

She exits the bedroom and she rolls her eyes. Why doesn't she want him to be with her? Or is she the type that wants all the good things for themselves? Oh oh oh, she sees it now, Phakamani is the Maziya heir so if she ends up with him she gets to secure more than she (Sanelisiwe) did? Unbelievable! Well, surprise surprise!

Sanelisiwe:( shouting) Nadia your guest is here!!

Nadia: I'm coming!

She puts everything inside her bag and walks to the kitchen where they are both laughing at whatever joke is shared. Phakamani's jaw is almost on the floor when he sees her.

Phakamani: Wow, I'm speechless! You look so hot!

Nadia: Thank you, I mean you didn't disappoint either. We can go, I'm ready.

Phakamani: Well Ncane, see you later, or not...

Sanelisiwe: Yey, or not yani? Behave and have fun you guys.

Phakamani takes her hand and leads her outside to the car where he opens a door for her. Today he is driving another car, not the one he fetched her with the other day at the airport.

Nadia: Nice car...

Phakamani: Thanks, Dad has a choice.

She thought as much! The dad is rich, the son is hot, what a blessed combo!

MAZWAKHE

He sneaks up on Thabisile and hugs her from behind as she jumps startled.

Thabisile: You are going to give me a heart attack!

Mazwakhe: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.  
Unjani?

Thabisile: Well, I'm standing, which means I am  
alive.

Mazwakhe: That's good to hear, ziphi izingane  
zalomuzi?

Thabisile: Mbali is busy in her room. I don't know  
YouTube what Phakamani drove out an hour ago.

Mazwakhe: That's good, it gives us enough time to  
talk.

Thabisile: About?

Mazwakhe:( sighs) Last time my emotions were  
high I ended up lashing out on you and saying  
things I didn't mean. Yobe Sengwayo; It was not my  
intention to criticize your motherhood skills.

Thabisile: Your words hit me hard baba because  
they came out as if I let Mbali do as she pleases.

Mazwakhe: That's not true Manzini, you are the best mother and wife I could ever ask for. Like I said, kwas helela ulimi( it was a slip of a tongue)

Thabisile: I'm glad you are seeing your fault so It's all forgiven.

Mazwakhe:(smiling) Ngiqabule ke..( Kiss me)

Thabisile:(blushing) Ai bo, awukahle! (Stop it)

Mazwakhe: Hawu Ngiyacela, kancane nje..( Please)

Thabisile giggle and gives him a baby kiss but Mazwakhe holds onto her a bit longer...

Thabisile: So,I spoke to your daughter about everything including the engagement. She said something about us not giving our children equal attention. Some of the things she mentioned made me realize that we are actually the ones at fault for over praising her and putting so much pressure on her.

Mazwakhe:(shaking his head) Wanting the best for your child is now considered as pressure?

Thabisile: Not in that way baba but if you allow yourself some time to think and evaluate everything , you will see what she is talking about.

Mazwakhe: I will not be given parenting skills by a child I brought into this world, sorry!

Thabisile: Ai ke, I'm leaving, I have a lunch date with Khethelo. Ngicela unqiphe imali? ( can you please give me some money?)

Mazwakhe: When you planned the date, what was your plan?

Thabisile: To call you and ask for money, it's easier now you are here.

Mazwakhe shakes his head, takes out his wallet and gives her his card.

Mazwakhe: Please don't abuse my card...

Thabisile kisses him on the cheeks and accepts the card with a huge grin. He must mentally prepare himself for endless notifications that are yet to follow from his bank.

He goes to Mbali's room and knock, the music goes down and she shouts " Come in".

He opens the door and finds Mbali sweating..

Mazwakhe: Kwenziwani lana?( what's happening here)

Mbali: I was exercising baba...

Mazwakhe: Your mother is going out with Khethelo, let's also go out.

Mbali: Give me a few minutes baba...

Mazwakhe: 10..



He closes the door and goes to his office and kills the time by reading his emails. One of his men informs him that Tony is fighting for his life at the hospital. Good, hopefully when he wakes up he is going to respect people's properties.

Mbali: I'm done baba!

Mazwakhe looks at his watch and shakes his head. It's been over 30 minutes already.

Mbali: Your car or mine?

She asks, her face beaming with joy and he smiles.

Mazwakhe: Yours but I'm driving...

She gives him the keys and occupies the passenger seat. He spots the ring on her finger and he controls his reaction.

Mazwakhe: I told you to take that thing off your finger, uzwa makunjani kanti?

Mbali: Baba, can we not fight? What's the point of being engaged if I won't wear my ring?

Mazwakhe: A good man knows you don't just put a ring on someone's daughter without doing the right thing!

Mbali: Well he is a good man and he's going to do the right thing.

Mazwakhe:( clicking his tongue) Tell him I want to see him..

Mbali: You won't shoot him angithi?

Mazwakhe: Kanti ngiyinkabi yini mina? ( Am I a hitman?) If he's free, invite him to join us.

Mbali: Let me text him and find out...

Mazwakhe keeps quiet and looks ahead of the road, if he comes he's going to chase Mbali out so that he can punch him in the face for disrespect.

To be continued...

(Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:43] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 19

### PHAKAMANI

The date between her and Nadia has been great and they ended up on the beach. Now seated on the sand eating their ice creams and staring at the waves, Phakamani looks at how beautiful she is and imagines the genes of their kids.

Nadia: Today was great, thank you.

She says with that lazy smile of hers that makes him weak; fuck, is he involve?

Phakamani: I enjoyed it too, I was worried.

Nadia: Worried about?

Phakamani: But how it may turn out to be, I mean I haven't been with a woman in a while now.

Nadia: How long?

Phakamani: Close to a year now, yeah.

Nadia: Why? And why am I finding it hard to believe that a handsome man like you hasn't been getting it on for a year?

Phakamani: (chuckling) Sex is not everything to me and I really believe in doing it with someone I love and have a strong connection with. I can't see myself pouring it out and exchanging energies with someone I don't like so yes, it has been that long.

Nadia: Wow, men like you don't exist, no more shame.

Phakamani: They do, I'm here next to you nje...

Nadia: Yeah well, it's you alone in the whole KZN...

Phakamani: You joke too much. So what about you?

Nadia: What about me?

Phakamani: What's happening in your life?

Nadia: Nothing interesting really, I am just here to unwind and find my feet.

Phakamani: Are you working/ studying?

Nadia: Neither of that...

Okay that's disappointing but he is not about to judge now. Besides, if you really like someone you can always compromise a few things and help them achieve certain goals they are unable to on their own.

Phakamani: Okay so who is Nadia, come on, I've already told you a lot about me.

Nadia: What I can say is, I'm not the right girl for you. My mind is not in the right state to be in a relationship.

Phakamani: We can be friends of which I believe will groom us to end up as lovers at the end...

Nadia: Phakamani...

Phakamani: Shhhh, I don't mind waiting...

Their faces draw closer together and they share a passionate kiss, goddam her lips!

Nadia:(smiling) Okay...

Phakamani: Let's go home, it's starting to be a bit chilly here.

Nadia: Yeah before Sanelisiwe starts calling.

Phakamani: What's the story between you two vele?

Nadia: What do you mean?

Phakamani:I am seeing a gap between you two. I don't know if it's my eyes deceiving me or what. But I swear I saw something, especially that moment in the kitchen.

Nadia:(chuckling) You are such an attentive man but I guess it's because of the job you did. Well before you dig on any deeper, Sane and I once didn't

see eye to eye because she used to be very strict, reporting everything I did to her brother, my dad.

I was living with her and I thought she would make my life easier since it was already hard at home but it was a total opposite actually, she was worse than both of them.

Phakamani: Is that really a bad thing? I think she was just trying to protect you and be a good parent.

Nadia: There's a difference between protecting and trying to control someone. Let's go.

Phakamani concludes that this is not going to work, this girl smells like trouble and Sane is nothing like that. She's been part of the Sibeko family for 3 years to know that. This one was or is probably one of those kids who doesn't like to be reprimanded. He doesn't see himself dating such a person...

MBALI

She's at her favorite restaurant with her father and she's forcing him to order something different and out of his comfort zone..(prawns) and he is complaining.

She notices how his eyes keep on going to her finger every now and then. Well one thing about her, she is going to train her parents, especially this gent here.

Mazwakhe: Lomuntu wakho uthi uzanini? ( when is your boyfriend coming?)

Mbali: Well he isn't, business is hectic so he has to oversee that.

Mazwakhe: At least he has money...

Mbali: And if he didn't? You wouldn't accept him?



Mazwakhe: Of course, why would I allow my daughter to marry someone who will starve her?

Mbali: Wow, money isn't everything baba but happiness and love is.

Mazwakhe: This is why I send you to school so that you can learn and be wise uyeke kukhuluma umbhedo. Love doesn't pay bills and it shall never be enough. Don't ever make the mistake of marrying a poor man because you think you love him and later on cheat. Angifuni amanyala mina..( i don't want scandals)

Mbali: So you are advising me to marry where money is?

Mazwakhe: Correct, a man must provide and your duty is to be submissive. This thing of women loving men is not right,that's a man's job.

Mbali: Your advice is shameful, I'm thankful for ngawo.

Mazwakhe: I'm not trying to be sarcastic or giving you the gold digger mentality but what I'm saying is, I don't want my daughters to be bob the builders

hence I sent ya'll to school. Get someone on your level or above.

Mbali: I hear you..I have another thing to tell you before you get to meet my fiancée.

Mazwakhe: I hope it's not pregnancy, I'm not ready to go to jail for killing someone.

Mbali chuckles feeling guilty of the abortion.

Mbali: It's not that. He is not a South African.

Mazwakhe: What is he?

Mbali: A Nigerian man.

He drops the fork and knife on his plate and Mbali jumps a bit. That reaction says it all,he's not happy.

Mazwakhe: Mbali!!

Mbali: I love him baba, he is a good guy and treats

me with respect.

Mazwakhe: Your intention lately is to disappoint me, neh?

Mbali: No baba, I don't understand why you think that way because he is also a human being like us.

Mazwakhe: Did you hear me saying he isn't?

She keeps quiet, there's a limit she can take her father on and it has now expired.

Mazwakhe: Everyday we read about how girls are trafficked, turned sex slaves or drugs mules, married for citizenship, killed by these people. Not so long ago, your brother Nhlonipho got himself involved with them and they took my taxi, not only that but shot and killed my driver.

Now you expect me to sit here, smile and be happy that you are dating those people? I am not xenophobic but I hate how they lead their lifestyle in

South Africa. So forgive me Mbali, owako Maziya umntwana asoze ayamukela le..( I will not accept this).

He reaches for his wallet and takes out lots of money, putting it on the table and pushing his chair up.

Mazwakhe: I'll ask one of the drivers to send me a car, I've lost my appetite.

She nods trying to control her tears, this is going to be very difficult, she can feel it but she is not giving up without a fight. She has sacrificed a lot already to please her parents, this time, she is standing her ground.

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

She did laundry and now she is packing her clothes into her closet when she notices that some of them are moved and not placed the way she placed them.

Sanelisiwe: Imihlola yami ke le!

She continues with packing and hears the car driving in, they are back already? Nadia calls for her from the kitchen.

Nadia: I'm back and brought you some takeaways.

Sanelisiwe: Oh thank you; I was about to order already. Where is Phakamani?

Nadia: He couldn't drive in because his dad called needing the car so he had to rush there and give it to him.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, did you have fun though?

Nadia: I did, you were right, he is a cool gent.

Sanelisiwe: He really is.

Nadia: You good?

Sanelisiwe: Yeah, just disturbed a bit...

Nadia: By what?

Sanelisiwe: Did you perhaps go into my bedroom/ closet the past few days?

Nadia: No; I mean why would I go there because your bedroom is like a sacred place you share with your husband?

Sanelisiwe: Never mind, I'm probably seeing things.

Deep down she knows she is not, that is not how she left her wardrobe like. But for peace sake, she decides to drop it.

Sanelisiwe: Tell me about your date, what did y'all get up to or speak about?

Nadia: (smiling) gosh where do I begin? It was so amazing, that guy is intelligent hey....

## THABISILE

Her feet are now hurting from all the shopping they did with Khethelo. As much as she can afford her own things, she bought mostly home stuff for Khethelo's new place and now that they have finished decorating the place with it; she feels happy and proud.

Khethelo: I love these curtains mama, they sure brighten up my bedroom. Thank you Gwabini...

Thabisile: You are welcome baby, I love your taste when it comes to the bedding.

Khethelo:(smiling) You surely got it from my momma!

Thabisile: That's right! Oh that's a beautiful picture there!

She says picking up the frame picture of Khethelo and Mandisa smiling beautifully at each other with their foreheads locked to each other.

Khethelo: Oh yeah that's my girlfriend...

Thabisile: Mhm your girl-friend is beautiful, maybe she can be my daughter in law and date my son because ubulawa ukushima lowo.

Khethelo:(chuckling) No mama, Girlfriend as in me and her are dating.

Before she knows it, the picture drops on the ground and the frame breaks into pieces. She quickly kneels down trying to pick up the glass pieces but ends up hurting herself.

Thabisile: ouch!

Khethelo: I'm sorry mama let me see...

Thabisile: No I'll be fine, it's a small cut..



Khethelo: You are bleeding let me...

Thabisile: I said I'm fine, Geez!

She pushes her out of the way and Khethelo stumbles on her feet trying to find a balance and not fall. A moment of silence fills the room in that awkwardness. Khethelo tears up and rubs her face..

Khethelo: I am sorry mama, please say something.

Thabisile walks out of the bedroom straight to the kitchen where she left her handbag at. She grabs it and walks out of the flat to her car...

To be continued...

( Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:43] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 20

### KHETHELO

Her mother's reaction hurt her a lot, she understands that maybe the way she dropped the news wasn't appropriate but she didn't have to react like that.

The way she looked at her as if she's the most disgusting thing in the world is what's troubling her. Now she is rocking herself back and forth trying to calm her nerves down. Already she texted her sisters to come see her so that she can tell them as well before they hear the news from the streets.

For sure Mazwakhe already knows what's happening because her mother is quick to snitch which made her father to be more hard on her the way he has been.

She picks her phone up, rubbing her neck and avoiding the urge to grab that wine bottle and gulp it down her throat. Her mother's phone rings from the other side after dialing her number.

Khethelo: Mom, hello?

She says as soon as she picks it up.

Thabisile: Khethelo...

Khethelo: I..urhm, just wanted to check how did you go? Did you get home safely?

Thabisile: Yes and I just attended to the cut from my finger.

Khethelo: Mom, I am sorry. Can we please talk?

Thabisile: I would rather we don't.

Khethelo: Ma ngiyakucela( mom please)

Her voice is breaking at this point as she's doing all she can to not break down. The lump on her throat isn't making it any easier for her.

Thabisile: Khethelo, I don't know what's there to talk about. I mean you told me and I have heard you.

Khethelo: Kanjalo nje?( that's it?)

Thabisile: Is there something else maybe?

Khethelo: Urhm no, I just...

Thabisile: If there's nothing else then please hang up, I want to start cooking...

She covers her mouth with her hand and drops the call crushing down on the floor next to the couch. This time she just let it all out without holding it back. Her sisters arrive once and call her to open the gate.

That gets her up and quickly runs to the bathroom

to wash her face while waiting for them to make their way up here. She hears them chatting up a storm from the passage to her door and knocks seconds later.

She opens the door for them and their smiles drop.

Khethelo: Hey guys; please come in.

Nosipho: Mntase, were you crying?

Khethelo: I will be fine, please make yourself comfortable guys I'll bring snacks and some wine.

They are giving her questionable looks as they go to sit on the couches. She brings everything they can binge on and joins them.

Mbali: Okay sis you are scaring me now, has someone died?

Khethelo: No not really. I have something to tell you

guys of which I believe I should have long done. I am gay and dating Mandisa...

Nosipho: OMG this is so cute! I was just looking at your WhatsApp statuses the other day and said to myself these two love each other. And I was only referring to your friendship not knowing that you actually are in love. I am so happy for you.

Khethelo: Thank you Nosi, it's been 2 years already.

Nosipho: Salani nishada please! I mean I get you wena Khethy, men are disappointments we better off dating each other.

Khethelo: Mbali?

Mbali: Urhm sorry I am having a lot on my mind. I told dad my fiancée is a Nigerian man and he lost it.

Nosipho:(rolling her eyes) Did you hear what Khethelo just told us?

Mbali: I did and honestly this whole thing is just confusing for me. Khethelo, didn't you at some point in your life dated a man? Since when did you realize that you are gay or it's this just for vibes?

Nosipho: Ai wena Ms fake virgin! Watch your mouth!

Khethelo: Nosipho it's okay...

Nosipho: No it's not, usile lo! I get that she has questions but wuuh the way you are asking them is very disrespectful and so sad because Khethelo covered your shenanigans in a day broad light! The least you can do is listen to her and support her instead of making everything about you!

Mbali: I didn't know I was making this about me or wasn't allowed to ask questions. I'm sorry for intruding so I'll just keep quiet.

Khethelo: Guys, there's really no need for us to fight. Mbali, this is not a peer pressure phase or anything like that. I have always been attracted to women, but I didn't understand what was happening to me.

At times I would find myself staring at them for a long time admiring them, at first I thought it was

lust and demonic but then as years went by and spending so much time with Mandisa made me realize that I actually love her, not as a friend.

Mbali: So when ya'll are doing the nasty(sex) who's the man/female?

Khethelo: We are both girls and it's a give and take situation...

Nosipho: Okay, in the LGBTI gang, what are your pronunciations?

Khethelo: she/her.

Nosipho: Okay sis I needed to understand because there's butches and so on

Khethelo: No, I don't have to dress like a boy nor am I attracted to girls dressing like men.

Mbali: I guess I have a lot of learning to do when it comes to same sex relationship. However I am not stereotypical towards it, I welcome it and wish you guys all the best.

Khethelo: Thank you Mbali, and you Nosipho. It



really means a lot to hear this from you guys.

Nosipho:( brushing Khethelo's hand) We got you sis.

Khethelo smiles relieved as she feels the weight that's been on her shoulders being lifted up.

Khethelo:So what are you going to do with dad's issue about Ebuka?

Mbali: I am going to give him time to digest the news while Ebuka deals with the issue of his brother being shot.

Nosipho: His brother was shot?

Mbali: Yes, he says it's some rivalry shit. After everything has cleared and calmed down, we are going to resume planning for my wedding and Ebuka will pay a dowry for me.

Khethelo: I really hope everything goes well. Hey, I still have to come clean to him as well and after

how my mother reacted, I am scared to think of his reaction.

Nosipho: He might not be that difficult hey, as he usually say "ungumafungwase wakhe". He will come around. It's high time we teach these parents that yes we love and appreciate them for raising us and everything they have done for us but that doesn't mean we are going to live under their shadow forever.

We are adults who have different lives to lead, all we need is their support not Judgment.

Khethelo: I wish it was really that easy, and you Nosipho, when are we meeting your man?

Nosipho laughs out loud and chews the ice from the glass...

Nosipho: child which man? I am single AF!

Khethelo: You lie;last time you had your head snuggled on someone's shoulder on your WhatsApp status?

Nosipho: It ended in tears chile! Now I have seen someone I really like but he's in a relationship and won't even look at my direction.

Mbali: Well you know what they say, "there isn't really a single man out there, find yourself a nice couple and settle down with them". Go get your man girl.

Nosipho: I might just do that.

Khethelo: Be Careful not to set yourself up for a heartbreak. What if that man chows you and goes back to his girlfriend? Anyways,let's go out...

Mbali: I'm sorry sis I will have to miss that. I promised mom that I am going to help her with work tonight. Next time?

Khethelo: No problem, I understand. Nosi?

Nosipho: I'm game as long as you are going to allow me to choose an outfit from your wardrobe because I didn't plan a sleepover.

Khethelo: No problem...

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

Mazwakhe is home and talking to Nhlonipho. She wishes to be a fly and listen to their conversation but they are talking so low and good thing is he's not shouting.

As much it hurted her to see those bruises on Nhlonipho's body but she understood that Mazwakhe had to discipline him so that he learns a hard lesson from his actions. Better a few punches from his father than going to prison or ending up in a coffin.

He feels Mazwakhe's arms on her waist and her

heart does ivosho. After so many years of being together, he still has this effect on her and it's amazing.

Nokubonga: When did you get in here?

Mazwakhe: Now, what are you making?

He is already opening pots and tries to take a piece of meat but she pulls his hand back.

Nokubonga: I am making your favorite and it's almost ready. Your daughter texted and said she is spending the night with Khethelo tonight. So I guess it's just the 3 of us.

Mazwakhe: Actually two, Nhlonipho is going out with Phakamani as well, he called him when we were talking. I think they are all going out as siblings.

Nokubonga: Oh that's nice, I love it when they hang out together as a family.

Mazwakhe pulls her closer to him , she wraps her hands around his neck.

Mazwakhe: I love it when we have the house to ourselves to do whatever we like.

Nokubonga:(blushing) You are so naughty...

Mazwakhe: Thank you for being a good wife and mother. If it wasn't for you, I would be cracking my head now trying to figure out the mystery about my taxi.

Nokubonga: Thank Phakamani, he is the one who brought it to my attention. You raised a man in that boy Maziya.

Mazwakhe: I know hence I want him as the head of my assets...

Urh, okay!

NADIA

She is home alone, again! Sanelisiwe is out with Nonhlanhla on some buddy buddy thingy. How she is friends with her sister wife puzzles her but hey, each to their own.

She views Phakamani's status and sees that they are at some club and it's a vibe. He is a total snack and sure makes cute ass babies this one. She goes to Phakamani's contact and starts typing.

Nadia: ( typing) How come I didn't get an invite?

Phakamani:(typing) I'm sorry, next time.

Nadia:(typing) Is it too late to come?

Phakamani: (typing) Not really...

Nadia: (typing) Okay, give me a few minutes..

She logs off WhatsApp and hits the shower quickly, busy imagining her drunk self getting it on with Phakamani and gets wet. She wants him between her legs and she must get him tonight.

After shower, she applies the lotion on her body, does make-up and checks on her clothes for an outfit to wear but nothing gives her that vavavoom she wants. Then her mind reminds her of that white short jumpsuit she saw in Sanelisiwe's closet the other day.

She walks to her bedroom and tries opening the door but realises it is locked. Oh wow! Since when does she lock her door when leaving? Is this how she communicates after that question the other day?

Wow! Just wow! Her mood level drops to zero, she texts Phakamani that she's no longer coming and



switches off her cellular. She goes to the fridge and takes the 4 pack of Savannah left and heads to the bedroom she's using and starts drinking while going through people's WhatsApp statuses.

EBUKA

It's been a tough and long day for him, he is still shocked how his brother was able to do this and makes it look so easy. The way he is so drained and tired, all he wants to do is go home, shower, talk to his woman and sleep.

Speaking of his woman, he cannot wait to spend some quality time with her this coming weekend. He makes a stop at a club Tony loves and has some shares in just to check how everything is going.

His eyes wander around looking at the people having fun and dancing. He makes his way to the

bar and sits on the stools there...

Waiter: Hey boss, what can we get you?

Ebuka: Just one glass of Heineken, I won't stay long and I'm driving.

Waiter: coming right up; and we heard about what happened to your brother, we hope he recovers.

Ebuka: Thanks my man, I hope so too.

The waiter attends to his order as he scrolls through the pictures Mbali sent smiling alone when he hears a familiar voice nearby.

" Can I please have two bottles of Moët, 2 liters of sweepers and 1 Hennessy VSOP with some cigarettes?"

He lifts his head and realises it's Nosipho making the order. She looks at his direction, their eyes lock,

she smiles and waves at him, he waves back...

To be continued

( Please, after reading and commenting on our insert,let's vote for Lilitha on the link i provided on previous post please )

[06/11, 16:43] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 21

NOSIPHO

When they talk about signals and signs they mean this. I mean how come is Ebuka here tonight, alone and looking this good? She walks up to him and stands next to him.

Nosipho: Hi.

Ebuka: Hi...

Nosipho: Great to see you here tonight. Are you alone?

Ebuka: Yes and I'm not staying. And you?

Nosipho: I am with my siblings, just having fun. Unfortunately Mbali couldn't join us.

Ebuka: I see, well enjoy, this round is on me.

Nosipho: Are you serious?

Ebuka: Yes.

Nosipho: Wow, I should bump into you more often. Thank you Ebuka.

Ebuka: You are welcome, pass my greetings to your family.

He grabs his keys, phone and beer and enters a door not far from where they were at. She smiles and carries the drinks back to the table.

Phakamani: Who paid for those things because my card didn't notify me of money going out?

Nosipho: A good Samaritan did and asked us to enjoy, now let's party!!

Ebuka is a good man and very generous, Mbali really scored here. But is she really willing to do that to her own sister? Phew no, she shakes her head. She needs to move from this silly crush she has for her sister's boyfriend, it won't end well.

THABISILE

The food is ready and smells really divine. She finished dressing up and Mbali is helping with setting up the table. She finishes the touch up by applying her favorite perfume on and walks out to welcome her guests. Her pastor's family invited for

lunch tonight.

She feels like her house has been through so much after Mbali's ceremony it needs prayers. It's a good thing Mazwakhe is not here, he is not really a spiritual person so he was going to make this dinner very uncomfortable with his questions.

Thabisile: MaMfundisi and Pastor, please have a seat and feel at home.

The pastor's wife, who is the same age as her named Phathu, grabs a chair and sits next to her husband, Mulalo. Both of them are from Venda but relocated to KZN a long time ago. They are working and running their ministry together.

Phathu: You really have a beautiful home sister T, I love the decor and how warm it is.

Thabisile: Thank you first lady, you know interior

decor was going to be my second career choice if this one I am currently at didn't work out.

Mulalo: I am seeing Mbali, where are your other children?

Thabisile: Khethelo moved out a while ago, she is now renting her own space, Phakamani is out with his brother.

Phathu: Why did you allow her to move out? I thought you and your husband had this under control...

Thabisile: Well, it was time for her to stand on herself and be independent.

Phathu: If you say so. Anyways, we have great news...

Thabisile: (taking a sip from her juice) Do tell.

Phathu: (smiling at her husband) Vutshilo is done with his studies in Cuba and is looking into opening his own practice around Durban. He told us that he

is looking to settle down as soon as he arrives from South Africa.

Thabisile: That's great news, I am so happy for you.

Phathu: Thank you love, you know how responsible and reserved our son is. Since he asked us to assist him in finding a wife, we saw no one fit other than your daughter, Khethelo.

Thabisile nearly chokes on her juice but keeps it cool.

Thabisile: Khethelo?

Phathu: Yes, she is a lovely girl and very responsible. She would make a great wife for our son. Right love?

Mulalo: Definitely, she is also educated and can help him manage the money they will make from the surgery that they will open together.



Mbali is hitting the plate with her spoon more than she should and Thabisile reads between the lines. She gets up from her chair with a fake smile plastered on her face.

Thabisile: Please excuse us a moment, Mbali, help me with dessert please.

She walks to the kitchen and Mbali is following in her footsteps.

Thabisile: What's that about? Why make noise when elders are talking?

Mbali: Mom, please stop this madness immediately! Khethelo is in a relationship and happy!

Thabisile: shhh, shut up! What is wrong with you? How can you call that demonic act a relationship?

Mbali raises her eyebrows with her hands folded.

Mbali: Demonic? Whereas you are at a polygamous marriage? Mom please!

Thabisile: Mbali...

Mbali: Staying here tonight was a mistake, I'm leaving!

She storms out and Thabisile massages her head trying to calm down, she got this. See why her house needs prayers?

## SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

The outing with Nonhlanhla was something she needed and they let their hair down and danced. Now they are balancing with each other's elbows going to the car they are using to Nonhlanhla's house.

Nonhlanhla: I cannot believe we got so drunk, girl

you know how to turn up!

Sanelisiwe: It's been a while and I enjoyed it. Did you see how those men were sbwling us?

Nonhlanhla: Yey, ignoring the rings on our fingers. Mazwakhe will kill people I swear.

Sanelisiwe: Hahaha say that again. I need to text my niece and inform her I'm not coming back.

Nonhlanhla: When is she leaving vele?

Sanelisiwe: I don't know, she is welcome to stay for as long as she wants to.

Nonhlanhla: She's giving me weird vibes, I am not comfortable with her around. How is she when Mazwakhe is at your place?

Sanelisiwe: Really now Nhla? She's just a kid.

Nonhlanhla : With wandering eyes, you need to be careful before she becomes wife number 5.

Sanelisiwe: Says someone who became number 4...

Nonhlanhla: At least I'm not your family and I didn't betray anyone's trust.

Sanelisiwe: You are wild, can we get home already so I can kiss the little man?

Nonhlanhla: When are you making yours?

Sanelisiwe: Next year...

Nonhlanhla: You have been singing that song...

MAZWAKHE

He drives into the house he shares with Sanelisiwe and walks to the kitchen where Nadia is having breakfast.

Mazwakhe: Good morning...

Nadia: Morning Sbari, how are you?

Mazwakhe: Tired, is your Aunt back?

Nadia: Not yet.

Mazwakhe: Okay, I'm going to change and step out.  
I'll see you guys later.

Nadia: Sure...

He proceeds to their bedroom and is shocked when he discovers that their bedroom is locked. That has never happened before. He takes out his phone and calls her.

Sanelisiwe: I'm almost there love, give me 5 minutes.

He ends the call and returns back to the kitchen.

Mazwakhe: How are you finding the new province?  
Have you made any friends?

Nadia: Besides your son, I really haven't met a lot of people. As for the place, it's really cool but it gets lonely when Sane goes to work.

Mazwakhe: I'm glad you are enjoying the place, you should contact my daughters and hang around with them. I'm sure you guys will have fun since you are of the same age.

Nadia: Well I don't know but I'll try. Only if you and Sane had a child, I would be babysitting right now.

Mazwakhe: Well soon, maybe if you stick around for longer you might.

Nadia: How when She's on a family pill method?

Mazwakhe: Sorry what?

Nadia: It's weird that she was able to fall pregnant and aborted the baby but refuses to conceive for umyeni wakhe wezinkomo? (Her legal husband?)

Mazwakhe keeps quiet as he tries to digest what he just heard. Sanelisiwe walks in right about that moment and greets them. She kisses him and complains about a headache.

Mazwakhe: Angithi you guys were drinking like fishes last night, I saw your videos.

Sanelisiwe hides her face on his chest, Mazwakhe looks at Nadia who has this ugly smirk on her face.

Mazwakhe: Baby, when is Nadia going back to Joburg?

Nadia spits out her juice in shock and starts coughing as that came out unexpectedly...

To be continued...

(Please do comment )

[06/11, 16:43] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 22

### SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

She looks at Mazwakhe with confusion. What happened when she was not here.

Sanelisiwe: Why do you ask for love? Is there a problem?

Nadia: No Aunty there isn't. I was just telling Sbari here how much I miss home and all.

Sanelisiwe: Ohw okay, I didn't know you wanted to go back. You can go whenever you want.

Mazwakhe: Today would actually be great.



He says that and walks away, Sanelisiwe is now convinced that something definitely happened here. She follows Mazwakhe and unlocks the bedroom.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, I need you to tell me what was that about?

Mazwakhe: That child is a snake and I want her out of my house this minute!

Sanelisiwe: What happened?

Mazwakhe: Since when are you locking our bedroom?

Sanelisiwe: Well I suspected that she was going through my things so...

Mazwakhe: Exactly! Who does that? She told me that you don't want to have my kids as a married woman but had an abortion.

Sanelisiwe: What!?

Mazwakhe: Imagine what was going to happen if I didn't know that? And what is it that I'm hearing you being on the pill? Didn't you say you are stopping them?

Sanelisiwe: I did but then I got cold feet, I am not ready Mazwakhe.

Mazwakhe: You could have told me, I have never pressured you to fall pregnant.

Sanelisiwe: I know and that's the reason why I love you so much...

Mazwakhe: Secrets aren't healthy and a recipe for disaster. We promised each other open communication.

Sanelisiwe wraps herself around him snuggling on his chest.

Sanelisiwe: I am sorry...

Mazwakhe: It's okay, get this child out of my house.

He changes his clothes and kisses her leaving.  
Sanelisiwe badges inside the room Nadia is  
occupying.

Sanelisiwe: How could you? Yazi I can't believe I  
failed to see you through what everyone has been  
saying about you!

Nadia rolls her eyes and continues to pack silently.

Sanelisiwe: I will transfer you money to book  
yourself a ticket and I will call your father and tell  
him about this.

Nadia: Like you have always done! You see why we  
will never get along? You use every opportunity to  
turn me against my own family!

It's fine Sanelisiwe, stay with your husband, I don't

know if you see what he is trying to do. Separating you from your own family so that you won't have anyone to cry to when he abuses you.

Sanelisiwe:( laughing) Abuses me? This child, please hurry and get out of my house!

Nadia chuckles bitterly and Sanelisiwe tuck the money in her top pushing her out of her house. Imagine the nerve! She should have known that a leopard never changes its spot.

She thought now as a grown up she changed her ways kanti lutho, she's worse than before!

EBUKA

He looks at Mbali sleeping and brushes her face softly. Last night she surprised him by pulling up on

his door and they spent the night together. It was a great night, besides the intimate part, she missed having her next to him.

He kisses her nose and eyes, she smiles.

Ebuka: Good morning...

Mbali: It's morning already? How are You baby?

Ebuka: I'm good my love, did you sleep well?

Mbali: I did, it's all thanks to you.

He blushes and her phone flashes from the bedside table. Ebuka passes it over to her, it's her mother. She looks at it and ignores the call, shoving it under the pillow.

Ebuka: Won't you answer that?

Mbali: No; breakfast in bed?

She asks with a naughty smile reaching for his dick but he stops her.

Ebuka: Wait, let's talk.

Mbali: What's wrong?

Ebuka: I don't know what happened between you and your mother but I won't encourage you to disrespect your family in my presence especially for me.

Mbali: But my mother is a hypocrite...

Ebuka: You are even lucky you have a mother, how I wish mine was still alive. I would worship the ground she walks on. I understand that parents can be a lot sometimes but she's still your mother. Don't ever think you are impressing me by disrespecting her because it's actually the opposite.

Answer that call and hear what she has to say. At the end of the day we will want blessings from them

for our marriage. Do you think we'll get them with the rate you are going?

She looks down embarrassed and bite her lips. He lifts her head up and kisses her.

Ebuka: I'll shower and prepare us some breakfast. Don't move..

Mbali: ( smiling)Okay...

NOSIPHO

Hangover is dealing with her so badly and she is vowing to never drink again! That's a lie to help her cope because she knows that soon, she will be on that bottle again singing "monate mpolaye"

Coming out from the cold shower, she finds Khethelo making breakfast and looking fresh as if

she wasn't drunk last night.

Khethelo: Morning sis, are you feeling any better?

Nosipho: I'll live, where do you get the energy from?

Khethelo: Well I drink my alcohol with water and this morning I went to jog. I am fresh as a horse.

Nosipho: I envy you. This looks nice, thank you.

Khethelo: Pleas ure, I need to go home, mom asked to see me. I think she wants us to talk about my relationship with Mandisa.

Nosipho: Oh that would be great, I'll be crossing fingers for you sis.

Khethelo: And pray for me too because I don't know how your father will take this.

Nosipho: Maya you should write him a letter or long ass WhatsApp paragraph explaining.

Khethelo: Neh? It would be better than looking him in the eyes and telling him I'm dating another



woman.

Nosipho: Exactly my point.

Khethelo: Let me go change and hit the road, oh and about what Mbali said? You are way too beautiful to settle being second best. Don't do that to yourself, you deserve so much better.

Nosipho nods, feeling emotional and guilty. When is this "better" making its way to her kanti? She's been waiting!!

She grabs her phone and unlocks it, under Playstore, she downloads Tinder platinum. This is her last chance in finding a man and true love. If she fails then streets are where she belongs and where she will be at.

NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

She goes to Nhlonipho's bedroom and enters without knocking, pulling his bed covers off him and opening windows.

Nhlonipho: Yoh mama! U serious vele?

Nokubonga: "nywee mama" yani? Did you see what time it is?

Nhlonipho: It's Saturday.

Nokubonga: So? Does it mean you have to sleep until 5 o'clock?

Nhlonipho: It's 5pm now?

Nokubonga: No, it's half past 12 but that's besides the point. Tell me, what is your plan and future about life in general?

Nhlonipho: If this is about the taxi and gambling...

Nokubonga: It is about that Nhlonipho! You are acting so childish and very lazy! No wonder Mazwakhe won't make you the head of the family

because he fears you are going to drink or gamble his hard labor away!

Nhlonipho: Yoooh you just made my head hurt twice than it already was. What are you talking about?

Nokubonga: Grow up, be a man and fight for your position in this family before you find yourself in the streets or as a spectator!

She clicks her tongue and leaves the room banging the door behind her.

NADIA

It's almost 8pm now and she's kak drunk. When she left Sanelisiwe's house, she booked into a cheap hotel for a few hours while she thought of a way out and her next move . Now she's at this bar drinking her sorrows away.

She is dialling Khakamanis number while crying on the side. He picks up after trying him for the second time.

Phakamani: Nadia?

Nadia: (crying) Phakamani please help me..

Phakamani: What is it? Are you alright?

Nadia: No, your father and his wife kicked me out and now I'm stranded.

Phakamani: Kicked you out? At this time? What happened?

Nadia: It's a long story, I am sorry to bother you but I really don't know where to go and I don't even have enough money to book into a hotel. I got a lift and this guy came with me to this club and started buying me drinks. Now he wants to go with me and I don't want that.

Phakamani: (sighs) Okay send me a location and try to be safe, I'll be there shortly.

Nadia: Okay , I'm really sorry for the inconvenience.

She ends the call and smiles alone, she quickly sends the location and logs off WhatsApp.

Nadia: Barman, another round please!!

To be continued...

( please do comment )

[06/11, 16:43] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 23

THABISILE

For the first time ever, he is nervous about talking to her children, so she decided to make time and talk to both her daughters but mostly Khethelo. A part of her really wants to understand and gives her a chance to explain herself.

Phakamani passes by smelling perfumes as if he just bathed with it and she coughs more dramatically than she should. This has a girl involved but hey, she's not complaining, he is a perfect age to bring a girl home.

Thabisile: Kuyiwaphi ebusuku?( where are you going so late?)

Phakamani: Oh I am going to see a friend so dinner will miss me.

Thabisile: Is that "friend " a female maybe?

Phakamani: Hahaha mama, don't be noisy it's not cute. See you when I come back.

He kisses her cheeks and walks out of the house leaving her shaking her head and smiling alone. Kids grow up so fast, I mean look at how her beautiful babies have grown to stress her so much. She misses those days where she used to carry them on her back and watches them sleep. While singing them a song.

Khethelo and Mbali join her shortly after coming from their bedrooms and help her set up the table. The mood is quite intense and awkward.

Thabisile: I see you guys had fun last night, your statuses were great.

She tries to break the ice...

Khethelo: It was a well needed fun, I enjoyed hanging out with my siblings.

Thabisile: Interesting, erh my children I actually called all of you here so that we can talk. I want us to engage each other, relax and have fun. Before we get started on it, Khethelo I want to apologize for how I reacted to the news of your sexuality.

I was still shocked because you grew up in front of me as a complete girl who dated boys and men. Never I imagined even in my wildest dream you dating another lady. What happened, what changed?

Khethelo: Thank you for this opportunity mama, to answer you, I am still a sane complete girl, the one you are used to. The difference is only in my feelings, yes I dated guys before I was trying to appear normal and suppress what I was really feeling inside which is attraction to other women.

Dating those men was very difficult, I had to pretend the entire time. My last relationship with a man was worse because I had to drink things just to get



aroused by his touch. If he happened to touch me sober minded I cringed.

Hearing such from her daughter makes her realise that this is deeper than she thinks it to be but still..there is that gap inside her that refuses to accept this fully. Maybe, just maybe it's a phase. She needs to pray about it and hopes that it ends soon.

Thabisile: I hear you, let us pray and dig in.

NADIA

Anticipation of waiting for Phakamani is getting the better of her. Can he get here already? She is afraid of getting too drunk and forgetting her script that she prepared.

At long last he arrives and easily spots her as she snaps her fingers for attention. He walks up to her. Lord, this man is hot, definitely the man above had his time when he created him, the way he is so smooth, Nadia is convinced that the Lord was sober, not even drinking water but Oros.

Nadia: You here...

She attacks him with a hug pretending to be distraught and he hugs her back.

Phakamani: I am sorry I took too long. Where is the guy so I can pay him his money?

Nadia: He left after the security guards threatened him.

Phakamani: Okay, are you good though?

Nadia: Now that you are here, I'm fine. Thank you for pulling up when I needed you to.

Phakamani: It's okay, I mean I have sisters so I would hate for them to be in your position. What happened?

Nadia: It's a long story, but Sane accused me of wanting your father...

Phakamani: What?

Nadia: It's crazy If you ask me but it's fine. I am going to go back and stay away from her. Clearly she doesn't see the need to fix our relationship so yeah, whatever.

He keeps quiet and stares into her eyes, oh oh, she doesn't like that look. Why must he be like this? He clearly is not buying it.

Phakamani: Where are your bags?

Nadia: The barman kept them safe for me, I paid him R50 to do that.

Phakamani: Go get them, let's go.

Nadia: Now?

Phakamani: Yes...

Nadia: Oh okay; where are we going?

Phakamani: Ekhaya, you are to share a bedroom with Mbali or use Khethelo's room.

Hell no! What? No no!! He must book a hotel!

Nadia: As in like your father's house?

Phakamani: Yes and tomorrow I will drive you back to the airport where I picked you up from.

If she says no it's going to be very suspicious, the least she can do now is pray and hope that this man goes to another wife not Phakamani's mother. At least tonight.

Nadia: Okay, I'll go ask for my bags.

Phakamani: Cool...

## MAZWAKHE

He is driving from his endless meetings back home tired and looking forward to a nice long shower, delicious cooked meal and some great sex.

His car hits a pothole and he hears his tyre busts and curses under his breath parking on the other side of the road to check how far back it is.

His annoyance grows real quick when he sees the damage to his car, worst of it all he doesn't even have a spare wheel. He calls one of his drivers to bring him a spare wheel and sends a location.

He goes back to his car to wait for his drivers to

arrive and informs his wife that he is running late because of this incident that took place.

After that he watches YouTube videos about the trending ecommerce business. He wants to venture into that but before he does, he needs enough intel about it. Bright lights flashing behind his car distract him, he puts his phone in his pocket and checks his gun before stepping out of his car to see who's flashing lights at him.

A guy driving the same brand as his car is parked behind him, he looks young, dressed in a semi formal outfit. From his greetings he can tell that he is a Nigerian and that irks him even more. Can he just pass, he is not in the mood.

" what happened "? He ask, concerned.

Mazwakhe: Aren't these bad roads? I didn't see this

pothole and these are the results

Him: You must have been really speeding because this looks bad.

Mazwakhe: Well, I have a family to be with so yes I was rushing to them.

Him: There's two spare wheels, I will help you change this one.

Mazwakhe: There's no need, my driver is on the way.

Him: I insist, besides it's not safe here.

He wants to tell him that no one can try him but ends up agreeing. The guy goes to his car, takes off his blazer and comes back with the wheel.

Mazwakhe helps him and is surprised how quick he makes this look like. In about 5 minutes he is done and dusting his pants that are now dirty and oily.

Mazwakhe: Thank you, you really helped me.

Him: It's a pleasure, safe travels back home and enjoy your evening sir.

Mazwakhe: Wait, you look familiar, have I seen you before?

Him: Not that I know off sir...

Mazwakhe: What's your name?

Him: Ebuka...

Mazwakhe tries to remember where he heard of that name but his memory fails him. At least there's still good ones from this tribe he despises so much. He opens his wallet and takes out a couple of notes.

Mazwakhe: Well Ebuka, please have this and buy



yourself some drinks or your girlfriend some flowers if you have any...

He chuckles softly and accepts it.

Ebuka: I will definitely do that sir. I shall take my leave now.

He goes back to his car and drives away, such a big car for a young man. Hopefully he bought it with clean money. He looks polite and humble, maybe they aren't all that bad.

He texts his driver to go back and hit the accelerator continuing with his ride.

To be continued...

(We'll continue tomorrow loves, I have a headache so I want to sleep it off. I almost didn't write this

insert but remembered a promise made is a promise to be kept hence it's so short.

Please drop your comments about our inserts after reading.)

[06/11, 16:44] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 24

### EBUKA

The first thing he does as soon as he gets home is call Mbali. He is so excited and nervous at the same time. The way his heart was beating so fast when he realized that it was Mbali's father stranded on the road was crazy. He did his best to remain cool although he was shaking in his boots.

Mbali: Hey love...

Ebuka: Hey babe, you good?

Mbali: I'm alright, just missing you. What's up?

Ebuka: You won't believe who I bumped into tonight.

Mbali: Who?

Ebuka: Your father...

Mbali: You lie! What did he say?

Ebuka: He had a flat tire so I helped him change it. I was so nervous!

Mbali: Oh wow,how was he?

Ebuka: Nice actually, he even gave me money as a token of appreciation to buy my girlfriend flowers.

Mbali: My dad gave you money? Wow,seems like you two started on a great foot. It won't be bad when you finally meet in person.

Ebuka: I hope so too, hey.

Mbali: How is your brother?

Ebuka: He is recovering, still in ICU but the swelling

in his brain is slowly coming down.

Mbali: He must recover and get well, we can't marry without him.

Ebuka: Definitely. Baby let me shower, eat and we'll catch up later.

Mbali: Okay baby...

## PHAKAMANI

They finally make it to the house and he helps her walk into the house and leaves her on the chair while he gets the bags from the car.

His mother walks up to the funny scene as he tries to get her up to the guest bedroom. She folds her hands and watches.

Thabisile: And then? You thought it was wise to bring your drunk girlfriend home?

Phakamani: She's not my girlfriend but Sanelisiwe's niece.

Thabisile frowns, more like confused as to what the hell is happening.

Thabisile: Why is she here instead of Sanelisiwe's house?

Phakamani: I don't know the full story but I will find out. She called me saying dad and Sane kicked her out.

Thabisile: Mhmm, okay take her to the guest bedroom and I hope she doesn't vomit.

Phakamani carries Nadia to the bed and helps her out of her clothes to her pyjamas he finds in her bag. She is busy giggling and trying to pull him towards her, it's a struggle but he manages to get her on them.

Nadia: Thank you...

She murmurs, closing her eyes as soon as her head hits the pillow. Phakamani looks at her, she's so beautiful but very troublesome, why? He brushes her face and gets up, closing the door behind him leaving her to rest.

He bumps into Mbali on the passage who is holding a glass of water in her hand.

Mbali: I heard you brought a drunk girl home, where is she?

Phakamani: Sleeping and no, she's not my girlfriend.

Mbali: Oh there goes my excitement of having a sister in law...

Phakamani: All in good time, I wanted to talk to you about your fiancée.

Mbali: What about him?

Phakamani: His brother Tony, is the one who took dad's taxi and he shot him.

Mbali: What??? Does Ebuka know this?

Phakamani: Yes, I don't know the diplomacy of your relationships but just be careful. You might be used in the long run as a tool to hurt Maziya. Your boyfriend is a good person, it's his brother I don't trust. But for as long as I'm here, I will do everything in my power to protect you. Good night.

He kisses her forehead and proceeds to his bedroom. He takes out his phone and dials Sanelisiwe's number. It rings for a while before she answers.

Sanelisiwe: Phakamani, why call so late, is everything okay?

Phakamani : I'm sorry to wake you up but I needed to call before I go to bed.

Sanelisiwe: Okay?

Phakamani: I received a call from Naida asking that I come fetch her from this other club. She said you and dad kicked her out after you accused her of seducing dad.

Sanelisiwe: What?

Phakamani: I just needed to hear your own side of the story because I know this story isn't complete.

Sanelisiwe: That child is demonic Phakamani, I will advise you to thread carefully around her. She bad mouthed me to my husband and you know your dad doesn't tolerate nonsense and asked me to let her go.

I did because I found what she did to be very childish. She has issues, always had and I thought she grew up but nope.

Phakamani: Thank you for the clarification, I now know how to deal with it from hereon.



Sanelisiwe: Where did you take her to after she called?

Phakamani: She's here, at my mother's house.

Sanelisiwe: I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning.

Phakamani: Okay, go back to sleep then.

He ends the call and takes off his clothes and heads to the shower.

NADIA

Her eyes slowly open to the light coming through the window. She turns her back against it and listens to the heavy headache she's feeling right now.

A knock comes through the door just as she is trying to sleep again. Her memory reminds her that

she's at Phakamani's home and quickly gets up and opens the windows and tells the person to come in.

A beautiful lady with a gorgeous body walks in, she assumes it's Phakamani's sister. She smiles warmly at her.

"Good morning;I'm Mbali,Phakamani's sister "

Nadia: I'm Nadia...

That's all she manages to say because she's nothing to Phakamani.

Mbali: Nice to meet you, I must say you are really pretty.

Nadia:(smiling) Thank you although I feel so horrible right now.

Mbali: I brought the hangover remedy. Take a shower and join us for breakfast, mom prepared a

feast.

Nadia: Okay, I'll be there shortly.

Mbali leaves the glass with a green juice on the bedside table and walks out. That looks nice but she knows as hell that it tastes horrible.

Closing her eyes, she gulps it down and lie on the bed for a few minutes letting it digest on her system. She makes the bed and takes out an outfit she's going to wear.

She takes a cold shower on purpose and feels better after. Where is she going to get the strength to look at Phakamani after last night? She doesn't remember much but she knows that she embarrassed herself. Her bags are packed and read when she decides to join the family for breakfast.

Nadia: Good morning...

Thabisile: Morning dear, please have a seat...

Phakamani lifts his head and looks at her.

Nadia: I'm sorry about last night, I didn't mean to cause any trouble and if I did any shameful thing, Please forgive me.

Phakamani: Yeah, you were dancing on top of my mother's table and taking off your clothes.

Nadia: Oh my goodness!

Thabisile: Phakamani why udlala ngengane?

Phakamani bursts out laughing and it's only then she realises he is messing with her.

Phakamani: I'm joking, you weren't that bad.

Nadia: You are an idiot!

Thabisile: Let us pray, Nadia can you pray?

Her heart skips a bit, when last did she pray? Let alone going to church or reading a Bible?

Nadia: Yes, I can pray...

Thabisile: Please, bless the food for us...

Can someone come and shoot her! She clears her throat.

Nadia: God bless this food we are about to eat and the hands that prepared it, Amen!

After the prayer they start eating and conversing. They are such a lovely family and Thabisile is a warm hearted woman, something rare from first wives as they are always considered to be bitter.

Thabisile: I heard you are Sanelisiwe's niece, please fix whatever that is happening between the two of you okay?

Nadia nods, and right then she knocks on the door making her way to the table.

Thabisile: oh look who we have here? Right on time as we are having breakfast, Please join us sister wife.

Sanelisiwe: I'm sorry love I am not staying. I'm here to fetch Nadia to the airport. Are you packed and ready?

Nadia: Yes I am...

Sanelisiwe: Great; I'll wait for you to finish eating.

Sister wife, can we talk, in private?

Thabisile: Sure...

Thabisile gets up with her plate and follows Sanelisiwe to the patio and Nadia's heart races. What if Sanelisiwe spills the beans?

Mbali: Are you okay?

Nadia: I'm good, I think I am full.

Mbali: You sure?

Nadia: Yes, I'll go get my bags...

NHLONIPHO

Today he is spending the day with Phakamani and his father at the rank. He invited them to come over so they can talk as Maziya men, their little brother,

Sanele will be there as well as Mazwakhe spent his night at Mamchunu's house. He is going to come with the young men,he is excited to see him and hear him talk non stop.

He passes by Nosipho's bedroom, she is in front of her mirror dolling herself up.

Nhlonipho: For a moment there I almost didn't recognize you!

Nosipho:That means I am doing a great job, I have a date with one of the guys I met on Tinder.

Nhlonipho: Please be careful,that site is full of weirdos.

Nosipho: Don't worry; we are meeting in a public place and I'll make sure to share my location with you guys.

Nhlonipho:Okay,I'll go greet the Aunty whom I didn't see arriving last night and leave.

Nosipho: That one, I can't wait for her to leave



already. She's been here less than 12 hours but she orders me around. I get it's her sister's house but yoooh hai. I might go to Khethelo after my lunch date because wow.

Nhlonipho:(chuckling) She's not that bad hawu, Enjoy your date;I'll see you when you decide to come back home.

He walks to the kitchen where her mother and sister are. The conversation seems to be heated up because he swears has never heard her mother this raged up. His name is in the topic so he stops and eavesdrops.

Nokubonga: I have been telling Nhlonipho to man up and be responsible but all he ever does is be that girl's puppet! Now look, his birthright out the window!

Celiwe: Please do not tell me you are giving up? You

can't let a white man's child take what belongs to you and your children, especially your son!

Nokubonga: Oh no I won't, I will just remind Maziya why he took me as his second wife in the first place. So that I can bear him indalifa(heir)that his precious lover failed to after a second attempt.

Celiwe:Good,that boy must go be an heir in his father's empire. Who knows, maybe he left him millions or is a millionaire.

Nokubonga: Then be an heir in both parties? No way!

Nhlonipho tip toe back to his bedroom and close the door behind him while he sits on the bed replaying that conversation.

What are these women talking about?

To be continued...

(Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:44] : ISIDINGO

Chapter 25

( Not edited please excuse the errors )

MAZWAKHE

He called this meeting with his sons so that he can spend some time with them and share what he expects them to do should he wake up dead one day.

They have been walking around the rank observing how the drivers work and talking to some. He notices that Nhlonipho is awkwardly silent whereas

he is a known chatterbox but ignores it. Maybe he is still mad at the fact that he hit him for trading his taxi in. Well, he can remain mad forever if he wants to.

Mazwakhe: Well this is it ke madoda, as I have been showing you around I want you to see your inheritance and it's really up to you if you take this to greater heights or destroy it.

I have done my part and did what I could to ensure a safe and secure future for you and your children. I'm not going to lie and say I managed to do it all by myself, my wives, especially MaZungu helped me. We started from scratch, broke, hungry and scared but because he believed in me and my dreams, today she's here reaping the rewards of that.

The reason why I'm telling you this it's because I want you guys to choose wisely when you choose your partners. Choose someone who will help you

accomplish your vision other than destroying it.  
Nhlonipho I hope you hear what I am saying since  
you almost destroyed my business because of a girl  
I don't understand what your plans are.

Are you even going to marry this girl or you just  
enjoy pumping money on her? Not that I am against  
you guys spoiling your women, I also do but they  
are my wives and help building the Sibeko empire.

Nhlonipho:(clearing his throat) Well,my girlfriend is  
not ready for marriage yet but it's a conversation  
that we always have. We are going to get married  
one day.

Mazwakhe wants to tell him that he hope he doesn't  
but quickly caution himself as that may sound  
otherwise.

Mazwakhe: And then wena Phakamani, what's

wrong with you? At your big age, no girlfriend or signs of having any? I've been hoping to see people knocking on my gate saying you impregnated their child.

Phakamani:(chuckling) Ai bo baba, you know I am responsible, I don't roll like that.

Nhlonipho: There's responsibility then kunobushimane, wena usaba amantombazane nje. Ngiyazibuza ungowaka Sibeko ngempela nje? ( You are afraid of girls which makes me wonder if you are a real Sibeko?)

Mazwakhe gives him a sharp stare after that statement. What is he trying to say this boy?

Mazwakhe: Maybe I should organize a wife for you Phakamani, it worked in the ancient times so why not now?

Phakamani: Weeh ai Maziya I'm thanks, I'll find my own woman don't worry.

Mazwakhe sends Phakamani to get his car so he can leave on purpose and as soon as he is out of sight, he turns to Nhlonipho with a frown over his face.

Mazwakhe: What's up with you and your attitude? Don't you wanna be here?

Nhlonipho: What are you talking about baba?

Mazwakhe: I've been observing how you are looking at Phakamani. Whatever it is, loose it. Do you hear me?

Nhlonipho: ( grunting) angazi mina ukhuluma ngani( i don't know what you are talking about?)

Mazwakhe: Angizwanga? ( sorry, what was that?)

Nhlonipho: ( clearing his throat) Yebo baba...

Mazwakhe sighs, takes Sanele from his arms and walks to the car...

## KHETHELO

Her mother is filling her up about Nadia and the drama around it. She came to visit and only her mother is around.

Khethelo: I'm so sad I missed it out, I should visit Sanelisiwe so she can tell me all about it.

Thabisile: It is sad because I was liking the idea of her and Phakamani together not with my husband.

Khethelo: You should stop trying to match making Phakamani with every woman he bumps to. He knows what he is doing and will settle when the time is right.



Thabisile: He is getting old Khethelo, almost 30. No I am worried, this is not normal.

Khethelo: So what are you going to do?

Thabisile: He must come to church and get prayers maybe there's something blocking his luck when it comes to relationships.

Khethelo:( laughing) My brother in church? I would love to see it.

Thabisile: You too...

Khethelo: Me?

Thabisile: Yes you, in fact all of you should come to church. When last did you set your foot in there? Even Mam Mfundisi was asking about you. His son is coming back from Cuba and is set to open his surgery here in South Africa.

Khethelo: Ohw that's nice, we won't hear the end of it ke. Your friend will preach about it everyday in the pulpit sinyile.

Thabisile: It's not a bad thing when someone

appreciate the good deed of their children.

Khethelo gets reminded how they overpraised Mbali only to discover otherwise.

Khethelo: When is dad coming this side?

Thabisile: Tonight, why?

Khethelo: No I am just asking. I need to access a file from the office that he asked me to look at.

Thabisile: Okay, go do your thing, I want to head out. Will I find you when I come back?

Khethelo: No, Mandisa and I have plans.

Thabisile: Oh, you are coming to church this Sunday right?

Her mother won't let this one go no matter how she tries to ignore it. Khethelo fakes a smile.

Khethelo: Yes Mother,I'll be at church this Sunday.

Thabisile:You promise?

Khethelo: I swear...

Thabisile beams with joy and hugs her. This is weird; the way she's so excited. Khethelo heads to the office and sits on her father's chair comfortably looking around. She has no work to do, just an excuse she had to tell her mother.

She takes out the hand written letter from her pockets and put it inside the safe. A first place she knows her father will go to as soon as he gets home; to put away his gun.

She sighs, there is no turning back from this, the outcome of this letter will change their relationship, either in a good or bad way.

## NOSIPHO

She keeps on checking her watch and drinking the wine as if her life depends on it. What a waste of time, effort only to be stood up. She took a huge risk by agreeing to meet up a faceless man who only showed all of his body parts except his face.

She should have known that he is a scam because why on earth would he refuse to be known? I mean from her knowledge, white people have no confidence issues.

Well she chose to try this other race because wow, the S.A brothers have done a lot of disappointment shame she can't deal.

Just as she's about to leave, she feels this heavy aura behind her and quickly turn. This man is standing behind her, tall and all bearded up. He look

so damn hot,okay maybe he has to hide himself because look at that!

Nosipho: Sorry, can i help you?

Him: Angela right?

Angela is the fake name she's using on Tinder, she didn't upload her full pictures that reveal her face and stuff. Only exclusive body parts that have men flood her DM's like crazy.

Nosipho: Yes,who's asking?

Him: Mario...

Nosipho: You are late!

She is half shouting as he watches him take a seat.

Mario: I know, I needed to make sure that it was safe for me to come in here.

This man is old, looking at him, he is almost her father's age or even older but hey, who cares?

Nosipho: Why? Are you some celebrity?

Mario: No princess I'm not but I just don't like being around in public places. As I told you that I left South Africa long time ago. There are people who wouldn't be happy to see me here or alive. I need to tread carefully.

Nosipho: O-kay, can we order? I am hungry.

Mario: Sure. You are beautiful by the way, more beautiful in person. The light that shines in your eyes, damn, I'm lucky.

Nosipho raises her glass to her lips to hide the fact that she is blushing like crazy at this point.

## SANELISIWE

Phakamani walks in after she opens for him and his eyebrow raises immediately when he sees the mess in the kitchen table.

Phakamani: My goodness, what's happening in here?

Sanelisiwe: Please don't ask, I was trying this recipe I saw on Facebook and oh boy.

Phakamani: I didn't know you cook, i thought dad said you don't touch a pot?

Sanelisiwe: I don't but I was thinking that maybe I should try you know and surprise your father.

Phakamani: Shame marn, he sent me to bring you this.

Sanelisiwe: Oh finally, I've been waiting for this. Thank you.

Phakamani: What's in there?

Sanelisiwe: (smiling) Spoils from husband to wife...

Phakamani: Ohoo, did you hear from Nadia?

Sanelisiwe: Yeah, her mother confirmed that she got home safely.

Phakamani: At least, you guys must arrange some clinical therapy for her. Akekho right lomntana.

Sanelisiwe: I think so, I know she's evil by nature but I also think losing her child added to the mental damage. She was so ready to have a baby.

Phakamani: She was pregnant?

Sanelisiwe: Go to her Instagram you will see. She posted about everything, even bought some stuff, got the room ready only to come back empty handed nine months later.

Phakamani: Oh no mam that's sad.

Sanelisiwe: Very, I hope she heals and be a better person.

Phakamani: I hope so because being hurt doesn't necessarily mean one has to bleed on other people.



Sanelisiwe: I agree, let me take this to my bedroom.  
You are not leaving now moes?

Phakamani: urhm...why?

Sanelisiwe: I was wondering if maybe we can chill  
and catch up?

Phakamani: Urhm yeah sure, why not? Maybe I can  
even help you clean this mess here.

Sanelisiwe: You are a star, I'll be back...

NHLONIPHO

He drives through Thabisile's house. He has the  
codes and everything to the house as they all live  
like one big family and are always accepted openly  
here.

He doesn't even know why he is here but an urge to  
drive here is the reason why he is pushing the

sliding door and welcoming himself inside.

Nhlonipho:Knock knock..Mbali? Khethelo?  
Mamkhulu?

He calls their names busy walking around checking them in their rooms. There's no one in here. He walks to his father's office and stops outside the door. His heart is beating so fast as he remember the last time he was here,he stole the taxi papers.

His curiosity is on the peek, after the conversation he heard between his mother and Aunt, he feels the need to see the will so that he can verify if really Phakamani is named to lead everything.

He pushes the door and finds himself inside the beautiful big poshy office. All the important documents are on that safe and he used Mbali's ID last time to open it. He punches the ID but it fails.

Shit, the access code has changed?

He leaves it and walk out of the office closing the door behind him only to turn and find Mazwakhe standing with his hands on his pockets. Fear causes him to drop his phone on the floor.

Mazwakhe: What were you doing in here?

Nhlonipho: B..ba..ba...baba?

Mazwakhe: Uqale nini ukuba namalimi? (Since when are you starterring?)

To be continued...

( Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:44] : ISIDINGO

Chapter 26

NHLONIPHO

This moment right here makes him so weak in his knees, God he is going to get another beating and honestly, he hasn't even healed from the first one.

Mazwakhe: I asked what are you doing in my office?

Nhlonipho: Urhm, there were documents I wanted to check.

Mazwakhe raises his eyebrow in question and disbelief. Nhlonipho sighs defeated, it's either he speaks the truth or risks his relationship with his father for good.

Nhlonipho: I wanted to see the will, I heard that you made Phakamani an heir to everything.

Mazwakhe: And where did you hear that from?

Nhlonipho: Is it true that he's not your biological son?

If he dies he dies, this is a now or never moment and he is not backing down from it. Mazwakhe points to the office door and leads him inside.

Mazwakhe: Please, have a seat.

Nhlonipho sits but not fully comfortable, ready to run if a need forces him too.

Mazwakhe: I don't know where you heard what you heard but Phakamani is my son. I don't appreciate the sudden attitude you have towards him because of rumors.

Secondly, it is well within his right as a first born to lead this family and take it to greater heights but, I am a fair man and wouldn't want to see you guys

fight over the inheritance.

Each house will get what they deserve and grow it in their own way to make more profit. I am still trying to forgive and move on from the stunt you pulled. Do not make me regret giving you a second chance by constantly provoking me.

Next time I won't deal with you as my son but as a thief and it won't end nice. Stay away from gossip and man up. I called you earlier with the purpose of uniting you into one so that you remain strong and deal with whatever struggle that comes your way.

Nhlonipho clears his throat, uncomfortable and ashamed of what he almost did. Maybe his mother didn't mean what his mind is digesting. Either way, he's going to listen to his father and do better.

Nhlonipho: I'm sorry Father, I will do better.

Mazwakhe: That's all I'm asking you to do. Please excuse me, I have some work to do.

Nhlonipho: Okay dad, have a great afternoon.

He walks out fast with a tail between his legs and head straight to his car. Phew, that almost got ugly.

NOSIPHO

The way she is having the best time of her life, you wouldn't say that she was angry at the man for being late minutes ago. She's now laughing on top of her voice and blushing non stop.

He definitely has a sweet mouth and is so damn flirty. It makes her wonder how he is in bed? Does it still stand or diabetes has taken over? Well, she cannot wait to find out, hopefully, soon.

Mario: Princess...

He says brushing her hand softly and she feels her underground twitches in excitement...

Nosipho: Mario...

Mario: I like you and I would like to believe that you like me too.

She likes him, he is hot, has a great sense of humor and looks rich so why wouldn't she?

Nosipho: You seem like a great person...

Mario: As I mentioned on my profile, I don't want games, too old for that shit. I want something permanent, someone to build with and you my Angel, fits the profile.

Someone tells this man that flirtely will get him anything and everything. I mean, chile!

Mario: I need to know if you are going to give us a



chance or what?

Nosipho: I would like us to take things slowly and see where they take us.

Mario: Is that a yes?

Nosipho:(smiling) Yes...

He smiles, he should do so more often and take pictures while at it.

Mario:Today was great,when are we doing this again?

Nosipho: Anytime,we just have to arrange.

Mario: Okay my Angela...

He kisses her hands and takes out his wallet. A couple of Mandela notes are laid on the table.

Mario: How are you getting home?

Nosipho: I am driving...

Mario: Okay, I have to go now. We will keep in touch okay? Let me know when you get home safely.

He stands up and kisses her forehead while he gives her a half hug. Nosipho counts the money the moment he exits the door.

MAZWAKHE

He got off his seat after Nhlonipho had left to put the gun away. His eyes land on a white envelope with Khethelo's handwriting outside it.

He takes it and sits comfortably on his chair opening it as he can see it is directed to him.

" Dear Father By the time you read this, I will have told you that I'm lesbian. To be completely honest, I

cannot predict how you will be responding, what thoughts will be running through your minds. Why is your daughter lesbian? What did you do to make me lesbian? Will I ever be happy? What will everyone else think? -- those are just some of the questions I foresee you might be pondering. I am hoping that I will be able to tell you much of what I want to say, but in case things get left out, I am writing this letter to give me another chance to say what's on my mind. In any case, I hope this will allow you to go over what I want to say at a pace you're comfortable with, and to take in these ideas and concepts as you're ready for them.

The first thing I want you to know is that I have always been attracted to my gender, this is not a temporary phase, and it is not something I ever "chose" or "decided" to be. I've thought about it a lot, and as best as I can remember, I first knew I was lesbian at age 16 or 17, although it took a few more years for me to fully realize the full implications of what it meant to be lesbian. But even years earlier, I

knew I was different. I am completely convinced that being lesbian is the way I was born, and nothing you or anyone else ever did “made” me gay. My natural orientation and preference is toward other women, and as for its being a “choice,” my only choice, as I see it, has been whether to be open and honest about my feelings, or to continue to deny and hide them. Being gay is simply part of who I am -- and a part I've been longing to share with you for quite some time.

Although I knew very early about being lesbian, I kept it inside me for a very long time. Most of the time, I wished it didn't have to be that way, that it didn't have to be a big secret, but I was petrified of anybody knowing or finding out. But to be honest, it wasn't as bad as it could have been -- mostly, I just dug my head into my books, studied, and tried not to think about it much. And for a long time, that worked.

But as the end of high school neared, and later as varsity started, it became harder and harder to distract myself from the issue. I needed friends to talk to, to share the emotions and thoughts that were overflowing in my head.

The question of telling you has been without doubt the ultimate pressing issue on my mind for quite a few years -- long before I began planning how or when to tell you, I knew it was something that would eventually have to be done. Of course, there was always the possibility that I could just never tell you and keep that part of my life permanently hidden from you -- there are many who advised me never to tell my parents I'm lesbian -- but several factors helped make me realize that that wasn't a viable option. For one, you are too important to me, for me to keep such an important part of my life from you. It is a tribute to you that we are such a close family, and in all other aspects of my life, I have always tried to keep you informed of what I'm doing and what's important to me. Up till now, I have by

default excluded you from this part of my life, but it has become painful to keep something so important to me hidden from you. I love you, Dad, and I want to give you the opportunity to share this part of my life with me.

But there are other factors behind my decision to tell you. I have tried to speculate upon how each of you would react to this news you have just received, but as I mentioned earlier, I honestly have no idea how you will respond. I figure I could either tell you or I could not (I had to stretch to make that conclusion, didn't I?), but I know that if I held it all in, only to find out much later in life you would have been loving and supportive all along (and from the love you've shown me all my life, I think I owe it to you to believe that you are capable of continuing to love and support me as you always have), the regret would be too great, the feelings that we missed sharing so much of my life would be disheartening and overwhelming.

And there are still more reasons. One of my worst fears has always been that of you hearing rumors from somebody else; as long as the big secret was kept from you, I would always have to watch my back, careful of who I told, and perpetually worrying that somehow you'd find out from someone else, perhaps in a less-than-flattering manner; quite frankly, that would not be fair to me, and that would not be fair to you.

Dad, I know the coming weeks and months will be difficult for all of us, as we struggle to come to terms as a family with the news I have just shared. Please understand that I am not trying to hurt you, rather, I want to try to bring you into a part of my life that you may only now be realizing you have been missing from. This is by no means an easy task, and I am ready to be patient. There is so much else to say, so much that I will have to leave for later. But I want you to remember, Dad, that I'm the same person today that I was yesterday -- I still love

cooking and finance, I still want to enjoy being with you and the family, I still can't make a damned appointment on time to save my life -- only now you know a little bit more about me. And we now have before us a tremendous opportunity to become closer than we ever have, a chance to share all my hopes and aspirations for my life. I still love you and will always love you just the same, and I hope that you can continue loving me and being happy for me as you always have. And remember, whenever you have questions or issues you feel you're ready to discuss, please don't hesitate to call me and ask me anything. Really, I want to be there for you, to help you through this, just as I hope you will be there for me.

Dad, I love you.

Your daughter,

Khethelo Sibeko.



They say a man isn't supposed to cry but his face is wet by the time he finishes reading this letter. He wipes his face and buries his head on his arms on top of his desk and let the tears flow without fighting them off.

This caught him off guard and he doesn't know a proper way to react to it except letting the emotions out in a form of salty tears...

SANELISIWE

Phakamani indeed helped her clean up the mess she created and ordered as she normally does.

They sat down in front of the tv, with food and alcohol in front of them chatting. She must admit that alcohol makes Phakamani more lively and talkative, a side of him you would hardly see when he's sober.

She wipes her tears from laughter from the story he is telling her and shakes her head.

Sanelisiwe: I can't believe you dated a sugar mama, no wonder you are single, poor thing is traumatized.

Phakamani: When I think of the things that woman made me do, her crazy fantasies, Ngiyazijaja shame.(I judge myself) she once made me do strip dancing. Imagine me doing all of that?

Sanelisiwe screams laughing so hard as she tries to imagine Phakamani doing that. Hell no,it's not a good image!

Sanelisiwe: Oh my goodness,you are killing me today. Uphi umakoti wako Manzini bandla? You should have brought her home.

Phakamani:Never! We broke up, she didn't take it easy but eventually accepted.

Sanelisiwe: Yoooh hai, my stomach hurts. Bomngena ngani ugogo wena? ( why did you date an old lady)

Phakamani: If you see her, you won't say she is old and besides when we started everything was fine and she appeared to be normal.

Sanelisiwe: Yoooh hai Mjolo will ghanama you for real. But you need to find someone now...

Phakamani: Why is everyone concerned about me dating?

Sanelisiwe: We just want you to be happy,you deserve it and the Bible says " it's not good for a man to be alone"

Phakamani: Really now?

He asks with a smirk, his hand is on top of her on

the couch, she wants to ask him to remove it without making it look awkward.

Sanelisiwe: Yeah..that's all we want.

Phakamani: What if the person I want is with someone I adore and cannot betray? Then what?

Her heart is beating fast and all of a sudden he is right in front of her face suffocating her with his cologne...

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:44] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 27

PHAKAMANI

His face and Sanelisiwe are too close, any movement from now on, they are going to collide. He looks deep into her eyes searching for something and the moment he sees it, he steps back, takes a sip from his beer, checking the time from his watch.

Phakamani: I have to get going now, it's late.

Sanelisiwe: Urhm, yeah sure. Thanks for the company.

Phakamani: Anytime...

He picks up his car keys and exits the house straight to the car. He exhales sharply as soon he gets to his car. No matter what happens, betraying Maziya is the last thing on his mind.

He starts the car and drives off going home playing some music. The journey is shorter than he expected it to be. The house is pretty empty but he

saw the parents' cars there by the garage, meaning they are home.

Phakamani: Mom, where's dad?

Thabisile: He locked himself in his office, I don't know what's happening with your father honestly..

Phakamani: I'll go check up on him.

He knocks on the door a number of times with no response, just as he is about to go back, the door opens. Mazwakhe steps back allowing him to walk inside. The whole office is covered in a smoke of incense. Phakamani coughs a bit, opening windows to let it out.

Phakamani: Baba, u right?

Mazwakhe: I'm fine, I just needed some time alone to pray. What's up?

Phakamani: Nothing, I just thought I should check

up on you since mom says you have been here the entire time.

Mazwakhe: I read the letter Khethelo wrote for me. Did you know she's dating women?

Phakamani: Yes, I did.

Mazwakhe: Am I a bad father?

Phakamani: No, you are not. Yes, you have your own faults as a human being but I don't really think you are a bad person.

Mazwakhe: I am feeling like a failure, it's as if everything I am doing and working so damn hard for is falling apart. All my children are headed to destruction, you are my only hope and it scares me when I think of you disappointing me as well.

Phakamani: I have no desire to purposely disappoint or hurt you baba.

Mazwakhe sits on his chair and rubs his head, the old man is stressed out, it's not even funny.

Mazwakhe: Please promise me one thing...

Phakamani: Anything baba...

Mazwakhe: Even if it happens that one day your biological father shows up, please do not neglect the family.

Phakamani: I told you before and I am saying it again, I'm not going anywhere.

Mazwakhe: Angizizwa kahle, ngizwa ngishaywa uvalo. Something big is coming and going to shake this family up. Nhlonipho is questioning me about your paternity.

Phakamani turns pale, now it explains why he was a bit cheeky towards him the other day.

Mazwakhe: Don't worry, I'll sort it out. I have a meeting with the lawyer tomorrow and I want this to be resolved while I'm still alive.

Phakamani: I hear you baba...



Mazwakhe: But for now, I need to see Khethelo.

Phakamani hopes that whatever that's going to take place will be handled in a calm manner.

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

The front door opens and Nosipho walks in, carrying her heels in her hands and walking funny. She shakes her head, why did God have to punish her like this? Her children are messy and she can't ignore it anymore.

If one isn't gambling with the family business, the one is applying of being a prostitute.

Nosipho: Mamzo!

She says louder than she should and throws herself in between her arms. Nokubonga catches her before she falls...

Nokubonga: Nxx kodwa yini wena Nosi? Are you that drunk?

Nosipho: Yooh mama, I am so happy you have no idea. I found a man. Well he is a bit old but age doesn't matter right? I'm sure he is young at heart.

Nokubonga: Nosipho!

Her voice carries a warning in it and Nosi giggles.

Nosipho: Mama lalela(listen). He is everything I always day dreamed about before going to bed. And another part that seems fascinating is that he is a mystery man. Indoda must be a mystery, be unknown and ifunwe ngamaphoyisa.

Nokubonga: Imihlola yami! You are not going to bring us thugs here.

Nosipho: He's not really a thug mama, I was just saying...

Nokubonga: Mxm, go sleep before I lose it with you.

Nosipho: I love you mawami, what did you cook? I'll wash this make up off and come back to eat.

Nokubonga calls Mazwakhe as soon as Nosipho leaves. His phone rings until it sends her a voice-mail. She tries again and this time he picks up at the fourth ring.

Mazwakhe: Hello?

Nokubonga: Baba, I've been trying to call you

Mazwakhe: I see, is there an emergency?

Nokubonga: No but...

Mazwakhe: Magwala, you are the last person I am expecting this from. I thought we established this?

Nokubonga sighs trying to calm herself down, this man better not start with her hey.

Nokubonga: I want us to talk about our kids and their future.

Mazwakhe: We are going to do that when I get home. Please, I have to go now, good night.

He ends the call and she chuckles, how rude!

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

After Phakamani left, she has been trying to find a way of uncomplicating this thing but she can't forget his face and how deep his stare was on hers.

There she had goosebumps and thank goodness he stepped back. Embarrassment washes over her when she realises that if he made the move, she was going to answer.

God how can this be possible? Phakamani is Mazwakhe's son, it doesn't matter that there's a 3 year gap between them. He is still her son!

She finds courage and calls him, Phakamani. As the phone rings on the other side, she prays and hopes that he doesn't answer. Unfortunately he does, quicker even.

Phakamani: Hello?

Sanelisiwe: Hi, I wanted to check if you got home safely? We kind of had too much to drink.

Phakamani: I'm not even drunk can you imagine? But yes, I got home safely, thanks for checking.

Sanelisiwe: Great, Phakamani, about earlier. I love my husband, I can't betray him. So if you have any sort of feelings for me please discard them because I don't want to hurt people, especially your father.

Phakamani: Neither do I, I'm sorry that happened. Please forgive me and forget anything I said. I promise it won't happen again.

Sanelisiwe: Very well then, good night.

She tosses the phone aside and breathes relieved, at least that is out of the way.

MAZWAKHE

He is parked near Khethelo's car and it's been 30 minutes but he hasn't gotten out of the car yet.

His mind is so busy as flashbacks of all his kids' upbringing plays out. Good and unfair memories

forcing him to swallow and acknowledge them even though they are so hard.

He loves his kids, they are his world, pride and shine. He wants the best for them and wants to make sure that by the time he leaves this world, he leaves them safe and ready to stand freely.

He texts Mbali and informs her to invite her fiancée for Dinner, Tonight. Mbali responds quickly saying she was on the way home but gonna turn back and fetch her boyfriend.

Mazwakhe blueticks her and increases the volume as this song plays out on the radio...

His Child- Song by Brian Nhira

"His Child

Song by Brian Nhira

Overview [Listen](#) [Lyrics](#)

A miracle

We're amazed at the way you arrived

This gift of life

You don't even know the joy you provide

If there was just one thing

We could tell you

As you take your first breath

He who formed the moon

And the sky

Formed you in the womb

As His delight

He who formed the stars

And set the sun

Took on many scars

For your regard



You're His child  
And you'll grow up  
You'll grow stronger  
With each passing day  
Life will get hard  
And challenges will come your way  
A miracle  
We're amazed at the way you arrived  
This gift of life  
You don't even know the joy you provide  
If there was just one thing  
We could tell you  
As you take your first breath  
He who formed the moon  
And the sky  
Formed you in the womb  
As His delight

He who formed the stars  
And set the sun  
Took on many scars  
For your regard  
You're His child  
And you'll grow up  
You'll grow stronger  
With each passing day  
Life will get hard  
And challenges will come your way"

His back is rested on the car seater as this song  
plays out and emotions kicking in...

**KHETHELO**

Mandisa is busy painting her nails watching

Khethelo pacing up and down and peeking through the window.

Khethelo: Why is he not getting out of the car? It's almost an hour now and this behavior is scary.

Mandisa: Well, he wants to make you sweat so that by the time he gets to talk to you, you are already weak or maybe he is just rehearsing on what to say.

Khethelo: I am so scared, my heart feels like it is going to come out of my mouth.

Mandisa: Please sit down, because you are also driving me crazy now with all this pacing.

Khethelo: Oh my goodness, he's coming!

Mandisa sits up straight and waits, a knock comes through the door and Khethelo holds her breath in, and walks to the door. She opens it slowly and allows him inside.

She forces the courage to look at his face and he doesn't need to say a word, she attacks him with a hug. He wraps her arms around her, brushing her back as she finally breaks down. It's been long since she held it inside her.

Khethelo: I'm sorry baba...

She manages to say between the hiccups..

Mazwakhe: It's Okay..don't cry.

Mandisa: Urhm, I'm going to give you guys some space.

Mazwakhe: No please stay, do not go...

To be continued...

( Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:45] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 28

### KHETHELO

The reaction from her father surprised her, clearly Maziya is a strange man. She expected her to throw tantrums and talk about how he is going to disown her like he always said he would but he just took the news more calmly than he expected.

They are now seated down on the couch in silence, everyone digesting a way forward from here. Maybe she should break the ice.

Khethelo: Baba, Maziya, I take it that you read the letter and that is why you are here.

Mazwakhe: Yes I did, I have always known you are smart but damn, that letter evoked so many emotions in me and forced me to look into factors that I was ignoring.

Khethelo: It's my English data bundles, I articulated that letter very well...

A soft chuckle escape Mazwakhe's lips as he shakes his head.

Mazwakhe: I clearly didn't waste my money by taking you to expensive schools.

Khethelo: Not a bit. Thank you for welcoming this the way you do dad. Now let me formally introduce

you to my girlfriend, Mandisa Buthelezi. Mandy, this is my father, Maziya...

Mandisa:(smiling shyly offering her hand for a shake) Ngiyajabula kukwazi baba ( Pleasure to formally meet you)

Mazwakhe: (clan names)Oh Shenge, Nqengelele.. Now it makes sense why you are always here. You look like a nice girl, I hope you won't hurt my child.

Mandisa: I won't, now that you guys know, we are going to get married.

Khethelo is stunned, and that escalates fast and she is afraid to push her father's boundaries in case he is not fully into this.

Mazwakhe: Umuntu ufunda aze afe...I didn't know

such a thing would happen right next to me. I've always seen it happen and had a different perception of how I would react. But being a parent forces you to look and handle certain things differently.

Being a father and parent forces you to compromise some of your beliefs and values for the sake of your kid's happiness. I have been hard on you Khethelo not because I hated you but I wanted you to be strong and let no one walk on your head.

If dating or marrying another woman is what makes you happy and safe as you stated in the letter, I can't say otherwise. I see that better than forcing you into a man that will abuse you and cause me to retire in jail as an old man.

You are my first daughter, and the bond that we share will never be broken. I also see so much of



myself in you, especially when I was your age. I want you to not be afraid to go after what you want. Never let failures, doubts, and insecurities stop you from achieving your dreams. Never forget that I will just be here for you every step of the way.

May you always know that you are strong, smart, beautiful and truly loved. Beauty isn't just having a pretty face, it is about having a pretty mind, heart and soul. Never stop believing in yourself. I will have always heard that a father is his daughter's first love.

That is what I aspire to be, not only you but to the rest of your sisters as well. I will always be there for you Mafungwase wako Maziya...

Khethelo is emotional, is this the same man whom she used to complain about all the time? Whom everytime he appeared she felt tensed up? She throws herself in his arms again...

Khethelo: Ngiyabonga Maziya..( Thank you father)

NHLONIPHO

He has been dreading going home ever since he left his father's main house. What if he told his mother about sneaking around and she is waiting for him with a frying pan?

He decided to go for some fresh air but ended up having a couple of bottles down his throat. His mind is running wild and he can't help but feel like his father is lying about Phakamani's paternity.

Thinking about their upbringing and all the past events, it kind of makes sense that he is not a Sibeko. He even looks way different than them. Mazwakhe is not a dark or light skinned man but Phakamani chose to be colored. Yes Thabisile is

light skinned, very to be precise but still...

He checks the time on his watch and decides to give his girl a call. He knows that she is not sleeping at this time. The phone rings unanswered. Maybe he should just go there and surprise her.

The thought of being with his woman excites her as it has been long since they were together. Now that the debt he owes Tony is cleared. Is it? But yeah, whatever the case is, he can enjoy being with his woman and give her his full attention without stressing about the debt.

He pays the bill and walks to his car, the alcohol is up there in his head but he can still see the way properly. He passes by a garage just to buy a few snacks and drinks before proceeding to her apartment.

The security in this building are now familiar with him so they allow him in without a hassle. He is whistling as he walks up to her flat number...the music volume is a bit high as that is not like Lumka's style and the choice of music? Weird!

He twists the handle, it's locked. He bangs the door like a madman and the volume lowers down.

Lumka: Who is it?

She asks from the inside...

Nhlonipho: It's me Nhlonipho babe, open the door.

Lumka: I'm coming...

It takes her about 5 minutes to open the door and

he is already pissed. Something is beating the water here. He pushes her aside the moment he walks in scanning the room with his eyes.

Nhlonipho: What took you so long to open the door?

Lumka: I was coming out of the shower babe...why didn't you say you were coming?

He looks at her, she smells perfumes but doesn't look like someone who was taking a shower. She is sweating.

Nhlonipho: I called but you didn't answer...

Lumka: Oh I probably didn't hear it because of the sound. Sit down, you are going to stand here until when?

Nhlonipho is suspecting something but he keeps cool and hands her the plastic he is carrying. She opens it and smiles.

Lumka: Ncooh babe, this is so sweet. Let me get a plate then we can snack on it...

As she goes to the kitchen cupboards, he heads to the closet and opens it. A man is hiding between the clothes.

Nhlonipho: What the hell?!

Before he can digest what is happening, he feels something hitting her hard at the back of his head and he lands on the floor. The whole room is spinning and hears the two arguing.

"Are you crazy, what if he's dead?"

Lumka:He's not, search him and let's get out of here or you are dead!

That's the last thing he hears and everything becomes dark after that, before he knows it, it's light out.

## NONHLANHLA MAMCHUNU

She is doing a mini grocery shopping with Sanele and regret is dealing with her at this point. This child is crying for everything in the shop and she has zero patience for this behavior.

She spanks him so hard when he breaks a dining set that is so expensive. Money is not a problem, she can pay for it without any worry but this kid needs to know such behavior is not acceptable.

He is screaming his lungs out and people are looking at her like she is crazy and intombi yakwa Mchunu is chilled busy threatening Sanele to beat him some more if he doesn't shut up.

" You know, I have a problem with parents, women specifically who act to be strict in the public eye but it's a different issue at home. Now we have to suffer as a result. Can you be a mother and comfort your son so he can shut up?"

A voice says behind her in the que and she turns around ready to give a big insult at this person only to be shocked to see who it is. Her jaw is almost on the floor as shock is visibly written on her face.

Nonhlanhla: "Scelo"?

The guy frowns,he is still the hot motherfucker!



Bearded up,tall, big chest and all.

Scelo: You know me?

Nonhlanhla:( rolling her eyes ) Obviously I know you.  
I was your girlfriend before you broke my heart.

He pays attention to her and chuckles covering his mouth.

Scelo: I'll be damned! Hlahla? Girl, what happened to you? I mean I didn't recognize you there.

Okay that hurts, seeing she already has confidence issues. She keeps quiet and moves the trolley.

Scelo: Oh wow, you are even married? Who's the lucky guy?

Nonhlanhla: Someone who mended my heart after you broke it.

Scelo: (nodding) I deserve that, I really do. Tell you what? Take my business card and give me a call when you are free so we can catch up.

Nonhlanhla: I'm a married woman Scelo.

Scelo: I don't remember disputing that, I am only asking for a chance to chill with you so you can tell me how life has been. Call me.

He drops the card inside her bag and winks walking to the kiosk. She sighs heavily and picks Sanele up.

EBUKA

He is at Mbali's home and damn, he always knew that her home is beautiful from the pictures she always posts but being physically here and seeing it with his two eyes is overwhelming.

Her mother and Phakamani welcomed him with

warm hands. One would swear Phakamani is not the same guy who came to his brother's house and intimidated them. He looks very chilled and relaxed about the whole situation.

They all laugh at a joke he just shared when the owner of the house walks in. The noise slows down as he takes his seat and stares at him.

Thabisile: I thought maybe you weren't coming back.

Mazwakhe: I always update my whereabouts and emergencies...

He says that without moving his eyes from him and now Ebuka feels tensed up. He's just a chair away from this man.

Mbali: Before we get to eat, Dad, this is my fiancée,

Ebuka...

Mazwakhe: Ngiyamazi..( I know him)

Mbali: Great,love, this is my Father and best friend,  
Mr Sibeko...

Mazwakhe stands up to extend his hand for a shake and Ebuka accepts it. Phew, that's a relief, they return back to their seats.

Ebuka:(clearing his throat) It's a pleasure to...

Mazwakhe: Awume kancane,( hold on a minute). I am not much of a TV person but there were times my wife forced me to watch these movies from your people. That kind of gave me an insight on how you do things and a little bit of your tradition.

From the few that I've watched, I saw how you guys get married. Now I want you to tell me where do you

get the audacity to put that thing on my daughter's finger without following the right footsteps?

When you decided that you want her as your wife, didn't you do research and discovered how we do things lakhaya?

Mbali: Dad...

Mazwakhe: Uzothula ke wena! ( You better shut up!)

Okay, from zero to hundred real quick! How is he going to get out of this one? Phakamani is busy refilling his glass and observing silently as Mbali begs him with her eyes to intervene...

To be continued...

( Fam please do see the sponsor's post and do the things. Samke needs to be on 3k likes since she

asked another admin to advertise. Please, if you haven't liked, see the previous post and do the things.

Chapter 29 coming shortly, don't forget to comment )

[06/11, 16:45] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 29

### EBUKA

Things are getting heated up but he is not panicking. He expected this behavior and didn't allow the fact that they met a few days ago made him think otherwise. He is a father, a Zulu strict one for that matter so

Mbali: Mama, ngicela ukhulume nendoda yakho

yehlise ulaka. ( Mom please talk to your man to calm down)

Mazwakhe: One word from your mouth, we are going to have a problem!

Ebuka: Eh Sir, I am really sorry for the disrespect to your household and culture. It was not my intention at all for that to happen. I respect you so much and aspire to be the man you are in future.

It is without doubt that you are a great father who wants nothing but the best for his daughter. You raised her well and for that I want you to be proud and applaud yourself.

I know the traditional customs I have to follow in order to have her as Mrs Okori. My initial plan was to do everything accordingly but I got caught up in the moment and proposed.

Mazwakhe: Ngizifuna zonke izinkomo zami uyezwa?  
(I want all my cows, do you hear me?)

Ebuka looks lost and Mazwakhe pick up his spoon.

Mazwakhe: She's going to translate it for you. Are you working?

Mbali just smiles and does effortlessly.

Ebuka: You are going to get everything that is due to you Sir, I promise. Currently I'm running my brother's businesses but I want to start something of my own soon.

Mazwakhe: One more thing, Akashwawa owami umntwana, at her age, I've never laid a hand on her. She is a human being, an adult that you sit her



down and address her on issues and matters that troubles her.

I don't want to see her with a swollen face and eyes because of your hands. Not only will I kill you for that, I will make sure even in your next life you don't dream of such...

Ebuka: I am not a woman beater or abuser. I shall never mistreat her.

Mazwakhe nods while eating his food, he looks calm now. Ebuka's phone rings inside his pockets and it's one of the guys guarding his brother's house. He thought of letting them go but realized that the security they bring it's comfortable.

Ebuka: Please excuse me, I need to take this.

He walks towards the exit and answers his phone.

Ebuka: J ojo, what is it? Now it's not a good time ooh!

J ojo: Your brother fought a good fight and now is breathing on his own. You can see him.

Ebuka: Are you serious?

J ojo: I'm dead serious, I'm at the hospital as we speak. I'll send you a location.

Ebuka: This is great news, I will be on my way there soon.

Wow, finally! Now he needs to be fully awake so that he can begin with his wedding arrangements. He never wanted to

marry without his brother, despite the history between him and the family.

Mbali: Everything alright?

Mbali asks him as soon as he returns outside.

Ebuka: Everything is good, I would like to apologize for cutting this dinner short. I have somewhere to rush to. Thank you for the warm welcome I received. I will see you soon.

Mbali walks him to the car and they stand by it.

Mbali: Well, I can't be out for too long, I don't want my father to think otherwise. What is the sudden emergency?

Ebuka: I received a call that Tony is now off the machines and can breathe on his own.

Mbali: That's great news babe, now we can resume the wedding preparations.

Ebuka: Exactly my thoughts! I cannot wait!

Mbali: Same here, thank you for being the man that you are to me, love. Your love overwhelms me everyday.

Ebuka: For you, I can be everything.

They hug briefly and he steals a baby kiss before stepping inside his car and drives out at speed...

## NONHLANHLA-MAMCHUNU

Bumping into her ex earlier took her back to what she thought she had healed from. She finds herself stalking him on his social media pages and damn, he is ten times better than he was before.

But this is wrong, she is a married woman and shouldn't be entertaining toxic exes that can never give her what she has. She tore the card that he gave her with all his contact details and clear her search history.

The devil is the liar and shall not win. Scelo is a walking, talking and breathing red flag. Hopefully it was the last time she bumped into him because wow, she's not ready to witness Mazwakhe split blood because of her.

NHLONIPHO

He opens his eyes as he feels the cold consuming his body and realises that he is actually sleeping on the floor. He switches on the lights and the whole place is empty.

What is happening? His head hurts terribly and he remembers that Lumka hit him with something at the back. touching where the pain comes from, his hand comes back with blood and that forces him to run to the mirror to check what is happening.

Looking around at the empty place, his mind quickly registers what happened. Lumka fled! But with his furniture? Everything including the lease of this apartment is in his name. He got her everything because he didn't want her to suffer and this is the thank he gets?

His heart is heavy and the first thing that comes to his mind is to call her and ask what is this but his phone is not in his pockets! He runs to the door and bangs on it so loud screaming for help.

What seems to be like forever, the door opens and the building manager walks in with another neighbor.

" Hey man,do you realize what time it is?"

Nhlonipho: I am sorry gentlemen,I didn't mean to disrupt the tenants. It's just that I have been robbed of all of my belongings.

Neighbor: How? Did anyone break in?

Nhlonipho: No,my girlfriend robbed me,she drugged me and I woke up to this. Wait,my car!

He runs out of the apartment straight to the visitor's parking lot and nearly faints when he sees the spot he had parked on empty. Hands go above his head and he cries...

Nhlonipho: Usengaze athathe imoto yami iyints ha pho? ( Did she really have to take my new car though?)

B.Manager: You have to come to our offices and report this. We'll get a team to look into the CCTV footage.

He hears the building manager talking but he is physically present as his mind and soul are far away. How is he going to explain this to his family?

PHAKAMANI

He received a call from an unknown number when he was dressing up after taking a bath. It was Nhlonipho asking him to fetch him, he has so many questions but decides that he is going to ask him when he sees him in person.

He walks onto Mazwakhe drinking his coffee and greets. Mazwakhe looks at him and smirks.



Mazwakhe: Uyoqomis a kuphi njengoba ugcoke kanje? ( who are you trying to impress dressed like this?)

That's his way of telling him that he looks good. He is on black jeans, a white golf t-shirt, zulu sandals and umqhele ( crown)on his head.

Phakamani: Aw baba, I just decided to look good, there's nothing much about it.

Mazwakhe: I hear you; since you are going out,please take the taxi outside to Sambulo,he is expecting it.

Phakamani: Okay father, I need to rush somewhere, I'll see you later. Where will you be today?

Mazwakhe: My day is filled with meetings and then I'll go to MaGwala's house later.

Phakamani: Alright, pass my greetings to her.

He grabs the car keys and drives out playing umaskandi music. This song makes him feel like a taxi driver and inkabi straight. He stops at a stop sign where he sees this lady with short hair, toned skin with medium height busy checking her watch.

He lowers his window and parks next to her.

Phakamani : Asambe..( let's go)

Her: No thank you.

Phakamani: You are going to be late.

Her: You are not ranking, why would I want to enter an empty taxi?

Phakamani: I don't know, I am just trying to help. All the taxis this time are going to come here full. So you are going to wait here for more than an hour. I can drop you off at the rank or wherever you are going. Your choice.

She looks at him for a moment pressing her lips together and sighs defeated climbing on the front seat.

Her: Thank you.

Phakamani : My pleasure, what's your name?

Her: Refiloe.

Phakamani: Despite the sun burning your skin, you are beautiful Refiloe.

Refiloe: Ah ah...please,I do not aspire to be Hlomu please do not try to be Mqhele on me.

Phakamani cracks up so loud shaking his head.

Phakamani: But why would I want to be Mqhele when I can be Phakamani Sibeko?

Refiloe: How am I supposed to know because wow, that series gave taxi drivers hope hey.

Phakamani: Except that I am not a taxi driver...

Refiloe: You not?

Phakamani: Yes, lama taxi awasekhaya! ( this is my father's taxi)

Refiloe: Still the same, I'm good with Zulu men owning taxis.

Phakamani smiles amused, forgetting that he has to fetch Nhlonipho.

Phakamani: Where's the destination of this trip?

To be continued...

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[06/11, 16:45] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 30

### PHAKAMANI

He drops Refiloe off at her work place and manages to score numbers from her. This is all exciting and he is looking forward to seeing her. She seems like an interesting character.

He drives straight up to fetch Nhlonipho and finds him by the security guards at the gate. After learning what happened to him, he laughs out loud like crazy. Not because he is not sympathetic or anything but because he doesn't believe how naive Nhlonipho was.

Literally; everybody warned him about this girl and she felt as if they were ganging up on his girlfriend or didn't like her. Now look how it ended, in tears.

Phakamani: At least they didn't take your clothes. But on the serious note Nhlonipho, you need to open a case for this girl. She can't get away with what she did, especially your car.

Nhlonipho: I don't know what to think, I can imagine your father on my neck about this. I need to get my things and move here for time being while I figure things out. I can't be with the rents and have them interrogate me.

Phakamani: How are you going to stay in a empty apartment?

It had build in wardrobe and kitchen units but it's still empty.

Nhlonipho: I'll take the stuff in my room, bed, sound and TV. The rest of the stuff I'll buy it month end when I get paid from work.

Phakamani: Okay maybe I can assist you in that department, including grocery. Can you even cook?

Nhlonipho: Do I have a choice? I need to save up. First thing I need is a new phone.

Phakamani:( pats him on his back) It's going to be alright brother's, this shall pass too. So, I met a girl this morning.

Nhlonipho:(shaking his head) We are in this mess because of a girl, and you are here telling me about meeting a girl?

Phakamani: Erh, ai never mind.

He parks outside Nhlonipho's home and he gets out.

Nhlonipho: That came out wrong, I'm sorry. It's just that I am stressed.

Phakamani: I understand, be good. I'll see you later. I need to drop this taxi off to Sambulo.

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

Khethelo is visiting and she tells her how Mazwakhe reacted to the news of her sexuality.

Sanelisiwe: I am seriously proud of my husband and happy for you Khethi. Now you don't have to live in fear and hide who you are.



Khethelo: That's the relief part of it hey, we can love each other loud and openly so. Mandisa spoke about marriage, I don't know if she wants to propose or what.

Sanelisiwe: Maybe she does, are you ready though?

Khethelo: I would marry that human being any time and day. Spending rest of my life with is one of goals I pray daily about.

Sanelisiwe: Sweet man, how long have you been together?

Khethelo: 2 years? I think so...

She reads a message from her phone and smiles widely.

Sanelisiwe: Girlfriend?

Khethelo: No, it's Phakamani. He tells me he met a girl he thinks he likes this morning.

Urhm,clears throat, deep sigh and smile...

Sanelisiwe: At long last...

Khethelo: I hope she is the one for him, he needs to find a wife before father arranges one for him.

Sanelisiwe: I doubt he would do that in this day and age...

Khethelo: (chuckling)You don't know my father...

Sanelisiwe thinks to herself that at least it's a good thing that Phakamani has his eyes on somebody. Now she won't have to feel awkward around him.

## NOSIPHO

She's at work and it's a busy day, dealing with media reports for their clients and social media posts. Her job is exciting and demanding at the same time. Honestly, she is working because she has a degree and a father who doesn't tolerate unemployed people in his household.

She is looking forward to retire and be a rich housewife of Mario. It's still early days but their conversion are heading there. Tomorrow She's going to his house. Excitement and nerves are dealing with her as she tries to imagine how the visit is going to be like.

An unexpected visitor shows up and she is shocked to see him with a bandage around his head.

Nosipho: Nhlo, what happened? Were you attacked?

Nhlonipho: It's nothing serious or heavy my sister I will manage. I just got robbed last night and yeah, the wound.

Nosipho: Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry. Are you alright though?

Nhlonipho: I'm fine please don't panic. Urhm, you won't like this but I kind of pressed.

Nosipho: What's up?

Nhlonipho: I am going to need the car...

She is driving his first car he passed over to her when he upgraded. The white golf GTI.

Nosipho: What do you mean you need the car?

He can't be serious! He flexed his muscles and gave her this car without anyone asking him too. The rents didn't bother to buy her one because she was covered.

Nhlonipho: It's going to be for a while up until I get back to my feet. 2 or 3 months...

Nosipho: This is not fair Nhlonipho. Can't you ask Dad or mom for help?

Nhlonipho: And have them on my case about this?

Nosipho: So you would rather take back the gift you gifted me with?

She wants to cry, Nhlonipho's ego will be the death of him. Their parents can swipe a car cash for him yet he chooses to hurt her.

Nhlonipho: I'll bring it back I promise...

Nosipho: In the meantime what am I going to do? What about isidima sami Nhlonipho? I should go back to taxis and Uber? You know what, its fine. Take it and never bring it back.

She searches for the keys from her handbag and gives it to him. This is a lesson to never accepts gifts from him ever again. Nhlonipho apologies and walks out of her office.

She wipes her tears and try to focus on her work. Mario calls, his name on her phone's screen lifts her mood.

Nosipho: baby...

Mario: Princess, you good?

Nosipho: Not quite but I'll be fine?

Mario: What is it? Talk to me..

It's way too early to bombard him with her family problems now.

Nosipho: I don't have a car for the next 2 or 3 months and I'm stressed.

Mario: Is that the reason why your voice is husky as if you were crying? Let's meet for lunch and see what I can do about it.

Huh, what was that? Her mood changes immediately.

Nosipho: I'll text you the details.

Mario: Make it the same place, I loved it.

Nosipho: Cool, see you in the next hour.

Mario: I can't wait baby...

MAZWAKHE

He came home early today with the intention to spend some quality time with his family. He walks up on MaGwala and hugs her from behind but she removes herself from it.

Mazwakhe: What is it?

Nokubonga: Nothing, I'm just not feeling well.

Mazwakhe: That's so bad that you can't even hug me?

She turns around and gives him a hug he feels is forced. Something is off, he can feel it.



Mazwakhe: Sthandwa sami, are you alright?

Nokubonga: Yes I'm fine. I just tired and need to rest.

Mazwakhe: Mhmm, maybe I can run you a hot bubble bath and give you a massage with a happy ending later?

Nokubonga: Sounds sweet but I want to go to bed now, I've already showered.

Mazwakhe: Where are the kids and what are we eating today?

Nokubonga: I didn't cook today, but ordered some takeaways. Yours is in the microwave. As for your kids, Nhlonipho is in his room and Nosipho is not back from work.

He stops her from walking away from him.

Mazwakhe: Is everything alright? Are we fighting?

Nokubonga: No we are not...

Mazwakhe: Then why am I getting these weird vibes from you? I feel like you are punishing me..

Nokubonga: Punishing you how?

Mazwakhe: You didn't cook and...

Nokubonga: So, it's okay for you to eat takeaways throughout your whole stay with Sanelisiwe but is it an issue if I suggest them here?

Mazwakhe: I didn't say that...

Nokubonga: Sibeko, I'm tired, it's really been a long day.

He releases her and sighs. He is going to get to the bottom of this later on, but for now he has to let her be because you can't solve anything when both of your spirits are high.

He goes to Nhlonipho's room and knocks, his clothes are on top of the bed with suitcases opened on the side.

Mazwakhe: Kuyiwaphi?( Where are you going?)

Nhlonipho: I will be living in my apartment that I rented for my girlfriend.

Mazwakhe: You are not planning on cohabiting with her right?

Nhlonipho: No, she left me.

Mazwakhe: Left you?

Nhlonipho: Yes, with another guy. You were right, I was just a fool.

His voice is filled with emotions and pain.

Mazwakhe: I'm sorry...

Nhlonipho: No you are not, just say it,tell me that you told me so.

Mazwakhe: I can't, Nhlonipho you are my son and I love you. I can't rejoice in your misery, as much as I

never liked her but I'm not happy to see you like this.

Nhlonipho brushes his face and Mazwakhe turns him around for a very strong hug.

Nhlonipho: I am such a failure, everything I do or touch turns out to be a disaster.

Mazwakhe: You are not a failure, I didn't give birth to one. You need to have a direction in life. It's not too late, go back to the drawing board and pen down your life.

With you moving, do you need any help?

Nhlonipho:( wiping his tears off) Just furniture but Phakamani said he is going to assist.

Mazwakhe: It's alright, I'll take care of it. If you don't mind me asking, what happened?

Nhlonipho: I'm not ready to talk about it, maybe one

day when the wound has healed.

Mazwakhe: Fair enough, whenever you are ready, my door is always open...

EBUKA

Tony is fully awake now and Ebuka is so happy. Troublesome as he is, that's still his brother and the only family he has.

Ebuka: Look who's back!

He says with so much excitement walking inside his ward with all the balloons and nice stuff.

Tony: I'm not the type to die easily, son.

Ebuka: I'm just happy that you didn't lose your memory in all of this

Tony: I also thank God ooh..J ojo tells me that you

have been handling my business well. Thank you little brother.

Ebuka: I had no choice, I was forced to "man up"

Tony smiles a bit and tries to sit up, Ebuka helps him. The smile quickly disappears when Ebuka touches his thighs and he feels nothing.

Ebuka: What is it?

Tony: Pinch my legs or slap my thighs...

Ebuka: Why?

Tony: Just do it...

Ebuka does as instructed and again, he feels nothing...

Tony: No...no...no...get a doctor here right now!

Ebuka: What is it?

Tony: I can't feel my legs, oh Jesus don't do this to me! Ebuka, my legs! Get the doctor!

Ebuka: Okay, calm down, I'll go call him...

To be continued...

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[06/11, 16:47] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 31

EBUKA

The doctor walks in the ward and asks that Tony calm down while he reads his file and do some checks on him.

Ebuka: Doctor, how is my brother?

Doctor: From my report, he is doing well and his body is responding well to treatment. We did tests

and his condition is not permanent. We are going to assign a physio that will assist him back to normalcy.

Ebuka:(smiling) Did you hear that brother? It's not a permanent situation. Thank you Doctor.

Doctor: Don't stay long so that he can rest.

He walks out and Tony wipes his tears, this must be hard on him.

Ebuka: I know this is hard to digest but at least there's some positivity in it.

Tony: What's positive about not feeling my legs? What if he just says this to be kind? I am doomed for life?

Ebuka: I don't think that's the case...

Tony: Anyway, let's talk about something else



positive, not this.

Ebuka: OK, Mbali and I are engaged..

Tony:(chuckling in disbelief) You are joking right?

Ebuka: No I'm not, I'm glad you are up because now I can resume paying bride price for her. I met her father and...

Tony:Pay bride price with whose money?

Ebuka: Tony...

Tony:No Ebuka, I seriously can't believe this! You want to marry a man that is responsible for my condition? Whose side are you on? What happened to blood being thicker than water?

Ebuka: Tony, you are not a victim in this, you started this. At least you are alive, remember you killed somebody?

Tony:Get out...

Ebuka: Tony...

Tony: Get out you traitor! Get out!! Nurse!!!

Ebuka raises his hands and walks out of the hospital ward with a heavy heart. This is going to be hard.

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

Mazwakhe makes his way inside their bedroom and takes off his clothes and joins her in bed. He shifts closer to her and wrap his hands all over her body.

Mazwakhe: Magwala...

His voice is calm and polite, she turns around and looks at him.

Nokubonga: Baba...

Mazwakhe: Kwenzenjani?(what happened)

Nokubonga: I'm just stressed about the future of my

children. I feel like you favour Thabisile's children and that's why I'm stressed.

Mazwakhe: Stressed in which way?

Nokubonga: Last time you spoke about having Phakamani manage your businesses.

Mazwakhe: Yes?

Nokubonga: To be honest that didn't sit well with me.

Mazwakhe: Elaborate...

Nokubonga:(sighs) Phakamani is not your blood son, him being an heir doesn't sound right.

According to tradition, ivezandlebe alikwazi kuba indlalifa( someone not your child can't be an heir)

Mazwakhe: According to tradition, whose tradition?

She keeps quiet, why is he asking the obvious? He is a Zulu man!

Mazwakhe: Magwala, I am going to say this and do

it for the last time. Phakamani is my son, I became a father for the first time through him. I raised him as a Sibeko and that's it.

Nokubonga: And what happens when his father shows up one day?

Mazwakhe: That's not something I want to worry myself about. We spoke and however he reacts, that's on him.

Nokubonga: It's not fair that you want to put him above your own blood, it makes me feel like you don't love them the way you should.

Mazwakhe: According to you, Nhlonipho is fit to lead this family?

Nokubonga: If he is not, why are you not teaching him and showing him the ropes the same way you have been doing to this boy? Aren't you afraid of him turning on you one day?

Mazwakhe switches off the lights and turns his

back against her.

Mazwakhe: I'm not going to answer you, and you better stop this mindset you are having before you come between my children.

REFILOE

She is working in an insurance company and the sales targets are driving her mad. The money is not that good but it gets her by, she manages to pay rent, buy groceries and toiletries for herself.

Her phone rings and it's the guy that brought her to work this morning. He is very handsome and his type is known to be very troublesome, worse he has a taxi background. Her little fragile heart can't stomach anymore heartbreak.

He doesn't hang up and that forces her to answer.

Refiloe: Hello?

Phakamani: Fifi, how's your day going?

Refiloe: It's okay, I am looking forward to knocking off and going home.

Phakamani: Can I come and fetch you from work?

Refiloe: Why?

Phakamani: I would love to talk to you,so there's this place we can go to for drinks and dinner.

Refiloe: I'm sorry Phakamani, I can't just up and leave with you...

Phakamani: Why? Please don't tell me you have a man you are rushing to after work.

Refiloe: No, nothing like that...

Phakamani: Then let's go, I really want to see you.

Refiloe: Phakamani, I have to find a sitter...

Phakamani: Sitter?

Refiloe: Yes, for my daughter.

A moment of silence passes, there goes her chance. He doesn't date baby mamas, he did mention in passing that he doesn't have a child.

Phakamani: I can ask my sister to baby sit.

He says and she is stunned, she thought the next answer from him was an apology.

Refiloe: You sure?

Phakamani: Yes, I have 3 sisters and 4 mothers. One of them will come through.

Refiloe: In that case I guess yeah, we can go.

Phakamani: Thank you, let me make some calls and let you know.

He ends the call and she smiles alone. She has

doubts about leaving her daughter with strangers but it's been 2 years since her baby daddy left them. His commitment is what makes her want to take the risk,he looks harmless but she is going to double check before agreeing to anything.

NOSIPHO

Mario surprised her, they didn't even spend much time at that restaurant but headed straight to the dealership where he swiped a car cash for her. She didn't want a huge car that would draw eyes to her.

She opted for a car that she can afford with her salary if she were to be asked about it and bought a BMW 1 series. From the dealership, they drove straight up here, his house for celebration. They have been poppin champagne like crazy.

This house looks new, some things are still inside



the boxes.

Mario: This house needs a woman's touch, your touch my love.

Nosipho: I agree, I already have a few ideas in my mind.

He looks at her warmly and takes her hand.

Mario: Let me show you my favorite part of the room.

He leads her through the staircase all the way to the bedroom and pushes her to the bed causing her to bump on it. She giggles and watches him crawling over her in the bed and they kiss.

His kiss is fast paced and his hands very busy as it touches the right places causing her to be needy. Is it champagne? She is not usually this quick to be aroused. He helps her out of her dress and she's left with her underwear only.

He shifts her underwear aside and rubs her clit vigorously while staring in her eyes. She wants more than his finger. He sees the need in her eyes and goes down on her.

Oh Lord, man's good with his tongue she sings praises and brushes his head to go deeper and he gets up pin her hands above her head.

His other hand comes back with cuffs.

Nosipho: Please, don't cuff me.

Mario: Relax, you are going to have fun..

Nosipho: No,they make me uncomfortable...

Mario: You will love them...

Nosipho: Mario please stop...

He ignores her and cuffs her to the bed,she is beating fast now as her mind races and increases her paranoia.

Nosipho: (crying) Mario get these things off me,please!!

To be continued...

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[06/11, 16:47] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 32

NOSIPHO

Mario stops when he sees her tears and quickly removes the cuffs from her wrists and sits next to her.

Mario: Princess, I am sorry I didn't mean to scare you. I honestly thought you were going to like this since you look like an "TT" girl.

Nosipho: I love things but this is one of those that I don't.

Mario: Did something happen, it looked like I kind of triggered you.

Nosipho: I just don't like not being in control and this felt like I was trapped and powerless.

Mario: I'm sorry again, really we should have addressed this and I think it's early for me to introduce you to this. I love it. I won't lie but I won't force you into it.

Rather I'll introduce and teach you slowly until you are comfortable with it. Is that okay?

Nosipho:( nodding) Yes, that's fine...

Mario: Okay, get dressed and I'll see what to eat in the meantime.

He kisses her forehead and steps out of the room. She covers her face with the duvets sighing. That was not a good start at all but at least he stopped when she asked him to.

She gets off the bed and looks for something that belongs to him to wear. Maybe later when they try again it won't be so awkward. As she's busy looking for something to wear in his closet, a shirt or shorts maybe, she sees an envelope hidden under the clothes.

Out of curiosity, she opens it and there's pictures of Mario while young and an old identity book. Mario is

his second name from the ID book and he never told her his first name.

Mario: What are you doing there?

She keeps her cool and places the envelope and hides it with a t-shirt before turning around to face Mario.

Nosipho: I was looking for something to wear.

Mario: Well; do you find anything?

Nosipho: No, I think I'll stick to my clothes.

Mario: Okay then, there's nothing here I think we should go buy something or order in? Whichever way you prefer.

She wants to go home, suddenly she doesn't feel comfortable here but doesn't want to raise alarms.

Nosipho: Let's go out, the fresh air will do us good.

Mario: You know I don't like going around and being with people.

Nosipho: But why is that? You are a fine man...

Mario: The same way cuffs made you uncomfortable is the same reaction I get for being around people. Dress up, I'll give you my card then you can get us something to eat since you want fresh air.

Nosipho: Okay...

Mario walks back out of the room and Nosipho quickly puts everything back as she finds them and wears her clothes. Snooping around is not a good idea, she almost got caught and it was going to make things more awkward.

MBALI

Ebuka looks tensed up today and he explains to her the conversation that took place between him and Tony back in the hospital. Deep down she wishes that Tony died because he is going to be a headache in their relationship. But obviously, he cannot voice those thoughts out.

Mbali: So what are you going to do now?

Ebuka: I have about 50k saved up, I'll use it and start my own business. I can't be dependable on Tony forever because that's exactly what makes him think he can control me.

Mbali: The business you are going to start, how long is it going to start bringing in money? Ebuka: I can't say for sure but let's give it 6 months...

Mbali: 6 months? Ebuka that's too far and you



expect me to be still wearing this ring till then?  
Didn't you hear what my father said?

Ebuka: So what must happen now Mbali? Because even after marrying you I should be able to take care and provide for you.

Mbali: As a man should...

Ebuka: Then I have to start this business...

Mbali: 6 months is too far, how about I give you money and you are going to pay me once your business picks up.

Ebuka: What? Do you hear what you are saying? You want to marry yourself?

Mbali: Of course not, I am loaning you the money...

Ebuka: I don't want your money Mbali...

Mbali: Ebuka, this is not the right time to exercise your pride...

Ebuka: It's not pride Mbali, I just don't understand what the pressure is all of a sudden. Let me do

things the right way.

Mbali: I can't believe this, you come to my life and make promises to me and my family whereas you don't even have money to fulfill them. I need some air.

She puts on her sleepers and walks out of the house. Men and their egos, what's wrong with her loaning him money? It's not like someone will know about it. One of Tony's men looks at her, he's very tall, with a built up body, this one is definitely a gym freak.

J ojo: You okay?

Mbali: Not really, Ebuka and I are having a little disagreement. It's nothing major, we'll be fine.

J ojo: I wonder what that boy has done now? I am still struggling to understand how a fine girl like you is wasting her time with that boy eh...

Mbali: I love him, we might be fighting right now but

he's a good person.

J ojo: (chuckling)Being a good boy doesn't pay the bills. All the best though...

He leaves her alone and she sighs sitting on the stoep staring in the darkness...

PHAKAMANI

He is driving to Khethelo's place with Refiloe and her two year old daughter Kefilwe. Khethelo agreed to be a babysitter so that he can go on a date with Refiloe.

Phakamani: We have arrived...

Refiloe: Are you sure your sister is cool with this?

Phakamani: I told you to stop worrying, Kefilwe will be fine and safe here. Let's go.

They step out of the car and Phakamani carries the little girl all the way to Khethelo. She opens and welcomes them in with warm hands. Mandisa is around too.

Khethelo: She's so pretty PK...

She whispers, nudging him after the introduction and he smiles.

Phakamani: I know right, thank you for agreeing to do this.

Khethelo: Anything to see you out there and having a great time.

Refiloe thanks them again and they leave for the car.

Refiloe: Seems like your sister is a great person.

Phakamani: She is, I can say we are close. Refiloe is safe with them, don't be surprised if she doesn't want to come back.

Refiloe: Does she have kids?

Phakamani: Not yet...

Refiloe: Do you want to have kids?

Phakamani: Yes, 3 or 4..

She pops her eyes out and he laughs.

Phakamani: What is it?

Refiloe: So many kids?

Phakamani: We'll afford them..

Refiloe: "We"?

Phakamani: Yes Fifi, I am going to wife you and then have you fill the Maziya household with beautiful kids.

She blushes and looks outside the window, he takes her hand into his and she doesn't protest.

Phakamani: I really liked you, I feel like you are the person I've been waiting for all this while.

Refiloe: I'm scared...

Phakamani: Of what?

Refiloe: You become the man I've prayed for, it's been hard Phakamani. Raising my daughter alone, losing family and friends because of baby daddy. All I prayed and asked for was a man that's going to give me peace.

Phakamani: Then let me be that for you, your answered prayer...

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

She is hardly concentrating at what she does as her mind is going wild about everything. How is she going to make Mazwakhe see her point of view without appearing as if she wants to control the

family or destroy it?

That is not her intention at all but for her kids sake, she is willing to go through it all just so that they get what they deserve, especially Nhlonipho.

Mazwakhe should be prioritizing him as his heir and teaching him the ropes but no, he is investing on somebody he knows can walk out of them Anytime his real family shows up.

His real family? She smiles at that thought, why didn't she think of this all this while? This is an answer to her troubles. She needs to find this man and make sure he comes for his son. That way the heir position will be vacant and Maziya will have no other choice except doing what he should have done all this time.

Now the real issue, how is she going to find this

man? Thabisile is the answer, she needs to get closer to her again just for the information and get someone trustworthy to do the job for her.

She picks up her phone and dials Thabisile who picks up on the second ring.

Thabisile: Maka Nhlonipho?

Nokubonga: Hey Mamkhulu, how are you doing? It's been a while.

Thabisile: Say that again, but I'm alright and you?

Nokubonga: These kids wanna give me grey hair but still alive. Listen, what are you doing? Maybe we can grab some lunch sometime and tell you all about it.

Thabisile: That's okay, let's do it tomorrow.

Nokubonga: Perfect, tomorrow then, I'll text you the time and place.



They bid goodbye to each other and Nokubonga smiles alone and returns back to her work.

MAZWAKHE

He checks on his watch and clicks his tongue. He hates waiting, especially when someone wants his services but has the audacity to be late.

He calls the waiter for a bill when his new branch manager for the funeral parlor business shows up.

Scelo: Mr Sibeko, I am sorry I'm late...

Mazwakhe: You are here Mr Nkosi let's get straight into it...

To be continued...

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[06/11, 16:47] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 33

### KHETHELO

Baby Kefilwe is now sleeping and Mandisa is washing her bottles. Khethelo smiles, they could make really good parents, yazi.

Mandisa: She didn't wake up when you put her to bed?

Khethelo: Nope, she's an angel.

Mandisa: I hope Phaks is having a great time, his girl looks calm yazi.

Khethelo: Exactly what I imagined him for. I really hope they are going to treat each other right.

Mandisa: I don't remember when last I was around babies, Kefi is seriously giving me baby fever vibes right now.

This is the perfect moment to bring the baby topic up.

Khethelo: Yeah neh, when do you think we can have our own?

Mandisa: Anytime really. Are we getting a surrogate?

Khethelo: I want to carry and bond with the baby, have the whole mom vibe set out.

Mandisa: Then you are going to be the carrier and I will be on the side supporting you all the way up...

Khethelo: The same way you do right now?

Mandisa:(smiling) Yes...

Khethelo: I almost forgot, mom invited me to church tomorrow. Actually she forced all of us to come to

church tomorrow. Do you want to come with me?

Mandisa: No thank you, I can't stand the hypocrisy of Christians shame. I'm good at praying and worshipping at home.

Khethelo decides to drop it, she knows how her spiritual parents get to be extra at times. Especially when they see visitors.

REFILOE

The dinner was amazing, she enjoyed herself and Phakamani is an easy guy to hang around with. He's vibey and intelligent, his reasoning capability is such a huge turn on.

Phakamani: I really enjoyed hanging out with you today.

He's holding her hand as they take a walk from the restaurant to where they parked the car at.

Refiloe: I had a good time too, thanks for giving me a change of scenery and breath of fresh air.

Phakamani: Well, this is just the beginning. What do you do when you are not at work or being a mother?

Refiloe: Well, I read a lot, watch movies at times and listen to music.

Phakamani: What do you read and what kind of music do you listen to?

Refiloe: I listen to any music but mostly Gospel. As for reading, I prefer fictional stories, they have a way of making you escape reality while relating to it in a way. I hope I am making sense.

Phakamani: So much sense, please share your favorite reads so that I can catch up with you then we get to review it together.

A guy that reads? He keeps this one!

Refiloe: I will definitely do that. And what do you do for fun?

Phakamani: When I was still in the army, I used to go out with my colleagues for drinks and fishing but now I want to create new traditions and new kinds of fun, you know.

Refiloe: Such as?

Phakamani: Hanging out with my family and doing what lovers do.

Refiloe: Sounds like you are a family man, they are lucky to have you.

Phakamani: I am, but I was actually referring to you and Kefilwe.

Okay Fifi, don't cry girl don't cry. She blinks the tears away and smiles.

Refiloe: You still live with your parents?

Phakamani: Yes, because my father doesn't want us to cohabit. He is very strict in a man living with a woman when he has done right for her family.

Refiloe: Now I see where you got your greatness from.

Phakamani:(smiling) Don't make me blush. Why did you ask, you wanted to visit?

Refiloe:(smiling) Maybe...

Phakamani: Maybe?

Refiloe: I like you hey, and I want to believe that this is a start of something great from us. I want to give it a chance and pursue it and see where it leads us.

Phakamani: You have no idea how much those words mean to me, Refiloe. I am going to love, protect and take care of you and Kefilwe with everything in me.

She smiles and stands in front of him, her hand runs over his face and his eyes close voluntarily to her touch. She leans over and plants a soft kiss then steps back, he pulls her towards him...

Refiloe: Let's try and see how it goes.

Phakamani: Ma Nkadimeng, If I knew your clan names I would recite them right now. Thank you, for really, you have made me the happiest man alive and gave me something to work and look forward to.

Refiloe: Don't break my heart Phakamani...

Phakamani: I will not promise you perfection but I promise that I won't hurt you intentionally.

He brings his face closer to hers and their lips meet again in an exchange of a soft passionate deep kiss that electrifies goosebumps in her stomach.

THABISILE



It's been a while since she got to hang out with Nokubonga, if she's not mistaken, the last time she saw her was when she was telling her about Phakamani questioning his paternity or around Mbali's ceremony.

Nokubonga: So that's what has been happening on my side ke mfazi. Nhlonipho disappointed me.

Thabisile: It's really not a train smash, I mean Maziya got his taxi and forgave him. I don't think we should condemn the boy, rather give him another chance.

Nokubonga: I don't think our husband forgave him fully, his behavior feels like he is holding a grudge and Nhlonipho will pay for that mistake for the rest of his life.

Thabisile: Now that won't be fair. Do you perhaps want me to talk to him about it?

Nokubonga: No, of course not. How's your children?

Thabisile sighs, stirring her drink with the plastic straw.

Thabisile: Just like you, I'm also going through the most. I just pray God gives me strength to overcome everything.

Nokubonga: I swear it's like these children want to see us dead before our time.

Thabisile: Say that again, only Phakamani has kept me sane.

Nokubonga: Shame man, did he ever try to bring up that topic of his paternity again?

Thabisile: No, he didn't even ask questions about that monster.

Nokubonga: At least, it would be sad for him to go look for him after everything he did to you. I wonder if he is still alive?

Thabisile: (shrugging) I don't know and I don't care. I don't want to bump into Jacob whether alive or dead. I hope he died that day nxx..

Nokubonga: This topic upsets you, let's talk about something else that's exciting.

Thabisile: You are right, Jacob Abrams is just a waste and doesn't deserve to be on my lips and tongue. So some exciting news, Mbali is getting married, her boyfriend proposed.

Nokubonga: Isn't too young to get married? No offence but she should be chasing her education. I always tell Nosipho that instead of aspiring to be a

housewife, she must collect those qualifications as much as she can.

Thabisile: Well she feels ready and wants to marry this guy. All I have to do is support her, it's better than being a community ground that every man practices on...

Nokubonga clears her throat and nods while her hand fetches the juice.

NOSIPHO

Last night ended up not being so bad after all. She went out with her brand new car and came back with their food. It felt so good to swipe non stop with his card, the restaurant wasn't her only stop.

She wasn't going to let the opportunity of holding

his card go to waste just like that. She made sure to shop and he didn't even blink nor complained about it. Instead, he told her to hold on to the card a little longer.

They retired to bed late last night and made love, it was sweet and gentle, he really made up for that scare he caused earlier and she couldn't be happier.

For a man his age, he sure has stamina for days. He satisfied her in all angles and cannot complain. She opens her eyes to an empty side of the bed and rubs her eyes sitting up looking around the bedroom.

She picks up the note and reads the message from it.

" In case you wake up and don't find me in the house, please do not freak out. I stepped out for a

breakfast meeting and will be back around 11.

If you won't be here when I get back, it's okay, pass by my office when you leave. Last night was amazing, thank you.

M.A )

She blushes and tosses the paper aside getting up from the bed and opens the curtains and windows. Her phone rings, it's her mother. So early? This better be good.

Nosipho: Ma?

Nokubonga: Nosipho, you didn't come home last night?

Nosipho: Yes, I sent you a message that I wasn't coming.

Nokubonga: I don't like this, anyway, you work in the

media industry. Please recommend a good journalist with private investigation skills to me.

Nosipho: Why? Who are you looking for?

Nokubonga: It doesn't matter, just do as I say and come back home.

She drops the call and Nosipho rolls her eyes.  
Come home and leave her own mansion? Aneva!!

Something crosses her mind and she heads to the closet with the intention of looking deep in that envelope she saw last night but to her surprise, it's gone.

Okay maybe she needs to stop being paranoid and leave this. She covers her body with the gown and heads downstairs to make a smoothie. She plans on reporting sick at work today just to wait for Mario to get back from work and find her in lingerie.

A doorbell rings disturbing her, she pauses the grinder machine and answers it. Another hot white man in his 30s stands by the door looking at her up and down.

Nosipho: Hi, how can I help you?

Man: I'm looking for Mr Abrams, is he home?

Nosipho: No, he went out for a breakfast meeting.

Man: Okay thanks...

He turns and goes back to his car. How did he get in here? Argh probably his friend or one of his men. She switches on the machine to finish off making the smoothie while scrolling her phone looking for the contacts that her mother asked for...

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:48] : ISIDINGO



## CHAPTER 34

### NHLONIPHO

Phakamani decided to pay him a visit to his new place and he looks happy. Nhlonipho comes back with beers from the fridge and they chill on the couches.

Nhlonipho: Was ho ke mfokababa wathi uyajola!

Phakamani: I am still in awe, I think he is the one...

Nhlonipho: Ai bo, you see this thing yokujola kancane? We see wives with every girl we meet and end up hurt. See me that committed again and kill me.

Phakamani: Don't tell me you are going to give that witch a satisfaction that she broke you. Hell no, how far are you with finding her?

Nhlonipho: The cops are handling her case and I hope they find her soon. I want my car and furniture back then she can just disappear after that.

Phakamani: No, she deserves to wear an orange jumpsuit with that skinny body of hers nxx.

Nhlonipho chuckles, he really didn't see this one coming or thought that Lumka was capable of doing such.

Nhlonipho: Where is your girl's baby daddy?

Phakamani: I don't know, rooming around out there living soft while being a dead beat.

Nhlonipho: Our gender can be embarrassing sometimes. I hope when the day comes, I will become a great father.

Phakamani: You will, dad is a great role model for you.

Nhlonipho keeps quiet and looks down thinking deeply.

Nhlonipho: You know Phaks my brother, a lot has happened lately and I never really got time to thank you for everything you did for me. Honestly things could have been worse if you didn't intervene and for that I will forever be grateful.

Phakamani: It's a pleasure, like dad said, we must have each other's back no matter what. The future of the Sibeko empire is really in our hands.

Nhlonipho: True that, I am going to be fully committed in learning the business and be committed to it.

Phakamani: (raising his bottle for a toast) I'll drink that...

Nhlonipho: ( toasting to it)Cheers...

Nhlonipho's phone vibrates, he takes it and opens the messages from Nosi. It's pictures of her brand new car. He shakes his head.

Phakamani: What is it?

Nhlonipho: Your sister, she bought a new car, have a look.

He throws his phone at Phakamani who looks at the pictures with his jaw wide open.

Phakamani: I hope one of our parents bought her this car because it's expensive as hell!

Nhlonipho: I hope so too because I would hate for her to be in debt because of proving a point to me.

## MAZWAKHE

Scelo brought him nothing but troubles and that has resulted in him spending another day in the office trying to solve the issue of burial and insurance between the customers.

A favorite scent hits his nostrils and he smiles before he even gets to see who it is because he already knows. Sanelisiwe shows up with a lunch in her hands looking gorgeous and sexy as usual. Man can he knock off already and go home?

Sanelisiwe: Hey baby...

She greets with her hyper loud voice as usual and sits on his lips. He holds her waist and kisses her on the mouth. Damn, he missed her.

Mazwakhe: This is a nice surprise, I missed you.

Sanelisiwe: Same here, I couldn't wait for later. How are things?

Mazwakhe: Busy like hell, I want to go home.

Sanelisiwe: What happened?

Mazwakhe: I hired a new manager and I'm having regrets, he seems to be all over the place but I want to give him the benefit of the doubt and another chance.

Sanelisiwe: You are a good man. How can I help?

Mazwakhe smirks and gets her off him. He heads to the door and locks it, pulling down the curtain blinds. Sanelisiwe chuckles, she gets what's about to happen and meets him halfway.

They kiss, hungrily for each other and turn her around so that she gets to balance with the office desk. His hand quickly unzips his pants and takes out his already hard member, he shifts her g-string

aside and slides it in.

Sanelisiwe lifts one knee up to the table so that she can bend over properly and Mazwakhe grits his teeth as pleasure kicks in. He feels weight being lifted off his shoulders the moment his seed offload inside her. Damn these quickies don't do him good, he wants more!

Sanelisiwe smiles while helping him clean up with her wipes and get dressed.

Sanelisiwe: You are such a naughty boss.

Mazwakhe: At least I am being naughty with my wife.

Sanelisiwe: I'll be home waiting naked...

Mazwakhe: I can't wait...

Sanelisiwe kisses him and grabs her handbag

walking out and bumps into Scelo walking in with his laptop.

Scelo: Is it a good time? I can come back later.

Mazwakhe: I want to get this over and done with so come in.

Scelo: Thank you sir.

He sits opposite him and Mazwakhe opens the takeaway wrap box and listens to Scelo talk while eating.

Mazwakhe: This is exactly what you should have done before this mess. Call all our clients and rectify this mistake.

Scelo: I will be on it sir, thank you for being patient.

Mazwakhe: You are welcome, email me everything that needs to be signed. I want to go home.



Scelo:( chuckling) I would pack too and go home if I received a visit from such a hottie.

Mazwakhe: Hey; my wife is only hot to me, watch it!

Scelo: My apologies, honestly I wonder how you do it. 3 gorgeous successful wives?

Mazwakhe: 4 but I can't tell you the secret. Go make money and then maybe we'll talk.

Scelo laughs and exits the office leaving Mazwakhe to finish off his meal that now serves as a dessert, his main meal dish was Sanelisiwe and she served him well.

MARIO

Coming back to South Africa after disappearing for 30 years hasn't been easy. He had people run his businesses on his behalf while he continued to make money on the other side.

He doesn't want any trouble but to settle and die in the land of his forefathers. A knock comes through the door and his younger brother walks in.

Mario: Lucas...

Lucas: Hey, I went to your house and your sugar bae told me you already left.

Mario: Don't call her that, I am planning on marrying her.

Lucas: Are you crazy? That girl is young enough to be your daughter!

Mario: She's an adult...

Lucas: You can't marry that girl, she doesn't love you but for the money!

Mario: I don't care hey, who should eat my money if not her? I don't have a child to leave my money behind for.

Lucas clears his throat and reaches inside his jacket pockets and comes back with an envelope.

Lucas: I looked into that lady and her husband per our discussion last time.

Mario: Did you find something?

Lucas: I found a lot more, she is married to him, he has 3 wives after her.

Mario: That's it?

Lucas: There's more...

Lucas pushes pictures towards Mario. He takes one look at the young gentleman in an army uniform and quickly grabs his asthma inhaler and pumps it to his mouth.

Lucas: You left your seed in that woman, the young man you are looking at in those pictures is your son. And the lady in your house is his half sister.

To be continued...

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## CHAPTER 35

MARIO

Lucas rushes to his side quickly and helps him up with the inhaler until he calms down. His health is no longer that strong hence he wanted his last days to be peaceful and die at home.

Now this dilemma that his brother brings forward is something he doesn't know how to deal with. He has a son? So grown and handsome? A day doesn't pass by without him regretting what he did to Thabisile.

She was young, desperate for a job so she could make ends meet and he took advantage of that. He slept with her against her will, not once, twice, thrice but so many times until that man intervened.

He knows he is/was a bad person and no matter how much he tries to change, this is something he will forever carry in his consciousness. He thought maybe he got away with it but knowing that he has a son out of that ordeal changes everything.

He asked Lucas to look them up because after he left the country, he cut all ties and tried to forget about everything as much as he could. But now that he was back in the country, he couldn't help but be curious to know what they are up to, in case a need to defend himself comes.

Now back to his girlfriend, he doesn't understand how she is related to him. Her name is Angela Maziya, that's what she told him.

Lucas: Are you good?

Mario: I'm fine. What do you mean when you say my woman is related to this boy?

Lucas: Their mother's are married to this man, who shot you.

Mario: I don't understand, she said her name is...

Lucas: She lied to you, please, you are not that slow. I know old age and all but connect the dots. You also lied to her about your identity.

Mario gets up from his chair and paces up and down.

Mario: What if she knows who I am and is just trying to lure me for her father?

Lucas: Could be, but what are you going to do about all this information?

Mario: Dig more about the boy and his mother. I'll

take it from there.

Lucas: Alright.

Lucas exits his office and Mario calls his lawyer. He needs to make some major changes soon in case anything happens to him. He packs everything that belongs to him and heads to the car where his bodyguard opens the door for him.

Mario: To the pharmacy, please...

The driver nods and before he knows it, they are parked outside the pharmacy store. He gives his guard his card and an instruction to buy morning after pills, as many as he can get.

From the pharmacy they drive straight to the house. He finds Nosipho watching a tv looking sexy in his shirt. He dismisses the thought, reminding himself that he needs to focus.

Nosipho: Baby, you are back!!

Mario: Yes, how are you?

Nosipho: All good, just missed you. How was your meeting?

Mario: It was great, here, drink.

He hands her the paperback. She takes a look inside and back at him.

Nosipho: What are these for?

Mario: To make sure you are not pregnant.

Nosipho: I'm not, I have an implant on and it's been 2 years now.

Mario: I don't care, drink please.

Nosipho sighs and gulps down two down her throat. They should be enough to do the trick.



Nosipho: What's going on?

Mario: I will need you to give back my card and return home.

Nosipho: Why?

Mario: Because the next few days are going to be very busy for me so I need my space.

Nosipho: But I'll still see and talk to you right?

Mario: Sure, you will.

He says just to dismiss him out of his presence. He wants to ask her about the name issue but chooses to drop it.

Nosipho: I'll go get ready.

Mario: Okay...

She plants a soft kiss on his cheeks and walks

away. Part of him wants to believe that maybe she's not aware about who he is. If she is pretending then she's damn good at it.

He texts his lawyer to auction this house immediately, he needs to be out of here asap.

REFILOE

Phakamani shows up right on time just as she's about to knock off. She smiles going to him in the parking lot and watches him standing by the car looking so hot and yummy.

Her choice in men has always been great but this time around, the universe, her ancestors and God all came together and hand delivered this man to her.

Refiloe: Hey..

Phakamani: Hey who?

He asks with so much frown and that causes her to giggle and gives him a hug.

Refiloe: Hey baby...

Phakamani: (smiling) That's more like it. How was your day my love?

Refiloe: Long and boring. Yours?

Phakamani: Not so bad, spent it with my brother and then went to the rank.

Refiloe: How many siblings do you have?

Phakamani: 2 brothers and 3 sisters. I am the oldest.

Refiloe: Your dad is a busy man.

He chuckles and opens the door for her. She spots flowers and chocolates on the passenger seat and

some gift bag.

Phakamani: I didn't know which to get you so I decided to bring both.

Refiloe: I love them baby thank you. What do we have here?

She peek inside the gift bag and sees a teddy bear, sweets and more girl toys.

Refiloe:Phakamani...

Her voice is so low and emotions are about to kick in now.

Phakamani: Please don't cry, I got you.

Refiloe: Thank you...

He mouths " I love you" with so much smile and

continues to drive with their hands holding each other...

Phakamani: Babe, where is the family? I just realized that we didn't really touch that subject much.

Refiloe: They are back in Turfloop...

Phakamani: Your parents still alive?

Refiloe: Very much so...

This is another topic she doesn't want to tackle but being in a relationship with him means that she has to share and open up right? As if he can read her mind, he squeezes her hand.

Phakamani: All in good time, I'm not in a hurry.

Refiloe: You are amazing...

Phakamani: I know...

Refiloe hits his hand and he laughs, she loves his laugh so much. He can pay to hear him laugh everyday.

**KHETHELO**

Finally the big church day has finally arrived and now it's after service, the congregation is exchanging greetings and catching up.

She spots the famous son that was being preached about today making his way towards her. He is tall and takes after the father. His name is Khathu.

Khathu:Khethelo...

Khethelo: Khathu, hi.

Khathu: It's funny that our names rhyme the same..how have you been? You are looking good.

Khethelo: Thank you, I must say you look great as well. I've been good, my brother. How is Cuba?

Khathu: Phew, Cuba is...well you will need to sit down for this one. Maybe we should hang out sometime and catch up?

Khethelo: Sure, why not?

She says just to pass time, there's no way she is looking forward to listening to him talk about his profession all the time.

Khathu: Great, I'll holla at you some time. It was lovely seeing you after so long. You look great.

Khethelo: It was lovely seeing you too, I mean you look good as well.

As soon as he walks away Khethelo makes her way

to the car and gets inside taking off her shoes. She needs to be out of here before that loudspeaker of a woman called the Pastor's wife makes her way here.

NOSIPHO

She is at the bar drinking her sorrows away while the music plays so loud. She is not even in the mood to dance.

" Mbali, can you please be reasonable and talk to me like an adult? Please call me when you get this "

A voice says approaching the bar and she realizes it's Ebuka.

Ebuka: Can I please have single malt on the rocks please..in fact, make it double.



Nosipho: Trouble in paradise?

Ebuka turns to her direction and it's then that he notices her.

Ebuka: Nosipho, hey. You may say that.

Nosipho: Seems like mjolo is showing all of us flames lately.

Ebuka: What happened to you? Why are you drinking alone?

Nosipho: Ebuka, am I not beautiful?

Ebuka: That goes without saying. Why would you even question it?

Nosipho: Then I'm cursed, dad has to do a cleansing ceremony for me.

Ebuka: What happened?

Nosipho gulps down her drink and asks for more.

Nosipho: Just when I thought I've found the one i love, boom he disappears. I've looked everywhere for him, the house has a "FOR SALE" Sign. Shit hurts.

Ebuka: I'm sorry, I don't know what happened but you don't deserve this.

Nosipho: Imagine after buying me a car, having some lit sex he ghosts me with no explanation or whatsoever. Just disappears.

She sniffs and wipes her tears trying to get her act together.

Nosipho: What's the issue between you and Mbali?

Ebuka: I don't want to talk about it, but I hope she comes to her senses soon.

Nosipho: I feel you..in that case, let's get drunk...

Ebuka: I'll drink that...

They toast their glasses and gulps down their drinks.

Nosipho: Do you dance?

Ebuka: I have two left feet sorry...

Nosipho:(laughing) Come on,I'll teach you and you will see it's not that hard...

Ebuka: If you insist, don't blame me when I step on your toes...

Nosipho: I'm sure you are not that bad...

To be continued...

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CHAPTER 36

## NOSIPHO

One thing about alcohol or rather the groove is that it will make you forget about your sorrows and give you so much happiness at that short period of time. Ebuka was right, can't dance to save his life. That makes her wonder how he is going to survive on the wedding day when they have to do a wedding step with Mbali because the girl can get down.

Ebuka: That was fun...

He says as soon they go back to their seats and order more shots.

Nosipho: Please; you were facing the other direction the entire time.

Ebuka cracks up at that; he really is a bad dancer and he knows it.

Ebuka: I told you...

Their drinks arrive in a tray and they start gulping them down their throats...

Nosipho: So; you won't tell me what got you so stressed out?

Ebuka: (sighs) I don't like speaking about my affairs with Mbali especially to her family because it is going to appear as if I am airing out dirty laundry in public. But since you also told me what is troubling you. I guess it is only fair I tell you as well.

Mbali and I are fighting because I am unable to marry her immediately and right away. She knows that I just graduated; we were at the same university and she knows how much I want to be independent and have my own things because Tony's values are completely different from mine, I don't like how he does things at times.

So with that being said; I decided to start my own

business; in that way I will be able to give her the wedding she deserves and actually take care of her during our marriage.

Nosipho: That sounds like a good thing; what is there to fight for?

Ebuka: She says she cannot wait for 6 months for my business idea to pick up and wants to give me money.

Nosipho: Hai bo

Ebuka: I don't mind her supporting me and all but I can't have her pay her own bride price. It is an abomination in our culture.

Nosipho: (sighs) okay; I think I understand what the issue is here. You see Mbali grew up as a golden child; praised and led a life to please our parents. Mistake and being rebellious is a word not accepted in her life or vocabulary. Maybe all of this is from that pressure of pleasing our father for doing the

right thing.

Ebuka: So what must I do in the meantime because Tony is not in support of our relationship even if I wanted him to fund and support it?

Nosipho: I will talk to her, and try to reason with her about this.

Ebuka: Wow, I will appreciate that but please do not mention that I told you this because like I said; I don't want her to think that I am involving a third person.

Nosipho: You are a good man Ebuka, I hope Mbali never forgets that.

Ebuka: I think I have had enough for today; it was lovely bumping into you again, I should take my leave now.

Nosipho: How are you getting home?

Ebuka: I am going to request an Uber....

Nosipho: I can drop you off; I think I should go as well before someone comes and ask to buy me a

drink.

Ebuka: (chuckling) And I thought you would like that?

Nosipho: Not tonight; I am not in the mood.

Ebuka pays both their bills and they leave the club to the parking lot. Nosipho gives him the car keys and jumps on the passenger seat. He drives to his place which is not really far from the club; now it makes sense why he is always there. He steps out of the car and Nosipho comes to the driver's side.

Ebuka: Thanks for the ride; enjoy the rest of your evening...

Nosipho: You too and stop stressing yourself; all shall be well.

Ebuka nods and walks inside the house. Nosipho drives straight to her house; she needs her bed right now, hopefully Mario will call or at least text her. This silence is driving her crazy.



## KHETHELO

Mandisa is doing the dishes and she is helping her dry and pack them up. It feels like they are now living together because she is always here and she is patient enough for the day Mandisa will officially move in here. patience ; patience, patience.

Khethelo's phone rings on top of the table and she reaches out for it; the number calling is unknown and is not even registered to the true caller.

Khethelo: hello?

Khathu: Hi Khethelo; It's Khathu here; I got your number from my mother.

Khethelo: Oh Hi there; how are things?

Khathu: Good, I can't complain. I was wondering when are we catching up? What is your schedule like?

Khethelo: Urhm; I can spare an hour or two tomorrow afternoon...

Khathu: Sounds perfect to me; you will tell me where and when then Khethi...

Khethelo: Sure...

The call ends and she shakes her head; honestly she didn't think that he was serious or going to reach out. She turns and finds Mandisa looking at her with that curious face.

Mandisa: Who was that?

Khethelo: Oh it's Khathu, the pastor's son from Cuba. He wants us to hangout and chill.

Mandisa: Ohw; when was this arranged?

Khethelo: Sunday after church...

Mandisa: And I am only told about it now?

Khethelo: I didn't think he was going to follow it through hence I didn't see the need to mention it.

Mandisa: Mhmm; so when are you going to your date?

Khethelo: It's not really a date; Khathu is like an old friend; we were almost close before he left for his studies so we will merely catch up. I am sure he has amazing stories to tell me about Cuba and his life in general. I am meeting him tomorrow in the afternoon.

Mandisa: Have fun...

Her tone seems to say otherwise though. No, she is not jealous now is she? Khethelo moves closer to her and hugs her on the waist.

Khethelo: Babe..it's just lunch.

Mandisa: And I said have fun, excuse me I need to go watch my show.

She walks away from her leaving her feeling bad and guilty. Maybe she should just cancel this whole

thing off if it's going to make her girlfriend uncomfortable. But, if she cancels what will she say to Khathu whom she already agreed to meet?

Well, Mandisa needs to come around because it's not like anything will happen and they are allowed to have friends outside this relationship. She is going to see Khathu and that's that.

REFILOE

Phakamani is still around and has been playing with Kefilwe. Looking at them bond and get along so well makes her so emotional as it is something that she prayed so hard for, a man that will love and accept her with her child.

Phakamani: She is such a happy and energetic child.

Refiloe: I really try my best to give her that, I don't want her to grow up the same way I did.

Phakamani: You are doing a wonderful job mommy...

Refiloe: It is really not easy, hey, there's so many times I felt like giving up but the thought of failing her got to me. I crawled so that she could walk...

Phakamani wraps his hands around her waist and she leans against his chest.

Phakamani: I admire the strength you have and carried through all this time by yourself. Now that we have decided to do this life thing together, I would like to propose that you allow me to help you and chip in.

As much I was born with a silver spoon, I never really had it easy, especially when you are from polygamy family.

Refiloe: I grew up in a toxic environment, when I say

toxic I talk about drugs, alcohol abuse that resulted emotionally, psychological, financially and physically.

We would witness our parents fight around each other to a point that it almost became a norm. Affected my upbringing and belief around relationships. I believed and accepted toxicity as a norm because I grew around it.

But it had to come to a stop when I ended up at hospital due to injuries and the thought of leaving my daughter alone scared me and forced me to relook my life decision. I chose myself and my daughter's life, left my baby daddy and came this side to start afresh.

My parents didn't approve at all, I mean I was leaving someone who provided for me and my family financially and were in the talks of getting married.

When I left the relationship, he stopped being a father to his daughter. When I tried to take him to court for child support, he resigned at work.

Phakamani: My gender keeps on disappointing me everyday though. I mean go at the length of being unemployed just because you don't want to support your blood? That's sick.

Refiloe: That act really broke my heart but I told myself that it is fine. I'll raise my child alone, I mean God will make a way for me...

Phakamani: You are strong, but you don't have to now. I'm here now, we'll figure things out together.

Refiloe: How is it like growing up in a polygamous marriage or family?

Phakamani sighs and moves to sit down on a chair. Refiloe sits on the chair next to him.

Phakamani: It hasn't been easy, it is not easy. Being the head and role model to the rest of the siblings after you, always have to compete for your father's attention, love and time. Having to work extra hard and be understanding of certain issues around that.

It all made sense a few months back when I got to learn that I am not biologically a Sibeko. Despite everything, I am grateful for that man for taking me in and raising me as his son. Giving me a home, education to grow up to.

Refiloe: That's hard, do your siblings know about this?

Phakamani: Nope, it is being kept under wraps but I am sure they are asking questions because I look different from all my siblings.



Refiloe: I noticed that day when I met your sister but didn't want to be nosey. So what happens if your biological dad shows up and claims you?

Phakamani: I'll kill him, for the pain he put my mother through...

That sounds hectic and she can tell that he means it. Whatever it is, must be heavy.

EBUKA

Today is his day where he is meeting up with one of the investors for a possible funding of his business.

He realized when he got home that he lost his phone that day and was using his second phone. After his meeting, he will resume the search for it.

Mbali shows up and she doesn't look happy at all.

Ebuka: Hey baby...

Mbali: Don't hey baby me. I've been texting and calling you!

Ebuka: I am sorry I lost my phone probably at the club I think...

Mbali: Couldn't you text me on Instagram or something?

Ebuka: Mbali; It's been only one day and I was going to do so today. I have been busy with my presentation and I am pitching today.

Mbali: Good luck with that, when is your meeting taking place?

Ebuka: In the next hour...

Mbali:Are you prepared though?

Ebuka: I believe so, little nerves here and there but it's all good.

Mbali: Okay then, let me drop you off.

Ebuka:( smiling)Thank you baby.

He packs everything and they walk out of the house. Jojo opens the gate for them, Mbali and Nosipho's cars are facing each other. Nosipho is driving in while they are going out. Mbali lowers the window from her side, so does Nosipho...

Mbali: Mntase, I didn't expect to see you this side?

Nosipho: Oh, I came to give back Ebuka's phone. I believe he dropped it accidentally in my car a day ago.

Mbali turns and looks at Ebuka with a disapproving look.

Mbali: Didn't you say you lost your phone at the club?

To be continued...

( Please do comment after reading )

[06/11, 16:48] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 37

EBUKA

He senses the mood and can feel that things are going to get ugly here so he needs to intervene before Mbali gets another idea of the whole situation.

Ebuka:Babe, that day at the club I bumped into Nosipho and she gave me a lift back home. Honestly I didn't see the phone dropping hence I thought I left it at the club.

Mbali:Why am I finding out now that you bumped into my sister and actually partied till you left together?

Ebuka: You didn't give me enough time to explain the whole situation to you hence I dropped it.

Mbali: So now it's my fault?

Nosipho: Ebuka, here's your phone. I am running late for work and I thought I should bring it to you because I know life without a smartphone is depressing.

Mbali, I'm sorry if bumping into Ebuka and actually giving him a lift is such an issue. I didn't think it would be a problem since he is going to be part of our family anyway.

Mbali fakes a smile and nods accepting the phone from her sister. The drive from that scene is very awkward and tense. He doesn't know what's going on in her mind and doesn't want to risk it by asking.

His mind is on the meeting he's having and hopes that everything goes well. But then he hates the tension between him and Mbali. He needs to sort it out later on. Mbali's car parks outside the building of the company he's here for.

Ebuka: Thanks for the lift babe...

Mbali: You are welcome.

Ebuka: Can we meet and talk later? I really do not like the tension between us.

Mbali: You will call me when you are done here.

Ebuka: Okay, I love you.

Mbali: Love you too.

He opens his arms for a hug and Mbali hesitates for a moment but finally embraces the hug. They kiss for a brief moment.

Ebuka: Let me go in and see how the setting is inside.

Mbali: Okay, Goodluck.

Ebuka steps out of the car and walks inside the building. The receptionist shows him the empty small boardroom to wait at while everyone arrives. He places his notes in order to go over them when a need to use a bathroom arises.

He steps out of the boardroom and heads to the bathroom. Before walking in, he sees Mazwakhe coming out of the restrooms and his heart races.

Mazwakhe: Ebuka...

Ebuka:Mr Sibeko...

Mazwakhe: I didn't expect to see you here.

Ebuka: Oh I have a meeting with my potential investors for my business.

He raises his eyebrow in curiosity.

Ebuka: I hope everything will go well so that I can start making real money and pay you your dues.

Mazwakhe: You got that right, I want my money.

Ebuka: Now that I've bumped into you I feel I need to say this.

Mazwakhe: Okay?

Ebuka: My business is still new and starting off, it might take some time before it fully develops. Mbali and I had a talk and she told me how serious the damages and lobolo issue is. I want to let you know that my delay is not a disrespect to your tradition or culture.

I really want to build something of my own, a legacy for my wife and kids that has nothing to do with my brother. I am telling you this or rather asking for patience while I build wealth to sustain my



relationship and future with your daughter.

He is talking so fast and actually afraid of the response because somehow he feels like it is out of place to tell him this.

Mazwakhe: I wish you all the best young man, now I understand why my daughter is hell bent on marrying you. If today doesn't work out, give me a call and I will refer you to some people.

Say what? He didn't expect that at all! Mazwakhe gives him his business card that has all his contact details.

Ebuka: Thank you so much sir!

Mazwakhe: You are welcome...

Ebuka punches the air in excitement. This is

definitely going to be a great day for him. He just got all the motivation he needed for today.

## NONHLANHLA -MAMCHUNU

It's another catch up session with Sanelisiwe and she is giving the salon idea a detailed thought because staying at home and waiting for Mazwakhe is seriously driving her crazy. She really needs to do something to kill time so that she doesn't feel the time he is away from her. Sanelisiwe is helping her with the business plan so that by the time she goes to Mazwakhe for funding; she already knows her story.

Sanelisiwe: I am so tired, I seriously cannot wait to go on a holiday.

Nonhlanhla: Happy you; I feel like my freedom is soon going to be limited with me starting this business.

Sanelisiwe: It is but you will enjoy the financial independence more trust me.

Right then Nonhlanhla spots Scelo fetching his takeaway order and curses under her breath.

Sanelisiwe: What is it?

Nonhlanhla: Don't look now but that guy on the counter is my ex...

Sanelisiwe turns and spots him, she looks back at Nhla again.

Sanelisiwe: I know him, I saw him the other day when I was visiting our husband at his office.

Nonhlanhla: Really, what was he doing there?

Sanelisiwe: It looked like he was working for our husband...

Nonhlanhla: No ways! It cannot happen Sanelisiwe...

Sanelisiwe: Well it is happening, I saw it with my own two eyes.

It cannot happen, this guy put her through shit and now he gets to eat her husband's money? She needs to do something about it so that he goes back to whatever hell hole he crawled up from...

## KHETHELO

She is early and waiting for Khathu while browsing through her social media pages, Tik Tok specifically. Mandisa left this morning and she is trying to understand why she is moody about this.

Khathu arrives bearing gifts and she can't help but smile at the gesture. Now this is how you apologize for keeping someone waiting.

Khathu: I am sorry I am late, my day has been nothing but a nightmare today. How are you?

Khethelo: I am doing great thanks. At least you made it here so that's all that matters.

Khathu: If there was a time in life I prayed for super powers, definitely today was the day. I really wanted to see myself here so bad.

Khethelo: Now that sounds like an emergency, I thought we were just catching up?

Khathu: We are but then I am not going to lie Khethelo, seeing you made my heart skip a bit. I couldn't believe how much you have grown to be this woman seated before me, I must have been gone for too long then.

Khethelo: Khathu, I am in a relationship...

Khathu: As expected. Have you ordered?

Mhmm, this is taking an interesting route and the guy sounds very confident. Trouble!!

Khethelo: No, I was waiting for you...

Khathu: Let's get the waiter then, you are smelling good by the way. What's the name of your perfume?

Guys, someone stop Khathu wiiybo!

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

The research came back from the investigator quicker than she expected and now nerves are rocking her hard. She is doing this and there's no point of return.

She opens the documents and reads about this man, he did well for himself and is ranked as one of the top business men in South Africa.

The report states that he was in South Africa a couple of weeks ago but has vanished again and no one seems to know where he went. Now that is very disappointing, why come back and leave so soon? Could it be that Mazwakhe got to him first and killed him?

It's not a secret that Mazwakhe hates this man and he is a threat to his relationship with Phakamani, he would do anything to eliminate him out of the way.

"Mama, what are you doing with my boyfriend's pictures?"

Nosipho says behind her and she jumps startled. When did she get back? She should be at work!

Nokubonga: What did you say?

Nosipho: That guy you are staring at, Mario, is my boyfriend.

Hai bo! Hell to the no! When? How? Just as she is about to open her mouth and ask questions, Mbali walks in. From her body language, Magwala can tell that there's trouble.

Mbali: Good afternoon Ma...

Nokubonga: Afternoon Mbalz, how are you?

Mbali: I'm good thanks. Nosipho, can we talk, in private?

Nosipho: After you...

What the hell is going on? Nokubonga asks herself as soon as the girl exits from her presence.

Nosipho and Mario? Dating? Nooo!!! This child better come and say she's joking.



To be continued...

( Please do comment)

[06/11, 16:48] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 38

### NOSIPHO

She follows Mbali outside her home and they stand by the front outside door. She knows what this is about or can at least guess.

Nosipho: What's up?

Mbali: I thought I should get your own side of the story.

Nosipho: Side of my story?

Mbali: Yes, Ebuka's story has too many loopholes so I hope you as my sister are going to tell me

nothing but the truth.

Nosipho: Mbali, there's no other truth than what Ebuka told you. I bumped into him at the club, had a few drinks and we left. That's it.

Mbali: Mhm I am just failing to understand since when you two are that close and comfortable around each other to a point of giving each other lifts?

Nosipho: You need to stop this before you lose a good man because of your insecurities.

Mbali: Stop what? How about you stop being too friendly to my fiancée and actually find your own man?

Nosipho raises her eyebrow in disbelief and laughs a sarcastic laugh Clapping her hands.

Nosipho: This girl, it was not the first time I saw your man. The other day I was with Khethelo, Nhlo,

Phaks and he bought us drinks.

Mbali: Still,that does n't explain you being buddy buddy with him.

Nosipho: Your problem, they told you that you are the best thing since J esus came back. You need to get over yourself, if I wanted Ebuka, I would have gotten him like that.

She snaps her fingers in indication and Mbali laughs.

Mbali: In your dreams babe,look at yourself then me, you are not his type. Now, take my advice and find your own man so that you can stop going to clubs alone fencing ours.

Nosipho: Since we are giving each other advice, here's mine: Stop being so desperate to a point where you want to lobola yourself girly! Faking virginity was enough, have some shame.

Mbali looks spooked at that and she knows that she has hit a nerve. She leaves her there and goes back inside and takes a wine bottle and drinks straight from it.

Nokubonga: And then?

Nosipho: Yooh iyadelela lentombazane yooh!( This girl is so full of it yooh)

Nokubonga: What happened?

Nosipho: I don't want to talk about it. Before I forget, can you tell me what were you doing with Mario's pictures?

Nokubonga: Oh yes, I wanted to ask you what you mean when you said this rapist is your boyfriend?

Nosipho: Rapist?

Nokubonga: You heard me! What's wrong with you, this man is even older than your father and you

have the audacity to open your legs for?

Nosipho: If he's such a bad man, what are you doing with his information?

Nokubonga: That's for me to know, all I can tell you is stay away from this man before you get hurt. He's not who he says he is.

Nosipho: I am also thinking you are not who you say you are. I wonder what dad will say when he hears this.

Nokubonga: Nosipho!!

She storms out and heads to her bedroom, locking herself inside. This afternoon is proving to be very stressful for her and she can't deal. She dials Mario and to her surprise it goes through. He answers and doesn't say anything. At this point tears are streaming down because of excitement.

Nosipho: Babe, are you there? Mario, I don't know what's going on but whatever it is baby, I think we

can figure it out together. Just talk to me. I miss you like crazy. How do you make me so happy and then disappear? Mario?

The call ends and she throws herself on the bed and puts the pillow over her head ignoring her mother's loud knock on her door.

## THABISILE

She eavesdrops on the conversation between Khethelo and Phakamani and the siblings are talking about the matters of the heart. She smiles alone when she hears that her son is seeing someone, Finally!

Khethelo comes to her carrying the glass of juice she was drinking from.

Khethelo: Mama, I will be leaving soon.

Thabisile: Aw, I thought you were sleeping over?

Khethelo: No, I have some work to do and a very early morning so I need to be at my place. But I'll be here this weekend.

Thabisile: Oh that's nice, the pastor and his family will be visiting.

Khethelo: Then I won't come...

Thabisile: Ai bo Khethelo why?

Khethelo: I went out with Khathu and he was behaving weird, I think he wants me.

Thabisile: How is that weird? Khethelo you are a beautiful young lady, any man would be so lucky to have you.

Khethelo: Mom, I am in a relationship with Mandisa, why is that so hard to understand?

Thabisile: It's not like I don't but...

Khethelo: Wait a minute...

Thabisile: What?

Khethelo: Did you and Phathu set me up with Khathu?

Thabisile: How can you ask me such a thing?

Khethelo: Because you have never accepted my relationship with her from the beginning! I can't believe that you would go this far!

Thabisile: Khethelo...

Khethelo: No mama, save it. Enjoy your evening...

MBALI

She drives to Ebuka's place fuming and keeps on replaying the conversation she had with Nosipho on her mind over and over again. The nerve to say such to her!



The security at Tony's house knows her so she finds the parking and storms to the house. She finds J ojo cooking, probably jollof rice.

J ojo: Why do you come in and out of here as if it's your place?

Mbali stops and looks at him.

Mbali: Is it your place?

J ojo: Tony doesn't want you here...

Mbali: Awungiyeye ngesicefe wena! ( stop being a nuisance)

She proceeds to Ebuka's bedroom and knocks once then opens the door. He gets off from the bed as soon as she walks in and wears that gentle smile of his.

Ebuka: Baby! Just the person I wanted to see.

He pulls her up to him and gives her a hug, she sighs trying to calm down and hug him.

Mbali: How was your presentation?

Ebuka: It went well, I am really hoping for the best. You won't believe who I saw before I went in!

Mbali: Who?

Ebuka: Your dad, he was in the same building but for another department I think. We spoke and I made him understand that it's going to take some time for my business to develop so he should give me some time...

Mbali quickly gets off him and claps her hands.

Mbali: Wow! What kind of man are you?

Ebuka: What do you mean?

Mbali: Why would you go and embarrass yourself like that to my dad? Now he will see how weak you are and regrets the chance he gave you!

Ebuka: Actually he...

Mbali: And why did you run your mouth to Nosipho about our business? Now the whole town will know that I offered money for lobola?

Ebuka: (calmly) You need to watch your tone and stop shouting. You are not talking to a child.

Mbali: Yet you are behaving like one! If you want me to take you seriously, you need to grow up and start behaving like a real man should!

She storms out of the bedroom banging the door behind her and heads downstairs. Whatever J ojo is cooking smells very delicious her stomach is growling in embarrassment. She goes to him.

Mbali: What are you making here?

J ojo: Now you are interested?

Mbali: Please, we fight because you involve yourself in my business.

J ojo shakes his head and lights his joint up taking a few puffs. The way she's so stressed, she needs one too. Have never smoked before but there's always a first time to everything right?

Mbali: Can I?

J ojo: Kid, this shit is strong for you, not your normal stuff.

Mbali: You don't want to?

J ojo passes it over to her and she pulls once and coughs causing J ojo to laugh.

J ojo: I told you!

Mbali: Let me try again!

J ojo: Your boyfriend will kill you when he walks in on you smoking.

Mbali: You are right, he will preach and all that, let me go smoke at the back I'll be back. Please dish up for me. I'm hungry.

J ojo: Are you not leaving?

Mbali: No, my man and I have to talk..

## MARIO

After the phone call from Nosipho he sits on the chair clenching his jaw, rubbing his forehead. He misses her too, so much even but them being together is very complicated, way too complicated and can ruin every little chance he has in uniting with his son.

He hopes that one day Nosipho will understand why

he had to let go of whatever they were trying to build and stay low. His small burner phone rings, he already knows who's calling.

Mario: Lucas?

Lucas: Someone is digging info about you. What should I do about it?

Mario: Who is it?

Lucas: Your ex-girlfriend's mother...

Mario sighs, why would Sibeko's second wife dig him up? What does she want?

Mario: Find out what she knows and how deep then take care of it.

Lucas: I'm on it.

The call ends and he tosses the phone aside, picks

his asthma inhaler and pumps it into his mouth...

To be continued

(Please LIKE, COMMENT AND SHARE )

[06/11, 16:49] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 39

EBUKA

He looks at Mbali busy rambling things that don't make sense and laughing unnecessarily. He feels like she shouldn't be here, I mean he doesn't want to provoke Mazwakhe by keeping Mbali in his place for longer.

But driving home in this state is also out because it

will be questionable as to why is she this wasted.

Ebuka: Mbali..are you smoking weed now?

Mbali: A bit...

She says and giggles covering her eyes.

Ebuka:Mbali this is not right...

Mbali: Yooh, J ojo did say that you are going to preach to me. Relax, it was just smallnyana joint.

Ebuka: J ojo does drugs, what if that joint was mixed with something?

Mbali: It looked normal to me...

Ebuka sighs defeated, it's no use arguing with her in this state. He helps her out of her clothes and heads out looking for J ojo...



Ebuka: J ohny! J ojo!

He shows up with his chest all out and short pants.

J ojo: Why are you shouting now? Who died?

Ebuka: Why did you give my girlfriend drugs?

J ojo: Heee, she said I gave her drugs? I dey no do such thing ooh! I swear!

Ebuka: J ojo I swear if I find out that...

J ojo: Relax now ah ah,I just told you I didn't.  
Besides, she's the one who asked for it.

Ebuka: Next time refuse and tell her where to get off.

J ojo: I don't know what it is you want, a few days ago you said I am cold to your girlfriend and now that I accommodate her is also an issue?

Ebuka: She's still young and sometimes behaves as such. Please don't let her get to you. I care and love that girl, she's my future wife. Respect that, bikko.

J ojo: I hear you, I'm sorry if I offended you.

Ebuka: It's all good my brother. Goodnight...

MAZWAKHE

He is drinking his coffee as usual when Nosipho walks in fully dressed and ready for work.

Nosipho: Good morning Maziya, when did you arrive?

Mazwakhe: Morning Ntombi, I got here last night and didn't want to wake you up. How are you?

Nosipho: (shrugging her shoulders) What can we say? I guess what matters is the oxygen that still goes in and out.

Mazwakhe: Sounds like you are troubled?

She looks at her mother who's making breakfast and sighs before giving him a hug.

Nosipho: It's nothing I cannot handle baba. Have a great day.

Mazwakhe: If you want to talk, call me, I'll be away for a while.

Nosipho: How long?

Mazwakhe: A month maximum, there's a business I have to venture into in Gauteng.

Nosipho: Okay, when are you leaving?

Mazwakhe: This afternoon...

Nosipho: Okay baba, safe travels and make us more money...

Mazwakhe: (chuckling) I saw your car, congratulations...

Nokubonga comes with the tray of breakfast and places it in front of him.

Nokubonga: You will be shocked to learn where she got that car from.

Nosipho rolls her eyes and waves at him walking out.

Mazwakhe: What's happening between you two?

Nokubonga: Your child is full of it and she needs to drop this attitude because it's in this house.

Angeke mina ngihlale nomunye umfazi in my house.

Mazwakhe: I hope you are not implying on chasing my daughter because this is her home.

Nokubonga: Then she must behave like the child that she is!

Mazwakhe: You are going to tell me what the matter is?

Nokubonga: (sighs) No, I'll handle it. Who are you going with to Gauteng?

Mazwakhe: Alone, why?

Nokubonga: Mhm..don't come with a 5th wife...

Mazwakhe: Aw Magwala, really now?

Nokubonga: Is it a lie? You went to Mpumalanga and came back no Mama ka Sanele! ( you came back with Nonhlanhla)

Mazwakhe: Wow, amagqubu!.. (you hold grudges)

Nokubonga: I need to go prepare for work as well, what time are you leaving?

Mazwakhe: 3, I am going to see Nhlonipho from here. I need to brief him about his role in my absence. Phakamani is already sorted.

Nokubonga's lips curve into a smile and she kisses him all over causing him to laugh.

Nokubonga: Thank you...

## KHETHELO

She's visiting Sanelisiwe and they are catching up with everything that happened the past few weeks. Khethelo mentions in passing that Phakamani has a girlfriend now and being in love suits him.

Khethelo: You know, the way my brother is chuffed, just yesterday when I video called him he said he's buying some clothes for his daughter since it's winter and all.

Sanelisiwe: That's so sweet, so the girl has a child?

Khethelo: Yes, a beautiful little girl with manners. I mean we all know toddler's are troublesome but that child is so sweet. Definitely takes after her mother.

Sanelisiwe: Ncooh, where's the baby daddy?

Khethelo: I don't know hey, but from what I heard he's a dead beat.

Sanelisiwe: It would be better if he was dead  
shame..

Khethelo: Ai bo Sane!

Sanelisiwe: Not in a bad way but I just don't want  
him to come back when PK is settled and disturb  
their peace. He deserves to be in love.

Khethelo: I hope not but we can't say never because  
mjolo wa ghanama.

Sanelisiwe: You speak like there's trouble in your  
paradise?

Khethelo: Mandisa and I are a bit in..not to say we  
are fighting but there's that gap happening.

Sanelisiwe: Why, what happened?

Khethelo: Okay, I think my mom is trying to set me  
up with her friend's son, the one from Cuba, doctor  
and all.

Sanelisiwe: Is your mother not aware of your  
sexuality even now?

Khethelo: She is and all of this makes me angry. I mean Maziya accepted the news but ai, my own mother is busy playing match making and now I regret why I went into that stupid lunch with him.

Sanelisiwe: Don't be too hard on yourself or mom, I mean you know how parents are. In her defense maybe she is trying to look out for you. Give her time, I promise she is going to come around.

Khethelo: I don't know Sane, I feel like this guy is a threat to my relationship and I don't need that.

Sanelisiwe: Threat how? Is he hot?

Khethelo: That's beside the point, I need to cut ties with him completely before I lose Mandisa.

Sanelisiwe: Do what you have to do boo to salvage the situation but also remember that it's allowed to change your mind you know.

Khethelo: Sanelisiwe!

Sanelisiwe laughs and get up from the couch.



Sanelisiwe: Okay, I'll stop. Tequila or vodka?

Khethelo: Vodka please...

NHLONIPHO

He woke up and cleaned his apartment, tidying it up since his father is coming over. His life is slowly getting back to normal and his heart is healing again. Thanks to the great support system that is his brother who made him laugh and constantly checked up on him to ensure he doesn't slip into depression.

It still hurts he won't lie because he was hoping to spend the rest of his life with this girl, I mean from chatting and doing everything together with her to this? It's a nightmare honestly.

His dad's visit is kind of unsettling as he tries to crack his mind wondering what it is about. He heard that Tony is up and hopes that he doesn't come for him. He really wants to move from that chapter completely.

A knock comes through the door and he knows it's him. He gave Phakamani and his father access to his apartment. He opens for him and the old man walks in all swagged up.

He smiles proudly, his dad always understands the assignment and has a great fashion sense. I mean the man has his own designer so it makes sense why the 2k's think he is their peer. They shake hands.

Mazwakhe: Maziya...

Nhlonipho: Baba...

Mazwakhe: You look better, how is it going with that

case? Do you want me to look into it?

Nhlonipho: Nooo, the last time you looked into something, someone ended up in ICU. The cops discovered the car and made an arrest.

Mazwakhe: It's about damn time, don't let that girl walk over your head Nhlonipho. Allow the law to act accordingly and deal with her like a criminal that she is.

Nhlonipho nods and asks if he can offer his father anything to drink.

Mazwakhe: No, I'm good. As I mentioned earlier, I'm going to be away for a month so I need you to report to the office tomorrow and handle things. Are you still on leave?

Nhlonipho: Yes, have a whole month that is not touched...

Mazwakhe: Good, there's Mr Nkosi there who's

going to brief you about everything you want to know but it shouldn't be anything more than what I already sent you.

You want to lead, this is a chance to show me you can. All the major decisions there have to be authorized by you, treat my stuff with respect Nhlonipho I don't want drama and scandals on my return.

The deal I am trying to secure is big and stressful enough so I can't be worried about you too okay?

Nhlonipho: You won't baba I promise I'll make you proud. Who's going to oversee the construction business?

Mazwakhe: Your sister's will do but you and Phakamani are welcome to assist in case they need help.

Nhlonipho:( nodding)Off course, thank you dad for

trusting me, or should I say us with this opportunity.

Mazwakhe: It's all good, I mean I paid so much money sending you all to universities, it's high time you invest your knowledge and skills into the family business and make it grow.

Nhlonipho: I agree. Do you need a ride to the airport?

Mazwakhe: I came with my car so you can drive me there so that you can return with it.

Nhlonipho: Okay, let me get my phone...

## NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

Today has been a great day for her, she is in a jolly mood after what Mazwakhe said to her in the morning. That resulted in them making up with some fire sex and the anger is now out the window.

She needs to talk to Nosipho later and try to find a solution to their tension. She pays for her things

and leave the shop to her car, there's this weird feeling she keeps getting as she feels like someone is following her.

When she stops to look back, there's no one except people minding their business. Old age is slowly creeping in for sure. She loads everything in the boot and starts her car driving away.

5 minutes away from the shopping centre, on a route that has less traffic, a car comes straight into her direction and hits hers on purpose, swaying her off the road. She screams and curses at the same time because WTF!!

Before her mind can register what is happening, she is dragged out of the car and shoved into an avanza whose seats have been taken out. This person has a gun on and quickly ties her hands and legs to the back, covers her mouth with a tape and blind folds her.

The only thing she gets to see is his leg under the pants he's wearing. He's white, and not alone. The car starts moving very fast.

It clicks to her, she is being Kidnapped!!!!

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:49] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 40

### NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

The discomfort her body is responding to forces her to open her eyes and look around. She quickly remembers what happened and sits up straight frowning at the heavy headache that just hit her so

badly.

Not so far from her, there's a white guy seated on a chair in an all black attire pressing on his phone. He lifts his face up at the movement she's making. He smiles and get off the chair coming to her.

For someone who's kidnapped, she's not scared or maybe she's pretending not to. I mean this is the most comfortable kidnap she's ever seen or head off.

Lucas: Let me help take these off...

He says removing the rest of the ropes off her ankles and wrists. She can't help but pick up his great scent. Pity she loves her coffee strong and black.



Nokubonga: Who are you?

Lucas: My bad; please forgive my manner. I'm Lucas Abrams.

Abrams? As in connection with Jacob Abrams? Now she's really scared as numerous thoughts flood her mind. He gives her a creepy smile that turns her intestines down.

Nokubonga: What do you want from me? Do I even know you?

Lucas: You don't know me but my brother...

Nokubonga: Brother?

Lucas: Yes sweetheart, I'm sure my Surname rang a bell to you, isn't it?

She clears her throat; this is uncomfortable to say the least. How did they find her?

Nokubonga: What do you want from me?

Lucas: I should actually direct that question back to you. Why are you looking my brother up? Don't lie to me because I don't want to harm you.

Nokubonga: I..I..well I wanted to find out if he's still alive.

Lucas: Why?

Nokubonga: Because.. Look, it's a long story but he has a son and he is a threat to my son's legacy.

Lucas's eyebrow raises in curiosity.

Lucas: Is it? How so?

Nokubonga: Traditionally and lawfully my son is supposed to be the heir but with your brother's son around, such cannot happen. Now I looked for your brother because I wanted to reunite them so that my son can fully claim his position as an heir.

I swear I had no other intentions other than being a mother and actually looking out for my son. I am sure you understand?

Lucas: Absolutely; I do...

Nokubonga: So; where is he? And is it true that he's dating my daughter?

Lucas: Was dating your daughter...

Nokubonga: Oh my goodness...

Lucas: He stopped as soon as he learned he had a son with your sister wife.

Nokubonga: So what is he planning to do about it? He needs to come and get his son as soon as possible.

Lucas: You really don't want him do you?

Nokubonga: No, it's not like that...

Lucas:(chuckling) I'm not a fool, the hatred is all over your voice and it makes me uncomfortable to

realize that our blood is not safe.

Nokubonga: What are you insinuating? I would never hurt or harm Phakamani, he's like my son!

Lucas: Really now?

She breathes heavily, this is not going well at all.

Nokubonga: I am just protecting my child's legacy, that's all.

Lucas: I feel sorry for your husband, he brought a snake home. The same child you found in this marriage?

Nokubonga: Look, you don't understand our ways as black people...

Lucas: I do; I'm married to a black lady but that's besides the point. You are evil and twisted, I am going to say this and do it once.

Don't even think of touching that boy because one scratch I'll pin it on you, I have my eyes on you

woman.

Her heart is beating up so fast at this point.

Nokubonga: So what's going to happen next?

Lucas: Nothing; you are free to go.

Nokubonga: Oh?

Lucas: Yes and your car is being fixed, you will receive a text to come fetch it tomorrow. Someone is going to drop you off at your house.

Nokubonga: Okay; thank you.

She gets up and sees her personal belongings at the table in the middle of this room and grabs them walking out of the door. Her mind is spinning and she's literally shaking as she tries to think of the possible outcome of this.

The driver is already waiting for her outside. He opens the door and she jumps on at the back and says a little prayer. At least she is not harmed in any way.

KHETHELO

Mandisa makes her way through the house after having called her to come over so that they can talk. She is looking good in her new hairstyle and Khethelo can't help but fall more in love with her.

Khethelo: You look amazing babe, this hairdo is doing the things.

Mandisa: Thank you, I did it today at that salon you hate.

Khethelo: (smiling) They have really improved hey...

She takes Mandisa's hand into hers as soon as they

sit down.

Khethelo: Babe, I don't know what to say or how to start this conversation but I want to apologize for making you uncomfortable or in a place where you had to question yourself about us. I love you and I have no other desire to be with another person besides you.

Mandisa: I'm also sorry for lashing out and not giving you a chance to actually explain this to me. I was just scared.

Khethelo: Of what?

Mandisa: Khethelo, you are capable of dating both vendors whereas my whole life I've been with girls. I won't lie that kind of unsettled me and let's be honest, you are beautiful. Everyone wants a piece of you.

Khethelo blushes effortlessly to the compliment.

Khethelo: Well babe not everyone hawu. I'm yours babe. I promise I won't see him again or put you in that position. I'm sorry.

Mandisa: (smiling) Okay...

Khethelo: Okay?

Mandisa: Yeah, we're good...

Khethelo: I missed you...

Mandisa: Same here...

They kiss passionately but get interrupted by a call from the security informing Khethelo that there's a delivery for her. Khethelo gives permission to have it come to her door.

Moments later, she opens the door and signs for it. It's wrapped up nicely in a small fancy package.



Mandisa: Someone is receiving gifts...

She says as Khethelo takes out the card to see who it is from.

Khethelo: ( reading silently) " I really enjoyed your scent the other day and thought I should buy you this one and a gift voucher for a whole year of purchase from them".

Mandisa: Who is it from?

Now she's reading with Khethelo and the smile disappears from her face when she sees the name signed at the bottom.

Khethelo: Babe, this is not what it looks like.

Mandisa: Really Khethelo? This guy even knows where you stay! What's next?

Khethelo: Can you calm down so that we can talk about this?

Mandisa: What's there to talk about because clearly I'm being made a fool here? Khethelo do you want this guy?

Khethelo: How can you ask me such a question? I just explained to you that it's only you that I want?

Mandisa: Well in that case I guess you won't need to keep the gifts from him.

Khethelo: Huh?

Mandisa snatches the perfume and smashes it on the floor and tears the voucher into pieces.

Khethelo: Mandisa!

Mandisa: Done, problem solved! I'll clean this mess.

She walks to the kitchen leaving Khethelo's jaw wide open in shock as to what just happened?

EBUKA

Despite the tension between him and his brother, he is still showing up for his business and handling it.

His phone rings and it's a number he doesn't recognize nor registered on the true caller.

Ebuka: Hello?

Phakamani: Ebuka, It's Phakamani here.

His heart jumps, Mbali's elder brother. What does he want? He clears his throat.

Ebuka: Oh yes PK, how are you?

Phakamani: How do you think I am when you keep my sister in your house this long? Just because we

accepted you does that permit you to harbor her in as your wife?

What is he talking about? This morning Mbali dropped her off at work and said she was going home.

Ebuka: I don't understand...

Phakamani: I've been calling her but I am unable to reach her as her phone sends me to voice-mail. Tell her to come home before I come there and drag her out of the house myself!

He drops the call and Ebuka is stunned. He calls her immediately and indeed her phone is off. He tries J oio but it rings unanswered. The last option he has is to go home and check what's going on.

NONHLANHLA-MAMCHUNU

She walks in at the parlor and the receptionist smiles at her warmly. It's her first time coming here and seeing that there's such beautiful girls makes her breath through the wound.

Receptionist: Good morning Mrs Sibeko, how can we assist you?

Nonhlanhla: Morning, please direct me to Mr Nkosi's office, I'm here to see him.

Receptionist: Here's still at the meeting with...

Nonhlanhla: Do I look like I care?

Receptionist:( clearing her throat) Walk up straight and you are going to see his office with his Surname and initials at the door.

Nonhlanhla: Thank you.

She follows the passage route reading at the door titles until she sees the one that belongs to him. He knocks once and opens the door, what is Nhlonipho doing here?

Nonhlanhla: Sanibonani, I am here to see you.

She refers to Scelo. Nhlonipho packs his things and gets up.

Nhlonipho: We'll finish everything later, thanks for everything. Ncane..

They shake hands and he exits the office, she turns her eyes back at Scelo.

Scelo: Wait, you are married to his father?

Nonhlanhla: Don't act as if you didn't know! Wasn't it your idea? To come work for my husband so you

can terrorize me?

Scelo: Nonhlanhla, I had no idea you are also part of the parcel. Wow, I'm shocked. Why would you put yourself through that while you are so beautiful.

Nonhlanhla rolls her eyes, this one must not start with those tricks hey.

Nonhlanhla: You have to resign.

Scelo quickly looks up at her in shock.

Scelo: Why, what have I done?

Nonhlanhla: You are my ex Damnit! You seriously cannot work for my husband.

Scelo: That's all?

Nonhlanhla: What else do you think of?

Scelo pushes his chair back and comes to her, he stands very, I mean very close at her.

Scelo: I think there's actually more than that. Why are you uncomfortable around me? Does my presence do something to you?

She forces herself to look at him, worse mistake!  
Idiot is smirking looking down at her face, his hot air burning her whole face...

Nonhlanhla: What is your presence supposed to do to me?

Scelo: I don't know, you tell me...

Gosh he is so close, too close and why is her heart beating so fast? She steps back.

Nonhlanhla: You have to resign! Take it as a friendly



warning.

Scelo continues smiling and she bangs the door on her way out...

MBALI

She is in a world of her own, her own sanctuary and the feeling that comes with it is out of this world as she is unable to describe it.

The only way to express her feelings is through her tears, lip biting, hands on her head and cries.

If she is dreaming then she better not wake up because she doesn't want this to end, not anytime soon.

Just as she is enjoying, everything comes to a stop abruptly forcing her to open her eyes to see why only to find Ebuka standing by the door looking at her as if he just saw a ghost.

Mbali: B...baby! Love...

She manages to say with nervous giggles in between hoping that they are going to make the situation less awkward than it already is...

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:50] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 41

EBUKA

He stands there in shock as Mbali lies there on the bed giggling alone like someone mad. The movements she's been doing on the bed clearly indicates that she is high. What is happening with this girl?

Mbali: Baby, love? Come join me!

She calls for him and he swallows the huge lump on his throat and walks up to her. The first thing he does is inspect her if she hasn't been sexually violated or anything like that.

Mbali: Do you want us to do it?

Ebuka: No Mbali forget about sex for a moment!  
What are you doing here?

Mbali: What do you mean? Don't you want me here anymore?

Ebuka: That's not what I'm trying to say but now I have your brother on my ass asking for you. They think I'm keeping you here as my wife before I can even do right for you!

Mbali: Mxm Phakamani needs to mind his own business and leave me alone. I'm an adult...

Ebuka: Adult? What did you smoke today because I am not seeing any weed in sight?

Mbali: Does it matter? Before you blame J ojo,he didn't give me anything.

Ebuka: Mbali you tire me, weren't you supposed to be on site today? Didn't your dad leave you and your sisters to work as you mentioned?

Mbali is now a qualified quantity surveyor who will be gaining her working experience from the family business. If Mazwakhe were to see his daughter like this, he was going to flip!

Mbali: Work, I'll go tomorrow!

Ebuka: No, you are going home today! I'll deal with J ojo later.

Mbali: You no longer love me Ebuka? Why are you kicking me out? I thought you wanted us to get married and live happily together!

Ebuka: Clearly you are not ready for marriage, Mbali...

Mbali tries to stand up but falls back to the bed complaining about being dizzy.

Mbali: What do you mean? Are you breaking up with me? Is it about the abortion? I knew that you never forgave me!

Now she's crying , Ebuka ignores her and goes to the bathroom and opens the water to fill the tub up. He comes back to Mbali who's crying as if someone has hit her. He ignores her cries and undresses her

and carries her to the bathroom.

The moment Mbali's body comes in contact with the cold water, she wails trying to get out but Ebuka pins her down.

Ebuka: Sit down, this is going to help you sober up!

Mbali: Ebuka I'm sorry, please forgive me I won't do it again!

Right the bathroom door flies open and J ojo walks in.

J ojo: What the fuck man we can hear her screaming all the way out. Are you killing her?

His eyes shift to Mbali who's naked and he licks his lips. Ebuka jumps on him and starts throwing heavy punches at him, kicking him out of the bathroom.

J ojo gains his balance and gives Ebuka a hot slap before drawing out his gun.

J ojo: Stop! Are you out of your mind?

Ebuka: What is it? You want to shoot me now? What are you waiting for? Go ahead and shoot me!

J ojo: Ebuka you need to calm down!

Ebuka: Don't tell me to fucken calm down! I told you to stop feeding Mbali with drugs but now you don't listen! Now her family will blame me for everything! After working so damn hard to be accepted and you have to ruin it.

J ojo:I didn't give her any drugs I swear!

Ebuka: You introduced her to them! J ojo,get the fuck out of here before I loose my mind!

J ojo lowers his gun down and walks out with his head faced down. Ebuka exhales loud and shakes his head as tears threaten to come out. He's never been this angry in his life.

Mbali: I'm sorry...

She says behind him, he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath in and out before opening them again.

Ebuka: Finish up, I'm driving you home!

He leaves without waiting for a response from her.

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

She is on a phone call with Khethelo and they are gossiping as usual. Khethelo tells her about the drama that happened when a gift from Khathu arrived.

Sanelisiwe: Yooh babe that is a red flag, why would



she go to that extreme?

Khethelo: I don't understand and honestly it wasn't that deep.

Sanelisiwe: Exactly, a gift is a gift, it's not like you went around and asked for it.

Khethelo: But then I understand where she's coming from. I mean she told me how scared she is to lose me...

Sanelisiwe: Wee akuve niwakhulumela ama abuser Khethelo!

Khethelo: Okay now you are exaggerating, Mandisa is no abuser...

Sanelisiwe: Well it starts like this. She's breaking your gifts, what is next?

Khethelo: You are blowing this out of proportion, anyway I have to go, we'll talk.

Sanelisiwe: Be safe boo...

They end their call and Sanelisiwe returns back to

work. She never liked Mandisa, always gave her some creepy vibes and her doing this makes it even worse. Deep down she wishes that Khethelo can have something going on with Khathu so that Mandisa can leave. But then it would bring confusion to her husband who accepted that his daughter is attracted to other women more than she is to men.

Speaking of the husband, she missed him so much, it's going to be a long month! Maybe she should pay him a surprise visit one day. I mean she knows very well that the other wives are very stuck up and going to wait for him to come back. She's going to surprise him!

J O J O

He walks out of the house and wipes his bleeding nose with the back of his hand while dialing Tony's number. His nose is on fire and suspects that

maybe Ebuka broke it.

Damn his punches are mean and heavy AF, all along they called him soft and weak. Well he isn't, he just chooses peace but now he can see that indeed he is Tony's brother.

Tony: J ojo, any updates?

J ojo: Phase one of the plan has been carried out, I think she's hooked.

Tony: Well done J ojo, now move to the second one and do it fast. There's no brother of mine that's going to marry a floozy that aborted his baby without thinking twice. As for Mazwakhe, I can't wait to see his face when all of this is over.

J ojo: I'm on it boss!

REFILOE

Phakamani fetches her from work and as usual, she's thrilled to see him. Ever since she met him, she's been the happiest and at ease. He is the partner she prayed for and a half. Everyday she asks God to continue strengthening their love even more.

Phakamani: How was work?

Refiloe: Argh you know how it is, chasing after clients and reaching targets. It's hard really but pays the bill.

Phakamani: Maybe you should send me your CV. I'll forward it to Khethelo or Nhlonipho to see if we can get you a better job.

Refiloe: That sounds sweet babe but wouldn't be seen as nepotism?

Phakamani: Nepotism, how when you are going to be Mrs Sibeko one day?

She blushes, he doesn't forget to mention that she's

his future wife and she is starting to see the idea forming and growing in her mind. He stops by at the complex and suggests that they buy a few things. He's sleeping over at her place and tonight she's planning on taking things to another level with him. Nerves and excitement are dealing with her.

He holds her hand as they walk inside checkers and talks about the trolley loading things they will need. In the middle of shopping he stops pushing the trolley and sneaks up on this other lady.

Phakamani: Waaah!

She quickly turns frightened and hits him on his arm.

Sanelisiwe: Ai marn Phakamani, don't ever sneak up on me like that!

Phakamani:( laughing) I'm sorry, how are you?

Sanelisiwe: I'm good and how are you?

Phakamani: Well tired with your husband not here.  
Please meet my girlfriend, Refiloe...

She smiles and approaches her with a hug.

Sanelisiwe: She's so beautiful P and looks so shy.

Phakamani: I know right?

Sanelisiwe: Hello love, my name is Sanelisiwe Sibeko. It's a pleasure to meet you. One day when you are free tell this big head boyfriend of yours to bring you to the house so that we can get to know each other.

Phakamani: You didn't just call me big head...

Refiloe: It's a pleasure to meet you too sis.

Sanelisiwe announced that she was grabbing a few things so she's leaving. They proceed with their shopping.

Phakamani: You good?

Refiloe: Yeah, is she your father's wife? Heard her saying she's a Sibeko and you calling her Ncane.

Phakamani: Yep, she's the third wife.

Refiloe: Wow, she looks young or at your age...

Phakamani: Yeah she is, we are 3 years old apart.

Refiloe: Wow, I wonder how young the last wife is...

Phakamani: That's funny because the 4th wife is older than Sanelisiwe...

Refiloe: Mhmm, she seems like a good person and it's like you two get along.

Phakamani: She is a good person and yes we are good, I know that her and my mom will love you unconditionally, the same way I do...

She smiles and continues picking up things silently...

## NHLONIPHO

Work was tiring and very long, today was his second day and it keeps on getting heavy making him wonder how is his father able to keep everything going well while one business is this stressful.

But he has always loved and enjoyed challenges so he's looking forward to this new role, to excel in it and who knows, he might be a permanent CEO there.

There's a knock at his door that stops him from pouring the whiskey in his glass. He opens the door and quickly shuts it when he sees Lumka.

Lumka: Nhlonipho please open we need to talk!

Nhlonipho: I've got nothing to say to you Lumka



leave!

Lumka: There's something I want to say then I'll go.

He opens the door and looks at her, he needs to deal with the security of this building. How did they let her in after what she did to him? Who paid her bail?

Nhlonipho: Yes?

Lumka: I don't know how you are going to take this but...

Nhlonipho: Say what you got to say and leave before I call security on you!

Lumka: I'm pregnant!

Nhlonipho: Congratulations...

He attempts to close the door but she stops him.

Lumka: You are the father.

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:50] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 42

### NHLONIPHO

The liver of this girl neh? Like seriously, after finding her with a man in the apartment that he paid for, her hitting him with a pan at the back of his head and robbing him of his personal belongings, she still thinks that it's okay for her to come and lie this much?

What gives someone so much audacity? To think that he thought he knew her! He looks at her, after God, fear women!

Nhlonipho: Lumka, this is really not a good time, I am very tired and not in the mood for this. Please leave.

Lumka: I know it will be hard for you to believe me but I am serious. It's your baby, we can even do a paternity test to prove it. Me and that guy always used protection because as much as I was betraying you, I cared about your health and well-being.

Nhlonipho: Is that supposed to make me feel better that you protected me? Lumka, you cheated on me after doing everything for you!

I got into so much trouble with my family because all I wanted for you was happiness.

Lumka: Can we at least have this conversation seated down?

Nhlonipho: No, I don't want to. Leave my house and don't ever set your foot here again.

Lumka: Nhlonipho, I have no else to go to!

Nhlonipho: I don't care; call your boyfriend!

He shuts the door right at her face and brushes his forehead as his head starts pounding. The whiskey, he gulps it down his throat straight from the bottle. His phone rings, it's Maziya. He exhales before answering the call.

Nhlonipho: Baba...

Mazwakhe: Maziya, kuhamba kahle? ( Son, is everything going well?)

Nhlonipho: Business wise, I am getting the hang of things...

Mazwakhe: What is the matter?

He tried to contain it in his voice but clearly not hard enough because here his father is asking questions. Last time he got in trouble for lying, once bitten, twice shy.

Nhlonipho: Lumka was here...

Mazwakhe keeps quiet and that's an indication for him to continue telling his story.

Lumka: She says she is pregnant and I am the father.

Mazwakhe: Wena uthini? ( What do you say?)

Nhlonipho: I don't believe her baba, I think this is one of her plans to come back in my life. Even if she is pregnant, I don't think that's my baby.

Mazwakhe: And if it's yours?

Now it's Nhlonipho's turn to keep quiet,he didn't think it that far or the possibilities of her story being true.

Mazwakhe: I understand what you are feeling but the Sibekp men are not dead beats. Find out the truth and do the right thing. Her mother can be trashy all she wants but that doesn't permit you to turn your back against your blood,if really is your blood.

Nhlonipho: (sighs) How do I go on about it?

Mazwakhe: There is a doctor I used to conduct the paternity test for Sanele when Nonhlanhla was pregnant to be sure because I also felt like she was trapping me with a baby. I'll forward you his contact and make that appointment asap.

Nhlonipho: Thank you father...

Mazwakhe: Where is she?

Nhlonipho: I don't know, I chased her out.

Mazwakhe: Look for her because if anything were to happen to her you wouldn't be able to forgive yourself. I don't say put her in your bed.

Nhlonipho: Ngiyakuzwa baba...

Mazwakhe: It's high time you make decisions like a man, don't disappoint me.

He ends the call and Nhlonipho looks for his keys and steps outside the building looking for her.

Luckily he spots her not so far pulling her bags down the road and hoots at her to stop. The window of his car rolls down when he gets to her.

Nhlonipho: Come inside...

He waits for her to finish loading her bags and starts the car.

Lumka: Where are we going?

Nhlonipho: To the house.

Lumka: I thought you didn't want me there.

Nhlonipho: I don't but I have no choice. I'm not going to spend my money booking hotels while there's a spare bedroom in there.

He helps with her bags this time back to the apartment and tells her to take them in the other bedroom.

Lumka: I'll take a bath and then we'll talk.

Nhlonipho: There's nothing I want to talk about with you. There's food if you are hungry, the next conversation we are going to have will be me confirming the doctor's appointment with you.

Lumka: Okay, thank you again for the roof over my head.



Nhlonipho doesn't say anything and watches her go to the other bedroom. He removes the keys from all the doors in case she decides to loot him again while sleeping. Is he even going to sleep tonight?

## THABISILE

She walks into Mbali's bedroom and opens the door. Mbali is sleeping and has her face buried into the pillow, a strange way to sleep she has never seen her doing.

Thabisile: Ai bo we Mbali, us alele namanje? ( Are you still sleeping?)

She is shaking her up as she says this and Mbali groans complaining.

Thabisile: Ei awuvuke wena, vuka! (Can you wake

up?)

Mbali: Kancane nje ma, (just a little bit Mah)

Thabisile: No, if you don't wake up willingly, I'll go get a bucket of cold water.

Mbali: Okay, sengivukile ke. (I'm up now)

She sits up yawning and stretching her arms, Thabisile looks at her red eyes and sighs. She promised Ebuka that she won't fight Mbali but speak to her in a harmonious manner.

Thabisile: What is going on with you?

Mbali: Nothing Ma, I am just exhausted.

Thabisile: Your fiancée told me you are now doing drugs.

She looks at her startled and Thabisile has to do this, uncomfortable as it is.

Thabisile: I don't want to involve your father in this because we know he's going to kill you but if you don't tell me what's going on I won't have a choice. Now talk to me, since when are you doing drugs?

Mbali: I'm not doing them Ma, Ebuka is exaggerating. I only smoked once with J ojo...

Thabisile: Do you even know how you got here? He had to carry you out of the car Mbali, you were wasted and out! Now that didn't look like someone who smoked once!

Mbali:(playing with her fingers) On my way from dropping him, I passed by this other street market and bought a joint.

Lord help her not kill this child! The hell?

Thabisile: Why? Do you even know the ingredients of that joint?

Mbali: I just needed to forget about my stress for a while...

Thabisile: What stress?

Mbali: I think Ebuka is no longer invested in this relationship Ma.

Thabisile: So you want to turn yourself into a Nyaope girl because of a relationship? And from what I see; this boy loves you.

Mbali:(wiping her tears) You don't understand Ma, a lot happened between Ebuka and I, it took a lot of apologizing and begging for us to be fine again. I thought I had lost him for good and I don't want to go through that feeling again. I can feel that it's coming.

Thabisile: I don't know what you are talking about but this sounds like an obsession to me. What is it Mbali?

Mbali: I'm sorry for disappointing you, mama, I will

do better I promise.

Thabisile: Do you perhaps need to see a psychologist since you won't talk to me?

Mbali: No, I'll be fine.

Thabisile:( holding her hand) No matter how deep or bad the situation is, please know that I have got you. Whenever you are ready, please talk to me, drugs are not an option but will destroy you.

Mbali: Thank you mama...

Thabisile hugs her daughter, brushing her back and shushing her.

## KHETHELO

Refiloe surprised her by visiting her carrying a Tupperware with baked scones. Khethelo makes tea so that they can have them while saving some for Mandisa.

Khethelo: I foresee Phakamani gaining weight here of which it won't be a bad thing after all.

Refiloe: You know what they say, a way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Khethelo: Thank God I am not dating a man! I must say this is a nice surprise.

Refiloe:(laughing) Lucky you! Well I didn't get enough time to actually thank you for babysitting Kefi everytime Phakamani and I had to go out.

Khethelo: It's really a pleasure sthandwa sami, I mean anything to see my brother happy and in love. Thank you for restoring that part of him again.

Refiloe: He's a good guy that makes loving him easy...

Khethelo: Please let me know in time about your wedding so I can get my summer body in shape!

Refiloe: You and your brother, marriage is on the tip of your tongue neh?

Khethelo: It's been long since we had a wedding, I mean a proper wedding. The last time I enjoyed a wedding was when Dad was marrying Sane. I am yet to see and experience a traditional wedding beating that one.

Refiloe: It was good neh?

Khethelo: Good is an understatement, it was perfect. From the decor to their outfits to food, if you need style, Sane is your go to person.

Refiloe: I agree, I saw her yesterday.

Khethelo: You met her already?

Refiloe: Yes, Phakamani and I were picking up a few things at Checkers when we bumped into her and he introduced me. She's a lovely lady, very beautiful as well.

Khethelo: She is, I'm glad you met her, she's my bestie.

Refiloe takes a sip of her tea and steers it with the

teaspoon.

Khethelo: What's on your mind?

Refiloe: Argh, nothing. Just that silly thought on my mind.

Khethelo: Do you mind sharing it?

Refiloe: You may think I'm otherwise so let's forget about it.

Khethelo: Now you are making me curious...

Refiloe puts down her cup and leans forward.

Refiloe: I observed how Phakamani was around her, I don't know how to say this but his reaction completely changed when he saw her. He became vibey and they were teasing each other.

Khethelo: They have been like that for a long time and Sanelisiwe is genuinely a kind person.



Refiloe: I don't know, that felt like there's an underlying spark between them.

Khethelo: Fifi; I don't know what your past has been like or your fears but Phakamani is my brother. He would never betray dad like that. Do me a favor, discard those thoughts before they turn into something you cannot control.

KHATHU

He is doing his rounds at the hospital that he always uses for practice when he is home. Preparations for his own practice are underway and he cannot wait to get away from the government hospital and their shortage of staff.

His patient Tony who sustained injuries from bullets is recovering well. He has to give a feedback to Tony's doctor that Khathu took over from.

Tony: Doctor, am I ever going to walk again? Please be honest with me.

Khathu: You will walk, like I said last, you need to be patient. You are being discharged in the next few days and your physio will start. Have faith okay?

Tony: (sighs) Being here doesn't do me any good.

Khathu: Do you pray or believe in God?

Tony: No, and I'm not interested.

Khathu: Okay, get better and stop smoking or else I'll ban your visitors that bring you cigarettes. I bet you don't want that.

He collects his file and leaves the ward back to his office. The file nearly drops on the floor when he sees a lady dressed in all black sitting on his chair, her stiletto black above the knee heel placed on top of his desk.

Her black lipstick, black blazer revealing her small boobs and eyeliner makes her look like a baddie, a

psychopath kind of baddie. He closes his file looking at her.

Khathu: Who are you?

Her: My name is Mandisa...

Khathu: Mandisa from where?

Mandisa: Why don't you have a seat doc so that you and I can have a chat?

She says and smirks, making herself more comfortable on his chair.

To be continued....

(I'll share the link to vote for our sponsor before chapter 43. Please show your support , it's very needed)

[06/11, 16:51] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 43

### MANDISA

This Khathu guy pulls a chair and sits opposite her, not moving his eyes from her. She did her research on him, besides being handsome of which is the visible to everyone, niggah is educated as fuck!!

But he can't really disappoint because even though his parents are leaders of the ministry, they hold reputable titles in the community and do not rely on the offering for a living. So Khathu had no choice really but to follow those footsteps and excel.

Khathu: I am listening.

Mandisa: Good, then we can start talking.

She removes her leg from the table and sits straight.

She got his number from Khethelo's phone.  
Khethelo saved him with his full name and Surname,  
which made it easy for her to get him.

Khathu: How did you get in here and what do you want?

Mandisa: How I got in is not important. What do I want? Mhmm,let's see: how about you leave people's girlfriends alone?

Khathu: Huh?

Mandisa: Don't act dumb,you know who I'm talking about or there's a list you can't even remember?

He keeps quiet,thinking deep and then pops his eyes out. It's a pity she despises men with passion but this trash is hot.

Khathu: Khethelo?

Mandisa: The one and only...

He laughs, like seriously laughing, Clapping his hands.

Khathu: No freaking ways!

Mandisa: Yes way! Khethelo and I are in a relationship, about to have a baby and get married. It has been brought to my attention that you have an interest in her, hence my decision to come see you.

Khathu: Am I the only guy who finds her attractive?

Mandisa: Of course not, but the other guys get a message early and stay away. You on the other hand, you even send gifts to where she stays. The disrespect!

He folds his hands and smiles, what's funny?

Khathu: Are you on medication? If not, can I write a

prescription for you?

She shifts uncomfortably, how dare he psychoanalyse her?

Mandisa: Listen here cheese boy, I don't know what your parents preach but this is not a ministry or Cuba. Stay away from my girlfriend, or else...

Khathu: Or else what?

Mandisa: You don't want to find out.

Khathu: You don't scare me Mandisa...

Mandisa: That's sad, you should...

Khathu: Let me give you a piece of advice, continue with this behavior and see yourself locked up in a psychiatric ward.

Khethelo will visit you for two weeks and realises she's wasting her time and has no other choice but to settle with me. You are going to watch our

wedding stream live on YouTube and news channels.

Mandisa pushes them abruptly and Khathu does the same, they both have a stare competition. She smiles with a soft chuckle.

Mandisa: You messed up with the wrong woman.

Khathu: Bring it on..

Mandisa grabs her handbag and walks out of the door banging it behind her.

PHAKAMANI

He is driving in with Nosipho and they get out of their cars chatting loud as he compliments her on her new car.



Phakamani: I wonder who's father you left bankrupt because I know you, my sister, are very allergic to spending your own money.

Nosipho laughs out loudly trying to distract him from his question.

Nosipho: Phakamani though, you were there when your brother took his car back. I had to make a way.

Phakamani: Ngama blesser, I'm so going to tell Maziya shame.

Nosipho: Since when are you a snitch?

Phakamani: So I'm right? Nosipho yazi nizofa nibancane? ( you are going to die young)

Nosipho: Stop being dramatic, let's go in.

They follow each other and Phakamani greets Magwala who is knitting. There's an exchange of

looks between Nosipho and Magwala that Phakamani picks up. Something is off, even the energy here is different and makes him feel so uncomfortable.

Phakamani: What's going on between you and Mamncane?

Nosipho: Nothing you should stress yourself about.

Phakamani: I hope you are not giving her a headache Nosipho.

Nosipho: It's the other way around actually.

Phakamani: What do you mean?

Nosipho: Okay you are right, a dzadzy bought me this car. That night I was at his place celebrating the purchase of the car. It was so lit P, you know how...

Phakamani: Yeah yeah, skip the TMI please...

Nosipho:(laughing) Okay fine, your mother called me saying she needs me to give her contacts of a good PI. I asked what it was for and she said none

of my business.

Ai okay cool,when I got back, I found her with a file containing pictures of my man. When I asked her what she was doing with my boyfriend's information? She lost it and screamed at me saying I should end things with him because he is a rapist and all that.

The next thing Mario is nowhere to be seen, has disappeared. I think she had something to do with it, I can feel it and now this tension is caused by her inability to tell me the truth.

Phakamani: Okay,But I don't see your mother harming an old man if he is that old as you say. Maybe he smashed and passed.

Nosipho:No Phakamani, Mario had a future for us,wanted to retire and settle down with me. I was

ready to be Mrs Abrams.

That gets Phakamani's attention, he could be wrong because there's so many Abrams out there but why is his heart beating so fast?

Phakamani: Do you have a picture of him?

Nosipho: Why? You want to scare him too?

Phakamani: No, but find out what happened to him for you. Don't you want to know?

Nosipho: You would do that for me?

Phakamani: Anything for you...

Nosipho screams excitedly and forwards him the picture of them sleeping, more like the man sleeping.

Nosipho: He doesn't take many pictures, I stole this one when I woke up in the morning. The only picture I have, there's no other available on the internet.

Strange, Phakamani breathe. He forces a smile out.

Phakamani: I'll have a look.

Nosipho: Yes wena bhuti wami oyisotsha! Now, tell me about your girlfriend, should I hate or love her?

Phakamani laughs, this child!

Phakamani: Why would you hate her?

Nosipho: (shrugging her shoulders) Just for control, you know it's a sister's duty to hate her brother's girlfriend for no reason.

Phakamani: Well, this one you won't have a choice but to love her, she is a sweetheart.

Nosipho: Wait, let me get us some snacks from the kitchen then you can fill me up.

Nosipho leaves the bedroom and Phakamani quickly grabs Nosipho's phone and forwards Mario's numbers to him. He sends the picture and Numbers to his CI friend back in the UK and types a message.

Phakamani:( typing) Please run a DNA match of that man with mine, find his whereabouts and send me results immediately!

LUMKA

They are back from the doctor and he said the results are going to come back after 3 days. Nhlonipho is working from home, she knows that it is his way of keeping an eye on her.

She regrets what she did so much, the stolen moments between her and the male bestie got her carried away and now the consequences are heavy.

Nhlonipho is the father, that she is sure of because according to the calculations, she is 3 months pregnant whereas she started messing around with that guy for about a month using condoms and got caught.

At first, she didn't love Nhlonipho, to her he was that guy who loved too much and was overly romantic. But after analyzing everything, and how everyone turned her back on her, she realised that she messed up a gold opportunity out of nonsense.

She knows that the relationship is out of the cards between them but hopes that he will be there for their child at least.

Lumka: I prepared some lunch for you.

Nhlonipho: Thanks but I'm full.

Lumka: Nhlonipho I didn't pois on you.

Nhlonipho: I didn't say that...

Lumka: When are we going to talk about what is happening between us? You are going to shut me out until when?

Nhlonipho:I'm not in the mood, Lumka, let's wait for the results. Until then, I have nothing to say to you.

Lumka: Okay...

She says with a huge lump on her throat, she can't blame him, she made this bed. Even now he is too kind.

EBUKA

J ojo walks in with his hands folded on his chest



and watches as he is packing his clothes.

J ojo: Where are you going?

Ebuka: Far away from you and your boss.

J ojo: Because of a mere understanding? You let a woman come before you and your brother?

Ebuka: Don't even think of pinning this on Mbali, it has nothing to do with her and you know it. I've always told Tony that I will create my own wealth and the time is now. The pitch went well, I am getting the funding for my business so I need to fully focus on my business rather than worrying about you sneaking on my woman.

J ojo: I hope you don't regret this, blood is thicker than water.

Ebuka: Even if I do regret it, I won't come back here.

He zips the last bag and puts it down. He is proud of the decision he is taking, and knows that he is doing the right thing. He got a 1 bedroom, kitchen,

bathroom backroom place to rent closer to where his business and his mentors are located at.

At least he is going to save the money for transport and add it to his savings because the distance is actually a walkable one. Only 2 months of working, he will be able to afford a good place but his dream is to focus on growing his business, marry Mbali and buy a mansion.

THABISILE

She lifts her head and checks her wrist watch for the time, damn it's late! The circuit zoom meeting took longer than she anticipated.

Looking at the parking lot, only her car is remaining, everyone has left. She gathers her things around and walks out, it's already dark outside when she locks the teacher's office main door and heads

towards her car.

Something tells her to stop, she does, turns around to look back, nothing. She proceeds and opens the car loading her cupboard with books inside.

Just as she closes the door, her entire nightmare stands before her.

Mario: Please, do not freak out, I'm not here to harm you!

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:51] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 44

THABISILE

She manages to find balance with her car and

catches her breathing, her throat has become dry and it seems like the voice is gone as well. That scent, he still smells the same, flashbacks of him suffocating her with it comes back, her cries and screams pleading with him to stop.

Mario: Thabi, breathe please...

His voice says nearby but it sounds so far away; physically she is present but actually far away, in a dark space that she buried deep at the back of her mind. He calls her again, shortening her name, this has been the reason why she hates being called Thabi.

Mario: I know my presence is not welcomed and I am sorry to give you such a fright.

Thabisile: What do you want Jakob?

She finally manages to find her voice and talk. He sighs looking around and taking out the inhaler

from his pockets pumping into his mouth.

Mario: I thought I was going to stay away and never show my face to you again..

Thabisile: Then why are you here?

Mario: I wanted to come and see if you are alright and to actually warn you to be careful.

Thabisile: Careful of what, you

Mario: No Thabi; I have no desire to hurt you again...

Thabisile: You being here is hurtful enough...

Mario: I wish I could change the past and rewrite my wrongs but unfortunately some things are irreversible. Well done on our son, you did a marvellous job in raising him.

Thabisile feels her armpits itch with anger and she clenches her jaws pressing on her lips, this man, how dare he call Phakamani his son?

Thabisile: You have no son, he is a Sibeko!

Mario: I know but at the end of the day we are going to be forced to face the reality. Its my blood that runs in his veins...

Thabisile: Leave!

Mario: I am sorry I...

Thabisile: Stop saying that because you do not mean it!

Mario: I am dying...

Thabisile: Make it quicker and rest in peace in advance...

Mario: I would love to see him.

Thabisile: Hell will freeze, do you hear me? Over my dead body! Now go before I scream...

Mario: If I wanted to hurt you Thabi I would have but I came in peace...

Thabisile: Take your peace and shove it where the sun doesn't shine, I wish you could trip and fall and die while trying to reach for that inhaler.

Mario steps back and exhales, he looks at her one more time and turn his back walking away.

Thabisile: Wait...

He stops and looks at her...

Thabisile: You said you came to warn me; what did you mean by that?

Mario: Oh yes, your husband's second wife reached out for me.

Thabisile: Huh?

Mario: She did, I think she wants to get rid of Phakamani.

Thabisile: Why?

Mario: Because he believes that her son deserves to be the heir and head of your husband's legacy.

Thabisile shakes her head in disbelief, this is one of his strategies to get closer to her so she forgets everything that he put her through, it won't work!

Thabisile: You are lying, your intention is to cause division in this family so that you can get to Phakamani easily. Listen, let me tell you something, your plan is not going to work and I will advise you to stay away from my family because you might die earlier than you expected.

Mario: I understand and knew that you were not going to believe me; here, take this.

He gives her a white USB drive.

Thabisile: What is this?

Mario: The proof you need and all my contact details in case you want to chat about it. Have a great evening, Mrs Sibeko.

She doesn't respond but keeps on twisting the drive on her hand looking at it and wondering what it contains inside.



EBUKA

Mbali is seated on the bed moving her eyes around the place, they are done with packing and everything, now it looks like a home.

Ébuka: so,what do you think?

Mbali: Not too bad but I still believe that you could have gotten something way better than this backroom.

Ebuka: Babe, you know that we have to start from somewhere right? Me renting a posh or fancy apartment was not going to help me in achieving the dream of marrying you sooner.

Mbali: I know, as long as you are happy and comfortable then it's all good, I am here to support you through and through.

Ebuka: (smiling) That is my baby! Come, give me a kiss...

Mbali steps closer and kisses his lips but for a brief

moment and pulls back wiping her mouth after. That hurts Ebuka's feelings but he chooses to ignore it, today he doesn't want disagreements and fights.

Ebuka; What 's wrong?

Mbali: I am not feeling too well, there is this sour taste in my mouth that is kind of making me nauseous.

This sounds like withdrawal symptoms from someone who had drugs, he prays and hopes that she doesn't go back and ask for the cure to her hangover.

Ebuka: you are going to be fine, come here...

He evolves Mbali in a tight hug and she exhales in his embrace, laying her head on his chest.

Mbali: I know I am the most difficult person to deal with at times, thank you for not giving up on me. I truly appreciate and I love you.

Ebuka: I can't do otherwise, I love you even more, Mbali.

## NHLONIPHO

He bumped into Phakamani in town and they decided to buy food from the women that sell at the rank and honestly, as someone who used to look down at them, their food slaps harder than some of the restaurant's one.

He is now full and knows that he won't be tempted to eat Lumka later on. Speaking about her, the results are coming out tomorrow and he cannot wait for the truth to come out.

Phakamani: If the child is yours, what are you going

to do?

Nhlonipho: I haven't thought about it that far, I am silently praying and hoping that it's not mine.

Phakamani: But you have to think it that far because you had unprotected sex and knew very well of such possibilities.

Nhlonipho: I guess I'll cross that bridge when I get there. But one thing for sure, I'm not going to neglect my child.

Phakamani: Good, that's what a good man does, takes full responsibility despite the situation at hand.

Nhlonipho: And what about you? I've been observing you, today you are not the Phakamani I know. You look down.

Phakamani sighs and wash his hands asking for a toothpick. They take a walk to one of the empty taxis.

Phakamani: Honestly, my life is just upside down. I am in between a rock and hard place

Nhlonipho: What do you mean? You are in a new relationship, you should be happy.

Phakamani: I am happy, really whenever I'm with Refiloe I feel that sense of belonging and forget about my worries and that of the world.

Nhlonipho: You are scaring me...

Phakamani looks up and rubs his eyes, they are red instantly which is a sign that he is internally crying...

Phakamani: I am not Maziya's biological son.

A moment of silence passes as Nhlonipho digests the news. Now that conversation he once heard between his mother and Aunt comes back, and how he asked his father about it.

Nhlonipho: Wow, phew, I hoped this wasn't true.  
How did it happen if you don't mind me asking?

Phakamani: Turns out mom met our father already pregnant. She was raped by her former employer and I'm the product...

Nhlonipho: Oh Phakamani...

Phakamani: Yeah, it gets worse. The monster has been fooling with our sister.

Nhlonipho: Which one?

Phakamani: Nos ipho...

Nhlonipho clicks his tongue annoyed.

Nhlonipho: Ngoba nabo Nos ipho bathanda izinto!  
What was she doing with him?

Phakamani: From how I'm looking at it, she doesn't know.

Nhlonipho: But still, what if he's targeting her just to get to your mom or dad?

Phakamani: Could be...

Nhlonipho sighs, calming himself down...

Nhlonipho: So, how do you feel about knowing the truth?

Phakamani: Like a mess, I can't even be with my mom for a long time now because I can't help but wonder how she feels looking at me, a reminder of her pain. I'm a curse, I probably disgust her and she just tolerates me.

Nhlonipho: No bafanas take those words back, you are not a curse, but the best big brother one could ever ask for.

I know I've had my mistakes and my first reaction to the news was different but I will never forget how good you have been to me, all of us even. Blood or not, you are my brother and I am going to have your back the same way you have always had mine

through the end of time.

Phakamani sniffs his tears away and Nhlonipho pat his back as they share a brotherly hug. Phakamani pulls back when his phone vibrates.

Phakamani: I have to go...

Nhlonipho: Where to?

Phakamani: The bastard was/is around my mother's workplace...

Nhlonipho: Should I come with you?

Phakamani: No, I need to do this alone...

MANDISA

She is preparing supper as Khethelo is taking a shower from work when her phone vibrates with a message. Mandisa checks if Khethelo is still inside



the bathroom and picks up her phone from the table.

She knows Khethelo's password so she unlocks it without a hassle going straight to the notification of the message. It's Khathu asking if she is going to accept the offer of being a speaker at the youth grooming service at their church.

Mandisa clicks her tongue, deletes the message, blocks Khathu and puts the phone back.

Khethelo: I needed that shower, I am feeling so fresh right now.

Mandisa: There's nothing a good warm shower cannot fix. Food will be almost ready.

Khethelo: Okay babe, before I forget, I was invited to be a guest speaker at the youth conference.

Mandisa: I hope you declined...

Khethelo: Hai bo why?

Mandisa: Because Khathu will be there Khethelo!

Khethelo: So? This is not about Khathu but the youth's future...

Mandisa: All of a sudden you are invested in church and it's activities because Khathu is back?

Khethelo frowns and looks at her sternly.

Khethelo: What are you trying to say?

Mandisa: Khethelo I'm being honest with you...

Khethelo: There's no honesty here, you are being ridiculous and childish! So now I should stop attending church because Khathu wants me? We don't even know that's the case because he never told me, we are only making assumptions.

Mandisa:( chuckling ) Oh well he wants you and he's going to get you over my dead body!

Khethelo: I don't have time to listen to this, I'm going to bed, I've already lost my appetite...

She gets up and walks away, half way through her phone rings and she answers.

Khethelo: Hell? Khathu? Oh hi, I'm good thanks.  
Message? What message?

Mandisa bangs the table with her fist and removes the ribbon tying her hair and lets them loose. She balances both her hands on the table, her eyes all out and looks down...

The verbal warning didn't do anything on Khathu, she needs to send a strong one next...

To be continued.

( Fam, please vote for our sponsor, details on-the previous post )

[06/11, 16:51] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 45

MBALI

Her fan has been opened and increased to the maximum level because of the heat she's feeling. Her body itches the same as her nose and the headache is massive as if her head will explode.

This is not a good day for her and she's the only one at the office today dealing with the contractors and contracts that Khethelo left her with.

The thirst keeps on increasing, it's not for water but for something else that she tries by all means to avoid. It's inside her bag, she couldn't help but buy it on her way to work this morning.

She throws the 5th 400ml bottle of water to the bin and gets off from her chair, letting a few buttons of her shirt loose so that she can get some air.

Unable to hold it any longer, she grabs her handbag and heads to the female restrooms and locks herself in one of them. Her hands are shaking as she takes out the syringe from her bag.

Mbali: No, No, Mbali you can't continue like this girl. You are stronger than that.

That's her trying to convince herself otherwise as she paces and pant in the small space between the toilet seat, mirror and basin.

She looks herself in the mirror, deep and scratches her head messing with her hairstyle and eventually, empties the drugs on the drain crying as water

flushes it down the drain...

"Mbali, are you in there "

Nosipho's voice calls from outside the door and she ignores it trying to keep quiet but she bangs the door even louder.

Nosipho: Mbali; I know you are in there, open the door, you can't ignore me forever.

Ever since their last confrontation, they didn't talk nor meet again. Their father delegated the duties to them through a WhatsApp group and emails and that was it.

Nosipho: Mbali!!

Mbali snaps from her thoughts and wash her hands.

Mbali: I'm coming!

She fixes her hair and clothes by applying powder on her face before stepping out the door.

Nosipho: What took you so long to open the door?

Mbali: I was still relieving myself. What are you doing here?

She sits on the chair and Nosipho on the opposite hers.

Nosipho: Reporting to work, your father sent me a message asking how everything is and I hated lying that all is good while I haven't been here.

Mbali: Okay, there is your desk by the corner so you

can pack your things there.

Nosipho: Are you alright?

No, she's not, far from it, she nods.

Mbali: Yes, I'm fine.

Nosipho: Mbali, I know things are shaky between us and I don't like that. Can we fix things?

Mbali: Yeah, I would like that...

Nosipho: I'm sorry I made you uncomfortable and overstepped some boundaries but you are my sister, even though you annoy me at times with your brat tendencies. I have control and won't allow my whoreness interfere with that.

Mbali finds herself smiling involuntarily, such a character Nosipho is.



Mbali: I know, it was wrong of me to even think that way. I'm sorry.

Nosipho: It's okay, but what really triggered it because I know you are spoiled and all that but, you are not a rude person. What is wrong? Even now, there's no amount of makeup or mascara you can apply that can hide that you were crying.

Mbali blinks and looks down playing with her fingers, she accidentally bite her tongue as she attempts to respond and that triggers her tears even more. Unable to hold it in, she breaks down into a loud sob, Nosipho quickly comes to her side.

Nosipho: Mbali..I'm so sorry nana. It's okay, cry it all out, I'm here.

Mbali:(crying) I am a horrible person and I don't deserve all the love and affection I've been receiving.

Nosipho: There's no one without mistakes, you don't have to condemn yourself Mbali.

Mbali: I am a murderer Nosipho, I killed Ebuka's baby without his consent. I did it without thinking twice because I wanted to convince my parents I was still a good girl.

I mean what kind of a person that promises a man a future then snatches it from him within a blink of an eye? Everytime I see a pregnant woman I get a reminder that I would be due by now if I didn't abort.

I am paranoid, I question and second guess everything Ebuka does because deep down I'm scared. I saw how this broke him and a part of me doesn't believe he has forgotten and forgiven me easily like that. I feel like he is planning revenge and is going to strike when I least expect him to.

I'm scared of losing him hence I want us to get married so badly so that I can know for sure he's not going anywhere.

Nosipho wipes her tears and helps her up to sit on a couch that is at the corner of the office.

Nosipho: Listen to me, and listen real good. What you just said is a shocker to me but then I'm not going to cast stones at you because I've done things that if someone were to learn about them could faint.

I don't condone lying to everyone about the situation but I think you did what you had to in that situation. I mean you panicked and did what you thought was right, with a father like ours, I know I would too. Luckily for me, mom hooked me up with family planning and contraceptives early because she saw how fast my lane is when it comes to the other gender.

You need to forgive yourself and seek help to deal

with this because despite all the reasons and all, you have to grieve and let go. You need to tell Mamkhulu about this so that they can perform a cleansing ceremony for you.

Things are not going to go well if you don't do it, I've heard that you have to name the child in such scenarios and ask for forgiveness. Mbali; our parents are strict but not monsters. Dad is softening up now at his old age, he's going to be angry and disappointed but he won't bite.

As for Ebuka, sis that man loves you. I can safely say that whatever you feel or see it's because of guilt and paranoia. Sit down with him and communicate with him about your fears, seek help together so that when you enter the phase of marriage, you enter with no baggage.

Mbali smiles through the tears, is this really Nosipho? No way!

Mbali: Since when did you become so wise?

Nosipho:(rolling her eyes) I've always been..

Mbali: No like for real, I was ready for you to cast stones at me..

Nosipho: Whereas I am living in a glass house?

Mbali:(sighs) There's one more thing...

Nosipho: What?

Mbali: I've been using, to cope with everything.

Nosipho: Mbali!

Mbali: I know,I want to stop. The urge to continue is high and crazy. When you knocked there, I was about to inject myself.

Nosipho: That's it! Us ungenhla ke wena!

Nosipho quickly gets up from the couch,goes to the desk and takes both their handbags and phones.

Mbali: And then?,

Nosipho: I'm taking you to the hospital before you become a nyaope!

Mbali: You are exaggerating...

Nosipho: I'm going to call Mamkhulu now and tell her...

Mbali: Fine, but you are not going to have me admitted Nosipho I'll hate you!

Nosipho: That's for the doctor to decide, let's go!

## THABISILE

She didn't go to work, bathe, ate or did anything. Her strength to do such is at zero as seeing that monster brought everything she thought was buried.

The events of the past and last night keep on replaying in her mind. Her phone has been ringing non stop, Phakamani and Mazwakhe calling and

she has no strength in picking up.

What is she going to say? Telling them that he saw him will lead them in a killing spree. Not that he is protecting Mario but he doesn't want them to have his blood on their hands.

Another thing that finished her off was the voice recording of a conversation between Nokubonga and Lucas. How can she be this person? She was the first person she vented into about her pain since she deals with such cases everyday.

She never thought that one day Nokubonga was going to use her pain as a weapon to attack her. If it's money that she wants so much she could have said so rather than digging up a man that brought her so much misery. Phakamani is her son. Maybe the best way to solve this is, signing off all her shares, money to him if need be since both her daughters are obviously going to claim it from their

father.

Her bedroom door flies open and Phakamani walks in. He throws himself into her bed and hugs her. There's no need to say anything, their hearts are communicating.

Phakamani: I'm so sorry I wasn't there to protect you. Did he hurt you?

His voice is full of rage, pain and eyes are red.

Thabisile: No baba, he didn't. Although his presence brought me so much pain, anxiety and all. I am back into that dark space again and it hurts so much.

Phakamani: I don't know what you felt or felt when you saw him but I can imagine it wasn't easy to see him again. It makes me wonder what it is like to see me everyday and...



Thabisile: Phakamani, No! Do not even think about it. Look at me, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I don't want you to think that I hate you because of what happened for you to be conceived.

When I discovered I was pregnant, it was still early days for me to terminate but I chose to keep you because I wanted to love you and raise you to be a better man. I'm sorry if I acted in a way opposite that but you are forever my baby. I named you Phakamani because I wanted to stand up against the forces that were standing in my way at that time.

The true meaning of 'Phakamani' cannot be described with just a few words. Your name is your destiny, heart's desire, and personality. Phakamani is a name that conveys a highly charged personality that attracts powerful ideas. You are diplomatic, gentle, intuitive, cooperative, and might even be a psychic. A gifted storyteller, you mesmerize others

when you elaborate on the truth. You might not be aware of your powerful presence to others.

Your heart's desire is to enjoy a good life and have a good time. Your feeling of happiness and enjoyment of life makes you famous and liked by many. Perhaps this is the reason why you are a natural flirt. You are an entertainer and thrive on expressing your feelings or opinions to others. There is a good mental and emotional balance in your personality.

P-is for passion, your fire.

H-is for handy, the helpful you.

A- is for accord, the harmony you spread.

K-is for kid, the child within.

A-is for absolute, for you know your mind.

M-is for mild, your mild and gentle way.

A-is for admirable, you certainly are!

N-is for natural, the genuine side of you.

I-is for interest, you show in others.

Phakamani: (tears streaming down his face) Wow, I never knew the meaning behind my name. You are strong and a queen Mama, I will forever treasure you.

They cry in each other's arms for the longest time ever. After cooling down, Phakamani asks her to return his father's call because Maziya is about to leave Joburg and come back home. No, she can't let him come home before signing that deal.

Thabisile: I'll call him, I promise.

Phakamani: Okay, I need to take a walk and clear some air. I'll be back.

Thabisile: Okay baba, you will find me awake.

## PHAKAMANI

He leaves his mother's bedroom and straight to the car and drives away to where he hid Mario at. He kidnapped him yesterday and shot everyone that was accompanying him and hid him there.

He left and went to Refiloe because he didn't have the strength to look at his mother and he was very angry. It's his father's call that forced him to come home and check how his mother was doing.

He is glad that he came and spoke to her because now he understands how his mother feels or felt because of this sperm donor called his father.

It's time to put this chapter behind him, for good!  
His phone rings just as he enters the hideous place.

Phakamani: Refiloe, now is not a good time.

Refiloe: Phakamani, Please hear me out. Don't do what you are about to do. You are not a murderer.

Phakamani: Refiloe, I asked you not to get involved in this!

Refiloe: I can't help it Phakamani, You are my boyfriend and how is it going to look like if I allow you to kill your father?

Phakamani: Father? Did you call him my father?

Refiloe: Yes Phakamani, he's your father whether you like it or not. This is going to haunt you forever. Don't do it...

Phakamani drops the call and switches his phone while walking inside looking for a key. He opens the door and finds him on the floor, he fell from the chair that he tied him into.

He helps him up straight and he is running short of breath. Phakamani switches on Mario's burner

phone and Lucas calls immediately.

Phakamani: Aha, your brother! Do you have any last words?

Mario: I'm sorry...

Phakamani: I don't want to hear that! I don't!

Mario: Please...

Phakamani draws out his pistol from his back and waves it in the air shaking his head.

Phakamani: "please", I'm sure my mother repeatedly said those words to you, begging you to stop but you didn't. Why?

Mario: I was enjoying the power I had over her, and back then it was a thing for us in power to see the other race as objects to do whatever we wanted to them. My situation was no different, she was young,

beautiful and black. I desired her, wanted her to be mine. Her resilience and how hot headed she was turned me on...

Phakamani doesn't wait for another word, he fires 4 times at him without blinking and he falls off the chair with blood gushing out.

Phakamani: See you in hell son of a b\*tch!!

Mario's phone rings in his hands, it's Lucas. He answers and says nothing, only their heavy breathing can be heard from both sides.

Lucas: You killed him?

Phakamani: Yes, send me your address so I can deliver his body!

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:51] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 46

### PHAKAMANI

It has been 30 with him sitting on a chair watching Mario's boy lying in a pool of blood and just staring at it. He has zero regrets or feels bad about it, given a chance he would do it again. In fact, he feels like he died too easily and too soon, if it was possible, he would wake him up and torture him so that he gets to feel how being powerless feels like.

It is his audacity to admit to seeing his mother as a toy and the joy he had when infiltrating the pain on her knowing very well that it was wrong. Now such a person doesn't deserve to live, he did the community and everyone whom he abused a huge favour since God, no Satan was taking too long to



get his person from this world.

He hears a car parking roughly outside and gets up from his chair drawing out his gun and waits behind the door for Lucas to walk in. footsteps approaches the door and knocks once pushing it open.

Phakamani presses the gun at the back of his neck and Lucas raises his hands while Phakamani unarms him.

Lucas: Phakamani right? Please drop the gun, I don't want to hurt you.

Phakamani: Yeah right, with 3 guns on your body, you must think I'm stupid!

In a blink of an eye Lucas turns around and tries to take the gun from Phakamani but he slaps him hard and kicks it off his hand. Lucas throws punches at Phakamani that he blocks with his arm and retaliates not giving him a chance to get on foot. He

grabs Lucas arms, twisting them behind his back while pressing his face against the wall. Lucas is already red and bleeding from his nose and mouth. The guns are on the floor and Lucas is looking at them causing Phakamani to chuckle.

Phakamani: I was trained to fight, I don't need a gun to kill you.

Lucas: Let us talk, please...

Phakamani shoves him on the ground and picks both guns and points them at him. Lucas sneezes blood out and wipes it with his arm.

Phakamani: Talk, I am listening...

Lucas: I understand your frustration and anger, if I were in your position I believe that I would do the same.

Phakamani: Then why are you here fighting me?

Lucas: Because he was my brother damn it! Yes he was trashy, greedy and all things but still my brother. It hurts that he is no more and I will never hear from him again.

Phakamani: Please, do not act as if you care, you are thrilled that now you are going to inherit everything.

Lucas: That is not true, that is your inheritance...

Phakamani: Keep it, I want nothing to do with this man.

Lucas: You may hate him all you want but money has nothing to do with it so you cannot reject it. Whether you reject it or not, the money shall be released to you, that was instructions to the lawyer who drafted his will.

Phakamani: Then I will return it back or donate it to charity...

Lucas: Or you can have it, start something of your own rather than having to fight with your half

siblings over an inheritance of a man that is not your father.

Phakamani lowers the guns, tucking one at his back and throwing back the other Lucas...

Phakamani: I'm out of here...

Lucas: Wait, can we have a relationship?

He stops and looks at Lucas who looks back at him with pleading eyes.

Phakamani: I will think about it...

He walks away waiting to hear Lucas firing at him but that doesn't happen until he gets to his car and drives away.

KHATHU

His day is not so busy and he is looking forward to going out for some lunch after discharging Tony. He seemed very excited to be going home and resuming his journey to recovery.

A knock comes through his door and he looks up to see the security standing by the door.

Guy: Doctor, do you have a moment?

Khathu: Yeah sure, what's up?

Guy: You have to see this for yourself, please come with me.

Khathu: Okay...

He follows the security that leads him to the parking lot where his car is parked and he cannot believe what his eyes are showing him right now. His car tyres are slashed with a knife, all of them!

Khathu: Hello no! How did this happen? Who did this and where were you guys?

Guy: We really do not know how to explain this Sir but...

Khathu: Take me to the cctv room right now!

What the hell? One tyre costs about R3k and now his car is on the ground and they are telling him they didn't see who did this? He is looking at the video footage showing his car fine for a few hours but the moment it gets to the point where it is damaged, the video gets blurry like a TV station losing signal and becomes black.

Khathu: That's it?

Guy: Unfortunately this is far as the footage goes.

Khathu: Someone tampered with the footage and whoever did that is amongst you guys! I am calling the police to investigate this because clearly this is an inside job.

## SANELISIWE

She opened for Phakamani who wasn't driving but got dropped off by the Uber and allowed him in. He is very drunk and a mess, never saw him like this before. She helps him on the couch and watches in disbelief.

Sanelisiwe: Ai bo Pk, what happened? Were you involved in a fight?

She asks, referring to his red knuckles and Phakamani follows her look and flexes them around.

Phakamani: Oh that, I was just exercising, nothing to stress yourself about.

Sanelisiwe: I have never seen you this drunk, what's up.

Phakamani: I killed my father...

Sanelisiwe jumps up with her heart beating up so fast and looks at him in shock. What the hell did he just say?

Sanelisiwe: You did what?

Phakamani: Oh, Not your husband, my sperm donor. She frowns confused and goes back to her seat next to him.

Sanelisiwe: What do you mean?

Phakamani: I am not Maziya's biological Son...

He says and takes a sip from his beer leaning back on the couch and exhales loudly. Okay she always had suspicions but never really thought they were true.

Sanelisiwe: Ohk?

Phakamani: Yeah, I am a product of rape and your husband raised me as his own. The sperm donor showed up and spoke nonsense so I had to kill him



for what he did to my mother.

Sanelisiwe: Yooh, I am so sorry. I don't know what to say, I mean how does all of this make you feel?

Phakamani: Man, it hurts like hell but killing Mario or Jacob doesn't, I can do it over and over again.

Sanelisiwe: Yeah neh...

Phakamani: Do you hate me or see me as a horrible person for doing that?

Sanelisiwe: No, I don't know how you feel or what were your thoughts when you took that act but I cannot hurt you about it. You need to seek therapy to deal with this though...

Phakamani: This is not my first time killing somebody so I won't be attending any therapy.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, are you hungry?

She doesn't want to push it in case he explodes.

Phakamani: No, Can I sleep here tonight?

Saneliswe: Sure, I'll go prepare the guest bedroom for you.

Phakamani: Thank you, please charge my phone on your way...

Saneliswe takes his phone and goes to the guest bedroom and puts it on charger immediately and switches it on in case someone tries to call Phakamani. She has to call Thabisile after this, or better yet, drive to her now and check how she is doing.

REFILOE

She has been going crazy trying to reach Phakamani from his phone with no luck and giving the last conversation they had. She doesn't have a good feeling about this and is very much scared of the outcome of this silence from him. The thoughts

of calling Khethelo and informing her about this crossed her mind so many times but got stopped by the fact that she was going to be forced to explain the whole story to her about this

And from what she knows, his siblings doesn't know about this. It's already late and there is no sign of his whereabouts, his WhatsApp last seen was 5 hours ago. She is left with no choice but to call the man that raised Phakamani, he would know what to do with him. Phakamani gave her a card with numbers of people to call in case of emergency and guess what, Sanelisiwe is there. But today is not the right time to dwell much on that, Phakamani needs to be stopped before he does something he will forever regret.

The phone rings on the other side while she holds her breath and rehearses on what to say.

Mazwakhe: hello?

Refiloe: Good evening Mr Sibeko, you are speaking to Refiloe Nkadimeng, Phakamani's girlfriend.

Mazwakhe: Yes?

Refiloe: I am sorry to disturb your evening but I didn't know what to do. Phakamani's biological father showed up a few days ago and he kidnapped him saying that he is going to kill him. I last spoke to him early in the morning begging him not to but he dropped the call on me. Now I haven't heard from him since, what if something bad happened to him?

Mr Sibeko sighs on the other side of the call.

Mazwakhe: I knew something was wrong but no one said anything, thank you for letting me know. I will take the next available flight back home. In the meantime try his mothers and siblings and check if anyone saw or heard from him.

Refiloe: Thank you Sir, I will do that.

She hangs up and dials the next person available in line, Sanelisiwe...

Sanelisiwe: Hello?

Refiloe: Sane, Hi. It's Refiloe here. I am not sure if you still remember me.

Sanelisiwe: Of course I do, I am glad you called, could you come and be with Phakamani? I need to go see his mother and I am sceptical of leaving him here alone.

So, he's there? A wave of heat flashes over her face at that realisation. She clears her throat.

Reiloe: How is he doing or looks like?

Sanelisiwe: Not so good. Are you going to be able to cover the costs of coming here or should I transfer you some money?

Refiloe: Ill manage, just send me your location.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, I will forward it right away.

She ends the call and starts packing her baby's bag and hers for overnight clothes and some to change to tomorrow morning while waiting for the location to ping...

## NHLONIPHO

The results came back, he is the father. He doesn't know how to feel about this because he really wished, prayed and hoped that they would come back saying otherwise. He is ready to be a father but yoooh, did it really have to be Lumka who mothers his first child?

Really his ancestors turned their back on him shame, this a nightmare! He needs to mentally prepare himself for the baby mama drama that is

yet to follow.

He texts his father to give him the update on the issue...

Nhlonipho: (typing) congratulations, you are going to be a grandfather.

Mazwakhe: (typing) Lol you are stupid son, congratulations to who? I should say that to you, anyways, we'll talk when I get there...

Get here? Is he coming back already?

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:51] : ISIDINGO

Chapter 47

REFILOE

This man called her future father in law is definitely rich, more like filthy! Ai bo, if the 3rd wife's house is this gorgeous, how about the rest of the wives? This feels like heaven on earth, she is holding Kefilwe tight so that she doesn't run around and end up maybe breaking something here.

Sanelisiwe comes back with a tray that has snacks and drinks and places it on the table, she is rocking track pants today and still looks fly. From her body structure, Refiloe concludes that there is nothing that doesn't suit her, she rocks any clothing with so much ease.

Sanelisiwe: I am going to leave now and thank you for accepting my call and coming here.

Refiloe: There is no doing otherwise, I love him and I was worried about not being able to reach him the whole day.



Sanelisiwe: Yeah, it is like that when you are in love with someone, literally your world stops and everything you do or say revolves around them.

Refiloe : Did he tell you what happened? Please tell me he didn't do it?

Sanelisiwe: I am afraid he did...

Refiloe: Oh God, after begging him not to...

Sanelisiwe: I'm just worried how this is going to affect him at a later stage, how is his mom coping?

Refiloe: Phakamani shouldn't have killed him, now he has blood on his hands, not just any but of the person who brought him into this world.

Sanelisiwe: Do not forget forcefully, whatever you do or say with him, be kind and be supportive. He needs you right now as his support system and leaves the judgement to the courts and Lord.

Sanelisiwe disappears and comes back carrying her sports bag and bids goodbye to them leaving the house. Refiloe changes Kefilwe into her pyjamas and takes her to the room Sanelisiwe said she can use and heads to PK. She finds him awake laying on his stomach.

Refiloe: How are you doing?

She asks sitting next to him on the bed. Phakamani sits up and asks her to be closer.

Phakamani: I'm alright, my phone died. I'm sorry you couldn't reach me.

Refiloe: It's okay, I am here now.

Phakamani: Please hold me.

She doesn't wait to be told twice and does exactly that, his heart is beating so fast and his

temperature is so high. He pulls out from the hug and kisses her, hungrily and passionately for her. Refiloe stops his hands and looks at him.

Refiloe: Phakamani, please wait...

phakamani: Come on baby, I need this, I need you.

Refiloe: uh-uh Phakamani, you and I have to talk.

Phakamani: Now?

Refiloe: Yes, especially about what happened today.

Phakamani: Can we talk after?

His look is pleading and desperate, with his eyes squinted and Refiloe clears her throat to convey the seriousness of what she is saying.

Refiloe: No...

He sighs and goes back to his position rubbing his eyes and gets off the bed.

Refiloe: Where are you going?

Phakamani: To check on Kefilwe.

Refiloe: She is sleeping, Phakamani, you cannot run forever, we need to have this conversation!

Phakamani: I don't want to, okay? At least not now.

Refiloe: Then when?

Phakamani: How about never?

He walks out of the door and Refioe claps her hands, this is what she misses about being single, now an old man is sulking and refusing to be questioned about committing a whole murder!

THABISILE

She received a visit from Sane last night who showed her so much support and a shoulder to cry

on. They cried and prayed together about it, Sane literally prayed because she had no strength to do anything, even forced the food down her throat.

What awakened her up was the sound of her garage door opening. She checks the time and it's 3am in the morning. Yazi if this is Mbali then she is going to deal with her, who comes home this late? She doesn't even announce that she will be coming home late or sleeping out anymore.

There's movements and footsteps in the house, they are now approaching her bedroom and it opens. She lifts her head up and sees a figure she knows very well, her husband. He comes to her side and hugs her silently as they don't want to disturb Sanelisiwe who fell asleep during their conversation next to her.

Thabisile: When did you get back?

Mazwakhe: J ust now, I had to drive all the way here.

Sanelisiwe shifts and opens her eyes, the excitement is all over her face but she composes herself and greets Mazwakhe who playful pinches her cheeks in response. As soon as Sanelisiwe closes the door on her way out to the guest bedroom, Mazwakhe turns to Thabisile.

Mazwakhe: How are you doing?

Thabisile: I am alright, why are you back so soon? The business deal?

Mazwakhe: There will always be a business opportunity that comes on the way but you know nothing will ever replace your place in my heart. Where is Phakamani?

Thabisile: She is at Sane's house. I am happy you are here, this child went gun blazing and killed Jacob.

Mazwakhe: As anyone should, rapists get away

with everything, some are protected by family members and community in the name of peace and karma. I hope Phakamani tortured him for even showing his face near you, I am mad I wasnt here, bengizombonis a unyoko.

What was she expecting to hear? Mazwakhe nguphuma silwe or phakimpi straight.

NONHLANHLA

She slowly removes Scelo's arms off her and gets off the bed making sure that she is not making noise. Last night ended up with her leaving with Scelo to his place after drinking a lot during her solo date. The reunion session between them was good but she is a married woman, it was one night of passion, a mistake night of passion.

As soon as he finishes dressing up, she heads to

the car and drives away at a huge speed. This must never happen again, after this she is going to block Scelo and make sure that they never speak again!

MBALI

Ebuka is up and getting ready for work, Nosipho dropped her off here after the doctor's visits. Nosipho ordered them to drain/flush the drugs out of her system immediately and that physically exhausted her. She couldn't go straight home after that, hence she came here, and they had a heavy and lengthy talk with Ebuka. After last night, she has no doubt that this man loves her.

Ebuka: Staring is so rude you know.

He says blushing in between as Mbali is busy looking at him silently.

Mbali: I am just admiring what is mine, is there a



problem?

Ebuka: Not at all, stare as much as you want ma'am.

She smiles but gets disturbed by her phone ringing, it's daddy dearest.

Mbali: Maziya...

Mazwakhe: Ngihamba nje iviki elilodwa nje wena soziganisile? (I leave for a week and you are now cohabiting)

Oh shit, he is back! She quickly sits up and thinks of an answer.

Mazwakhe: Awenze ngathi ufika lakhaya manje ke ngingaze ngikulande ngenduku lapho! ( make sure you come home before I fetch you with a beating there)

Mbali: (clearing her throat) Yebo baba...( Yes Father)

Ebuka looks at her trying to read her face.

Mbali: I have to go home.

Ebuka: Is everything okay?

Mbali: Yes, my father is back.

Ebuka: Oh shucks!

Mbali: Do not worry, I will handle him, I promise.

Ebuka: Okay, don't forget to take your medication.

Mbali: I won't, have a great day at work.

They kiss passionately before he leaves...

Ebuka: I love you..

Mbali: I love you more...

SANELISIWE

She is making breakfast, nothing heavy just cereal

while checking up on Refiloe on the phone.

Mazwakhe makes her way in and snuggle tight on her body, his hand on her waist, lips planting kisses on her neck. He smells fresh and good, giving her goosebumps and feels like jumping onto him. She ends the call with Fifi and attends to her husband blushing from ear to ear.

Sanelisiwe: Maziya...

Mazwakhe: MaGumede.

Sanelisiwe: Stop doing that...

Mazwakhe: I missed you...

Sanelisiwe: Me too but not here, come to the house later and show me how much you missed me and tell me about your trip.

Mazwakhe: I will definitely do, I wanted to thank you for being there for my wife and son when I wasn't around. Your act doesn't go unnoticed or appreciated.

Sanelisiwe: Well, we are family...

Mazwakhe: I can't wait to have ours...

Sanelisiwe: Soon.

His face lights up and he steals a kiss while Sanelisiwe shoots a warning eye at him causing him to chuckle.

Mazwakhe: I'll be in my office if you need me.

Sanelisiwe smiles and blushes alone thinking about the time she is finally going to be with her husband, total bliss. She needs to kick those two out of her house so that her and the hubby can have all the privacy they need.

**MAZWAKHE**

Mazwakhe gets to his office and sits down on his chair, takes out the USB drive he picked up from his

bedroom on the floor, just next to the bed. He inserts it to his computer.

Mazwakhe: Now let's see what we have here.

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:52] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 48

### SANELISIWE

Coming back to the house, she doesn't find Refiloe but Phakamani sleeping. If he's here sleeping at this time, who's running the business at the rank?

She shakes him up and he opens his eyes, stretching his arms and yawning.

Phakamani: You back, what time is it?

Sanelisiwe: It's almost 9.

Phakamani: Fuck I'm late!

Sanelisiwe: Who drove Refiloe home?

Phakamani: I don't know, last spoke to her yesterday.

Sanelisiwe: Really Phakamani?

Phakamani sighs making up the bed and Sanelisiwe stands there looking at him.

Phakamani: We had a disagreement, she wanted the truth and I was not ready to talk about it.

Sanelisiwe: You better be ready because at the end of the day you have to answer for your actions and not be a cry baby! I kept quiet last night because you were drunk but at the end of the day, we need to address the elephant in the room.

Phakamani: I'm not disputing that, I just needed space...

Sanelisiwe shakes her head and goes to the door, leaving and stopping halfway.

Sanelisiwe: Refiloe is a nice girl, treat her right. Your father is back, we need privacy.

After that, she exits the room without even looking back and heads to her own bedroom.

**KHETHELO**

Khathu texted her about what happened to his car and Khethelo is in agreement with him when he says that whoever did this, has the connection inside the hospital.

They are now chatting about this matter over some coffee in a restaurant near Khethelo's workplace.

Khethelo: People are sick out there, who would do that though? Do you have enemies?

Khathu:(chuckling) Enemies Khethelo? I just got back to the country.

Khethelo: I'm just checking, maybe you rubbed someone off the wrong way...

Khathu keeps quiet as if he is thinking deep and snaps his fingers.

Khethelo: What is it?

Khathu: Your girlfriend, she did this!

Khethelo: What?

Khathu: Yeah, I don't know why I didn't think about this earlier!



Khethelo: Hold on, what are you talking about?

Khathu: She came to my office the other day looking like a mafia and threatened me to stay away from you.

Khethelo: Khathu, I don't know what you are playing at but Mandisa wouldn't do that.

Khathu: Well she did and told me that she was going to show me!

Khethelo looks at Khathu with her heart beating fast, this takes her back to the event where she broke the perfume and tore apart the voucher and blocked Khathu on her phone. As much as such happened, she refuses to believe this, it's extreme!

Khathu: Khethelo you got to believe me, gosh you are not safe!

Khethelo: Okay now that's enough! Do you understand the seriousness of these allegations you are making against my girlfriend?

Khathu: I am not making this up, we can even look at the records of her coming here...

Khethelo: I don't have time for this, I'm leaving!

She grabs her handbag and storms out to her car in a hurry and gets in. Her phone rings immediately just as she is about to start the engine, It's Mandisa.

Khethelo: Babe...

Mandisa: Hey baby, how are you? Are you at the office?

Khethelo: No, I went out. Why?

Mandisa: Just checking, with who?

Khethelo: With a friend but now I'm going back to work.

Mandisa: Okay, We are still meeting later?

Khethelo: Urhm I'm not sure; dad has called a family meeting so yeah, there's that.

Mandisa: Ohw okay, I bought new lingerie and I wanted to show you.

Khethelo: Mandisa, have you ever went to Khathu's office to threaten him to leave me?

The questions come out randomly as her thoughts are going wild. Mandisa chuckles on the other side.

Mandisa: No I didn't, why would I do that? I mean, it's fucken 2022, who threatens their rivals? Let me guess, you went out with him right?

Khethelo: I have to go.

Mandisa: Khethelo...

She hangs up and starts the car driving out, Mandisa calls again and she declines the call.

NOKUBONGA-MAGWALA

She has re-read this family meeting that Mazwakhe has sent to every member to meet up with him at Thabisile's house tonight over and over again. She didn't even know Mazwakhe was back and why so soon?

Nokubonga: Nosipho!

Nosipho: Mah!

She responds by coming to her at the lounge and sits down.

Nokubonga: Do you know anything about this meeting we are summoned for?

Nosipho:(shrugging) I don't know and I'm not looking forward to it.

Nokubonga: Why?

Nosipho: Because he will want an update about

work and honestly none was done from our side so I know he will be pissed.

Nokubonga: Nah, I don't think so, maybe to tell us about the deal he left for Joburg.

Nosipho: Maybe, I guess we'll find out later.

Nokubonga: Yeah, I suppose we will.

She's not settled about this, her spirit is telling her otherwise but then she can't really put her hand in it.

Nosipho: You still don't want to tell me what you were doing investigating Mario?

Nokubonga: Nosipho, this is bigger than you.

Nosipho: So you would rather let it strain our relationship?

Nokubonga: If I tell you this, do you promise to keep your mouth shut and stay away from this man?

Nosipho: If it's for a valid reason...

Nokubonga: You won't repeat this but Mario is Phakamani's father.

Nosipho quickly shifts away from her mother in shock...

Nosipho: Ai bo mama! Phakamani is my brother!

Nokubonga: He may be, but not biologically so. See, your father got married to Thabisile while she was already pregnant with him. He, your boyfriend or ex, raped Thabisile and Phakamani is the product.

Nosipho:(covering her mouth) Oh my goodness! Ma, please say you are joking!

Nokubonga: Don't tell me you never questioned Phakamani's looks all this while! Now this is the reason why I don't want you anywhere that monster.

Nosipho: Wait, If Mario is Phakamani's father, and a rapist as you say, why were you looking him up?

Nokubonga clears her throat and gets up from the couch.

Nokubonga: Now, that's for me to know and you to never find out. Excuse me, I need to get started with pots in case your father comes here before the meeting.

PHAKAMANI

He is parked outside Refiloe's workplace and is carrying flowers and a necklace to apologize for his action last night. He took out his frustration and anger on her and it's not fair.

His phone rings before he can get out of the car, it's his father. He exhales before answering.

Phakamani: Maziya...

Mazwakhe: Ndodana, unjani?( son, how are you?)

Phakamani: As expected.

Mazwakhe: I heard what happened, I don't judge you or anything. I need you to know I'm on your side and kudos for doing what I should have done a long time ago. I want to see you and Nhlonipho and have a talk with you before the meeting I called later.

I'm going to fetch Sanele now so he can be part of the conversation, he might be 3 but ligotshwalisemanzi.( you groom them young)

Phakamani: It's okay Father, where are we meeting?

Mazwakhe: Come to the site.

Phakamani: I will...

The call ends and Refiloe comes out, she already saw him or someone has told her that he's here.



She doesn't look happy, he doesn't blame her.

Phakamani: Baby, how are you?

Refiloe: I'm fine. What are you doing here?

Phakamani: I don't like the tension that is happening between us. I'm sorry I lashed out yesterday, I shouldn't have. I know you have questions and I'm willing to answer.

Refiloe: ( sighs ) I don't know Phakamani, this is starting to be too much for me really.

Phakamani: I know and I'm willing to fix that, I promise.

Refiloe: Do you have feelings for your stepmother?

Phakamani: What?

Refiloe: You said I should ask questions!

Phakamani: Yes but why this one in particular?

Refiloe: Because Phakamani, she is the first person

you went to after the ordeal you did. After telling her about our fight this morning, she said she was going to talk to you and boom, you are here apologizing!

Phakamani chuckles in disbelief !

Phakamani: So me apologizing and seeing my mistake is not genuine? You don't think I reached that decision on my own?

Refiloe: You haven't answered my question  
Phakamani.

Phakamani: I would never betray my father like that, so no, I don't have feelings for her. Maybe we should talk later when we are both calm, my father has requested a meeting between me , him and my brothers. I'll see you later.

Refiloe: Okay...

He kisses her forehead and hands her the gifts and

returns back to the car driving away...

## MAZWAKHE

After the call with Phakamani, he texted Nhlonipho and then drove straight to Mamchunu's house. He briefed his lawyer about what to do and hopes that the updates will be ready by the time the main meeting takes place.

The music playing in his car is helping him manage the emotions and to stay clear so that no one suspects anything. He saw Thabisile looking for the USB and kept quiet. He had made copies of that audio in case she decides to delete them or destroy the USB. He took it back to the bedroom and placed it in a place that would be not so difficult to find and also not make it suspicious that someone got hold of it.

He walks on Nonhlanhla coming from the shower wearing a robe. His body suddenly reacts to her sight and pulls her to him without saying a word.

He has been away from his wives just a week but it feels like a year. His appetite is crazy and to think he needs to save some energy for Sane later because that one is a stallion in bed, she always challenges him to go deeper and longer.

Nonhlanhla: I didn't know you were back...

She says in between the kisses, he is sensing some weird and pulling back vibes from her. It's as if she doesn't want him to touch her.

Mazwakhe: I came back this morning, I missed you. Have you been taking care of my food?

Nonhlanhla:( chuckling) As always...

Mazwakhe: I'm not staying, ngizothi nje kancane..(I'll be quick).

She helps him undress and lay her down on the bed running his hands all over her body down to her cookie.

Mazwakhe: Ngivulele mama( let me in)

He says parting her legs ready to devour her with his manhood and the unexpected happens, it softens up just as it hits her entrance. He looks at her and sees her swallowing a lump over her throat and shifts off him.

Mazwakhe: MaMchunu, kwenzenjani? ( what happened?)

He asks because he should be the one feeling bad and embarrassed but no, she's pulling her gown over her body at this moment. His eyes see a mark on her lower back, it's red. He clenches his jaws and gets off the bed.

She cheated, his traditional healer told him this would happen if one of the wives goes out to have fun, his manhood will not rise to the occasion after that...

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:52] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 49

NONHLANHLA

She is trembling and unable to look at him, from

how he is looking at her, it's like he is reading her and she doesn't like that. Guilty is consuming her at this point, can the ground open and swallow her? It's too much!

Mazwakhe: What is this mark on your back?

Mark? She quickly goes to the mirror and oh boy! It's a love bite! Did Scelo have to leave bites knowing very well she's married? At least she insisted that they use a condom because being a polygamous marriage is risky for her not to.

Mazwakhe: Uyangifebela Nonhlanhla? (Are you cheating on me Nonhlanhla)

He doesn't address any of his wives by their names and this goes to show that shit is going down, man's angry!

Mazwakhe: Awus akwazi ukukhuluma? Ngubani yona leyondoda? Niwenzele lamzini wami lamanyala?( you can't talk now, who is this man? You did this in my house?)

Nonhlanhla: No, it wasn't here...

She can't even deny nor think of a lie, that's how scared she is at this point. Mazwakhe's eyes are red, but he is keeping his distance.

Mazwakhe: Why?

There's no answer to that except that Scelo has always been the love of her life, she was hurt when he disappeared and ghosted her.

Mazwakhe: I asked you a question, damn it!



He snaps and she jumps frightened.

Nonhlanhla: I'm sorry Maziya, it was a moment of weakness that didn't mean anything.

Mazwakhe: How many moments of weakness did you have with this man?

Nonhlanhla: It's only happened once my love...

Mazwakhe: Don't you dare call me that! I don't want to stand here and argue with you, I have a lot to deal with.

Nonhlanhla: Baba can we please talk about this...

Mazwakhe: Now you want to talk? Okay talk. How did this happen? Who is it? How many rounds did you have? Did you cum? Wait, was there a protection in sight?

Nonhlanhla: I'm sorry, yes we used protection but...

Mazwakhe: But nothing! Nc nc nc.. once a whore always one. Where's my son?

Nonhlanhla: Sleeping...

Mazwakhe: I'll wake him up.

Nonhlanhla: Wait, when is the meeting taking place?

Mazwakhe: You are not coming there...

Nonhlanhla: What?

Mazwakhe: I need you to leave my house, willingly and leave everything behind including my son. You can keep the car.

Nonhlanhla: Mazwakhe no..no no,you are not thinking straight baba, don't let anger cloud your judgment.

Mazwakhe: Clouding my judgement? Nonhlanhla you cheated on me! For what, vibes?

Nonhlanhla: I was lonely, what did you expect me to do?

Mazwakhe: You cheated because you were lonely??

Nonhlanhla: That came out wrong but...

Mazwakhe: Woman, leave my house! I don't want to find you here next time I come! I will inform the family later that you and I are divorcing.

He storms out the room and Nonhlanhla rubs her neck pacing up and down thinking of a solution out of this. She can't lose Mazwakhe, not with everything that he does for her. She needs to do something about it and do it fast! She picks her phone up and dials a number from her contacts.

Nonhlanhla: Hello? Can we meet? Please my brother, it's urgent! I messed up and your brother in law is kicking me out! Please, we need to stop him, please!

NHLONIPHO

Lumka joins him in the lounge after calling her to talk and sits opposite him.

Lumka: You called for me.

Nhlonipho: Yes, I want us to talk about a way forward since now we confirmed that I'm the father to this child. I want to do right for you and the child. So, it's time we involve families into this, you have to come and report the pregnancy and I will pay the damages.

Lumka:( sighs ) My mom already knows and as expected, she threw a load of insults on me, my uncle is supportive and understanding.

Nhlonipho knows that Lumka doesn't have a healthy relationship with her mother/ family. Her mother is one of those women who are regulars at tarvens and playing cards. Lumka was the breadwinner hence he felt the need to assist her with everything she needed until she blew it.

Nhlonipho: I'm sorry about that, but you have to find a way around it because we need to do things the right way.

Lumka: I'll talk to my Aunt, maybe she will assist.

Nhlonipho: Okay, another thing is, I'll drop the charges because I can't have the mother of my child in prison or possibly giving birth there.

Lumka: Thank you Nhlonipho, I know I wronged you and I...

Nhlonipho: I'm not doing this for you, I still don't trust you. I am just doing it for my child.

I am stepping out for a moment to see my dad, please don't sell my place.

She blinks her tears away and Nhlonipho stands up to take his keys and walk out of the apartment locking her inside.

THABISILE

Today her mood has been lifted and she is out of the bedroom and tidying her place with the help of

Mbali since there's going to be a meeting later on.

Mbali: Mom, did dad tell you the agenda of this meeting?

Thabisile: I am as clueless as everyone, I guess we will all find out later what it is about.

Khethelo arrives and exchanges greetings with them. Thabisile picks up some tension in her mood but tells herself that she is going to enquire about it later on.

Mbali: Ma and you sis Khethelo, There's something I want to talk to you guys about.

Khethelo: Okay?

Mbali: Mom, the reason why I have been using drugs is because I was trying to cope with the guilt of aborting...

Thabisile drops a glass that she was carrying out of shock. Abortion?

Thabisile: Mbali, you did what?

Khethelo: Mom calm down...

Mbali: It was a rushed decision I made out of panic and it haunts me everyday.

Thabisile: When did this happen?

Mbali: Two weeks before my coming of age ceremony (umemulo).

Thabisile: (Clapping ) Everyday I discover the truth about you and how you have been living your life and it's not pleasant. Mbali, are we such horrible parents to you that you would choose this route than coming forward with the truth?

Mbali: No Ma it's not like that...

Khethelo: Mom, I think it's because of how you guys put her on a pedestal. That she cannot do wrong or any mistake.

Thabisile: No Khethelo, this doesn't justify it, Mbali has been lying to us and I am even afraid of knowing what she has been doing behind our backs!

She storms out leaving Khethelo brushing Mbali's arm in comfort.

Khethelo: She will come around, give her some space for now.

Mbali: I hope so because I need her to tell dad this on my behalf so I can have a cleansing ceremony.

PHAKAMANI

He is the first to arrive at the site where they are meeting his father and finds Mazwakhe staring into space with Sanele falling asleep on his chest. The old man is going through the most, it's written all over his face.



Phakamani: Maziya...

Mazwakhe: Son, you are here. Please carry your brother to the couch, he's heavy.

Phakamani lifts Sanele off his chest and puts him on the couch, he covers his body with the blanket he finds in his bag. When he is done, Mazwakhe offers him a glass of whiskey.

Phakamani: Are you okay?

Mazwakhe: Far from it but I don't want to talk about it. How are you doing?

Phakamani: I'm okay dad, really I am.

Mazwakhe: You killed J acob...

Phakamani: I did and it makes me happy that I won't get to see him ever again. He was talking trash about my mom and she won't have to stress about bumping into him ever again.

Mazwakhe nods and Nhlonipho arrives; he greets and joins them.

Mazwakhe: I am glad that both of you are here so we can get started. Firstly, congratulations Nhlonipho, you are now going to be a father of which I hope you will understand why I am this way to you and others.

No father wants to see their kids fail or be destructive. Both of you are the future of my empire of which I believe will groom your younger brother better. Nhlonipho, you asked me the other day about Phakamani's paternity and today I want to answer you on that.

Nhlonipho:(clearing his throat) No need baba, Phakamani already told me about it.

Mazwakhe: Very well then, that makes things easier

for me. Phakamani, it is not flesh and blood but which makes us father and son.

You are the best thing I've done with my life.

Even though my lap is too small, my heart will always have enough room for you.

I know you're grown now, but my heart doesn't realize that. In my heart, you will always be my sweet boy.

Nhlonipho, I haven't been a perfect person, but the one thing I will never regret is bringing you into this world.

I see the best parts of myself reflected in you, but you've made all those qualities even better.

When times are hard, when your friends turn against you and your luck seems to fail, know that I will always be just a phone call away for the both of you.

I know I must allow you guys to walk your own path,

but let my love be the light to guide you. I love you for the boys you were and the men you are becoming. In everything that you do, individually or together, please never forget where you come from.

There are going to be trials as you go on about this life thing, your mothers might try to get between you two but at the end of the day, you both hold the keys to either destroy this family or take it to greater heights.

Money should never be the reason why both of you backstab each other, you both have enough to start something for yourselves. That's the reason why I took you to expensive schools..

Nhlonipho, as you are becoming a father, you need to change how you behave, carry yourself and make a choice when it comes to women. Phakamani, I'm happy that you now have a woman in your life, she sounds like a good girl, who cares deeply for you,

treats her right.

Phakamani is a bit puzzled, how does he know her?  
Oh maybe Sanelisiwe told him about her.

Nhlonipho: Father, it is heartwarming to hear you speak like this to us. Your words are comforting and make me emotional, knowing that I haven't been a good son to you but here you are giving me another chance again. This brings me to the question I have been dreading for sometime now.

I still have feelings for Lumka but I don't trust her one bit. I don't know if I will be able to look past what she did to me and have a normal relationship with her again?

Mazwakhe: That's your decision as a man to make, I can never tell you what to do but from my own perspective, I cannot be with someone I do not trust.

That will be unnecessary punishment and unhealthy for me.

Once the trust is broken, love becomes useless because you are going to be paranoid and what follows after that is abuse. I didn't raise any women abusers because I am not one. Unlike us men, it takes a lot for a woman to cheat hence I will not forgive such.

But you are not me, and I won't judge you if you do. The heart wants what it wants, but be prepared to experience the same thing one day.

Phakamani is quiet and listening to this conversation taking place and picks up that if one of the wives were to cheat, he would send them packing immediately.

LATER THAT DAY

The mood is quite shaky as the family is curious to know what this meeting is all about or cannot even guess what the agenda of the meeting is.

Nonhlanhla is drinking excessively and seems to not be coping as she thinks this is about to reveal her shenanigans. Her brother told her to relax as he had a plan in place to help her out of this mess.

Nonhlanhla: Excuse me Phakamani, where is my son?

She asks as soon as Phakamani arrives with Nhlonipho.

Phakamani: He is coming with dad, why do you ask?

Nonhlanhla: I thought one of you was coming with him but it's fine!

Phakamani greets everyone and starts chatting to Khethelo while his eyes are fixed on his mother and MaGwala.

Nokubonga: So, even you, the first wife, has no idea what this meeting is about?

Thabisile: What being a first wife got to do with anything?

Nokubonga: I'm not fighting, I just thought that maybe you will know.

Thabisile: You are finally showing your true colours aren't you? I have been such a fool.

Nokubonga: I don't know what you are talking about.

Thabisile: Oh cut the crap! I know you contacted Mario because you wanted to get rid of my son. How could you!?

Nokubonga takes a sip from her glass and pushes



her hair back.

Nokubonga: Well, it's nothing personal, Had to do what needed to be done so that my son can get what is rightfully his. Phakamani cannot be an heir on either side, his father is rich so he must focus on that.

Thabisile: You are such a witch!

Nokubonga: Oh please, don't act as if you would do otherwise if you were in my position.

Thabisile: The same position that I awarded you of? If i didn't allow Mazwakhe to take you as his second wife.

Nokubonga:(chuckling) Sweetheart, you think you are that special huh? Whether you allowed it or not, we were going to get married so don't make yourself important because we both know our husband really loves and is neither of us but his barbie doll. So relax okay?

Before Thabisile could say anything, she sees the security guards walking towards them with policemen and Phakamani comes closer.

Policeman: Good afternoon Mrs Sibeko.

Thabisile: Afternoon officers, what can we help you with?

Policeman: It's about your husband...

Everyone stops what they are doing and gathers around. Sanelisiwe is blinking her big round eyes while holding the champagne glass close to her chest.

Nokubonga: What about our husband?

Policeman: His car lost control and crashed on the bridge as he was trying to sway it out of the main road.

"Jesus "

That's the first word everyone says covering their mouth afraid to ask further questions. Nonhlanhla puts her hands over her head as tears stream down her face.

Nonhlanhla: Officers, My husband was with a child, my son in that car. Please tell me if they are both okay?

Policeman: (sighs) The child didn't make it...

Nonhlanhla: Noooooooooo!!

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:52] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 50

## PHAKAMANI

Everyone is now crying and Sanelisiwe is helping Nonhlanhla to sit and calm down. The sisters are hugging and holding on to their mothers crying. This better be a bad joke because it cannot be that the last time he saw his little brother was when he put him to sleep.

Phakamani: Officers, please tell us exactly what happened. How did this accident happen? What do you mean the child didn't make it? My father, is he fine?

Policeman: Your father suffered a few scratches and is attending medical attention, he is going to be fine. The child didn't make it because the car hit the bridge on the side where the baby was at.

Phakamani closes his eyes tight and opens them after a minute seeing blurry visions because of the tears.

Phakamani: I would like to see him, my brother.

Policeman: Of course, the mother can come and identify the body of her child as well.

Phakamani: I will talk to her, please excuse me.

Phakamani walks to his mothers who are surrounding Nonhlanhla who now has hiccups from crying.

Thabisile: Phakamani, lithini lephoyisa? ( what is this cop saying?)

Phakamani: It's bad Ma, Sanele is no more and dad is said to be getting medical help.

Nokubonga: Yoooh msidindisi, my intestines just turned. Such a small child!

Phakamani: Ncane, you have to come with us to identify the body.

Nonhlanhla: Can this be a dream? Phakamani please tell this cop that we'll forgive him if he says he is joking please!

Sanelisiwe: I'll come with if that's okay.

Phakamani: It's fine, Nhlonipho, help around and call the family from dad's side and that of Mamchunu.

Nhlonipho: Okay bafo, please drive safely, we don't want another accident.

Sanelisiwe sits at the back with Nonhlanhla and Phakamani drives the car following the police van. He is holding the steering wheel so tight while fighting his tears back. Sanele didn't deserve to die so soon and young. He had a full life ahead of him.

They are following each other to do the body

viewing and one glance at his little lifeless body, he cannot hold it in anymore. He has seen brutality during his army days but this is not fair on the kid.

Nonhlanhla faints immediately and she is attended to while he exits alone to go see his father. It doesn't take him long to arrive, he didn't even feel how he got there so fast. It's like he is floating on the air.

He stands by the door waiting for the doctor to finish dressing his father up, he has a bandage around his head, an arm sling and leg fracture accompanied by other bruises on his body.

Mazwakhe sees him and his head drop in pain, regret and grief. Phakamani steps closer and sits next to the bed.

Mazwakhe: Maziya...

Phakamani: Kuyabheda Magaye, umfana akasekho.( it's bad dad, the boy is no more)

Mazwakhe licks his dry lips and shakes his head trying to stop the tears from falling.

Mazwakhe: They told me, I still can't believe it. My mind is refusing to accept this, I can still hear his piercing cry, his scared face when the car was spinning losing control. He was scared and begged me with his eyes to save us but I failed to. I should have been the one who died, not my son. Maybe it would be better if I let him ride with you.

Phakamani wraps his arm around his father's shoulder and lean on to cry.

Phakamani: Don't be too hard on yourself baba, it was an accident, no one would have predicted what was going to happen.



Mazwakhe: No, that wasn't an accident, someone messed with my car.

Phakamani: What?

Mazwakhe: I need you to find that person  
Phakamani, find them and bring them to me alive so that they can answer why.

Phakamani: I will start looking father, for now you need to focus on healing...

Mazwakhe: I need to tell you something, in case anything happens to me. Nonhlanhla cheated on me.

Phakamani: What?

Mazwakhe: Yes, When I left with Sanele, I told her to leave my house and don't ever show her face around my family. If I die tomorrow, make sure she doesn't get a dime!

\*flashback memory \*

Nonhlanhla: Phakamani, where is my son?

Phakamani: He is coming with dad, why?

Nonhlanhla: Never mind, I thought he was with you guys.

\*end of flashback \*

Mazwakhe: Phakamani!

Phakamani: Yes father, I hear you.

Mazwakhe: What's on your mind?

Phakamani: Nothing, I have to make a call and update the family. They are worried about you, please excuse me.

He steps out of the ward without looking back his mind going wild, could it be that Nonhlanhla is

involved in this? He finds it rare that the accident will happen shortly after his father threatens to divorce her.

No, it cannot be a coincidence! But if that's the case, does that mean she was trying to kill her husband to hide her infidelity? This is too stressful to make sense of, or maybe it's Lucas avenging his brother? If so, why didn't he come for him instead of his father?

EBUKA

A knock comes through his door, he opens and J ojo pushes Tony in his wheelchair inside the house.

J ojo: I'll be outside.

He gives Ebuka one look and walks away, Ebuka sighs and sits on the chair looking at Tony.

Tony: So, this is you?

Ebuka: Yes, this is me.

Tony: I see, not too bad. How are you?

Ebuka: I'm good, yourself?

Tony: Argh, I guess I should be glad to be alive. I must say it pained me to come back and discover that you no longer in the house.

Ebuka: I had to do it, and I'm happy here.

Tony: But you are my baby brother Ebuka, I promised to look after you...

Ebuka: And you have done so up until I finished my university. I will forever be grateful to you for that. But it's high time I stand on my own and do my own thing.

Tony: I'm all in support of you doing that, but this girl you want to marry brother. I'm in this chair because of her father.

Ebuka: No, you are in this chair because of your

own doing, Tony, you stole the man's taxi and killed his driver!

Tony: I didn't steal it, Nhlonipho gave it to me!

Ebuka: Nhlonipho doesn't owe any taxi Tony and you know it!

Tony: I am not here to fight, I just want to let you know that I miss my baby brother. You can always come back to the house.

Ebuka: I can't I'm sorry, to visit maybe but permanently, I can't. I need my own space and privacy as a man.

Tony:( sighs) So, there's nothing I can do to convince you otherwise?

Ebuka: About coming back, no!

Ebuka's phone vibrates and it's a message from Mbali informing him about her brother's death.

Tony: What is it?

Ebuka: No, it's just a Mbali telling me that her father has been in an accident that claimed her baby brother's life.

Tony: Is Mazwakhe dead too?

Ebuka: No, he survived but sustained injuries.

Tony: Poor baby, he should have been the one that die, but it's alright, at least now he will know how karma feels like.

Ebuka lifts his head and looks at him in shock.

Ebuka: You see, this one of the many reasons I want to stay away from you! I need to go and see Mbali...

Tony: My friend sit down, going to see Mbali my foot!

Ebuka: She's grieving...

Tony: Exactly, let the family mourn and grieve in peace. What are you going to do there? Are you part of the family? You are so forward!

Okay he's right but he just wants to be there for Mbali.

NONHLANHLA

She is awake in a ward connected to drips and it dawns to her that it wasn't a dream, her son is gone. Why did she wake up?

Phakamani walks to her bedside from the window he was standing at and looks at her. His face, she can't make of it but it's not friendly.

Phakamani: How are you feeling now?

Nonhlanhla: I don't know Phakamani, I wish I was dead.

Phakamani: Unfortunately you aren't. I'm really sorry about Sanele, we are all devastated and

sympathize with you.

Nonhlanhla: Thank you...

Phakamani: I have a question though.

Nonhlanhla: Yes?

Phakamani: Did you try to kill my father?

What? Her saliva gets in the wrong pipe and she coughs terribly while Phakamani fills the glass with water and hands it to her.

Nonhlanhla: Thank you...

Phakamani: I am going to focus on making sure that my brother gets a dignified and well send off. After that, I'll investigate what happened to my father and if you are involved, I suggest that you start running because you will wish that you left immediately when my father told you to.

He says that and holds a hasty stare for a moment



and leaves the ward. Nonhlanhla's tears stream down her face like Nile river. She reaches for her phone and finds a message from her brother.

" clean job, you should prepare yourself to be widow and mourn your husband "

Nonhlanhla:(crying) no..no..no..oh God!

## SANELIS IWE-MASIBIYA

The family is gathered together and discuss the way forward since both Mazwakhe and Nonhlanhla are in the hospital. Nonhlanhla is said to be released tomorrow and will go to her house and mourn for her child. Her mother and other relatives have been informed and will come in the morning.

It's so quite and heavy, this is a very dark time for the family. But as they always say that there's a silver lining to every dark cloud, they are grateful for

Maziya's survival.

Phakamani is not handling this well, he has been on that whiskey since he got back and he is not talking much, just answer what is required from him.

Nosipho: Can we pray guys?

She breaks the ice in the table and everyone looks at her.

Nosipho: I know I'm not the religious person but it's the only comfort we need as a family.

Thabisile: I agree, Khethelo, please start a song my baby...

Khethelo:( singing)

Angiwanaki(Angiwanaki)

Angiwanaki (Amaxeba am )

Amanxeba am (Uzowapholis a)

(Uzowapholis 'ubawo)

Uzowapholis a(Uzowapholis a)

Uzowapholis a(Amanxeba am)

Amanxeba am (Uzowapholis a)

(Uzowapholis 'ubawo)

Uzowapholis a(Uzowapholis a)

Uzowapholis a(Amanxeba am)

Amanxeba am (Uzowapholis a)

Uzowapholis a (Uzowapholis 'ubawo)

Uma ngis hiywa izihlobo zam

Kwavela kwamnyam'empilweni yam

Uma ngifakwa eziseleni

Kwaphel'amathemb'empilweni yam

The whole house back her up and Mbali starts crying hysterical.

Nhlonipho:(praying) You hold time within your hands, and see it all, from beginning to end. Please keep and carry these precious people gathered here in our sadness and loss. Cover us with your great wings of love, give our weary hearts rest and minds sound sleep. Lord, lift our eyes so that we may catch a glimpse of eternity, and be comforted by the promise of heaven.

Jesus, You said, "Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted"

We are mourning; send us Your comfort now.

Wrap around Your arms around us and hold us tight.

Send angels of mercy to us.

Shower your comfort on us through those around us,

Lord, at the moment nothing seems to be able to help the loss I feel.

Our hearts are broken and our spirit mourns.

All I know is that Your grace is sufficient.

This day, this hour

Moment by moment

We choose to lean on You,

For when we are at our weakest Your strength is strongest.

I pour out our grief to You

And praise You that on one glorious day

When all suffering is extinguished and love has conquered

We shall walk together again.

We are a broken family asking for strength from you God. Help us unite and give our little brother a peaceful send off.

We pray for the other family members in the hospital beds for recovery and healing.

We ask this in your precious name of J es us,  
Amen...

In unison, they all say " Amen". A knock comes through the door and the lawyer walks in, Mr Donald Matthews.

Donald: My apologies for coming this late, the traffic delayed me on my way from seeing the head of the family at the hospital.

Firstly let me pass my deepest condolences to the loss you are experiencing at this moment, it's really sad when kids passes on because we believe that they should bury us.

May you all be comforted and I hope that you are going to remain a unit during this difficult time. According to doctors, Mr Sibeko might be away for a while because they suspect that he might have an

internal bleeding on top of his wounds so they need to monitor him.

Him being away should not interrupt the business side of things as you know that in that world, it's business as usual. Hence I am here tonight to pass on the message that on Mr Sibeko's absence, he appointed Khethelo to lead and oversee the business side of things.

Nokubonga:( Clapping her hands ) Yooh hai!

Donald: Khethelo now this makes you the CEO of SFH( Sibeko Family Holdings ), a decision maker and approver of all business related decision until Mr Sibeko says otherwise. Please, sign here for me.

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:53] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 51

## KHETHELO

After signing the necessary documents , the lawyer leaves telling her that an email to all board members and shareholders will be notified of this change and she will be required to report to the office ASAP. There goes her job!

Nosipho: congratulations on the acting CEO position sis, I know you will do well...

Mbali: (smiling) Who runs the world?

Sanelisiwe & Thabisile: Girls,Girls!

They giggle for a moment and quickly remember that there is this dark cloud hanging around them.

Nhlonipho: congratulations sisi, you know we got your back so shout whenever you need help, we are here for you.

Khethelo: Thanks Nhlo, it really means a lot hearing this from you. Indeed this is a team work.



Nokubonga: I don't understand what this means, does it mean that Khethelo is the heir now that she gets to act in our husband's absence?

Phakamani lifts his head up in a hurry and looks at Nokubonga.

Phakamani: The lawyer was here, why didn't you ask him yourself? If yes she is an heir as the first child of Maziya.

Mbali: First child whoa, what do you mean bhuti?

Khethelo is curious as well, as far as everyone is concerned, Phakamani is the first child and son of Maziya.

Phakamani: I am not Maziya's biological son, now please excuse me, it's been a long day, I need to rest.

He drops the bomb and gets up from the chair and heads to his bedroom leaving the room in awkward

silence. Her mother is looking down and Khethelo can tell that she is crying. Sanelisiwe and the rest announce their departure. She is now left with Mbali and her mother and they sit down.

Mbali: Mama, what does Phakamani mean? If he is not dad's son, who is his father and what happened?

Thabisile wipes her tears and looks at her daughters sniffing.

Thabisile: It's actually a long sad painful story, I didn't cheat on your father or anything like that. Instead we dated while i was already pregnant, he knew and accepted me as I am. Back to the question about Phakamani's biological father, well, he is dead now. I used to work for him and he sexually assaulted me...

Mbali: Mama, oh no!

Thabisile: Phakamani was a product...

Khethelo: I am so sorry mama...

They embrace her in a tight group hug Khethelo thinking about how deep her father's love for their mother is for loving her through that ordeal to raising Phakamani as his own. She has developed more respect for the man now

Thabsile: It's okay, it happened and moved on from it.

Khethelo: It's a good thing that he is dead, such monsters don't deserve to be alive.

Mbali: So, does Phakamani know? The truth about his conception?

Thabisile: (nodding) Yes he does and he is not handling it well, he is drinking a lot late and that worries me.

Khethelo: I will talk to her...

Mbali clears the table and Khethelo assists her, there is no way she is leaving to her place tonight, meaning she has to text Mandisa and let her know

that she is not coming back. After washing the dishes and packing them away, Khethelo heads to Phakamani's bedroom and knocks with no response. She tries to open the door but it is locked, after a few moment, Phakamani opens and stands aside letting her in.

Khethelo: Were you sleeping already?

Phakamani nods and gets into bed, he is already in his pyjama shorts and a vest. Khethelo joins him too.

Phakamani: It's been a long day Khethelo, I want to sleep.

Khethelo: Me too...

He chuckles and keeps quiet, Khethelo snuggles next to him laying her head on his arm.

Khethelo: Remember when we were young, you used to sing for me and put me into bed.

Phakamani: Yeah, those were the days. We are old

now.

Khethelo: I feel like it is my turn to sing for you...

Phakamani: I will surely have nightmares...

Khethelo: Be nice, I have a beautiful voice hawu...

A moment of silence passes by, only the sound of their thoughts and heartbeats can be heard.

Phakamani: How did everything go so wrong?

Khethelo: It's going to be alright ntwana, this too shall pass. We just need to hold on to each other until this dark cloud is over.

Phakamani: I am so tired, honestly. Sanele's death wasn't supposed to happen, he was a kid that had a lot of potential. I was happy at how Maziya was bringing him around us so that we could form that brotherly bond with him. Now I won't see him again.

Khethelo hugs him and they cry silently together, this is so not fair, Nonhlanhla was a distant wife

and all but they loved their brother and no mother deserves to bury their child.

LUMKA

Nhlonipho finally comes back and from the distance, he looks drained. She is mad at how he locked her inside the house the whole day but seeing him like this makes her forget about her anger and wants to know what happened.

Lumka: Nhlo, are you alright?

Nhlonipho: Sadly not, how are you?

Lumka: Not okay, Nhlonipho you locked me inside here! What if the building was on fire and I couldn't leave?

Nhlonipho: I am sorry, really I was n't thinking straight.

Lumka: I get that you still have trust issues around me as you should but if this is how we are going to do it then I suggest that you release me then keep

me here as your prisoner. I will figure something out on my own, I always do.

Nhlonipho: I understand your frustration and they are justified. I don't want us to fight or stress you, it is not good for the baby. I just want us to have a healthy parenting relationship because clearly we cannot be together, I can't say never but at least not now.

Okay that is disappointing but at least he's not saying never. After everything that happened between the two of them, he is very kind and generous.

Lumka: Okay, how do you suggest we do that?

Nhlonipho: We'll go over the details after my brother's funeral...

Lumka: Wait, did you say Brother's funeral? Who passed?

Nhlonipho:(heavy sigh) Sanele, he was with dad and

an accident that claimed his life happened.

Lumka: Oh no, I'm so sorry to hear that Nhlonipho. Condolences to you and your family.

Nhlonipho: Thanks, so with that being said, I won't be here a lot since I have to help my brother arrange this funeral.

Lumka: Of course, I understand. I'm sorry. Come here.

She opens her arms for a hug, Nhlonipho hesitates for a moment but finally embraces it. Lumka brushes his back softly.

Lumka: It's going to be alright; he is in a better place now and has become an Angel that is going to watch over y'all.

Nhlonipho:(sniffing) I suppose, when will this little man start kicking?

Lumka: Who said it's a boy? I want a girl...



Nhlonipho: Girl please, the Maziya need a boy squad.

Lumka: Well, the doctor said in the next month or so, SHE will start to make movements.

Nhlonipho:(chuckling) It's a He, keep fooling yourself though We'll see...

Lumka:(smiling) Whatever, do you want to eat? I left some food for you.

Nhlonipho: No thank you, I'll just shower and sleep.

Lumka: Okay...

Nhlonipho: Not because I am suspecting you of poisoning me but my heart is dark and heavy.

Lumka: I completely understand...

Nhlonipho: Okay then, goodnight and don't stay up too late.

Lumka: I won't, goodnight...

He disappears to his bedroom and Lumka sighs holding her stomach imagining what she would do

if her baby would die. Probably lost her mind,  
strength to Nonhlanhla, poor woman.

MAZWAKHE

He opens his eyes and sees Nosipho sleeping next to his bed, his eyes go straight to the wall watch and it's just past 9 in the morning. The injection was heavy and he dozed off immediately after breakfast. He hates being here with all his being but he knows better than to defy doctor's orders.

Mazwakhe: Nosipho...

His voice comes out as a whisper and she sits up and looks at him with a warm smile. He doesn't remember when last saw his daughter without make-up, wearing a dress and headwrap.

Nosipho: Baba, you were sleeping when I came in. How are you feeling?

Mazwakhe: Except the physical pain, I'm drowning with the psychological and emotional one.

Nosipho: I'm so sorry dad, what happened was so unfortunate but you don't have to blame yourself for it.

Mazwakhe: It's like you know, I do, every second of it. I should have protected him.

Nosipho: I'm sure you did your best baba, no one is blaming you for this...

Mazwakhe: My best was not enough because your brother is not here...

He is unable to contain the pain after that and a painful headache hits him hard between his eyes, forcing the tears to stream down his face. Nosipho holds his hand squeezing it tight.

Nosipho: It's going to be better baba, I don't know

how but we'll move past this as a family.

He sniffs and nods the tears away, Nosipho wipes them and smiles making him smile too.

Mazwakhe: You look like a wife material...

Nosipho: Haa, wait baba, you mean it takes a doek, dress nyana to look like a wife material?

Mazwakhe:(chuckling)I sometimes forget you are stupid. I was complimenting you.

Nosipho: I know, thank you. I'm glad I made you smile.

Mazwakhe: You are an amazing person, don't let the wrath of the world change that for you. Thank you for coming, I appreciate you.

Nosipho: I appreciate you more, I'm glad you didn't die, I wasn't going to be able to handle it.

Mazwakhe: I'm not going anywhere anytime soon okay? At least not before I walk you down the aisle.

She becomes red from blushing and Mazwakhe chuckles, he feels sorry for whoever that will marry his daughter shame.

Right then Magwala walks in carrying stuff with her. She greets and Nosipho stands up.

Nosipho: I'll go and check how the CEO is settling in and go see Ncane If she needs any assistance.

Mazwakhe: Okay my Angel.

She exits the ward and Nokubonga unpack what she is carrying. Toiletries, pyjamas and some clean clothes with fruits, juices and snacks. After putting them on the drawer, she sits next to him on the bed.

Nokubonga: You gave us a big scare babakhe. How are you feeling ?

Mazwakhe: I don't know how I feel, it's a mixture of emotions dealing with me but I guess I'll survive.

Nokubonga: I'm glad, what happened to Sanele was very unfortunate and made me realize how short life is, tomorrow is never guaranteed.

Mazwakhe: Yeah.

He doesn't know what to say to her, he is dealing with a lot and hasn't forgotten about her shenanigans but now it's not time to dwell on them.

Nokubonga: I know this is out of the question but, do you think you did the right thing by putting Khethelo on your chair?

There she goes! Couldn't she just wait or better shut up?

Mazwakhe: What are you trying to ask me?

Nokubonga: Don't get me wrong Maziya, Khethelo is smart, educated and all but this is big for her. For a girl child to hold such a position, I'm scared. Our enemies will see an opportunity to attack.

Mazwakhe: Which enemies are you talking about? Or do you refer to the one you are trying to create for me?

Nokubonga: What do you mean create for you?

Mazwakhe: I know you dug up Jacob, what were you hoping to achieve? Before you can even answer me let me say this: I'm sick and tired of you forever obsessing about my money that you found me with.

I'm tired of you trying to dictate whom I should put in charge and so forth. I put Khethelo deliberately and nothing is going to happen to her because she has me and her siblings to drive this ship.

I love my kids and I'll place them wherever I see fit

for them to rule. If my decisions are too much for you, I permit you to pack your bags and leave because one thing you are not going to do is control me with my money!

If I choose to leave everything for Phakamani, I'll do so because it's my money!

Nokubonga looks spooked and shaky, she clearly didn't expect that from him and he means it, he is tired. What kind of behavior is this? Forever running her mouth and trying to dictate him?

Nokubonga:(calm) You are in so much pain, the medications and death of Sanele are definitely messing up with you because my husband wouldn't say this.

Mazwakhe chuckles in disbelief, no the devil is clearly testing him and he is using Nokubonga



because wtf!

Mazwakhe: I think you have overstayed your welcome. Please leave.

Nokubonga: I'll go check up on Mamchunu.

He doesn't say anything but nods and closes his eyes...

NONHLANHLA

She got discharged this morning and Phakamani drove her straight to her house. He didn't say anything, his silence was heavy and that made the journey long and awkward.

Arriving at her house, she found her family members already there and passed their condolences to her. The person she is dying to see

is his brother, who is clearly avoiding her.

She asks to use the bathroom and leaves the mattress they are seated on and walks around her house looking for Bongani, her brother. She finds him eating in one of the rooms and chuckles in disbelief.

Nonhlanhla: So, this is where you are hiding yourself?

Bongani: Sisi...

Nonhlanhla: Do not "sisi" me! My child is dead, you killed my child and you are here stuffing your face with my food!

Bongani quickly gets up and closes the door.

Bongani: Are you out of your mind? Do you want to go to jail?

Nonhlanhla:(chuckling) You are worried about jail? Do you know what Mazwakhe and his son will do to you when they find out?

Bongani: How are they going to find out?

Nonhlanhla: I don't have the energy to answer this question. I'm so angry at you, were you seriously trying to kill my husband?

Bongani: I thought that's what you wanted...

Nonhlanhla: What? Are you crazy? How can I want the sponsor of everything around you dead?

Bongani: Then why did you cheat if you loved him so much? I am sorry things turned out like this but this is not my fault. I didn't know the child was going to be there...

Nonhlanhla looks at him defeated with her hands on her waist.

Nonhlanhla: You need to disappear because I can't lose you too.

Bongani: Dis appear to where? I have a family  
Nonhlanhla!

A knock on the door frightens them and Phakamani  
stands by the door.

Phakamani: Bo babomncane sebakhona.(my uncles  
have arrived)

Nonhlanhla: I'm coming.

Phakamani doesn't say anything but looks at them  
sternly and leaves, closing the door behind him.

Bongani:(whispering) Do you think he heard  
anything? His look is piecing my stomach.

Nonhlanhla:(whispering) I doubt this house is  
soundproofed. If he did then we are dead.

Bongani: You need to get a grip of yourself  
Nonhlanhla before you get us in trouble, now go

back before they suspect something.

She exhales and walks out of the door straight to the mourning room.

NOSIPHO

She is seated on the comfy leather chairs in her father's office and watches as her sister answers endless calls and sorts out papers.

Nosipho: Maybe you should use dad PA's help hey.

Khethelo: Definitely because wow!

Nosipho: I went to see him this morning, man he is suffering.

Khethelo: Eix, I will also go after work. I don't know if I have the strength to see him in that position.

Nosipho: It's really sad but I trust him to bounce

back.

Khethelo: I wonder if he's going to be able to attend the funeral.

Nosipho: I think so, his condition is bad but not too bad.

Right then the PA knocks and walks in followed by two gentlemen. Nosipho quickly sits up straight and composes herself because what the hell that just walked in?

Khethelo: Thanks Mfundo I'll take it from there.  
Gentlemen, please have a seat.

The two yummy hot guys make themselves comfortable and take off their sunglasses, they are colored and look together. Are they twins or what?

1st Guy: We would like to apologize for coming here

without an appointment. We were on our way back to Joburg when we received the news of your brother's passing and thought we should come by and pass our condolences.

2nd guy: It's really sad to hear such news because a week ago we were with your father and discussing the big project his company is going to do for us. In case you don't know I'm talking about the private mental clinic project he is building for me.

Get out of here! These guys are fucken rich moes? Okay this office is suddenly too hot all of a sudden.

Khethelo: I remember that project, he told me about it and I'm happy to meet the people behind it although we are meeting under unfortunate circumstances. But well done for expanding the mental health care facilities I am looking forward to seeing this project develop.

Forgive my manners, my name is Khethelo Sibeko and with me is my sister Nosipho.

1st guy: I'm Howard and this is my brother Benjamin Saints...

Nosipho: As in like the Saints and sinners movie?

Okay she didn't mean to blurb out that loud! Can the ground open and swallow her? The Howard guy just smiles at her. Okay what's that? She's not hallucinating right?

Howard: Maybe like in the movie because we are the opposite of our Surname.

Benjamin: Way different...

More like sinners? She finishes it in her mind...



To be continued.

( I'm sorry your chapter came in late, work is hectic  
you guys )

[06/11, 16:53] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 52

### KHETHELO

The Saints brothers say their goodbyes shortly and announce that they are going to be leaving since they have a long drive all the way back to Joburg. They promise to fly back for the funeral though.

Nosipho: Aren't they just cute and kind business partners though? Flying back to support dad for the burial of his son?

She says shortly as they exit the office and Khethelo shakes her head in disbelief.

Khethelo: Don't even think about it, they look like trouble.

Nosipho:(biting her lips ) I love trouble.

Khethelo: Oh God! When these coloureds wives moer you, don't scream my name.

Nosipho: They wouldn't dare,I'm Maziya's daughter and bhuti wami is ots ha! (My brother is the soldier)

Khethelo: Girl,you are crazy...

Nosipho: Where is your girlfriend? Are you guys still good?

Khethelo: Yeah we are good, why do you ask?

Nosipho: J ust curious, you haven't posted her in a while so I thought there's trouble in paradise.

Khethelo: You are nose y Nosipho, there's no trouble in paradise nix lana.

Nosipho: Okay, if you say so then. I promised dad I'll go check if his wife needs any assistance so let me go. I'm not in the mood to see her fat aunties though.

Khethelo:( laughing) Sanelisiwe will be there so you will be fine...

Nosipho: At least, see you later girl.

They hug and she walks away, Khethelo rests back on her chair brushing her face. Maziya needs to share the secret on how he does this and makes it look so easy.

A message from Khathu sending his condolences comes through and she sends a sticker as a reply then logs off WhatsApp and focuses on work.

SANELISIWE-MASIBIYA

Nonhlanhla's house is getting packed by relatives and friends who are here to support Nonhlanhla during this difficult time. It warms her heart to see all Mazwakhe's children gathered around and support Nonhlanhla.

The funeral is happening tomorrow and it's been hell of a day of making arrangements, the fatigue from the boys is visible in their eyes and how they walk.

She takes a moment away from the kitchen and goes to the back of the house to smoke when she catches Phakamani doing something on phones. It's like he is transferring some files from one phone to another.

Phakamani: Sane, you scared me...

Sanelisiwe: Uzoze uthuke nje what are you doing here?

Phakamani: Nothing you should worry yourself about.

Sanelisiwe: Phakamani...

Phakamani: Look, I'll go home and rest now but I'll be here first thing tomorrow morning.

Sanelisiwe: Is your father coming?

Phakamani: He can't miss his son's burial, he's going to be here.

Sanelisiwe: Okay then, go rest, tomorrow is still another heavy day.

Phakamani: Sure, goodnight.

He leaves and bumps into Nhlonipho who is also here for a smoke. She gives him the lighter and they keep quiet, unlike with Phakamani, they hardly talk with Nhlonipho.

Nhlonipho: What a day it has been, I'm so exhausted.

Sanelisiwe: I was just telling your brother to get some rest because there's still a lot to do tomorrow. I'll say the same thing to you as well. Find a room and sleep.

Nhlonipho: This house is big but it has become small because of everyone who's here. Besides, I left my pregnant girlfriend at home...

Sanelisiwe: Pregnant? Wait, are we expecting a baby?

Nhlonipho: Yeah, well she's my ex actually...

Sanelisiwe: Oh my word, congratulations Nhlonipho! Did your parents know your mom specifically?

Nhlonipho: She doesn't but dad knows. I haven't had time to tell her, not that she is interested in my life anyway.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, you should tell her though. I mean she needs to hear this from you more than elsewhere.

Nhlonipho: I'll tell her, once the dust settles.

Sanelisiwe: Good, overall, congratulations, I know

you are going to be a good father because you were raised by one.

Nhlonipho: I pray that at least I become half the man he was.

Sanelisiwe: You are a spiritual person Nhlonipho, don't aspire to be anyone else other than you. Allow the spirit to guide you and you can never go wrong. And we are here, as your mothers to offer you support, you know I love babysitting.

Nhlonipho: You sure do; but you need to babysit yours now. Sanele is gone, there's a gap now.

That's what was on her mind too, but before Sanele's passing, she intended on bringing this topic up with Mazwakhe.

Nhlonipho: Let me go to the house and tell my mother I'm leaving.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, I'll follow you shortly.

Nhlonipho leaves and Sanelisiwe picks the cigarettes and throws them at the bin. Her phone rings, iPhakade lakhe is calling. ( husband is calling.)

Sanelisiwe: Maziya...

Mazwakhe:MaGumede, how are you?

Sanelisiwe: It would be better if you were by my side.

Mazwakhe: I know, I'm sorry I'm not there.

Sanelisiwe: It's okay, just focus on getting better so that you can fully come back to us.

Mazwakhe: I spoke to the doctor, he permitted me to come tomorrow and that I'll have regular checks up since I refused to return to the hospital after the funeral.

Sanelisiwe: That's good news, means your condition is not that bad.

Mazwakhe: Yeah it's not, I have spoken to Phakamani who will be fetching me tomorrow. Please give him my suit for tomorrow.



Sanelisiwe: He has already left but I'll prepare it and make sure he gets it.

Mazwakhe: Thank you, we'll talk tomorrow.

Sanelisiwe: Have some rest, I love you.

Mazwakhe: I love you more.

The call ends and she returns back inside the house...

## THE FUNERAL

Mazwakhe arrived with Phakamani early in the morning balancing his walk with one walking stick while Phakamani held his hand since the sling was holding the other one.

He was seated on the front surrounded by his brothers and Sons all wearing black, while his wives were on the floor with Nonhlanhla, his daughters

behind him and observed as the service took place.

The speeches were made which made people cry even more and they moved to the cemetery and Sanele's tiny body went down to the ground.

Nonhlanhla couldn't hold it in and cried so loud as the men started pouring soil on his coffin.

Mazwakhe in support of his sons both went to drop the soil in the grave and recited clan names with his voice breaking and tears streaming down his face, he almost fell inside the grave but thank God Nhlonipho and Phakamani were very vigilant and managed to hold him still.

Now the people are eating back home and some are saying their goodbyes leaving. Nosipho spots Howard amongst the crowd busy fanning himself and pressing his phone.

She dishes up for him from the pastor's portion and carries it to him. He lifts his head up and removes the shades he's wearing. Ah God this man smells good yoooh, she wants to cry right now so that he can hug her.

Nosipho: Hi, I brought you food.

Howard: Thank you, I'm actually good, I wanted to see your father before I leave.

Nosipho: Oh..

She is disappointed but he takes the plate.

Howard: But I'll eat so that you don't get offended.

Nosipho: I wasn't going to..

She lies, already she was swearing at him in her mind.

Nosipho: You came alone today?

Howard: I didn't leave, Benjamin ended up going back alone.

Nosipho: Okay, thank you for coming and supporting our dad.

Howard: He's a good man, he doesn't deserve this. It's sad, I found myself triggered today.

Nosipho: I'm sorry, did you also lose a child?

Howard: Wife, I'm widowed, my wife passed away a year and half ago.

Life is so not fair, such a hunk is already a widow?  
But on a positive side, he's available!

Nosipho: I'm sorry to hear that, I'm sure it must have been hard.

Howard: Very, especially to our son. But with God's grace we survived.

Nosipho: That's good, I mean what doesn't kill you makes you stronger, right?

Howard: Definitely, so you are also going to move past this.

" Mr Saints "

Mazwakhe says behind her and she gets up making a space for her father to sit and goes back to the tent where Mbali pulls her aside.

Mbali: Who's that?

Nosipho: Who?

Mbali: The man you almost swallowed with your eyes?

Nosipho:(chuckling) You are so dramatic, he is dad's business partner.

Mbali: Okay, he's hot.

Nosipho: Right!?

Mbali: But I love my tall and dark man so I'll pass...

Nosipho: As you should, mntase he smells so good.

Mbali:Uthanda amadoda wena! Your eyes are wandering even at a funeral!

Nosipho: Please leave me alone, I don't want to die alone.

Mbali nudges Nosipho at Nhlonipho's direction. He is talking to his girlfriend.

Mbali: Baby girl is picking some weight...

Nosipho: And glowing too, I thought they broke up!

Mbali: Sis, they say don't get involved in the business of two people that know each other naked.

Nosipho: Preach! I'm never entering myself again.

Mbali: Hold on, that's my man there, I'm coming back.

Nosipho: Then you blame me for having a wandering eye!

## PHAKAMANI

After everyone had left Mazwakhe and Nonhlanhla alone at their house to talk about what happened since they haven't had a chance to, Phakamani decided to go and see Refiloe.

He needs to clear his mind from all this family drama that is happening around and be at peace for a few hours.

Refiloe is preparing Kefilwe for bed time by the time he arrives and the little girl is so happy to see him which warms his heart. He gives her the toys and snacks to attend to before turning to her mother.

Phakamani: Sthandwa sami, how have you been?

Refiloe: Sthandwa sakho after so many days of not talking to each other?

Phakamani: I know baby but I have been dealing with a lot...

Refiloe: Of course you are.

Phakamani: I buried my little brother today, I don't want us to fight.

She looks taken back and guilty washes down her face. If she called or texted him, she would have known what he was going through.

Refiloe: Phakamani, I'm sorry I didn't know.

Phakamani: I didn't tell you I'm also sorry, everything got too much for me. From organizing the funeral to all.

Refiloe: I feel bad now, what happened?

Phakamani: Car accident, Sanele was with my



father but he survived.

Refiloe: We thank God for his life. I know that nothing makes sense now but God is in control and he knows the plans for us.

Phakamani: I don't want to talk about it. His plans are very stupid and lacks timing, what a child got to do with that?

Refiloe keeps quiet and Phakamani sighs.

Phakamani: I'm sorry, it's just not fair and hurts.

Refiloe: I can imagine, I'm sorry.

She gives him a tight hug and does not say anything. This is exactly what he needed, comfort from his woman.

Phakamani: I know things are a bit shaky at the moment and that we started off on the wrong foot

but please do not give up on me, us. You are the only positive and good thing happening in my life right now. I want to invest in you, us. Please give me another chance to correct my wrongs and...

Refiloe attacks him with a kiss and he kisses her back passionately. Wow, he is even crying as tears stream his face. She wipes them with her thumb.

Refiloe: Your way of doing things frustrates me a lot sometimes but I also have a lot to improve on. I love you and I am willing to give us a chance.

Phakamani: Thank you...

Refiloe: On one condition...

Phakamani: Name it.

Refiloe: You are going to attend therapy.

He wants to protest but the look she's giving him makes him surrender.

Phakamani: If that's what it's going to take for us to be alright and happy, I'll do it.

Refiloe: Thank you baby. Do you want coffee or anything?

Phakamani: No, I want to cuddle...

Refiloe: ( blushing) You are mourning Phakamani, you still have to do some cleansing...

Phakamani:(s mirking) I said I want to cuddle, I don't know where your mind is at.

She rolls her eyes going to the bed and he laughs as he starts stripping his clothes. His phone vibrates, it's a message sent to Nonhlanhla.

He cloned(hacked)her phone because he believes that the answers lie there. He sits on the bed and opens it.

"Nhla hi. I know we agreed on not contacting each other after that night but I can't just keep quiet after what happened. It was so sad seeing you cry like that today at the cemetery and I wanted to give you a hug so bad.

I'm so sorry you are going through this, please know that I'm here for you if you want to talk. Askies nana"

He chuckles in disbelief and copies the number and searches to see who it belongs to. A whole profile of him pops up.

Phakamani: Lenja ines ibindi, idlela baba umfazi ebe emholela! ( This man has a liver to fuck my dad's wife while he pays his salary)

Refiloe: Whose that?

Phakamani: Urhm no one baby, I am just thinking

out loud.

He saves all the information in a safe locker and finishes taking off his clothes. Refiloe is in full pyjama gear with a gown on top and Phakamani laughs.

Refiloe: What are you laughing at? I'm protecting us with this gown.

Phakamani: Refiloe, you are going to faint. Take the gown off and I promise that I won't tempt you.

Refiloe: Okay then..

MANDISA

She is giving Khethelo a massage and debates silently about bringing the topic that's on her mind.

Mandisa: Babe, are you sleeping?

Khethelo: No, I might be soon though because your hands are so good.

Mandisa: Please don't sleep, I want us to talk about something.

Khethelo turns around and lays on her back looking at her.

Khethelo: What's up?

Mandisa: I want us to visit that topic of kids, marriage and the future again

Khethelo sighs, she knows the timing is off but it's now or never.

Mandisa: I know what you are going to say but baby we have to move on with our lives. I want a future with you Khethelo and that includes marrying you.

Now my first question is, are you going to use my surname?

Khethelo: No, I'll use a double barren.

Mandisa: O-kay, I thought it would be nice for you to take my Surname and I take yours.

Khethelo: You can take mine while keeping yours but I'm not completely riding my identity.

Mandisa: Okay I hear you. Another thing, what kind of marriage contract are we going to have?

Khethelo: We are going to sign a prenup.

Mandisa: Prenup?

Khethelo: Yes, I am not doing this " what is yours is mine what mine is yours " thing.

Mandisa: (chuckling) It's called "community of property agreement" babe.

Khethelo: Yes that, I'm not doing it.

Mandisa: But why though? I mean what's the purpose of getting married if you are not willing to risk it all with me and doing everything together?

Khethelo: That's why there's something called Prenup. Baby; can we finish this conversation some other time? I'm really exhausted.

Mandisa: It's okay, I'll go switch off the lights.

She puts on her sleepers and goes to the kitchen and puts the glasses they were using for drinks in the sink and switch off the lights proceeding to the lounge and pick up Khethelo's briefcase she left here since yesterday.

Something tells her to open it, she looks back contemplating with this thought but finally opens it. First thing she sees is a file written with bold letters **CONFIDENTIAL**.

Curiosity killed the cat as they say, she open it and her eyes doesn't believe what they are showing her. Khethelo Sibeko; Acting CEO of Sibeko Family Holdings.



Mandisa: What? So this is the reason why she's talking about "klinik this klinik that"

She hears footsteps and quickly puts everything away before she gets here.

Khethelo: What are you doing with my bag?

Mandisa: I was tidying up so I wanted to bring it to the bedroom.

Khethelo: Okay, there's something I want in there so please give it to me.

Mandisa: Didn't you say you were sleeping?

Khethelo: I was, an email woke me up.

Mandisa hands the bag and watches at her curiously.

Mandisa: You are working hard these days neh?

Khethelo: You have no idea,let's go to bed.

Mandisa: I'll follow you shortly.

Khethelo:(smiling) Don't keep me waiting...

Mandisa smiles until she disappears and sits down on the couch pressing hard on them breathing out.

Mandisa: (talking to herself)She's lying to me with a straight face! How could she?

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:54] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 53

NONHLANHLA

The moment she has been dreading is here, it is now only her and Mazwakhe and it is time they get

to talk about what happened the past few days. He look very devastated and pained, as any parent would, because such an incident is not fair at all.

Nonhlanhla: How are you feeling? I mean physically?

Mazwakhe: My body is in pain but there is no pain that beats the one of knowing that my son is gone and he is never coming back. What kills me the most is that he died right in front of my eyes. I saw the fear in his eyes begging me to save him, the screams and how he just crushed in front of my eyes...

Her body is trembling as he explain all of this, she is thinking of the pain her son endured before his soul left his body and to think that she is indirectly involved in this makes her wish she left as soon Mazwakhe told her so than trying to seek help from her brother because look now the mess she is in. She lost her only child and connection to Mazwakhe, if things were okay between them, she was going to

say that they try for another baby but after her cheating saga, Mazwake will not touch her.

Nonhlanhla: I am sorry, I really do not know what to say or do in this situation. It feels like a horrible nightmare that I keep on praying that I wake up from. But seeing his coffin go down was a confirmation that he is really gone.

Mazwakhe: I tried to protect him, I really did but...

Nonhlanhla: It was beyond your control, this is not on you Maziya.

A moment of silence passes by between them, it is so awkward, they should be in bed crying on each other's chest at this moment.

Nonhlanhla: About leaving, Can you please give me at least a month to sort my things out and my next move?

Mazwakhe: Where are you going to go?

Is he asking because he cares or curious or asks to pass time?

Nonhlanhla: I am still deciding but I can't go back home.

Mazwakhe: There is going to be a divorce settlement, I believe that it will help you start over.

Divorce settlement? She thought that after what he knows about her, he is not going to leave anything for her but clearly Mazwakhe is a kind and considerate man, she messed up, lost gold while chasing the stars.

Nonhlanhla: I know you have questions, I guess this is the only chance we have to talk and address everything else.

Mazwakhe: I just need to understand your reasons to go outside and cheat. That's all, make me understand. Did I do something wrong?

Nonhlanhla:(sighs) The only wrong thing you did is

you married Maziya and not to one wife but 3!  
When I worked for you, it used to be fun sneaking around and all but when I became your wife full time, it hit hard having to wait for you to rotate yourselves around us.

Mazwakhe: But that's the agreement you got into knowing very well was happening. What did you think was going to happen?

Nonhlanhla: Like I said, it was fun when I was your secret side chick but when I became your wife, I needed you more. I had actually thought that since we had a baby and was a new wife, you were going to give more attention.

Mazwakhe: So this is my fault?

Nonhlanhla: No, you tried your best to satisfy us but truth is it can never be enough. I appreciate everything that you did for me and how you elevated my life and the beautiful boy we created.

Mazwakhe: I want to ask, did you ever love me?

Nonhlanhla: Yes, I did, still do.

Mazwakhe: I love you too but sometimes love alone is not enough. Love without trust is dangerous. I don't want to torture myself with this. For the sake of my son's spirit and the memories we shared, I would love us to part ways amicable.

It's really happening, he's not stuttering or beating by the bush with that.

Nonhlanhla: Okay...

Mazwakhe: I'm tired, I need to lay my body down.

Nonhlanhla: Where are you going to sleep?

Mazwakhe: Sanele's bedroom. Please pack everything that belongs to me, this house will be auctioned.

Nonhlanhla: Okay, let me know if you need anything else.

He nods and limps his way out of the room and

Nonhlanhla exhales, relieved that he didn't push to know who's the person she cheated with. Clearly Sanele's death is occupying his mind.

She checks her phone and sees a message from Scelo and deletes it immediately, tossing her phone aside.

## KHETHELO

Mandisa left before her for work with a note that she has early meetings to attend to and Khethelo tried calling her but she didn't pick up.

Today she's officially meeting the board members and nerves are dealing with her as she paces up and down in her father's office preparing her speech.



Mfundo, the PA that Khathu is here to see him. Okay this is not the good time, she saw him briefly after the funeral and she regrets telling him that he works here now.

He walks in carrying flowers and chocolates that he places on top of the table, his scent fills up the whole office.

Khathu: Flowers for madam CEO.

Khethelo: Thank you Khathu

Khathu: I am from a heavy night duty shift and on my way I thought I should pass by and say hi.

Khethelo: That's very thoughtful of you Khathu. It's not a good time though because I am having a meeting in the next 30 minutes and I'm stressed.

Khathu: You don't even have to tell me, it's written all over your face. You are tense.

Khethelo: Yeah I mean I'll be meeting these men whom others will criticise dad's decision

Khathu: The lawyer will be there with you, right?

Khethelo: Yeah, that's what he said.

Khathu: Then you got nothing to worry about. Tell you what, I have a secret to help you relax.

He gets up from his chair and comes behind hers. Her heart skips a bit at his aura hovering over her and clears her throat when Khathu places his hands on her shoulders.

Khathu: Please relax, close your eyes, lean back and relax.

Khethelo exhales and Khathu unbutton her shirt to get more access to her skin and his bare touch is doing things to her that her mind knows are wrong but her body screams yes.

A doctor with good and soft hands, he tells her

about the knots on her shoulders that are building up and Khethelo says it's pressure and work stress.

His hands find their way on her boobs every now and then, surprisingly she is not complaining but enjoys the touch. She turns to look at him and his face is way too close they almost kiss.

Khathu: You are going to be late for your meeting.

He says and steps back with a satisfactory smirk, Khethelo curses silently feeling betrayed by her body for wanting more of that.

NHLONIPHO

He is at the funeral parlor and had just sent her mother a WhatsApp message telling her about Lumka being pregnant. He knows she won't rejoice

over the news but it has to be done because soon, Lumka and her family have to come and report the pregnancy.

He copied the same message for Thabisile and his sisters then put his phone aside getting back to work.

After an hour of working, trying by all means to ignore the urge of touching his phone and reading the responses, Phakamani calls.

Before he could answer, Scelo walks in with files on his hands and Nhlonipho signals for him to sit down as he takes the call.

Nhlonipho: Bafo...

Phakamani: Hey Nhlonipho, why are you not responding to your WhatsApp messages?

Nhlonipho: I've been busy but let me check.

He reads the message still on the call, ignoring the rest and looks at Scelo opposite him.

Phakamani: Do you understand what you need to do or you want me to explain further?

Nhlonipho: No, I get it.

He types telling Phakamani that he's actually right in front of him.

Phakamani: The time is now, I'll meet you at the address.

Nhlonipho: Sure...

The call ends and he looks at Scelo who clears his throat.

Scelo: Mr Sibeko, do you have time?

Nhlonipho: Not really, I need you to accompany me somewhere. There's a client complaining about our services and causing drama. Only our physical approach will calm this matter. Shall we go?

Scelo: Of course, I mean anything to save the company's reputation.

Nhlonipho nods and gets up picking his phone and car keys and leads Scelo to the company's car. He drives out of the building following the location Phakamani sent him.

Nhlonipho: Scelo, what is your take on people cheating on their partners? Specifically married women?

Scelo:(chuckling) What can I say? I mean everyone does whatever they want with their bodies and time.

Nhlonipho: Would you sleep with a married woman?

Scelo: Those ones are more fun and exciting...

Nhlonipho: Even if her husband is your boss?

His facial expression changes immediately and he tries to open the door but Nhlonipho locks it and pulls out his gun.

Nhlonipho: Where do you think you are going?

Scelo: Nhlonipho mfe2, please do not kill me, I have a daughter that I still have to reunite with and be a father.

Nhlonipho: Oh I won't kill you; he will.

He drops the gun and drives through the empty basement lobby and parks the car. This place is empty and huge, he forces Scelo out.

Scelo: Please Nhlo mfe2, what are we doing here?

Right then Phakamani appears smoking and walking slowly to them. He shakes Nhlonipho's hands.

Phakamani: You can go back to work bafo. And you, come with me, Maziya want to talk to you.

Scelo: Nhlonipho, don't leave me here!

Nhlonipho: Ei stop whining baba, married women are fun, this is the result of having fun ke!

Scelo: (crying) Awu ngaze ngafa ngashiya ingane yami u Kefilwe incane! ( I'm going to die and leave my daughter Kefilwe so young)

Phakamani: Sorry, what did you say?

Scelo: Please Bafethu don't kill me...

Phakamani: Ei stop being a sissy, who's your daughter's name?

Scelo: Kefilwe...



Phakamani rubs the corner of his forehead with his gun as if he didn't hear correctly.

Phakamani: What is her mother's name?

Nhlonipho is now watching curiously, he is not leaving this drama! Scelo has stopped crying because he can tell that something is fishy. It seems like Phakamani knows something.

Scelo: Her mother is Refiloe Nkadimeng, why do you ask?

Nhlonipho whistles and Phakamani clock his gun and pushes Scelo forward.

Phakamani: Move, baba doesn't have the whole day!

To be continued...

(Thanks for supporting our sponsor. I'll try to catch up and post more tomorrow since I'll be working from home )

[06/11, 16:54] : ISIDINGO

CHA[PTER 54

PHAKAMANI

He pushes Scelo to the small room where Mazwakhe is in and forces him to sit, Mazwakhe slowly turns around and the shock in his face when he sees Scelo is unmatched. Phakamani didn't tell him it was him messing with Nonhlanhla so that he gets to see it himself.

Mazwakhe: Phakamani, what is Scelo doing here?

Phakamani: It's him baba...

Mazwakhe: Phakamani, I asked you to bring the man who was messing with my wife so I can look at

him and wish him luck. What is this?

Phakamani: Scelo is that man...

Mazwakhe looks defeated and sighs rubbing his eyes.

Mazwakhe: I cannot believe this, Mr Nkosi? You are fucking with my wife?

Scelo: Mr Sibeko...

Mazwakhe: You did it deliberately, neh? After you came crying for me for a job, this is the thanks I get?

Scelo: No Sir I wasn't really thinking. Thing is Nonhlanhla is my ex and...

Mazwakhe: An ex that is married, or does that not matter?

Phakamani: Nah, he is trash by nature. If he is not abusing women, beating them up until they end up in a hospital with broken ribs, abandoning their kids and refusing to pay papgeld, he sleeps with

people's wives.

Mazwakhe: Huh?

Phakamani: He is Refiloe's ex and baby daddy.

Mazwakhe: What do you think we should do?

Phakamani: We can't kill him for sleeping with Nonhlanhla because he did not force her. She is the married one, she should have behaved better. Not that I am justifying her actions but Refiloe will never forgive me on this one. I'm already threading on thin ice after killing Jacob.

Mazwakhe: You are right, I forgot to ask how the reunion happened? Who approached the other first?

Scelo swallows his saliva and wipes his face kneeling down on the floor.

Scelo: Mr Sibeko please forgive us, she told me she was married but I kept on pressing and following

her around, she finally gave in after I capitalised on her loneliness and vulnerability.

Mazwakhe: (shaking his head) And this is the man Nonhlanhla chose to cheat on me with? How disappointing! Consider yourself fired, I wonder how are you going to maintain her? Do whatever you want with him, I am out of here...

He limps his way out and Phakamani ties Scelo on a chair and puts a tape over his mouth. He dials Refiloe putting the call on a loudspeaker as it rings on the other side.

Refiloe: Love...

Phakamani: Mama, How is work?

Refiloe: Very exhausting, I am so looking forward to knocking off and just being home and resting. How is your day?

Phakamani: Quite busy, I don't want to keep you from work, I have a quick question for you.

Refiloe: Yeah?

Phakamani: If you were to be given power to punish your ex for everything that he put you through, what would it be?

Refiloe: Why do you ask me such a question?

Phakamani: I was thinking about it today, everything that he put you through, what kind of punishment he deserves?

Refiloe: Phew, well this is random. Considering the fact that I am Christian and all but if I were to have such power, I would make sure he feels the same physical pain he put me through, possibly land him in ICU with broken ribs.

Phakamani smirks while Scelo shakes his head with tears running through his face, looking at him. So he has the power to hit powerless women but shit himself when his peers show up?

Phakamani: Alright baby, maybe karma will deal with him and God will use karma to punish him as you wish. Have a great day at work, I love you.

Refiloe: I love you too, stay out of trouble.

He drops the call and puts his phone aside and walks to Scelo untying him, also removing the gag around his mouth.

Phakamani: Well, you heard what Refiloe said, I am your karma!

He hit him with two mean punches above his jaw line and stepped back waiting for him to retaliate so that he could beat the shit out of him...

Phakamani: Come on, show me what you got!

NOSIPHO

She spent her day drooling over Howard's Instagram page looking at his pictures. There's still some pictures of him and the wife, she was such a very gorgeous hun. Call her crazy but she stalked the dead by going to her timeline and damn, a true definition of a slay queen with brains, the Mrs Saints was flame, their son is the testimony to that. He is such a handsome little boy, she wouldn't mind being a stepmother to him shame.

Seeing how thirsty hoes are all over his pictures, sending him a DM was going to be useless so she googled him and called his office pretending to seek some legal assistance that was urgent. They gave her his personal number and she didn't waste any time but sent him a text message hitting straight to the point and told him that she found him attractive and liked him, that she would love an opportunity to know him better...



Now she is hesitating whether to do a follow up call to that text since he is not responding after almost 30 minutes the message was sent. She achieved the message by the way. Her mind quickly reminds him how unsexy that will look like, she doesn't want to end up looking desperate and cheap. At the end of the day Howard is doing business with her father so whatever she does should not end up embarrassing her father.

A text message comes through on her phone and she almost falls from the chair she is seated on when she sees Howard responding. It reads as follows...

“Hi Nosipho, wow I must say your message left me flattered, funny because I was thinking about you. I have a few hours to spare before catching my flight back to Joburg. Maybe you can come through to my hotel so we can talk, yeah?”

He attaches his address next to the text and Nosipho screams her lungs out which results in her mother rushing in to check what's wrong.

Nokubonga: What's wrong?

Nosipho:( pressing her lips together)Nothing mama. I have to go.

Nokubonga: Wait, did Nhlonipho tell you that the skinny wizard is pregnant?

Oh that? Yes,it makes sense why the girl is now glowing. She's going to be the rich Aunt? Great!

Nosipho: Yes, he told me, I'm happy for him, you guys need grandkids to keep you company.

Nokubonga: Keep us company? I am way too young to be a grandmother! Nhlonipho unghlolelani?

Nosipho: Your drama ke kodwa girl! I know half of the family doesn't like the girl, myself included but it

wouldn't hurt to be supportive right now. We are not doing it for her, but Nhlonipho. So be nice.

Nokubonga:(sighs) You are right;I just wish it was someone else but what can we say.

Nosipho: Nothing, please leave girl, I want to prepare myself.

Nokubonga: I hope you are not going to see another old thug white man.

Nosipho rolls her eyes, ushering her mother out, she's not going to entertain this negative energy; not now. Howard is waiting.

MANDISA

She came back from work early today because she wasn't feeling too well and gosh being a teacher in high school should be added in "100 ways to die". These teenagers are trash.

Khethelo is still not back so she takes out the meat they are going to have later and defrost it while resting her body down and listening to music.

Her sleep gets interrupted by Khethelo kissing her face and she opens her eyes. How long was she sleeping if Khethelo is already back from work? She sits up and looks at her yawning and stretches her arms.

Mandisa: Hey babe, you are back?

Khethelo: Yes and I'm sorry to wake you up. How was your day?

Mandisa: Exhausting; I came back earlier and napped. I will be starting to cook soon...

Khethelo: No don't, we are going to eat out tonight. We are celebrating.

Mandisa: Really, what are we celebrating?

Khethelo: Well okay I have been waiting for today to happen so that I can tell you this but, as you know dad was involved in an accident and all. He decided to step back from the business while he recovers not only physically but psychologically and emotionally as well. With him away, he nominated me to be the acting CEO in his absence and today the board approved!

Mandisa feels emotionally at how she judged Khethelo harshly for not telling her this. Clearly she was waiting for the approval of the board before she got to share such news.

Mandisa: Oh wow babe, I'm super happy for you. There's no one deserving of this position more than you.

Khethelo: I'm just grateful that dad trusted me with such a huge responsibility. I think he is finally coming out and around yazi, making it up for all these years we didn't see eye to eye.

Mandisa: He was just being a father, you will understand when you finally have your own children. How are your siblings reacting to these changes?

Khethelo: Surprisingly well and very supportive except Nhlonipho's mother. She couldn't hide her disapproval of this.

Mandisa: Well she must go and hang herself, you are the boss now.

Khethelo:(smiling) I'm the boss!

Mandisa: You are babe and I'm proud of you.

Khethelo: Thank you,for being so amazing. Sometimes I tend to forget how good you have been to me but I need you to know that I love you...

Mandisa:( blinking her eyelashes dramatically)  
Okay I'm not crying.

Khethelo: (laughing) You are dramatic, come, let's shower and prepare for our dinner date...

## SANELISIWE

She watches in silence as Mazwakhe keeps on gulping down the whiskey down his throat and she can't keep quiet anymore or else this man is going to die under her watch. She takes the bottle from him.

Sanelisiwe: Maziya, I think that's enough baba.

Mazwakhe: Just one last glass...

Sanelisiwe: No, I'm going to bring you water. You promised the doctor that you are going to do everything to heal but you are driving yourself to death.

Mazwakhe: Maybe I'm better off dead than this pain I'm feeling right now.

She puts the bottle away and joins him on the

couch and sits next to him, touching his burning face. He closes his eyes and a tear escapes.

Sanelisiwe: I'm sorry sthandwa sami, It's going to get better with time. Don't bottle it in, it's okay to cry and let it all out.

She places his head on her chest and brushes his back like a baby.

Mazwakhe: You know you are the youngest amongst my wives but the greatest. Thank you for being the kind of person you are, MaGumede, for allowing me to be the man I Am to you and for being my safe space.

Sanelisiwe: You love me, I am only returning the favor. I got you,always.

Mazwakhe lifts his face and looks at her.



Mazwakhe: How did I get so lucky?

Sanelisiwe: (smiling) Well, you helped with my tyre when I was stranded on the road. And as they say, the rest is history.

Mazwakhe: Speaking about tyres..

Her eyes pop out and she sits up straight.

Sanelisiwe: Yes love?

Mazwakhe:(chuckling) Maybe we can visit the dealership tomorrow...

Sanelisiwe screams and squeeze him tight kissing him all over

Mazwakhe: Okay easy, my body is hurting.

Sanelisiwe: I'm sorry, it's exciting! Thank you so much love, if we weren't mourning, I would be

tweaking on top of your dick right now...

He is unable to hide the excitement from his pants and the blush from his face.

Mazwakhe: Well, I'm still injured but a blow job won't hurt.

Sanelisiwe: Say no more...

She gets on her knees and unbuckles his belt...

HOWARD

It's been over an hour now waiting for Nosipho to come. She read his message and didn't respond. She is not answering his calls and all of this is kind of frustrating him and makes him regret why he even gave her his time of the day?

He is packed and just took a shower and ready to hit the road although he still have another hour ahead but clearly there's nothing keeping him here.

His lower body is covered with the white towels as he is busy drying himself in front of the mirror when a knock comes through his door. Could the hotel staff checking if he's already checked out.

He goes to the door busy wiping the back of his neck with the towel and opens the door. His eyes fall on her high heeled shoes, toned smooth legs and goes all the way up to the mini dress she's wearing and a coat covering it up till they fall into her face.

She looks like a doll, her braids neatly tied up into a bun. The way she did her make up kind of remind him Zana, not in that way but because she masters

that department. Nosipho here matches Zana in that department.

Howard: You are late...

Nosipho: I know.

She says and walks further inside passing him, she smells great. He closes the door and turn to find her seated on the bed looking at her. Her confidence turns him on so badly!

Howard: What are you looking at?

Nosipho: You...

Howard: Staring is rude Ms Sibeko.

She chuckles and gets up from the bed ,now they are standing facing each other. She is tall in her heels.

Nosipho: How much time do you have?

Howard: I don't have, as you can see I'm already packed and leaving. My flight is leaving in an hour.

He lies to taste her responser to that. She scans the room and return her eyes back at him.

Nosipho: Well, cancel your trip then.

She says with a straight face and again,he is stunned! He keeps the composure and looks at her.

Howard: What is it for me?

Nosipho: Whatever you want, Mr Saints.

She says with a smirk and fuck! What is this woman doing to him? He roughly pulls her to him and his

hand go over her neck pulling her face into his. He smashes his lips onto hers and they kiss...

His phone rings from the dressing table, she tries to pull back but he holds her still, pressed against his body.

Nosipho:(whispering through the kiss) Your phone is ringing...

Howard: They will leave a message..

He pushes her to the bed and she bounces as she falls on it and smiles, this time warmly and not cocky..he drops his towel and her throat moves up and down as she swallows her saliva...

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:54] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 55

NARRATED

(REMOVED)

THABISILE

She is relaxing on the couches after talking to Maziya and checking how he is doing. Mbali is busy pressing her phone and refuses to change the channel now she is forced to watch whatever show she's watching because she doesn't want to go to bed early.

Thabisile: How is Ebuka?

She decides to bring Mbali's attention back to the

room and she stops typing and looks at her.

Mbali: He is fine, doing well. Thanks for asking Ma.

Thabisile: And you? When last did you go to your session?

Mbali: I missed my session due to the unexpected saga but I will be going in tomorrow. I made arrangements with my doctor.

Thabisile: Okay, I'm happy you managed to retract your steps before you were fully destroyed. Don't ever do that Mbali, next time you won't be so lucky.

Mbali: I learned my lesson and I think things will be better now going forward. Since the pressure of being the golden child is over.

Thabisile: About the abortion issue and cleansing ceremony, I think we should give your dad a chance to recovery and return to his normal self. We can't burden him with more burden than the one he currently has.

Mbali:(nodding) I understand Ma, I will wait, at least



now you know.

Her phone vibrates, it's a WhatsApp message from Nonhlanhla sending it to their group as Mazwakhe's wives.

Thabisile: Hai bo!

Mbali: What is it?

Thabisile: Mamchunu and Maziya are divorcing!

Mbali: Hai Mama, how come when they just lost a child just yesterday?

Thabisile: That's what confuses me, Mamchunu is asking for privacy to go through this.

Mbali: (Clapping hands) Hai I wonder! I never saw that one coming. Could it be that she is blaming dad for the death of her son maybe?

Thabisile: Could be but it's too soon for this.

Mbali: Well, call your husband and enquire.

Thabisile: I will ask Sanelisiwe.

Mbali: I hope they will be able to fix things. Imagine mourning your child plus divorce. That what drove me into drugs, after the abortion, I felt like I was losing Ebuka.

Thabisile stops typing and pays attention. Izindaba ziyaphuma manje so she needs to focus. Mbali sighs and Thabisile gives her the "go on" look.

Mbali: Well he broke up with me after it happened and we reunited on my 21st. I had issues believing that he had forgiven me. Was so pressed and depressed that I even offered to loan him the lobola money.

Thabisile: Hai bo Mbali!

Mbali: He refused, I was hurt and saw that as a sign of rejection.

Thabisile: I'm glad he refused, that goes to show he

is an honest man not just a leech.

Mbali:( playing with her ring)He really is a good one, I got lucky.

Thabisile: He is the lucky one to have you. Despite everything, you are a smart young lady and we raised you well. Please do not bottle things next time. No matter how difficult you think they are, I'm your mother. A mother's love forgives all sins.

Mbali smiles and right then Phakamani walks in and hugs her mother before pinching Mbali's cheeks.

Phakamani: Ladies, how are you guys doing?

Mbali: We good, it's good to see you home today.

Thabisile: Say that again, we no longer see him around.

Phakamani: I drama salukazi, I only slept out once after Sanele's funeral.

Thabisile: Slept out where?

Phakamani clears his throat uncomfortably and Thabisile shakes her head looking at his bandaged knuckles.

Thabisile: You guys should not forget that we are still mourning lakhaya, whatever you do during this period of time will add on your bad luck. Mbali; dish up for your brother.

She gets up from the couch and goes to the kitchen and now they are left alone.

Thabisile: Phakamani, what's going on with you?

Phakamani: Nothing is going on with me mama, I'm fine.

Thabisile: You are not, where were you?

Phakamani: But mama, with all due respect, I'm old to be asked such.

Thabisile: Well not too old to answer my questions.

Phakamani:(sighs) I was with my girlfriend...

Thabisile: I remember very well your father telling you that no cohabiting is allowed, it's even worse you are a man!

Phakamani:(laughing )Mama, relax. I wasn't cohabiting but visiting.

Thabisile: When are you bringing her over so we can see her?

Phakamani: Soon...

Thabisile: I hope she is a good person.

Phakamani: She is, you are going to love her.

Thabisile: I'm going to bed, have yourselves a lovely night kids.

Mbali:(shouting from the kitchen) Night Ma!

**KHETHELO**

The date between her and Mandisa was amazing, if they weren't mourning, she was going to take things to the next level as soon as they got home.

Mandisa is taking off the make up and she's preparing popcorn to snack on as they watch their series. Work can wait a bit, this is her time and bae.

Her phone vibrates and it's Khathu calling. She looks at the phone and answers calmly.

Khethelo: Hello

Khathu: Hi Khethy; you good?

Khethelo: I am, what's up? Is there an emergency?

Khathu: Urhm no, I thought I should call and check how the meeting went?

Khethelo: It went well, thanks for asking.

Khathu: Just well? Come on girl, give me the details.

Khethelo: No Khathu, I won't be giving you any details because I am with Mandisa and we are about to watch our series.

Khathu: Oh sorry, I didn't mean to intrude.

Khethelo: Damn well you are! Unless it's church related or announcements that I missed, don't call or text me!

Khathu: Whoa Khethelo, is this you or she's forcing you to say this?

Khethelo: Go to hell Khathu! Nx!

She drops the call and throws the phone on the table. Mandisa was right, she couldn't believe how he spoke about Mandisa being crazy while he provoked her. She hates the fact that he allowed her to touch her to that extent and actually enjoyed it. Such mistakes will never happen again.

A text comes through and she reads it silently.

" I'm sorry to make you angry, I hope you are safe".

She deletes and blocks him, maybe this will be a clear message to him.

REFILOE

Kefilwe is all hyped up and ready to go out with Phakamani. It's Saturday and he asked for a moment with her just taking her to those fancy kids parks to play. More like a Father and daughter date kind of thing.

He arrives on time, thank God he is not wearing his all black attire today and looks so damn hot that her stomach has goosebumps.

Phakamani: Hey baby, is she ready?

Refiloe: As you can see, she's already holding her bag.



Phakamani: Haha I can see. Well, we better be leaving, we have a long day ahead of us.

Refiloe: I can't believe you guys are leaving me behind, I am so jealous right now.

Phakamani: Don't be, our time is coming.

Refiloe: Okay, have fun and enjoy yourselves. Don't forget to send me pictures.

Phakamani picks Kefilwe up and kisses her. She watches as they get inside the car and drive away hooting. On her return to the house, she closes the door and grabs her candle, glass filling up with water and goes to her corner with her Bible.

Refiloe:(praying) Dear Father, thank you for loving me so completely. I trust that your love is pure and honest with no grudges held. You love me. Help me to model your love to others.

Lord, you understand the pain I get when someone I

love is ill? Lord, I cry out to you to heal my love. He is a good man and I love him so much, restores him to complete health and sanity.

Thank you for hearing my prayer, for caring and loving. Father, thank you that I can trust you completely. Amen.

After praying she feels so light and relieved, Phakamani is going to be fine. Packing her things back, a knock comes through the door and she attends it. Three ladies wearing a uniform stand before her smiling.

Refiloe: Good morning Ladies, how can I help you?

Lady1: Hi sis, we are beauty technicians. Your boyfriend booked a house call for you . We are going to massage you, do facials, nails, foot massage and pedicure.

Phakamani though! She smiles widely unbelieving this.

Refiloe: Oh my goodness, okay come in. I hope your things are going to fit inside her.

While they load their stuff, she texts Phakamani thanking him for this wonderful gesture.

NOSIPHO

She couldn't wait to see Khethelo and tell her all about what went down between her and Howard. It was a crazy night that sure goes down to history.

Khethelo: You are such a whore shame!

Nosipho: Well, I had to do what I had to do to mntase man was leaving. Well,he ended up canceling his flight by the way and left this morning.

Khethelo: This is going to end in tears, Howard is doing business with dad...

Nosipho: Khethelo, relax. Howard and I are both adults, we will behave.

Khethelo: Okay, so besides the great sex, what else happened?

Nosipho: Well we spoke about our lives individually. Mntase, that man is so learned and smart! For the first time I got inspired to pursue my studies.

Khethelo: Urhm hi, hello? Nosipho and studying? Wow, He must stay around a bit longer.

Nosipho: I am serious, you should hear him talk, perfection I tell you.

Khethelo: I am on his Instagram profile, he really is a catch...oh oh. This is not good.

Nosipho: What?

Khethelo: Seems like I spoke too soon.

Khethelo passes over the phone and Nosipho sees that a girl by the name of Boipelo posted a brand new car Howard bought her as a birthday gift and got delivered to her this morning on her Instagram stories.

Howard reposted the story on his own stories. Nosipho closes her eyes and breathes out.

Khethelo: Askies, but I'm sure you knew he wasn't single right? He is too smooth to be single by the way.

Nosipho: I need some air...

She goes outside and dial Howard's number and it rings unanswered until it goes straight to voice-mail. She calls again and this time he picks up.

Howard: Nosi...

Hearing his voice makes her weak and cools down the anger.

Nosipho: Hi, I'm calling to find out if you traveled back safely?

Howard: I did, thanks for checking. I'll call you back okay? Now is not a good time.

Nosipho: Oh o..kay!

He has hung up!

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:54] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 56

NHLONIPHO

He receives a surprise visit from his mother at his

place and from how she is walking and scanning everything around, he can tell that she brings nothing but trouble and he is in no mood for that drama.

Lumka sits up straight the moment she walks in and composes herself in a dignified manner waiting for whatever that is going to be thrown at her because it is definitely coming.

Nhlonipho: Mama, what a lovely surprise, please come on in.

Nokubonga : Sanibona..(greetings)

Lumka: Greetings to you too Ma, do you need anything to eat or drink?

Nokubonga looks at Nhlonipho and shakes her head before turning back to her.

Nokubonga: I am fine for now, thanks.

She sits down and folds her arms looking at them silently and heaves a sigh.

Nokubonga: So you are pregnant for my son, how far are you?

Lumka: Yes Ma, I am 26 weeks now.

Nokubonga: How do we know it is our child? You know shenanigans

Nhlonipho: Ai bo mama, not now please.

Nokubonga: It is a fair question to ask, did you not find her with another man in this same apartment? Did she not rob you after that?

Wow, did she really have to bring that one up? I mean he is healing and moving on from that incident, trying to forgive Lumka and move on from it.



Nhlonipho: Mom please, don't do that okay. Lumka and I did tests and we know for a fact that she is carrying my baby.

Nokubonga: At least, so are you two living together now? You have forgotten what he said about cohabiting.

Nhlonipho: We are living together but not as a couple Ma, soon enough Lumka will get her own space.

Nokubonga: Let me guess, you will be paying for it?

Nhlonipho: She is carrying my baby, her and the baby's safety are my priority.

Nokubonga: (chuckling) Okay. When can we expect your people to come over?

Lumka: Urhm, I spoke to my Aunt and Uncle about it. We can come once you guys have done the cleansing ceremony.

Nokubonga: You are right, we will soon have the 10 days cleansing ceremony so after that we can get

started.

Lumka: Okay Ma...

Nokubonga: Please give us a moment, I want to talk to my son.

Oh boy, this better be good yazi. Lumka stands up and heads to her bedroom.

Nokubonga: So, what is your plan with that girl, are you getting back with her or what?

Nhlonipho: So far we agreed to co-parent because relationship wise, I don't see us bouncing back from that.

Nokubonga: (nodding) That's good, you have to pay lobolo for this child so he/she can be a Maziya.

Nhlonipho: Of course, there is no doing otherwise. And I know you are going to be a cool grandma, spoil her rotten.

Nokubonga chuckles and blushes at that thought,

Nhlonipho knows she is going to be a cool grandma, I mean this is her first grandchild, the first one for the whole family actually.

Nokubonga: Yeah well I will spoil my grand child obviously but I don't like her mother.

Nhlonipho: (chuckling) I know you don't, but please try to be nice to her, she is carrying your first grandchild.

Nokubonga: I will try, hee I almost forgot, did you hear that your father and Mamchunu are divorcing?

Nhlonipho: Yeah I heard, so unfortunate that she had to cheat on dad and...

Nokubonga: Wait what, she cheated? With who?

Nhlonipho: I am not saying anything more than I already did mom. And you didn't hear this from me.

Nokubonga: Oh my goodness, I can't believe this, I would expect this from Sanelisiwe.

Nhlonipho: Why her?

Nokubonga: Because she is young, loves things and all...

Nhlonipho: Well sadly she is not the one to disappoint.

Nokubonga: (clapping her hands) Yooh, and she goes around asking for privacy while she knows what she did. I am stunned.

## PHAKAMANI

His day with Kefilwe is proving to be great, besides being a chatterbox and asking endless questions, he likes that she is a well behaved child that doesn't demand and cries for everything.

They are walking back to where he packed his car carrying her in his arms with everything that he bought for her and Refiloe. He loads everything in the car and puts Kefilwe on top of the bonnet and looks at her. She runs her small soft hands on his face and he closes his eyes.

Kefilwe: Are you sleeping?

She says and he laughs, opening his eyes.

Phakamani: No baby, how can I sleep while you are touching me?

Kefilwe: Do you miss mommy?

Phakamani: Yes we are going to go and see her, guess what will happen next?

Kefilwe: What?

Phakamani: You are going to tell her about everything that happened today.

Kefilwe: Uncle Phakamani, you are special.

She says and those words hit him hard as he digests them. Does she even know the meaning of them or is she just saying ? I mean she is only 2

years nje.

He hugs her little body and kisses her forehead.

Phakamani: Thank-you pumpkin, you are special to me too. I promise that as long as you and your mother are still together, I'm going to do my level best to be the best version for you guys.

Kefilwe:(smiling) What is a version?

Oh God, kids and asking everything. How is he going to put this one out in a simple form that her little mind can understand?

Phakamani: Okay, a version is a particular form of something differing in certain respects from an earlier form or other forms of the same type of thing.

For example you change your sleeping pattern so that you don't wake up screaming every day. That is a better version of yourself.

He hopes that it makes sense and he understands because wow, he is not a teacher.

Kefilwe: Okay, I think I understand.

Phakamani: Even if you don't know now baby, you will understand later. Let's get going before your mother sends a search party looking for us.

He carries Kefilwe inside the car and fastens her seat belt. His phone rings before he can go to his driver's side. It's a number he doesn't recognize neither does True caller.

Phakamani: Hello

Voice: Hi, this is Lucas. Can we talk?

Phakamani: About?

Lucas: I have been waiting for feedback from you about my request for us to build a relationship.

Phakamani: Lucas, I told you that I was going to think about this. What's the matter now?

Lucas: Alright, I'm not pushy. The main reason I'm calling you is to let you know that we cremated Jacob.

There's two options, to cast his ashes on the sea or you get to keep the ash.

Phakamani: Why would I want to keep his ashes? Throw it on the sea please, I told you that I don't want anything that got to do with that man.

Lucas: But...

Phakamani drops the call and blocks the number right away. He is not in the mood to argue with him about this.



## MAZWAKHE

He is relaxing on his bed and Sanelisiwe walks in with his food and medication putting on the bedside table and sits next to him.

Sanelisiwe: It's time to eat and take your meds baba.

Mazwakhe: Thank you love.

He sits up and starts digging but her silence is heavy making it even hard for him to enjoy the food.

Mazwakhe: What's wrong?

Sanelisiwe: Mamchunu told us you guys are divorcing.

Mazwakhe: Yes we are...

Sanelisiwe: Why? Is it because of Sanele? Is she blaming you for his death?

Mazwakhe: No, it's something else.

Sanelisiwe: Is it that heavy to a point of unable to solve it?

Mazwakhe: How do you solve someone cheating on you?

Sanelisiwe: Oh?

Mazwakhe: Yes, it happened before Sanele's death.

Sanelisiwe: I don't know what to say...

Mazwakhe: Please do not say anything, I don't want to talk about it.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, I'll finish up what I was doing and come back.

Mazwakhe: You don't have to baby sit me

Sanelisiwe, You can do your things, cruise around with your new car and everything else you want to do. I'll be fine.

Sanelisiwe : No, it's okay. I want to be here, with you.

Mazwakhe: ( smiling) You see why I love you?

She gives him a soft peck and leaves him to finish his food. He goes through WhatsApp status updates and sees Nosipho online. He texts her.

Mazwakhe:(typing) Are you okay?

Nosipho:(typing) No, I'm not but I'll be fine.

Mazwakhe: You want to talk about it?

She reads the message and doesn't respond for like 2 minutes. Mazwakhe logs off WhatsApp and concentrates on his food.

As soon as he finishes eating and drinking his medication, a notification from WhatsApp comes through. He opens it and it's Nosipho's long text message explaining how she feels cursed when it comes to men and relationships.

In the same text she confesses having something with Phakamani's biological dad and that raises his eyebrows. By the time he is done reading this, his heartbeat is racing. He is not angry, but grateful that she can open up to him with such and realises how much it must have taken her to write this.

He decides to give her a call because unlike her, he is not a typer. It rings for a moment then she picks it up on the other side.

Nosipho: Baba...

Mazwakhe: Maziya, I read your message and firstly let me say there's nothing wrong with you. Please stop saying you are cursed or maybe need any cleansing done alright?

Now back to your current situation with this "crush" of yours you persuaded. Let me be controversial by saying, it isn't a woman's place to pursue any man,

simply because any man that is chased will undoubtedly run. It's not you women who need to be chasing after men - it needs to be the other way round.

But now since you guys want to do things 50/50 and challenge fate, okay. This is what I will say to you about pursuing a man

Being a woman is easy, but being a lady can be very tough.

Always be a lady, even when it gets tough and nearly impossible. Among other things, us men are turned off by the use of boisterous behavior, expletives, and tacky appearances of women. We pay attention to the way you package yourself, how you talk, and address others, using these to judge you and perceive who you indeed are. Never forget this golden rule; always be a lady, and you will see all the dating magic it comes with.

Now lastly, Don't come on too strongly towards the man you're pursuing, once you've decided to approach him. Always remember, being subtle is the best way to get attention and attraction. You would want to be nice, but not too sweet that you scare him off, making him think you're desperate for marriage and a family after your first phone call. It is best to be gentle enough for him to recognize that you like him and have a keen interest in him; surpassing friendship.

I am not a relationship expert but since you asked for my personal opinion as a man, I hope this will help.

She sighs on the other end of the call.

Nosipho: Thank you dad, I will never forget your words.

Mazwakhe: For what's worth, I think you should

forget about him. I mean he's an idiot for not realizing what he is missing with you.

Nosipho: Easier said than done baba, I really like him.

Mazwakhe: Yooh u catchile, okay. Just do as I said, take a step back and let him do the chasing this time okay? When he calls, ignore it on purpose and text him the next day.

Nosipho:(laughing) Baba,I want this guy to stay, not run. How do I ignore his call when I badly want to talk to him?

Mazwakhe: So that he can keep on looking for you. Don't be too available in such a way that he will know that whenever and however you will be there.

Nosipho:(sighs) Ai mjolo is hard, maybe I should find something to distract myself from thinking about your gender.

Mazwakhe:(chuckling) Something like?

Nosipho: Registering a new course or advancing my

diploma.

Mazwakhe: You going back to your studies is the best thing I've heard all day. Do that and I'm fully in support of it.

Nosipho: Are you going to pay for it?

Mazwakhe: No ma'am, you are working now.

Nosipho: Wow, bye-bye. I hope you are feeling better.

Mazwakhe: I'm getting there, be good okay? Never forgets that your father loves you.

Nosipho: Thank you daddy, I love you too, I'm going to take a walk just to clear my mind and listen to some music.

Mazwakhe: Be careful on the roads...

The call ends and he makes a mental note to call Nhlonipho when he wakes up so they can discuss the fact that he has made someone pregnant.



## KHATHU

He leaves the hospital and drives out to his place very tired. The only thing that is on his mind right now is to get a shower, eat and rest. He thinks about Khethelo but then at the same time he doesn't want to come on too strong on her.

I mean he likes her, she's every man's dream, smart, beautiful and all but it seems like she likes her schizophrenic girlfriend of hers. To protect himself and his family, he is going to step back. Khethelo knows where to find him whenever she needs him.

His tires stretch so hard when a lady with headphones tries to cross over. Like what is wrong with people! Now he almost hit someone, imagine if they died?

He steps out of his car ready to scold her for such

risk but is stunned to see who it is.

Khathu: Nosipho, what are you doing on this side of the road?

Nosipho: I'm sorry, I wanted to clear my mind and found myself on this side. Thought maybe I should go see my sister Mbali because I'm not far from their house.

Khathu: You are like 45 minutes away from arriving there. I can give you a ride if that's okay?

Nosipho: Yes please, I regret leaving my car behind and I was going to request a ride now.

Khathu: Okay, let me save you some time and money by taking you home.

Nosipho: Thanks Khathu.

She gets on the passenger's seat and they hit the road. Her phone rings and she cancels the call and clicks her tongue.

Khathu: Everything alright?

Nosipho: I'm good, well not quite. Why are men trash?

Khathu: Please put "some ".

Nosipho: What?

Khathu: Some men are trash, not all of us, okay at least I'm not. What did he do?

Nosipho: It's a long story.

Khathu: Try to make it short, I'll listen.

Nosipho: One day maybe.

Khathu: OK, you should take my number so you can vent whenever you want to. I promise I won't judge.

She smiles friendly at him.

Nosipho: Thank you doctor, what's your number?

To be continued...

( Apologies my loves for going AWOL on you. The LOML was around and you know how it is. But I'm all yours today,we'll play catch up )

[06/11, 16:55] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 57

MBALI

Nosipho comes to see them unexpectedly and they are chilling in her bedroom with adult beverages as she whines about her love life.

Mbali: I don't think you have bad luck but I feel like we took dad's character and get to be too much at times of which end up chasing the men away.

I mean if you didn't talk to me about my own behavior with Ebuka, I doubt we will still be together.

Nosipho: I suppose, speaking about him, how are you guys doing? The therapy and all? I hope this alcohol will not make you relapse.

Mbali: Come on, I'm actually doing better than I thought I would. I also included the passing of Sanele on the list and yeah, it gets better.

Nosipho: I'm glad to hear that. By the way, what's happening between Khathu and Khethelo?

Mbali: Khathu the pastor's kid?

Nosipho: Yeah?

Mbali: I don't know much but last time his loud mouthed mother was here, her and mom were

trying to match make Khethelo and Khathu.

Nosipho: Hello no! What, in this day and age?

Mbali: Imagine, and what frustrated me was that mom knows that Khethelo loves girls but she goes and pulls this stunt.

Nosipho: Oh wow, I'm asking because he gave me a lift and mentioned in passing about Khethelo. He said Mandisa is a psycho like yooh, I wasn't concentrating because I had so much in my mind.

Mbali: Argh, Mandisa can be all that but I don't like Khathu next to my sister.

Nosipho: He's cute though, they would look good.

Mbali: No, he's giving dodgy guys vibes.

Nosipho: And what if Khethi ends up with him?

Mbali: Then she will be betraying the LGBT gang.

Nosipho: How because Khethelo dated men previously but she loves girls more?

Mbali: Ai let's not talk about Khethelo, she's our big

sis and wiser. So, what are you going to do with Howard?

Nosipho: I'll try dad's advice. It's not easy ignoring his calls and texts but I will give it a try, just to see how it goes.

Mbali: Better, you are too pretty to be someone's second best. Don't allow him to turn you into that.

Nosipho: (shrugging her shoulders) Maybe it's generic, I mean mom is a second wife so...

Mbali: Wiiybo, just because we are born from the polygamy it doesn't mean we should accept it. I would never accept this shame.

Till today, it baffles her how her mother accepted this, not just 1 but 3 other wives after her. Yooh hai!

REFILOE

She is cuddling with Phakamani as he tells her

about his day with Kefilwe. Her child came back very happy and couldn't stop talking about the places Phakamani took her to.

Refiloe: Thank you for today, it was really special and needed.

Phakamani: I'm glad you liked the gesture. I am trying to rectify my mistakes.

Refiloe: What are those?

Phakamani: I feel like my communication lacks something. I want to do better, be the man you envision for yourself.

Refiloe: You are the man of my dreams  
Phakamani...

Phakamani: I sense a but...

Refiloe: Your temper. I get that you are a trained soldier and all but you are still human so it shouldn't take that from you.



Phakamani:(sighs) Honestly, I grew up bottling so many things inside me that made me angry and hurt. My parents, father specifically, weren't as close as we are now.

I'm glad that he's really trying to be there as a father, not just for me but all of us. He's making the effort and that has taught me to do better. If I'm going to be in your life forever as I've intended to, I don't want Kefilwe to feel the gap that she's not biological mine.

God this man, is it too late to remove her baby daddy's surname on Kefilwe's birth certificate and put Phakamani?

Refiloe: You are going to be a great father one day and all our kids will be so lucky to have you as their father.

He smiles and kisses her hand.

Phakamani: I want to take you home with me someday.

Okay, she didn't expect that to come out so randomly.

Refiloe: Okay, when?

Phakamani: During the ceremony will be the perfect time to meet everyone at once.

Refiloe: Alright, it will be lovely to see your family.

Phakamani: Phew, that's a relief, I thought you were going to refuse.

Refiloe: What for though?

Phakamani: I don't know, maybe say it's still soon for that.

Refiloe: I mean we already had sex so what comes

after that is not really a big deal.

Phakamani: I'm glad to hear that. There's something I want to tell you.

Refiloe: Okay?

Phakamani: Lucas wants us to have a relationship.

Refiloe: Who is Lucas?

Phakamani: My sperm donor's brother.

She wishes he can stop calling him that because that's his father but hey, it's how he feels about him.

Refiloe: And how do you feel about that?

Phakamani: I don't know. He looks genuine but then at the same time I don't trust him. I feel like he wants me close because of what his brother had or wants to pay revenge.

Refiloe: Mhmm, but if he wanted to pay revenge on

his brother, wouldn't he have done so already?

Phakamani: I don't know, maybe he's not impulsive. I mean I'm still looking for the person who is involved in that accident that claimed his life to be accountable. Now why wouldn't Lucas want that? Unless he wanted Jacob dead already.

Refiloe: Your concerns are valid but then at the same time you won't know until you try. What if he's genuine and you could end up having a beautiful relationship with him?

Phakamani: That's my other worry, won't that "beautiful relationship" come across as a betrayal to the people that raised me?

Refiloe: Babe, my advice to this is follow your heart, let it guide you on what to do. Forget about what others will say and do what's best for you.

Phakamani: Isn't that selfish?

Refiloe: Nicki Minaj once said "selfish people live longer". Besides, you wouldn't be hurting anyone

but getting to know the people from your bloodline. That doesn't necessarily mean you will neglect them because they have been in your life for 29 years.

Phakamani : 30, I'm turning 30 soon.

She needs to do something nice and memorable for him on his birthday. Something that will make him feel appreciated and loved.

SANELISIWE

Khethelo and Nhlonipho are here to see their dad, Khethelo helped Sanelisiwe prepare lunch. It's not like she doesn't know how to cook, she just hates it, especially washing the dishes and pots after.

But today she enjoyed it as the convo and wine was blending in so well. Nhlonipho braided the meat and they got to cook pap and make some salads.

Khethelo tells Sanelisiwe about being caught up between Mandisa and Khathu.

Sanelisiwe: You know how I feel about that girl right?

Khethelo: I love her, Sanelisiwe...

Sanelisiwe: But?

Khethelo: There's no but.

She continues to chop the veggies and hits the chopping board harder than she should.

Sanelisiwe: Okay then.

Khethelo: I really do love her.

Sanelisiwe: I believe you.

Khethelo: But then there's this little demon inside me that wants to take things there with Khathu.

Sanelisiwe laughs so loud, clapping her hands and placing them on her waist.

Sanelisiwe: Finally the truth came out! You sbwl the doctor. Well, there's nothing wrong with experiencing and snacking. I don't do it because I'm married but you on the other side, you still can.

Khethelo: That would be cheating...

Sanelisiwe: I call it weighing your options so that you know if you are committing to the right person. I've been meaning to ask, are you and Mandisa living together full time now?

Khethelo: Not really, she just comes by more often. You know how father feels about that.

Sanelisiwe: Hence I'm asking, but my advice is, be careful. I don't trust that girl, so in whatever you do, make sure you or other people don't get hurt.

Khethelo rolls her eyes and looks down .

Khethelo: You speak as if she's the world's biggest criminal. Mandisa was jealous and provoked by Khathu and had a right to react like that.

Sanelisiwe: There we go, making excuses for abusers 101. I hope it doesn't get to the point where we rush to social media to post hashtags "JusticeForKhethelo" instead of leaving while you still see the signs early.

A WEEK LATER- J O B U R G

HOWARD

He is visiting Benjamin at his work place and decided to bring him lunch from B's restaurant. He eats like someone who has been locked in a cage.

Benjamin: Thanks for the food, I was really starving.

Howard: You are welcome, how are things?



Benjamin: Busy, very busy.

Howard: I see, you know since you got so much on your hands already with Travis, Nthabiseng and our new born baby. How about I handle the building project process for you?

Benjamin stops eating and looks at him.

Benjamin: What do you mean because you are already part of it?

Howard: I mean as in like fully, you don't have to worry about meetings and all of that. I'll take care of it and go attend whatever business meetings you have on your behalf.

Benjamin leans back on his chair and looks at him. Okay he doesn't like it when he does that, it shows that he's not buying whatever he is selling.

Benjamin: What are you up to Howard Saints?

Howard: Nothing, I'm just trying to look out for you. I mean it's not fair that you have to exhaust yourself while I am here to help.

Benjamin: Mhm...

He has questions and he is not ready to answer him as yet because he is not in the mood for judgement and lecture. He can do however he wants but he needs to be careful and plan his things wise this time.

Truth is, he can't get Nosipho out of his mind, that night was magical and besides it being one of the best nights he ever had, he wants to have a proper chance where they talk and be honest about her.

Howard: So?

Benjamin: (clearing his throat) It's fine you can take over. I'll inform Khethelo to communicate with you

regarding the project.

Howard: Awesome, I will brief you with all the changes there to it.

Benjamin: And I'll be here waiting for you to tell me all about it, including whatever you are hiding from me.

Howard: I'm not hiding anything from you Benjamin.

Benjamin: I know you, remember?

Howard: When is Tristan visiting?

Tristan is the child Benjamin shares with Namhla. He is almost a year now, he is co parenting with Namhla. Despite having her hands full with Travis and her daughter, Nthabiseng welcomed the baby boy with warm arms.

Benjamin: I don't know, they are on vacation with his mother so she will tell me when she is back then I can fetch him.

Howard thinks that it's time J unior gets a sibling now. Benjamin tells him that he has to go back to work and that his cue to leave.

He gets to his car and scrolls past Nosipho's number and discovers that he has been blocked. His heart races and he calls her immediately, it rings once and sends him to voice-mail.

Howard: Damnit Nosipho! Okay, Instagram...

He's blocked there too! What the hell! He only has her on Instagram and WhatsApp. He took it lightly when she ignored her calls and texts but now it's serious if she's blocking him. He can't lose her before he can have her.

He calls his PA immediately.

Howard:Hi, please book me a flight to KZN tomorrow? Durban specifically, yes, the same hotel, thank you. Oh no, a client of mine that side needs my physical intervention, yeah. Thanks.

He ends the call and sighs, typing a message to Boipelo informing her that he is going to be out of town for a few days.

Boipelo: (typing) How long are you going to be gone for?

Howard:(typing) Until I sort everything that I have to, that side.

He starts his car and drives away...

To be continued.

( Sundays are for lovers but I'm here writing for you, please comment. )

[06/11, 16:55] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 58

### MAZWAKHE

The cleansing ceremony of his son has finally taken place and he is recovering and can now walk without the stick. But he is still very much skeptical about driving so he has a driver that drives him around when necessary.

He doesn't go out much often, Khethelo is doing exactly as he expected her to be and the unity, respect and support her siblings shows at this time makes him realise that he made a great choice by appointing her as a replacement.

His phone rings, it's Phakamani. He answers.

Mazwakhe: Maziya?

Phakamani: Baba, how are you?

Mazwakhe: All is good, what's happening?

Phakamani: I don't have good news I'm afraid.

Mazwakhe:(sighs) Come out with it.

Phakamani: Your ex wife left town.

Mazwakhe: What do you mean by that?

Phakamani: From my findings, her brother is responsible for the death of Sanele.

He feels his soul leaving his body, a sharp pain hitting him below his heart.

Mazwakhe: How?

His voice comes out as a whisper as he doesn't believe this...

Phakamani: It's a long story, he says Nonhlanhla told him to get rid of you.

Mazwakhe:(breathing heavily) You have him?

Phakamani: Yes, I do.

Mazwakhe: Ungabe usamedela, lena ngizozibambela mina mathupha! ( don't let him out of your sight, I want to handle this one myself)

Phakamani: Another thing I wanted to talk to you about is Lucas. I don't know if...

Mazwakhe: I told you before Phakamani, I won't stand in your way of getting to know him or have a relationship. He's not his brother I suppose so give him a chance but be careful.

Phakamani: Thank-you, I'll talk to mom about this



as well.

Mazwakhe: Be cautious, she might not like this but at the end of the day, do what's best for you. Send me the address where that trash is at.

He ends the call and picks his wallet and his other phone while walking to the cars. Nokubonga shows up with her bag as well and frowns seeing him going to one of the cars.

Nokubonga: You are not driving yourself right?

He gives her the "not today" look and gets inside the car. The rage he is feeling cannot be matched!

Mazwakhe: I might not come back so don't wait up.

Nokubonga:(sighs) I was hoping that we would get to talk later? I am meeting up with Thabisile so I can apologize for how I allowed greed to conclude my

judgment.

I miss the unity we used to have and I know that I'm the cause of everything that is happening. I am trying to fix it.

Mazwakhe: I'm glad you realise you are the cause of this rift and are willing to fix it. For that I'll give you another chance but please be warned that I really have zero tolerance for this.

Nokubonga: I will fix things I promise, please be careful on the roads.

Mazwakhe: I'll be fine, I will see you later then we'll talk.

Nokubonga: Okay...

He starts the car and drives out trying to control the speed.

## NHLONIPHO

He is dropping groceries and other stuff for Lumka. He finally got the apartment and it's big enough for her and the baby, the bump is now showing and it's sexy like hell. His favorite moments are when he gets to feel the baby kicking and it dawns to him that they actually made a baby.

He is working so hard making sure that he saves every little cent so that the baby and Lumka lack nothing. With Scelo in ICU, he had to accept the position full time and quit his old job.

Lumka: That's so much food Nhlo, do you want me to gain weight or what?

Nhlonipho: No, I just don't want you to find yourself running out of stuff.

Lumka: Thank you, I appreciate it. My aunt is

arriving in the afternoon with another older cousin of mine. I'm so nervous.

Nhlonipho: Don't be, everything is going to be alright.

Lumka: Your mom hates me, I can't imagine her bringing up our past again in front of our relatives.

Nhlonipho: She won't, I also don't think she hates you. Let's just say what happened between us disappointed her but she loves me even more so she won't do anything to jeopardize that.

Lumka:(sighs)Okay, if you say so then. Should I offer you anything?

Nhlonipho: No, I should take my leave. Is there anything else you need?

Lumka: No, I should be fine.

He looks at her, she is hiding something as she bites her lips.

Nhlonipho: What is it? Please don't lie and say it's nothing.

Lumka: Well, I know I don't have to tell you this but, hormones make me so horny sometimes and it gets really lonely.

Okay, how does he answer this one? He clears his throat.

Nhlonipho: Urhm okay, I don't know what to say...

Lumka: It's okay, you don't have to say anything. I'm sorry I brought it up.

Nhlonipho: It's okay, I'm not mad. I'll keep in touch.

Lumka:Cool...

She stands by the door leaning against it as she waits for him to leave. Instead he closes it and kisses her. Taken aback by shock, Lumka pulls out and looks at him.

Nhlonipho: I missed you, I'm done punishing myself.

Lumka's eyes soften up with emotions, he picks her up. She's not too heavy for him to carry...

Lumka: I miss you so much, everyday...

She whispers as soon as he puts her on the bed...

NOSIPHO

Her life has been at peace most recently. Just minding her business and doing her. She knows Howard is around Durban, Khethelo told her and she ignored it.

Not that she wouldn't love to see him but as his

father said, he needs to earn it. She's been too kind and allowed these men access to her life without earning it and it has to come to the stop.

She is by the restaurant and busy checking on her watch to see if this person She's meeting up with is how far. It's a part time gig from a club owner that wants her to run the social media pages and PR as she's good with that.

Just as she is about to call, Howard walks in looking hot as usual. Her heart skips a bit and she grabs the glass of water and drinks as he makes his way to her. He pulls the chair and sits down.

Howard: Nosipho, how are you?

Nosipho: Howard, I have a meeting soon so now it's not a good time.

Gosh he smells so good she wants to hug him.

Howard: I know you are going to be mad but I arranged that meeting.

Her face turns red immediately! Wtf?

Nosipho: Are you serious? This is my time Howard!

Howard: I know, you wouldn't give me any time of your day, blocked me everywhere so I had to find a way.

Nosipho: So there's no club or side job?

Howard: The job is valid so is the club but at the same time I want to talk about us.

Nosipho: There's no us Howard, we only had sex and it doesn't amount to anything.

She seems to have hit the nerve, he leans back and looks at him.



Howard: Is that how you feel about what is happening between us?

Of course not but at this moment she's going to do everything in her power to bruise his stupid ego.

Nosipho: Stop saying "us", there's no us. You have a girlfriend, remember?

Howard:(sighs) I know...

Nosipho: That you didn't see the need to tell me about?

Howard: What happened between us was random and I didn't want to ruin the moment at that time by bringing it up.

Nosipho:(laughing sarcastically, clapping her hands)  
Fear amadoda!

Howard: Nosipho I know what you are thinking, that I'm probably a player or what. I am done about that

life really.

Nosipho: Then what are you doing here?

Howard: I want to ask for a chance of us starting over and doing things the right way this time.

Nosipho: If you think I'm going to be your side chick then forget about it. I'm not going to do it okay? It's not happening.

Howard: I have no intention of making you my side chick Nosipho.

She looks at him holding his stare, what is this yummy thing up to?

Nosipho: Then what do you want?

Howard: I want us to go somewhere to talk, shall we?

Nosipho: What's wrong with talking here?

Howard: It's a bit crowded, I need your full attention and no, it's not my hotel room.

She chuckles and calls the waiter to pay R35 for plain one glass of water. Imagine.

Nosipho: After you...

He leads the way to where he parked his car and opens the door for her. The drive out of the restaurant is more quiet and long until she sees that they are at some landing/raceway and there's a jet waiting for them in the distance.

Nosipho: Do you own a private jet?

Howard: Not mine, My uncle does. Him and his wife are on vacation so I borrowed it.

How rich are they? Maybe she didn't do her research enough.

Nosipho: Where are we going?

Howard:(smiling) It's a surprise, come let's go.

Nosipho: Wait, I need to tell my sister about it in case you kidnap me.

He laughs and permits her to do so, she quickly records a voice note for Khethelo telling her what's happening. She forwards the voice note to Mbali as well.

Howard: Ready?

He asks, pulling his hand outside the jet door, Nosipho takes a few steps and accepts his hold as he leads her inside...

KHATHU

Today he's working with different races as he is in a South suburban private clinic holding ropes for an old friend that called him for a favor.

Seeing how this practice gets so busy, he is questioning if he really wants to have his own or he should just continue being a freelancer, accepting calls here and there.

The nurse knocks at the office door and walks in with a file. He sighs exhausted and smiles kindly.

Nurse: Your last patient for today.

Khathu: Is she here already?

Nurse: Yes, I did all the tests, and wrote down everything.

The nurse hands him the patient's file and Khathu accepts it reading the results and her medical

history.

Khathu: Okay, send her in.

Nurse: Alright...

The nurse walks out and Khathu continues paging the file reading about her condition. This patient is suffering from Personality disorder.

People with personality disorders have unhealthy, inflexible thoughts and behaviors that may pose serious problems with relationships and work.

Common personality disorders include: Borderline personality disorder, Narcissistic personality disorder and

Antisocial personality disorder.

A knock comes through the door and he lifts his face from the file and tells the person to come in. And guess who walks in?

Mandisa.

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:55] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 59

MANDISA

Khathu? No freaking ways! Is he stalking her or what? Should she go back or just lie? Okay breathe Mandisa, the way he looks spooked, it shows that he didn't expect her here so that removes the conclusion of him stalking her.

He clears his throat after regaining his senses and points at the chair opposite him.

Khathu: Please, have a seat.

Mandisa: Thank you.

Khathu: You are probably wondering why I am here and the truth is I'm not stalking you. The owner of this practice, me and him know each other way back so he asked that I stand in for him today.

Mandisa: Okay, I guess it makes sense.

Khathu: Yes, so whatever said or done here shall remain here.

Mandisa: Doctor and patient confidentiality, of course.

Khathu: That's right. I'm curious though, looking at your medical history. Does Khethelo know?

There we go again, is he going to bring her into this?

Mandisa: No, she doesn't.

Khathu: Why?



Mandisa:(sighs) Because the community judges you harshly when you have these conditions make it harder to come out. They turn it into a laughing stock and make it look like we enjoy being like this or don't deserve to be loved.

They go to an extent of calling you crazy, ihlanya and all those mean names. I take my meds and I'm fine Khathu.

Khathu: But you threatened me Mandisa, slashed my car tires, even though I don't have proof of that, I know you did it.

Mandisa: Because you provoked me Khathu, I responded to the provocation and disrespect not because I'm crazy.

Khathu: (sighs) I still think you should tell her, so that she can support you and know what to do when you get episodes. What job are you doing?

Mandisa: I'm an educator, I hardly experience those.

It happened once I left work early to rest and calm down.

Khathu: I see, please give me a minute to read your file and give you your medication.

She didn't expect him to be this calm about it, especially after he once gloated about sending her to a psychiatric hospital so he can marry Khethelo. Deep breath, she doesn't want to think about that at this moment.

NOSIPHO

Howard takes them to a private Durban country golf club. She has never been to one and now she's here, with one of the hottest rich men rubbing shoulders with one of the finest wealthy men.

He takes care of the drinks and finds a spot that has an amazing beach view and they look into each

other's eyes.

Nosipho: so, can you play?

Howard: Yeah, but I haven't in a long while.

Nosipho: What is the purpose of golf clubs?

Howard: Networking, building connections and relationships more than the game.

Nosipho: I see.

Howard: I want us to talk, mostly about each other and intentions. You can ask me anything.

Nosipho: Okay, why are you here?

Howard: Because I want to be here.

Nosipho: Why, what is the reason?

Howard: I like you, more than I should. I keep thinking about you and what could become out of us.

Nosipho: You have a girlfriend Howard, you can't

have your bread buttered both ways.

Howard: Trust me I learned that the hard way. I don't want that okay? Especially hurting you or Boipelo. I'm going to do things right.

Nosipho: Do things right how?

Howard: I'll end things with her and be with you completely. You know the truth is, I moved on quickly after my wife's death. I honestly wanted a mother figure for my son and that confused me to think it was love. Now, I have found a life partner for me.

Nosipho looks down, stirring her drink with her straw.

Nosipho: What if your son doesn't like me?

Howard: He will, if not we will work around it. All I'm asking for, is a chance to get to know you better and that you give me a little time to clean up my mess.

Nosipho: I don't know, your actions will do the talking because what if you say all of this just to get into my pants again?

Howard: You think I'll pause everything happening in my life just for sex?

Nosipho: Well, one thing I know is men will do or say whatever needed just to tap. So yes Mr Saints, I don't trust you until you give me a reason to.

Howard: Okay, I guess that's fair enough. I've already told you my plans, now I need to show you.

Nosipho: Don't take too long because I won't be waiting forever. Let us order please, I'm hungry or you guys don't eat in these golf courses of yours?

Howard chuckles and calls the waiter to their table...

THABISILE

Nokubonga called her to chat about what transpired

between them over lunch. Curiosity led her to accept the invite so she can know what's really happening.

Nokubonga: Thank you for agreeing to meet up with me, I appreciate it.

Thabisile: Well, I wanted to be out of the house and actually find out the reason why I'm here.

Nokubonga: I just want to apologize for my behavior the past few months. Sanele's passing and his cleansing ceremony made me realize the importance of family and staying united.

It was refreshing to see how united and tight the kids were and it touched me to think that I almost ruined all of that because of greed. I'm really sorry, previously I justified my feelings and behavior by hiding behind the fact that Nhlonipho is an heir and all that.

Honestly I was worried and concerned that our husband wasn't treating them the same way or favoured Phakamani more. I'm really sorry about that, you have been nothing but kind and accepting to me. Digging J acob up was very cruel of me.

Thabisile:(sighs) I know there's no such thing as a perfect polygamy relationship but what you did hurt me. You know how deep the issue of Phakamani is and for you to use that as a weapon was condescending.

Nokubonga: I know, I really wish I can take all that back honestly. It doesn't have to happen now, the forgiveness but I wanted to put it out there that I have regrets and I'm sorry.

Thabisile: It's alright, I would like to move past it as well but you broke the trust I have in you. How do you feel about becoming a grandmother?

Nokubonga: (sighs) I'll work on fixing that trust. Well, I feel young to be a grandmother but I'm

excited a bit, I can't wait to see and hold a newborn in my arms

Thabisile: It's such a refreshing and fulfilling feeling. You will see for yourself once your granddaughter or son arrives.

Nokubonga: Oh but the mother, thixo!

Thabisile:(laughing) Leave the poor girl alone.

Nokubonga: Phakamani's girlfriend is beautiful, I like her.

Thabisile: She is pretty no lie.

Nokubonga: You don't like her?

Thabisile: It's not up to me but I feel like there's something missing between him and Phakamani.

Nokubonga: Something like what?

Thabisile: I don't know, chemistry maybe? I mean they are young and in love but ai...

Nokubonga: Leave the poor girl alone, your words. I like her, I think she's matured for Phakamani and



exactly what he needs.

Thabisile: I don't know, time will tell.

**KHETHELO**

Mandisa came over tonight and brought takeaways and is a bit quieter than usual that causes her to be concerned.

Khethelo: Are you okay?

Mandisa: Yeah, I'm fine.

Khethelo: You sure?

Mandisa: Actually no.

She knows it, she waits for her to continue.

Mandisa: I saw Khathu today.

Her heart skips a bit, could it be that he told her about that little office session that took place between them the other day?

Khethelo: You saw him where?

Mandisa: At the private clinic.

Okay, she's confused now.

Khethelo: Clinic? Were you at the clinic?

Mandisa: Yes I was.

Khethelo: Are you sick?

Mandisa: Not really but something like that.

Khethelo: Okay Mandisa please shoot straight to the point.

Mandisa: I don't know how to say this and I've been struggling with it but surprisingly Khathu

encouraged me to tell you because it can be generic and all.

Khethelo: You are scaring me.

Mandisa takes out some documents from her handbag and gives them to Khethelo.

Mandisa: I have Personality disorders but it's under control as I take medication for it.

Khethelo: What? How long have you had this?

Mandisa: I was born with it...

Her throat becomes dry and Mandisa's eyes become watery.

Mandisa: Please say something...

Khethelo: I don't know what to say, God this is huge!

So they were all right about Mandisa having mental issues?

SANELISIWE

She answers the intercom and opens her gate for the Uber to drive in while she goes outside with her hands folded and watches in silence as Nadia steps out of the car with bags.

Nadia: Aunty!

She tries to smile but Sanelisiwe is not returning it but gives her questioning looks.

Sanelisiwe: Nadia, I was not expecting you.

Nadia: I know, it's short notice but I had to come.

Sanelisiwe: Mhmmm, come inside.

She doesn't even help her with the bags as they walk back inside the house. Nadia puts them down and sits on the chair playing with her hands.

Sanelisiwe: What's happening?

Before Nadia can answer, Sanelisiwe's phone rings, it's her brother Mabutho who is Nadia's father.

Sanelisiwe: Bhuti..

Mabutho: My sister, how are you?

Sanelisiwe: I've been good, how is everything on your side?

Mabutho: Not so good, your niece is pregnant and my wife kicked her out...

Sanelisiwe closes her eyes and opens them again.

Sanelisiwe: She's here.

Mabutho: What? How can she come there after what she did? Is this child normal? Give her the phone!

Sanelisiwe: What is going on?

Mabutho: Sanelisiwe, you need to get rid of that devil in your house at this moment!

Sanelisiwe: I don't understand.

Mabutho: Your husband is the father of that thing she's carrying.

Sanelisiwe:(laughing nervously ) You are joking right? Because no! How? Please tell me it's a prank...

To be continued .

[06/11, 16:55] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 60

—1 MONTH EARLIER—

### THE NEWTONIAN HOTEL- J OBURG

Mazwakhe Sibeko the business tycoon arrives in the afternoon and gets assisted by the hotel staff into settling into his room and gets comfortable.

He is excited to be here as there's a lot to look forward to, the building project with the Saints and expanding his transportation business to this province as well.

He is meeting up with the Taxi association of the route he wants to use to finalize the details and terms of arrangements. One thing he doesn't want is a taxi war that could cost him his life.

After taking a shower and dressing up in a semi formal outfit, he leaves to the casino side of the hotel where the meeting is taking place.

It's kind of busy, people putting all their salaries in with the hope of becoming millionaires overnight only to cry when they lose.

One of the men he's meeting Mdluli, is already here so they talk over drinks as Mdluli smokes.

Mdluli: It's good to finally see you Sibeko, we heard a lot of good things about you.

Mazwakhe: It's good to be here,I really hope this meeting turns out to be great.

Mdluli: Definitely it will be. How is everyone at home? Heard you are a busy man with a big family?



Mazwakhe:(chuckling) Everyone is doing good, there are those challenges here and there but nothing heavy.

Mdluli: I wonder how you do it, I am struggling to deal with one wife, imagine 4!

Mazwakhe:( laughing) Come on, you want to tell me that you are enough and satisfied with one woman?

Mdluli looks around and clears his throat leaning over.

Mdluli: Well, I do misbehave here and there but it's nothing serious. They all know that I have a wife and whatever we get up to can never amount to anything serious.

Mazwakhe: Now that's where you and I differ, I don't like sneaking around hence I made them all official mine. Each plays an important role in my life, I can say they compliment each other.

Mdluli: I hear you but still says that 4 is a lot, where

do you get the energy to satisfy all of them? Are they all happy with the arrangement?

Mazwakhe: Women are not that complicated, you just need to know them and act accordingly to each. Give them financial security, buy gifts often, sex them good and the rest is a bonus. I'm a very busy man but they know the outcome of my business maintains the life I am affording them.

Mdluli: In my next life, I will be a polygamist.

They laugh and moments later, 3 other gentlemen join them and they start discussing the business. Food, more drinks are ordered as the men engage not just in business but their personal lives as well.

Maziya seems to be the man of the moment because they are all asking him for advice and listen attentively to everything that he has to say.

After an hour of being there, the staff shift changes and the ones for a night duty comes in. It is when Mazwakhe sees Nadia in the hotel uniform serving them. She keeps it cool when she sees him and does her job and leaves their table. Almost everyone is drunk and there's few girls who have now joined their table.

Ngwenya: Ku fresh lokomntwana yerr! Ngikuthole kanye nje! ( that lady is so fresh, if only I can get her just once!)

He says referring to Nadia after leaving their table. That awakens the jealousy in Mazwakhe and he clicks his tongue warning Ngwenya to behave because Nadia is family.

His eyes keeps on following Nadia's movements as she continues serving people and notices how some men try to be touchy touchy because of the short skirt she's wearing.

Mazwakhe: Excuse me, gentleman, I need to make a phone call to my wives.

Mdluli: It's okay Maziya, we are done business wise so you can rest.

He shakes all of their hands and walks towards Nadia's direction. She is wiping a table and he stands behind her and whispers.

Mazwakhe: See me in my room when you are done here.

He doesn't give her a chance to respond and proceeds walking to his room where he takes off his clothes and hits a shower. He steps out of the shower with only a towel wrapped around his waist and takes out the beer from the fridge and drinks it checking on his watch for the time.

A knock comes through and he opens the door, Nadia steps in and looks around. He knew she was going to come, she wanted him, he saw it in her eyes a long time ago but he wasn't going to act on it, especially in his house with his wife. Now they are here, away from everyone and he is not using his mind but his dick to think at this point.

All these thoughts are going through his mind while standing in front of her, she's a bit taller with the heels she's wearing. A smile escapes from her face and she places her hand on his chest.

Nadia: Well well, I knew you were just acting up that day, look at you now. What's your wife going to say?

Mazwakhe: What she doesn't know won't kill her...

Nadia: Right, what happens to Vegas stays in Vegas, right?

Mazwakhe: You got that right, and you know what's going to happen if you breathe a word about what

happens here.

Nadia nods and things escalate fast, they have sex. She is indeed her Aunt's niece, flexible and freaky in bed. She leaves him sweating like a dying horse after their steamy session.

He wipes his sweat and opens his traveling bag while Nadia dresses up and takes out a brick of cash and hands it to her.

Nadia: What's that?

Mazwakhe: For your trouble.

Nadia: Really Mazwakhe? What do you think I am, a prostitute?

Mazwakhe: It's really not that deep, take the money and spoil yourself.

She slaps him so hard and runs to the door opening

it.

Nadia: You are a piece of shit! I don't know what Sane saw in you because your sex is whack anyways!

She slams the door behind her and Mazwakhe rubs his cheek. Her remarks about his performance in bed doesn't move him because he knows himself. She says this because of bitterness, what was she expecting, cuddles?

He gets on the bed and takes his phone and finds Sanelisiwe's sexy photos of her in lingerie saying she's going to sleep and misses him. Regret and guilt consumes him immediately, he needs to find Nadia and apologize about what happened before she runs her mouth to her aunt.

The following morning, he requests for her services

only to be told that Nadia resigned with immediate effect from last night and left crying. Again, guilt and regrets consumes him. He asks for her number and calls her but she hangs up as soon as she hears it's him.

His messages after that get ignored and later his number is blocked. He puts the event behind him and focuses on what brought him to Gauteng in the first place....

-----PRESENT-----

SANELIS IWE

By the time Nadia is done narrating this story her face is wet from the uncontrollable tears that keep on gushing down and she cries out so badly.



Nadia: Aunty I know my act was wicked and I went ahead with it because of the anger that I had about how things were last time. I'm really sorry, I know it won't make any difference but I regret it.

Sanelisiwe: You are sorry? Nadia you slept with my husband! You could have chosen not to go to his room but you did! Now you come here and tell me you are sorry? Why are you even here, huh? To rub it on my face?

Nadia: No, it's nothing like that, I..I have nowhere to go.

Sanelisiwe: How did you get here?

Nadia: I got a lift from Joburg from someone who was coming this side.

Sanelisiwe:(wiping her tears) What are you hoping to achieve with all of this?

Nadia: I just want Mazwakhe to take responsibility. That's all.

She shakes her head chuckling in disbelief, no this is not happening! What the hell? She's surely being tested.

Sanelisiwe: Wait for me here, I'm coming.

She goes to her bedroom and closes the door sinking down to the floor with her back against it and cries out so badly. How can Mazwakhe do this to her? For the second time, this time with her niece? He cheated while they were still on honeymoon and came back with Nonhlanhla and she forgave him but this time, he went too far!

After calming herself down, she sends a message to everyone to meet up at Thabisile's house where he is at. They are probably having supper and it's the perfect moment to be there and she wants to confront him in front of everyone.

She changes into track pants and sneakers and walks out of the bedroom. The devil is eating her sandwich. Lord have mercy!

Sanelisiwe: It was my husband now, my food?

Nadia: I'm sorry, I was really hungry.

Sanelisiwe: Let's go. Take your bags.

Nadia: Where are we going?

Sanelisiwe: To your baby daddy, aren't you here for him?

She doesn't respond but picks her bags up again and walks out of the house.

**KHETHELO**

Mandisa's revelation left her in shock, she has been

on her computer researching about it and it shocks her to realise that the signs were there but she didn't really pay attention to it.

At the moment she is really confused and doesn't know how to react to this news. It's huge and honestly a part of her is scared but she loves her.

Mandisa: Babe...

Mandisa says nearby and she is startled, nearly breaking her computer. How did she get here?  
Mandisa chuckles in disbelief

Khethelo: Don't sneak up on me like that.

Mandisa: I'm sorry, I brought your phone.  
Sanelisiwe was calling.

She says handing it over to her and she sees the

missed calls and opens her messages.

Khethelo: Thank you, look I need to go home.

Mandisa: Is everything alright?

Khethelo: I hope so but I'll get to know when I get there.

Mandisa: Okay, are we going to talk when you come back?

Khethelo: Mandisa look, I think I need some time and space to digest the news. It's just overwhelming at the moment.

Mandisa: You are not breaking up with me right?

Khethelo: I'm not, I just need to be informed about this so I can make a solid decision going forward.

Mandisa:(sighs) Okay, how much time do you need?

Khethelo: I don't know...

A moment of silence passes and Mandisa looks

deeply hurt by her words but that's the best she can do right now.

Mandisa: Okay, I'm going to give you space then. I'll go get my things and leave. You will let me know when you are ready to talk.

Khethelo: Alright.

Mandisa leaves her presence and Khethelo shuts her eyes for a second feeling bad about this whole thing.

MAZWAKHE

He is watching soccer with Phakamani talking about their favorite players awaiting dinner when everyone starts arriving unannounced all at once.

Nosipho: This better be good, I left a good thing

going and rushed home because it sounded as if someone was dying.

She says as soon as they all settle in a table, Mazwakhe looks lost and so is Thabisile.

Mazwakhe: What is going on? Who called for this meeting?

Sanelisiwe: I did...

She says walking through the door, from one glance Mazwakhe can tell that there's trouble. His heart starts beating up fast, her face looks red, her eyes swollen and red.

Thabisile: MaGumede, what happened?

She asks calmly and Sanelisiwe rubs her eyes pulling a chair sitting down.

Sanelisiwe: Firstly let me apologize for hijacking your private family moment without informing you about what's happening. I just didn't want Mazwakhe to try and stop me hence I didn't tell anyone from this house.

Secondly, I apologize to everyone I scared with my messages and thank you for leaving everything to come here and hear what I have to say.

Silence, she breathes heavily sniffing and looks up at him, straight into the eyes.

Sanelisiwe: What I'm going to tell you breaks my heart, I have been praying all the way hoping that it's not true. Even now I am praying that it's not true.

Khethelo: Sane, what is it?



Sanelisiwe: Please give me a moment.

She calls someone on her phone to come in and Nadia walks through the door. Someone shoots him! What is she doing here? She sits on the empty chair with her head dropped down.

Sanelisiwe: This is my niece Nadia for those who don't know her. Nadia came to visit me few months back and if you remember correctly Thabisile I told you the reason I wanted her gone.

Gosh I wish Nonhlanhla was here, she saw this one coming. Nonetheless, my beloved niece here badmouthed me to my husband who told me about it and asked me to send her packing.

I applauded his act of seeing through her conniving ways and warned me about it. Only if I knew that he was going to follow her to Joburg and impregnate

her.

Nosipho: Hai bo!

Nokubonga:(clapping her hands) Ngasho! ( I said it)

Nhlonipho: Maziya, this is not true right?

Sanelisiwe: Please ask him Nhlonipho, my brother called me right after Nadia showed up at my house and told me that they kicked her out after discovering that she was pregnant. You can imagine the shock I got after they told me my own husband is the father to the baby she's carrying.

Mbali: Is she even pregnant yena lononkroyi or she's making it up?

Sanelisiwe: Unfortunately there is a scan, the pregnancy time frame matches the time Maziya was away.

All eyes on him, this is something he didn't see coming. Phakamani and Thabisile are quite as if they are not in the same room.

Mazwakhe: I admit being tempted and getting her into bed but...

Sanelisiwe: So you slept with her, is that what you are saying?

Mazwakhe: It was a moment of weakness, I didn't...

Sanelisiwe pushes her chair back and stands up chuckling with tears streaming down her face.

Sanelisiwe: A moment of weakness you say? Wasn't that what Nonhlanhla said to you when you confronted her about cheating on you? Wait, so you go around sleeping with people without protection putting all our lives at risk? Ladies, I suggest we all get tested!

Mazwakhe: MaGumede, I understand your pain but it only happened once and I regretted it.

Sanelisiwe: Is that supposed to make me feel better?  
So what's going to happen now? Are you going to  
take her as your fifth wife?

Again, everyone looks at him with anticipation.

Mazwakhe: No...

Sanelisiwe: You know what, I'm over this shit!

She walks away and Khethelo runs after her,  
followed by Mbali and Nosipho.

Nokubonga: So, what's going to happen now? Show  
we divorce you too?

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:56] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 61

### THABISILE

After all the chaos that happened in her house, she is finally having her house to herself and is applying a night face mask on her face in the bathroom when Mbali storms in looking very angry.

Mbali: Ma, how can dad do this? Please tell me you are going to divorce him! He can't continue going around making women pregnant and marry them at the end of the day!

Thabisile: Mbali, this is not your business to deal with, please don't get involved.

Mbali: I shouldn't get involved when dad embarrasses us by cheating with ladies the same age as us?

Thabisile: Your father has always been like this, never hid the fact that he loves women. The least he did was to respect me enough to tell me about it.

Mbali: Respect? What kind of respect is this one? Mama, what are you teaching us?

Thabisile: As I said to you, this is bigger than you and don't get involved. He is a polygamist, he can/will marry as many wives as he sees fits.

Mbali: And you are okay with that?

Thabisile: It hurted with Nokubonga and after that, the pain got transferred to the last wife. I'm just sad that this girl is Sanelisiwe's niece, he shouldn't have gone for her.

Mbali: I hope Sanelisiwe doesn't disappoint me but shows dad that the world doesn't revolve around him and that he is trash.

She storms out and Thabisile wipes her face with the wet cloth and looks at her reflection staring at her back in the mirror. His will is hurting her.

## MAZWAKHE

He has been locked inside his office with his head facing down in shame, not knowing what to do or deal with this dilemma that just happened.

Phakamani has driven Nadia to book her in a guest house nearby. She is the least of his worries, now the person he is worried about the most is Sanelisiwe. He doesn't even have the strength to look at her in the eyes, can't stand the pain, look, anger, disappointment in her eyes. He is used to seeing love displayed on those eyes and now he messed up.

If only it was possible to reverse time, he would

have walked away from that thought and not entertained it. Now he is going to lose Sane, because he couldn't keep it inside his pants.

A good woman who has been nothing but supportive, loving and loyal towards him. She doesn't deserve this and as much as he messed up so much, he doesn't want to lose her.

He won't be the same if he does, she holds an important role in his life and without her, he is doomed. The door opens and Phakamani walks in, Mazwakhe lifts his face up.

Phakamani: She is settled baba.

Mazwakhe: Thank you ndodana...

That's all he could say, at this moment he is a failure and a disappointment.



Phakamani: What are you going to do baba?

Mazwakhe: Honestly, I don't know son...

Phakamani: How did you allow this mistake to occur Maziya?

Mazwakhe: Mfana wami, ngibhayizile ngamosha kakhulu! (My boy, I messed up big time)

Phakamani:(sighs) This family is falling apart and it's sad to witness, you have to do something baba. Get up from that chair, stop feeling sorry for yourself and fix this mess. Yes you messed up, sure, but you can't hide in here forever. If you don't act now, you will wake up with nothing and no one. Act now unless you are prepared to lose another wife.

He smiles feeling proud at the man he raised.

Mazwakhe: Ngiyabonga Maziya, I needed to hear

those words.

Phakamani: You are welcome, I'll take my leave now, probably pass by your house to see house to see how Sanelisiwe is holding on.

Mazwakhe: Please update me, I need her to cool down a bit.

Phakamani: I will do, let me go.

He walks out and Mazwakhe takes his phone from the table. The first person he needs to deal with is Nadia. He can't harm her, as wicked as she is, he knew that and approached her still.

## SANELISIWE

She is cuddling herself up in the corner of her bedroom, her knees up on her chest with a bottle of wine next to her. Her face is now dry with all these tears rolling down her face.

She has sent 100 messages to Nadia and Mazwakhe cursing them at some point, and the next asking them why. Maybe she needs to have a meeting with the two of them so that she can have some closure.

Her phone has been ringing non stop, Khethelo and the girls calling her. She has no strength to reply or talk to anyone. She said everything she wanted to say there in Thabisile's house.

Lights from the car flashes through her window and she quickly gets up and goes to the kitchen to get her knife. Lord forgive her but she's going to jail tonight for killing Mazwakhe. She waits in anticipation for him to walk in but instead Phakamani does.

Phakamani: Whoa, Sanelisiwe, drop the knife

please.

Sanelisiwe: I thought it was your father.

She drops it on the table and goes to the couch and sinks into it. Phakamani follows with a glass of water that he forces her to drink.

Phakamani: You are going to feel better.

The water has sugar and some salt in it. Really Phakamani, a drip? She drinks either way.

Phakamani: How are you feeling? I know the question is out of context but really, how are you feeling?

Sanelisiwe: Sad, angry, betrayed, disappointed like all in once. How can your father do this to me? Again? I get that he can get another woman again but my niece Phakamani? Kanti where does the

limit stop?

He made me feel secure and proud when he kicked her out only to lust after her in Joburg. What does that say about me? Is it because I haven't given him a child?

Phakamani: Sanelisiwe, stop these thoughts and all of this got nothing to do with you, seriously! He messed up, big time and he also knows it but it has nothing to do with you or the kind of person you are.

Sanelisiwe: Well it hurts, so much even. You know what worse is that I still love him but I can't forgive this, your dad went too far.

Phakamani: He did, but I think you need some time to gather your thoughts and make a decision about this whole thing you know.

Sanelisiwe wipes her tears off her face.

Sanelisiwe: The only decision I have to make right now is going far away from your father. I don't see us moving past this, how am I going to trust him around my friends and relatives again? No, I am not doing this to myself.

Phakamani: I hear you and like I said, it's your decision. Just talk to him and tell him what you are telling me now. Don't run away from this but rather confront it straight on.

Sanelisiwe: You are right, I will do just that. I need to get my lawyer ready in the meantime. I'm done, I love your father and I know it's going to hurt but he doesn't see nor respect me honestly.

Phakamani keeps quiet then stands up announcing that he is leaving. Sanelisiwe walks him up to the door.

Sanelisiwe: Thanks for coming...

Phakamani : My pleasure, be good and calm down okay?

Sanelisiwe: I'll try...

He walks out and stops a bit taking his phone out of his phone. He curses under his breath and Sanelisiwe gets closer.

Sanelisiwe: What is it?

Phakamani: I have never seen so many zeros in my life!

He shows her his phone's screen and her mouth opens wide when she sees the figures from his bank notification.

Sanelisiwe: So much money!

Phakamani: Lucas doesn't listen, I have to go, I'll see you around.

Sanelisiwe nods and closes the door after him and walks to her bedroom and picks the bottle she was drinking from and empties it on the sink.

NADIA

She has been reading the messages from Sanelisiwe and Mazwakhe's daughter's swearing at her on her social media platforms.

Mbali did the worst and posted her on Twitter, people are now dragging her left and centre calling her out for the bitchery she committed. The words and comments cut deeper and cause her serious heart palpitations.



Reaching inside her bags and coming out with her diary where she writes 4 letters. One addressing her parents, Sanelisiwe, Mazwakhe and his family.

She puts them in the pedestal drawer and removes the bed sheets, rolling them up into a long rope and heads to the bathroom.

She looks around and sees the high wall bathroom burglary and puts some of the rope she made with the sheets in there...

To be continued.

( This chapter is short because I'm tired and not well, so please spare me the complaints. We'll continue tomorrow)

[06/11, 16:56] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 62

NADIA

She gets inside the bathtub and tries wrapping the rope around her neck but it is an epic fail. The windows aren't too high nor strong, instead of dying, she is going to injure herself.

She steps out of the bathroom and goes back to bed and lies down there allowing tears streaming down her face. Kwamphinda futhi loko, it's like she has this bad luck of attracting married men.

Her first baby daddy was married too, but at least with not so many wives and hooligans of children. A memory flashes down her mind at how she used to disrespect that wife and made her life a living hell throughout the pregnancy journey.

How she would demand the husband's attention not

caring how it affected his marriage. When she lost her child during labor, she saw it as karma.

She should have learned by then but no, look at her now, she's doing it again and this time it's even worse because Sanelisiwe is her Aunt. They don't have a close relationship because she always viewed her as Miss good too shoes and know it all.

Deep down she envies her life and what she has with Mazwakhe. When she got kicked out, she was disappointed and told herself that a time will come where she's going to pay revenge and actually show Sanelisiwe that she is not all that.

That night, when she saw Mazwakhe and when he actually called her to his room, she knew that the time had come. She made sure to distract him when he spoke about the condom so that he nuts inside her.

As a traditional Zulu man he is, Nadia knew that his semen would not struggle to fertilize her egg and boy, it did. Following the history of how his fourth wife joined the family, this reaction is something she didn't expect.

She sits up and looks at herself from the mirror. Everyone is right to say that about her, I mean she is wicked and a witch. Killing herself will not help the situation or anyone but make matters even worse.

It's time she faces her demons, confronts her past and deals with whatever abandonment she feels in her life. She picks the letters and tore them apart and throws the pieces inside the bin.

MBALI

Her phone rings, It's Khethelo. She answers on the second ring.

Mbali: Sis...

Khethelo: What do you think you are doing?

Mbali: Huh?

Khethelo: That tweet, did you seriously have to air our family dirty laundry in Public and humiliated father like that?

Mbali: Ai suka Khethelo, Do you seriously care about dad's reputation over mom's feelings at this point? He humiliated her first so he might as well catch the fire.

Khethelo: This is not about taking sides but that Tweet is going to affect the family business. You know how bad media is a disadvantage in the boardroom. Delete that tweet and stop meddling in elders' business.

Mom had a choice, still does but she's choosing to

stay with dad despite everything. It's her decision of which I believe she has a strong reason to. I'm not going to involve myself.

Mbali: It's not fair though, now we should smile and accept Nadia?

Khethelo: Mbali, you also have your own skeletons, what if someone or Naida brings them up? Are you going to be able to handle the heat? Behave and delete that tweet!

Mbali sighs and quickly goes to Twitter and deletes the post. After doing so, she locks her timeline and turns off notifications.

REFILOE

Phakamani called a few minutes ago and told her that he was on the way. She quickly changed the bed sheets and covers and wore lingerie for him

under her gown. Hopefully he is in the mood because it's been a while since they got into it and she misses him.

He walks in, looking handsome as usual but has that fatigue written all over his face and body language. She hugs him and kisses him, his temperature is hot.

Refiloe: Baby, are you okay?

Phakamani: I'm good, how have you been?

Refiloe: We are okay, just missed you...

She says the last line with a flirty face and eyes, Phakamani pulls her to him, he smashes his lips onto hers while his hands rip the gown apart. Okay, seems like today she's going to get it, and hard.

Phakamani: Damn you look so sexy!

His compliment is followed by a spank on her bum while his hand shifts the g-string aside and rubs on her already wet cookie. His presence alone turns him on, it becomes an ocean once he gets to touch her.

He kisses her, with so much desire and passion as Refiloe helps him out of his clothes. She's turned around quickly, her head and face is pressed down the table, buttocks spread out and he slides in.

The position is a bit uncomfortable as his thrusts are fast and rough. He leans on her body, breathing down on her neck with his hand on her neck and pumping her fast.

Phakamani: I love you Refiloe, never doubt that.

He confesses and cums hard after that, it downs to her that he needed that. Finally his hand releases her neck and she looks for a towel to clean



themselves up. His eyes pop out as she takes her hand and sit on the bed with her.

Refiloe: What's wrong?

Phakamani: Baby, I'm so sorry I hurt you. I swear I didn't mean to lose myself like that.

Refiloe lifts her eyes to the mirror opposite and swallows at the red marks around her neck and ass. She smiles and kisses him.

Refiloe: You needed it.

Phakamani: Please tell me, are you okay?

Refiloe: A little bit sore but it's nothing I can't handle.

Phakamani: I'll kiss it better...

Goosebumps, she shifts for him and they get under the blankets with her head on his chest.

Refiloe: Do you want to talk about what is bothering you?

Phakamani:(sighs) My family, everything is just a mess. It's one drama after another. Maybe I shouldn't have come back.

Refiloe: Then I wouldn't have met you.

Phakamani: True and you are the best thing that has happened to me since I came back. It's just that it's tiring you know.

Refiloe: I'm sorry, I don't know what's going on but I hope it's going to get better.

Phakamani: I pray so, when you pray please include my family.

She is touched by that request, she nods.

Refiloe: I will, I promise.

Phakamani: I want to buy us a house but obviously I

will need your input on it.

Refiloe: For real?

Phakamani: (smiling) Yes, it should be located in an area that has good schools for Kefilwe, and a safe neighborhood. Then after that, we can start talking about getting married.

She is excited about the move and all but now the marriage talk, it means that she has to contact her family again?

Refiloe: Babe...

Phakamani: No love, my father raised me with one rule: If you like it, love it, put a ring on it. Akukipitwa ka Sibeko. ( we don't cohabit in our family)

Refiloe: ( sighs ) Okay, I'll be looking into it.

Phakamani:(kissing her forehead) What car do you love? Or wishes to drive someday?

Refiloe: Whoa, hold on Mr. A car and a house, all at

once?

Phakamani:(smiling) Why not? I mean we can afford it. Just name it.

Refiloe: Okay, let's start with the house first...

Phakamani: We can afford both actually, but alright, whenever you are ready ma'am...

He kisses her softly and she can feel herself getting wet again, as if he can read her mind, he runs his hand down her nana.

Phakamani: Let me soothe it...

THABISILE

She turns around and realizes that Mazwakhe is on the bed. When did he get in here? She attempts to turn back but he holds her arm gently.

Mazwakhe: Manzini, let us talk.

Thabisile:(sighs) About what?

Mazwakhe: Everything, we can't go on like this and you know that silent treatment triggers me.

He hates it with passion, if you want to see him go through the most, blue tick him you will see.

Thabisile: Fine, let's talk!

Mazwakhe: You go first, since I can tell that you have a lot on your chest.

Thabisile: So, by allowing you to fulfill your will of being a polygamist you saw it fit to go around fucking everything that has a hole? Sanelisiwe's niece, really? She is just a kid! Yes Sanelisiwe is young but that girl is Mbali's age!

How did you see her as a woman to bed? Someone

your daughter's age? Are Mbali and Nosipho's friends safe around you or are you going to see wives in them too? How can you betray Sanelisiwe like this? Mazwakhe you didn't even protect us, you know how loose these kids are, what if she is sick?

Mazwakhe: Nothing I can say to you will comfort you, and I am really sorry for the pain I have caused. My wife, I pray and hope that you will find it in your heart to forgive me for cheating on you.

You are a perfect person and you are everything I need in a wife. I am sorry for betraying your trust. You are more than I could have ever dreamed, and I want to spend the rest of our lives together.

I know now that I had been blind not to know that I already have the best wife. I chose the wrong path and as a result, I have caused you so much pain.

I am sorry from the bottom of my heart for ruining the wonderful life we had together. I am sorry for my actions, and I can only hope that you will one day forgive me.

I cheated on you, and that is unforgivable. But for the sake of our children, I hope we can find a way to resolve this so that we can keep our family together.

You are my first love and the most important person in my life. Our relationship is everything to me and I know I am far from being perfect, but I will do everything possible towards becoming one for you.

Please forgive me sthandwa sami, I let you down Gwabini and I am willing to do everything to fix this mess, however, I can't do it alone or without you by my side.

Thabisile shakes her head and gets off from bed.

Thabisile: Are you going to marry her?

Mazwakhe: No, I don't have feelings for her, I will not make the same mistake I did with Nonhlanhla, marrying her for the child. If the child Nadia is carrying is indeed mine, I'll raise it as a Sibeko and that will be it.

Thabisile: If Sanelisiwe forgives you from this, consider yourself lucky. She is not like me, didn't start from the bottom with you like we did, didn't suffer the way we did, may not love you the way I do.

I've heard your apology but it's going to take more than just words for me to move past this.

After saying that, she excuses herself out of their bedroom and heads to the kitchen for water and nearly screams when she sees Phakamani. Men of this house and sneaking around, when did this one



come back because he went to his girlfriend!

Phakamani: Good morning Salukazi...

He says and kisses her on the cheek and gives her a warm hug that she needed badly.

Thabisile: I'm good Baba, how are you?

Phakamani: Not so good because you are not alright.

Thabisile: It's going to be okay, don't stress yourself about it.

Phakamani: You remember the reason I left for two good years and not come back?

She remembers that very well, it was after Mazwakhe had brought Nonhlanhla home.

Phakamani was very angry and left for the army for two years without coming back.

Thabisile: Baba, please do not leave again, your father and I will fix this.

Phakamani: There's nothing you should fix mama, you didn't do anything wrong here. I love and respect Father but I hate what he is doing to you. I didn't say anything because I needed to calm down, I know if I said anything it was going to be ugly.

But I'm going to confront him about this, and I'm sorry there's nothing you can do to stop me. I won't disrespect him, but he is going to hear an honest opinion from me. I am not going to stand here and watch all of this happen and smile as if it's fine.

Thabisile: Okay, like you said, I won't stop you. But at the end of the day, remember, he is my husband and your father.

Phakamani: Please go prepare yourself, I'm taking

you out for breakfast.

Thabisile: For real?

Phakamani: Yes, there's something else I want us to talk about, but not here.

Thabisile: Do you want to give me heads up?

Phakamani: It's about Jacob and the legacy he left behind for me. Like I said, we'll talk about it when we get to have our breakfast.

Thabisile: Okay, give me a few minutes.

## SANELISIWE

She opens her eyes and a headache hits her hard between the eyes. She finds her painkillers and drinks them immediately. It's another new day and no one walked in and said "surprise, it's a prank"

She reaches for her cellphone and finds loads of messages from Mazwakhe's kids, Thabisile and

Nadia.

She opens the WhatsApp voice message from Mazwakhe and listens to it.

Mazwakhe:(voice over)MaGumede, Sometimes, there are simply no words that can adequately express the depth of a person's feelings that are plagued by regret, guilt, and sadness for a wrong done. This is my predicament now for hurting you so badly when you trusted me so.

I want to tell you I'm sorry a thousand times, but I know my apology can't undo what has been done or ease the pain in your heart. Cheating on you is certainly an unforgivable mistake. I totally deserve all the anger and resentment from you for what I have put you through.

However, it also pains me to see you suffering as a

result of my misbehavior. Guilt burns in my heart thinking of all the hurt that you must be feeling because of my recklessness. Each time that I think of you, I get angry with myself because I can imagine all the bitter tears you must have shed when you learned of my indiscretion.

I'm feeling like this because there is still love for you glowing in my heart. Otherwise, I wouldn't have cared one bit and moved on. But I don't want this relationship to end. I still care deeply about you and love you with all my heart. I truly want you to be happy again with me still being a part of your life.

I know I don't have the right to ask anything from you when I have foolishly betrayed your trust in me. But if you can find it in your heart to forgive me and give me another opportunity to prove to you how much I love you, I will be very, very relieved indeed. For that would mean I still have the chance to love and cherish you as you deserve, and a chance to

make your future a happier one with more laughter and fewer tears.

Lastly, I just want to say that I have faith in my love for you. I have faith that we will overcome the odds and make our relationship even better than before. Give me another chance and I have faith that, one day, we will look back at this and be glad that we didn't walk away from each other.

Please let me know when I can see you so that we can talk and find a way around this.

Sanelisiwe clicks her tongue after listening to the voicenote and types a reply.

Sanelisiwe:(typing)There's nothing will make me forgive this I'm sorry. I want a divorce, my lawyer will be in touch with you soon.

She sends it through and gets off the bed...

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:56] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 63

### THABISILE

The South Coast view is doing justice and giving her the fresh air she needed. The food here is amazing and so is the music. Phakamani is eating slowly while pressing on his phone and smiling from time to time.

Thabisile: Is that Refiloe making you smile this much?

Phakamani: The one and only.

Thabisile: Mhmm...

Phakamani: I love her ma, you know she is just so simple and laid back. A breath of fresh air if you ask me.

Thabisile: If you are happy son then I am happy.

He puts his phone face down and sits up straight.

Phakamani: Now let's talk about you; mother, are you happy? Obviously not but my question is more like why are you still here?

Thabisile: Because I have to be here, I belong here.

Phakamani: Does he want you to be here?

Thabisile: What do you mean?

Phakamani: Mom come on, the way dad is doing as he pleases in this marriage it's not on. How many wives and kids are you going to accept? Is it because he found you with me? Ma, talk to me please.



Thabisile: Phakamani, this is deeper than what it looks like okay? Your father and I made an agreement, this is his need.

Phakamani: ISIDINGO esikuzwisa ubuhlungu?( A need that hurts you?) Mom if this is about money or fear of starting over then you don't have to. I mean Jacob left me so much money I don't even know what I am going to do with it. I can give all of that to you just so you can have your peace of mind without worrying about what you built with Maziya.

Thabisile: Phakamani, money can and won't solve everything. You are growing up and hopefully you will start your own family soon, I believe that you are going to understand.

Phakamani: I will never treat someone I love the way he does. I was coming into terms that okay, he

has 4 wives and done but no, he goes and does the worst! That girl is Mbali's age, what does that make you feel?

Thabisile: Okay Phakamani that's enough! I'm not going to sit here and listen to you crucify me and judge me! It's okay to be concerned but you are off ramping now! This got nothing to do with you! The same person you are crucifying raised you, gave you a name and a home!

Phakamani: Because of that it makes it okay for what he is doing? Is that why you won't walk away? Are you indebted to him?

This child is pressing her and she doesn't like it, she breathes heavily and pushes her chair back getting up.

Thabisile: Uyafana nje nababakho, umuntu makathi

No awuzwa! (You and your father are the same, you keep on pressing even when a person says no)

She storms out without looking back and heads to where she parked her car.

NHLONIPHO

He shakes his head at the headlines that are going around about their father cheating on his wives with a girl the same age as his last daughter. What makes it even worse is that she's the wife's relative!

Lumka: Babe...

She calls for him walking inside the lounge and Nhlonipho lifts his head up.

Nhlonipho: Yeah?

Lumka: Your father is trending and it's not good.

Nhlonipho:(sighs) I saw.

Lumka: What is happening? Who is this girl?

Nhlonipho: Sanelisiwe's niece, udodi nje we staff. You know, I can't believe dad cheated, again! Not after the speech he gave us, does true love even exist out there? Yooh hai.

Lumka keeps quiet, in a way this topic reminds her of her own skeletons.

Lumka: Is this still about your father or you have something to say?

Nhlonipho: Something to say?

Lumka: I don't know Nhlonipho but I feel like you haven't moved on from what happened between us. You are going to remind me of my mistake every chance you get.

Nhlonipho: Cheating is a long process to be called a mistake, I refuse!

Lumka: What are you saying kahle kahle?

Nhlonipho: Lumka, you and I are still in the same place. I am just available to help you with your sexual cravings so that my baby can grow.

Lumka: What?

Nhlonipho: Wait, you thought that amounted to me forgiving you? So that uzongigila futhi? Never!

Lumka: I can't believe this!

Nhlonipho: You better believe it.

She storms out and Nhlonipho shakes his head, too ambitious this one. Yes the sex was bomb and he missed it but it ends there. His phone rings and the number calling is not even registered to the True caller.

Nhlonipho: Hello?

Voice: Nhlonipho, it's Tony here.

Nhlonipho: What do you want?

Tony: I want us to fix things and talk business. I heard now you are at the Sibeko funeral parlor as the CEO/MD?

Nhlonipho: Leave me alone Tony, I've got no business with you!

Tony: You do realize that you never paid off my money? Instead your father tried to kill me? Do you want us to go back there?

His heart is beating fast, he clears his throat.

Nhlonipho: Still, I don't want to see you.

Tony: You know where I live, I'll be expecting you.

The call ends and Nhlonipho chuckles in disbelief

putting the phone away.

NOSIPHO

She and Khethelo are having some lunch discussing how to do damage control to the media since Mbali's post caused havoc. The journalists are now on their necks.

Nosipho, as someone good with PR and social media, is jotting down a media release statement that will be out soon.

Khethelo: Gosh this is a mess, if I see your sister now, I'll kill her.

Nosipho: Argh, forgive her. You know Mbali has always been impulsive. It's not too bad, we are going to be able to swing it around.

Khethelo: How is your mom taking the news?

Nosipho: The same way she did when Nonhlanhla joined us. She is unbothered, focusing on the bag.

Khethelo:(chuckling) Ai futhi MaGwala shame. You know there's something personal I want to ask you.

Nosipho: Okay?

Khethelo: Would you date someone with mental problems?

Nosipho: That's a tricky one, I guess it will depend on how deep it is maybe?

Khethelo: BPD?

Nosipho: Yuh yooh angeke! Haa, no offense but I'm afraid of skrew skrew haai.

Khethelo: What if in a later stage you discover that Howard has it? Would you leave him even though you love him?

Nosipho: Okay first and foremost Howard is not a skrr skrrr case but if I were to discover he is, Lord forgive me I will run. Those people are ticking time bombs and I'm no rehab center chile!



Khethelo: I hear you.

She takes a sip from her drink and Nosipho wonders if this got to do with Mandisa but if it was the case Khethelo would have said so. Right then a beautiful tall, dark toned lady with a hair cut like Zozibini Tunzi walks in.

The lady is dressed in dark brown leather pants, black pencil heels, and a light brown vest that is tucked in. These colors look so damn good on her, she's hot!

Khethelo: Mhmm, that girl is hot!

Nosipho: Go for it, I want to see how girls ask each other out.

Khethelo: You are a bad influence, I'm not going to do that.

Nosipho: She's looking at us, go Khethelo.

Khethelo: No!

Nosipho: Oh boy, she's coming!

She makes her way to their table and smiles during her greetings.

Her: My name is Celiwe Mdletshe and if it's okay I would love to join you ladies since my friend canceled on me?

Khethelo: No..

Nosipho : Yes you can, get your bag and join us.

Khethelo nudges Nosipho who winks at her and acts cool. This is going to be fun, Celiwe smells good!

MAZWAKHE

The door flies open and Phakamani walks in without knocking. From one glance he can tell that it's not good. Knowing him, Mazwakhe has expected this.

Mazwakhe: Maziya, have a seat.

Phakamani: No, I'm fine standing. I won't be long anyway. I have a question, I asked you before and I will ask again. Do you love my mother?

Mazwakhe: That's crazy because...

Phakamani: Yes or No?

His voice is firm and for a moment Mazwakhe is alarmed but he keeps it cool.

Mazwakhe: Yes, I love her.

Phakamani: Then why do you continue hurting her like this? What is love in your language? Maybe

that's what I don't understand.

Mazwakhe keeps quiet, breathing in and out slowly.

Phakamani: I am waiting dad, how do you claim to love her so much then continue to hurt her? Do you want her to die because of stress? What's going to happen to us then because she's our only mother?

Mazwakhe: Phakamani, for the last time, sit down.

Phakamani takes a deep breath and pulls the chair and sits down folding his arms looking straight at him.

Mazwakhe: What I'm going to tell you now, you are not going to repeat it to anyone else. It's going to remain between the 3 of us, me, you and your mother.

He frowns with confusion.

Phakamani: What do you mean?

Mazwakhe: It's a long story but I'll try to summarize it for you. It all started when your mother and I sought power or resources to expand our business.....

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:57] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 64

PHAKAMANI

He stands up and undo the two top buttons of his t-shirt just to get some air after the revelation his

father just made. Blood covenant? Polygamy cultism? Like what the hell! At least they don't have a snake, he was going to shoot it!

So basically what he said was that banesikhwama, imibandela yalesikhwama ukuthi aganwe abe namakhosikazi amaningi. Abafazi bedlozi! ( the bag's conditions are for him to marry and have many wives, for the underground gang, to expand his surname and his richies )

Mazwakhe: Have a drink and calm down.

Phakamani accepts the drink and gulps it down his throat immediately.

Phakamani: Please explain this to me, the other wives, do you love them or is it still part of the cult?

Mazwakhe: Some yes but others are just here to serve the purpose.

Phakamani: This is fucked up! Can you reverse this thing? Won't it affect your children?

Mazwakhe: They won't be affected, and no, we cannot reverse it. The only way to break it is if one of us ( Thabisile and Mazwakhe) dies.

Phakamani: I can't believe she actually agreed to this! So what are you going to do now with everything going south like this?

Mazwakhe: A lot, it's a conversation your mother and I have to sit down and have. I need to stop Sanelisiwe from leaving.

Phakamani: Do you stop her because you love her or it's still part of your scheme to riches?

Mazwakhe: You asked me if I loved the other wives besides your mother, yes I love her.

Phakamani: Well Sanelisiwe is not taking this easy, she's talking about leaving the country even. You messed up too much nawe kodwa baba! I get that

sometimes you have to do it you know for that but her niece? It's a good thing Sanelisiwe has no child with you..

Mazwakhe: What are you saying? Phakamani, you are not in a way hinting on what I'm thinking right?

Phakamani: Come on baba, Sanelisiwe is a beautiful woman but I will never betray you like that, no matter the odds.

Mazwakhe:(sighs) I know, Nadia, that was really out of place for me. I don't know how I lost control but I need to sort it out.

Phakamani: This whole thing is just too much for me, I feel like I'm going crazy. I don't think I want to be part of the family business anymore.

Mazwakhe: Stop being dramatic Phakamani, everywhere there's huge business there's some



protection done to strengthen it. They might not talk about it but ours is not a worst case scenario.

Phakamani: I have to go, I'll see you.

Mazwakhe: Phakamani...

Phakamani: Give me some time baba...

He leaves without looking back straight to his car...

NHLONIPHO

He made time to meet up with Tony because he needed to set up boundaries and tell him where to get off.

It's been an hour now waiting for him and it's starting to get frustrating. Where is he? Just as he is about to call him, he shows up with his goons in his wheelchair and he thinks to himself how much of a good job his father has done. He must never

walk!

Tony: Nhlonipho, Nhlonipho. So good to see that you made it. Look at you, the glow of being a father to be is doing you good.

His heart skips a bit, how does he know that? He keeps a straight face maintaining composure, this is not time to show weakness.

Nhlonipho: What do you want?

Tony: Straight to the point, I like it.

Nhlonipho: Unlike you, some of us have work to do with it!

Tony: I seriously love this fire in you, really amazing. Okay. I heard that you are in the funeral parlor business handling things. I need to borrow a few coffins.

Nhlonipho: What for?

Tony: That's for me to know, remember you owe me Nhlonipho.

Nhlonipho: Wait, you are not planning on transporting your drugs using our coffins now are you?

Tony: I have a way better idea than that, you will find out soon.

Nhlonipho: I'm not doing this with you, just forget it.

He pushes his chair getting off, Tony holds his wrist.

Tony:(licking his dry lips) Your baby mama, she's such a cutie!

Nhlonipho: Now listen to me and listen real good, you are not going to guilt trip me into doing anything with you. As for your money, you will get it. My family, stay away from them or you will see another side of me that you don't know.

Tony:(laughing) Oh boy, he just threatened me, I'm so scared!

Nhlonipho: It's actually not a threat but a promise. Try me!

He yanks his hand off and walks away kicking Tony's feet causing his chair to sway sideways and leaves to his car.

SANELISIWE

She is out in one of the private finest clubs around Durban and looking hot. She took off her ring and left it at home. The aim for tonight is to be Sanelisiwe Sibiya and not Mrs Sibeko.

She looks breathtakingly beautiful with her well done face beat and sexy as hell in that short white dress. Eating alone is weird as fuck as she receives stares, probably people recognizing her from the

tabloids.

She orders for a strong drink and starts drinking like a fish. On her fourth glass, she starts feeling like a huge weight has been lifted off her shoulders and relieved.

One guy walks up to her holding his beer and sits on a chair opposite her. His cologne greets her before he can open his mouth. She knows him, from a picture Khethelo once showed her. It's the cute doctor, he really is more cute in person. Makes sense why Khethelo is suddenly confused about her sexuality all of a sudden.

Khathu: Hi, I'm with my colleagues and they pointed you out then it clicked to me that you are related to someone I know. My name is Khathu.

Sanelisiwe: I bet you already know me.

Khathu: Not really, I haven't been around to know

everyone from that family.

Sanelisiwe: I'm Sanelisiwe Sibiya.

Khathu: Pleased to meet you, are you okay?

Sanelisiwe: No, can you prescribe something for heartbreak?

Khathu: Urhm no, geez everytime I meet a Sibeko member they are all going through something. If you are keen, you can join me and my guys.

Sanelisiwe: Sure.

She grabs her bag and follows Khathu to join 3 other guys. They introduce themselves and the conversation flows beautifully with great music and more drinks flowing. She completely forgets about her dilemma and enjoys the vibe. Every now and then, she catches Khathu stealing looks at her and ignores it.

Her favorite track with Mazwakhe plays out...

Uthando (Uthando lwakho enhlizweni yami uthando  
lwakho enhlizweni yami)

Enhlizweni (Eh lona alus oze laphela ah lona alus oze  
laphela my baby hey)

Alupheli (Uthando lwakho enhlizweni yami thando  
lwakho enhlizweni yami)

Alupheli (Eh lona alus oze laphela eh lona alus oze  
laphela my baby hey)

Engithi lona alus oze laphela, as amb shu, nans oke

Uthando lwakho enhlizweni yami

Lungenza ngikufake ekasi lami

Lungenza ngikwazise kuma

Uthando lwakho enhlizweni yami

Uthando lwakho enhlizweni yami

Lona lingenza ngithande ngingas abi

Lona alus oze laphela

Lona alus oze laphela my baby hey

Khathu: Hey, are you okay?

He asks, touching her arm and she quickly wipes her tears picking up her handbag.

Sanelisiwe: Please take me out of here.

She walks out with Khathu following her, she didn't drive all the way here because she knew she was going to get drunk and the last thing she wants is dying and Mazwakhe cashing in on those policies to buy Nadia's baby pampers.

Khathu: Where to?

Sanelisiwe: Your house...

She says with a straight face putting on a seat belt.



Khathu hesitates for a moment but starts the car and drives out. They don't say much, he keeps on asking if she's okay and she nods, staring outside the window.

They arrive at his place, it's not big, just a cosy small apartment that smells like him but very clean.

Khathu: Well, this is my space. Can I get you anything?

Sanelisiwe: Please make me forget about this pain, just for tonight.

She standing in front of him, he's tall, Mazwakhe is not that tall, even when she's wearing heels he's not. But Khathu, mhmm.

Khathu: Sanelisiwe, I don't think this is what you need at the moment.

Sanelisiwe: It's exactly what I want, please. I'll regret everything in the morning.

He chuckles and leans forward kissing her, more like brushing her lips with hers before taking them fully into her. He picks her up so easily as if she's just a smallnyana baby and pin ber against the walls. Her hands helps him off the t-shirt and body, what a body! The chest, arm and eight pack!

MAZWAKHE

He finally is in his house, before stepping out of his car, he tried to call Sanelisiwe but her phone is off, went to the house she's not there.

He doesn't want to stalk her but he is worried and wants to fix things between them. He walks inside and finds Thabisile drinking her wine wearing her robe. He greets her and sits down.

Thabisile: Your food is on the microwave.

Mazwakhe: Thank you, is Mbali home?

Thabisile: No, she's angry and said she's spending a night with Ebuka.

Mazwakhe: And you allowed it?

Thabisile: What was I supposed to do? This day has been bad enough. I kind of lashed out on Phakamani comparing him with his father so nje yeah, I'm not in the mood.

Mazwakhe: You being soft with Mbali is one of the reasons we have this trouble.

Thabisile: Mazwakhe don't start with me okay! I didn't send you to sleep with Sanelisiwe's wife, you did that out of your own will. Instead of judging my parenting skill, you should be telling me how are you going to fix this mess!

Mazwakhe:(sigh) I am working on it. Phakamani came to see me, I told him.

Thabisile pops her eyes out and stops drinking.

Thabisile: How much does he know?

Mazwakhe: I told him what was necessary to get him off our backs.

Thabisile: Great! Knowing very well that Phakamani is not that stupid, do you think he is going to believe you?

Mazwakhe: What was I supposed to do because he was pressing?

Thabisile: Mazwakhe, this family is sinking because of you. I don't need to remind you of what is going to fall before us if it finally does. Fix things with Sanelisiwe and get her pregnant!

Mazwakhe: I can't do that...

Thabisile:(chuckling in disbelief) May I know why?

Mazwakhe: Because I love her...

To be continued...

( thanks for the sponsor's support guys, if you haven't liked please see the previous post for details and do so. The next chapter to come later, I had meetings throughout the whole day hence the delay)

[06/11, 16:57] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 65

### SANELISIWE

She opens her eyes and the side next to her is empty. Her eyes close back voluntarily thinking about last night. She wasn't too drunk not to remember what happened. She remembers everything and how Khathu gave it to her so damn

good.

Is she regretting sleeping with Khathu? No! And she didn't do this to spite Mazwakhe or anything, it was what her body needed and he Khathu was available.

Khethelo! Eix, konjes there's some confusion there? But Khethelo loves Mandisa, right? She looks for her phone and switches it on, loads of messages from Mazwakhe flood in, can he leave her alone?

She needs to enquire from her lawyer and find out how far she is with drafting the divorce papers. She wants nothing from him, just freedom and relocating. Today's task is to talk to the University where she lectures at and tell them that she is taking a transfer.

Her savings and wife allowances are going to last her long enough until she gets another job wherever

she's going. A message from Khethelo comes through with a picture of a girl.

Khethelo:(typing) What do you think?

Sanelisiwe: Hot! Who is she?

Khethelo: Celiwe, I bumped into her yesterday during lunch and we exchanged numbers.

Sanelisiwe: Mandisa and the cute doctor?

Khethelo: Argh well I love Mandisa but then there's too much going on. As for Khathu, it's only lust and he's going to bring me nothing but trouble.

Sanelisiwe: Celiwe won't?

Khethelo: Like you said, I'm exploring my options.

She wants to tell her about Khathu but it's still early, she's still married to her father. Some day she will.

The door opens and Khathu walks in with his

underwear shorts, apron on and a tray that has delicious food. He puts it on the bedside table and sits next to her.

Khathu: Hey sexy, slept well?

Sanelisiwe: I did, and you?

Khathu: How can I not, with a beautiful woman next to me?

Sanelisiwe: Flirty! Look, last night was great, in fact it was amazing but...

Khathu: You are married, I know.

Sanelisiwe:( smiling) Yeah and I wouldn't want to drag you into the mess or trouble.

Khathu: I know how to take care of Sanelisiwe but I respect your wishes. For what it's worth, I had an amazing time and enjoyed myself.

Sanelisiwe:(biting her lip) I did too...

Khathu: Maybe we can do it some other time?



She clears her throat, is he not getting it? The sex was lit but there's no next time happening.

Sanelisiwe: What did you make?

That's her changing the subject and luckily he doesn't push it but brings the tray to her.

Khathu: Nothing fancy, oh, for your trouble.

He hands her some pills, she knows exactly what they are since at some point the condom burst and they continued without it.

Sanelisiwe: Thank you.

Khathu: I'll be doing some work on my computer, let me know when you are done I can drive you back.

She wants to tell him it's not necessary, she can request a ride back but doesn't want to come across as rude.

Sanelisiwe: Okay, I will.

Khathu winks and leaves the room, she picks her phone up and tells Mazwakhe to come to the house in the next hour so they can talk.

NOSIPHO

Her mood is lifted up so early in the morning. Howard is coming to Durban and she's going to meet him at the airport then depart to Cape Town together. The excitement cannot be explained, just the thought of being away from the family drama for a whole week excites her so much.

Her phone rings disturbing her from doing her makeup, it's a private number. Usually she doesn't answer those but today feels the need to, hopefully she won't regret it.

Nosipho: Hello?

Voice: Hi, is this Nosipho?

Nosipho: Who's asking?

Voice: Boipelo, I got your number from Howard's phone...

Shut the front door! She gets up to stand so that she can hear this properly.

Nosipho: Yes?

Boipelo: I wanted us to have a conversation, woman to woman.

Nosipho: About what?

Boipelo: You know what I'm talking about.

Nosipho: No I don't.

Boipelo: Okay, I'll explain it to you. It's about Howard, I know he's cheating on me with you.

Nosipho: Good for you.

Boipelo: I don't know what he promised you but girl this man is mine and I won't sit by and watch you steal him.

Nosipho:(chuckling) "steal"?

Boipelo: Yes, I have been through hell with Howard grieving his wife and you just want to come and take him?

Nosipho: Girl, it's 2022 for such behavior. Now listen to me and listen good, I don't steal men, I don't know how to. Howard is a grown up responsible adult who made promises to YOU, not me. He told me he loves me and just like you, I FELL for it. Now if you have anything to say, address it with him, bob the builder.

She ends the call and throws it on the bed clicking her tongue. Wonders shall never end, so early in the morning? But you know what, this is not going to ruin her day, Cape Town is where she's headed at, with Howard!

Nokubonga: Who are you fighting with so early in the morning?

Nosipho: Ma, how many times must I tell you not to eavesdrop on my conversations?

Nokubonga: I didn't eavesdrop, I was walking in and heard you talk.

Nosipho:(sighs) When last did you hear from dad?

Nokubonga: He's coming over later, hopefully.

Nosipho: You aren't moved by all of this?

Nokubonga: Nope, I am just minding my business and see how all of this is going to end.

Nosipho: I don't aspire to be like you, shame...

Nokubonga:(smirking) J ust watch and see, I will be having the last laugh. Enjoy your day, I'm off to work.

Nosipho claps her hands and continues doing her makeup...

MAZWAKHE

He watches from the window Sanelisiwe walking through the gate to the house and sits down. When he received her message about meeting up, he dropped everything.

Things are a bit rocky after he told Thabisile that he loves Sanelisiwe. She went to bed angry not talking to him but it is what it is

Sanelisiwe: Oh, you are here already, sawubona.

Mazwakhe: Hi, where are you from?

Sanelisiwe: From a friend's place.

Mazwakhe: I don't know any of your friends that drive RangeRover?

Sanelisiwe: You don't know all my friends so please don't start.

He wants to ask further questions but remembers that he is treading on thin ice.

Mazwakhe: You are not wearing your ring?

Sanelisiwe: I took it off.

Mazwakhe: MaGumede, I understand you are angry but seriously, you can't end things just like that. This child has always had ulterior motives to break us apart and you giving in will make her win.

Sanelisiwe: It's funny you knew her plans but still went for her. So what Mazwakhe, I must smile and forgive that you slept with her? Then what? You are going to shove the baby that's going to be a reminder of your infidelity to mother? I'm sorry, this

is too much.

I let it slide with Nonhlanhla because she wasn't family, even if you came with the 5th wife from somewhere else, I would have been mad but accept it. My niece? Sorry!

Mazwakhe: What is it that I need to do so that you can see how sorry I am?

Sanelisiwe: Sign the divorce papers, they are coming.

Mazwakhe: Sanelisiwe, you can't do that.

Sanelisiwe: You divorced Nonhlanhla for cheating, said something messed up that can't be fixed. I'm not going to persevere, you make me a laughing stock in the name of love. I love you, so much even. But sometimes love alone is never enough. I want out, if you really love me as you claim to, you are going to set me free from this.



He holds her close to his chest and she doesn't fight it but doesn't hold him back.

Mazwakhe: We are going to survive this, we will be fine I promise.

She breaks free from his embrace and stands aside.

Sanelisiwe: Have you spoken to Nadia?

Mazwakhe: Not yet.

Sanelisiwe: You should, she's pregnant and probably stressed. I need to lie down and rest.

Mazwakhe: Okay, I'll see you soon so we can talk more?

Sanelisiwe: I'm done talking, it's either you accept what I'm saying or continue being in denial but my side is done.

She gives him a "done" look and it breaks his heart so bad. He doesn't even want to ask the dynamics of the divorce because he really doesn't want to lose her.

EBUKA

Mbali is still sleeping, it's no secret that there's some drama going on in her family and she fuelled it by posting it on Twitter.

Ebuka: Babe, I'm going to work.

Mbali: Already, what is the time?

Ebuka: Time for me to leave.

Mbali: Okay, have a good one at work...

Ebuka: When are you going back home? I'm not chasing you out but you know your father doesn't want this.

Mbali sits up and sighs, rubbing her eyes.

Mbali: I don't want to go back home, Ebuka.

Ebuka: Okay, go to your sister then, really babe I'm almost there to have enough money so I can come pay lobolo for you.

Mbali: I doubt my sister will want me in her space, she's mad at me for the post I made. I'll talk to Nhlonipho rather.

Ebuka: Okay, I hope everything gets sorted out between your parents. My advice, do not get involved because you will be left alone feeling like a fool when they forgive each other.

He kisses her forehead and walks out of the house to where he works. It's a walkable distance so it doesn't take long for him to arrive.

His thoughts are on his future father in law, wondering how is he dealing with all of this at once? Maybe he should send him a message or

something? Or maybe not. He trusts him to solve whatever he is dealing with.

PHAKAMANI

He is home packing all his belongings in his bags. He spoke to Khethelo and will be staying with her until his house search gets finalized soon.

The secrets between his mother and father are too much and he cannot deal with them. He wants to find a way to tell or warn Khethelo about this but then at the same time Maziya said he must not breathe a word about it to anyone else.

Thabisile: You are leaving, again?

Phakamani: Yes, it's for the best.

Thabisile: Every time there is a problem, you are going to walk away?

Phakamani: Mom, I am here trying to find out the

solution but you keep on shutting me out. I'm too much right? I don't respect your "No" like my biological dad right?

Thabisile:( with a low voice) That came out wrong and harsh. I'm sorry I didn't mean it like that.

Phakamani: kulungile, sengithathe isinqumo sokuhlehla ngiphume ezindabeni zaka Sibeko, vele angiyena owakhona. ( it's okay, I have decided of not involving myself in the Sibeko business since I don't belong there)

What comes next is something he didn't expect, a slap from his mother. He holds his cheek shocked.

Thabisile: Don't you ever say that again! You are a Sibeko, raised here and you are going to behave like such.

Phakamani: You are not going to blackmail me with the fact that your husband raised me into accepting

whatever voodoo your husband and you do. I'm not getting involved and I cannot wait for the day when he turns his back on you so that you can suffer.

How can you sacrifice with other women for wealth whereas you are a woman yourself? Now it makes sense, no sane woman will be happy to share her husband.

It took me long enough but now I want to ask, do you even love him?

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:57] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 66

THABISILE

Her chest is moving up and down, see why it was a bad idea for Mazwakhe to tell this one about their business? What kind of question is this?

Thabisile: I don't know what possessed you Phakamani but you seem to forget I'm your mother!

Phakamani:(sighs) What have I done wrong this time?

Thabisile: Just because you know whatever your father told you doesn't give you the right to badmouth me and talk anyhow.

Phakamani: I just ask a question, the same I asked dad about you. But if you find it to be disrespectful, I apologize, I'm not going to say anything again.

This is her only son, he is stubborn and hot headed but she loves him. Maybe she and Mazwakhe need to do something to keep him off the leash before he brings them trouble.

Thabisile:(sighs) The Bible says "it's a man's duty to love a woman and she has to be submissive "

Phakamani: Amen, then she quotes a Bible verse.  
Bye Ma, I'll see you whenever I see you. Just so you know, it's not too late to change.

She keeps quiet and Phakamani kisses her cheek walking away. Once he's out of sight, she exhales and pages her phone's contacts down to Phathu's number and dials it.

Her fingers tap the dressing table while it rings on the other side waiting for it to be answered.

Phathu: Friend, hello.

Thabisile: How are you doing?

Phathu: All is well, I've been meaning to call you since I saw the tabloids...



Thabisile: Forget about that, it's not the reason why I'm calling.

Phathu: Okay?

Thabisile: When last did you talk to your son about Khethelo? You know I can't ask her about it because she's going to be livid.

Phathu: Well, I haven't seen much of him because of his busy schedule but I'll invite him over for dinner so I can enquire maybe.

Thabisile: Do that and do it fast, these kids' union is our only hope.

Phathu: Does your husband know about this?

Thabisile: Leave my husband to me, I'll deal with him while you bring your son to the game. You need to hurry before he sees someone else.

Phathu: I will be on it right away.

Thabisile: Great, I have to go.

She ends the call and sits on the bed, Mazwakhe catching feelings for Sanelisiwe is messing things up and making him weak! She's not going to allow him to destroy this family after working so damn hard for it to be where it is today.

## KHETHELO

The room Phakamani is going to use is ready and clean after she changed sheets and put on clean ones. She is excited about having her brother around so that they get to bond and talk away from the family drama.

Her phone rings and she rushes to answer thinking it's the new flame only to see Mandisa's name pop on screen. She sighs defeated and answers.

Khethelo: Hello?

Mandisa: Hey baby, how are you?

Khethelo: I'm good, how about you?

Mandisa: I have been alright despite everything.

Khethelo: That's great...

Mandisa: I just called to check up on you, I miss you.

Khethelo: Thanks for the call, I have been meaning to call you but work and family drama got in the way.

Mandisa: It's okay, I understand. Maybe I can come see you or you can come over?

Khethelo: I would love to but Phakamani is on his way so can't do it.

Mandisa: Alright I see, I hope you have fun. I love you.

Khethelo: Me too, bye.

She ends the call quickly with her heart racing out of feeling guilty about whatever she's doing. A knock comes through the front door and she rushes to open it, Phakamani is here already.

Khethelo: That was quick, how are you?

Phakamani: Alive, thanks for letting me crash in here for a while.

Khethelo: You are welcome to stay here as much as you want bhutiza.

Phakamani: Just one more thing, can Refiloe and Kefilwe visit? We'll be going somewhere during lunch..

Khethelo: Of course they can, I mean I love that little Nunu so yeah, no worries.

Phakamani:(smiling) You are the best, I'm going to buy you a Ferrari.

Khethelo: Please...

He smirks and get up with his bags to the guest bedroom, Khethelo follows him.

Khethelo: Are you okay?

Phakamani: Not really but I'll be fine.

Khethelo: You know you can talk to me, right?

Phakamani: Yeah, speaking of which, I want us to start a business. A business that's going to belong to the 5 of us.

Khethelo: Okay, what kind of business and with all the businesses on our hands, are we going to be able to maintain another one?

Phakamani: I'll handle this one while you guys continue with your roles at Sibeko Family Holdings, just want all of us to have something of our own and have shares in it.

Khethelo: Sounds great, maybe we should meet up and come up with ideas on what we can start you know?

Phakamani: Definitely, you can start looking, something that will accommodate everyone's personality and interests.

Khethelo: Mhm, okay. I'm curious though, what

inspired this idea?

Phakamani: I received an inheritance from J acob, I want to invest it and there's no better way to do that than working with my siblings.

Khethelo: Wow, you have a good big heart, if it was someone else, they wouldn't think twice but create their own, especially when we all have a cut in our father's legacy.

He smiles and doesn't say anything after that.

Khethelo gives him space and thinks about the idea he just brought forward. When Nosipho comes back from her vacation, they are going to sit down and talk about this.

**KHATHU**

His friend who was with him at the club pops by for gossip. As much as he says he's here to check him

up, but Khathu knows Ayanda very well, he loves to gossip.

Ayanda: I can't believe your audacity, you know that man can slaughter you for tlof tlofing his wife right?

Khathu:(chuckling) It was good, even if I can die, it will be worth it.

Ayanda:Chinneke! Pussy that hot?

Khathu: Boy!! I can't believe he cheated, such a fool!

Ayanda: Alright I get it, Mrs got a bombing body, pussy fire and shit but hey, don't catch feelings. You love the accountant, remember?

Khathu: Do I?

Ayanda: Oh no!!

Khathu: Please listen to me before you judge me okay?

Ayanda folds his hands with his leg on top of the other one.

Ayanda: Alright, I'm listening. Talk so that I can judge you already.

Khathu:(laughing) Judge me for what? Look, I like Khethelo,she's an amazing woman, smart and beautiful.

Ayanda: Yeah?

Khathu: But then she seems like a confused woman who doesn't know what she wants and honestly, I'm too old for that shit!

Ayanda: But you are the one who asked your parents to find you a wife because you don't last, umjolo uyaku ghanama!

Khathu:You are such an idiot! Yes I did because I thought since they are church leaders they are going to find me someone who will match my desires but nope, they found me a lesbian or bisexual woman, I don't know, instead.

Ayanda:(whistling) Ku rwefu but ke my friend, even



if things don't work with the Accountant, the wife is a no go area. That man will shoot you hey.

Khathu chuckles and his phone rings, it's his mother.

Khathu: Ndaa, no vuwa hani namusi?(how are you doing today?)

Phathu: Ndo vuwa zwavhudi. ( I'm good)

Khathu: You hardly call, I hope I'm not in trouble?

Phathu: Did we do something to you that made you not come home anymore?

Khathu: No Mom, you know my line of work is demanding.

Phathu: That's an excuse Khathu, anyway, we miss you. Come for dinner tonight.

Khathu: I'll pull through, I promise.

Phathu: Great, I'll prepare your favorite meal.

Khathu: See you later.

The call ends and Ayanda stands on his feet waving his keys.

Ayanda: Let me leave you to work so you can knock out early and go see your mother.

Khathu: Sure,we'll talk.

They fist bump and Ayanda walks away. Khathu scrolls past his contacts to Sanelisiwe's number and resists the urge to call. Maybe he should delete her number, yeah, it's better that way.

NADIA

She comes out of the bathroom with her towel wrapped around her body to answer the knock on her door and almost faints when she sees

Mazwakhe.

She steps aside and allows him inside with her heart beating up so fast. She didn't expect him today and was not prepared. What if he strangled her to death? He doesn't look happy.

Mazwakhe: Gcoka sizokhuluma ( Get dressed so that we can talk)

Nadia nods quickly heading to the closet and picks up the hoodie and pulls it over body.

Nadia: I'm done.

Mazwakhe: I'm not going to say much, we both fucked up so I'm just here to play my part. I've found you a place to stay and I'll be giving you an allowance to take care of the pregnancy and needs that come with it.

Do not call me or expect me to come with you to a doctor's appointment holding your hand or anything like that. The allowance will cover everything you might need, cravings included.

It will be in your best interest to save some because I'm not going to sponsor your lifestyle for good. Once you give birth, the child will live with me if not I'll continue supporting where a need arises.

That's all I'm going to say, please send me your banking details and father's contact so that I can talk to him about damages and all.

Just like that? Wow! Talk about being cold.

REFILOE

She is awakened by Phakamani in the middle of the night and she's sweating and shaking. After all the house viewing they did earlier, they came back to Khethelo's place where he is crushing in.

Kefilwe is sleeping with Khethelo. She opens her eyes and realises it's just a dream and attacks Phakamani with a tight hug crying.

Phakamani: Did you have a bad dream?

She nods and asks for water, Phakamani gets off the bed to fetch them for her and she looks around feeling cold even though she's wrapped up with the blankets.

Refiloe: Thank you.

She accepts the water with her hands shaking and

gulps them down very fast.

Phakamani: Do you want to talk about it?

No! How does she begin telling him that she dreamed of his parents taking Sanelisiwe's child forcefully leaving her to die in the dark? It doesn't make sense and it will come out as accusatory that will lead to Phakamani asking questions or maybe fighting.

Refiloe: No, let's pray rather.

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:57] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 67

## KHETHELO

It's the bright new day, she is excited about going to work and getting the business of the day done even though it's a weekend. Refiloe is awkwardly quiet, hardly even eats but twists her spoon around her bowl. Kefilwe is singing along with cartoons playing on TV.

Khethelo: Are you alright?

Refiloe: Who, me?

Khethelo: Yes, you are quiet.

Refiloe: I'm good...

Khethelo: Are you fighting with Phakamani?

She asks since she doesn't see him at the table.

Refiloe: No, he went for his normal jog, we are good.

Khethelo: Right, I sometimes forget that he is a trained soldier.

Refiloe side smirk and shove the spoon inside her mouth.

Refiloe: Have you ever had a situation or event where you feel like no marn, this has occured before? It could be that maybe you dreamed about it or lived in that era, I don't know if I'm making sense.

Khethelo: No, I'm one person who doesn't pay attention to dreams hey. Such happens to you?

Refiloe: A lot and it scares me sometimes.

Khethelo: How, give me an example.

Refiloe:(sighs) This other time my ex was behaving weirdly around me. Over excited and deep down I knew something was up. He was on his phone smiling excitedly to whoever he was chatting with.



We went to bed early that day, I think around 7pm. I had a dream, in that dream I was holding his phone and reading his WhatsApp message. Funny how I didn't know his password but through the dream I just punched it in and boom, conversations of him and his other girlfriend were popping.

Khethelo: Yooh, so what happened next?

Refiloe: I woke, took the phone under his pillow, punched the password I saw in my dream and his phone unlocked.

Khethelo: Hai bo Refiloe! So, was there a WhatsApp conversation?

Refiloe: Word for word, he was planning on bringing her to the house the same day I left to visit my parents.

Khethelo: Wow! Refiloe this is a gift!

Refiloe: I know, sometimes I will see something

beforehand and it will happen exactly like that. I'm afraid sometimes of saying it in case I come across as a witch.

Khethelo: Urhm, please, if you ever dream about me, don't hesitate to tell me.

She smiles and assures her that she will, right then Phakamani walks in all sweaty and kisses her. So cute, she loves Refiloe for him, they are cute together.

Phakamani: Are you feeling any better?

Khethelo: Is she sick?

Phakamani: No, she kind of had a nightmare.

Refiloe: I'll be fine, you guys are good siblings and I need you to continue like this. Having each other's backs and looking out for one another.

Phakamani and Khethelo looks at each other,

Khethelo feels left out somehow because Phakamani is giving the look that suggests he knows something.

Khethelo: Am I missing something?

Refiloe: Just pray guys, it's the only way. I'll prepare Kefilwe then you can drive us back babe?

Phakamani: Yeah, sure. After taking a shower.

Refiloe leaves the kitchen and Phakamani drinks water attempting to leave.

Khethelo: Phakamani, what's happening?

Phakamani: Nothing, I'll go shower.

Her phone vibrates, it's a WhatsApp good morning text from Celiwe. That makes her smile a bit.

KHATHU

He spent Friday night at home and enjoyed it. Being the only child is boring sometimes but he appreciates the love, attention and affection his parents shower him with even in his adult age.

Phathu: Good morning...

Khathu: Morning moms, you look good. Where are you headed?

Phathu: I'm having a meeting with the church ladies.

Khathu: Oh that, good luck and enjoy.

Phathu: Argh, well, what can I say? At least Thabisile will be there so it should be fun.

Khathu: I bet it will be...

Phathu: Speaking about her, what is the progress between you and her daughter?

Khathu:None, absolutely zero. I'm letting go of that sail.

Phathu: Why? You can't tell me that you are going to give up so soon.

Khathu: Ma, Khethelo is confused and childish. I'm way too old for her on and off games.

Phathu sighs and brushes his arms.

Phathu: But you know how Zulu ladies and their pride, pursue her and be patient.

Khathu: Well, I'm sorry I won't do that.

Phathu: Do you know the power that we will have when you marry Khethelo? Our family and the Sibeko's joined together?

Khathu: Excuse me, when did this turn into a power quest for you other than me finding a wife and settling down?

Phathu: Come on son, don't tell me you don't see the vision.

Khathu: I'm sorry, I'm comfortable with my own

status and making my own money. I don't need to form any alliances for more. And I don't know if you know this but Khethelo is dating girls.

She turns perplexed immediately. Khathu's phone rings.

Khathu: So much for being friends with Mrs Sibeko and not knowing this. Excuse me, I have to take this. Hello?

Phathu walks away and Khathu looks at the screen when the person doesn't say anything from the other side.

Khathu: Hello? Are you there?

Voice: (clears throat) Hi, it's Sanelisiwe.

Oh this is a nice surprise, he didn't expect that.

Khathu: Sane, hi. Are you okay?

Sanelisiwe: I'm not too sure. Can we meet later?  
That's if you are not busy.

Khathu: Yeah, sure. I have a few clients to attend  
and after 2pm I'm free.

Sanelisiwe: Great, I'll text you the address.

Khathu: Are you sure you are okay?

Sanelisiwe: I just need someone to talk to, possibly  
a distraction to my troubles.

Khathu: Okay, I'll gladly be that for you, see you later.

She says her goodbyes and he is smiling alone like  
a retarded. This is good.

Phathu: Who was that?

She says showing up behind him almost startled

him.

Khathu: Urh..urh mom, don't do that.

He walks past her to his bedroom...

EBUKA

He almost falls from the chair when Mr Sibeko graces his shop with his presence. Excitement and nerves mixed together causes him to shake a little bit.

Ebuka: Sir, you are welcome. Wow, urhm, what an honor to have you visit us.

Mazwakhe:( chuckling softly) Calm down Ebuka. I was driving past here and I thought I should pop by and check how you are doing.



Ebuka: I still say that's very nice of you sir. Well, business is doing good, as you can see now I have hired two more people to assist me.

Mazwakhe: I see that, well I'm happy because it means you will pay me what's due to me soon.

He says with a smile and Ebuka clears his throat.

Ebuka: I know, I haven't forgotten about my debt Sir.

Mazwakhe: Very well then, I should get going. Keep doing good.

Ebuka: Before you go, are you okay?

He gives him a frowned look and Ebuka panics. This is not his friend but future father in law, he needs to mind what he is saying.

Ebuka: With everything that is happening around you? I'm sorry Mbali did that, she regrets it.

He lies on her behalf, she doesn't regret her act but feels like her father needs to be trashed for what he did. He sighs and sits down.

Mazwakhe: To be honest, things are not going well Ebuka. I feel everything slips through my hands. Everything I live for is crumbling. To be honest, I am tired. I just want the last days of my life to be peaceful and happy. I would kill to have everything back to normal without having to pay the price I've been paying all these years.

Ebuka has no idea what Mazwakhe is talking about but he sympathises with him, can feel the pain in his voice and expression.

Ebuka: I don't know what you are going through or talking about but what I can say is that tough times don't last but strong people like you do. Never give

up when the going gets tough because life will reward you with a beautiful gift. All you need to do is have faith.

No matter what you are going through or how you are feeling, life goes on. Whether you choose to stay right where you are or move on and take a shot at the unknown life goes on.

Let go of what happened in the past, learn to forgive yourself, start all over again, starting right now! Not all storms come to disrupt your life, some come to clear your path.

He stops himself and covers his mouth breathing out heavily.

Ebuka: I'm sorry I got carried away, I didn't mean to talk this much and long.

Mazwakhe: It's okay, thank you for your words, It's

exactly what I needed to hear.

He hugs him, yes, Thee Mazwakhe gives him a warm fatherly hugs that makes him a bit emotional remembering how long it has been without his parents.

Someone clears his throat and when they turn to look, it's Tony in his chair.

Mazwakhe: Thank you young man,I appreciate your words.

Ebuka: You are welcome sir.

Mazwakhe and Tony gives each other a murderous stare before Mazwakhe walks away.

Tony: What was that about?

Ebuka: Nothing you should worry yourself about.

Tony: That looked too cosy, you two are friends now?

Ebuka: What do you mean? I'm marrying his daughter soon.

Tony keeps quiet and looks down, then lifts his head.

Tony: It breaks my heart to see you neglecting me and joining forces with my enemies.

Ebuka: Please, don't start. What brings you here?

Tony: I miss you, my little brother. I thought maybe we could hang out and talk?

Ebuka: (smiling) I miss you too, not the annoying side of yours but the caring and loving big brother.

Tony: (chuckling) I'm still that. How is business?

Ebuka: We are pushing, everything's coming together.

Tony: I'm proud of you lil man, you are going far.

Ebuka melts, he means it, can feel and see it.

Ebuka: I learned from the best, let's hangout.

SANELISIWE

She is packing her clothes in her suitcases and Mazwakhe walks in. He is scanning around the room and back at her..Sanelisiwe gives him the envelope.

Mazwakhe: What is this?

Sanelisiwe: Divorce papers.

Mazwakhe: Sanelisiwe can you please stop with this?

Sanelisiwe: Maziya, I don't want us to fight. Please

let me go.

Mazwakhe: I can't, MaGumede I love you. I know you may think I'm saying this because of guilt but I really do. I messed up, I know but please do not leave me. I won't be able to function without you.

Sanelisiwe: You should have thought of that before messing with my niece. Mazwakhe I am a lecturer, yes but I don't like repeating myself. It's over, there's no way you and I are going to move past this.

Mazwakhe: MaGumede, I don't mind you being mad at me for the whole year, I deserve it but please don't leave me. I need you, let us fix this sthandwa sami. I am willing to let go of everything just to save you.

What is he talking about? And wait, is he crying?  
Wow!

Sanelisiwe: Mazwakhe, I slept with another man...

He stops sniffing and looks at her with so much disbelief in his eyes.

Mazwakhe: What? When and with who?

His voice is coming out softly and he is shaking. What is wrong with him? So he can't handle being cheated on? Wowza!

To be continued...

( Please hire me you guys to write for you full time because wow. I missed you, things will be back to normal soon. Thank you for your patience)

[06/11, 16:58] : ISIDINGO

CHAPTER 68



## MAZWAKHE

He finds the balance with the bed and sits down trying to calm down his own breathing while Sanelisiwe stands there watching him like someone who doesn't care about the effect of what she just said is doing to him.

Mazwakhe: You slept with another man? When? How? Who is it?

Sanelisiwe: The details are not important, for your own information, it happened shortly after I discovered you and Nadia.

He swallows the huge lump on his throat and wipes the sweat off his forehead.

Mazwakhe: Okay, okay, I get it that it was a mistake

and you wanted to avenge yourself...

Sanelisiwe: No, it wasn't a mistake Mazwakhe. I did it because I wanted to, I enjoyed it. I have zero regrets about it.

Whoever said women don't cheat for fun wasn't lying. You know shit is real when a woman cheats unlike with men.

Mazwakhe: Okay, I guess we are even then. It breaks my heart but we can work over it and move forward. Let's just forget about Nadia and this man you cheated with and start afresh.

Sanelisiwe: Did the accident maybe mess up with your hearing skill? I said to you I want out!

Mazwakhe: Sanelisiwe, I won't be able to function without your love or your presence in my life.

Sanelisiwe: You have been doing well before we met, I'm sure you will adjust. Please sign those papers.

She zips her last bag and puts it on the floor next to the others.

Mazwakhe: Where are you going to go? This is your house you don't have to leave.

Sanelisiwe: I want a fresh start, away from anything that's going to remind me of you.

Mazwakhe: Okay, I'll sell the house and give you the money so you can buy another one.

Sanelisiwe: Thanks.

She opens the door and wheels her bags out and Mazwakhe reaches for his phone dialing Thabisile. It rings unanswered for a while and she finally picks it up.

Thabisile: Love, I'm in a church meeting, I can't really talk.

Mazwakhe: It's fine, I wanted to let you know that I'm stepping down and walking away from all of this. I'm tired and...

Thabisile: You are breaking yazi, the network is not good. What are you talking about?

Mazwakhe: For my children's happiness, future and great start, I am letting everything go.

Thabisile:(chuckling) Come home later, we will talk more about this. Maybe by then you would have calmed down.

She ends the call and Mazwakhe sigh, he texts Nokubonga and asks that they meet.

NHLONIPHO

Mbali is sleeping on his couch, probably fell asleep when watching one of her shows, he shakes her up and she yawns, stretching her arms.

Nhlonipho: You are forever sleeping, are you sure you are not pregnant?

Mbali:(Rolling her eyes) Imagine so many babies, your father, you and then me as well? Yooh hai!

Nhlonipho: Well I'm just checking. When was the last time you talked to any of them?

Mbali: When they were shouting at me to come back home from Ebuka's place.

Nhlonipho: You and Ebuka, are serious neh?

Mbali: Very, I'm just glad that my family.

Nhlonipho: And his family?

Mbali: Tony, argh, still vague that one but I'm sure he's going to come around.

Nhlonipho: Be careful around him, I don't trust him.

Mbali: Did anything happen?

Nhlonipho: Nothing much, he tried to manipulate

me again and I told him where to get off.

Mbali: You did well, it's high time he knows that he can't push you around and bully you into anything. What do you think about this drama Dad brought into our lives?

Nhlonipho: What can I say really? I have accepted that Dad will always be a polygamist, meaning we are going to see him with different women from time to time.

Mbali: Wow, even if it means that he hurts your mother?

Nhlonipho: It's not my place to fight her battles, she married him while he already had a wife so yeah. We are kids and they are adults, however they choose to deal with their problems as their business.

Mbali: I would never forgive Ebuka if he were to get it on with one of my sisters. If Sanelisiwe does then

I will applaud her bravery and level of tolerance to bullshit.

Nhlonipho shakes his head and decides to drop this topic. Clearly Mbali's mind is made up and there's no changing it.

Nhlonipho: Let's go out and get some fresh air. It's a bright sunny Saturday after all.

Mbali: Say that again, I so wish to be Nosipho right now, girl is living it up at Cape Town.

Nhlonipho: Nendoda yabantu ( someone's man)

Mbali: How do you know that?

Nhlonipho: she's not posting the guy, only showing his hands and beard.

Mbali: (laughing) Well thina siyamazi. ( we know him)

Nhlonipho: Oh wow, okay hurry then so we can go.

Mbali: Give me a few minutes to change, I won't

apply make up.

Nhlonipho: Thank God...

She giggles and disappears to the other room that Lumka was using when she was still living with him. Thinking of her, he needs to go check up on her later before she writes WhatsApp status updates about how men change when one is pregnant.

KHATHU

He makes it to the address Sanelisiwe sends him and it's a nice feminine posh apartment in the northern suburbs. Away from where he dropped her off last time, more like excluded from everyone.

She welcomed him in, dressed in her shorts and a vest with her hair let loose and no makeup. She is so gorgeous and hot, he hands the wine and snacks he brought.



Sanelisiwe: Thank you, please sit.

Khathu: Cool, nice place.

Sanelisiwe: I'm renting it for a while before leaving.

Khathu: Where to?

Sanelisiwe: A new country.

She gives him a glass of some of the wine he brought powered in.

Khathu: Oh okay, that's kind of sudden.

Sanelisiwe: Yeah, I need a chance for fresh air.

Khathu: I can imagine.

Sanelisiwe: I am having a divorce.

Khathu: Damn...

Sanelisiwe: From how I'm seeing it, he won't make it easier for me but I'm prepared. I'm not changing my mind or going back there.

That makes him happy, he has a chance.

Sanelisiwe: I'm sorry I need to order something to eat, there's no groceries here since I just moved in.

Khathu: Oh that's unfortunate, I was going to offer to cook for you.

Sanelisiwe: You can cook?

Khathu: I'm pretty good actually. But since we don't have the ingredients, I'll eat anything available.

Sanelisiwe: Including me?

The flirty seductive smile she gives turns him on so badly.

Khathu: Well, if you are on the menu.

Sanelisiwe: I am, dessert?

Now she has moved and is sitting on top of him with her hands wrapped around his neck.

Khathu: How about starters, huh?

She blushes and his hand brushes her body softly.

Sanelisiwe: You are smelling so good...

Khathu: So are you...

Their lips collide into a soft passionate kiss that awakens deep things in him. He bites her neck softly and whispers in her ear.

Khathu: I didn't bring condoms, I thought we were going to "talk".

Sanelisiwe: (chuckling) You are a doctor, we are going to sort it out later..

## KHETHELO

The laughter and flirtatious are going well with Celiwe as they met after work for drinks and some delicious meal.

Celiwe looks so damn good and her short natural hair makes it more appealing. It has been established that they like each other and want to explore these to another level.

Celiwe: So, since you say your place is a bit crowded lately, how about we have an early cosy, sexy Saturday night at my place?

Khethelo: Sounds like a plan, why not?

Celiwe: Oh yeah?

Khethelo: Yeah, in fact, let's get the waiter and leave.

Celiwe: Alright then.

She snaps her fingers for the waiter and Khethelo sees Mandisa walking in and heads to the bar. It's like she's collecting her order.

Khethelo: Urhm, I'm going to go to the bathroom.

Celiwe: Okay, don't worry I'll sort the bill.

Khethelo nods and tries to walk fast so that Mandisa doesn't see her but she's late.

Mandisa: Khethelo, is that you?

Can the ground open and swallow her immediately?

To be continued.

[06/11, 16:58] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 69

### KHETHELO

If there's one thing she doesn't like is drama and a scene. Knowing about Mandisa's conditions has taught her to thread carefully around her and ensure that she doesn't provoke her.

The best solution right now is to contain the situation rather than trying to ignore her because clearly she couldn't hide from her. She turns around with a smile while checking Celiwe who seems to be busy on her phone.

Khethelo: Hey, I didn't see you there. How are you?

Mandisa: I'm good, I must say it's nice to see you. Long time.

Khethelo: I know, I have been so busy.

Mandisa: Are you okay?

Khethelo: Yeah, I'm good, just that I am with a client.

Mandisa: It's after hours Khethelo.

Khethelo: Right? I honestly don't know how dad does this because wow, it's a lot.

Mandisa: I see, well I don't want to keep you but urhm, are we good, mina nawe?

Khethelo: Definitely, we are cool.

Mandisa: Sure?

Khethelo: 100%, we are good.

Mandisa:(smiling) Okay then, I miss you babe, I know you need time and...

Khethelo sees Celiwe picking up their bags about to stand up.

Khethelo: Look, I miss you too and I'm going to call

you soon. I have to go.

Mandisa: Okay, I'll be waiting. It was lovely bumping into you today, you look hot.

She blushes and waits as Mandisa walks away before Celiwe gets to them. What a relief, that was so close!

Celiwe: Are we good to go?

Khethelo: Yeah, sure. After you.

They follow each other out to Khethelo looking around hoping that Mandisa is not nearby.

PHAKAMANI

He steps out of the car and walks to where Mazwakhe is standing. They are meeting up in the



middle of nowhere to "talk".

Mazwakhe: Thank you for coming son, I was starting to think you weren't coming.

Phakamani: You are still my father and I respect you. When you call I have to answer.

Mazwakhe: I won't be long. You were right about Sanelisiwe leaving me. I watched her pack her bags and leave in front of me.

This breaks his heart, he can't even hide it from his eyes.

Mazwakhe: I need to reverse the spell I casted on my children and get rid of "isikhwama".

Phakamani: Didn't you say in order for you to be able to do so one of you has to die? Because if not you are going to be poor or go mad?

Mazwakhe: That's right, hence I will have to offer a

blood sacrifice.

Phakamani: Huh?

Mazwakhe: Nadia's baby.

Phakamani: Baba No! I know she's twisted but she doesn't deserve this!

Mazwakhe: It's the only way, not for me but all of you to be free.

Phakamani: What do you mean?

Mazwakhe: In case you haven't noticed, none of you had/have stable relationships where you get to marry and all.

Phakamani brushes his face and exhales trying to keep calm.

Phakamani: It's all you're doing?

Mazwakhe: Unfortunately...you see Mbali was supposed to marry a spiritual husband but she did what she did and things got messy.

Phakamani: I can't believe I am hearing this! Does that mean Sanele was also a sacrifice?

Mazwakhe: No, Sanele's death was purely accidental, I had nothing to do with it.

Phakamani: How is this cultism work kahle kahle?

Mazwakhe: I'm afraid I can't tell you more than I have already done. You see, the more wives I have, their blood, brains mixed together with powerful muthi, it results in so much money.

Phakamani: So in other words they are walking, living and breathing zombies?

Mazwakhe: Something like that, I don't want you to stress yourself about the details okay?

Phakamani: Then why am I here? I hope you are not going to ask me to kill Nadia's baby.

Mazwakhe: No, that's something I have to do personally. I asked you to come here so that in case something goes wrong and I die, you will know what

happened.

I need you to know that you and Khethelo are meant to lead this family to greater heights and to uplift your siblings. I made a new will, and a lot of changes in it. If I die, be prepared to see your mother's side that you have never seen before.

I need you to be emotionally and spiritually prepared because she would never fight you physically. Just pray that the sacrifice with the baby becomes a success.

This is so damn wrong, how does one say or react to such?

SANELISIWE

She is in the bathroom washing her face when she

decides to give Khethelo a call. It's been a while since they last spoke and she wants to give her all the updates and decisions of her life.

Khethelo's phone rings for a while before she picks it up, with giggles and soft laughs behind it.

Sanelisiwe: Mhmmm, am I disturbing?

Khethelo: A bit but we can talk.

Sanelisiwe: I won't be long then. I wanted to let you know that I've decided to leave your father.

Khethelo: Serious?

There's some shuffling sound as if she's moving around.

Sanelisiwe: Yeah, I served him the divorce papers and left the house.

Khethelo: Well good for you, you are actually showing us and other women out there the importance of choosing yourself and not tolerating cheating in the name of love.

Sanelisiwe: Look your father is a polygamist and I married him knowing that but to go for my niece after pretending hating the advances she made cut deep.

Khethelo: Well, that's his loss. You are special, you deserve better and true love.

Sanelisiwe clears her throat, this is the time to say this.

Sanelisiwe: I bumped into someone the other night and things heated up. We ended up sleeping together.

Khethelo: A Queen! Yes boo, if he can snack around why can't you? Wait, who is the man?

Sanelisiwe: (sighs) Khathu.

She says and closes her eyes holding her breath and Khethelo laughs, like she cracks up so loud.

Khethelo: Oh boy, say what? I did not see that one coming!

Sanelisiwe: I'm sorry, I know it's wrong and...

Khethelo: Holdz on? Wrong for who? Hunny I didn't date the man, yes I was hallucinating over him for a while because he's hot but it's not that deep. Don't even feel guilty about it, in fact I'm glad if you are doing something with him then he's going to be off my back!

Sanelisiwe: Phew chile, thank you. I was really feeling so bad.

Khethelo: Come on, you know a man can't get between us and besides, what if he's your soulmate? I mean we meet soulmates in strange ways.

"babe"

A voice says on Khethelo's side and she responds that she's coming. Sanelisiwe is grinning like an idiot.

Sanelisiwe: Bitch who are you with because that's not Mandisa's voice?

Khethelo:(low) Don't judge me please...

Sanelisiwe: I won't, just make sure you don't end up in a box.

Khethelo: You and your paranoia. I have to go, I'll call you then we'll catch up.

Sanelisiwe: Enjoy...

She ends the call and smiles relieved that her thing with Khathu is out of the way. She's not ready to hoop on another relationship but she enjoys his company and of course sexual therapy.



Speaking of the devil, he shows up behind her half dressed, he stares into her eyes from the mirror.

Khathu: I came to check if you are okay, you have been gone for a while.

Sanelisiwe: I'm fine, sorry I was on the call.

Khathu: It's okay, look it's getting late and...

Sanelisiwe: Do you want to leave?

Khathu: It depends, do you want me to leave?

Sanelisiwe: No...

He smirks, and wraps his arms around her neck kissing her hair.

Khathu: Maybe we should get something to eat because you drained all my energy.

Sanelisiwe:(laughing) Did I, now?

Khathu: You have no idea, but I'm not complaining.

Sanelisiwe: That's better because the night is still young...

THABISILE

She left the women's service going on because she was feeling so down and drove back home at speed.

She leaves the engine on and runs inside the house almost bumping into Mbali that she didn't notice her car outside.

Mbali: Geez Mom, are you being chased by thugs or what?

Thabisile: I'm sorry I'm pressed, I need a bathroom.

She doesn't wait for her to respond but rushes to her bedroom, when she tries to insert the key, she realizes that it's unlocked. Mazwakhe is home!

She walks in and closes the door behind her looking around her bedroom seeing how messy it is. All of a sudden she hears windy sounds and it's as if the ground she's standing on is moving and vibrating.

Slowly, she moves her bed aside and opens the safe that's hidden under the tiles and by the huge bed. It's also unlocked and empty. "Isikhwama" together with The 3 female dolls pinned together are not here!

She rushes out of her bedroom spooked and stands in front of Mbali who is eating.

Thabisile: Mbali, where's your father?

Mbali: I don't know, he was driving out when I drove in.

Thabisile:(rubbing her neck) Did he, like, have something with him?

Mbali: Yeah, he was carrying his gym bag and didn't talk to me. He just waved and drove out at speed.

Thabisile:(biting her lips) I'm going to kill that man!  
Where's my phone?

To be continued...

[06/11, 16:59] : ISIDINGO

## CHAPTER 70

### MAZWAKHE

He is kneeling in front of his witch doctor with the bag carrying everything besides him. The witch doctor is making scary and funny sounds as he claps his hands singing in the midst of a huge incense smoke.

Witch doctor: Sibeko, are you sure of what you want to do? Things may not go well, and why are you taking this decision alone? Where is your wife whom you came here with?

Mazwakhe: Makhosi, I brought her here because I wanted to be transparent with her. If you remember correctly how jubilant she was when you laid down the options for us to choose.

This seemed to be the easiest because at least there weren't too many killings or blood rituals to be done. I am here alone because she doesn't want us to stop or end this. I started it and I am ending it. For the lives of my children, their future I am doing this.

I agree that it took Sanelisiwe leaving me to realise how deep it is. I love her so much but I'm prepared to lose her if it means my children get relieved.

Witch doctor: Well, if you are sure of your decision, let's do it.

Mazwakhe: (Clapping his hand) Makhosi!

The witch doctor stirr on the small basin filled with clear water until Nadia, sleeping in her hotel room, appears.

Witch doctor: go, take it.

Mazwakhe's shadow gets into the water and travels all the way to the hotel room and stands next to the sleeping Nadia. He places his hand on her tummy for a few minutes and removes it, disappearing from the room. A moment later Nadia gets woken up by sharp pains from her lower abdomen and screams.

Her screams escalate when she sees the blood underneath her sleeping position.

Nadia:(screaming) No, ,no,no. Somebody please help me! Help!!!!

Witch doctor: It is done!

Mazwakhe bows his head down with shame and so much regret about his decision. He just killed his own child!

NOSIPHO

Cape Town was a vacation he needed, she feels so much refreshed and energized after the time they spent here with Howard. There's no need of playing hard to get now, she has fallen in love with Howard hard.

He promised to end things with Boipelo as soon as he returned back to Joburg from their trip. Poor girl, she has been calling and texting with no response from Howard.

She kind of feels sorry for her but then well, she was also brick layed a number of times and no one felt sorry for her. The amount of karma she wished on her exes didn't come to pass so now she is doing the same...

Their bags are packed and ready to be wheeled out of the hotel room back to their cars and her heart is heavy. She is not ready to let go of this weekend. It is one of the best that she ever had and wants to hold on to it so badly.

A knock comes through the door and she assumes it is the room service people who are here to clean the room and change sheets. She gathers the bags together and heads to the door. Howard is out



sorting the bill in the reception...

Opening the door, she sees a beautiful semi thick melanin lady coming in and closes the door behind her. Nosipho steps backwards with her racing and about to come out of her mouth.

Nosipho: Who are you?

Her:(chuckling) You don't recognize me or you are pretending?

She tries to look into her face and remembers her. Boipelo smirks.

Boipelo: Remember me now, Princess?

Nosipho: What are you doing here, where is Howard?

Boipelo: Howard, my man right? Well, it's a pity that

after this his mind will start functioning well and realise what really matters.

Nosipho: Boipelo, you are trespassing!

Boipelo: I hate girls like you, who think they can come and do as they please in people's relationships. I'm sorry, it took me a lot of work to get Howard where he is today. I've never had his kind so I won't allow you to mess it up for me.

This doesn't sound like a threat but a promise and it freaks Nosipho out so much.

Nosipho: I have mentioned this before, if you have a problem, address it with your man.

Boipelo: I will, after I've dealt with you.

Her hand goes behind her waist under her long blazer and comes out with a shotgun. Before Nosipho can scream, Boipelo fires. Her shots are close and hits her heart quicker.

Nosipho drops on the floor with so much blood gushing out of her chest. Boipelo tucks her gun behind her bag and fixes herself. It's a silencer so no one heard the shots being fired

Boipelo: Next time, don't throw yourself at men.

She walks out and closes the door behind her....

SANELISIWE

Khathu is still at her new place, it seems like the two of them can't get enough of each other and it's crazy. What is this happening between them? Obviously she loves Mazwakhe but Khathu makes her feel good, laughs a lot and forgets about all the drama happening in her marriage.

Her phone rings and Khathu passes it over to her and she answers.

Sanelisiwe: Thabisile, Hi.

She listens for a moment and drops her phone shaking after what she just says. Khathu sits up and looks at her alarmed.

Khathu: What is going on?

Sanelisiwe: Mazwakhe is dead...

Khathu: What? How? When?

Sanelisiwe: I don't know, Thabisile just called to inform me. I need to go and see this for myself.

She gets up from the bed and starts packing.

Khathu: What about the plans we had for later?

Sanelisiwe: Khathu are you dumb or what? My husband is dead!

Khathu:(raised eyebrow) Husband?

Sanelisiwe: Yes, the divorce hasn't been finalized so he's my husband! Please get dressed and leave!

Khathu: Wow, I should have known that mixing with a married woman was a mistake!

She doesn't say anything but waits for him to leave so that she can scream her lungs out.

NOKUBONGA

She is parading around the funeral parlor watching as Tony and his men move the coffins filled with drugs out to the vans. Nhlonipho joins her a moment after and looks at his mother who looks proud.

Nhlonipho: I know that look, what is it?

Nokubonga: Nothing, I'm just proud that you are coming out of your father's shadow and making your own money, building your own legacy.

Nhlonipho: I am a father now, mom.

Nokubonga: Exactly why you need to think outside the box. This is money, these guys are our mine. This calls for celebration, come on, grab your glass and let's pop some champagne.

Nhlonipho: Although I think all of this is unnecessary, but yeah, I'll drink to that.

Nokubonga pours the bubbles into the glasses and they toast.

Nokubonga: To make more money.

Nhlonipho: (raising his glass) More money!

She smiles and takes a sip, her phone rings and she

answers, listens for a while and screams.

Nhlonipho: What is it?

Nokubonga : Nosipho is death!

Nhlonipho: What? How?

Nokubonga: She was shot at the hotel where she was at with her boyfriend.

Nhlonipho: Oh no!

Nhlonipho's phone rings as well, It's Phakamani.  
Maybe he wants to bear the bad news.

Nhlonipho: Bafo?

Phakamani: Ndoda, please go get your mother and come home. Maziya is no more.

Nhlonipho: Wait, wait, what? When?

Nokubonga: What is it?

Nhlonipho:( sighs in defeat) Maziya is no more...

Nokubonga faints on the spot breaking glasses and Nhlonipho shouts for help!

## KHETHELO

Celiwe is tickling her and she is laughing her lungs out trying to break free from her but she is not letting her go. After a moment of laughter, silence falls between them as they stare into each other's eyes.

Khethelo: (smiling) What? Why are you looking at me like that?

Celiwe: You are beautiful, I can't help it.

Khethelo:(blushing) really?

Celiwe: Yeah, I know it's been a few days but I really like you Khethelo and your vibe. I think I am falling for you.



Khethelo: Really?

Celiwe: So bad...

Khethelo: Well, the feeling is mutual, I love you too.

Celiwe: Are you serious?

Khethelo: Like a heart attack.

Celiwe:(smiling) Wow...

They share a passionate kiss that gets interrupted by someone opening the door. Khethelo jumps, remembering that only Mandisa has her keys to her apartment.

Khethelo: Urhm, babe, please go to my bedroom.

Celiwe:(frowning) Why?

Khethelo: Trust me...

Celiwe: Don't bullshit me Khethelo, you were just confessing your love for me not so long ago and now I have to hide?

She is half shouting and Mandisa stops dead in her tracks when she hears that. Her lips are trembling and tears gushed down from her face so quickly.

Khethelo: Babe, I can explain.

Celiwe: Excuse me, babe?

Khethelo: Celiwe please hold on a bit.

Mandisa wipes her tears and walks straight past them.

Mandisa: No need, I'm going to get my stuff and go.

Khethelo: Babe please let's talk about this.

She follows her to the bedroom where Mandisa starts packing everything that belongs to her.

Mandisa: Talk about what exactly?

Khethelo: What you just saw, I swear it is not what you think or what's look like.

Mandisa: Really?

She is so calm it's strange.

Khethelo: Yes, babe you know I love you. This was just a mistake.

Mandisa: Khethelo please respect me, cheating is a lot of work to be addressed as a mistake.

Khethelo: Okay, okay, you are right. I'm sorry, I messed up.

Mandisa: It's okay.

Khethelo: Okay?

Mandisa: Yes Mandisa. I understand, people like me aren't meant to be loved right? Then you wonder why we don't open up about our sicknesses and all. I don't have any sad story or words to say. I wish

you all the best.

She walks out and past Celiwe who is changing channels from the TV unbothered and outta the door. Khethelo pinches herself regretting her decision to allow lust take over

She goes back to her bedroom and put on her pants with the intention of following Mandisa so that they can talk about this and Celiwe stands by the door eating her apple with a knife.

Celiwe: Where are you going?

Khethelo: I need to talk to Mandisa.

Celiwe: About what?

Khethelo: That doesn't concern you, please move.

Celiwe moves silently and Khethelo heads out but gets stuck when she realizes the door is locked and

the key is not where she normally hangs it.

Khethelo: Celiwe, where is the key?

Celiwe:(pointing her cleavage with the knife)Here...

Khethelo: Please give me the key, I don't have time for this.

Celiwe: So do I. Khethelo, sit your ass down, you are not going to follow Mandisa. What about me?

Khethelo:(chuckling in disbelief) What about you?

Celiwe: You said you love me a few minutes ago.

Khethelo: Well, I didn't mean it, or I did but your body. Yes I love your body.

Celiwe: You piece of shit! Ungijwayela kabi yazi!

She throws the knife hard and fast at her and it hits her left eye.

Khethelo:(crying) My eye, oh God My eye!

Celiwe:(panicking) Oh Shit, what did I do? I'm so sorry, look at what you have made me do!!

MBALI

Her heart is at its happiest at this point, she is happy and content. I mean she is marrying the love of her life, her first everything.

She is doing this behind her parents and family knowledge but it's for the best, it took a lot of convincing to do for Ebuka to agree to this.

They just finished signing at Home affairs with J ojo and Tony as their witnesses and are celebrating now. Drinks are popping and the Nigerian music beat is on blast. Ebuka might have had too much to drink because he is now passed out on the couch

J ojo walks up on her in the kitchen where she's getting water. He stands by the cupboards and licks his lips looking at her.

J ojo: Fine girl, Ebuka is so damn lucky to have you.

Mbali:(chuckling) You speak as if you wish it was you.

J ojo: I will be happy too, you are beautiful.

Mbali: Thank you J , you will find the one day.

She tries walking past him but he holds her hand gently and pulls her towards him. The sexual chemistry between them is high at this point. He is looking into her eyes hypnotizing her with his breath. Her heart is beating fast and something is happening in her underwear.

J ojo: Stop fighting it, he won't know.

He captures her lips into a hot steamed kiss and picks her up to his arms. Mbali wraps her arms around his neck responding to the kiss, aware of his hands touching her on her private parts and his pants dropping.

Mbali: Oh my God!

She gasps at how huge he is, this is what they mean when they say Nija boys are gifted. Ebuka is average but J ojo here is triple his size. He pumps her fast causing her to be unable to contain her screams.

Tony walks in and Mbali quickly jumps off embarrassed but Tony just smiles.

Tony: Relax, Ebuka won't be up until tomorrow.



Not understanding what he means by that, he turns her around, bending her and enters her from behind. Jojo lifts her head up and she finds his big shaft stretching her mouth widely...

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## THABISILE

She looks at Mazwakhe whose forehead is wet from sweating after watching how their future is going to be if they accept the terms and conditions of cultism. The possibility of bumping into her rapist in the future is the one that makes him sick even worse! She hates that man!

The witch doctor closes the view and turns around to them. They came here to seek protection, powers since they have embarked in a taxi business.

There's a few taxi operators that are giving them a problem and they were recommended to this witch doctor for a solution.

Thabisile: Sikhona Isidingo sokuthi uqhubeke nalento? ( is there a need for you to continue with this?)

He wipes his forehead and asks for water.

Mazwakhe: No, after seeing what is going to become if I take these women, I can say that I'm good. We are going to find another solution to this.

Thabisile: I don't even know what to make of this, I mean from this revelation, Phathu my own good friend is into a church cult?

Mazwakhe: Maybe we should walk away from this business, we are not that people.

Thabisile: We have to pray hard about it.

They pay the witch doctor and walk out to their car and drive out in silence, both of them digesting what they just saw there. Thabisile is biting her lips trying to cool down her anxieties.

Mazwakhe holds her hands and smiles without saying anything. That act alone comforts her. They spot a lady standing next to her car out of the main road pressing her phone and stop behind her car.

Her: Thank you for stopping, I have been waving for cars to stop for a while now.

Mazwakhe: What is the problem?

Her: I don't know, the car just stopped moving.

Mazwakhe: Maybe it's the engine, I'll check for you.

Her: Thank you, your husband is so kind sis.

Thabisile smiles and nods, indeed he is and she

doesn't thank God enough about him.

Thabisile: So many bags, where are you going?

Her: Oh I'm moving to this side, I got a job in a university. I'm sorry, I didn't introduce myself. My name is Sanelisiwe Sibiya.

Thabisile's heart races, no! This is not the girl from that revelation right? Is she paranoid or is it a coincidence?

Thabisile: Mazwakhe, asambe! ( let's go)

Mazwakhe:( confused) I thought we were helping her?

Thabisile: No, makafonele insurance! ( let her call the insurance company!)

She drags Mazwakhe back to the car and they drive away. She ignores all his questions about that

behavior. Their kids Phakamani and Khethelo (10 and 8 years) run up to them as soon as they arrive home. Mazwakhe brushes Phakamani's head fist bumping him while picking Khethelo up.

She leaves Mazwakhe chatting to the kids and proceeds inside the house and find their Helper Nonhlanhla, who came after the birth of Khethelo to assist ease the load.

Nonhlanhla: Awu sis, senibuyile? ( you guys are back?)

Thabisile: Yes we are, come, let us talk dear.

Nonhlanhla dries her hand and follows her to the lounge.

Nonhlanhla: Is everything okay?

Thabisile: Everything is fine. What I'm going to say

now it's not good news but it's for the best.

Nonhlanhla: What's going on?

Thabisile: I'm sorry, I have to release you from working for us now.

Nonhlanhla: I don't understand, why?

Thabisile: Because both the kids have grown now and can take care of themselves.

Nonhlanhla: I don't understand, what is Mazwakhe saying about this?

Thabisile: Since when is he Mazwakhe to you?

Nonhlanhla: I'm sorry, I mean Mr Sibeko...

Thabisile: Nonhlanhla, I hired you to help ME!  
Please go pack your things, I'll drive you back. Your salary will be tripled and you will get your UIF.

Don't worry about being unemployed, you have been a good help to me raising my children so I'll find something for you.

Nonhlanhla looks relieved after hearing that.

Nonhlanhla: Although it saddens me to leave this family, I respect your decision. You have been like a sister to me and I enjoyed being part of your lives for the past 8 years.

Thabisile smiles and Nonhlanhla gets up and goes to the cottage she is using. Her phone rings, it's Nokubonga, the social worker that was working with one of the children's cases from her school.

Nokubonga: Hey Thabisile, are you free to talk?

Thabisile: Can I call you back? I'm not in a good space now.

Nokubonga: Okay, please do. It's about that child's living condition with her grandmother.

Thabisile: Okay, I'll call you back.

She drops the call and feels Mazwakhe's hands massaging her shoulders. She closes her eyes and enjoys his touch.

Mazwakhe: You are so tense...

Thabisile: wouldn't you be, after today?

Mazwakhe: Don't take that into heart, I'm not having other wives or any ritual power to expand my business. I'm comfortable with my finances.

Thabisile: I don't know, I'm so paranoid and scared.

Mazwakhe:(kissing her forehead) Don't be, that thing won't come into pass. However, I would love for us to have another baby. Khethelo is grown now.

Thabisile sits up straight and starts counting using her hands.

Thabisile: Mazwakhe!

Mazwakhe: What is it?



Thabisile: I haven't been to my periods for 2 months!

Mazwakhe:(chuckling) What, are you serious? Oh wow, we are going to name our baby Mbali then!

Thabisile: No!

Mazwakhe:(laughing) why not?

Thabisile: You saw how troublesome she becomes...

Mazwakhe: What did I just say about taking that revelation to heart?

Thabisile:(sighs) Okay, but first we need to confirm if I'm pregnant and if I am, we are never naming her Mbali if it's a girl.

Mazwakhe:(laughing) Okay, I'm just happy that we are going to have another baby...

She smiles touching her stomach, they have come a long way with her husband.

Thabisile: Maybe I shouldn't release Nonhlanhla

after all...

Mazwakhe: You shouldn't, asikho ISIDINGO saloko, angeke ngikuzwise ubuhlungu. Ngiyathembisa.  
( There's no need for that, i won't hurt you, I promise)

Thabisile: I know...

Mazwakhe: I love you Gwabini...

She smiles blushing in between and they share a passionate kiss.

Thabisile: I love you too, so much.

They look into each other's eyes for a moment.

Thabisile: Okay, I have to stop Nonhlanhla from packing.....

\*\*\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*\*\*

We have come to an end of our journey. How lovely it has been! Before you comment "confused" let me clarify for you. The entire story was based on a revelation for Mazwakhe and his wife of how their lives will turn out to be if he were to be a polygamist.

In other words, none of it happened since he is still married to Thabisile.

Lol, I know you will be mad at me but I'm laughing at how your crush Phakamani is only 10 years old

.

I love you my thoughtists, see you soon with our new story