

**Insert \*1\***

As I walked into my office... A tall dark muscular man approached me. But I didn't take that much note. I was too pre-occupied with my own thoughts to drool over this sight.

I pressed for the lift to come down and as I waited impatiently, I heard his silky, manly voice right behind me: "Dumela Ousi... I think I know you from somewhere"

I quickly searched my memory for any recollection of this "Oh so fine man" but for the life of me I didn't know him. I gave him a confused look and asked "Are you talking to me?"

He gave a sexy laugh and said "Yes, I'm talking to you. We haven't ever officially met, but I've seen you around once or twice."

At that moment I was started to feel my cheeks go red. As if sensing my knees starting to get weak, the lift arrives. "Good shot"... I think to myself as I walk into the lift and press 8 for the 8th Floor.

But my "Mystery Man" had other thoughts because he got into the lift with me and just stood there and smiled at me...

**Insert \*2\***

Now, by this time I was slowly taking in every detail about this "Mystery Man"... Talk, chocolate skin, a deep but silky voice, the sexiest muscular arms and of course the perfect lips.

I tried to compose myself and stood as far from him as possible. But what I noticed is he didn't press for any floor when he followed me into the lift. Knock me over with a leaf... But this guy was indeed following me.

As I was getting lost in him and his fine body, the lift arrived on the 8th Floor. I cleared my throat and walked out as confidently as I could. Its a good thing too that this morning I felt like looking the "Office Part" with my high waist pencil skirt, my perfectly ironed shirt neatly tucked in \*showing off my figure\* and my stilettos to finish the look.

I strutted my stuff out of that lift in confidence baby and YES!!! He followed me!!! Again!!! As I walked up the passage approaching my office I could hear his footsteps boldly behind me. But I told myself "Girl don't you dare look back"...

Just as I was turning the handle on my office door, I felt his hand gently on my shoulder. He started to speak "Are you that cruel that you will just let me follow you without even being bothered?"

I smiled and asked "Well, sir, how can I be of help?"

Mystery Man: "My name is Kabelo. As I've said before, I know you, even though we have never been formally introduced to each other"

I responded "Pleased to meet you Kabelo, I'm Nikki and I'm sure you're confusing me with someone else."

All this while his hand is still resting on my shoulder. I looked at it and he moved it and stood there with his arms folded instead.

Now, when a man, any seemingly interesting man so much as approaches me, the first thing I look for is a wedding band. Yessss!!! I said it, a wedding band. If he wants me, then he should not be wearing no wedding band. Or else I run as fast as I can. So u can guess, Kabelo's fingers were empty. No wedding band, no nothing. Mmmm, this was going to be interesting.

While I was standing there, mentally examining his hands he asked "Would you mind if we could get a place to sit and chat?"

I was by now totally taken away at first sight. I opened my office door and gestured him in using my hand. "Please come in"....

He walked in first and behind him I gave myself a big smile and a mental "High 5"....

Well... As I quickly rushed into the heart of it, I lost my manners and forgot to introduce myself. As you have already gathered my name is Nikki, short for Nikelwa. Nikelwa Siwisa. I am a proud Xhosa woman. I am NOT a lawyer, an accountant or even a high profile somebody. I am a normal working woman.

Ewe, ndingumXhosa and am very fluent ekusithetheni nokusibhala. But because there will eventually be an audience apha kule page who are not familiar with isiXhosa ndicela nindixolele, I will mostly write in English. After all, where there is a language barrier, English is the medium of communication.

So please ladies and gentlemen, bear with me on that note.

As for Insert updates, I was thinking of 3 inserts per day. Feel free to suggest the times that best suit you. Ekugqibeleni, andibhaleli mna apha, ndibhalela nina. So your inputs will mean a great deal kum.

If there is anything else that you would like to raise or questions, please feel free to do so. I am not raising a platform yobukrwada (rudeness) but one of clear and effective communication.

Enkosi to those that have already like the page. Please share it with your friends. There is still more to come in this story.

I want to invite you into my personal space and share with you how I went from a "I'll never date a married man" kind of woman to the woman that could boldly say "Indoda eyethu, Iring eyakho"...

Sit back, enjoy and pretty please don't forget to share.

### **Insert \*3\***

Well... After giving myself that "Mental High 5", I quickly composed myself and offered Kabelo a seat on the visitor's couch.

Note that I didn't offer him the chair in front of my desk. I wanted him to be comfortable on the couch, this was going to be one personal meeting. I could sense it.

After closing the door I went to join him on the couch. I didn't sit close to him. But from the distance the scent of his cologne captured me. "Wow" I thought to myself... "Great body, great voice and a cologne to match".... I was sailing close to heaven sana!!!

He broke into my fantasy with his silky, smooth voice.

Kabelo: "Nikki, I'm not mistaken. I've seen you many a times before. But I was still admiring you from the distance."

Me: "Oh..." (Clearly blushing from this revelation)

Kabelo: "Yes, I'm not the type to jump the gun. I just wanted to see you some more before making my move"

Me: "Oh really now" (Haiké by now I was on Cloud 9 and very speechless)

Kabelo: "Yes, that's the truth of it. Please give me your hand" As he said this he moved closer to me.

Me: #blushing # "Why"

Kabelo: "I want to hold your hand and look straight into your eyes as I say what I'm about to say"

Me: (Giving him my perfectly manicured right hand) "I'm all ears"

Kabelo: "You're trully beautiful. I said this to myself the first day I saw you and today I'm saying it to you. I want us to get to know each other. I want you to be that piece of me that is missing. I need you to be the one that I will wake up with on my mind everyday."

While saying this he was looking straight into my eyes. I held his gaze and didn't shift my look from him.

I opened my mouth in an attempt to respond. He gently placed his forefinger on my lips.

"Ssssh..." He said. "You don't have to say anything. Please do me the honour of giving me your numbers. I will allow you time to think about what I've just told you carefully. Then I will call you tomorrow and you will tell me what the outcome of my request is."

I just nodded my head like a good little girl and swallowed my words. He took out his phone and handed it to me. I dialled my numbers and

gave it back to him. Haiké he did what all black men do. He called the number just to verify if I had given him the right digits. After my phone rang once, he had a smile of satisfaction painted on his face and then saved the numbers.

As quickly as he had suddenly appeared from nowhere, he got up and said he had to go. I just wanted to give him a hug and drown in that chest of muscles...

He gave my hand a quick kiss and walked towards the door. "We will talk hey, when the time is right" were his last words before he made his grand exit.

I fell back on the couch, kicking my feet in the air... I wanted to scream with excitement.

What had just happened... I was left asking myself...

**Insert \*4\***

I lay there on the couch for a little while longer. I wanted to stay in that moment and replay it over and over again.

After what seemed like a good while I stood up and went to sit at my desk. Suddenly the pile of work in front of me didn't make sense. The only thing on my mind was Kabelo. But my thoughts of negativity quickly blew my bubble.

What if this was all a joke that my colleagues were playing on me?  
What if Kabelo doesn't call? What if on his way out he met some other

"beautiful" woman and decided to pursue her instead. Yes!!! U guessed right, I'm not a very optimistic person. I always have to play "Devil's Advocate" in all situations.

And I know you're probably wondering if I'm single or if I have a boyfriend. Wellllllllll :) I do have a boyfriend. But its not the happy kind of relationship I'm looking for. I'm even starting to think we're just together out of habit now. We've been dating for 2 years. I love him, but more like a close friend than a lover.

That being said, I just sat there and stared at Kabelo's missed call. Work could wait, I was in another planet of thoughts now. I deleted his missed call, not to hide anything. But because I didn't want to be tempted to call or text him first.

After I had done that, I tried to get back to my senses and continue working. The day went by and before I knew it, it was 4pm. Time for me to pack my bags, switch off my laptop and head home to my lonely house.

I passed at MacDonalds and bought my favourite meal, I was too lazy to cook. After taking a shower, I changed into my slippers and pyjama's. Had my burger with a glass of wine and then relaxed in front of my laptop to catch up on my work.

As I was getting into it, my phone rang. I looked at the time: 21h00... It was an unsaved number and I wondered who it could be.

I answered with the usual professional "Siwisa, Hello"...

And the voice on the other side simply said "Soon to change to Lerumo, how are u my love?"

I melted into the chair but tried to sound offish and distant. Playing hard to get I assume. So I enquired "Who am I speaking to?"

He chose to ignore my enquiry and went straight to the point.

Kabelo: "After being with you today, you were all I was thinking about, I wish I didn't have to leave when I left"

Me: "Oh, its you. You're such a smooth talker"

Kabelo: "I wish you could see into my heart, then you wouldn't say what you've just said. I'm falling for you Nikki. But I need you to promise me just one thing"

Me: "That depends on what it is"

Kabelo: "Promise me that you are going to catch me from this fall"

Itjooooo I wanted to die there and then. This man was just too smooth for words... Ndaveske ndamuncu andazazi noba ndiphendule ndithini kule promise ayicelayo.

### **Insert \*5\***

After that conversation and me telling Kabelo I still needed time to think, I climbed into bed and relaxed. The time was now around 22h00. I decided to call my so called boyfriend.

On the second ring he answered: "My baby"

Me: "Hey, unjani?"

Him: "Ndi grand sthandwa sam. Wena ushap?"

Me: "Ja wethu, ndi shap. Ndidiniwe nje qha. I thought ndizokbona ke tana namhlanje"



Him: "Askies baby, it got very busy emsebenzini today, nangok ndisando fika apha endlini. I'll make it up to you vha"

Me: "Ok ke. Gudnyt. Ndakthanda nhe"

Him: "Ndakthanda nam baby"

We both hung up. Mxm, I thought to myself. Always the usual story of being busy at work. Andisedikwe kushiywa ngumsebenzi nje. Aaaargh khathi khe ndilale.

The following morning came and I woke up and got ready for work. I didn't see Kabelo but we spoke on the phone. By the end of the day I still hadn't given him his reply. Believe it or not, I was really thinking hard about what he was requesting of me.

The next day, Wednesday, after another day of not seeing him, he made his usual goodnight call.

Kabelo: "Nikki, I think it's only fair now that I ask for my long awaited reply"

Me: "Kabelo, before I do that, there is something that you need to know"

Kabelo: "I'm listening baby" (Wow!!!! He called me BABY)

Me: "I do want to give u and us a chance. My heart and every fibre in my body is saying yes. But in the same breath, I have to tell you that there is someone that I'm involved with"

Kabelo: "I expected as much my love. There is no way that such a beautiful woman would not be taken. But please hear me out. I'm not here to mess things up for you. I just want you in my life. Even if I can't have all of you, the small part that you allow me to have will be sufficient for me. As long as I get to be with you, nobody else matters"

Wow!!! I was now taken right off my feet.

Me: "If that is the case then, my answer is yes. I will give you a chance, but please... One step at a time"

Kabelo: "You have just made me the happiest man alive. Let's be together this weekend to celebrate."

Me: (Obviously taken back by this weekend together thing) "Together where?"

Kabelo: "Just pack an overnight bag and let me worry about the rest. I can't wait to hold you in my arms."

Me: "I also can't wait"

Kabelo: "Goodnight then baby, I love you"

Me: "Goodnight and thanks"

One thing about me, saying those 3 words is very difficult. Especially in the beginning. So, I will say "Thanks" until I really feel that I do love him. After dropping the phone I wanted to do cartwheels on the bed. I was as excited as a kid at the circus sana.

Eventually I calmed down and dozed off...

### **Insert \*6\***

The next day seemed to be dragging. I just wanted it to be Friday already. Before I went to bed on Thursday night I packed my overnight bag. Just enough clothes for Saturday and Sunday. My comfy jeans, a simple yet elegant top, and pumps for Saturday. A summer dress and comfortable slip-ons for Sunday. That's how simple I loved to be on the weekend, especially in Summer. Being a woman though, I ended up packing more clothes than it was necessary. And how could I forget my sexy, matching night time lingerie. One set for Friday night and another

for Saturday night... Everything was set. Including my toiletries that I use when I'm going away.

I sent Kabelo a text before sleeping. At this point I was not yet comfortable enough to call him. The text read: "Hi KB, just want to know, will I be needing my car for this weekends whereabouts or are we going to be using yours?"

I needed to know so that I could drive in my car to work in the morning knowing that I will leave it safely in the underground parking lot till Sunday when I came back from wherever we were going.

His reply: "You won't be needing your car at all my baby. Leave everything to me"

I smiled at this and turned in for the night.

The following morning I was up before my alarm, got ready for work, did a last minute check if I had everything I needed for the weekend and off to work I went. The time was around 10am when my phone rang.

It was Kabelo. I let it ring for a bit before I answered.

Me: "Hello"

Kabelo: "Hi babes, where are you?"

Me: "I'm in my office"

Him: "Alright, cool"

Just 2 seconds after hanging up there was a knock. I didn't expect it to be him so soon. I answered "YES"...

He strode in, full of confidence, with a cheesy smile on his face and a bounce in his walk. I hadn't seen him since that day we met. Mmmm, how I had missed this sight. He was in a pair of jeans, a muscle hugging top and casual shoes. I took it all in and felt my pressure rise.

He came towards me as I attempted to stand from my chair. Gave me the longest and warmest hug and giving me a full, blown out exposure to that mesmerising cologne. It was that "I missed you sooooo much" kind of hug.

Kabelo: "I'm here to get your things and put them in my car in the meantime" he said after finally letting go.

Me: "Let me get my car keys. I left everything in the car"

After handing him my belongings we said our goodbyes and I got back to work. After work he was right on time to collect me from my office. We took the lift down and to his car. By the way, my white VW Golf GTI DSG seemed like child's play compared to what he was driving. A red Mercedes Benz SLS AMG Roadster.

Anyway, I got comfortable in his car and off we went. On the way he told me we'll be going to his place to drop off our things and then go out for dinner. I obliged.

But "his place" turned out to be an exclusive hotel. I didn't mind as I gathered that he just wanted us to chill in a place that is unfamiliar to both of us since it will be our first time together. Maybe he doesn't want to be in his usual surroundings where he will have the upper hand, I thought to myself.

After checking in and placing our belongings in the room we took a stroll in the warm sunset to the nearby restaurant to have our meal.

After eating we strolled back again to the hotel. Little did we know that all the while somebody was following us. Because then, as soon as we got back into the hotel room and had just finished unpacking and started to relax...

There was a loud banging on the door o.O

**Insert \*7\***

My heart almost jumped out of my mouth from the sudden shock of the loud knock.

"Sssssh..." Said Kabelo. If we keep quiet they will go away. He started lowering the tv volume and tiptoed towards me.

I tried to speak but he gave me a very stern look. That "Shut up" kind of look.

Heeeee hai ndaze ndavelelwa kengoku. Kwenzeka ntoni apha?

The banging continued and got even harder and louder. Then a woman's voice started to yell. "Kabelo vula lomnyango. Ndiyayazi ulapha ngaphakathi. Vuuuulllllaaaaa lekaka yomnyango. Ndinibonile"

Hebethuna ndaske ndanyaba on the bed. I didn't know what to say or what to do. I was even scared to breathe kuba kalok sendinikwe ne look enzima.

As if sensing the trouble I'm in, my boyfriend called... And as my phone rang I jumped. Yhooo thiza I quickly grabbed it and silenced the call.

The ringing phone gave the woman more strength to knock. "Kabelo, if you know what's good for you, you will open this door RIGHT now"

At this point I could sense Kabelo was angry with the lady and irritated with me for the ringing phone. As if ndimbhaqisile. I whispered "Go and open"

He shook his head and whispered back while biting hard on his jaw from anger and gritting his teeth "If I open that door, I'm going to kill her"... Iyhoo haike ndavela ndangcangcazela xa kulapho ndantanyantanyaza.

The knocking became more consistent and from the sound she was banging with an object.

Then another voice spoke: "Sir, this is the hotel Manager. This lady is disturbing the other guests. Can you please open up"

Kabelo for once gathered his courage and spoke up: "Throw her out of your premises"...

Lady: "I'm not going anywhere Kabelo. Vula lomnyango"

Through all this I'm sitting there on the bed scared to even move an inch.

Manager: "Sir I'm now going to use my master key card to open the door so that you and this lady can sort this out. She is banging on the door with the heel of her shoe and disturbing other guests"

With that we heard him insert the key card and unlocking the door.

As soon as the door opened the Lady jumped straight past the Manager and into the room...

Amen!!! Yangase ndife!!!...

### **Insert \*8\***

Now in all my years of existence, I've never been involved in a confrontation about a man. So I sat up on the edge of that bed and waited for what was going to happen.

But amid all that commotion and Kabelo's anger, I was also fuming inside. I was angry with myself for not coming to this place in my OWN car. Had I come in my own car, right now I would gather my belongings and go home.

So, because my options were limited and the time was around 22h00 I just sat there on that bed edge like a naughty school girl waiting for punishment.

The Lady barged in and as soon as she saw me it was as if she started seeing red. "Kabelo what the hell is this? Who is this?" she screamed.

The Hotel Manager turned to leave "Sir, will you be ok?" And I'm sure he was probably silently enjoying the show. Nx...

Kabelo: "I'm going to handle this but please don't leave. I will need you to escort this lady out of this room" As he said this he was looking straight at her.

Aaah!!! She couldn't care less. She turned to me and asked. "Ungubani kewena? And do you know that this is my man? Wena Kabelo awuphenduli iphone kanti uyazazi uqamelele ngempundu apha"

I shifted in my position and prepared myself to give her an answer. Just as I opened my mouth, Kabelo wandiqhawula ndingekathethi nothetha. "Baby don't say a word. You don't owe her any explanation. Whatever she needs to know, she can ask from me"

Yessss!!!! What a save!!!! I sat back again and this time ndakha u-four coz cacile mos he is on my side.

Then he turned to her "Ziyanda, what the hell do you think you're doing?! What do you want here?! Why are you following me?!" With each question he asked her, he was stepping closer and closer to her.

I did mentioned in the beginning that Kabelo is tall and very muscular. So, you can imagine at this point, I was feeling scared for this Ziyanda.

But instead he walked past her and towards the door "If I so much as touch you right now, I'll end up hurting you. So, please leave" he said.

Then he looked at the manager and ordered him "Get this woman out of here and be sure that you give me a new room. Far, far away from this one"

The by now very red in the face white manager quickly agreed and with that he said "Please Ma'am, you have to leave now before I have to call security"

All the while this Ziyanda was staring at me. I'm sure because Kabelo said he would hurt her, she decided to just stare and not say anything more. And I'm certain in her head she was saying the worst things



about me. But at this point I couldn't care less. I had won this round, without even lifting a finger!!!!

She gave Kabelo a sharp look and sneered "This is far from over. Ndabona ucinga uyandazi wena" and with that said she stormed out of that room with her shoes in her hands. Yhoooo losisi ebenqonqoza ngeshlangu manyani!!!!

After the door closed behind them I took a deep breath and felt a warm rush of tears roll down my rosy cheeks...

**Insert \*9\***

When Kabelo saw these tears he immediately came to me and sat next to me. "Baby I'm sorry. I don't know what Ziyanda wants from me"... He held me in his arms. I buried my head in his embrace and sobbed hard. I couldn't believe what had just happened.

"Wh- wh- who is this Ziyanda and what exactly is she to you Kabelo?" I asked in between the sobs. I just needed answers right now. And now that everything was over, my heart started pounding with rage and confusion.

Kabelo: "Baby I've told you that I want to be with you and that I want you to be that missing part of me. Ziyanda is not what I want. I can never be with such an ill disciplined woman. Putting aside, I admit I was wrong in not being upfront with you, with regards to my private life."

Me: "But Kabelo when I opened up to you about having someone in my life, why did you not take that chance to come clean about this Ziyanda?"

Kabelo: "Sssssh, baby please don't cry. I will explain everything to you once you have calmed down. I'm sorry"

I just stared in front of me. Ewe, you guys must have guessed it by now. Ndiligwala sana. Andidibani ne fights ne confrontations. The tears I was shedding were tears of anger mixed with tears of fear.

Kabelo gently put his forefinger under my chin and turned my face so that I could face him. Our faces were so close together that I could feel his warm breath brush against my lips. He placed a soft kiss on my lips. And then pulled back. He wiped my tears slowly and said.

"Nikki, I love you and I only want to make you happy"... He leaned forward again and this time the kiss was deeper. I responded.

Now ke sana you know that there's nothing more romantic than your man kissing you while you're crying. Its a great way of giving you comfort.

As the kiss got hotter and hotter, I felt his hand on top of my breasts. He cupped my breasts in both hands as we continued with the kissing. Then he slowly led my body backwards because we had been sitting up on the bed.

As my back hit the soft cotton bedding, I moved my arms around his back and held him tight.

"Baby, I'm sorry" he whispered, "I didn't mean for this day to be like this"

I just sniffed and closed my eyes. His hand navigated its way under my top and he undid my bra from the back. My joys (breasts) popped out and the nipples were already hard from arousal. I gave a soft moan.

By the time I knew it, my top was off and my jeans soon followed. I was now soooo thirsty for this man. Ndavele ndanikezela nje.

His clothes also soon came flying off. He got on top of me and we kissed even more passionately. His hand was between my legs and eventually his fingers found their way into my sanctuary (vagina) and he lightly stroked and teased it. I grasped his bicep firmly and started to make soft sounds as I moved my waist in circles under him. His erection was feeling huge against me.

I was wet and ready for him to enter me. He moved his lips away from mine and went towards my ears. He blew into them softly and sucked gently at my earlobes. Then continued to my neck and down to my breasts. He started sucking at them as if he was drinking from them.

I couldn't take it anymore, my juices were flowing hard and I wanted to have him all. I went for his penis and straddled him, guiding him inside of me. He slid into me and it seemed like the most pure sensation of my life. I began to moan with each movement that he made. "Yessssss Baby.... Give it to me" he was whispering in my ear. After about 15 mins of us enjoying this sweet love making, in a cuddling position, he encouraged me to come. As soft and as gentle as he was, our waters came flooding in unison with excitement.

He gave me a kiss on the forehead and lay next to me. He placed my head on his chest and I could hear his heartbeat. We lay there in silence for what seemed like forever.

In that moment of silence my senses came back to me... We didn't use protection.

## **Insert \*10\***

I lay there in disbelief... I lifted my head and looked at Kabelo. His eyes were closed and I could tell he was sleeping because his grip on me was not so tight anymore. I put my head on his chest again and eventually dozed off into my own dreams.

We woke the next morning and showered together. As we were getting ready to leave for breakfast, he suddenly stood in front of me and held me by the shoulders at arms length and looked into my eyes.

"Nikki, can we please switch off our phones for the rest of our time here. I want us to get lost in each other without anymore disturbances"

I didn't mind so we switched our phones off and went down for breakfast. This man was getting under my skin. His touch gave me goosebumps and his voice made me melt each time he spoke.

As we sat there in the restaurant eating, I wanted to bring up the subject of us not using a condom but pushed it far from my thoughts and enjoyed the moment. That kind of topic was not for the table.

When we got back to the room the hotel house keeping lady was busy finishing up with the cleaning.

Kabelo interrupted her. "I think we will be ok, you don't have to go to all that trouble. Please excuse us"

She was only too happy to pack her cleaning equipment in her trolley and walked out. Kabelo sat on the bed and asked me to come and join him. I was seated on the chair at the study table. I looked at him, gathered my courage and started to speak. I needed to know what was

going on in this mans life. And I needed to know now. Otherwise I would never enjoy this weekend.

Me: "Kabelo, before we go any further with anything else we need to talk."

He sat up, he obviously wasn't expecting that.

I continued: "Last night there was a woman here banging on doors and shouting. You promised me an explanation and I'm still waiting.

Secondly, we made love with no protection and it worries me because at this point I know nothing about you."

I was looking at the far end of the room so as not to catch his gaze.

"I'm not putting blame you Kabelo for us not using protection. We both got caught up in the moment and we were very careless. Right now all I want is for you to lay your life out on the table for me. I want you to be honest and tell me everything about you that I should know"

He let out a deep sigh and covered his face with both hands. "Baby, there are only a few things that you need to know about me that are important."

I held my breath and started to tremble from not knowing what to expect.

"The woman that was here last night... I was seeing her before you. We broke up some time ago and she is finding it hard to accept it. That is the Gospel truth. Secondly, I am not from here in Cape Town. I am here for work purposes. I am based in Pretoria. My life is there"

I couldn't believe my ears... I just sat there. Ndaske ndanesitshisa, ndava shushu, ndanxanwa. My mouth just went dry.

He still continued: "Nikki I wasn't lying when I said I love you. I do and I will prove it to you with everything I have. My new found lease on life is just to make you happy. Please, with what I have to say now, don't start doubting my feelings for you"

I found my voice somewhere at the bottom of my stomach along with my heart which had sunk by now. "What is it Kabelo?" I asked him but in truth I really didn't want to know what it is he was going to say.

Him: After taking a deep breath and looking straight at me. "Nikki... I have a wife and two kids"

At that moment I wished umhlaba angavuleka and swallow me...  
Indenzani Bawo wam lendoda.

**Insert \*11\***

What have I let myself into here? This man is only thinking now to tell me that he has a wife and kids as well to top it off... The weekend just suddenly went from bad to worse to terrible in a second! Hai yenza njani ngoku le ndoda?

I sat there as if I was frozen to the spot.  
Kabelo: "Please say something"...

Now I'm not the talkative type. Especially when I'm hurt or angry. In most cases I always choose to rather keep myself in check and let my emotions lay calm. Many people did not like this about me because they hated the fact that they didn't know what was on my mind. And I wanted it like that. I didn't want people to get into my head and know

how I operate mentally. Kabelo was now getting a taste of that as I sat in that chair and just looked at him.

I got up and searched my bags for my earphones. I inserted them into my phone and got lost in the music. Music was and always will be my great escape. I sat there for about 5 hours. Yes!!! 5 whole hours!!!

He on the other hand lay on the bed and my silence was killing him. I knew that.

After I had enough of the music, I got up and went to stand next to the bed, close to his head.

"Kabelo, I have listened and heard all that you said. I won't lie, you have gotten under my skin. You made me feel something that I haven't felt in a long, long while. You have shown me more love in these past few days than I expected. I appreciate that."

Him: "Nikki, I'm sor..." I put up my hand as a signal for him to keep quiet.

Me: "I am disappointed that you are a married man. I am disappointed that our first ever weekend together has been filled with all this drama. I am disappointed that you were not upfront with me from the onset. However, I am more disappointed in myself because regardless of all that... I still want to be with you"...

## Insert \*12\*

At that moment Kabelo jumped up from the bed and gave me a tight squeeze. He kissed me all over and then said "Thank you. You have just made me the happiest man alive"

The rest of the weekend sailed by smoothly. On Sunday afternoon we went to my place to collect work clothes for me for Monday. He just didn't want me to leave.

After 2 weeks of being together everyday, I was soooo inlove. So this one day as I lay on my bed I decided to call the man that was once my boyfriend.

The phone rang and he picked up in no time.

Me: "Hey Thando, unjani?"

Him: "I'm ok my love, just missing you a lot. Uske awafumaneka these days"

Me: "Ja nhe... About that... There's something I need to tell you"

Him: "What's up baby, talk to me"

Me: "Thando, there is no easy way to put this and the last thing I want to do is to beat around the bush."

I took a pause. I needed to compose myself.

Me: "Thando I have met someone"

Him: "Nikki, what do you mean you've met someone"

Me: "I have fallen inlove with someone else Thando. I didn't mean for it to happen like this but I cannot turn the clock back."

I heard him take a deep breath.



Me: "I wish I didn't have to do this Thando, but you know that I always believe that honesty is always vital in a relationship. Thando, I can no longer be with you, I'm sorry"

He took another long deep breath.

Thando: "Nikki, I never in a million years expected this from you. I never even imagined that this day would come."

Me: "I'm sorry Thando, none of this was my intention"

Thando: "Does he make you happy?"

Oook, haiké I wasn't expecting this question....

Me: "Yes, he makes me happy"

Thando: "I love you Nikki, but if you love someone else and he makes you happy... Then I guess kumele ndikukhulule and wish you all the best"

I closed my eyes to hold back the tears. I'm dumping him but he's being so understanding.

Me: "Thank you for everything, Thando."

Him: "Thank you for everything too Nikki... And mostly thank you for loving me and sharing your life with me"

After hanging up, I curled up in my bed like a baby and threw a pity party for myself. Yessss!!! I cried myself to sleep...

## Insert \*13\*

I woke up with the sound of an incoming text message on my phone. I opened it and read: "Goodnight my light, I love you"

It was Kabelo. I smiled and put the phone back on the pedestal without responding. After a few minutes the phone rang. I picked it up and looked at the screen. It was Kabelo. I answered.

Kabelo: "Nikki, what are you doing?"

Me: "I'm sleeping baby"

Him: "Did you receive my text?"

Awu, ndaske ndaxakwa kengoku yimibuzo emingaka.

Me: "Yes, I got it"

Him: "Then why did you not respond?"

Me: (Obviously a bit annoyed now) "I didn't see a question mark at the end of the text Kabelo. So I didn't think not responding would be an issue"

Him: "Nikki, when I call, I expect you to answer. When I text, I expect a response. Who are you with there?"

Me: "Haibo Kabelo, I'm alone. What's wrong with you?"

From the way his tongue was curling as he spoke, I figured he had been drinking. So I decided to stay calm.

Him: "What's wrong is that I text you and you fail to respond. I hate that."

Amen ndaze ndavelelwa bethuna.

Me: (Trying to keep the peace) "I'm sorry baby, it won't happen again"

Him: "It better not. Nikki, I love you and I don't want to share you with anybody. When you don't respond or when I don't get hold of you I feel like I'm losing it. I always want to reach you when I call you."

Me: (Sheepishly smiling) "I understand babes. Am I forgiven"

Him: "Yes my love, you're forgiven. I love you"

Me: "I love you too"

After hanging up it took me a good 20 minutes to fall asleep again. I was tossing and turning in bed. I was happy that Kabelo was so protective over me, but his protectiveness somehow scared me. It seemed to come with a bit of controlling. Aaaargh, I'm thinking too much, I told myself. I allowed my mind to drift off to a peaceful place and eventually fell asleep.

My phone rang again... Yhooo haibo. Is this a "Call Nikki Night" tonight? I stretched my arm over to the pedestal and answered the phone with my eyes still closed.

Me: "Hello"

Kabelo: "Open the gate, I'm outside"

I opened my eyes and checked the time on the phone screen: It was 02:25...

## Insert \*14\*

I put on my gown and went downstairs to the buzzer for the gate and opened for him. I unlocked the door and stood there in the doorway waiting for him to drive up through the driveway. When he finally exited his car, he came up to me and gave me the usual "baby kiss" on the lips. Without saying a word he walked past me and straight to the bedroom.

I locked up and followed him. When I got there he was on all fours, with his head under the bed. I stood at the door with my arms folded across my chest. "Maybe he dropped something"... I thought to myself.

He stood up and went to open my closet doors then closed them again. Then he walked into the en suite bathroom and gazed around before coming back to sit on the bed.

Me: (A bit startled) "What are you looking for?"

Him: (With his head buried in his hands) "I needed to see for myself that you are alone here"

Me: "Kabelo, you're scaring me. What has gotten into you?"

Him: "I'm sorry baby" He stood up and came towards me. "I know you told me you have a man in your life and I said I understand. But baby I love you too much. I can't stand the thought of another man touching you and making you feel things that I'm supposed to make you feel."

At this point I just looked at him and without a thought blurted out "I ended things with him, I'm all yours Kabelo and yours alone."

He held me tight. I surrendered into the embrace. He got undressed, we climbed into bed, and after a passionate love making we dozed off to sleep in each others arms.

The following day he only had a few hours left to spend with me. His time in Cape Town had come to an end. He had to go back to his life in Pretoria.

Now!!! Let me explain to you guys why I was so inlove with this man. Yes! I knew he is married, but he never once wore his wedding band when we were together, come to think of it, I don't even know what it looks like because I've never seen it. He never speaks to the wife in my presence, in actual fact, when we are together his phone is off. He treats me like a queen and shows me each and everyday that he loves me. We can joke around all day long and laugh at each other's foolishness. The only thing we fight about is him watching wrestling while I want to watch Idols. So you can imagine. The month he spent in Cape Town was total bliss for me.

So now, when I woke up on the morning that he had to go, my spirit was low. My heart was in pieces. I had a lump in my throat and wanted to burst out in tears. My stomach was in a knot. I was just not OK!

I tried to get through the day as normal as possible but every now and then it would hit me that he was leaving. I wasn't upset that he was going to Pretoria. I was upset that he was going to back to HER.

At the airport after we said our goodbyes, I walked to the nearest restroom in a daze. I quickly got inside an empty cubicle, locked it and cried my eyes out. After I had cried enough, I stood up, went out, looked myself in the mirror and washed my face. I am bigger than this, I told myself and I walked out of there with my head held high.

Back at my place, I was just waiting for at least 3 hours to pass then I will know that has landed and is probably home. Then I would call "just to check up if he arrived safely" I thought.

After about 3, almost 4 hours had passed, I grabbed my phone and dialled his number... VOICEMAIL!!!!

**Insert \*15\***

When that phone went to voicemail I wanted to die. Actually truth be told a part of me died inside.

I kept on trying until I finally decided to give up. Kabelo where the hell are you? Why is your phone off? Why are you not calling me? All of these questions I was asking myself but unfortunately I did not have the answers.

I decided to go to bed and drug myself with sleeping pills. I knew they would knock me out till the morning. And yes!!! They did just that. I was out like a light till 08h00 when my phone rang.

I was still drowsy from the pills and it was like I'm hearing the phone from a long distance. Eventually my mind came back and I quickly jumped up and grabbed it from the pedestal beside my bed.

I looked at the screen and wanted to scream and jump up and down. I wanted to do cartwheels. But before that victory dance I first had to answer the call and give this man a grinding.

I answered: "Hello Kabelo"

Him: "Hao, is that how you greet me now"

Me: "I tried calling you last night, your phone was off"

Him: "My apologies for that, immediately after I arrived in Pretoria I had some business to take care of. I left my phone at home and only got back very late"

Me: (Ndaqhatheka ndaphela tu) "Ok baby, I understand. But you had me worried"

Him: "It will never happen again. So, what you doing"

Me: "I was still sleeping, I just want to enjoy this Saturday indoors. And you, what are you doing?"

Him: "I'm in sitting in the car, playing with my thing and missing you like crazy"

I giggled like a school girl.

"Where is she?"... I asked

Him: "Please let's not go there, she's around the house"...

Yes! He called! I thought he had disappeared out of my life for good. But my man just called and explained (andisemuncu nje)...

Before we had to hang up he said there is something he needs to talk to me about.

Me: "What is it?"

Him: "Being far away from you kills me. I want you close to me so that I can see you whenever I want. I want to be with you without the distance that is separating us. You are a half of me that I refuse to live without. Would I be asking too much if I suggested that you consider moving this side"

Me: "You mean move to Pretoria?!"

Him: "Yes, I want you close to me at all times"

Me: "But you have a family there. Where will I fit in?! How will you have time for me, for us?"

I was overjoyed with this request actually qha ndabe ndizulisa nje. Now began the hard part of having to make a decision.

### **Insert \*16\***

A few months went by and I was seriously thinking about what Kabelo was asking of me. In the meantime as well, I was getting to know the real Kabelo very well too.

For instance, when he texted and I didn't reply, he would immediately call after that text and he would call and call until I picked up. When I finally picked up there was always an argument as to what makes me not answer my phone. In the end I would end up apologising just to keep the peace.

When I said I'm at my friends place, he would video call, just make sure of the surroundings that I'm in. Or he would ask me to hand the phone over to my friend so he could talk to her. My friends adored him but his actions were starting to get creepy for me. But nonetheless and regardless of all of that, I loved this man. I loved him from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet. I would do anything to make him happy and for him to trust me fully. Even if it meant I had to be submissive.

There were times in that few months that he came back to Cape Town on business and as soon as he was about to get on his flight at OR Tambo he would let me know, he would inform me which hotel he would be sleeping in and TELL me to pack my bags and meet him there. I was in love so, I never fought about it. I simply obliged.



He was slowly remote controlling me. My mood depended on him. My actions depended on him. My lifestyle depended on his approval.

I recall a time when a friend of mine called while I was taking a bath. The phone was in the charger. Kabelo brought the phone to me in the bathroom and handed it to me. I answered and you know how we ladies can get carried away with a telephone conversation. Siyathanda uthetha, indaba azipheli. All this while Kabelo was standing there looking at me while I was on the phone. Next thing I knew, he grabbed the phone from my hand and ended the call. I looked at him in shock and asked what was his problem. He simply answered "You guys have spoken for too long now" ... And walked out with the phone.

Still I continued to love my man and worship the ground that he walked on. I did things on his time and on his command. The bright and sunny Nikki drew back into the shadows. I was now a person that I didn't even recognise. A person whose happiness was on the hands of someone else. But guess what I LOVED THIS MAN...

He was my strength, my pillar, my everything.

Then one day he told me something I never expected. We were sitting on the couch in the hotel room watching tv. He took the remote and switched the tv off. He turned his sitting position and faced me. I had noticed that day that he had a lot on his mind but I didn't want to bombard him with questions. I looked straight on at the blank tv screen, wondering what was going on in his mind. He held my hand and said: "Nikki there is something that you need to know. You made a mistake by being with me"

I turned and faced him, what in the world was he talking about? Was Kabelo breaking up with me? Before I could even find my voice to ask these questions he continued.

"Nikki when you agreed to be my missing half, there is one thing that you didn't realise. No matter what may happen, no matter where you may go, you and I will never, ever break up. You and I are one now"

### **Insert \*17\***

Now guys when I say I loved this man with my everything I mean my everything. He was now my life. Thoughts of him consumed my whole being.

It was now almost 6 months in the relationship. I was driving to the office in the morning. At the usual time 07:00 on the dot my phone rang. It was my Kabelo.

Kabelo is a Tswana man, that's the reason why most of the time we spoke English. But by now I threw in a few Xhosa words every now and then and where he couldn't understand what I'm saying he would tell me to go back to English.

Anyway, I answered the call...

Me: "Molo bhuti"

Him: (Speaking Xhosa in his Tswana accent) "Molo sisi, unjani?"

I chuckled... "Ndiyaphila wena unjani"

Him: "Hai, nathi siyaphila la ePitoli sisi. Akusizi ukhala"

Me: "And vele ke indoda ayikhali mos, iyanyamezela"

Him: (Clearly enjoying speaking Xhosa) "Ewe, injalo sis'wam. Wenzantoni ngoku?"

Me: I'm driving to work baby, wena wenzantoni?

Him: "I'm at the office already. Guess what hey?!!"

Me: "What?????!!!"

Him: "I know what colours you're wearing today"

I laughed... "Oh please. You're in Pretoria. How do you know what colours I'm wearing today?!"

Him: "Are you not wearing a blue shirt?"

I looked down at my shirt. I knew I was wearing a blue shirt, but for some reason I just wanted to confirm.

"Kabelo how did you know that? Are you here in Cape Town?"

Him: "Nope, check your phone. I'm calling you from my office landline. I'm in Pretoria"

I moved the phone from my ear and looked at the number: 012 .....

Me: "Then how do you know what I'm wearing"

Him: "Worry not my love. Anyway have good day. I love you vha"

Me: "I love you too".

After hanging up I was totally confused. Maybe he was just guessing and just happened to guess right. Yeah! That was the explanation I comforted myself with.

I was getting to know a side of Kabelo that was very, very creepy. But I was so entwined in his web, I just didn't want to let go. Even though he freaked me out at times, he still remained the best boyfriend who treated me like his queen.

After some weeks, he asked me to visit him in Pretoria. I told him I would book my own return ticket and hotel. I didn't want any disappointments. He said he won't allow that and insisted on booking everything himself. I gave in. I couldn't wait to be with my man. The day for me to head to Pretoria finally arrived. Off I went to catch my flight. As soon as I arrived at OR Tambo Kabela was there waiting for me. This time he was driving a different car. An Isuzu Double Cab. It looked and smelled new.

When we started driving off into the outskirts on a gravel road, I started to understand the reason for him coming in a Double Cab even though I didn't know where we were going.

We were happily chatting and catching up and laughing when he suddenly stopped the car and switched off the engine.

"Nikki please hand me your phone..." He said this in a very calm voice.

Me: "Haibo... Why?"

Him: "Nikki, just please hand me your phone"

We were in the middle of God knows where, on an empty gravel road. So I just quickly gave him the phone. It had a lockcode.

Him: "What is your lockcode?"

Me: "Sapha, I'll unlock it for you"

Him: "I don't want you to unlock it for me, tell me what the lockcode is"

I told him the lockcode. He unlocked it. Then he sat there scrolling and scrolling through my phone.

I sat there silently and waited for him to finish whatever he was doing. All I could think of was "Thiza I wonder ukhangela ntoni"....

## Insert \*18

As he continued to scroll, I noticed something I had never seen before. Kabelo was wearing a gold wedding band on his finger. Kabelo has never, ever worn this ring in my presence. Why is he wearing it now all of a sudden?

He interrupted my thoughts with a question.  
"Who is Thando?!"...

I froze... "He is my ex, the one I left for you"

Him: "Why is he still calling you?"

Me: "He was just saying hi"

He must have went into the call duration, because his next question was "What kind of hi takes 9 minutes? What were you talking about?"

Me: "Kabelo, yes Thando and I broke up, but that doesn't mean we don't talk. We were just chatting about general things"

He looked at me and then back at the phone and continued with the scrolling. He went through the pictures. Every person that he didn't recognise he would turn to me and ask "Who is this"... Hebethuna I was being given the 3rd Degree ngezinto ezikwi phone yam.

Then he went to the Phonebook. As he scrolled down he eventually came to Thami. Thami yi friend yam, igama lakhe liphelele ngu Nomathamsanqa.

He questioned this as well. "Who's Thami"

Me: "She is one of my friends"

Him: "Does she know that you are here in Pretoria?"

Me: "Yes, she does"... I was shaking like a leaf.

Him: "Call her, put her on speaker and tell her you arrived safe"

I did as I was told. After speaking with Thami I hung up. He just simply said "Please switch that phone off. Our "phones off" rule still stands.

I quickly switched the phone off and took a deep breath. What in the world was that all about?

As we started driving again, his phone rang. He asked if he could please take it. I just gave a nod. I was too much of a wreck to even speak at this moment.

I'm assuming the person asked where he was because he gave a response "I told you this morning that I got an urgent call to come down to Durban"

The person must have asked about the weather because his answer was "Its ok, not as hot as Pretoria, but its ok"

Then I think the person asked what he was doing because he suddenly got very irritated and gave a sharp reply "You see, this is exactly what I hate about you calling me when I'm away. You always want to know where I am each second of the day and exactly what I'm doing. I'm working"

So, I gathered he was speaking to HER. He cut the call and switched the phone off. We drove in silence until we reached a game lodge. It was now getting dark and there was rain with thunder and lightening. But even though it was raining it was still hot.

We checked in. Went to find our room and unpacked. I looked at him and decided to finally ask him about this ring because everytime I looked at it, my heart ached.

Me: "Kabelo, did you forget to take off your ring?"  
He looked at his left hand and then looked at me.

"No, I didn't forget"...

### **Insert \*19\***

I was not expecting that kind of answer from Kabelo. Ewe, I knew he was married and nguye umntu owandiqhelisa into yoba when we are together he doesn't wear his wedding band. So I was just dumbstruck and said nothing.

He didn't make any effort to remove the ring either so yes, it was very clear that he had not forgotten to take it off. I felt so disrespected. It was good when he used to take it off because it showed me that he had consideration for my feelings. Now something in him had suddenly changed and he was wearing it proudly. I was broken inside each time I looked at his hand but as the always sweet and quiet Nikki that I am, I let it go.

Now I was going to stay with him in Pretoria for a week. So I just decided to ignore that ring and focus on spending quality time with my man. We had the best time ever, just the two of us. It was so refreshing to be away from the buzz of the city and in a secluded area and close to nature.

I was on top of the world...

On the third day Kabelo woke me up very early. I'm sure the time was around 07:00. "Let's go and bath baby. We have a long day ahead of us." He gave me a kiss on the forehead lifted me in his arms into the bathroom.

I didn't know what his plans for the day were. He was just always full of surprises and by now I was used to him just doing unexpected things out of the blue.

After the bath he suggested I dress up comfortably and pack anything I think I might need because we were going to be away most of the day.

I got dressed in simple jeans, pumps and a vest. I took my shades, wipes (Pretoria was hot) and other girly necessities and packed them in my handbag.

We had breakfast and locked up and left. Still he had not told me where we were going. On the way to wherever he took out his phone, switched it on and dialled some number. When the person on the other end answered Kabelo simply asked "Are you home?", I'm assuming the person said yes. Then Kabelo asked "Who else is there with you?" The person gave an answer and then Kabelo hung up.

His phone started beeping and beeping as messages were coming through. Remember all this time together his phone had been off. He didn't even attempt to check the messages but just switched the phone off and put it away.

After about an hour of driving I started to get curious as to where we are going. I couldn't contain myself anymore so I asked. Kelonto ndiyathanda ke shame nobuza, even though veske ndishiyeke ndikhamisile yimpendulo.



"Baby, where are we going?" I enquired...

Him: "You really want to know?"

Me: "Well, yes please, I'd like to know"

He paused and brushed my leg with his free hand.

"I'm taking you home to meet my mother"

**Insert \*20\***

I sat there with my mouth wide open. I thought I heard wrong so I asked again "You're taking me where?"

"I'm taking you to meet my mother" he said again. As if it was the most greatest thing to do.

"How can you take me to meet your mother Kabelo? What in the wooorld are you going to introduce me as? How can you take such a decision without so much as consulting me? Who said I want to meet your family?"

Suddenly the heat became too, too much even though the air conditioner was on. Ndiyabona uba besendinyukelwe yi pressure.

I asked all these questions without even giving him a gap to answer. After I had kept quiet he saw his chance to speak. "I'm not sure what the big deal is here, please relax".

With that he started to play a John Legend cd and sang along as if nothing was wrong.

On the way we stopped at a petrol station. While the petrol attendant was busy filling up the tank Kabelo got out of the car and walked over to the passenger side where I was seated.

He opened the door and asked me to step out. I stepped out and stood there in front of him. He hugged me tightly. When he finally let go, he took my face into both his hands. His palms were against my cheeks and I could feel his warm breath as his face was so close to mine.

"Baby I told you from the very beginning that you are what I've been missing all along. I want the whole world to know that I've found the last piece of the puzzle. I am sure of what I'm doing. Believe me there is no mistake here. You have shown me nothing but love and loyalty and I want you to know that I appreciate that. Please make me the happiest man and allow me to do this"

I opened my mouth to answer but he quickly sealed my thoughts with a kiss. "I love you Nikki. And do you know what? I've once told my friends that I want to make you my second wife"

I was speechless... I just simply mumbled: "You want to what?"

He replied: "Yes, I want to make you my second wife. I want you to be officially mine. Don't get me wrong, I'm not proposing just yet. But I'm just letting you know so that you learn to get used to the idea"

Now knock me dead with a feather but I simply could not believe my ears. Me? Second wife? Xa bekutheni? I had never imagined that our relationship would come to this.

When we were done at the petrol station we went on our way again. After what seemed like forever we were now in a residential area. I figured we had arrived.

He parked the car outside this big house and turned to look at me.  
"Please worry not my baby, I've got you and I'll never let you go"

With that he asked me to stay in the car while he first went inside. I gave a nod and watched him walk into the house. After about 10 minutes he came out, walking towards the car with the biggest smile ever. He opened the passenger door and asked "Are you ready?"

I didn't respond. He held out his hand so that he could hold mine and said "Let's go"....

**Insert \*21\***

I stepped out of the car and we walked up to the front door of the house.

I knew deep down that I was here just because Kabelo had brought me here without informing me. As soon as we leave this place, I am giving him a peace of my mind.

We entered the house and found his family sitting in the living area. I stood there next to him as he introduced me to them one by one telling me their names. Now if this was a test and I was to be asked to repeat each persons name I would have failed dismally because I had not been paying attention.

I had a robotic smile engraved on my face. I was very uncomfortable. As he finished with the introduction he closed it off by telling them "This is the woman that has captured my heart and made me feel happy all over again. Nikki"

They all said "Pleased to me meet you Nikki" in unison as if they were singing a song.

We sat down and they were kind of nice and chatty. Wanting to know everything about me. If I had kids, where I'm from, how Kabelo and I met, how long we've been together and a whole lot of things.

As the visit went on I got to know that we were sitting there with his mom and two younger sisters. They all seemed to take a liking to me and tried to make me as comfortable as possible.

Then his mom stood up and asked if she could show me around the garden. I smiled and got up to follow her. When we got outside she sat down on a bench and patted the empty space next to her gesturing for me to sit down. I went over and sat down.

She looked far ahead of her and said what I could not have expected.

"Nikki, you seem like a sweet, sweet child. I'm glad my son has met someone like you. You are very different from that Tumi and I can just see that you really do make Kabelo happy.

Me: "Tumi?" ... I had never heard Kabelo mention his wife's name. We always referred to her as "HER" or "SHE".

She continued: "Yes, Tumi. That no good wife of his. I told Kabelo from the very beginning that Tumi was not the woman for him. But you young people never listen. When we try to guide you its as if we are controlling you"

Me: (Getting more uncomfortable) "I'm sorry Ma'am, but I'm not sure if we should be talking about this. I think I should get going now"

I stood up and walked away. As I walked, I looked back at her and she was still seated and far away in thought. I wanted to leave that house.

After some time we said our goodbyes and I was asked to visit again soon. Hai inoba aniziva, I thought to myself.

The drive back to Pretoria was filled with so much silence. Mostly from my side. I kept trying to piece it all together. If Kabelo and this Tumi were not happy, then why didn't he just divorce her? Why would he want to marry me while she is still in the picture? Why did his mother not like Tumi?

Before I knew it, we had arrived back at the lodge. I walked into the bedroom, got undressed and got into the shower. I needed to refresh and calm down and water has that effect on me.

After my shower, I wrapped myself in a bath towel and walked up to Kabelo. He was relaxing in front of the tv with a beer in his hand.

"Kabelo" I called out his name so that I could have his attention... He looked at me and responded: "Yes, my love"

"Kabelo, I can't do this anymore"....

**Insert \*22\***

Right about now I was fed up. I was fed up because it seemed as though I love Kabelo more than I loved myself. I was sacrificing myself for someone that was married.

Yes! He said he wants me to be his second wife. But just the thought of being a second wife yayindigulisa. I wanted to be his one and ONLY

wife. Kodwa ke ngelishwa this was one of those instances where I couldn't get things to go the way I wanted them to.

So, because I could not have things the way I had always wanted them, I had to walk away. As hard as it was going to be.

I wanted to have a house overlooking the sea, with a big glass wall where I chilled and just admired the view. I wanted to hear the sound of the ocean while I slept, I wanted that sound to be my escape from reality when things got too much. I wanted to listen to the sound of small feet running around the house as my kids played together. I wanted my husband to walk in from a long day at the office and just come up to me and give me a long hug and ask me how my day was.

Take note, I said MY HUSBAND... Not OUR HUSBAND.

So this arrangement that Kabelo had in mind was not what I had planned for myself. I didn't want his ring, I just wanted him. Just him...

Well... After saying I couldn't do this anymore, Kabelo looked at me and sat up straight. He looked at his beer bottle and carefully placed it on the coffee table in front of him. So carefully and slowly as though he thought it would just break. I followed his hand with my eyes. He put it down and slouched on the sofa, his elbows on his thighs and his hands holding his head.

"You can't do what Nikki"... He asked without even looking at me.

I had to talk... Fast...

"Kabelo, I love you. I carry you in my heart wherever I go. You have taught me many things in this time together. You have showed me love, loyalty, honesty, trust and even how to value a good thing. Mostly and

more important you even taught me how to have faith, believe in myself and how to pray. As much as I will always treasure that, I cannot see myself as a second wife. If it has to come to that, then please Kabelo release me and allow me to go. That kind of life is not what I have planned for myself"

He didn't respond... He still had his head in his hands and was tapping his right foot on the tiles.

"Kabelo, I love you and you know that. When you married Tumi, you took that decision knowingly. I don't want you to now think she is not good enough just because of a pleasure of a few months. Its either we carry on as usual or I'm walking away"

He slowly stood up and walked past me into the bedroom. I heard him open the closet door and punch in the lockcode for the safe.

As I turned around into the bedroom he had taken his firearm out of the safe and was holding it in his hands...

### **Insert \*23\***

Well... When I saw that firearm I froze. Mabethuna mna by Religion I am an Anglican... So in my mind the Hymn Yesu Langa Lomphefumlo started to play.

I didn't know what this man was thinking.... I sang the hymn in my head... "Yesu, Langa lomphefumlo. Akumnyama xa ukhoyo... Makungabikho nany'into, enokundahlula nawe. Ndakuhlelwa

bubuthongo, sele cima nalamehlo. Mandibe ndicinga nga Ngawe, nango phumlo olunawe"

My whole life flashed before my eyes. I didn't know whether to move or not. Whether to speak or not.

I completely froze.

Kabelo broke the silence: "Nikki, there are two choices here. Either we die together, or we sort things out. The choice is yours."

I kept quiet and continued to sing the Hymn in my head. I was too scared to even move. I knew that this was somehow the end...

"Kabelo... Baby... What are you doing with that?" The tears started rolling down my eyes.

"Please Kabelo, give that to me, we can sort this out. There is no need for the firearm"

By nature we were both working in the Police Service, hence we met in the same building. Just that Kabelo was a Sniper, hence he moved around with his firearm. I was an ordinary Police General that worked inside the office....

"Kabelo... Please put that down. We can talk this through. Just me and you."

He looked at me, he looked at his firearm. He looked at me again. He sat down on the bed and started to cry.



"Nikki, its either you think things through or we both die in here. I can't live without you. I don't want Tumi, I want you. I want to spend my life with with you."

I was shaking. My knees weak. I was shivering. What was I to do in this situation. As a trained police woman, I should be able to handle this... But I couldn't. Not now...

After a while of silence and me sobbing and pleading Kabelo asked...  
"What's it going to be Nikki? Are you leaving me or are we sorting this out right here and right now???.....

### **Insert \*24\***

Of course I was not going to tell him I'm leaving. Not now that he was holding a firearm.

"We will sort it out baby. I'll never leave you. I'm sorry I even thought of such a thing. Its just everything got too much for me today. One minute I was your Mistress and all of a sudden you want to marry me"

He looked at me... As though to say "continue" ...

I continued... "Baby you are my life now. I want nothing but to be with you. I promise I will sit down and carefully think about being your wife. I just want us to be happy"

As I spoke, he seemed to calm down. With each word I said, I moved closer and closer to him. Until I was standing in front of him.

"Kabelo, I know that you're bigger than this anger that is consuming you now. And baby I know you would never hurt me. Please hand me the firearm and let me put it away"

After what seemed like a long while, he finally gave it to me... Thiza ndisindile. I took a long, deep breath and exhaled slowly. I put the firearm back in the safe and changed the lockcode.

Now it was time to seriously talk... What was Kabelo's problem? What was the issue with Tumi?

"Baby if you want me to marry you and for us to be happy, you have to tell me what's going on with you and Tumi. Please. Tell me what is making you so angry"

Kabelo had tears in his eyes. He looked up to the heavens as though he was in search for answers. Then he finally spoke.

"Tumi cheated on me, with my colleague. I found out one day from another colleague who told me. Apparently whenever I was away, that bastard would be playing boyfriend to my wife. The colleague that told me got tired of this and decided to let me know. Baby what eats me up is the fact that I never confronted her or the guy about this. But I know its the truth, they were fucking behind my back. So in return I want to hurt her as much as I'm hurting. That's why I don't want to divorce her. I want her to still be around when I make you my wife. She has made me feel like less of a man. You baby, you have built my esteem up again. You have showed me that I am a good man after all. That, Nikki, is the truth of it all. I don't want to lose you and believe me I'm not with you to use you as a weapon against Tumi. I'm with you because I love you and because I need you.

Me: "Wow!! I'm sorry, I didn't know baby"... I wiped his tears as they rolled down his face.

"But then why did you suddenly decide to suddenly start wearing your ring in front of me. That hurt me"

Kabelo: "I only put this on because I wanted to see your reaction. When you asked about it, it showed me that you care. And when I gave you that answer that I gave you, I wanted to see if you would respect it. You respected the response I gave you, you never asked about the ring again and that made me love you even more"

I had heard enough for the day. Clearly as much as Kabelo loved me, he had a lot of underlying issues that he needed to deal with. Otherwise his anger would one day make him kill me.

After that chat we cuddled in bed and he fell asleep immediately. I lay there with my eyes wide open, looking at him.

Nikki you have just had a lucky escape... Tomorrow pack your belongings and get out of here... I thought to myself as I lay there in his arms...

**Insert \*25\***

I was going to get out of this. No matter what it took. I lay there next to Kabelo, thinking and trying to figure out how I could run away from this.

Don't get me wrong. This man was my life. Every breath I took was for him. But it had all spiralled out of control. In the middle of all these thoughts I finally dozed off.

Kabelo woke up before me in the morning. He made me breakfast and went in search for a bright Sunflower somewhere around the lodge because when he woke me up for breakfast the flower was there on the tray as well.

"A beautiful Sunflower for my beautiful Sunflower."... He said with a smile. I got up, washed my face, brushed my teeth and enjoyed my breakfast in bed.

All the while Kabelo was sitting right next to me. He was beaming from ear to ear. It was as if somebody had breathed new life into him. He was chatty and bubbly and just full of jokes.

I was seeing in him the old Kabelo that I met months ago. I was starting to doubt my decision of leaving him. Maybe I was too hasty in deciding to pack and leave. Maybe after offloading and sharing his story with me things were going to change. I was now trying to explain his actions to myself and to cover for them. After all, I love this guy.

If I just left him then I would be hurting myself even more than I'd be hurting him. My heart would always wonder what could have been. So right there and then I changed my mind about leaving.

I had promised this man that I was going to stand by him through it all. I had promised to be there for him and I was deciding to fulfill that promise. After all, I am a woman of my word.

The rest of the week went by smoothly. Before I knew it my little vacation was over. I had to go back to Cape Town. I felt more inlove

with Kabelo than ever before. I even cried as usual when we said our goodbyes.

When I landed in Cape Town and was relaxing in my house I called Kabelo to tell him I arrived safely. We spoke for a bit, said our "I love you's" and hung up.

Throughout the conversation he seemed distracted though, a bit cold and distant. But I pushed that to the back of my mind and didn't ask him if there was a problem.

My heart, my body, my soul belonged to Kabelo. I was too inlove to stress.

The next day was back to work for me. Kabelo did not call at his usual time as I drove to the office and I was a bit stressed about that. I called and my phone kept showing me the "Number busy" message on the screen.

I finally got to the office and I remember the exact time when I called Kabelo to say "Good morning". It was 07:30. Finally there was no "Number busy" message... The phone must have rang twice or three times then it got cut and I heard... "You have reached the voicemail of..."

My heart immediately sank into my shoes.

**Insert \*26\***

When I finally did call again, around lunch time, he answered and coldly told me he was busy. I was angry because he was on the phone around 7am when his phone was busy. I was wondering who he could have been talking to because that is MY TIME...

As the days and weeks went by Kabelo no longer called at all. Not even a text to say "Hello". I was now besides my self with stress. Yet, every morning I called to say "Good Morning" and to wish him a good day ahead. He would answer the phone but I could always hear that he is not in a talking mood.

At the end of the day I would call again to say "Good night"... He would answer and talk to me but still as distant as ever.

I was wondering what could have happened for things to change and be like this. Why was this man suddenly treating me like this?

Sometimes his phone would ring endlessly when I called. And no, he wouldn't get back to me when he saw the missed call. He would simply ignore it... Until I called again and then I would get the usual "I was busy".

Every fibre in my being was telling me that Kabelo was just not into me anymore. My heart and my head would have a debate each and every day. My head would be knocking sense into me and telling me that Kabelo was just not into this relationship anymore. My heart would simply be telling me that Kabelo and I are just going through a phase. That Kabelo loved me and that he would never leave me. Guess what, my heart always won the debate.

In my ears I would constantly hear Kabelo's voice and recall the way he had once told me "Baby I've got you and I'll never let you go"...

I forced myself to believe that Kabelo would never leave me. He loved me, he had said so himself. He had promised me that he will always be there.

All these lies that I kept telling myself made it hard to see reason and made it hard for me to give up. I kept calling him... Every single day. Week in, week out. When a thought of him crossed my mind, my heart would pound so hard, my temperature would rise and I just could never stop myself from picking the phone and calling him.

I became somebody that I didn't know. My friends would jokingly say "Hai uKabelo ukutyele iyeza sana. Xa umkhumbula veske ibengathi uyaphambana ungafuni nova oku komntu okwazwa etotini"...

I always ignored them... They didn't know the love I felt for this man. And strange enough the more Kabelo pulled away from me... The more I loved him and the more I wanted him. I had now not seen him in 2 months.

I loved him even if he was neglecting me... Even though I would go to bed in tears every night. I loved him...

**Insert \*27\***

I was not coping at all. I pushed myself to wake up every morning and continue living my life. It was not easy.

At night I couldn't sleep because in the silence of my bedroom, my thoughts were all I had. I didn't have any answers for what Kabelo was doing. I needed him and he had just decided start walking out of my life.

At first I was scared to love him but he had said all the right things and made me fall inlove with him. I didn't just fall inlove with him, I made him a full part of me and engraved his name on my heart and soul...

The silent treatment from him still continued and nam I still continued running after him. I told no-one about my heartache. I never told my friends about him not calling or him being cold and distant. I pretended as if everything was rosy and well. I guess pretending that all was well was my way of running away from the truth.

As time went on I sunk into a depression. I'm sure if I were to tell people around me what was depressing me they would say "Why don't you just forget about him and move on?"... Well let me tell you something... When you give yourself fully to someone and you love them with every piece of your existance, then letting go and forgetting is not that easy.

Now this day I was sitting in my house, the tv was on but I wasn't concentrating on what was playing. Suddenly someone crossed my mind. Regardless of what, this someone has never made me feel so worthless.

Yes!!! I was thinking about Thando. I picked up my phone and went into the contacts. I scrolled and found his name and number. I wanted to call him... But at the same time I was scared. When I broke up with him he had asked me a simple question "Does he make you happy?" And I had boldly said yes.

What will Thando think of me now when he finds out that all happiness that I had proudly declared had turned against me.



Without thinking I pressed the call button. His phone rang. He answered with a merry "Molo Nikki"... I could hear the excitement in his voice, but unfortunately I could not return the same level of tone.

Me: "Hi Thando. Unjani?"

Him: "Ndi sharp, wena unjani?"

Me: (Forcing myself to sound ok) "Hai nam ndi sharp"

Now Thando always had a way of knowing when I was upset or not feeling ok.

Him: "You don't sound ok kodwa. Thetha nam, what's bugging you"

Me: "Akhonto Thando, I don't want to trouble you ngengxaki zam. I just called because I needed to hear a friendly voice"

Him: "Nikki, awukho right ndiyakuva and I'm asking you for the last time. Ndicela uthethe nam, kwenzeka ntoni?"

He was soooo gentle and I could hear the worry in his voice as he spoke. I kept quiet. Tears started to form in my eyes and fell down my face. I cried silently while Thando was still on the other end of the phone waiting for me to speak. I'm guessing the silence got too much for him because he spoke again.

Him: "Are you at home?"

Me: "Ewe, ndilapha endlini"

Him: "Sit tight... Ndiyeza ngok"...

**Insert \*28\***

Thando didn't even give me a chance to respond. He hung up and came rushing over. Before I knew it the intercom rang. I got up and went to answer the buzzer.

It was Thando. I let him in and unlocked the door while he drove up the driveway. He had barely parked the car when he swung his door open and came rushing to me as I stood there at the doorway.

He didn't wait for me to say anything. He took me in his arms and held me so tight as though his life depended on it. I allowed myself to drown in his chest.

As tightly as he held me I simply let all my emotions go. I sobbed so loudly. This was the first time that I was going to share my pain with anyone. And now reality struck me very hard as we stood there in each others arms. The embrace was just what I needed.

Uke uve into yoba ukhale ude ube nesingqala... That is what was happening now.

Thando loosened his grip on me and led me into the house. "Come, let's go and sit down, we need to talk"

I allowed him to lead me inside. He locked the door behind him. We walked over to the living area and I sat down. Thando brought me some tissues and then disappeared into the kitchen.

I could hear him moving around but I wasn't sure what he was doing. After a bit he emerged with a glass of water in his hand.

He handed me the glass and said "Please drink this, it will help you calm down. I've added a bit of sugar as well"

I took the glass and drank.

Then we sat there in silence... Thando was first to speak.

"Nikki what is going on. Uyandoyikisa mna"

Me: "Thando, everything is a mess. I've made a mess of things. One day everything was perfect, I was on top of the world... Then suddenly it all slipped through my hands."

Thando: "Nikelwa uthetha ngantoni?" I could feel the worry growing in his voice.

Me: "Thando, uyakhumbula ndisithi kuwe I've met someone?"

Thando: "Ewe, Nikki. Did he hurt you? I pray to God he didn't hurt you"

Me: "Thando, he is no longer the person that I know. Andazi kwenzeke ntoni. He doesn't seem to want me anymore"

Thando was angry. I could see it by the look on his face. He clenched his fists and was biting hard on his jaw.

I sat there and told him everything about the whirlwind romance between Kabelo and I. He was silent and just listened. When I was done Thando stood up. He started to pace up and down. He sat down again.

I didn't know Thando to be like this. He was filled with anger. He took my hands in his hands and looked at me.

"Nikki, I would be lying if I said I'm not angry at this bastard. I'm enraged at the way he has treated you. Nikki, you were always such a strong woman, this guy has taken your soul and turned you into somebody I don't know."

Thando was telling me the truth. He was telling me something that I have known all along but was denying.

"Nikki, in all my years on this earth, the last thing I want is for you to cry the way that you have just cried. It pains me. This guy is bad news and I curse the day you laid eyes on him."

I bit my lip... I have never heard Thando speak like this.

He continued. "Nikki, when I asked if he made you happy, I was not asking that kuba ndandidinga into yothetha. I asked you that question because your happiness means everything to me. And if it meant that somebody else was making you happy, then as hard as it was I had to let go because clearly mna bendingakonwabisi. I I've ever wanted was for you to be happy"

Me: "Thando, I'm sorry for the way I treated you. All I ever wanted from you was your time. You were always too busy to spend time with me. That is why I ended up falling for another man. Now I'm in this mess and I'm dragging you into it. Ndicela uxolo Thando"

Thando: "Ssssh, there's no need for you to be so hard on yourself. I have also done a lot of introspection and nam I blame myself for pushing you away."

He stood up and held out his hand to me. I took his hand and stood up. He gave me a hug. "I miss you everyday Nikki and you still and always will hold a special place in my heart"... He led me to the bedroom.

Please get undressed while I run a warm bubble bath for you. I did as I was told. Thando ran a warm bubble bath and added bath salts as well. As I got into that bath I felt a huge relief wash over me. It felt as if a massive load had just been lifted off my shoulders. I allowed the water

to cleanse me physically and emotionally. With every inch of me in that water I knew that when I came out of that tub I would be leaving Kabelo and the heartache in that water. After relaxing for a long while in the water I finally emerged, refreshed and feeling new.

Thando had prepared the bed for me. I put on my pyjamas and Thando gave me a foot massage just so that I could loosen up and to help me sleep. As I was dozing off he came to lay next to me.

He didn't get inside the covers with me and I was too exhausted to even ask him why. He lay there on top of the covers and played with my hair.

We must have eventually fallen asleep because the next thing I heard was my phone ringing. I stretched my hand out of the covers and took the phone from the pedestal. I looked at the screen and saw the callers name: Kabelo...

I looked at Thando, he was still fast asleep... I looked back at the ringing phone again. I cut the call and switched my phone off...

**Insert \*29\***

After switching that phone off I felt a flush of relief. At the same time I had a mind to switch it back on and hear what Kabelo wanted from me. Then I decided not to worry about him.

I looked at Thando he was sleeping so peacefully. I just lay there next to him and watched him. What on earth had I done to deserve such a wonderful man in my life. Even though right now he was just acting as a friend. I couldn't imagine my life without him.

He must have felt my burning gaze because he started to move around in his sleep. I smiled. I missed this kind of peace.

I wanted to stay with this inner peace that had suddenly washed over me. I had had made a vow with myself when I walked out of that bubble bath, Kabelo was now no longer a factor in my life. He was just a memory. So, I would not worry about him and this midnight call of his. Eventually, I fell asleep again.

I woke up before Thando in the morning. I crept out of bed, took my phone from the pedestal and walked to the kitchen. I made myself some breakfast. Muesli and yoghurt. I walked to the living area and sat in front of the tv.

I wanted to catch up with the news. I switched on CNN. After a bit I remembered my phone. I took it and switched it on. It started beeping and beeping as text messages came flooding in.

I was about to read them when the phone started to ring. I jumped up because I was not expecting it to ring. It was Kabelo once again. I needed to play cool and gather myself. I needed to act like a lady and be calm when I spoke to him. I will not give him the satisfaction of letting him know that he had killed my spirit.

I answered.

Him: "Nikki, what is your problem?"

Me: "My problem?" (My voice was calm but my heart was sitting in my throat)

Him: "I called you last night and you chose to switch your phone off. What is your problem?"

Me: (I was starting to lose my temper) "My problem Kabelo" I screamed down the phone at him.

"You want to know what my problem is? You are my problem. In actual fact, why are you calling me? What do you want?"

Him: "You are my woman. It will remain that way no matter what. I told you from the beginning. When I call, I should get you"

Me: "Its a pity that rule of yours only works to suit you. (I was still screaming) "I have been running around after you like a love sick puppy for how many months Kabelo? You watched me come back time and again while you pushed me the hell away. When I have finally decided to let you go and forget about you... You suddenly have the audacity to call me and ask me what my problem is"..."

Through the screaming I didn't realise that I had woken Thando up and he was standing in the doorway watching me deal with this monster I loved so much. He silently stood there and I kept shouting without realising he was there.

"Kabelo I gave you my all... I gave you my life... I promised to forever stand by you... I allowed you to have my heart and my soul... You took my everything and when you felt like you had enough, you threw it in my face without hesitation"... I calmed down and lowered my voice.

"I'm tired Kabelo." I was now speaking in a soft whisper because my heart was just too painful and I wanted to cry.

"I'm really tired. I've put up with this for too long. Please let me go. I'm begging you to release me. I can't put myself through this anymore.

He was silent for a while... Then he said what I could not have expected: "The reason I was calling last night was to tell you I'm around Cape Town for the next few days. I'm on my way to you now. We need to talk."

He hung up... I sat there and took a deep breath. I was slowly growing to hate this man. As I stood up, I saw Thando standing there.

In this sudden confrontation with Kabelo I had forgotten that Thando was sleeping. I felt bad for waking him up. Then I remembered that Kabelo had said he is on his way. How was I going to break the news to Thando. I got straight to the point.

"Thando, that was Kabelo. He says he is coming here to talk. If you feel that you would rather leave, I will understand."

Thando stood there and looked at me. The anger that I had seen in him last night had resurfaced. It was painted all over his face.

"Nikki, I'm not going anywhere. I won't allow that guy to hurt you anymore than he already has. He will find me here"

With that he walked over to the sofa and took a seat...

**Insert \*30\***

Heeeee, Thando sat down, took the tv remote and switched the tv off. He was as calm as ever... But not the normal kind of calm. The anger filled calm. That calm before a heavy storm. He seemed ready for anything.

I went to him and got on my knees in front of him...

"Thando, please. You don't have to do this. I made my bed. Let me lay in it. I will find a way out of this."



Thando looked at me. "Akukho apho ndiya khona, so ndicela uphakame, uphole".

Me: "Thando, I've told you what kind of a man Kabelo is. I'm scared for you. Shit, I'm scared for the both of us. Ndiyakucela torho Xhamela. I would never forgive myself if uKabelo would do anything to hurt you."

Thando: "Lento uyithethayo ke, yile nam ndiythethayo. I would also never forgive myself if I would walk out of that door and lanja does something to hurt you."

Me: "Thando ndizothi ungubani ke ku Kabelo?"

Thando: "Nikelwa"... (Yhooo walibiza laphela igama lam. Clearly he was very angry at this point) "I don't care noba uthi ndingubani. Tell him I'm your brother, tell him I'm your ex boyfriend, shit... Tell him I'm your colleague. I don't care anymore. Ndicela uphakame uhlale phantsi, uphole." Thando was just too calm.

Thando's hands were shaking with the anger that he felt. He was tapping his foot on the floor. I kept quiet at this point and sat down across the room from him.

He got up and came to me. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to lose my temper with you. Nikelwa, when you hurt, I feel that pain too. You are a part of my heart and I will be damned if I allow this Kabelo to treat you like trash. What kind of a man would I be if I walked away from you now when you could be in possible danger? I swear to you Nikki, for him to get to you, he will have to go through me first."

I closed my eyes and thought of my mom when she would tell me "Akhona amaxesha apho kuvele kube kubi ke mntanam. Kumaxesha

anjalo ubokwenza nje umthandazo noba awuna Amen"... I said a silent prayer.

Thando and I sat there in silence. The intercom rang. My heart jumped into a thousand beats. Ndabila ndamanzi. I started shaking with fear. I wonder what is going on in Thando's head. I wonder what is going on in Kabelo's head.

The intercom rang again. I got up. The palms of my hands were sweating. I answered the intercom.

Kabelo: "Open the gate. Its me"

I didn't respond. I just pressed the button and allowed him in. I stood there and waited for his knock. I heard his car door close. I was standing just next to the door. The sound of his footsteps got nearer and nearer.

Thando was still seated in the living area. Then Kabelo knocked.

I took a deep breath, I exhaled. I unlocked the door and opened. He let himself in and walked down the passage towards the living area. I followed behind him. Every fibre in me wanted to just run away.

But I told myself I'm a big girl and now it was time to face the music. As I got to the living arear I found Kabelo looking at Thando.

Then he turned to me and asked: "Nikki what is going on in here?"....

**Insert \*31\***

I was shaking like a leaf and froze on the spot where I was standing...  
"What do you mean what is going on in here?" I put on my brave face. I could not let him see that I was scared.

Kabelo: "I mean who is this guy with you here so early in the morning?"... He looked at his watch, maybe just to be sure of how early it was. It was around 08:00.

Before I could even stutter a word, Thando stood up from where he was sitting.

Thando: "Relax Niks, I can speak for myself."

He walked up to Kabelo and stretched out his right hand for a hand shake.

Thando: "I'm Thando."

Kabelo didn't shake Thando's hand. He turned to look at me with a look of confusion.

Kabelo: "Nikki?! This (pointing at Thando) is Thando your ex boyfriend?"

I paused before answering...

Me: "Yes Kabelo, this is Thando"

Kabelo: "What in the world is he doing here?"

At this point Thando was standing against the wall right next to me. His arms folded across his chest. Just quiet and listening to this confrontation.

Me: "I called him here. He came to pick up the pieces of my heart. My heart that you broke Kabelo"

I had so much anger in me but remained as calm as I could. I was shaken. I had never imagined what it was going to be like when I finally saw Kabelo again. Right now, I just didn't care what Kabelo thought of me. I had finally given up. This was my time to set things straight once and for all.

Kabelo: "Your heart? That I broke?" He gave a faint laugh. He looked at Thando "My man, can you please give us space. You've done your part, I've got this now"

I prayed that Thando would not turn and walk away. I didn't want to be alone with Kabelo. God must have heard my prayer because Thando answered...

Thando: "MY MAN, Nikki called me here and I'm sorry but I will leave when she tells me to" ... He looked at me.

"Nikki should I go?"

Me: "No, please stay Thando. Kabelo its over between you and I, I've made my decision."

Kabelo banged his fist against the wall. "I DO NOT BELIEVE THIS" he fumed.

Thando did not move an inch. I looked at Kabelo and the back of his hand was bleeding.

Now wherever Kabelo went he carried a backpack on his back. I knew for a fact that the reason he carried that backpack is because his firearm was in there.

Kabelo: "Nikki I can't believe you're doing this to me. Not after everything that we've been through. Not after all the promises we made to each other. You don't even care to know what I've been through the last couple of months. Instead I come to see you and you're cosy with your ex."

Thando was as chilled as ever. Maybe waiting for action. His calmness made me calm as well. I trusted him.

Me: "Oh please Kabelo. Don't act so righteous. You know exactly what has led to this. Please be a man and own up to your faults"

Kabelo kept quiet and started shaking his head. I was getting angrier and angrier. Thando walked to the kitchen and came back with a glass of water for me. I was shaking and couldn't even hold the glass properly. It felt like it was about to fall as I drank the water. Thando put his hand under the glass to control my shaking hand and helped me drink up.

At that moment Kabelo removed his backpack from his back and opened it...

**Insert \*32\***

Kabelo started to fiddle around in his backback for God knows what.

I whispered to Thando "Une gun Thando lomntu"...

After fiddling he finally got what he was looking for. He took it out. It was a bunch of papers and of course the famous firearm.

Zehla inyembezi kum kukoyika. Thando grabbed me by the arm and moved me to stand behind him. He was my human shield. I stood there behind him, peeping from the side at Kabelo.

Thando: "Man, there is really no need for that! If you say you love Nikki so much then why would hurting her even cross your mind? Sit with her in an adult and civil manner and talk. If she is not happy, then let her go."

Kabelo dropped the backpack to the floor. In his right hand he had the firearm. In his left he had these papers.

Kabelo: "Nikki, I did this for you." (He shook the papers in the air) "All I've ever wanted was to be with you. You are my life. All I'll ever need is for you to wake up in my arms everyday"

He started to cry. I was also crying. Thando was the only composed one in the house. He kept his cool and still stood in front of me. Protecting me from this man. Kabelo started moving around the room.

Thando: "Nikelwa, thetha naye. Uyamazi wena uba ucofwa phi lomntu"... He was whispering.

Me: "K- K- Kabelo, baby. We can still make things work. You know that you are my life. We just need to sort things out. I'm sorry for what I said, I was angry. I didn't mean to upset you. Sit down, calm down, we can talk this out"... Yerrrrr as I spoke umchamo wabe unditshisa. And ebezoveske aziphumele anytime ngok ndisalibele kuzimela ngo Thando.

Kabelo stood still in the far end of the room. He brushed the firearm against his head. I closed my eyes and waited for the gunshot.

I had a mentioned before that ndingumTshetshi. Wonke umntu ke, in every situation, good or bad, likhona elaculo aye alicule. In this instance ndatsholo ngaphakathi: "Ndiza Kuwe, Nkosi. Ndiza ngoku nje. Ndenze mhloph'egazini, eloph'eCalvary"

When nothing happened I slowly opened my eyes.

He was standing there with his eyes closed.

He spoke. "Nikki do you know what this is?" He asked me looking at the papers.

Me: "No, I don't know baby". Sede wancama waphinda waba ngu baby ke at this time.

Kabelo: "These are divorce papers. Its over between Tumi and me. I just couldn't take it anymore. I confronted her about what she did with my colleague, in the hope that she would deny it. She stood there in front of me and boldly told me it was true. I had sacrificed blood, sweat and tears to make that woman happy and she betrayed me. I have now given her my everything. I walked out of my marriage with just my clothes and my car Nikki. I want nothing to remind me of her. Now you are leaving me too? What am I supposed to do Nikki? Please, tell me!!!"

Kabelo was so emotional at this point. I felt my knees going weak. I allowed myself to slowly go down to the floor. I sat there and couldn't believe my ears.

Thando was also in some state of shock. He was just too quiet. But through it all he was my superman. He stood there through it all and covered for me.

Kabelo took a deep breath. He walked towards us. Picked up his backpack and shoved the divorce papers and firearm back inside. He closed it and walked towards the door...

**Insert \*33\***

Kabelo opened the door and took a step out. He stood there looking outside. I'm sure he felt as if he had just stepped out of a bad dream.

He looked back at me and Thando. Then he walked away without saying a word and didn't close the door. We heard him get into his car and starting the engine. Then he drove off. Thando walked up to the gate buzzer and opened the gate for him.

After the gate had closed behind Kabelo... Thando closed the door and came to me. I was still in tears on the floor. He picked me up and sat me down on the sofa. He wiped away my tears with his hand.

"Sssssh, its all over now. Relax."... It was almost as if he was begging me to be calm. He brushed my hair and laid my head on his chest.

He bent down and gave me a kiss on my forehead. We sat like that for a long time. When I had finally relaxed and calmed down, I stood up and walked to the bathroom. I took a bath. I needed to relax.

After the bath I made us something to eat. Everything was calm now as Thando and I were sitting and watching tv. I had told him its ok to leave if he wants to. But he refused and said he will go when he was sure I'm ok.



As we sat there Thando gave a chuckle and started shaking his head. He looked at me.

"Yerrr kodwa Nickelwa izinto enizifaka kuzo. Hai zimasikizi shame"... I could see he was replaying the whole episode in his head.

Me: "Thando, yazi uThixo wayenza into ngofihla intliziyo yomntu. Kuba kalok if uKabelo ndandimbonile uba unjani, ngendingazange ndazifaka tu kuye."

Thando: "Worse kemnake ndizenza uRambo emntwini ophethe i-gun. Andazi ngenditheni uba lamjita ebeveske wayicofa la-way"

We both laughed... It felt good to laugh about it.

Me: "Kanti njengba ude ume phambili ulilo negwala?"

Him: "Mfondin bendingcangcazela okwe jelly. Qha ndaqonda lamjita andzombonisa lo-way. Ekgqibeleni ndiyindoda Nickelwa and andiyondoda yaphepha. Bekunyanzelekile ndikukhusele, even if it meant putting my life in danger as well"

Me: "Ja nhe. Hai Thando today I saw a side of you that I never could have imagined existed. Enkosi Xhamela"

I got up and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

Thando: "Yazi Nikki I miss you. Always and everyday... But right now you've been through too much. You may not be physically bruised, but I know that emotionally you are not ok. I want us to sort things out Nikki"

Me: "Thando, you still want me? After everything I've put you through?"

Thando: "Nikelwa, it takes a strong heart to forgive and it takes an even stronger heart to love after its been hurt. Yes, you hurt me... But I'm stronger than that pain and I love you still regardless of that."

I was shocked by this revelation. On one hand Kabelo had divorced his wife and wanted me back. On the other, Thando, the man I had hurt had forgiven me and also wanted me back. Because I loved Kabelo and Thando had his own special place in my heart, I was now at a crossroads.

The confusion was evidently clear and etched across my face. Thando came closer.

"Don't stress so much. I've waited until now to tell you that I still love you. I will wait for as long as it takes for you to clear your mind and think things through. I love you Nikki"

He gave me a hug and we just sat there curled up in each others arms...

**Insert \*34\***

As Thando and I were all curled up I couldn't help but think about Kabelo and started weighing my options.

Kabelo had his faults, he had a bad temper, he was controlling, he was possessive... But I loved him.

Thando on the other hand was a sweet, sweet man. As sweet as he was, when we were in a relationship... He never had time for me. Why is that he only realised his love for me when push came to shove?

Kabelo, well regardless of our ups and downs and his faults, he had always had time for me. What he needed was someone to talk to. Someone to be there to guide him when he lost the plot. Kabelo needed someone to stand with him. He didn't need to be thrown away and deserted in his time of need.

I had promised him that I'll always be there for him. I knew what its like to be disappointed and abandoned. I knew exactly what Kabelo was going through. I knew what it felt like when someone broke their promises that they'd made to you. Kabelo just needed help in facing his demons. His anger was his way of crying out for help. I understood how empty and alone he must be feeling.

I started to feel bad that I had even allowed him to walk out of the door. I should have run after him. I should have taken him in my arms and reassured him that we would be fine.

When I though of Kabelo I felt a sting in my heart. I missed him. I missed US.

No matter what I had with Thando, no matter how much he cared and helped me out in my time of need. I loved Kabelo. I appreciated Thando and him forgiving me. But I couldn't be with him, my heart belonged to somewhere else. Kabelo's name was engraved in my heart and soul.

Call me crazy, but sometimes you don't choose who you love. This was one of those times.

Don't get me wrong, I loved Thando, but the love I felt for him now was more of a brotherly/sisterly love. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine myself and Thando making love, I couldn't find that image anywhere.

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. I picked up my phone and sent Kabelo a text: "Where are you?"

As though he had been sitting and waiting for me to text, he immediately replied: "Same hotel I took you to on our very first weekend together. In the very same room"...

I jumped up. Rushed to the bedroom. Changed into my jeans and top. Grabbed my phone and car keys. As I rushed towards the front door I heard Thando's voice.

He was sitting there looking at me while I was rushing around the house getting dressed and fixing my hair, getting ready. I had totally forgotten about him.

"Nikki what's up? Where are you rushing off to?"

I stopped in my tracks. Looked at him and wondered if I should tell him the truth or lie. I decided to be honest with him.

"I'm going to get my man" ... I didn't wait for him to respond. I ran out of the house towards my car and left him there with his mouth wide open...

**Insert \*35\***

I drove like a lunatic heading to the hotel. I arrived at the hotel and went straight upstairs.

Now remember Kabelo and I had stayed in two different rooms on that first weekend. We changed rooms after Ziyanda had suddenly pitched up and caused a scene. So, I assumed that he was in the second room.

I went up and knocked. No answer. Haibo, kanti unjani nha ngoku uKabelo?

Then it clicked and I ran to the lift. I went to that very first room of ours and knocked. I could hear a shuffle inside the room. I knocked again. I was getting impatient. The door opened and there stood my man.

I threw myself at him. He hugged me back. We stood in the open doorway in a tight hug until people walked past in the passage.

The voices of the people brought us back to reality. We let go. I giggled from embarrassment and we went in and closed the door.

The whole room was in total darkness. Not even the tv was on.

Me: "Me, Kabelo why are you in the dark?"

Him: "Nikki, what would be the point of me sitting in lights when my soul is in darkness. When you said you don't want me anymore, that ripped me apart."

Me: "Baby, I'm here now"

Him: "Nikki, why are you here?"

I was confused at this question... And the fact that we were talking in a dark room with just the street lights shining through the blinds also irritated me.

Me: "Can I please switch on the lights? I need to see you when I say what I'm about to say"

Him: "Yes. Sure"

I fiddled till I found the light switch. I switched it on.

I walked to him. He was seated on the bed. Next to the bed on the pedestal the divorce papers lay there. I'm not sure whether he had been going through them or what. I stood in front of him, put my index finger under his chin and lifted his face up so that he was looking directly at me.

Me: "Kabelo, I'm here because I love you. Our love is strong and can overcome anything. I will never even think of walking away from you again. Kabelo you are my life. You are my heart. You are my soul. I promised that I will forever be by your side. I will keep my word. I will stand with you in your struggles and troubles. I will hold your hand through it all. When it all gets too much for you, I will help you carry the load. Now and always, this is my word that I give to you" ...

Kabelo had tears in his eyes as he looked at me. He tried to move his face. But I held it in place. I wanted him to look at me.

He spoke: "Nikki, I have been through hell and back in the last months. All I want is to forget about it and move on. I'm sorry I didn't trust you enough to open up to you and tell you what was going on. I'm sorry I took too long to sort things out. I'm used to suffering in silence Nikki and as much as you always encouraged me to open up, its not that easy."

The tears rolled down his face as he looked at me. I wiped them away.

Me: "Baby, I'm here now. Please don't cry. You don't have to suffer in silence anymore. I know it won't be easy to suddenly get used to

opening up, but please my love, please try to include me. Your problems are now mine. We will share it all, good and bad"

He took a deep breath and sat me down on his lap. He moved my hair away from my face. He looked at me tenderly with a gaze that spoke a million words. After a long while of me sitting on his lap and him just sitting there and looking at me he finally spoke.

"Nikki, before we can do anything. Before we can start fresh and move on, there is something that needs to be done"...

I wasn't sure what he was talking about. I looked at him and waited for him to continue.

"Nikki, I have an anger problem. Its consuming me. Its becoming too much. I'm even scared of myself sometimes. Baby, I need help"...

**Insert \*36\***

It felt so good to hear Kabelo finally admitting to his weaknesses. Part of the reason why I loved him so much was because he was able to make me melt.

We sat there as I thought of a way to help him with his issues.

"Kabelo, you need to decide what you want to do and what kind of help you want. It won't help much if the decision comes from me. It must all come from you and from there on, I will support you all the way"

Kabelo: "Nikki, I need to deal with my demons. I need to go for professional help if that is what it will take. I hate being a monster Nikki. I hate it"

He looked down at his hands and fiddled with his fingers.

He continued: "You know today when I saw the fear in your eyes as I held that firearm I was wanted to die inside. I realised that you were actually scared of me. I don't want it to be like that."

Me: "Mara baby what made you to be this scary person that you suddenly are?"

Kabelo looked at me...

"Nikki, as a man, naturally I have a male ego. I hurt but in most cases I sweep the hurt under the carpet and pretend not to care. That is not an easy thing to do, the anger keeps building up and building up. I won't put the blame on Tumi, but she played her part in it all. She took my manhood and stepped on it with no mercy. She broke me."

Me: "Kabelo can I ask you something?"

Kabelo: "Yes, feel free"

Me: "Do you know why Tumi cheated on you?"

Kabelo: "When I finally confronted her about it she just said she started to cheat because I was always away. She says she got lonely. I fail to understand her reasons though. She knew I was only ever away because of work and everytime I was in Pretoria I dedicated all my time to her and the kids"

Me: "I see. Baby, besides the counselling there is something else that we need to do."

Kabelo: "Tell me what it is and I'll do it"...

Me: "Kabelo we need to get tested."... Since he and I were now planning on a way forward I was guessing testing would be part of the package.



He answered: "That is not a problem. Just tell me when and where. I'll be there. I want to make this work"...

Ooooh how I loved this man. In the months together we've been through so much but our love was emerging strong again. We sat there for a bit and then I told him I had to go. I wanted to give him space to himself. Space to think. Space to be alone with his thoughts. After a kiss and a goodnight, I was on my way home.

When I arrived at my house the first thing I noticed was that Thando's car was not in the driveway. Thando was gone but good for me I had a set of spare keys in the car. I unlocked and walked in. There was complete silence in the inside. I went into the kitchen for a glass of wine. I needed to unwind and just chill. On the kitchen counter there was an A4 piece of paper. It was addressed to me. Before I could read the contents of this paper my eyes ran to the bottom to see who it was from...

It was a letter from Thando...

**Insert \*37\***

I started to shake. I could never read this while standing. I walked over to the bar stool and took a seat.

I stood up again. I took a wine glass and poured myself the wine that I had come into the kitchen for. I gulped the contents of the glass down my throat in one go. After a second glass I went to sit down again. I wanted to read this letter, but a part of me was scared of what it might say.

I plucked up my courage... I picked it up. I started to shake. I put it down and decided to read it without holding it in my hands...

It read:

"Nikelwa. I am truly happy that you have made the decision that you feel will bring you happiness. As I said before, I will say it again... All I want is for you to be happy.

I had you before but played with my chances. While I was too busy for you, you found comfort in another man's arms. I don't blame you.

Me being there for you last night and today was just me being me. That's the way I am by nature. Please don't feel bad about anything.

I'm happy that you didn't choose to be with me out of pity or because of being lonely. I'm happy that you have decided to follow your heart and be with the one you really love.

I will never hate you or be angry with you Nikelwa. Yes, I'm disappointed that you ran out and left me without any answers... But I have to acknowledge that you did not in any way give me any false hope about us fixing things. I commend you on that.

You were clear with me when you called me that you needed someone to talk to. I clearly jumped the gun and assumed that maybe we had a chance.

I sincerely wish all the best for you and your relationship. I know now that you love this guy because I have never seen you in the way that you were in today and last night.

I hope we can remain good friends regardless of what. This is me finally letting you go now Nikki. But know that no matter what, I don't regret being there for you and protecting you when I had to.

Please, no matter what, no matter when, promise me that when you need me, you will call me. I'll always be your Rambo to protect you...

Love Thando"

I smiled at the Rambo part. I picked up the letter and held it to my heart. Through this whole drama, I had acquired a friend for life and a brother in Thando...

**Insert \*38\***

I wanted to call Thando, just to say "Thank you"... But I stopped myself. This kind of a letter is not the type of letter that needed a response or a reply.

I took a bath and just relaxed in the warm water. I needed to really relax after the days happenings. I lay there in the water until I felt my toes start to wrinkle.

I got out and rubbed my body in my massage oils. Put on my pyjamas and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night my phone beeped as a text came in. It was Kabelo saying goodnight. The last I remember, I was reading the text but then I dozed off again with the phone still in my hand and without replying...

I woke up early the next morning and was surprised to find my phone with me under the covers. I unlocked it and on the screen I saw the text. I had fallen asleep while reading it. To my surprise Kabelo did not harass me with phone calls when I didn't reply to his text.

A smile played along my face. Maybe he really was coming right. Maybe he really was working towards rectifying his mistakes.

I got ready for work and drove off into the morning traffic. At his usual time, Kabelo called. I had missed receiving these calls.

Him: "Good morning my love"

Me: "Good morning baby" (I was smiling from ear to ear)

Him: "Did you sleep well?"

Me: "Yes, I did hey. I'm sorry I didn't reply to your text though. I was out of it"

Him: "Its not a problem. I thought as much"

Wow! Wow! Wow!... Kabelo had really turned over a new leaf.

Kabelo: "Baby, I'll be staying here in Cape Town for a few months hey. I want to book an appointment for my counselling sessions and I would love it if you would attend with me"

Me: "Kabelo, that's a big step hey. Are you sure?"

Him: "As sure as I'll ever be. I have a lot of issues baby and I want you to be there to hear every last detail."

Me: "As long as you're sure, then there is no problem. I will be there. Just tell me where and when."

The morning went by smoothly. I was on a natural high. I was happy. Kabelo was slowly coming right and it was all coming together perfectly. Nobody could mess up my mood.

Later in the day Kabelo called and asked when we'll go for the testing that I had asked for. I said anytime. He came around to collect me around lunch time and off we headed to my family doctor.

When we told the doctor our reason for being there, he asked if we wanted to be tested one by one or if we were going to do it together. We looked at each other, Kabelo held my hand and we both replied "Together"...

After the pre counselling, the doctor drew my blood from my finger and drew Kabelo's as well. He told us we had to wait for at least 20 minutes for the results. Then he walked out of the consultation room with the two testing kits and left Kabelo and I there with our thoughts.

We sat there, hand in hand. Waiting for what seemed like forever. The time seemed to be moving very slowly.

It was now do or die. The results would carve the direction of our future.

The doctor walked back in with some papers in his hands and sat down. I tried to read his facial expression, but he was too fague and didn't show any emotion on his face.

Doctor: Miss Siwisa, Mr Lerumo, I have your HIV test results...

**Insert \*39\***

(This is the last insert and I have made it long and included Insert \*40\* as well for those that were complaining. See you all in Season 2)

We waited with stress written all over our faces. The doctor told us that he had to do some more counselling before he told us the results.

I wanted to jump over that desk and choke the damn results out of him. My heart beat so fast as he talked and talked and asked us all kinds of questions before giving us the results. My body was there in the room but my mind was far, far, away. I was starting to get cold. Can't this be over now?!!

Eventually he was done.

Doctor: "Miss Siwisa, your results are negative"

I wanted to jump up and give him a huge kiss. I took a big sigh of relief. I was overcome with joy.

Then he looked at Kabelo.

Doctor: "Mr Lerumo..." (He paused) "Your results are also negative"

Kabelo stood up, grabbed me out of my seat, hugged me and spun me around the room in his embrace. We thanked the doctor and walked out of there.

"Baby we have to celebrate this"... Kabelo said as we got into the car.

I agreed and we drove off. I asked him where we were going and he didn't respond. He just smiled and asked me to be patient. I kept quiet and allowed him to take charge. I sat back and enjoyed the moment.

When I realised it we were parked outside a shopping mall. Kabelo got out and came around the passenger side to open the door for me. I stepped out and we walked into the mall hand in hand.

Kabelo: "Nikki, I have something that I want to do. This might not be the most romantic environment but please bear with me"

I was confused but agreed. He navigated his way around the mall and at last we stood in front of Browns Jewellers.

Me: "Kabelo what are we doing here?!"

Kabelo: "Let's go in and I will answer your question"

He had the biggest grin on his face.

We walked in. It seemed as if the shop assistant knew Kabelo because they greeted each other warmly.

She asked him: "Is it time?"

He replied: "Yes, the time has arrived"...

I was so lost and didn't know what was going on. The assistant went to the back of the store and came back carrying a small gift bag. She handed it over to Kabelo.

He took it, put his hand inside and came out with a small blue velvet box. I started to get excited.

He went down on one knee and opened the box. Inside the box lay my future. The most beautiful diamond engagement ring. I wanted to grab it and put it on. But I held back.

Kabelo spoke: "Nikelwa Siwisa, this may not be the most romantic setting or the ideal place to do this. It is definitely not how I planned to do this but there is no time better than now. I want us to start all over and on a new platform. I want you to be officially mine. I want our

hearts to forever beat as one. Nikki, what I'm trying to say is... Please make me the happiest man in the universe... Please be Mrs Lerumo. Nikki, will you marry me?"

I didn't hesitate. I jumped up and down and with tears in my eyes and my hands shaking, my knees weak, I said "Yes, of course I'll marry you"...

He gave me a long hug and we stood there and kissed. The other clients in the jewelery store started clapping and congratulating us. It felt wonderful.

Months passed and we were in full swing. We attended Kabelo's counselling sessions once a week. We were growing closer and closer together. I took Kabelo home to meet my family. They adored him. The lobola process kicked in and eventually his divorce was finalised. We were now planning our wedding.

We had even moved in together into my house. Kabelo at first had been uncomfortable but I insisted. He finally agreed but made sure that I knew one thing. Everything in the house was also his responsibility and as soon as we were married we would move out and buy a new house where we would start out afresh. We just could wait to be married.

But at the back of my mind something always bothered me. Kabelo was sooo honest it seemed so unreal at times.

One morning as Kabelo was in the bath my curiosity got the better of me. I noticed his phone on the pedestal on his side of the bed. Now, since Ziyanda and Tumi, there had never been any hiccups in our relationship. Either Kabelo was very faithful or he was good at hiding things.



I took the phone. It was off. I walked out of the bedroom and switched it on. I knew it didn't have a password. I went straight to the Messages. I went into the received texts, it was empty. I went into the sent items. There were mostly messages from his colleagues, sisters and his mom. Then a name I was unfamiliar with caught my attention.

It was saved as "Noxolo Mandalay"... I had never heard him even speak about a Noxolo. I started to shake as I opened the text. My eyes were filled with tears as I read. It said: "It was great being with you today baby. I miss you already my love"

Yhooo, I sank down into the sofa. My heart beat so fast it felt like it was going to jump out of my mouth. I put my shaking hand over my mouth so as to stop the crying sound from coming out. I somehow knew this change in Kabelo was somehow going to have at least one negativity in it. And as a woman I knew that my sixth sense would never let me down. He was on the right path, we were on the right path. Why this? Why now?

Without thinking I sent a text to this Noxolo with Kabelo's phone.

"Mamela ke sisi, did your baby tell you that he has a wife? Ndicela uyekane nendoda yam."

Before I knew it she replied and what she told me in her response was something that I never expected to hear. It was a simple response. A few words but they cut me deep down.

She replied: "Ndiyamazi uKabelo uba unomfazi. But jonga ke sisi, Indoda leyo yeyethu, Iring yeyakho"...

I stood there as tears rolled down my face... As much as I had said those words when I was the mistress and Kabelo was still married to Tumi, I never knew how deep they cut until this Noxolo said the exact same words to me...

\*Sneak Preview into Season 2\*

Nikelwa Lerumo battles with the side chick that keeps reminding her that "Indoda Yeyethu, Iring Yeyakho".

The facts about Kabelo's past with Ziyanda and Tumi are exposed.

Ziyanda and Nikelwa start to become some sort of friends as Ziyanda knows what Nikelwa is going through with Kabelo.

Somebody falls pregnant but then something bad happens.

After all is said and done, Nikki is left with a lot of choices to make and decisions to take.

Where will her love with Kabelo end up?

Will Thando come back into the picture?

Who will Nikki finally end up with?

Season 2 coming soon...!!!!

## Season2

### Insert \*1\*

\* Let's recap... The last Insert of Season 1, Kabelo and Nikki were working through their issues. Kabelo had volunteered to go for counselling and face his skeletons. He had even proposed after they both tested negative for HIV. They moved in together and were planning their future.

\*\* Thando yena we last heard about him when Nikki had left him in her house to go and find "her man". He had later written a letter and left it for Nikki in the kitchen. His last words were "I'll always be your Rambo"...

\*\*\* Nikki's curiosity in the end had got the better of her and she had gone through Kabelo's phone. Only to find things that she had not expected. And now all of a sudden there was a Noxolo in the picture who was telling Nikki "Indoda Yeyethu, Iring Yeyakho"...

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I sat there in silence, tears rolled down my face. This Noxolo was not asking me, nope, she was telling me, informing me that Indoda Yeyethu.

In the distance I could hear Kabelo singing in the bathroom. That bloody cheat I thought to myself... I deleted the text I had sent and the one that Noxolo had sent. I switched the phone off again, tiptoed back to bedroom and placed it where I had found it.

I started to make the bed and as I was busy Kabelo came out of the ensuite bathroom. He was all smiled and looking jolly.

As I bent over the bed, fixing the covers, he came behind me and gently lay on top of me from the back. He wrapped his arms around my stomach and kissed me on the head.

Kabelo: "Good morning Mrs Lerumo"

I felt like giving him a hot smack and wipe that smile off his face but I just gave him a very cold "Good morning Kabelo".

Him: "Hao, and then, why do you sound so down?"

Me: "Aaargh its nothing, I just woke up with a bit of a headache. I'll be fine."

He gave me another kiss on the head and said "Please drink lots of water. I don't like it when you have a headache. You just become very moody".. Then he stood up and allowed me to finish what I was doing.

I gave a fake laugh and said "Yes daddy, I'll do so"...

Right now, I was faced with a problem. Either I confront Kabelo or I let Noxolo tell him that I sent her a text. I decided to keep quiet. She can tell him for all I care.

Now the thing about me is, I don't know how to pretend. If I'm upset, I'm upset. I just can't force myself to pretend I'm ok. That's why I had lied to Kabelo and said I have a headache.

He knew when I have a headache, I don't talk that much. So he would always leave me alone until I was ok.

We prepared for work in silence. Every now and then I would look at him from the corner of my eye and feel a bout of anger come over me. What angered me most is that he didn't have a clue that I knew what

he was doing behind my back. He was carrying on as usual while I was carrying a whole load of unanswered questions within me. When we were done, we left for work in our different cars, heading to our different destinations.

During the morning, I'm sure this Noxolo woman told Kabelo what had happened because he suddenly appeared at my office door, bringing me something to eat. He had a smile on his face which instantly made me feel nauseas. I wanted to ask him what he was doing there and tell him I'm busy, but I noticed that he wasn't alone. He had come with a colleague of his.

I'm sure Kabelo had come to assess my mood and brought his colleague as a shield.

Now as much as I could never pretend. I knew and Kabelo knew that I would be forced to do so in front of this colleague. Pretend as if all is well, when in actual fact, I'm burning up inside....

### **Insert \*2\***

We sat there in my office, the three of us. They were the ones that carried out a conversation and here and there the colleague would ask me something and I would respond and keep quiet again.

After a while of this happening, Kabelo saw the need to explain to the colleague "She woke up with a headache, that's why she seems so offish"...

I stared at him because if only he knew that what he was saying was waaaay off target. Then I smiled at the colleague and said "Yeah, but I'll be ok"...

Putting on that smile took a lot out of me. Saying I'll be ok was difficult as well. After sitting there with me being grumpy Kabelo got up and said he's going to the office next door to greet my friend. Initially I had no problem with that.

Everybody that I worked with was familiar with Kabelo and whenever he was around, nobody seemed to work. Everybody would be sitting around and laughing at his jokes. My friends and colleagues adored him. He was an easy going guy, a peoples person by nature.

Sure enough he and the colleague went out and into the office next door. After about 10 minutes they were not back yet and I slowly got irritated. Some more minutes went by and all I could hear was loud laughter coming from the office next door.

Without thinking I angrily got up from my chair and stormed out of my office. My colleagues office door was closed. I furiously swung it open. I had had enough now. Kabelo and his colleague were both sitting down and clearly having a good time. I looked at him.

Me: "Uze kum apha kule building or uzele uzobutha?"

I was angry. So, automatically I spoke isiXhosa...

He was shocked by my sudden temper and looked at me. "I came to see you Nikki"...

Me: "Then ufuna ntoni apha? Ndicela uze kum or else uhambe"... With that I slammed that door shut and walked back to my office. I wanted to scream. How can he be so happy while I'm soooo stressed and hurt about this Noxolo woman. I was fuming.

In no time Kabelo was at my door and had clearly told his colleague not to come in.

He stood there for a while then he asked me "Nikki are you fine?"

I mumbled under my breath so softly that he didn't even hear me "Am I fine? Yaz bububhanxa obu ububuzayo"

Kabelo: "I beg your pardon. I can't hear what you saying"

Me: "No, Kabelo I'm not fine. Please just go"

I was fuming. He stood there a little longer and when I kept quiet he saw his escape and quickly walked out, closing the door behind him.

I sat there and decided that tonight I won't be sleeping until I get to the bottom of this...

**Insert \*3\***

Well after Kabelo had left I had time to calm down. My anger and irritation levelled down. I got up and walked over to my colleague's office.

I knocked softly and heard her say "Come in"...

I opened the door and gave her a weak smile. She smiled back. By now my colleagues and I had a great understanding of each other. We all had our bad days but we always tried our best to fix things when we were in the wrong. Today it was my turn to eat humble pie and apologise.

I walked in and stood there for a moment.

Me: "Phindi, I'm sorry for that little tantrum I threw earlier hey"

Phindi: "Hai sana undothusile vha, coz I didn't know what was going on. But its fine wethu girl, apology accepted"

Me: "Thanks my friend. And umsindo was not by any means directed at you nhe. Kabelo has got me in a bad mood today"

I sat down and told her the details of what had happened earlier in the morning with Kabelo's phone and Noxolo. After that girls bonding and sharing session I walked out of her office feeling a bit better. At least I had spoken about this Noxolo drama to someone. Now all I had to do was to confront Kabelo about it.

The time for me to go home finally came. I navigated my way through the traffic heading to my house. I got to the house and like a good wife I relaxed for a little bit before cooking supper. Kabelo called and told me that he would be back late. I just said ok but told myself that no matter what time he arrived. I will be waiting patiently for him.

I sat and watched a bit of tv and then after that I had a good relaxing bath. Before I knew it the time was 22h00. I got into bed and switched on my bed side lamp. I sat there reading a book... Patiently waiting.

I heard the gate slide open in the distance then the sound of Kabelo's car approaching. After a while I heard him insert his key into the front door.

But because I wanted to hear him when he arrived, I had locked the door and left my key in the key hole on the inside. He fiddled and fiddled but his key wouldn't go in. Eventually he knocked. I switched off my lamp and I sat there as though I couldn't hear his knocking.

I was being spiteful. He knocked again and again. I knew that in no time he would start to phone me so I quickly grabbed my phone from the



pedestal and put it on silent. Just as soon as I'd done that, he started calling me. The phone rang and rang. It went to voicemail. He called and called some more. Finally I picked up and pretended to have been sleeping.

Me: (In a fake sleepy voice) "Hello"

Him: "Baby where are you?"

Me: "I'm at home, why?"

Him: "Please open, I'm struggling to unlock the door"

I hung up without saying a word. I walked up to the front door and unlocked. I waited for him to enter and then locked up again.

I went into the bedroom and climbed into bed. I was not going to rush this. I had to be cool. Take my time.

Now Kabelo is not a person that would eat at that time. The most he would do was just to grab a banana or something light and then take a bath and sleep.

He did this usual routine as I expected. Took a bath, switched off the lights and came to bed. My bedside lamp was already off. Remember I was pretending to be asleep.

My back was towards him. He came closer and cuddled me from the back. I wriggled myself out of his embrace, got up and switched on the light. I went to stand right next to him. He didn't look up, I'm sure he thought I was busy with something.

Me: "Kabelo"...

He opened his eyes and looked at me. At that moment, that's all the response I needed from him. Just for him to look at me.

Me: "Kabelo, while you were bathing this morning I went through your phone."

He sat up on the bed and fixed his eyes on me. He was speechless. I'm not a confrontational person so I'm guessing even though Noxolo had told him about what I'd done, he wasn't expecting me to ask him about it.

Me: "Kabelo, I'm going to ask you a question and I'm going to ask you once. Your honesty will determine my actions after that"

Him: "What is it baby? You can ask me anything"

He was just so damn calm.

Me: "Kabelo ngubani uNoxolo?"

He opened his mouth to give me an answer. I cut him short before he could say anything.

Me: "Think very carefully before you say another word Kabelo. Please"

Him: "Baby, Noxolo is a mistake that I made once, a long time ago. She means nothing to me"

Me: "Then why in the world are you texting each other? Huh?"

Him: "Nikki, did you even check the date of that text? It was so long ago"

Me: "Give me that phone Kabelo, I want to see that date"

Him: "Baby, this morning when I came out of the bathroom I knew that you had gone through my phone. I knew that the headache was just an excuse. I deleted everything on my phone during the day. All of that is a part of my history. Let's not fight about it please. I can however give

you my phone. You can call Noxolo and ask her if it will make you feel better. Regardless of that though, I'm sorry"

I was not going to call that Noxolo. Kabelo was lying and I knew it. However, my mom had always taught me one thing: "Give a fool a long rope to hang himself"...

Me: "Kabelo yazi I beg of you to do me one favour. Don't start things that you won't be able to finish. Always know that two can play this game that you're playing"...

With that I turned around and went to switch the lights off. I could sense that he wanted to say something but he stopped himself. I climbed into bed and lay there on my stomach facing the other direction.

After some minutes, I felt Kabelo moving closer. He put his arm around me. I didn't move an inch. I didn't say a word. His hand slowly navigated its way to my pyjama pants. He slid his hand into my pyjama's and started playing with my womanhood.

His touch made me fizzle, I started to melt. I was slowly getting wet. He put his one leg on top of me and gently pushed my legs apart. I could feel the hardness of his erection against me.

He started kissing my neck and as he was kissing me he was moaning softly and slowly moving in a circular motion against me. He put his finger into me and felt how wet I was.

I wanted him so bad but I was angry. He slid my pyjama pants off and got on top of me while I was still laying on my stomach.

With his one hand underneath me, on my stomach, he pulled me a bit backwards so that he could enter me easily.

Just as he was preparing to go in for the kill I turned around, grabbed my pyjama pants from my ankles and put them on.

Me: "Ndicela undiyeke Kabelo. I'm tired"...

I could see the irritation on his face. Even though the lights were off, the moon had brought in a bit of light into the room. He rolled off of me, mumbled to himself and faced the other direction.

I lay there and a smile played on my face. I had got him good...

**Insert \*4\***

I lay there with that smile on my face. Kabelo was so restless next to me. Changing positions and tossing and turning. After a while I fell asleep.

I woke up with the ringing sound of my alarm. As I opened my eyes, I felt the heavy arm of Kabelo around me. I didn't even know when he had held me in a cuddle. I moved his arm away and climbed out of bed.

As I was bathing he came into the bathroom and stood there watching me. I acted as if I wasn't aware of his presence. He came over and sat at the edge of the bath tub.

Him: "Nikki, how can I make this right?"

I kept quiet and continued with my bath. I sat there and just to play with him, I opened my legs to give him full view. Then I slowly rubbed my womanhood as I washed it clean. I could feel his eyes on me as I did that. I kept dead quiet and continued tempting him.

He cleared his throat and started to speak.

Him: "N- Nikki, baby, please say something"

I looked at him and his eyes were fixed on my womanhood. When he saw that I was looking at him he shifted his eyes and looked at me.

Him: "I'll do anything Nikki to fix this. Please baby"

I thought for a while... Then I asked him "Anything? Are you sure?"

Him: "Yes baby. I want you to trust me. I want to fix this misunderstanding. Please"

Me: "Ok then. I've decided that I will call Noxolo after all"

Him: (Almost falling from edge of the bath tub from shock) "Really?"

Me: "Yes, really"

He got up and said he's going to get his phone for me. Now I know men. If I allowed him to give the number to me, he was probably going to give me the wrong number. So I was quick in my reaction.

Me: "No no no, don't get it for me. I'll get it myself"

He swallowed hard and I swear he was probably regretting saying I could call this Noxolo. The reason he had said it to begin with was because he knew that I'm too much of a lady to do such things.

I finally got out of the bath and wrapped a towel around my body. I walked out of the bathroom and he followed closely behind me.

I went straight for his phone on the pedestal on his side of the bed. And yes, as usual the phone was off. I walked around to my side of the bed and took my phone as well so I could save the numbers.

I switched on his phone and scrolled down till I got to the person I was looking for: Ziyanda.

Now ladies we all know that when we suspect our men are cheating, we become the best detectives ever. Right now, I was about to be the detective in my marriage.

I was not going to be calling Noxolo. I was going to call Ziyanda. I wanted to start dealing with this cheating problem down from the root... And I knew Ziyanda would be the right place to start.

### **Insert \*5\***

I was not going to confront Ziyanda about anything. After all, the last I ever heard about her was that day long ago at the hotel. I just needed to know what had made her act so crazy when Kabelo left her for me. I needed to know the truth behind their relationship.

I got ready and dressed up for work. I prepared breakfast but I just couldn't eat. I walked to the bedroom and told Kabelo "Your breakfast is on the kitchen counter."

He was still getting ready for work. All I wanted was to get out of the house and find myself in my office so that I could close the door and call Ziyanda.

I told him I was leaving. He got up from where he was bending and putting on his shoes. He walked up to me, held me by the waist and drew me closer to him.

Him: "You look beautiful Mrs Lerumo and you smell good"

He buried his face in my neck and inhaled my scent. I wasn't mesmerised by this action. He was just acting smooth. Trying to soften me up. Little did he know that right now, as much as I loved him, there was no other emotion I felt for him. I was slowly turning cold.

I stood there like a statue while he was looking at me. I had an icy look in my eyes. And he noticed it.

Him: "Nikki are you fine?"

Me: "No, but I'll be ok"... My response was short and quick.

I gave him a kiss on the cheek, wiped the mark left by my light lipstick with my thumb and turned and walked out.

I could feel his eyes burning me from behind. But he kept quiet and said nothing. I got outside and took a deep breath and exhaled. It was not easy being so calm around Kabelo when every fibre in my body and every heartbeat I took was telling me to just punch the truth out of him.

I drove to the office in silence. I didn't need the sound of the radio or even music to disturb my thoughts right now. I needed to come up with a way to get through to Ziyanda. I needed to see her and talk to her. No matter what it took.

Right now, that Noxolo woman was the one sleeping with my husband, but she was the least of my worries. I will get to her when the time

came. She and Kabelo could for now enjoy their little affair. In time I will sort them both out.

It would be useless for me to confront Noxolo. I had already got a peak into what kind of a person she was from the response she gave me when I sent her that text. And quite frankly, right now, I didn't have the energy for her. So, I'll allow her to think she had won the battle...

I found myself smiling to myself. Little does Noxolo and Kabelo know that its all far from over.

I got to the office and told myself I'd call Ziyanda at 10am. The thing is I didn't even know if she worked. So I didn't want to call at 7am and irritate her out of her sleep. I needed her in my corner.

At last 10am came. I took out my cellphone and looked for her number. I lifted my office phone receiver and dialled. I was shaking so hard the phone seemed like it would just fall to the floor.

Her phone rang. I cleared my throat and prepared for her to scream when she found out who I was. At last she answered.

With the softest "Hello"... Her voice right now over the phone didn't match the character I'd met at the hotel that night.

Me: "Hello, Ziyanda?"

Her: "Ewe ngu Ziyanda"

Me: "Unjani?"

Her: "Ndiyaphila sisi, unjani wena?"

Me: "Ndiyaphila enkosi"... My palms were sweating. I had to get to the point. Quick!!!



Me: "Ziyanda uthetha no Nickelwa. Awundazi but we've met before some time ago. Ndiyilantombi yayihleli no Kabelo ehotel the time kuze ufike uknocke"

I could hear start to breathe heavily. I'm sure she was getting mad right now. So I quickly got to it.

Me: "Ziyanda, without ukumoshela ixesha. Bendicela ukubona. If awufuni, I will understand. Mara I just need to talk. Nothing else"

Her: "You need to talk? To me? Ngantoni Nontombi?"

I felt as though she was belittling me by calling me Nontombi. As though I was somehow a little girl in her eyes. I brushed that thought off though.

Me: "Ndifuna sithethe about uKabelo"...

Her: "Yayazi phof uba lo Kabelo wakho andinayo kwanto endidibanisa naye? Why ufuna uthetha nam ngaye?"

Me: "Sisi, bendicela at least sidibane. Sizothetha kakuhle"

The fact that she called me Nontombi meant undibona ndilusananyana. So, I gave her that dignity of calling her Sisi. Just to show her that ndinayo imbeko, regardless of what she thought of me at this moment.

She took a deep breath... Kept quiet for a while. Then she just made my day by saying "Ok ke, akho problem. Sodibana phi?"...

**Insert \*6\***

Well, was I ever so happy that Ziyanda had agreed to meet with me.

We concluded on meeting in a private and quiet restaurant around town the following day. I was very impatient with time throughout the duration of the day.

At last it was 4pm. I called Ziyanda before leaving the office and told her I'm on my way to our meeting place. Now let me tell you something that you may have never known... The reason I preferred to call her from the office is because our office number comes out as "Private" when we make outgoing calls.

I didn't want to call Ziyanda with my personal phone or even text her because that would leave a trail of evidence. So, I'm telling you this now. Sometimes when you want to speak to someone you not supposed to be speaking to or you want to confront them NEVER SEND A TEXT OR CALL WITH YOUR NUMBER. Never leave a trail of evidence. There are times that it will backfire.

In any case I drove to our meeting place. I parked outside and sat in the car for a bit. I opened my hand bag and took out my small mirror. I had to be the vision of perfection. When I was satisfied with my look, I stepped out of the car and walked towards the entrance.

As I stepped closer and closer my heart beat faster and faster. Externally I was looking fabulous. The heels I wore made each stride I took commanding. As I stepped with confidence I knew I was turning heads but played it cool. As though I wasn't noticing the looks of admiration.

I went inside and immediately saw Ziyanda sitting at the corner table. I thought to myself "Sizokhe sibone uba ngubani uNontombi wakho" (We will see who is your little girl)

I walked up to her. And stood in front of her with my hand stretched out for a handshake. She stood up and shook my hand.

Me: "Hi, ndingu Nikelwa" (Hi, I'm Nikelwa)

Her: (She seemed totally speechless by what stood in front of her)

"Hello, ndingu Ziyanda mna" (Hello, I'm Ziyanda)

After that icy introduction we sat down. I put my bag on my lap and placed my hands on the table.

Me: "Would you like anything to drink or to eat?"

Her: "Iced tea would be lovely, thank you"

I gave her a smile and beckoned for the waitress to come over. I ordered two iced teas.

As I turned around and looked back at Ziyanda I noticed that her eyes were firmly placed on my ring. She seemed as though she was in a bit of shock. I could see she wanted to ask about it, maybe to know if Kabelo was the man behind the ring but she kept quiet.

I also didn't go into it. It would eventually come up anyway along the conversation.

Me: "Ziyanda, before anything. I just want to apologise for my part in what happened at the hotel that day. I can never know how you felt, but as a woman, I'm sure it was not a good feeling"

Her: "Please don't apologise. I don't blame you for Kabelo's actions. Even though ke I wanted to slap the smile off your face that day"

Yhooo, she wanted to slap me??!!! I was in disbelief.

She laughed lightly when she saw how uncomfortable I had suddenly become.

Her: "Don't, stress. I'm old enough to know that you didn't go chasing after Kabelo. My anger, believe me was and always will be directed at him. He chased me out of that room like a stray dog, as if he never ever knew me. I'll never forget that"

I saw some tears forming in her eyes. Clearly Kabelo chasing her out that night still upset her. I felt her pain and without thinking I touched her hand just to give her comfort. She didn't pull her hand back. Instead her tears fell down her cheeks silently. I reached into my hand bag and took out some tissues. I handed them to her and she wiped away her tears.

Me: (Suddenly feeling sad for her) "I'm so sorry"

Her: "Its ok wethu. I'll be ok. I'm a big girl"... She forged a smile. I smiled back.

Now it was time for me to get to the point of our meeting. Realising that Kabelo's memory made Ziyanda cry was going to make my task a difficult one.

However, I had come this far and was not going to turn back. I had to dig deep down in the pit of my stomach for the courage to talk. As much as I wanted to know what I needed to know, I didn't want her to cry. Her tears made me feel numb. So after taking a sip of my ice tea to calm my thoughts down, I spoke.

Me: "Ziyanda, I can see what thinking of Kabelo does to you. I'm sorry to have to take you back to the memories. However I need to know"... I paused

"What made you react the way you did when you saw Kabelo with me? What was the basis of your relationship? How long were you guys an item?"

Her: "Why is this all an interest to you Nikelwa? Is Kabelo the man who that ring belongs to?"... She pointed at my ring.

Me: "Yes, we recently got married. But at times I feel like I don't know him. Hence I swallowed my pride and decided to approach someone that knew him before me"

She looked at me as though she felt pity for me. She looked into the open palms of her hands as if the answers to my questions were somehow written there. She looked at me again and softly said:

"You're in for a tough time my dear"...

**Insert \*7\***

My heart sank when Ziyanda said these words. Something in my stomach started to do cartwheels. I suddenly had a scary vision of what was about to unfold.

Should I stop her before she says anything? But I've come too far to turn back now and her words had awakened all the curiosity within me. I cleared my throat and asked her "What do you mean?"...

Her: "Nikelwa, ndimdala kuwe and I know I should not be holding your hand and making you see things ngeyam indlela." (In my way)...

I looked at her. I was not going to say anything until she was done speaking. As if she knew that I wasn't about to respond she continued.

"Mamela ke Nontombi. Wena you are married to Kabelo. I'm not sure how that came about because when I was with him he was already married. But that is none of my business. You being married to him means you are able to make life changing decisions on your own. It also means that Kabelo must have seen something in you to make him take that step with you. What I'm getting at here is that the way things happened between me and him may not be the way they will happen for you. I don't want to discuss the type of person I know Kabelo as, its up to you to get to know him in your own way. All I will do is to share with you my experience with him"

Still I was silent. I did not even want to interrupt her with the questions that were playing around in my head. So she continued.

"I met Kabelo when I was at my lowest Nikelwa. I was down and out emotionally. I was not even looking or ready for a relationship. He twisted my arm with his charm and smooth talk and I eventually gave in. I fell inlove with him. So deep inlove that nobody and nothing else mattered but him. I made him my pillar, I made him my strength, he was my life. I built my self confidence on him and everything I did was based on him. Kabelo is a man full of promises. He promised me that he would never let me go. He promised me that he would always be there and he would never hurt me"...

Tears started to build up in her eyes again. She blinked and they came tumbling down... I just wanted to get up and give her a hug but I stopped myself. I had to let her continue. So, for now the best I could do was to hold her hand as she spoke.

"When Kabelo used to be away from Cape Town, I used to drown in sorrow. It always used to seem as if a big piece of me was missing. As if I'm dying inside. This man was my happiness."

She paused for a while then took a sip from her iced tea. She looked at me as if expecting me to say something. I said nothing.

"Nikelwa that weekend that I found you with Kabelo is by far the worst weekend of my life. I knew he was staying at that hotel. He had seemed cold throughout the week whenever I called him and that Friday I had decided to go and find out what the problem was"

I felt guilty now because I knew I was the reason behind Kabelo being cold to Ziyanda that week. He was too busy pursuing me.

Ziyanda: "Little did I know that when I got to the hotel I would find something so unexpected. As I was about to get out of my car, I saw you two walking out of the hotel hand in hand. Now, since you left the premises on foot, I knew you guys were not going far. So, I told myself that I would wait till you came back. As I sat there, in my car I was so sure that maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me. Until I saw you guys walking back in, still hand in hand and looking very happy and inlove. I lost it. I snapped"...

Me: (I had to say something) "If I had known about you, I would have never even been there in the first place Ziyanda"

Her: "It's not your fault Nikelwa. Kabelo is the one at fault here. I simply lost it because I couldn't believe that after all he had promised me, he was now with someone else. In my mind, he belonged to me. I was angry that he had awakened a love within me but was now with someone else. What did he expect me to do with the love that I felt for him? What did he expect me to do with the promises he had made?"

Her voice was now a hushed whisper. I'm sure because she felt like screaming, but was holding it in. I felt tears form up in my eyes. I was now understanding the woman behind what I had seen that day.

Memories of the months Kabelo had been silent towards me flooded back. I understood how Ziyanda was feeling.

"Nikelwa now you have a bit of a clue of izinto that I went through with Kabelo. I will not by any means pave the way for your marriage. That is up to you. So please don't expect me to dish out any dirt on him. All I'm here for is to talk when you need someone to talk to."

After that woman to woman chat I felt a bit relieved. I was sad for Ziyanda but I respected her maturity and the fact that she didn't want me to judge Kabelo according to his past relationship with her. I walked out of there with my head held high and with a mission to accomplish.

Kabelo was my man. He had chosen me. Now it was time for me to start dealing with this Noxolo woman who had boldly told me that "Indoda Yeyethu"...

**Insert \*8\***

I was happy that I had acquired a new friend in Ziyanda. She wasn't a bad person after all. I could really learn a lot from her. I commended her on the fact that she refused to dish out dirt on Kabelo. She was going to allow me to see him in my own way.

After sharing a brief hug with her outside the restaurant, I walked over to my car and left for home.

Now, I had to think of a solid plan to get at Noxolo. Confrontation has never been my way of solving things. So I would in no way confront her. Besides, she had already shown me what kind of a rude person she is. I had to be like a lady and act smooth.



I got home and Kabelo was already there. His car was parked outside in the yard. I got out of the car and walked into the house. Mmmmmh, as soon as I opened the door the aroma of something delicious captured me. I dropped my laptop bag and handbag somewhere in the passage and hurried to the kitchen.

I found Kabelo there. He was all naked except for the apron that he was wearing. I wanted to smile but quickly remembered that I was still mad at him.

He looked at me with a cheesy grin and said "Baby, I've made you your favourite meal."...

Now I'm a simplistic kind of woman. So my favourite meal is not that complicated. Spaghetti bolognese does it for me.

(So ke readers, when you invite me over to visit you, make me that and I'll be your best friend forever :) )

He came towards me and took me by the hand. He led me to the bedroom and slowly stripped my clothes off. As he was doing this, he was speaking to me.

Him: "I want you to never regret marrying me. I want you to be the happiest woman walking on the surface of this earth. I love you my wife and I'm sorry about indaba ka Noxolo"...

I'm sure the reason he was so lovey dovey was because he had spoken to his mistress and asked if I had called. When she told him that I had not called her, he had probably concluded that I was letting it go.

He had it all wrong. But tonight I missed my husband. I was not going to fight with him. I knew that to get to Kabelo, I just had to be silent. My

silence always bothered him. As they say, "Never underestimate a woman. The loud voice of a man may threaten a woman, but the silence of a woman can shake the consciousness of a man"

I was going to get to Kabelo with my silence. My silence towards him when he does me wrong will eventually bug him and he will slowly start finding his way back to fully being mine alone. I would not call Noxolo, I would not ask about her again. I was just patiently waiting for Kabelo to step out of line and then I would punish him with my silence. When somebody does something wrong to you, there is no greater punishment than silence, I knew that for a fact.

Then Noxolo and I would see if Indoda Yeyethu nyani nha?

After Kabelo had stripped me naked he lifted me up in his strong arms and carried me over to the bathroom. He sat at the edge of the bath tub with me sitting on top of him. He ran the bath and did everything with me still perched on top of him. Then he felt the temperature of the water and when it was to his satisfaction, he led me into the bath.

He then took off his apron and joined me in the water. We bathed but in the middle of the bathing he suddenly came closer and grabbed me and started kissing me. It was as though he had been waiting for this moment for so long. I responded.

He got out of the tub, water still dripping on his sexy, muscular body. He sat on the edge and brought me out of the water to join him. I was now standing outside the tub in between his legs. He picked me up by the waist and spread my legs apart so that they were hanging around him on the sides.

His whole body was outside the bathtub. Mine as well but I was seated on top of him with my feet in the water. He continued kissing me. From

my lips, to my neck, to my breasts. I moaned as I was getting more and more aroused. He slid his finger into my womanhood and started playing around with it.

I threw my head back in enjoyment and grabbed his shoulders for support. When he could feel that I was ready to let him in, he slid his now very erect pen\*s into me. It went all the way in as I sat on it and started riding him. I was going to show Kabelo what I'm really made of tonight.

As I continued riding him he closed his eyes and gave deep moans. He let go of my bum which he had been holding onto very tightly and held on to the edge of the tub...

After a while of him enjoying this he lifted himself up without taking his thing out. He moved us to the bathroom basin and put me on top of it. He opened my legs wider and I allowed him to go all in. He took my one leg and lifted it over his shoulder. I was holding on to him for balance and he had his palms flat on the mirror behind me for balance as well. He went in and in until we both came together.

After that passionate love making we laughed at how messy the bathroom was. Bath salts and bath foams and soaps were scattered in all directions. We continued with our bath and then after we cleaned up the bathroom.

We got into our pyjamas and went to settle in the living area to have our meal. Kabelo dished up for me. I couldn't wait to start eating. It had been a while since I'd ate my favourite meal.

He placed the food in front of me with a glass of wine. I took one mouthful of the food and something in my stomach didn't feel right. I ignored it and continued with the second mouthful. As soon as I had

swallowed, it all came rushing back up. I quickly got up from where I was sitting, with my hand over my mouth and ran to the bathroom.

As I bent over the toilet bowl, throwing up, Kabelo came in and started rubbing me on the back.

Him: "Baby? Are you ok?"

I couldn't answer, it seemed as if even the breakfast I'd had in the morning was also coming back up...

After a whole lot of vomiting I stood up and brushed my teeth. Kabelo was still standing there but he didn't even look the least bit worried.

He actually had a smile on his face...

**Insert \*9\***

Kabelo was standing there smiling, while I continued brushing my teeth.

That annoyed me. Why would he find it funny that I'm sick?

Me: "What's amusing you? Please share"

Kabelo: "Baby, do you even know why you just threw up"

Now what kind of a weird question was that. Of course I didn't know why I was throwing up. All I know is that the food just didn't sit well in my stomach and then suddenly came rushing up again.

Me: "No Kabelo, I don't know why I was throwing up. But it seems as if you know something I don't"

He didn't give me an answer. He waited for me to finish up in the bathroom. Then he held my hand and led me to the kitchen. He pulled out a bar stool for me and I sat down at the kitchen counter. What was going on now? I asked myself. Kabelo poured some apple juice in a glass. Handed it to me and sat down in the chair next to me.

He looked at me and his eyes were twinkling with excitement. I was so confused at his sudden excitement.

Me: "Kabelo, I will ask again. What's so amusing"

I was also feeling a bit irritated now and his twinkling eyes and broad smile were working on my nerves. I hated throwing up. For me it was a painful thing to vomit. I was so scared of vomiting that when it was happening (which was almost never) I would even sweat as I bent over the toilet bowl. So, I just didn't get why he was smiling.

Him: (Laughing) "Baby, I'm smiling because you're pregnant."

I almost dropped the glass on the floor and it would have broken into a thousand pieces on the tiles. I was sure I'd heard him wrong. So, I asked again.

Me: "You said I'm what?!"

Him: "Mrs Lerumo, you my gorgeous wife, are pregnant."

With that he got up from his chair. Took me from where I was sitting and gave me a big bear hug. He spun me around in the kitchen and when he finally put me down, he bent down and kissed my tummy.

Then he stood up, looked at me and said "Thank you for this wonderful gift"

I thought he was absurd. My tummy was as flat as ever. How can I be pregnant. So while he was busy rejoicing, I didn't join him in the excitement. I was still in a bit of shock.

That night we went to bed and Kabelo cuddled up to me from behind and held my stomach throughout the night.

I woke up in the morning before my alarm went off and I just lay there in bed. Thinking about this pregnancy possibility. Finally, I got up and got ready for work.

I got dressed and sprayed on my favourite perfume. As soon as I had sprayed it on, I wished I hadn't. It smelt so awful. I was immediately nauseas. I ran to the bathroom and once again started to throw up.

I decided that I wouldn't be going to work at all. So I got undressed and took another bath. I had to remove that perfume smell from my body. Kabelo said he would stay with me and not go to work.

We sat there in the morning watching tv from the bed. After a while he got up and said "Baby, let's go to the chemist or to the doctor" ...

I was a willing candidate so I just stood up and got ready. We settled on going to the chemist to buy home pregnancy tests. We bought more than one test. We just had to be sure.

Then we drove home and I headed straight for the bathroom. I opened the boxes, read the instructions and followed them. Now it was time to wait for the 3-5 minutes as it said on the leaflets.

It was as if the testing kits couldn't wait for those specified minutes because almost immediately, each one of them started to show me two clearly pink lines...

**Insert \*10\***

Looking at those lines, I was speechless. I gathered the pregnancy tests and opened the bathroom door.

Kabelo was ever so ready for me to share the news. As I opened the door he was standing right there waiting for me.

I didn't say a word. I just handed the tests over to him and stood there waiting for his reaction. By now, I knew he had been excited at the idea that I might be pregnant. Right now, I was giving him proof that the idea, had turned into reality.

He looked at the tests and looked at me. "Baby, they all have two lines. Is it a positive?"

I just nodded my head instead of speaking. I was still in a bit of a shock. I was not expecting this. Not now! Kabelo and I were still dealing with a lot of things.

On the one hand we were still attending his counselling sessions and on the other there was the Noxolo issue that had suddenly cropped up.

Kabelo though didn't seem phased by all of the pending issues. He was just too happy.

He came closer to me and wrapped me in his arms. I buried my face in his chest and took a deep breath. I didn't know what to think.

The rest of the day sailed by and Kabelo had made a call to book an appointment for the following morning with our doctor.

Morning came and we got ready. I remembered not to use perfume because I just didn't want a repeat of yesterday. We drove off to the doctor's rooms in his car.

When it was time for me to go inside Kabelo asked if he could come in with me. He gave me the sweetest puppy face, I just couldn't deny him that request.

I told the doctor what had been happening and as expected I was asked me for a urine sample. The test that the doctor took, said the very same thing as the tests that I had taken the previous day.

Doctor: "Nikelwa, you are indeed pregnant. However, if you are not convinced and want to be 100% certain, we can draw blood and will send it to the lab for more confirmation"

Me: "I don't think that will be necessary Doc"

Doctor: "Ok then. Please go behind that screen and get undressed for me. There is a gown there, you can put it on. I'll be with you shortly. I want to do a scan and check if all is well with you and the baby"

I stood up and walked to where I was told to go. When I was done undressing the doctor came. A number of things were checked. From my blood pressure to my weight. It felt as if I was a piece of meat that was about to be sold.

Eventually she asked me to lay on my back so that she can do the sonar scan.

Me: "Can my husband please be here to see this as well"

Doctor: "Certainly. That won't be a problem"



She peeped around the screen and invited Kabelo to come and join us. Kabelo was only too happy to come. He stood next to the bed, close to my head and stretched out his hand to hold mine.

The doctor poured a bit of some cold gel on my tummy and then dimmed the lights for perfect view. As we saw the small bean shaped thing in my tummy, I felt Kabelo squeeze my hand. I was in total wonder.

There were times when the doctor asked me to take a deep breath so that she could see my liver, gall bladder and other things properly. Everything was perfectly fine according to what we were being told.

Doctor: "Nikelwa, I'm very happy with you because everything is in perfect order. You are going to have a healthy pregnancy"

She printed the image on the screen for us, switched on the lights and left us alone while I got dressed. I took the printed baby scan and looked at it. Tears rolled down my face.

I was going to be a mommy...

We left there and headed to the mall. Kabelo had a new reason to celebrate. We went out for lunch and this time I actually ate and kept the food down. After that we headed back home.

He didn't want me to do anything around the house. I was instructed by him to just sit on the sofa and put my feet up. He would be catering for my every need. I was happy. Kabelo was happy. I wanted things to stay like this forever.

**Insert \*11\***

Things were wonderful in my marriage. Kabelo was the ideal father to be. He was just always by my side and never wanted me to worry about anything. There seemed to be no trace of Noxolo either. Kabelo and I were just enjoying ourselves.

On the third month we travelled to my parents house to share the news. My family was overjoyed. Even though my mom didn't quite fancy the idea of being a grandmother. She said I was making her feel old. But she warmed to the baby and was soon so obsessed with my growing tummy that I felt left out.

After we had told my family, we took a long road trip to Kabelo's home town. His family was also just as happy for us.

His mom was very happy and called me aside for one of her pep talks. I was not keen because everytime we had a chat she always saw it as a gap to badmouth Tumi.

Nevertheless I followed her to the garden and we sat on the bench looking at the sun as it set.

Her: "You know, nothing can ever compare to the happiness I'm feeling right now. You have made me a proud and happy old woman. This is the way that I always wanted Kabelo to experience things"

Me: "But Ma, surely you were just as overjoyed when Tumi was pregnant. This is not Kabelo's first child"

Her: "Tumi and Kabelo having children was a foolish mistake on their part. They were both very young at the time. They didn't even know themselves well yet and they were already faced with raising a child. Don't get me wrong my dear, I love my grandchildren very much. Kabelo though, his mistake of getting Tumi pregnant is what forced him

to end up marrying her. That is why they were never happy. They were forced into a union by Tumi's parents, for the sake of the baby"

Suddenly it dawned on me. I finally had the answer as to why Kabelo and Tumi never seemed to get along. Kabelo had married her just to make her parents happy. He had married her not out of choice, but out of duty. This old woman had unwittingly given me the answer that I'd long been searching for.

After staying a few days there we headed back to Cape Town. Back to our own space.

As the days went by, deep in my mind, something told me I had to let Thando know about the new developments in my life. I felt that at least I owed him that much.

So one day as Kabelo was out buying a few household things, I called Thando. As his phone rang, I quickly wanted to end the call. However he answered before I could do that.

Thando: "Hey Niks"

Me: "Molo Thando, unjani?" (Hello Thando, how are you?)

Him: "Ndi grand marn, unjani wena? Uscarce yho" (I'm good, how are you? You're scarce hey)

Me: "Ndikhona T-Do marn. Mamela I have something to tell you"

Him: "Uske ubenje ke wena, ube serious undothuse. What's up?" (You like being serious and it scares me. What's up?)

Me: "Thando ndimithi" (Thando I'm pregnant)

There was silence. I could only hear him breathing. He didn't say anything. After a while of gathering himself he asked.

Him: "Mithiswe ngubani Nikelwa?" (Who made you pregnant?)

I paused for a bit...

Me: "Ngu Kabelo"...

Thando kept quiet again. The phonecall was now filled with a bit of tension. He spoke.

Him: "Ja nhe. So I guess its safe to say that you guys are on track now"...

Me: "I guess so. I'm sorry to have to tell you over the phone, but andina choice"

Him: "Its cool. Thanks for making the effort and letting me know"

Me: "Ok shap ke. Bye"

Before I could end the call he called out my name.

Him: "Nikelwa"...

Me: "Ewe, Thando"

Him: "Congratulations and I wish you all the best"

Me: "Enkosi Thando"

He hung up before I could say anything further...

## **Insert \*12\***

Many might be asking why I felt the need to inform Thando about my pregnancy... Well, here goes. I valued Thando as a person, I valued the care support he had showed me when I had needed him the most. The last thing I wanted, was for him to find out from another person that I was pregnant. So, call it stupid, call it cruel, at that moment I thought it was best that he hears it from me.

Thando and I had shared a great deal of our lives together. Even though we had our ups and downs, we were together for a good number of years. So, at least I owed him that phone call. I know for a fact had he been in my shoes, he would have done the exact same.

After that phone call I felt like a heavy load had been lifted off my shoulders. I was a bit relieved. Even though I had not got into detail about the lobola payment and other things. The important thing at the moment was telling him about the baby.

Now, as I started to gain a bit of weight and my stomach slowly started to show, I noticed a change in Kabelo. I was approaching my fourth month and he slowly started pulling away.

I'm guessing he was not pleased with the weight gain. Kabelo had always loved me skinny. He loved the fact that I was portable and had a tiny body. We always used to laugh when he would say "Should you gain weight, my baby I'll run away from you"...

I always used to laugh at this but it always cut me deep. However, I never used to make it visible to Kabelo how much his words used to sting me. We were both happy about the baby, but the weight gain was getting to me. It tortured me to look in the mirror. My high waist pencil skirts were suddenly pushed far back into the closet, my low cut jeans and tight fitting tops were now becoming a distant memory. As excited as I was about the baby, I felt like a little pig. My flat tummy was fading away and I suddenly had hips. I just seemed so unattractive.

Kabelo must have felt the same as well. He was there for the growing baby inside of me and made sure I had everything I needed and that I was always comfortable.

One evening as we sat watching tv in the living area, just lounging around doing nothing, his phone rang. He got up, picked the phone up and checked who was calling. Then he walked towards the passage, opened the front door and went outside.

He must have stayed on that phone call for almost an hour. When he came back in I was fuming with anger. Who would be calling him at this time? It was past 9pm. What could they be talking about for that long? Why did he take the call outside?

I didn't get the chance to ask Kabelo those questions though because as soon as he got back inside, he headed straight for the bedroom. I heard the bath water running. He took a bath. Suddenly there was an awkward silence in the house.

After bathing he came up to me. Kissed me on the cheek, kissed my tummy and said he is going to bed. He is tired.

How I wished that I could know what was going on. What the sudden change was all about. Instead I kept quiet and continued sitting there alone.

Time moved on and Kabelo received more and more of these mysterious calls. Suddenly he was always coming home late and when I complained he blamed it on the hormones. My world was again turning upside down. I felt alone. I was stressed. I was slowly sinking into a bad depression.

All Kabelo did now was to give me a small kiss on the cheek and also kiss my tummy. He no longer even touched me. The emotional bond had suddenly evaporated into thin air. I was besides myself with stress.

This one day Kabelo called and said he would be late home from work. I was so used to this tendency that I just gave a cold "Ok"... I was at this time 17 weeks pregnant and for the tiny person I used to be, I felt like a blown up balloon.

I couldn't sleep that night. I kept looking at the time. It had gone past 22h00 and there was no sign of Kabelo. I called, the phone rang and rang and finally went to voicemail. I called again, the same thing happened. I was at the brink of a breakdown. I could feel that I was going to lose it. It had been over a month now of putting up with this attitude.

At around 00h00 I woke up with the need to urinate. I hadn't even realised that I had fallen asleep. I turned and looked over at Kabelo's side of the bed... It was empty. I picked up my phone from the pedestal... There were no missed calls. I dialled his number... Voicemail.

Tears burnt the back of my eyes. I slowly crawled out of bed and went to the bathroom. I sat on the toilet bowl and urinated. As I got up and was about to pull up my pyjama pants I felt a sharp pain in my lower abdomen. I ignored it and bent down again to get my pyjama pants. The pain hit me again and this time it was more severe. I left the pyjama pants right there and started to cry in agony as I walked out of the bathroom. What in the world was happening.

I was only 17 weeks pregnant. I surely could not be in labour. The pain stung again as I tried to walk towards the bed. I felt myself grab the wall in front of me and holding on to it for balance with one hand as I held my stomach with the other hand.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh".... I cried. But in the still of the night my cries echoed around the house. As I was standing there balancing on the wall I felt something warm run down my legs. I looked down.

"This is not pee" I thought to myself. It looks too dark to be pee. I slowly shifted till I reached the light switch.

I looked down at my legs again... I was in total shock. I looked behind me at the direction I had from... There was a trail of blood.

I let out a silent scream...

**Insert \*13\***

I let out a silent scream... That kind of scream where in my mind I'm screaming but no sound is coming out of my mouth.

This can't be happening. What should I do? Where do I start?

I felt my knees going weaker as I stood there with the blood flowing out. I suddenly broke into a sweat. I allowed my knees to give up and was now on the floor on all fours.

I had to call someone. Quick!!!

I crawled to my side of the bed. Every now and then I stopped because the pain got too much. It seemed like it was taking me hours to get to the phone. Finally I reached my pedestal and reached out my hand. I got the phone and dialled the medical aid emergency number.

After a few questions, I gave them the address and hung up. I dialled Kabelo again... Voicemail.



Tears were rolling uncontrollably down my face. I was in pain. I was all alone.

I looked at the time. It was 15 minutes since I had called the emergency number. I was sure they would arrive soon. I crawled out of the bedroom, with the phone in my bloody hand. I went down the passage and struggled to open the door. I sat at the open door way crying and scared.

After a few more minutes I heard the ambulance sirens in the distance. They got closer and closer until I could see the ambulance at the gate. Before the paramedics could even press the buzzer I opened for them with the remote in my hand.

As soon as they saw me at the doorstep they quickly parked and came rushing over to me. As if my body suddenly felt safe in their care, I passed out.

I woke up hours later in a hospital room. The first thing I saw as I slowly opened my eyes was a nurse sitting next to me on a chair. As soon as she saw me opening my eyes she smiled ran out of the room.

In no time she came back with a doctor. The doctor came in and took the clipboard that was laying at the bottom of the bed, next to my.

He moved closer to me and asked "How are you feeling?"...

Me: "Doctor, I saw a lot of blood. Is my baby ok?"

At hearing my question, the nurse turned and walked out. I looked at her until she was out of the room. I looked at the doctor again.

"Is my baby ok?"

Him: "I'm sorry Nikelwa. We tried our best to save the baby. You lost a lot of blood and have experienced what we call a late miscarriage....."

I didn't hear the rest of whatever he was saying. My heart started beating so hard. Tears flowed down the sides of my face and ran into my ears as I lay there on my back. I carefully placed my hand over my stomach. I could still feel my small bump. I covered my face with both hands and cried and cried.

The doctor moved closer and held me by the shoulder.

"I'm so sorry"... He said, his voice in a whisper...

Me: "Where is my phone? Can I please have my phone?"

I was handed my phone. I checked the time, it was almost 5am. I sent Kabelo a text. It read:

"I am in hospital Kabelo. You have stressed me to the point of me losing my baby. I will never forgive you for this. I hope you are happy with what you have done. You have disappointed me so much but all I can say is THANK YOU"... I sent the text.

After a while of me laying there lost in my thoughts the doctor came back in.

"Nikelwa, I'm sorry to bother you. Are you ok to talk?"

I nodded my head...

Him: " Right now we have two choices with regards to the baby. We can either remove it surgically or I can give you something to induce labour. The decision is totally up to you."

After a brief silence, I cleared my throat and replied.

"Please rather induce labour"...

I felt emotionless. I had cried all my tears out. I was just laying there like a zombie.

The doctor left and came back with some sort of pills to induce labour. I was to take a dosage every 4-5 hours until I was in labour.

After the first 2 hours I felt the labour pains starting mildly. I lay there and the tears came up again.

As I started feeling the pains I kept myself calm by playing a song in my head. Music has always been my escape...

In my head I sang, with eyes closed shut, as I held my stomach with both hands in a cuddle: "Xeni wen'ubundihluthe into ebendiyithanda. Ndokuzama Bab'ukuthi mayenzek'intando Yakho"...

As I opened my eyes, there stood Kabelo in the doorway...

**Insert \*14\***

I looked at him standing there in the doorway. I wanted to jump up from that hospital bed and strangle the life out of him... I blamed him

for all of this. I also blamed myself. I had allowed him to get to me so badly that it cost me the one thing I had treasured the most.

He saw that I was looking at him and stepped closer towards me. The anger within me started rising up. Just the sight of him was enough to make me tremble.

He stood next to me and took my hand. I kept quiet. My eyes were fixed on him and I was scared of what was about to happen because I could feel myself fuming.

Him: "Baby... I'm so sorry. I'm sorry I wasn't around when you and our baby needed me the the most. Nikki, please forgive me"

I grabbed my hand away from his grasp. Did he really thought that his apology would make things right. Would his apology bring my baby back. With the little strength that I had in me, I sat up on the bed. I looked at him and just shook my head. Tears rolled down my face.

Me: "Where were you Kabelo? Where were you when I needed you the most?"

He attempted to answer. I put my hand up and cut him before he could utter another word. I had to say what I wanted to say.

Me: "I called you Kabelo. Your phone was off. I sat there in a pool of my own blood. As minute by minute my baby was losing life...."

I was now almost speaking in a whisper. My voice was in a hush. Not because I wanted it to be, but because I had been crying so much for these past hours...

"I called out your name Kabelo. Your name. But you were not around. You, that had promised to always make me happy. You, that had promised to always be there. You, that had promised to forever hold my hand through it all. I sat there and I cried out your name... But you were not there. Do you think sorry is going to make it ok?"

He stood there in silence... He sat down on the chair next to the bed and buried his head in his hands.

Him: "Tell me what I can do to make it ok Nikki"

Me: "There's nothing that I want you to do Kabelo. Nothing can take away the physical and emotional pain I'm feeling right now. So no, there is nothing you can do. In actual fact, I want your conscious to chew you up every day until you can't take it anymore. Now GET OUT!!!"

Him: "Nikelwa please, baby don't do this"

Me: (Screaming) "GET OUT!!!!"

The nurse who had been with me earlier came rushing in and when she saw how hysterical I was she escorted Kabelo out. I cried uncontrollably as I lay there on that bed. The labour pains were now so severe as well and the doctor decided that it was time for me to give birth.

With the help of the doctor and nurse, I finally gave birth.

Doctor: "Would you like to see her?"...

How I longed to hear my baby cry. But instead there was a cold silence in the room.

It was a baby girl! The thought of seeing my baby just made me numb. I closed my eyes and gave a nod. I heard the doctor move closer towards me.

Doctor: "Here she is..."

I opened my eyes. She looked so precious even though she was not yet fully developed. I held out my hands so that I could hold her. She was so tiny, she perfectly fit in my one hand. Tears came flooding down again.

I softly stroked her tiny body with my fingers.

Me: "Naledi... That's what I'm going to call you. You are my precious Star. Everytime I look up into the night sky and see the stars shine, in my heart I will know that you too are amongst them. I love you Naledi and I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough to give you life"

As I broke down the doctor and nurse stood there. Speechless.

I was informed that there was a Catholic facility within the hospital where all babies were buried. However, if I wanted to bury Naledi in my own place of choice that was also fine. I agreed to have her buried at the Catholic Memorial with all the other little babies. I asked for her to be wrapped in a blanket so that she wouldn't get cold and for a toy to be placed in her tiny coffin with her so that she wouldn't get lonely.

As the day progressed, everything really started to kick in. All this while Kabelo had been sitting on a chair outside my room.

I had allowed him to see our daughter. I know I didn't owe him anything, but deep down I prayed that him seeing Naledi would knock sense into him.

When the doctor told me he was discharging me, late in the afternoon, Kabelo came in with a small overnight bag. Inside it had toiletries and clothes for me to change. These all seemed new so I guessed Kabelo had gone to buy them for me. I bathed and changed. I signed the discharge forms and we left together in his car.

There was a very chilly silence as we drove home.

We got into the driveway and he parked the car. As soon as I stepped up to the door I remembered the blood on the floor in the house. I took a deep breath and opened the door...

Memories of what had happened started flooding back as the blood trail welcomed us. I swallowed hard and stepped in. I could see the shock on Kabelo's face. I walked to the kitchen and got a bucket, some soap and a brush. The blood had dried up on the floor.

As I knelt down with tears in my eyes, I started to scrub the blood from the floor. Kabelo came up from behind me.

Him: "Baby, please leave that. I'll do it for you"

Me: "Kabelo, ndicela undiyeke. Now you want to clean up the mess. There would be no blood on this floor if it wasn't for you. Yohlukana nam please"...

I scrubbed and scrubbed and with each scrub, I felt as if I was scrubbing a part of me away...

## **Insert \*15\***

After I had scrubbed the floor the first time I was still not satisfied. The tiles were clean but there was a permanent vision of the blood still painted on my mind.

I emptied the bucket, filled it with water again and started scrubbing all over again. All this while Kabelo had been standing there looking at me.

Saying nothing. I didn't want him to say anything. I was afraid that any word from him would make me lose it. If he spoke to me right now, I don't know what I would do to him. His silence was enough.

After I was done scrubbing for the second time I got up and emptied the bucket and put it away.

After that I went into the bathroom and stripped naked. I stood in front of the mirror. My breasts were still tender. I held my stomach.

I gathered myself together and walked over to the bath tub. I opened the water and ran myself a warm bath. I needed to just sit and relax. I needed lose myself and just calm down. These past hours had been very hectic for me.

After my bath I put on my robe and walked over into the closet. I got out a few sports bags.

All this while Kabelo was somewhere in the lounge. I could hear the tv playing in the distance. I took out all his clothes from the shelves, I removed more of his things from the hangers, I collected his toiletries and shoes. Every last item of his that was in sight. I took it and shoved it in the bags that I had.



I closed the bags and carried them one by one out of the bedroom into the passage.

I walked up to where he was sitting, grabbed the remote control and switched the tv off. He looked at me in sudden confusion. I held out my hand as if waiting for him to give me something.

Kabelo: "Baby what's up?"

Me: "My house keys please"

He had a look of shock on his face. I didn't care one bit.

Him: "Baby, what's going on? What's wrong?"

Me: "Kabelo, I don't want to lose my temper. Not today. Please hand me my house keys and go back to wherever you were last night and this morning"

Him: ""Nikki, I know you probably feeling emotional right now. Please baby don't do this. I can explain"

Me: "Will your explanation bring back my baby?"

He was silent...

Me: "I thought as much. Now please give me my keys and leave. I have had enough."

Him: "Ok, I'll give you the space you need. I'll go and check in at a hotel. Just let me pack a few things"

Me: "No need to bother yourself with packing. I've already done that for you."

I pointed at the bags. His eyes followed the direction in which my finger was pointing. He took a deep breath.

He slowly gathered his things as I stood there, grabbed his phone and car keys. As he exited I called out his name.

Me: "Kabelo"...

He looked back very fast, probably hoping I was going to say I've changed my mind.

Me: "My keys please"...

He took them out of the bunch that he had with him and handed them to me. As soon as he gave them to me I closed the door shut while he was still standing there looking at me and locked it...

**Insert \*16\***

As I locked that door I let out a big sigh of relief. That was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do.

I stood with my back on the door. I could hear him moving outside, probably packing his bags into his car then I heard him start his car and go...

After I was sure that he was completely gone I went to go and get my hand bag and car keys. I had to go and see my mom.

I got to the family house and was suddenly scared to leave the car and go inside. I eventually got out and went inside.

My mom and brothers were happy to see me but their happiness soon turned to concern when they noticed that I was totally not ok.

Mom: "Utheni waske waqumba? Yintoni ingxaki?" (Why are so upset? What's the problem?)

Me: "Eish, andazi noba ndiqale ngaphi" (Eish, I don't even know where to start)

Mom: "It will be easier uba uqale ekuqaleni" (It will be easier to start from the beginning)

I looked up to the ceiling in an attempt to hide the tears that were in my eyes...

Mom: "Nikelwa, thetha nam. Kwenzeka ntoni?" (Nikelwa, talk to me. What's going on?)

Me: (Still looking up, with my eyes closed shut) "Ngumntana" (Its the baby)

Mom: "Utheni umntwana?" (What's wrong with the baby?)

I took a long breath. I looked at my mom. Frustration was written all over her face.

It took all the strength within me to answer her.

Me: "Mama, I lost my baby"... Saying it out loud made it feel so real. So permanent.

Mom: "Yoooooooh Nkosi yam!! Yhini Bawo wam Nikelwa!! Yhini Bawo wam umntanam!!" (Yoooooh my God! Oooh my God Nikelwa!! Oooh my God, my child!!)

My mom came and held me tight. This was the first time somebody had actually held me tight since what had happened. The first time I had some proper human contact. I felt safe in my mothers arms. I stayed in her arms for a long while.

She wanted to know where Kabelo was. I told her what had happened. After our chat my mom came with her Bible and we all prayed. I felt that I needed that so I sat there as they all gathered around me in prayer.

I cut my visit short and announced that I had to leave. I wanted to rest and just be by myself. I got into the car and inserted my Keke cd. I searched for one of my favourite songs "Madi A Konyana" (The Blood of the Lamb). I put it on repeat and drove back to my house.

As soon as I had got inside my phone rang in my bag. It was my mom. She wanted to know if I'd arrived safe... She wanted me to go home for a while. She didn't like the idea of me being alone. However all I wanted was to be alone with my thoughts. We spoke for a bit before hanging up.

As soon as I hung up my phone rang again. It was Kabelo.

Me: "Hello Kabelo"

Him: "Nikki, are you ok baby?"

Me: "Yes, I'm ok"

Him: "Well, I just wanted to tell you that I've booked at the Garden Court in town"

Me: "Good for you. Enjoy it"

Him: "Nikki, please..."

I don't what he wanted to say because I hung up and switched off my phone. I didn't have an appetite so I went straight to bed.

As I lay there I started speaking. I started having a conversation with God.

Me: "God, I know I always challenge you when things seem to be going bad. I'm sorry for that, however I am only human and I know you won't judge me for my mistakes. Today you have shown me that nobody has more power than you. You gave me a life to nurture and have now taken it away from me. It is a bitter pill that You have given me to swallow, however I will swallow it. I can never understand why things had to happen like this, but God it is not my place to question Your will. Help me Father to develop a healing heart, help me to be strong, help me to be able to walk with my head up high again. Protect my little Naledi and keep her warm for me at night. Remind her forever that her mother will love her always. Help me God to move on from this dark phase. I am not strong enough for this, but I know with you I will overcome. Hold my hand Father and when I get tired and cannot carry on anymore, I ask for only one thing... Please carry me in your arms!!!"...

### **Insert \*17\***

After my conversation with God, I stood up, went to my bedroom window and looked up at the stars. "Good night Naledi" ... I whispered.

I went back to bed and managed to briefly fall asleep.

I woke in the middle of the night with a baby's loud cry echoing in my ears. For a minute I listened to the cry ringing in my ears and actually forgot about my reality.

After a few more seconds, however, it came back again and I sank back into bed. I covered my head and lay there. I must have dozed off again because I woke to the sound of my alarm. I had forgotten to switch it off.

I opened my eyes and took my phone from the pedestal. I had to inform my colleague that I won't be coming in for the rest of the week.

I dialled her number. Before it rang, I quickly hung up. I decided to send her a text. It read:

"Morning dear, I won't be in office for the rest of the week. I'm not feeling well"...

She responded: "Pregnancy has made you so fragile hey. Lol. Anyway see you when you come back mommy. Feel better"...

I didn't respond. I read her text over and over again. Then I decided to delete it. If only she knew...

I got up and went to sit in the living area. I was in some sort of a daze. I sat there and watched the tv. After some time I could feel that I was hungry so I just made myself a fruit salad and ate.

As I sat there, my phone startled me out of my thoughts. It was Kabelo. Again.

I picked up...

Me: "Hello, Kabelo"

Kabelo: "Nikki, I need to see you. I need to explain things. I can't allow you to go through this alone."

Me: "Kabelo I will ask you once again. Will your explanation bring back my baby?"

Kabelo: "It won't my love, I know it won't. But please give me a chance. Just hear me out."

Me: "I have nothing to say to you. You have hurt me too, too much. All this while I chose to ignore things and keep quiet. What have I gained Kabelo from that silence? Ndicela ungandiphambanisi please."

Kabelo: "Nikelwa, I'm hurting too. This was our baby. I know I messed up. I know I disappointed you. But please, allow me the chance to explain myself"

Kabelo right now was the least of my worries. I had thrown him out and so far I had no regrets. I still stood by my decision. I was not ready to hear his explanation. I was not ready to even see him. I was just not ready to deal with Kabelo. Right now Noxolo could have him, I couldn't care less. If I had her number I would text her and tell her "Things have changed. Indoda Yeyakho, ndiyakupha" (The man is yours, you can have him)...

Kabelo just had to allow me to grieve. I had lost Naledi without him being there when I needed him, so he had to let me grieve without him being there. I didn't need him now. The tables were slowly starting to turn.

I had an icy feeling inside of me. I resented Kabelo. I had once worshipped the ground he walked on... But slowly I could feel myself regretting ever meeting him.

Me: "Kabelo, I will talk to you when I'm ready. Not now. For now, feel free to do as you please. Just please let me be"

Kabelo: "I'm not sure what you mean when you say I must do as I please. Nikki, I will wait for you no matter how long it takes. I love you."

Me: "You're in for a long wait Kabelo. That, I can promise you"...

After I hung up, I replayed the conversation in my head. "Could this be the start of me letting Kabelo go? Is our end drawing near?"... I asked myself.

## **Insert \*18\***

I stayed alone for about a month. Kabelo was still wherever he was and made sure he called me three times every day to "check up on me".

I was slowly getting stronger emotionally. After Naledi's passing I had hit rock bottom. I had lost all hope in everything. But I prayed every single day. I didn't pray to move on, I prayed for strength. Bit by bit, day by day, God was slowly answering my prayers.

After a month without Kabelo, I was able to think things clearly. I was able to calm down and really sit down and listen to my heart.

I was feeling somehow free. I was even able to smile again. I could think of Naledi and smile, instead of thinking of her and crying.

My friends were all there for me, every step of the way. They became so protective of my feelings that it even started to feel as though it was too much. However, I loved them for being there for me through it all. I loved the peace they brought with them when they were around me.

I now felt stable and strong enough to face Kabelo. Knowing that I had lost my baby and he was nowhere to be found is something that would always haunt me. But in any case I decided it was finally time to see him.

I still didn't want to know where he was that night. Knowing where he was might just bring up all the anger that I had managed so hard to get rid of. I didn't want to take myself back to that.



After plucking up all my courage, as I sat at home, I dialled his number. This was the very first time I had called him since that night.

I'm sure he was shocked by this because he didn't even let the phone ring for long. He jumped to answer it.

Him: "Hey my baby"

Me: "Hello Kabelo"

Him: "How are you? Is everything ok?"

Me: (I wanted to tell him to please stop acting) "Yes, everything is well, thank you. I want to see you please."

Him: "Sure! When? Where?"

Me: "Please come over to the house after 5 today"

Him: "I'll be there. I love you Nikki"

Me: "Sure"... I didn't have a response to his declaration of love.

Right on time Kabelo arrived at the house immediately after 5pm. He still had the gate remote. He drove in and knocked on the door. I opened and allowed him in.

He didn't know whether to shake my hand or to hug me. So he just said "Hello".

We walked to the living area. I offered him juice and he gladly accepted.

I got to the point.

Me: "This has not been an easy ride for me. It has been hard. I have worked through my anger Kabelo. I have prayed, I have even been fasting. I am now at peace. However I cannot completely be at peace with myself if I still have anger towards you. So, as difficult as it was for me to do this... I have forgiven you. I have forgiven you for not being

there when I needed you. I have forgiven you for disappointing me. I am forgiving you Kabelo"

Kabelo: "Nikki if only you would allow me to please explain."

Me: "Please tell me something Kabelo"

Him: "Yes"

Me: "Is your conscious clear? Were you busy with things that you were not supposed to be busy with that night?"

Him: "Nikki, no. Just let me explain"

Me: "Kabelo, please don't. If your conscious clear, then let's leave it at that. I forgive you and today I am setting you free"...

### **Insert \*19\***

Kabelo's jaw dropped. He sat there with his mouth open wide. I know he was totally shocked and wanted to understand what I meant by saying "I'm setting him free"...

Instead of explaining myself, I also kept quiet and waited for him to actually ask what I meant.

After finding himself again, he really did ask.

Him: "What do you mean?"

Me: "Kabelo, what I mean is, I'm freeing you from my heart. But the best of it all is that I'm freeing myself from the chains of your love. Kabelo, I once loved you. With all of my heart and soul. I would have moved mountains for you. I would have

sacrificed my world, just to keep you happy. You saw that and instead of keeping my love safe, you used it to take advantage of me. You played me like a piano and I've allowed you to do so for far too long now. I am tired Kabelo. I'm really tired" ...

As much as I still loved Kabelo, I needed to set him free. I was making this move for my sake. For my own sanity. I needed to be without him so that I could get to know myself again. I needed to be alone so that I could rebuild my life again.

Him: "Nikki, I don't want to be free. I want to be with you. You are my life Nikki. There is no me without you. I have no reason to even walk this earth if you not by my side. I promise Nikki, I will be a better man for you. I will change. I will be the kind of man that you are looking for. I will be the best husband to you and I will make up for all my past mistakes. What am I to do without you in my life Nikki. There is no joy without you. Please baby, I don't want you to set me free. I love you"

Wow!!! That was a speech that I had not been expecting. I had my mind made up that whatever the case might be, however hard it would become, Kabelo and I were through.

Even though my mind was made up. Kabelo still remained the one person that I had loved with all of my heart. He still remained the one person who had taught me so much about myself. He had been my guide in most cases but being with him again was something that I didn't see happening.

I had weighed my options. If I continue to stay with Kabelo, there is no guarantee that he would change. I would possibly be setting myself up for heartache again in the new future.

If I left Kabelo, I would be heartbroken, yes. I would miss him, yes. But in the long run I would find happiness again. In the long run, I would eventually forget about him.

Me: "You know, there is one mistake that you are making. I hear everything that you're saying, but there is just one mistake. If you truly want to change and be a better man, don't do it for me. If you say you are going to do it for me, then you're doing it for the wrong reasons and you will one day go back to your old ways. Change because you want to change. And until you feel that you want to change for yourself and nobody else, then don't force yourself into a corner by making that kind of a promise to me."

I was much younger than Kabelo and I know he was shocked by my sudden advise. I've always played the part of a good little wife who never questioned him or spoke out of turn.

He had now pushed me to be a very vocal Nikelwa. And I could see, he somehow felt ashamed that as young as I was, I was more mature in thought than him...

He left after our conversation and went back to the hotel. He looked very frail and had even lost some weight. I could sense that he was not happy at all that he had to go back. But I stood

my ground. It was now my turn and he would just have to stay at that hotel and learn to grow up and be a man.

### **Insert \*20\***

After Kabelo left I had some time to myself. I had time to sit back and take a deep breath. It was over. Kabelo would never change... As long as he thought he still needed to change for me, then it was a pointless exercise.

Being without him broke my heart. But its something that had to be done. I had to let him go. I had discovered that I seemed to love Kabelo more than I loved myself. That was not healthy.

Everyday I prayed for strength to let go. I prayed for a strong heart and I cried out to God asking Him how it could be possible for me to love another human being more than I loved myself.

God is the one that had given me life and I was supposed to put Him first above all. Well, God must have heard my cries. He must have heard my prayers. As time went by, I became stronger with each morning that I woke up. I started to find my life's purpose again on my own. I regained all the confidence I had lost.

Kabelo and I are still in contact. But more as friends. Friends with unfinished business. Sometimes now weeks can go by, even months without us talking to each other, not because we

are angry at each other, but because we don't need to be in contact. Through him hurting me, I became a bigger person. Even though we will never be together again. Even though things will never be the same again. We are still good friends and we still have a special bond. After all, he is the man that changed me from being a girl to a woman. He is the man that taught me some valuable lessons in life. He is the man that even now, still cares about my wellbeing and my happiness. He failed me when I had given myself to him, he says he will forever regret that, but through it all, we both walked away wiser than before.

We have a lot of bad memories but we always look past them. Whenever we meet, we let the good memories take charge. Dwelling on the bad of the past will not do either of us any good. I have forgiven him completely and want only the best for him.

Till today I still don't know where he was that fateful night. I still don't want to know. Yes, I have forgiven him, but for the life of me, I'm not ready yet to know what was happening that night. But whatever he was doing, I know God had a hand in it. Maybe things were supposed to happen the way they happened. So that I could finally have the courage and wisdom to walk away. That incident somehow helped to open my eyes.

Thando and I are also good friends. Whenever I'm around in Cape Town we meet up for a chat. He has always cared and I value his friendship. He is a married man now and has a

beautiful daughter. I am happy for him. I don't regret breaking up with him. He wasn't the man for me. Regardless of how much he cared, the love I felt for him was not the kind that he was looking for from me. I'm satisfied with being his friend.

I have moved on and found love again. After a long time of being scared to love again. I met someone who showed me that I should learn to open up again to love. Bit by bit I broke down the walls that were surrounding my heart and I let him in. It was not an easy thing to do. I was scared but because he was patient with me, I finally allowed myself to love again. I love him and am happy to wake up next to him in the morning. Sometimes I just lay in bed next to him and stare at him. Its unbelievable that I have such an angel in my life. He is my **PILLAR OF STRENGTH**. His patience with me is never ending and I'm proud and happy to have such a wonderful man.

I pray everyday for our love to be one built on a firm foundation of trust, honesty, loyalty, humility and happiness. And because our bond is based on prayer, it is strong. We have our fair share of disagreements, but our rule is to never go to bed at night with pending issues. I don't want a repeat of my past.

Kabelo as I understand is taking a break from anything serious when it comes to relationships. He is just working hard and losing himself in his career. He says his job is what motivates him to carry on. I believe him because he always had a massive love for his job.

Ziyanda and I talk over the phone every now and then. She was sad to know of me and Kabelo breaking up. She had genuinely thought I would be the one to guide him and help him see and do things differently. She is like an older sister to me. Always has an ear ready to listen and time for a quick chat.

I am a happy woman right now. I have a happy soul. I have a full life that I'm living to the best of my ability. Everything I do now, God is my foundation. I consult Him and He is the one that guides me through everything.

One thing I have learnt is that it may be nice to boldly say to someone "Indoda Yeyethu, Iring Yeyakho"... But when the tables are turned and those words are being said to you, you will want to die on the spot...

I am now happy, I am free, I am grown and I have learnt...



