



## 1. CHANCE MEETING IN RANDOM PLACES

*I hate Monday mornings!*

This occurred to me as the alarm went off. I had a morning introductory class for my B Com Honours degree at Wits University. I graduated Cum Laude with my undergraduate degree and my parents were very proud. Of course they would be! They expected it of me what with a hot shot advertising executive for a father and a paediatrician for a mother. Both my parents were from humble beginnings and they swore that my older brother Odirile and I would transcend their background.

When I passed matric with flying colours and told them I wanted to follow my passion of Dramatic Arts they wouldn't hear of it. Instead I was subjected to aptitude tests until a career that "made sense" popped up. Without discussion I

was told that I either had to chose between Actuarial Science or Chartered Accountancy. Being the vivacious person I was I knew the former would subject me to endless numbers, formulae and very little human interaction so I opted for the latter. It's not that I wasn't good with numbers, in fact I had an aptitude for it but it didn't mean it was something I envisioned doing for the rest of my life...

I got out of bed and checked my phone and there were messages on Whatsapp from the group chat I had going with my girlfriends, those crazy girls.

**Lee you really need to get out more this year**

**It really needs to be one of your new year resolutions Lerato, I mean really**

**When are you going to live a little?**

I smiled. I can't believe they continued having a conversation with me long after I had gone to bed. Nonhlanhla or Noni as we call her, Kagiso or KG and Portia were my closest friends since I'd come to varsity. We met on the registration line in first year and had instantly kicked it off when during the conversation we discovered that we were all staying at the same residence. In those early days we would have people to vent to when our room mates were up to no good or too much good. I lived vicariously through my friends' academic lives because they had studied some degree or other in the Arts. I was always called the brain of the group. I attended each and every practical that was available for public viewing at the Wits Theatre when they were on and imagine myself on that stage, losing myself in the character. I moved to a self-catering residence when Noni, KG and Portia all graduated and moved out of the residence. They are all working on some or other productions so I won't get to see them as often as before but we still chat daily.

I showered and got ready for class. I grabbed an apple and a banana because I don't have much of an appetite in the mornings. My phone rang as I was walking to the gate to catch the bus to campus and it was mommy dearest.

“Morning mama how are you”

“I'm good ngwana ka (my child) I just want to check up on you did you settle in ok?”

“Yes mama I did. Odirile helped me move in yesterday and so everything is settled. Sorry I couldn’t call I was so tired after that.” I said as the bus arrived.

“Ok ngwana ka we’ll chat later I have an early appointment. Have a good day.”

“Le wena (you too) mama. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

And that was a daily morning ritual. Since I came to varsity she would call me every morning to wish me a good day before she started working. We had a good mother-daughter relationship. My mom was always strict with me but fair. There were things she was flexible with but others she absolutely did not compromise on like what degree I should study.

I got into the bus and it was quite packed. My residence was the second last one on the route before the bus got to campus. I looked around for a seat and there was an open one next to some guy. Ok correction, quite a hot guy. I walked over and sat next to him. He had earphones on and he was reading a book. I sort of gave him an unsure smile as I sat down.

It’s not like I haven’t dated before or something but I hadn’t had a boyfriend in almost a year. When the final year of my degree came I thought it best to focus on the things that mattered like not being a statistic and failing my final year. My ex, Mtho just never got me anyway. He always complained that I studied too hard or rather that I was always studying. He was working at the time and I was the nerdy student that couldn’t really accompany him to each and every braai or house party. It started getting quite annoying to have to explain to him how difficult final year was. So we both went our separate ways and since then my focus has been on my books maybe until now...

“Hey do I know you?” That got my attention and stopped my wool gathering. Mr Hot Guy was speaking. I looked around thinking maybe he was talking to someone else but as I looked around my eyes settled on his and he smiled at me.

“Uhm I don’t think so” I responded apprehensively. I wasn’t sure whether it was a pick up line or he was genuine. You never know these days. For all I know he does this on a daily basis in the bus. He smiled again...He had a very nice smile.

“Ok maybe not know you, know you but I’ve seen you at the Wits Theatre a couple of times.” Maybe it wasn’t a pick up line after all.

“That might have been me or maybe not.”

“Why not, do you have an identical twin sister or something?” He looked me straight in the eyes. I looked away.

“Maybe...you never know.” I said with a smile.

“I’m Les.” He put his book on his lap and extended his hand to me. I looked at his hand, looked at his face and put my hand in his. Such a simple gesture that’s been used for generations as a greeting and yet it seemed sacred.

“Hi Les, nice to meet you.” I pulled my hand away and looked at the door because the bus stopped at the final bus stop before campus. He chuckled put his earphones on and resumed his reading. I took my phone out and responded to the group chat.

**U ladies r crazy. Hw wer u havn a conversation with me in my absence**

I took my phone out because Mr Hot Guy or rather Les was making me feel something I didn’t want to acknowledge at this point. I went into Facebook to check my notifications and accepted a few friend requests from some high school people I lost contact with.

**We know u’l read it wen u get up. Wa bhora (you’re boring) sleeping in d middle of d convo**

KG responded to my message. She was always telling me how boring I was.

**Akere u guys tel me d same thing evry singl day. It’s lyk a lullaby puts me right to sleep ☐**

I smiled as I typed that.

## **Oho ull rememba us 1 day. I met a guy yesterday!**

That was KG for you always meeting “a guy”. The drama queen that she was everyone was always “The One”. I thought I’d shock her and the group.

### **I just met a guy...**

I sneaked a peak at Les as I was typing to make sure he couldn’t see my screen.

### **What? Where? Details pls!**

The bus stopped on campus and people started getting off. And I quickly typed...

### **Class time, we’ll chat later...mwah!**

I took the phone and put it in my bag as I got up to leave. Les also put his book in his bag and got up.

“So you think it’s fair for me to tell you who I am and you remain shrouded in mystery?” He spoke behind me close to my ear. I ignored the tingling sensation I felt down my neck. I realised he was quite a tall guy because my head reached his chest.

“A name is expensive” I responded forcing myself not to look back at him and got off the bus. I didn’t know whether I just keep walking or stop and chat to him. It was 7:40 so I still had time before the 08:00 class on West Campus. He made the decision for me when he fell in step next to me.

“Expensive is relative”

“Don’t you have a class to get to?” I stopped and smiled at him. He smiled back.

“I do but there’s a much more important mission right now and I still have a good 15 minutes left.” We resumed walking.

“So what are you studying anyway?” I asked him as we passed the Chamber of Commerce building.

“I’m doing a Masters.”

“A masters! Wow that’s impressive!”

“I think it’s unfair that you know so much about me and I know nothing about you.”

“Well...you know that I frequent the theatre and where I stay by virtue of catching the bus this morning and that my class this morning is in West Campus. That’s a lot of information.” I smiled at him. I’ve BEEN smiling this whole morning.

“So it was you and not your supposed identical twin sister at the theatre?” I giggled. OMG I don’t giggle. I mean I laughed lightly.

“Ok my class is in this building, thanks for accompanying me. I’m Lee and I’m doing an Honours degree” I stopped outside the FNB building.

“Oh ka di last minute you decide to divulge information. That’s sly of you Lee. The name suits you. You look like a Lee.” I laughed.

“Really, How do Lee’s look like? I gotta go class is in 10 and you need to get to your class. Nice meeting you...what’s your name again?” I teased.

“Aww that wounds me that you can’t remember!” Then my phone had to ring. I haven’t had such a good morning in a while and my phone rings! I took it out and KG was calling me. She wouldn’t stop until I spoke to her.

“Look Les I’ve got to take this. Thanks for the chat. See you around.”

“I thought you didn’t remember my name Miss Lee. Until next time.” He winked and left.

I answered the phone.

“Aowa friend you can’t drop a bomb on Whatsapp and just leave it like that! Kgante dintshang ka wena (what’s going on with you)! This is the first bit of action you’ve had in forever!” KG was a real drama queen.

“No friend, I’ve got class. Can’t we meet for like supper Friday night before your show there’s not much to tell really. Ask Noni and Portia about dinner. I gotta go.”

“Ok friend I’ll ask them and we’ll chat in the afternoon. I also have rehearsals now. I will see you on Friday for my opening night. Ciao Ciao.”

Insert 2

“So dish the dirt. We’ve already discussed the weather, your first week of honours, my rehearsals, Portia’s baby mama drama and Noni’s unsuccessful castings. Now, who is the guy? We’ve been waiting all week and you’ve been so evasive! I’m on stage in like 30 minutes.” KG asked as we were standing backstage with her before her opening show at the Market Theatre... They all had their eyes trained on me.

“Well...his name is Les and he’s doing a Masters not sure in what. I met him on the bus to campus and that’s it.” I said a bit disappointed. The whole week I was secretly hoping I would bump into him but he wasn’t on the bus for the rest of the week. Maybe he was a figment of my imagination.

“Aowa friend is that it? He must be intelligent if he’s doing a Masters and maybe a year or two older than you but how does he look?” Noni asked wiggling her eyebrows. She was always the one making assumptions on very little information and it has gotten her into trouble many a time.

“He’s tall, witty and he’s got a nice smile but I haven’t seen him since that Monday morning. So like I’ve been saying the whole week, there’s not much to tell.”

“Hey girls let’s go sit so KG can do her warm ups and get in the zone. Don’t break a leg friend see you on the flip side,” Portia said ever the practical one. We hugged KG and went to collect our complimentary tickets at the ticket office.

As we were walking there, I got a message from my brother and I was typing a response I wasn’t looking where I was going and bumped into someone. Damn it!

“Sorry,” I said without looking and pressed send.

“Miss Lee, fancy meeting you here,” I knew that voice like the back of my hand because I had replayed our conversation over and over during the week. I actually thought I was day dreaming. I looked up and there he was.

“Hi Les,” my heart was beating so fast I thought it would jump out of my body.



My friends slowed down when they realised that I was speaking to someone and stopped to look at me.

“Go fetch the tickets I’m coming now,” I said to them. Noni smiled at me and pulled Portia who wanted to stay and watch the show happening outside the theatre.

“Girls night out?” He smiled. I didn’t explain his smile well. He had a gorgeous smile.

“Something like that. One of my friends is in the show so we’ve come to support on opening night and you?” I looked around and there was another guy standing on the side waiting for him.

“My sister is also in the show so I came to support. I always come for her opening nights even when she was still in varsity. She graduated recently so this is her first real show after varsity.” He’s so well spoken. Wow.

“You’re a supportive brother. That’s good Les.” He’s looking straight into my eyes. Such an intense look.

“You’re a supportive friend, that’s good Miss Lee.”

“Are we stealing each other’s lines now?” I chuckled.

“I’d like to steal your phone and put my number in so I don’t have to rely on the universe to see you again.” Gosh am I getting sweaty palms?

“Why can’t you just be a normal guy and ask for my numbers?”

“Because I’m not like other guys. So can I steal your phone for a sec?” He extended his hand with his palm facing up. I couldn’t resist even if I wanted to so I put my phone on his palm. He smiled took it pressed a few buttons and I’m guessing he dialled his own number and hung up. “Thanks Miss Lee.”

“Thieves don’t usually give back stolen goods,” I smiled as he handed me the phone.

“Well I’m not a regular thief and my thieving has only begun. I’ll be stealing a few things now that you’ve let me in.” He winked and started walking away. “Enjoy the show.” He went and met up with his friend.

I went through my phone to see whether he had saved his number or just dialled it. He had saved it in my phonebook. I tried not to smile in case he was watching me and went to meet up with the girls.

The show was absolutely awesome. They got a standing ovation at the end from the crowd. I couldn’t help looking around to see whether I could spot Les but obviously it was dark so I couldn’t make him out. When the show started I spotted his sister immediately. They must have really good genes in that family. I knew her sister, not personally but I had seen her in some of the shows. She was really good. The lights went on and people started vacating the venue. We had to wait for KG so we waited outside.

“Oh my goodness I’m starving!” KG eventually came out with the other actors. I saw Les hugging his sister and he caught me looking. He waved and I waved back and he was gone.

“Oh my gosh KG you missed out! We got to see the Les guy. He was here in the flesh! Lee failed to mention how hot he was!” Noni said excitedly.

“You should’ve seen Miss Thing over here all goo goo gaga smiling from ear to ear,” Portia added. I rolled my eyes.

“Come on girls, let’s not be too dramatic. Ok he is kinda hot isn’t he?” I smiled.

“Oh come on now so I missed meeting mystery man? Kill me now on my opening night nogal! I’m starving girls let’s go to my place. You’re all sleeping over right?” We all agreed in unison and got into Portia’s car.

Insert3

I woke up quite early and feeling refreshed. So I decided to make some breakfast for the girls when they wake up. KG stayed in a two bedroom apartment in Sunninghill sponsored by her dad. Some girls had all the luck to have parents who support their craft. He was paying for the rent and everything. I walked out onto the garden to get some fresh air and my phone rang. I looked at the screen and it was Les!

“Hello,” I said with a smile.

“You’re up!” His voice had a richer timbre on the phone.

“Why would you call me if you thought I was still sleeping?”

“I don’t know, just so I can satisfy myself that I could. You good?”

“Yep I’m good. Going to start breakfast for my friends. You?”

“I could be better but I have the urge to steal something from you again.” My smile widened.

“Really? What would you like to steal now?”

“A little tiny bit of your time today if you not busy...” Is he asking me out on a date?

“Well...I’m sure we can make a little tiny bit of my time available if I know why.” He chuckled.

“I’d like to take you somewhere.”

“That’s vague Les where?”

“Say yes and you’ll find out.” My heart is literally in my throat.

“Ok yes. So now what?”

“I’m going to come pick you up at 2pm will you still be at your friend’s place or res?”

“Come pick me up with what? We met on a bus so I didn’t think you had a car.”

“I do but my sister was using it the day we met so she dropped me off at Park Lane so I could catch the bus. I needed to meet a prof there at Wits. So where will you be?” Oh my goodness is this really happening!

“I’ll be back at res by then. So if I don’t know where we’re going what should I wear?”

“In the two instances I’ve seen you, you looked good so I’m sure you’ll figure something out. Just casual clothes are fine.” Did he just compliment me? If I were white I’d be blushing right about now.

“Ok Les. You’ll call me when you’re on your way then.”

“Ok cool no problem until later then Miss Lee.”

“Bye Les.”

“No, see you later Miss Lee.” And he hung up the phone. OMG I’ve got a date for the first time in forever. I ran screaming into the apartment and woke the other girls to let them know the news.

**Enjoy the date and give us the juicy bits when you get back**

KG sent a message on our group chat.

**Will see how it goes.**

Les called me when he was outside. He parked the car and got out so I could see where he was parked. He looked good. As I approached he came around and opened the door for me.

“Hey Les,” I said as I got in the car slightly disappointed he didn’t hug me hello. He got into the car and we drove off.

“You look beautiful,” he said glancing at me briefly before looking at the road again. Oh my gosh I think I did blush black person that I am.

“Thanks. You’re not too bad yourself. So can you tell me now where we’re going?” I asked shifting in the seat so I could face him. He smiled.

“Thought I’d take you to the Top of Africa. I haven’t been in a while thought it would be great to go.” I was puzzled.

“Top of Africa? Do you have a private jet somewhere? How are we going to get to the top of Africa by car? That journey would take forever with a car.” He started laughing.

“What? Am I missing something?”

“Top of Africa is the top of the Carlton Centre building. It is the tallest building in Africa so hence the name. It’s nice going up there it gives you perspective.” I felt stupid.

“Oh that sounds interesting. We learn something new everyday.”

When we got there we took an elevator all the way to the top. We eventually made it outside and what a beautiful view it was. Absolutely spectacular. I was speechless. It was a bit windy though with it being so high. For a while we both just stood there admiring the scenery. The hustle and bustle of city life was continuing downstairs but we seemed far removed from it all. Then I started asking him the different buildings I could see in the distance. Some were easily recognisable others not so much until I asked him whether a building was the Johannesburg College. He couldn’t tell which building so he came and stood behind me and said he wanted the same line of vision. I’m secretly hoping it was an excuse to get close to me. He smelled good. After he had seen it, he moved away and we sat down to have a light lunch at the restaurant there.

“So how is it?” He asked making gestures with his hands. I smiled at him.

“It’s absolutely gorgeous. I didn’t know there was such a gem in the heart of CBD. I may come here before exams just to clear my mind.”

“I can relate. I used to do that when I was doing my undergrad. Anytime you want to come through let me know I love coming here.” He had started with his intense looks again.

“So is Les short for Lesley?” I asked changing the subject. I didn’t want to think about the future or whatever. For all I know he could have some hidden agenda for inviting me out here.

“No my full name is Lesego.”

“Oh ok my full name is Lerato but everybody calls me Lee.”

We chatted for what seemed like forever because before we knew it, the waiter was telling us that they were closing soon. That’s when we realised it was almost six o clock! I learnt so much about him. He was originally from Pretoria and his sister’s name was Katlego and they shared an apartment in Fourways. He studied a B.Sc in Civil Engineering and he was currently working at Murray and Roberts doing his Masters part time. He enjoyed Theatre, Sports, Books, Movies very diversified hobbies. I realised how much stuff we had in common unlike Mtho. I was trying not to get too excited by him in case he was just toying with me or something. Mind you, he hasn’t really stated his intentions or anything so I may be jumping the gun a little bit.

“Where did the time go?” I said to him with a smile.

“Time flies when you’re having fun I guess. Let’s get the bill so we can go.”

When we got in the car we were both quiet. It was a companionable silence though as we were listening to METRO fm. This had definitely been a great day. Breakfast with my girls, incredible lunch with Les. Just then his phone rang.

“Les, hello?”

“Hao Katli akere you said one of your friends was going to come pick you up?”

“I’m not home. You have to be there by seven? Do you know how inconvenient this is?”

“Ok fine I’m coming.” He hung up the phone looking frustrated.

“Is everything alright?” I asked as I could only hear one side of the conversation. He took a deep breath.

“My sister has to go to tonight’s show and she told me she had made arrangements with someone to come pick her up but now the person can’t anymore. She insists I’m her final resort. I don’t want it to seem like I’m taking advantage of your time but do you mind if we detour a bit so I can fetch her in Fourways, take her to Newtown and then drop you off? If I drop you off first there won’t be enough time for her to be there by seven. I know it’s inconvenient and...” I didn’t let him finish. Why would I say no to spending more time with him.

“It’s fine Les, I don’t mind. I didn’t have anything specific planned for tonight anyway.” I smiled and looked at him so that he knew it was genuine. He smiled back.

“Thanks Miss Lee. Sorry about that.” He got onto the highway to get to Fourways. He called his sister when he was outside. She came out running in a flurry, realised I was in the front seat and went into the back.

“Sorry abuti, I know I inconvenienced you,” she got between the two front seats and extended her hand to me, “Hi, I’m Katli do I know you, you look familiar?” she said staring at me intently.

I turned a bit and smiled. Do the siblings greet everybody they meet the same? “Hi Katli I’m Lee nice to meet you. You’ve probably seen me around. I’m KG’s friend I think you guys were in the same final class.”

“Oh yes I thought I recognised you. KG is great hey. We were lucky to get cast on this show.”

“Yep it’s a very good show as well. I was there last night for the opening show. The characters are vivid and the plot progresses nicely. I really enjoyed it.” Les looked at me.

“Hao Miss Lee you sound like Katli when she talks about these things.”

“She does akere (right) Abuti! Were you an actress in your former life?” I laughed out loud.

“No, I wanted to do Dramatic Arts but my parents didn’t think it was a viable career path so I did Accounting instead.”

“Oh ok eish parents are quite annoying at times. Nna my parents gave up on me and either way they have their golden boy Lesego.” She said and stuck her tongue out.

“Don’t start Katli there’s no such thing. So how are you going to get back home?” Les asked as he pulled into the parking at Newtown.

“Well...”she hesitated.

“Aowa Katli o batla gore ke go late (no Katli you want me to fetch you)?”

“Please abuti tlhe? My plans didn’t go accordingly.” She bit her lower lip. Les exhaled loudly.

“Ok it’s cool. I’ll be here at ten thirty.”

“Thanks bro you’re the best. Nice to meet you Lee I’ll tell KG I bumped into you.”

“You too Katli thanks.” She got out the car and she was gone.

“Sorry you had to suffer through that. My sister is quite the drama queen..” I chuckled.

“It’s cool Les it wasn’t unpleasant or anything. It’s been a good day nonetheless.” I said and looked at his profile. He was such a hot guy everything in its place on his face. He looked at me briefly and smiled.

As he pulled into the parking lot at my residence, my spirits took a little dip. It had been such a good day with him I was reluctant to see it end. He switched the car off.



“Thanks for letting me steal your time although I stole much more than I indicated I would.” He turned in his seat so he could look at me. I smiled at him.

“I didn’t mind that it was stolen. In fact you didn’t have to steal it. I gave it freely.”

“I had a great time Lee. Thank you.”

“I also had a great time. Thanks for the invite. I guess I better get going so you can rest a bit before you fetch your sister.” I said but made no move to get out of the car.

“Ya I guess I should get going...so...can I see you again?” He said and looked at me. My heart started beating rapidly again. I smiled at him.

“That would be nice. You’ll let me know when then I’ll see whether we can meet up.” He got out of the car and came around to open the door for me.

I got out and he closed the car door and stopped in front of me.

“Thanks once again for the great time,” I said breathlessly.

He came closer to me. Oh my gosh my heart rate must be abnormally high right now. His face came close to mine and he kissed me on the cheek and gave me a hug. It was heavenly to be in his arms. I realised as I held him that he felt like he was well built. We held on much longer than was considered a normal hug. I could’ve stayed in those arms forever.

“Have a good night Miss Lee.” We both pulled away.

“Thanks Les you too. Drive safely,” I couldn’t stop the stupid smile on my face.

I went into my room and threw myself on the bed. Oh my gosh what an awesome day that was. I took my phone out and as expected my friends had been having a field day on our group chat.

**I think I like him...Please don’t ask me about the date? I will tell you guys tomorrow. I’m going to study for a bit. Love you guys. Mwah!**I took out my books and started going through the week’s tutorials.

Insert 4

It's been a month now since the date I had with Les. School work has started building momentum and it's getting quite hectic. Although Les and I chat on a daily basis I haven't seen him since. There would always be something in either of our lives that would prevent us from meeting up. It started getting quite annoying. Being the prudent person I am I would always wait for him to initiate the contact. I didn't want to seem forward.

Today was a Saturday and I had planned to go through my tutorials and maybe go see Noni in the evening if she wasn't busy. She had been having a hard time with not being able to get cast for anything. She needed some cheering up and I thought I would surprise her.

My phone rang and it was Les.

"Hi Les, how was the family dinner last night?"

"Hey Miss Lee, it was good to see my parents again. My mom went all out ka di seven colours on a plate. Can you imagine on a Friday! But I guess she was happy to have us home. Katli stayed behind she's coming back tomorrow. How are you doing? What are you up to?"

"Was thinking I'd do laundry and maybe some tutorials. Will see how I feel."

"Hmm that sounds really entertaining...can I give you another option maybe?" my smile widened.

"Sure let's see if you can beat that," I laughed.

"My friends have tickets to watch an ODI at Wanderers. I have an extra ticket please come with me?" Yes! Finally!

"Sure. I won't be the only girl there right?" I said doing a little dance in my room.

"No it's a whole group of people going through. So can come I come pick you up in an hour? We all meeting at my place at 11."

"It's eight now so you'll be here at 9?"

“Yep, have you eaten? I can hook up some breakfast when we get back to my place.”

“I didn’t know you could cook Les. What other talents are you hiding?” I heard him laugh.

“I didn’t say I could. Save that comment until you eat the food. I’ll see you soon.”

After I hung up I immediately hit the shower. I put on my shorts, a top, my sandals and took a cap as well. I packed a pair of jeans and extra top in my bag in case it got a bit chilly later on. I didn’t know what would happen after the cricket. I liked being prepared. I’m meeting the friends! I hope the girls are nice and I can relate. Most girls don’t like me and I’ve never understood why. KG says I’m too beautiful I intimidate people. I think it’s ridiculous I’m no great beauty I’m just normal. I quickly let the girls know and just then Les Whatsapped me and said he was outside.

I got outside and he was already coming around to open the door for me. He was also wearing shorts, a T-shirt and flops. I instinctively opened my arms and he hugged me and squeezed. It felt so good. He pulled away and looked at me.

“You look beautiful as always. My memory didn’t do you justice. Come let’s go,” he said and kissed me on the cheek. I got into the car and felt like I was floating.

“Thulani the guy I was with at the show is going to go to the store to buy some drinks for us. Do you know what you going to drink? I know you mentioned you like white wine?” He looked at me briefly.

“Yep I do like wine but I don’t want to make a snobby first impression on your friends. I’ll have Hunters Dry today and I won’t get buzzed as quickly.” He laughed out loud.

“My friends won’t take it that way but if you want Hunters then I’ll let him know. I know they’ll like you as much as I do.” He stopped short when he realised what he’d said and cleared his throat. I needed the confirmation so I didn’t let it go. I smiled at him.

“Oh so you like me huh?” I looked at him. He looked at me briefly as we pulled into the parking at his complex.

“You know I do Miss Lee although that came out so unexpectedly from me. Not the smoothest delivery.” He rubbed his head.

“It’s fine Les. I kinda like you too.” I said shyly. He looked at me as if surprised and then smiled. He got out and opened the door for me. I’m getting used to this gentlemanly treatment. He likes me! I was so excited. Does this mean we’re dating now or what? When I came out of the car he hugged me. It feels so good to be in his arms this way.

“Come let’s go inside,” he said as he took my hand and locked the car. He had a ground floor unit so he opened and said “Welcome to my humble abode.”

It was not so humble after all. It was spacious for a place in Fourways with a nice lounge area, plasma tv, stand, sound everything. The colour combination was red, white and black. There was some art work on the walls it was quite a nice place.

“Wow, this is impressive. Did Katli decorate?” I asked as I sat down on the corner couch. He went to open the sliding door so some fresh air could come in.

“I’m so wounded that you wouldn’t think it’s me and actually it was me. Katli only moved in with me this year she was in res last year.”

“Like I said what other talents are you hiding Les?” I said smiling at him.

“I hope with time you’ll find out,” he winked at me and went to the kitchen to make some breakfast. I switched on the TV and changed to a music channel. I took my phone out.

**Ahh friend I can’t believe your love life is so much better than mine this year!** KG said on the group chat.

**LOL friend I have a like life it’s not a love life yet. He told me he likes me** ☐

**We already knew that he did though friend. That can’t surprise you.** Noni responded.

**Ya all those late night calls and whatsapp messages etc. now you're meeting his friends. This is going somewhere...**Portia said.

“And here’s your food,” Les said as he handed me a plate with an omelette on it. I put my phone away.

“Wow this looks delicious! Thanks.”

“I told you, save your comments until you’ve tasted it.”

He sat next to me on the couch and we ate. The omelette was divine and filled with bacon, cheese, peppers and mushrooms. We ate in relatively companionable silence with intermittent checking of our phones. I think he was finalising details with his friends regarding today.

“That was awesome Les thanks. So you can cook after all,” I said as I got up and took his plate as well.

“Not really, there’s things I make really well and others not so much. I’m trying to impress here so I made the only thing I know never flops. It’s a strategy,” he winked. “Thulani, his girlfriend Tumi and her friend Chelsea are on their way. They should be here shortly.”

I started getting nervous about meeting people from his world. We had talked so much I felt like we’d known each other for years but all of that was in a vacuum. I wondered whether his friends would like me.

“How long have they been together?” I asked as I sat down. He took my hand and started playing with my fingers. It felt so intimate.

“Thulas and Tumi have BEEN dating from like our varsity days. He’s probably going to marry that girl in a year or so. They moved in together this year. She did law so she’s at some law firm in Sandton.” So these girls were older than me obviously and working. I mean it’s not like I was super young I’m 21 turning 22 this year and Les is 26 turning 27. It’s not such a big age gap. I started getting nervous wondering whether I would be able to relate.

“Don’t look so worried. It’s going to be fine.” He covered my hand with his and squeezed. Then he pulled me towards him and put his arm around me. I put my head on his chest.

“Sometimes friends make or break these things Les. Next thing you get convinced that I’m too young for you or something.” He held me tighter.

“No babes, that’s not going to happen. I make my own decisions when it comes to who I date and besides your age means nothing to me. We relate, we connect and we have a lot of things in common. Don’t worry it’s going to be fine.” His phone rang, Thulani and them had arrived. He pressed a button on his cellphone to let them in. He then gave me a kiss on the cheek and got up to go open for them.

**The best friend and the girlfriend have arrived. Nervous as hell**

**You’re beautiful, intelligent and you have nothing to worry about. Just be your great self. Good luck!** Noni responded.

“Les my man, how’s it bra? Let me grab a glass of water” Thulani walked in and gave Les those manly hugs. He was a bit shorter than Les with dreds and dark. He went into the kitchen.

“Hi Lesego o kae?” I figured that was Tumi. She was a yellow bone with corn rows. She hugged Les as well and I felt a pang of jealousy although I knew they were just friends. Was I being for real?

“Oh Les, haven’t seen you in a while! Where are you hiding?” I figured that was Chelsea’s voice. She was a coloured girl, very hot girl. She gave Les a hug and held him tighter than was necessary. Les tried to pull away and she held on even tighter. What the...

“Guys come through let me introduce you to Lee,” they all came through to the lounge. I stood up from where I was sitting on the couch. Thulani and Tumi were smiling but Chelsea didn’t look impressed. She stared at me slowly from head to toe. I hope my 16” Brazilian weave was still intact and not messy from when I was sitting on the couch.

“Hi Lee, Thulani here this is Tumi my girlfriend and Chelsea her friend,” Thulani said as he extended his hand. I took a deep breath and smiled.

“Hi nice to meet you Thulani,” I said and shook his hand. I said hi to Tumi who smiled back at me and to Chelsea who just didn’t respond.

“So Les where’s Kamo, Thlogi and Shabba?” Thulani asked as he sat down and Tumi sat on his lap. They were such a cute couple. Les came to sit next to me and I was grateful. Chelsea was shooting daggers at me with her eyes. What is her deal?

“They should be here shortly. You know those ones and their random girls.” Les responded checking his phone.

“Well I must say it’s quite nice that Les is bringing someone for a change,” Tumi said looking at me.

“Ahh Tumi don’t start now please.”

“So Les where did you meet Lee? She looks a bit young for you to have met at work?” Chelsea said. I don’t think I like this girl. She doesn’t even know me.

“Hao Chelsea how rude!” Tumi exclaimed.

“We met at Wits Chelsea. Lee is doing her BCom honours,” he said irritated and looked at me and smiled.

“Yep we met in the Wits bus actually,” I smiled back. I wasn’t going to let this coloured girl get to me. She must not come here with her coloured tendencies!

“How sweet. So she actually is a child no pay check at month end except from the parents,” she said every word dripping with sarcasm. Tumi gave her a questioning look. Thulani cleared his throat. Ok no more Miss Nice Guy.

“Actually I’m striving to study so I don’t have to receive a pay check but write them out,” I said sweetly. The claws were out bitch. Les, Thulani and Tumi smiled. Then Les’ phone rang.

“Ok the other guys are here let’s go.” Les said and everybody got up. Before I was out the door Les called me back.

“You ok babes? Don’t mind Chelsea she’s a bit special because she’s wanted me forever and I’m just not interested in her. Are you ok?” he hugged me.

“Yes I’m ok. Everything is ok when you hold me,” I held him tighter.

“It’s going to be a long day so anytime you feel like you can’t deal anymore then we’ll leave ok? I don’t really bring girls to these things so it’ll take some getting used to from everyone” he searched my eyes.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. Don’t worry about me we going to have a good time right?”

“Yes we are.” He kissed me on the cheek and we left.



Insert 5

We got to Wanderers Stadium and parked then we all congregated.

“Yo Kamo, Tlhogi, Shabba come here guys,” Les said as Thulani was taking the coolerbox out of his car.

“Wat’s up Les man?” One of the three guys said. I wasn’t sure which one.

“This is Lee, Lee these are my boys Kamo, Tlhogi and Shabba,” Les said as he brought me forward. Kamo was a short guy with an afro and glasses. Tlhogi was a chubby guy with a brush cut and Shabba was a tall dark guy. They all gave me a hug.

“Hi Lee nice to meet you girl,” Kamo said.

“It’s about time my boy represents,” Shabba said.

“Nice one dawg where did you find her?” Tlhogi said.

Les laughed.

“You guys make it sound like I’m a random. You’re giving a wrong impression to Lee here.” They all laughed.

“Are we going to laugh and bask in the sun all day or are we here to watch Cricket?” Chelsea asked starting to walk away.

“Eh and then otsenwe keng o (what’s up with her)?” Shabba asked as he picked up his coolerbag and some of the food. Apparently Tumi was cooking up a storm last night salads and all.

“Eish bra don’t even ask hey, rough things those,” Thulani responded.

Les took my hand as we walked to the stadium and squeezed it then looked at me.

“You good?”

“Yep I’m awesome.” I squeezed back. The other three guys had brought girls with them but they weren’t introduced and they didn’t seem to mind. They looked about my age as well and they were speaking Zulu the whole time. Tumi and Thulani fell in step with us and put Les and me in the middle. Chelsea was right in the front by herself. She must just keep her distance from me.

“Sorry about my friend Lee, she’s a bit special sometimes,” Tumi said. I smiled at her.

“You don’t have to apologise for your friend’s behaviour. Besides, it’s cool. I’m good.”

“Nice to finally meet you hape Thulas kgale a mpotsa ka wena (has told me a lot about you). Lesego was always talking about you to him,” she said dropping her voice a little so it wouldn’t carry.

“Hey Tumi o sebela Lee eng moo (what are you whispering to Lee there)?” Les asked looking at her.

“Ahh we are just talking Lesego kgante keng. Yho wa bhora yo!” And we all laughed. Chelsea turned back at the laughter and gave me a piercing look.

When we go there we got settled on the grass. I wasn’t much of a cricket fan but I could follow the rules because my brother and my dad were crazy about the sport. Tumi and Les had brought blankets for us to sit on and some garden umbrellas. I sat down and took out some sunscreen and rubbed it on my arms, legs and face. I was not a yellow bone but I definitely didn’t want to get a few shades darker. Tumi sat next to me and Chelsea next to Tumi. The other 3 girls were sitting a bit of a distance away. I called out to them as the boys were getting drinks out of the cooler boxes.

“Hey, I’m Lee,” I said extending my hand.

“Hi I’m Nomathemba, this is Zama and that’s Nosi,” one of them said.

“This is Tumi and Chelsea, I said extending the introductions. They waved hi and moved a bit closer.

“You’re so nice hey. I don’t know how to deal with people I don’t know very well especially girls. Even at work it’s a bit of a problem for me,” Tumi confided calmly.

“Most of the time they are just as uncomfortable as you and one of you just need to make the move. My friends are drama queens and they introduce themselves to anybody and everybody incase it’s a director or writer of a theatrical performance,” I said smiling. Shame I missed my crazy friends.

“Miss know it all right?” Chelsea mumbled under her breath. I just ignored her.

Les came over and handed me a Hunters. He had a Castle Light in his hands. He came and sat behind me and put his legs on either side of me so my back was to his front. I moved back a bit towards him incase he thought he was being respectful and giving me some space. He kissed my ear and I felt it go right through my body. I resisted the urge to shudder.

“O sharp babes?” he whispered in my ear. I nodded I couldn’t speak for fear that my voice would come out sounding strange. Chelsea was shooting daggers at me. I could feel them through her sunglasses. Once I had sufficiently calmed down I asked him whether he wanted sunscreen and he said he did so I gave it to him so he could put some on himself. Why couldn’t it be me putting some sunscreen on him. Oh my goodness me and my wayward thoughts. I can’t even tell my friends because he might see my screen. I looked at Tumi and Thulani beside us and Thulani was the one between Tumi’s legs using her chest as a pillow. It was such a nice day.

After about two hours or so everyone was into the game and people were starting to get buzzed so conversation was flowing, we were joining in the singing with the the other people on the grass and then one of the South African cricketers scored three 6’s in a row. We all got up and clapped and cheered. I turned around and hugged Les and right there with millions of people around us, he kissed me for the first time on the lips. Initially it was a tentative kiss on my lips and I kissed him back and he deepened the kiss. I felt a moan in my throat but it was too loud around us for anyone to hear me except Les of course. He held me even tighter then he hugged me and gave me a chaste kiss on the lips before we concentrated on the game again. My heart was racing as is always the case when he’s around. Oh

my God-o I haven't felt like that in ages, if ever. He held me from the back as we stood for the final over and he kept kissing my cheeks. I was walking on cloud nine, high on deep emotions, buzzed from the alcohol and then the game ended and we won. People were celebrating all around us. When we walked back to the car he had his arm around me.

“So are we going back to your place Les?” Kamo asked holding Nosi's hand. She looked less tense than she was when they got here earlier.

“Yes sure let's do it. There's still food left mos or do we need to get more?” Thulani asked.

“I think it'll be sufficient,” Tumi said coming to stand next to her man.

“Ok cool then we'll meet at Fourways.” Kamo said and went to his car.

Les opened the door for me I got in and buckled up.

“Did you have a good time today babes?” he asked me as he got in. He had the same stupid grin I had on my face.

“I had an awesome time Les, thanks.” He reached over and kissed me on the lips. Will I ever get used to this.

We drove off to his place with the rest of his friends following behind us. I couldn't believe it was 6 already!

When we got to his place we took out the blankets we were sitting on at the stadium and lay them on the grass outside his apartment. The Zulu click settled down and Tumi was in the kitchen trying to lay out the food for those who'd get hungry. She was way more domesticated than I was but I think she enjoyed it though. Thulani was fiddling with his iPhone so he could play some music on the docking station which was connected to bigger speakers. House music started flowing through the house.

When I came back from the loo, Les came over to me.

“Do you want to put your bag in my room? I don’t know these girls so I don’t want them going away with your phone or something. It’s better to be careful than to be sorry.”

“Yes sure which one is your room?” I asked looking at the 3 closed doors. He opened and led me through to his room. It was grey and white with red finishes. It was a nice room with an ensuite bathroom.

“I gather your favourite colour is red?” I asked teasing him.

“Yep it’s one of my favourite colours. I think it’s a sexy, hot colour.” As he said that I looked at the bed. Why did he have to mention the 3 letter word as part of his sentence. He saw me look at the bed and he took my bag from me and put it on the bed. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me. Softly at first to gauge my response I’m guessing and when I responded by holding him tighter and deepening the kiss myself he edged me closer to the wall and he really kissed me. Thank goodness I was against the wall because my knees felt wobbly I couldn’t have been able to stand on my own if he wasn’t supporting me right now. His breathing was as heavy as mine and he was tracing circles on my cheeks and down my neck. I just got lost in it and moaned into his mouth. He pressed himself against me and I knew he wanted me. I felt the evidence of his desire on my stomach. Oh my goodness this felt so good, it felt so right and then Thulani knocked.

“Hey bro, Can I borrow your iPad? I wanna get some hip hop tracks,” he said on the other side of the door. Les stopped kissing me but he was still pressed up against me.

“Ya sharp I’m coming through?” he said his voice sounding raspy. He was still breathing hard. I was smiling at him. He placed his forehead against mine.

“O sharp?” he asked looking at me. I swallowed and exhaled.

“Ya I’m good. Wena?” I asked him and he smiled.

“I’m cool,” he said then he kissed me on the lips. “Let’s go join the others. Uhm let me just calm down a bit. Do you mind giving Thulas my iPad?” He looked at me and I looked at him and smiled.

“Ok cool see you now, now.” I got out the room, closed the door and when I looked up I saw myself through the open bathroom door on the mirror. I looked like I’d been thoroughly kissed. My hair was a bit messy, my lips were swollen oh my goodness. I quickly straightened out my hair well couldn’t do anything about my lips. Whatever.

I went through to the lounge and found Thulas arranging a playlist. Tumi had just got back from the kitchen and the others were chilling chatting outside.

“Hao, Lee and the disappearing act during the people?” Tumi asked smiling at me.

“I went to put my bag down in his room,” I said smiling back and handing Thulas the iPad.

“Eish it must’ve been a really heavy bag that required the two of you at the same time?” she winked at me.

“Stop harassing her Tumi kgante?” Les said as he walked into the lounge.

“Yho nna I was just asking.” Tumi said and sat on the sofa drinking her Savannah.

Right then Chelsea walked in.

“Thulani I wanna go home now. My car is parked at your guys’ place. Do you mind driving me so I can get it? I’ve got better things to do with my time.” She said as she sat next to Tumi.

Just then Kamo walked in.

“Yo bra I’m going to get some more ice do you guys need anything?”

“Yo Kamo bra can I give you keys to my place and you drop Chelsea off so she can get her car?” Thulani asked him.

“Ya sure it’s not far from here. Let’s go Chelsea. Woza Nosi ngicela ungikhaphe?” he said calling out to Nosi then she came through to the house.

“Goodbye vriendin, I’ll call you tomorrow. Bye Thulas, Les.” She completely ignored me. I didn’t care. As they closed the door Les suggested that we all move outside and he brought along a game of 30 seconds.

We started playing in two teams of four. Nosi and Kamo eventually came back with Nosi looking like she had been thoroughly dealt with. We continued playing because they didn’t want to play. We won of course I was the queen of 30 seconds.

“I think it’s quite late now and I’m a bit tipsy bra can Tumi and I crash in your guest bedroom?” Thulas asked Les.

“Ya sure no problem. The linen is fresh the cleaning lady came through yesterday.”

Kamo and the other guys said it was late and they had to get going before the clubs close around two because that’s when the cops start swarming the streets. I wondered whether Les would drive me back to res now. Did I want to go back to res though? We all went outside and said bye to them. Thulas and Tumi went back into the house and as I was about to walk in, Les pulled me towards him.

“Let me clean up a bit nhe then I’ll drive you home.” My spirits dropped but he’s a decent guy so I hoped he was being polite atleast that’s what I thought. How could I tell him it was cool he didn’t have to drive me home without looking like I was easy?

“There’s no rush thought we were still chilling unless you’re tired?,” I said shyly. He looked at me intently and smiled.

“No I’m not tired” he kissed me on the lips, “let’s go inside.” He took my hand. When we walked in, Tumi and Thulas were making out on the couch didn’t even stop when we came in so we went to chill outside on the blankets. I lay face up and he did the same. So we lay there looking at the night sky. He took my hand in his and started drawing circles on my palm.

“This was a good day Lee. Thanks for coming through.” He turned to the side and looked at me. I turned and looked at him as well.

“I also had a good time,” I said a little breathlessly.

“Would I be acting like a thief if I asked you to stay over? I know you’ve already spent the whole day with me I’m just reluctant to see it end. There’s no expectation or anything I just want to spend time with you.” My heart soared. He looked so apprehensive and uncomfortable.

“You’ve acted like a thief from day one why would it be a problem all of a Sunday? It’s cool I can go back to res tomorrow besides I don’t want you to get stopped by the cops and...” I didn’t even finish the sentence when he kissed me thoroughly on the lips. He came closer to me and half lay on top of me. He started running his right hand down the side of my body until he got to the hem of my top and he hesitated. I held him tighter and ran my hand down his back. Yho I felt his muscles bunching as I moved my hand down and I slipped my hand under his top and his breathing became harsher. He slipped his hand under my top and caressed my stomach and moved higher and then my phone rang. I mean really? How many interruptions can we get in a day? I reached for it in the pocket of my shorts and looked at my screen. It was my brother Odi. What did he want at this hour? I sat up.

“Hi Odi, whatsup? Do you know what time it is? Is something wrong” I asked him trying to control my breathing.

“No nothing’s wrong from my side. I thought something was wrong with you. Mama says she tried to call you and you didn’t pick up and I’ve been sending you Whatsapp messages with no response. Are you ok?” It must’ve been when I was at the cricket. I haven’t looked at my phone since late morning.

“Oh sorry about that. I went to the cricket at Wanderers with some friends. I probably didn’t hear my phone ringing. I’m ok.” I heard him exhale. Shame my brother must’ve been worried.

“Thank goodness you picked up the phone. I would’ve driven down to res to see whether you were ok.” Imagine that drama oh my word.

“No that’s not necessary I’m ok and I’m safe. Sorry I worried you guys. I’ll call mama in the morning. Good night.” I said feeling a bit bad that people were stressing about me then hung up.



“It’s getting a bit chilly out here, you want to go inside or do you want me to take you home?” Les asked as he got up from the blanket. I think he could sense the change in my mood. I got up as well.

“No, it’s cool let’s go inside. My family was just worried because I wasn’t responding to their messages. My mom is a stress ball but it’s cool I’ll call her tomorrow.” I said as I gathered the blankets. When we went inside Tumi and Thulas were sleeping on the couch. Les woke them up and told them to go sleep in the guest room. I sat on the sofa while he locked the doors and put the blankets away. He then came and stretched out next to me and pulled me towards him so I could lie on his chest. He started stroking my hair.

“Are you ok babes?”

“Yes babes I’m cool. I don’t want you to think that I do this all the time like sleep over guys’ houses and stuff because I don’t.” I lifted my head so I could look at him.

“I know you’re not like that babes and I’m not some other random guy. Get that thought out of your mind. I don’t have a string of girlfriends or potential girlfriends or something it’s just you and…” he hesitated. So I got up and looked at him.

“What is it?” I asked him feeling apprehensive.

“Is it too early to expect exclusivity? I don’t do open relationship type setups.” I smiled.

“I don’t either and no it’s not too early.” I lay back down and smiled as I heard his heart beating. He resumed stroking my hair. After a while his breathing slowed down and I realised he was asleep. So I got up and woke him.

“Babes, let’s go to bed,” I said as I shook him awake. He got up switched off the lights and then he took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

“Don’t worry the linen is clean, it gets changed every week,” he said as he started taking off his top. Oh my goodness he was well defined. Not ripped but you could tell he works out just enough to keep a good physique. This was awkward. Do I

take off my clothes? He walked over to his cupboard and took out a Celtics Basketball top and gave it to me.

“You can sleep in this,” he said as he put on a clean white T-shirt. He took off his shorts and then I noticed he was a boxer briefs man.

As he was removing the scatter cushions from the bed, I quickly took my top off and put on the basket ball top. Then I took off my bra through the sleeves of the top. The Basketball top came just above my knees and I took off my shorts. By the time he turned around I was done. We got into bed together and he switched off the side lamp. He pulled me to his side so that we were spooning, kissed me on my cheek and we slept.

Insert6

The coffee smells good. Am I dreaming? I opened my eyes slightly disorientated. Where am I? Then I remembered I slept over at Les' place. I looked to the side and there was a cup of hot coffee there. Just then he walked in carrying some muffins.

"Morning babes, you're awake," he said and kissed me on the mouth. Just then I had an urge to yawn so I turned my head and yawned to the side. I must look frightful I tried to straighten my hair out.

"I must look a mess," I said as he sat down next to me.

"No you look absolutely beautiful. How did you sleep?" He handed me a muffin.

"Like a baby. What time is it?" I asked looking for my phone.

"It's around 9 o'clock. I'm an early bird I can't sleep until late."

"I'm the same I don't sleep past 7 no matter how late I slept the previous night. I have no idea what happened this time around. Are Tumi and Thulas awake?" I smiled.

"I guess my bed is as comfortable as the sales person indicated. Ahh those ones they'll probably get up just before noon and want hot Nandos." I chuckled.

"That sounds good actually so we'll go get some later?" He seemed surprised then smiled.

"Why do you look surprised?"

"I don't know I thought you'd want to leave the minute you woke up or regret the decision to sleep over or something. Why do you think I went all out with the coffee le di (and) muffins?" I laughed out loud.

"No man Les I wasn't drunk yesterday when I made those decisions maybe a bit tipsy but I remember it all. There's no going back now you said you wanted exclusivity...does that still hold true?" I asked a bit reluctant to hear the answer.

“Of course babes, I thought you would’ve changed your mind,” he kissed me again. I stopped him.

“No baby let me go brush my teeth then we’ll have coffee.” I got up and went to my bag I always have a toothbrush and a washing rag in my bag because you never know where you going to end up. Like I said earlier I like to be prepared.

When I came back Les had his laptop open and he was busy clicking on things on the screen. Then some Drake started playing softly. I got on the bed and grabbed my cup of coffee. It tasted absolutely divine even though I still had that awful toothpaste taste in my mouth.

“I see we have similar tastes in music,” I said as I browsed through the playlist on his laptop.

“Do you like hip hop? You strike me as an RnB and pop music kind of girl,” he said teasing.

“Hao Les how do RnB and pop music girls look like? Wena you are crazy,” I said as I laughed. I started listing all the music I had on my phone just to prove to him that I actually did listen to hip hop. The coffee went down well and I got up to take the cups to the kitchen then Les caught me as I was reaching for his cup.

“Come here. You look so hot right now in my top,” he said as he kissed me. Both his hands were resting on either side of my hips. He deepened the kiss and all those emotions from yesterday were back. He kissed my cheek, nibbled on my ear lobe and kissed my neck. A moan escaped my lips. He then pulled me toward the bed as he was kissing me and sat down. He took my coffee cup and put it on the side table. I got up on the bed and sat astride him. The top I wore rode up and my core connected with his. We both moaned at the same time and he started drawing circles on my arms as he kissed me. He slowly inched closer and closer to my breasts. When he found my nipples and started stroking them through my top with his thumb I gasped and involuntarily moved on top of him. He breathed in sharply and increased the intensity of the kiss and...there goes my phone again.

“Fuck!” I said in frustration. Why do we keep getting interrupted? Is the universe trying to tell me something? I just don’t get why we’ve had so many interruptions. It was my mother.

“Hi mama le kae (how are you)?” I asked breathless.

“Lerato o siame (Are you okay)? Why do you sound so breathless?” Wow really?

“Ke sharp (I’m ok) mama I just came back from a jog,” Les looked at me and you could see he was trying hard not to laugh.

“Oho I tried to call you yesterday and o ne osa tshware (you didn’t answer your) phone. Did Odi tell you?”

“Yes mama ompoditse (he told me). I’m sorry I went to watch a cricket match and it was too noisy there to hear my phone.”

“Ok no problem my dear I just got a bit worried there. Papa a re ke go dumedise (dad says hi).”

“Ok say hi to papa. Tell him I love him. I love you both.”

“Ok no problem enjoy your day. We’ll talk soon.”

Then Les burst out laughing. At least he waited until I was done on the phone before he started laughing. How would I have explained that to my mother? He was in tears he was laughing so hard.

“That’s creative babes! You were jogging nhe?” he sat down on the bed.

“What did you want me to tell her? That I was at my boyfriend’s house gyrating on his lap?” I sat down next to him.

“Your boyfriend huh,” he kissed me, “I like the sound of that and I like your gyrating”

He pulled me towards him and I straddled his lap again. “Let’s get on with the gyrating” he whispered before our lips locked in a passionate kiss. He wrapped his

arms around my waist, resting his hands on my ass as I snaked my arms around his neck. One of his hands slid inside the top and slid up my spine to rest in-between my shoulder blades, pressing my chest into his. My nipples immediately pebbled as his tongue caressed mine. Oh my goodness this was absolutely heavenly. We both groaned as the kiss became more intense and our hands were wandering all over each other, teasing, learning, exploring. He firmly cupped one of my breasts eliciting a desperate moan from me. How long had I waited for that touch and kept getting interrupted? Our kisses became faster, more erratic and I moaned again loudly into his mouth as he pushed my core against his. His hand slid down from my breast over my underwear to my wet centre, pressing his fingers against the triangle of my underwear. I buckled. Still immersed in an almighty carnal kiss, he unexpectedly lifted us and laid us on the bed so he could rest between my legs. He slowly lifted my top so he could get it off me and I lifted my arms so he could get it over my head. He looked at me with such reverence and wonder that I reached up and touched his cheek. He turned and kissed the palm of my hand, flicking his tongue over it. I put my hand on his neck and pull him down but he resisted. I frowned wondering what's going on.

“What's wrong?” I ask him my voice a raspy breathless mess. He smiled.

“Nothing. I just want to look at you and imprint this image in my memory,”he said caressing me with his eyes, “You are so beautiful Lee.” He came down and kissed me again with such brute force. It was raw and deep and so animalistic that at that moment I felt like the sexiest woman on earth to elicit such a response from him. He trailed kisses down my neck and he took my hard nipple in his mouth and my world just spun out of control.

“Les?” Thulas knocked. Really? Is he the fairy godfather determined to keep me celibate?

“Are you kidding me right now? Didn't you say noon instead of early morning?”I said annoyance and frustration churning through me.

Les exhaled loudly and literally through gritted teeth shouts “What is it man?”

“Sorry my guy, eish Tumi and I are craving some Nando's and it should be opened by now. Do you want to come with me bro so we can go get it. Tumi's in the

shower now and I know she'll be ravenous when she's done. We've both worked up an appetite." Thulas said behind the door. I'd like Les to work up my appetite too Thulas I silently threw daggers at the door.

"Sure bro I'll be right out." He said as he kissed my nipple and looked longingly at me. He rolled off me and slept next to me and looked at me.

"I'm sorry babe, I don't know whether the universe is conspiring against us here," he said stroking my shoulder. The move shot electricity right through my arm. The chemistry I had with this man was something I had not experienced before. Not that I had a large pool of reference.

"It's cool babes, we've got all the time right," I said and leaned over to kiss him.

He got up and put on his shorts from yesterday and flops. He came over to me and kissed my forehead.

"I'll be back now, now."

"Ok cool let me take a quick shower."

I got dressed in the jeans and top I had packed in my bag and made the bed up. His room was quite neat no clothes thrown everywhere or maybe it had to do with the fact that the cleaning lady was there on Friday. I'm not sure. I can't believe we're official. It happened kind of fast but it feels so right. Our attraction to each other is undeniable! I smiled by myself in the room as I relived the intimate moments we'd had before. It felt as if my world had turned on its axis. As I left Les' room I bumped into Tumi.

"Morning girl, did you sleep well?" she asked me and we walked to the lounge together.

"Yep I actually did and you?" We sat down and flicked through the channels to find something to watch and we ended up settling on a music channel.

"Like a baby. It was quite a long tiring day. I'm glad you're still here today. Lesego must be over the moon. He was very happy yesterday. I'm glad he's found

someone to make him happy ,” she said wistfully. I had a feeling there was more to that statement than I was aware of.

“Well it’s early days yet but he does make me happy as well. He’s a good guy, a great guy.” As I said that, the door opened.

“Who’s a great guy?” Les asked winking at me.

“AKA, we were talking about the music video,” Tumi said winking at me and got up to go dish up. I decided to go join her. The guys came and sat down and changed the channel to some or other Supersport channel.

We brought the plates to the lounge and ate in a comfortable silence. The Nando’s went down well and I felt even better after the hot meal. Tumi and I washed the dishes while the guys were showering.

“So what is Chelsea’s deal exactly?” I asked Tumi as she handed me a dish to dry.

“Ag, Chelsea is a hot girl you know so she expects that if she wants something she gets it and most of the time she does. It’s just that Lesego is particular about the girls he dates so it always rubs her the wrong way if he brings a girl or whatever to our get togethers. I mean most of my friends have tried to be on his tip one time or another. He’s just closed off since...It’s remarkable that he’s found you.” Tumi said and wiped the counters. There’s that feeling again that I don’t have the full story about something in Les’ past. It’s making me really nervous. My phone beeped and when I checked it was my girls again.

**We’re coming to see you tonight. Will you be back by 7? You haven’t answered any of our Watsapps.**Noni sent me the message. I smiled. Those friends of mine were crazy.

“Tumi baby let’s get going I want to take the car to get washed before the new week starts. Les thanks man we’ll catch up during the week,” Thulas said as he gave him that guy one arm hug.



“Sure thing Thulas.” Then Thulas hugged me while Tumi hugged Les. We walked them out and went back inside. I sat on the couch and Les put his head on my lap while we watched TV.

We got captivated by a movie we found on one of the channels. When it was over it was around 5 in the afternoon.

“I think I should get going, it’s getting late. Tomorrow I have class and you have work. I’m also meeting my friends at res,” I said as I lifted his head so I could get up.

“Ok sure, o sharp (are you ok)? You’ve been a bit quiet,” he asked looking at me. I didn’t want to say anything about my conversation with Tumi just now he gets mad at Tumi or something. I had to trust that when he was ready he would tell me. I mean we haven’t known each other that long.

“Yep, I’m good. Sunday afternoons are just depressing because you know the weekend is over and what a good weekend it was,” I said as I hugged him and kissed him on the cheek for a change. “Thanks Les.”

“The pleasure was all mine, well almost could’ve been without all the interruptions,” he smiled. I laughed.

“Ya that was quite the deep situation.”

We got into the car and drove through to res.

“Thanks Lee. It really was a great weekend. Saw my family, spent time with you. I really appreciate it.” He got out of the car and opened for me.

“So do I. Thanks for the invite. We’ll chat on the phone right?” He took my hands in his.

“Of course. See you soon babes,” he said and hugged me. I stood on my tippy toes and gave him a kiss on the mouth.

“Drive safely!”

Insert7

### **Good morning babes, so are you still coming to my place for the weekend?**

I got woken up by my vibrating phone. I looked at the time and it was 5:30 in the morning! When Les said he was an early bird, he was not kidding. This had been the morning routine for about a month now in addition to my mom's calls.

Unfortunately I hadn't been able to see Les since the weekend of the cricket due to our wonderfully busy schedules! This school-life balancing act was proving very difficult. Maybe I'm not as good as I thought I was at multi-tasking. The work load at school just got more and more each week and the pressure was on when you were a high performer. Les was also working hard because he's trying to be recognised at his work so it left very little room for anything else. Atleast he understood when I couldn't see him and didn't complain about it unlike my ex.

### **Morning. Yep you can come pick me up after work #groggyeyed**

I texted back to him. This has been the first weekend that we have both been free and we promised each other that we are going to spend the weekend just the two of us. I spent some weekends with the girls especially because Noni was nearing depression with being out of work. She even moved out of her place and was now crashing with Portia. She didn't like it though because Noni was a very private person and having to rely on other people was stressing her out.

Les told me he had some personal issues to sort out but he hadn't yet told me what those were. I felt like it wasn't my place to keep pestering him about the issues. Since my conversation with Tumi earlier in the month, it felt like there was something in his past that had caused him great pain.

### **Did I wake u? Thought you were an early bird 😊 Can't wait to see you it has been too long babes**

I smiled and got out of bed might as well wake up. I dialled his numbers. "Hey Miss Lee up so early?" I could hear the smile in his voice.

“Of course! I’m an early bird! Why are you always up at this ungodly hour?” I asked him yawning. I heard him laugh on the line.

“The early bird catches the fattest worm babes and either way traffic to get out of Fourways is a nightmare!”

“That makes sense. I guess I will go take a shower now and prepare for the day ahead.”

“Ok no problem, it will be good to see you Miss Lee. I’ve really missed you these past few weeks especially with all the crap going on,”he sounded frustrated.

“Kgante whats going on Les? You keep referring to crap but you won’t say what it is. You’ve got me really worried about you.”

“ I know babes, eish it’s not stuff you can discuss on the phone and I don’t know whether you’d be able to handle all that drama. I don’t want to worry you.” I rolled my eyes. Same conversation different day.

“I told you Les I’m here for you and we’re still getting to know each other. How much will you know about how much I can handle until you test me. We need to be able to trust each other babes.”

“I know...Look I gotta go I will see you later tonight. I will call you when I’m on my way.”

He was already distancing himself as he always did when I brought the topic up. What deep dark secret was he hiding that he was so afraid to share with me? This whole thing just had a sense of eerie foreboding.

I got ready for school and caught the bus to campus. It was a nerve wracking day for me as I was getting the results back of my four-part tests. This is where we write all four subjects in one sitting and it counts toward our semester marks. I had to do well so I don’t put pressure on myself for the mid-year exams. I swear this year has really been hard with trying to balance my new love life and the demanding study schedule. I just hope I’m staying on top of this giant wave. I only had class at 12:00 today and was meeting Noni for breakfast on campus so I

decided to remove the uneasy feeling I had since this morning and just go to the notice board. There were a number of students at the notice board already trying to find their names in the sea of names in front of them. Some people were walking away with disappointed looks on their face. OMG! My heart rate was out of control right now. As they confirmed their results and moved away I was getting closer and closer to the notice board.

“These four-part tests are killer huh?” some guy from my class spoke out loud. I continued looking forward trying to get as close to the board as possible. He then nudged me, “C’mon are you going to ignore a nigga like that?” that’s when I got woken up from my stupor.

“Oh sorry, wasn’t aware you were talking to me. I’m just psyching myself up for the results. What were you saying?” I said as politely as I could muster. Why was he talking to me anyway?

“I was just saying that these tests are killer right?” he looked at me expectantly. Really? Are we supposed to have a conversation right now? I tried not to look annoyed.

“Yep they are quite something special,” I said as I moved closer to the board. My eyes started scanning the list for my student number and I had passed quite well! I got 80% for Tax, 76% for Finance, 83% Auditing and 70% Financial Accounting. Not bad considering that Financial Accounting kicked ass. I was still averaging an A. I smiled and blew out the breath I had been holding.

“I gather it went well?” the random guy said to me smiling.

“Yes it did. What about you?” I asked him as I moved away from the board. I was just so excited I didn’t even mind chatting to this random guy from class. Then I actually looked at him. He was kind of cute in a young guy kind of way but not manly like my Les was.

“Yep it went ok, 60’s that’s all I need really to keep my scholarship.” Wow that’s ambitious! He started walking with me I stopped and looked at him.

“Well great chatting to you. I’ve got to run have to meet up with a friend. See you later in class,” I said waving as I walked away in the opposite direction. I’m not sure why random guy decided to be friendly today but maybe he was nervous about his results. I thought of texting Les and letting him know how well I did but thought I would just tell him tonight. I couldn’t wait!

Noni was waiting for me at the Matrix, we grabbed some sandwiches and sat down to chat.

“How are you my friend?” I asked her as we sat.

“Eish friend it’s hard hey but I’m pushing as much as I can. I got call backs on that show I told you about so I’m going next week. I hope now that the sun begins to shine. I need to catch a break,” she said frustrated. I didn’t know what to say to her anymore and God knows I have constantly been praying for her.

“Faith my friend, we need to have faith. Call backs are a good sign and it’s always darkest before dawn. God will answer your prayers soon, I can feel it,” I smiled at her and she smiled back and sighed.

“Yep, here’s to hoping... so how are you doing? When are you seeing Les? Hasn’t it been a while now?” I smiled at the mention of his name.

“We are spending the weekend together. He is coming to get me this evening after work. I can’t wait it has been so long! But there’s a part of me that has this uneasy feeling about him and what he’s being going through lately. It’s hard to shake off.” I confided in her.

“You know what they say, a woman’s intuition is seldom wrong. I think you should discuss your concerns with him. It won’t help if you’re carrying all this on your own.” I guess Noni was right on that front. I had to speak to him and voice my concerns. It shouldn’t hurt.

After my breakfast with Noni I went to class and went straight back to res to pack. As I was still getting my stuff together Les called. It was around three in the afternoon.

“Hey Miss Lee, you at res?” he asked with that heart-melting voice of his.

“Yep just got here a few minutes ago busy packing. What’s up?” I hope he wasn’t cancelling on me in the last minute.

“I’m actually at the parking lot, can I come up to your room while you pack?” My smile was so broad it would’ve split my face in half if not for facial restrictions. What a pleasant surprise that was so I gave him my room number and started straightening out my room. It wasn’t super messy but there were a few books and stuff all over the place. Then I heard a knock on my door and my heart was literally in my throat.

When I opened the door I didn’t even care what he thought right at that moment. I had missed him so much I literally threw myself at him, held him and started kissing him. He hugged me and kissed me back. He then moved me backward into the room and closed the door by pulling me flush onto him against the door. He felt so good, so real and I hadn’t kissed him in forever! He held me so tightly against him I was struggling to breathe and I felt like we weren’t close enough. I guess absence really does make the heart grow fonder! It started getting quite hot in my room and when he moved his hands to cup my ass a moan escaped involuntarily. I felt the evidence of how much he had missed me on my stomach and he moved his hands back onto my waist and slowed the kiss down.

“Hi baby,” he said softly with his forehead against mine. My heart skipped a beat at the endearment.

“Hi Les. I can’t believe you’re here! I expected you later on,” I said as I took his hand and lead him to sit down on my bed. He looked so good.

“My manager said I could leave earlier considering how hard we have been working these past few weeks. I didn’t wait for him to tell me twice. You are so beautiful,” he said as he stroked my cheek looking reverently into my eyes.

“That was an awesome surprise. So glad you’re here. I’ve missed you so much,” I said as I kissed him on the lips.

“I missed you too Miss Lee, more than you can imagine. It is so good to see you and have you in my arms again. I’ve had a rough couple of weeks,”he said as he rubbed his eyes and exhaled loudly. There we go again with that reference.

“I’d ask whether you want to talk about it but I know you’ll just brush me off again so I won’t. Do you want something to drink water or juice?” I asked as I got up. This whole thing with whatever he is going through was starting to be annoying.

“No babes wait, let’s chat for a bit,”he held my hand as he stopped me from moving away. I sat back down again.

“I know I’ve been pretty evasive lately regarding all the crap that’s been going on in my life. I just...I just don’t want to lose you when I’ve just found you and I’m not sure whether you’ll be able to handle all the shit going on right now with me. Our relationship is still so young and I mean we haven’t even seen each other all that often in the past two months. It’s just hard,”he exhaled. My heart beat was slowly rising. This sounded really hectic. Was it something I wanted to know?

“If we’re meant to be Les we will be no matter what challenges but you can’t filter stuff if we’re in a relationship and I know I’m young compared to you and your friends but I’m still a big girl, I can handle it.”

“No babes, this has nothing to do with your age. It’s just weird that life works out the way it does. I just want to have a great weekend with you and momentarily forget about all the drama. Can we do that?” He looked at me apprehensively. I didn’t want to dwell on the unknown drama in his life and if he wasn’t ready to share I wouldn’t force him. Like he said, I had not seen him in forever.

“Don’t worry about it baby we can do that. We are going to have an awesome weekend together! Let me finish packing so we can go nhe,” I said as I got up. He got up with me and gave me a hug while brushing his hand down my back.

“Thanks Miss Lee. I know this is not easy but we are going to have a great weekend. It’s been extremely long since we were together.” I held him tighter. I knew he was apprehensive about telling me what was up with him but I wouldn’t let that spoil our time together.

“Do you want something to drink?” I asked him as I stepped out of his embrace. He stretched back down on the bed and took his shoes off. He looked so comfortable amid my brightly coloured pillows. I smiled at him.

“No babes, I’m cool I just want to watch you move around in your own space.” We settled into a comfortable silence as I started going through my wardrobe trying to determine what to bring. I wanted to be prepared for whatever may happen in terms of dress code over the weekend. I realised I had left some of my clothes in the tumble drier from last night when I did laundry.

“Babes, I’m just going to get some stuff from the laundry room that I forgot last night.” I said.

“Ok no problem,” he said as he went back to his phone.

When I got back he was peacefully asleep on my bed. He looked so restful and cute in his sleep. He was probably quite tired after all the late nights in the past few weeks. As I stood there looking at him something tugged at my heart and in that moment I knew I was developing real feelings for this guy. I was that person, when I loved, I loved hard and strong. I hope this was not the beginning of heartbreak. I finished packing and thought I’d give him some time to rest and took my books out and did some tutorials.

Les woke up with a start, “What time is it? I must have dozed off,” he said as he sat up on the bed. I looked at him and smiled.

“It’s around 6 in the evening. Did you have a good rest?” I asked him as I closed a textbook.

“I did actually but you should’ve woken me babes. I came here to surprise you and now I surprise myself and fall asleep.”

“Ag don’t worry about it Les. You were tired and I had some school stuff I was deferring for Sunday night anyway. So now you’ve saved me the time.” I sat next to him smiling.

He kissed me on the cheek and got up.



“I guess we should get going then. Maybe we can grab something to eat close by because I’m sure traffic to Fourways is pretty bad at this time on a Friday. Are you all packed?” He asked as he stretched. He had such a gorgeous body.

“Yep, ready when you are,” I said as I got up. I took my handbag and he picked up my weekend bag.

“Sho babes, are you going to be staying a week with me? What did you pack in here?” he asked as we got out and I locked the door. I laughed out loud.

“No silly, but a girl has to have options.”

Insert8

“Finally here,” Les said as we walked into his place and he switched on the lights. It was already 10 o’clock when we got there. We stopped at Mike’s Kitchen in Park Town on our way out because it was literally across the road from my res. The conversation had been great as always and I had three glasses of wine while Les had one. So I had a nice, warm buzzed feeling.

“Yes indeed,” I said as I sat down on the couch.

Les went to put my bag and his laptop bag in his room then came back to the lounge and switched the TV on and sat next to me. He put the TV on the music channel. I moved much closer to him until I was right next to him and our sides were touching. He put his arm around me and I put my feet up on the couch and lay my hand on his ripply abs.

“Are you good?” he asked me.

“Yep I’m perfect, I have been dreaming about this for the past few weeks. So what do you have planned for us this weekend?” I started brushing my hand up and down his abs.

“A number of things which will be revealed in time so you’ll have to wait and see,” he said smiling.

“So not even a hint-nyana babes?”

“No my lips are sealed,”he said and I got even closer to him and looked him in the eyes. I was going to make my move and I hope that this time we would see this to the end. I even made sure of that by switching my phone off in the car. No interruptions.

“Sealed even from my kisses?”I asked him as I kissed him softly on the lips. The wine had lowered my inhibitions and I was going to take full advantage of that.

He seemed surprised for a second that I had literally pounced on him then he took full control of the kiss from then on. I got on my knees on the couch and straddled

him then he held me tighter to him. He deepened the kiss and before you knew it we were into a deep almighty carnal kiss, reacquainting ourselves with each other, reminding ourselves of how we felt to each other. Everything seemed heightened though, better than I had remembered in my mind. The real Les was so much more hotter than the one in my thoughts and dreams.

“Babes wait,” I said as I stopped the kiss. My breathing was laboured and so was his.

“What’s wrong,” he asked rubbing my back softly.

“Please switch your phone off,” I smiled at him shyly. I really didn’t want any interruptions and I was not leaving anything to chance.

He laughed lightly and reached for his phone on the couch and switched it off. He then rewarded my foresight with a long, drugging kiss bolting passion through my already heated blood. Wanting to be possessed entirely by him I opened my heart and mind and moaned into his mouth as his hands found my breasts and kneaded them gently. I couldn’t get close enough to him and it seemed like there was just too much clothing between us. I started unbuttoning his shirt and pushed it off his shoulders so I could feel his skin beneath my fingers. He took the cue from me and lifted my top up so I was left with just my red lacy bra. Yes I was a girl on a mission. He sucked his breath in when he saw the bra and kissed the top of my peaks that weren’t covered by the bra. I started running my hands down his chest onto his abs and continued down still to his belt buckle. He started rubbing my nipples through the lacy bra and I buckled on top of him. He moved beneath me as well and soon I felt his desire through my leggings and I wanted more. I got up from my seated position and pulled him up with me.

“Too many clothes,” I whispered my voice raspy as I unbuckled his belt. He bent down and kissed me on my neck which sent delicious chills down my spine. He then slid his hands down my bare back and slipped his hands into my leggings and touched my ass through the matching lacy French knickers. As he pushed my leggings down he kissed a trail down parts of my legs that were exposed. All I could do was hold onto his shoulders and let him continue with his exploration. I stepped out of my leggings and Les was on his knees on the carpet hugging me to him with his face on my stomach.

“You have no idea how hot you look right now. You have surpassed my wildest fantasies,”he said between kisses on my stomach, navel and hips. I was just so lost to the sensations he was eliciting from my body I couldn’t even respond. I pulled him up once more and slid his pants off him so we were both left in our underwear. He kissed me and lowered me onto the couch and settled himself between my legs. The move elicited a sharp intake of breath as my skin connected with his and our cores connected. I wrapped my legs around him and he started to rock against me and I could feel my centre moistening with every thrust. The pleasure I felt was indescribable as he nibbled on my ear and moved down the column of my throat. He paused for a second to unclasp my bra which was fastened in the front and took one of my already sensitised nipples into his mouth. I moaned as the heat of his mouth enveloped me while his fingers were rubbing my other nipple. My body involuntarily moved against him seeking more friction where we were connected. I was mindlessly lost in a world of pleasure.

“Les please,”I whispered not even sure what I was asking for. He then laved my other nipple and took the already wet one into his fingers and pinched it slightly. I jerked at the pleasure-pain combination. He lowered his hand and trailed his fingers down my quivering stomach and rubbed my centre through my lace underwear. I saw him smile through half-closed lids when he realised how wet I was. He then slid his hand inside my panties and gently stroked me sending excruciating spasms throughout my body.

“You’re so wet babe...I desperately want to be inside you,”he whispered into my ear as he stroked me like a guitar.

“Oh yes Les...please...now?” I passionately pleaded on a moan. He suddenly stilled and I opened my eyes with a questioning look.

“What’s wrong?”I asked him stroking his face. Would he take me to mindless pleasure and then leave me hanging? He breathed in deeply as if trying to catch his breath.

“The condoms are in the bedroom...have to go get them,”he said sheepishly as he got up from me my body already missing the warmth. I giggled uncontrollably probably from the relief that he actually still wanted to do this.

“Oh ok cool, let’s move this party to the bedroom then. Save you the return trip,” I said winking at him and taking his hand. He then held me to him from the back and kissed my neck as we walked to his bedroom. He switched on the side lamp so it wasn’t too bright and took the condoms out of the wardrobe. I was inwardly pleased that it was a new and sealed box. I lay on the bed watching him through half-lidded eyes. Les was just absolutely amazing.

He joined me on the bed, his fingers slowly trailed my stomach, slowly over my hips and down my panties. His fingers slid under the lace and moved the panties down as I wriggled myself out of them to help him then he slipped them off my feet. I sat up on the bed in my naked glory as the bra had been dealt with in the sitting room and started kissing him. I trailed my fingers down his abs and grabbed him through his boxers. He moaned into my mouth as I stroked him. Oh my goodness he was rock-hard and he felt so huge. I slipped my fingers into his briefs and pushed down his boxers and he sprang free rock-hard and menacing. As he removed the briefs from his feet, I grabbed a foil packet and ripped it open. He looked at me and smiled as I slowly rolled it on to him and pulled him towards me.

“No more waiting Les I’m ready,” I whispered as he settled between my legs. Holding his tip there, he teased and pushed gently. I closed my eyes in anticipation knowing it was going to be a snug fit considering how long I have not done this for. He kissed me on the mouth and whispered, “Look at me Miss Lee.”

He eased himself into me, inch by inch, stretching me exquisitely. Holding my hips he sunk further inside me filling me deeply. His eyes burned hot with desire into mine, the pure arousal from watching each other during this hugely intimate moment was extreme. He pulled back and pushed into me again, faster and harder this time.

“Oh Les yes!” I cried still looking into his eyes. The feeling of him as he drove inside me, muscle rising and falling in unison with my body as he hit the spot over and over with excruciating accuracy. The rhythm picked up, harder and faster, he was thrusting over and over. He slammed into me hard as ripples darted through me, the energy exploding deep inside my body.

“Ahh Lesego!” I cried as the glorious tingles ran from the arch of my foot to the end of my toes. He rocked into me hard and groaned loudly, his eyebrows furrowing in pleasure.

“Oh baby!” he said giving me one last lingering kiss and he held me tightly. I closed my eyes for a second and ran my hands up and down his back as our bodies still against each other were twitching in the aftermath. “You’re amazing,” he whispered before withdrawing from me to take care of the condom.

I stretched out on the bed as I felt tingling sensations right through my body and smiled. I heard the water running in the bathroom and then he came out of the bathroom with a washing rag. He then knelt between my legs and gently wiped me with a warm washing rag. If that was not the sweetest thing a guy had ever done for me I have no idea what would be. I got slightly emotional at the sight of it but wouldn’t be some crying mess after the act. He then came and lay next to me and pulled me into his arms and I lay my head on his chest. He gently caressed my back and kissed the top of my head.

“Are you ok babes? Do you need anything?” He asked rubbing my arm up and down.

“I’m great baby just a bit chilly. Can we get into the covers?” I asked as I raised myself on my arms.

“Yes sure it is getting quite chilly. I need some water because you worked up my thirst girl!” Les said as he got up. He confidently walked out of the room with nothing on. I watched him go as his back and ass muscles flexed as he walked.

“Please bring me a glass as well?” I shouted through the door. I wasn’t as confident so I put on my underwear and got under the covers and tucked the duvet under my arms. He strolled back holding the glass then stopped and looked at me weirdly.

“What?” I asked him raising my hands.

“I come back and you all covered up? Is there still room for modesty Miss Lee?” he said as he handed me the glass and got into the bed.

“It’s cold Les hao obatla ke lwale (do you want me to get sick)?” I gulped the water down it was so good after the wine dehydrated my body. Les was laughing as he switched off the side lamp.

“Haha really? Otlo lwala (you’ll get sick) from a few minutes of exposure to the chill? I think not.” I smiled at him and we lay together, talking comfortably before I drifted off into a wonderful, deep, cozy sleep enveloped by Les’s spectacular body. What a wonderful day this had been was my last thought before lights out.

I woke up with a start and sat up in a bed. Slightly disorientated and trying to get my bearings. When I look around Les is sleeping next to me with his back towards me and everything comes rushing back. With a smile on my face I get up to use the loo. My muscles are stiff from all the loving Les gave me last night. My man had stamina and creativity for days. He woke me up three times last night. I may need to go to gym to build my own stamina. I never thought it could be like this because Mtho nje was all about him and once he was done best believe he would be snoring a few seconds later. I shake my head to get rid of my ex's thoughts from my mind. I think I'm already in love with Les. That scares me because he has the ability to hurt me badly. I look at myself in the mirror and spray my face with some water.

“Girl, you best be treading carefully here,” I whisper to myself as I wipe my face. Atleast I have cornrows now so my hair is not pointed in all directions. I sommer decide to brush my teeth and maybe surprise my early bird with breakfast in bed. I go back to the bedroom and go to his wardrobe and look for that Celtics top I wore the first time I slept over. His shelves are so neat and tidy way better looking than mine. I slip the top on and go to the kitchen. I find my phone on the kitchen counter and switch it on. Oh my goodness it's like 05:30 in the morning! Les must be tired because he is usually up at this time for his morning run. Shame he has been working so hard that man of mine. My cellphone beeps.

### **Hey Dali I miss u**

I frown, why is Mtho sending me messages all of a Sunday. I haven't heard from him in months. I never realised how rural Dali sounds. Gosh! I ignore his message and get started on the breakfast. I decide to make Muesli, fruit salad and yoghurt because that's what's in the fridge. I boil the water in the meantime to make some coffee as well. I know Les loves his coffee. I've learnt so much about him these past two months and that he is slightly OCD. He always wants things to be a certain way and be placed a certain way. I find it so cute.

I put everything on a tray and go to the bedroom. He is still sleeping my handsome man. I place the tray on his study table and go sit next to him on his side. He is busy mumbling in his sleep.



“That’s no true...that’s not my baby...”he mumbles and turns on the bed. Ke tlo utlwa diphiri mo (I’ll be hearing secrets here)! I shake him to wake him up. He opens his eyes slowly and looks slightly confused until he looks up into my face then he frowns.

“Morning sunshine. I beat you to the fat worm today,” I say as I rub his arm.

He sits up and hugs me tightly like he’s afraid I’m a figment of his imagination and I will disappear any minute. He keeps rubbing my back saying “You’re really here.” I find it quite strange and I don’t know what to make it. Maybe he had a nightmare.

“Les? Are you ok?” I ask him as I try to pull away to look at his face. He resists me pulling back and continues to hold me.

“Lee let me hold you for a minute please? I just need to hold you.” Ok I’m not even sure what’s going on and I’m starting to freak out a bit now. You sleep with a guy then the next morning he’s acting weird. I’m nervous now. Eventually he let’s me go and kisses me on the cheek.

“Good morning Miss Lee I smell coffee,”he says with a smile as if he didn’t just weird me out just now. He gets up and goes to the loo. I’m left sitting on the bed dumbstruck.

He comes back to find me still sitting on the bed and I think I need to tackle this head on so I know what I’m dealing with. He comes and sits down next to me and puts his arm around me.

“What was that about Les? You freaked me out there,” I say looking into his eyes. He blows out his breath and removes his arm from my shoulders. He rubs his head and covers his face with his hand.

“I just had a bad dream. It’s a recurring dream where my sins come back to bite me and you leave me because of it,”he says not even looking at me. I’m so confused right now and slightly apprehensive.

“Your sins? What sins?” I ask softly. He still has his hands on his face then he looks at me. There’s so much fear in his eyes my heart starts beating very fast. The chickens have come home to roost.

“I guess I can’t run away from it any longer and I had hoped we would be further along in our relationship before I told you about this but it’s been weighing heavily on my mind that I haven’t told you. I don’t want there to be secrets between us Lee because those things break relationships. You mean so much to me and you have no idea how much. Fuck!” he says angrily and gets up from the bed.

I sit back on the bed and pull my knees up to my chest and rest my face on them. I’m slightly trembling now. What deep dark secret is this guy hiding. Was this too good to be true? Why did I sit next to him at the bus on that fateful day? My mind is going at 120km per hour trying to anticipate what he is going to tell me. He settles on the chair by the study table and looks at the wall. The distance between us is killing me and I see he is distancing himself from me. It’s freaking 6 am in the morning and shit just got real.

“Ok let me start at the beginning,” he said and took a deep breath. “Phindile and I dated from high school then we both matriculated and went to different varsities. So I would see her on weekends and holidays but not that often. In my 3<sup>rd</sup> year, I was 21 at the time she told me that she was pregnant. So there was a level of disbelief from my side because I didn’t know what she was getting up to at varsity and I had heard a couple of rumours from some of our mutual friends. I was young then and I wasn’t ready for that kind of responsibility. Her family was quite close to mine and disclosing this to the parents would’ve resulted in me walking down the altar faster than you can say wedding. I wasn’t ready for any of that,” he paused and looked away.

My mind was reeling and trying to process all this information. It just boggled my mind that this was happening. Ignorance is truly bliss. There was an awkward silence in the room and I just kept quiet waiting for him to continue. I didn’t know what was coming next. Does he have a child and a baby mama? Can I deal with baby mama drama?

“Les? You don’t have to continue if you don’t want to.” My mind wanted to know but my heart was very reluctant. Staring off into the distance he continued with his story.

“I told her I wasn’t ready for that responsibility and that I didn’t want her to say anything to our parents until she was sure it was mine. I was freaking out about it because my parents were very traditional. I would’ve had to quit school and start working to support my newfound family. I couldn’t deal with it. I hustled for money and asked her to have an abortion. It wasn’t my proudest moment and in retrospect I probably wouldn’t have done it but what did I know about raising a child at 21? She refused for obvious reasons and went right ahead and told her parents. When her family came to my house to tell my parents that she was pregnant, I refused the pregnancy and told them she was sleeping around on me and that I wasn’t sure it was mine. My parents were so disappointed in me. My dad wouldn’t speak to me for months after that. Needless to say her and I broke up after that day. She had to drop out of varsity once she was showing so she could look after the baby.”

Les is not looking at me and my vision is blurry from the tears that I’m fighting hard not to let them fall.

“I went to her after the baby was born and they allowed me to see him because they knew that I was disputing the paternity. Phindile was so convinced it was me but that day I went to her house, she was crying non-stop and didn’t want me to see the baby. The minute I looked at him, he was 3 months at the time I knew it wasn’t mine. Phindile was at UFS while I was here at Wits and she then confessed and told me that she had a fling with Tokelo my cousin while at varsity because Tokelo lives in Bloem. The rage I felt that day was something I had never felt before. I...I slapped her...slapped her so hard I split her lip and she was bleeding. I started shouting and calling her all sorts of names until her mom and brother came in and pushed me out the door. My cousin was actually visiting under the pretense of coming here to look for a job meanwhile he knew and they were still carrying on. He knew that the baby was his.” Les is breathing so hard I can see the anger on his face and he is trembling with it.

“I got home and I remember he was watching TV and I beat him within an inch of his life. Nobody was home at the time and nobody stopped me. The neighbours

eventually heard all the screaming and shouting and came to his aid. By then he was collapsed on the floor and I was still punching him. I remember how raw and bloody my knuckles were from beating him. I just remember being hauled off and paramedics coming in. Tokelo is paralysed now because of me he is in a wheelchair. Phindile died last month from HIV related sicknesses. That's what brought everything back because the family says I should look after their son. I refuse to do it. He is not my child and I will not be reminded everyday of the kind of betrayal that they put me through. That's the kind of person I am Lee. I wanted to kill an innocent baby, I'm a woman beater apparently and not only that I paralysed my own cousin." He is shaking now and he's got tears in his eyes. I'm rocking back and forth I don't know what to do or say.

I get up on really wobbly legs and I go to him. This is my man and I love him and love has no conditions. He has been suffering with this on his own and having deep nightmares of what's happened. The words Tumi said weeks back makes sense now and I go to him and hug him while he sits on the chair. His body is tense and tenses even more as I put my arms around him. He is shaking his head and trying to pull out of my embrace and I hold on to him with all my strength.

"I love you," I whisper over and over in his ear. After what feels like forever he sags against me and I feel his tears on my arms. I get down on my knees in front of him and get between his legs and hold him on his waist. He holds me back.

"It's ok Les we will get through this," I say to him between my own tears. This is so intense I don't even know what to say. I don't know whether telling him I love him for the first time in this kind of scenario is right but I just went with my instincts. We sit like that in each other's arms for a long time.

"Your knees must be sore by now," he whispers in my ear. He gets up and brings me with him. We both get up and he hugs me tightly against him.

"I love you too," he says so softly I almost don't hear him.

I look around and settle on the long forgotten breakfast. "The coffee is definitely cold now," I say trying to lighten the mood rubbing his back up and down. He laughs a little.

“Well I’m all warm inside. You make me feel warm inside Miss Lee. Thank you,”he looks into my eyes and kisses me on the lips. “I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve you.”

Insert 10

“Wow that was a nice day,” I say as we walk into his apartment that evening.

After the intense morning we had, he offered to take me out to breakfast since the one I prepared wasn't fresh anymore. We both showered, snuck in some loving and got ready for the day. He told me he had planned a day in Maboneng. So we had breakfast on our way there and then explored the art galleries there. We took some pictures together and ended up having a late lunch at Pata Pata. It was such a perfect day he seemed so care-free as if a huge burden had been lifted from his shoulders. Throughout the day he kept kissing me and thanking me. Telling me how much he loved me. I would tell him back and we were literally love struck all over again. On the way home he held my hand the entire time until we got to his place. I never asked any questions based on what he told me because I knew it was hard enough just letting me in on that part of his past.

“Yep best day ever. Thanks love,” he says and he hugs me tightly to him. We sit on the couch and then his phone rings.

“Sho Thulas what's up?” he says taking my hand in his. He looks at me and whispers that Tumi and Thulani want to come over. I nod ok because I need to speak to Tumi about this morning.

“Ya sure come through. Please get some Chardonnay for my lady? The Danie de Wet from Woolies? I don't think I have any wine left. No don't buy beers I've got enough in the fridge. Sharp see you in an hour.”

He kisses my hand after the call.

“I guess we have company. Are you sure it's ok? We promised each other we'd spend this weekend just the two of us,” He says looking into my eyes.

“I don't mind and Thulani is your best friend. They both a nice couple so it's cool. We have an hour before they get here I suggest we use it wisely,” I say to him kissing him on the mouth.

He deepens the kiss and slips his hands under my skirt. This man knows exactly how to make my body dance to his tune. Soon we are both breathless and moaning on the lounge carpet.

“You make me feel so good,” I say as I stretch my limbs. He holds me to him and I lay my head on his chest.

“So do you want to ask me anything about what I said this morning?” I can hear apprehension in his voice. I turn to look him in the eyes.

“No my love I think we’ve spoken about it enough,” I say and lay back down. He exhales the breath he’s been holding.

“If you have any questions later on please let me know. I don’t want us to have secrets love,” he says as his phone rings. He gets up quickly swearing.

“Thulas is here. Get in the room and put some clothes on,” he says as he is pulling his boxer briefs and shorts on. I get up and pick up my discarded clothes and go to the room. I giggle as I stand behind the closed door and take a breath. Life with Les will never be boring. I go to the bathroom to freshen up and as usual my face looks thoroughly kissed. OMG! Les gave me a hickey on my neck! I can’t even hide it with my hair because I have cornrows. Oh Lesego! I put my skirt back on and my top and decide to wear my slippers. It’s not like we going anywhere. I come out of the room as Thulani and Tumi are coming in.

“Hey guys,” I wave at them and hug Tumi.

“Hey girl, how are you? I haven’t seen you since the cricket!” she says coming in and sitting down.

“Ya hey life gets in the way of life. School’s been a bit crazy lately. I’m really looking forward to the easter break,” I say to her as we settle down on the couch.

Les and Thulani are busy getting drinks ready in the kitchen and then they come through and sit down. Tumi moves to sit with Thulani on the single couch, those ones are always cuddling. Les comes and sits next me and puts my wine on the coffee table. He then takes my hand and intertwines his fingers with mine. I lay my

head on his shoulder. The love I have for this man overwhelms me. He kisses my head briefly. When we eventually look at our visiting couple they are looking at us with curious eyes.

“And then guys? Sho I can feel the love from here. So I guess things are going well?”Tumi asks taking her sip of the Savanna. I look down and smile shyly.

“Hawu baby bayekele i new love injalo (Leave them alone new love is like that). Don't you remember how we couldn't keep our hands off each other in the beginning?”Thulani says laughing.

“You guys can't keep your hands off each other now,”Les says laughing. “I'm just happy guys, Lerato makes me very happy.”He says kissing my fingers. If I could blush...

“That's awesome Lesego you know nna I'm happy for you I've BEEN rooting for you to find someone to make you feel again,”Tumi says with tears in the eyes.

“Ok enough of the emotional stuff baby. When's that match starting bra? Tune into the Supersport channel there,”Thulani says pointing at the remote. Tumi rolls her eyes and we all laugh. Les squeezes my hand.

So we get comfortable looking at the match build-up while everyone's catching up on work and all that.

“Tumi maybe we should get some food done, we are going to be solidly ignored for the next 90 minutes,” I say as I get up and Tumi follows me to the kitchen.

I open the freezer and take out some chuck meat that we can grill and then ask Tumi what she thinks we should have it with. She suggest green salad and potato salad based on what's in the fridge. Les and I should go grocery shopping tomorrow I don't know what he eats during the week. So I defrost the meat in the microwave and Tumi starts chopping stuff for the salad.

“So...” she starts looking at me. I'm peeling the potatoes for the salad.

“So what Tumi?” I ask smiling looking at her.



“I see Les is putting stamps of ownership on you now. Does that mean the deed has been done?” she says wiggling her eyebrows.

“Gosh you are so direct! Yep we’ve covered all the bases,” I say shyly.

“I’m so happy for both of you Lee you have no idea how much. I have to be direct phela I’m an attorney. You have to tell it like it is.” We both laugh.

“He told me what happened.” She stops mid-laugh and her mood changes slightly. She clears her throat.

“He did? Wow that’s quite an achievement. Lesego is so closed off. He must really have strong feelings for you. So how are you feeling?”

“I’m still processing but it’s something that happened in the past and it has no bearing on who we both become in the relationship. I know there’ll be residual emotions that flow into the relationship because of it but nobody makes me as happy as he does. So I’m willing to make it work with him. I love him T,” I say as I exhale.

“Wow Lee you’re so mature about this and I mean no disrespect but you’re still quite young. Les is intense especially now that he is expressing his emotions like this. When he loves, he loves hard. I’m so happy for you guys though because now you can build on a proper foundation. It just makes me slightly envious,” she says without looking at me. Now she’s shocked me.

“Envious? You and Thulani seem like the happiest couple. What’s wrong?” She has tears in her eyes. Ehh what’s going on now.

“We just going through some things and I guess it’s normal when you’ve been together forever like him and I. The excitement dies down, the relationship starts being predictable and you just go on about your lives. I’m trying to bring the spark back you know reading di Cosmo magazine, ke reka di (I’m buying) lingerie mara nkare ha mpono (but it’s as if he doesn’t see me) you know? Like ke roommate ya hae nou (I;m his room mate now). I’m starting to think maybe there’s someone else that’s keeping him interested,” then the tears start falling. I’m at a loss. I give her a hug.

“I’m so sorry to hear that T but I know Les is always going on about how much Thulani loves you. I don’t think he is cheating on you Tumi. Maybe you guys have to a heart to heart or like a weekend away or something to rekindle outside of the normal environment,” I suggest as I’m still holding her. She jumps from me with a smile on her face.

“Let’s all go away. Les, you, me and Thulani. I will organise and set it up. You must give me your number girl. Maybe that’s what we need. It will be easier now that Les has a person because Thulani doesn’t really like my friends.” What have I gotten myself into? Talk about a complete turn around. A weekend away sounds awesome but with another couple? I will have to speak to Les. Tumi looks so happy and upbeat suddenly. Maybe we should do it for them. It’s true that you can’t judge a book by its cover. I thought they were so happy.

Les comes into the kitchen with my glass of wine, “Love you forgot your wine on the table. It’s probably warm by now let me put ice in for you.” He got some ice from the freezer and handed me the glass then gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

“Thanks babe I even forgot about it.” I said taking the glass from him. He looks at us both suspiciously.

“Are you ladies having deep conversations in the kitchen?” He says as he takes two beers from the fridge. Tumi and I both laugh.

“Go back to your match Les hao did you come here to interrogate us?” Tumi said pushing him from the kitchen. Les laughed and walked away.

Tumi and I stayed in the kitchen while the food was getting ready bonding over some wine and Savannah. She told me about her ambitions and where she wants her career to go and I told her about what I want to do out of life. My concerns for next year and whether I’ll find a job etc. I think I may have made a friend in Tumi which is awesome because our men are best friends. Chances are I will be seeing a lot of her. Once the food was done we dished up and took the food to the TV room. The boys were still engrossed in the match but it was the last five minutes of the game.

They turned the TV to some music channel after that as we were eating.

“So Les I heard on the news that the bridge there in Sandton collapsed during the week. Is that what the long nights were about at work?”

“Eish bra that thing is deep hey. Once people die and people get injured you best believe someone will be out of a job after this. They are always looking for someone to blame for these things. Thank goodness I was working on a different project otherwise I’d probably also be sweating bullets.”

“Ya those things are real because even if you haven’t done anything wrong it makes you think too hard,” Thulani was saying.

“Compliments to the chefs the food was delicious,” Les said as he was collecting the plates.

When he came back he refilled my glass with wine and gave Tumi another Savannah. He is so attentive this man of mine. He came back from the kitchen and put his arm around me. We decided to rent some movie from BoxOffice because none of us felt like going out. It was some thriller type movie which I know Les and Thulani enjoyed. Les was stroking my arm the whole time we were watching the movie and it was kind of turning me on. He was just igniting some electricity up and down my arm. I couldn’t wait for us to be alone again.

When the movie ended, Thulani and Tumi got ready to leave. We walked them to the car and I gave Tumi a hug.

“Pray girl and hang in there. God is not a liar,” I whispered to her. You could see she was overwhelmed by my words and tried hard not to cry.

“Thanks girl, will call you during the week. Maybe we can have dinner.” I nodded. They both got in the car and waved good bye.

Les stood outside with his arm around my waist and turned to hug me very tightly.

“I couldn’t wait for them to leave love. I’ve got plans for you,” he said kissing my neck. I laughed breathlessly.

“Oh really? Can’t wait for you to show me those plans.” I said as I led him to the house. My heart was beating very fast. The things this guy does to me I can’t even.

Insert 11

It's been 4 months since the fateful weekend with Les when he told me all about his past. Our love has grown from strength to strength since then. I've been to his place a lot of times since then and we've been so happy. He is so attentive and observant to my needs I feel like I'm in heaven all the time. Noni got the show and now it's been extended for a couple more shows due to its popularity. God is working miracles in her life.

I just finished my last exam for the first semester and I feel so relieved. The past three weeks have been absolute hell and I couldn't even see my man. He was so supportive though through it all.

**Hey girl, freedom is calling your name. Can't wait for the weekend away this weekend.** Tumi sent me a message on Whatsapp.

We've gotten quite close since that day she confided in me at Les's place. We are going away to Monate Lodge in Lephalale leaving Friday and coming back Monday. I can't wait and I've bought some red lingerie to surprise my man.

**Yep girl I can't wait I need the break. Going to Les's place after he knocks off. I'm just going to be binge watching series during the day.**

**Hey love birds! Enjoy will c u Friday. Mcwaa!**

I smiled as I read her response. Just then my mom called.

"Hello ngwana ka ongwetse yang (how did you write)?" My mom asked.

"Hi mama it was challenging but hopefully I did well. How are you doing?"

"I'm okay Lerato. I just noticed a difference last month when you were here. You are smiling more, you seem to be in love..." hao my mom where is this coming from.

"hao mama I was happy to see you guys it had been a while. Especially because Odi also came. School is going great so nothing to complain about." I said shyly sitting on a wall by the exam venue.

“Hmm otlá mpotsa (you will tell me) when you are ready but I know that glow there’s a boy involved,” she said laughing.

“Ehh mama nna aketse gore obowa ka eng (I don’t know what you are talking about). Let me go catch the bus back to campus. I will see you guys next week nhe? Is Odi going to come help me move?” change of subject quick quick.

“Eya ngwana naka (yes my child) he will be there next week Wednesday. I will see you soon. I’m glad you are happy even if I don’t know the source.” My mom thought.

“I love you too mama see you soon.” I hung up and shook my head. That mother of mine thinks she is clever nhe. I guess Les has made a significant difference in my life.

I got up and walked towards the bus stop to catch a bus there so I can start packing. It was around 11:30 in the morning still and I know Les knocks off around 4 or 5pm.

“Hey girl wait up.” Someone is calling after me. When I turn around it’s random guy. What is this guy’s deal?

“Hey, how did you write?” I ask him. I’m in a good mood looking forward to seeing my man so I figure why not chat to him on my way to the bus stop.

“Eish it was a bit rough but I’m sure I can maintain my 60 average.” Hao this guy and his 60 average.

“So you not aiming higher?” I asked looking up at him. He was quite tall.

“Umm not really. I’m here on a basketball scholarship that’s my passion. I did the accounting thing because my mom insists I should have something decent to fall back on. I just want to play ball.”

“Ya I know all about parents wanting you to have something decent to fall back on. I’m in the same boat.” He looked surprised.

“For real? I thought you were in this to win it,” he said and I laughed.

As I walk to the bus stop I realise some guy is sitting there with what looks like lillies and those sneakers look familiar. They look like the sneakers I bought with Les when we went shopping a few months ago. My imagination is just running away with me because Les is at work there's no way he could be here with my favourite flower could he? I walk closer and he lowers the lilies from his face and OMG it is Lesego Mokoena in the flesh. Really? What is he doing here? I'm like so shocked I'm rooted on the spot on the bridge and I've stopped walking. Random guys stops with me.

"I thought you were walking to the bus stop?" I can't even hear him I'm focused on Les. He smiles as he sees me then registers the guy standing next to me and his facial expression changes. Ok what is he angry about? I can hear the cars driving below me but all I'm focused on is my man walking towards me. I haven't seen him in three weeks. He looks clean cut and he's trimmed his facial hair. He is wearing dark blue jeans and a white sweater. Some people are looking at him as he walks across to me.

"Lerato," he says when he gets to me.

"Hey baby what are you doing here? This is such a pleasant surprise. Aren't you supposed to be at work? We spoke this morning and you said you were at work? I mean..." I'm babbling and I can't seem to string a conversation together. He just stands there and glares at random guy.

"Who's the guy?" he asks through gritted teeth. Okay I'm not sure what's going on. Random guy decided to make himself scarce after witnessing the tension emanating from Les.

"Les what's going on? That's some guy in my class I don't even know his name. What are you doing here?" I asked him touching him on his arm. He whipped his arm away as if I had burnt him.

"Are you cheating on me on campus Lerato? I try to come and surprise you and I get surprised," he is shouting at me now and attracting the attention of passers by. I honestly have never seen Les like this and I have no idea what's going on. So I try to remain calm to diffuse the situation.

“You know I’m not cheating on you babes. Les, let’s go to your car and then we can talk about this.” I plead trying to take his hand. He let’s me but squeezes my hand almost painfully that I try not to wince from the pain. He literally drags me towards the parking lot and sommer throws the flowers he got me into the bin. When we get to the car he opens my door for me to get in. He won’t even look at me and gets in on the other side.

“Les? What’s going on?” I look at him as he drives. He stares straight ahead and says nothing. I give up trying to talk to him and start getting really worried for my safety. First time I’ve felt unsafe in his presence. I’m sitting there freaking out because he once slapped a woman. He beat a man within an inch of his life and put him in a wheelchair. Am I going to be a domestic abuse case? I’m panicking and I can feel my heartbeat in my throat. So many thoughts are going through my mind that as young as I am I’m having hot flushes.

We eventually get to res and we get into my room with no words being said between us. I’m not even sure what’s going to happen now and I’ve worked myself up to a state I’m close to tears. He comes in and sits on the bed and holds his head between his hands. I’m rooted to the spot by the door. I think subconsciously I want to be as close to an exit as possible.

“I asked you for exclusivity and you said you could do that. I thought we were on the same page Lerato. Who is that guy?”he says quietly and menacingly. His tone is so aggressive I’m literally flinching as he says the words to me.

“Lesego I’m not cheating on you. I don’t even know that guy’s name. He is just some guy from class I don’t even chill with him, I’ve spoken to him like twice including today. I promise you Lesego I’m not cheating nor am I thinking about cheating on you,”as I say this the tears I’ve been holding back roll down my face. He hasn’t looked at me once since we’ve been in here. He gets up from the bed and walks towards me staring intently in my eyes. My heart is literally in my throat and I reach for the door handle.

“Please don’t hit me?”I cry out yanking the door open. He moves to close the door and traps me between him and the door. I’m literally shaking and crying and I don’t even know what to expect next. He reaches to touch my face and I block my face with my arms. I don’t even know why I did it. I think I’m on self-preservation

mode. He notices this and hugs me. I'm as stiff as an ironing board in his arms and my eyes are storming with tears.

"I'm sorry..."he whispers so softly over and over again I almost don't hear him over my heartbeat ringing in my ears. He continues to hold me until my crying dies down. He lifts my face and looks into my face as if he is searching for something.

"I'm sorry for my behaviour. I don't know what came over me. When I saw you with that guy I just saw red. I wasn't thinking clearly. I would never hurt you I love you Lee." He says still looking at me.

"Please let me go?"I ask and my voice is thick with emotion from crying. He steps back and looks at me. I walk to the table, grab a tissue and blow my nose. I go back and sit on the bed. After the terror I went through the anger comes rushing in.

"What the fuck Lesego! You freaking scared me to hell and back. I don't appreciate shit like this from anyone and I won't tolerate it either. If you've got issues fucking deal with them. Don't you dare project your shit on me. I will leave Les and I will not be back!" I'm literally shouting now and slightly hysterical. He could literally beat me now for disrespecting him probably but now I have adrenalin in my blood and I'm ready to fight.

"I have no words to explain my behaviour. I don't know what came over me. I just haven't felt like I feel for you in years Miss Lee. I'm shit scared that you are going to hurt me worse than I've been hurt before. I don't know how to deal with these possessive feelings I have."

I wrap my arms around myself and I just don't know what to think now. I know he has baggage from his past experience but then he needs to see someone if it's so obsessive.

"You can't expect me not to interact with guys because you think I will cheat on you. Surely we should have trust in this relationship and I have never, ever given you a reason not to trust me. I can't deal with this right now. I need space," I say getting up from the bed. He's looking at me shaking his head.

"What are you saying Lee?"he asks softly. Gosh what am I saying.



“I need to think. I need space to think.” I say looking at him. He looks so sad I just want to go to him and hug him. It’s by sheer force that I don’t do that and I tighten my hands into fists to keep myself from doing that.

“Umm ok so you need space to think? Ok I can give you that. You not breaking up with me are you Lee? I know I have issues I’m working on them. I’m sorry baby,” he says coming towards me. I take a step back.

“Please don’t touch me. Please just go,” my voice breaks on the last word and my tears are back. I think I’m freaking out internally because I don’t know what the hell I’m doing right now. He stops, looks at me and nods then grabs his car keys from the table.

“I will call you later baby. I love you,” he reluctantly kisses me on the cheek probably because he is unsure of my reaction. He walks out and closes the door and the flood gates of my tears open again and I throw myself on the bed.

I get startled awake by a ringing phone. My mind is foggy and my room is dark. The sun must have gone down. I’m not even sure what time it is. I must’ve cried myself to sleep. I try and find my phone on the bed in my fogginess.

“Hello,” I answer groggily.

“Lerato o siame (are you ok)? Ke (It’s) Tumi.” I sit up and get hit by the great grandmother of headaches.

“Tumi hey. Sorry I was sleeping. What’s up?” I wince at the pain going through my head right now.

“Lesego called me in a state. He is with Thulani now and he says you guys had a fight and you are leaving him? What happened?” Really Lesego Drama King much?

“I just needed space I didn’t say I’m leaving him. Why would he think such a thing?” I say switching my study lamp on because it’s the closest one to my bed.

“Can I come see you Lee please? I just knocked off work I could be at your res in like 20 minutes,” I roll my eyes.

“It’s not necessary Tumi really. Les and I will sort it out.”

“No Miss Lee you are my friend now and you need a friend. I’m bringing wine. See you now now.”she drops the phone. Gosh so much drama. I look at my phone and my screen is full of messages from Les. This is not what I meant by space just by the way.

**I’m sorry baby I love you.**

**Please forgive me I didn’t mean to scare you...**

**I didn’t mean to hurt you 😞 ...**

**I would never hurt you Miss Lee I love you...**

**Please baby let’s work through this...**

Wow Lesego. I put my phone on the table and straighten the room out. I go to the mirror to fix my hair and the person looking back at me is frightful. Red puffy eyes and hair in all directions. I look horrible. I can’t do anything about it now and can’t even put shades on at night. I put the TV on just to have some background noise in the room and start clearing all my books away since exams are over. Before long I hear a knock on my door. I figure that Les probably gave Tumi the address to my place.

“Hey girl,” she says and holds up a bottle of wine with some hotwings from Chicken Licken. I wave for her to come in and she places the stuff on the table. She looks all formal in her suit and killer heels.

“You look good Tumi. Is that how you are slaying in the corporate world?” I ask her trying to lighten the mood. She takes one look at me and pulls me into a hug. I end up on her breasts because she’s wearing super high heels and I’m barefoot.

“What happened girl. You look like you’ve also had a rough afternoon.” Her comfort is just making me weak and I don’t want to cry again. I’ve cried too much today. I don’t even think my eyes can handle it so I step out of her embrace and busy myself with looking for wine glasses. I don’t think I can stomach any food right now.

“Lesego happened,” I say as I hand her the glass of wine. I take a huge gulp and it’s cold so it refreshes me just a little bit. “Les came to campus wanting to surprise me with my favourite flowers and everything. So problem starts when some guy from class I hardly talk to is walking and chatting to me on my way to the bus stop. I’ve literally spoken to that guy once before and today was the second time. I don’t even know his name Tumi. I even call him random guy. I have no freaking clue who he is...” I tell Tumi the whole story and she is such a good listener she doesn’t even interrupt until I’m done speaking.

“Yho mara Lesego kgante na tsenwe ke eng (What had gotten into Lesego)?” Tumi asks.

“I don’t know Tumi and he scares me now. I know what he is capable of. I was so convinced that he was going to hit me and the scary thing is even before it happened I knew I would’ve forgiven him. That fucking terrifies me. I’m shit scared of becoming this person because I love him. I’ve never been abused but today I understood why those women go back and forgive. I can’t reconcile that part of myself with who I always thought I was. I don’t even know if I’m making sense.”

Tumi looks at me and nods, “makes perfect sense girl. Eish Lesego has anger issues but the one’s I’ve experienced are quite mild compared to what you are describing. He took up running to work off the anxiety he used to get about what happened to him. That whole experience fucked him up. I think he really loves you Lerato and that’s why he was freaking out that way and it’s no excuse. I don’t even think he would’ve hurt you. He’s worked through a lot of what happened all those years ago. So what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know hey. There’s no question regarding whether I love him or not. That’s a given I love Les so much. I think there’s just that uncertainty about whether one day I will do something that will push him to get violent with me. That’s the part that’s got me hesitating. Even as I sit here I miss him so much I just want to be with him.” I say my vision getting blurry with tears. Tumi holds me through my mini cry.

“Maybe you should be with him then. You guys have something special Lee and he didn’t hit you didn’t even come close to that. I think everyone deserves a second

chance and you let him know how you feel about his behaviour. The way he sounded on the phone I have a feeling he is also suffering,”Tumi said rubbing my back.

“I guess you are right. Nobody’s perfect after all and like you said he didn’t really hurt me physically and I do want to be with him. He has made me so happy. I’ll call him and ask him to come through so we can talk,”I said taking my phone. I think this was the right decision. Lesego made me very happy and this was just an isolated incident atleast I sincerely hope so.

“No girl it’s cool let’s go to my place. He is there with Thulani. Pack up your stuff then we can go.”

When we got to Tumi and Thulani’s place it was around 9pm and I guess Les was here because his car was parked at the visitors parking. I got nervous just thinking about seeing him again. Would he be mad that I chased him away and not responding to his texts? We got into the house and found both guys drinking and watching some or other soccer match on TV. Thulani was a sports fanatic of note. Les was sitting on an armchair facing away from the door.

“Hi Love please come help me quickly,”Tumi said signalling for Thulani to come to the kitchen and putting her finger on her lips and pointing at me so that he doesn’t alert Les to my presence. They disappear into the room and I’m rooted to the spot by the entrance. I walk slowly to the TV room and sit on the couch adjacent to the arm chair. He doesn’t even register my presence. He looks like he is looking through the TV and not at it. He’s slouched on the chair clutching the beer in one hand while the other hand is balancing his head.

“Tumi? Did you change your perfume? You smell like my Lee,”he finishes off in a whisper and looks so sad. It brings tears to my eyes that I could reduce this man to this. Despite what we’ve gone through he still calls me his.

“It’s not Tumi,”I say softly and touch his arm. He gets up so fast he knocks over his beer in his haste to put it on the table.

“Shit!”he swears trying to wipe the beer with some cloth on the table. I get up to get a washing rag from the kitchen. When I come back he is looking at me

following my every move. He takes my hand and pulls me into a hug and I let him. It feels so good being in his arms. It feels like coming home and I'm surrounded and comforted by his scent. He tightens his hold and whispers over and over how sorry he is. He holds me at arm's length and looks at my face.

"I'm sorry I chased you away," I say softly, "I just couldn't work through that situation with you being there."

"It's ok babes you're here now. It's so unexpected but such a pleasant thing. I would never hurt you Miss Lee and I'm sorry that I did. You have no idea how I spent the afternoon berating myself for hurting you. Are you ok?" he asked leading me to the couch and settling me on his lap.

"I'm ok. I just got scared because I've never seen you like that. I didn't know what you would do but I'm here because I love you and I want us to work through it. That's if you still want..." before I could finish the sentence he was kissing me. It was everything I wanted and more. It felt like I hadn't kissed him in forever and I was so thirsty for it. My body started responding to his kiss which is inevitable when Les is involved. Instead of us starting things we can't finish in other people's houses I stopped the kiss and smiled at him.

"I didn't even know that Tumi came to see you but I'm glad she did because you're back in my arms again," he said kissing me on the cheek, "I love you Miss Lee."

"I love you too Les now let's go home please? My bag is in Tumi's car."

"You don't have to ask me twice," he said getting up, "Tumi? Tumi?" he called shouting.

Tumi came out of the room and she had changed into her PJ's with Thulas following behind her.

"Kissed and made up have we?" Tumi asked smiling.

Les was holding my hand in his and he raised both our hands to kiss mine.

“Ke a leboga (Thanks) Tumi. I don’t know gore ommoditse eng mara ke a go kolota (I don’t know what you said to her but I owe you one).”

“Don’t worry about it Les. That’s what friends do for each other akere. How many times have you sorted my and Thulani’s ish out? Had to return the favour. I assume you want to go and get it on nhe? Let’s get Lee’s stuff out of my car,”she said winking. Gosh she’s back to her teasing self.

Insert 12

“Sho what a long day,” I say as I lean over his desk in his room to put my handbag down and then I feel him right behind me. He grabs me by the waist and kisses my neck. I try to turn and he keeps me facing the wall. I missed those hands on me. He slides his hand under my jersey and top and pinches my nipples through my lace bra. I gasp and moan as I push my breast into his hand. I put both my hands on the table and hear his heavy breathing sending tingles in my ear. His other hand pushes my stockings down then he pushes my underwear to the side and starts exploring me with his fingers. I’m already wet from the moment I felt him behind me and our little apology make out session at Tumi’s house. I start pushing back against his hand and I can’t help the moans that escape from my mouth. He should’ve been a pianist they way he uses those fingers of his I’m sure he would be a Mozart or Beethoven of our lifetime. Les is doing incredible things with his hand on my breast, his mouth on my neck and his glorious fingers. He is strumming me like a guitar and I can feel myself getting close.

“Let it go my love,” he whispers in my ear and I detonate in his expert hands. He doesn’t give me a moment to catch my breath before I hear his zip go down and him bending me over the table. He nudges my legs apart and he enters me swiftly and smoothly. It feels so great that he comes on the spot and unbelievably I come for the second time.

“Ahh Les shit!” I can’t even move and then I feel this warmth inside me and I tense. I feel him tense too behind my back.

“I’m sorry. Fuck! I just lost my mind there,” he says and withdraws. I’m frozen on the table I don’t even know what to say. I know how sensitive this is for him especially after the whole Phindile thing. I hear him zip himself up and he turns me around. I’m broken from the reverie when he brings a wet cloth to slowly wipe away the evidence. He sits on the bed thereafter and isn’t saying anything. I pull up my stockings and sit next to him. He takes my hand tightly in his and kisses it.

“I got reckless I’m so sorry. I just haven’t seen you in such a long time and with all the drama of this afternoon I guess I just lost control,” he exhales loudly.

“It’s ok,” I say breathlessly and my voice comes out hoarser.

“it’s not ok babes I put both of us at risk with my recklessness. We’ll go to the pharmacy and get the morning after pill tomorrow morning. Shit!” He gets up and looks out the window. He is so mad at himself. I get up and hug him on the waist from behind.

“Umm I have a mirena inserted,” I say softly to his back. He turns around and holds me in his arms.

“Mirena? What’s that?” he asks looking at me.

“It’s an Intra-Uterine Device (IUD) that lasts up to 5 years in the body with no need for monthly visits to the clinic. I was on the pill before but I suffered with deep migraines so my mom took me to one of her gynae friends and she suggested I use the Mirena because it’s a progesterone only contraceptive. It seems there’s a link between oestrogen and migraines,” I’m babbling again. I take a deep breath and look at him. He looks confused.

“Basically what I’m trying to say is I won’t fall pregnant babe I’m on a very effective contraceptive. Have been for the past year although I haven’t really been active in that time except with you,” I say and exhale loudly. I can feel the tension leaving his body as I say this.

“There’s still the HIV factor babe. After what happened to Phindile with her contracting HIV from some random guy you know I’m anal about condoms.” He says. I know he is because in the six months we’ve been together we have always used them.

“I know babe I don’t mind going with you to get tested. I did one about 6 months ago when my mom was updating her life cover things and I was clean but we can go together. I’m committed to you Les in every way. You should know that by now,” I say earnestly looking into his eyes. He turns my chin towards him and he kisses me hard.

“I love you Miss Lee. I think we should do it Friday morning because I’m on leave from then until next week Tuesday. Maybe we can go to the clinic on campus and do it? What do you think?”



“Yep I think that’s a good idea. It’s good to know our HIV status. I’m so thirsty babe do you mind getting me some water please?”

“Sure love. I’ll be right back. Do you want to get the bed ready in the meantime?” He says as he walks out. I exhale the breath that I’ve been holding. OMG my love for Les is making me reckless. Sex without condoms now? I’ve never done that before and I don’t know why it didn’t even register when he penetrated me. It just felt so freaking awesome though.

“Here you go babes”he hands me a glass of water and starts undressing. That’s how deep that session was we did it with our clothes on. I also undress once I’ve put all his million scatter cushions on the floor. I don’t know why he has so many. I take off everything because Les doesn’t like me sleeping with anything on. He says it makes it easier if he wants to get some of me at night not to have barriers that need to be taken off. Eish this man of mine and his stamina.

Speaking of his stamina. We are both in bed now and I’m lying on his chest with my one leg between his and he is running his one hand up and down the side of my body. It’s giving me this nice tingle. I slowly start rubbing his abs up and down then I go down even further and touch his dick. I can feel him harden in my hand until my fingers aren’t touching anymore. I told you mos that God has overprovided in that region. He lifts my chin up so he can kiss me and moans into my mouth as I rub his pre-cum on his mushroom. I’m emboldened by his reactions and I get up and straddle him on the bed with his dick still in my hand. I kiss him on his neck and down his happy trail until my lips are hovering above his dick. Les is looking at me with half-lidded eyes and biting his lower lip. He looks so sexy right now. I’ve never done this before because I’ve never been a fan of blow jobs but Les manages to bring out the slut in me. I tentatively touch my tongue to the mushroom and lick him all around the head like I’m licking a melting ice cream cone. Yep I call it the mushroom because it looks like one at least on him it does because he is circumcised. He hisses through clenched teeth. I then run my mouth along the length of his dick up and down and use my hand to play with his ball sack. I’m not even sure if I’m doing this the right way but relying on what I’ve read from romance novels. His heavy breathing is motivating me. I take him deep into my mouth and relax my throat so that I don’t gag. Les is so big my lips are stretched taut on his dick and I can’t even fit all of it in my mouth. I use my hands

to hand job the base of his dick not in my mouth. He starts pushing upward into my mouth and pulling my hair tightly. This is getting me so wet right now I can't even. I suck in my cheeks to create more suction and friction for him as I run my tongue over and over on his mushroom.

"Babes I don't want to come in your mouth. Not today anyway," he says as he pulls me up for a kiss. What does he mean not today, do guys come in your mouth for real? I just haven't been that kinky. He kisses me as I lie on top of him and press my breasts to his chest. I feel him on my stomach solid as a rock.

"Let me get the condoms," he says trying to push me off him. We've already done it once without one so I don't want him to get it. Does that make me reckless yet again? I just want to feel him with nothing between us again while I'm actually conscious of it. I look at him and shake my head slightly.

"Are you sure?" he asks me caressing my hips. I answer him by taking his dick and rubbing it against my clit. That friction feels so good I gasp at the instant pressure. I get up on my knees and put him inside me and feel him sliding into me as I sit down again. I feel so full of Les right now in this position. He holds my ass cheeks and pushes up into me. I start riding him like I'm on a mechanical bull.

"You feel..so..good...Lee. You...were...mmm...you were made for me babe...just for me" I catch some of what he is saying. Our bodies are slick with sweat despite the cold weather outside. I feel his movements becoming less coordinated and I know he is close. He reaches between us and flicks my clit and I unravel. I bite my lip to stop me screaming out and he groans as he reaches his climax. I feel him expand inside me then I feel a warm rush inside me. I'm still twitching in the aftermath lying on his chest.

"Fuck my love that was incredible," he says to me between him trying to catch his breath. I just hold him tight and as he rubs my back up and down. I'm crying and I can't help it. Whenever I orgasm like I did now I cry and he knows this now. I couldn't hide it from him for long because he is so good at what he does. He looks at me and kisses my tears away and my body is wracked with sobs. I'm so overwhelmed and I think the day has just been super dramatic. He kisses me on the lips and holds me until my tears dry.

“Thank you Les,” I say my voice thick with emotion. He gets up once he knows I’m ok and gets a wash cloth from the bathroom and he cleans me then kisses me on my hip bone when he’s done. It’s become our little ritual everytime. He comes back to bed and holds me. I put my head on his chest and he pulls the covers over us. Before I know it I’ve dozed off.

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“Bye babes I’m going now,” Les kisses me on my cheek in the earliest of hours. This early bird of mine. I reluctantly opened my eyes and stretched in the bed.

“Is it time for you to go now?” I asked sitting up on the bed. This was the morning after the dramatic night before. Let’s just say as usual my body is super stiff because Les spent the whole night apologising. Ha! You know what I’m saying! I don’t even know how he is going to make it through the day with the little sleep that he had.

“Yep don’t want to get caught up in the traffic and fall asleep. I’m running on reserves today. No thanks to you Miss Lee,” he says sitting on the bed.

“I didn’t hear you complaining last night babes. Nna I’m going to sleep and wake up later nyana. I have a lunch date with the girls.”

“Oh ya you mentioned it yesterday. Ok no problem just call an Uber nhe to come get you and then I will meet up with you after work. I downloaded the App on your phone and put my card details there.”

“Wow Les look at you with your blesser tendencies,” I winked at him.

“Hahaha funny Miss Lee I don’t make enough to be labelled a blesser. In fact you could be my blesser because the way you blessed me with your cookie last night hm hm. Love let me go. We’ll chat throughout the day nhe? Try not to miss me too much,” he said and kissed me on the lips. Gosh this guy. I’m a blesser because of my cookie?

“Have an awesome day my love. Shouldn’t I be waiting at the door with your skafin (lunch)?” He got up and threw the scatter cushion at me and walked out. We were back in our happy place and that made me really glad.

I looked at the time when he left and realised it was still 05:30 in the morning. Aowa I’m going back to sleep. I realised how tired I was with cross-nighting for exams then the big Les drama yesterday I just couldn’t deal.

**Lee where are you?** Noni sent a message. Hao these girls are so impatient.

**I’ll be there in 5 ☐**

I will be spending some quality time with my girls today it feels like forever. We’ve all been so busy with our lives that we haven’t seen each other at all. They’ve also been complaining on some I’ve got a new friend now in Tumi and I’m always meeting her for dinner. Gosh these drama queens.

We were meeting in Sandton City for manicures then lunch and drinks. I’m going to meet up with Les after work then we going for Tumi’s birthday dinner at Pappas. My social life has really improved with Mr Les man in my life. Bo bookworm bofedile (My bookworm tendencies are over).

I found the girls waiting for me outside at Decadence. I hugged all of them hello and we went in.

“So good to see you Lee it’s been a minute,” Portia said as we settled down on the chairs.

“I know right it’s ridiculous how time goes.”

“So how are you and Les doing? Are you good? Kebona le di (I see even the) Profile Picture have changed on Whatsapp.” KG says. She is so crazy that one.

“Yep all is good no issues,” I feel slightly bad not divulging the drama of yesterday but I feel like I have to protect Les. Do I sound like an abused woman who hides bruises with make-up? Gosh! I’m overthinking this. I think it’s good to keep relationship problems to yourselves because then your friends start hating on your man for something you’ve long forgiven him for.

“Eish ya you look happy my friend. If only we could all find THE love that you seem to have found,” Noni sighed wistfully.

“Ahh Noni wena Miss Workaholic otlo kereya kae mmona (where are you going to find a man) when you’re working all the time?” KG said rolling her eyes. I told you my friends have drama for days.

“Angithi I’m behind chomi phela mina i break yami ifike izolo nje (my big break came later). I have to capitalise and prove myself. I’m sure no Portia ukhathele yimi kakhe (is tired of me being in her space).”

“uh uh chomi don’t put words in my mouth. When have I even complained? It’s actually nice having you around phela Jimmy used to abuse me with dikubo (wanting sex) all the time. So now I use you as an excuse why he can’t come over. You know Jimmy goes through a 12 pack ya di condom in a matter of hours leaving me raw. I mean how much KY Jelly must I buy every month to keep up with his appetite? Aowa nna I’m not super woman. It’s better since you’ve been there. So chomi stay as long as you want,” we all burst out laughing. I told you these ladies were crazy. The ladies at the nail place were all smiling shaking their heads. Portia has been dating Jimmy on and off forever because of his baby mama drama that he can’t sort out. I honestly don’t understand baby mama’s and them always coming between their babby daddy’s relationships. Honestly!

We went and had lunch at JB’s Corner. After splurging on nail treatments and red lingers for the weekend away I was being slightly frugal with my money. I even insisted that Les and I go 50/50 on the weekend away accommodation. I am not a kept woman although he insists that he doesn’t mind spending his money on me. I’ve got my own allowance though so it’s nice to spend my own money once in a while. Especially because my dad had it ingrained into me from a young age that you should never put yourself in a situation where you owe a guy anything because then he will use it to his advantage. That always stuck with me. I only had a glass of white wine because I didn’t want to be buzzed for Tumi’s thing. My friends exceeded the legal limit a long time ago and the table was getting super rowdy. We started getting some looks from the other tables.

“Girls I’m going to the loo nhe? I’ll be back now now,” I said as I got up.

When I was busy washing my hands in the loo a familiar face walks into the toilet. Freaking Chelsea. I have to stop myself from rolling my eyes. I haven't seen her since her randomness at the cricket. I forgot that I would bump into her today because she is Tumi's friend. Kill me now! I hope we sit on opposite ends of the table.

"Oh fancy meeting you in the toilet. Quite fitting considering this is where shit happens..." she says walking up to me. Her face is gorgeous but I think her heart is the opposite.

"Hi Chelsea. Not sure what you mean by that comment," I said with a really fake smile on my face.

"Ya always acting the innocent nhe. Is that how you've kept Les so long by playing the dumb innocent bitch?" Wow really. Confrontational much. Other people coming into and out of the loo are looking at us weirdly.

"Whatever makes you sleep at night Chelsea on your own in your cold bed. Atleast I have Les to make me sleep at night," I say looking at her through the mirror as I put my lipgloss on. I'm acting casual but inside I'm ready to fight. One mistake and I'll be all over her.

"I wouldn't be proud of something like that. Les is a man whore," she says folding her arms.

"Pity. The man-whore that he is he wouldn't and hasn't touched you with his ten foot pole. So what does that say about you?" I turn around and walk out of the toilet. I'm fuming I'm so mad. That girl really knows how to press my buttons. When I get to the table the girls can see something is wrong.

"And then Lee ke eng?" KG asks. Now I'm a crier. I cry when I'm happy, sad, angry, tired you name it. So I have tears in my eyes when I retell what happened in the bathroom.

"Sahlanya sifebe seo. Se kae? (That bitch crazy where is she?)" KG asks getting up. Eish this friend of mine and her straatmate tendencies.

“It’s fine KG sit. The biggest weapon against her is when Les and I are together. That thing grates her tits like you won’t believe.”

“You best be putting on a show for her tonight then my chom. You must be all over Les like white on rice,” Portia chirped in.

“Oh best believe I’ll be all over him and it won’t even be an act. I love me some Les,” I said smiling and hi-fiving the girls. Just then man in question called.

“Hi babes, we were just talking about you,” I say smiling.

“Oh really? That’s why my ears have been itching non-stop today,” he says laughing.

“No silly. Where are you? Are you here yet? I’m at JB’s Corner”

“Yep I just parked. Ok I will come get you. Are you girls done?”

When we got to Pappas there were already a few people there. You could tell that all of them were working people because they were wearing formal working clothes. I felt slightly under dressed with my blue skinny jeans, a white shirt, brown coat and I had changed into my brown stiletto boots. Les was holding my hand and squeezed it because I think he could sense that I was tense. We saw Tumi standing by the one of the tables speaking to a group of people. She waved us to come over. Thulani was also at that table.

“Hey girl! Good to see you,” she said as she hugged me.

“Hey Tumi, happy birthday dear,” I said as I hugged her back and Les did the same.

“Guys you know Les mos. This is his beautiful girlfriend Lee.” Really Tumi what was with the adjectives that she was using? I waved hi to everyone and the reception was luke warm to say the least in fact it was down right arctic from some people. Yho I must get used to the hating going on here. It’s going to be a long night.

“Let’s grab a seat,” Les said guiding me to a chair while holding me on the small of my back. Les sat next to Thulas and I sat next to him. He held my hand once we were sitting and rubbing my hand with his thumb. I think he could also tell that I was quite uncomfortable because I didn’t know anyone here except Tumi and Thulas. The waitress came to take our drinks orders and I asked for a bottle of Chardonnay. I needed it to get through today and liquid courage would serve me well.

“Are you ok babe?” He asked softly squeezing my hand.

“Ya I’m fine love,” I said smiling tentatively. I hadn’t told him what happened with my Chelsea encounter. I could fight my own battles and I didn’t want Les to think I’m a straatmate. She wasn’t here yet and I knew it was going to be worse when she arrived.



“Whenever you want to leave just say the word and we’ll go home ok?” I nodded and he kissed me on the cheek. My wine arrived and I took a large gulp. The girls were like staring at me and talking and I could tell that I was the subject of conversation. I took my phone out of my clutch so I could talk to my friends.

**The depth of situations here! I can’t deal. The girls are being so special right now.**

**Ahh oskawara chomi akere (don’t worry friend you know) Tumi told you gore (that) her friends have BEEN wanting Les. Don’t let them get to you Kg answered me.**

**I know chomi mara (but) it’s so uncomfortable. Anyway thanks ladies for the afternoon it was really awesome ☐**

Someone came and sat next to me on the other side and I looked up from my phone.

“So you are the Lee that we’ve been hearing about?” some girl said. She was smiling at me but you could see it wasn’t a genuine smile. She had pimples for days and a natural afro.

“Here’s to hoping. I mean there are a lot of Lee’s in the world,” I said sweetly and took a sip of my wine.

“Kusho ukuthi (It means) we never stood a chance mos. I wasn’t aware Les likes them so young! What grade are you in?” Wow really? Chelsea 2.0 up in here. The other girls were looking at us. You could see this was a planned thing going on.

“Since we trying to get to know each other and you seem to know who I am. What’s your name?” I asked sweetly putting my hand on Les’s thigh and it gave me a thrill when he put his hand on top of mine and intertwined our fingers. She saw that and it seemed to anger her a bit. You see bo nkgono (grannies) can’t even control their emotions.

“My name is Mbali. So what grade are you in?”

“I’m actually in varsity I finished High School a while ago,” I said looking straight at her.

“Really? But you look so young!” she said clapping her hands dramatically.

“Thanks for the compliment. I must have inherited my mom’s good genes. So how old are you Mbali 35?” I asked innocently. Two can play that girl Zulu girl. She looked so offended she actually put her hand on her chest.

“What? No I’m 25.”her eyes were open wide.

“Oh really? Oh ok,”I said taking another sip of my wine. Bring it on bitch. Just then Tumi came to our table and put her arm around me.

“Good to see you Lee. O sharp mara?”she asked standing between me and Mbali.

“Ke sharp hey no complaints. And wena Miss Party are you enjoying yourself?”

“Ahh waitse nna ke sharp all the time. Oh Chelsea just got here. Hao why did she bring Mmabatho.” She said as she walked towards them. Mmabatho was some model looking kind of girl. She had legs all the way up to her armpits. Very beautiful and looked well put together.

“Ke mang Mmabatho?” I asked Mbali. She looked like the cat that just ate the canary.

“Oh ya Mmabatho is Les’s fuck buddy,”as she said that Les looked up from his conversation with Thulas and saw Mmabatho walking towards our table. He tensed slightly next to me. And then? What was going on? Les’s fuck buddy? I thought he didn’t entertain Tumi’s friends. Mbali got up and hugged the Mmabatho chick and went back to her friends.

“Thulas hey. Lesego darling how are you?”she said and bent down to kiss Les on the cheek. Really? I was getting slightly agitated but I kept my face completely blank because I knew we were in the spotlight now.

“Hey Batho long time. So you back from the UK?” he asked standing up and letting go of my hand. Ok!

“Yep flew in yesterday morning. Still suffering from Jetlag though. Maybe you can help keep me awake later on?”she said breathlessly. She had a very husky voice.

“That offer isn’t on the table. This is Lee my girlfriend,”he said motioning for me to stand. I stood up and extended my hand to her.

“Hi Mmabatho nice to meet you,”I said. She just looked at me and then my hand and literally ignored me. Wow dramatic much!

“So Les I leave for 6 months nyana and I get back to find that you’ve opened a Montessori school? Are you stocking up on Purity and Pampers? You need a real woman to take care of you and you know I’m the business”she said running her manicured nails up and down Les’s shirt. Les took her hand and removed it and then took my hand and gave it a squeeze. Shame he’s been comforting me this whole night. The me being a young girl thing was getting really old now. I had to contain myself to stop from rolling my eyes.

“In fact I’m great. Lee’s been taking real good care of me,”he said pulling me closer to him and kissing me on my cheek. Inside I was doing the gwarra-gwarra dance. I love this man of mine. I just smiled and put my arm around his waist and my other hand on his rock hard abs. Mmabatho looked slightly irritated and like she had just swallowed a really sour lemon.

“I better mingle,” she said and walked away.

“Can we go outside for a bit?” Les asked taking my hand.

“You guys leaving?”Tumi asked coming towards us.

“No we’ll be back. Just getting some air,” Les answered pulling me outside.

We walked down the stairs and walked onto the Mandela Square. The place was buzzing for a Wednesday night with people coming and going. When we got downstairs he hugged me real tight against him.

“I’m sorry about all this my love. You can’t be enjoying yourself with all this randomness going on.”he said looking at me rubbing my arm up and down.

“You haven’t done anything wrong babe you don’t have to apologise. I was expecting to have some beef-nyana going on here and there. You have history with these people. Don’t feel bad,” I said to him kissing him on the lips.

“I know it’s just that I’ve seen how unreceptive the girls are to you being here and the guys can’t keep their eyes to themselves either. Just for full disclosure purposes I’ve fooled around with Mmabatho before whenever she was in the country and that’s probably why she was feeling territorial over me but there’s nothing going on there.” I smiled at him glad to be hearing this from him and not other people.

“It’s fine babe. I’m a big girl I can handle it.” I said hugging him and he tightened the hug. I said a silent prayer of thanks to God for blessing me with this man.

When we went back in people were ordering food so we sat down and got our orders in as well. Les had his hand on my thigh and would occasionally rub my thigh with his one finger. It was doing delicious things to my body especially with the wine already travelling through my system. Tumi came and sat next to me.

“Askies Lee I can see my friends are quite hostile today. I don’t know why they can’t behave themselves. I asked them so nicely to be nice.”

“Don’t worry about it Tumi it’s cool. Tonight isn’t about me anyway it’s about you Miss Party. I got you something,” I said taking an envelope out of my bag. I got her a Victoria Secret voucher. She took it with a smile on my face.

“For me? Oh you didn’t have to. Oh my word Lee lingerie things! I’m going there tomorrow after work so I can get something before our weekend away! Thank you so much,” she said giving me a hug.

“You’re welcome. Another way to add barbeque nyana akere?” she had tears in her eyes.

“You get me Lee ke a leboga hey. Ke wena fela who knows the drama in my life. Your support has been invaluable.” I hope she doesn’t cry. I have those eyes that water nje even when I watch TV and people cry I cry.

“Don’t cry girl you’ll make me cry then these girls will think I’m cracking under their invisible pressure,” I said hugging her again. These were the people that mattered anyway not the bitches chilling on the other side of the table judging us. She laughed and put the envelope in her bag. The food arrived and Tumi sat with me throughout keeping me company. I felt like the animosity would never stop especially if she was sitting with me now and not mingling with her friends. I think she was trying to prove a point.

After about an hour or so later, Les was yawning next to me and I thought he must be very tired because we didn’t get much sleep the previous night.

“Are you tired babe? We can go hey.” I leaned over and asked him.

“Yeah my reserves are five to ending. I saw you were still chatting with Tumi you sure you’re ready to go?” he asked rubbing my thigh up and down.

“Yes my love. We’ll be spending the coming weekend with them so it’s not a problem we can go.” He leaned forward and kissed me on my lips then he spoke to Thulas.

“Tumi we going to leave now nhe? Mara will see you on Friday akere?” I said getting up and hugging him.

“Ok no problem. Kelebogile thata gore otle today and put up with the drama,” she said and also hugged Les.

Les said goodbye to the rest of the other people. I didn’t even bother. What was the point? He was holding my hand as we left. At least it wasn’t too late it was around 9 in the evening.

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When we got to his place there was some giggling going on in the house. Les sighs as we get closer to the door.

“I forgot my sister has friends over. I’m so tired not in the mood” he says opening the door. I don’t mind the friends being over I’m not here for them anyway. We walk in holding hands and all conversation stop. The girls’ eyes light up as Les

walks in but once they see me coming in behind him you see some looks of jealousy, hatred and disappointment in others. Eish this thing of dating a hot guy. How many of this bitches will I have to keep away. I can't deal.

"Hi ladies," he says as he takes his laptop bag to the room.

"OMG hi Lee I haven't seen you in forever. We keep missing each other." Katli comes over and gives me a hug.

"Hi Katli good to see you again." I say smiling at her. She pulls me into the TV room and I have about 6 faces staring at me.

"Guys this is my future sister in law isn't she just gorgeous?" Eish Katli is making me feel self conscious again. My weave is back on and I know I rock that look. I receive half-hearted hi's back. What is this future sister in law thing now?

"Babe? Can you come help me with something?" Les calls from the passage. Saved by my love. I go to him in the bedroom and mouth a "thank you" before I come in and close the door. He's sitting on the bed laughing at me. This guy is not serious. So I walk over there and pretend to punch him. He pulls me on top of him on the bed and he kisses me.

"Love there are people in the lounge," I say between his kisses.

"So? That's never stopped us before," he says probably remembering about 2 months ago when he hosted a braai here and we left a house full of guest to go fool around. Tumi was on my case again when we came back. She's got hawk eyes that one.

He rolls us around and pins me on the bed with his arms on either side of my face. I hold his face in my hands and he tells me that he loves me.

"I love you too Mr Mokoena more than you'll ever know," I say as he presses against my core and elicits a gasp from me. He always feels so good.

"Care to show me how much Miss Molemi?" He let that question hang in the air like I would refuse him.

“I thought you were tired Mr Mokoena.”

“Oh I’m never to tired to eat Miss Molemi,”he said winking at me.

“Go lock the door Les I don’t want any interruptions,” I say back to him laughing. As he is going to the door I’m quickly taking off my clothes right down to the underwear. Modesty left a long time ago. When he turns around he smiles as he takes off his shirt and vest in one motion to treat me to his delicious abs. By the time he climbs on the bed we are both in our birthday suits. He kisses me and puts his finger on my lips as he settles between my legs. I can feel his penis throbbing next to my thigh.

“You are a screamer Miss Lee and today you’ll need to be quiet love. We don’t want the girls to hear how good I’ll be tapping that now now,” he says softly as he pinches my nipple with the other hand. I have to bite my lower lip to prevent myself from moaning too loudly.

“Do you promise you’ll be quiet Miss Lee?” he continues using his soft tone as he drags his finger down to my sensitised clit and starts flicking. My breathing escalates and I nod because I’m scared any sound from me now will be loud and won’t be a coherent word. He places his hot mouth on my nipple and bites gently. This is pure torture. I place my arm over my mouth to muffle my moans. He could just play music or something but I know he enjoys pushing my limits and controlling how we do this. I try to pull him up so I can kiss him because I want him inside me so bad.

Needless to say the whole of Fourways must have heard me when I orgasmed. Gosh how am I going to look at Katlego in the morning. Les was laughing at me as we settled into the covers to sleep.

“Thanks for being a good sport today at Tumi’s dinner,”He said holding me close to him. I had my back to his front.

“Ag I’m getting used to the disapproving looks and snide comments it doesn’t touch me as much now.”

“I’m off tomorrow so we’ll go to the clinic and get tested nhe? We’ve been taking risks these past few times.”

“Yep I know. The sooner we go the cleaner our conscience can be,”I said and turned my head to look at him. He was already sleeping. You could still hear the girls in the lounge chatting and laughing. I eventually drifted off to sleep.



I was woken up by knocking on the bedroom door.

“Abuti! Abuti!” it must be Katli. I shake Les awake and he wakes up rubbing his eyes.

“What’s going on?” he asks me. I point at the door and he hears Katli banging again.

“I’m coming! What does she want so early in the morning?” he said as he got up and put his boxers and shorts on. I also got up and put Les’s shirt on from yesterday and went to the door. Katlego was frantic with tears in her eyes.

“Abuti papa is in hospital. Mama just called me now,” her tears were now streaming down. That didn’t sound good at all.

“In hospital? What happened? Let me get the phone” he said getting his phone.

“Mama? What happened... Which hospital are you at... Ok we coming now.” He said and hung up. He stood there staring at the phone in his hand.

“Babes let’s get dressed and then we can get there as quickly as possible,” I said and touched his arm gently. It was as if he came back to his senses and got back in the room.

He went to the cupboard and put on his track pants with a T-shirt and sat on the bed to put his sneakers on. I didn’t even know what I had to wear so I just put on some maxi dress of mine that I had with a coat on top. It was still winter and very cold. He went into the bathroom to brush his teeth while I brushed my hair then I also brushed my teeth when he was done.

I grabbed my bag and put my phone and his phone into it and was getting ready to walk out.

“Miss Lee,” he called me and I turned back.

“Yes love?” I went into his arms and he hugged me tightly.

“Thanks for being here and offering to come with us.”

“Ofcourse baby I’m here for you. Come let’s go.”

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It took us about 30 minutes to get to Pretoria East Hospital and Les’s mom was sitting in the casualty ward. Les filled us in on our way that his dad just collapsed as he was getting ready for work and the doctors were trying to revive him. Katlego came out first from the car and ran to the casualty and I wasn’t sure whether I should come with or not because Les’s mom was there. I got out of the car and thought he will let me know what to do.

“Let’s go babe,” he said taking my hand. I guess I was going to meet his mom in an unconventional way.

When we got to casualty there were a few people that were sitting on the chairs there and Katlego was sitting with her arm around some woman in the corner. She looked sad and tired but she was beautiful. You could see where Katli and Les got their looks from. When Les spotted them he pulled me to them. I pulled my hand back and he looked at me quizzically.

“You go be with them. I will sit here and wait,” I said pointing to chairs in the opposite direction. I don’t think his mom needed to be experiencing this in front of some girl that she didn’t know. Les looked at me for a sec, nodded and went to his mom. I sat down on one of the steel chairs there and took my phone out. It was 06:05 in the morning. I was even scared to look in their direction. I saw I had Whatsapp messages from Tumi and the chat group.

**Thanks for coming girl. I really appreciate your presence and your friendship**

□ I read Tumi’s message first. She was so sweet.

**No problem girl. Thanks for having my back last night. Just let Thulas know  
nhe gore (that) Les’s dad is in hospital. He collapsed this morning and they**

**not sure what caused it. I don't have his numbers. I'm at the hospital now with Les and Katli.**

The message got blue ticks immediately. Tumi is always on her phone. Shouldn't she be getting ready for work? Just then Les's phone rang in my bag. When I took it out I saw it was Thulas calling.

"Hey Thulas," I answered.

"Hey Lee what happened? Are Les and Katli ok?"

"Katli is quite emotional and Les is a guy so you know how you guys are. They are sitting with their mother now waiting for the doctor to come back with news. His dad is in a treatment room. I will keep you guys updated. Please send me your numbers so I can let you know?"

"Ok cool. Thanks for letting us know Lee. I will ask Tumi to share my contacts." We said our goodbyes and hung up. I looked towards the direction that Les and them were sitting and saw that a doctor was busy speaking to them. They seemed relieved and then Katli and her mom got up to go with the doctor. Les said something to them and came walking towards me. I stood up as he came and saw Les's mom notice me as she walked into the double doors.

"What's happening?" I asked him as soon as he reached me.

"My dad is awake. They managed to resuscitate him. So they running some tests to determine what caused the collapse. Katli and my mom have gone in to see him before they move him to a ward. So I'm gonna go with them so I can find out which ward it is then I will come back for you."

"Ok cool no problem. Please take your phone so you have it on you. I let Thulas and Tumi know and said I will keep them updated." I said as I handed him his phone.

"What would I do without you? Thanks babes," he kissed me on the cheek and went through the double doors as well.

I sat down again and went back to my phone. Thank goodness for technology because what would I be doing now if I didn't have a cellphone. I went back on Whatsapp and gave both Thulas and Tumi an update. I was relieved because at least he was going to be fine. This made me think of my parents so decided to give my dad a call. You know how these things happen once someone's parent dies or is sick it makes you think of your parents and how little you sometimes appreciate them. My dad didn't answer so I left a voice message.

"Hi Papa ke Lerato. I was just checking on you hope you are good. Did mama tell you gore ke tla gae (that I'm coming home) next week Wednesday? I guess I will see you then. I love you Papa." I hung up.

I went through the group chat to keep myself busy while waiting for Les. These girls were so crazy. Kg was ready to come and beat those girls up. I went onto Facebook and checked my notifications. I wasn't too big on social media platforms. I saw I had some inbox messages. I rolled my eyes because most of them were the random "hey baby can I get to know you".

I saw there was a message from Mtho as well. Why has he taken to Facebook now to chat to me. I clicked on it:

**Hi Dali**

**I sent you a Whatsapp message a few weeks ago I saw you read it but didn't respond. I don't mean to bother you and I know you are busy with your final year and stuff. However there is something really important that I need to discuss with you and was hoping to do it face-to-face. Let me know when we can meet up.**

**Sharp**

**Mtho**

Ok what is so important that he wants to tell me face-to-face? I can't risk meeting with Mtho and having Les freaking out about me meeting my ex. Even if I told him I don't think he would understand. Infact I wouldn't understand either. Best thing

was for me to just call him and speak to him on the phone and hear what he is on about. I looked at the time it was 07:15 now so he should be up and about.

“Dali kunjani (how are you)?” He sounded down and coughed as he said it. This thing of him and calling me Dali but I guess it was force of habit.

“Ke sharp (I’m fine). Ke bone message ya gao (I saw your message) on Facebook. Nka se kgone go tlhakana le wena cos ke busy thata (I can’t meet up because I’m very busy). Oka kgona go mpotsa on the phone gore bothata keng (would you be able to tell me on the phone what the problem is)?” Mtho didn’t like speaking English although he was perfect with it because he said we are black people speaking white people languages with each other. So I used to tell him I can’t speak Zulu then I would speak my language and he would speak his. These Zulu men are stubborn!

“Yho kudala ngagcina ukuzwa isi Sotho ngendlela wena osikhuluma ngayo (I haven’t heard someone speaking sotho the way you do in a long time)”

“What’s up Mtho?”

“Eish Dali ngiyagula (I’m sick),” he said coughing again. Hao he wants to talk to me about his flu? I just didn’t understand what he was on about.

“Oh ok do you want my mom to refer you to specialists? Are you not getting better?”

“No Dali eish I’m HIV positive.” My heart rate started going at 100 kilometres per hour. I knew we had always used condoms so I’m not sure why he was telling me this.

“Mtho I’m not sure why you are telling me this Mtho we always used condoms.”

He had another coughing fit.

“Yebo Dali ngiyazi kodwa uyazi ukuthi ijazi isn’t 100% (I know that but you know that condoms aren’t 100% safe). Khona omunye bengilala naye ngejazi but she is positive (I slept with someone using condoms but she is positive). So ngicabanga ukuthi uyo testa (I think you should test) just to be sure.”

“Oh ok thanks for letting me know. How long have you known and are you on treatment?” It was suddenly hot in here and my mind was playing flashbacks of me turning down condoms with Les. Oh my gosh what if I’ve made Les sick? I could be sick.

“Ya I’m on ARVs. I found out a few weeks ago that’s why I was trying to contact you. You know they tell us we need to inform all our partners.” I’m literally shaking now and my vision was blurry now with unshed tears.

“Ok I have to go Mtho. Look after yourself hey. Thanks for letting me know.”

I hung up as I couldn’t speak anymore. I picked up my bag and walked outside to get some fresh air. I was walking up and down the driveway by the entrance thinking about what the next step should be. I was shitting myself. I should’ve just let Les use condoms until we tested. He would hate me for the rest of his life if I infected him with the virus. Why does life work in this manner? The cold wind outside was keeping me alert so I could think clearly. Ok I need to speak to Les but not sure how because he is dealing with his dad’s sickness. Oh my God! My phone rang and it was Les.

“Babe, o ko kae? (Where are you)”

“I’m outside on the driveway by the entrance.” Shit! I’m freaking out and I’m trying to school my features so he doesn’t see that I’ve just had a bomb dropped in my life.

“Ok I can see you.” He hung up and I turned and saw him coming towards me. He was such a hot guy and so confident in who he was as a person. Could I have ruined his life? The tears fell I couldn’t hold them back. As he got closer he hurried when he saw me crying. I was plain out sobbing now.

“Miss Lee what’s wrong,” he said as he took me in his arm and held me tightly. I couldn’t even talk. “Shh shh it’s going to be alright. Whatever it is we will deal with it together.” That made me cry even harder. I had to tell him and this was probably the last time he would hold me like this. That made me cry even harder. I was crying for love found and soon to be lost, for the happiness I had felt these past 6 months.

“Let’s go to the car so we can talk,” he said leading me to the parking lot with his arm around me. When we got to the car he made us sit in the back seat so he could still hold me.

“What’s wrong my love talk to me. Did something happen to your family?” I shook my head. I had hiccups now from crying.

“I (hiccup) need to tell (hiccup) you something,” I took tissue out of my bag and blew my nose.

“I was just speaking to my ex Mthokosizi,” I saw his features change slightly I knew how possessive he was.

“Okay?” He said through gritted teeth. I looked at him. I figured I just needed to rip the bandaid all in one go.

“He is HIV positive,” I heard his sharp breath intake.

“Did you guys not practise safe sex?”

“We did all the time. You’re the only guy that I’ve had unprotected sex with. But he says another girl that he slept with got it regardless of the condoms. I feel so irresponsible. I’m so sorry Les. We should’ve waited until we got tested and now I may have it and you may have it,” the last words were wobbly because I was crying again.

“You can’t take that responsibility all on your own. I was there too when we made that decision Miss Lee and it was me that forgot the first time we did it without protection. If we are positive we are both responsible.” He said holding me tight against his side. Is Les for real? I expected outrage and anger like when he found me with random guy.

“I’m sorry to be burdening you with this when you dealing with a family matter. I just had to tell you.”

“It’s fine baby we can’t predict what will happen and we must just deal with it right? My dad is fine they running some tests but he seems his old self. He was having breakfast when I came to find you. Doctor said he will be discharged later

this afternoon then he must come back tomorrow for blood tests. We were planning to get tested today anyway so we can go to the hospital clinic here and get it done. There's still a chance that you are stressing for nothing." He was so calm about this.

"I'm so glad your dad is doing ok and hopefully the test results aren't bad. I guess you are right we were going to do it today anyway. Where's your mom and sister?"

"They are with my dad for a bit they said maybe we can leave in about an hour or so. My mom came in the ambulance so we will have to drop her off at home. I hope that's ok?"

"In theory babe but what if we do the test and we are positive or one of us is or whatever?"

"Let's cross that bridge when we get to it. We going to the clinic and get tested then based on the outcome we will decide what will happen. Ok don't worry about it. Give me a kiss," he said drawing me closer. How was I this blessed? I fell in love with him more and more each day. He kissed me and it was meant to be just a peck but I turned it into an all out passionate kiss.

"Sho babe what was that for?"

"I love you very much that's all Mr Mokoena. Come let's go find out our fate."



We got to the hospital reception and asked where we could have our HIV tests done. They pointed us to the pathology clinic where we could get tested. Les was holding my hand the entire time as we walked through the corridors trying to find the place while I could hear my heartbeat in my mouth. I wondered if the results came out positive if we would still be like this. HIV was a deep thing and I don't think I fully understood what kind of impact it had in your life if it turned out that you were. I also think Les hadn't wrapped his head around what it would mean if we were positive. I would have effectively ruined his life and I don't think I could handle that.

When we got to the pathology lab we were greeted by a very friendly nurse at the reception who asked us what we needed to get done. The nurse explained that although we are a couple we have to do the pre-counseling separately so we were taken to different consulting rooms. I got a different nurse when I went into the consulting room.

“Good Morning Lerato how are you?” she greeted me as I sat down.

“I'm as well as I can be at the moment. I'm quite nervous.”

“It's understandable that you are and we wouldn't be humans if we didn't stress about everything. But I can assure you regardless of the outcome of the results, HIV isn't the death sentence it's viewed as. Science has gone to great lengths to make sure that anyone living with the virus can still lead a long and healthy life. So before we do the test there are a few routine things that we need to go through. Is that fine with you?” she asked me as she straightened the notepad in front of her.

“Yes that's fine,” I nodded and crossed my fingers. I had a habit of doing that if I didn't want something to turn out bad and this was one of the biggest ever. Worse than waiting for my matric results or varsity results.

“Ok what informed the decision to come and do an HIV Test?”

“Umm I have had unprotected sex with my current boyfriend but in addition to that, my ex called me this morning and told me that he is HIV positive. Although I always used a condom with my ex he felt he needed to let me know because

condoms aren't 100% effective. My boyfriend and I were planning to do the tests anyway but after the phone call we thought it best to get it over and done with. He is here with me today."

"Although condoms aren't 100% safe they are still the best method against infection if we exclude abstinence. So how many sexual partners have you had?"

"I've only had 2 sexual partners. My ex and my current boyfriend."

"If you were positive do you have a support system at home that will be able to get you through it? To remind you to go to checkups and take your ARV's?" I gulped. I had never even thought about my parents in all this. My mom would be severely disappointed in me but she loves me so I know she would support me. My nerves shot up a 100% after that thought.

"Uhhh I'm pretty sure my mom would support me. She is a paediatrician so she is aware of medical things and what needs to happen when someone is HIV positive. I'm not sure about my dad and my brother."

"Please also note that there are support groups available if your family is not able to support you or you need additional information regarding living with HIV. There's a wealth of information even on the internet regarding living positively. Are you sure you are ready to find out your status?" she looked at me directly.

"Yes I'm ready," I said breathlessly but in my mind I was thinking no I'm not ready.

The nurse explained to me how a positive result looks like vs. a negative result by showing me sample testers. She also told me that if it comes out positive a blood test will be conducted to gain a conclusive result regarding the status. She then took my finger and pricked it and dropped the blood on the tester. She said it would take 15 to 20 minutes for the results to show. I was tapping my foot on the floor nervously waiting for the time to pass. I died a thousand deaths between those 20 minutes. She was trying to keep the conversation going within the time but I think she realised that I wasn't into it because I was giving her one word answers. After what seemed like decades she looked at her watch and looked at the tester. I was so shit scared I didn't even want to look at it so I was looking down.

“Lerato, you are HIV Negative,” I looked at her disbelieving and tears were already large pools in my eyes.

“Really?” I asked looking at her.

“Yep look at the tester. You are HIV negative and to keep it that way remember to be faithful to your partner and condomise. You’ve been very brave today and showed responsibility by wanting to get to know your status. I applaud you and your boyfriend for taking this step together. So many young people are so reckless with their lives it’s always satisfying to see young people like yourselves taking life seriously,” she said looking at me. I wasn’t even concentrating on her I was just happy to be negative.

“Thank you very much. I will go wait for my boyfriend at reception.” I said as I stood up on still shaky legs. She handed me some pamphlets about HIV, AIDS and prevention.

I walked to the reception and found Les already waiting for me. As soon as he saw me he came towards me and gave me a hug. My tearful dam broke and I started crying.

“Shh it’s ok baby whatever it is we will get through it together. Let’s get out of here so we can talk,” he said softly in my ear.

He took my hand and waved goodbye to the nurse at reception and we left. When we got to the corridor he stopped and held me on my waist looking at me.

“Are you positive babe?” he said searching my eyes. I shook my head no as tears rolled down my cheeks. He exhaled the breath that he had been holding and hugged me to him.

“So why you crying babe. You had me shit scared there for a sec. I’m also negative. This has been the longest most stressful morning of my life,” he said rubbing my back.

“I’m sorry about the crying. I feel like I’ve BEEN crying this whole morning. I guess it was just the release of the adrenaline from my body. I’m glad that we are both negative and we should keep it that way Les. I love you.”

“I love you too babes more than you can comprehend. We took a big risk when we stopped using condoms before we knew our status but atleast now we know. We must just be faithful to each other to prevent us getting infected by other people,”he said kissing me on the lips. Just then his phone rang and it was his mom saying they were ready to leave.

I went to the bathroom to freshen up before meeting Les’s mom. I didn’t want to look a frightful mess. Never mind the fact that we actually haven’t bathed and it’s already midday. OMG! Good thing I was wearing a dress though I didn’t know how traditional his parents were. We agreed to meet at the hospital reception. Les held my hand as we were walking towards them. Katli and her mom both turned when they saw us approaching and Les gave my hand a reassuring squeeze.

“O’lady are you ready to go?”he asked as we got to them.

“Yes ngwana ka (my child) it’s been a very long morning. Are you not going to introduce me to your friend Lesego? Where are your manners? I didn’t raise you to be this rude,”she said lightly hitting him on his shoulder with a smile on her face.

“I was getting to that ma. Ma this is Lerato Molemi. Lee meet my mom Mrs Thando Mokoena.” I let go of Les’s hand and shook his mom’s hand.

“Nice to meet you Mrs Mokoena,” I said nervously.

“Lovely to meet you too Lerato. Please call me Mam Thando or Mama no Mrs Mokoena business. You’re so beautiful I didn’t know my son had such refined tastes,”she said pulling me into a hug.

“Ahh O’Lady why now? Can we get to the car please?” Katli, her mom and I laughed. She was a very nice woman. When we got to the car I sat at the back with Katli and Les’s mom sat on the passenger seat. I didn’t want to be claiming front seats here Les and I weren’t married. I was so glad it wasn’t awkward in the car because his mom was quite talkative.

When we got to Les's home it was a massive mansion in a golf estate. It was a double storey Tuscan style house with 5 bedrooms all ensuite, large entertainment areas, 5 garages etc. I wasn't aware that his family was that loaded. He didn't seem like a cheeseboy kind of guy. We went into the house and Les lead me to the kitchen island and I sat on one of the cocktail chairs there while his mom and Katli went upstairs.

"Welcome to my home babe," he said as he hugged me from behind the chair and kissed me on the cheek.

"Les, your mom might come down any second. Keep your hands to yourself," I said trying to move from him.

"Hao Miss Lee it's not like I'm ravishing you on the kitchen counter,"he said kissing my neck. Eish this guy just has to touch me and I'm ready for him.

"Les please stop. Sit down. You have a lovely home,"I said as he sat next to me.

"Thanks babes I will let my mom know. I'm starving hey we will get something to eat then be on our way. Ara tlhapa le go tlhapa and Pretoria ya fisa (we didn't even bath and Pretoria is hot)." We heard his mom come down the stairs and she came and also sat with us. She was looking at us and smiling. I was just so uncomfortable I was looking at my hands.

"So Lerato where did you meet this crazy son of mine?"

"Ahh ma O'Lady interrogation already and we haven't even had anything to eat?" Les said exhaling loudly.

"Hao Lesego akere you know gore dijo dimokae! (You know where the food is)"she laughed folding her arms across her chest.

"Ke tla thusa Les if ompontsa (I can help Les if you tell me) where everything is,"I said as I got up.

"Ok sharp let me call Katli to come help you. I'm sure she is also hungry. I'll be back now. Ma please don't scare Lerato off while I'm upstairs,"he said and kissed

me on the cheek on his way out. Gosh Les why is he doing PDA things in front of his mother! I was so embarrassed. I heard her chuckling on the side.

“It’s so good to see ngwana ka a le happy so (my child so happy). Now I understand why he seems at peace now even when we speak on the phone. You must be one special girl,” she said looking at me.

“No Mme Thando he is the special one but thank you for your kind words.”

I walked to the fridge to take the eggs out. Yep we were going to have brunch with eggs and whatever else I could find in the fridge.

Les came downstairs with Katli who was unusually quiet for such a bubbly person. I guess finding out that your dad collapsed without knowing why would do that to me as well. Katli and I made the food while Les setup the kitchen table where we were going to eat. We all sat down to eat while chit chatting about inconsequential stuff. Les’s mom was quite talkative so she was the one doing most of the talking and updating her kids about what’s been happening at work, their dad and other family stuff. I guess she didn’t mind that I was around. I just kept eating and trying to be as inconspicuous as possible I didn’t want 21 questions directed at me. She then cleared her throat and paused for a bit.

“Ngwana ka (My child). The Ngema’s called again asking what our response is,” his mom said uncomfortably. Les tensed up next to me and his whole facial expression changed. Who were the Ngemas?

“Ma O’Lady I told you gore (that) I’m not going to take care of that child. I thought you had spoken to them already.” He said through gritted teeth. Ok things are about to get awkward.

“I thought you’d change your mind. You don’t have to live with the child he can stay here with us. You know that child is still my grandchild akere Tokelo was my sister’s son. We can’t let a child go hungry when we can help Lesego.”

“If he comes and stays here with you guys I will never visit you again. HE IS NOT MY CHILD!” Les is screaming now then he gets up and walks outside. He leaves silence and awkwardness behind. I don’t even know what to do.

“I’m sorry Lerato I didn’t mean to bring this up in your presence. I didn’t even think. Has Les told you about the situation? My heart is breaking for that poor boy.” she asked looking at me.

“Eya (yes) mama he told me. I guess it’s not something you can discuss on the phone with him. I’m sure it will work out for the best. Let me go check on him,” I said as I got up and exited through the double doors by the kitchen to the back yard. I found Les sitting on one of the outdoor sofa’s outside and I sat next to him. He had his head in his hands with his elbows resting on his knees. I touched his shoulder lightly.

“My love are you ok?” He turned and looked at me.

“I don’t know why my parents keep going on and on about this. They know how hard I’ve had to get over what happened. The amount of counselling I had to endure and now they want to bring the product of that betrayal into my home. How must I deal with this Miss Lee? I feel like such an asshole by refusing but I think that will be the straw that breaks my back. I don’t think I’d be able to face it.” I took his hand in mine and squeezed it.

“Babe I know how hard this is for you and what you’ve endured and survived to be where you are now and I admire that about you. Your courage and perseverance to get through it. I just want to give you a different perspective because this is about a 5 year old boy who has lost both his parents living with a family that can’t really provide for him the way he deserves. He is your nephew babe you guys are related. If that were your child wouldn’t you want what’s best for him when you weren’t there to provide for him?” He sat there silently for what seemed like forever. I thought to myself there you go Lee running your mouth off again. Maybe I should’ve just kept my opinions to myself but my heart bled for that child because he didn’t do anything. He didn’t ask to be born. I guess I just had to wait and hear what he decides.

He took a deep breath and turned to look at me.

“I love you Miss Lee you know that right?” he asked and I nodded.

“I love you too babe.”

“What you said makes sense. I guess he can come stay with my parents. It will take some getting used to on my part but I think it’s for the best. He deserves to grow up in a loving family. Thanks for being there for me and being my voice of reason when I seem to lose it. You make me whole Miss Lee.” He said and kissed me on the lips. I don’t know what I had done to deserve this wonderful man. I sent a quick silent prayer of thanks to God. Les was my miracle.

“I’m glad to hear that baby and I think you are making the right decision. Let’s go tell your mom because I think she’s been really stressing about this,” I said pulling him up from the sofa.

When we walked into the kitchen his mom was packing the dishes into the dishwasher.

“Let me do that Mme Thando. Lesego wants to speak to you,” I said as I took the plate from her hand. She just smiled at me and went to sit at the table we ate from earlier. I could overhear the conversation because it wasn’t far from the dishwasher and sink.

“Ma O’Lady I’ve thought about this whole thing with the child and I think it would be best if he comes and stays with you guys for his sake. Thanks for extending our home to him and not forcing me to take him into my home. It will take some getting used to on my part but I will deal with that as time passes and I’m sure it will be fine. A child shouldn’t suffer for the sins of their parents.”

“Oh ngwana ka kea leboga (thank you my child). Aketse (I don’t know) what Lerato said to you outside but keitumetse gore (I’m so happy) she spoke to you. Dankie Lerato you are a good woman,” she said looking at me then to Les, “Omonyale he Lesego akere (You must marry her)? I’m going to lie down it’s been a very long morning. Le tlo tsamaya neng mo hae (when are you guys planning to leave)?” LOL Mme Thando now Les must marry me! He banna! I was glad that I had made a good first impression.

“We actually going to leave now. Katli says she is staying behind and will come back home after a few days. Remember I told you we going to Limpopo for a weekend away le bo Thulas?”



“Oh yes ke a gopola papa gago (I remember you dad) mentioned it. Obatla (Do you want) the G63 keys?”she asked. G63 keys? Ok I wasn’t aware that was part of the plan.

“Yes please Ma O’Lady the road there ios gravel and we all have low cars.”

“Ok let me get the keys for you. I will call you and give you an update about your dad once I see him this evening. Thanks for coming bana baka (My children)”she stood up and went upstairs. Les came to me and I turned and walked into his arms.

“G Wagon baby? Do you know that’s one of my favourite cars?”I asked him still in his arms.

“Oh I didn’t know you had taste in cars Miss Lee! You were going to meet my parents today anyway because after we were done with our HIV tests that we were planning to do we were going to come here.” Hao this guy! So he was going to hijack me to meet his parents! We heard his mom come downstairs and I stepped out of his embrace.

Mme Thando gave Les the keys and hugged both of us then went upstairs for a nap.

“Let’s go baby. We need to get home, shower and chill. It’s been an emotionally trying day.”He took my hand and we walked out together. I can’t believe I was going to be riding in a G63! Eish dating a cheeseboy sometimes had its perks. I wasn’t even aware that Les came from a super loaded family. He is so down-to-earth. Because it was an automatic car he held my hand all the way to his place in Fourways.

Insert 16

“Babe wake up we meeting Thulas and Tumi for breakfast then we going to be on our way,” Les said shaking me awake.

“What time is it?” I asked yawning and stretching. I slept like a baby last night. I guess I was emotionally and physically exhausted from all the events of the day before. Waking up at the crack of dawn to drive to Pretoria, getting an HIV scare from Mtho, HIV testing and meeting Mme Thando. Awoa it was too much drama for one day. Then of course you know I had to get my Les fix when we got home and you know once I start I can’t stop. So I got it in the shower then on the couch while we were watching series on Showmax, on the bed when we went to bed and early this morning again. Who needs Virgin Active when my man works me out all the time? I always discover muscles I didn’t even know I had.

“It’s 7am babes. We need to pack and get ready. I told Thulas they can come here so they can leave their car then we all travel together.” 7am? I don’t know what happens to me when I’m Les’s place I pass out literally. It must be the warm body next to me that puts me right to sleep.

“Ok babes I’m getting up. Things have changed around here nhe. You don’t even wake me up with a cup of coffee-nyana just for control,” I teased him. He threw a scatter cushion at me.

“It works both ways Miss Lee akere wena o robala fela mo (you just sleep here) don’t you know gore (that) you must wake up at the crack of dawn and sweep the yard,” Is he for real?

“Nna a ke makoti (I’m not your wife) Les,” I said smiling at him.

“You won’t be saying that one for long,” he said as he walked out of the room. Did I hear him correctly? Is he indirectly trying to tell me he wants to marry me? We’ve only been together for such a short time. He was probably kidding. I got up and made the bed. I could smell coffee from the kitchen so I figured that Les was making us a cup since he bought his Nespresso machine. He was so obsessed with that thing but the coffee was to die for. Better grab a quick shower.

I got into the shower and made the water really hot to soothe my aching muscles. I then felt a cold breeze coming in the shower and Les coming in and holding me from the back.

“Thought you might need some help with the hard to reach areas,”he said kissing my neck.

This insatiable man of mine I can't even.

When we finally emerged from the shower all wrinkly from too much exposure in the water and feeling super good from all the pleasure we got ready for the day ahead. It was still winter so we couldn't even be on some shorts tip. We really should plan another weekend away when it's a bit warmer.

“Have you spoken to your mom about your dad babe?” I asked him as I put my All Stars on.

“Yep she called me this morning and my dad is getting discharged today. Apparently he has low blood pressure so his pressure dropped so low that his body couldn't function that's why he collapsed. They've given him some medication and he needs to go back after a bit for the doc to check.”

“Oh thank goodness it's nothing too serious because low blood pressure is manageable.”

“Ya babes I really appreciate you being there with us. You have no idea how much it meant to me,”he said looking at me.

“I know babe you've BEEN telling me. It was my absolute pleasure I know you would've done the same for me.”

“My mom adores you. She was asking about you this morning. She wanted to speak to you but I told her you were sleeping.”What! So his mom knows that I sleep over? I hope she doesn't think I'm a slut or something.

“Hao Les why didn't you say I'm not here? So ompotsa gore (you're telling me that) your mom knows we're sleeping together?”

“Hao babes I’m not 10 years old I’m a grown ass man. Eitherway she figured it out cos you were with us in the early hours of the morning at the hospital. I wouldn’t have come to pick you up from your place first,”he said kissing me on the cheek.

“I guess you’ve got a point.”I sighed.

“Come on Miss Lee it’s not such a big deal and like I said my mom was very happy to meet you. I made coffee like you wanted let me get it while you pack.” he walked out. My phone rang and it was Portia.

“Hey friend onkgopotse (you miss me) so early in the morning?”I asked smiling then I heard sniffing on the line.

“Are you ok friend what’s wrong?”

“Lee I’m...I’m pregnant. I’m freaking out. You know Jimmy and his baby mama drama so now it’s going to be me as well. Never mind that what about my career? It just started. My dad is going to kill me...”she was talking non-stop. Oh my gosh pregnancy at our age!

“Calm down Porsh I think you need to calm down. We need to get together Monday night and talk about this. I’m going away this weekend so I can’t meet up with you. I’m sorry my friend. Don’t make any rash decisions nhe until we’ve spoken through everything ok?”what else was I to do. I couldn’t see her today and I was sure she hadn’t told the girls yet.

“Ok...ok cool I will wait for you. Please don’t tell the others for now nhe? I just need your rational mind on this one not the drama queens.”

“Hao Porsh le wena u (you are also a) drama queen. O skawara (Don’t worry) my friend things always work out no matter how bleak it seems now. I will check up on you later nhe. Kea gorata (I love you) my friend.”

“Thanks Lee. Lenna kea gorata chomi (I love you too my friend).” Then we hung up.

Les came in and looked at me quizzically.

“What babe?” I asked him taking coffee from his hand.

“A oa fetsa go paka (You haven’t finished packing)? Retlotsamaya mo mara (Are we ever going to leave)?”

“I was speaking to Portia on the phone. She’s pregnant and she is freaking out. I would also freak out we’re so young!” I said as I sipped on my coffee.

“So if you fell pregnant now you would freak out?” he asked staring at me intently. When did this become about us now?

“Yes babe I’m not even done with my studies. How would I take care of the baby I don’t even have a job. Wouldn’t you freak out? We’ve known each other for like five minutes!” Why are we even having this conversation.

“So you assume I would be an absent father that absconds from his duties? You don’t think I would man up and take care of what’s mine?” I see slight anger in his eyes. Hao how did we even get here? I don’t even know what he is getting so worked up about.

“I haven’t made any assumptions Les. Why is this even an issue? Portia is the one who is pregnant not me. There’s a very remote possibility that I would be pregnant considering that I still have the Mirena inserted. I’m sure you’d make a great father one day. I’m just not ready for that kind of responsibility. I’m only 21.” He didn’t respond and just started taking the bags to the car. Is this how we are starting our weekend away with a scenario that doesn’t even exist. Les sometimes with his deep seated issues I don’t know what I’m going to do with him. He came back from the car and leaned on the bedroom door way.

“So you don’t want my baby?” he sounded so defeated. Like what is going on am I pregnant and somehow he knows and I don’t?

“Really Lesego? I never said that. Why are you twisting what I’m saying? I love you and one day in the future we can have a baby when we are BOTH stable enough to provide a good home for him or her.” I went to him and hugged him. “Don’t be like this Les, let’s not fight over things that don’t exist.”

I heard him exhale.

“I’m sorry. It just sounded like you wouldn’t welcome my baby if it had to happen now. I know a few years ago I was pushing Phindile to have an abortion but that option is off the table now Lee. Should you fall pregnant we will have the baby.” Like I can’t even process what’s going on right now. Les the control freak has come out to play and I’m not in a playful mood at this moment.

“Hao Les what if I’m not ready for that just like you weren’t ready when Phindile fell pregnant? Don’t you think that it should be a discussion for when this happens and mind you the possibility is very remote at this stage.” I can’t believe we are talking about some hypothetical situation and getting worked up over it.

“So you saying you would want to abort our baby?” he is getting worked up again.

“That’s not what I’m saying. I’ve never believed in abortion but then again I’ve never fallen pregnant before so I don’t know the mindset that motivates people to have abortions. I’m just saying it should be a joint decision. You shouldn’t be dictating the terms of important things in our relationship. We must make those decisions together.”

“If aborting my baby is even a possibility then maybe we should go back to using condoms. That way we know it’s something that will not happen. I can’t take that chance with you Lee. It would tear me apart if you killed my baby.”

“You want to go back to using condoms after all the drama? Babe my contraceptive is so effective it’s better than sterilisation. I won’t fall pregnant Les not unless it’s something that we’ve planned. Kgante what’s going on obatla gong preggiesa (Do you want to make me pregnant)?” I dismissed that thought the moment it landed in my mind but I had already said it out loud. He looked at me guiltily. Hao this guy! He is seriously freaking me out right now.

“I wasn’t intentionally doing it. It’s not like I can anyway the way you go on and on about your maximum security prison contraceptive. Not even Houdini can escape. I will admit and say I am secretly hoping that you do fall pregnant because then I know you and I will be tied to each other forever.” He said looking down. Earth open and swallow me up! My barely controlled rage has now gone into a

raging inferno. When did this guy turn into a psycho? Oh it's about to be lit up in here!

“Excuse me? Do you know how selfish that sounds? What about my plan for my life, my career, my decision on how my life should go? I can't believe you've just said that. Is that why you mistakenly and I use that word loosely had sex without a condom the first time? Was it staged Les? Oh my gosh don't answer that I actually don't want to know.”

Les's phone rang and it was Thulas and Tumi at the gate. Wow where had the time gone because it was 10am already. Were we going on a couple's retreat with unanswered questions floating in our minds? You could see he was angry but trying to down play it but damn it so was I! I didn't realise that I'm in a relationship with a dictator who is trying to selfishly impregnate me I mean really. He needs to get over his irrational fears of me leaving or cheating on him or whatever. What more must I do to show that I'm committed to him?

Insert 17

“Hey girl! How are you doing?” Tumi came into the house and gave me a hug. I was feeling so emotional and I just felt my tears threatening to come out but I blinked them away.

“Hey Tumi. So you ready for this weekend?” I asked going to the kitchen to grab a glass of water.

“You know this! I even used your voucher and got some super ultra sexy lingerie. Thuls won’t know what hit him this weekend shame.” she said giving me a high-five.

“That’s good girl I hope it works for you,” I said staring off into space.

“You don’t look ok Lee ke eng (what is it)?” There’s nothing I would’ve liked more than to tell her what was happening with me but then Les and Thulas came back from packing the other bags into the car. Les gave me such a look as he passed me in the kitchen I guess things were still super tense between us. This was going to be fun.

“Ke sharp Tumi o skawara (I’m fine don’t worry). Let’s go get that breakfast I’m starving,” I said as I took her hand and we went outside. I already had my handbag with me so was just waiting for Les to lock up. I went to the car and picked the back seat. Tumi looked at me quizzically and I told her to get in with me.

Thulani took the passenger seat and Les got into the driver’s seat. He looked at me through the rear-view mirror.

“You want to sit at the back Lee?” he asked.

“Yep gives me time to catch up with Tumi. It’s cool,” I responded pasting a fake smile on my face.

“Suit yourself.” Gee he couldn’t even pretend for our guests? I was one of those people that don’t like to air their dirty laundry in public. Why must we bring our issues to the masses? It’s going to be a long ass weekend if Les wants it to be like



this. Tumi was looking at me with that what's going on look and I stared out the window.

We went to the Mugg and Bean in Woodmead to have a late breakfast before we got onto the N1 on our way to Limpopo. At least it wasn't packed because it was a Friday and a work day. I ordered a serious cappuccino and a designer omelette with ham, cheese and mushrooms. Les was still ignoring me and I'm not even sure why. He was the one who was trying to get me pregnant without my knowledge and he is mad at me? It was a good thing Thulas and Tumi are super talkative so they were basically leading the conversation and we would just respond. Once we were done we started the 3 hour drive to the lodge. I fell asleep at some point because I think I was just so exhausted from all the drama of yesterday and this morning. Tumi woke me up when we got there.

We were met at reception by a woman and a man wearing ranger type clothes and shown to our rooms. The rooms were quite spacious and modern. I went into the bathroom to use the loo and rinsed my face with water. Now that it was just the two of us again my heart was literally in my chest. I wasn't looking forward to getting out of the bathroom but eventually I had to I couldn't sleep in here.

When I came out Les was sitting on the bed and he looked at me as I was walking out of the bathroom.

"Come sit next to me," he said patting a space next to him on the bed. Oh I guess we are talking again. I went and sat next to him and he held my hand.

"What was happening in the morning Les? One minute I was telling you about Portia next thing we having a full blown argument about pregnancy and abortion and God knows what else?" I asked him turning my body to face him on the bed. I heard him take a deep breath and he kept quiet for a while.

"I'm sorry Miss Lee. I think we just got carried away with hypothetical scenarios."

"But were you deliberately trying to make me pregnant Les? Were you really?" He also turned his body and took both my hands in his.

“Is it really as vile as you made it out to be if I said yes I was? Technically though we both know you weren’t going to be because of your deep contraceptive. In all honesty for a second after we had unprotected sex for the first time I entertained that idea of picturing you round with my child and I’m not afraid to admit that I liked it. However, I still suggested that we buy morning after pills and stuff because I know how important your career is to you. I wouldn’t take that away from you.” I breathed a sigh of relief so things weren’t as bad as I initially thought. He continued speaking.

“But I need to know babe that should some sort of miracle happen and you happen to fall pregnant that you won’t kill our baby. I’m not dictating but requesting that we discuss it and come up with a way forward. I don’t want you to go behind my back and do it without me knowing.” Ok that made sense.

“I promise you Les if I fall pregnant and that’s a big if, I will tell you about it and we will both discuss a way forward. I love you baby and I don’t want us to fight about random things. We are away together for the first time. Can we enjoy this weekend?” I asked kissing him on the lips.

“Oh you best believe we are going to enjoy it. Infact I think the enjoyment should start right now,” he said pushing me to the bed and getting on top of me. I knew he needed this so that he knows that we’re ok. He was so distant this morning that I think I also needed that reassurance from him.

He looked at me intently and then started kissing me. I closed my eyes and kissed him back. I was enjoying his weight on top of me but we were awkwardly lying half on the bed and our feet were still on the floor.

“Babe let’s move up the bed, this is slightly uncomfortable,” I said as I gently pushed him from me.

“Better yet let’s sommer undress and get under the covers it is quite chilly.” he said already taking his sweater off. He didn’t have to tell me twice. There were layers and layers of clothing because of it being winter and in the mix taking off All Stars. Eish this winter situation was real. I decided to leave my underwear on so he take it off himself and got under the covers. He got in as well and turned me to his

side and lowered his face to mine. All he did was kiss me for the longest time and just holding me. Until I was so turned on I couldn't even think straight.

“You're so beautiful Miss Lee,”he whispered kissing me on my neck and moving even lower. I couldn't even think all I could do was feel. The duvet cover was very heavy and very hot so he removed it from me as he was going lower on my body. So I had hot and cold feelings going through my body and my nipples pebbled from the chill. When he closed his mouth on one and pinched the other lightly I couldn't help the moan that escaped my lips. He bit my nipple and I arched off the bed and held his head to me. It was torturous but I didn't want him to stop. He moved onto my other nipple and the chilly air on my wet nipple added other sensations. I couldn't stop writhing in pleasure beneath him. His other hand was tracing a line from my abdomen straight to my lacy underwear and then he stopped suddenly and looked at me.

“Hao babe and then? Why are there barriers to entry? Are you turning everything into a maximum security prison?”he asked slipping my underwear down past my thighs.

“Oho wa bhora (You're boring). Akere I wanted you to unwrap it yourself hao.”I said smiling at him. He chuckled and completely removed my underwear. He kissed my stomach then moved down to my pelvic bone.

“Now where were we?”he asked tracing the seam of my honey pot with his finger. I can't even say anything right now I'm focused solely on the pleasure radiating from that finger.

“Hao Miss Lee o se mumu na (Are you mute)? I asked you a question,”he says still just tracing his finger up and down my seam without actually penetrating me. He occasionally bumps my clit but keeps it right at the seam. I'm going crazy and I open my legs wider to try and maximise the contact. I'm moaning.

“Les please....hmm baby please...”

“Nothing is going to happen because you haven't answered my question baby. Where were we?” he must enjoy torturing me like this but I'm an independent woman I can just do it myself. As I try and take my hand there he slaps it away.

“Uh uh baby keep your hands to yourself hao. So are you going to answer me Miss Lee?” Gosh this guy he must be in a playful mood clearly he is going to drag this out for like forever.

“You were...you were gonna go down on me,” I say breathlessly. He likes dirty talk and nna if I’m sober it makes me shy to say all these things.

“Go down on you. Hmm that’s not very clear what does that mean? I can’t do something that’s as vague as that. What was I going to do baby?”he is literally still just freaking rubbing my seam up and down and has decided to use his other hand to pinch my nipples. I’m wriggling like there’s red ants on this bed.

“Eat my pussy,”I whisper finally. Gosh I want the torture to end.

“I didn’t quite get that Miss Lee. Did you say feed your pussy? I didn’t know you had a cat that needs feeding,”he chuckles because he can tell I’m super frustrated.

“I said eat my pussy damn it!”I’m like shouting now because the minute I started talking he inserted his finger inside me.

“Chill Miss Lee you don’t have to bite my head off,”he said and proceeded to freaking devour me. I was literally sweating despite the chilliness in the room. I held on to his head for dear life I don’t even know whether he could breathe down there I had him so close to me. I could feel my stomach clenching and my toes curling and he stopped.

“What the fuck Les!”I asked frustrated.

“Oh no Miss Lee I want your orgasm around my dick not on my tongue,”he said and sunk into me. He kissed me so passionately that it didn’t take long before I reached that peak and the beauty of it was that he was there with me. That was pretty intense! He pulled out and went to get a wet rag to wipe me with. He then came back and snuggled against me. I put my head on his chest.

“I’m sorry babes for my mood swings sometimes but you know I love you,”he said kissing my forehead.

“I know Les. I love you too baby,” All was right with the world again.

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At around 6pm we met Thulas and Tumi outside the restaurant at the lodge. There were other couples there as well. Apparently we were going to have dinner outside in the bush somewhere. So we had to get into the game viewing truck which was very high so Les and Thulas got in first then helped Tumi and I up. It's a good thing we were wearing pants. We settled next to them and there were blankets provided for the cold drive to where we were dining. There were other 2 young black couples that were there and 4 other older white couples. Les had his arm around me and was holding my hand with the other one. After about a 15 minute drive we got to the supper place and had the drama of getting out of the car again.

It was such a romantic setting of small tables and chairs for each couple with candles on there and there was a buffet meal set out. Next to the table was a roaring fire with camp chairs around the fire. We all went and sat around the fire which was quite warm considering the chilliness in the air. They took our drink orders and Tumi and I opted for red wine. The guys asked for whisky since they weren't driving anywhere. It seemed like the getaway was also doing Tumi and Thulas good because they were holding hands and Tumi looked like she got it all that afternoon. I was sitting next to Tumi and Thulas and Les were on either side of us. Being guys they were busy chatting to the guys sitting next to them.

“Le sharp nou (Are you guys ok now)?”Tumi asked softly.

“Ya re sharp (Yep we are fine). We were sort of having an argument before lefitlha (you got there) in the morning,” I said rubbing Les's hand with my thumb.

“I could tell gore (that) something was amiss mara I knew gore otle mpotsa (I knew you would tell me) when you are ready. I think coming here was a good idea Lee. Already ke bona change-nyana ka nna le Thuls (I see a change between me and Thuls).”she smiled at me.

“Only a pleasure girl you know we must have each other's back. So does Thulas know Victoria's secret now?”I asked her wiggling my eyebrows and she burst out laughing.

“Uh uh my friend he knows Tumi’s secret. Waitse gore (you know) I came prepared, guns blazing papa.”

“So I guess shots were fired then,” I asked laughing.

“Yho o sile wena (you are so silly). But this is nice though thanks Lee. I’m glad we are all here together.”

“Don’t say things like that you know I cry at a drop of a hat.” The driver guy told us that the food was ready so we moved on to the tables. Because the tables were individually placed. We decided to join our table with Thulas and Tumi and sat together. The other 2 black guys asked to join as well and brought their girls with. I saw Tumi rolling her eyes. She wasn’t comfortable when she didn’t know people especially girls.

“Lee, Tumi this is Kgosi and Terence. I wasn’t introduced to their partners so they will introduce them,” Les said.

“Oh hi I’m Carol Terence’s girlfriend,” the one girl said. She was ok looking with a suspect looking weave and on her phone the whole time.

“And I’m Zimkhitha Kgosi’s fiancé,” she said waving her hand for all of us to see her engagement ring. Tumi and I looked at each other from across the table on some Ok then.

“Nice to meet you guys,” I said to all of them. We all stood up to dish up and Tumi walked with me to stand in the queue.

“I hope we are not going to be permanently stuck together now,” she said whispering, “did you see how she was waving her ring at us. These Xhosa girls!”

“Shh Tumi play nice.” I said giggling.

We went back to sit down and the food was absolutely divine. Zimkhitha couldn’t stop talking about all their wedding plans and literally flossing to us like we care. She even had this really fake accent but with Xhosa undertones where she kept putting R’s where they don’t belong and removing them where they do. I wasn’t looking at Tumi the whole time because I knew I would just burst out laughing. So

I was looking everywhere but at her until my eyes landed on Carol who was busy oogling Les. I would look away and when I look at her again she is literally staring. When Les speaks she would laugh a bit too loudly for my liking. Really? Can I not just have a break from problematic women just for a weekend?

I woke Les up because we had agreed with Tumi and Thulas that we would be doing the morning game drive. We had to meet outside at 05:45. My eyes felt very heavy because we hadn't slept all that much. Once we came back from the dinner we chilled in Tumi and Thulas's room and ordered another bottle of wine for me and Tumi and the boys continued on their whisky tip. We only got to our room around 2am and I had to get my Les fix since we are on holiday and all. So we've literally had about 3 hours sleep if that. He took forever to get out of bed then we brushed our teeth and got dressed. The ranger had warned us that it was going to be cold that early in the morning so best believe I was dressed in layers for days. When we got outside the sun wasn't really out yet and we went to the meeting spot. Tumi and Thulas joined us about a minute later and one of the white older couples was also there. I rolled my eyes when I saw Carol and her man coming too. We deliberately didn't discuss which morning game drive we would do so that they didn't invite themselves along but here they were.

"Morning everyone, Hi Les," Carol greeted and eyed Les. Ok this girl had a liver on the real. I saw Tumi look at me with a surprised look. Les looked surprised but he greeted her and her man back. The ranger eventually came with the car and we all got in. As usual Thulas and Les helped us into the car and we all sat in one row of chairs to prevent other people sitting next to us. Carol and Terence sat behind us. I couldn't understand why Terence was not calling his girlfriend to order. I mean like really. It was freezing when the car started to move and we used the blankets provided to cover ourselves. We forgot to bring our hats so Les was holding me in the crook of his arm to try and block some of the cold air on my ears.

We had a pleasant game drive because we stopped and saw lions although they were enclosed so they don't hunt other animals and spotted a lot of Kudu and Impala. It was quite a pleasant ride and it warmed up a bit when the sun eventually came out. We stopped at some pond where the ranger explained that it's the animal watering hole so we should see a number of animals coming to drink there. The pond had hippos and crocodile chilling in there. Definitely don't want to fall in there. I heard hippos kill people even with the 3 teeth that they have. We all got out of the car and the ranger offered us some coffee or tea with rusks or biscuits. It was so peaceful here and I could see this place was definitely having a positive impact



on Thuls and Tumi because they were back to their lovey dovey selves. Les wanted us to take a few selfies and we took a few and took group pics with Tumi and Thulas. Carol and Terence were doing the same thing as well next to us. I just couldn't deal. She then came over to us and wanted to hand her phone over to Les.

"Please take a full length pic of us Les. Selfies don't show full length," Les looked confused on some 'why is she asking me'. So I stepped up and took the phone from her.

"Don't worry Carol let me do it," I said fake smiling at her. In my mind I had already killed her and fed her to the hippos in the watering hole. I took a couple of pics of them and handed her back her phone. It was time to get back into the car and Tumi gave me a lowkey high five.

We got back to the lodge after the drive and decided to have breakfast then we'll go shower afterwards. We got in and picked a table and already Carol and boyfriend were following us. I was literally cringing when Zimkitha and Kgosi also decided to come join us. Tumi was just as frustrated as I was.

"This is a very nice place hey, so what do you guys have planned for the rest of the day?" Kgosi asked as he sat down.

"We need to catch up on some sleep cos we slept pretty late and woke up early for the game drive," Les answered. I think he was also starting to get annoyed at the little clique that was beginning to form out of the pink. Thulas seconded that motion and I saw Tumi smile.

"I saw there's Putt-Putt facilities here. Terence and I thought we'd do some of that a bit later then maybe go lounge in the pool for the rest of the day. Maybe you guys could join us when you're awake again?" Carol said looking around the table and finishing off with a lustful look towards my man.

"We'll see how we feel once we've woken up and will catch up with you if we feel like the pool." Thulas answered for us. He also looked slightly bored with the new members.

“I think it would be easier if we give each other numbers then it will be easy to get in contact,” Carol said. Shame she thought she was clever.

“Good idea, Zimkitha and Carol give me your numbers then I will buzz you and you can have mine. I have Lee’s number so then we will let you guys know if we want to meet up later,” Tumi said already holding her phone ready for the numbers. That’s why I liked her. I know Carol was trying to get Les’s numbers. Gosh some girls have no shame. She looked so defeated as she said her number and Zimkitha didn’t look particularly interested in meeting up with us either. That suited me just fine. When we were done Les held my hand as we walked back to our lodge.

“I don’t understand why this has been extended to some deep couple’s retreat with people we don’t even know,” I said to him on our walk. He laughed.

“I know hey. Like didn’t they come here to be on their own and enjoy each other’s company? We came as a group of four and that’s how we’ll be doing activities.” I smiled.

“Ya and that Carol girl must stop giving you looks. I will go ghetto on her ass real quick,” I said clicking my tongue.

“Which one is Carol again? Was she giving me looks. Aowa Miss Lee I think wena you see what you want to see.” he said surprised. So he didn’t even notice? I loved him even more for that.

“The fake weave one who specifically asked you how you were this morning and I’m not imagining things even Tumi saw it.”

“Oh that girl. Thought she was just being nice. I would love to see you going ghetto on her ass but we both you don’t have a ghetto bone in that hot body,” Les said laughing. I punched him lightly on the shoulder. Men!

“Only you can diss me and compliment me at the same time,” I said to him as we got to our room. He pulled me into a hug and kissed me.

“I only have eyes for you Miss Lee so no matter where we are don’t be worrying about other girls because even when I’m not looking at you. All I see is you. Let’s go shower and nap for a bit the sleepiness has got me by the balls.”

“Oho o charma ka di line nou (Oh you charming me with lines now) then you gonna walk away?”I asked him smiling. He just whistled to the bathroom.

Aww he can be so sweet when he wants to be. I smiled to myself as I took my towel and toiletry bag to the bathroom. We had a nice long shower with a little bit of loving thrown in and settled in bed for a nap afterwards.

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We woke up from our nap feeling really refreshed and it was almost lunch time. Because all the meals were served at the lodge as part of the package we had to get ready for lunch. The day was warmer than it’s been I guess Limpopo really was hot. So I could get away with wearing a sun dress, a light jersey and my sandals. Les was wearing shorts and a golf shirt and flops. Thulas called him as we were about to leave.

“Sho bra is it all set? Cool see you now now,”he said smiling and dropped the phone. I looked at him with that ‘explain what that was about’ look but he just took my hand and told me we must go. As I was expecting us to walk towards where we told breakfast and lunch are served, he took us to a different direction. We started walking down a trail in the bushes.

“Babe do you know where we are going?”I asked because I don’t know what had gotten into him.

“Chill my love. Enjoy nature look at the trees and the birds flying about.”he said smiling.

“Until something that slithers deals with us in this grass,”I said holding tighter to his hand. He just laughed. Thank goodness I brought my shades and my hat otherwise I was going to be burning now. The Limpopo sun was merciless.

We walked for about 10 minutes and up ahead I could see a white gazebo setup with white see-through curtains tied back and Thulas and Tumi were already there. When we got there it was a picnic setup complete with a picnic basket and everything. Tumi was busy taking out the stuff from the basket. There was a large carpet set out on the grass with large cushions that looked like bean bags scattered on the carpet.

“And this?” I looked at Les quizzically.

“We just thought we’d surprise you guys with a picnic lunch. Then we can spend the time here as we intended without uninvited guests. So sit down and relax Thulas and I will get the food ready,”he said kissing me on the cheek. Tumi was all smiles.

“Oh thanks babes. Thanks Thulas you guys are the best!”I said settling down as Tumi handed me a glass of chilled Chardonnay. This was perfect.

“Indeed they are can you believe them Lee!”she said as she sat next to me.

“You look good tsala o sharp (friend are you ok)?”I said as I held her hand and squeezed. She squeezed back and let go.

“I’m good tsala (friend) hey. This has really been a good weekend so far I’m not complaining. Waitse (you know) I’m not even feeling having my phone on so I can just shut off from the world. It feels like Thulas and I have just started dating again.”

“I’m glad that it’s worked out so well. Les and I are also in a good space. I’m so glad they decided on this I was actually dreading lunch with Carol roaming eyes,”I said taking a sip of my wine. Oh it was delicious.

“Yho nna aketse gore why batho all of a Sunday ba batla go re kgomarela (I don’t know why people want to be stuck to us) the whole weekend. Like are di chomi (we are not friends)!”she said slightly annoyed.

“Ehh and when I told Les about Carol are yena a bona (he didn’t see) anything wrong. Na nagana gore (he thought that) Carol o (is) friendly. Bathong (My goodness) can you imagine?”Tumi was laughing next to me.

“Ahh banna ba (men are) oblivious most of the time. Mara akere rona re basadi (but we are women) we know gore (that’s) how this man stealers think. Mncm they not going to win here,”she said laughing out loud.

The guys came and brought us our food. We had delicious sweet chilli chicken wraps with green salad and cheese cake for dessert. Thulas was playing some R&B music with his phone. Ya these guys were pushing charm on some serious tip. There was Monopoly in the bag of goodies onsite so we decided to couple up and see which couple would end up being the property magnates. It was lots of fun needless to say Les and I won’t be investing in any property anytime soon because the T team dealt with us severely. At around 4:30pm we decided to head back to the lodge so we could get ready for the evening game drive in an hour’s time.

“Ey Les man you must come ask me for advice when you are ready to purchase your next property,”Thulas was laughing tapping Les on the back. Next property? Does he own property? After almost 7 months of dating there’s still things I don’t know about this man of mine.

“Ya mara akere you know gore general knowledge is key Thulas. Wena le Tumi and 30 seconds are not friends at all, infact you’re not even on the same planet,”he said laughing.

“Yoh wa bhora (You’re boring) shame Les. Why can’t you lose graciously mara he?” Tumi said laughing. As we came to the vicinity of the lodge we had to pass the Putt Putt place to get to our rooms and the other 2 couples were playing Putt Putt. Carol must’ve spotted us from a mile away and she was already waving at us frantically.

“Hi guys, where have you been? We didn’t see you at lunch and I even tried to call you Tumi,”she said walking towards us. She was wearing hot pants and a crop top really? It was still winter last I checked and she is busy showing off her ostrich legs to the world. Nxa!

“Oh I left my phone charging in my room. We went for a bush picnic,”Tumi said clearly bored.

“Oh you could’ve told us we would’ve joined,”she said eyeing Les. Gosh I could rip out those wandering eyes of hers and feed them to her in a straw. Yeses she makes me frustrated!

“We surprised our beautiful women so they didn’t know,”Les answered hugging me, kissing me on the neck and whispering in my ear for me to calm down.

“Well we going to go freshen up for supper,”I finally said almost through clenched teeth. I didn’t want to mention the game drive in case they hadn’t planned on going this evening. I took Les’s hand and dragged him to our room. He was chuckling the whole way there. This man is amused by my green eyed monster.

“Yho babes you need to control your temper hey. You looked like you were ready to jump on her,”Les said laughing.

“She irritates me. I guess I need to control my emotions. I hope they aren’t coming on this evening game drive. I honestly can’t deal! Like if they wanted company why didn’t their bring their friends along instead of gate crashing our retreat and busy staring at our men. Nxa,”Les came to me and gave me a hug.

“Calm down babes really she’s not worth your energy like this. I’d rather you use that energy on me.”he said as he kissed me. I went from 100 to 0 real quick this man of mine knows how to calm me down. When I started trying to take his T-shirt off he stops.

“And then?”I ask him breathlessly.

“Not enough time babes we need to get ready for the game drive.”

“Hao Les wanthoma (you start things) and now you leave me hanging?”I asked my frustration returning ten fold.

“Imagine how much more satisfying it will be when I finally sink into your wet warmth later. Besides akere you know gore (that) I’m not a one-minute man and I want to take my time hao baby and savour you. We are on holiday after all.

Freshen up so we can go,”he said spanking my bum. I think I need to change my underwear because a river just started down there.

I changed into my jeans, top, coat, scarf, beanie and boots. I wasn't taking chances with that game drive cold. You could feel the chill coming back as the sun was about to set. Unfortunately Ostrich Carol was back and we went on the game drive with them. It was relatively pleasant because there were some other new faces that had arrived today. There was also a british older couple that asked questions like crazy and taking pictures and stuff. Once we got back we were given warm facecloths to freshen up with and told that supper would be served in the cave at the lodge and that we had about 30 minutes to dinner. We decided to chill at the bar and have some drinks while we wait for supper. Thulas was getting progressively quiet as the night progressed. We were unfortunately back to being 4 couples with the 'others' that wouldn't leave us alone. I caught Tumi's eye and non-verbally asked what was wrong with Thulas she just shrugged her shoulders on some 'I don't know either'. I was sitting next to Les and he had his hand on my thigh busy drawing circles and me feeling the effects elsewhere. Eventually we were lead to the cave for supper. It was so beautiful.

It was an open plan type of setup with tables for two and candles on the tables. It was nice and warm inside so I took off my coat. We had already decided that we are not going to join tables because the 'others' would want to join us. Thulas and Tumi were on a table next to us but a few feet away.

“And then Babe what's going on with Thulas? Did you realise he's sort of just shut down. Even now he looks super tense,”I said stealing a glance at their table. Thulani had his hands clenched into fists and his elbows were up with the fists at his mouth. You could see Tumi was trying to engage him in conversation and getting frustrated.

“No babes I think you're imagining things. Thulas o sharp (is fine),”he said ordering drinks for us.

“Ahh wena Les you're always oblivious to what is happening around you,”I said taking a sip of my wine. I was really worried now because I thought they were at a good place again. The supper was served buffet style again and we queued for the food.

“Yho tsala things are tense at my table. I don’t know what’s wrong with Thuls he looks so nervous and tense. Maybe we should join tables after all and break some of the ice. I can’t take it anymore.”she said almost close to tears.

“Kgante bothata ke eng (Actually what is the problem)?”

“A ketse (I don’t know) hey he was ok but all of a Sunday motho ke se mumu (person has turned mute).” We dished up and I told Les that Tumi asked to join tables and he agreed. Thank goodness ‘the others’ were sitting on the other side of the cave so they wouldn’t be able to join us. We had our food practically in silence and all you could hear was the cutlery. Once we were done and we were standing up to get dessert Thulas stopped us.

“No baby we having plated dessert so you don’t have to go to the buffet,”Thulas finally spoke.

“Oh but the Malva looked so good. I was going to get that,”Tumi said sitting down.

“Ngiyazi uthanda i (I know you like) Malva that’s what they bringing,”he said looking towards the door. The people from the other tables got up to get dessert and we were just sitting there. Suddenly two of the waiters came carrying the dessert and placed them in front of us. Thulas suddenly got up and went to stand next to Tumi. OMG! I saw it before she did because she was looking at Thulas on some ‘and then why are you standing next to me’. Thulas pointed for her to look at the dessert and there nestled in the Malva pudding as if it were on a ring cushion was a beautiful white gold ring with a sizable diamond on there. Thulas was proposing. I already had tears in my eyes. Tumi looked at the ring and started shaking and looked at Thulas. He was already on one knee which caught the attention of the other diners and they all looked on. He took the ring from the Malva and started talking.

“Ngiyakuthanda (I love you). Nawe uyakwazi lokho (You also know that). We’ve been through so much together and you’ve stuck by me through it all. I don’t know how I lived without you before but because now I know how living with you is I want to have that forever. You’re my forever baby. Boitumelo Angela Ramotswe marry me please? I love you,”he said. He was super nervous because the ring in his



hand was shaking. Tumi was shaking and crying as she had turned to face him. She tried to speak but you could see that she couldn't with all the tears so she just nodded. Everybody clapped and cheered as they both got up at the same time and hugged each other. He then did a dramatic lowering her on her back while holding her and kissing her. Tumi was laughing and crying at the same time. People came to the table to congratulate them including 'the others' then everyone went back to their tables.

I gave her a hug too and I could feel that she was still shaking.

"Congrats tsala. I'm so happy for you."

We all sat down again and Thulas was smiling from ear to ear. Tumi was trying to wipe off her eyes and blow her nose.

"Congrats man I knew you were going to propose but never figured you for grand romantic gestures," Les said patting Thulas on the back.

"When you have a woman this great you understand that nothing short of a grand gesture will work," he said taking a sip of his whisky on the rocks.

"So you knew Les! You didn't tell me?" I said hitting him lightly on the arm.

"I didn't want you to spoil the surprise babes," he said laughing.

"Are you ok baby you haven't said a word," Thulani said taking both of Tumi's hands in his.

"I'm...I'm great baby. Quite overwhelmed, very surprised but ecstatic. I can't believe we getting married! Is this for real?" Tumi asked her tears starting again.

"Of course baby. We've BEEN living in sin. It's time I make an honest woman out of you. Ngiyakuthanda uyezwa (I love you, you hear me)?" he said and kissed her finger with the ring on it.

Les called for a toast and we got champagne and everything and toasted to new beginnings. We chilled there and had another bottle of wine then we moved to the Boma that they had going at one of the patios. Music was softly playing in the

background as we chatted the night away. It was such a joyous occasion we didn't even mind 'the others' being there.

Insert 19

“And how is the newly engaged couple doing?” I asked Tumi and Thuls as we sat down for breakfast. We decided to have breakfast as early as possible to avoid bumping into ‘the others’. Things were getting a bit out of hand especially with Ostrich Carol always having her big eyes on my man.

Last night after two bottles of wine celebrating the engagement she was continuously staring at Les and with my liquid courage I took her head on and asked her whether she wanted to touch Les to prove he was real because the way she’s been staring at him it’s as if she’s never seen a guy before. Then I went as far as asking Terence whether he keeps his girlfriend under a rock that she hasn’t seen other males. Terence looked so shocked he didn’t even know what to say so he just got up and dragged her away from us. Zimkhitha was just laughing on some ‘Yhu yhu yhu’. I was just really annoyed. Mind you Les wasn’t particularly impressed with me and he told me so when we got back to the room. After I explained to him that Carol had to know her place and how possessive I was of him I think he started to understand. Especially when I asked him how he would feel if some guy was staring at me the whole time. We then laughed about it and he gave me my fix. You know mos I’m addicted to that Lesego loving.

“Morning tsala we are good hey just slightly hungover mara it was a good night,” Tumi answered drinking her coffee.

“Yho Lee I didn’t know you had ghetto in your system girl! I was so surprised last night when you put that girl back in her place,” Thuls said and I just smiled. What do I say to that. Was it really ghetto though to tell someone to keep their eyes to themselves?

“Nna I’m proud of you shame tsala. If she were ghetto she would’ve given that girl a beat down. She was begging for it,” Tumi laughed giving me a high five.

“Oho Tumi ke wena otsentshang Lee mo di ghetto tendencies tse tsa hao nhe (You’re the one influencing Lee to have your ghetto tendencies)?” Les said waving a finger at Tumi.

“Hawu ndoda (Hey guy) are you saying my fiancé is ghetto!” Thulas asked laughing.

“Oh your fiancé! That sounds so good baby,” Tumi said and kissed Thulani. Then to Les she said, “wena Lesego otlo swaba! Nx.” We all laughed and enjoyed our breakfast. With my hangover I was enjoying my greasy breakfast and it went down well with a cold coke.

“So what are we planning to do after breakfast? It’s our last day here so we must make it count,” Tumi asked looking around the table.

“Well we have the first part of the day taken care of,” Les said clapping and rubbing his hands together. These men were full of surprises.

“We’re going clay pigeon shooting at 9 am!” Thulani said over enthusiastically. Tumi and I looked at each other and then at then on some ‘WTF’.

“I don’t want to go shooting clay pots on my holiday in the scorching Limpopo sun babes!” I said looking at Les and Tumi was nodding across from me.

“But we’ve already booked babes and you know we can’t get a refund for cancelling on the day,” Les said smiling. Thulani was laughing on the side and I failed to understand what was so funny.

“Just kidding! We know you ladies. That’s why we booked you guys full spa treatments boma manicure, pedicure, facial what what, massage what what,” Thuls said kissing Tumi on the cheek.

“Oh yay awesome. Sho you guys had us going there for a second,” Tumi said with a relieved laugh.

“Thanks you guys are darlings. So where is this happening?” I asked because I hadn’t seen a spa around here.

“They setting up as we speak in our room that’s why I insisted we tidy up a bit. We’ll be leaving straight from here because the shooting is off site,” Thulani answered. They both looked so satisfied with themselves and they had every right to be after pulling that one!

After we were done with breakfast we went to wait with the guys for the ranger to come pick them up and saw Carol and Terence making their way to have breakfast. Thank goodness we dodged that bullet.

Once the ranger came to get the boys they kissed us goodbye and we went to Tumi and them's room for the massages.

When we got there the room had been transformed. There were two massage beds and screens between the two beds with some soothing music playing in the background. Two ladies were waiting for us wearing their uniform. They asked us to go change in the bathroom and wear robes. It was a bit weird taking off my clothes in front of Tumi because we hadn't really seen each other like that before. I didn't have body hang ups though and I guess neither did she because in no time we were ready.

"Hello ladies, we are going to start with a head and shoulder massage then a foot massage then full body followed by a facial. Thereafter we will do manicures and pedicures. My name is Stacey and this is Catherine," we waved hi and went to our allocated stations. We sat down on the chairs provided and they started with the massages. It was absolutely heavenly. Tumi and I were enjoying ourselves too much to even chat.

When they moved to the foot massages they handed us champagne and strawberries to nibble on.

"Yo tsala this is so nice. To think I thought Thuls and I were on the verge of breaking up meanwhile he is busy planning a proposal!" She clapped her hands.

"I told you things work out the way they should. Les has told me countless times how much Thulani loves you."

"Le nna ke morata gore (I also love him too much). He says he's been stressed these past few weeks because he's been communicating with my dad and he was giving him the run around. Akere my dad is a tribalist of note. Having his only daughter marrying a Zulu guy probably took some convincing."

“He’s brave nhe to actually seek your parent’s approval before he proposes. That’s quite remarkable. Did they know him ko geno (at your home)?”

“They knew of him but have never met him. My mom has seen pictures of him but that’s it. Although I met his mom a while back.”

“Oh ok so u excited to start planning the wedding?” I asked taking a sip from my champagne glass.

“I haven’t even thought that far still stressing ka magadi (lobola). You know families can mess up negotiations so badly. Especially my uncle ke letagwa la last number (the biggest drunk). I need to speak to my mom to have a back up plan. Yo malome ota gontsa bathong (My uncle will embarrass you in front of people)!”

“I think we all have that uncle who embarrasses us at family gatherings,” I said laughing. The ladies were also laughing so I figured they could relate.

“This is the life tsala. Thuls and Les must just make that paper so we can just be housewives and live this spa life,” she said sighing.

“Ehh nna I’m not housewife material Tumi. Ke stressitse ke skolo so then ke choose gonna mo gae (after stressing so much at school then choose to stay at home). No girlfriend it’s not happening. My mom always says gore mmona ase ngwana wa ko geno (a man is not your sibling). You can’t be getting comfortable with the guy’s money,” I said looking at her. She was shaking her head.

“Yho nna Im the domesticated type hey. I would love to be at home looking after the kids, attending di soccer and netball games. I’m waiting for Thuls to make that 7 figure salary.” She said sipping on her champagne.

“After your law degree and everything tsala? You don’t want to be a Justice in the constitutional court and earn infinite income?”

“No tsala I studied so I’m not a housewife ya go latlha (a stupid housewife) but otherwise le Thuls waitse gore (he knows that) he must make that paper. Even if he wants to divorce me best believe we are going to have a water tight antenuptial contract. That’s why I did law,” she said giving me a high five. Eish Tumi and her

high fives. I guess we weren't wired the same. I couldn't imagine chilling at home housewifing. I hope Les wasn't that guy who'll be on some 'I make enough to support us stay at home' I really wasn't about that life.

We moved on to the full body massages and they were absolutely divine. I didn't have the manicure because I just did it earlier this week so I just had a pedicure.

Once the ladies were done they told us we could keep the gowns as a complementary gift from the spa. We thanked them and they left. We both changed back into our clothes but I wanted to shower once Les was back. I didn't like these oils of theirs.

Les called and told me they were on their way. So I just chilled with Tumi outside on the patio while we were waiting. It was around 12 and it was so quiet because most people checked out at 10 this morning. Goodbye 'the others' yho tonight should be peaceful.

Les and Thuls returned and we agreed we would meet for lunch at 13:30. Les and I went back to our room. I told him I wanted to shower and remove the oils and he said he also needed the shower because they were in the sun for most of the morning.

"Thanks for the pamper session babe. Tumi and I felt like kept women this morning," I said to him as he was getting the water ready.

"Anything to make you feel special babe you know that," he said kissing me. The kiss turned passionate and carnal real quick. We got into the water with me walking in the shower in reverse. Ya nhe health and safety concerns were right out the window here. He kissed me under the shower head with water dripping down our bodies and his hands roaming down my body. When he reached my ass he squeezed it and brought it closer to his body. I could feel the evidence of his arousal on my tummy. I was standing on my toes as it was because he is so tall. He kissed me on my neck and whispered for me to wrap my hands around his neck and lift my legs. He pressed me against the tiles and lifted me even higher. Then I felt him penetrate me. We both moaned at the same time. I knew it was going to be fast because of the shower situation. He was pushing me harder and harder against the wall.

“Babe I’m close you better be coming with me,” he said as he started rubbing circles on my clit inbetween the pushing.

“Ahhhhh,” I screamed as my muscles contracted around him and he also found his release. He kissed me and let me down. My back had tile markings.

“Let’s wash up so we don’t miss lunch,” he said using my shower scrunchie to wash my back.

Once we were done Les told me that we were just going to lounge by the pool for the rest of the day so I just wore shorts and a T-shirt with my bikini underneath. Took my sunblock lotion, hat and shades. This is how paradise must feel like.

We sat down for lunch with the engaged couple and we had quite a delicious meal and I was drinking Hunters Dry because I’d had enough of wine this whole weekend. There were two or three couples there and they were older white couples so we didn’t think they’d be joining us at the pool. Les ordered 6 Hunters for me that they put in ice bucket and Tumi was drinking Savannah.

The pool area was very nice and secluded. It was surrounded by the mountains and rocks with lounging chairs on the one side. There was a man-made waterfall type feature going on in the pool. Les and Thulani took off their T-shirts and immediately got into the pool. Tumi and I sat on the edge with our legs in the pool.

“Les come out of the pool so I can put sunblock on you before you get sunburnt. You know it’s worse when you’re in the water.” I stood up so I could get it from my bag. He took a towel and put it on one of the loungers and laid on it face down. I straddled him and put lotion on his back and arms and asked him to turn around. When he did he was pitching a tent in his pants.

“Hao babe a okgore nhe (you don’t get full)” I said rubbing him on his steel abs.

“You know your hands on me do things to me,” he said shading his eyes from the sun.

“Eh eh babe. Please put some on me as well?” I asked him lying down on the lounge next to his. I took off my T shirt and was left with just my bikini top and



the shorts. I wasn't going to take the shorts off though. Somethings should be for Les's eyes only. I looked over at the engaged couple and Tumi also just had her t-shirt off. After we were done Les went back into the pool and I sat in the edge and he was standing in the pool between my legs.

"Come in babe the water is great," he said splashing me.

"I'll come in babe let me just finish this drink because it's going to get hot," I said to him. Thulas had rejoined him in the pool and they were busy splashing around.

After a while Les swam over to me and stood up by my feet, it was just the right depth for him but too deep for me to stand in.

"Aowa babe come in now,"he said rubbing my calves up and down.

I wriggled forward so that my bottom was at the very edge of the pool. He put his hands on either side of me so that my body would slide down his as I was lowering myself into the pool. It was so sensual I just wanted to wrap my body around him. I didn't think I had an addictive personality but Les has proven to me otherwise. Once my body was submerged I bent my arms up on either side of my head and held on to the edge of the pool with my elbows.

"Take my shorts off babe I will put them on when I get out of the pool,"I said to him because they were restricting my movements in the water and it's not like Thulas could see my full body if I'm in the water.

After he was done his face was a few centimetres from mine and my legs were freely floating around his.

"Put your hands on my shoulders,"he said to me.

I let go of the ledge and gently held on to his wet shoulders savouring the feel of his hot, wet skin. He ran his hands down my sides to the back of my thighs and pulled my legs around his waist. A wave of heat went through me not to mention tingles down there. I was wrapped around him and it felt like every single inch of my body was touching his. His erection was pressed against me in between my

legs. If this was a private pool and Tumi and Thulani weren't here I'd be pulling my bikini to the side in the throes of passion already.

"Babe the things you do to me," he whispered looking into my eyes. "Your body is absolute perfection. You're incredible." His eyes were full of desire as he was busy stroking my back gently. My heart was racing as he was gliding one of his hands up to the back of my neck, his eyes gazed down at my mouth.

His mouth was wet from the pool water but it was a tantalising invitation that I gladly accepted, I eagerly embraced the deep passionate kiss. It felt so natural for me to grind myself against his solid erection. My hands were exploring his back and impulsively I ran my nails gently up his spine. He let out a deep masculine groan spurring me on even more. I could feel my climax building inside, my internal muscles twitching in response to his hardness moving against me through the fabric of our swimwear. I dragged my hands back to his shoulders and gradually slowed the kiss down. I didn't want to orgasm in the pool.

"We need to stop Les," I said reluctantly creating space between my groin and his body.

"I want you," he said trailing kissing down my neck. A moan involuntarily escaped from my mouth.

"You know I want you too babe. I always want you but ideally not in a pool with our friends a few feet from us. We can continue later."

He looked at me with his eyes still full of desire and smiled at me as he brought me against him. This time he tipped his pelvis and pushed his hardness against my bikini bottoms right at that spot. My stomach clenched as I closed my eyes trying to control my moans. I wanted him so much but not here.

He rocked against me slowly again and again. I dropped my face to his shoulder I couldn't bear it because I felt my orgasm building but I didn't want to, not here. I heard Tumi and Thulani splashing around on the other side of the pool.

"Les.." I moan my voice a whisper, "no..."

“Yes,” he whispers in my ear.

The quivering inside was now a shuddering, it was uncontrollable and I knew with certainty that even if he stopped rubbing me now I would still come. I clasped my hands around his neck and whispered a moan into his ear.

“Please uh...” I was pleading with him trying to remain as normal as I could to the outside world.

“Let it happen.” The tone of his whisper was so rough and dangerous I understood then that I had no chance in hell of escaping this.

“Les...babe...oh god no...” I whispered so silently that only he heard me.

“Yes babe it’s so hot when you say my name like that. I want you so fucking badly.”

“Uh uh...yes...” I clung on his neck my face pressed up against his ear as the waves of pleasure were rolling up thick and fast. As the release pierced through me I bit his ear to keep from screaming. Wow Les’s sex game was on some other level.

“You have no idea how hot this is for me babe even if you’re pulling a Mike Tyson on me. Good thing you didn’t bite my ear off,” he said kissing my neck.

“You’re so naughty Les. I can’t believe you just did that.” He was laughing now.

“I couldn’t help myself. You’re a constant temptation babe. Now I want you so much more if such a thing is even possible,” he said.

“I think we should have a little swim now, don’t you?” I asked as I started swimming away.

“Ahh do we have to,” he said as he followed me in the pool. Thulas and Tumi are oblivious to my orgasm as they were busy doing handstands at the shallower end of the pool. I can’t believe I just came in public.

We chilled on the shallower end of the pool with Thulas and Tumi sitting on the steps and drinking. I needed to go to the loo so I wrapped a towel around me as I got out to go to the loo. The toilet facilities were the ones in the dining area where we usually had breakfast. I bumped into Carol chilling there on her own. I don't know where Terence was.

"We meet again Lerato. What stunt were you pulling last night?" she said pointing her finger at me.

"I was tired of you staring at my man the whole time Carol. How disrespectful of you to blatantly do that right in front of me?" I said trying to be calm and not unleash streetmate tendencies that I don't even know I possess.

"Because of you Terence beat me yesterday. I have bruises all over my body thanks to your little outburst. Awungazi ntombazana (you don't know me girl). Ngizothola yonke into ngawe (I'm going to investigate you) and wazi ukuthi ngizodeala nawe kabuhlungu futhi (just know that I'm going to deal with you)." she said clicking her tongue and walked away. Okay then.

I felt bad about her getting beaten up but she disrespected me and I had to put her in the place. I was tired of these girls thinking I'm timid and they can just walk all over me while blatantly showing an interest in my man? I have to fight to keep what's mine. It's as simple as that.

Insert 20

“Thanks guys what a great weekend and I got a ring to go with it,” Tumi said as we got to Les’s place.

It was Monday afternoon and we checked out of the lodge in the morning and took our sweet time coming back to Joburg. I think we were all so reluctant to see it end considering how relaxing the getaway had been minus the random girls in the mix.

“Yeah guys thanks a lot hey. We should do it again in summer this time maybe by the coast,” Thulani said as he transferred the bags to their car.

“Ya Thulas great idea we should set it up and maybe fly there. This driving business is tiring,” Les said stretching his body and I couldn’t help but admire how great his body was especially when it was servicing me. I smiled to myself Les really brought out my inner freak.

We said our goodbyes to them and went into the apartment. Katlego was there watching TV.

“Hey guys welcome back!” She said eating a large bowl of popcorn. She was obsessed with that stuff. She was in between shows now so she was home quite a lot. I went and sat next to her and stole some of her popcorn. Les was busy bringing our bags into the house.

“How’s your dad doing?” I asked her.

“Ag papa is back to his normal self hey. Mama is forcing him to take it easy so he’s been ordered to take a few days off work. Mama is cooking di liver le di beetroot left right and centre because of the low blood pressure thing,” she says rolling her eyes, “that’s all we were eating the whole time I was there. Nna a kena di blood what-what tseo so why lenna ke ja dijo tseo (I don’t have blood issues so why am I also eating that food)? So I spent the whole weekend ordering Mr Delivery.” I was laughing now. She was always so dramatic but I guess it was her character to be like that. It’s weird because I felt older than her although we were the same age probably because I was dating her older brother. Not that I thought I’m all that or something but our conversations always seemed juvenile.

“Sho Katli thanks for bringing my car you saved me the trip. So you’ll take papa’s car back mos,” Les said as he sat down on the single seater and immediately changed the channel to the Supersport and both Katli and I rolled our eyes.

“Aowa abuti you haven’t been here for 2minutes and you’re already changing channels Aowa!” Katli said folding her arms.

“Uh uh Katli kgante ke mang o patella (who pays) DSTV every month? Ke nna or maybe ke wena (is it me or you)?”

“Wow abuti really? You going to throw the bill punch? I don’t know why you love him Lee honestly!” she said clicking her tongue.

We eventually settled on some series omnibus that was playing and eventually Katli got up to make supper. She was a decent cook so I wasn’t worried about the food. Les came and sat next to me and I lay my head on his shoulder with my legs folded under me on the couch.

“Babe I have to go see Portia tomorrow regarding that thing that nearly made us fight,” I said softly because I didn’t want Katli to know because she was Portia’s colleague.

“Oh ya! I have to do some research for my thesis so might as well go to campus since you’re going to be with Portia. I can get some work done,” he said kissing me on my forehead. He was always so attentive and I was really getting used to it.

“Oh awesome so you going to drop me off or I could Uber there it’s not a problem.”

“Mara baby why don’t you have a driver’s license? You must do lessons these holidays and book. I would’ve given you my car to drive.”

“Ya babe I’m planning to do it these holidays. My mom’s BEEN on my case so I need to get it done.”

“It’s cool my love I will drop you off then will check in when I’m done whether you are done. You going home Wednesday so we need to spend some time nyana

before then,” he said putting his arm around me. I didn’t even want to think about that.

“Hao babe it’s not like I live in the bundus somewhere. I’ll be in the East Rand it’s not too far from you. We can make plans to meet but obviously can’t sleep over,” I said and he nodded.

“I know my love but I’ve been spoilt this past week seeing you everyday, sleeping with you everyday. Do you know how empty my bed is going to feel without you in it?”

“I’ll be missing you just as much babe mara we will see each other I promise. Maybe dinner after your work or lunch on a weekend. But you know I love you though right?” I said looking at him.

“And I love you Miss Lee,” he said tipping my chin up and kissing me on the lips.

Katli eventually dished up and she had made rice, butternut and chicken with gravy. I had a glass of wine with her while Les had a beer. We went to bed early because the trip had exhausted us but you know mos I had to get that Lesego loving.

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“Hey my friend so good to see you,” Portia said giving me a hug as I came into her apartment. It was around 9 in the morning and Les had dropped me off in Sunninghill. He insisted that I buy some breakfast for Portia and I because we left too early for me to eat. He also bought some lunch for himself so he can eat while he was on campus.

“Hey how are you holding up? I brought some breakfast,” I said holding up the takeaway bag.

“I appreciate the gesture friend mara eggs and what-what make me super nauseas. I will have the toast though if there’s some in there,” she said as we sat down.

“So this thing is real nhe? Have you gone to the doc? How far along are you?”

“Eish friend I’m 6 weeks pregnant. You’re the only person I’ve told. I went to the doc yesterday and he confirmed it. He wanted to do a scan but I asked him not to. Seeing the baby on the screen would just make it too real for me,” she said with tears in her eyes.

“I thought you were taking contraceptive pills. How could this happen?” I asked rubbing her back to comfort her.

“Remember I had flu a while back and I was on antibiotics. Doc says it messed with my contraception. Like I honestly can’t deal with this right now.” I honestly didn’t know what to say to her. This could be a career breaker so early on when she was trying to break into the industry but I also couldn’t tell her to kill a living thing.

“I feel like friend it is your decision to make in terms of what you want to do. Weigh the pros and cons of each decision and decide what to do. I think you must tell the Jimmy thou. I mean he is part of this and whatever decision you make you know I won’t judge you for it. We all aren’t perfect and flawed as human beings.”

“Yho friend if I tell him then it means I’m keeping it he will never let me terminate. He loves kids and he is taking care of his kid as we speak. I need to think about this carefully but my dad is going to flip!” she said and started crying for real. I don’t even know what I would do in this situation. I let her cry and tried to comfort her then we had some breakfast. We sat and watched some funny sitcom on TV to try and cheer her up. I made some potato chips and bread for lunch while we spoke about the pros and cons of this pregnancy. I tried to remove the emotion out of it so we could look at it rationally.

“Friend, I’m going to have this baby. Where would I have been if my mom decided to terminate? If Jimmy doesn’t want to raise it with me then I will do it on my own. It’s going to be a few months before I start showing so I can finish my current project and worry about my dad after that,” she said sounding at peace with herself since I got there. I stood up and gave her a hug.

“I’m so proud of you friend and I know you’ll make a great mom. You’re always taking care of us and I know Jimmy is a good man despite his baby mama drama. He will take care of what’s his. You guys have been together since forever,” I said



convinced that he would step up. I knew Les would step up if we were in the same situation although it wouldn't be ideal.

"I'm shit scared friend but I feel that it's the right decision. I already love this child although I don't know him or her yet. She or he is part of me and that will never change. I will have to call Jimmy and ask to see him after work. Thanks friend for being here today," she said giving me a hug.

"Anytime friend you know I'm here for you always."

"Yho enough about me and my drama. How was the weekend getaway?"

"The getaway was absolutely dreamy Porsche. Thuls and Les are very romantic in terms of stuff we got up to but what I didn't appreciate was the girl drama that follows me everywhere," I said sighing.

"Hao what happened now?"

"Some girl Carol was all up on Les's business. Busy staring at him trying to get his attention. I got some liquid courage Saturday night and told her where to get off. Needless to say she confronted me the next day and told me I'm going to regret doing that because her boyfriend beat her up. Like can she just focus on her man and not mine?"

"Eish friend akere oratana le (you are dating a) hot boy so girls are always going to be all up in your man's grill. You will just have to toughen up and be strong."

"Ya hey all these experiences are making me tougher by the day. Oh and Mtho called me and told me gore (that) he is HIV positive. Can you imagine friend I was freaking out like crazy."

"But you had nothing to worry about mos because wena I know you love condoms like crazy," she said laughing. It was good to see her laughing after all the drama of the pregnancy.

"Uhhh well Les and I aren't really..." she didn't even let me finish and screamed out loud.

“What? Wena Lerato nama to nama (skin to skin) I don’t know what to say.” Gosh she was so dramatic.

“Ahh Porsche why do you have to make it sound so crass!”she was just laughing at me.

“You’re doomed now friend, once you go skin you never go back.” Just then my phone rang and Les was telling me that he’s done and on his way. I told him it’s cool he could come get me and that’s when I realised it was almost four in the afternoon. Where had the time gone? We were going to sit in traffic forever!

“Les is on his way. I can’t believe how quickly this day has flown,”I said to her getting up to put the dishes into the sink.

“Thanks for coming and giving me the much needed clarity. I’m going to call Jimmy and ask that he comes over tonight so we can talk about the baby. I will let the divas know in the group chat once I’ve spoken to baby daddy.”

“Ok cool friend. Tomorrow I’m going home and have to pack my stuff. I haven’t even started but atleast Les said he would help me out. Hopefully he is gone by the time Odirile comes to get me. I’m not sure how that dynamic would work.”

“Ag Odirile is harmless I doubt he would go all macho on Les.”

“Eh I don’t know about that because he’s never been in that situation before concerning me. Les is calling me he must be here,”I said as I answered the phone. I said my goodbye’s to Portia and left to meet Les at the car.

“Hey babe,”he said as I got in and gave me a kiss.

“Hey Les how was the day? Were you productive?”

“Ya somewhat. Realised I’ve been lagging behind in terms of the research but covered some ground. I need to submit a draft to the Professor next month for review so need to get cracking.”

“Atleast with me being at home you’ll have time to focus on your paper and get it done. Less distractions,”I said smiling at him.

“You Miss Lee are a distraction I don’t mind having anytime of the day.”

“You say the sweetest things babe. So I can imagine campus was pretty empty because most people are done with exams.”

“Ya there were a few people here and there but it was pretty deserted which suited me fine because then there’s peace and quiet. How did it go with Portia?”

“She was quite emotional in the morning when I got there but we spoke about it and looked at the pros and cons of each situation. She’s decided to keep the baby and is telling Jimmy tonight.”

“Oh that’s good and hopefully then this guy will step up and take care of the baby. You’re a good friend Miss Lee and an even better girlfriend.”

“What’s going on today? You’re laying on the charm thick today.”

“Hao Miss Lee can I not express my appreciation and love for you?”

I looked over at him and he was smiling to himself. He seemed to be in a good mood today. I guess getting some of his research done lifted his spirits.

Just as predicted we sat in quite a lot of traffic but eventually got to Les’s place. Katli had already cooked supper because you could smell the food as we walked in but she wasn’t there though. She must have gone out or gone back home. It was sweet of her though to cook for us.

“I need to charge my phone babe where’s the two-pin plug?” I asked him taking my charger out of my bag.

“It should be by the side table. Please take mine and charge it as well? It’s a multi-plug so you’ll be able to charge both our phones,” he said handing me his phone and then switching on the TV.

I went into the bedroom and started looking for the multi-plug he was talking about. It was amazing how I’d made myself comfortable in his room. You could see some of my stuff all over his room like shoes, a scarf and my jersey lying around. As I plugged in both our phones Les got a Whatsapp message. You know

with iPhones the message lit up on the screen and it's not like I was snooping but I read the message and it was from some Nokuthula person.

**Great seeing you today charmer boy. We should do it again real soon. I missed you :-\***

WTF? Who the F is Nokuthula and I thought Les was doing his Masters things today. Do I ask him about it or play it cool? I don't want it to seem like I've been snooping because I haven't. I can't deal with the girl drama always surrounding our relationship. Is Les cheating on me? Am I overreacting?

Insert 21I sat in the bedroom for a while trying to figure out what to do with this whole thing. I thought I may as well start packing some of my things because how would I explain my long absence to Les. Just then he came in to the room whistling. He really was in high spirits today and I was beginning to wonder whether it had something to do with this Nokuthula chick that he saw today.

“Hey babe what’s keeping you in here?”he said as he hugged me from the back and kissed my neck. Despite my simmering anger my body always responded to his. I just felt like my body was betraying me at this moment because my mind was running at 200km/h trying to decide what to do.

“Ag thought I’d sommer start packing then it saves time for tomorrow morning,”I answered not turning to look at him.

“I’m going to miss you when you gone hey. Even my bedroom smells like you,” he said holding me tighter. Is he even being for real? I felt horrible that I was starting to question everything that he was saying. This couldn’t be healthy but I didn’t want to confront him about something that I’m not even sure of. I decided to put it at the back of my mind for now and just enjoy these last few moments with Les before I went home. I will deal with my emotions later when I’m home and can reflect properly.

“I’m thinking of having a shower though have the hot water relax my muscles a bit. You wanna come rub my back?”I asked him turning and putting my arms around his neck.

“Nah babe there’s a match starting now that I want to watch. I’ll dish up the food once you’re done then we can have some supper nhe,”he said kissing me on the lips and walked out. Wow! Les had literally turned me down for the first time since we’ve been together. Now I was really getting worried. I mean he’s got an Explora for goodness sake, he could’ve recorded it and watched it later on. Am I reading too much into this? He knew what I meant when I asked him to come to the shower with me or maybe ojile (he’s eaten) and okgotse (he’s full) already that’s why he wasn’t keen on taking up what I was offering. I shook my head to try and rid myself of all these thoughts and had a solitary shower. As I got into the shower the dam of tears burst and as the water rained down my body my tears were also

raining down my cheeks. I hoped I was jumping to conclusions but how would I check that? This was just a curve ball out of nowhere. I was so tired of constantly fighting for this relationship and all these girls were going to drive me to madness. Why did love have to be so hard?

I got out of the shower eventually and my fingers and toes were super wrinkly from being in the water for too long. I wore my short PJ's and went to join Les in the TV room.

“Hey that took long. It's even half time now babe. Let me go dish up for us,” he said as he got up. At least I knew he was really watching the game and it wasn't an excuse. Well it was an excuse but it was a legit excuse. When he came back and handed me the plate of food he looked at me quizzically.

“Are you ok babe? Your eyes are very red.” Oh gosh.

“I'm fine babe just got some soap in my eyes as I was showering. They should clear soon,” I responded taking a spoonful of food to prevent any further interrogation. Katli had made mashed potatoes, mixed veg, wors and gravy but I couldn't even taste the food. As much as I tried to ignore the urge to outright ask him about the text I couldn't. So I thought I would ask indirectly maybe he forgot to tell me about it and he would if prompted.

“So babe you mentioned gore (that) Wits wasn't really that packed because most students have gone home. So you didn't see anyone you knew there? I mean you postgrads generally study at different times right?” I asked trying to sound as casual as possible. I could feel my heartbeat in my throat as I held my breath waiting for his response. Please don't lie to me Les. Please don't lie to me.

“Nah it was pretty empty but either way spent most of the time in the library,” he said taking spoonfuls of food completely oblivious to my distress next to him. I could feel the tingling sensation of tears making a come back but I took a deep breath and forced them back. Why was he lying? What did he have to hide? What happened to no secrets between us? Les wasn't super sensitive about his phone and he would leave it lying around wherever. Not that I've ever felt the urge to snoop or whatever but I thought we had an open and honest relationship. Maybe that text was sent to the wrong person? But then he had her name saved on his phone so it

wasn't a random text from a random person. I could feel the stirrings of a headache. We ate in silence mostly because I felt like if I talk a lot I may just ask him directly and I didn't want to do that without all the relevant facts. Once we were done eating I took the plates to the kitchen and chilled there for a bit washing them. I heard my phone ringing from the bedroom and rushed to get it.

"Hello," I answered without looking at the screen.

"Lerato ke (it's) Odirile." Hearing my brother's voice brought a smile to my face.

"Hey Odi o kae (how are you)?"

"Ke sharp (I'm fine). Ke ne kebatla go confirma nako to come get you kamoso (I wanted to confirm what time I'm coming to get you tomorrow)."

"Oh ya otlotla after work akere (You coming after work right)?"

"Yep that's the plan. I will be there around 5 or 6 depending on traffic." That gave me adequate time to pack.

"Ok go siame ke tla go bona kamoso (Ok it's fine I will see you tomorrow). Thanks Odi."

"Ok cool. Otherwise o sharp (are you ok)?" The damn tears were planning on making a come back.

"Ya ke sharp (I'm okay) hey no complaints. Just glad that I can take a break nyana for a bit," I said my voice slightly wobbly.

"Ya I miss those varsity days. Now I just get 20 days per annum for rest. So unfair." That made me smile.

"You'll be strong hey. You also went through the varsity vacation. You should've enjoyed it more then." Les walked in as I was talking to Odi and took his phone from the charger. I watched him unlock his phone and I assume he saw the message and he smiled a bit. I only noticed it because I was watching him closely then he typed a reply as he was walking back to the lounge.

“Lerato? Lerato? Are you spacing out on me?”

“Oh sorry Odi my mind just switched off there for a bit. We’ll talk tomorrow nhe.”

“Ok sharp. I’ll call when I’m on my way.” He hung up and I had to sit on the bed because my legs were shaking. So my theory of wrong person, wrong text wasn’t true. He seemed very happy to get that message from her. I went into the bathroom and splashed my face with cold water and went back to sit with him. He put the phone down as I sat next to him. I couldn’t help but notice that it was face down.

“Odirile called and he says he’s going to come get me in the morning around 9,” I said to him. I just couldn’t bear to spend any more time with him. I needed to go home and lick my wounds alone. I didn’t even want him to help me pack I would do my own packing.

“Oh so early? I thought he would come after work.”

“Ya he took leave tomorrow. So I think you should just drop me off then I will pack on my own. It’s not a lot of stuff anyway just clothes and books. I’ll be fine.”

“You sure? We could leave here extra early then I can help.”

“Nah it’s cool. Sorry you took the day off thinking you’d spend it with me,” I said looking at him dead in the eyes. Why was he doing this to me?

“Ag guess it’s cool I will go to campus and work on my research.” Wow was that code for him seeing Nokuthula again? Maybe he had planned to anyway since I was leaving tomorrow. He took my hand in his.

“Are you ok babe? You seem a bit off,” he said kissing my knuckles.

“Ya I’m fine. Just feeling a bit depressed with the leaving and all.” He put his arm around me and pulled me close to him.

“Like you said babe we’ll see each other. I will make sure of it.” I didn’t know what to say so I just left it and tried to concentrate on the last few minutes of the match. I then thought I needed to see what his response was but I didn’t know his phone code. How would I get it without raising suspicion?



“Babe my Uber app doesn’t seem to be working properly. I might need to use it over the holidays. Do you mind if I see the settings on yours? I think it’s settings.” I said getting up and getting my phone so I can open settings.

“Let me check it out and see what the problem is,” he said opening his hand so I can give him my phone. Damn it!

“Uhhh babe just give me yours so I can see. It won’t help if you fix it for me because I won’t know what’s wrong. Please?” I looked at him pleadingly.

“Ok sure,” he said and put in his number pin. I pretended as if I was looking at my phone facing him but I was looking at his fingers as they moved across the screen: 1899.

I took his phone and went into the app and checked settings. Then I went to his phone settings and noticed he had IOS10. He was looking at what I was doing.

“Oh now I see the problem! My IOS is outdated! Ag will have to do it when I get home because I don’t have WiFi.” I said handing him his phone back.

“Oh ya I use the work WiFi to update. Sometimes Apps don’t work without the newest version of IOS.” He took his phone and put it face down again next to him. I settled back on the couch and felt better because now I had the key to find out exactly what’s going on. We found some movie to watch and settled to watch it. He fell asleep halfway through. I wonder what made him so tired? I woke him so we could go to bed. Not surprising to report that I didn’t get an ounce of Lesego loving that night despite this being our last night together for a while. Obviously he had already handed out his daily quota and I wasn’t the happy recipient.

Around 3 in the morning I woke up to use the loo and thought perfect opportunity to do some investigative work. Les was fast asleep and his phone was on the side table. My heart rate increased it’s pace. I took the phone and raced to the loo. I figured if he wakes up I will hear him and hide it in the laundry basket. Ya nhe call me Detective Molemi. I closed the door softly and sat on the toilet with the lid closed. I unlocked his phone and went to his Whatsapp messages. He had replied to her.

**Les: Yes awesome to see you and that body DAMN definitely engineered for loving ☐ Have some free time coming up maybe Friday night? Let me know.**

**Her: Hahaha you say the nicest things 😊 Will let you know about Friday. Have a good night Mcwaa!**

The phone fell out of my hands because they were literally shaking. Luckily it landed on my lap otherwise I don't know how I was going to explain a cracked phone to my cheating boyfriend. Yep that was me now the girl with the cheating boyfriend. Her body was engineered for loving? Really? He had some free time coming up because his naïve little girlfriend was going home for the holidays. My vision got blurry in the darkness of that bathroom and I didn't know what I was going to do. They always say you must be careful when you look for something because you'll find what you looking for. I got way more than I expected. Les knows how it feels like to be cheated on why would he do this to me? I thought he loved me I mean he tells me often enough. When did this even start? There was no indication whatsoever that he was even breathing in the direction of another woman. I took his phone and went to his facebook profile and searched his friends for Nokuthula. Ok this I didn't expect at all. There was a Nokuthula Mnguni as a friend on his list and when I clicked on her profile:

Relationship status: Married

Studied at: University of Witwatersrand

Work: Project Manager

Lives in: Sandton

Born: 16 april 1983

Oh wow. Les is freaking cheating on me with a freaking granny. Like WTF. She is stunning looking and there's some pictures of her with her two kids. She freaking has two kids! I can't even deal with this situation. This is what he has reduced me to a woman sitting on a toilet at 3 am going through his phone. I can't even reconcile who I am at this moment. I just want to walk in there and throw this phone at him but my mom taught me better than that. I am a lady and ladies don't

throw things especially at their cheating boyfriends who are cheating with bo  
Nkgono. I took a deep breath and flushed the toilet in case he wakes when I walk  
back into the room. When I walked back he was still sleeping so I put his phone  
back where it was and got into bed. As he put his arm around me and pulled me  
close to him I couldn't help the tears that slipped out of my closed eyes. Lesego  
Mokoena what have you done?

Insert 22 I woke up with a migraine of note. I couldn't even open my eyes all the way because the sunlight filtering through the curtains was making it worse. I used to battle with migraines but they had literally stopped after I started using the Mirena. I knew this one was stress induced. I was all sorts of messed up because of my early morning discoveries. Just thinking about it worsened the pain. I felt like a whole army was marching in my head. I felt Les's side of the bed with my hand and it was empty. Where had he gone to? I was feeling all kinds of vulnerable right about now and missed his arms around me. I hated myself that despite what I knew I couldn't help wanting him near me. If I could turn back time I wouldn't have charged my phone. I would be none the wiser about anything. I guess it's true when they say ignorance is bliss. I better get up and get ready to go to my depressing res room.

As I got up another wave of pain hit me so hard I sighed. I sat upright with my head between my hands. I felt like I could reach into my head and rip the pain out. Les walked in as I was rocking back and forth on the bed.

"Morning babe. Are you ok?" He said crouching down in front of me.

"I have a migraine. I haven't had one in forever. It's so painful," the last words came out wobbly because I was crying. I was so touched by his tenderness. Why couldn't he just be the guy that I thought he was?

"Hey don't cry love. Come here," he said and pulled me down from the bed so I ended up sitting between his legs on the carpet. He put both his arms around me and just enveloped me in his warmth. The more he tried to comfort me the more the tears came. After about 15 minutes or so I quieted down the migraine was still there but was more of a dull pain instead of a piercing shrieking pain.

"Should I get you some water? I've got Myprodol that's the strongest painkiller I have," he asked me quietly. The concern in his voice was going to jumpstart another crying festival.

"Thanks babe. Myprodol can help for now but I have my migraine tablets at res. I will take some when I get there. I'll need to eat something before I take the painkillers though," I said as I finally looked at him. He had worry etched all over his handsome face. Why couldn't you be faithful Les?

“I already had that covered. Made you coffee and croissants with ham, cheese and avo,” he said as he motioned for me to get up. He lead me back on the bed and fetched the big pillow so I could lean against it. He went to get the tray and handed it to me on my lap. He was so sweet. Was he being sweet because he felt guilty about his shenanigans yesterday? Isn't that what men do when they feel guilty about something? They become an absolute saint but I was being unfair because this was Les's nature. I was used to this kind of treatment and stupidly thought it was only reserved for me. He came to join me on the bed.

“Thanks Les this is really nice. When did you even buy these things?”

“I woke up and went to the Engen 1Stop akere (you know) it has Woolies Food items. Just thought since it's the last time we wake up together for a while we might as well make it memorable. I was hoping I had the whole day with you,” he said taking my hand in his and kissing it. My vision was blurring already and when he looked up one tear escaped down my cheek.

“Don't cry Miss Lee will definitely try and see you atleast 3 times a week in these 5 weeks. Someone better try and stop me they will see flames.”

“I love you,” it slipped out without me even thinking about what I was saying. I did though I wasn't lying but at the moment I wish I didn't because I could just walk away.

“I love you too Miss Lee.” How did we get here?

“Eat up so you can drink the painkillers and maybe sleep a bit. It's still early so your brother is coming at 9?” Oh ya I forgot about that inconvenient lie but I didn't want to leave him. I was feeling so exposed and vulnerable that I wanted to spend the day with him.

“Oh he sent me a text before I went to sleep he said he's got stuff to do during the day so he will come around 5-6,” I was getting good at this lying thing but I guess Les and I were playing that game. His face just lit up with happiness.

“Really? That's awesome my love so I have you for most of the day. That piece of info just made my day,” he said leaning forward to kiss me with the biggest grin on

his face. We sat in silence and ate the breakfast then he gave me two capsules to drink with water.

“Come let’s cuddle it’s cold outside and we don’t have to leave the house just yet. I think I will also nap think my body is still trying to recover from the roadtrip. Driving is a bitch,” he said as he took me in his arms and I lay my head on his chest and put my arm around his waist. He was so nice to cuddle with.

“Guess it has to catch up with you at some point. Is that why you didn’t want me yesterday?” I asked and hated myself for being so needy.

“Hao babe why do you have to put it like that? I always want you you know that. I think because we didn’t rest at all after the roadtrip I was just really knackered. Sorry if I made you feel like I didn’t want you because I’ve never wanted anyone more.” Liar! His words just felt so empty but a part of me warmed at his words.

I hated the war going on inside my head. I kept thinking if he came clean and told me about the granny and why he did it I would forgive him. We’d obviously have to work through it but we would weather the storm. Isn’t that what love is about? Unconditional forgiveness if someone is remorseful? I know Les loves me because I feel it in every touch in every look that’s why I’m so thrown by this whole married granny thing all of a Sunday. It makes me feel unworthy and like I’m not enough. Am I not mature enough or interesting enough? I’m so conflicted and I don’t know who to talk to about this. I hate discussing my problems with anyone and not because I think I’m better than anyone but because I’m a proud person and admitting you have problems is uncomfortable. I’m rambling I know but this shit is real it’s my freaking life!

I must’ve dosed off because I got woken up by Les busy kissing me on my neck. We must have switched positions when we slept because he was lying half on top of me and his hand was under my top rolling my nipple between his fingers. It felt so good I moaned into his mouth as he kissed me passionately.

“Babe wait, I need to pee. Hold that thought I will be back now now,” I say rushing to the loo. My body is vibrating with need I can’t believe it’s so attuned to Les now. He knows exactly which buttons to press. Should I even be doing this? I

sat on that toilet indecision warring in my mind. Why did Les have to complicate my life though?

Once I was done I found Les sitting naked on the bed. He must have taken his clothes off while I was in the loo. I could clearly see his hunger for me in his eyes and of course his member is standing up in attention as well. He is so freaking sexy I decided to close my erratic emotions into a box for exploration later. I needed to get me some expert Lesego loving.

“Take your pj’s off slowly,” he said almost a whisper.

He seems to have lost his manners because there was no “please” in that statement but it was super arousing because I wanted him to be crazy turned on like I was at that moment. I slowly lifted my top over my head and dropped it to the floor leaving my breasts exposed. I hooked my thumbs into my Pj bottoms and slowly slid them down my hips so they floated to the floor leaving me in my lace panties that I knew drove him crazy. Since I got together with him that’s all I’ve been buying because I know lace underwear drives him absolutely insane.

“Stop,” he said as he sat forward and took my hips into his hands. He ran his hands along the wide lace V of my belly and leaned in to kiss my stomach. He opened his mouth and gently licked with each kiss making his way to my belly button which he swirled his tongue around. A wave of pleasure worked its way around my body turning heat levels up a notch. I closed my eyes savouring each moment of his exquisite touch. I ran my hands through his hair as he gently lowered my lace underwear to the floor.

“You’re so fucking sexy Miss Lee,” he whispered kissing from one hip bone to the other. He held one hand on my hip while the other brushed inside my leg. I moaned needing something more but not wanting him to stop. He took his hand away raising it up to my face.

“Suck my fingers babe.” I took them in my mouth and ran my tongue around them sucking gently. He withdrew them slowly before slipping them back between my legs. He lightly circled my clitoris very gently, very slowly. My legs began to quiver.

“Oh Les,” I moaned the feeling was incredible but I needed to feel him inside me, “I need you inside me,” I whispered to him. I needed him to make me feel whole again I felt so broken.

Les groaned and looked up to my face, “I want to be inside you so much.” As he said it he inserted two fingers into me painfully slowly and pushed them deep.

“Oh god,” I moaned my heart pounding in my chest.

“Look at me babe.” I looked down to see him watching me observing the pleasure on my face. He twisted his fingers and circled them inside me pushing deeply brushing that all important spot.

“Oh god Les please I want to...”

“What do you want?”

“I...I want to...”

“You want to sit on me? You want to fuck me?” He whispered seductively.

“Uh huh...oh.”

He pushed into me again deliciously slowly.

“Say it I need to hear it. I want you so much.” He said placing open mouth kisses on my neck.

“We can...I want to...”

He kissed my tummy again and I closed my eyes feeling his fingers caressing me exquisitely.

“I want you to fuck me Les,” I whispered and I felt his smile on my skin. He slowly withdrew his fingers and pulled my hips forward so I fell astride him on my knees. He grabbed my face with both of his hands and pulled me towards him. His kiss was meaningful, romantic he was kissing me like it's the last time. I'm pretty sure he will kiss me when he leaves me at res but it felt like the last time to me too.



I don't know what the married granny situation will do to this relationship of mine. Full of emotion each stroke of his tongue conveyed a message of excitement, fear, sorrow, anticipation, lust...it was all there and I felt and shared each one. His hands smoothly glided from my ass to my neck as he was feeling every inch of me. I placed my hands around his neck and moved forward until I could feel him twitching below me. He was so hot and hard. So ready.

"Mmm," he moaned, "you feel so good, so soft," he said reaching down to touch me.

"And so wet baby. You want me," he said kissing my neck.

"Of course I want you. I want you so much Les," I whispered mindless with pleasure.

"You can have me baby always. I'm all yours, only yours."

A wave of sadness suddenly flowed through me. I've never felt like this for anyone ever. His lips kissing my neck sent shivers down my spine, the lump in my throat rose and tears began to pool in my eyes. I couldn't seem to stop this wave of emotion I was on. I closed my eyes in the hopes that I could hide this emotional roller coaster that I'm on and this caused the tears to spill on my cheeks. I rested my head on his shoulder as I wrapped my arms around him. I wanted to feel him. I wanted him to be closer, nearer. I lifted my body so Les could position himself below me and slowly lowered myself onto him. It only added to my emotion. It felt so deep, so intimate that I felt closer to him in this moment.

"Miss Lee," he whispered, "you're so special." I lifted slightly and lowered myself into him grinding forward.

"Oh..." I moan he felt so good, so deep inside me that I could feel every inch of him. I wrapped my hands around his neck and pulled his face to meet mine with my eyes still firmly shut.

His tongue was gentle and sweet in my mouth. He moved so slowly one hand on my waist and other wrapped behind my neck. I could only hope his eyes are closed as well because my tears were freely flowing down my cheeks. I continued to

move against him as he thrust deeper stretching me. I felt the build up inside and knew it won't be long before I climax around this handsome man of mine.

I moaned into the kiss with the emotion in my voice clearly evident. I continued to drink every intimate sensation coming closer and closer. The energy swirled deep inside preparing to explode. This was so slow, so moving, so beautiful.

"Babe," Les whispered against my mouth.

I dropped my head onto his shoulder with my eyes closed. I didn't want him to look at me.

"Babe what's wrong?" Oh no Les please don't ask me that.

I shook my head against his shoulder and continued moving against him. I was seconds away.

"Please don't cry Miss Lee."

"Shh...please don't," I whispered softly.

Les held my face and kissed me deeply his concern so sweet in my most fragile of moments.

"Les..." I moaned quietly against his lips resting my head against his forehead still keeping my eyes shut. "Oh Lesego...oh...oh." The whirlwind of electricity exploded around me. The tears poured down my face and I threw my head back still holding his neck tightly as the orgasm rushed through me.

"Oh babe..." he says with his smooth voice soothing my throbbing head, "I want to love you always." I felt him stiffening below me as he found his own release.

A sob escaped my throat as I wound down from a highly emotionally charged orgasm. Les's arms were wrapped tightly around me and I was pressed firmly against him. My hands were around him on his back holding on for dear life. I can't lose this man. I refuse to.

“Babe o sharp (you ok)?” I nodded my head without saying a word. I couldn’t possibly tell him what’s wrong.

“Ok kopa ompotse gore (please tell me) why you’re upset?” I shook my head because I didn’t want to get into the emotional shit right now.

“Ok if you want to talk just know that I will listen.”

Before I know it words that I have kept locked up inside my heart for the past day just spill out.

“Who is Nokuthula?” I asked him looking him dead in the eye. A different kind of tension just rolled up into this bedroom.

Insert 23

Les stared at me smiling. Why was he smiling at a time like this when I was as tense as guitar string.

“Sit next to me so we can talk about it,”he said lifting me off his lap. He put his arm around me on the bed and covered us with the duvet.

“Who is she Les?”I asked my voice barely a whisper. I could hear my heartbeat in my ears.

“How do you know about her?” I guess I will have to come clean if I want him to be honest with me.

“When you asked me to charge your phone yesterday her message popped up on the screen. I asked whether you had bumped into anyone and you said not but in the message she says you did,”I say looking at him accusingly.

“The intention wasn’t to hide the fact that I met her but it was such a brief encounter I thought nothing further about it until I saw the message. I figured that you had seen the message and would ask me about it but you didn’t so I wasn’t sure whether you had seen it or not.” Long story vibes from Les right about now.

“Ok...it still doesn’t answer the question of who this Nokuthula person is.”

“Nokuthula was a tutor for one of my subjects when I was in 2<sup>nd</sup> year. She was doing her honours at the time. It was during the dark time in my life after the whole Phindile thing and we had a fling of some sort at that time. It didn’t last very long though because I wasn’t in love with her and it was just a physical arrangement. I’ve always had her number in my phone because I don’t delete things like that regularly but hadn’t seen or spoken to her in years.” So this granny is his ex fling? Is this even for real or is he spinning me a story.

“Uhm I need to tell you something and it’s not one of my proudest things I’ve done,”I said taking a deep breath.

“What’s up? Did you call her or something?”he asks chuckling. Why is he so chilled about this whole thing?

“Well no not something that drastic but I did snoop in the middle of the night on your phone to investigate before I confronted you,” I said covering my face. This is so embarrassing. I can’t even believe that I was that person last night. He bursts out laughing.

“Hao babes! I didn’t know you were studying investigative journalism. Why didn’t you just ask me?” I feel like a real dumbass right now.

“I didn’t want you to think I’m snooping around your phone and stuff when I saw the initial message. When I was on the phone with my brother you came to get your phone and sort of smiled when you read her message. Then you had your phone face down the whole time we were sitting together.” I sound like a petulant child.

“So you don’t think there could’ve been other messages on there that I was reading at the time? We have a group chat on Whatsapp with the boys and they always saying stupid things and sending funny pics and you know this because I show you sometimes. I had y face down because the constant notifications drive me insane. You probably hadn’t noticed but I do that most of the time.” I was beginning to feel a tad bit stupid.

“But your response to her message was something about her body being engineered for loving. If there was ever a sexual innuendo it’s that one.”

“Oh Miss Lee what am I going to do with you? Your jealousy warms me up inside because it means you care about what I’m doing or who I’m doing and you want that person to be you,” he kisses me on the lips, “however you’ve got your wires completely crossed this time around. The last time I saw Nokuthula she was still unmarried and didn’t have kids etc. She is bigger than she was then and she was just saying she hides from people she knew from her pre-kids life because they all comment about how big she’s gotten. I said that to her because it used to be a joke between us in the short time we were together and now I’m going full disclosure because I think you need to understand the context. She used to tell me that instead of civil engineering I should have elected to teach sex engineering because I can teach other guys how to engineer their woman’s bodies for loving. So I would say your body’s engineered for loving already so you don’t need a man to engineer it. Does it make sense?” I don’t know if it made sense or not. I was just in no man’s

land at this point. He took my hand in his and squeezed. So even then it means his sex game was on fleek.

“I love you Miss Lee and I don’t think you realise how much. My response to her was firstly a reminder of an old internal joke we had and secondly just to boost her confidence a bit because she was really uncomfortable when we bumped into each other. I am not cheating on you babe and I won’t. I carry the remnants of the pain I felt when I was betrayed by Phindile and I never want to be the reason that you feel that pain. Nothing’s going on between Nokuthula and I and she is happily married and I’m happily in a relationship.” I hear him but I’m not sure if I’m listening. You know when you’ve convinced yourself that something is happening just the way you imagined it that you can’t reconcile the reality with the imaginary scenario? That’s where I am. I’m still in denial because there’s a part of me that wanted me to be right to justify the pain I’ve inflicted on myself the past few hours.

“So why were you setting up a date to meet with her Friday if it was just a chance meeting and a passing greeting?”

“You should’ve studied law babe. Yho you dissect every little thing. Nokuthula is a Project Manager at one of the big 5 construction companies. I’ve been feeling a bit stuck where I am and she was telling me that her company just got awarded a couple of multi-million rand tenders and will be advertising for vacancies and stuff soon. She was in a hurry to fetch her kids from school so she wanted to discuss these at length with me so I can make an informed decision if I apply.” I let out a breath I’d been holding and just let this whole thing go.

“I’m sorry Les this whole thing has been so painful for me and I worked myself up to such a frenzy for something that wasn’t even the way I thought it was.”

“You could’ve just asked me Miss Lee. I told you I don’t want secrets between us because then we’ll be on a one way ticket to breaking up. You mean a lot to me and I definitely don’t want to lose you. I love you babe and I would never intentionally hurt you like that. If you ever have doubts let’s speak about it and resolve it then because otherwise you’ll make decisions on the wrong information and it may be to the detriment of the relationship. I will do the same if something is random. There’s no reason to apologise in any case because we both know how I got when I saw you with that guy on campus. The only way to manage the green

eyed monster is for us to be open and honest with each other.” I feel like an errant child being scolded for being naughty. Gosh I need to grow up! I don’t want Les feeling like he’s dating a child that needs to be reassured every five minutes.

“I guess you’re right. Open and honest communication is the only way we’ll be able to survive. I just feel like I’ve been constantly fighting in this relationship. There’s always some or other girl after you or trying to make me feel otherwise. It’s exhausting to always be on the lookout for potential drama and having people always making it seem like I don’t deserve you.”

“I have everything I need and want with you I don’t need anyone else. I know we’ve had girl drama but I think mostly it’s people that know me that aren’t used to me having a girlfriend. You deserve me baby because you make me happy, you make me feel so loved, you take care of me and I deserve you because I do the same. Other people get exhausting but you know what they say ‘something worth having is worth fighting for’ and so it makes me happy that you’re fighting for us because I do the same too.” Now I have tears in my eyes again maybe my tear ducts are malfunctioning. I love this man and my heart and mind are at peace now. I’m so glad I asked him instead of taking this with me and having it affect me on my own. He wipes my tears with his hands and kisses me and reminds me exactly why he should probably have been a sex engineer. I’m reluctant to admit it but I agree with gogo Nokuthula on that one.

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“Is that everything Lerato? All of this is coming from one room?” Odi asked me as we were loading the last box into his car.

“Akere (but) you know gore (that) we have to move everything out? My books alone took up two boxes. Orata go exaggerater le wena (you like exaggerating) Yho!” I answer rolling my eyes. He sticks his tongue out at me. We always manage to bring out the worst childish antics from each other.

My brother is the same age as Les and he followed in my mom’s footsteps and went the medical route. He is a GP at the moment spreading his time between the government hospital, private hospital and his own practice in Alex. I don’t know where he finds the time or the energy to do all this but it must be paying off with

his Mercedes that he drives and his apartment in Greenstone. Mind you he has never brought a girl home so don't even know whether he is dating anyone. I've always hoped he isn't one of those manly gay guys and he is hiding in the closet. We get into the car and drive home. I have excited energy because it's always good to go home and spend time with my parents and get pampered with my mom's cooking. I've always said I'm not particularly domesticated. Les loves cooking so he does it most of the time or Katlego when I'm at their place. At res I live on 2-minute noodles and Woolies microwave meals because there's no time to waste cooking I must be studying.

**I miss you already 😞 my place is so empty without you.**

Les sends me a message on my phone. Aww he is the sweetest. He came with me and helped me pack all my stuff. He was quite attentive for the rest of the day I think as a reassurance to me that he really is into me big time. I don't even know why I doubted him but you know there's always those insecurities when you're in a relationship.

**Me: I'm on my way home now. I miss you too babe where's Katli can't she keep you company?**

**Les: Katli is off on her missions. She is enjoying driving the G wagon because she is taking it back this weekend to my parents. Besides Katli isn't you...**

**Me: Askies babe akere (but) I'll see you on Sat as we agreed. Hang in there and do your school work**

**Les: No I'm not in the mood for that. Thuls and Tumi invited me for dinner so going there in a few minutes. I think they felt sorry for me**

**Me: Aww poor baby. I love you though you know that right?**

**Les: I love you too babe. I'll call you before I sleep. Travel safe**

**Me: Thanks love enjoy dinner with the lovebirds.**

“Ke mang ogo smilisa so (who's making you smile like that)?” Odi asked looking at me briefly while driving.



“Orata ditaba. Ke chatta le di chomi tsaka. (you’re so nosy. I’m chatting to my friends)”

“Aowa those are love smiles not friend smiles,”he says chuckling.

“Oho what do you know about di love smiles? O na le (do you have a) girlfriend even?”

“You know gore ke abuti wa gago (that I’m your brother). Why are you asking me such?”

“Wow Odi really? Do you actually have a girlfriend because I’ve never seen you with anyone,”I say pointedly staring at him. Maybe today we can get to the bottom of this mystery. He laughs out loud.

“Ofcourse ke na le (I have a) girlfriend. O na gana gore nka wasta bo hotness baka (do you think I would waste such hotness) being single? Someone is getting some Diri loving for real.”

“Eww Odi too much information. I don’t know want to know about that. So what’s her name? Why are you hiding her? When can I meet her?”

“Yho 21 questions! That’s why I never tell you anything because you always ask fifteen thousand follow up questions.”

“Akere (It’s because) I want to know hao. Etna ka tsona. (Tell me)”

“Eish annoying little sisters. Her name is Enhle and she’s from Soweto. I haven’t been hiding her I just don’t want to introduce you guys to every single person I date. Imagine how many girls you would’ve met by now!”

“Hmm Enhle nice name. Is she as nice as her name suggest?”

“Ahh how do you know me. I’m an acquirer of beautiful things. You’ll meet her tonight mom’s pulled out all the stops.”

“Tonight? No wonder you are telling me this now. Sho wa bhora (you are boring) shame. So does she drive? How is she going to get to our house?”

“She works ko Bedford Centre in one of the restaurants there so I’ll go get her when she knocks off at 7.” So she’s like a waitress or something? I’m not judging I just didn’t think my brother would date a waitress. Either way at this point I’m just glad that it’s not John or Sam or something along those lines.

“So is she the one? Are we going to get a makoti soon?” I ask him wiggling my eyebrows.

“I think so. She makes me happy and she understands my crazy hours doesn’t bitch and complain if I can’t see her. You know my work takes up a lot of time with the crazy shifts.”

“Wow she sounds awesome can’t wait to meet her.” After sitting in some heavy traffic we eventually got home. My mom was busy in the kitchen and I don’t think my dad was back from work yet because it was just after six.

“Hello mama,” I said giving her a hug.

“Lerato laka (My Lerato)! O siame mara (how are you)? Today is such a special day with both of you here and now am meeting my possible future makoti!” she said excitedly clasping her hands together.

“Happy days indeed. Let me go freshen up mama will come down and catch up quickly before the guest of honour arrives.” I went upstairs and Odi had already put my stuff in my room although all of it smack bam by the door. Really he was probably in a hurry to go fetch his girlfriend.

I decided to take a quick shower and just wear my tracksuit because I had no one to impress. I wasn’t about to get all dressed up for Odi’s girlfriend. Just then my phone vibrated.

**Portia: Divas I’m pregnant! I’m keeping it! Jimmy wants to marry me!**

Oh so I guess she spoke to Jimmy after all. I was so caught up in my own drama I even forgot to ask how it went. Wow another person I know who’s getting married soon if we include my brother by the sound of things. I wasn’t in the mood for the

divas right about now. I wanted to go catch up with my mom for a bit then I can chat to the divas later.

I got down to the kitchen and helped my mom set the table while we were chatting. She was telling me what's happening with her and her patients and her friends' kids.

“Oh mama Portia o (is) pregnant,” I said to her when she asked about my friends.

“Ka nnete (Really)? Was it planned? I thought o busy le di theatre tseo tsa gage (she is busy with her theatre things).”

“Ahh you know mama it wasn't planned mara it seems as if the boyfriend is stepping up and otlo monyala (he's going to marry her).”

“Oh that's good gore (that) she will have her happy ending. Unplanned pregnancy can break unstable relationships. Wena mosetsana (And you y girl) are you behaving?” she says looking at me with her hands on her hips.

“Hao mama what do you mean? Ofcourse I'm behaving.” This mother of mine. What kind of question is that anyway.

“Hmm you forget gore (that) I was also once your age. So how's your boyfriend?” Ehh my mom is on a roll today. I thought we were speaking about Portia.

“What boyfriend?” I ask feigning innocence.

“Oh Lerato laka you can't play those games with me ngwana ka (my child). I can see gore motho oteng yena mara if o sa batle go mpoella (I can see there's a person in the picture but if you not ready to talk it's fine) I won't force you. I just hope he is treating you right and giving you the kind of love that you deserve.” I smile at her words because I know that Les is doing exactly that and after our talk this morning I'm reassured that we have a good thing going.

“He does,” I say unexpectedly and my mom smiles and pats me on the back.

“Can’t wait to meet him when you ready to bring him home. Please fetch a bottle of red wine from the bar?” she says as she walks back to the kitchen. I go to the bar and there’s wine for days there. My mom loves her wine and she subscribes to some place where she gets bottles of wine delivered every month. I hear Odi come in with another female voice. It sounds familiar but I can’t place it. Maybe Enhle just has one of those voices. I grab one red and one white bottle and walk to the kitchen. I can hear my mom chatting with them in the lounge. After I’ve put the bottles on the counter I walk to the lounge as well.

“Oh there is she is. Lerato come meet Enhle,” Odi says as I walk in. Enhle gets up and moves her weave from her face as she extends her hand to greet me. As our eyes meet the recognition is instant in both our eyes. Enhle is Carol! I’m rooted to the spot and paralysed by the shock.

The shock registered in Carol's eyes was enough for me to just pretend like I don't know her and play along with the introduction. I needed to understand what her game plan was before I expose her. What was she doing with my brother? Was this some gold-digger tendencies? I will not allow these hood rats to take my brother for a ride. He works damn hard for his money!

"Nice to meet you Enhle. Would you like something to drink? A glass of wine, juice or water?" I asked as sweetly as I could muster extending my hand to greet her. See! I should've done drama after all I'm a natural at this acting thing.

"A glass of wine would be nice thanks Lerato is it?" she asked innocently wincing slightly because I squeezed her hand hard in mine. I guess we have two Oscar nominations coming up for Best Actress in a reality show.

"I'll get it for you Hlehle. Lerato wine?," Odi said as he got up to pour wine for him. Whipped much brother? Hlehle really? She looked so uncomfortable sitting there and I'm ashamed to admit that I was having the time of my life because at this point she didn't know when I was going to pounce. I had the upper hand now. My mom's phone rang and she got up to answer it. I nodded yes to Odi as he took the wine glasses to rinse them. Hao this guy I had already done that! In any case it afforded me an opportunity to address this cheating hood rat.

"What's wrong CAROL? Cat got your tongue?" I asked stressing her name, "you had shit loads to say to me the last time we were together. I wonder where my brother thought you were."

"Ll..Lerato I think it's all just a big m..mm..misunderstanding," she said uncomfortably looking towards the kitchen so she can see when Odi comes back.

"Oh really what am I misunderstanding CAROL? You were quite vocal about how you were going to get me back for highlighting the fact that you CAROL wanted my man. Oh and all this while you are fucking dating my brother CAROL." I was getting so mad now that my voice went a notch higher.

"Shh not so loud. I don't want Diri to hear this. Look I'm sorry Lerato but I really love your brother. My intention is not to hurt him."

“Love? You know nothing about love CAROL. You must go back to the hole you crawled out of and...” Odi came back whistling and handed both of us the wine. Carol took hers and gulped half of it down in one go.

“Hey Hlehle slow down. If you were thirsty I could’ve gotten you water first,” he said laughing and sitting next to her.

“Sorry babe. It’s just nerves. Meeting the family is a big thing.” She said looking shyly at him. Who is this girl? She can win Best Actress for the Oscars, Golden Globes, SAFTA’s. She even Metro FM awards the way she was carrying on. My mom came back and she didn’t look her bubbly self anymore but I could tell she was trying to put on a brave face. Hao and then?

“Bana baka (My kids) I just got off the phone with your dad. He’s working late tonight something came up. He asked that we continue with the supper. So we can go to the dining room if everyone is ready,” she said as she led us into the dining room. I strategically sat right in front of Carol so I could stare into her deceitful eyes the whole way through dinner. My brother was so attentive to her, pulling out her chair and everything. Eish Odi had it bad for this con artist and for him to be on some Carol is hot! Really? The only hot she is, is if her temperature is higher than 37 degrees! It’s confirmed that although my brother isn’t gay, he has no taste whatsoever in women. My mom sat next to me so there wasn’t anyone sitting at the head of the table. She briefly looked at the empty place setting at the head of the table and you could see sadness flit across her face. What was going on? She caught me looking at her and gave me a sad smile.

“Wow mama you went all out hey. Dankie,” Odi said dishing up. My mom had made dumpling, lamb stew and vegetables. She even made Malva Pudding for dessert. You could see that the excitement she had earlier had fizzled down but she was putting on a brave face.

“Ag it was no bother. Akere you know gore I love cooking,” she said trying to lighten the mood.

“Ya Hlehle you have a tough act to follow hey. Phela mama ka wa dishapa dipitsa (my mom is a great cook),” he said squeezing her hand slightly. She looked at him and smiled and when she looked at me I was looking at her with a straight face. No

smile nothing. She looked away quickly. Mxm she wasn't even going to enjoy my mother's cooking.

“So ENHLE how did you and my brother meet?” I asked stressing her name. I don't even know which name is real or are they both real?

“Uhm we met at the restaurant I work at. Diri was there for a business meeting and I was their waitress that day.” She said softly. She looked like such a nice girl if you didn't know there was a serpent lurking under there. I know it sounds like I'm being harsh on her but my family is my everything and I will do whatever it takes to protect it.

“And it was love at first sight and the rest is history.”

“Aowa Odi you cutting out such a big part of the whole thing. Mama akere re batla di (we want the) details,” I said looking at my mom.

“Hey mma ditaba (Miss Nosey)! I gave her a massive tip when I paid the bill. Once she came to get the bill we were walking out of the restaurant. She called after me and said that I had made a massive mistake because the tip was too much. I told her I appreciated the service so I'm a generous tipper. She kept shaking her head and insisting I take it back. I told her I would take it back only on condition that she has dinner with me that night and that's how it started.”

“Wow Odi you have your dad's charm nhe?” my mom said smiling at him.

“I know a good person when I see them and Enhle was a good and honest person. What person would turn down a big tip when they desperately needed it? I knew there and then she was a keeper.” Good person my ass. Con artist yes, actress of note yes but good person ke a gana. Carol was busy blushing there on the side. I think she's forgotten where she is.

“So Odi have you ever taken Enhle to like weekend aways? There's this really nice lodge in Modimolle I think she would enjoy it,” I said sweetly as she choked on her food and started coughing uncontrollably. Am I evil? Odi handed her a glass of water to drink.

“Oh no Enhle hates the outdoors and wildlife things. We usually just chill at my place mostly and order in. We both enjoy the crime drama so we binge watch that. You know nna I hardly have free time so don't want to spend it gallivanting in the bush.” Carol didn't know where to look at this point.

“Uhm could I please be excused? I need the loo.” She said as she hastily got up.

“Oh let me show you where it is. It gets a bit tricky if you aren't used to the house. You might get lost on your way back,” I said as I also got up. Odi smiled at me gratefully. If he only knew to what extent I was going to have to protect him from this hood rat.

We walked to the guest toilet and when we got there I pushed her against the door. I don't even know where this violence is coming from. Must be the wine courage edging me on.

“Carol what game are you playing at here?” I asked her through gritted teeth.

“What do you mean? I'm...I'm not playing games.”

“Who is Terence then that took you to the bush you are allegedly not fond of? You seemed right at home with all those wild animals there. You keep my brother behind closed doors all the time and tell me you're not playing games?”

“I love Diri I swear I do. It's just that he's hardly around and he told me about his past experiences with girls not being able to handle his busy schedule. I was just trying to be understanding...” huh? Can she hear herself.

“So you are being understanding by screwing other guys on the side? I will not let you break my brother's heart do you hear me? You will break up with him after this or so help me I will hunt you down and find you and when I do you will be sorry and unlike you bitch I don't make empty threats,” I said to her as I walked away. I needed to calm down I couldn't go back to the table like this. She went into the bathroom and closed the door. I walked up and down the passage waiting for her because I couldn't go back to the table without her. Eventually she came out and we walked back to the table in silence. My mom was serving dessert.



“Enhle would you like some dessert dear?” my mom asked smiling at her.

“No thanks ma I’ve lost my appetite.” She looked at me, “that happens when you get threatened just after the main meal.” My mom looked at her quizzically and Odi also looked at me. Carol burst out crying. OMG this girl should be doing drama with Portia and Kat. I was dumbfounded at the level that she would stoop at to deceive.

“Lerato what’s going on?” Odi asked rubbing Carol’s back and soothing her from the fake crying she was doing.

“Odi I think girlfriend ya gago (your girlfriend) is paranoid. I don’t know what she’s talking about.” Deny, deny, deny. Carol stopped crying long enough to take her phone out of her breasts Yes the ghetto hood rat took the phone out of her breasts and pressed...

*You will break up with him after this or so help me I will hunt you down and find you and when I do you will be sorry*

This bitch recorded me and strategically played the damning part taking it completely out of context. Odi stiffened next to her and looked at me with proper anger.

“Lerato what is the meaning of this? Why would you threaten our guest. Is this how I raised you?” my mom asked looking at me in disbelief. I kept opening and closing my mouth like a fish in an aquarium I didn’t even know what to say.

“Lerato? Ke bua le wena (I’m talking to you)!” she said raising her voice. I threw a hateful look at Carol who had the audacity to wink at me and smile and no one saw her because they were looking at me. I underestimated the lengths that she would go to for security in her life. She must be really desperate.

“It was taken out of context mama. Listen to the whole recording. Enhle is cheating on Odi. I’m sorry abuti I didn’t want you to hear it like this,” I said looking at him with pleading eyes. He was already getting up with Carol in tow.

“I think I’ve heard enough Lerato. You just can’t be happy for me can you? Just because Enhle is a waitress it doesn’t mean she doesn’t deserve the respect you afford everyone else. You are such a snob! Mama re lebogile (thank you). Mxm let’s go Hlehle.” They walked out of the house and I was left with my mom dumbfounded at the dining room table. I emptied the contents of my wine glass in one swallow. How could Odi think me of all people was a snob. I was not a classist at all and accepted everybody for who they were. We weren’t raised that way and it hurt that his perception of me was so warped all of a sudden. He didn’t even bother hearing my side of the story.

“Ngwana ka (My child) what’s going?” my mom asked softly.

“Eish mama I didn’t handle that one well. I know that girl I saw her last weekend at some lodge with some guy. In fact she wanted Lesego and I called her off on it and then the boyfriend beat her up that night. The next day she threatened me that she would find me and deal with me because I got her beaten up...”

“Ema pele. Ke mang Lesego? Is that your boyfriend?” she said smiling at me. She didn’t seem phased about what I was telling her.

“Yes mama Lesego is my boyfriend. I’m sorry mama I should’ve let Odi know immediately. Now she is going to sink her claws into him even further,” I said sighing and putting my face in my hands. I really messed that one up.

“Odirile is a grown man he can take care of himself and remember gore motho (that a person) can only pretend up to a point but their true colours will always shine through. If she’s not good for him he will figure it out,” she said putting her arms around me.

“Hopefully it’s not too late by then. Gosh he must hate me now.”

“I don’t think so Lerato laka. Maybe he’s upset now but he’ll come around. Let’s go curl up on the couch and I will bring us a bottle of wine to comfort us,” she said as she got up.

When we were settled on the couch I heard her sigh.

“What’s wrong mama? Okae papa (where’s dad)?” she looked away from me like she didn’t want to answer that question. “Is he really working late?” she shook her head and then the dam burst. She started crying. What the hell was going on with my family? I put my arm around her and let her cry. Mind you nna Miss cry baby I was crying right along with her. What was wrong? Eventually she calmed down and I went to fetch tissue for her to blow her nose.

“Papa gago (your dad) is having an affair ngwana ka,” she said so quietly I was straining to hear what she said. I couldn’t believe it.

“An affair mama? What do you mean. Who is he having an affair with?” All the blood had rushed to my ears and my vision was blurry from the unshed tears.

“I found out last month by accident. It’s such the biggest cliché in the book! He’s seeing his PA Simphiwe who is probably a few years older than you. He says it’s been going on for the past four years and they have a two year old daughter together. I was hoping that he would come today so he can see you kids because we haven’t all been together in a while. I was hoping he would be able to put our differences aside and resolve it but he said Simphiwe needed him. He’s filing for divorce.” My mom was staring into space as she was relaying this to me. I sat there quietly crying not knowing what to do. My dad had been distant recently and I just thought he was busy but meanwhile he had a whole new family going on. I couldn’t describe what I was feeling at that point and I just didn’t know what it meant for my family. My family was falling apart and there was nothing I could do about it.

“Mama I’m so sorry about all this. I’m just in such shock right now I don’t even know what to say,” I said quietly looking at her.

“Life happens ngwana ka what can I do but to let it go? Goitse modimo gore maphelo arona tshwanetse atsamaye jwang (Only god knows how our lives should turn out). I’m just thankful that at least you kids are grown up so there won’t be custody battles and all that.”

“Eish mama mara it’s still not a nice thing for it to happen. Let me pack up the dishes and tidy up in the dining room then I’m going to go sleep. You should go to bed as well mama,” I said to her getting up.

“Ok Lerato laka. I’ve taken the day off tomorrow so maybe we can do something just the two of us,” she said giving me a hug.

“Of course mama I’d love that. Orobale sentle (sleep well).” She walked up the stairs like she had a weight of the world on her shoulders. My poor mom she wasn’t even fifty years yet and already she would be a divorcee. Life was just something else. I needed to speak to my man so after I was done packing the dishes in the dishwasher I switched off and went to my room.

I had a missed call from Les about forty minutes ago so I called him. He answered on the first ring.

“Babe o kae (how are you)?” The tears came back full force just from hearing his voice. I have had such an emotionally charged day today starting with the granny drama in the morning. I just couldn’t handle it at the moment.

“Miss Lee? What’s wrong? You’re crying.” He could hear my sniffles through the phone.

“There’s so much that’s happened today I don’t even know where to start Les...why are all these things happening at once?”

“What are you talking about babe? I thought we sorted the Nokuthula thing out. Did something else happen? You’re worrying me now.”

“It’s other things and I just don’t want to talk about it on the phone especially now I have no energy. I need you Les the timing of all this crap is rotten,” I was speaking like I had flu with my blocked nose.

“Miss Lee I don’t like it when you cry baby and I’m always here for you akere you know? Do you want me to come there?” I’m so tempted to agree just so he can hug me in those secure arms and tell me it’s going to be ok. I love him more for offering to come across the city to see me at almost eleven o’clock at night but that would be selfish because he’s got to work tomorrow.

“No babe it’s fine. I will be fine. I think I’m just overwhelmed by the day. I will see you on Saturday as we agreed. I’m just feeling needy and vulnerable.”

“I love you Miss Lee so you can be needy and vulnerable with me anytime. Hey I know what will cheer you up! Where’s your laptop? We can watch that standup comedy you like so much. You said it always cheers you up so you don’t sleep sad.” What is he on about now.

“Huh? I’ve got it on my laptop but why are you including yourself in the watching?”

“I’ve got it on my laptop too so set it up and get into bed and stuff then I will Whatsapp call you because I’m using Wifi. We can laugh and chat through the show together. I will be on the phone until you ok then you can sleep.” This man. How blessed was I though. His suggestion brought a fresh wave of tears for his sweetness and thoughtfulness.

“Aww Les you not helping my tear situation but I love you so much for this. You’re sure it’s ok? You have work tomorrow won’t you be exhausted?” I hear his smile through his words.

“I’ve operated on less sleep before. I will be fine. You need me and I will be there for you babe. That’s what loving someone is about isn’t it? Come on set up and I will call you in ten minutes ok?”

“Ok love and Les?”

“Yes baby.”

“Thank you.” I hung up and changed into my PJ’s located my laptop bag and put on Trevor Noah’s stand up comedy. That guy always cracked me up and Les knew this. He called me back and I had my phone on the pillow next to me with a sweater I took from him that still smelt like him so it felt like he was right there. I don’t know when I fell asleep but it was with a smile on my face.

Insert 25

I woke up with a start and realised I fell asleep while watching the show. My phone was somewhere in between my pillows and I had Les's top wrapped around me. I checked the time and it was 07:30 so still quite early for someone who's on holiday. I had a message from Les showing on my screen.

**Good morning babes hope you slept well and dreamt of me. I definitely dreamt about you and had to help myself this morning to thoughts of how you taste on my tongue! Love u Miss Lee**

Hao this guy sending me x-rated messages so early in the morning! I see he is online on Whatsapp.

**Me: Thoughts of your tongue and hands on me just drenched my panties. May as well shower and invite my battery powered friend 😊**

**Les: hey love did you sleep well?**

**Me: yep like a baby. Thanks for all your help yesterday it means tons to me.**

**Les: I'm glad I was there to help. I just didn't know you also had a battery powered helper?**

**Me: oh have you not met my reliable helper? He gets me there all the time.**

**Les: so do I babe hao why do you put it like that?**

**Me: do you Mr Mokoena?**

**Les: ...**

**Me: just kidding babe you know your bed game is lit Mr Sex Engineer 😊**

**Les: you got jokes now nhe. I will get you back for that Miss Lee. Have a meeting now now have to get ready. We'll talk later.**

**Me: sharp baby love you lots lots. Mcwaa**

**Les: love you too**

I smiled to myself. God works in mysterious ways hey. Where would I be now if I hadn't met Les? Who would be helping me through this time? Speaking of which I really need to go to church. Haven't been in forever and despite what's going on I have a lot to be thankful for. I'll speak to my mom as well then we can go. I think she needs that spiritual healing as well.

I got out of bed and got ready for the day ahead. My mom said she wanted to spend the day with me but she wasn't clear what we were going to be doing. Once I was done I went downstairs to get some coffee. Ousie Ouma was already here. She was our helper not live in though she came in the morning and left in the evening because she had young children.

"Ousie Ouma le kae (how are you)?" I asked as I walked to her to give her a hug. She had been with us ever since I could remember. She was like a second mom to me.

"Oh Lerato kgale ke sa go bone (I haven't seen you in a while)! Ehh mara waja ko skolong (are you eating there at school)? Omosesane thata Lerato tshwanetse o je (You're too skinny you need to eat)." I playfully roll my eyes. She always says the same thing whenever I'm home for the holidays.

"Ka ja Ousie Ouma mara a ke batle go nona (I'm eating but I don't want to get fat)." I teased her.

"Eh eh Lerato o ka se none akere oja sentle fela (if you eat the right portions you won't get fat). Dula mo fatshe honale motogo wa teng (sit down I'll give you sour porridge)." Oh I missed that sour porridge that I was going to look forward to. I sat down on the kitchen island on one of the high stools there. I checked my phone to catch up with the divas. It felt like a lifetime since I spoke to them. The girls were super excited about the baby and the fact that Portia was going to be married. Kg was telling Noni that they also need to find men because Portia and I were sorted. I laughed out loud. These girls are crazy.

Just then my mom came in she was wearing gym gear.

“Morning mama la jima nha (are you on the gym tip)?” I asked her as she poured herself a glass of water.

“It’s important to keep in shape ngwana ka. I don’t want to look 60 when I’m only turning 49 this year.” I hoped this had nothing to do with my dad and his mid-life crisis.

“O robetse sentle (did you sleep well)?” I asked her as Ousie Ouma served me some porridge with milk. I didn’t put sugar in because then it defeated the purpose of sour porridge. She sat next to me and also prepared her own porridge.

“Ya ke robetse (yes I slept). I’m still getting used to sleeping on my own because I haven’t done that since I’ve been married to your father. A whole 28 years of my life that’s longer than you’ve been alive.” She looked so sad at that moment. I had to get her to snap out of it.

“So what are the plans for the girl’s day out?” She smiled then.

“Firstly we have to go book your driving lessons so you can get it done before school opens again. You need a car ngwana ka especially because now Odirile o kwatile otlo lata ke mang ko skolong (Odirile is angry who is going to fetch you from school)?” There goes that discussion again.

“Ok that’s fine mama and then what are we doing after that?” I wanted her to move from that topic.

“Then we going car shopping! You can order your car because it takes a while unless you want something off the floor,” she said rubbing her hands together. My mom loved shopping so I knew this was some sort of retail therapy for her.

“Really? That’s awesome mom whoo I can’t wait!”

“I know you like things wena. We will shop around and see what’s right then maybe shoe or handbag shopping. You know you can never have enough of those two things!” We high fived each other. I was looking forward to spending that time with her. Once we were done she went to get ready and I moved on to the TV room



and chilled on the couches while waiting for her. I decided to reach out to my brother. I loved him and we were pretty close so I didn't want some random hood rat coming between us.

**Hey abuti. I'm sorry about last night. I'm here when you ready to talk about it. I love you hey and I acted out of that love. Just remember that when you are thinking about it.**

He was probably in his private practice now and wouldn't see that message until much later. I understand his frustration with girls because he isn't always available. Les works in corporate so he won't be available sometimes but he is readily available most of the times. I think if you're a doctor as busy as he is, it makes sense to be with another doctor because if you're both working crazy hours you don't have time to cheat.

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“Sho what a day. I'm exhausted!” My mom said as we walked into the house with shopping bags galore. My mom wasn't kidding about that retail therapy.

My driving lessons were starting next week Monday until Friday for the next 2 weeks and the driving school said I would go for my license on the 3rd week of me being at home. We then started brainstorming cars on our way back from there. She wanted to get me a 1 series or an A3 or a Merc A class but I told her I don't want that for a first car. Can you imagine perfecting your driving with cars like that? I'll be scratching and denting that car like crazy! We settled on a Mazda 2 which I think was fine for me. Already I was labeled a “cheese girl” in some circles and I didn't want to perpetuate that incorrect stereotype. The car was coming in about 3 months time. Les called me while we were having lunch and I told him I would call him when I get home because my mom was busy smiling there looking at me. She was so curious about Les but I wasn't ready to share details yet. Like Odi was saying you can't discuss everyone you date with the family that's not how it works.

“Ya mama when you shop you really shop hey!” I got some water from the fridge.

“What else must I do with my money ngwana ka? Odi wa bereka le wena o (Odi has a job and you are also) self-sufficient. The bond and cars are paid off so...” that sadness settled on her again. How was I going to get her out of this semi-depression that she is in? Just when my phone rang and it was some land line I didn’t recognise.

“Lerato speaking hello.”

“Hello Lerato, this Elmarie speaking from Khuzwayo Consulting how are you?” Oh my gosh I applied for their graduate recruitment program. They have the most sought after recruitment program in the industry!

“I’m good Elmarie thanks for asking. Hope you are well too?”

“Yes I’m well thanks Lerato. We received your application earlier this year and have now received your first semester results from the university. Impressive marks!”

“Thanks Elmarie.”

“We have an introductory meet and greet in 2 weeks time with all applicants that have been short listed and wanted to find out if you would be able to attend because you’ve been shortlisted!” I’m jumping up and down in the kitchen.

“So I have been short-listed? That’s awesome news. Yes I will make myself available if you could just send me the details.”

“Great stuff. As you may be aware Mr Khuzwayo likes to have one-on-one interviews with all potential graduates to make his final selection. Mr Khuzwayo is highly regarded in the finance industry and his graduate program is the best in the country. He individually interviews all potential candidates to ensure culture fit and probability of success in the company. Bear in mind that there will be other psychometric tests performed on the day as well. There will also be a cocktail event that evening for the graduates to meet the rest of the management team.”

“That’s not a problem Elmarie I don’t mind. I appreciate the opportunity.”

“Great Lerato. I will send you all the relevant information. Could you kindly click on the link that will be provided and fill in the relevant details? Thanks for taking my call Miss Molemi have a good day further.”

“Thank you Elmarie for the call. Have a great day too. Thanks bye.” I hung up. My mom was looking at me like I’ve grown another head.

“And then?”

“Mama I’ve been shortlisted for the graduate program at Khuzwayo Consulting!”

“Oh ngwana ka that’s the best news this month! We needed some good news in this house. I’m so proud of you!” She enfolded me in a hug and rocked me from left to right.

“Thanks mama I need to call Papa and let him know. He’s been rooting for me from day one,” I said as I called his number. He didn’t pick up so I left a voice message. Mind you he never responded to my other message when I was checking up on him. Has he deserted me or something? I’m also still his daughter otherwise I will have to go see him at work. Why is he disowning me all of a sudden? I saw that sadness pass through my mom again.

“Cocktails to celebrate mama? I will make some mojitos for us. Change clothes get comfortable then we can celebrate ka (with) style,” I said as I went upstairs to put my shopping bags away. I texted Les and let him know the good news then went back downstairs to chill with my mom.

We ordered some takeaways and chilled and watched some chick flicks together. My mom was my best friend and my friends never understood how I could chill and drink with her but she always encouraged open and honest communication between us. I loved her to bits and it was tearing me apart that she was going through such a hard time with this whole affair-divorce thing.

“Oh I forgot to tell you Francine asked me to be her plus 1 at some work function thing. So I’m going to sleep at her place. I will come back Sunday.” That got my wheels turning. Maybe I could spend the weekend with Les.

“Oh I think I will go see Portia then don’t want to be here on my own mama. Thanks for letting me know. I will get an uber to Sunninghill. Is that fine?”

“Go lokile ngwana ka a gona bothata (it’s fine my child no problem).”

“I wanted us to go to church one of these Sundays maybe next week when the weekend isn’t so busy.”

“That’s a good idea Lerato yes we will do it next week. The shopping took it out of me I’m going to bed. I’ll be going to work tomorrow so probably when I come back to get ready for the function you’ll be gone. Have a good time alright? I’m super proud of you my baby,” she said getting up and hugging me.

“I love you mama. You’re one of the strongest people I know and this is a difficult time but I know you’ll weather this storm and I will be there with you every step of the way.” I heard her sniffing and I knew she was crying.

“I love you too my baby. See you Sunday.”

I went up to my room and called Les.

“My love how are you?” He answered which brought a smile to my lips.

“Hi baby o kae (how are you)? How was your day?”

“Busy. You know you go on leave and when you come back the workload is ridiculous!”

“Shame askies hopefully you’ll catch up soon. Nna my day was quite dramatic.”

“Oh ya I saw your sms regarding Khuzwayo Consulting. I’m super stoked for you babes that’s wonderful news. We will celebrate on Saturday when I see you.” I was planning to surprise him and arrive unannounced tomorrow night. Yes I know it’s wrong of me but there’s still a part of me that doesn’t fully trust him and his sleek responses to all my questions. He had initially set a “date” with koko Nokuthula for Friday. Trust is a very fragile thing.

“Yes we can do something on Saturday. Can’t wait baby. I miss you so much.”

“Me too babes. My place is just random without you. I can still smell you on the sheets. I asked Ousi Mavis not to change them.”

“Wena Mr clean sheets are planning to sleep on week old sheets? I’m shocked Mr Mokoena.”

“The urge to feel you close to me is bigger.” He always says the sweetest things.

“Aww baby.” We spoke for another hour or so then we said goodnight. I couldn’t wait to surprise him tomorrow and hope that I won’t be the surprised one. What a dramatic day this had been. I checked my phone for the Khuzwayo Consulting e-mail and saw it had come in.

I opened my laptop and logged in. I RSVP’d for The Graduate Interview as it was named and filled in my other particulars. I needed to do research on the company because I didn’t know what Mr Khuzwayo would ask me. I actually didn’t know how he looked like. His reputation preceded him. I googled ‘Khuzwayo Consulting MD’ and there were articles about him. I clicked on images because I wanted to see how he looked like. He was tall, dark and handsome. Sounds cliché but oh so very true. He must have all the women at his firm drooling with his tailored suits. He had a wikipedia page. I mean like what the hell? According to Wikipedia:

***Khulekani Khuzwayo** (born 28 January 1984) is a South African investment magnate. He is the founder and executive chairman of Khuzwayo Investments which has interests in consulting, financing and construction. He also sits on several company boards including being the non-executive chairman of Ubuhle Gold, the 12th largest gold mining company in the world, and is the deputy chairman of Life Retirement Funds. In 2012 at 28 years old, Khuzwayo won South Africa’s Best Entrepreneur Award. In 2015 he made it to the Forbes Top 500 list with an estimated fortune of R1.5 billion (\$100 million).*

I’m feeling intimidated already and I haven’t even gone to the interview. I definitely need to invest time in this research. OMG! Such successful hotness I was never ready!

## Insert 26

I was woken up by my mom's light knock at the door. I sat up and yawned.

“Sorry Lerato to wake you just realised I didn't give you the spare keys and the credit card for the Uber. I didn't want to leave them lying around,” she said as she came in and put the stuff on the side table. I didn't actually need the credit card because I already had the app set up with Les's details. I then thought I need to actually change it to my mom's details so that he won't know when I'm coming to his place this afternoon. Speaking of which I need to call Kati about the surprise.

“No problem mama. You're going to work now?” I ask her looking at the clock and it's like 06:15!

“Yes I have an early consult before my patient goes for surgery at 7. Look after yourself nhe I will see you on Sunday.”

“Le wena (you too) mama enjoy yourself. Let your hair down a bit.” She smiled looking at me. I wonder what Aunty Francina and her had planned. Phela my mom was hot shame even if I am biased but she had that Connie Ferguson sophisticated classy look. One of the reasons I didn't get why my dad would cheat on her like seriously. She definitely didn't let herself go at all during the marriage. Hopefully going out and meeting different people will make her forget for a little while.

I got up and went to shower and got ready for the day since I was up already. Thought I'd go to the mall once they open so I can get Les a nice, lacy kinky surprise. My mom had given me her credit card after all! While in the shower I thought back to my conversation with Elmarie from Khuzwayo Consulting and hoped I wasn't in for The Apprentice type vibes with these one-on-one interviews. I really needed to get started on that research.

After I was done getting dressed I brewed some coffee and had a cup. I logged into my laptop and searched for some articles regarding Khuzwayo Investments and more specifically the consulting division that I was going to be working on. I wasn't really hungry so thought I'd grab something from the mall once I was there. I decided to check in with Les I knew he was always awake around this time and probably at work already.

“Hey Miss Lee,” he answered.

“Hey Love how are you?”

“Ke (I’m) sharp just swamped with work for days. Already at my desk chipping at it,” he sighed.

“It sounds like you’re working hard. So you think you’re going to work late?” I was hoping not because otherwise I’d be waiting at the house forever.

“It looks like it. I want this stuff off my desk by the end of today so Monday I can start on a clean slate. Either way there’s nothing to go home to since I’m only seeing you tomorrow.” I bit my lip deliberating on whether I should tell him about my plans. I decided against it and resolved to just wait for him until he got home.

“Can’t wait to see you baby. The past 2 days have been very long. Is Katli home or is she going to Pretoria?” I needed Katli for my plan to go off without a hitch.

“She mentioned going there this afternoon. My dad’s been asking about his G wagon now. She’s been enjoying herself with it she doesn’t want to give it back,” he laughs over the phone.

“I can imagine. I probably also wouldn’t want to give it back. Well babes let me leave you to the huge workload. We’ll chat later.”

“Ok my love. Have a great day. Love you.”

“Love you right back.”

I got the Uber to the mall and went to the lingerie shop there. I got a very nice lacy body suit with matching suspenders and thigh high stockings. Les didn’t know what was coming because I was going to blow him away. After I was done thought I’d go do my hair as well so I look like a million dollars when I surprise him. I went to the salon in the mall because that’s where I get my hair done when I’m at home and asked them to remove my weave, treat my hair, wash the weave and then put it back on and style. I knew I was going to be here for a while. I started reading some articles about KC on my phone while they were busy. A message came in from Portia.

**Doing window shopping for rings with Jimmy. So excited!**

**Me: wow friend so happy for you. He must be serious if you guys are already shopping around.**

**Portia: It's so unexpected how he is reacting. Friend he is treating me like a queen these days. Coming back from work and cooking for me, foot rubs. Hey I'm on cloud 99.**

Portia was so crazy but I was so happy for her. She really deserves all the happiness in the world. I guess Jimmy's baby mama will just have to be strong now.

**Me: I'm at the mall doing my hair then surprising Les at his place. Oh in case my mom calls you for some reason I'm spending the weekend at your place.**

**Portia: ok friend don't worry I got you. Anyway enjoy that skin to skin loving 😊**

**Me: wa phapha (you're forward) shame friend. Sharp.**

I got back to my articles. Apparently Khuzwayo Investments grew so quickly in a very short space of time. The articles alluded to political connections that Khulekani had but are very ethically minded in terms of doing business. I liked that because who wants to work for a questionable unethical company? There doesn't seem to be any mention of a wife or girlfriend in the picture. I wonder if he is single. Interesting enough most articles written about him that I found were about his business and achievements nothing on his social life. There aren't even pictures of him arriving with someone at business awards and stuff. He is always photographed on his own. I wonder whether he doesn't ask the date to just step aside when they take pictures. Can you imagine!

After what seemed like forever they eventually finished with my hair and I was famished. It was lunch time already I mean where was this time flying to? I went into the nearest restaurant and sat down. I hated eating on my own because it's so awkward but what can I do. I looked around and there were a lot of serious looking people here like lunch business meetings were going on. I felt slightly under



dressed with my ripped skinny jeans, oversized jersey and ankle boots with a scarf around my neck. Oh well I'm also a paying customer and they should've stopped me at the door. The waiter came and gave me a menu and I ordered some sparkling water. I then had a salad with the most tender and delicious steak ever. I must come back to this place with Les I think he would enjoy it. As I was busy waiting for the bill going through the social media sites someone cleared their throat next to me. I thought it was the waiter so I raised my hand with the card.

"Have you resorted to stalking me now?" I whip my head at the person and lo and behold it's Carol. What the...

"I didn't even know you work here Carol. Don't flatter yourself." The waiter came and I settled the bill while Carol was glaring at me.

"Don't you have other customers to catch with your 'oh this tip is too much' routine. I didn't come here for you in fact I'm getting indigestion from this conversation," I said looking away.

"Oho you can throw as many English bombastic words as you want mara I have the power to destroy your relationship with your brother and best believe that I've already started. It's only a matter of time before he hates you just as much as I do," she said glaring at me.

"Go to hell bitch," I say literally spitting the words at her. I really hate public scenes and I just couldn't deal anymore. I got up took my bag and left. I needed prayer to exorcise the Carol demon out of my family's life. I was so angry I was even feeling hot.

"Excuse me mam..." I heard footsteps behind me and turned. I was frozen on the spot when a guy that looked like he had stepped from the covers of GQ magazine was walking towards me. He was tall and chocolate brown in complexion. His hair was in a neat hair cut and he had trimmed side burns with a mustache. Oh my Lord am I dreaming. He was wearing a very well tailored navy blue suit with a crisp white shirt a baby blue skinny tie, brown shoes and belt. It looked like the suit was sown on him. He stopped in front of me and handed me a paper bag. I'm standing there dumbfounded. I think I've lost my powers of speech.

“You left the bag in the restaurant.” His voice is deep and manly like you don’t have to guess whether you are talking to a boy or a man. He flashes me a smile and when I see the one slight dimple on his left cheek I hope I don’t have drool coming out of my mouth.

“Oh...um...th...thanks.” I take the bag from him shyly. I sound like a brainless bimbo!

“No problem. Lucky man,” he winks and walks away. I think I stood there for about a minute looking at his long legs carrying him away. He looked so familiar and yet I couldn’t place where I know him from. Maybe he’s a celeb I’ve seen somewhere. I wait the Uber trying to search my brain for this guy. When I get into the car it hits me like a train dead square between the eyes.

“Khulekani Khuzwayo!”

“Sorry did you say something” The driver turns to look at me briefly. Did I say that out loud?

“Oh sorry. Never mind.” I look out the window. How am I going to survive a one-on-one interview with all that hotness across the table from me? I couldn’t even string a sentence together.

\*\*\*\*\*

I got home and called Katli. I actually should’ve called her earlier because she might be on her way to Pretoria already.

“Sistas. How are you?” She answered.

“I’m good Katli how are you?”

“I’m good just busy putting some finishing touches to Les’s supper. You know Les if he doesn’t find cooked food then he eats junk. Had some time so thought I’d make him something before I leave.” How nice of her. I know she enjoyed cooking though and it was one less thing for me to worry about. I hadn’t even thought of food.

“Katli I wanted to surprise Les and come there tonight. We were supposed to only be meeting tomorrow but I have an opportunity to do it sooner so I’m going to need your keys.”

“Oh ok no problem. I’m planning to leave around 4 would you be able to be here by then so I can leave them with you?”

“Yep I can do that. Ok I will pack and be there as soon as I can.”

“Ok cool sistas. See you now now.” Eish you know South Africans and ‘now-now’ it means anything from 5 minutes to 5 hours. I got to my room and packed and decided to have a bath so I can make sure all my edible bits are squeaky clean and shaven. I got into another Uber and went to Les’s place.

When I got there Katli opened for me and you could see she was ready to go.

“Thanks Katli I will leave the keys with Les for you.”

“No problem sistas. Enjoy.” I went outside to open the gate for her then went inside to prepare my surprise.

I went to the bedroom and started setting the scene for my seduction surprise. I put candles all around the room and worked on a sexy playlist on my laptop. I thought I should check on him so I can estimate around what time he would be getting here.

**Me: hey babes how’s your day going?**

**Les: ridiculously busy but pushing through. And you?**

**Me: ag nothing much. Just chilling. So what time do you think you’ll go home?**

**Les: eish I don’t know hey maybe around 10 or so. Oh and babes my battery is dying and forgot my charger at home. It’s probably going to switch off in the next hour cos I have like 10% battery life.**

**Me: ok babe its cool. Call me when you get home. Love you**

**Les: will do. Love you too.**

Hmm it was going to be a bit tricky with his phone being off but the plan was fool proof because he has to come home some time right? I decided to go watch some TV at the lounge and dish up for myself. He was probably going to be full anyway by the time he comes back. The food was delicious. Katli is going to make some guy really happy as his wife. I decided to binge watch some medical drama to pass the time. Before I knew it, it was ten already! Where did the time go? I jumped up quickly from the couch, switched off the tv and lights and went to change into my seductive lingerie. It was quite chilly in the room so decided to get into the duvet and read some saucy novel to get me in the right kind of mood. You know some authors really know how to paint that picture in your mind. I would hear him when he comes in and get out of the bed and I closed his bedroom door.

I must've fallen asleep because I got woken up by banging sounds and moaning in the apartment. What was going on? Did Les come back and I didn't hear him? I opened the door slightly to listen before walking out. What if people were robbing the place or something? Just my luck that it would have to happen when I'm here all alone. I tiptoed back and took my phone and looked at the time. It was around 1 am in the morning. Where was Les?

“Uhh...uhh...Les you know just how to make me come hard...uhh.” I froze at the door and goosebumps broke out all over my skin. Was Les having sex with someone right now in the lounge or something? Tears followed a close second.

“Then come for me Thuli and make that pussy clench around me.” That was Les's voice! I was literally shaking holding on to the door handle. I was literally paralysed at the door.

“Oh harder Les. Fuck me harder!”

“Uh uh Nokuthula I give demands around here not you. I'm fucking you aren't I?” I heard a slap. He must've spanked her ass. Nokuthula? Koko Nokuthula?? What the fuck!

“Ahhh I'm coming Les. Oh fuck that feels so fucking great. Ahh ahh ahh!” I must be a freaking masochist sitting here and listening to this. I think a part of me can't

believe it. Maybe I'm sleep walking. I'm standing in my boyfriend's room with sexy lingerie on and he is fucking some other woman a few metres away from me. I need to get out of here! I move from the door as softly as I can and slip on one of my dresses and my coat. I summon an Uber and get my bags.

"That pussy of yours is getting me in trouble Nokuthula." I hear this as I walk out of the room. My Uber is 5 minutes away just enough time to say my piece and get out of here. Surprisingly I'm deathly calm as I turn the corner and find them sprawled naked on the couch. I stand there for a few seconds before Les notices me. Les immediately gets up and puts on his boxers. I'm still just standing there not saying a word.

"Miss Lee!" He says shock evident.

"Hawu Les why ungubiza ngegama la le ngane oyikhulisayo (are you calling me with that child's name that you are raising)?" She says sitting up as well. She turns and sees me standing there. Her eyes widen in shock then she sits back in all her naked glory and folds her arms with a victory look on her face. Well she can keep his lying cheating ass I don't give a fuck! Mind you Koko Nokuthula is skinny as fuck. She looks older than Les but she's definitely not a plus size mom of 2 as I've been lead to believe.

"Lerato I can explain," Les says trying to hold my hand. What could he possibly explain when it's evident what happened. He wasn't sitting there watching TV when Nokuthula dropped from the ceiling and landed smack bam on his dick! Nxa. I yank my hands away from him and look around for evidence of a condom and find nothing. This guy was putting my life at risk for what? The betrayal cuts so deep that I have no words.

"It's over Lesego." That's all I say and I walk out the door. Les tries to come after me but realises he is still wearing only his underwear and goes back to put his pants and t-shirt on quickly.

"Lerato. Lerato wait!" As if. I use Katli's keys to open the gate then I throw his keys at him. My Uber arrives just in time and I get in without looking back even once. I switch my phone off as he starts calling me and give in to all the tears I

kept pent up during the confrontation. All that keeps going through my mind was if something seems too good to be true it definitely is.

## Insert 27

*I'm young but I'm wise enough to know  
That you don't fall in love overnight, oh yeah  
That's why I thought if I took my time  
That everything in love would be right  
But as soon as I closed my eyes  
I was saying to love 'good-bye'*

*But I guess I'm only brokenhearted  
Life's not over I can start again  
While I'm only brokenhearted  
It's a hurting thing to get over*

*No more empty conversations  
Next time I will be totally sure, oh yeah  
Don't want the pain of falling in and out of love  
It's more than my poor heart should endure  
So I'll listen to all advice  
And remember each time I cry  
That I guess I'm only brokenhearted  
Life's not over I can start again  
While I'm only brokenhearted  
It's a hurting thing to get over – Boyz II Men*

It's been two weeks since that fateful Saturday early morning when my world came crashing down. If I had a great singing voice I would also be an Adele and do a proper break up and heartbreak album. I haven't spoken to Les at all since that night. There's nothing to say to him and there's no explanation in the world that will make his actions even remotely excusable. I've blocked him on Whatsapp and calls on my phone. He has e-mailed me tried to use Thulani and Tumi's phone but I refuse to speak to him. I don't know whether Tumi's friendship was dependent on me being with Lesego or whether we can continue being friends because I liked her a lot and enjoyed her company. I will try to reach out to her once I get my head

right again. Currently whenever she calls I always think it's Lesego contacting me so haven't answered her calls. Thank goodness it's school holidays and he doesn't know where home is for me. I never left any of my stuff at his place so I don't have to go there and have awkward scenes of getting my stuff. I think even if I had stuff there I would forfeit them shame. I'm making a clean break from Lesego Mokoena. He is now officially part of my history and will stay there. I never did history from grade 10 in high school and I ain't about that life.

I need peace of mind for me to get over him and move on with my life. I still love him unfortunately but I'm hoping with time it will fade. I'm all cried out and I refuse to shed another tear. I haven't told my mom what happened but she can tell that something is up. I've just immersed myself in the research for my interview which is today! I think I'm sufficiently prepared and mind you I don't even know what will be asked of me. I've decided to focus on my career and kick ass in the finance industry. This love thing never loved me.

I went away with the divas this last weekend because they were trying to cheer me up. I broke down and told them everything at the weekend away. They got me super drunk and it took me days to recover. That's what friends are for I guess. My mom kept suggesting shopping sprees but that couldn't heal a broken heart. Although I'm going to be looking hot today at the interview and the cocktail function later because of all the buying my mom's making me do.

As for Odi I haven't spoken to him since that time he stormed out. He read my text but never responded so I guess Carol is dealing with our relationship. Once I've gotten over this deep emotional obstacle in my life I need to work on that one. My brother is all I have in terms of siblings because I'm pulling a Baleka Mbete on Simphiwe's child shame – I don't recognise her.

I got out bed and got ready for the day. I settled for a dark blue navy pant suit with pants that come up just above my ankle. I paired it with a tailored baby blue shirt, red shoes and red earrings. I borrowed my mom's red Dior handbag. I tied my hair back into a messy bun at the nape of my neck. I've never been a make up girl so my face was au natural. I checked my phone for the time and saw there were messages from the divas all wishing me luck for today. I had so much faith in this gig I didn't even apply anywhere else.



My mom promised to drop me off on her way to work which meant I would be there an hour earlier than the 08:00 stipulated. Figured I'd read from the iPad my mom insisted on buying me to heal my broken heart. I had my driving test the next week Wednesday and was quite good at it at now minus a few stalls here and there. My mom made me drive most of the time so I could practice.

I went downstairs and she was already dressed and making us both some cereal for the road.

“Morning Letato laka. Are you ready?”

“As ready as I'll ever be mama. I hope something good happens in my life during these holidays,” I said on a sigh.

“Things happen as they should baby. I'm not sure what you going through because you won't tell me but I can guess. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger and you look gorgeous ngwana ka. Let's eat up so we can go.” We ate up our cereal then my mom made me drive myself to the Khuzwayo Investment building in Waterfall.

When I got there I made my way to reception. It was such a beautiful and modern building all glass and chrome and touches of colour. They were originally in Sandton but recently moved to the offices they are currently in. The two receptionists looked like dolls – all perfectly made up and formal looking with headsets on their perfectly made up hair. It was 7 am in the morning. What time did they get here? I could hear my heels clicking on the wooden floor as I made my way to the front desk.

“Good morning Mam welcome to Khuzwayo Investments. How can we be of assistance today,” one of the ladies greeted.

“Good morning I'm here for the Graduate Interview although a bit early.”

“It's not a problem mam. Please make your way to the first floor as the introduction is happening there. Please take this folder which has all the information you will need for the day. There is breakfast ready if you need to nibble on something while you wait. Could you kindly give me your name so I can

give you your name badge?” She spoke like she was reading the news. The level of professionalism here!

“My name is Lerato Molemi from Wits University.” She looked for my name on a list of 5. What? I was shortlisted with 5 other people? I thought it was a bunch of us. She asked for my ID to make sure it was me and I gave it to her. I was the first one here so that had to count for something.

I got into the air-conditioned mirror walled lift and pressed 1. I could see the lift went all the way up to floor 25. It was a very tall building and Mr Khuzwayo was probably occupying the whole top floor. I took a deep breath as the doors opened and walked onto the first floor. You could smell the aroma of good coffee as I stepped onto the floor. I loved coffee but my love for coffee was tied in with memories of Lesego Mokoena. I don't recognise him as Les anymore it just seems to personal for me. I squashed the depression that threatened to derail my cool demeanour. I looked around and there wasn't any other candidate present except the catering staff that had the food ready. There was no way I could stomach anything now but either way I already ate at home anyway. I asked for a cup of coffee with milk no sugar and sat down at one of the tables facing away from the lift doors. I didn't want to be interrupted by my competition and anyone else coming in. Khuzwayo Consulting only had space for 2 graduates and I was determined to be one of the two. I sat down facing the large floor-to-ceiling windows and watched the morning traffic on the N1. I could hear the lift going up and down guess people who worked here started early. I shut out everything and started going through the folder I was given. There was an agenda, Khuzwayo Investments annual report for 2015, interview schedule and I was being interviewed last with Mr Khuzwayo before the formal part of the day was over. Oh my gosh Lira was performing at the cocktail evening tonight! I love love LOVE Lira and was looking forward to that. While going through the annual report which I had downloaded and studied to death at home anyway I could feel a presence behind me. The fact that the presence was accompanied by a very expensive cologne my heart rate picked up.

“There's a proverb that says the earliest bird catches the fattest worm. I must be the worm in this scenario.”

That velvety smoothness washed over me as I was debating when the right time to turn would be and an intelligent response but my brain was clearly on vacation. I turned in my chair and stared directly into dark chocolate brown eyes. There was a flare of recognition in them but Mr Khuzwayo was a professional. I even forgot about our brief encounter until this very second with all my emotional drama. I got up and smoothed my suit down and extended my hand which was very sweaty until a few moments ago.

“Good morning. I’m Lerato Molemi I must be the early bird in this scenario,” I was surprised at how steady my voice sounded. I gave him a firm handshake and tried not to shudder as I felt a current of awareness pass through me and when I tried to take my hand back he held on. Khulekani was sex on freaking legs.

“Miss Molemi. Good morning I’m Khulekani Khuzwayo.” He eventually let go of my hand and stood in front of me with a slight smile on his face. I like his humility that he still introduced himself although I could’ve figured out who he was.

“A pleasure to meet you sir,” I responded smiling at him.

“Oh the pleasure is mine Miss Molemi. I see you’ve already had coffee. I will grab a cup and join you if you don’t mind?” He made it sound like a request but his body language exuded authority and I felt the instruction.

“Not at all Mr Khuzwayo.” I sat down again as he went to get his coffee. I was sitting there freaking out a bit. A cup of coffee with the CEO had the interview already begun?

He came back and took the chair facing me and sat down with a smile. I needed to make an impression so I already knew I had to go against my instincts to impress him with the knowledge of his business and him. I’m sure if such a small number of candidates have been shortlisted they would definitely do their homework on him. I already had the upperhand because I met him outside of this intense process. He was looking at me directly fiddling with his coffee cup. Clearly I had to lead this because it was as if we were playing Chess and it was my move now.

“So Mr Khuzwayo do you serve as a knight in shining armour in your spare time?” I asked him taking a sip of my coffee and leaning forward on the table. He laughs a little and also leans forward. This guy has his non-verbal communication on lock.

“Oh no Miss Molemi I wear my armour with pride and it’s a full time job. Someone has to do it.” He smiles at me and I see that dimple that does things to me. I’m literally faking it here until I make it. How I’m even flowing in conversation with a guy 10 years older than me and my potential future boss? I must be braver than I used to because I don’t imagine me doing this at the beginning of the year.

“And who runs your empire while you rescue damsels in distress?” I quirk my brow like I’m reprimanding him. I told you I should’ve done acting.

“That’s why I have a whole building full of people and mind you I pay them very very well to keep my empire afloat,” he sits back and takes a sip of his coffee. I take a moment to appreciate everything about him. The devil is in the detail. His nails are neatly cut and too neatly in fact he must be a metrosexual. There’s no rough edges with him and you can see he takes care of himself.

“Oh is that so you can spend your days doing manicures?” I say this pointedly looking at his hands. He laughs out loud as the lift pings to announce another arrival on the floor.

“Very observant Miss Molemi and very cheeky as well. Looking forward to our one-on-one interview. I think it will be quite riveting. Enjoy today.” He winks at me and gets up with his coffee mug to greet the other candidate who just walked in. With a genuine smile on my face and mind you one I haven’t had in 2 weeks I go back to the annual report.

A few minutes later someone comes and sits across from me.

“Hey girl I’m Zamambo but everyone calls me Zama. How are you?” I look up from my ipad to look at this girl in front of me. She looks friendly enough and she’s very beautiful. The epitome of yellow bone vibes with a very well taken care of afro. She had a smattering of freckles over the bridge of her nose and her lips were painted a light pink.

“Hey Zama I’m Lerato. Nice to meet you.” I smiled.

“This is so exciting isn’t it? Can’t wait to get started so where are you studying?” Gosh does she really want to have a long conversation I’m honestly not in the mood. After the whole girl drama that kept happening with Lesego I just couldn’t deal with unknown girls in my life. It just made me super weary.

“I’m from Wits and you?” Might as well get these niceties out the way.

“I’m studying at Monash. I can’t wait to meet Khulekani Khuzwayo isn’t he just yummy?” She said dropping her voice to a whisper. I wouldn’t agree or disagree with that one. I decided to get up and mingle with everyone anyway. You never knew maybe we were being watched on some camera regarding how we deal with unfamiliar situations and I was already lagging behind.

“Let’s go mingle with everyone else and get seated by the chairs there. I’m sure the program is going to start soon,” I said as I got up and put my iPad in the bag. She did the same then I turned and had a look around.

There was definitely more activity than when I first walked in here. There were 2 guys and another girl sitting on couches further down. All smartly dressed so I could assume they were the rest of the shortlisted candidates. There were also some older looking people milling about I recognised the HR director from the website Mrs Denise Ndlovu and she was talking to some other people. Zama and I walked to the other candidates and introduced ourselves then decided to join them on the couches. We were all black and I guess Mr Khuzwayo was all up for keeping his level 1 B-BBEE rating by recruiting black. I couldn’t see him I wonder where he had disappeared to.

Eventually we were all asked to make our way to the boardroom which was on the far end of the room. It was a very big table because there were at least 15 people here. We all sat down and Mr Khuzwayo walked in and sat down at the head of the table.

“Good morning all and a special warm welcome to our graduates for our program,” he said looking around the room and his gaze seemed to linger on me or maybe I’m imagining it.

“If we could please go around the table and introduce ourselves for the benefit of everybody then we can start with the day.” Everybody took turns introducing themselves. Mrs Ndlovu had brought her graduate recruitment team with so there was a manager for each of the divisions. I managed to put a face to a voice with Elmarie. There was also the rest of Mr Khuzwayo’s executive directors the Financial Director, Chief Information Office and the Chief Operating Officer for the Khuzwayo Investment group. Vusi Nhlapho introduced himself as the consulting division managing executive. So I guess he was going to be my boss.

“Thank you everyone. Please can we refer to the handouts. The candidates will be going for their Psychometric tests now in the morning then after your tests you need to come back here for a panel discussion with my Exco team and Vusi the divisional head. Lunch will be served here and then the interviews will begin with me. Those who aren’t in the interview with me will be briefed regarding a project that I would like you to do and submit by the end of next week. More on this will be shared by Elmarie when she briefs you. I wish you all the best in this process and hope you get as much from it as we hope you will. The Khuzwayo group is a well respected company in the country and as a result the fact that you were selected from hundreds of candidates is already an enormous achievement. Thank you let’s get on with it.” He was so well spoken and you could feel his commanding presence in the room.

We were taken to the second floor where we sat down in front of computers and given headsets. Elmarie explained that we had to follow the instructions on the screen and once we were done to then report back to the 1st floor. Game time!

I clicked on the program and the first one was an Ennea test which was a personality analysis test. They were asking questions about how I would react to certain scenarios or statements that resonated with me on the given statements. There were about 100 questions in total and it just seemed to take forever. After that was done the next test was a story making type of application. They would explain certain pictures and describe what each of them stood for then we needed to put different pictures in an order that made sense. I wasn’t sure whether I was doing it right but I soldiered on. The next one was some critical thinking test with word problems and scenarios we had to work through. As I was busy with that one it seemed people were finishing until I was the last one there. I was still within the

allotted time so I wasn't going to rush through it because I wanted to make sure it was right. When I was done I made my way back to the first floor and I saw the panel interviews had already begun. I went to get a cup of coffee and nibbled on some finger snacks that were laid out there. Those tests were quite exhausting. Zama came and sat next to me.

“Hey girl how mind numbing were all those tests?”

“Ya they were quite deep. Now it's on to the next one. I see they've already started with the panel interviews.”

“Yep I'm up next. Let me go get in the zone. Will chat at lunch.” She went and set a bit further from me which suited me just fine. I needed my own space right now. I checked my phone and saw there was a text from my mom.

**Just checking on you. How's it going so far? I'm finishing early today so let me know when you're done so I can come fetch you to go change for the cocktail function. Love you!**

I wasn't even sure at this point how those arrangements would pan out in terms of how the other people were getting ready for the evening. I made a mental note to ask Elmarie when I saw her again. Zama went into the boardroom and the guy that came out looked like he had been dealt with severely. That made me slightly nervous. Will see what the interview panel has in stock for me...

## Insert 28

It was finally my turn to walk into the dreaded boardroom. All the executives were sitting on one side of the boardroom and there was one solitary chair on the other side for me to sit on. I came in and sat down. I put my very nervous and slightly shaking hands on my lap.

“Good morning,” I said nervously but my voice was steady.

“Morning Miss Molemi how has the day been so far?” Mrs Ndlovu asked me smiling.

“The day has been a myriad of revelations. It’s been good.”

“Interesting description of the day Miss Molemi. So tell us about yourself.” The FD addressed me. I forgot his name.

“Well I’m Lerato Molemi from Bedfordview. I’m currently studying at Wits University and am a member of the Golden Key Society there. I have an older brother who’s a practicing GP. I enjoy reading and theatre and am very committed to whatever task I put my head to. I’m driven, ambitious and hard-working.”

“What is your biggest ambition?” The CIO asked.

“My biggest ambition is to be extraordinary. I know that sounds pretty vague but to me it encapsulates where I want my life to go in all spheres. I want to be a subject matter expert in the industry I work in and add tangible value on anything I work on.”

I saw them nodding their heads and hoped that I was saying the right things. They went on to ask me technical accounting questions and gave me scenarios that I had to respond to. It felt more like a conversation instead of an interview. It was a good hour until the questions ceased when Mr Khuzwayo knocked and came in.

“Ladies and gents are you grilling the candidate through lunch?” He said smiling and looking at me. The executives all looked at their watches and seemed surprised that so much time had passed.



“Oh where did the time go? Sorry Miss Molemi you must be starving,” Mrs Ndlovu said.

“It’s not a problem mam. Are we done?” She nodded and I got up to get out of the dining room. Mr Khuzwayo was still standing at the door way and he moved so I could exit but not quick enough that our arms brushed. I could also pick up his scent which I was starting to identify as his signature scent. My breath hitched and I had to control the gasp that almost escaped. That awareness was all over me again. What was this man doing to me?

I went to the loo to freshen up then joined the rest of the candidates for lunch. It was absolutely delicious. At the lunch table all the candidates were talking about how emotionally taxing this day was. It was halfway through the day and I felt like I was writing the longest exam ever. What was worrying more was this awareness I had when it came to the ultimate boss. I hope it just stayed that and nothing more. I can’t even contemplate doing anything with him and mind you this is me assuming he would want to. I’m just a child to him probably. Gosh let me not even think about this because we do have one-on-one time in a few hours. He was just so hot though! I just had to focus on getting into the program because it could be the right start I need. I don’t need guys messing up my life. I’m done with that.

I asked Elmarie about the cocktail evening and how it was going to work. She said we could get ready at the hotel down the road they had booked rooms there. So I asked my mom to bring my clothes and toiletries here so I can get ready at the hotel.

Elmarie calls us back into the boardroom after lunch and hands us another pack of documents.

“I’m sure you guys are quite exhausted now but I promise you we are almost at the end of the program. The handouts I’ve given you is a practical example of one of our clients at Khuzwayo Consulting. We’ve given you all the background information that you need regarding the client as well as verbal interviews with relevant staff on a flash disk for you to work on. The brief is for you to come up with a solution for the client as if you were the consultant on the project. The 2 most practical and realistic solutions will be presented to the client. If your solution is picked then it guarantees your spot in the company as you will be the Project

Lead on implementing the solution. We are aware that you guys don't have the necessary experience to do this on your own which is why there will be a project manager and a team that will assist. As you can imagine this is quite an important assignment. You then have to come back and present next week Friday. The form of presentation can be in any shape or form that you require and you are welcome to come into our offices and use our resources to develop your solution just like a normal employee would. You will be given temporary access to the building and each assigned a work room to protect your work from the other candidates. All the information is included in your pack and what isn't there make assumptions for the purpose of the solution although it shouldn't come to that. I will leave you to start reading through the material and Zama you're up first for your interview with Mr Khuzwayo. Please come with me," she said as she extended her hand towards the door.

Zama got up and looked at me. I gave her a thumbs up before she left with Elmarie. This project sounded super intense but I was ready for it. I took my pencil case out of the bag – yep I was that girl I always came prepared – and started underlining what I thought was important. It was exciting to note that this was a real life scenario so my solution could potentially affect other people's lives. I lost track of time while poring over the documents until Elmarie said I was up next. I looked at the time and it was 3 in the afternoon already.

She took me up to the 25th floor as I predicted. As the lift doors opened there was a guy sitting behind the desk. I assumed he was Mr Khuzwayo's PA. The carpets were soft as I walked through and there was some soothing jazzy music playing softly in the background. His PA smiled at me as I walked past to the biggest corner office I've ever seen. Mr Khuzwayo was on the phone as we got in. He motioned for me to sit on the couches in his office and Elmarie left.

"I'll be just a second," he whispered closing the phone receiver with his hand. I just smiled back. I helped myself to some water on the table as I looked around. He had the floor-to-ceiling window and a large desk which was quite neat and tidy. There was a circular conference table on the corner opposite his large desk. There was also a door but it was closed. I wondered where that lead. When my eyes eventually landed back to my interviewer our eyes locked and my heart rate spiked. He must've been looking at me this whole time. My throat was suddenly

dry but I couldn't look away. He said bye to the person on the phone, got up and walked to the couches and sat right opposite me with the eye contact maintained the entire time.

"Miss Molemi good afternoon," he said smiling and revealing that dimple on his cheek.

"Mr Khuzwayo," I cleared my throat.

"How have you found the day so far?"

"Overwhelming but very good." I said taking another sip of water.

"I've had very good feedback from my Exec team regarding the interview you had with them. How did you feel about the experience and the questions that they asked?"

"I thought the questions were fair. I didn't even realise how quickly the time went. I guess time flies when you're having fun."

"So Miss Molemi I already know one definite thing about you what else can you tell me?"

"What do you mean Mr Khuzwayo? What definite thing do you know about me?"  
What is this guy, sorry man going on about now. He chuckles lightly and leans forward.

"I know you like lace," he whispers and seems to have surprised himself by saying it. The tension in the room turns from nervous energy to something else completely. I clear my throat and take a deep breath because I refuse to believe he is flirting with me. Either way it's highly inappropriate and I wasn't even about that life and if I lost the opportunity because of what I was about to say so be it.

"Mr Khuzwayo I don't think it's appropriate to be discussing my love of lace at a work interview. My career means everything to me and I'm here to also make something of myself just like you've done. With all due respect sir my underwear should not be the topic of discussion." Shit after that tirade I'm probably not getting this gig. I just scolded one of South Africa's billionaires like an errant

child! It was quiet and super uncomfortable for a bit then he spoke. I was expecting a 'get out of my office' to come out of his mouth.

"Miss Molemi you're right. I apologise for my unprofessional behaviour and my respect for you has multiplied tenfold. Please do tell me about yourself," he said as he sat back. The rest of the interview went without a hitch. The discomfort disappeared and it was all about the purpose of the interview and I relaxed again.

"So Miss Molemi do you have any questions for me?" He asked smiling at me.

"Well what drives you? What has kept you going for you to achieve so much in a short space of time?" He seemed surprised at my question.

"I thought you were going to ask about the company or quiz me on the performance. Why didn't you?" Hao this guy now he wants to analyse why I asked him what I did.

"I've read quite a lot about the company and the articles are quite extensive. I can analyse your financial performance from all the information out there. I think in all the articles I read I realised none of them capture Mr Khuzwayo the man and what makes you tick, what inspires you. I like understanding the psyche of successful people." He's smiling at me again showing that dimple.

"Wow Miss Molemi you're quite insightful. Yes I rarely talk about myself because I want the success of my company to be based on merit and not because I'm some sort of celebrity. My dad is a celebrated restaurateur and he gave me the seed money to start my business. I had amassed a few contacts when I was involved in a number of associations for black advancement in varsity so I used them to start my business. I feel like I still haven't received that recognition from him even though I paid back his seed money with interest within 5 years. He wanted me to follow and believe in the food dream that he had. He wanted me to go to culinary school so he could hand over his restaurants to me. I've always told him I wanted to be in business and that I could run his restaurants without being a chef but he's all about passion this passion that. I told him my passion was not to make a living off of food. My older brother fell into that pressure. He doesn't enjoy it but he does it anyway. So what drives me is to be so successful that he can't keep ignoring me."

Wow a successful man with daddy issues. He seemed surprised that he had revealed so much of himself to me. I was honoured that he felt comfortable enough with me to share that part of his life with me. I admired him so much that he pursued his dream regardless of what his parents wanted.

“Wow that’s admirable Mr Khuzwayo I mean I went the finance degree route because my parents didn’t believe in my fascination with theatre and performing arts. They said I couldn’t make a sustainable living off of theatre so I live vicariously through my friends who do it.” He looked at me with a smile on his face and that gorgeous dimple.

“Oh wow Miss Molemi! You wanted to be on stage? An actress?”

“I know right! It’s quite incredible that now I’m doing the biggest interview of my career! I see the wisdom in my parents’ insistence. I plan to be involved in some way in theatre once I have funding.”

“Oh really? What are your plans?” I sat back and took my one shoe off and tucked my one leg under my ass unconsciously without even realising it.

“Well I want to be the Venture Capitalist of story writers. So instead of submitting business plans writers would submit their stories and we would read them and determine potential for earnings and interest and fund those production for a piece of the pie. The cost of financing would be less than what some of these production houses charge. Writers wouldn’t have to sell their writing. We would keep the intellectual property with the author.” He was looking at me weirdly and I didn’t know what he was thinking. Gosh why did I forget myself like that? I’m in an MD’s office chilling like I’m with friends somewhere. I untucked my foot under me and straightened up. I didn’t even look at him I was feeling so embarrassed. I actually had never shared my future plans with anyone. But I guess no one’s ever really asked. They just assumed I want to be a CA which I’m definitely not doing.

“You’re amazing,” he said it so softly I wouldn’t have heard it if we weren’t in a closed quiet office together. Just then there was a knock on the glass door. Mr Khuzwayo signaled for his PA to come in.

“Yes Noah?” He stuck his head through the door.

“Mr K it’s almost 5 and the cocktail evening is starting in about an hour. Thought I should let you know that we need to sign those documents on your table and courier them by this evening.” Mr K? I kinda liked that it wasn’t as long as saying his whole surname. Oh my gosh I have been here for almost 2 hours! It didn’t even feel that long.

“Thanks Noah will be done in a sec.” Noah left and closed the door.

“Well Miss Molemi I think we should wrap this up,” he said as he stood up.

“Yep sure thanks for your time. I didn’t mean to babble about my dreams and keep you,” I said extending my hand. He took it in his warm one and that sizzle of something traveled up my arm.

“I don’t recall a time when I thoroughly enjoyed a conversation like I did these past two hours. Thank you for an enlightening conversation Miss Molemi.” He lifted and kissed the back of my hand. I couldn’t help the sharp intake of breath. Both of us were stark contradictions of flirting a little and then reprimanding ourselves and I for one definitely kept forgetting. I took my hand back.

“I better get ready for the evening,” I said breathlessly. He opened the door and held it for me.

“See you later Miss Molemi,” he winked at me. I walked out to the lift and went down to reception. I checked my phone and saw a text from my mom.

**I left your stuff at the reception. They said you were still busy with the interview. Enjoy tonight. You’re still young.**

Shame my mom. She was so worried about me these passed few weeks. I don’t know where my head space was at. I just broke up with who I thought was the love of my life and now have a mild attraction to someone who is off limits. I’m all kinds of screwed up. I collected my stuff and reception called the driver to take me to the hotel where we were getting ready. I had a short amount of time so I needed to get moving.

I showered very quickly when I got to the hotel suite and put on my black cocktail dress. Underneath I was wearing the lacy underwear that was meant to surprise Lesego but turned out to be a huge mistake. I needed to exorcise those demons out of it. I put on my thigh high stockings and heels and brushed out my hair. When I looked at the time it was 15 minutes to the evening beginning. The shuttle would be here in 5 minutes! I put on my silver earrings and necklace. Took a last look at myself in the mirror and thought I looked good. I took my clutch and packed up my other clothes in the bag. The hotel kept everyone's bags and marked them. They would bring them a bit later on to the evening. I saw Zama waiting outside with the other girl from today. I never did get her name.

"Hey girl where did you disappear to?" She said giving me a hug. Oh where we there now?

"When I went into Mr Khuzwayo's office he was on a call he couldn't get out of so it took a while for him to wrap it up." That was my story and I was sticking to it.

"Oh ok. You look gorgeous Lerato!" She said taking a good look at me.

"Thank you. You clean up nicely too." The shuttle arrived and we got in and went back to the Khuzwayo building. We were ushered into the ballroom and it was stunningly decorated. We found our names on the list and we were sitting on Mr Khuzwayo's table with the other execs. Oh my gosh this was going to be along night.

The exec's were already there when we got to the table. Mr Khuzwayo was still wearing his suit from today and he made it look like it was freshly put on. I wonder how he did that.

"Good evening graduates," Mrs Ndlovu greeted. She had changed her business suit for a nice evening dress. I looked for my name on the cards and I was placed directly across Mr K. Absolutely great! I ordered a glass of chardonnay.

The evening started with Mr K opening the festivities with a thank you speech. It seemed that it was their client dinner that we had been invited to. Thereafter starters were served and Lira took the stage. I was entranced from the first note. When she sang 'Hamba' I felt tears threaten to spill. Gosh I couldn't be this

unprofessional at this function. I excused myself and went outside the balcony for some air. It didn't seem like anyone was using this particular balcony. I just needed a moment to compose myself. Just then my phone rang with some unknown number. I just blindly answered.

"Hello." I was facing the surrounding buildings.

"Miss Lee thank God. Babes please don't hang up," Why did he keep doing this? Maybe I just needed to hear him out so I can close this chapter of my life forever.

"Fine Lesego tell me what you want to say so you can stay the fuck out of my life." My tears have made a come back.

"Babes I'm sorry. What I did was inexcusable. Nokuthula knows my weaknesses and she used them against me. I love you baby and I'm willing to do what it takes to make it right," he sounds like he's crying. He never takes responsibility for his actions. It's always someone else's fault.

"I forgive you Lesego because I need to do that for me to move on with my life. But you are crazy if you think I'm going to get back together with a lying, cheating guy like you. You broke my defenses and made me love you Lesego then you trampled on it and threw it back in my face." I hung up and a sob escaped my tightly closed mouth. I feel arms around me and that familiar scent envelopes and comforts me. I try to pull away when I know who it is.

"Shh Lerato. Just let me do this for you. I'm just offering comfort." I give up the fight to get out of his arms and turn around and put my hands on his chest. He just called me by my first name but I'm not even thinking about that. He holds me and rubs his hands up and down my back.

He holds me for what feels like forever softly humming Lira's song that she is singing now 'Phakade'. The moment almost feels prophetic. I start getting embarrassed at my emotional breakdown and he feels the change in me and let's me go. He hands me his handkerchief. Really?

"A handkerchief? Really? Thought you were younger than that," I resort to humour to diffuse the situation. He chuckles.



“Knights in shining armour have to have them. It’s part of the artillery. Are you ok?” He touches me lightly on my cheek concern etched on his handsome face. I lean into his warmth and stop myself before this crosses the line.

“This is so inappropriate Mr Khuzwayo. I...”

“Please call me KK? Mr Khuzwayo sounds so stuffy.” He smiles looking straight at me.

“That would be even more inappropriate.”

“Oh Lerato can I call you Lerato? Why are you always chastising me about how we should behave?”

“Call me Miss Molemi and I will call you Mr Khuzwayo. Thanks for the comfort I think I’m going to call an Uber and go home. It’s been a really long day.”

“Let me take you home then instead of waiting for an Uber. Don’t say anything about how inappropriate it is Miss Molemi I’m just fulfilling my knightly duties. Come let me get my stuff and we can go.”

He lead me out of the balcony on a different route and we went up to the 25th floor. We were on the opposite ends of the lift and he was looking at me with a smile on his face. The tension in this lift was mind blowing.

## Insert 29

When we got into his office he switched his desk lamp on so the office wasn't so flooded with light. He took his suit jacket off and I could appreciate him in his tailored shirt he was wearing and loosened his tie.

"Would you like a night cap before I drive you home?" He asked looking at me.

"That chardonnay I had downstairs was quite nice do you have some wine in your secret stash?" I asked him sitting down and folding my legs under me on the two seater couch. He laughs slightly looking at me then he gets a bottle from the door on the other side. He comes back with two glasses and a wine bottle. He pours for both of us and hands me my glass. Our fingers touch and that sizzle is definitely there. I don't think I can deny this attraction anymore. He sits next to me on the two seater.

"I thought you were taking me home," I whisper taking a sip of the wine. I moan at how good it tastes as it travels down my throat. He takes his finger and wipes the residual wine from my lower lip with his finger then puts it in his mouth. I'm mesmerised by this energy he is weaving around me.

"I will take you home when you're ready. I don't think you are ready now. You have to come down from the emotional high first." He's looking intensely at me.

"Umm where is this wine from? It's absolutely delicious?" I ask trying to lighten the mood.

"It's from Napa Valley in San Francisco. I have a friend who sends it to me once per quarter with other varietals."

"So you're a connoisseur of some sort?" Could he get any sexier? A man who knows his wine.

"Well with my dad being a chef we grew up surrounded by good wine. I came to appreciate it over time."

"Wow. One day I will get to that level. It's just that restaurants are limited in terms of what they carry even the stores. My short term dream is to go to Stellenbosch in

Cape Town and just wine farm hop and taste all that wine! That would be awesome,” I say smiling at him.

“Good to see you smile again. What happened Lerato? Who hurt you?” He rubs the back of his fingers on my cheek and my tears start again.

“Just some jerk who doesn’t deserve me,” I respond my voice wobbly. He wipes the tear as it treks down my cheek.

“I’m glad you know he doesn’t deserve you. I’m going to be very truthful with you Lerato. I’m a man who knows what he wants and I’m fucking attracted to you. I know the timing is insane now because you’re going through heartbreak and I’m your potential boss possibly so it makes things a little complicated. However I’m a patient man and I can wait for the timing to be just right for you and I to be together. Make no mistake about it Lerato we will be together because I can see how you respond to me,” he speaks so softly and his words caress me. He is still running his hand on my cheek. I haven’t even swallowed since he started speaking. He’s just as attracted to me despite how wrong this is. A burst of happiness flows through me at his words.

“I’m just a child KK. You deserve a woman in your level.” He takes my glass of wine and puts it on the table. He takes my hands in his. Why does he want me though? There are older and wiser women of the world out there.

“Don’t ever put yourself down like that. I’ve had the most interesting day having conversations with you. You’re so unafraid and so intelligent. You make me feel comfortable and I found myself opening up to you in ways I haven’t done before. I’m just a man Lerato all of this stuff is just what I do it’s not who I am.” Wow deep much! I was just skeptical of these men because they tell you what you want to hear. My heart was still recovering but I could admit I was really attracted to him.

“Are you hungry? We didn’t even eat mains before we left the function,” he asks drawing me to him and putting his arm around me. He smells so good and makes me feel so safe.

“Yep kinda. You got food in your secret stash?” I ask peeking at him and he laughs.

“I’ll go down and get something to eat and come back,” he says kissing my head.

“In that case no it’s fine. I don’t want people to come to wrong conclusions about us. I still want this job KK it will really open doors for me and I don’t want to get it because you’re attracted to me,” I say looking at him.

“I don’t make the final decision sweetheart. Vusi makes that decision I just meet you guys so I know who you are when one of you gets appointed. So whether you sink or swim is entirely up to you. I won’t interfere in the process.” That makes me feel better and the endearment of ‘sweetheart’ warms me in ways I’m not willing to explore right now. I don’t want to get the job because I’m with the boss.

“Ok that makes me feel better. Will you give me time KK to just finish my final year and get over this shit that’s just happened in my life?” I ask him looking at him pleadingly. I don’t even know how we got here so quickly but it feels so right. I’m not even sure what any of this means.

“Take all the time you need. You will let me know when you’re ready. I have biltong in my secret stash do you want to share that?” He asks looking at me searching my eyes. I don’t know what he is hoping to find.

“Yes please! Love biltong. So what’s behind door number 1?” I ask him pointing towards the door. He stands up and extends his hand.

“Come see,” he says wiggling his eyes. I take his hand and he pulls me up. We walk to the door and when he opens it it’s like a hotel suite in his office. There’s a bed and a mini lounge with a kitchenette and another door which I assume leads to the bathroom.

“Wow! Do you live in your office?” That’s odd! Such a successful man living in his office? He laughs out loud and it’s such a beautiful sound.

“No Lerato but I do sleep here on occasion when I’m working late. Driving to Hyde Park in the early hours of the morning to an empty house is sometimes not

appealing. I sleep here during those times. I even have a limited number of clothes here.” He says going to the cupboard to get the biltong. I sit on the twin couch and he fetches the wine and glasses from the other side. He closes the door and comes and sits next to me. He takes my legs and puts them across his knee and takes off my shoes and gently massages my feet. I can’t help the moan escaping my lips.

“That feels so good hmm its been a long day on my heels.”

“Ya I don’t know how you ladies do it all day every day.” He hands me my wine.

We sit in a comfortable silence each on their own thoughts. I put my glass down when I’m done with the wine and am feeling quite sleepy.

“I think I’m ready to go home now,” I say smiling at him.

“Ok cool let’s get you home Miss Molemi. I will ask Steve my head of security to put your stuff from the hotel in my car. Steve has the ultimate discretion.” He said and got up to call him. I got up and put my shoes on. What a surreal night. I sent my mom a message that I was on my way home it was around 10 so not too late.

KK came back and asked if I was ready. I nodded as I took my clutch. I realised there was another lift in the ‘office apartment’ and he pressed the button to summon the lift.

“Another lift?” I asked as I stood next to him. He was tall because even in my heels I was just above his shoulder. He put his arm around my shoulders.

“Yep it’s my own private elevator going to the basement parking.” The lift opened and we stepped in. He kept his arms around me and the comforting feeling I got in his arms was scary. I turned my body and hugged him to me.

“Thank you,” I said on his shirt which smelt divine.

“Thank YOU Miss Molemi.” He squeezed me to him. We stayed like that until the lift opened on the basement parking.

He took my hand and lead me to his car. He drove an E Class Coupe with normal number plates. I was surprised by that because I thought he would have a

personalised plate. I said as much to him and he laughed as he got into the car and told me he wasn't that arrogant. Music that sounded like jazz was playing softly in the background.

"You like jazz nhe? I even heard some jazzy sounds on the top floor."

"I like some jazz but I'm not at my dad's level. He was the greatest influence on my love of the genre. This is Gregory Potter. Do you like it?"

"It's a nice sound I wouldn't go as far as saying I like it though." He smiled at me while driving.

"That's what I like about you Lerato. You are so honest. You don't pretend for my sake. It's so refreshing." I didn't know how to respond to that so I kept quiet. I directed him to my house and he parked outside the gate and switched the car off.

"What a day! Thank you KK."

"How many times have you thanked me today? It's no bother. Do you mind if I get your numbers?"

"Hao akere you can get them from my personnel file or something."

"Uh uh I don't roll like that. I want you to give them to me voluntarily."

"Of course give me your phone," he hands me his phone and I put the numbers in and call myself so I can have his. We spend about a minute saving each other's numbers.

"Let me get your stuff from the boot." He goes out and I also get out of the car. He comes around with my bags and hands them to me.

"Let me know when you get home ok?" I say softly to him.

"Yep will text you when I get home."

"And go to your home home not your office home okay?"

“You like giving me orders nhe.” He says hugging me.

“Someone has to do it,” I smile at him. He kisses me on my forehead and waits for me to get into the gate. He waits for the gate to close and drives away. What a crazy day this has been. I get into the house and my mom’s still up watching TV.

“Mama you’re still awake?” I say sitting next to her.

“Yes ngwana ka. I was waiting for you I was just about to sleep when you said you were on the way. How was it?”

“Exhausting but very fruitful. Can we talk tomorrow mom I’m exhausted!” I said in a yawn.

“Ok no problem. You look different. You look happier but we’ll talk tomorrow. Good night.” She said as I walked up the stairs.

I felt different like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders. Maybe it was finally talking to Lesego and telling where to go shove it. I told him I forgive him and I meant it. Harboring these negative feelings wasn’t going to help me move forward. I got to my room and took off the dress and stockings and bra and put on my PJ’s. I was really tired it was an emotionally trying day. I got into the covers and charged my phone.

**KK: Home safe Miss Molemi. You are a revelation!**

I smile as I read it.

**Me: glad to hear it. Get into bed now and rest**

**KK: Miss bossy ☐ have an awesome night.**

**Me: you to KK.**

As I settle down for the night I think back to what a roller coaster I’ve had the past few weeks and for me to meet such an awesome guy. He is so unassuming and genuine. I don’t know whether I should trust him but I’m going to take it super slow whatever it is. I drift to sleep to thoughts of KK.

## Insert 30

I passed my driver's test on Wednesday! I was so excited and so happy. If there was one thing I achieved these holidays was that at least.

On Monday I went into the Khuzwayo building ready to tackle the project and worked most of the day there getting tips from the current workers there on structure and stuff. Tuesday to Thursday followed pretty much the same routine. I hadn't seen KK when I was in the building nor heard from him since that night. It seemed like a dream. Like it never even happened. Was he just stringing me along? I didn't even know what we were because we were so undefined. Zama was becoming a constant companion at the office which I didn't mind because she was a nice girl. You could tell though that she also came from money because the one time we went to Mall of Africa for lunch she ended up going on a shopping spree. I admired the fact that she wanted to work and do something with her life so that she isn't the spoiled brat spending daddy's money. I respected hard working individuals.

I just finished my presentation to the panel. It was nerve wrecking but I did my powerpoint presentation and handed out bound handouts to them to page through including financial projections. We each had a 45 minute presentation followed by a Q & A session of 15 minutes. Vusi asked a lot of questions and because my solution had HR elements Mrs Ndlovu was also quite vocal. I had a good feeling about it and was feeling on top of the world. I texted the divas and told them the good news regarding my presentation and decided to treat myself to that good steak I had the other day from the mall. I asked the Uber guy to take me to the mall. It was around 11 in the morning when I got there. Guess it was an early lunch then. I hadn't spoken to Les since last week Friday and atleast the attempts to get in touch with me had dwindled. As I was walking to the restaurant I remembered that freaking Carol works here. I hope she wasn't working today. I really needed my steak fix and wasn't in the mood for drama. At least today I was dressed the part with my black power suit, white shirt and tan heels.

I picked a table in the corner close to the window. I sat facing away from the incoming crowd. A waiter took my order as I reviewed my presentation. I was that person who did a post-review on all my stuff I was proud of. Just then my phone rang and it was a landline number.



“Lerato hello.”

“Tsala o kae (My friend how are you)? O siame (are you ok)?” It was Tumi.

“Hey Tumi I’m good. I’m recovering. How have you been? Feels like forever since we last spoke.”

“Ke sharp I just miss you tsala. Why can’t we be friends still despite what happened with you and Les? Nna I miss you aowa,” I laughed a little.

“Le nna I miss you Tsala. We should meet up and catch up soon.”

“Yes Tsala I’m not working next week because they forcing me to take leave at work something about having too many leave days. Ba Mbhora (so boring)! Anyway we’ll chat nhe and come up with a time then.”

“Sounds like a plan Tsala thanks for reaching out.”

“You sound good though are you well?”

“Ke sharp tsala taking it day by day. Let’s set up a meeting soon.”

“Sharp chat soon. Bye.” I hung up. Shame Tumi I missed speaking to her and I’m glad she wanted to continue with our friendship. At least one good thing came out of my relationship with Lesego. I ate and savoured the beauty that was the steak. I closed my eyes dissecting all the flavours playing on my taste buds that I could pick up from the seasoning.

“You one of the people I’ve met who really enjoy tasting your food?” That voice, that scent and that presence. I opened my eyes and looked into the handsome face that’s been haunting my dreams and making me doubt whether we ever had tender moments.

“KK how are you?” I say quite flatly. So he actually still knows who I am but he hasn’t called the whole week!

“You don’t seem too happy to see me.”

“Your powers of observation are stellar Mr K guess now I know how great you are at stating the obvious.” He looks at me puzzled.

“And then? What’s going on? Did the presentation not go well?”

“On the contrary I kicked ass at the presentation. You haven’t called or texted in exactly a week today,” I sounded like a petulant child.

“Hawu kodwa (really) Lerato. I know how important your career is to you and I wouldn’t want to jeopardise that either by distracting you or inadvertently giving you an unfair advantage over other candidates by letting something slip. I was giving you space so you can focus on what needs to be done.” Now my little outburst seems childish.

“You could’ve told me you’re doing that KK. You don’t ask for a girl’s numbers then you don’t contact her for a week.” He smiles at me.

“Did you miss me?” Gosh what am I going to do with this guy? I smile at him.

“Not even for a second. I haven’t known you long enough for me to miss you,” I say shyly playing with the cutlery on the table. I don’t even look at him.

“Ok if you say so Lerato but I also don’t believe you for a second. I was itching to call you but remember what I said sweetheart we going to take this very very slowly. I don’t want to be your rebound guy,” he says taking my hand in his. He makes a lot of sense but I guess it’s human nature to just throw caution to the wind and follow your instincts.

“I know KK and I appreciate that courtesy. I’m just so vulnerable right now but you know I like you. I’m also trying not to get ahead of myself. I have deep trust issues at the moment.” He lifts my chin up to face him.

“Let me earn that trust sweetheart. We still have a lot that we need to discover about each other. It warms my heart for you to confirm that the attraction is there so now we build on that.” I smile at him. He makes me smile.

“What are you doing here anyway? Did you have a lunch meeting?” I ask him staring into his chocolate brown eyes.

“Yes I did. Some acquisition I’m working on. The owners of the company are reluctant to let go but we making headway. This is the second time I see you in here. Do you enjoy the food here?”

“Well it’s the second time I’m in here. I enjoyed it the first time so I came back today to celebrate my presentation. The steak here is divine.”

“It’s actually one of my dad’s restaurants,” he says signaling for the waiter. He orders a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc.

“Your dad? I know this is one of Chef Khumalo’s restaurants. Why are you Khuzwayo then?” He chuckles a bit. Chef Khumalo was quite well known in SA. He was even one of the judges on the local version of Masterchef.

“When I started on this journey I wanted my success to be my own so I didn’t use the surname in my business dealings. Khuzwayo is actually my second name. It is my mom’s maiden name and she didn’t want to lose it completely because in her family it was just girls. There wasn’t a boy to carry on the surname.”

“So you’re actually Khulekani Khuzwayo Khumalo?” The parents must’ve been obsessed with K’s.

“Wow. So you were really determined to make it on your own nhe. That’s so admirable. You inspire me KK and I like that.” He smiles as he pours me a glass of wine.

“I don’t like Sauvignon Blanc it’s too dry,” I say to him as he pushes the glass to me.

“You just haven’t been drinking the nice ones. Take a sip and tell me what you think.” I take a sip and it just melts in my mouth. How does wine even melt in your mouth?

“Mmmm very nice,” I moan taking another sip.

“One day I want to hear you moaning like that because of me,” he says softly staring intently into my eyes. My breath catches and I can’t even breathe. My

panties must be drenched. A part of me wants to just declare that he must take me now no waiting and no rebound things.

“KK don’t start things you know we can’t finish please,” my voice is barely above a whisper.

“Spend the day with me Lerato. I don’t have meetings scheduled for the rest of the afternoon.” Does he want to make me moan now is that why he wants to spend the day with me? He must’ve seen the question in my eyes.

“Sweetheart when I want to make love to you my intent will be very clearly communicated and on that day I want to possess your mind, body and most importantly your heart.” Like I’m at a loss for words.

“I’ll spend the day with you it’s cool.” I clear my throat and take another sip. His smile lights up the whole room.

“Awesome let’s go,” he says getting ready to go.

“I have to pay for my meal and what about this unfinished bottle of wine?” He laughs.

“The bill’s been taken care of and there’s plenty of wine where we are going.” He takes my hand and I grab my bag and follow him out.

We get into his car and he drives out of the mall. He holds my hand in his the entire time during the drive.

“Where are we going?” I ask him looking at him as he sings along to some song playing in the car. He’s got a really nice singing voice and he seems to enjoy music.

“I’m taking you to my home-home as you called it. I figure until we know whether your application with my company was successful or not rather we limit interacting in public as much as possible but I’m not hiding you like some dirty little secret. I would shout it from the rooftops if I could.” Silly man.

“I know we have to be careful for now. Why does it have to be so complicated?” I sigh.

“All in good time sweetheart.” He kisses my hand. I like how he calls me sweetheart and it’s not that ghetto ‘swidat’. I think my heart is well on its way to recovery.

We get to his house and it’s a stunning house. Not too big and ostentatious. He parks in the garage and notice there’s a G63 parked there as well. He must love Mercedes Benz. The sight of the G wagon stirs Lesego memories and I crush them swiftly. I’m moving on from that and KK and I will hopefully make new memories together.

“What’s wrong?” He is so sensitive to my emotional changes. He looks at me in the car.

“Sorry. Your G wagon is just resurrecting things I’d rather forget.”

“Don’t forget them Lerato. Live through it and celebrate it because it’s made you who you are today. I can sense that you were hurt very deeply but it will get better with time. Come let’s go.”

We get out of the car and go into the house. I’m loving the modern interior design. The house is open plan with a beautiful kitchen that would definitely motivate me to up my cooking game and wall to wall sliding door from dining room to lounge leading out to what looks like a patio with a swimming pool. I wonder where he watches TV then. He motions for me to sit on the couch and it’s so comfortable.

“Stunning place KK.” I say to him as he moves around in the kitchen.

“Thanks but it feels like a hotel to me. It doesn’t have that homey feel. The interior decorator decided on all of it the furniture and fittings etc.” He comes and sits next to me with a bottle of wine in hand.

“Then why don’t you make it feel homey?”

“I’m a business man not an interior decorator and either way I think it needs that feminine touch. Maybe one day you can assist,” he says pouring me a glass of wine. Ehh this guy what is he on about now?

“Hmm where do you watch TV?” I swiftly change the subject.

“You like TV nhe? I have a cinema room of sorts not a TV room so I do all my watching there. It’s in the basement next to the bar.” How big is this house?

“Oh ok. It must get pretty lonely in a house of this size.”

“See that’s why I have the office apartment. After a long day at the office it’s sometimes depressing to come here.” He takes my legs just like last time and removes my shoes and massages my feet. I hope he doesn’t have a foot fetish.

“So why are you alone? Why isn’t there a Mrs K already?”

“I’ve been so busy building my business that it’s the only thing I could focus on. There was a girl that I wanted to marry and had proposed to her while in varsity. The weekend we were supposed to pay lobola she dumped me. She said she didn’t want to marry a man married to his work but turned out she was involved with some other guy. Since then I’ve never bothered.” So he hasn’t been with a woman for how long?

“So how long ago was that?”

“About 8 years or so. But I’ve had flings since then but nothing serious because my focus wasn’t there and the women knew that.” The flare of jealousy that I experience at that comment. The fact that other women have touched him or slept with him.

“No more flings for you KK,” I say looking him dead in the eyes.

“Miss bossy is back. Yes mam no more flings.”

“I know we haven’t worked out what’s going on here exactly but the thought of you with some other woman does negative things to me.”

“I know exactly what’s going on. My heart is already there it’s just waiting for yours to get out of rehab and catch up. There won’t be other women now that I’ve met you.” He rubs my cheek. KK is so intense though! His heart is already there? Where?

“I need to change into something more comfortable. I can’t chill in a suit like this. Don’t you want to change as well?” He asks looking at me.

“Change into what KK I don’t have a change of clothes in my handbag.” This guy.

“You can wear one of my t-shirts and shorts and roll them on the waist. They should fit. Unless you’re comfortable in your power suit which by the way looks really good on you. In fact I bet you’d look good in anything.” He stands up and pulls me up.

“Flattery will get you everywhere Mr K. Let’s go work out the clothes situation. Lead the way sir KK.” He takes my hand laughing and we go upstairs. There’s two additional bedrooms and KK’s main bedroom. It’s decorated in navy blue and grey. Very masculine. He leads me to his walk in closet and there’s suits and shirts and shoes for days. Even sneakers and jeans and t-shirts. He walks to the T-shirt section and hands me one of them and takes shorts as well.

“You can change in the bathroom to the right of the closet.” I take the stuff and go to the bathroom. What a day this is turning out to be. I take off my jacket and shirt and fold them neatly because I will probably wear them when I leave. I put on his t-shirt and it’s so big it just above my knees. At this rate I don’t need the shorts. So I decide not to wear them. I take my pants off and fold them. I’m still wearing my thigh highs though so I leave them on. I walk out with my folded clothes and he’s not in the dressing room. When I step into his bedroom he’s on the phone as I put my clothes on a table nearby. He’s already wearing tracksuit pants and must’ve been in the process of putting on his t-shirt when the phone rang. He is ripped for days down to the V on his waist going down into his pants. He’s got that Vuyo Dabula ripped type of body and oh Lord I can’t look away I’m mesmerised by him. I just want to jump his bones at this point. He is facing the window as he discusses some or other business transaction. I’m tempted to go to him and put my arms around his waist but I resist. Take it slow is the motto then I remember John Legend’s song Ordinary People. He concludes his call and turns around and sees

me standing by the walk in closet. A spark of desire flares in his eyes and I can't even breathe right now. He does that to me quite a lot.

“Fuck you look hot! You're going to be the death of me.” He says walking towards me as he puts his t-shirt on and hugs me. I mourn the loss of the abs visual. I'm so short now because I'm not wearing heels so I fit right under his chin. I hold tightly onto him and I feel his arousal on my stomach. I feel him closer to me than before because we have less clothes on than the last time he held me. At least I'm not the only person turned on by this whole thing. We break apart and he takes my hand and leads me to the basement.

“I'm going to be cold KK. Do you have a jacket I can use?” I ask him as we enter his cinema room.

“There's blankets here and I can turn the heat up a bit. Since you asked about a TV we can sit and watch something.” The room has reclining couches set in a semi circle in two rows. I pick the one right in the middle in the front and face the massive white screen in front of me. The chairs are far from the screen so it doesn't feel like you're looking up at the screen.

“Wow this is nice KK.” He smiles and switches on the projector and hands me the remote. He fetches a blanket and takes the seat next to me and covers us with the blanket.

“Thanks I use it mostly for watching sport when my friends come over. I hardly watch series or movies. It's boring when you do it on your own. So pick a movie then we can watch it,” he says kissing my forehead. The level of control this man has. I know for a fact that he is turned on but he's not acting on it. Mind you it looks like an impressive bulge. I scrolled through the list and picked quite an old movie *The Adjustment Bureau* because it was sort of a romantic drama. I snuggled next to him and put my head on his shoulder as he had his arm around me. I had my legs tucked under me with my knees resting on his thigh. He made me feel so small. I was so warm and comfortable.

“Sweetheart wake up,” he shakes me awake gently.



“Shit did I fall asleep? How rude. Sorry KK. It’s been a long week with preparing for the presentation and stuff,” I say rubbing my eyes. He chuckles.

“No need to apologise I actually enjoyed the movie while listening to your snores.” I get up and hit him lightly on the chest.

“I don’t snore!” He’s laughing now. I get up on my knees on the chair and try to hit him but he restrains my hands. So I straddle him to get more leverage to try and move my hands from his and he is still laughing.

“How would you know because you were sleeping?” This man will be the death of me. When I give up and sit our cores connect and we both gasp. I look into his intense eyes and my face is level with his. Fuck it I’m going to kiss him. I lean closer showing my intent and he leans closer until our breaths are mingling.

“Are you sure you want me to kiss you?” He whispers on my mouth our lips are almost touching. I look deeply into his eyes and nod. His lips crash into mine and I can’t control the moan that comes from my lips. His hands let go of mine and he runs them down my back until he holds me on my hips. His fingers connect with my skin not covered by the t-shirt and my thigh highs. I’m literally on fire as he possesses my mouth thoroughly. He moans his enjoyment as I slant my mouth to deepen the kiss. I feel his tongue in my mouth and involuntarily move on top of him. He moves his hands and grabs my ass as I’m busy caressing his jaw and his cheek with my hands enjoying the raspy texture of his beard. The only sound in this big room is our heavy breathing. He moves me on top of him by pressing my ass to him and I wish there wasn’t any barriers between us. He kisses my jaw then my neck as my climax builds up. We are freaking dry humping but it feels absolutely divine.

“Ahh KK I’m gonna come,” I whisper urgently. He starts moving beneath me and changes the angle so his dick is rubbing inbetween my pussy lips placing pressure on my clit and then I feel that pleasure tension within me winding tightly and then it breaks and I scream as I climax. I slump against him and he kisses me on my head as he holds me against him. We are both breathing hard and I can hear his accelerated heartbeat against my cheek. I rest my arms around his neck. He takes the blanket and covers us with me still straddling him. We are both quiet for a

while as I struggle with my tears. Me and my tearful episodes with powerful orgasms. He wasn't even inside me.

"Lerato are you ok?" He says softly. I nod because I don't want him to hear that I'm fighting with my emotions.

"Can we go upstairs to the kitchen so I can fix us some supper or do you want to stay here?" He asks lifting my chin to look at me.

"I want to watch you cook for me," I whisper against his chest. I know we have to move but I'm so comfortable. His hand is still on my lace covered ass and he's caressing me gently. He kisses me lightly on my lips.

"You are very addictive Lerato." He squeezes me to him and instructs me to get up. When I do I realise the front of his tracksuit is drenched. Gosh how embarrassing.

"I think you need to change your tracksuit pants. Sorry," I say looking down embarrassed beyond measure.

He comes close to me and makes me look at him.

"Don't be shy Lerato. Your pleasure was my pleasure." He takes my hand and we go upstairs. He leaves me in the lounge and I pour him and myself another glass of wine. I took the blanket with so I bury myself inside it. He goes to his room to change. So much for taking things slow because now we are definitely in this and a part of me feels like jumping up and down on the sofa.

## Insert 31

KK came back with changed tracksuit pants and asked me to join him in the kitchen so I could help him chop. I had already sent my mom a message telling her I'd be home late. I knew she was also out tonight doing something with Aunty Francina. Those ones seemed to be getting up to no good. She wasn't very vocal when I asked her how the function went that they went to together. As long as she isn't entertaining some young Ben 10 then I'm fine.

I joined KK in the kitchen and sat on the kitchen island on one of the stools there. He took out some peppers and herbs for me to finely chop. I hoped his finely chop and mine were the same.

“So what are u making?” I asked concentrating hard on chopping.

“Something quick I'll put the lamb chops in the oven then some garlic bread with salad.” He was so sexy busy moving around in the kitchen.

“Good thing we'll be kissing each other with the garlic because after that our breath will be special,” I say looking at him. I want more of his kisses. He comes to me and turns me towards him and stands between my legs. We sort of face to face but not really he is still taller.

“Not going to happen again,” he whispers and kisses me on the cheek. Hao what is he on about now?

I put my hands on his waist and pull him even closer.

“What do you mean? You don't like how I kiss you?” I whisper back.

“There's nothing that compares to your kisses sweetheart but you're vulnerable now and working through residual emotions from your past relationship. I told you I don't want to be your rebound guy. Physical intimacy blurs lines and right now I just want to get to know you as a person.” Tears are knocking. Was I too forward in the basement? Did I turn him off?

“So you don't want me?” I'm back to being a child again as I place my forehead on his chest looking down. When will this vulnerable phase pass? I hate being so

needy. That's the bummer about starting a new relationship because you haven't figured each other out yet and you don't really know where you stand with the other party.

He lifts my chin with his finger.

"Look at me sweetheart," he says taking one of my hands and putting them on his impressive bulge, "does that feel like someone who doesn't want you? You have to realise Lerato I'm a man not a boy. I can control my urges although it's not easy but I'm a firm believer in delayed gratification at the beginning. Let me get to know you sweetheart give yourself time to get to know me too. The rest will follow. I'm not looking for a puff and pass here. I want a long-term relationship with you someday. Okay?" He is so sweet that a tear rolls down my cheek anyway and I hug him to me. He is so considerate and thoughtful. I might be in love with him already. So much for take it slow...He's clearly stated his intentions: he wants me for the long haul. I guess that's the nice thing about being with a much older guy they already know what they want.

We chill in the lounge so he can keep track of the lamb chops in the oven. Some music is playing softly in the background which is some jazzy number again. I think he likes the jazz more than he is letting on. Maybe he doesn't want me to think of him as old because isn't it old people who listen to jazz? After the food is done we move to eat in the basement because he wants to see the news and keep track of what's happening in the market. He says New York is awake and trading and Khuzwayo has some investments on the NYSE.

"So you've been to New York? How exciting."

"Yep I go twice per annum just to meet with my business associates on that side of the world. The plan is to have a satellite office in a few cities around the world just to establish a presence and assess the market for entry. We just have two staff members there currently and depending on the demand we may grow it." He was so intelligent. I felt like I was going to learn lots from him.

"Those were one of the best lamb chops I ever tasted! I'm not even fronting right now. I'm definitely not cooking for you anytime soon. Have to brush up my skills." I say to him gathering our plates.

“I enjoyed the company more. You intrigue me Lerato. You’re so mature for your age that sometimes I even forget how young you are,” he smiles at me brushing my hair back from my face.

“Is that a problem? How young I am? 10 years younger than you to be exact?”

“Not at all. I’ve never been with someone as young as you but that’s just it I don’t feel that when I’m with you and maybe that’s why my other relationships never worked out. I’m not going to be with your age I’m going to be with you.” I had that concern with Lesego and he was 5 years younger than this guy. Why couldn’t I pick guys my age then I wouldn’t have this drama.

“Ok I think the important thing is that we connect and that we can have stimulating conversations.”

“Oh it’s more than the conversations that stimulate me sweetheart.” He smiles at me with that dimple.

“You cooked so I wash the dishes,” I said getting up.

“You don’t have to I’ll just pop them in the dishwasher. It’s getting late I should be getting you home.” I look at my phone and it’s like 10 pm is he for real? Do gentlemen like him still exist in this day and age?

“Oh ok cool. Guess I have to change back into my clothes,” I sigh. The thought of wearing the tailored tight clothes again isn’t appealing at all.

“You said your mom wasn’t home so you can go like this. No one will see you and I can enjoy the view for a little bit longer.” Clever man and I get to keep his T-shirt for memories. I threw Lesego’s top away when I found out about his cheating ways. I wanted no reminder of him anywhere near me. Pity you can’t erase people from your mind.

“Didn’t think of that. Awesome. Oh you can look Mr K but as mutually agreed you can’t touch.” His laughter follows me out of the basement.

I went to his room to get my stuff and eyed the bed longingly. I wasn’t looking forward to being home alone on a Friday night and I missed having a body

sleeping next to me. This single thing got lonely at times. Not that I'm single-single because I'm not sure what KK and I are and I know for a fact I don't want to go back to Lesego.

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It's been almost two weeks since I was at KK's house and schools are opening next week. Then the hard work begins. I'm meeting Tumi for lunch today. I'm actually looking forward to it because I haven't chilled with her in forever. KK's been sporadically sending me messages but he's quite busy now because he's overseas on business and he said he wants to give me space so he won't be communicating with me all the time. Gosh this guy and him being so adamant that I need to get over my break up I can't deal. The thought of him just brings a smile to my face though. He's managed to just bring a smile to my face and he is accelerating the healing of my broken heart. Jeremiah 29:11 comes to mind when I think about my experiences.

My mom and I went to church last Sunday and the pastor was preaching about trusting in God's plan for your life. That in the Jeremiah scripture He tells you that his plans are to prosper you not to harm you. To be mindful that whatever it is that's happening in your life is God making the path ready for the prosperity. I felt like he was speaking to me directly because with all the Lesego drama you start thinking why did I catch the bus that fateful day and sit next to him? While we on that, why is my potential future bae my potential future boss? I feel like my life is a bit of a roller coaster right now. I went through my phone the other day deleting pictures that I had taken when Lesego and I were together. Thank goodness I'm not very active on social media because how embarrassing would it be to now delete posts on Facebook or Instagram? My phone rang as I was getting into the Uber to go to Sandton. Tumi loved Sandton so we were meeting there for lunch. I didn't know the number but it was a landline number so decided to take it.

"Lerato hello?"

"Miss Molemi it's Vusi Nhlapho from Khuzwayo Consulting how are you?" Oh my Gosh! My heart starts galloping in my chest.

“Hi Mr Nhlapho I’m good thank you how are you?” I’m trying to control my voice as best as I can so it doesn’t come out as breathless as I feel.

“I’m well Miss Molemi. I’m calling regarding the outcome of the interview process that you went through over the past few weeks,” he says and he sounds like he’s taking a deep breath. Oh no I hope he’s not preparing himself to deliver bad news. I’m literally crossing my fingers as we speak.

“Yes Mr Nhlapho?”

“You’ve been selected as one of the two successful candidates. Congratulations!” I’m like paralysed I don’t even know what to say. My dreams are slowly coming through.

“Miss Molemi are you still there?” I realise I actually haven’t said anything.

“Uhm yes sorry Mr Nhlapho I’m just quite overwhelmed at this point. Thank you so much for this great opportunity.”

“You did all the work Miss Molemi and you deserve it. Your solution was quite an original take on an old problem that we see with our customers and I’m sure you’re going to enjoy implementing the solution practically with the client. Elmarie will be in touch with you over the coming days so you can come and sign documents for HR purposes. As you are aware the offer is conditional on you passing your final year with a 70% or more average. Again Congratulations and well deserved.”

“Thank you so much Mr Nhlapho. I will await Elmarie’s call.”

“Hope to see when you come to the offices otherwise will see you on your first day. Have a good day Miss Molemi. Bye” I sat in the back of the Uber just staring at my phone. This was the best news ever! I texted my mom and told her the news because I knew she was the consulting doctor in some surgery that was supposed to take hours and hours. I couldn’t believe that I nailed it and that I was going to be part of the team that would implement this in real life!

In my happiness came the dark cloud of what happens with KK now? Potential future bae is now my boss’s boss. Just when life gets interesting it gets more

complicated. There were probably HR policies for employees that want to date each other and stuff. Would my success there be measured purely on merit or would I be viewed as getting ahead because I'm sleeping with the ultimate boss. Not that we were sleeping together now but I was hopeful that I would get to know that impressive bulge I held in my hand quite intimately. Gosh! Why did life have to be so cruel! I'm sure he already knew that I made it into his company. I figured we'd discuss it when he contacted me again. Sigh.

When I got to Sandton I went to Hard Rock Café because that's where we had agreed to meet and I found Tumi already there waiting for me. She got up to hug me as I got to the table.

“Oh tsala (friend) how are you mara (though)?” we sat down.

“I'm good tsala no complaints hey. You're glowing! Engagement must be agreeing with you,” I said smiling at her.

“Ehh the stress of that engagement I can't even! Next week Thuls is sending his family to pay lobola. The drama at home with everyone wanting to be involved! I can't deal,” she says clapping her hands together. The waiter came and took our drinks and I ordered a Hunter's Dry while Tumi ordered a Savannah with cheese burgers.

“Shame askies tsala mara you were prepared for it mos because we spoke about it at the weekend away,” just saying that brought a wave of sadness. The familiarity of being here with Tumi and Lesego and I aren't together anymore hit me like a heat wave.

“Ahh how much can you prepare in my unpredictable family? I just hope they don't embarrass me tsala. Like I can't deal with the embarrassment. Habo Thuls batlo ntsea jwang (how will they take me)?” I smile at her.

“Go tlo loka tsala (it's going to be ok friend) just pray about it. Everything always works out for the best.” Her face changes.



“Speaking of which, how are you doing? What happened Tsala? Lesego wouldn’t tell us. Even Thuls is at his wits end trying to get it out of him.” Oh that’s interesting so Lesego didn’t reveal the nastiness of his actions to his friends?

“Where do I begin tsala mara? Long story short he was cheating on me and nigga got caught. I told him it’s over right there and then and haven’t seen him in just over a month.” I wasn’t as emotional now when I spoke about this and I think I was taking KK’s advice and working through these emotions instead of burying them.

“What? Lesego Mokoena cheat? After all the drama that happened to him? I just don’t get it.” She was shaking her head in disbelief.

“I couldn’t believe it either tsala. In fact I was shattered. I went to his house to surprise him and I’m the one that was surprised. He came in much later and was fucking some girl Nokuthula in the lounge while I was in his room! I can still hear the moans and groans in my head.”

“Like Tsala I’m speechless right now. If I knew what he had done I wasn’t even going to help him to try to contact you. I just didn’t understand the magnitude of the situation. He’s not doing well though hey Thuls is worried gore (that) he’ll go back to that dark place he was once in. I don’t think he’s going to work as regularly as he should.”

“I don’t wish him bad things but there’s no way I would go back to him. He put my life in danger Tumi having unprotected sex with some unknown woman. In fact I should go for an HIV test in 6 months time to check whether I’m ok. For all I know I’m sick now.”

“Eish tsala don’t even say that hey. I hope you’re both fine. He loved you though tsala I know he did. I had never seen him as happy as he was when you guys were together. It seemed like you brought him inner peace you know. Anyway, you’ll come to my engagement party though right? Or is it too much to ask?” If he loved me he wouldn’t have cheated but I didn’t want to belabour the point.

“Will see how I feel when you do it. I can’t promise though friend. I’m taking things one day at a time at this point.” Our food arrived and we ate the burgers

while catching up on what was happening in our lives. I didn't dare mention KK because I wasn't even sure what was happening there and besides I didn't want it to seem like I had moved on from Lesego in such a short space of time. There was a part of me that was worried about him and his mental state but I'm not the one that told him to go sleep with someone else. I told her about making it into the Khuzwayo graduate program and she was very excited for me. We said our goodbyes and promised to meet soon.

My phone started ringing and it was Zama. I hope she was also calling with good news.

"Lerato, I made it in. Did you?" she doesn't even give me a chance to say hello before she's talking this girl.

"Yes I did Zama so I guess it's you and me," I'm smiling as I hear her screaming on the other end of the phone. This girl though.

"Oh that's awesome miss thing. Can't wait to start working with you. It's going to be so lit! Shopping sprees at Mall of Africa at lunch time, getting a glimpse of Mr Khuzwayo's yumminess once in a while." The KK comment makes me slightly uncomfortable.

"Yep I'm sure it's going to be quite epic. We'll coordinate when we go in to sign documents so we can have lunch or something afterwards," I say to her as I walk towards Sandton City.

"Yes girl. So excited it's going to be the two of us! Ok bye." she hangs up before I even say anything. Just then my phone beeps.

**You look so beautiful. I've always liked that purple scarf.**

It's from an unknown number and I get chills down my spine because I'm wearing a purple scarf today. My hairs stand on end immediately as I look around the square to see whether someone is looking at me but everyone is going about their business. I call an Uber immediately and there's one 5 minutes away. As soon as the car stops I get in breathing heavily from all the adrenalin rushing through me now.

## **You can run but you can't hide Miss Lee**

Oh my gosh is this Lesego? Lesego is stalking me. He must've known Tumi and I were going to have lunch today and followed her here. Shouldn't he be at work. My hands are shaking as I block the number on my phone. I have so many blocked numbers since I broke up with Lesego it's unbelievable. Maybe I should change my cell phone number but the admin of changing my details everywhere is what stops it. Why can't he just let me go?

## Insert 32

“Come let’s go Lerato!”my mom shouted at me from downstairs. I was just doing a once over of my room to check that I hadn’t left anything behind. With all the shopping I did these holidays I was going back to school with more stuff than I came with.

“I’m coming mama,” I said as I walked down the stairs. I couldn’t believe so much had happened in the five weeks that I was at home. I haven’t received any more messages from Lesego and I didn’t tell anyone about it because it seemed like he was just scaring me that day. Just to be safe I’ve been indoors since that day. I’m slightly nervous about going back to res because he knows where my room is and everything. I hope he won’t come looking for me at school. Why can’t he just let me go?

My mom was driving me back to res because Odi had gone AWOL since that fateful night. My dad was another one who seems to have forgotten that he has other children. All the men I’ve known my whole life are absent at the moment and the man I thought was the love of my life might be psycho. The man who might be my future man is my boss. Do you want to swop lives for a second?

“So you must focus this semester akere ngwana ka (right my child) because you know you can’t go to Khuzwayo if your average drops.”

“Yes mama I know. I’m ready to put in the work since I won’t even have as many distractions this semester.” I can’t believe that my relationship with Lesego lasted all of one semester. We went through so much in such a short space of time.

“O siame (are you ok) though Lerato? I know you went through something and do you feel ready to move on and focus on what needs to be done?”

“Yes mama I’m glad that in the past few weeks I was at home and was able to work through it. The interview also helped get my mind off the whole thing. What I’m struggling with is dad’s silence. Has he spoken to you at all?”my mom sighs next to me.

“No he hasn’t. We don’t really speak much and the only correspondence I get is from my lawyer. It looks like the divorce hearing is next month sometime. Can you imagine so many years of commitment then it takes an hour or so in court and it’s all dissolved. There was a part of me that hoped he would change his mind but I’ve made peace with the fact that he’s not coming back.”

“So if he came back and apologised you would take him back?” I’m sitting there with pure shock on my face. So my mom would be willing to forgive infidelity of the highest degree that has an illegitimate child in the mix?

“Ke sa morata (I still love him) Lerato. You can’t just erase all those years that easily. What is love if you keep record of wrongs? Doesn’t the bible even say that?” It means I must not have loved Lesego then because there’s no way I would go back to him.

“Mama you don’t think it’s a comfort zone thing? That you’re comfortable with him because you guys were together for so many years? Maybe you’re afraid to be alone and starting fresh with someone else?” she kept quiet and seemed to consider it.

“In all honesty aketse (I don’t know) because for me love has meant comfort and company with your father. I come home now and there’s no one to share my stories from work with or my frustrations or just someone to hold me and tell me it’s going to be ok. It gets very lonely very quickly.” she sadly said. I felt for my mom because I was feeling lonely and depressed but I was with Lesego all of five minutes if you compare it to my parents. The fact that now I was at res she was going to be there on her own just brought tears to my eyes.

“Don’t cry for me ngwana ka (my child). It’s an adjustment that I have to go through but nothing I won’t be able to handle. Your father said I can keep the house but I think I’m going to sell it because it’s far too big for me to be staying there on my own.” It made sense but a part of me mourned the loss of the house. There were so many memories in that house. Me and Odi grew up there. I actually miss my brother I must really make a concerted effort to reach out to him.

When we got to res my mom helped me unpack my stuff and put everything back in its rightful place. I think she was delaying going back to that big house on her

own. I suggested we have supper at Mike's Kitchen across the road and tried hard not to remember the last time I was here was the first night that Lesego and I had sex. It really wasn't as painful as before and that meant I was really healing. We had a very nice dinner with a bottle of wine and around 9 she said goodbye. I got to my room and started packing my books for tomorrow morning lectures then KK called me.

"Mr K how are you? I assume you're back in the country?" I answered with a stupidly big grin on my face.

"Yep just landed and thought I'd check in. I received an e-mail that you made it into the program. Congratulations! Now I can safely say I knew it was a given." His voice washes over me because I haven't heard it in a while. We were communicating in texts while he was overseas.

"Oho you only saying that now. If you knew it was a given you could've allayed my fears mos." he laughs on the other end.

"You can't get an unfair advantage because the boss has a crush on you Lerato. Otherwise are you good? I missed you."

"Oh does the boss have a crush on me? I'm still on that one," he makes me so happy. The fact that he says he missed me is doing things to me. I don't want to say it back because he said mos we not really in a relationship at the moment.

"Hawu Lerato. Uyakwazi lokho yin indaba uzimangaza (you know that already why you acting surprised)?" I'm warmed right through by his comment.

"Just pulling your leg KK. So was your meeting fruitful?" I lay down on the bed facing up as I was chatting to him. It felt like I was speaking to my high school crush. He made me feel so giddy inside.

"Very fruitful. There's a lot of ventures and opportunities I've brought back for further exploration. I can't wait to start working on them with my team."

"Such a workaholic Mr K," I say teasing him.

"Hopefully that will change soon when I have someone occupying my time?"

“hmm we’ll have to wait and see. I’m back at res, school’s starting again tomorrow,” I say on a sigh. I’m so lazy after such a long break.

“Ngiyazi ukuthi uzosebenza ngoku yikhandla (I know you’ll work really hard). Let me go sweetheart I’m going through customs. I will check up on you sometime during the week. Ulale kahle uyezwa?” that ‘uyeza’ at the end gets me everytime.

“Thanks KK. Good night. Just text me and let me know you got home safely and please go home-home.” He laughed at that comment. After I hung up I got ready for bed.

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“Hey good to chat to you again. I’ve been coming into class late this whole week and haven’t had a chance to see you,” random guy said as I walked into class that Friday. He sat next to me.

“Hey did you enjoy the holidays?” I ask him taking out my books.

“Pretty much. We had basketball training camp for the first two weeks but otherwise it was good.”

“What’s your name by the way? We’ve spoken so many times but I have no clue what your name is,” I smile at him. At least now I don’t have to worry about Lesego freaking out because I’m speaking to other guys. I should’ve picked it up then that something was amiss. Sometimes the warning signs are staring at us straight and we rationalise it and wish it away until it comes back to bite you.

“I’m Oliver and you’re Lerato.” wow psycho much? I must have a thing that attracts psychos to me.

“How do you know that Oliver? I don’t think I’ve ever volunteered my name.” I hope I don’t have a thing of attracting psychos. He laughs.

“All the guys in this class know who you are. You’re like one of the hottest girls here.” Really? It makes me slightly uncomfortable that people are looking at me like that.

The class started and it was clear that it's been uphill since we started. In the afternoon after the classes for the day were done, I went to the library to get started on my tutorials. If I didn't get on top of them from the first week then I knew they were just going to snowball out of control. I picked a solitary desk in between some book shelves so there's minimal distractions of people going up and down the aisles and chatting. My phone lit up indicating an incoming message.

**Libraries are so comforting. I've always enjoyed that old book smell.**

Shit! It must be Les again and he must've found yet another sim card to bully me with. I thought he had forgotten about me because I hadn't received anything from him since the time I was in Sandton. I'm shaking like a leaf inside but I try not to let it manifest outward because if he is indeed looking at me I don't want to give him the satisfaction that I'm scared.

**Me: Why won't you leave me alone?**

**Him: You're mine Miss Lee. You said you loved me. You said you would never leave me.**

Oh gosh. I don't remember saying I would never leave him. I clench my hands to prevent the evidence that I'm literally shaking. My head is pounding because I think my body is on a flight-or-fight response. Adrenalin is pouring through me. What am I going to do? How do I even get out of here?

**Me: Where are you?**

**Him: I'm everywhere you are. That's what love is about.**

I think he's gone crazy. Why me Lord? How do I safely make it out of here? In my head I have images of him kidnapping me and tying me up somewhere in some abandoned warehouse. Is this my life? I try to remain as calm as I can so I can think about what to do. I try to look around but because of my secluded spot that I purposefully picked I can't see a thing except rows and rows of books. Just then Oliver walks past me. Oh thank God.

"Oliver?" I call out to him and my voice sounds really loud in this quiet library.



“Oh Lerato. You’re also trying to get on top of all these tutorials,”he says as he stands in front of my desk. “what’s wrong you look like you’ve just seen a ghost?”

I try and laugh it off.

“I have it’s in these numbers! Do you want to sit and do the tuts together?” please say yes so I’m not on my own. He seems to think about it for a while then he pulls the chair opposite me. I release the breath that I was holding.

**Him: what did I say about that guy Miss Lee? Were you lying to me when you said there’s nothing going on?**

I drop the phone on the table and Oliver looks at me weirdly. Lesego must be in the library and sitting so I’m in his line of sight. Tears I can’t even control start coming out. Why is he torturing me like this. He was the one who wronged our relationship not me.

“Lerato? Are you ok?”Oliver comes around the table and places his hand on my upper back.

“Umm I’m n...not feeling well all of a sudden. I think I nnneed to go home,”I say wiping my tears away.

“Ok let me help you pack up. I’ll walk you to the bus stop.” thank the Lord I don’t know how I was going to do that on my own. It’s the first freaking day of school and Lesego is terrorising me.

Oliver packs my stuff into my bag and carries my bag for me as we walk out of the library. I don’t even look around because I don’t want to see where Lesego is. I’m just looking down and hurrying as much as possible. Oliver waits with me at the bus stop until the bus arrives and I thank him and get on the bus. I sit right at the front so I can keep track of who is going into the bus and my self-preservation is telling me the closer I am to the bus driver the better. I draw a sigh of relief when the bus pulls off without Lesego getting on board. I don’t even block the number because he’ll just find another number to terrorise me with.

When I get to res I quickly walk to my room, get in and lock the door. I slump down against the door and my dam of tears burst. I feel so helpless because I don't know what to do with this situation. Do I go to the police but I don't have concrete proof that it's him doing this. I don't know if he's acting normal around everyone else and just being psycho with me. Eventually I get up from the floor and put my bag on my bed. I can sense one of my epic migraines making a come back so I take the pill and lie down for a nap.

I'm woken by incessant knocking on my door. My room is dark because the sun has already set and I'm slightly disorientated. The migraine pain killers are very strong and they knock me out completely. I reach for my phone to get some light and it's 8 in the evening already. As I walk to the door my hairs stand on end and I keep deathly still. Who is knocking at this hour? I never get unexpected visitors neither am I friends with anyone at res. Shit! Could it be Lesego?

"Miss Leeeeee," It's Lesego at the door. He calls out my name in a sing song voice.

"Come on babes open up for me. I know you're in thereeeee." I'm clutching my phone to my chest and I'm paralysed on the spot. I'm scared to even breathe in case he hears me.

"You can't hide in there forever babes. Just open the door then we can talk hmm," he says sounding like his normal self again. What crazy man is this? I try to reason with him on the other side of the door while searching for a weapon with my eyes. If he breaks through the door I need to know what I'm going to attack him with.

"Les I'm tired. Please go home? Please leave me alone?" I say as bravely as I can.

"No Miss Lee I'm never letting you out my sight. You belong to me now open this damn door!" he's screaming now and banging the door really hard. My neighbours must have gone out since it's Friday night. Les know how to pick his timing. He's probably been sitting outside watching all of them go out one by one.

"Please Les, please stop it," I'm crying and pleading with him now.

“Ok you asked for it. I’m going to kick the door down because you don’t want to listen. What is wrong with you?” there’s banging sounds coming through the door and only then do I realise how unsafe wooden doors are especially the ones we have at res. It sounds like he’s walking away thank God. Oh no it sounds like he’s running towards the door and flinging himself against it. The top part of the door is a bit looser than it was before. Freaking hell. I realise I need to stop standing here like a statue and come up with a plan. So I push my desk towards the door and block it. I look for the only steak knife I have in this room and hold it to me while facing the door. I try to look for the res security numbers on my phone but I never saved them. Shit how am I going to get through this? Even if I call anyone it’ll take them forever to get here. He keeps flinging himself against the door time and again until the lock breaks and I feel the desk move slightly as he tries to push himself into the room. The only thought that kept going through my mind was I’m going to die repeatedly.

“Ready or not here I come,” he sings the words and one last push he’s in my room. I throw the knife on the floor because I don’t want him to attack me thinking I’m attacking him. I have no idea what his state of mind is. He looks like he’s been to hell and back. His sweating from all his exertions outside. His arm is scratched and bleeding. His eyes are blood shot.

“Lles I’m ss..ssory.” I’m standing up against the wardrobe. He comes toward me and traps me between his arms and brings his face close to mine. He reeks of alcohol.

“Why are you hiding from me Miss Lee? You said you loved me why did you leave?” I’m trying to keep a straight face but his breath is making my stomach roll.

“Y..you ch..cheated on me Lles,” I say whispering. He bangs his one hand against the wardrobe.

“I didn’t fucking cheat! I just sleep with her that’s all but I love you Miss Lee. You said you love me and love is unconditional. You can’t love me only when I’m a good guy you must love me even when I’m bad,” I try not to gag as he speaking because he smells really gross.

“Then I guess I never loved you,” it slips out before I’ve even thought about what I’m saying. I realise my mistake when his face changes and he grabs me by my hair and bangs my head against the wardrobe. In that moment I remember that this guy put his cousin in a wheelchair. Is he going to paralyse me too? Oh God!

“What did you say? So you fucked with my feelings for what? Do you know how much I fucking love you? I wish I’d made you pregnant because then you wouldn’t be doing this shit to me right now. Instead you kept throwing your fucking Mirena in my face. Well Miss Lee if I can’t have you Miss Lee no one else fucking will,” he is banging my head against the wardrobe non-stop until my world goes black.

## Insert 33

All I could feel was pain and my eyelids were so heavy I couldn't even lift them. If I thought migraines were painful before this was even worse. It felt like a brass band had setup a permanent home in my head. All I heard were beeping sounds.

"Why won't she wake up?" Was that Odi? Oh so he cares he came to see me.

"She suffered terrible blows to her head ngwana ka (my child) and she is in an induced coma. The good thing is that atleast her brain is not swollen. Her body is recovering from the shock she will wake up when she's ready." That sounded like my mom then I'm sucked into oblivion.

"Lerato come back to me sweetheart. Why didn't you tell me you had a psycho ex I would've looked after you. Uphole sthandwa sami ngiyakucela (get better sweetheart please). Lord I come to you today if I may and I humbly ask that you hear my prayer for Lerato's healing. I've just found her Jehovah please keep her alive Lord so she can find herself as well. I ask all this in Jesus Christ name. Amen." That sounds like KK. Was he praying? I wasn't aware he was that religious. I struggled hard to try and move anything on my body but it didn't cooperate. I got pulled into the darkness again.

"Lee tsoga friend aowa (come on friend wake up). You've BEEN sleeping. You can't leave me mo ke le one le ngwana (here on my own with the baby). You know mos gore (that) you're supposed to be my child's god mother. Tsoga tu (please wake up) friend?" That must be my dramatic friend Portia. I've just given up trying to fight the battle with my body to wake up.

"Lerato we are all here. We love you please come back to us my friend." I hear Noni's voice and it sounds like she's crying. Don't cry my friend I'm ok.

"Why are we even talking to her she can't hear us guys." Kg sounds frustrated.

"Her mom said sometimes people can hear even when they in the coma. Nna (Me) I like talking akere (right) so I'll talk to her. Friend tsoga (wake up) please?" Portia also sounds like she's in tears. My heart was heavy with how much they feel for me. My best friend at the moment Mr darkness consumes me yet again.

I could hear the constant beeping in the background and when I tried to open my eyes I could lift my eyelids albeit slowly. My vision was blurry for a while then everything came into focus. I saw I was on a hospital bed and had a drip on my left arm. I still had a pounding headache and when I tried to touch my head I realised my hand was held in another. I tried to turn my head and saw KK sleeping on his arms on the bed while he was sitting on a chair. I moved my hand and he woke up with a start. He was wearing one of his tailored shirts without a tie. He must've come straight from work. What time was it anyway.

“Lerato you're awake! Let me call the nurse,” he said getting up. I held onto his hand then he turned and looked at me. I shook my head no.

“Wait,” it came out as a croak. He sat down again and kissed my hand. I tried to clear my throat because it was so scratchy. He got me some water and I drank it through a straw.

“KK what happened? Why am I here?”

“We'll talk about that later sweetheart. Let me get the nurse and call your mom then we can talk.” I didn't want to be alone.

“Don't leave me alone please,” I pleaded and started crying. Why was I even crying? Just the thought of being alone in the room terrified me.

“Ok sweetheart. Shh don't cry. It's fine I won't leave you. Let me press the button to summon the nurse.” He reached over and pressed the button on a white remote looking thing then held my hand while caressing it slightly with his thumb. How a guy I'd known for such a short time could've wriggled his way into my life I don't know but I was grateful he was here. I wouldn't have wanted to wake up to an empty hospital room. My head was pounding. I lifted my other hand and touched my head. I had a bandage wrapped around my head. The nurse came rushing in.

“Oh Miss Molemi welcome back. Let me call the doctor. How are you feeling?”

“I'm very thirsty and my head is very painful,” I was still speaking softly because my throat was sore.

“That’s to be expected you had quite an ordeal. Let me page the doctor.” She left the room.

KK gave me some more water. Then my mom rushed in.

“Yho ngwana ka (Oh my child)! She went to the other side of the bed. How are you feeling? You got us so worried!” The tears came back in full force.

“Let me give you guys a moment ma,” KK said as he got up and kissed my hand. Why was he doing this in front of my mother though? Clearly the cat’s out the bag on that one. My mom will be asking questions.

“Thanks Khulekani. How thoughtful of you. Modimo o mogolo (God is great).” She held me to her once more and walked out. So my mom and KK were on a first name basis? I wonder what my mom thinks about this whole thing of me and KK. I guess that’s why he doesn’t mind being affectionate in front of her. I will deal with that one later.

“Mama what happened? Why am I here? I asked KK but he wouldn’t say anything. I’m in so much pain,” I sob and it’s so painful even to cry. My whole body was stiff.

“Shh ngwana ka (my child) it’s fine now. You’re safe here. So you don’t remember what happened?” I shake my head no. Why won’t she tell me? Did our bus at school get into an accident? That’s the last thing I remember getting into a bus and going to res. She is also crying now and we sit and hold each other like that for what feels like ages and then the doctor comes in.

“Hello young lady welcome back. Doctor Molemi how are you?” The doctor said as he came in. He was a white old man with greying hair but a very friendly face.

“Doctor Matthews I’m glad that my daughter is awake,” she said sniffing from the crying.

“Let’s have a look shall we?” He came closer to me and put gloves on. He took a small torch and shone the light in first my one eye then the other. He listened to my

heartbeat and checked the drip for something. He went and looked at my file on the foot of the bed.

“Your vitals are good. I have no doubt that you’ll make a full recovery. I just need to ask you a few questions is that alright?” I nod.

“Great. What’s your full name and surname?”

“Lerato Molemi.”

“When is your birthday?” Really what’s with all the questions. My head feels like it’s going to explode.

“23 November.”

“Where are you studying?”

“Wits University.”

“What are you studying there?”

“B Com Honours.” Really now?

“How did you end up in a hospital bed?” He looks at me expectantly and my mind pulls a blank. I have no idea how I got here. Isn’t that why I was asking my mom and KK. Tears cloud my vision.

“I don’t know,” I say softly with a wobbly voice.

“Hmm I see. You seem to be suffering from Post-traumatic Amnesia although a mild version because you can still remember events before the accident. I think it’s a combination of retrograde and psychogenic amnesia.” Can he speak English please? I know what amnesia is but I haven’t forgotten who I am. Why would he say that?

“Mama can you explain in English gore doctor areng (what the doc is saying)?” My mom smiles at me but there’s a touch of sadness in her smile.



“Doctor please explain to her in lay man’s terms,” she asks looking at the doctor.

“Oh yes sure. You suffered head trauma which according to your CT scans resulted in some minor damage to the front part of your brain so you’ve suffered a loss memories that were formed shortly before the injury. Your brain has also repressed the traumatic events of the accident which is psychological in nature. Your prognosis is good. You’re young and healthy so you should make a full recovery.” Wow what is this big thing that happened that I can’t remember. It’s the weirdest thing to try and recall something but I come up with a blank.

“Now Lerato you need a lot of rest in the coming days. I will come check up on you later in the afternoon. Dr Molemi can I see you outside please?” the doctor says as he exits. My mom gives me a reassuring squeeze of my hand and leaves with the doctor.

“I brought you some vegetable soup. I checked with the nurse she said you can eat something as light as soup for now,” KK walks in placing a plastic bag on those table like things that slide across the bed. This is the most untidy I’ve seen him look with work clothes. His shirt is untucked and creased and he’s folded the sleeves but he doesn’t even seem to care.

“Where did you get soup from at this time? What time is it anyway?” I ask him as he prepares the meal for me and it’s piping hot.

“It’s just after midnight. I made the soup at home a few days ago and froze it. I knew when you wake up you’d need something light to eat and I’ve spent time in a hospital the food here isn’t great. I asked Steve to get the soup and bring it.” How sweet is this guy? Tears are just rolling down my cheeks. He comes closer and his scent alone comforts me and he holds me to him.

“It’s ok sweetheart. It’s going to be fine.” He says softly stroking my back. I breathe in his scent and drown in it. I just want to crawl into him and stay there.

“Thanks for being here KK. I didn’t even expect you to be here.”

“Why wouldn’t I be here? You should know how much you mean to me by now. Let me get your soup ready so you can eat.” He pushed the table thing towards me and adjusted my bed so that I could sit upright.

“What day is it anyway? Which hospital is this?”

“You’re in Milpark Hospital. Well since it’s after midnight it’s officially Saturday. You were unconscious for exactly a week sweetheart.” What? It doesn’t seem like that much time passed. I’ve driven past Milpark so many times in all the years I’ve been at Wits. Who would’ve thought I’d be lying here injured from God knows what?

“I have so much schoolwork to catch up on!” He laughed out loud.

“Only you Lerato would wake up from a week long coma and worry about schoolwork. Your friend Oliver has committed to e-mail you all the slides and tutorial exercises daily so you can catch up when you feel better. In fact you had a whole network of people that were here praying and willing you to get better.” I remember snippets of conversations here and there but my head is very fuzzy so I don’t explore it further. I eat a spoon of soup and I can’t help my moan the soup is absolutely divine. KK smiles at me with that dimple I haven’t seen in forever.

“Now I know you’re going to be ok when you appreciate food like that.” He watches me eat until I can’t eat anymore. I’ve eaten about a quarter of the soup and KK could really have gone and done the chef thing. He’s so good at cooking.

“That was absolutely divine.” I say to him on a yawn.

“I’ve tired you out. How’s the pain though?”

“My head is pounding and my body is stiff.” He adjust my bed back down and fixes my blankets.

“Let me call the nurse maybe she can give you something for the pain.” He presses the nurse button. As the nurse comes in I’m already closing my eyes. The nurse tells KK that they will administer my pain meds through the drip and I black out.

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I got discharged Monday but was booked off school for another two weeks. Although I wasn't going to be going to school I needed to catch up on my work. I didn't want to be left behind because I know our tests were coming up in the next month. I was feeling more like my normal self again with just the headaches which the doctor said would lessen as the days went by. The last CT scan showed that my frontal region was well on it's way to recovery. I was also assigned a psychologist to help me deal with the trauma that I don't remember. The few sessions we'd had while I was in hospital were quite useless in my eyes because we spoke about my childhood and stuff. How was that going to help me remember what happened to me. I guess everybody was briefed not to say anything because no one would tell me what happened.

I was looking forward to being at home and in a familiar space. KK came on Saturday evening and spent some time with me because he had a late flight to Cape Town for a meeting on Sunday. Who has meetings on Sundays? The divas also came on Saturday and I think we all cried for a good hour before anyone said anything. It was good to see them and they promised to come see me at home. Odi also came and apologised for the while ignoring me thing. I also apologised for not being upfront about Carol and we moved on. I could've died so Carol was very insignificant in my life right now. Unfortunately it sounds like she was still in the picture.

The only ache that wouldn't go away was that my dad had not come to see me. My mom says he used to call and ask how I was doing but I don't know whether she is just saying that to make me feel better.

The police also came to see me on Sunday to finish compiling their report because they needed a statement from me. They got turned away without even speaking to me because my mom told them that I couldn't remember. They made her promise that when my memories do come back I should come to the police station to make a statement. My mom says they moved all my stuff out of my room at res and that I would be commuting to school from home until the end of the year. My car better come quickly because using an Uber everyday to school could get costly. I wasn't about the public taxi life I didn't even know where the taxi rank was. It sounds snobby I know but I just didn't grow up using those mediums of transport.

When we got home my mom set me up with a blanket in front of the tv. She had taken a few days off so she could be at home with me. She made me a cup of coffee and put on some movie for us to watch.

“So ngwana ka (my child). Ke mang (who is) Khulekani?” Wow jump right in why don’t you. I was surprised that she knew him with his first name only so it meant KK never explained.

“Khulekani is a friend mama. How did you guys even come into contact?” See what I did there change the focus back to her. I should’ve been a journalist.

“He kept calling your cellphone which we found with you at the scene of the accident so when he called I answered and told him you were in hospital. He immediately wanted to know which hospital and came rushing to see you.” Gosh I must’ve learnt the skill of shifting focus from her.

“Mama why can’t you tell me what happened? Maybe I’ll remember when you tell me,” I said to her frustration churning through me.

“I can’t Lerato. Your brain has to remember on its own it’s part of the healing process. We can’t help you along because we would do more damage than good. So Khulekani is a very dedicated friend hmm I wish I had friends like that.”

“Hao mama what are you not saying about Khulekani?”

“You’ve just gone through a lot these past few weeks Lerato I don’t want you to jump into another relationship so quickly. Take your time that’s all I’m saying.” I look at her dumbfounded.

“How did you know?” I ask her shocked.

“Ngwana ka I heard him pray for you when you were in the coma and he was there all the time after work until very late at night. I get having dedicated friends but not to that extent. Portia and company only came to see you once and they’ve been your friends forever. That guy has feelings for you.” Wow I have a vague recollection of someone praying but my head is still very fuzzy.

“Since the cat is out the bag...yes he insists that we take it slow and assures me that he will be waiting for me when I’m ready. I just find it so hard to believe. I mean Lesego practically bulldozed me with his affection for me but KK is so patient.” When I say Lesego’s name something flickers on my mom’s face. Could this have something to do with Lesego?

“I’m just glad you have someone during this time. Let me go get dinner started rest a bit.” She pats my lap as she gets up. I could actually use a nap because I can feel faint knockings of a headache. Although I have pain meds the doctor advised that I take them only when the pain is unbearable so I don’t get addicted to the pain pills. I don’t have an addictive nature so I doubt that would happen but I’m following doctor’s orders just to be sure. I fall asleep while watching TV.

*Ready or not here I come.*

*Why are you hiding from me Miss Lee? You said you loved me why did you leave*

*I didn’t fucking cheat! I just sleep with her that’s all but I love you Miss Lee. You said you love me and love is unconditional. You can’t love me only when I’m a good guy you must love me even when I’m bad*

*If I can’t have you Miss Lee no one else will*

*If I can’t have you Miss Lee no one else will*

*If I can’t have you Miss Lee no one else will*

I woke up screaming and I was drenched in sweat. When I opened my eyes the room was spinning. My mom came rushing to the TV room. I’m sobbing loudly my hands covering my face.

“Lerato what’s wrong?”

“I remember mama. I remember it all. Why did Lesego do this to me?” my mom holds me in her arms and rocks me. I don’t think she has the answers I’m looking for either.

## Insert 34

“How was that for you Lerato o siame (are you ok)?” My mom asked me as we came back from the Police Station. It’s been a week since the day that all the memories came back to me. When I went to the police station the detective handling the case advised that I could lay charges of assault and intent to do grievous bodily harm. He’s been detained since that day he put me in hospital pending the conclusion of my statement and the bail hearing. He is kept under psychiatric monitoring though because he apparently hasn’t said a word since that day. He was treated for injuries to his arm that he suffered when he threw himself on the door. I’m still trying to wrap my head around what Lesego turned into overnight. My heart bleeds for him and despite it not being my fault I feel responsible because if I hadn’t decided to surprise him I would be none the wiser and our lives would’ve continued. He was such a great guy how do things turn out like this?

“Ke sharp mama. Just tired I think I’m going to lie down for a while. You know at night I don’t sleep well.” I’ve been seeing the psychologist every day because I’m having nightmares on a daily basis regarding the traumatic experience. In some nightmares he finds the knife that I threw on the floor and stabs me with it and in others he just continues banging my head until I die from blood loss.

I told the detective that I won’t be laying charges against him because I think he needs professional help and not a jail cell. My mom told me that my neighbour was the one who found me. I was passed out and Lesego was holding me to him begging me to wake up. Apparently there was so much blood everywhere and he was covered in it. My neighbour then called the res security and they called the ambulance and the cops. There were pictures taken of the whole scene but I can’t bring myself to look at them. It’s bad enough that I went through this whole experience. I used to be with that guy and yes it may have been all of 6 months but I don’t think he is inherently bad, he just has mental issues that he needs to deal with and my psychologist is making me realise that the issues are bigger than me. She says that I might have been what kept him sane in the prior months and that’s why he was so possessive and wanting to impregnate me and all that jazz because I was his sanity. How deep is that statement? I have no designs to be anyone’s insanity. That shit is too deep for me.

I went up to my room so I can lie down a bit then I can wake up and catch up on my work. That's what I've been doing in the early hours of the morning when I can't go back to sleep because of the nightmares. I'm almost caught up and should be ok to go back to school when I do. I still have the Khuzwayo Consulting gig that I need to secure. My phone rang as I was placing my head on the pillow. Really?

"Hello," I answered yawning. At this point I don't care if it's unprofessional or whatever I'm tired.

"Lerato how are you?" it's my dad. I sat up so quickly the pounding in my head rose exponentially.

"Papa hi. I'm alive that's the most important thing." I wanted him to feel guilty. Why hasn't he come to see me? I was lying passed out in the coma and he never even came once to the hospital.

"I'm sorry I haven't come to see you. Things have been really hectic at work." I kept quiet. I wasn't sure how he wanted me to respond to that without disrespecting him. Despite all the shit he's done he was still my father. He cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"I'm really sorry my baby." then the tears came amplifying the pain that was already there in my head.

"Don't you care what happens to us anymore?" I asked through sobs. Like I don't get how he's conveniently forgotten that he has other kids.

"Of course I care. Things have just been really crazy..." excuses and more excuses.

"I get that you have a new family now and you're all about that new life but I still have your blood running through my veins. I'm still your daughter papa. Someone almost killed me and whatever you were doing was more important than that fact." I'm literally sobbing so hard now I'm trying to catch my breath. "I thought I was your priority papa. You've hurt me in unspeakable ways." I can't even get the words out now I'm literally hyperventilating.

“The intention was not to hurt you I promise you my baby. I will come see you soon and then we can discuss this in detail. With the divorce and all Simphiwe is feeling a little bit vulnerable so I had to be there for her and...”I didn’t let him finish. I just hung up the call. I was lying in hospital with my head cracked almost open and he has the nerve to tell me that his girlfriend was feeling vulnerable? Really? I literally look around my room and think I must be dreaming. This is not happening right now. This is not my life!

I eventually fall asleep and when I wake up I have this sudden urge to just get away. I’m feeling really let down and overwhelmed by everything that’s happened to me in the past two months. Can someone really go through so much in such a short space of time? Maybe I need a change of scenery for a while so I text KK. I don’t even know whether he’s busy or not but he’s told me I can contact him anytime and he will respond when he can. I generally don’t call because I don’t want to interrupt him if he’s in meetings and stuff so I text him.

**Hey KK can you talk?**

**KK: Hi sweetheart whatsup?**

**Me: I’m feeling overwhelmed went to the Police Station today**

**KK: And how did it go? Did you see him?**

**Me: No I’m not ready for that yet.**

**KK: That’s understandable considering. Everyone is looking at me weirdly. Huh what is he on about now?**

**Me: Who is? Kgante (actually) where are you?**

**KK: I’m in a board meeting at Khuzwayo Investments. Hao this guy why is he chatting to me when he’s in a meeting?**

**Me: Hao KK why didn’t you tell me you’re busy**



**KK: you're a priority for me sweetheart.** That brought tears to my eyes. Here was a guy I didn't know from a bar of soap and he was able to prioritise me in his life but my flesh and blood couldn't?

**Me: I'm feeling somehow I can't explain it**

I haven't told him about my daddy issues because on top of everything else I now have daddy issues. This pity party of mine is frustrating me because I'm not this person! I don't wallow in my misery I rise above it but right now wallowing is my comfort zone.

**KK: I think you need to get out of the house for a bit and get some air. Can I come pick you up after my meeting? We'll go chill at my place and I'll make supper**

A man after my own heart. I don't know how he can sense what I need before I even ask him. I smile to myself.

**Me: That sounds exactly like what I need**

**KK: Ok cool see you in about 3 hours. Let me concentrate on securing our future**

Hao this guy securing OUR future? I shake my head as I walk to the bathroom to take a shower. I already feel a thousand times better. I'm looking forward to seeing him because we haven't seen each other since I've been discharged. Physically I'm feeling like my old self again. I better do something about this hair to make it presentable because last time KK saw me I was a certifiable mess with a bandage around my head and all. I have a healing scar on my upper forehead which I don't have to cover anymore so the scab can dry. Doctor says I was lucky that I didn't have any other scars from the whole thing. I guess I'll have to live with the reminder that someone I once trusted went all psycho on me. I will have to try using the tissue oils of this world to minimise the appearance.

I went downstairs and told my mom that KK was coming to take me for dinner. I didn't explain about him making the dinner etc. because my mom was too worried

about me as it was. She hadn't even joined the Khuzwayo Consulting and KK dots. That was going to be an interesting revelation.

"You sure you're up to being out and about? Today was a hard day emotionally with the police station and everything." There she goes again.

"Ke sharp (I'm ok) mama and I need to continue with my life. Oh your soon-to-be ex husband called me before I took a nap," I said to her rolling my eyes. I just didn't know the man I spoke to on the phone so I was pulling a Baleka Mbete on that man. I might be delusional but I will literally lose it if I start believing that the man I grew up idolising and looking up to just didn't care about us anymore.

Just then my mom got a call and walked away as she was answering. That's strange she always answers her phone when I'm around. What could be so top secret? I'm sure she's met someone because these days she's on some other groomed tip that I don't even understand. I hope she's looking after herself because men take advantage of divorced women especially when they think you're going to get money from settlements. Don't want my mom being taken for a ride.

"Looks like I'm also going out for dinner," she said smiling as she came back.

"Oh is it? Who you going out with?"

"Francina of course! Shame she's trying to keep me occupied!" Her laugh was slightly louder than normal. Then I wondered whether all the time she was supposedly with Aunty Francina was she really or was that a cover? My mom though anyway that's her business.

"Oh that's good mama I'm glad that you also won't be wallowing in this house on your own."

"Yes I think I'm going to have some wine and won't be able to drive back. Will you be ok here if I sleep over there? I'll probably come back Sunday so we can go to church. Next week you are cleared to go back to school." She is saying too many things at the same time. I know when she is ready to share she will let me know. It just doesn't make sense that you'd go to dinner, have a few glasses of

wine then next thing you're back on Sunday? Maybe I'm cramping my mom's style now that I'm living at home again.

"Sure mama I'll be fine. Maybe I'll go see Portia tomorrow if you're not here." I'm worried about her and her pregnancy. She seems to be having a difficult pregnancy and it's her first one so she's very anxious all the time.

"Let me go get ready," she says as she walks up the stairs. Guess I'm having a solitary weekend then.

My phone rings and it's a cell number I don't recognise.

"Lerato hello?"

"Lerato how are you? It's Lesego's mom." Oh God why is she calling me?

"Oh hi ma I'm ok how are you?" Top 2 awkward conversations of my life. The first one was when my mom gave me the sex talk I just wanted the ground to open up and swallow me up. This was the second. What do you say to the mother of your ex that tried to kill you?

"I just wanted to call and apologise for what Lesego did to you. It was so unexpected and so sudden because I thought his psychosis was under control. Everytime I spoke to him on the phone he assured me he was taking his medication. He seems so in control I didn't even question it but he must've been using your relationship as his crutch," if I hear that one more time, "There is no excuse in the world that will make what happened right. Thank you so much that you're not pressing charges and I can assure you that he will get the help that he needs. I just wanted to call and say thank you and apologise for what he's done." She sounds really distressed.

"Thank you ma I appreciate the call. I hope he gets better too for his own sake. I have to go. Good bye," I said and hung up. I can't wait for the time when all this will be a thing of the past in my life. So Lesego was supposed to be taking medication? I don't recall ever seeing him take pills. He must not have been taking them. People should submit their medical files for scrutiny when you start dating so you know before hand what you signing up for. Maybe I must ask KK for his

before this goes further. I will literally go psychotic if I date another crazy guy. I think each person should have 1 quota of crazy in their lifetime.

**KK: I'm on my way. Meeting ended sooner than scheduled**

Oh crap let me also go get ready. Guess mom and I both have dates tonight which is really weird. I'm glad his meeting ended sooner because it's around 2 in the afternoon so we'll have lots more time to spend together. Since we were staying indoors at KK's place I just put on my leggings with my converse sneakers, a tank top and an oversized jersey. I packed my toiletries and underwear and another tank top and leggings into my bag. You know me Miss Ever Ready. I was looking forward to spending this time with KK. He really was the light chasing my shadows away.

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"Hey sweetheart," he leaned over and kissed me on the lips as I got into the car. I was surrounded by his scent in the car and was immediately comforted by it. I must find out what cologne he uses.

"I thought no more kissing," I teased him then he smiled and showed me that dimple of his that does things to me.

"There's a difference Lerato. Oh do I have to teach you everything!" He rolled his eyes dramatically.

"Teach away Mr Khuzwayo I'm a very keen student. What is the difference?" I turned in the car seat so I was facing him as he drove. Today he had the radio in some talk show station. It's those things that highlight our age difference. I mean talk radio bores me to death. I don't understand why you have to listen to people talking the whole time. They never ever play music.

"Hmm I like you keen sweetheart. The difference is that the kiss we shared now was a greeting not a seduction," he smiled at me looking at me briefly.

"Still haven't explained the difference. Come on Mr Khuzwayo aren't you the CEO who addresses mega successful people all the time? You need to be clear

here,” I said shaking my head. He laughed out loud and it was like a soothing balm to my injured soul.

“Don’t question my abilities sweetheart because you’ll end up wanting and I made a promise to you that I wouldn’t make you want me. But ofcourse I don’t have to make you want me, you already do,” he bit his lower lip with a smile on his face.

“Oh the cockiness! I don’t think this car is big enough for the two of us and your misplaced ego,” I say clapping my hands together.

“Hawu Lerato you couldn’t get enough of me the other day and now you want to deny it?” That shut me up. I really couldn’t and the thought of that had me squirming in the seat.

“It’s not my fault you’re so hot. Blame your parents. Besides you seduce me just by being you. I can assure you that there’s no seduction strategy required.”

“Now you’re seducing me sweetheart,” he took my hand and intertwined it with his and kissed my hand. I must be feeling better because the touch of his lips on my skin is sending signals to other parts of my body. We held each other’s hands until we got to his place. When he opened the garage door his G wagon wasn’t there.

“What happened to your other car? Did your brother borrow it or something?” He laughed out loud.

“I can’t imagine u Khaya driving a Merc he is a beamer guy through and through. No I sold it,” he said casually as he parked. Huh? I’m trying to wrap my head around the fact that his parents must have been obsessed with K’s.

“What do you mean you sold it? Was there something wrong with it?”

“No sweetheart the last time you were here it reminded you of your previous relationship so in light of recent events I just thought it best not to have something here that reminds you of someone who hurt you.” I’m speechless and my only communication are the tears rolling down my cheeks. He wipes my tears with a tissue and I don’t even know where he got it from.

“It’s ok sweetheart you are safe now and going forward no one will ever hurt you without having me to deal with. You should’ve told me Lerato I went out of my mind when I found out. You have no sense of self-preservation having someone threatening you and you don’t do anything.” I know he’s right but he was such a recent addition in my life he didn’t even cross my mind and Odi wasn’t even speaking to me at the time.

“Let’s get inside KK,” I said softly. I got out of the car and went around so we could go in. He grabbed my arm and pulled me to him and enfolded me in a hug. He was leaning against the car with me standing between his legs. We held each other tightly without saying anything and in that hug I felt how scared he must’ve been for me. There was a memory scratching the back of my mind about KK while I was in hospital but I couldn’t recall it. Because I wasn’t wearing heels my head was on his chest and I could hear his heart beating. He was wearing one of his tailored white shirts with black pants and a black tie. He must’ve worn a black suit today.

“I’m sorry I made you worry,” I say softly.

“All of this isn’t your fault sweetheart. I thank God everyday that you’re ok. Come let’s go inside.” I look up at him and his concern and care is clearly evident on his face. What did I do in this world to have this man care for me like this?

“Kiss me plea...” he cuts off my request with a searing kiss that possibly opens a different dam in my body. I’m standing on the tip of my toes to try and get as close to him as I can. I can’t even breathe I’m literally holding my breath afraid that the moment will disappear if I dare move. As I hear him moan into my mouth and feel the stirrings of that impressive bulge my body and I decide that he better take us now or else I’ll be the one pulling a Lesego on him.

## Insert 35

“We should stop this,” he said his voice rough.

“You’re right,” I said in a soft whisper as I ran my hands across the large expanse of his chest and linked my hands together behind his neck. I was still on my tippy toes literally glued to him to keep my balance. I wasn’t a ballerina after all I couldn’t do that standing on my toes thing on my own for too long.

“Lerato...” he kissed the corner of my mouth. I don’t know if it was a warning or an invitation. We were enveloped in the dark gloominess of his garage. I was doomed from the moment he kissed me the first time.

“KK...” I turned my mouth to his deciding that I was making it an invitation and I was going to take him up on his offer. I was thirsty for it. He slid his hands from my waist down to my ass and squeezed pulling me sharply into him. I love how I don’t have to think about what’s happening or act in a certain way to make him want me my reaction to him is so natural and so unrehearsed. An involuntary moan escaped from my heated body as he pressed me tightly onto his body. He pulled me closer and crouched down a bit so his hands rested on my upper thighs then he lifted me and turned around and placed me on the bonnet of the car and stood between my legs. Wasn’t he worried we were going to dent it? That thought was fleeting in my mind as he lifted my top and I felt the cool metal against my back. I was wearing one of my lacy front clasp numbers. Do you remember me saying I’m Miss Ever Ready? He unclasped my bra and moved the bra cups to the side. He cupped my breasts in his large hands and they covered them completely. My nipples were already taut from the cold air around us. It was still late winter so there was a chill in the air. He took one nipple into his mouth and flicked it with his tongue while working my other one to a pebble.

“Fucking hell your skin...your skin is so soft...so delicate...you’re so fucking beautiful in so many ways,” he said as he kissed me on my neck. My body arched towards him and he used his weight to keep me where I was. I don’t think I’ve ever heard him swear before and it was fueling my desire.

“Am I making you wet sweetheart? My god I love how perfect you are,” he whispered as he took me in a passionate kiss. He was half lying on top of me with

his shirt doing things to my already sensitised nipples. KK bit gently on my lower lip as I felt his tongue in my mouth. I couldn't believe that it was me making those whimpering sounds as I ground against him trying to get some friction going. I shivered a little as sensations rolled through me. He lifted his head and looked at me with desire blatantly written on his face.

“You're cold sweetheart. Come let's get inside I will not take you on the bonnet of my car for the first time and you're not ready yet,” he kissed me on the lips, “wrap your legs around me I will carry you in. I'll come back for your bag and my stuff.”

Was he going to deny me yet again? What does he mean I'm not ready? Yho KK will be the death of me. I sat up on the bonnet and he held my thighs and pushed me up. I wrapped around him like a vine tree. My bra fell onto his bonnet because it was strapless as I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and placed my head on the crook of his neck and kissed him there. I felt him tense as he walked.

“Lerato...” he said with a warning tone. Why was he denying us what we both so desperately craved? He set me on the kitchen counter and went back into the garage to get the other stuff. When he came back in he was smiling holding my bra in his one hand.

“I'm keeping this one,” he said rubbing the lace between his fingers. I guess I gravitated towards men who love lace but I hope the commonalities stop there. He dropped the bags on the floor and came and stood between my legs.

“You make it so hard to stay honourable,” he said kissing me on my lips. I wrapped my legs around his waist to keep him there.

“Is that a bad thing KK? We can be dishonourable together. You don't have to be my knight in shining armour now,” I said kissing his jaw.

“No sweetheart you've been through a lot these past few weeks. I know I sound like a broken record and I'm beginning to bore myself. I'm sure even my dick isn't happy with me now.”

“I'm not happy with you now either,” I pouted at him.



“Isn’t pouting meant for selfies?” He kissed my pouting lips.

“Do you take selfies? You don’t have social media accounts.” I figured I might as well chat to him because nothing else was going to happen. He was determined to torture me with sexual frustration.

“I take selfies I just don’t post them on any sites. I’m very private and want my personal life to remain mine. Khaya’s wife Amahle loves taking pics everytime we get together once a month for the mandatory family Sunday lunch.”

“We should take one. I’m not too busy on social media as well and I won’t post it.” I pointed at my bag so he could get my phone. He came back with it and turned his back on me so we were both facing the same direction and we took a couple of selfies, some of them with funny faces with the last one being of us kissing. The fact that he trusted me when I told him I won’t post it left warm feelings in my heart.

“Let me go change these stuffy clothes sweetheart. Make yourself at home,” he kissed me, “get some wine for us it’s your turn to choose.”

He walked up the stairs to go change. I’ll admit I like wine but I’m not a connoisseur so I didn’t even know if I’ll be choosing the right one. I opened the wine cooler and there was an array of white wines there. I know he mentioned he had a wine cellar somewhere in the house but I hadn’t come across it yet. I picked some Chardonnay from there because I figured he was a bit of a wine snob so whatever he had in his stock had to be good right? He came back down whistling something that sounded jazzy as I was rinsing the wine glasses. This guy and his jazz. He came and hugged me from behind and kissed me on my cheek.

“I like having you in my home.”

“I like being in your home. Can I play some of my music do you mind?” I asked him as I walked to the docking station. His house had speakers all over so you could actually control where you wanted to hear the music. Fancy stuff.

“Yep sure. Just don’t subject me to Miley Cyrus or something.” I took a scatter cushion from the couch and threw it at him. Obviously I missed because my aim

was crappy and he laughed as he took stuff out of the fridge I assume to start on the meal.

“Really KK? Do I look like a Miley Cyrus fan?” I put a hip-hop playlist on and the first song that came on was a Drake song which reminded me of Lesego. I didn’t skip the song though because the only way to get over something was to go through with it and I was determined to make new memories with KK now. I walked over to the counter and sat where I sat the last time I was here and poured us some wine.

“What are you going to be wowing me with today Chef KK?”

“Well madam tonight we are having Alfredo pasta lovingly made for you by this 3 star Michelin chef,”he says taking a sip of his wine ,”good choice Miss Molemi I like it.”

“Firstly you picked all the wine in there anyway. Secondly 3 star Michelin chef my ass and lastly I do approve of it being made lovingly,”I smiled at him.

“Correction Miss Molemi: 3 star Michelin chef your firm and hmm sexy ass.” this guy though I shook my head smiling at him.

“Don’t get me started again Mr K please akere (because) you are determined to deny me. In any case I’m feeling quite peckish what can I nibble on while I wait for your amazing Alfredo pasta.”

“Check in the cupboard sweetheart there should be something there. I think there’s biltong,”he said smiling at me.

“You and biltong though,”I said as I got up to fetch it where he was pointing.

“I’m a Zulu man sithanda inyama (we love our meat). You’re not helping me chop today sweetheart. The chunks I had in the food the last time we might as well have thrown the peppers in whole.” I throw him with a dish cloth I found close by although it didn’t even reach him.

“Oh you going to jump straight into that Zulus love meat stereotype right? I’m not helping you chop ever again.”I walked back and sat down.

“It’s the stereotypes that make life interesting don’t you think? We develop perceptions about people based on those stereotypes then it’s interesting to get to know that they are different from that. When I first saw you I thought you were breathtakingly beautiful but I also didn’t think you had brains to go with all that beauty. Especially when you even forgot your lingerie package in the restaurant.” I was incredulous.

“Wow so you thought I was a brainless bimbo?”

“Sadly so because you fit the stereotype. Imagine my pleasant surprise when I saw you at the office. I know my Graduate Recruitment Manager has exacting standards when it comes to shortlisting. I think that’s when I knew I was hooked because you ticked the 3 B’s.” Okay?

“3 B’s?”

“Beauty, Brains, Body.” He came close to me and kissed me. I closed my eyes and just savoured this moment with him. Last time I was here he was all about the no kissing thing but today he’s being really affectionate and it’s soothing my neediness. This is exactly what I needed earlier on in the day when I contacted him.

“You’re going to burn your food Mr K,” I said to him with my forehead resting against his. He exhaled loudly.

“I can’t seem to stay away from you sweetheart. I like that though because if I didn’t know you I would still be at the office working at this time on a Friday afternoon.” He hugged me tightly against him.

“Don’t worry I’ll help you loosen up,” I said kissing his jaw. I liked kissing him there because of the rough texture of his facial hair on my mouth.

I sat with him in the kitchen as he finished making the meal but we were both full from the biltong so we decided we would eat later. We went and sat in the lounge so we could continue listening to music. I was surprised that he was singing along to almost all the songs.

“You even know this song?” I looked at him surprised. He chuckled taking my hand in his and kissing it.

“Hawu Lerato ucabanga ukuthi ngiyi khehla e lidala nhe (you think I’m an old man)?” I smiled at him.

“No it’s not that but I wasn’t expecting it because you always play jazz.”

“After a long day at work I don’t feel like songs with ‘fuck this’ and ‘bitch this’ that’s why. I have a call with New York now at 4pm then I’m all yours for the rest of the day,” he said getting up.

“You’re all mine only for the day?” I asked smiling at him.

“I’m yours for as long as you’ll have me. I’ll be in the study.” he bent down to kiss me on the cheek then he left. I didn’t know how long his meeting was going to be so I went downstairs to the cinema room and picked a movie to watch. I continued drinking the bottle of wine that he left and that Chardonnay was everything it should be: buttery and smooth.

Halfway through the movie he came and sat next to me. He took my legs that were on the sofa and placed them on his lap because I was lying across the sofa.

“All done?” I asked him looking up at him.

“Yep now the weekend can begin in earnest. What are you watching?”

“Devil wears Prada with Merly Streep I love her in this movie.” I said settling back and explained the plot up to where the movie was.

“This one is definitely a chick flick unlike the last one. Hopefully I won’t be the one snoring away this time,” he said laughing. I looked for something to throw at him but the stuff was too far. So I resorted to kicking him on his thigh.

“I don’t snore KK.”

“Why so violent sweetheart. If you’re not throwing things at me you are kicking me. This is domestic abuse.”

“Oho. Didimala ge (keep quiet then) so I can finish the movie in peace.”

“Let me go dish up then while you’re finishing your chick flick. I’ll bring another bottle of wine I see you polished the other one. Should I be worried about alcoholic tendencies here sweetheart?” he said as he walked out. He was always teasing me and he knew just the thing to say for me to resort to violent tendencies. In KK’s house my problems seemed so faraway like they couldn’t even touch me. My phone screen lit up with a message.

**Tsala o siame? Sorry I haven’t checked on you I didn’t know what to say.**

Oh it was Tumi. I was wondering why I hadn’t heard from her but I guess she was in a bit of a difficult situation with Thuls being Lesego’s best friend.

**Me: hey Tsala ke sharp almost back to my normal self. Just get nightmares sometimes**

**Tumi: I can’t even imagine what you went through. I’m so sorry Tsala. Thuls is blaming himself gore (that) he should’ve seen that in the few days leading up to the incident that Les wasn’t ok.**

**Me: No one can predict these things hey but I’m just glad I’m alive.**

**Tumi: we should meet up again soon when you get the time. Let me know when. I’m glad you’re okay Tsala.**

**Me: Thanks Tumi. Say hi to Thulani.**

The Tumi, Thulani and Lesego world was galaxies away from me now. I don’t think I will be going to her engagement party and wedding after all. I’m sure everybody knows what happened and if I go I’ll be labelled as that girl that drove Lesego crazy like literally. I don’t know if Tumi and I have a strong enough bond to be able to survive this whole Lesego thing. I guess time will tell.

KK came back with two plates of pasta and went back to get the wine. He has been so good to me in the short time that I’ve known him. We decided to sit on the carpet on the floor so we don’t spill on the couches. My first bite of the Alfredo was yummy creamy goodness.

“Hmm this is delicious,” I said going for another bite.

“Your enjoyment of food does unspeakable things to me. Especially when I’m the one who’s prepared it.” he smiled at me.

“Akere you don’t want me to do unspeakable things to you so you going to have to be strong.”

“I want it more than you know but I also want you to be in the right frame of mind when it happens. No rebound things remember.” He is so resolute in his decisions no wonder he’s made a success of his life. You must be stubborn in this life to get ahead and realise your dreams. After we were done I took the dishes up to the kitchen and came back down. The day had started so randomly but now it definitely took a turn for the better.

We decided to watch some comedy series on TV which KK enjoyed. He spread out on the couch and I settled in between his legs and had my back to his front. He had both his arms around me. I realised that he was a very affectionate person because he liked being close to me and touching me although he was torturing me because I knew it wasn’t going to amount to anything as yet. Sigh. Even now he kept kissing my cheek or rubbing my arm up and down. He smelled so good though I wish I could bottle up his scent and take it home with me because it was more than his cologne. The wine was making me tipsy now but I still drank. I wasn’t driving so he would have to worry about that not me. That made me think of my mom. I hope she’s ok wherever she is.

“Lerato vuka (wake up),” KK said rubbing my arms up and down. I must’ve drifted off to sleep again. It must be the wine that made me sleepy and I haven’t really been sleeping well.

“I’m making this thing a habit now of passing out on you. I’m so sorry,” I say rubbing my face to get rid of the cobwebs. It was such an uninterrupted sleep which I was happy about no blood and violence. I don’t even I dreamt at all.

“It’s fine sweetheart I’m sure your body is still recovering from everything and you did say that you weren’t sleeping well.” I turned so I was lying on my side still in his arms.

“It’s not my fault that you’re so comfortable,” I looked up at him. I didn’t want him to take me home because I was going to be all alone there in that gigantic house. He’s always been straightforward with me so I decided to afford him the same courtesy.

“What is it? You look like you want to tell me something?” how does he read me so well am I that transparent?

“Well...my mom’s not home and I’m dreading going back to that empty house,” I bit my lip anxiously. He smiled broadly at me and it transformed his entire handsome face.

“You can spend the night with me sweetheart it’s fine. In fact you’ve just made my weekend,” he said lifting my chin to kiss me. As the kiss got heated he stopped.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” he whispered as he kissed me again. It was amazing how we were so drawn to each other and kept using words to keep going further. Whatever was happening between us was a raging inferno waiting to be unleashed.

“You’re killing me KK,” I whispered back.

“We should both be dead by now the way we’re carrying on,” he said smiling at me.

I just sighed against him. He had iron will because I could feel exactly how much he wanted me.

“You going to have to sleep in the guest bedroom.” Is he being for real right now.

“Hell no am I sleeping in a guest bedroom! Ke tlo robala le wena a ke na taba gore (I’m sleeping with you and I don’t care) how that makes me look,” I said turning on my knees to face him. He just laughed out loud.

“The look on your face! You just went all Tswana passion on me,” he was laughing so hard he had tears in his eyes. Mxm this guy. He pulled me towards him and I straddled his lap. He held me tightly to him and I put my head on his shoulder.

“The universe must try and keep me away but we are just sleeping sweetheart. No funny business.” I lifted my head to look at him. He was so determined.

“Ok KK you’re so adamant with this.”

“Yes I told you why. When I sleep with my woman I want her to only have me on their mind,” he said kissing my lips.

“So am I your woman Mr Khuzwayo?” I smile at him.

“Of course you are. You think I spend nights with flings or whatever hell no! You’ve been mine since the day I handed you your lingerie package. I was just waiting for you to realise it.” Wow KK though.

“I thought Zulu men ba yashela (formally ask women out).” He laughed.

“Oho ufuna ngikushele (oh you want me to formally ask you out)? Sela le ntliziyo yami (thief of my heart), mnikazi we smile ebusweni bami (owner of the smile on my face), remote controller ye njabulo yami (my happiness controller), oxygen yami (my oxygen), muntu omuhle o thandwa yi le ntliziyo e lapha kimi (beautiful person loved by my heart), ngiyakucela bandla ube ngo wami (please be mine).” I haven’t heard him say so much in Zulu he sounds like he just got off a bus from Bergville or something. It’s so sexy though.

“Sho KK you have no game! You’re using lyrics to a song!” He looked surprised.

“Didn’t know you knew the song it must have been popular before your time. I loved that song and made sure to learn the lyrics.” Wow really?

“I listen to different types of music and I dated a zulu guy before I was with Lesego.”

“Say no more I don’t want to hear about your past exploits.” He put his hand up.

“Jealousy doesn’t suit you especially because you’re the one I like boyfriend,” I said as I kissed him. I liked that we were official now and I wasn’t left wondering about what’s going on.



“I’m not your boyfriend I’m your man and you’re my woman. Asidlali lana (we not playing here). Let’s go to bed.” We walked hand in hand as he switched the lights off and we walked up the stairs. I could do this every night with him as my husband. Gosh where did that thought come from? Getting ahead of ourselves here aren’t we Lerato?

When we got to his room he went to the loo as I removed the extra pillows and opened the covers. The linen felt so luxurious it must be egyptian cotton. I took off my oversized jersey and my leggings. Since I wasn’t wearing my bra thanks to KK earlier I just left my tank top on. I was wearing my lacy french knickers and sat on the bed tying my hair up in a bun. Oh I still needed to brush my teeth so I got up and took my toiletry bag. He’ll probably think I’m trying to seduce him if I walk in like this.

It sounded like KK was also brushing his teeth. I walked into the bathroom and went to the other basin because he had His and Hers basins. He literally stopped brushing as he started following me through the mirror. I acted like I wasn’t half naked in front of my man and took out my toothbrush and toothpaste and started brushing my teeth paying no attention to him. After a while he also continued brushing. He rinsed his mouth first then wiped his face with a towel that was laid on the side. I also rinsed my mouth and waited for his next move. The atmosphere was deep with sexual tension. He then stood behind me without touching me so he was in my line of vision and started to take his T-shirt off keeping his eyes on mine. Now it was my turn to gawk at him. I always forgot that beneath his clothes was a man with a delicious body. You would literally eat dry bread and dip it on him and it would be the tastiest meal you’ve ever had.

I noticed for the first time that he had a tattoo on his left chest of Africa with an elephant inside. That was seriously hot. He put his thumb in his tracksuit pants and ran his thumb across the elastic band and pushed his pants down. He was wearing boxer briefs and they hung low on his hips. I could see his happy trail that disappeared into the briefs. I cleared my throat and turned around. I was turned on and saw his eyes drop to my nipples which were looked like buttons through my tank top thanks to me being turned on and the slight chill in the air.

“Are you seducing me Mr Khuzwayo?” I asked softly. He bit his lip moving close to me until he had pushed me against the counter and he bent and kisses my neck. I inhaled sharply.

“Let’s go to bed. Don’t tempt me sweetheart two can play that game coming here with that sexy underwear.” his voice was husky as he spanked me on my ass lightly. Gosh this guy and his iron control!

We walked into the bedroom and I got into bed. He switched off the main lights and switched on the side lamp. The room was dimly lit and felt cosy and intimate. He got into the bed and pulled me to him. I lay my head on his chest in his arms. His one hand was on my back and he used his free hand to pull me flush against him so I was lying half on top of him and put his other hand on my ass. It felt heavenly to be with him like this. I was already feeling very warm and very sleepy.

“Thanks for turning my day around. This time with you has been my saving grace.”

“Thank you sweetheart. You have no idea how glad I am that you’re here.”

## Insert 36

I woke up with a start disorientated then realised I was in KK's bed and that brought a smile on my face. I must have slept through the night with no bad dreams. The room was dark and I wondered what time it was? Where was KK? I grabbed my phone to check the time and it was 7 in the morning. Why was the room so dark? He must have those light blocking curtains or something. I got up to use the loo and brushed my teeth. I put my leggings from yesterday on and went hunting for KK. As I was descending the stairs I could smell breakfast on the go in the kitchen. He was busy frying something in the stove wearing his boxers with just a T-shirt on. I walked towards him as quietly as I could and put my arms around him.

“Morning sweetheart. You're awake already wanted to surprise you with breakfast.” He put the pan aside and turned so he could enfold me in a hug. Just then I heard footsteps as someone walked into the kitchen.

“Hey bafo bengizo (brother I wanted to)...” the guy stopped talking mid-sentence as KK and I let go of each other. I turned to look at the guy who walked in and realised it's KK's brother looking like he's just seen a ghost. He was KK's exact replica but looked older and followed closely by a very beautiful yellow bone curvy woman who I assume was his wife. How embarrassing! I moved behind KK so he could face his family. KK cleared his throat.

“Bafo wa ngi hlasela ekuseni kangaka kwenzajani (Brother why are you here so early)? Amahle kunjani (how are you Amahle)?”

“Sawubona Khule ngikhona unjani wena (Hi I'm good how are you)? Uxolo besingazi ukuthi unesivakashi (apologies we didn't know you had a guest). Asiyijwayele leyo (not a usual occurrence).” Amahle said sounding very Zulu like she just got off a Greyhound the same bus that KK was on from KZN. I was glad to hear he rarely had girls here.

“Khule awusa sho ukuthi uba lona onaye (Khulekani introduce us to your guest)?” His brother eventually spoke up. KK pulled me from behind him and put his arm around me. My heart beat was going at high speed at the moment.

“Bafo. Amahle u Lerato lona (Brother, Amahle this is Lerato),” this was so awkward.

“Sanibonani (hello),” I greet in my broken Zulu. Even KK looked shocked that I knew some Zulu although it was super broken.

“Habe Khule! Uyitholephi le ngane yo mSotho(wow where did you find this Sotho girl)?” Amahle clapped her hands and shook her head in disapproval. Ok then this just went tribal at 7 on a Saturday morning.

“Amahle you will not disrespect my woman in my house!” KK was getting angry next to me. The ‘my woman’ reference warmed me in this icy cold kitchen. Thank goodness I’m dressed.

“Whoo angazi u Ma uzoyithini ke lena (Oh I don’t know what mom is going to say about this)!”

“Amahle ima nawe ke (Amahle just wait a second). Bafo ngicela siyokhuluma ngale e (Brother can we go talk in the) study. Lerato please excuse us. Amahle woza (come),” Khaya took his wife by the hand and they went downstairs to KK’s study.

KK turned to me and hugged me to him.

“I’m sorry about my family barging in so early in the morning. I’ll be back soon and I will finish up making our breakfast,” he said to me and went to the study. I was still rooted to the spot I didnt even know what to do. I decided to go downstairs and listen to the conversation what if KK was lying to me. I learnt the hard way that ignorance is definitely not bliss. Why did his family have such a strong reaction to me? I tiptoed down the stairs because I was just wearing my socks and inched closer to the study I could hear raised voices. I stood outside the door was slightly ajar.

“Kodwa Khulekani ufuna ukuphathisa uMa isifo senhliziyo (Do you want mom to have a heart attack)? Uyazi ukuthi akazwani nhlobo na be Sotho (you know she doesn’t like Sotho people). Uqale wa khetha ukuphuma ku business yo mndeni manje ufuna ukuletha umakoti wo mSotho (first you made the choice not be

involved in the family business and now you want to bring a Sotho makoti to the family)? Sithini ke ku baba ngoba bekathi uzo shada kwa Mbatha (what must we say to dad because he said you're supposed to marry into the Mbatha family)?”

“Uyazi Khaya ukuthi mina ngithatha izinqumo okwe zami (You know I make my own decisions). Impilo eyami (this is my life). Nje ngo mdeni kufanele ngabe ni jabulela ukuthi kukhona umuntu ongijabulisayo engimthandayo (as my family you should be happy that I found someone who makes me happy, someone that I love). Anginandaba ukuthi nonke nicabangani ngoba uma ningena ndaba ne njabulo yami ani na ndaba name (I don't care what you all think because if you don't care about my happiness then you don't care about me). Ingane ya kwa Mbatha kudala ngamtshela uMtungwa ukuthi angiyifuni (I told dad I don't want the Mbatha girl). Ngiyoyithini ingane ya semakhaya engafundile (what am I going to do with an uneducated girl from the rurals)?”

“Calm down Khule. I think we must all calm down and think rationally about this...” I had heard enough I went upstairs to his room to wait for him there. Our relationship hadn't even really started and now I find out his family are tribalists. Really? In this day and age! After a while I heard the front door close and KK came bounding up the stairs. He found me sitting on the bed.

“Sweetheart are you ok?” He crouched down on the carpet and put his arms on either side of my hips.

“KK are you engaged to someone else or promised to be married to someone else?” I asked him softly. He exhaled.

“My family infuriates me. They always want to be making decisions for me. My parents were hoping I marry into the Mbatha family back in KZN. I don't know why they insist on trying to run my life Lerato. It's the 21st century for goodness sake. I don't care what they want because I know I want to be with you,” he laid his head on my lap.

Why can't life be easy? Every man I'm with has drama following them. My vision got blurry from tears. Why couldn't I just be happy with the man I love. Love? I wasn't not sure about that but it felt like it to me. I was willing to fight for him and our happiness but would I win against his family? Is blood not thicker than water?

I've gone through hell and back and I'm still standing so I can face anything. I remember a scripture from the Bible: I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I need to be strong for both of us. In the tswana that KK's mother doesn't like it says mosadi otshwara thipa ka mo bogaleng (a woman holds a knife on the sharp side of the blade) so I will have to fight for us to stay together so he can also be strengthened to fight. I'm not a little girl anymore and I need to step up. I took a deep breath and exhaled.

"Baby you said something about breakfast?" I said brushing the side of his face with my hand. He stood up on his knees and brought my face close to his and kissed me so tenderly. I could tell the difference in the kiss. It wasn't a seductive kiss but a kiss of comfort and reassurance. I got up and extended my hand towards him.

"Come show me what my chef was making for me," I saw him visibly relax as I said that. I saw relief on his terribly handsome face and that smile with that dimple that did things to me. Maybe he thought I would run away and give up on us.

He got up and linked my hand with his and we walked down the stairs. When we got there he continued preparing the breakfast and I decided to set the table in the dining room because we'd never eaten there. He showed me where the placemats were and stuff and I set it up. I got the coffee brewing because he had a state of the art coffee machine. Man after my own heart.

I decided to open one of the doors in the dining room. It was one of those folding wall to wall doors so I just opened one of the doors. I also opened the curtains and the view was amazing. You could see the pool outside and a beautiful garden. I wanted to sit there in summer and read a book. It looked like that kind of place. He came and placed the plates on the placemats I'd put. I went to the kitchen and filled mugs with great smelling coffee then we both sat down.

"It smells incredible baby thank you," I said to him enjoying the aromas flying off the plate. He had made a frittata with avocado, cherry tomatoes, bacon and feta.

"You started calling me baby today. I like it," he said smiling shyly.

“I like you baby,” I winked at him. We ate and spoke and I felt like he was even more at ease with me and very open with his emotions. He was such a revelation when he was so relaxed. The breakfast was ridiculously delicious. He seemed pleased with himself.

“So what are we doing today?” I asked him as I helped load the dishes into the washer.

“Maybe we can fly to PE and come back tomorrow morning,” he said casually folding his arms and leaning against the counter. Is this guy for real?

“Hahaha funny. I’m serious baby my mom said she’s coming back tomorrow so if you weren’t aware I’m spending another night with you whether you like it or not.” I came to him and hugged him.

“Oh you best be sleeping with me tonight. Having you in my arms the whole night was incredible sweetheart. I want to experience that again but maybe we can wake up in PE tomorrow? We can’t be cooped up in my house the whole day. I don’t have business interests so the likelihood of someone knowing who I am is slim in PE what do you think?” He kissed my forehead. Gosh this dating a wealthy guy thing comes with its challenges.

“You’re well known baby hao people read the news and watch TV. Either way how we going to get there? I’m sure flights are super expensive in the last minute like this?” I asked him staring into his eyes.

“I have a private jet company I use whenever I need to fly. If I call them now they can probably be ready in about 2 hours.” What? Is he being for real?

“Really? I’ve never been to the coast believe it or not that would be awesome! We can go on a proper date without worrying about bumping into someone. I can kiss you and hold hands in public with no worries of other people. I would love that KK.” I hugged him tightly to me.

“Ok let me make the arrangements. Start a bath so we can get ready. We’ll pass by your place so you can get clothes ok sweetheart?”

“Ok cool. Yay! I’m so excited!” I ran up the stairs. A day that started badly is turning out pretty good. I decided to text my mom as I was filling up the bath.

**Hi mama I hope you are well. I’m at Portia’s will come back tomorrow evening. I’m ok no headaches surprisingly. Love you.**

**Mom: I’m good ngwana ka just enjoying time with Francina. We decided to go to Sun City so we enroute. No problem see you tomorrow evening. I’m glad you’re feeling better.**

She sounded ok and I was great so guess that’s good. I was done filling up the bath and I wondered why I didn’t even think twice when KK said we were going to bath together. I haven’t had a headache since I’ve been here. He walked into the bathroom and started taking off his t-shirt.

“The water is ready,” I said to him as he hugged me and we shared a kiss.

“The jet is getting ready and so we should get ready.”

We both stripped with the sexual tension building between us and when we were naked we got into the bath. It was a very roomy bath that doubled as a jacuzzi. He pulled me to him and I leaned my back against his chest and he held me to him.

“When are we going to make love baby?” I asked him as he was caressing my stomach up and down. No pretense now we were in a relationship and I was hungry.

“When you’re ready sweetheart maybe 3 or 4 months time when you’re done with school?” Is he for real? 4 months of drought? I turned and looked at him.

“Can I get an orgasm or two until then?” I could feel his arousal on my lower back.

“Only if you’re good,” he bit my earlobe gently and I moaned into the echoing bathroom. He moved his hands up and squeezed my breasts then started drawing circles on my areola but without touching my nipples which have pebbled above the bubbles. I held on to his muscled thighs under water as he was kissing my neck. I had my head thrown back on his chest. He eventually moved his fingers and pinched my nipples between his forefinger and thumb. I moaned as the



sensation was felt in lower parts of my body. He moved one of his hands down my quivering belly and laid his fingers on my cleanly shaven fairy. The anticipation was unbearable at this point.

“Are you wet for me sweetheart? Do you want me to slide my fingers inside you and find out?” He whispered these words erotically in my ear. He was weaving his seductive web around me and I hoped he wasn’t going to leave me hanging. His dirty talk turned me on like crazy. He slowly lowered his one finger onto my slit and I moaned enjoying the contact. He used two of his fingers and surrounded my clit on either side and started rubbing me up and down. I couldn’t help the involuntary movements in the water. The bath foam I added to the water made my skin feel soapy and slippery and it was freaking fantastic. He added a third finger directly onto my clit including the side stimulation and I was hurtling towards an explosive orgasm. I dug my nails into his thighs.

“Come for me sweetheart...I want to feel you contract around my fingers...can’t wait to be inside you someday soon...”

“Uhh...uhh.. KK...that feels so good...don’t stop baby...please don’t stop...” his other hand was alternating on my nipples and I couldn’t even think my focal point was his hands on my body. He moved his other hand down my body and penetrated me with two fingers while his other fingers were working on my clit and I lost it. The sensations were freaking amazing and I placed my legs on the edge of the tub to give him bigger access to me.

“Let it go sweetheart...I can feel your contractions on my fingers...your pussy feels so fucking tight...holy fuck I want to be inside you...come for me sweetheart.” All these words that he was saying to me pushed me over the edge and my whole body tightened and that big wave washed over me over and over again.

“Oh gosh...KK...uhh...uhh...this feels so good...oh my gosh...right there baby...don’t stop baby please.” I literally screamed as the pleasure washed down on me. He held me as I came down my high and the water felt lukewarm at this moment compared to the heat I was feeling inside.

“You’re so responsive sweetheart. I can’t wait to sink into you,” I turned my head so he could kiss me.

“Let’s bath so we can get ready.”

We bath together and it’s not as awkward as I thought it would be. We were laughing and chatting throughout. We eventually got out of the bath and he still had a raging hard on. I felt like I needed to do something about that. He got a towel and wrapped me with it and wrapped another one on his hips. We moved to his bedroom and we both put on lotion and we were getting ready for the day. I was surprised that I was quite comfortable in my skin with him and didn’t feel shy about revealing myself like this. After I was done putting lotion on I moved towards him and hugged him. He still had his towel on.

“This has been a good day KK thank you,” I lifted my head and kissed him. He pushed me to the wall.

“I want you so much sweetheart. I hate myself for what I’ve committed to but I’m a man of my word,” he said this to me inbetween kisses. I kissed him for a moment longer and started kissing his jaw, his neck, his tattoo and moved down his rippling abs. He realised my intent when I got down on my knees.

“No sweetheart you don’t have to do that,” he said breathlessly.

“I want to,” I looked at him and kissed him just above his pubic bone. He relaxed on the wall for what I was going to do and removed his towel. He was breathing really hard. I think he was a guy who loved and thrived on control. I kissed him around his dick trying to tease him so I don’t touch him there. I finally gripped him in my hand and he hissed through gritted teeth. He was quite big that I couldn’t wrap my fingers around him. Holy fuck he is going to split me in two when he finally takes me. I kissed him on the head and realised he was circumcised which was surprising considering he was a Zulu man. I wrapped my mouth around him and it was a snug fit. Initially he tried to hold his control but before long he was thrusting in my mouth. Holding my head tightly to him and controlling the pace. He liked being in control.

“Oh fuck...sweetheart...I’m going to come...fuck,” he sighed as he tried to pull me off him and I continue sucking him and massaging his sac and I felt a strong spurt of warmth down my throat and I swallowed it all. I felt him twitching in my mouth and kept him in my mouth until he went soft. He released himself from my mouth with a ‘pop’ sound and took my hand and lifted me up. He kissed me so passionately moaning into my mouth.

“Wow Lerato that was fucking incredible.” He kissed me again then we got ready for our impromptu trip to PE.

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“Wow what a weekend. Thanks baby,” I said to him as he parked outside my house on Sunday night. It was around 8 in the evening and the house lights were dark. I don’t think my mom was back yet.

“Thank you sweetheart. One of the best weekends I’ve had in a while.” he said kissing my hand. He got out of the car to hug me goodbye and we stood in each others arms for what seemed like forever. I didn’t want to let him go. I had learnt so much about him this past weekend that I knew I was definitely falling in love with him a little bit everyday. He was so considerate and unassuming.

PE was fantastic. We got to really be a couple and spent time together in public without fear of bumping into someone. We took a walk on the beach when we got there. Took lots and lots of pictures. I got to spend another night in his arms and as much as I tried to entice him he was resolute on his ‘no sex’ policy. Sigh.

“Let me know you got home safely. Have a productive week,” I said kissing him on the lips.

“Will do sweetheart. Take it easy tomorrow because it’s your first day back at school.” He waved goodbye as I went into the house and waited for me to switch the lights on in the house before he drove off. I wondered when my mom was coming home. So I went up to my room to get my books ready for school tomorrow and decided to take a shower before bed. I had to focus now and make sure that I maintained my average at school. I still didn’t know how my relationship with KK was going to pan out especially when I started working in his

company. He just kept telling me we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. He didn't seem worried about it at all.

**I'm home safe sweetheart. House feels strange without you** I saw the text when I got back from the shower.

**Me: Goodnight baby. Sweet dreams.**

**KK: I'll meet you in my dreams.**

I think I was over the hurdle and it could only get better from here on out. I really was hoping so.

## Insert 37

It's been two months since that weekend where KK and I became official. Sadly I haven't seen him since then because he's been travelling back and forth working on some major deal. Over this time I've learnt that when he is busy with something that major then he sort of withdraws within himself and focuses solely on the work at hand. His focus is unwavering on the things that he wants to achieve and that has also motivated me to push my studies so I can get good marks. I did pretty well for the first test in the second semester considering how much I had to catch up. Oliver has been a God send in my life because he assisted with some concepts I was struggling with and I just didn't understand why he wasn't an A student because he seemed quite clued up. We had become good friends since the Lesego incident and he permanently sat next to me in class because he said I give him street cred. Really?

Although I haven't seen KK for a while we talk on the phone a couple of times during the day whether via chats or actual calls when he's not in meetings. I'm fetching my car tomorrow from Mazda because it's arrived. I'm super excited because the Uber business was starting to be a tad expensive. If my mom was home or going into work later she would get me to drive myself to school then she would drive to work or back home. She made me drive exclusively on weekends so I could get used to the whole driving thing.

I bunked classes today because it was my parents' divorce hearing and I promised I'd be there for my mom for emotional support. She didn't really need to be there because they had worked out the settlement agreement beforehand so today was just the formality. She said she wanted to be there to witness a marriage of more than 20 years be done in a matter of minutes. She had been quite withdrawn this whole week leading up to today. I was already downstairs waiting for her and I knew she was faffing with her look in the bedroom. She went and got her hair done yesterday and went for a facial so her skin would be glowing. I had to admit she was looking really good these days because she had taken up running with "Aunty Francina" these past few weeks. I'm putting it in inverted commas because I don't believe that story and I think my mom also knows that I don't believe that story anymore. Maybe she was waiting for the divorce to be final so she could tell me the truth. I was just happy that she had managed to find happiness again after the drama. Some night when we were bonding over wine she told me that their

marriage had been done for a few years now but she had tried to make it work for our sakes. Apparently they had already separated for a year when I found out. So my dad would make sure he comes home when we were there to keep up the whole thing. Can you imagine so much admin? Both Odi and I were grown adults we could've handled the truth. What I didn't understand was my dad pulling absent father tendencies ka di last minute (in the final hours).

"Mama aowa (come on) we going to be late! We need to go," I shouted from the kitchen.

"I'm here Lerato keep your weave on," she said as she walked down the stairs. She looked absolutely stunning clearly she was out to make a statement today.

"Wow look at you! Are you my sister or my mother?" I asked giving her a high five as she passed me.

"Aww you're my favourite daughter."

"I'm your only daughter mama. But you really inspire me with how much you've gone through and you've come out stronger." The last part was wobbly because I had tears in my eyes and her eyes were also shining.

"Let's not do this ngwana ka (my child) because I'm going to start bawling. Life is cyclical so there's ups and downs and rhe only way to enjoy the ups is to get through the downs. It hasn't been easy but it's a deep process of introspection." I really admired my mom's strength and I was so grateful that I was raised by someone like her. She drove because I was anxious about driving in the heart of Joburg city. I decided to catch up with my man as he always says not boyfriend.

**Me: Morning baby**

**KK: hey sweetheart was just about to text you. How's your mom?**

**Me: My mom is good considering. She insisted we have lunch after the whole thing is done. Odi is joining us as well.**

**KK: that sounds good. Wena u right?** I liked the fact that he always wanted to know how I was.

**Me: ngi right (I'm ok). I just miss you that's all 😞**

**KK: I know sweetheart nami ngikukhumbule (I miss you too). Maybe you could come through the office because you haven't signed your paperwork yet. It came up in the catch up meeting this morning.**

**Me: Oh shit I forgot about that! There's been so much drama. I'll ask my mom to drop me off there after lunch.**

**KK: Come see me when you're here. I'll tell my PA to let the receptionists know.**

**Me: hmm baby and isn't that going to look dodge?**

**KK: no I've met with Zama already so it won't be random. I felt a bit uneasy about him meeting with Zama because I knew she had a massive crush on him.**

**Me: oh and when was I going to be told about this? Why was he keeping it from me.**

**KK: hawu and then? It happened a few days ago but you know how busy I've been. Me meeting Zama was the definitely the last thing on my mind.**

It pissed me off and I put my phone in my bag. Mxm why didn't she even tell me about it. It just made me so mad for some reason. We were almost there and my mom was listening to some talk radio which just reminded me of KK and made me even angrier. I decided to send a message to Zama just to fish because I was itching to have been the fly on that wall. Zama was beautiful and she also had the 3B's that KK was talking about. My insecurities all came bubbling up to the surface. Zama was also Zulu so I'm pretty sure KK's family would be happy with her. We never brought up the tribalist family since that. I felt like we would cross that bridge when we got to that meet the family stage. We definitely were not there yet especially when he's keeping things from me.

**Me: Hey Zee hope you good. Have you fetched your documents yet? I could see she was online so she better respond. She was typing.**

**Zee: Hey girl! I went last week and was summoned to his hotness! Oh gosh! I rolled my eyes.**

**Me: oh really? What did he want?**

**Zee: ag intro stuff blah blah but I know we had a moment there. You might be looking at the future Mrs Khuzwayo very soon.**

I threw my phone in my bag and resolved not to look at it for the remainder of the day. I knew I was being very irrational but trust was a deep thing for me now. Even when I couldn't see KK I kept wondering whether these were excuses for him to see other women. He didn't want to sleep with me so where was he getting it from?

We parked and went inside the allotted court room. It was packed full and I guessed they had grouped all the divorce cases in one. It was going to be a long morning especially with how I was feeling this morning. I saw my dad walk in with side-dish Simphiwe tagging along. I couldn't help but roll my eyes. I just didn't understand what my dad saw in a girl that was almost my age. She was all kitted out with expensive weaves and extremely high heels. Really? My dad caught me staring and awkwardly waved hi I saw his eyes straying to my mom sitting next to me. She was none the wiser because she was busy on her phone. You could see the difference in sophistication levels between my mom and Simphiwe. Like it was a no-brainer who was classier by far. We sat through quite a lot of cases being heard but they were going quite quickly. This magistrate was on a roll. Before I was even ready they called the Molemi surname. My dad stepped forward with his lawyer. His lawyer presented the written settlement agreement which was signed by both my parents. The magistrate reviewed it briefly and decreed the marriage over. Just like that more than 2 decades of companionship were gone. I saw my mom exhale but she wasn't emotional as before in fact she seemed relieved.

“Come ngwana ka (my child) let's go quickly while the next case is getting ready,” she said holding my hand and getting up. We ended up bumping into my dad and side-dish Simphiwe. Awkward vibes.

“Hi Tumelo, Simphiwe,” my mom greeted them coolly.



“Hi papa,” I said pulling a Baleka on side-dish Simphiwe. I’m not about the recognising her life.

“Dumela mama Odi (hello Odi’s mom). Lerato how are you?” My dad greeted rather stiffly.

“I’m good papa hope you are too. Mama let’s go Odi’s waiting. Bye papa,” I said taking my mom’s hand and walking away. It just made me so angry that my dad could let some little girl come and mess up his marriage and father responsibilities. I still had lots of issues regarding my dad abandonment issues but I had a psychologist now so I was working through all these things in my sessions. We drove to Sandton because that’s where we were meeting Odi for lunch. He insisted we go to Sandton. My brother sometimes though.

He was already waiting for us when we got there. Thank goodness he was on his own I really wasn’t in the mood to face Ostrich Carol. Everytime I’ve asked him where she is since I made up with him he just kept saying that I must focus on getting better and we would talk some other time. He stood up as we walked i to the restaurant and gave us both hugs.

“How are you feeling mama?” He asked as we sat down and a waiter took our drink orders.

“I’m glad it’s finalised and that both your dad and I can move on with our lives. I also don’t want you guys to blame your dad alone for this because marriage is a two way thing. We both needed to make it work for it to thrive and succeed but I think we both gave up on it. Yes I know he has Simphiwe and all but I’m not a victim in all this.” That made sense because I’d never actually looked at it like that but it was true. I was harbouring so much resentment for my dad and his new life only because I didn’t know how to handle these changes in my life.

“How’s the practice going?” I asked Odi so we could move on from the whole divorce thing. I still had my own relationship issues to try and resolve. Thinking of that I took my phone out of my bag. I had 10 missed calls from KK and messages with the final one asking if I’m ignoring him that was sent 2 hours ago already. Damn right brother I’m ignoring you! I will see him when I fetch the documents and we’ll talk then.

“Practice is going well but it’s so busy I can’t ever get time off. I’m considering going into a partnership with a colleague of mine to alleviate the pressure. I’m burning out,” he said rubbing his eyes. Even now I could see that he was really tired.

“That’s a good idea ngwana ka (my child) because as it is re go bona skaars ko gae (we barely see you at home) especially now Lerato a leteng (with Lerato being there),” my mom said.

“And you need to slow down abuti so you can dedicate time to finding someone to share your life with. Or maybe you must go to date my family,” I laughed and he pulled a face at me.

“Hao I thot gore o na le motho mos (I thought you already had someone). O kae (where is) Enhle?” My mom asked.

“Ahh Enhle is no longer in the picture. It turned out what Lerato was saying was true. It’s amazing the things you discover after people hear you’ve broken up. You’re right ousie currently a ke na nako (I don’t have time) for this dating thing. I must slow down so I don’t fit the stereotype of settling down late.” I was glad my brother finally managed to see Ostrich Carol’s true colours and I know he didn’t want to divulge details in front of my mom. I made a mental note to ask about it later. We ordered food and my mom checked something on the phone then got progressively tense as the minutes ticked by.

“Bana baka (my kids) there’s something I need to discuss with you,” she cleared her throat.

“It sounds serious. You’re not dying are you?” Odi asked.

“Goodness no nothing as dramatic as that! I...um...met someone and want you guys to meet him.” She was looking at both of us apprehensively. Oh so finally Aunty Francina will reveal himself.

“I think that’s good mama why do you look so nervous?” Odi asked smiling.

“I agree le abuti (with Odi) mama. You also deserve to be happy and I kind of guessed it anyway because you’ve never spent that much time le Aunty Francina ever,” I said chuckling. My mom let out the breath she had been holding.

“It makes me so happy that you guys have received the news so well. I called him today to come meet us here so we can just get it out the way.” Wow my mom though. Go big or go home I guess.

“Oh ok cool. He must just not break your heart mama and as long as he makes you happy.” Odi said tucking into the food as they laid it on the table.

“He seems like one of the good one. In fact he’s on his way to the desk,” she said looking up with a smile on her face. He whole face literally lit up. I turned to see who was coming because Odi and I were facing away from the entrance. When I turned I just saw some white guy coming towards us. I dismissed him and tried to find my mom’s new bae but the only guy coming toward us was the white guy. What the...He stopped at our table and my mom got up and hugged the white guy. He kissed her on the cheek and sat next to her holding her hand in his. Wow my mom was dating lekgoa. I think both Odi and I were speechless. My mom cleared her throat.

“Bana baka (kids) this is Dr Markus Brendell. Mark these are my kids Lerato and Odi.”

“Lovely to meet you both. Your mom’s told me a lot about you guys. She’s very proud of your achievements.” He had a very kind and friendly face. He was very tall with blonde hair. He had a very strong german accent so he must be from there. How did they even meet?

“Hi Mark a pleasure to meet you too. So you’re the one that’s got my mom hooked on running,” my mom laughed.

“Well she’s come to enjoy it as much as I have.” He ordered food as well and we ate and talked.

“Mama I need to go to Khuzwayo Consulting to sign my papers. Would you be able to drop me off?” I asked her as Markus settled the bill.

“It’s fine ngwana ka take the car and Mark can just drop me off at home. Is that fine?” She asked looking at him and he nodded.

“Ok that’s fine mama thanks. Let me get going don’t want to be stuck in traffic with people knocking off.” We all stood up.

“Great to meet you Lerato. Hope to see you soon.” Markus said and shook my hand.

I told my mom I’d see her at home and left to go to Waterfall. I was super nervous because this driving thing was not second nature as yet. I definitely didn’t want to get stuck in traffic. I couldn’t believe my mom was dating a white German guy. Ya nhe! I’m sure my aunts are going to be surprised one of these days when we have a family gathering. Can you imagine lekgoa (a white person) in the dusty streets of Mogwase!

I got to the Khuzwayo offices around two and went to Elmarie’s office to get my paperwork.

“Lerato good to see you. Congratulations on getting into the program!” She said as I walked in and got up to hug me.

“Thanks Elmarie. I’m super excited to join you guys in Jan.” I sat down and she handed me what looked like an encyclopedia. There were so many papers. She explained where she had flagged for me to sign. I could take the paperwork home to review and bring it back within a week.

“Mr K asked to see you in his office when you were done with me. So you can go right on up to the 25th floor. I’ll let his PA know I’ve sent you up.” Oh yes there was that.

“Thanks Elmarie I’ll be in touch to return the docs.” I waved goodbye and went to wait for the lift. I remembered the last time I was in this lift with KK when he had promised to get me home after my crying drama with Lesego. It seemed so far away. When I got upstairs his PA was already waiting for me and ushered me into KK’s office who seemed like he was on a call and closed the door. I went and sat on the couch I sat on the first time I came into his office. He concluded his call and

came towards me. I got up to give him a hug and he didn't hug me back. Hao? And then?

"What's going on?" I asked him as I sat down. He sat on a chair opposite me.

"Why weren't you answering my calls? We were still chatting in the morning and you chose to ignore me." He looked angry. What does he have to be angry about? Wasn't he the one meeting Zama behind my back?

"I got a bit pissed that you spoke to Zama behind my back," I said and it sounded silly to me now in retrospect.

"Zama is going to be one of my employees. Should I report to you everytime I have a meeting with someone who's on my payroll?" He asked calmly. You could see he was trying to reign his anger in. It did sound kind of ridiculous.

"I'm sorry baby. I just got jealous all of a sudden and my insecurities bubbled to the surface." I got up and went to sit next to him.

"Lerato have I given you any reason to doubt me or my intentions when it comes to you?" I felt like I was being scolded like an errant child.

"No baby and I said I was sorry. Can we move on already?" I sighed. I wanted us to get over this little fight and move on to more fun things like kissing and cuddling for a bit.

"Move on? Move on? You bring my loyalty to you into question and you just want us to move on!" Yoh this guy is serious about holding on to this.

"I'm sorry baby. I just needed time to calm down because of how I was feeling."

"So why didn't you say so instead of ignoring me? I started worrying thinking something had happened to you. I was very close to calling your mom when Steve told me you were in the building. Do you know how selfish that is Lerato? How childish for you to go around sulking for something that doesn't even make sense. How hurtful it is to call my integrity as YOUR man into question!" Wow this escalated fast.

“I’m sorry baby. I didn’t think.”

“So if you don’t think who must do it for you? You’re not ready for the kind of commitment that I want from a relationship especially if you’re going to question my feelings for you. I’ve been telling you that you’re not ready Lerato. You’re not ready for this or me.” What was he saying. He is so worked up he’s even folded his shirt sleeves. I felt the tears knocking.

“I’m sorry KK. I don’t question your integrity or feelings for me. It has more to do with me than it does you. My mind just spun out of control. I feel like I don’t deserve you. You’re so hot and successful and well put together. I’m sorry...” the last part is on a sob.

“You’re not ready to be loved nor are you ready to love. I think we should stop this so you can focus on yourself,” he said so softly I was straining to hear him. When the realisation of what he just said hit me the tears came in earnest.

“KK what are you saying?” I got off the couch and knelt in front of him and took his hands in mine.

“I think I should let you go and hope you’ll come back but I just can’t deal with things as they are. I told you that I’m not playing games here and wena usagwele ukudlala (you’re still playful). If you feel like you don’t deserve me then you probably don’t.” He stood up. “Excuse me I have another meeting to get to.”

He took his jacket and tablet and left me in his office. I don’t know how long I sat there and sobbed with no care to whether his PA was going to come in. I couldn’t believe KK broke up with me. How did we get here?

## Insert 38

“Can’t believe this academic year has come to a resounding end,” Oliver said as we walked out of the exams hall.

“Yep it’s been a very long year. I’m glad it’s almost over.” I said on the way to the parking.

I finally got my car and have been driving for the past two months quite comfortably. I made the mistake of putting the learner sign when I got the car and quickly learnt that it was code for hoot at me every five seconds. So I removed it after the first day. I was much more comfortable now in the driving so it wasn’t a hassle anymore or lots of thought process involved. When I started I was literally remembering the K53 manual in terms of ‘I’m slowing down so I should change gears down to 1’ or ‘I’m accelerating I should move up to the next gear’ but it comes more naturally now.

“So you coming to Koketso’s place? We going to have a ‘pens down’ there?” Oliver asked me.

“Ya why not. I’m going to go home first though and drop the car off. I’m not about the drinking and driving life and I really need a drink. That paper kicked my ass big time.” I answered on a sigh. It was my most difficult paper and that’s what worried me in terms of my marks. Hopefully I had done enough. I just need to sit and wait for the results.

“Ahh for you a paper kicking your ass is you getting 75%. I guess you’re still at the responsible driver phase? Ok it’s cool will text you the address then I will see you there.” He gave me a hug then went to his own car.

I looked forward to his goodbye hugs because with the exception of brotherly contact I was in a drought of male contact. I haven’t spoken to KK since that day I cried my eyes raw in his office. I figured if he didn’t want me I wasn’t going to beg for his attention. I still to this day don’t get why such a small thing escalated to a break up. Just because I wasn’t answering my calls? Then he had the nerve to call me childish. KK please look in the mirror brother! I do miss him though and have

spent many a night just looking through the pics we've taken whilst in PE and at his house. Sigh.

I've done a lot of introspection in the past few months and have continued my sessions with the psychologist although I only see her once a month now instead of daily like I used to at some point. Those sessions have brought a lot clarity for me in terms of who I am and the things that I went looking for in a relationship because of that. I understand to some level why KK said I needed to find myself and why I stayed in a slightly toxic relationship with Lesego. I had this constant need to be needed and a thirst for external validation instead of validating my own thoughts and identity. So I was trying this thing of just taking each day as it comes and to stop playing the victim. Yes I had deep things happen to me in a space of 10 months but I'm still alive and I can still influence which direction my life goes.

When I got home I took a shower to freshen up because 4 hour exams were a killer. I was looking forward to letting my hair down and just chilling with different people especially my class mates. It was only thanks to Oliver that I cracked an invite because he was such a social creature and knew half the varsity.

My phone rang as I was getting ready and it was an unknown number.

"Hello."

"Hi Miss Lee," My hand tightened on my phone. I haven't heard that voice in over four months.

"Lesego...hi," I couldn't help the tremble in my voice and I sat down in my bed.

"How have you been? Are you still busy with exams? I know it's exam time at Wits now," he sounded so calm, so him.

"I'm good. Yep exams are on at the moment. How are you?" I didn't want to give him exact details about my life. Why was he calling me? He literally took the wind off my sails.



“I’m better than I have been in a while. I’m sorry to call so unexpectedly I just wanted to call and apologise for hurting you.” The tears started. How did I respond to that? I was speechless, crying and shaking on the bed.

“I stopped taking my medication when we got together because you made me feel so good I felt like I was ok and didn’t need to take them. I wasn’t myself when I started stalking you and hurting you. That I regret the most. I love you Miss Lee infact I know I always will. Thanks for not pressing charges against me. I don’t know what to make of that...” he exhales.

“I...I jjust wa-wanted you to get the help you nneed. I’m glad to know you’re doing better,” I don’t know why I was stuttering.

“Well let me go. I just wanted to say thank you and I’m sorry and let you know I’m doing better. I would like to see you one day maybe if you’re up for it just to talk. Hopefully you still have my number. I love you. Keep well,” he said and hung up. I must have sat on the bed for a good hour before I could sufficiently calm down to move. He sounded like he was back to his normal self. I was glad that he was getting better and getting the help he needed. The events of that day played on a loop over and over in my head. I was less traumatised than I thought I would be so it meant the therapy sessions really helped me. I just didn’t feel like going to a party and being surrounded by randoms the whole time.

I texted Oliver and told him something came up and I couldn’t come through anymore. I felt like getting drunk with my girls so I asked them to meet me at my favourite restaurant for an early dinner and they all agreed then they would come back to my house with me. I needed to change my hair and do my nails. I felt kind of raggedy looking because of these exams.

I wore my black ripped skinny jeans with an off shoulder black top, a grey lace bra underneath with silver sandals and silver hoop earrings. Yep I was having a black Friday. I got into the car and drove to the mall. When I got to the salon I had the urge to just cut my hair and get my fresh start. My hairdresser looked at me like I was crazy because my hair was quite long but he obliged me when I insisted. I looked quite good actually when he was done. I got my nails done as well and went to the restaurant to wait for the divas. I was about 30 minutes early because we said we’d meet at 17:30 but I figured what the hell I would have a glass of wine as I

wait. For the second time I didn't see Ostrich Carol here and wondered whether she still worked here. I haven't seen my brother for too long to ask about the whole Carol thing. I actually needed to set up sometime and go see him.

As I walked in I could instinctively feel that presence and knew KK was here. Why I was still so attuned to him like this I didn't know. Guess it was Ex-Friday today. I looked around to see if I could spot him and he was sitting with some sophisticated looking woman who seemed to be laughing at something he just said. She looked like she belonged in his world and that she wouldn't be childish and whatever else I was. She had her hand raised and placed it on his hand and squeezed. He turned then as if sensing that someone was staring at him and our eyes met. He looked so good and I knew in that moment that I still had deep feelings for him despite the passage of time. I stood my ground and walked in and picked a table on the opposite end of where he was sitting and faced away from them. I wasn't going to runaway and I looked and felt good so why entertain negative feelings? I ordered a glass of white wine because I still had to drive home after this.

**Portia: we on our way girl there's an accident on the highway. Stuck in traffic**

She texted me so at least I knew they were on the way. Maybe they could just meet me at my house if they are late instead of coming here because I felt antsy about sitting here with KK a few metres from me. So I ordered 4 steaks and veggies as a takeaway and waited for the food.

**Me: no problem girls. Meet me at home. I will buy food here then we can eat there.**

I picked up the scent before I saw him in my line of vision. He sat down across from me. The audacity! Who invited him to join me? I didn't say anything though and pretended to be busy on my phone as he sat there. It felt like my heart was in my throat though so I don't think I could've said something clever then anyway.

"Sawubona (hello) Lerato," I tensed as his voice washed over me. I looked up and our eyes met for the second time that day. Up close he was even hotter than I remembered.

“Hi Mr Khuzwayo hope you are keeping well.” I answered formally. He was smiling at me but not enough to bring out that dimple of his. I would’ve been a goner then.

“I’ve been better I miss you,” he sighed. Gee talk about getting to the point! His comment warmed me but also made very angry. The arrogance of declaring I’m not good enough to be with him, not contacting me for two months then telling me he misses me? Really?

“Could’ve fooled me,” I said softly looking down. Why was he here messing up my life when I thought I had it together? My control of the situation is unraveling.

“I’m sorry sweetheart. I know I hurt you but I felt like I was delaying your journey of healing and getting through all the stuff that was happening.” He lifted my chin so I could look at him. The temporary contact sent tingling sensations through my body I wasn’t expecting. My body was such a traitor.

“I don’t understand what happened exactly and I don’t buy the ‘it was for your own good’ line. Try another one.” I folded my arms and sat back looking at him.

“You’re not going to make this easy are you?”

“Why should I KK? Why are you even here? Don’t you have to get back to your much older date? I’m sure she’s not childish at all!” I hated that I sounded petulant and not acting the calmer older woman I promised myself I would be when we met. He chuckled. This guy he thinks this is funny nhe. Mxm!

“I missed that smart mouth. Can I see you tomorrow then we can talk please? There’s a lot I need to explain and I’m in the middle of a meeting now. I don’t want to rush it. Please sweetheart?” He looked at me pleadingly.

“I’ll come to your place. What time?” Gosh why couldn’t I say no and move on?

“Lunch time say 12:30? I’ll make us something.” He was full on smiling now dimple and all.

“Fine. See you tomorrow then.” The waiter came and handed me the takeaway brown bags with the food. KK waited as I settled the bill then the waiter left.

“Can’t wait. You’re looking good sweetheart love the new look,” he winked at me as he got up. I turned and my eyes followed him back to the table where older lady was looking a bit pissed. She threw me a dirty look. Yho do old people do that kgante (really)? I stood up and took my stuff to leave. I looked up to where they were sitting and KK was looking at me. I waved goodbye and smiled just to irritate older woman.

When I got home the divas were already waiting for me. They all complimented the new look as I gave each of them a hug. Portia looked ready to pop. She was due late next month and we were throwing her a surprise baby shower early November.

We went inside and settled in the TV room.

“O kae mama (where’s your mom)?” KG asked as I came back with the warmed food.

“Ah akere (you know) since Mark and her went official she is hardly home. She was saying she’s giving me space to study without interruption. As if. She is much happier though.”

“Yho maybe nami I must find a white man. Bathi abelungu bane (they say white people have) tender care,” Noni said sighing.

“Hao Noni it’s almost been a year and nothing is happening in the relationship department?” Portia asked.

“Ahh mngani (friend) not even potential bae nyana. You guys needs to stage an intervention for me.” We laughed at her.

“It’s amazing how things change! Last year Lee was you Noni and this year she has already gone through two guys,” KG said.

“Speaking of which I bumped into KK at the restaurant while waiting for the food. He wants to see me tomorrow. He says we have to talk.”

“And friend? Are you going to see him?” Portia asked.

“Eish friend you know he’s the weakness in me that guy. Everything ended so abruptly I just need to find out what motivated it.”

“That’s understandable friend but just be careful hey. You don’t want someone to be playing you like a yoyo and taking advantage of the fact that you’re younger,” KG said.

“Yep that’s true but my curiosity just won’t let it go,” I said tucking into my steak.

“Wa mo rata (you love him) friend and it’s fine. Just be honest with yourself so you know what you walking into when you get there.”

“Unfortunately you are right KG. We click though in ways I never thought I would connect with someone like that again. He inspires me to do and be better and I’ve honestly missed him like crazy. Anyway enough about me what’s happening with you guys?” I opened the wine bottle and poured for all of us except Portia who was drinking iced tea.

“Well Jimmy and I agreed that we’d do the wedding after the baby is born. I don’t want to look like a hippo on the photo’s.”

“Hmm friend this steak is divine!” KG said taking a bite.

“I know right. Why do you think I keep going there? It’s KK’s dad’s restaurant.”

“So you probably wanted us to meet you there because you were hoping you bump into KK. Sneaky sneaky Lee,” KG said waving her finger at me. She was probably right.

We chilled like that for the rest of the night, watching chick flicks and getting drunk. Portia was the designated driver so she would make sure that they got home safe. Around midnight we called it a night and the girls went home. It had been a good day for me and the exam I wrote and Lesego drama was faraway from my mind now. What was at the forefront though was Mr Khuzwayo. I got my phone to ask my mom if she was coming back today. I had a text from KK:

**Good to see you today sweetheart. Can’t wait to see you tomorrow.**

Eish this guy why was he suddenly back in my life full force. I didn't respond and I called my mom who said she would only be back Sunday. Ya nhe. The lonely life. I had a good two months and a bit before starting at Khuzwayo Consulting. What was I going to do with myself for so long. It was weird not having something to do since I've been studying for the past month and a half.

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I got to KK's place at 12:15 and parked outside his garage. He knew I was there because the security guards called him when I was at the gate. He came out to greet me as I got out of the car.

"Hey Lerato," he said with a smile trying to hug me. I put my hand up and took a step back.

"Please don't? Can we talk first?"

"Fair enough. I'm glad you came please come inside." He turned and walked in. He looked so good with his shorts and vest. I was wearing a denim shirt dress with sandals.

It was so familiar for me to be here. It felt like I had just left yesterday.

"I thought we could chill outside so we can get some fresh air. Would you like something to drink?" He asked ushering me to the outdoor furniture outside.

"Water will do for now thanks." He nodded and went back inside. He seemed to have been braaing meat because the built in braai stand still had hot coals on there. He came back with the water and he was drinking a beer. He sat down on the outdoor couch next to me. I was busy with my fingers because I didn't know what to say.

"The food is ready just waiting for it to cool down a bit."

"You wanted to talk?" My stomach was in knots now anyway there's no way I could've eaten something. He cleared his throat and took my hand in his.

“Firstly I need to apologise for hurting you. I knew that doing what I did was going to hurt you but I did it anyway because I was selfish. I was thinking about myself at the time. I was under a lot of pressure with that deal I was working on and I guess I’m not used to juggling my personal and business life because I’ve never really done it. Women were a stress reliever in my life and were always available at my beck and call. In my stressed out mind I started classifying you in that category. Wrongfully so mind you because that’s what I was used to. When you wouldn’t answer my call something inside me flipped. I don’t know if I’m explaining this right,” he exhaled and ran his free hand over his head. I kept quiet because I didn’t know what to say.

“I felt like you were making me lose focus in my work and I couldn’t have that at the time because this deal has catapulted the business to a different playing field. Should I have handled it that way? Most definitely not. I’ve realised that as much as you were on your journey to heal I was beginning my journey to separate myself from my company. We’ve been one and the same for so many years. I felt like I was losing control of myself in the process of trying to get you to fall for me. When you said you feel like you don’t deserve me it made me mad because to me it highlighted that your self-esteem wasn’t where it should be. I couldn’t help you with that. I’m a very difficult man and I need someone to complement that and not just go with whatever I say. That’s what attracted me to you in the first place that you seemed so opinionated and unafraid. You reprimanded me at your interview and somehow that person retracted over the time we were together. I know you have the ability to be independent and opinionated because I’ve seen that in you. I don’t know if you get what I’m saying,” he looked at me.

“I think so. You’re saying you’re not attracted to weakness. Did you ever consider that I met you at a time in my life when I had just broken up with my boyfriend who was stalking me, my parents were going through a divorce, my brother and I were estranged. I ended up in hospital!”

“I know all that sweetheart. That’s why I felt like you needed time to work through all that without me hampering that. I’ve always said I didn’t want to be the rebound guy and I needed to let you go so you could work through that on your own. I saw that me being there wasn’t helping you sweetheart. You were relying on me for your emotional sustenance which wasn’t healthy for us. Once you

worked through those things I would also be associated with those negative feelings and you would leave.” It made sense in its own warped way.

“So what now KK?”

“The ball is in your court sweetheart. I fucked up but I want you back in my life. I have issues but I’m working on it just like I know you’ve worked and are working through yours. The time I spent with you was the highlight of my business driven lonely life. I know what I feel is real and I’d really like to prove it to you.” This guy convinces people to part with millions everyday so I didn’t stand a chance. I’ve missed him and I get that I needed to grow up a bit as well.

“KK I’d like us to try. We both have issues but we must work through these things together. That’s what people in relationships do. I get that you haven’t been in one in a while and you’ll have to adapt but so will I. I haven’t dated many guys in my life I’m only 21 for goodness sake! I am however willing to put in the work if you are. I like you a lot Mr K,” I said smiling at him. He smiled back and hugged me while we were sitting on the couch.

“Am I forgiven?” He asked looking at me seriously.

“Only if you forgive me for my behaviour as well. I’m working on my jealous tendencies and I think I’ve come into my own these past few months. I’m also sorry.” He kissed my hand.

“Let’s get something to eat,” he said getting up and lifting me with him. He held my hand the entire time to the kitchen. He had made lamb chops, wors, green salad and potato salad.

“It looks delicious,” I said as I dished up for myself.

“I hope it tastes even better. Would you like a glass of wine?”

“Yep sure. Thanks baby,” I leaned towards him and kissed him on the lips.

He brought me the wine and sat next to me. We ate in relative silence.

“So did the deal go successfully?” I asked him as I placed the plate on the table.



“Yep atleast all the heartache was worth something. We acquired a family owned white consulting business so it was quite emotional for everyone involved. They were struggling because of B-BBEE points and all that. I have a level 1 company so I’m sort of market leader at this moment. I would like to keep that lead. He had a good customer base that can benefit from associating with us.” I sat back and he put his arm around me and I laid my head on his chest. I missed being in his arms.

“I don’t know why I thought I could live without you sweetheart. You just plug a hole in my life,” KK said softly.

“Who was that cougar in the restaurant? Are you sleeping with her?” I asked looking up at him. I didn’t know if I wanted to know the answer but I asked nonetheless. He smiled at me.

“Sho Lerato she’s hardly a cougar! Of course not sweetheart. Only you have the switch to my hard on. Charmaine is part of my legal counsel. I think she was hoping something would happen but she realised yesterday at the restaurant that someone had caught my attention already. I haven’t touched anyone that intimately since you.” That made me smile.

“Are you going to touch me intimately?” I asked him biting my lip. He kissed me then and it felt like drinking water in a desert. He possessed my mouth completely with no hesitation. His kiss heated my body and reawakened all my senses. We kissed for a while reacquainting ourselves with each other. Eventually he slowed it down. I realised he didn’t even answer my question. I knew I really couldn’t handle the drought any longer.

“Can you spend the weekend with me please? I’ve really missed you sweetheart,” he asked me tentatively.

“Yep sure KK I would love to spend the weekend with you.” I got up to take the dishes to the kitchen and he got up with me and hugged me tightly against him.

“Ngiyabonga (thank you). You have no idea how much it means to me that you’re here.” I missed being enveloped by this warmth.

“I’m happy to be here. Let’s work through stuff together baby don’t run away from me,” I said holding him tighter.

“I’ve learnt my lesson. Now that I know how it feels like to have you in my life I don’t want to live without you. Do you need to go home and fetch stuff for the weekend?”

“Nah I’m good. The beauty of having a car now is that half my wardrobe is in the car.” I took his hand in mine as we walked to the kitchen.

“Oh that’s good then because a friend of mine Sphe is having a braai this evening and I’d like you to come with me if you’re up to it?” He asked looking at me.

“Yep sure no problem,” I answered hugging him. Great! I was going to meet other older people that will judge and persecute me. This is my life I guess.

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“Let me change then we can go,” he said wiping his hands with the dish cloth. We had just finished washing the dishes because I insisted. It seemed like a waste to wash such little dishes in the dishwasher.

“Is it a formal thing or can I go dressed like this?” I asked him smoothing my hands down my dress.

“You look stunning. You’re good to go. Just grab a jersey in case it gets cold,” he responded jogging up the stairs. I went to my car and got a light jersey from there. It was unlikely the weather would change drastically in the evening. I was very nervous about going through this ‘meet the friends’ process again. I had no idea how the reception would be. Lesego was 5 years older than me and some of his people had issues with that. KK is double that so his friends are most definitely all working and probably some have kids already.

I went back in and went to the guest bathroom downstairs just to freshen my face up. As I stepped out of the bathroom KK was coming down the stairs. I stood there with my jaw on the floor. I had never seen him in proper casual except for his tracksuit pants that he’s worn when we’re at home and of course his tailored suits. He looked like he was in his late twenties wearing slim fit jeans, a golf shirt, sneakers with a cap. He smiled as he walked towards me.

“What is it sweetheart? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” He hugged me and that scent of his!

“I’ve just never seen you in proper casual. You look really good,” I said standing on my tippy toes and kissing him on the lips.

“Then we are going to be the hottest couple there if you think I look good because you know you knocking it out the park.” He sounded like he was in a good mood today. I said as much to him when we got into the car.

“Why wouldn’t I be sweetheart? My woman’s back in my life what’s there not to be happy about?” He winked at me. Ya nhe I was happy we were back together but getting anxious about the whole braai thing.

“So tell me about this friend of your Sphe?” I needed more information. I was comfortable going into unknown situations with some information.

“Sphe is my age. I’ve known him since we were very young. I was his best man at his wedding last year. The braai is to actually celebrate their one year anniversary.”

“Oh wow and what’s his wife’s name?”

“Nomathemba but we all call her Noma. She’s a very nice girl and works as a Finance Manager for some multinational.”

“How old is she?” KK chuckled next to me.

“Kodwa wena ne minyaka ya bantu (you and people’s ages though)! Noma is 29 I think somewhere there. Don’t worry about it sweetheart. It’s going to be fine.” He held my hand and kissed it. Here’s to hoping.

We got to Centurion to a very nice looking house. There were so many expensive cars here beamers and Audis, Range Rovers. Intimidating things here. Clearly this crowd was much more accomplished than I was used to. I hoped I wasn’t going to see flames here! We both got out the car and KK held my hand as we walked in.

The house was buzzing with laughter and music and glasses clinking and all. As we walked in some beautiful woman met us in the hallway.

“KK hey,” she said opening her arms for a hug. KK hugged her with one arm and continued holding onto my hand. I was grateful for that.

“Hey Noma! Unjani kodwa (how are you)?” He asked taking a step back.

“Ag you know same old same old. Sawubona sis (hey girl). Mehlo madala ke (long time no see) KK. Uzifihle kuphi (where are you hiding)?”

“Ag you know here and there. This lovely lady here has also kept me occupied,” he said looking at me.

“I can see that. Hi I’m Noma,” she said extending her hand to me.

“Hi Lerato nice to meet you,” I said smiling at her. KK gave me a reassuring squeeze.

“Come in we just busy finalising the salads. KK abo Sphe ba se braaini phandle (Sphe and them are outside). Lerato you can come with me to the kitchen and meet the other ladies.”

“Look after her Noma please,” KK said as he relinquished my hand and kissed me on my cheek.

“I will guard her with my life,” Noma said taking my hand. KK winked at me and went outside.

Noma lead me to a spacious kitchen with an open plan dining room. There were about 10 ladies there. All definitely much older than me.

“Ladies this is Lerato, Lerato the ladies will introduce themselves throughout the day. There’s too many of them for me to go through them. Make yourself comfortable. Would you like something to drink? We have juice, wine, ciders?”

“Do you have white wine? I’d like a glass of that. If you show me where it is I’ll pour for myself.” I was glad that Noma didn’t say which guy I’m here with so people could get to know me without hating me for being with KK. She showed me where the drinks were and I poured myself a glass of Chardonnay. I could see the guys through the window and spotted KK laughing there with a bunch of guys. He was so hot though this man of mine. I walked back to the women taking a deep breath as I went along. I spotted an empty spot next to a nice looking girl.

“Can I sit here?” I asked her pointing at the empty spot.

“Yep sure. I’m Tebogo by the way,” she said smiling.

“Nice to meet you Tebogo.”

“Don’t look so nervous I promise we don’t bite,” she said bumping me with her shoulder.

“It’s always a bit nerve wrecking to be surrounded by people you don’t know. How do you know Noma and Sphe?”

“My fiance Sizwe was a groom’s man at their wedding last year and you? Are you Noma’s friend? I don’t think I’ve seen you before.” Here it goes.

“I came with KK.” I saw her look of surprise.

“Oh KK as in Khulekani?”

“Yep that’s the one.” I took a sip of wine.

“Wow! So where did you guys meet?” Her curiosity was making me uncomfortable.

“At the mall.” I was reluctant to divulge any more information. After all I didn’t know who this girl was. What if she was a journalist? I know KK was very private about his personal life. Just then the subject matter came to the kitchen with a bowl full of meat.

“Noma nayi inyama (here’s the meat),” He said handing her the meat. Some woman got up and went to KK. She was wearing tight clothes. A high waist short skirt with those crop top things and heels.

“Hey boo long time,” she said throwing herself at him. She kissed him on the cheek. I must just date ugly guys then I wouldn’t have these problems.

“Hi Khosi. Noma uphi uLerato (where is Lerato)?” He seemed so disinterested which calmed my wildly beating heart. Noma pointed towards where I was sitting. He walked purposefully towards me smiling. Everybody stopped whatever they were doing and were looking at us with the realisation that I must be here with him.

“Sweetheart can I get the keys? Sphe needs more ice,” he said with his hand outstretched. He had given me the keys once we got into the house. I had to get up to take them out because I had my sling bag across my body. I got closer to him and handed him the keys with a smile on my face.

“Thank you,” he said and kissed me smack bam on the lips. He walked away and everyone was left staring at me. This was so awkward because I was suddenly a person of interest. Like they had already assessed me and declared me a nobody but now that had changed.

I decided to walk into the kitchen to avoid interrogation although in my heart I was warmed by his claim of ownership. Yep I have issues I guess.

“Noma can I help with chopping or mixing or something,” I saw her smile at me and handed me cucumbers to slice. The hum of conversation resumed but you could see I was the subject of most conversations. I just started singing along to the house song playing outside and chopped away. I really wasn’t in the mood for drama today. After the cucumbers I moved on to the lettuce and just ended up doing the whole green salad.

The food was eventually done and we all moved outside to dish up. Noma had setup a long table for everyone to sit. I quickly went to the loo and when I came back most people were seated. When I found KK at the table Khosi was sitting next to him and Sphe was on the other side. I was not going to be bullied by random cougars honestly. I took an empty chair and went between where Khosi and KK were seated.

“Do you mind moving to the side?” I asked sweetly fake smiling her. KK got up and moved his chair then also asked Khosi to move a bit. She was livid. I settled between KK and Sphe and sat down. KK took my hand in his. I liked that he was affectionate with me even in front of his friends. We prayed for the food and everyone dug in.

I wasn’t really that hungry so I just had a green salad and a piece of chicken. People were chatting all around us and KK was eating with one hand and had his other hand on my thigh making me feel all kinds of warm.

“So Lerato, where do you work?” Khosi asked and everyone turned expectantly looking at us. Gosh!

“I’ve recently finished my honours degree and will be joining an investment firm in January.” This was awkward because I couldn’t really be on some naming the

company because that would look really dodge. Like I'm here with my boss. KK and I needed to talk about this whole scenario before it blows up in our faces.

“So where would you guys have met then? Was KK doing a talk at one of your lectures?” Khosi said snickering. I could just slap her right now. I was so over this animosity from girls and had dealt with it enough from my time with Lesego.

“Khosi Lerato doesn't have to explain herself to you. Are you my mother or something?” KK said looking at her with irritation clearly evident on his face.

“Gees KK keep your pants on. Just trying to get to know your girl a little better.” Khosi tried to look unfazed but you could see KK's reprimand cut deep. Maybe there was a history there. I made a mental note to ask him later.

When we were done Tebogo and I helped Noma with the dishes and I got to know them a bit better. The other women didn't seem particularly interested in helping out. I didn't mind because the snide comments that Khosi threw my way everytime when KK wasn't looking had irritated me to a point of no return.

“I'm so sorry for the drama at your anniversary celebration Noma,” I said sighing.

“Ag we are used to drama here. Besides it's not your fault no need to apologise,” Noma said taking a plate from me to put away.

“I'm glad that KK finally put Khosi in her place. She's my best friend kodwa (but sometimes awakho ama brakes (she doesn't know when to stop).” Noma responded.

“If you stick around Lerato you'll see these things. Le nna (I also) I had drama when I started dating Sizwe. Nna he (with me) it didn't help gore ke mo Pedi (that I'm Pedi). I'm still here though because it's about your man girl it's not about the randoms,” Tebogo said smiling at me.

We continued chatting until we finished the dishes then moved outside to chill with everyone else. Most of the couches were taken so KK motioned for me to come sit on his lap. Ya nhe he was determined to just be close to me and publicly declare us. I liked it. He kissed me on the cheek as I sat down.



“Are you ok?” He whispered in my ear as he placed his arms around my waist. I looked at him and nodded. Noma brought out 30 seconds and we played a round. Noma, Sphe, KK and I were in a team and we won. I still maintain my 30 seconds winning streak!

It got a bit late and some people started leaving. I ended up sitting next to KK and he had his arm around me. After a few glasses of wine I was hanging all over him as well so I had my arm across his abs. It was just the hosting couple, Sizwe and Tebogo. Turned out Sphe also liked jazz so guess what our background music was. I was having such a chilled time I didn't even mind the music.

“So we trying to automate as much of the process as we can to remove inefficiencies,” Sizwe was saying as I came back from my wool gathering. He was an industrial engineer at some logistics company.

“Do you have the capabilities to build the automation here or will you have to import the required parts?” Sphe asked.

“We busy with a feasibility study for all this to see what will make sense.”

“Won't that impact the current jobs of the people doing it manually?” I was surprised to have found myself asking.

“Yep that's the biggest headache I have right now. We trying to see how we can redeploy those people to other roles within the organisation but marrying the skills they have with what the rest of the business needs is proving a challenge.”

“Sounds like you need Khuzwayo Consulting to help you figure it out,” I said looking at KK and smiling. Everybody laughed.

“Yho bafu (brother) she's a keeper. Even promoting your services there,” Sphe said and KK kissed me on the lips.

“Don't I know it bafu. Kodwa uqinisile (Lerato is right) uLerato Sizwe why are you guys trying to figure all this out on your own? Get in touch with Vusi he can get someone to do a rough costing for you. Maybe we can help.”

“Ya will link up with him on Monday and see what we can do. Kodwa niyabiza nani (you guys are expensive) KK!” Sizwe said.

“Ahh mfowethu (my brother) your company can afford it and you’ll score nice BEE points. Besides it’s a premium service so it’s got that built into the price,” he said winking at him.

“So Lerato why has KK kept you hidden all this time?” Noma asked taking a sip of her tea. Maybe she didn’t drink at all.

“I didn’t want her to meet all you crazies until she was hooked. Besides why have you been on the juice and now tea tip Noma? Something you want to tell us?” KK asked pulling me even closer.

Noma looked at Sphe and he took her hand and kissed it.

“We’re pregnant!” Noma said with a sparkle in her eyes.

“Oh wow congrats to you both.” Everybody stood up and hugged them then we sat down again.

“That’s wonderful news. So no wine for you for a while Noms,” Tebogo said and we all laughed. We chilled for another hour or so just chatting and cracking jokes. It was a revelation to see KK so relaxed and carefree. It made him seem younger somehow.

“Are you ready to go?” He whispered to me when I came back from the loo.

“I am if you are.” He smiled at me.

“Ok cool we’ll leave now now. I have other things that need some intimate and deep attention on my agenda tonight,” he said and winked. Lord have mercy my mind went into overdrive and my body was ready to spontaneously combust at that promise. Could tonight be the night finally? I was ready to end this socialising now and I stood up. The promise of other things had me taking off my shame and putting it on the side.

“Guys thanks so much for a great time and warm welcome. It’s getting late we should be getting home,” I said looking at KK as he also stood up. He had a naughty smile on his face this guy.

“uMakhumalo has spoken. Thanks guys for having us.” Him referring to me as his Mrs did things to me I wasn’t ready to explore. The other couple also decided it was time to be leaving so we all walked out together. Tebogo, Noma and I exchanged numbers with promises to hook up for lunch soon.

“Did you enjoy yourself sweetheart?” He asked on the way back to his place.

“Yep it was surprisingly nice minus the jealous daggers I was ducking and diving the whole time. What is Khosi’s deal anyway?”

“Ag Khosi thinks she’s a beauty queen. I hooked up with her about 2 years ago for a night of very average drunken sex. Since then she’s been determined to get together with me. I honestly am not interested in her at all.” Wow so they slept together! No wonder she had entitlement issues.

“You better sleep with me then so we can even the playing field and I can understand why she’s fighting so hard to get you,” I said smiling at him. He laughed.

“Oh I plan to sweetheart and it won’t be a once-off event either. I’m ravenous for you,” he said squeezing my thigh. I couldn’t wait to get home tonight was definitely the night. I was squirming in my seat I was so ready.

## Insert 40

The closer we got home the stronger the tension was getting between us. We weren't even talking anymore and I was just willing him to drive faster. His hand had taken quite a journey from my thigh and his fingers were lightly brushing my lace panties but not close enough to calm the inferno raging inside me. When I tried to push my pelvis towards his questing fingers he would draw them away.

“Easy sweetheart there's no rush,” he whispered but his voice was more gravelly than normal. His impressive bulge was back with a vengeance.

When we got to his place I was ready to combust I was turned on. We got into the kitchen and KK went to the fridge.

“Would you like something to drink?” He turned to open the fridge. Was this guy for real? Two could play that game. I unbuttoned my dress all the way down and stripped it off. I was only left in my lace underwear which I knew drove him insane. When he turned around he had a smug look on his face which turned into a smoldering and lust filled look. I turned and slowly walked up the stairs with my heart rate increasing with each step I took because I could hear him right behind me. When I got to his bedroom I sat on the bed with my legs open so he could see how wet I was for him and he was rooted to the spot at the door.

“Take it all off except your boxers Mr K,” I said seductively. He smiled and willingly obliged and still stood at the door. I was ready to explode just from seeing his body. He looked so chilled like he wasn't affected by all this but the evidence of his arousal was blatantly clear.

“What now sweetheart? Since you like bossing me around,” he said softly while walking towards me. I stood up on my knees on the bed so we could be around the same level.

“Kiss me...” He grabbed me before I even had the words out of my mouth. He kissed me like a man possessed. I moaned into his mouth as he bit gently on my lower lip. His hands roamed down my back and he cupped my ass and brought me closer to his hot body. He continued kissing me on my jaw and my neck as he slipped his hands in my bra and unclasped it. I tilted my head to give him more

access to my neck as he sprinkled open mouth kisses on me. He moved even lower with his mouth and took one of my nipples already pebbled from desire into his hot mouth and bit down gently.

“Ahh...yes!” Was all I could manage to say.

“Is that good sweetheart,” he asked me my nipple still in his mouth, “you like me biting and licking on your incredible body?” His hands moved down my stomach into my underwear and he lowered it down. He lowered me on the bed and came on top of me once he had removed my underwear.

“I want to taste you sweetheart...I want to feel your exquisite skin on my tongue.” He said as he moved down my body, touching me everywhere igniting little sparks of sensation everywhere. I was lost in mindless pleasure. I couldn't even think I was giving myself over to the feelings churning through me. He placed his lips on my hip bone kissing and licking sensually while placing his hands under my ass squeezing and kneading to lift me up and closer to his face.

“Oh...KK...yes,” I moaned unashamedly loving the dominant way that he's handling me.

“I want you,” he whispered softly as he parted my thighs even further apart. He stilled and looked at me.

“So fucking hot...so fucking wet.”

His hot breath against my sensitive parts sent a shiver right through me. He reached out his tongue to slowly brush all the way from my lowest part right up to my clitoris. I jumped slightly from the delicious contact. He made a deep growl in his throat lapping and kissing me. He was making me shake violently as he sucked on my clitoris and flicked it from side to side with his incredible tongue.

“Oh KK...” I moaned loudly. He changed the direction of his assault and started moving his tongue up and down. I felt that my obvious excitement was spurring him on as he moved frantically bringing me closer and closer to that pleasure wave. I found his hand on my thigh and laced our fingers together and gripped his hand hard as my head fell back on the bed. It didn't feel like I was in charge of my

body anymore. KK had taken complete control of it and it belonged to him fully. He inserted two fingers into my channel as his mouth clamped on my clitoris and I cried out desperately as my climax ripped through me like a tornado.

“Oh my god...” I cried out so loud my body arching and my toes curling. I’m sure the neighbours heard me. He groaned and lowered his tongue to dip inside me and replace his fingers as the spasms went through my muscles.

“Oh KK...” I moaned again as my body relaxed into the bed, “that was unbelievable.”

“Mmm...” he groaned, “I love this, your body is...fucking incredible...” He slowly planted a soft kiss against me before crawling back up and over me.

“Best meal I’ve had in ages,” he said kissing me. My taste on his lips and tongue reheated my body as he pressed his hard on in to me. I started rocking against him as he groaned into my mouth.

“Fuck...I want you so much...” he was saying between kisses.

“I’m yours KK...take me please...” I moaned right back. He got up and took his boxers off as his dick sprang forth like a jack in the box. He was hot and very hard and already had a bead of moisture at the top. I sat up and reached out to touch him and started pumping him up and down. It felt so soft and hard and hot all at the same time.

“If you continue sweetheart I’m not going to last...” he said gritting his teeth. He took a condom from his side table and I was happy to note that it was sealed pack. He put it on kneeling between my legs looking straight into my eyes. He lay back down between my legs and took my hands in his and stretched my arms above my head. He used one of his hands to secure my wrists there while his other hand travelled down my neck between my breasts and back to my ass. He held my thigh up as I felt the tip of his dick pressing into me. This was finally happening. As he started to press inside the feeling was exquisite I closed my eyes to savour it.

“Open your eyes sweetheart. I want you to see who’s making you feel good...fuck you’re so hot...so tight.” He said through gritted teeth. He was stretching me

deliciously as he bottomed out inside me. He didn't move immediately so I could get used to him inside me so instead he kissed me gently sliding his tongue into my mouth. When he started moving inside me I couldn't help but moan.

"You feel...so fucking good...fuck!" He was saying as he moved slowly at first and building up the tempo. My movements were restricted because he still had my hands in his one hand above my head so I was rocking against him with just my lower body. His other hand was under my thigh directing the intensity of our thrusts. The momentum was building inside me again and it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep my eyes open. KK was alternating between kissing me and staring deep into my eyes. The look of concentration on his face and his groans were fueling my own desire. He changed the angle of his thrusts and he started hitting that spot over and over with excruciating accuracy.

"Come with me baby...I can't hold back much longer," he whispered as he brought his hand to my clit and started circling it over and over again. His moves were uncoordinated and more frantic now and I could tell he was definitely nearing his end.

"Ahh...KK...Don't stop baby please...ahh shit...I'm gonna come baby..." I moaned as I moved closer to my own peak.

"I can feel you sweetheart...your pussy is clenching me so fucking tight...fuck you feel so fucking incredible..." he moaned and bit down above my breast and that pushed me over the edge. I screamed so loudly as I shattered into a thousand pieces under him and despite me trying to keep them at bay the tears came. He thrust in once more and stilled inside me groaning his pleasure. He let go of my hands and my arms were stiff from inactivity. He kissed me tenderly with his hands on my face wiping my tears away.

"Did I hurt you sweetheart? What's wrong?" He asked concern evident in his voice. Gosh this crying after orgasms thing was really embarrassing. I shook my head because I couldn't get a word out. He held me tightly to him.

"Let me dispose of this and I'll be back." He got up and went to the toilet and came back and pulled me to him and held me.

“Why are you crying sweetheart?” He asked kissing my forehead.

“Nothing’s wrong. That was incredible KK. I just get emotional after an intense orgasm I’m just wired that way,” I said looking at him.

“Wow sweetheart do you understand the goal I have going forward? To make you cry everytime we make love. I’m an over achiever,” he said smiling.

“If you making me cry from pleasure and not pain you can do that anytime. I could use that drink now though,” I said kissing him on the lips. He held me tightly against him.

“So demanding. You wring every ounce of energy from me then you still want me to get you a drink,” he fakes incredulity and smacks my ass lightly.

“Let’s go together then. I’m also a bit hungry I didn’t eat much at the braai.” He gets up from the bed and hands me one of his T-shirts to wear and puts his boxers back on. I don’t even know where my underwear is.

“I’m sure there’s left overs from this afternoon. Let’s go raid the fridge then,” he said wrapping his arms around me from the back and kissing me on the crook of my neck. I turned around and kissed him and he pushed me against the wall in the passage and pressed his already bulging self onto me. I lifted my leg and wrapped it around him. He picked me up so I could wrap both my legs around him. We both moaned as our cores connected. The only thing separating us was his boxers. He was kissing me hard.

“You better have condoms all over the house if you’re going to be taking me everywhere,” I whispered in his ear biting down on his lobe. He hissed as he rocked into me.

“Good idea sweetheart now that I know how fucking great you feel I can’t get enough,” he said ,”but you’re hungry so I’m going to feed you first.” He lowered his head on my shoulder and exhaled. He moved back so I could lower my legs onto the floor then he hugged me to him. We went downstairs and I offered to reheat the food and told him to sit. He went upstairs while I was preparing and I assume it was to get more condoms. I had a ridiculous grin on my face. That was



definitely worth waiting for. The last thing anyone wants is to have the expectation built up only for the reality to be completely different. I couldn't help the niggling thought that he seemed too perfect. What was his flaw?

After we ate in the kitchen we moved to the lounge with the wine. He sat on the floor and wanted me on his lap. So I sat sideways on his lap.

“You like me on your lap nhe,” I said snuggling close to him.

“It gives me the feeling that I can take care of you. I want to do that for you,” he said kissing my cheek.

“Take care of me? I think you're doing a great job so far like when I was in hospital and that other weekend I was here. I like that you take control of the situation. Just don't hurt me KK please?” I whispered.

“I won't hurt you intentionally sweetheart but hurting each other is inevitable when you have two different people trying to build a life together.”

“I guess you're right. Can I get a bit of that KK loving now?” I asked turning on his lap so I could straddle him and kissed him.

“You like being in control nhe?” He said whispering to me. I was grinding against him.

“Hmm...sometimes it's good to do that.”

“I think that's fucking sexy. I'm at your mercy Miss Molemi what you planning to do to me?” He asked nipping my neck and rubbing my nipples through the T-shirt. I went on to show him how much being in control meant to me and he returned the favour twice more after that.

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I woke up feeling very hot, sticky and surrounded by KK. He was wrapped around me and had his hand around my waist. I tried to move because I needed to use the loo and he tightened his arm around me.

“KK? KK? I need to pee,” I said shaking him awake. He woke up looking slightly disorientated and when he opened his eyes he hit me with his dazzling smile with a side serving of dimple.

“Morning sweetheart. You’re actually here! It felt like I dreamt yesterday,” He said kissing me on the lips. I turned my head.

“I need to brush my teeth baby. Morning breath vibes,” I said trying to wriggle from his hold.

“I don’t care about that. Was it not me between your legs last night? Who cares about morning breath. Be a good girl and give daddy a kiss,” he said pinning me on the bed. We were both naked on the bed and felt his morning hard on pressing against my thigh.

“You can’t possibly be horny again KK. I’m feeling a bit tender with all the action I got yesterday,” I said as he kissed my neck.

“I’ll be very gentle baby. I’ll go super slow.” this guy was going to kill me with sex. It’s true when they say be careful what you wish for because you might just get it.

“I need to pee baby or do you want me to wet your Egyptian linen with pee?” he laughed.

“Have you ever orgasmed with a full bladder? Apparently it amplifies the feeling,” he said sucking my nipple into his mouth. My body was already his and he knew this. Last night he took his time to learn my body and all my weaknesses and he was now using them against me. I moaned as he bit into my nipple and blew on it gently.

“Oh look sweetheart I marked you last night a couple of times,” he said with a smug look on his face. I pushed him off me and sat up.

“What? You gave me hickeys? Oh my gosh KK how high school,” I said looking at my breasts. At least they weren’t on my neck. These I could definitely hide. He was laughing next to me.

“I don’t know what you laughing about I’ll give you one on your neck that you won’t be able to hide with your shirt collar,” I said getting up to go to the loo.

“I would wear your mark on my body with pride sweetheart!” Mxm this guy. After I was done emptying my bladder I stood in front of the mirror and looked at the hickeys. It brought a smile to my lips. I was thoroughly dealt with last night and it had been absolutely breath taking. My eyes were slightly swollen from all the crying I did, my throat raw from the screaming and my fairy was very very tender. KK’s girth was definitely thicker than I had taken before and he knew how to use it.

“KK? Please bring me my toiletry bag?” I shouted from the bathroom. He came into the bathroom a minute later with my toiletry bag stark naked. He was a hot piece of specimen this guy.

“There you go sweetheart. Are you going to join me in the shower?” he asked pressing himself against my back and kissing my neck.

“Brush your teeth first baby then we can be in the shower no problem.”

We showered together and while we kissed and touched each other we never had sex in there. Shower sex with a condom gets tricky. I don’t know if I was ready to have the unprotected sex, HIV test talk with him. It seemed too premature. We got dressed up and went downstairs.

“So you making me breakfast baby?” I asked him as I sat in my favourite spot in the kitchen.

“Look at you. You’re already spoiled! There’s this nice place I would love to take you to one day when we can be seen in public together,” he said wistfully.

“When will that be? How is this going to work KK because from January I will be on your payroll and effectively your employee.” he stopped what he was doing and came and sat next to me.

“I haven’t figured it out yet sweetheart. I don’t know. Maybe we should just disclose fully to the management team.” Is he crazy?

“Imagine how that will look? Like I slept my way to an internship?” this was such an impossible situation. He rubbed his face with his hands.

“I don’t know sweetheart. What I do know is that I want you in my life and I’m not willing to let that go. I’ve been working with a few scenarios in my head and once I have something concrete I will discuss it with you and we can see how we move forward.”

“Atleast there’s two months to figure it out.”

“No I have to figure it out before then sweetheart. During the festive season I want you and I to be able to go wherever we can with no drama of you having an internship blah blah blah.” He said kissing me on my lips.

“I’m hungry baby feed me please?”I whispered against his lips.

“You have an appetite in and out of bed. I like it.”he said getting up to get breakfast ready. I really hoped that he figured this out because I didn’t want to lose him either. It just seemed like a really impossible situation.

## Insert 41

“It sucks that I have to drive home now. Gone are the days you used to drive me,” I said sighing as I lay naked on KK’s chest in the cinema room. It was already Sunday afternoon and I was wondering where all the time had gone. I’ve had yet another dose of KK loving and I must say the stark contrast between last night and today is refreshing. Yesterday he was all about owning me and there was dominance and aggression but today because of my tender parts he’s been very gentle and slow. When he promised to be slow that’s exactly what he has done. I’m floating on cloud 90 at the moment. Life is that good.

“I could always drive you home and have Steve organise to have your car back tomorrow early morning,” he said rubbing circles on my back with his fingers.

“Yho and what do I say to my mom about where the car is?” I asked looking up at him. The idea was very appealing but also not very practical.

“You see sweetheart I’m coming up with solutions and wena you are just tearing them down.” Just then my phone rang and it was mother dearest. I sat up and took the call because it would just be weird to speak to my mom while laying on KK’s chest not that she could see me anyway.

“Hello mama o kae (how are you)?”

“Ke seame ngwana ka wena (I’m ok my child how are you)?”

“Ag I’m good no complaints. What’s up?”

“I was just checking up on you. I don’t want you to feel abandoned because you’ve been at the house on your own quite a lot lately,” she said sighing. Shame my mom was worrying for nothing.

“Ahh ke sharp mama. I had the girls over ka Friday and I spent some time with KK as well. Besides I used to stay at res all on my own for 4 years so it’s no bother.”

“I still feel bad ngwana ka.”

“Don’t worry about it mama akere ke di (you know it’s) new love and besides you deserve all the happiness. Nna ke sharp (I’m ok) I’m grown.”

“Ok ngwana ka if you say you’re ok then I know you are. I’ll be back tomorrow after work and I promise to spend the whole week with you ko gae (at home). Be safe ok and take care of yourself.”

“Will do mama. Say hi to Markus. I love you.”

“I love you too ngwana ka.” I could feel her smile in the way she said it. We said our goodbyes and hung up.

KK sat up as well and pulled me towards him so we sat next to each other with his arm around me.

“I might have a workable solution Mr K. How about I go home tomorrow morning when you go to work?” I asked smiling at him. He smiled right back.

“Really? That would be fantastic. I don’t have an early meeting tomorrow so that works! I like your solution way better Miss Molemi,” he said kissing me. His lips had a direct line to my turn-on’s.

“Awesome! I don’t know what I’m going to do with myself for almost three months at home. Why can’t the internship start earlier?” I asked sighing against him. I really had to find a very productive hobby in the next few months. January seemed too faraway.

“Probably because insitutions don’t finish exams at the same time but if both you and Zama are done with exams there’s no reason why you can’t start earlier. That way you can be in my building everyday. The things I could do to you on my office desk,” he said pinching my nipple.

“That’s a sure fire way to get found out Mr Khuzwayo! We can’t be doing kinky things in your office!” He laughed out loud.

“Why not? I’m the boss. I’m going to speak to Elmarie tomorrow. Brilliant idea Miss Molemi. See why I’m with you? So intelligent!”

“Oho as if you knew that at the beginning. It’s good though because it’ll give me something to do. I’m itching to get started on the implementation of my project plan.” I was really looking forward to see my plans become actualised. How many people can say they’ve done that?

“I’m itching to do other things but they will have to wait because I have a con-call with my exec team. We can’t have our Monday morning catch ups because some of them are travelling,”he sighed as he got up and put his boxers on.

“Ok I’m going to sit here and watch my Sunday night shows. Mzansi Magic all the way.” He smiles at me.

“You and TV! You’re even turning me into a couch potato!” he said kissing me on the cheek.

“Don’t complain you know you like it.”

“One of many things I absolutely adore about you sweetheart,”he knelt down and kissed me. “Get comfy, grab something to drink from the bar. There’s ciders and whiskeys and whatever else you feel like drink. We both know I’m dating an alcoholic.”he got up quickly laughing as I threw a number of scatter cushions at him. Mxm calling me an alcoholic he’s never even seen me drunk!

I got up and put his T-shirt on and my underwear and went in search of this bar he mentioned. I’ve always just had wine when I’ve been here. Turned out it was right next to the Cinema Room and it was big with sliding doors leading outside, a pool table and arm chairs. It was decorated in dark wood and brown leather. If I imagined a gentleman’s club it would look like this. There were all kinds of alcohol imaginable there. There was even Whiskey as old as me there! I spotted the Amarula bottle and I was sold to my drink of the night. It was sweet and alcoholic which is super awesome. I took a bottle with a glass and filled an ice bucket with ice and took my goodies to the cinema room. Date My Family was waiting for me and we usually chatted through the show with the divas.

I was feeling quite hopeful about the turn my life had taken. Maybe I had to go through all those things to end up here in this happy place.

I settled down to watch the show when my phone rang again. Ya nhe call centre vibes today and it was Tumi. I hadn't spoken to her in a while.

"Hey Tumi how are you?"

"Hey Tsala. Long time hey. You don't call nyana (a bit) and check on me?" Hao Tumi why is she being special because she hasn't checked on me either.

"Ag I've been busy with exams you know it's been really hectic. Mara ke sharp (but I'm ok) tsala no issues."

"Oho I hope you're not avoiding me tsala. Nna ke go gopotse (I miss you)." Shame Tumi I needed to make time to see her. It was just really difficult with the Lesego factor.

"I'm at home now and done with exams so let me know when you have time then we can meet up."

"Actually I was calling to invite you to my engagement party...it's mid-November," she said hesitantly. I'm sure she worried about me coming in the midst of the Lesego situation.

"Oh you guys have set a date already. I take it magadi (lobola) went well?"

"Yep they did but not without a fair amount of drama. We need to meet and I will fill you in. Do you think you could be able to make it? I know it's awkward with what happened and Lesego being out from the institution and all..." "What? Lesego is out of the institution? I hope he doesn't come for me again.

"I actually spoke to him on Friday. He called to apologise. How is he?"

"O sharp (he's ok). He's beating himself up about what happened between you two but as long as he stays on his meds he'll be fine. Katli is making sure he takes his medication daily. He's even going back to work in a week's time."

"Oh I'm glad he is doing well. Tsala please send me the details regarding the engagement party and when I have to RSVP by, then I will let you know nhe?"



Good to hear from you though,” I said smiling. I genuinely meant it because we had really connected during the time I was with Lesego.

“Ok Tsala. I will send you the invite. I just wanted to call you first before I do. I hope you can make it though because you were one of the people that were there when Thuls popped the question. Sharp tsala.” Yep and one of them is also my psycho ex.

“I will let you know. Sharp good night.” I hung up. I wasn’t sure about attending because it would bring me face-to-face with Lesego. Was I ready for that now? I continued watching my Sunday shows.

Halfway through “Our Perfect Wedding” KK came into the room whistling. He seemed to also be in a good mood.

“All done?” I asked him as he sat down next to me and put his hand on my thigh. I liked how affectionate he was.

“Yep. Lot’s to get done in a short space of time but we’ll manage. I actually wanted to discuss something with you,” he said turning to look at me.

“Okay? Sounds serious,” I said looking at him.

“I’ve been thinking about the whole internship thing and that made me think about your interview and what your long term plans were.”

“You mean to start a venture capital company for the arts?” where was he going with this?

“Yes exactly. I would like to invest in your idea. It will be another division within Khuzwayo Investments.” Was this guy crazy? Just like that he wants to invest in some faraway dream that I had.

“Umm KK you do realise that was my LONG-TERM goal not something I want to do now.” He smiled at me.

“You won’t do it now. You’ll go through the 12 month internship with K C so you can understand our culture and how we operate but in the mean time get your

business plan done and I mean the works: feasibility study, financial projections etc. If it makes sound business sense I'll invest in it. Obviously it must be something that can generate money and take K I to the next level. I think it has merit." I was speechless. What do you say to something like that.

"And how would you package that KK? People will just say you're investing in it because you're sleeping with me or something along those lines. I'm sure the secret would be out by then."

"Let me deal with that and besides I love sleeping with you. It's my company after all and I know you'll win people over on merit. I had nothing to do with you being selected for the program sweetheart. That was all Vusi's doing and I know under his mentorship for a year you will prove yourself to anyone who might dispute that you're that good. I'll spin it so it doesn't look dodge. You worry too much sweetheart."

"You do realise that you'll be making my ultimate dream come true? I don't want to sound ungrateful baby because I probably do right now. I'm just weary of too good to be true things especially with my past experiences." I said taking his hands in mine.

"I know Lerato but I believe in you and your idea. Isn't that what everyone needs. Someone to believe in them? Where would I have been if someone didn't give me a lifeline?"

"Thanks baby you have no idea how much this means to me," I got up and hugged him, "if this is a dream I don't want to wake up." I sat back down on the couch.

"That's how your presence in my life feels like. It's dream-like." He says the sweetest things.

"Ya nhe. I hope you don't have deep dark skeletons in your closet like you're a murderer or something," I said smiling. If I hadn't been looking at him closely I wouldn't have picked up the subtle change in his demeanour before he masked it with his smile. Did I imagine that? I hope he's not a murderer! Ag my imagination is probably running away with me. Must be the Amarula.

“So what is this show about? Weddings?” he asked taking a sip of what looked like whiskey on ice that he brought with him.

“Yep sometimes it’s quite hilarious.” I wasn’t going to let the whole ‘killing people’ thing consume me. It must be the paranoia from the whole Lesego thing.

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“Sweetheart, I’m leaving now,” KK said shaking me awake. He was already dressed in his tailored business suit. I sat up quickly.

“What time is it?” I asked rubbing my eyes.

“It’s around 7 in the morning. You don’t have to get up now. Sleep then you can leave later. I’ve left your set of keys and access cards on the kitchen counter.”

“Huh?” was he leaving me keys to his place? He kissed me then in the midst of my confusion and I felt an answering tug somewhere below there. I was quite tired because KK nje was just insatiable. I felt like I ran the Comrades Marathon this weekend.

“Bye sweetheart. Call me when you eventually wake up.” he said that as he walked out. All that was left was that scent of his that drove me crazy.

I huddled into the blankets and passed out.

When I woke up later on I had a headache and my mouth was dry. I remembered then why I didn’t like drinking Amarula. It’s like braids you remember only when they are half way done with them why you swore never to do them again. Sigh. I got up and went to the loo and got water from the bar fridge in KK’s room. I put on one of his t-shirts and my underwear and sat down to drink the whole bottle in one go. I searched in his cabinet in the bathroom for some headache tablets and took those as well. My muscles were protesting as I moved about. I must start going to gym if this is the kind of exercise I’ll be getting from KK. Yho. What time was it anyway? When I looked at my phone it was almost midday. What? I’ve never slept until that late. It must be these curtains of his that block out all the light. I opened them and made the bed. I saw a text from KK on the phone.

**Hey sweetheart. Haven't received your call yet so I assume you're still sleeping. Thoughts of you are making my meetings very uncomfortable. It's very very HARD to concentrate ☐. Call me when you're awake.**

I shook my head smiling and pressed the button to call him.

“Good evening sweetheart,” he said.

“You wear me out then you mock me? Gosh KK do you know how sore my body is?,” I said smiling over the phone.

“Hawu you asked for it didn't you? I'm not a man to say no when my woman wants something. I make sure I deliver all the time.” he chuckled.

“Oho are you in your office speaking like that? I hope you not in a meeting.”

“Yep I just came from a meeting. Wena (you)? Are you getting ready to go?” I snorted.

“No baby. I just woke up. I'm going to shower now then I'll go. So must I leave with the keys then I will give them to you next time I see you?”

“No sweetheart. Those are your keys. You're not a guest anymore you're my woman so you should have keys to my place.” Wow this guy.

“Ok...well let me get ready. We'll chat later.”

“Ok sweetheart.” he said and hung up. Ya nhe KK was very special.

After my shower I was busy packing my stuff to get ready to go when Elmarie called me.

“Hi Elmarie how are you?”

“I'm good Lerato how are you doing?”

“Can't complain too much. To what do I owe the pleasure of your call?”

“We wanted to move your contract period earlier to start effective 1 November and was wondering if you’d be done with exams then and whether you would be available to start in November?” Oh wow so KK actually spoke to her about it. This man of mine.

“Yep I actually finished last week and would gladly start earlier than anticipated.” I said smiling into the phone.

“Ok awesome I will note it down and will be in touch. You may need to come in this week to sign a variation to the master contract. I will let you know.”

“Ok no problem Elmarie thanks.”

“Have a good day further bye.” KK definitely made things happen. I decided to text KK in case he was in a meeting.

**Guess who’s reporting for duty in November? We may put that office desk to good use after all 😊**

**KK: You making it VERY HARD for me to concentrate sweetheart. I don’t know why it’s a surprise though ngenza izinto zenzeke (I make things happen)**

**Me: you better make sure that desk is sturdy Mr Khuzwayo**

**KK: Oh don’t you worry sweetheart. I don’t need a sturdy table to sample your deliciousness. My mouth is watering thinking about how you taste. This is VERY VERY HARD.**

**Me: I’m such a naughty girl for making it VERY VERY HARD and my mouth is ready and waiting.**

**KK: Don’t tempt me sweetheart. I’m here securing our future. I’m definitely spanking that delectable ass next time I see you for making it so HARD without compensation.**

**Me: Just the thought has my lace underwear drenched. I will leave it for you on the bed. Mcwaa.** I smiled. Who thought I would be so kinky? I was already

super turned on just from that exchange. I was in a happy place and hoped I stayed there.

I went downstairs and found the keys on the counter with a note in very neat bold handwriting:

***Hi Sweetheart***

***You already have the keys to my heart might as well have keys to my home. You know what they say home is where the heart is. My home is you because my heart is with you.***

***Love KK***

The sweetness of the letter left my eyes shining with tears. It's confirmed I'm in love.

## Insert 42

“Are these ready to go to the kitchen mama?” I asked my mom who had gone all out to prepare meal for my brother and I. It was a Thursday night and Odi was coming through for a specially home-cooked meal by my mom. I had a feeling she had an announcement to make and that’s why she wanted both of us there. If it was an announcement I hoped it was the good kind. I’ve had enough of bad news to last me the rest of my life. But why else would she go through all the trouble just for me and Odi?

“Yes ngwana ka (my child) take those covered dishes through to the dining room,” she said checking the lamb roast in the oven.

“What’s the occasion mama ka di (with the) lamb roast and all?” I asked eyeing her suspiciously.

“Can’t a mother just cook for her kids?” She asked smiling at me. She was always in high spirits these days and I think it had a lot to do with Mark in the picture. True to her word she spent her evenings with me after work and said she would see Mark on the weekend. Apparently they were going away somewhere together. She was like a love struck teenager at such an old age!

“I hope Odi is hungry because this is a lot of food mama!” I gently scolded her.

“Ag whatever is left over I will take to work and share with my team. Get the wine Lerato!” Sho my mom though. I went to the bar and got a bottle of red and white because I knew Odi was a red wine guy. Thanks to my parents for actually teaching us about wine.

As we were bustling about I got a message from KK. I had texted him earlier and told him about my mom’s grand dinner that she had planned today.

**KK: can’t I come and grab a bite to eat sweetheart? Don’t feel like eating my own food today?**

**Me: hao baby I will bring some for you tomorrow when I come to your offices**

**KK: mmm can't wait to sample what's on offer** how did he manage to turn every conversation into some sexual innuendo?

Over the past few days I realised that he could turn me on just with words. I couldn't wait to see him tomorrow because it felt like forever since I was at his house. I kept his keys in my bag and they gave me a warm fuzzy feeling everytime I saw them in there. I really needed to tell my mom the truth about KK. Maybe she could give me some pointers about how to handle the whole boss slash boyfriend situation I had going on.

**Me: wa bona (you see now)! Don't start things you can't finish KK.**

**KK: you spending the weekend with me right? I'm hungry Lerato**

**Me: yep my mom's going away so I will but I have to meet up with the divas on Saturday to sort out the baby shower for next weekend. Don't worry I'll make sure you're well-fed**

**KK: where you guys having the shower?**

**Me: we still looking for venues because we want to surprise her and doing it at her place is definitely not going to turn out as a surprise. My place would be obvious. I'll discuss it with the girls tomorrow.**

"Lerato!" My mom called from the kitchen.

**Me: Let's chat later baby. I will call you before I sleep.** I went to see what my mom was shouting about.

"Yes mama," I said looking at her expectantly.

"Hao ke maketse gore (I'm surprised you taking so long) are you fermenting the wine in there? You were gone for a while." Wow how dramatic! I rolled my eyes.

"Sorry mama got caught up chatting to KK," I said smiling. Just the mention of his name brought a smile to my face.

"Hmm you guys seem to be getting serious," my mom said cutting the roast lamb.



“I’d like to think so,” I said smiling.

“I like KK he seems like a good guy. Not that I’ve ever met any of your other boyfriends.”

“Yho mama why do you make it sound like there’s a nation of them?” She laughed.

“Nka se etse gore we tsang akere (I wouldn’t know what you get up to). Just look after yourself hle ngwana ka (please my child). You’ve been through a lot this year.”

“I know mama but KK has been good to me. There’s something I actually need to tell you,” I said biting my lower lip. I figured since we talking about him might as well go full disclosure on her.

“You not pregnant are you? Did you take out the Mirena we inserted?” Jumping to conclusions much!

“No mama. I’m not pregnant! The thing is...” this was harder than I thought it would be. My mom sighed out loud.

“Yho Lerato tell me before I die of old age!” My mom was super dramatic.

“Well...KK is actually Khulekani Khuzwayo of Khuzwayo Investments,” I confessed looking down. There was a moment of silence and when I eventually looked at her I could see I had thoroughly shocked her.

“KK is your employer?” She asked in a low voice. I nodded slowly.

“Lerato what are you telling me actually? Do people know about you guys?” She sat down on one of the stools in the kitchen. Wow she must really feel defeated by me.

“Uhm...no not yet. We still trying to figure out what it is that we have before we involve the outside world mara nna ka mo rata mama (but I love him mom). He makes me happy. He treats me so well,” I said coming to stand in front of her. I had come to the ‘love’ realisation and everyday that feeling got stronger.

“But what about the fact that in less than 2 weeks you’ll be on his payroll Lerato! You guys haven’t thought this through.” She was shaking her head at me.

“He says he’ll figure it out and I know we’ll work it out. I just wanted you to know mama. I hated keeping this from you.”

“Eish ngwana ka. I just want you to be sure of what you’re doing. If this is not packaged correctly you maybe labeled as a girl who sleeps her way to the top. We both know that would be the wrong picture for the market to have. The business world is smaller than you think.” I knew she was right but what could I do? I had to trust that KK was thinking about this and how to position it appropriately.

“I’ve always wanted you and Odi to succeed on your own merit and terms. I hope KK won’t take that away from you ngwana ka.” Just then Odi walked in whistling.

“There’s my two favourite ladies that I don’t get to see often,” he said coming towards us and giving us hugs.

“Odi why do u look so slim? Are you eating?” My mom asked looking at him suspiciously.

“Akere that’s why I’m here mama. I hope you’ve already prepared di Tupperware tsa dijo for nna (Tupperware full of food for me).” We eventually sat down to a dinner for 3. My mom had really outdone herself shame. The lamb was accompanied by roasted potatoes, mint sauce and some braised green beans.

“Wow this is delicious mama. Can’t remember the last time I had a home cooked meal. The bachelor life is hard.” Odi said digging in. My mom just smiled at him. It felt odd to have a dinner without my dad being here. Last time Ostrich Carol was here so I didn’t really notice his gap but I could feel it now. That brought a temporary wave of sadness washing through me when I realised we’d never have that again. We ate the dinner while laughing and chatting. My mom and Odi were sharing their anecdotes from their work experiences. Odi cleaned out his plate and even went for seconds.

“So bana baka (my children) there is a reason I asked you guys here tonight,” my mom started uncomfortably.

“So it wasn’t to feed your son?” Odi joked trying to lighten the mood. My mom cleared her throat.

“Ke eng mama (what is it mom)?” I asked her getting concerned now.

“Well...I would like to put this house up for sale. It’s too big for just nna (me) and you Lerato. All the transfer of assets are done and the house officially belongs to me. I feel like I need a fresh start.” I guess she was going through with it after all.

“I get what you saying mama mara (but) it’s our childhood home. Both Lerato and I grew up here!” Odi sounded very hurt by the decision. At least she had mentioned it to me before so it wasn’t a surprise.

“I understand ngwana ka but I’ve moved on with my life. You guys have met Mark and it would feel very awkward for me to bring Mark into a home I used to share with my ex husband. I won’t do it if you guys are against it but I ask that you consider my perspective. I’m also concerned about safety. Having a free standing house with only two females inside is unsustainable. We need to move into a more secure place,” she said softly. She seemed to be getting emotional about it.

“Odi I think we must think about mama here. If it wasn’t for me having to come back home because of safety issues mama would’ve been here alone. Mark makes her happy and this is the happiest I’ve seen her in a long time. She’s made so many sacrifices for us and she deserves a fresh start too.” I looked at Odi imploring him with my eyes to not make this difficult. He exhaled loudly.

“It makes sense mama. You’ve been through a lot. It’s just a shock that’s all. Whatever decision you make you know I will support you.” My mom had tears in her eyes. I must’ve got the crying thing from her.

“Ke a leboga bana baka (thanks my kids). I will contact an agent tomorrow. I know how much significance this house holds in both your lives but the memories are carried with you daily. I just feel like I can’t truly move on until I leave the memories associated with this place.” She said taking both mine and Odi’s hands in hers. She was making me cry with all her tears.

“Ahh ladies stop crying now. Let’s go watch something funny on TV,” Odi said getting up. I could see he was also trying to mask the emotion he was feeling at this moment.

We were in the TV room when Odi decided he was going to sleep over at home that night. I couldn’t even remember the last time he did that. I think the safety thing my mom was referring to earlier struck a nerve. Eventually my mom bid us goodnight around 10 in the evening and Odi and I stayed watching some show we both enjoyed as kids. I guess with the prospect of losing the only home we’d ever known there was some nostalgia in the air.

“So abuti what happened with Carol slash Enhle?”

“Ahh that girl after our dinner here at home you planted a seed. I think I was just so grateful to find someone who didn’t have issues with me working that I didn’t question a lot of things. So I lead her to believe that I was mad at you although I knew you wouldn’t do anything to hurt me. Not intentionally anyway.” Gosh why couldn’t my brother get to the point?

“Ok so what happened?”

“Hey orata ditaba man (you are nosy)! So some weekend I told her I was going to some rural clinic to help out with some medical care and asked if she wanted to stay at my place. I told her I would be back Monday morning. Instead I booked into a hotel for the weekend and monitored her comings and goings.”

“Hmm wena na! My brother the spy.” I laughed at him.

“Do you want to hear this or not?”

“Okay askies go on.”

“On Friday and Saturday she got picked up by 3 different cars. Worse then Saturday night some random nigga was all up in my house. I walked in on them having sex on my bed Lerato. Can you imagine. Nigga thought I was her brother because that’s the story she spun. I kicked both of them out and haven’t seen Enhle since. She’s pleaded with me to say she is sorry but I’m not about to forgive

something that big. The betrayal makes me so angry. I was ready to marry her kgante yena na feba (meanwhile she was cheating) all over Jozi. I bought a new bed the next day and threw that one out.”He clicked his tongue. You could see that he was really touched by what happened but the only emotion he openly expressed was anger.

“Askies abuti. Le nna (Even me) I should’ve told you right away when I saw her. At the lodge she couldn’t keep her eyes off Lesego and I took her to task on that. Needless to say she threatened me and said she would get me back because the guy she was with beat her that night. Imagine my surprise when you walked in with her.” Odi shook his head.

“You should’ve let Enhle have Lesego then at least he would’ve gone psycho on her,”he said laughing. I punched him on his arm.

“That’s not funny abuti. I’m going to call it a night now. Have to go to Khuzwayo Investments (KI) tomorrow to drop off some documents.” I got up from the couch and started clearing the glasses on the table.

“Ok cool let me also call it a night. I’m on call from tomorrow. Sharp.” He went upstairs to his room. I cleared the dishes and put them in the dishwasher. When I got up to my room I called KK.

“Hey sweetheart,”he answered on the first ring.

“Yho so fast were you like sitting there waiting for me to call?”I asked him smiling.

“I was busy on it when you called. How did the dinner go?”

“It was very delicious. I will bring you some tomorrow. My mom wants to sell the house.”

“Makes sense I guess with all the memories associated with that house. How are you feeling about it?”

“Ag I think it’s the right thing for her to do so I’ll support her decision. Odi was reluctant at first but eventually he saw reason. Are you at home?” I sat down on the bed.

“No sweetheart I’m still at the office. Have a few things I need to review and finalise.”

“No baby you must go home it’s going close to midnight now. You work too hard.”

“Angithi (you know) I’ll be spending time with you on the weekend so I have to do as much as I can now. I’ll be going home soon though. You coming in the afternoon right? Around 3? I’ve cleared my diary. I miss you sweetheart I’m looking forward to seeing you tomorrow..” That made me smile.

“Not as much as I miss you KK. Yep I’ll come around that time. So what reason will there be now for me to come to your office? I’m not comfortable having Zama coming to your office so it can justify why I’m coming there.” Everytime we texted with Zama she was always going on and on about KK. It was so annoying. KK laughed.

“Still jealous Miss Molemi?”

“You know this Mr K. You belong to me I don’t want other women to even think about you,” I smiled.

“I can’t help what they think sweetheart. Like you said I’m yours and yours alone. I was thinking you could drop off your documents then bring your car to the basement parking and use the lift to come up to my office.”

“What do you mean? I don’t have an access card to the basement parking. Isn’t that for the execs?”

“The set of keys I gave you has access cards attached. One is to gain entry into the basement and the other one is for the lift.” This sneaking around thing was so much admin!

“Oookay...when is the sneaking around going to stop baby?”

“Soon sweetheart I have plan which I will run past you when we’re together this weekend.” what plan was that? I hoped whatever it was it worked.

“Ok baby I trust you. Can’t wait to hear about your grand plan.”

“I can’t wait to be inside you again. These past few days have been pure torture. I think I’m addicted to you,” he said sighing. Those words made my lower muscles clench involuntarily. I’ve been going to gym this week every morning because KK’s stamina was on another level. I didn’t want a stiff body every time I had a weekend visit with him. I even signed up for yoga because I needed to increase my flexibility levels.

“You and me both baby. Atleast I’ll be seeing you tomorrow. Let me get to bed...” I said yawning.

“Ok sweetheart. I’m also going now. My concentration is gone now. All the blood left my brain and is now pooling elsewhere. I may need a cold shower when I get home.” Gosh this guy though. I smiled at that comment.

“Sorry to mess with your concentration. Goodnight KK,” I said.

“Sweetdreams Lerato.”

## Insert 43

“Lerato! Hey,” Zama waved at me in the gym. Awesome just what I needed for a Friday morning. She walked over to me.

“Hey Zee how are you?” I had just come out of my yoga class so I wasn’t feeling particularly attractive at this moment and she looked like she just stepped off the pages of Sports Illustrated.

“I’m good. I didn’t know you work out at this gym. I haven’t seen you before,” she said walking with me to sit on the couches nearby. I needed to sit because my legs felt a bit shaky. It was only my second time going after all. I think my body was sore from all the falling I did in there while everyone maintained perfect poses. I couldn’t wait to get to that stage.

“I just started this week actually. Trying to lead a fit, healthy lifestyle. Did you just get here?” I asked taking a sip from my water bottle.

“Yep I have a spinning class at 10. Thought I’d do some weight lifting nyana (for a bit) while I wait. It’s also a good opportunity to eye the muscles in the room,” she said winking at me.

“Ya nhe Zama wena (you) and guys’ muscles,” I said shaking my head and smiling at her.

“I can’t help it if I appreciate talent. Besides ngigeza amehlo nje (I’m just washing my eyes). Maybe we can hook up for lunch afterwards?”

“Sorry I can’t. I have to go to KI and submit the amended docs to Elmarie then I’m meeting up with some friends of mine.” I couldn’t exactly tell her I was meeting up with our boss later on.

“Oh! Maybe you’ll catch a glimpse of the hot Mr Khuzwayo. Unfortunately I didn’t see him when I went during the week. He didn’t call me to his office this time,” she said pouting. I controlled the urge to roll my eyes. I planned to do way more than catch a glimpse of him. If only she knew.



“Well let me get going Zee. I guess I’ll see you in a week’s time when we start work.” I got up.

“So excited can’t wait! It was a brilliant idea for us to start in November because I had no idea what I was going to do with all this time. Cool girl see you soon,” she waved goodbye and walked towards the weight section. I couldn’t wait to get home I needed to nap a bit. My body was still getting used to this increased activity.

### **KK: Counting down the hours...**

I saw KK’s message when I got home.

**Me: Me too baby. Will see you soon. Mcwaa!** As I was basking in the warmth of KK’s message another text popped up.

**Lesego: Hey Miss Lee. How are you doing? Just checking up on you.** I wasn’t sure what to make of this message. Why was he contacting me again. I also didn’t know how to handle it. If I responded would he interpret that as encouragement or would he think I’m just being nice? If I didn’t respond would he take offence to that? Gosh why couldn’t he just leave me alone and move on with his life? I decided not to respond. I didn’t want to create the wrong impression.

I went upstairs to shower and decided I was going to spend some time today researching stuff for my business plan. I hoped KK was serious when we spoke last week about him investing in my idea. I just needed to work on it to ensure that what I gave him made sense and had the potential to make money so he could realise his return.

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“Hi Elmarie how are you?” I greeted her as I walked into her office. She got up from her chair with a smile on her face.

“Lerato good to see you! Shame sorry about all these ups and downs coming to the office. Things are just different with you guys. You and Zama are the first

graduates who will start so early. I mean the results aren't even out yet!" I handed over the files to her.

"Oh ye of little faith. Do you think Zama and I won't make it?" I asked teasing her. She laughed.

"No man. You ladies were the crème de la crème of the candidates we interviewed. I have every faith in you. It's just that we've always waited until Jan just to be sure but Vusi says Mr K insisted so he must have his reasons." I nodded but I felt slightly guilty because I knew I was responsible for all the admin that she now had to deal with.

"I'm sure it will work out though. I actually bumped into Zama at the gym today and we were both saying we are starting earlier because we wouldn't have known what to do with all this time."

"You guys should enjoy it. Once you start working all you get is 20 days off for the whole year! I miss the varsity holidays," she sighed. I realised Elmarie was quite talkative. She couldn't be that much older than me probably mid 20's.

"You know they say you don't know what you have until it's gone. Elmarie let me get going hey. Nice to see you again. I guess I will see you on the 1<sup>st</sup>." I said starting to walk away. I was anxious to get to KK and I hoped no one saw me pulling my 007 things to enter the building.

"Cool Lerato enjoy the last few days off because once you start you're going to be very busy. Have a good weekend."

"Thanks you too." I went downstairs to the visitor's parking and got into my car. I took a deep breath because my heart was thudding hard. I don't even know what I had to feel nervous about. I texted KK.

**Me: Operation Manyonyoba (sneaky person) will commence in a minute**

**KK: Ha! You know that word. No worries I'm patiently waiting...**

I reversed and drove towards the basement parking. There was a boom gate and I tried the access cards I had until it opened. I knew KK parked at the lowest level so

I drove all the way down until I spotted his car a few parking bays away. I didn't park next to him because I thought that would be too obvious. I took yesterday's dinner leftovers in the container and walked up to the lift. It felt like I was on a secret mission. I should've dressed all black with a balaclava and everything. I scanned the access card and the lift pinged and opened. There was only one button with "25" on it and I had to swipe the card again for the lift to close. When it pinged open at the top I walked into the office apartment that he had. I was expecting him to be waiting for me there but he wasn't there so I figured he was in his office. I heard his voice through the door and wondered whether he had someone else in his office. I stood by the door listening to determine if I could hear another person's voice but it sounded like he was on the phone.

I grabbed the door handle, opened the door slightly and peeped in. It was just him in the office talking on the phone. He turned his head as he saw the door open and his face transformed into that smile of his that made me weak at the knees. He motioned with his hands for me to come in. I walked slowly towards him with a grin on my face. He looked delicious in his crisp white shirt, tan pants and a dark brown slim tie. He was perched on his desk staring at the view of Waterfall through his window. I went to him and he opened his legs so I could stand between them.

"Ok no problem Vusi. Yes ask her to make the changes to the rates and then submit as is. Please check that all the changes I made on the document are adopted into the revised version. Thanks. Have a good weekend. Bye," he said with a smile on his face. I was suddenly shy staring into his chocolate brown eyes. He put the phone down and hugged me to him.

"Hey sweetheart. I guess Operation Manyonyoba was a success," he kissed me on the lips. I laughed a bit.

"I guess so. 007 should hire me to be his bond girl," I said winking at him and forming a gun with my fingers.

"No 007 must find his own bond girl. You're KK's girl. You look beautiful," he said his eyes scanning me from head to toe. He cupped my ass and brought me flush against him. Hello Mr Bulge! I wasn't even dressed up. KK though.

“Thank you. You smell wonderful. I missed that. I brought food,” I say softly nuzzling his neck. I could be in his arms forever surrounded by his scent. His hands were roaming up and down my back.

“I’m glad because I’m famished,” he whispered as he turned me around and placed me on his desk. He stood between my legs and kissed me. Hmm there are no words to describe how it felt to finally be here with him. A rush of sizzling excitement rushed through me warming my blood and I held onto him with arms around his waist not wanting to let go. We eventually parted and Mr Bulge had really and truly joined the party.

“KK what if someone walks in?” I asked looking at the door. He was busy kissing my neck and I was turning my head to give him better access. I was aching to be with him right now.

“No one...will disturb us...I told Noah not to let anybody in here unless the building is burning down...so you can’t make a noise sweetheart because Noah will hear you,” he said in between kisses. Was he trying to torture me? I’ve never been able to keep quiet especially with him. He slipped his hands under my top and ran his hands on my bare back. I shivered at the contact. He unclasped my bra and moved his hands to the front to cup my bare breasts with his warm hands. I bit my lip to keep from moaning. He lifted my top and took it off then followed by my bra. I started loosening his tie, untucking his shirt from his pants and unbuttoning his shirt. I was itching to run my hands on his firm chest and abs. Everything was done so quietly as if we didn’t want to interrupt this web of desire around us. All I heard faintly was Noah speaking on the phone and the traffic outside.

He lowered his head and took one of my nipples into his hot mouth. The warmth of his breath and the quick flick of his tongue made my body quiver from the pleasure bursting through me.

“My goodness you are absolutely stunning,” he whispered to me as he lowered me onto the desk. I held on to his arms to steady myself. I was worried about the papers that were on the desk but he didn’t even seem to be paying attention to that.

He pressed his lips to mine again and he was supporting his weight with his arms. As I slanted my mouth to deepen the kiss, he groaned deep in his throat and started

unbuttoning my jeans. Why did I even wear jeans? I should've worn a skirt or dress. Something with easy access. His tongue was forceful in my mouth not asking it was taking and I was willingly giving myself over to him. He pulled my jeans and underwear down my hips without breaking our kiss but they got stuck by my knees. Death by my tight jeans right now! I sat up and tried to unbuckle his belt but couldn't do it.

"Oh come now," I said frustration churning through me. Never mind that I was sitting butt naked on his desk in his office.

"Eager to feel me inside you sweetheart?" he asked smiling as he got up to do unbuckle the belt himself.

"Of course I'm close to bursting into flames!" He smiled and stepped back from me and slowly started unbuckling his belt. He was taking his sweet time taking off his clothes.

"KK..." I tapped my foot against his desk drawers impatiently. Gosh why was he torturing me like this?

"Yes sweetheart," he whispered his eyes glazed over with desire. He was so freaking sexy.

"Hurry up please baby," I responded biting my lip.

"Are you horny sweetheart?" he took off his pants then his boxers. Well hello there hard and hot friend! I smiled at him.

"Mine, mine, mine," I said stretching my arms to try and touch him. He remained away from my reach.

"Tell me what you want me to do to you," he said softly biting his lower lip. He took his delicious bulge into his hand and pumped it once or twice while looking at me. Fuck that was so hot.

"I want you to fuck me...hard," I said looking at him straight in the eyes.

“Are you wet for me?” his voice was deep and gravelly. He continued stroking himself while asking me. Oh he wants to play games at a crucial time like this. I could also do that.

“I’m drenched baby,” I responded slowly trying to inject as much sexiness as I could into the statement. I moved my hand down my stomach and touched myself with my fingertips. He took a deep breath looking at my fingers. “Are you hard for me KK?” I didn’t know who this girl was right now. I must have been having an out of body experience.

“Very,” he whispered watching me touch myself. My fingers touched my clit and I moaned. He dropped his hand and came close to me until he was standing right in front of me.

“I want you.” I kissed his neck.

“I want you too baby but you touching yourself like that is fucking hot.” He took one of my fingers and put it in his mouth. I felt his tongue skimming all over it.

“Fucking hell you taste fucking amazing!” he said as he rolled a condom on. I have no idea where he took it from. KK groaned and leaned forward. He grabbed the back of my neck and he completely took ownership of my mouth from that point. I could feel his hardness pressing against my pulsing self and I pulled him even closer to me. My hand was on his neck while the other was on his ass pushing him to me. He slowly sunk into me and groaned in my ear as he bottomed out inside me. The feeling of being completely filled and stretched by him was better than anything I ever imagined. He started to move hard and fast and thrust into me again and again going harder and deeper with each thrust.

“Fuck KK...yes...” I whispered. He thrust in me stronger and faster each time.

“Oh sweetheart...you’re so wet...feels like fucking heaven...” he groaned as his eyes bore straight into mine. His teeth were gritted in concentration as he pounded into me over and over. His dirty talk elevated my pleasure to another level. I loved how filthy his mouth was during sex.

“I’m going to...uhh...yes.” I couldn’t even string a sentence together at this point. I was focused on all this pleasure converging to that one single focal point that I could feel coming.

“Yes sweetheart...come all over me...fuck!” I could feel the tingling sensations starting at my toes and rapidly moving up my body. My toes curled and my pleasure focal point escalated and my orgasm hit me like a hurricane. I bit his shoulder to keep from screaming out loud.

“Fuck Lerato yes!” he whispered and I felt him tense and come inside me. He slumped on top of me panting. He lifted his head and kissed me sweetly.

“Sweetheart you are something else. I missed you,” he said and slipped out of me to dispose of the condom. My body felt like cooked spaghetti very languid. He came back and stretched his hand out to me.

“Let’s get you dressed sweetheart then I can eat mamazala’s (mother in-law’s) food.” He pulled me up and gave me a kiss before I put on my discarded clothes. I looked at his desk when I was done and the papers on there were crinkled and messy.

“Oops looks like I messed up some of your documents Mr K.” I said as he took me in his arms for a hug.

“I’ll just print other papers.”

“You’re killing trees Mr K.” he laughed as he lead me to the office apartment.

“They are already dead by the time it’s paper in my printer. So let’s warm that food and eat. I think you wanted to eat me the way you were biting me earlier.” really was he going to make fun of me now.

“Oho KK go sharp (it’s fine) ke tla go tswharisa tlala!” (I won’t give you any).” Mxm! He laughed.

“As if sweetheart. You know you can’t get enough of me. We going to the Market Theatre to watch a show at 7 and you know the traffic to get there is bad so we must finish up.” A man after my own heart. I looked at him and smiled. He didn’t

even tell me about these plans. I warmed the food from yesterday and dished up for us. We both sat on the bed eating.

“Hmm this is delicious sweetheart! Remind me again why you can’t cook when your mom is clearly very good at this?”

“How do you know I can’t cook. Maybe I’m saving my skills for a special occasion,” I said looking at him with a side eye.

“Do I need to remind you about the large chunks of peppers that you were supposed to finely chop?” he burst out laughing. I poked him on his side. This guy!

“I’ll surprise you one of these days mxm.” I said going back to my food.

“I don’t care whether you can cook or not sweetheart. I love you anyway.” I choked on my food. Did he just tell me he loves me? He was busy hitting me on the back as I was trying to get my coughing under control. I took a gulp of water and eventually the coughing stopped.

I turned and looked at him. “You love me?” I asked smiling. He looked shy all of a sudden.

“I love you. Just wanted you to know and don’t feel compelled to say it back. Only when you’re ready sweetheart.” he said and kissed me on the lips. I decided not to say it back so that it wasn’t diminished by his declaration. KK loved me. How did I get so lucky?



## Insert 44

I washed the dishes we ate in quickly while KK was changing into his clothes. I was glad for that because I was very casual in jeans and he couldn't be on some tailored suit tip. He was busy whistling to himself as he was changing which I had come to learn was indicative of his good mood. I smiled to myself at the sink. I couldn't believe that he loved me. Those words filled all the empty corners of my heart and I was close to bursting with happiness.

"So what show is it that's on?" I asked wiping the dishes and packing them away.

"I forgot the name but it's received some raving reviews. Apparently it has a very talented young cast. I know you enjoy theatre so thought it would be a nice treat. We can't be cooped up in the house the whole time. I invited Sizwe and Sphe with their partners I hope you don't mind." The fact that I never explicitly stated that I enjoyed theatre meant he read between the lines of our conversations. That warmed my heart.

"Looking forward to it. Actually haven't been to the theatre in months! So much has happened since then." I thought about meeting Lesego and all the drama leading me up to this moment.

"Sweetheart we going to leave your car here nhe. Steve will take it to my place to reduce the admin of two cars. Put your car keys on the counter and I'll tell him where to find them."

"Ok baby. Oh look at you my hot man!" I said admiring him. He looked super sexy in suits but there was just something about him in jeans that did things to me.

"No the hot person here is you my woman." He stepped closer and gave me a searing kiss that left me panting. Gosh I couldn't even comprehend how blessed I was at this moment.

"Flattery will get you everywhere Mr K. Let's go forth to the triple date," I said taking his hand in mine.

We eventually got there about 5 minutes before the show was due to start because the traffic was quite bad. There was an accident on the highway but I had

convinced KK to listen to my house music playlist so the bumper to bumper driving didn't bore me too much. KK took my hand as we walked in and found our seats. The room was already dimmed. When we got to our seats the other 2 couples were already there so we all greeted and hugged each other then sat down. KK kept a firm hold of my hand in his and had both our hands on my thigh.

When the show started I realised that Katli was in the cast. I hope Lesego wasn't here. The last thing I needed was for KK and him to meet in these conditions. Besides I haven't seen my ex in months. I wasn't sure how my reaction would be. I decided to focus on the show and forget stressing about something I couldn't even confirm in the darkness of the room. I tightened my hold on KK's hand and he lifted our hands and kissed my hand. I turned my face to him so he could kiss me on the lips and he winked at me smiling. I focused back on the show and it was actually quite enjoyable and very funny. Katli was brilliant! She had really grown in her performances in the past few months. I made a mental note to send her a text and congratulate her on a job well done.

After the show was done I needed the loo so I went with the other ladies while the guys waited outside.

"So how are you feeling Noma? Any morning sickness?" I asked as we were queuing in the loo. Why were women toilet lines always so ridiculously long?

"It's not too bad but I do get nauseas from time to time. The worst thing for me is smells. Currently I can't stand Sphe's cologne. I used to love it but now angikwazi nje (I can't)." She was shaking her head.

"At least you know there's an outcome to feeling like this. When you see your bundle of joy it will all be worth it." Tebogo said.

"Tsala?" I turned around and Tumi was in the queue. Shit! Shit because there was a strong possibility that Lesego was here. I hugged her.

"Hey Tsala long time hey," I said forcing a smile because inside I was freaking out.

“Look at you! Change of hairstyle and all. You look so good.” Tebogo and Noma were looking at us.

“Um ladies this is Tumi a friend of mine. Tumi meet Noma and Tebogo.” They exchanged their greetings.

“Well let me go back to the queue. I’ll contact you so we can hook up for lunch. Good to see you tsala. O montle yang (you’re so beautiful!)” She gave me a final hug then went to the back. I finished first in the loo and waited for the ladies in the passage. I kept glancing around trying to see whether I could spot Lesego in the crowd but no such luck. We eventually met with the guys outside and KK put his arm around my waist.

“You good,” he asked kissing my cheek. I nodded. I didn’t think I could speak right now. I was having a mini panic attack inside.

We all decided to go for drinks around Newtown. We all got settled and ordered drinks. Tebogo and I ordered a bottle of wine to share. KK ordered a beer. He had his arm on the back of my chair. This place was nice and lowkey. Eventually I calmed down as the evening wore on. We ordered some platters and were casually chatting around the table.

“So Sizwe wena uzongeza nini? (When are you planning on having a child?),” Sphe asked him.

“Ahh uyazi ndoda ukuthi (bra you know) that decision akuyona eyethu (isn’t ours to make) noma ngi qamba amanga sthandwa (or am I lying my love)?” He asked smiling at Tebogo.

“Eh eh Sizwe you must make an honest woman out of me first before you even think of scoring any goals in my net.” She smiled at him kissing him on the lips. We all laughed.

“I like the soccer analogy. You know that’s what charmed Sizwe right? Your love of soccer,” KK said taking a sip of his beer.

“I didn’t have a choice hey. My dad was a die hard Pirates fan all the way in Limpopo.” We all laughed and I was relaxed now with the alcohol flowing through me. I scanned my eyes across the restaurant and realised it had gotten progressively full as the evening wore on.

When I looked towards the bar my eyes met smack bam with Lesego’s. He was staring at me intently from the bar. I felt a cold chill run down my spine. I sat there paralysed in fear as that fateful day started playing in a loop in my mind. My vision blurred and only realised when KK was shaking me and asking me if I was ok that I was crying and shaking. He had his arm around my shoulders.

“Sweetheart. Sweetheart look at me.” He turned my chin and I stared into his beautiful eyes. “Focus on me. Take a deep breath with me. You’re having a panic attack. Breathe in...and out. Again sweetheart...in...and out.” I felt the tension leaving my body. “I’m right here love I’m not going to leave you.” I threw myself at him and he hugged me tightly against him. KK looked at Noma and spoke to her.

“Ngcicela ungibhekele yena kancani (Please take care of her for a bit) Noma. Ngiyeza (I’ll be back),”KK said and stood up. Where was he going? I hope he wasn’t going to make a scene. Noma came and sat next to me as I followed him through the restaurant with my eyes. He made his way to the bar and Lesego just stood there with his hands in his pockets looking at him approach. I caught movement to the left of my eye and saw Thulas also making his way to the bar. There was a major scene about to unfold in a public space.

“Sphe. Please go to KK? I don’t want him to get hurt,” I softly said pleading with him. He also got up and went to the bar. I was in a nightmare of my own making. KK came up to Lesego and held him tightly on his shirt front. They were almost the same height and for a moment they looked so alike but it must have been a trick of the light.

“Leave my woman alone uyangizwa mfana (do you hear me little boy). Have you not hurt her enough!” KK said through gritted teeth. He was livid. Sphe tried to pull him away from Lesego.

“Woza ndoda (come man). He’s not worth it. Asambe (let’s go) you need to be focusing on Lerato right now.” KK let go of Lesego and stepped back with clenched fists. He walked back to our table. The creepy thing was that Lesego never said anything. He didn’t even react to KK’s aggression. He just stood there.

“I think we should go guys. Sphe settle our bill nhe I will owe you one. Come sweetheart.” We got up and he had his arm around me. Unfortunately we had to go past the bar to get out of the place. I had caused quite a spectacle of myself and there were curious spectators following our movements through the restaurant. I didn’t even look towards the bar I just looked down. Lesego instilled deep terror within me and that’s when I realised I still had terrible emotional wounds from the ordeal. When we got to the car he opened the car door for me.

“KK please hold me just for a second,” I asked him quietly. He held me tightly to him and enveloped me in that scent of his that seemed to calm me. I had my head on his chest and I think we stood like that for probably a good 15 minutes. I pulled away from him.

“Are you feeling better?” He asked kissing me on my forehead. I nodded and got into the car.

“I’m sorry to embarrass you in front of your friends. I don’t think I sufficiently prepared myself for seeing Lesego again. I thought I had worked through this whole thing but when I saw him standing there it brought me back to that day.” Tears rolled down my cheeks.

“Sweetheart I don’t care about my friends. What matters now is for you to be ok and that’s what they are worried about as well. I know them. It makes my blood boil to think that psycho was in there looking at you like some sick bastard. God!” He was so angry he banged his fists on the steering wheel. “If he comes anywhere near you and threatens you then you must get a restraining order. Otherwise I will kill him!” I had never seen him so angry before. I hoped the death threat on Lesego’s life was the heat of the moment kind of thing.

“Let’s go home baby please.” I looked at him. He nodded and drove us home. He was holding my hand the entire way. When I looked at him during the ride he kept clenching and unclenching his jaw.

When we got to his place I went in and sat by the lounge and he took one of the throws on the couch and covered me with it.

“Should I make you tea?” He asked sitting next to me. I hated that I had resorted to this weak person again. I shook my head for no.

“Just hold me baby please?” He came and sat behind me on the couch and I lay between his legs. He held me tightly and started humming some song I couldn’t identify. His phone rang and he answered.

“Sho mfwethu (hey brother).”

“Ya si vaye grand (we had a safe trip). Uzoba right (she’ll be fine). Sho ngizamshela (yes I will tell her). Ta (thanks).” He hung up.

“That was Sphe he was just checking how you were doing. He said they’ll come check up on us tomorrow if you’re up for it.”

“Ok thanks baby. I’ll be fine. I just wasn’t expecting what happened today.” I must’ve drifted off to sleep with the alcohol in my system and coming down from the adrenalin high because KK woke me up.

“Let’s go to bed love. We must’ve both passed out here. It’s like 1 in the morning,” he said rubbing his eyes.

I sat up and yawned rubbing my eyes. He stood up and took my hand in his and we went upstairs. When we got there he undressed me but there was nothing sexual about it. I could feel that he just wanted to take care of me. After he stripped me of all my clothes with the exception of my underwear I got under the covers. He also stripped his clothes and got into bed with his boxers and pulled me tightly against him. I turned so I lay facing him.

“I love you,” he whispered caressing my cheek with the back of his fingers.

“Make love to me please?” I whispered back. He seemed to be surprised at my request. I just wanted to forget everything and get lost in KK and his love.

“Maybe you need to...” I didn’t let him finish and kissed him pouring all I felt for him into that kiss. He seemed to still be having a debate about whether to do this or not. I felt his decision when he took over the kiss and started torching me with his passion. He took me slowly, so gently that I cried from the moment he entered me until he brought me to a beautiful orgasm.

“I love you,” I whispered before I fell asleep. I wasn’t sure whether he heard me or not.

I woke up much later with an urgent need to pee and realised KK wasn’t in bed. I went to the loo and when I came back I realised the bedroom door was slightly open and the light was on downstairs. I wondered what time it was. I wrapped a towel around me and walked down the stairs and went searching for him. He wasn’t in the kitchen or the lounge so I walked down to the basement level and heard him talking. He must’ve been on the phone and it sounded like he was in his study.

“How did this happen Steve? I asked you to keep tabs on him but he ended up being a few metres from her! You better let me know his each and every move.” he kept quiet so I assume he was listening to Steve.

“No, no we not there yet but if he continues we’ll have to kill him. I love Lerato and what that fucking psycho piece of shit did to her is inexcusable. I will not see her come to harm. Get it done Steve! I want a full report on my desk Monday morning.” It sounded like he put the phone on his desk and exhaled. I must’ve entered an alternate universe. I stood there frozen to the spot until he came out and saw me outside his study. Was he going to kill me? Was that his flaw?

“Sweetheart what are you doing here. Come let’s go back to bed,” he said wrapping his arm around me. I remained rooted to the spot.

“Do you kill people KK? Are you a murderer?” I whispered shaking like a leaf.

“You heard my conversation with Steve? Sweetheart let me explain...”

“Do you kill people KK?” he looked at me with panic in his eyes. Was that his fundamental flaw? Was I in love with a murderer? I knew how to pick them right! I sunk down on the floor. Here we go again.



## Insert 45

“Sweetheart can I explain?” KK sat next to me on the floor. I had my arms wrapped around my legs and my chin on my knees.

“Answer the question KK. Do you kill people?” I asked turning my head to look at him. He exhaled loudly.

“It’s not that black and white.” He said scratching his beard.

“What do you mean? It’s either you kill people or you don’t!” Why did it feel like I was asking a rocket science question?

“Lerato let’s get off the floor please? Can we go into the cinema room so we can talk comfortably about this. Aren’t you cold?” He asked looking at me. We stared at each other for a while. His eyes were searching mine looking for answers I didn’t think I had.

“Ok let’s go,” I sighed as he helped me up. He put his arm around me as we walked to the room. We got there and sat down next to each other and turned to face each other. He took my hands in his.

“Lerato Molemi I love you. Before you fell asleep earlier on you told me you love me too. Do you?” I nodded. Talk about taking control of this whole situation. I wasn’t even aware he heard me. I thought he was sleeping when I said it.

“I love you KK that’s what freaking scares me!” Despite the fact that he might confess and tell me he’s a serial killer I was already looking for justification as to why he would do that. There had to be a reason right? As long as he wasn’t plotting to kill me and wasn’t crazy I think I could deal. Did we do that as women? Justify our men’s actions because we didn’t want to be alone? Is that what I was doing? He slightly smiled at my comment.

“Don’t you think I’m shit scared too! I nearly lost you once before when you landed in hospital sweetheart and we hadn’t even travelled this far in our journey. I told you I want to take care of you. It’s my duty as your man to protect you and I won’t apologise for that. If that boy threatens your life again I will not even think

twice sweetheart. I will kill him!” His anger returned in his eyes and his jaw started its exercises.

I was slowly learning this complex man of mine and realised he did that when he was trying to control his anger. His reasoning made sense and I fell in love with him more because he was fighting for me. He was fighting for us. Am I compensating here? I didn't even know. We were discussing the potential killing of my ex like it was the weather. I must have entered into an alternate universe but his protectiveness drew me to him instead of pushing me away. Which woman wanted to date a guy that ran away at the sign of trouble? KK proved to me many times over why he was a man and not a boy. I realised my past two relationships were with young guys that were still growing up.

“KK after the public fight you guys had who do you think will be questioned first if something happened to him?” I still had the need for him not to get caught. My ideal future didn't include my man behind bars. He needed to be with me.

“I told Steve not to do it now. It's plan Z at this stage. I hope it won't get to that. I'm sorry sweetheart I didn't mean to scare you.” He squeezed my hands.

“The way you said it made it sound like you make these decisions all the time. That's the part that worries me and you still haven't answered my question.” I looked him straight in the eye.

“I don't know if you'll be able to handle the answer sweetheart. There are a few people that know the truth of what I do to keep my business thriving. I don't want to scare you and lose you. ” He kissed both my hands.

“I'm still here aren't I?” I whispered looking at our entwined hands. He took a deep breath.

“Steve is more than my head of security. He facilitates everything that I need to get done.”

“So has he killed for you before?” I swallowed. I couldn't believe we were discussing this. I've come a long way.

“Yes.” Just one word and I closed my eyes. KK ordered people’s killings and Steve made it happen? He was looking at me apprehensively like he was expecting me to get up and announce I’m leaving him. Surprisingly I was still here hearing him out.

“Is there a possibility of you getting arrested one day?” He smiled exhaling the breath he was holding.

“No. Nothing can ever be traced back to me. I’ve made sure of that.” He didn’t even seem worried.

“How? I’m sorry I’m asking so many questions. I’m trying to wrap my head around this.”

“I expected you to have tons of questions. I would rather not go into the detail so that in future should all of this unravel that you can’t be forced to testify against me.” I didn’t even think about that. It warmed me that he was talking about a future.

“Aren’t you nervous that Steve might turn against you one day and expose you to the cops?” it seemed like he was placing an awful amount of trust on this Steve. I’ve never even met the guy but he seemed to be an integral part of KK’s life.

“He knows the stakes and I wouldn’t get involved in something if there wasn’t insurance for me but I’d rather not go into the detail about that as well.”

“Are you involved in illegal businesses? Are you using KI to launder the money?” He burst out laughing.

“Such an imagination! No sweetheart my business is 100% legit. I’m not involved in money laundering but I just use creative ways to convince business owners to part with their businesses so I can acquire them.”

“So you would kill someone if they didn’t want to sell?”

“A couple of people have died for not wanting to sell. The families are very happy to part with the business after that. Steve takes care of it though.” Why was I not freaking out about this more?

“So you’ve never physically killed someone?” His smile wavered a bit and he cleared his throat.

“I did at the beginning when I was starting my company. I wanted what I wanted and didn’t let anything stop me from getting it.” He had a faraway look in his eyes like he was remembering something. I admired how open he was with me about all this.

“What made you stop?”

“Sphe spoke some sense into me and convinced me that if I wanted to build an empire I couldn’t get my hands dirty. Sphe found and paid Steve for a few years until I could afford to do it. Sphe was one of my seed investors.” Clearly that friendship ran deep. I wonder if Noma was aware of all this drama.

“Why did you do it though? Why not build your business gradually in a cleaner way?” He sat back on the couch and opened his arm so I could snuggle against him. I didn’t even think twice.

“My father doesn’t like me. He never has since I was a little boy. My brother was always the star child and no matter what I did I wasn’t good enough. I was an A student in school. I graduated cum laude from varsity but there was always a reason why my achievement wasn’t good enough. You’d think I would just let it go right? But I thought if I branched out on my own he would see me for me and recognise me.” He sighed.

“He still doesn’t?” I looked up at him with my head on his chest and my arm around his waist.

“No. My thriving business has now become the reason I can’t join the family business. Another act of defiance in his eyes. I thought if I grew the business rapidly he would celebrate my success with me. The fact that I’m constantly seeking his validation makes me so angry because why do I need it? Why can’t I just accept that for some reason uMtungwa aka ngithandi (my father doesn’t love me)?”

I had no idea KK had rivers that ran that deep. He always seemed so confident and so self-assured but I think there was still that little boy inside that wanted acknowledgement from his father. That brought tears to my eyes because I now understood what it felt like to have a father who is present but not. I got up and straddled him and hugged him to me. He was just in his boxers and t-shirt and I was stark naked under the towel. I looked into his eyes.

“I see you KK and I’m so proud of what you’ve achieved at such a young age. You are a remarkable man so full of love and life. Although I can’t shout it from the rooftops right now I’m proud to call you mine.” He hugged me to him tightly.

“I love you Lerato. Thanks for being here. Thanks for staying.” His voice sounded thick with emotion. We parted and his eyes were very red but you could see he was trying to control his emotions. That made me more teary. He wiped my tears with his fingers and kissed my wet cheeks. I realised I could hear the birds chirping outside. Was it morning already?

“It sounds like morning has come. I wonder what time it is,” I said trying to change the subject. We’d had a really heavy and emotional night and I realised even in the light of day I was happy with my decision. I loved KK and would stand with him regardless. Wasn’t that what love was about? Accepting your partner warts and all or in this case dead bodies and all. We probably had many challenges coming and needed to be stronger together to overcome those.

“Would you like some coffee?” He asked kissing me on the lips. His hands were on my thighs under the towel with his fingers drawing on me. I shook my head for no. His fingers climbed higher.

“Some breakfast maybe?” My body was coming back to life and I released a shaky breath and shook my head again. Mr bulge was also waking from his slumber I could feel him stirring beneath me. He kissed me softly and whispered into my mouth.

“What do you want then sweetheart?” He whispered nipping at my lower lip. We were breathing into each other and his hands travelled to my ass, grabbed it and pushed me against him. I moaned.

“I want you KK...always you.” He devoured my mouth and groaned. I was glad that my confident and sexy man seemed to be back. I slid my hands under his T-shirt and took it off as he opened my towel and rubbed my nipples with his fingers. I was involuntarily grinding against my friend Mr Bulge.

“No foreplay baby...I want you inside me now...” I bit his lower lip. He groaned causing his chest to vibrate slightly.

“Let me get a condom,” he was kissing my neck. I kissed him on the mouth.

“I don’t want anything between us not anymore...” he looked at me his eyes at half mast.

“What are you saying sweetheart?”

“If you ok with no condom I’m ok with it. I’m on birth control so...” I wanted to feel him and not have latex between us. I knew I was clean and trusted him to tell me if he wasn’t. I was far gone now.

“I won’t put you in harm’s way sweetheart. After all that’s happened I also don’t want anything between us anymore.” He kissed me then like he was a man possessed. He lifted both of us and removed his boxers and I got up to become reacquainted with Mr Bulge. I sunk onto him slowly savouring how incredible it felt to feel all of him.

“God...you feel fucking fantastic...so hot...hmm so fucking good.” KK groaned into my mouth. Skin on skin sex was freaking awesome. I took my sweet time riding him because I was in control of the pace. Every time he bottomed out inside me I was panting and his groans of pleasure were fueling my desire. I moved on him for a few more times then he suddenly got up with him still inside me, carried me with his hands on my ass and my arms around his neck and pushed me against the nearest wall.

“Holy fuck...you feel...hmm,” he moaned into my mouth as he pounded into me. We licked and bit, growled and moaned as we were heading fast to that pleasure pinnacle. Before I was even ready for it because I wanted to prolong this feeling as

long as I could, it was knocking. I sunk my nails into his shoulders as my orgasm ripped through me.

“Oh fuck...I can feel you clenching me so hard...fuck!”

“Uhh...uhh...harder baby please...fuck don’t stop.”

“Never baby...you like this sweetheart...can you feel my dick sliding in and out of you...fuck you feel fucking amazing...are you coming baby...I’m fucking close...” his words were doing things to me I couldn’t even describe.

“I’m...hmm...ahhh...” I couldn’t talk as I rode that wave. KK started pumping in me in very short quick thrusts and held me tightly as I felt his warmth coat me inside. He groaned with his head on my neck.

“I love you,” he said and took the breath from me as he kissed me roughly.

“I love you too baby,” I said slowly my eyes closed with my head resting on the wall. He pulled out of me and all his stuff came sliding down my leg. I definitely didn’t miss the messiness of unprotected sex. He carried me to the bedroom and took me to the bathroom and laid me on the counter.

“Let’s grab a quick shower then get some sleep. You must be exhausted and so am I.” I couldn’t even talk I was so mellow.

We showered together then I insisted on moisturising my body because my skin got really tight and uncomfortable if I didn’t do it immediately. Thank God for KK’s light blocking curtains because we could sleep. I couldn’t believe it was half past six in the morning. I got in the covers and snuggled against KK. He kissed me on my forehead.

“Thank you for being here sweetheart,” he said softly.

“Thank you for loving me baby. I love you.” We kissed briefly and I drifted into a happy satisfied sleep. I didn’t know what the future held for us but I was confident we could do it together. We had to because I’ve invested big time in this wonderful man of mine.

## Insert 46

I got woken up by a buzzing sound and realised it was my cellphone. I checked and noticed on the screen that KG was calling me. What did she want? My eyelids felt like they had sand in them and KK was wrapped like ivy around me.

“Hmm hello friend” my voice was very raspy and full of sleep.

“Orobetse ka nako e (you’re sleeping at this time!)” Gosh KG I didn’t even know what time it was.

“O batla eng friend (what do you want)?” Can she get to the point already!

“Noni and I are waiting for you at my place and you’re not here. Thought we were meeting to discuss the baby shower and wena o robetse (you are sleeping!)” Oh my gosh! The penny finally dropped. I forgot all about the baby shower meeting. I tried to sit up in bed as I wrestled myself from KK’s arms.

“KK...let me up,” I pushed him with the side of my body and he finally relented and opened his eyes. Portia was busy giggling on the other side.

“Ahh...ahh...ahh friend. Rona re go emetse mo (we are busy waiting for you) and wena you getting it on le (with) KK. Aowa (come on) Lee.”

“I completely forgot my friend I’m so sorry. Had such a dramatic evening. What time is it anyway?” I asked rubbing my eyes to remove the last remnants of sleep cobwebs. KK had his arm across my thighs and when I looked at him I could see he was also trying to wake up.

“Yho friend what drama is that? It’s midday! So I guess you’re not coming?” I heard her sigh on the other side.

“Eish friend askies. Can we meet Monday maybe? I can get Noni and come to your place?” I offered hoping she’d take me up on that.



“Monday we need to send out the invitations friend akere (you know) this thing is planned for next week Saturday. We don’t even have a venue!” KG needed to learn to calm down.

“Ok friend can I call you back please? I just woke up and my mind hasn’t caught up yet. Please?” She sighed some more.

“Ok friend. Sharp ge (then) I will wait for your call. Say hi to KK and tell him to stop keeping you up until the early hours of the morning.” I smiled at that.

“Thanks friend I will tell him. Please also apologise to Noni for me nhe?” We said our goodbyes and hung up. I lay back down on the bed and KK pulled me tightly to his side.

“What do you need to tell me?” He asked rubbing my back.

“KG says you must let me sleep and not keep me up until the wee hours of the morning,” I looked up at him smiling. He kissed me on the mouth.

“I wish I had kept you up for a much naughtier reason. How are you feeling?”

“I’m ok but can we sleep earlier tonight please? I think the tiredness will return later on.”

“I also think I need an early night. No problem sweetheart. Right now I need you though,” he said dragging me on top of him so that Mr Bulge was trapped between my stomach and his. We started kissing because I had also given up on the morning breath thing. KK didn’t seem bothered by it. I hoped though that I didn’t smell like death warmed over.

After our morning or rather midday glory we took a bath together. I needed the bath because my muscles were stiff. The yoga classes the previous day and KK’s shenanigans dealt with me. I just put shorts on and a sleeveless top with my flops. I told KK I don’t want to go anywhere today. He was also casually dressed in shorts and a vest. Public outings increased the chance of me bumping into psycho Les and once was enough for me for a while. Thank you.

“What do you feel like eating?” He asked me as we walked down the stairs to the kitchen holding hands. I liked how affectionate he was with me.

“I thought I’d make brunch this time. Nothing fancy just eggs, bacon, tomatoes and bread.” He looked at me skeptically.

“Are you sure sweetheart? I honestly don’t mind making food.” Hao this guy didn’t trust my cooking at all.

“I can fry an egg baby hao! I promise I won’t give you food poisoning.” He still eyed me with that ‘I don’t believe you’ look. Just then his phone rang.

“Sho mfowethu (hey brother). Ahh si grand wena (we’re good and you)? Oh ya sure zwakalani (come through). Sharp.” He smiled at me.

“Saved by the bell. Sphe is coming and they bringing food!” He came to me and kissed me on the cheek.

“You don’t have to look so relieved baby. I was looking forward to making something for you,” I pouted at him. He hugged me to him.

“I don’t care about the whole cooking thing sweetheart. On the real. I love you not your abilities or lack thereof in the kitchen.” He surprised me with a very passionate kiss which was a direct line to my pleasure zone. I didn’t want to start things with people on the way so I eventually wound it down.

“Ok then make me coffee please? I need the caffeine boost while we wait. I should be hurt that you are looking forward to Noma’s cooking,” I whispered into his mouth. He smiled.

“Sure sweetheart I’ll make you coffee. Have a seat, let me take care of you. As for Noma’s cooking I’ve had it before so I know what to expect. Wena angazi (as for you I can’t say)” KK was really spoiling me with the ‘let me take care of you’ routine. I took my seat at my favourite spot.

“So what was KG saying earlier on? You were supposed to meet with them nhe?”

“Yep and you wore me out and I slept through it.” He chuckled.

“No khuluma iqiniso (tell the truth). I left you sleeping in bed quite sated actually and wena wavuka wazongicinga endlini (you woke up to come find me).” He turned me around on the chair and held me to him.

“Oho how do you know I was sated? I might have been faking it.”

“Really? The way you were snoring though you can’t fake that.” I poked him on his tummy.

“O maka a ke gone (You’re lying I don’t snore) wa bhora yho (you are boring me).” He laughed out loud.

“I like it when you go all Tswana on me.”

“Anyway...KG is stressed about the whole baby shower thing because we were going to meet and discuss the logistics. I’m the nominated godmother and I slept through the meeting.” I lay my head in his chest. I actually felt bad that the whole baby shower thing slipped my mind.

“Once you explain to them what happened I’m sure they’ll understand sweetheart. Besides you can have the shower here I don’t mind.” I lifted my head looking at him in surprise.

“Hawu umangazwa yini kangaka (why are you so surprised)?”

“You would offer your place just like that? There’ll be other girls here that aren’t my friends. That’s effectively declaring our relationship to the world. I can’t control the social media posts then.” He exhaled.

“Guess you are right. I didn’t think about that one. I’ll ask Noah to find a place for you guys. I will text him now now. We need to go public though sweetheart I’m tired of this cloak and dagger stuff now.” He exhaled. Wow so he was going to annoy his PA on a Saturday for me?

“So how are you going to explain this to him though?” KK was taking chances with this whole relationship thing. What if Noah was going to share this with other people. I raised the same to him.

“Sweetheart you cried in my office for hours when we sort of broke up. He’s not dumb that’s why I hired him. Besides I have my insurance regarding the people I work closely with. He knows we are together but he won’t breathe a word of it to anyone.” KK and his insurance with people. He must have files and files of dirt or whatever on people.

“Speaking of which what was your grand plan you wanted to discuss with me regarding our relationship?”

“Oh yes. I was thinking that there isn’t an HR policy that KI employees can’t date and they don’t even have to disclose it provided it doesn’t impact their ability to do their jobs.”

“Hmm sounds like you read that somewhere,” I smiled at him pulling him close to me again.

“I’ve researched this extensively sweetheart. Turns out we actually have a policy that touches on this. So I was thinking I would court you openly at work.” I lifted my head and looked at him yet again.

“What do you mean? Like charm me at work? Won’t that compromise me anyway?”

“Not really. We would have to act like we don’t have a prior connection and make it seem like I’m interested in you only now.” His idea had merit but I needed to think it through.

“You know role playing has always been a turn on for me,” I said to him kissing his neck.

“Hmm so we can role play then. Pretend you aren’t in to me then after work I’m inside you.” I punched him on the chest. This guy was crazy though.

“Is sex the only thing on your mind?” He winked at me kissing my cheek.

“You’re the only thing on my mind.”

The doorbell rang because KK didn't have a fence and a gate. People just walked up straight to the front door. That's how secure this place seemed to be.

"Must be Sphe and them," he said giving me a kiss and going to open for them.

Sphe, Sizwe, Noma and Tebogo walked in. The ladies were carrying containers.

"Hey beautiful woman," Noma said putting the containers down in the counter and giving me a hug. Tebogo did the same.

"Hey ladies. Thanks for bringing the food," KK said. The guys looked undecided on whether to give me a hug or not.

"Are you ok though Lerato?" Sphe asked and they all looked at me. I hated having the spotlight on me. KK came and put his arm around me. I think he could sense that I was slightly uncomfortable.

"She's fine guys let's move on. Thanks for the food Noma we just woke up about an hour ago. We are starving!" He said kissing me on the cheek.

"Why ungenelela ingane yabantu nigcine nivuka emini (why are you dealing with the poor girl to the point where you wake up during the day)?" Sphe asked. KK gave him a warning look.

"Let's setup the food outside on the patio," I said getting up and changing the subject. I didn't want to start discussing why we stayed up late etc. I didn't know how much everyone knew about KK's business of killing people. I was that girl now who was with a murderer. Ya nhe. If someone told me I would be here just a few months ago I would've laughed in their face.

"Ok we'll be outside sweetheart." He kissed me on the lips. He wasn't afraid of public displays of affection.

I took the containers that the ladies brought and started heating them in the microwave.

"Really thanks for the food Noma. KK was about to pass out from worrying because I offered to make him breakfast," I laughed and the girls joined in.

“Hawu (wow) girl can’t you cook?” Noma asked.

“I don’t make gourmet meals but I can rustle something together. KK doesn’t believe me.”

“Ya you’ve got a challenge because KK is a son of a renowned chef so he knows his way around the kitchen.”

“Gosh I’m so rude. Would you ladies like something to drink?” Tebogo asked for some wine so decided to join her and I poured some juice for Noma. When the food was done we went outside to join the guys. I brought out the plates and the cutlery. KK was having some whiskey with water and ice. Once everything was set up he motioned for me to sit on his lap.

“KK how are you going to eat with me on your lap?” I asked him standing next to him while everyone chuckled.

“I don’t eat with my lap sweetheart. Come on,” he said patting his lap. Gosh KK!

“You are whipped bra! Ukudliseni uLerato (has Lerato given you a love potion)?” Sizwe asked.

“Uyakhohlwa ukuthi nawe (you forget that) you were exactly like this about two years ago.” KK said taking a piece of meat from my plate. Guess he was going to eat from my plate as well.

**Tsala I’m sorry about what happened last night. I don’t know what was up with Lesego. I wasn’t aware you’ve found a new man.**

I read Tumi’s text. The last sentence sounded very accusing.

**Me: Hao tsala are you blaming me for moving on with my life?**

**Tumi: No tsala I just didn’t think it would be this quick. For someone who said Lesego was the love of your life you moved on pretty quickly... Wow is she being for real right now? Judging me for my choices about my life? Really.**

**Me: Wow Tumi judgemental much? I don't have to justify my actions to you and at least now I know where your loyalties lie. Lesego stalked me and nearly killed me and all you can talk about is how fast I've moved on! It's been 4 months since the incident. I can't believe you right now. This hurts me because I thought you were my friend.**

“Who are you chatting to typing furiously on your phone?”KK asked me taking a sip of his drink. I was so pissed off right now and took a deep breath.

“Ag you can't trust people hey. They will just disappoint you.” He looked at me quizzically.

“We'll chat about it later sweetheart. Don't let people ruin our time together. Let me put your phone away to avoid further upset.” He took my phone and put it faraway from me. I focused back on the conversation at hand.

“Your pool looks so inviting KK. Do you mind if we swim? We brought our swimwear,”Tebogo said looking longingly at the pool.

“Sure Tebza. I don't think any of us will protest about half naked women in the pool,”KK said winking at me. This guy though.

“Nami ngingangena (I can also go in) before the bump comes out full force,”Noma said getting up.

“You ladies know which rooms you use when you are here. Go crazy.” The ladies got up.

“Let me go help her,”Sphe said getting up with a mischievous grin on his face. Sizwe looked at him and also got up.

“And then?”I asked KK when they left.

“I think they'll be back in about 30 minutes or so. They like pulling disappearing acts on me but then at least now I have you and I don't have to be here on my own,” he kissed me. I thought about what he said and stopped him mid-kiss.

“Are you telling me they going to get it on in your house? Now?” I couldn’t believe it. He nodded. Wow just like that?

“So maybe we should also get it on,” he kissed me again. I tried to push him back on the couch the same time that he was trying to lift me to straddle him and we missed each other and fell on the floor. Oh my gosh! I ended up on top of him on the wooden floor.

“Ow! Are you trying to kill me since your food plan didn’t work?” he said laughing and touching me on my ass and grinding against me. There was too much clothing between us for that move to have the desired effect.

“I’m going to kill you with kindness...and care...and love...and orgasms,” I said between kisses. He pulled me down and captured my mouth in a heart stopping kiss. He didn’t seem to mind being on the floor and I was enjoying being on top to care. We got lost in each other and he had his hands inside my top rubbing my back up and down. I don’t care what Tumi thought because KK made me really happy and made me feel so cherished.

I heard someone clearing their throat and a clap of hands. I thought it was one of the girls back from changing into their swimwear. KK chuckled and with my eyes busy kissing KK I said:

“Don’t hate ladies appreciate.”

“Khulekani!” KK tensed below me and opened his eyes at the same time as me. When I looked towards the open sliding door an older woman stood there with disgust clear in her face. Next to her was Amahle shaking her head in disapproval. When I looked at her clearly the resemblance couldn’t be denied. KK got up quickly and deposited me on the outdoor couch.

“Mama ufunani lana (what are you doing here)?” She folded her arms.

“Yiso lesi isizathu sokuthi ungafuni ukuthatha kwa Mbatha (Is this the reason you don’t want to marry the Mbatha girl)? Yindaba ya lo nondindwa yo mSotho (is it because of this Sotho slut)?” I inhaled my breath at the insult. I couldn’t believe I



met KK's mom for the first time under such embarrassing circumstances. Just my luck.

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I sat there on the couch paralysed by shock and I think my vocal cords had also gone on holiday because after those hurtful comments from KK's mother I had no comeback that would be respectful.

“Okokuqala ngokukhulu ukuzithoba ngicela uxolise ku Lerato (Firstly with the greatest respect please apologise to Lerato). Akanalo icala lapha futhi umvakashi kwami (she is blameless and she is a guest in my home). Okwesibili mama ngisho kangakhi ukuthi ningamane nize lapha nitheleke ngingazi ukuthi niyeza (Secondly mom how many times must I tell you guys not to come to my house unannounced)? Ku kwami lapha futhi Amahle ngifuna o keye bami (this is my house and Amahle I want my keys back!)”KK was livid and his jaw was clenching and unclenching as he spoke. His mom came in quite proudly initially but now she was cowering under KK's rage. Amahle was looking at everything but KK.

“Kodwa Khule indaba ya le ntombazana angiyizwisisi nhlobo unga (But KK I don't understand this whole thing with this girl how)...”

“Xolisa ma (Apologise mom)! Uma ungazimiselanga ukuxolisa ngicela uphume kami (If you are determined not to apologise please leave my house!)”KK said pointing at the door.

“Hee! Ngempela Khule (Wow really KK)? Ufuna umamakho adelelwe ile ngane yomSotho (You want your mom to be disrespected by this Sotho girl)?”Amahle said clapping her hands and shaking her head.

“Uyayibona kodwa le enzeka la makoti (Can you see what's happening here daughter in law)? Seyiqalile le ngane ifuna ukuhlukanisa umdeni wethu (This girl wants to tear our family apart). Wee ngitheni ngabe Sotho (What did I say about these Sothos)? Khule ngingu nina (KK I'm your mother). Angeke uzongixosha njengenja kwakho (You can't kick me out like a dog from your home). Ungene yini vele (what's gotten into you)?” KK's mom was not backing down.

“Ngicele kahle ma ukuthi uxolise ku Lerato wenqaba (I asked nicely mom for you to apologise to Lerato and you declined to do so). Ngaphinda futhi ngacela ukuthi

nihambe emzini wami ngathi naleso sicelo anisizwa (I also asked that you leave my home but it seems that's also falling on deaf ears). Ngizo shayela i security izonikhipha ngenkani ngoba angazi nokuthi nizokwenzani lapha (I'm going to call security to remove you because I don't even know what you guys are doing here)!"

"Khule..." KK took his phone and dialled the security gate.

"Hello security this is Mr Khuzwayo I have uninvited guests in my home. Do you mind assisting with their removal from my property as they are trespassing. Thank you." He hung up and glared at them. I think they both realised that he meant business and started walking towards the door but not before they gave me the ultimate death stare complete with sneering mouths.

"Amahle ngicela o keye bami (can I please have my keys)?" KK stretched out his hand and Amahle reluctantly handed the keys over.

"Uzozisola ngalento oyenzayo wena ngane yom Sotho (You're going to regret what you're doing Sotho girl)," Amahle wagged her finger at me before turning and leaving with Kk's mom. I released a breath I didn't realise I'd been holding, I started shaking on the couch and then the tears came. KK came over to me and pulled me on his lap and held me tightly.

"I'm sorry sweetheart. So sorry..." he kept whispering over and over again. I just didn't understand why people couldn't be happy that we found each other. Busy hating on the one thing that's made me really happy in a while.

"I don't want to come between you and your family KK. It's not right," I whispered when my sobs were manageable and I could talk through them. He lifted my chin and stared straight into my eyes.

"What's not right is my family constantly trying to bully me into accepting their decisions. I love you and will only be with you. My parents and that Mbatha girl they want me to marry can go jump. Clearly they don't value my happiness." he exhaled loudly. Relationships were already hard without bringing family drama into it. Clearly KK's family were some sorts of tribalists and were determined to make this very hard for us. It worried me though because I didn't want KK to start

resenting me in the long run because I would be the reason that he's estranged from his family.

"Le wena (and you) why didn't you fall for a nice Zulu girl KK? You wouldn't be having all this drama now," I kissed him with a smile on my face trying to lighten the mood. He chuckled and deepened the kiss.

"The heart wants what the heart wants and it picked you sweetheart," he whispered against my lips. Sphe and Noma came outside holding hands. They were both looking very relaxed and satisfied with life right now. I would've been there too if it hadn't been for KK's family interruption. I haven't even changed into a bikini yet. Noma was wearing a bikini with a kaftan on top and flip flops. Sphe was in shorts without a top on. He didn't have a bad body but he wasn't as defined as KK is but then again I'm biased when it comes to my man.

"I thought ngizwe u maKhumalo (I heard your mom)?" Sphe said as he sat down on the side of the pool and put his feet in. Noma followed suit and sat next to him.

"eish mfowethu beka khona la ehamba no Amahle (my brother she was here with Amahle). Angazi ama (I don't know what's up with) surprise visit wani on a Saturday. So you know my mom and her dramatic ways ended up insulting Lerato." he said shaking his head and holding me tighter.

"Ya nhe. Sorry Lerato. Iyoze ilungiswe yini leyonto kodwa (what will it take for it to be ok)? Phela sisakhula beka mane esho vele ukuthi sithathe intombi za kwa zulu (even when we were young she kept saying that we should marry zulu women)."

"she will just have to deal with it Sphe. I'm just so tired of the constant uphill battle when it comes to my family. Sweetheart let's go change so we can swim a bit. Do you have your stuff here?" he asked moving me to get up so he could do the same. I nodded.

"I guess Tebza and Sizwe will be joining us much later? We going to change nhe?" KK said to the couple as he took my hand in his. We went up the stairs and it was all quiet in the passage. Tebogo and her man must have dozed off or they were super silent about their activities.

When we got into the room I went to the bed and just sat down. There had been too much drama in a short space of time. It just felt like I was on a constant rollercoaster ride and it wasn't stopping anytime soon. KK came and sat next to me and put his arm around me.

“Are you ok sweetheart? A lot has happened since yesterday.” How could he read my mind like that?

“I just need to breathe for a bit I'll be fine.”

“You're so strong sweetheart and your strength makes me strong too. You've gone through so much and unfortunately now we have to add my family to that list. I'm so sorry about my mom I don't know why she has this inherent hate for Sotho people,” he exhaled seeming very frustrated.

“I'm not even Sotho that's the funny part.”

“You know Zulus everyone who isn't Nguni is Sotho and I think that's how she's viewing it at this point. Either way there's no excuse for how she treated you. I actually need to speak to my brother. I can't believe his wife had the audacity to come and disrespect me in my house!” I could tell that he was very hurt and angered by the whole situation.

“I just feel bad KK because I've brought so much drama to your life and I doubt it's going to get less especially with me starting work at your company,” I sighed. I just felt so defeated at that point. Like nothing was ever going to come right for me.

“Do you want me to tell the guys to go so we can be alone? You probably don't feel like having people around you now.”

“No baby it's fine. I think I need people around to distract me from my dark thoughts. Let's change and continue with the day,” I said looking at him. He was so handsome though.

“Yes and we're going to enjoy ourselves because if we don't then my mom and that Amahle win. Oh I texted Noah about the venue for the baby shower and

there's some boutique hotel around here that can host you guys. I asked him to book it and then you can call the lady on Monday and confirm details of theme etc. He's emailed you the info." KK never ceased to surprise me. I'm not even sure when all these conversations took place. He really was doing a great job at taking care of me but I also didn't want him to view me as this child that needed saving all the time.

"Aww baby you didn't have to. I had actually thought we would host it ko gae (at home). Thanks though." I kissed him.

"What do you mean I didn't have to. You were stressed earlier on about the whole venue thing so I took care of it. That's what men who are in love with their women do – they take care of things."

"I just don't want you to see me as this child that you're constantly doing things for. I know I'm way younger than you but we should be partners in the relationship." I couldn't believe I ended up voicing my thoughts anyway. He moved from the bed and crouched down in front of me.

"Look at me sweetheart. We are partners in this relationship and I don't want you to feel bad when I do things for you. I do it out of love and any payments I make because of that means nothing. Money is money it's not a weapon I'm trying to use against you. I've got enough so I can assure you I'm not going bankrupt." He smiled at me. Gosh his cockiness sometimes. He stood up and took my hands in his for me to stand up as well then he gave me a very long tight hug. I was enveloped in his calming scent and all was right with the world again. He had that effect on me definitely.

"Thanks baby. I love you." He hugged me tighter.

We changed into our swimwear and went to join the others outside. I was wearing my bikini with shorts because I wasn't comfortable traipsing around in front of other people's men. I was enjoying the view of KK's abs though. When we got outside Tebogo and Sizwe were already there also sitting on the edge of the pool with their feet in the water.

“Welcome back to the land of the living,” KK said as we joined them. Sizwe laughed.

“Eish mfowethu (brother) bathi into emnandi iyaphindwa (they say if you enjoying something you’ve got to have it again).” KK and Sphe laughed while Tebogo pushed Sizwe. I don’t think he had balanced himself nicely on the pool because he ended up falling in. Thank goodness we were sitting by the deep end of the pool. He then pulled Tebogo into the pool shorts and all and she screamed. We were all laughing at them. They then tried pulling all of us in and I took my legs out of the water and moved back. I didn’t want to go in with the shorts.

“Yekani uNoma please! She’s carrying precious cargo,” Sphe was shouting holding onto her legs.

“We won’t pull her in mara wena kena ka gare (come in),” Tebza said pulling Sphe in. KK was busy laughing looking at Tebza when Sizwe snuck up on him and pulled him in unexpectedly. They were such a crazy bunch. I got up and took my shorts off and decided to join them in the water. KK stared at me the whole time until I went into the pool. I liked that he was so attuned to me and what I’m doing. We ended up playing somekind of makeshift volleyball with a plastic ball and an imaginary net. Thank goodness it wasn’t too hot and the shade from the house was making the whole area cooler. Eventually we got out of the pool and chilled on the couches. I was so thirsty I decided to go get a bottle of water so I stood up and went to the kitchen. I had a towel wrapped around my waist.

As I opened the fridge I was surprised by two strong arms wrapping around my waist.

“You’re beautiful” he whispered in my ear as my eyes closed to savour his warmth and nearness. He slipped his hand into my towel and pressed his fingers right on my core until he was cupping me. I moaned softly as I dropped my head back against his shoulder.

“I want you to know what you’re doing to me walking around in that tiny bikini...with it clinging to your body like that...it’s making me very hard. I kept having to stop looking at you to calm myself down especially because we were

interrupted earlier on. All I want to do is take these pieces of cloth off and watch you as you come undone in my arms.”

“Oh KK,” I moaned. His words were doing unspeakable things to me.

He slowly slipped his hand into the waistband of my bikini bottoms and moved lower and lower.

“KK...we can't, not here, not...oh...” I moaned as his fingers pressed on me.

“You're so fucking soft sweetheart...I love how you feel against my fingers...I know you enjoying this aren't you?” I nodded because I couldn't even say anything at this point.

“Is that a yes sweetheart?”

“Yes...” I whispered immediately.

“Do you want me to stop?” I shook my head and the cool air from the open fridge was cooling my heated skin.

“I want to hear you say it...say it sweetheart.”

“No I'm...oh,” he lightly circled my clit as I moaned quietly and started moving faster and faster. Slowly but forcefully he pushed his finger inside me.

“Oh my god!” I cried out and he brought his other hand to cover my mouth. I put my one foot on the lower shelf in the fridge as he worked his other hand rhythmically inside me. I couldn't believe he was taking me there standing inside the fridge in the kitchen. The things KK does to me!

“Ahh...KK” I shouted through my covered mouth as I came unbelievably hard around his hand.

“Fucking hell sweetheart you feel fucking fantastic,” he kissed me on my cheek and slowly removed his hand from my bikini. He turned me around and licked his finger.



“Hmm when am I tasting this from the source,”he licked his finger clean. I stood on my toes and whispered in his ear.

“Tonight you can have a whole three course meal on my body.”He made me feel so naughty but in a deliciously good way.

“I can’t fucking wait,”he whispered back and hugged me. I never knew I had this wild side to me. Where I get the thrill of doing something naughty with the prospect of being caught. First it was me and KK in his office with Noah just outside and now right here in his kitchen. I was going to enjoy it though. KK made me feel like a woman because he was so manly in how he handled things.

“Girl can’t we drink something stronger? This wine is not flowing for me anymore,”Tebza said lifting up her empty wine glass as we walked back outside. KK made me sit on his lap. He always wanted me to be on his lap and I think the group was used to it by now as well.

“I agree with you. How about gin and tonic? Baby do you have gin?”I asked looking at him.

“Is that a trick question sweetheart? Sizwe awubatholele i (please get them) gin and tonic lapha e (from the) bar. Uze nayo ukuthi bakwazi ukuzithelela (Just bring it here so they can help themselves). Ngicela nama ice mfowethu (please bring ice as well brother).”KK asked. You could see he was a man used to dishing orders out. I texted Noni and KG and told them I had the venue sorted and would call them on Sunday to confirm theme etc. That’s when I noticed a text from Lesego. Couldn’t this guy just leave me alone? He really wanted to die because that’s what KK is going to do to him if he doesn’t stop.

**I thought what we had was special and that there was a chance we could reconcile. Guess not since you’ve become a gold-digging whore. Running around after businessmen now! I’m disappointed in you Miss Lee.**

What the hell? Was this guy being for real right now? KK must’ve felt me tense above him and looked at me questioningly. I gave him my phone and he breathed faster and faster as he read it. He clenched the glass in his hand tightly and I could literally feel the change in his body. He held me on my waist and lifted me up.

When I was standing next to him everyone stopped having their side conversations and looked at us. He opened my phone and took my sim card out and threw it in the pool.

“You’re getting a new number and I will ask Noah to organise a sim for you. I need to call Steve excuse me,” he walked away as he dialled. I needed to follow him because I didn’t want him doing something rash and ordering Lesego to be killed. Sphe read the situation and followed me to his study. When we walked in he had his arms braced on the table and he was looking down. I slowly walked up to him and touched his back.

“KK...baby...don’t kill him. He’s not worth it.” Sphe looked surprised that I seemed to know about this side of my man. KK didn’t respond.

“He’s not worth it baby. I’ll go on Monday and get that restraining order against him and if he violates it then we can take legal steps to make him stop.” I didn’t know if I was getting through to him at all.

“Yeah man. Lerato is right. Let’s explore other avenues first mfowethu (brother). Ungayeki leya ntwana ikumoshele usuku (don’t let this little boy ruin your day).” He walked away and I was left with KK.

He still had not said a word. I put my arms around his waist from the back and just held him. I think we stood like that for a good ten minutes just listening to him trying to get his anger back in control. Eventually his breathing slowed and his body relaxed. He turned around and hugged me to him.

“It makes me fucking mad when people feel like they can call you unwarranted names. Twice in one day is just fucking ridiculous. Lerato if you don’t do as you’ve promised first thing Monday morning I swear to God I’m going to kill him and it will be slow and painful to the end.”

## Insert 48

It was the day of Portia's baby shower and I had been running around like a headless chicken the whole morning. I went to the boutique hotel early to finalise the finishing touches to the decor and food. It looked absolutely stunning. Portia was having a girl so we made it look nice in pastel pinks and white. It wasn't a lot of people about 15 girls. Some were Portia's cousins and some of her actress friends that she had done productions with. Unfortunately it meant that Katli was also invited and she rsvp'd. I didn't tell KK about it because I didn't want him to throw his toys out the cot and want to kill Lesego's sister as well.

The whole Lesego thing made him really angry. That Monday after the weekend KK reminded me that morning about going to the cops regarding the restraining order. I got that done and I know he was served with it sometime in the week. I had to get a new sim card with a new number because KK didn't want Lesego to have access to me that way. I wasn't worried about him getting it because the only link we had was Tumi but after that special message she sent me I haven't spoken to her. I just don't understand how she could react like that if she considered herself my friend.

After the shower I was going to spend the weekend with KK so we can finalise our cover story because Monday I was starting at KC. I haven't seen him since last Sunday because he's been in Cape Town the whole week in some board meetings as a non-executive director on a number of boards. I missed him quite a lot so was looking forward to spending time with him.

"Hey girl," Noni greeted me with a hug as she arrived at the venue.

"Hey! So what do you think?" I asked her gesturing the setup with my arms.

"Ya mngani (yes friend) kuhle kanjani (it's so beautiful)! KG is going to bawl when she sees this!" She walked around the table and inspected the roses on the table and the food we'd put on the side table there. We had a high tea theme going for a baby shower. Remember my friends are drama queens of note so the dress up theme was also along those lines. I was looking forward to a great afternoon with girls.

“Liphi ikhekhe lakhe Lee (where’s the cake)?”

“Shit! I forgot it on the kitchen counter at home. I wanted to put it in last because I didn’t want it to melt. Shit! Shit!” I grabbed my phone and called my brother hoping he hadn’t left home yet because he spent the night there with my mom and I.

“Abuti are you still at home?” I asked him as soon as he picked up.

“Hello Lerato o kae (how are you)? Oh I’m also doing great thanks for asking.” I rolled my eyes in frustration. My brother sometimes though!

“Abuti sorry man. Ke lebetse (I forgot) the cake ya Portia on the kitchen counter. Are you still at home?” I was crossing my fingers and every other orifice hoping he would say he is home.

“Yes I’m at home but was going to leave soon. Do you need me to bring it to the shower? Where is it?”

“Thanks abuti! Ke gorata gore (do you have any idea how much I love you)!” I smiled.

“Oho only when you want something. Send me the location I’ll bring it quickly.”

“Awesome will do now. Thanks!” I hung up and hugged Noni.

“Thanks friend eish I missed that little detail. Odi will bring it.”

“Oh I’ll finally meet your illusive brother. KG says he’s hot.” Noni said looking excitedly at me.

“He’s my brother so I don’t look at him like that. You can make up your own mind when you meet him. So KG told Portia we having lunch here?” I asked sitting down for a bit. It was still a good hour before this thing was scheduled to start.

“Yep she’s heard of this place because apparently it’s quite expensive. How did you get the booking especially so quickly?” Noni asked taking a seat next to me.

“KK found it for me and booked it because I was so stressed about the whole thing.” I know it will make the reaction worse if I tell her it was actually Noah the PA that organised it.

“Oh so ubuti (brother) bae made it happen? Ya nhe that’s very generous of him.” I hated it when they called him abuti bae because it made him sound so old and he wasn’t really. Why couldn’t he just be bae? That comment annoyed me so I just kept quiet and didn’t respond. I got a text from KK.

**Plane’s about to take off. Hope all is on track for the shower. Will see you later on. Can’t fucking wait! Love you.**

That made me smile. He always made me smile with his cute messages.

**Me: yep we all set waiting for guests. Have a safe trip. Can’t wait either baby. Love lots. Mcwaa!**

The lady I was organising the day with at the hotel Shelley came to me.

“Umm Lerato one of the invited guests would like to see you outside,” she said. She was super efficient and very friendly. I enjoyed working with her this past week. I wonder why a guest wanted to see me outside though. Maybe they couldn’t make it and wanted to drop off the gift or something. I followed her to reception and lo and behold it was Katli and her psycho brother. My heart rate accelerated but I wasn’t a wreck like I was last week though. I had three sessions with my therapist the past week to work through all the drama from last weekend. Needless to say I didn’t breathe a word about KK’s business.

“Lesego o batla eng fa (what are you doing here)?” I asked very proud of how even my voice sounded.

“I’m sorry Lee I didn’t have transport to get here and he offered to bring me,” Katli looked like she was ready for me to shout at her. I don’t know whether she knew the full extent of what her brother had done to me. She walked away and left both of us standing there.

“So you think a piece of paper will scare me Miss Lee?” He took a step closer. We were in a public area so I knew he wouldn’t get out of hand and as much as inside I was shaking like a leaf I held my ground. I didn’t want to give him the satisfaction.

“What do you want from me Lesego? You need to move on with your life. I don’t appreciate you hurling insults at me because I’ve moved on with my life,” I said as calmly as I could muster.

“I want you Miss Lee. It’s always been you. Why can’t you see that? We were made for each other,” he was smiling at me. Really? I wonder if he is still on his medication or if he’s gone off the wagon again.

“You know you can’t be this close to me. Please leave before I call the cops?” I folded my arms staring straight at him.

“I’m not afraid of jail. Is that what I have to do to prove my love to you? I’ll do that because I love you Miss Lee.” Oh my goodness. I thought this whole drama was over. Just then Odi walked through the reception door carrying the cake.

“Abuti! The venue is this way,” I said excitedly pointing with my hand.

“Lesego please go? You’re not welcome here and you are actually breaking the law. Please just leave me alone.” I followed behind my brother to the venue outside. I never looked back to see whether he complied. I honestly didn’t want his blood on my hands psycho or not. KK meant business with that one.

We found Katli and Noni sitting at the table chatting. They knew each other anyway from varsity. I was just slightly annoyed by the whole Lesego thing.

“Ladies...” Odi greeted as he put the cake down. It was a nice pink and white 3D cake with pink shoes on top, milk bottles and a pacifier. We didn’t want the cliché ‘pregnant belly’ cakes or ‘the baby sleeping under a blanket one’. The ladies turned and looked at Odi. Noni literally had her jaw on the floor. I guess my brother was that hot.

“Hi I’m Katlego,” she stood up to shake Odi’s hand.

“Hey Katlego nice to meet you...and the quiet one at the table?” Odi asked eyeing Noni out. Thank goodness she had recovered from her shock and closed her mouth.

“That’s Noni abuti one of my very good friends,” I said standing behind the chair she was sitting on.

“Oh nice to put a face to a name. Lerato is always going on about something you ‘divas’ are doing.” He came closer and extended his hand. She shook it but didn’t let go of his hand.

“Thanks abuti. You can go now!” Odi seemed mesmerised by Noni as well. Gosh were they having a love at first sight moment? The awkwardness of Noni potentially being with my brother would be super awkward. I wouldn’t want to know about how great or not great he is in bed. Eeww!

“Pleasure to meet you ladies. Let me be on my way. Ousie sharp nhe,” he hugged me, winked at Noni and left.

“Noni o sharp? You didn’t say one word while my brother was here,” I asked her laughing.

“KG never did his hotness justice. Jesu wami (My Jesus)!” she said fanning herself.

“Clearly I didn’t stand a chance,” Katli sighed and sat down again. Thank God for that! I couldn’t imagine my brother dating my ex’s sister. That would be creepy in a million ways.

Other people started arriving and KG texted that they were on their way and Portia was none the wiser. When she walked in she started bawling her eyes out and it took a while for her to calm down. We played some games and enjoyed some pastries, sandwiches and biscuits. It was around 4 in the afternoon when the festivities started winding down and people started leaving. I noticed Katli was still here and wondered whether she was waiting for Lesego to pick her up. I didn’t want to have another run in with him so I got an Uber for her.

“Thanks divas for all the work! It was seriously super unexpected,” Portia said getting teary again.

“Ag friend that’s what we do. You know this!” I said hugging her.

“Yep your baby is going to have 3 other moms to look after her,” KG said.

“Yebo mngani (friend) this has been a great friendship and it’s still going strong. Although I’m slightly mad at Lee for keeping her brother out of sight all this time. Yho akamuhle umtwana womuntu (wow what a hot guy)!” Noni clapped her hands together.

“Noni you’re talking about my brother here gosh!” Maybe I should hook them up. Noni hasn’t had a man in forever and Odi’s been super unlucky with the Ostrich Carols of this world.

Now that the shower was done I was itching to see KK. He should be home by now.

“KG let me help you put all the gifts in the car,” I said getting up. The hotel staff were already cleaning up and removing dirty cups and side-plates. We moved all the gifts to the car and Portia came to the car park. She was ready to pop anytime by the looks of it. Her tummy had grown quite big the past few weeks. When they all left in Portia’s car I went in to thank Shelley for all the hard work and effort.

I didn’t tell KK I was coming because I wanted to surprise him. I was very excited to see him last Sunday felt like too long ago. I drove to his place and let myself in to the estate with the access cards. When I got to his house there was a Range Rover parked outside so I parked next to it. I wondered who was here because he hadn’t mentioned expecting any guests. Maybe I should’ve called him before I left after all but it was too late for that now. I let myself slowly into the front door and heard lots of voices echoing in the entrance hall. I walked as quietly as I could and stood by the nearest wall to decipher what was going on before I walked into something I didn’t know.

“Kuzofanele uxolise ku mama kho Khulekani. Angikhulisanga indodana edelela unina! (You’ll have to apologise to your mom. I didn’t raise a son who disrespects



his mom)” Oh my gosh it was KK’s father. I definitely shouldn’t be here right now.

“Ngiyaxolisa mama kodwa...(I’m sorry mom but)”

“There’s no excuse Khulekani! You will not apologise with a reason! You are constantly fighting us with everything! Why are you so stubborn? You think you’re a man now because you make a few million per annum? Huh?” KK’s dad sounded really angry.

“Baba ngicela ukhulume naye ahlukane na le ngane yo mSotho (please speak to him to break up with this Sotho girl). Fanele athathe u (he needs to marry) Fezokuhle Mbatha,” his mother said calmly. KK’s mom was on a mission of note. How could they just force KK to marry someone he didn’t love. I knew it was wrong for me to stand there and eavesdrop but I couldn’t help it. This was also affecting my life.

“Khulekani you’ve fought us at every turn with everything. Nothing would give me greater pleasure and make me proud of you than for you to marry le ngane ya kwa Mbatha (this mbathat child). I would be a very proud father on that wedding day son.” Oh no!

His dad was playing to KK’s weakness. Nothing meant more to him than his father’s approval and pride in him. They were really playing dirty now. Tears blurred my vision. I had to leave here. I didn’t want to know his response to that. I just felt my heart breaking into a million pieces as I turned around walked away softly so they wouldn’t hear me. I got into my car and drove away. I couldn’t see the road clearly because my eyes were swimming in tears. I parked by the lifestyle center in the estate put my arms on the steering wheel as deep sobs wracked my body. One thought kept going through my mind: I couldn’t ask KK to chose between me and his father’s approval. The one thing he craved most in the world. I had to give him that. I wasn’t going to be selfish and keep him to myself. It was over!

## Insert 49

I eventually calmed myself down and drove home hoping no one would be home when I got there because I'm pretty sure I looked a mess. Thankfully my mom wasn't there so I let myself in and went to take a shower. After I was done I wore my most comfortable PJs and took a bottle of wine and settled in front of the TV. I realised I hadn't checked my phone the entire time since I was at the baby shower.

I had a pang of disappointment when I realised I didn't have any missed calls from KK but there was a text from earlier on.

**KK: Sweetheart my family is here for some impromptu family meeting. I'm not in the mood but won't be able to get out of it especially after the drama with my mom last week. I will let you know when they gone then you can come through. I love you sweetheart.**

If only I had looked at my phone I would've saved myself the drama of eavesdropping. I realised he sent the messages like 20 minutes before I got to his place. If I had been early they probably would've found me there which would've made it even worse. I wondered whether the family meeting was over and he was stalling to call me because he didn't know how to break the news to me or whether they were still at it. I decided to put him out of his misery if he was debating with himself.

**Me: Baby I just saw your message now. A bit too late I'm afraid. I overheard your dad pleading with you to marry the zulu girl. He said he would be proud of you if you did that. I don't want to stand in the way of you and your dad finally having the kind of relationship that you've always wanted. So I'll understand if you have to break up with me and I won't be a bitch about it. I love you with all my heart.**

I was crying again as I typed send. The message was delivered but he hadn't read it. I poured myself a glass of wine and tried to get lost in some medical series that was playing. I must've dozed off because I was woken up by the vibrations of my phone. I looked at the screen and it was KK.

"Hi KK," I said softly.

“Sweetheart I’m outside your gate. Please come outside?” He hung up. Ok then I guess he wanted to do this face-to-face. I went to the loo and splashed my face with water. I put my slippers on and went outside. It was already night time and when I came out of the gate he was leaning on the bonnet of his car with his arms folded. I couldn’t read his facial expression. I came and stood in front of him resisting the urge to throw myself in his arms. He looked so good and I had missed him so much.

“Hey,” I said softly not looking at him.

He exhaled and took my hands in his and pulled me towards him until I was safely tucked in his arms. I inhaled his scent and it brought tears to my eyes that this maybe the last time I do so. I held him tightly and he also didn’t say anything.

“We need to talk,” he said and I stiffened.

“Can we go inside? I know you’re not comfortable going into the house but nobody’s there and it will be better than talking out here,” I said. The mood was very subdued and somber. He breathed out.

“Ok cool.” He locked the car and followed me into the house. I lead him to the TV room where I was chilling.

“Would you like a glass of wine?” I asked him pointing at the bottle. He nodded so I went to get him a glass and rinsed it. I realised my hands were shaking under the tap. Gosh! I poured him the wine and sat next to him but not as close as I would’ve if things weren’t so tense between us.

“Nice home,” he said looking around and taking a sip of wine. Guess he wanted to ease into this conversation. I’d never been on the receiving end of being dumped except with KK.

“Thanks. Pity it’s officially on sale now. There’s actually an open house next week Sunday.” I was also stalling the inevitable.

He took a deep breath, put the glass down and turned to look at me.

“Lerato why didn’t you tell me you saw and spoke to that boy today?” He asked calmly. Huh? I definitely wasn’t expecting that! Why was he asking me about Lesego now? I guess he meant it when he said he was keeping tabs on him. He must’ve seen the surprise on my face and must’ve mistaken it for guilt.

“Why didn’t you call the cops? You’re the one that said we should try it your way but you’re not even following the rules!” I was dumbfounded I didn’t even know what to say.

“What’s going on exactly?” He asked me anger I didn’t understand in his eyes.

“Katli was at the shower because she’s worked with KG so she was invited. Katli is Lesego’s sister so he dropped her off. That’s when we had an encounter. I told him to leave me alone and threatened to call the cops if he didn’t leave.” I was picking at my nails looking down not wanting to see his disapproving look. In retrospect I should’ve told him because I could’ve actually put myself in danger.

“Why didn’t you tell me about the sister being connected to your friend? Why hide that from me? I don’t understand why you didn’t call the cops immediately. Why even have a conversation with him?” Huh? KK was definitely losing the plot on that one. The 21 questions didn’t help.

“What? No KK I have no desire to reconcile with Lesego. Not in this lifetime or the next! I just didn’t think he would show up at the shower. Katli pretty much goes where she pleases on her own.”

“Do you realise the kind of danger you put yourself in? That guy is unstable! What if he had come there and kidnapped you or waited for you to leave and followed you home? You have no sense of self-preservation Lerato!” He had a point though I guess I just hoped the restraining order would keep him away.

“Are you contemplating getting back together with him? Is that why you’re breaking up with me?” Guess I wasn’t the only one who liked jumping to conclusions.

“I wasn’t breaking up with you...I was giving you an easy out if that’s what you wanted...” I can’t believe he would think I want to get back together with Lesego after all he’s done to me!

“If you overheard the conversation why didn’t you stay and hear my response? Is your faith in me that wavering?” He looked genuinely hurt. What was he saying? That he still wanted to be with me? He took my hands in his.

“I was afraid to be found out especially because it seemed like I was the subject under discussion and I know how important your dad’s approval is to you. I didn’t want to be selfish and stand in the way of that. I don’t want you to resent me one day when you’re estranged from your family because of me.” The tears came then as I voiced fears I’d been bottling inside. He hugged me and pulled me on his lap. My favourite place to be I realised.

“Sweetheart I just spent the last few hours fighting my family for us and you give up and walk away at the first sign of obstacles? I love you very much and I need to know that we are in this together. That I’m not the only one in this relationship fighting to make it succeed.”

“What about your family and what your dad said?” He held me tightly to him.

“I realised after hours of arguing that nothing I said mattered. This whole thing isn’t about me but about some debt my family has to repay to the Mbatha family.” I couldn’t have predicted that one even if you offered me a million bucks!

“What do you mean?” I was very confused.

“My brother wronged the Mbatha’s a long time ago when he was younger. He was a cadre at that time against my dad’s wishes. It seems he was dating Mbatha’s eldest daughter Fikile or something like that and got her killed during the ANC and IFP riots before the 94 elections. To prevent the family from taking it further they promised me to the Mbathas as a son in law. Can you imagine arranged marriage vibes when I was not even 10! This Fezokuhle girl was not even out of diapers yet. She’s a few years older than you.” I could see him trying to keep his anger in check. I couldn’t believe what he was telling me. So they wanted to use him to repay a ‘debt’ of some sort. How heartless was that? Fezokuhle must just be strong

because she wasn't going to lay her rural hands on my man. KK was right I needed to fight for us. If we were both fighting we would likely succeed.

“So all this time I thought my dad was being hard on me because he genuinely wanted me to follow in his footsteps but all this time it was to ensure that I turn out exactly how he promised. That's why my brother has always bent over backwards to please him while I on the other hand was never good enough. I told them Khaya must take a second wife so he can atone for his own sins. I'm not going to be the sacrificial lamb. I also told them in no uncertain terms was I letting you go just because they had a narrow minded view of the world we live in. So what if you're Sotho what does that have to do with anything? I then asked all of them to leave my house. My dad was livid and disowned me on the spot. My mom was just crying non stop. Amahle was also quite mad because Khaya seemed to be contemplating the whole second wife thing. Serves her right.” Wow! I held him to me.

“I'm sorry I jumped into conclusions regarding the outcome of the meeting. I love you too KK and the sms was inspired more by me trying to be selfless and make it less hard for you.”

“You shouldn't make it easy for me. Love is selfish and I will be as selfish as I need to be to make sure our relationship works. I need to know we'll fight for each other all the time.” He kissed me then and I felt his frustration, his disappointment and his love in that kiss.

“I'm sorry baby,” I whispered, “Just so you know I'm never letting you go.” He smiled.

“That's what I like to hear sweetheart. You're keeping me sane amidst the drama going on with my family. Can we go back to my place now please? I want to spend the rest of the weekend showing you exactly how much I'm not you letting go.” He kissed me passionately. He offered to drive and said he'll bring me back tomorrow so I went and took my bag in the car as I hadn't taken it out yet.

“Sweetheart please work with me regarding that boy. If he shows up anywhere you are please call the cops immediately. I don't want to fight with you about him,” he said as he put my bag in his boot.

“Yes baby I’m sorry. I’ll do that. I just didn’t want to ruin the day with cops at the hotel and stuff and he probably would’ve been gone by the time they got there. I promise though I will do the legal thing going forward. I’m sorry I worried you.” I hugged him.

“It’s ok sweetheart. We are a team so we should work together for the good of this relationship. Now let’s get you home.” He said and spanked my ass. Good to see my naughty, kinky KK was back and his mention of his house as our home warmed me even further.

When we got to his place he went to put my bag in his room while I opened the fridge to find something to eat. I realised I hadn’t eaten since early that afternoon and it was 9 in the evening already. My phone beeped signalling a text message and it was from an unknown number.

**Hi Lerato it’s Amahle. I took your numbers from KK’s phone. Please can we meet so we can talk woman-to-woman? I understand now that KK wants to be with you but I’m worried about his relationship with his parents. Can we meet to discuss? Please don’t tell KK about this? This is my number by the way.**

What plan was this Amahle chick hatching. I didn’t trust her sudden change of heart or the whole worried about KK routine she was trying to pull on me. I was definitely going to tell KK about it but still meet her to see what she was playing at. I didn’t want to fall into any traps that she and KK’s mom had developed. My instincts told me something was fishy and they were seldom wrong.

“Why do you look puzzled?” he asked as he came down the stairs. I took the phone and showed him the message. he went from calm and happy to angry and dangerous in a few seconds.

“What is Amahle’s problem actually? I’m going to call her and give her a piece of my mind!”

“No baby it’s fine. Let me handle this. I will meet with her and hear what she wants. I think the whole possible polygamy thing is maybe dealing with her. Let

me meet her then we can see what she's playing at." I hugged him to try and calm him. I could hear his rapid heartbeat.

"I just don't understand why they won't leave it alone. When did she even steal your number from my phone? She's so sneaky!"

"Let's focus on you and me for the rest of the weekend. If I remember correctly there was a promise of showing me certain things..." I stood on my toes and kissed him. When he started kissing me back I knew he was letting it go for now and focusing on me. Food can wait. The bible even says man cannot live on bread alone...



## Insert 50

I couldn't believe today was my first day at work! I was so excited I barely slept and I think it had more to do with the elaborate plan that KK and I had concocted to launch our relationship into the public. We both agreed that he would court me in public and start doing things that are out of his character like coming downstairs to greet us interns and I would deny until one day I admit that yes maybe the boss has a thing for me.

All my life I wanted to be on stage and now I could act to my heart's content in real life. I was looking forward to being the disinterested intern in front of people while I show KK how interested I am in him behind closed doors. I thought the most interesting chapter of my life was beginning today regardless of the Lesego and KK's family drama. I've always wanted to act and KK was playing right to my deepest wishes by asking me to do this with him. I absolutely loved him for it.

After taking a shower I put on my black pant suit with a white shirt, red shoes and accessories. I had to button the shirt all the way up because KK decided to give me hickeys on my neck yesterday afternoon. He said he wanted me to feel owned even though I was going to pretend not to know him. Really? Either way I was a working girl now and had to look the part. I wanted it to make sense why KK in his tailored suit hotness would pick me instead of the next girl. Mind you I had no insecurities whatsoever because KK was mine and that wasn't going to change anytime soon. I was really going to fight whoever I needed to tooth and nail for him. Thank goodness for short hair because I got ready in half the time now. I said a little prayer before I left my room asking God to be with me on this next journey in my life. To help me make sound decisions that brought me closer to the plans that He had envisioned for my life.

“Ngwana man (Look at you)! O montle yang (You're so beautiful)! Let me take a picture.” My mom said as I came downstairs.

“Hao mama it's not like it's my first day at school!” She laughed.

“A first day is a first day to me ngwana ka (my child). Ke mama gago (I'm your mom). Ema sentle (stand properly) so I can take the picture.” I rolled my eyes as she made me pose for pictures.

“Can I go now mama I’m going to be late.” I said taking my handbag and notebook.

“Aren’t you going to eat?”

“No mama I’m too nervous to eat. I’ll see you later,” I hugged her goodbye and took an apple for the road. It was still early around half past six in the morning. The last thing I wanted was to get stuck in traffic on my first day.

As I got into the car I got a message from KK.

**Morning sweetheart. I can’t wait to see you. The night was too long without you.**

**Me: I’m actually on my way there now. Operation Asazani (we don’t know each other) starts today. Love you.**

**KK: You make me laugh when all your operation names are Zulu. I love you too sweetheart. Did you hide my mark of ownership?**

**Me: You’re so ratchet giving me a hickey on my neck. I’ve buttoned the shirt all the way up.**

**KK: Don’t worry I’ll help you with those buttons later on. Enjoy your first day at work Miss Molemi (I’m practising see)**

**Me: thank you Mr Khuzwayo how kind of you. You must really care about your employees.**

**KK: oh I do Miss Molemi especially this really beautiful one with a penchant for lace. I love you sweetheart.**

KK was so crazy though! I got onto the road and at least the traffic wasn’t too bad. I got stuck on the N3 for a while though because of some or other stationary truck but otherwise no drama. I got to the offices around 07:15 and sat in a car for a bit to just calm myself down and prepare my mind for the day ahead. I got out of the car at half past seven and went to reception. I had been there a number of times now with all the signing that we had to do and the ladies knew me. I needed to

meet with Elmarie but she wasn't there yet so they said I could grab some coffee from the canteen and she would come get me there.

When I went into the canteen there were a few people sitting on the tables there with a number of them on their laptops or tablets. I smiled a greeting to those that looked up as I entered and got myself a cappuccino from the coffee machine. I sat down and took my ipad out to just go through my presentation again. I looked at it briefly last night before I went to bed because I wasn't sure how the implementation would work. I didn't want to forget any important part of the presentation in case I was going to get questions about it.

I felt him before I saw him in front of me because that's how attuned I was to his presence. My heart rate picked up because it was lights, camera and action now.

“Good morning. It's Miss Molemi right?”KK said looking at me with a knowing smile on his face. I stood up from my seat and extended my hand for a hand shake.

“Yes Mr Khuzwayo it is. Please call me Lerato. Good to see you again.” He shook my hand and squeezed it slightly. I could see we had already attracted some attention from the people sitting there. I removed my hand from his and sat down.

“Do you mind if I join you for a second?”he asked. Why did he want to sit with me though?

“Umm sure Mr Khuzwayo. I'm just waiting for Elmarie.” I said and he sat across from me. He had a hint of that naughty smile on his face. I wondered what he was thinking.

Just then Zama came storming into the canteen. She was such a drama queen though. She was waving at everyone as she passed through the tables and came barreling to our table.

“Oh my gosh girl can you believe we are working women! Oh Mr Khuzwayo how are you?”she said turning to look at KK. She made it seem like she didn't see him there until the last minute. She sat down on the table and extended her hand to him for a hand shake. I had to clench my fist to distract myself from rolling my eyes and punching her square in the face.

“How are you Miss Mkhize?” KK asked smoothly.

“I’m good looking forward to start adding value here,” she said smiling and batting her eyelids. Really?

“I’m sure both of you will do just that. I have a meeting at 8. Ladies excuse me and good luck,” he said getting up and patting my hand with his on the table. Zama looked at the exchange with interest. He waved goodbye and stopped to chat briefly to some other guy who was also getting ready to leave the canteen.

“And then... ama (the) hand holding? You and Mr K looked cosy here,” she said wiggling her eyebrows.

“Aowa (no) Zama what hand holding? Mr K found me sitting here waiting for Elmarie and asked to join me.” She looked at me suspiciously.

“If you say so Lerato but he is so delicious though...” I exhaled and drank my coffee. Thank goodness she had a short attention span sometimes. Elmarie walked in and hugged both of us hello and took us to her office.

“You’re finally officially part of the family! Welcome. I have your welcome packs here with some branded stuff, your access cards and a risk form that you’ll sign once the induction is done. At least we’ve signed all the other documents already so this on-boarding is the easiest I’ve done in a while! I will take you to Vusi then he can take it from there. Let’s go.” Elmarie was such a ball of energy.

“Hi Vusi your two interns are here and ready to jump into it.” Vusi stood up as we walked in and shook our hands. He motioned for us to take a seat.

“Thanks Elmarie. Please close the door on your way out?”

“Welcome ladies. So firstly I will take you around and introduce you to everyone and do the safety and risk talk with you. Then I will show you where your workstations will be but for this week you will be in the meeting room working on merging your two presentations together so we can have a cohesive presentation for the client. We have a meeting scheduled with the client for next week Wednesday and you need to pitch your combined presentation to me and my

management team by Thursday so we can iron out any inconsistencies. On Friday you'll start working with the presentation team and get trained on how to do pitches the Khuzwayo way. How does that sound?" he asked looking at us. It sounded daunting to me. I guess the real work had begun.

"Sounds great," I said out loud with a confidence that I didn't feel and Zama agreed with me. Vusi took us around the floor because all the KC people were on one floor. He showed us our cubicles and called everyone for an impromptu meeting in the centre of the floor.

"Hey guys I just wanted to introduce Lerato and Zama. They are our interns for next year but starting a few month's earlier than normal which is good for us. We start exploiting them earlier." The group laughed. It was quite a young team because even Vusi was probably in his early thirties.

"John and Yolisa you'll be working closely with the ladies to help them prepare for the presentation. You both know how it goes here because you started at the beginning of this year. I will show you ladies where the meeting room is that you will be working from. Your laptops are already setup in there with passwords and all that." Yolisa didn't seem particularly pleased to see us there. I hoped I would get John as my mentor. My history with girls at the moment was quite unfavourable.

When we walked into the meeting room the IT guy was there to change passwords after first login. Our presentations were already loaded on the desktop. Talk about efficient service! Vusi left us there and said he would check on us later. Once he left we sat down and both started going through our laptop content to see what else was on there. There were libraries of authorised pictures we could use on presentations and all that. Zama suggested we summarise our projects so we can see where similarities are and what is different so we can start consolidating. While Zama went to the loo, I took my phone out and put it on the table and realised I had two texts one from KK and one from Amahle. I opened hers first.

**Hi sisi did you consider my request to meet?**

**Me: Yes we can meet today after work are you available?** She responded immediately.

**Amahle: Yes that's fine where is it convenient for you to meet?**

**Me: Any restaurant around waterfall. Let's say 6pm?**

**Amahle: Ok that's fine sisi. Ocean Basket at Mall of Africa.**

I wonder what she was up to. She seemed like part of some other life and not the one I was in right now. I opened KK's message.

**KK: Hope your day is going well. You looked so sexy this morning I just want to peel that tailored pant suit off you.**

I smiled. KK was so crazy though! Thank goodness Zama had gone to the loo.

**Me: The feeling's mutual baby. Maybe I need to get my own place. Staying with my mom is unsustainable. I'm meeting Amahle at 6pm btw. He was online so I knew he would respond quickly.**

**KK: I think your own place sounds amazing. Maybe after your mom sells the house. Be careful with Amahle sweetheart I don't trust her.**

**Me: I'm always careful baby you know this but not with you. I'm very reckless with you**

**KK: I love that you reckless with me so am I with you. Can you be reckless sometime this week please? Maybe after work today?**

**Me: I'll try to resurrect Operation Manyonyoba this week sometime but right now I've got to make that paper baby. Zama's back let me get to work. We'll chat later. Mcwaa!**

Zama and I spent the rest of the day trying to merge our two presentations together. We worked through lunch opting to order toasted sandwiches and coffee for lunch.

When we were presented with the case study a few weeks ago I focused more on the employee engagement element because I felt like happy employees would yield the results that the company wanted. Zama focused her solution to the profitable results element. I think that both our solutions combined would actually give the

customer the best opportunity to succeed. That's probably why both of us were here working at KC now. Zama was very intelligent despite her airhead tendencies sometimes. I was quite impressed by her because when it came down to the wire I knew I could rely on her to come up with something tangible that made sense. Maybe I would hire her in my new division that I would be starting in a year. I needed to start working on that business plan in the midst of trying to be official with KK.

“ Oh my goodness. I feel like I've been writing an exam!” Zama said at half past five that evening.

“ I know right but it's awesome that we're working now girl. We definitely earned our salary today,” I said as I closed my laptop and I meant it. I was dog tired. I just couldn't believe that I still had to meet Amahle after this.

“Do you want to grab some dinner before we go home?” Zama asked as we were packing up. I was actually hoping I'd be able to see KK before I went home so I declined her offer. Wasn't she sick of me already. We spent the whole day together!

“I'm meeting someone for dinner so maybe another time?” I said as I took my stuff. The 25<sup>th</sup> floor was calling my name.

“Someone special? I saw you texting as I came in earlier. Do you have a man Lerato?” she asked super interested in my life.

“No girl no man at the moment. I'm in a serious drought.” I played the part of a drought stricken girl to the 'T'. I was hoping KK would sort me out though before I met the horrible Amahle. I didn't even know whether he was in his office but I figured he would've told me if he left for the day.

“ Eish girl you and me both. We must go out Friday maybe something or someone will happen,” she said as we walked out of the meeting room. We realised people work until quite late here because some people were still at their desks. We waved goodbye to them as we walked out and got into the lift. The number 25 was screaming at me but I pressed the ground floor. Once we got to the car park I said goodbye to Zama and she got into her Mini and went home. I pretended to be on

the phone until she left. I drove my car to the basement parking and made my way to KK's office via the lift and access cards I had. I found him sitting on one of the couches in his office reading some documents.

He smiled as I walked in and stood up to enfold me in one of his comforting hugs.

"How are you my love?" he asked as he kissed me on the cheek.

"I missed you baby," I said tightening him to me. He sat down and put me on his lap. Well hello Mr Bulge!

"I missed you too sweetheart. This is going to be harder than I thought actually. The fact that I knew the whole day you were a few floors down drove me insane the whole day," he said biting my ear lobe. Why was he trying to get me started when he knew I had to leave to meet his wretched sister in law.

"KK unless you planning to give it to me really quickly don't start things now please?" I asked him grinding myself against Mr Bulge.

"I can do quick sweetheart or at least I can try right?" He asked looking intently into my eyes. This man of mine was insatiable. I nodded because I was craving him as well.

I kissed him softly leading the way. I used my lips to begin with and then eventually opened my mouth and ran my tongue lightly across his bottom lip. He groaned into my mouth and deepened the kiss but kept it slow and laid back. Didn't he realise I had to go soon? I was probably already late but nothing could've kept me from this right now. Eventually I couldn't help myself and I moved to straddle him and pressed against Mr Bulge a little more firmly. He sighed open mouthed into my mouth.

"Gosh I've got to have you sweetheart...please..." he said as he slid his hands further up and unbuttoned my shirt. I already took my jacket off in the car before I came up. Once he opened my shirt and revealed my lacy bra he cupped my breasts through the bra and pinched my nipples. I moaned from the the tightness that the action brought down south. KK had the direct line to my pleasure points. I arched my back as he rolled my nipples roughly with the lace in between my skin and his



fingers. He lowered the bra cup and took one of my nipples into his mouth, going from one to the other until I moaned from the pleasure radiating from that warm mouth. I moaned and KK smiled because he knew exactly what he was doing to me. He held me around the waist and lifted me up so he could place me on the couch. He took my pants off together with my lace underwear whilst he was fully dressed.

“Take off your clothes baby...please...”I begged as I pulled his tie to bring him closer to me for a kiss. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and pulled Mr Bulge out and stroked him briefly. He came close to me, knelt in front of me and penetrated me with no warning.

“Ahh...fuck!” I tried to be as quiet as possible but it was so hot how he was fully dressed and I was naked on the couch in his office.

“Hmm...oh sweetheart...you’re so fucking wet...fuck you feel so good...” that dirty mouth one day was going to get him in trouble.

“Ahh...” I couldn’t string a sentence together even if I tried.

“Open for me sweetheart...wider...wider my love,” he said nipping my neck with his teeth as he pumped into me.

I put my one foot on the arm rest and the other was on the couch which allowed him deeper penetration. It was fast and hard and we both came within minutes. He whispered how much he loves me over and over as he came inside me.

“I love you,” he kissed me on the lips.

“I love you too baby. I’m going to freshen up in your office apartment. I’m late for the appointment with your sister in law,” I said as I got up and picked my clothes up. He spanked my ass as I walked away. I couldn’t believe I was getting so comfortable doing this with KK in his office. I could hear Noah talking on the phone. What time did the poor guy knock off?

KK was sitting on the bed when I finished freshening up and it was 18:10 at the time. My phone rang and it was Amahle.

“I’m on my way. Sorry work ran a bit late,” I answered.

“Ok I’m already here.” I assured her I would be there shortly and we hung up.

“Baby let me go nhe. I will call you when I get home,” I said as I signaled for him to get up so I could hug him. He stood up and I hugged him.

“Please be careful sweetheart. I don’t know what game she’s playing,” KK said kissing me on the lips.

“Don’t worry my love. I will call you when we’re done. I love you.”

“I love you more Sweetheart.”

It was time to blow Amahle out the water. My mom always said: If someone shows you who they are believe them the first time. I knew Amahle was an enemy and I was ready for whatever randomness she wanted to throw at me. Game on bitch!

## Insert 51

I got to the restaurant at half past six and easily spotted Amahle at a table towards the back. She was so dramatic wearing shades and a scarf around her head. If she was trying to be inconspicuous it didn't work because people were staring at her suspiciously.

“Did you have to make me wait a whole 30 minutes!” She said as I sat down.

“Sorry Amahle I work for a living so when work calls it calls,” I rolled my eyes at her. The waiter came and I ordered a glass of wine. It had been an extremely long and tiring day and I'm sure was just going to add to my drama.

“So where do you work?”

“Really? Are we going to do the whole small talk thing? What do you want sisi (sister) I've had a long day,” I said taking a sip of my wine as the waiter placed it on the table.

“Uyaphuza kanti (You even drink)? Khumalo wives don't drink.” I bristled at her comment.

“Well I'm not a Khumalo wife am I? O batla eng (what do you want)?” I didn't care whether she could understand me or not.

“But I know you want to be. Isn't that why you're clinging to Khulekani like this? I wanted us to talk about the whole thing that happened this weekend at Khulekani's house which I'm sure he told you about.”

“Yes he did and your point is?”

“Well his parents have disowned him. Doesn't that concern you that you are the reason Khulekani is separated from his family? Does family mean nothing to you?” She really came with all her shots lined up.

“I'm concerned about his happiness and as his family you guys should be too. How is it taking his happiness into account when you want to force him to marry some

girl he doesn't even know?" I was trying very hard not to get worked up so I can focus on everything that she was saying.

"There's a family debt Lerato that must be repaid. We've all made sacrifices for this family. Wena (while) you are on the outside looking in and you want to be part of this wealthy famous family? Then there's sacrifices you'll have to make. I have fought tooth and nail to have everything I want and Khulekani is getting in the way of that."

"If there's a debt to be paid then the person who caused the debt should repay it. That's only fair. Your husband should marry her." Surely she could see this.

"Khaya is already married to me. He can't take another wife. I'm not good at sharing." What did that have to do with KK and me?

"Khulekani has already told you what he thinks about this. I'm actually not sure why I'm here Amahle." The waiter came and asked if we wanted to order food and I declined. I was hoping this would be over soon but she ordered. Guess she was dining alone then.

"Why are you with him?" She asked me folding her arms across her breasts. Why was there a need to justify myself to her. I exhaled.

"I love him that's why I'm with him." She laughed.

"Unamanga (you're lying)! Uthanda ukuthi usoma business ukuthi unemali angithi (you in love with the fact that he's a businessman with money right)?" Wow how little she thought of me but then again she didn't know who I was. I had to be ready for those kinds of opinions because I'm quite sure when everybody knew about our relationship they would have similar opinions of me. I don't know whether the world thought people with money shouldn't find love and be happy too.

"I don't care about his money and what matters is that he knows this I don't have to prove it to you." The nerve!

“You’re probably some poor girl and you see Khulekani as your meal ticket out of your sorry life. He doesn’t have to be I could also help with that.” What was she getting at exactly?

“I’m not sure I understand what you mean Amahle.”

“I can transfer R250 000 into your bank account by tonight if you break up with him.” Was I in some weird low grade movie?

“Are you being serious right now! R250 000?” She looked at me in a calculating way.

“Do you want more? I only have that much in my account but if you want more it may take me a few days to get it together. You’re proving to be more expensive than KK’s last girlfriend. She happily accepted R50 000 and faked a whole relationship to break up with him. Clearly you are more resourceful than I thought.” I was struck speechless by her assumptions that I could be paid to leave KK and that she had a hand in KK breaking up with his ex. Clearly she had gone to great lengths to ensure that she got the outcome she wanted.

“I don’t want your money Amahle. You might not believe me but I love Khulekani. Additionally I’m not from a poor family as you put it so thanks but no thanks.” I got up and took a R20 note out of my purse and left it on the table. I looked at her straight in the eyes.

“I’m not going anywhere Amahle so you better get used to me being around. Oh and by the way when you insult me next time get it right. I’m a Tswana girl I’m not Sotho. Enjoy your polygamous marriage coming up. I hope I get an invite. Rather use that money for lobola and wedding preparations. I hear the wedding costs these days quickly escalate to hundreds of thousands of rands.” I turned and walked out of that restaurant feeling very satisfied with how I handled that. How dare she think she can buy me! KK was going to be livid when I told him. It always felt good to put people in their place. I smiled a little to myself I was proud of how much I’ve grown these past few months. My life was far from perfect but it was mine and I had to be the mistress of my own destiny.

Speaking of mistresses I spotted Simphiwe with my dad walking towards a restaurant holding hands. I just didn't understand this mid-life crisis my dad was on. This girl was young enough to be his daughter. I didn't even understand what she saw in an old man. I decided to go and greet daddy dearest.

"Papa! Fancy meeting you here," I said as I intercepted them before they walked in. Miss Thing looked slightly uncomfortable but my dad's face lit up.

"Hello my girl! What are you doing here?" He asked giving me a hug. I controlled the tears that threatened to spill. I actually missed this man and didn't understand why he couldn't be the my dad just like my mom was still there despite Mark.

"Ke bereka mo (I work here at) Waterfall. I actually started today."

"Oh yes at Khuzwayo Consulting right? We were going to grab a bite to eat would you like to join us? I'm sure Simphiwe won't mind right darling?" He said looking at her. She looked like she just swallowed a whole lemon but reluctantly nodded. I decided to join them because I was hungry after all.

"How nice papa of course I'll join you. Thanks." We walked into the restaurant and got settled.

"So how was your first day?" My dad asked after ordering a bottle of wine.

"Hectic but I'm really enjoying it. I think I'll have a successful career there. Wena (and you) how's work?"

"Work is ok a bit slow at this time because most corporates are getting ready to close for Christmas soon. With the current economic climate some are even cutting their marketing budgets." I could see the lines of strain on his face. It probably meant business wasn't as great as he made it out to be. As Simphiwe took a sip of the wine something glinted on her hand.

"Oh Simphiwe is that an engagement ring?" I asked taking her hand to inspect it. It was a very big diamond ring way too flashy for me but I guess she like it. It was probably quite expensive to maintain her. The expensive weaves, nails even eyelashes.

“Yebo daddy and I will be getting married soon,” she said kissing him on the cheek. He seemed slightly embarrassed at the display of affection in front of me. I couldn’t believe she called him ‘daddy’ really? He cleared his throat.

“Yep we busy planning the wedding. It will be something small though...” she looked pissed at that comment. Clearly it was a point of contention between them. I decided not to dwell on that.

“So when was the last time you spoke to Odi? He’s also doing well with his private practice. It’s grown so much he is considering getting a partner.”

“Oh really? I should call him sometime and find out how he is.” His phone rang and he excused himself from the table to take the call. He left all kinds of awkwardness between Simphiwe and I.

“So...do you still work for my dad?” I found it odd that I could actually identify with her a little bit. I was also dating my boss wasn’t I? Except I didn’t wreck any homes to do it. Rural girl doesn’t count because he wasn’t married to KK.

“No I quit shortly after I fell pregnant. I’m a stay at home mom now.”

“Oh really and where’s the baby tonight?”

“I’ve got a full time nanny so we left Opelung with her. I just wanted to say that I don’t know what your plan is inviting yourself to our dinner and all that. Your dad isn’t going to get back together with your mom so you best be letting that ship sail very quickly. Daddy will be there for his son and I don’t want my child to have an absent father.” The animosity was flowing from her in waves. This I didn’t expect.

“So you would rather he be an absent father to his other kids? How does that make sense?”

“You guys are grown up now or are you that much of a daddy’s girl? I always thought you were spoilt growing with a silver spoon in your mouth. You think the world owes you something nhe? I’ve worked very hard to get here and I won’t let you and your mom ruin that for me.” Ok then this escalated quickly. I wasn’t even

here on some malicious vibes but I guess she felt threatened by me somehow. My dad came back to the table and she kept quiet abruptly.

“Are my two favourite girls getting along?” He asked as he sat down. That left a bad taste in my mouth. I didn’t want to be here anymore actually.

“Papa I have to go I just remembered there’s something I need to do,” I said getting up.

“We haven’t eaten yet though,” he said disappointment clear on his face.

“It’s cool I’ll grab something at home. I’m sure mama cooked.” I came around and gave him a hug.

“A home cooked meal actually sounds good right now but my Sim can’t cook.” You could see Simphiwe getting angry at the comment. I decided there and then that tomorrow I was googling cooking classes. I didn’t want to be that girl who always had to go to restaurants to eat. Maybe I could speak to my mom as well to give me some pointers. KK was reluctant to eat my food as it was.

“Good to see you papa. Don’t be such a stranger though. Odi and I miss you a lot.” I didn’t even bother saying bye to Simphiwe and I walked out of the restaurant. It had really been an emotionally trying day. I called KK on my way to the parking.

“Sweetheart. How did it go? What did Amahle want?” He answered on the first ring.

“You won’t believe me if I tell you,” I said exhaling.

“Based on what my family has done so far I think I might just. What happened?”

“She offered me a quarter of a million to break up with you,” I heard a bang on the other side and a string of swearing. “Needless to say I told her to take her money and shove it and that she better get used to me being around.” I decided not to say anything about the ex girlfriend also being paid off. It was in the past and I didn’t want him to go ballistic and order Amahle’s assassination.



“She’s gone too far this time around! How dare she! Angazi bangifunani labantu (I don’t know what these people want from me)!” I could hear he was speaking through clenched teeth.

“She’s desperate baby you know desperation can push you to do random things. Hopefully she’ll channel that energy into something else now.”

“I’m going to call Khaya and give him a piece of my mind regarding this wife of his. Where are you now?”

“I’m at the mall parking walking to my car. I am so exhausted.” I actually yawned. I’d been up since five this morning.

“I’m still at the office but planning to go home now.”

“Let me also get home. We’ll chat when I get there. Love you KK.”

“I love you too sweetheart drive safely.” We hung up and as I turned to the side where my car was parked after paying the parking ticket I found my car tyres slashed. There was a note on my windscreen and first thought was that Lesego is at it again but when I opened the note my hands started shaking.

**I don’t care whether you’re Sotho or Tswana or whatever but you will break up with Khulekani otherwise I will do far more than this. Don’t underestimate me.**

It wasn’t signed but I knew exactly who did this to my car. When did she even do this because I left her in the restaurant? How did she even know where I was parked? Shit just got real.

## Insert 52

I dropped my bag on the floor and I was literally shaking as I took my phone out and dialed KK's number.

"Hey sweetheart you can't possibly be home already," he answered and I could hear his smile on the phone. I tried to get the words out but I couldn't speak I just started crying and he must've heard my breathing on the phone.

"Sweetheart are you ok? What's wrong? Where are you?" I heard the panic in his voice.

"I'm...at the mall...my car...she and..." I wasn't even making sense.

"Are you in the parking at the mall?" I nodded and realised he couldn't see me.

"Yyes..."

"Stay right where you are I'll come find you. I was just leaving the office. Can you get inside your car?"

"Yyes..." All I could manage were one word answers at this point.

"Ok sweetheart get in the car and lock the doors. I'll be there now now." He hung up and I picked my bag up and got into the car. I was super freaked out. I lay my arms on the steering wheel and put my head on my arms and closed my eyes. How many more horrors was I meant to endure? Why couldn't Amahle just let this go and leave me in peace? A knock sounded on my car window a short while later and I got the shock of my life. When I looked I saw it was KK. Oh thank God! I unlocked and got out of the car and went straight into his arms.

"It's ok sweetheart what happened? Who did this? Are you ok?" He asked rubbing my back. I realised I still had the note clutched tightly in my hand so I gave it to him without saying anything. He tucked me on his side of the body holding me on the waist and opened the note with his other hand. I could see his face change from concern for me to pure rage in a few seconds.

“This bitch has gone too fucking far! I’m going to kill her!” With KK I wasn’t sure whether it was figurative or not. He hugged me to him again.

“Don’t worry sweetheart I’ll sort all this shit out. Let’s get your stuff out of the car. I’ll drive you home ok?” He said tightening the hug. I nodded as I still hadn’t really found my voice.

I took my handbag and the laptop in the boot and put it in his car. I went into the car and he asked for my car keys and locked the car then he got into the car.

He took his phone out and called someone.

“Steve. I need you to organise a tow truck for Lerato’s car. Her tyres were slashed and need replacing. Yes. Sort it out. I know who did it. Will chat later about that one. Sho.” He hung up and held my hand all the way to my house. He wasn’t saying much but I could tell he was really pissed about what happened. He parked outside the gate and when I looked at the time it was already 9 in the evening. He turned in his seat and looked at me.

“I’m sorry about your car sweetheart and all this drama. I’ll sort it out.”

“It’s been a very long day I just want to have a bath and go to bed. Tomorrow is work and Zama and I have a lot to get through for Thursday.”

“How are you getting to work tomorrow? Should I come get you in the morning?” He was so sweet he made me smile.

“It’s fine baby I’ll ask my mom to drop me off otherwise I’ll Uber there. We’re still on Operation Asazani anyway so can’t arrive with you at work.” I touched his cheek.

“Are you sure you’ll be ok to go to work? I can call Vusi and explain the situation to him.” He took both my hands in his and kissed them.

“No baby and how are you going to explain how you know to Vusi? I’m not hurt I’m ok I just need to sleep. I love you for caring like this. You being here with me makes me feel better. I’m better already.” He was still looking at me with deep concern in his eyes.

“Ok as long as you’re sure you’re ok. Better get inside then and I’ll call you when I get home. I just need to visit Khaya and that delinquent wife of his first.” The anger was back in full force. I opened the car door and he also got out and came around to give me a hug.

“I love you Lerato. I’m sorry I come with so much baggage. I’ll replace the tyres at my own cost no need to claim from insurance. What will you tell your mom?” I hadn’t even thought that far.

“Um that I drove into a really big pothole and you came to help me. I don’t want my mom knowing the intricacies of our relationship. Thanks for coming to help me. I really appreciate it.” I kissed him and he deepened the kiss and held me tighter to him.

“I love you,” he said with his forehead against mine.

“I love you right back Mr K. If you haven’t called by the time I go to bed I will send you a text nhe.”

“Ok cool. Goodnight sweetheart.” He blew me a kiss and got into the car. I got into the house and realised my mom wasn’t back yet. No wonder she hadn’t called to find out where I was. I was starving so I took my heels off and made myself a sandwich in the kitchen. After I was done eating I took a quick shower and wore my pj’s. I was already yawning when I sat on my bed. I heard some movement downstairs and figured my mom was already here. When I got down there it was Odi looking as tired as I felt.

“Oh abuti I thought ke mama (it was mom).”

“Nope just me. Mama isn’t here yet? It’s a bit late.”

“I’m sure she’s ok Odi stop worrying. Are you ok though?”

“Ya nna ke sharp (yep I’m good). I’m just wondering why you kept that hot friend of yours Noni from me. Can you give me her numbers?” Hao my brother though.

“I will ask her first whether it’s ok for me to give you her numbers. Why are you going after my friends anyway?” this was going to be awkward for me whether it worked out or not.

“You know my luck with women Lerato. Besides I know the stakes I won’t play with her heart I promise. It’s rather late hey have you called mom to find out where she is?” I shook my head for no and dialed her number.

“Hi mama where are you? I’m just worried because it’s getting late.”

“I’m on my way ngwana ka (my child). Had a very busy day so I’ve been stuck in a consult on a surgery. Have you eaten? Should I buy you something on the way?”

“No mama I’m good I’ve eaten. Oh Odi is signaling that he wants food.” Odi always wanted food I was surprised he wasn’t overweight.

“Oh is he there? Ok I’ll buy. See you now now.” She hung up.

“She’s on the way. Nna I’m going to sleep. Since you’re here can you drop me off at work tomorrow? I drove into a deep pothole and my tyre is messed up. KK took it to get it fixed.”

“Ya sure no problem. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

I went upstairs and got into bed. I decided to send KK a message just in case he was still busy with Khaya. I just didn’t understand why Amahle was so invested in all this.

**Me: Baby I’m sleeping now. What a day! I love you. Mcwaa!**

I saw he wasn’t online so I put the phone on the charger and promptly fell asleep.

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“Lerato, Lerato tsoga (wake up)!” My mom was sitting on my bed. I realised I was drenched in sweat.

“What’s wrong?” I asked rubbing my eyes.

“Aketse ngwana ka (I don’t know my child) you were screaming. Are your nightmares back? What happened to trigger them again? I thought you were getting better.” My mom was concerned removing the duvet from me. I stood up and started taking off my damp pj’s and wore a nightie. It must be the whole Amahle thing that freaked me out. Gosh! What do I tell my mom though?

“Ke sharp mama (I’m ok mom). Aketse gore (I don’t know) what triggered the nightmares to come back. What time is it anyway?”

“It’s just after four in the morning. Are you sure you’re ok? Would you like some camomile tea to calm down?” I nodded and she got up to make for me. Shame my poor mom. I didn’t know why the nightmares were back.

I remembered the nightmare so clearly that I felt chills down my spine. I was tied up on a chair in some abandoned warehouse and Amahle was there with Lesego. They were busy arguing about who was going to kill me between the two of them. I must’ve physically screamed when they both advanced on me with some butcher knives to stab me to death. I needed to see my psychologist sometime this week. I must’ve been more freaked out than I thought about the whole tyre drama.

I went to the linen cabinet and decided to change my linen. My mom came back with the tea and gave me a hug before she went back to bed. There was no way I was going to go back to sleep. I took my phone and I had a text from KK received at midnight.

**Hey sweetheart just got home. Can I see you tomorrow morning before work starts? I will fetch you and we’ll figure out the getting to work thing. I really need to talk to you.**

It must be important if he wanted to see me before work started. I decided to take my clothes for the day and I would shower at his place. I hope he was at his house and not at the office. I was going to Uber to his place and then go to work from his place. I started planning my outfit for the day and I took out a dress with a jacket and the relevant accessories and put it in a suit cover. I packed my toiletries and ordered an Uber. I changed into tracksuits and brushed my teeth. I then went to tell

my mom I was going to the gym and would get to work from there. She didn't think it was dodge because gym opened at five and it was already 04:45.

I got to KK's place at 05:15 and let myself in. I hoped I didn't have any nasty surprises waiting for me in the bedroom. Me and surprising people never worked well. I got to his room and it seemed he was still sleeping and on his own. Thank God! I took off my clothes and joined him in the bed. He was sleeping on his stomach facing away from me. I put my arm around him and he instantly became awake and pointed a gun at me that he got from under his pillow. Really? I put my hands up.

"KK it's me," I said breathlessly.

"Shit! Lerato? What are you doing here? What time is it?" He put the gun on the side table. Note to self don't surprise KK in bed in the dark. He put the side lamp on and sat up.

"You said you wanted to see me before work so here I am." I smiled at him. He pulled me to him and hugged me.

"I'm sorry I pulled a gun on you sweetheart. I can't be too careful though. Speaking of which I need to teach you to shoot so you can defend yourself." He kissed me on the cheek. Was he for real? The only guns I saw were on TV.

"So what did you want to talk about?" I asked him allowing him to tuck me into his side.

"Eish this whole Amahle thing ingibangela isicefe (is irritating me)! She flat out denied that she had anything to do with your car. You should've seen her act crying there and screaming about me hating her blah blah blah. Khaya was completely taken by the innocent act but both you and me know she is responsible for all this. So I've asked Steve to keep tabs on her. I want to know her every move because I don't want anything to happen to you sweetheart. My brother is pissed at me because I'm allegedly badgering his wife. I mean really?"

“I had nightmares about her that’s why I’m up at this time. My mom woke me up because I was apparently screaming. I think this shook me up more than I thought.”

“Fuck! This whole thing is making me so angry! She tries anything else I swear I will kill her. I’ve never killed females before but she will be the first one. Who the fuck does she think she is trying to dictate my life? She’s not even my mother!” He had his fists clenched.

“Baby calm down. I’m ok aren’t I? Nothing happened to me. Like you said Steve will keep an eye on her and we’ll be able to know if she plans something else.” He exhaled.

“I guess you’re right. It just irritates me how my family think they can dictate how my life needs to go. You know Khaya told me this Fezokuhle Mbatha girl is coming this weekend so she can meet the family? Apparently she went to nursing school so my dad has promised to find her a job. Like why are they bringing her here! I’ve been summoned for Sunday lunch this weekend or else. My brother’s words exactly.” What the fuck! The Khumalo’s were on some level I didn’t understand. So rural girl was coming to Joburg? No wonder Amahle was getting desperate.

“I want you to come with me Lerato please?” Was KK for real? He wanted me to meet the parents in the midst of all the drama of being disowned and being rebellious about his ‘Sotho girl’.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea baby. Your family absolutely despises me.”

“I don’t care I absolutely love you so they must just deal. I think if I start bringing you to these family things they’ll realise how serious I am about you because I am sweetheart.” He looked at me intently.

“Are you serious KK this is quite a big deal. You’ll be introducing me to your parents!” Was KK aware what he was doing?



“I told you when you and I started. I’m serious about you baby. You’re IT for me. Ngakutshela ukuthi angidlali la (I told you before that I’m not playing here).”  
Wow! KK was super intense. I sighed.

“If you’re sure baby then I’m sure. I’ll go to Sunday lunch with you and meet your parents and the Mbatha girl. It’s going to be an interesting Sunday.” He smiled then and kissed me soundly on the lips. The kiss turned carnal and lust filled very quickly.

We laid on our side face-to-face and KK lifted my leg over his hip and pressed Mr morning bulge onto me teasing me gently around my opening.

“Is this alright sweetheart?” he murmured, “I know the past 24 hours have been quite difficult.”

“It’s perfect. Just what I need KK. I need you.” I moaned as he pressed inside me.

“I need you too baby...always,” he said as he withdrew and and gently slid inside me.

“God sweetheart I can’t get used to how tight you are,” he said raining kisses down my body.

“KK please...make love to me...make me feel whole again,” I moaned.

“It’s fine sweetheart...I’m going to give you exactly what you need. As often as you need it.”

We looked into each other’s eyes as we made love. Strengthening our connection even more as he stroked me gently inside. He had never taken me like I was fragile and could break any second. It brought tears to my eyes which he kissed away as they fell.

He kissed me tenderly murmuring how much he loved me, how much I meant to him and how lucky he was to have me. At that moment I felt so cherished and so loved by this incredible man. I opened to him completely taking everything that he was giving me. I felt completely owned by him. When at last I peaked in his arms I cried out my own pleasure as he joined me in the crescendo of the peak. As we

came down from our morning glory high I reflected on how lucky I was to have found this man. I would do anything to keep him. Happiness was so fleeting and so illusive. People rarely found what I had with KK. We both got ready for work and KK made me a quick breakfast before we left for work.

“I guess Operation Asazani is back on. I will come downstairs briefly this afternoon to check on you. I’m worried about you and your nightmares. I’m so sorry about all this but we’ll have it figured out I promise.” He kissed me on the lips.

I hoped he was right. All this was just so deep at the moment I just didn’t know what was going to happen. All I knew was that with Fezokuhle Mbatha coming this weekend things were about to get way more complicated than before. Couldn’t she just stay in the KZN rurals?

## Insert 53

I was at work by 06:30 in the morning because today was the presentation to the KC management team. We were supposed to have it on Thursday but they moved it to Friday morning because not everyone was available for the original time. I hardly slept last night worrying about it. This was mine and Zama's first actual work since having joined so it was important to prove that we deserved to be there and it wasn't a fluke choice.

I haven't seen KK since Tuesday morning when I went to his house because Zama and I have been working really hard and knocking off late every day and I think he's also been caught up in meetings. I got my car back that Wednesday afternoon and KK left my keys for me at reception. I haven't received any messages from Amahle since she slashed the tyres that Monday but I guess KK going to her husband and voicing his suspicions gave me a reprieve. I hope she wasn't back in her corner planning even worse things to do to me.

Sunday was literally around the corner and I was starting to get nervous about the whole thing. KK kept saying it's going to be ok but I couldn't see how that was possible but maybe he knew his family better than I did. We had agreed we would meet at 7 with Zama to go over everything before our meeting at 08:30 but then I received a text saying she was stuck in traffic and would probably be there a bit late.

I decided to go to the canteen and get myself some coffee and just go through my portion of the presentation on my iPad. Fridays were casual at KI so I was wearing jeans despite the fact that we had a presentation. We checked with Vusi the previous day and he said it was ok.

**Morning sweetheart! Good luck with your presentation.**

I received a text from KK. That made me smile.

**Me: Thanks baby I'm super nervous though.**

**KK: you'll get used to presentations and soon it will be like second nature. You're coming home with me today right? I see your overnight bag is in my office apartment. I went there first to put my bag in there so he could put it in his**

car. I ubered to work today because I didn't want to drive this weekend. KK and I still had to figure out how to leave together.

**Me: yep but there's Friday drinks or something with the team. Vusi said it's mandatory to attend especially since we are newbies.**

**KK: oh ya forgot about Vusi's Friday drinks. Maybe I'll make an appearance and move Operation Asazani into high gear.**

**Me: do you think that's wise baby?**

**KK: mina ngikhathele ukunyonyoba (I'm tired of sneaking around). I just want to tell the world you're mine already.**

**Me: LOL. We said over a month baby so you'll have to be patient. I guess I'll see you later then. I love you.**

**KK: Love you sweetheart.**

Zama eventually got to work and we did a run through together twice. By the time Vusi's team came into the boardroom we were ready. We actually had the idea of creating a PDF document of the handouts that we would originally have printed and asked IT to provide us with iPads because we didn't know if all the managers had them. We then had an iPad by each seat so they could page through the handouts without us wasting paper and printing everything out. I don't know why KK would allow the company to just have an inventory of iPads like that. They all looked impressed as they sat down.

"Good morning executives. My name is Lerato and this is my colleague Zama and we'll be taking you through the solution for our client: Mtech. We've provided you with electronic handouts which can be found on the iPads in front of you for ease of reference. We will be referring to these from time to time. Shall we begin?" I asked them and they all nodded.

After about 3 hours the meeting was adjourned. We weren't ripped to shreds like I thought we would be but we were given valuable feedback in terms of what we needed to emphasise and highlight and what we could leave for the client to read

on the handout. The managers were quite constructive which I liked a lot so we had some tweaks to do but not too bad.

“That was well done ladies. You made me really proud today,” Vusi said as we were packing up.

“Thanks Vusi. We were so nervous though!” Zama said smiling.

“There was no need. That presentation was one of the best I’ve seen in a while from interns here. I have a feeling you guys will be trailblazers here at KC. It won’t be long before you’re called to work at KI.”

“Is that possible? I thought the internship was with KC?” I asked him.

“It is but sometimes KK takes my best interns and wants them to work at KI head office instead. He did it last year as well with Amanda then I had to find Yolisa to replace her.” Hmm who was this Amanda chick that had impressed KK so much she was ‘promoted’ to HO intern?

“Well thanks Vusi. So do we go to our workstations?” Zama asked.

“No it’s back to the meeting room. I will call Yolisa and John to join you there then you can work on finalising the presentation. They’ll be able to help with the feedback you guys got.” I was so tired of that meeting room now. Zama and I had spent so much time in there already.

We packed up and returned the iPads back to IT and bumped into KK in the passage way. He looked dapper in his tailored suit despite it being a Friday.

“Oh ladies how are you doing?” He flashed his brilliant smile dimple and all. I just wanted to jump into his arms.

“Mr K! Good to see you,” Zama said buzzing with excitement.

“How has the first week been?” Really did he want to have a conversation with us now!

“Absolutely awesome. I don’t think Lerato and I have gotten an 8 hour sleep since we started working here,” she answered. I wasn’t sure what to say so I just kept quiet.

“Oh is that right Lerato? Hopefully you ladies will be able to get some rest this weekend but maybe not,” he said staring straight at me. He couldn’t have made it more obvious that he was interested in me.

“They say the human body can function on 3 hours sleep so we might not need that much rest.” I smiled at him.

“Hmm the human body is a wonderful thing and is subjected to so much daily,” he cleared his throat , “ladies excuse me.”

“Wow girl. Did you see Mr K was flirting with you! Like I didn’t even exist back there!”

“What are you on about Zama. I thought we were all chatting hao,” I forgot myself for a bit there. Gosh!

“No girl it was like I wasn’t even in the room. U big boss uyakufuna (the big boss wants you) shame! Such hotness you should let him make your body function.”

“Wa lwala wena (you’re crazy). Let’s take our stuff to the meeting room.” My heart was beating rapidly. I guess KK was really not feeling the whole dragging this out thing.

When we got to the meeting room Yolisa and John were already there.

“Congrats heard it went well,” John said as we walked in.

“Yep we knocked it out the park,” Zama said sitting down.

“If you had you wouldn’t need us to babysit and tutor you,” Yolisa said coolly. Wow really?

“I think we got some constructive feedback and you guys are here to help us integrate that into the presentation. We weren’t asked to go back to the drawing

board so I think that's pretty good." I said. I had very low tolerance for bitchy behaviour these days. Yolisa glared at me.

John cleared his throat.

"Let's get to it ladies."

At lunch time Zama and I decided to go to the canteen to sit down. We had been living off toasted sandwiches the whole week. We both had the meal of the day and sat outside to eat.

"So if Mr K asked you out would you go out with him?" Zama asked. Gosh she was clearly not letting this go.

"I don't know Zee. Do you think that would be wise?" I wanted to test where her head was at regarding this whole thing.

"Why not! Mr K is delicious and I've heard girls keep throwing themselves at him. You would be the envy of every woman in the building married or not. I also heard he hasn't really shown interest in women at work before. If he's interested in you then it's going to be big!"

"I think we're counting our chickens here Zee. Maybe he's just a nice guy." She didn't seem convinced.

"I say go for it. Weren't you saying you were in a drought? I'm sure he can water your garden very, very well." She laughed. Oh my goodness Zama though!

"How rude was that Yolisa chick though?" I asked changing the subject. This thing of talking about KK was making me uncomfortable.

"You put her in her place though. Yho you've got shots for days Lerato!"

"I just don't understand people that have to be bitchy. It's not necessary."

"We going to the drinks mos after work?"

“Yep will probably be there for a short while.” I was eager to spend time with KK and not interested in office politics.

“I think there’s talent here so maybe nami ngingazitholela ingubo ena mehlo (I’ll find a human blanket).” We laughed. Zama was insane.

We went back to work with the bitchy Yolisa and John. He was the one helping mostly because madam was just being special the whole afternoon session. I actually didn’t understand what her issue was in all honesty. Some beautiful coloured girl walked in just before we were done.

“Amanda how are you girl,” Yolisa greeted suddenly the epitome of friendliness. Oh so this was Amanda the great.

“Hey are you ready to head out to the restaurant? We have to get good seats. I heard Noah say my hot boss might make an appearance today.” She was very well spoken. Shame these girls even if he did make an appearance I knew it wasn’t for them.

“Seriously! We haven’t seen him at our drinks in a very long time.”

“Ladies I think that’s my cue to leave. I will see you guys at the drinks.” John got up and packed his stuff and left. I think he was uncomfortable sitting through conversations about how hot KK was.

“Oh are these the newbies?” Amanda asked turning her attention to us.

“Yep I think it’s Lesego and Zandi or something,” Yolisa said. So she was going to act like she couldn’t remember our names. I wasn’t even interested in correcting her. I wasn’t here for all this pettiness. The irony of her referring to me as Lesego wasn’t lost on me either.

“Since you are new a few ground rules: firstly KK is mine or will be one of these days. So no flirting with the big boss. Secondly no flirting with the big boss. Ok girls?” She said looking at us patronisingly while Yolisa laughed in the background. Shame how wrong she was. KK was actually mine and on the real



mine not in my head like her. They all wanted to be with him but they didn't know the drama that came with being his girlfriend.

“Shame akazi nhe (she doesn't know). Sizomyeka anjalo (we'll just leave her like that),” Zama whispered in my ear. She was convinced KK was interested in me which he obviously was.

“Let's go Zee.” We stood up and packed up our stuff.

“Can I ride with you? I Ubered here didn't want to drink and drive.”

“Sure no problem. You can leave your laptop in my car.”

When we got to the place there were already a few people there. There were a number of designated areas where we were meant to sit. Zama and I picked a cluster of couches that hadn't been occupied yet. She ordered a Savannah dry and I had a Hunters Dry since we could only order ciders, beers and wine. Odi sent me a text.

**Ousi still waiting for Noni's numbers. Have you spoken to her?**

Flip I completely forgot about that! I texted Noni quickly and asked if she would mind I give her numbers to my brother and she said she wouldn't so I sent them to him.

**Odi: sho ngwana ko gae (thanks my sister).**

“Waba busy nge phone ke (you're so busy with your phone),” Zama said looking at me.

“Sorry man. I'm playing matchmaker of some sort.”

“Oh kanti une inventory nami (Oh I didn't know you had an inventory) you must hook me up.” Zama was on another level of crazy. I think she'd get along well with the divas. I should invite her to drinks one of these good days.

“Not even Zee. Can you believe it's my brother and one of my closest friends. There seemed to be a spark last time they got together.”

“Eish nami I need to be hooked up. The salt up in my internal parts is killing me. Ngapha ngistressa nga ma (On the other hand I’m stressing about the) results. Awakho aphuma nini (when are yours coming out)?” I took a sip of my drink which was almost empty.

“Eish why are you reminding me about that? I think it’s next week I must actually double check.” I clean forgot about the results. Yet another thing to stress about like I don’t have enough as it is. The waiter came around and we ordered another round. The place was getting packed now and Amanda and Yolisa were on the other side of the room. Thank goodness for that.

“And you? When are you getting them?”

“It’s next week Friday. I’m just stressing about that average that they want here. One of the papers dealt with me severely.”

“Yho Zee let’s not talk about this now. We’ve had a really busy week and it’s time to relax a bit. We’ll worry about results next week.” I spotted Elmarie walking towards us.

“Hi girls! Mind if I join you? Why you sitting here all alone?” She asked sipping her glass of wine.

“We don’t really know anyone here Elmarie,” Zama said.

“That’s the whole point of these things so you can mingle! Come I’ll introduce you to some people,” Elmarie said getting up.

“I’m actually not in the mood to meet new people at this point,” I said truthfully. I didn’t feel like being introduced to people and being judged and sized up. Maybe another day.

“Me too actually El. We quite happy to just sit here and drown our sorrows of a very rough week.” Zama agreed with me.

“Ok well I’ll keep you girls company. I see quite a lot of people came today even people not from KC,” Elmarie said looking around.

I looked around with her seeing a sea of unfamiliar faces until my eyes met with my one and only across the room. He smiled briefly at me before turning his attention back to Vusi. My heart rate sped up because I didn't know what he was planning. I downed the Hunter's I was drinking and ordered another one. Whatever he had planned I would rather have liquid courage. He made his way through the room stopping briefly to chat to a group of people on his way to our table. I knew he was coming to us there was no way he would just ignore me. Elmarie was going on and on about something with Zama and I just couldn't concentrate on their conversation.

“Right Lerato?”

“Lerato?” I realised they were talking to me.

“Huh? Are you guys talking to me?”

“Where's your head at? Oh you busy admiring Mr K? He's quite hot hey even as a white girl I can also see that.” Gosh Elmarie. Guess I was busted tracking KK across the room.

“Umm ya he's quite something.”

“You know he's never dated anyone who works for him. I think it's his own policy that he has but no one's seen him with any woman. Some wonder if maybe he isn't gay.” I choked on my drink and started coughing uncontrollably. Zama got up and started hitting my back.

“El get her some water please?” she said. Elmarie got up in search of the waiter.

I felt him before he even said anything.

“Lerato are you ok? Heard you coughing from across the room,” he said sitting so close to me I felt his body heat. KK though! He had taken off his suit jacket and folded his shirt sleeves. I realised his tie was also gone.

“I'm ok. I just choked on my drink. I didn't mean to make a spectacle of myself.” How embarrassing.

“As long as you’re ok,” he put his arm around me and brushed my shoulder briefly before letting go. Zama with her shrewd eyes was busy smiling at me. She won’t let me live that one down ever. KK looked the picture of innocence despite all these shenanigans he was getting up to. Elmarie came back with some water and I took a gulp.

“Thanks Elmarie,” I said putting the bottle down.

“So how you finding the drinks Zama?” KK asked looking at her.

“Oh quite nice. I think once we know people it will go better but El’s been keeping us company.” KK moved his leg so it was flush against mine as he turned to look at me and asked me the same question. If I was a white person I would be pink on the face now.

“The drinks are good and I’m sure like Zama says once we know more people there’ll be bigger chances to mingle.”

“Since you guys know me and I know you guess we’ll mingle then.” He flashed me that smile of his. Gosh! Within minutes our cluster of couches was getting fuller. KK was drawing a crowd and Amanda and Yolisa also came.

“Oh Zama there you are! Is that where you’ve been hiding?” Yolisa said sitting next to Zama and Amanda joined her. “Mr K how are you? I was helping the girls with their presentation today. I know how important transferring knowledge is,” she said singing the last part. Zama and I sat there surprised that she actually knew our names and claimed to have helped us. Really?

“That’s good umm sorry can’t seem to recall your name. I’m glad that we all working together as a team.” KK smiled and I knew what he was doing. He put Yolisa in her place very quickly. Amanda was busy ogling me with her evil eyes.

“So Mr K did the meeting go well this afternoon?” She asked. I think she was trying to show everyone there that she knew him deeply.

“It did but this is hardly the platform to discuss that Amanda.” He said it with a smile on his face but you could tell that he was effectively putting her in her place.

I could kiss him right now but instead I took another sip of my drink hiding my smile.

“Zee, Elmarie I need another drink. Should I get you ladies one?” I asked them as I stood up.

“I’ll help you carry Lerato,” KK said and got up too. Amanda looked ready to throw bottles, chairs and tables at me. I walked with KK to the bar area and because it was getting packed he maneuvered so he stood behind me while I was standing by the bar counter. He put his arms on the bar counter so effectively trapping me in his arms.

“I wish I had you all to myself right about now,” he whispered in my ear briefly as he loudly summoned the waiter. After a few drinks I was getting buzzed so I pushed my ass back into him pretending to be leaning on the counter more for visibility. I heard him groan as I felt my other friend Mr Bulge. He ordered the drinks and we had to wait while the waiter got them ready so liquid courage made me turn on the counter so we were face to face.

“I’d like a blow job,” I said softly to him. He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“A blow job?”

“Yep you know the shot. Do you think they sell them here? I’ll pay obviously because I know it’s not part of the bill.”

“Oh you will Lerato. You’ll definitely pay sweetheart.” He said the sweetheart so softly I barely heard it. When I lifted my eyes from his handsome face I realised people were staring at us and trying not to be obvious about it. I guess the proverbial cat was slowly coming out the bag.

We took the drinks and went back to our cluster where Zama was smiling excitedly at me and Amanda was throwing daggers at me with her eyes. She would just be strong because KK was all mine. He sat back down next to me and conversation resumed around us. As the evening progressed he would laugh and keep putting his hand on my thigh to a dozen or so people staring. Vusi also eventually came and sat with us.

Around seven Zama said she had to go and I had my laptop in her car.

“Let me go out with you and get my laptop. I think I’ll call an Uber as well,” I said loudly. We got up and hugged Elmarie goodbye. KK offered to walk us to the car because ‘it wasn’t safe for girls to walk alone at night’. Amanda and Yolisa must have given up and left about 30 minutes before then because I couldn’t see them around. I waved goodbye to the rest of the people and walked with KK and Zama to her car.

“Have a good weekend Lee will chat on the phone ok?” Zama said hugging me.

“Cool. Drive safely Zee.”

“Nawe (you too) Lee be safe whatever or whoever it is you will be doing tonight,” she winked and looked at KK. Zama though.

“Eish Zama wena mara (you though)!”

“Don’t worry I’ll make sure she’s taken care of and safe. Goodnight Miss Mkhize,” KK winked at her and closed the door for her when she got in. We stood there as she drove off and then he took my hand in his.

“KK someone might see us,” I said as we started walking.

“Angisenandaba (I don’t care anymore). Let’s go home sweetheart. You said something about blow jobs and you paying for it?” He kissed me on the cheek. This guy though! He had my laptop backpack on his shoulder as we walked to his car. As I looked back to see who was witnessing this I saw Amanda staring at us with her arms folded. Another enemy made. Awesome.

## Insert 54

“I want you to think about how I’m going to make you pay like you wanted when we get home. So no talking until then. Can you do that for me sweetheart?” he looked at me as he started the car. Oh shit! Bossy KK was back and it was turning me the fuck on! I nodded because I think my vocal chords contracted in tandem with other things from the delicious promise in his eyes and no voice would be coming out.

So from the minute he said that to me and until we got to his place we didn’t say anything to each other. He was playing his favourite jazzy music but I wasn’t minding it so much because the restaurant played loud house music so the serene tunes were welcome for now. I was looking out the window but the anticipation was killing me. What was he going to do me exactly? How did me wanting to pay for a blow job shot end up being a sex thing with him? Over the past few weeks I had come to realise that he had his kinky side which I absolutely loved. Sex just wasn’t the same all the time with him. Lesego’s sex game was on point but KK hmmm...Let me not even waste my time on thinking about Lesego.

When we drove into the garage he switched the car off and as the garage door closed behind us we were shrouded in darkness with the car lights as the only source. I couldn’t see him clearly so his face was in shadows. The tension was so high in the car I could feel it coursing through me. My skin had broken into goosebumps just trying to imagine what was about to go down in a few minutes. He looked at me and pushed his car seat right to the back. Were we going to have sex in the car? I haven’t done that one before. The thought of it opened the Vaal Dam down south. I was still sitting there paralysed by the anticipation. I hadn’t even taken my seatbelt off. His jazz music was still playing providing some background music to what was about to happen.

He unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants all the while looking at me. He took Mr Bulge out of his boxers and the Mr was already standing to attention ready for anything. He stroked himself briefly while keeping his eyes on me the whole time. He knew what that did to me? He was trying to drive me certifiably mad with his actions.

“You wanted a blow job sweetheart. Come get it,” he said commandingly. I smiled at him as I licked my lips and undid the seatbelt. Gosh this man. I bent down and touched Mr Bulge. Thank goodness for automatic cars with no gear levers in the middle otherwise that would have been very uncomfortable. It was still a tight space to manoeuvre around. He smacked my hand.

“Who said you could touch my dick?” he asked me commandingly. Hmm.

“Umm I wanted to hold it so I could suck it properly,” I said biting my lower lip.

“If you want to touch me then you should ask because that’s not the instruction I gave.” wow KK really? He was looking at me through heavy lidded eyes.

“Please Mtungwa can I touch your dick?” I said clasping my hands together for emphasis. He chuckled slightly.

“When you put it like that how can I say no. Touch me while you suck me sweetheart,” he said a slight smile on his face.

I took him in my mouth letting my fingers trail on his silky skin. I established a rhythm and started moving my head to it. I was enjoying the feeling of my mouth widely stretched around him. With every thrust I tried to take him deeper into my mouth until I felt him sliding towards the back of my throat. I fought the gag reflex hard because the last thing you want is to vomit while trying to be sexy. I was breathing hard through my nose to control that. He now had his hands on my head increasing my pace with gentle pushes on my head. He was now literally fucking my mouth and wasn’t letting me determine the pace.

“Suck on it sweetheart. Fuck that feels so good,” he said through clenched teeth.

When his hips jerked I knew he was close and I raked my teeth along the vein on the underside of Mr Bulge. My clit was throbbing and my pussy clenching. One touch and I was sure I would come hard on the spot. I felt warmth wash down my throat and he groaned his pleasure holding my head steady. I withdrew from him and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand.

“Better than the shot definitely,” I said smiling at him.



“Took the words right out of my mouth,” he kissed me on the lips, “Let’s get in the house sweetheart. You still have lots to pay for.” He winked at me. I noticed he was still as hard as rock. Ya nhe he was really going to deal with me tonight.

When I went to the boot to get my bags he stopped me.

“I’ll come get them later. We don’t need them right now.” He took my hand and we walked into the house. I wondered what was next because it seemed he was determined to make me pay. I was feeling dehydrated so I got a glass from the cabinet and poured some water at the sink. I felt him behind me before I even turned and he just stood there without touching me. So I continued with what I was doing and drank the whole glass in one go when I put the glass in the sink I felt his hands go under my top. I shuddered as his fingers travelled up my stomach towards my ribcage very slowly. I put my hands on the counter to steady myself because my legs felt wobbly. He closed his teeth around my earlobe and bit down gently. I could feel his hot breath on me. Oh god I was going to explode right here.

“I just thought sweetheart that it’s only fair that I pay you back. Don’t you think? But no screaming sweetheart ok?” he whispered against my ear as he unbuttoned my jeans and lowered them to the floor including my underwear. He bit down my neck gently as I heard the rattle of his own pants finding the floor. The fact that we were both dressed at the top and not the bottom was turning me on to dangerous levels. He pushed me slightly forward and tilted my hips and then thrust into me swiftly. My scream was muffled by his hand as he covered my mouth. He moved closer to me forcing my body to straighten as he pinned me between him and the cupboard.

“Fuck I can’t get used to how good you feel...” I bit down on his palm as he withdrew and thrust back in. It was amazing how in tune I was with him because I could feel him all over. Shivers wracked my body as he reached for one of my wrists and brought my hand down between my legs.

“Play with yourself sweetheart,” he whispered hotly against my ear in that no nonsense tone of his. What? This guy was on a mission tonight. He wanted me to touch myself in front of him. The kinkiness that was up in here.

I did as I was told and touched myself with a rhythm I had perfected over time. This was so hot me touching myself with him still thrusting into me.

“I’m going to remove my hand from your mouth but you still can’t scream sweetheart,”he said as he moved faster and deeper into me. He hit the right places with excruciating accuracy over and over again. My body was so overwhelmed and was one big sensation that tears rolled down my cheeks. It was too much feeling so pleasurable it was bordering on pain. I was whimpering literally trying to keep my screams at bay but it was so hard when I just wanted to let it all out.

“Remember no screaming sweetheart.” I circled my clit mindlessly trying to get to that illusive peak and even with his thrusts it just didn’t feel enough. I rocked against him harder trying to increase the angle of his penetration and he suddenly pulled out. I cried out my dissatisfaction.

“I thought I told you no screaming sweetheart,”he said through gritted teeth and spanked my ass. That burning sensation sent a jolt of pleasure through me. This man was going to kill me with too much pleasure. He gripped my hips and dragged me to the floor with him. The tiles felt really cold against my heated body. He made me go on my hands and knees and drove inside me again. He was going deeper, faster, harder. I had to bite my lips to stop from screaming out loud. When I felt him press his finger on the tight hole in my ass without penetrating me the orgasm tore through me like a hurricane. It came so unexpectedly I gasped desperate for oxygen in my lungs as my body spasmed uncontrollably.

“Fuck...”he said and I felt him swell and throb inside me as he came too. The head of his dick was pressed against my G-spot sending mini spasms throughout my body as he emptied himself into me. His fingers tightened around my hips as he ground himself against me wringing out as much pleasure from me as he could. My body was shaking so much that my arms just couldn’t hold me up anymore. I lowered onto my elbows which deepened his angle inside me and an orgasm came at me out of nowhere. I couldn’t help the scream that tore through me as that happened.

“Fuck your pussy is clenching me hard sweetheart...”KK groaned behind me and kissed my back. My knees were going to be very sore tomorrow. He eventually pulled out, stood up and picked me up. I couldn’t have walked even if they said the

house was on fire. He had wrung every ounce of energy from me. He kissed my forehead as he carried me upstairs to his bedroom. He took his shirt off and helped me take my top off because my body literally felt like cooked spaghetti. I couldn't move. He opened the covers and I went in and he joined me pulling me towards him and put his arm around me.

“Are you ok Lerato?”he asked squeezing me.

“I'm more than ok and you know that. I like this kind of payment. I may have to owe you quite a lot if I pay like that,”I smiled turning in his arms so I could see his face. He stroked his thumb on my lower lip.

“I love your mouth especially when it's wrapped around my dick.” He kissed me then and I realised that we hadn't really kissed since we got to the house. How my body could still tingle at the promise his kiss held I don't even know. When he slowed the kiss down he smiled at me.

“Umm I wanted to ask you something...”I said looking down at his chest.

“Sounds deep. What is it?” Gosh how did I ask him this without sounding like a prude.

“Are you into anal? I mean... you sort of pressed against my...umm so I'm just wondering...”he laughed out loud.

“Are you worried that I want to take you from the back?” this was such an awkward conversation.

“Umm I'm not a double adapter so...”he burst out laughing again.

“Oh gosh Lerato. Where have you been all my life? No sweetheart I don't do anal but...there's still things you can do to maximise the sensations because that anal area has a lot of nerve endings.” He baby kissed me. Ya nhe KK though.

“I feel kinda stupid now,”I said placing my head on his chest. He was busy rubbing my back up and down.

“There’s no reason to feel that way. If you not comfortable with something you should tell me. I’ll never push you past what you can bear but we still learning each other so you must tell me if something feels good or doesn’t. Did you enjoy having my finger there?”Gosh why is he asking me this? Was it not clearly evident?

“You know I did. Now you embarrassing me. Anyway you are aware that the whole office will be buzzing on Monday because Amanda saw us leave together.”

“Ahh who cares? They’ll talk then find something else to entertain them later on.” He was so chilled about this whole thing.

“I just don’t want it to create a special work environment for me though KK. People will either be too nice around me to try and score brownie points with you or not nice because they wanted to be here in your arms right now.”I said looking at him seriously.

“Even the guys?”he asked with a mock surprise on his face.

“Wa bhora (you’re boring) shame.”I said punching his chest. He laughed.

“In all seriousness this will work itself out sweetheart. Don’t worry about it. Let’s enjoy the weekend. Sunday you get to meet my wonderful family in it’s entirety.”Oh gosh why did he have to remind me about that. He kissed me then and I think it was more of him trying to distract me from thinking too much about Sunday but it turned sensual pretty quickly. As I moved my hand down his rock-hard abs all the way down I realised it was all systems go again. His recovery time was phenomenal I mean it’s not like he was still in his twenties or something.

I moved to straddle him and he sat up on the bed dragging me with him. I gasped as he pressed into me feeling that stretching sensation as he buried himself to the hilt inside me. KK thrust up into me hard and fast and I placed my hands on his shoulders to balance myself against the roughness of his thrusts. I ground against him trying to feel him as close to me as possible. Gosh how I loved this man!

“Tell me I’m yours KK...”I said panting.

“You’re mine Lerato,”he kissed me hard, “and I’m yours.” I rolled my hips on top of him letting the movement send waves of pleasure to us both. We both groaned as KK slanted his mouth over mine and kissed me. The pace shifted slightly with the kiss because suddenly the sex was gentler, slower more intimate. We were staring into each other’s eyes now and everything happening left me feeling exposed. This man could hurt me a million times worse than Lesego ever did. All I saw though was reassurance in his eyes that he felt what I felt. That we were in this thing together and would get through whatever came at us. I kissed him as I felt my orgasm. It came slowly and softly like the receding waters on a shore.

“I love you,”he whispered as he came inside me.

“I love you too,” I choked on the words because I was already crying.

## Insert 55

“So how do I look? Do I look fine?” I asked KK as I did a mini twirl for him. I was wearing a navy blue maxi skirt with my white vest and a red leather waist hugging belt. I decided I was going to put a head wrap on in case I’m accused of being disrespectful and coming with my head uncovered. Unfortunately the only tribal themed headwrap I had was the Tswana material called Motoisi. I hope they didn’t think I was throwing my Tswana self in their faces with the material. I wore my red pumps and beads to complete the look.

“You look stunning as always sweetheart,” he said coming close to me and kissing me on the cheek. I was so nervous about today I didn’t even have a cooked breakfast. I just had fruit salad with yoghurt. My stomach was in knots and I felt like my heart was sitting in my throat. I was literally walking into the lion’s den today.

“Does your family know you’re coming with me?” I asked him as I put a hint of lipstick on my lips.

“No I didn’t tell them. They were just going to fight with me and I’m tired of fighting.” This guy! So he’s taking me to the lunch and no one even knows I’m coming? On top of the Mbatha girl’s presence!

“Hao KK mara onketsang (but KK what are you doing to me)? So ke tlo fitlha mole and batho ga ba etse gore otlalenna (so I’m going to get there and nobody knows I’m coming). Like really?” I turned looking at him putting his shoes on. He was so chilled like this wasn’t one of the most important days in our relationship. He stood up and came and hugged me.

“You’re stressing about nothing sweetheart. It warms my heart that you taking this whole thing so seriously because it means you really care about me and this relationship. I love you so much more for that.” he kissed me. I was too wired to even enjoy his kiss.

“Of course I’m taking it seriously and let’s not forget your family hates me. I’m the random ‘Sotho’ girl who’s disrupted all the plans they had for your life. I’m stressing about the language. Do I speak English or will that be viewed as

disrespectful? As much as I understand your language I honestly can't speak it to save my life. I'm freaking out ok! Writing exams was way easier than this." I feel tears of frustration well in my eyes. Oh gosh. KK tightened his arms around me and rubbed my back.

"Lerato don't worry so much. You've worked yourself up to a frenzy. Whatever it is or however the day turns out we will get through it together. I love you. You're my woman and it doesn't matter what they say today just hold on to that fact." He was right I needed to calm the fuck down! I took a deep breath and held him as tightly as I could to me and prayed to God that it wasn't the last time I would be in his arms. I had already experienced some of what KK's family had to offer and they were vicious!

"I was supposed to bring dessert today but didn't have time to make anything. We'll stop by Woolies on the way and get something from there." He said as he let go of me and continued getting ready. He looked good with his tan chinos, navy boat shoes and a white short sleeve shirt. He looked good enough to eat. He saw me checking him out and smiled his dimple smile at me. I said a little prayer there and then for God to protect our relationship and not let external forces tear us apart. I had to have faith that He wouldn't have given me KK for him to be taken away from me again. He knew the desires of my heart better than I even knew them. I was just going to leave this whole thing to Him to drive.. Lord take the wheel.

"You should've told me you had to make dessert because I would've insisted. Now you bringing me along with store bought dessert!" KK was just adding to my stress by the minute. He laughed.

"When would that have happened. Angithi (But) you kept me hostage in bed for most of the day. When was I going to make the dessert nakhona amandla bewazophuma kuphi (and where was I going to find the energy)?" he was so silly. I threw a pillow at him.

"There we go with the abuse again," he said ducking. Mxm. Atleast he got me to smile a bit.

We eventually got out of the house and went to Woolies first for KK to buy the dessert. He chose some chocolate pudding and vanilla ice cream. I decided to buy pot plants for Amahle and KK's mother as a gesture of goodwill. I hoped the pot plants wouldn't end up being weapons as they threw me out of the house.

"What a nice gesture sweetheart. Thanks," he said kissing me on the lips. I hoped they also thought so. Let's not forget Amahle slashed my tyres the other day and his mom called me a slut. I really knew how to pick these men with deep issues. Lesego was an internal issue but KK was external. After we were done we drove to his parents' house in Sandhurst. Talk about cheesy suburbs and this was definitely one of them. The houses we passed were mansions and they were very beautiful. KK held my hand the whole way I think he could pick up that I needed some reassurance. When we got there KK pressed the buzzer and the gates opened.

It was a long winding driveway before the house came into view and it was a breathtaking house. It was quite modern which was a surprise because I expected a much more mature architecture. They must really like beautiful and trendy things.

"Wow this is beautiful KK!" I said looking at all angles that I could see from the car. There were already cars parked outside and I wondered how big this lunch was going to be. Or maybe it was the parents' other cars. My heart rate was spiking uncontrollably to a point where I felt like I was going to have a heart attack. So I did my breathing exercises that my psychologist showed me how to do as inconspicuously as I could so KK wouldn't notice. This was his family so he didn't realise how terrified I was of what's to come. By the time he parked the car I had sufficiently calmed down to not burst into tears from the stress. He turned and looked at me.

"Are you ready?" I nodded because I don't know whether I could utter a word right now. He kissed the hand that he was holding. "Anytime you feel like you've had enough let me know and we'll go ok sweetheart." I nodded again.

We got out of the car and walked towards the door. It was so threatening although made of glass because I didn't know what lay on the other side. There was a KOI fish pond on either side of the walkway created. KK held my hand in his while I had the pot plants in my other arm. He opened the door and some delicious aromas greeted us at the door. We could hear some voices and laughter. The entrance hall



was big and open with a curving staircase which I assumed was going to the bedrooms. To the left there was a small cluster of stairs that we took walking down into one of the living areas. It was decorated with neutral tones of cream white, tan and brown with some African artifacts all over the place.

“Sanibonani (hello everyone),” KK said as we walked in and spotted who I assume was KK’s father with his brother Khaya. They both looked shocked to see the both of us together. KK’s father looked nothing like him so I guess his mom had really strong genes.

“Khulekani ngena (come in),” Khaya said motioning for us to come in. There was a level of iciness in Khaya’s tone and it was probably because of the whole Amahle and my tyres thing. We sat down on a couch and KK sat next to me. He gave my hand a reassuring squeeze. I was glad that I was now sitting because my legs were shaking like crazy.

“Sawubona Mtungwa,” KK said addressing his dad. His dad had an unreadable face so I wasn’t sure whether he was angry or unhappy about how the events were unfolding.

“Khulekani kunjani (how are you)? Ubani ke lona ohamba naye (who are you here with)?” he asked gesturing at me with his eyes. Here it goes.

“Lona u (this is) Lerato Molemi my woman,” he said looking at me and smiling. How he could even crack a smile at a time like this was beyond me. I wasn’t sure whether I needed to get up and greet him or just say hi while I’m sitting there. I thought back to when we were younger, whenever my parents had friends over my mom would insist that we shake hands and do that small curtsy as a sign of respect so I had to channel all my mom’s teachings to get through today. I might not be Zulu but I came from a respectful family. I got up and KK looked at me quizzically but let go of my hand. I walked over to where he was sitting and knelt on the floor and extended my hand to his dad without looking him straight in the eyes. I knew in the African culture and it didn’t matter which one you couldn’t look at your elders in the eyes.

“Sawubona baba (hello dad),” I said finishing all my Zulu vocab in one go. Oh no I still had three words left: mama, bhuti, sisi. He shook my shaking hand and I exhaled the breath I’d been holding.

“Yebo ntombi (hello young woman). A pleasure to meet you,” he said sounding surprised. It’s either KK’s mom and Amahle painted some deep picture about me or he thought I wouldn’t know these things. I got up and did the same to his brother. By the time I sat back next to KK he looked at me with pride in his eyes and a smile on his face. When I looked back at the two men I saw they also had a very faint smile on their lips. Winning the men over was easy but the women were going to be another thing.

“Uphi u (where is) Ma no (and) Amahle.” KK asked looking around.

“Ba se khishini (they are in the kitchen) putting the finishing touches to the food.” Khaya said. I think he was speaking more English for my benefit. KK pulled me up and pointed at the stuff we came with that we should take them to the kitchen. Oh gosh here it goes.

We heard them in the kitchen before we saw them.

“Sanibonani ekhishini (greetings in the kitchen),” KK said as we walked in and they both turned to look at us. If it was a cartoon show their jaws would be on the floor. They looked like they had just seen Mandela’s ghost doing the Nay-Nay in the kitchen. KK’s mom recovered quickly and cleared her throat.

“Khulekani what is the meaning of this?” she asked him in English probably for my benefit. KK took the dessert and put it on the counter. Amahle was busy shaking her head in disapproval behind her. The look she was throwing at me right now.

“What do you mean ma? I came for lunch and thought it’s high time you all meet my woman formally.” He put his arm around my waist and continued, “Lerato sweetheart this is my mom Sizakele Khumalo and you’ve already met Amahle my brother’s wife.”

I put one of the pot plants on the counter and approached KK's mom with the other. She was eyeing it like it was going to start shooting bullets at her. It would be funny if it wasn't so tragic. I extended it to her.

"Sawubona ma. Just a small gesture to say thank you," I said quietly. I needed to appear as docile as possible here so I'm not accused of being threatening or disrespectful. There was a long moment between me standing there with my arms outstretched handing her the pot plant and her taking it. She quickly put it on the counter and turned to go back to the stove. I did the same with Amahle's one and she pointed for me to put it on the counter while she busied herself at the sink. KK came close to me and squeezed my hands for reassurance.

"I didn't have time to make dessert so I bought chocolate pudding and ice cream," KK said pointing at the stuff he put on the counter. His mom finally turned from the stove.

"So uLerato wakho akakwazanga nokwenzela ngisho u (your Lerato couldn't even make) dessert? Uyakwazi nje ukupheka yena (can she even cook)?" I guess world war 3 was still on. Amahle was busy giggling in the background. I took a deep breath to calm down.

"Kusho bani ukuthi akakwazi (who said she can't cook). Ngiyasho nje ukuthi isikhathi besingekho (I just told you we had no time)!" KK shouted the last part because I think he was getting angry. Why he was subjecting himself to all this drama with me I had no idea. Unfortunately KK's mom was right because I wasn't the best cook ever. I really needed a crash course from my mom real quick. This was going to be a long afternoon.

Just then we heard commotion in the entry way and KK's dad referring to someone as Mbatha. Oh snap it was about to get even realer – if there was such a word. Amahle and KK's mom rushed to the entrance and it must have been in KK's mom's loudest voice she said.

"Oh Fezokuhle welcome. Akashongo umama kho ukuthi usukhulile uyintombi enhle kangaka (your mom never mentioned what a beautiful young woman you've grown into)?" I followed KK out of the kitchen and we were greeted by an older looking woman and man whom I assume were the Mbatha girl's parents.

When we came to the welcoming party everybody created a path so Fezokuhle could see KK. Everybody seemed to be waiting with bated breath for what was to unfold like it was going to be love at first sight or something. As the people moved away I got a first glimpse of Fezokuhle and she was anything but rural. She was stunning! She looked like a super model. Very tall and dark skinned with what must've been a 22 inch weave. Her make up was flawless and to add insult to injury she was wearing a long figure hugging dress with slits on the side and heels. She looked like she lived in Sandton not some rural place somewhere in rural KZN. I couldn't see KK's face because I was walking behind him but Fezokuhle only had eyes for him. I tried to school my features because Amahle was staring straight at me trying to gauge my reaction.

“Bhuti Khulekani sawubona?” she said looking at KK like she was starving and he was a big Mac Meal. Bhuti? Really?

“Sawubona Fezokuhle no ma (hi ladies). Shandu ka Ndaba (Hi Mr Mbatha),” KK said shaking the dad's hand.

“Yebo mfana wami (hello son). Ngiyajabula ukuku bona (so good to see you). Ngakugcina useyingane encane (you were so small last time I saw you),” Mrs Mbatha said looking at KK fondly.

“Masingeneni (come inside),” KK's mom said leading the way. She was beyond herself with excitement. This left me feeling like an outsider of epic proportions. They probably thought I was the help. I went and sat next to KK while Fezokuhle sat across from us eyeing me suspiciously. I refused to be intimidated by all these people. KK was mine and mine alone.

“Amahle woza silungise ama (come let's fix some) refreshments,” his mom said getting up.

“I'll come help too,” I said standing up with them and walked to the kitchen. I thought going to the kitchen would be the lesser of two evils. Staying at the lounge where everyone is wondering who I am versus the devil's fire itself I chose the fire.

“Hhe wamuhle umntwana womuntu (she is so beautiful)!,” KK’s mom said as we rounded the corner into the kitchen.

“What can I help with ma?” I asked her as I washed my hands in the sink. She gave me a dirty look before she responded.

“Boil the kettle for the tea,” she said walking towards the cupboard to get biscuits. At least she was talking to me. Amahle checked on the pots while I helped KK’s mom make the tea. Once we were done I carried the tray to the lounge and knelt and placed it on the coffee table. My yoga classes were reaping benefits because my balance was even surprising me. The worst thing that could’ve happened is me falling in front of everyone with the tea cups and steaming hot teapot.

“Nali I tiye (here’s the tea). U Lerato uzonithelela (Lerato will pour for you),” his mom said. Wow really? Where did that come from. I poured the tea in the cups and offered it first to the man of the house KK’s father, then Mr Mbatha, KK who winked at me really, Mrs Mbatha and finally Fezokuhle who declined. Oh well. I realised she had moved while I was in the kitchen and she was now sitting next to KK. This girl was trying my patience now. I took the tray back to the kitchen and overheard the ladies talking.

“How are we going to get Khule to agree to this ma? You see she brought that Sotho girl with today,” Amahle asked in a hushed tone. I hoped no one decided to follow me to the kitchen because I would be caught red-handed.

“Angazi (I don’t know) Amahle. Kodwa (but) you’ll have to do something otherwise uKhaya uzothatha umfazi we sibili (Khaya will take a second wife). Kanti (but) didn’t you offer her the money?” wow so KK’s mom was in on it? I couldn’t believe the level of deception these two were weaving.

“I did ma kodwa (but) she declined. I even tried to intimidate her and slash her tyres but she told Khule who came to report it to uKhaya. Khule is very protective of her.”

“Phela uMtungwa has only allowed Khule to be here because ucabanga ukuthi uzovuma indaba yomshado (he thinks KK will agree to the union). If he disowns

Khule completely he will strip him of his surname and then what?" I just didn't understand why the dad was like that didn't he love his son?

"Ya ma a lot is at stake here. We have to do something. Isithembu angisifuni (I'm not into polygamy)." Amahle said.

"We'll have to make a plan otherwise this secret I've kept from my sons all these years will come back to haunt me," his mom sounded sad all of a sudden.

"Yebo ma uKhaya no Khule can't know that Khule isn't Khumalo's son." I gasped. What did I just hear?

"It would tear both of them apart and how do I begin to control Khulekani after that. He will start asking about who his real father is. That Tswana man ruined my life and almost ruined my marriage." I dropped the tray from all the shock and it created such a ruckus on the tiled floor. Both Amahle and KK's mom came rushing towards the noise and found me on the floor trying to pick up the broken pieces of the very expensive looking ceramic sugar bowl and milk jug. Oh crap.

"Kwenzenjani (what's going on) Lerato. Unezandla so bhotela (do you have butter fingers)?" his mom asked helping me pick up the broken pieces and assessing my face to check whether I had overheard the conversation. Amahle brought a dustpan and brush and helped sweep the spilled sugar. I was trying to school my features so I wouldn't let on that I overheard their conversations. Oh my gosh! This was big and devastating. So who was KK's dad then?