

## Insert 87

“What happened?” KK asked again as he sat next to me and Zama stood up. I was so embarrassed I couldn’t even find my voice.

“Well...uhm...there was a bit of a situation in the canteen...” Zama said softly. She probably also didn’t know how to express my stupidity. I cleared my throat.

“It’s...it’s fine Zee I’ll tell him what happened...do you mind giving us space?” I asked her smiling slightly. She nodded then left the office and closed the door behind her.

“Sweetheart you’re worrying me now. Kanti (actually) what happened?” He asked taking my hand in his. I took a deep breath bracing myself for the lecture that I was probably going to get.

“Well...I’m sorry baby. I lost control and let them get to me...I said things that are making me cringe as I sit here...they were just pushing and pushing my buttons and I just lost it...why do people think they can just be in my life uninvited?”

“Lerato you actually haven’t told me what happened...did you get into a fight with someone?” He looked really confused because I hadn’t really said anything.

“Uhm...it was a verbal altercation with Amanda and Yolisa...it got pretty ugly very soon...to the point where I threatened their jobs like I even have that kind of authority...I let them get to my head. I’m so sorry baby,” I said covering my face with my hands. He put his arm around me.

“I have to say that I’m disappointed Lerato because I don’t expect that kind of behaviour from you. I know you’re better than that and your mom taught you better than you having straat mate tendencies especially at work...” he exhaled loudly.

“I know I’m so ashamed but I’m planning to apologise to them immediately after lunch. I poured coffee on Amanda’s hair and man-handled her. God!”

“I think an apology is a step in the right direction but you should probably expect a grievance to be laid against you and rightfully so. We don’t assault people at work

sweetheart! You need to walk away from those situations just like you handled the Yolisa thing earlier this month. You have no leg to stand on here and you'll probably get a written warning and as you know I can't get involved despite the fact that I was probably the subject of contention." Everything he was saying was right and I had myself to blame for all this.

"Whatever the outcome I will take it because I know in this instance that I was wrong. I just don't understand her fixation with me though. As for that side kick ya gage (of hers). They make me so angry!" I clenched my fists to curb the anger flowing from me. I didn't regret anything that happened because Amanda had to be put in her place. I just hated the fact that it was at work and I gave myself unspoken powers regarding whether people work here or not. Me and my stupid mouth! What was done was done so I couldn't undo it. I just had to face the aftermath head on. I stood up from the couch so I could get on with the apologising.

"I better get going, lunch is almost over. I need to find Amanda and Yolisa and apologise." KK stood up with me and enfolded me in a hug.

"You're way above all this so don't let it get to you too much. I admire your spirit to fight back and I know what's driven it but always be mindful of the environment sweetheart. There's a right way to respond to a situation and a wrong way even if you're the aggrieved party. Just remember that..." he said looking into my eyes and kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Duly noted. My mom wouldn't be proud of my behaviour today and neither am I. I'm sorry KK." I held him close to me taking the strength from him and letting his calming scent flow over me.

"I'll see you later then..." he said as I walked out and closed the door.

"Amanda had it coming though," Noah said as she handed me my burger but I wasn't even hungry anymore.

"She might have but I went about it the wrong way Noah. So I must put my big girl panties on and go apologise."

“You know she’s not going to make it easy...”

“Yep but I brought it upon myself.” I sighed as I went into the lift. I said a little prayer asking for forgiveness for my ungodly behaviour earlier on. When I got to our floor eyes were following me around and I knew the grapevine had already spread the news. I noticed Vusi was in his office so I went to his door and knocked. He motioned for me to come in.

“Vusi do you have a moment?” I asked as I walked in. He pointed at the seat for me to sit down.

“What can I do for you?” He asked and he didn’t seem like he had heard about the drama yet.

“I wanted to ask you if you would be able to be present when I apologise to Amanda and Yolisa as my witness and manager? I manhandled Amanda at the canteen and caused a scene with Yolisa present. It was very wrong of me and I wanted to call both of them in so I can apologise...”

“Hmm it’s the first I’m hearing of this but it’s not a problem. Let me call them in then.” He called Amanda and Yolisa and they both got in at the same time and he asked them to close the door.

“Ladies Lerato asked me to call you here because she has something to say. I’m here only as a witness to observe the whole thing.” Amanda had a head wrap on probably to cover her coffee hair. I cleared my throat.

“Ladies I wanted to apologise for my unladylike and unprofessional behaviour. There is no reason in the world that justified my reaction and my actions. Amanda I’m sorry I poured coffee on your hair. I am willing to pay for your hair to get washed, conditioned and straightened out because you shouldn’t have to incur an additional expense because of my actions. I’m also sorry that I manhandled you as that was uncalled for and an invasion of your personal space. Yolisa I’m sorry I shouted at you.” After I was done there was dead silence from the ladies. Amanda had her arms folded with an attitude of note.

“Thanks Lerato. Ladies do you have anything to say?”

“Well Vusi unfortunately I don’t accept the apology. She humiliated me publicly and as such I demand a public apology. I’ve already lodged a grievance with HR regarding the incident. However I will definitely be taking you up on your offer for my hair. You know I had a brazilian blowout that you ruined so I will need to get another one...” No surprises there.

“Are you sure about that Amanda? So you willing to accept her compensation for her act but not the apology itself? In fact you want to still go ahead with the grievance?” Vusi looked surprised and she nodded. “Yolisa anything to say?” Amanda gave her a pointed look and she cleared her throat.

“I have also lodged the grievance for a public apology and don’t accept this private apology.” Yolisa didn’t seem like she wanted to do it but her mistress Amanda wanted it so.

“Really Yolisa? Despite the fact that Lerato forgave you not so long ago for doing something similar?” Vusi raised his eyebrows. She shifted uncomfortably.

“Yes...I don’t accept the apology.” She was looking down.

“Very well then...we will let the HR process take its course. Lerato I think what you’ve done shows a lot of maturity to take responsibility for your actions. Amanda please bring a valid tax invoice once you’ve restored your hair so Lerato can reimburse you the cost. Thanks ladies.” We all got up and I went into the meeting room.

“Eish friend sorry about the drama. Are you ok? What did KK say?” Zama asked me as I walked in.

“Told me the truth that I was out of order. I’ve tried to apologise but they want a public apology and have lodged a grievance with HR.”

“What? Bayahlanya (they are crazy)! They provoked you Lee I was there I witnessed the whole thing. U Amanda yena udinga nje (she needs) a slap on her face. Mxm call me as a witness at that stupid hearing I’ll tell the truth. Askies friend. I know they just kept pushing and pushing. I would’ve done worse if I was in your shoes. These bitches have had it coming since we started working here.”

“Ag it is what it is. I need a dress for tonight. Do you mind coming with to get it? Are you sorted with a date?” I asked changing the subject. We had discussed this thing to death now.

“Sure we’ll go. Yep I’m coming with Thabo. He’s going to pick me up from my place at 5.” At least she found a date. I wasn’t really looking forward to the year-end function but I had to go.

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“You look breathtaking sweetheart,” KK exclaimed as I walked down the stairs. He was in the kitchen with one of Steve’s people. That guy was going to be our driver tonight. I guess KK wanted to drink.

“Thanks baby. You look dapper as well.” He was wearing a black tux and looked divine.

Zama and I had managed to find an off-shoulder pastel pink lace dress that came up just above my knees that had modest slits on either side. So you could see my thighs as I walked but the slits weren’t too high to reveal everything. I had minimal make up on with some pink lips. The driver guy left to go start the car and KK took me in his arms.

“I know you’re putting a brave face on for tonight because it’s been a very long day for you. I want you to know I’m very proud of you for taking steps to make things right despite Amanda’s pig-headedness. I love you sweetheart and I know this whole process can be overwhelming that’s why I’m here, to support you and advise you if need be. You know I’m always just a phone call away. There’s nothing that would give me more pleasure than to get rid of Amanda and Yolisa but as you’ve always said to me I must let you fight your own battles and if you are to be respected as a professional you need to earn that respect on your own.”

“I love you baby. Thanks for being here, for your understanding. Let’s go have fun tonight and forget about Amanda and Yolisa and just focus on us.” He kissed me on the cheek.

“We going to a club afterwards I’ve invited the boys with their women oh and your brother. Obviously Zama can come too because Steve will be there too.” This man of mine was full of surprises.

“Aww thanks baby. Now that’s something to look forward to.” I didn’t know how the Steve/Zama thing would pan out though.

“We couldn’t celebrate properly last night because of work today. However don’t get too tired sweetheart because you did ask for an orgasm or 3 yesterday…” he said capturing my mouth in a passionate kiss and I felt my body heating up as I moaned into his mouth. “Maybe I should give you orgasm number 1 now…” What was he saying?

“Now? We going to be late baby…” I moaned as he squeezed my breast. It felt like it had been too long since we’d been intimate. I knew for sure that I was already wet from just the promise. He knelt down on the floor and lifted my dress up to my waist. I was wearing thigh highs and suspenders underneath which was supposed to be a surprise for later.

“Fuck!” I heard him swear as he kissed the tops of my thighs not covered by the thigh highs. “I didn’t know you hiding this under the dress…” He wedged his shoulders between my legs to open my legs wide and kissed my lace panties. I felt the heat of his mouth through the fabric.

“Your scent drives me fucking insane! I can’t wait to taste you.” He lowered my underwear and undid the front clasps on the stockings to allow my underwear to fall to the floor. He leaned in and placed an open-mouthed kiss on my pussy lips and I spread my legs wider for maximum contact.

“KK…more… I need more…” I panted as he opened me with his fingers and flattened his tongue against me licking me from the bottom all the way to the top of my slit. I held on to his head trying to push him further onto me. He pointed his tongue and started circling my clit while he speared a single finger inside me. I moaned louder as I felt the pressure building. I was shamelessly holding his face now trying to get to that peak as quickly as possible.

“It’s too much...too good...I can’t hold out much longer...hmm...baby...ahh.”  
When he inserted a second finger in my channel and his mouth closed in on my clit as he sucked it into his mouth I came undone with a scream. KK let me ride out my orgasm until I came down to the land of the living.

He held me to him with his head on my quivering tummy as I was trying to catch my breath. He got up and got his handkerchief out and wiped me with it. KK and his handkerchiefs took me back to our moment in the balcony months ago. He then fixed my underwear and clipped the suspenders back on and smoothed my dress down. He got up and held me to him.

“Thanks baby...I really needed that release.” He kissed me then and I could taste myself on his lips. “I think you must go rinse your mouth baby. You smell like me.” He smiled against my lips.

“You’re probably right then we can make a grand entrance...” I wondered whether that was his whole plan to give us a grand entrance. I felt so much better though after releasing some of that pent-up emotion. I decided there and then that I would never let someone get to me to the extent that I would jeopardise my professionalism and me as a lady.

When we got to the function there were still people arriving so we weren’t too late or they were also late. KK held my hand as we walked into the hall. I could feel people’s eyes on us and the Exec table was right at the front. I just squared my shoulders and held on tightly to him for dear life. He kept stopping and greeting people on the way with his hand still firmly in mine. We eventually made it to our table and I noticed Amanda was sitting at a table right across from us and she was shooting poisoned daggers at me.

KK ordered me a glass of white wine as I said hi to everyone at the table. Vusi was there with his beautiful wife. The CFO and Mrs Ndlovu the HR executive also had their partners there. I noticed Zama hadn’t arrived yet and wondered where she was. The necessary introductions were made and after I took a sip of a really great Chardonnay I started taking the room in. The ballroom was transformed and looked really nice. There was a stage and podium setup I assume there would be some speeches. A DJ was on the side and currently playing some R&B music.

“I can still taste you on my tongue,” he whispered in my ear as he put his arm on the back of my chair. Was he trying to turn me on again in the crowd?

“I can’t wait to taste your come sliding down my throat,” I whispered back and he chuckled at that then kissed me on my cheek before he got pulled into a conversation with Vusi next to him. I took that opportunity to check my phone and see where Zama was. I saw a message flashing already.

**Zama: Friend I’m riding solo tonight. Thabo didn’t pitch! I’ll be there soon.**

**Me: How deep! No problem come help me duck the Amanda daggers being thrown at me ☐**

“Everything ok with Zama? Where is she?” KK asked taking a sip of his whiskey on ice with some water.

“She’s running late. Her date stood her up.” I shook my head in disapproval.

“She should’ve just asked Steve to come with her.”

“Ahh you know things are special in that front. Oh here she comes,” I said standing up to give her a hug.

“Good evening everyone. Apologies for being late,” she said as she sat down.

“No harm done. The formal program hadn’t begun yet.” KK ordered Zama a glass of wine. He was such a gentleman this man of mine. I smiled at him although he wasn’t looking at me. I placed my hand on his thigh and he took my hand in his and raised it to kiss my fingers. He was really letting it be known that we were together.

“Good evening ladies and gentleman. Welcome to our 2016 year-end function and I must say you guys clean up nicely. Can you give yourselves a round of applause?” The MC greeted as we clapped. “Those of you who don’t know me my name is Kevin Reese working in Marketing as one of the senior managers. So tonight my role would be to coordinate the program. I promise it won’t be death by speeches just a few words from our execs then we get on with the entertainment...” the MC was really talkative and quite funny as well.



Mrs Ndlovu was called first to deliver the speech about HR and initiatives in place for employee engagement and development. After her speech the starters were served which were delicious. KK was super attentive the entire time busy whispering dirty things to me, kissing me on my cheek, turning me on etc.

We then got a rundown of our financial performance from the CFO and before I knew it KK was being introduced onto stage.

“...and sorry ladies rumour has it that he’ll be off the market pretty soon. Is it right Mr K?” Kevin asked as KK stepped up to the podium. He laughed lightly.

“I can neither confirm nor deny these rumours as I wasn’t aware that I was on the market to begin with. KI has seen tremendous growth in our 2016 financial year ended October. This is testament to our customer centric approach, innovative ideas and most importantly you, our motivated employees. When I started this company I had a vision to empower and develop black South Africans out of poverty and into financial freedom. That vision has not yet been realised and that’s how I know that KI will continue into the future. We have invested heavily in people, infrastructure and the economy to ensure longevity and stability of our company.”

“Diversification is our strength because although growth in construction has been depressed our consulting division is making ridiculous margin. There are several ideas in the pipeline to further diversify this business. As we near the end of the calendar year I would like to thank each and every one of you for your continued support, commitment and dedication to our cause and vision as KI. We’ve even extended ourselves to welcome our esteemed graduates earlier than we usually do so they can start adding value quicker to the business. Zama Mkhize and the gorgeous and entirely mine Lerato Molemi.” There were gasps as he said that and the ownership claim warmed me right through.

“I have no doubt that together we can turn this 1 billion Rand revenue company to 2 billion Rand. Thank you all for your hard work and please let’s be responsible in our drinking and driving tonight. As you all where the after party is and hope to see you guys there. May 2017 bring even more prosperity to each and every one of us. Hope you all have a restful break and may we come back energised and ready to grow our customer base. I may come back married – who knows?” He said

shrugging his shoulders and smiling. Everybody got up and gave him a standing ovation as he walked down the stairs of the stage. When he got to our table he kissed me right there with everyone looking at us and people started cheering. Not a bad night after all.

“I love you,” he whispered in my ear as we sat down again. When The Soil came on stage and started performing I was speechless. I loved that group and they were just absolutely spectacular.

People started mingling as the main course was served which was a buffet style. Zama and I went to queue for the food. I asked KK if I should dish up for him and he agreed as he was chatting to some people. I had two plates to dish up so I held both in the queue. Amanda came up and stood right behind us.

“So he’s claiming you publicly now?” She snickered at me. I was not going to rise to her bait.

“Have you not done enough damage Amanda?” Zama asked her. She came closer to me and spoke something totally unexpected.

“KK was mine first Lerato. We had something until you came along and ruined it. He kissed me in his office one late night, did you know that? I know he has a tattoo of an elephant inside a picture of the African continent on his left chest. How would I know that if I hadn’t fucked him? We all know how private Mr K is.”

How true was this? I wanted to hurl the plate at her but I held on and started dishing food. She was lying. She must have seen KK’s tattoo from pictures or something. It couldn’t be true. Outwardly I was as calm as can be but inside I was already throwing the plates at her and howling in pain as to why KK failed to mention this to me. Had he slept with Amanda and he didn’t tell me? It made sense why Amanda thought she was justified in calling him hers and why she’s been harassing me since I’ve been here. How could he?

## Insert 88.1

Amanda watched me closely probably waiting for a reaction similar to the one I had earlier but I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction. Tonight wasn't about her at all. It was about me having fun with my man and friends. An unexpected calm came over me as I moved along the food queue saying yes or no to what was on offer.

“Zee we need to make an appointment at that wedding dress shop in Fourways. KK says he wants us to get married pretty soon. Can you believe he says he can't wait for me to be Mrs KK,” I faked a laugh as if I couldn't believe he would say such a thing. I should give this acting thing a go really. My clever friend Zama caught on to what I was doing.

“I can believe it friend after putting such a massive rock on your finger and publicly declaring unequivocally that you are his! Uyakuthanda (he loves you) shame u Mr K!” I stole a glance at Amanda and you could tell she was listening avidly.

“I love him too hey and as much as he may have a past so do I you know. I can't be holding that against him I mean I'm his present and future which is more important than whatever came before me right?” I asked looking at Zama just so I could see Amanda in my line of vision.

“True friend ubani odla iphalishi layizolo? Upheka elisha ngoba iphalishi livele liwome nje ungakwazi ngisho nokulifudumeza kahle (who eats yesterday's pap because it dries up and it's a challenge to even reheat it).” I laughed as we took the plates and went back to the table.

“Well handled my friend. I'm proud of you,” Zama said and I smiled at her. I was proud of myself too. Never again would I let people get to me like that. When we got there some guy was sitting in the empty chair next to Zama.

“Thabo? I thought you weren't coming anymore!” Zama said as she sat down. I waved hi to him as I gave KK his plate of food.

“Sorry Zama. My stupid younger brother took my car and was delayed in coming back. I forgot my phone at the gym and couldn’t call you to let you know. When he eventually came back I tried calling but you weren’t answering. Thought I’d come anyway and if you had already organised someone else I would go. I promised I’d be here. Sorry I’m late.” He smiled at her and Zama smiled back.

“It’s fine Thabo. Dinner is served so you can go get something to eat.” He nodded and got up to help himself. I leaned over to her so KK wouldn’t hear me.

“You were right my friend he is delicious.” He was well-built without looking like a body builder and had the yellow bone vibes that Zama seemed to be into. She high-fived me as KK put his hand on my thigh to catch my attention.

“Everything ok? I saw you talking to Amanda earlier,” he asked softly with some concern on his handsome face.

“All is well baby no stress. Amanda was just being her annoying self claiming you guys slept together and that I sort of stole you from her. Whether it’s true or not it would’ve happened in the past so it doesn’t matter to me.” I said smiling to try to show him I was unaffected by the allegation although a part of me wondered whether there was nay truth in what she was saying. I couldn’t help the flare of jealousy I felt when KK stiffened next to me. Did his reaction mean it was true?

“That girl won’t stop stirring will she? I have never slept with any employee until you came along. We did have a brief moment last year sometime. It was a late night and we were working late together. I must’ve had a brief slip of judgement and kissed her but it literally lasted all of 5 seconds before I came to my senses. I never wanted to get involved with people at work because it just complicated things. I probably should’ve told you but I didn’t think she would be so hell-bent on being special about it. It meant absolutely nothing at all and I assured her it would never happen again and it hasn’t since despite her attempts to re-enact the scene,” he said exhaling frustration churning through him. I took both his hands in mine and looked at him. Inside I was doing my infamous burpees at that revelation.

“Baby it doesn’t matter. It happened before we even met. If it had happened yesterday or anytime after me best believe I would’ve thrown the coffee and

manhandled you for that,” I said laughing lightly. He relaxed when he realised I wasn’t affected by this thing.

“I love you sweetheart and you can manhandle me anytime. Thanks for telling me and being so mature about this whole thing.” He kissed me on the lips.

“We all have to grow up sometime. I love you too baby and I’ve resolved to just focus on us and not let external forces derail me. Our foundation is strong so we’ll weather even more storms together.” He squeezed my hands and excused himself to speak to another exec from the adjacent table. Zama was busy chatting to Thabo so I noticed Vusi’s wife looked bored. I guess Mrs Ndlovu and the CFO’s wife weren’t feeling her vibe. She seemed to be around our age but maybe slightly older. I caught her eye as she lifted her eyes from her phone and gestured for her to come sit next to me. She smiled and came to our side of the table. I wondered where Vusi had gone to but he was probably mingling with some employees.

“It’s Noxolo right?” I said to her as she sat down.

“Yep and you’re Lerato nhe?” I nodded smiling.

“It’s been a long night for me. Vusi insists on bringing me to these things and I’m like a fish out of water because all the women here are much older than me.”

“Askies shame but I’m sure he assumes women will get along. It’s like braai’s that men organise and assume the women will be friends for the day.”

“Exactly! I’m glad though that KK’s found you because he used to come to these things on his own. Besides it means now you’ll also be at those horrid work weekend away things so I have a buddy now.”

“You make it sound like it was painful before to attend them. I’m also glad that KK found me he has literally brought a lot of love and maturity into my life. I love him a lot.”

“I think everyone can tell hey. The love is radiating from you guys in waves...”  
Turned out Noxolo was actually quite talkative and once Zama joined in we were chatting away like old friends.

The Soil's performance was out of this world and when they were done everybody clapped as they walked off the stage. The DJ came on again and started playing house music. People started getting onto the dance floor and moving to the music. KK was engaged in some deep soccer talk with Vusi and Thabo while sipping on his whiskey. I kept stealing glances at him and asking myself how did I get so lucky?

We were all getting a bit tipsy from the wine we were consuming and when I checked the time it was around 11 already. Some people started leaving especially the older couples. KK had said that the venue would be closed down at midnight then people could move onto the after party venue. He came over to us, pulled a chair and sat next to me.

"I think we should start heading out. Can I organise Zama's car park to be parked in the basement then she can get it tomorrow?" he asked nuzzling my neck.

"Probably a good idea I don't think she is in a state to drive anyway. I know I'm not. Let me get her keys." I handed them to KK and he stood up.

"Let me arrange then we can leave in the next 10 minutes or so."

"We leaving soon ladies. Noxy you coming with?" I asked her.

"I'd like to will ask Vusi if we're going." I decided to go to the loo to freshen up before we head out. I noticed that Amanda followed me to the loo. Really? Could she not just let it go already. What was it with coloured chicks and me? First it was Chelsea and now Amanda just won't quit it. I had to say a little prayer to remain clam because with liquid courage I'd probably physically deal with her which I didn't want.

When I got out of the toilet stall she was waiting for me by the basins. I ignored her and washed my hands, checked my face and as I was about to leave she pulled my arm to halt my movement.

"So you're just going to ignore me?" I could tell that she had also been drinking and way more than me by the looks of it.

“What do you want me to do Amanda? What do you want me to say? Why are you so focused on me and what I’m doing?”

“He always had a soft spot for me and I knew when he called me up to work at KI it was because we got along so well. We had a good vibe and I knew it was only a matter of time before we’d be able to break through his barrier and he would be mine. You came along and ruined that for me. He was supposed to be mine!” she was shouting now and she burst into tears.

“I’m sorry that things didn’t work out the way you envisaged but it’s not my fault Amanda. I didn’t even know who you were or what your history was when I joined here...” I couldn’t believe I was now comforting a girl who made my life difficult.

“But don’t you see? It means he was open to dating an employee and that was due to all my hard work convincing him that it wouldn’t be a bad thing to mix business with pleasure. I was sure I was getting through to him. You swooped in and benefited from all my hard work! Mr K is supposed to be mine!” she sounded like a petulant child who was denied her favourite toy at the shop.

“The heart wants what it wants Amanda. I couldn’t have controlled how I feel more than KK would and things happened that way. You’re a very beautiful and obviously intelligent girl I’m sure there’s someone out there for you. You shouldn’t go around making false accusations about our boss though because it might have repercussions for you in your career.” She looked at me when I said that.

“What do you mean by false accusations?”

“The whole thing about you having slept with KK. We both know that’s not true and imagine if it gets back to his ears in what light it will paint you?”

“But it happened. How do you know it didn’t?” she had that calculating glint in her eye. I tried to reach out but clearly it was going to be a futile exercise.

“Amanda give it up already. KK is going to be my husband and I know him and what he stands for. He didn’t violate his code of dating an employee until I came into the picture. It sounds arrogant I know but I also know it’s the truth. You need

to stop doing this to yourself because if I tell him you can imagine how that will sound.” I had already told him but she didn’t need to know that.

“Have you not wondered how I know about his tattoo? That’s not something everybody would know.” I literally give up on this conversation.

“I’m not interested in finding out. I’m his woman now and that is unlikely to change for a long time. I actually need to go I’m sure people are wondering where I am. Excuse me,” I said and kept my arms close to me so she wouldn’t pull me again.

“Bitch!” she shouted at me as I left. Oh well no surprises there.



## Insert 88.2

The club wasn't too packed when we got there. We found Sizwe, Sphe, Noma and Tebogo already there. Noma was positively glowing with her cute baby bump. I hugged them in greeting and introduced Zama and Noxolo. We were settled into the VIP area and it seemed like KK had booked out the whole area. He pulled me onto his lap and kissed me.

"Are you ok?" KK whispered in my ear holding me tightly to him.

"Yep I'm good. I'm going to drink water for a while so I don't get too drunk. Akere (you know) you promised me things," I said kissing him again and he groaned into my mouth.

"I never promise and not deliver sweetheart you know that. Let me get something to drink. Are you going to mingle with the ladies for a bit? Need to catch up with the guys," he said stroking my cheek with his fingers. I loved this man so much.

"Yep fine by me. Haven't seen Tebza and Noma in a while. Don't miss me too much," I said giving him one final kiss and getting up off his lap. He then decided to just spank my ass with everybody around. KK though. I turned back and gave him a stern look and he just winked at me. Mxm.

"It's clear someone can't wait to get you home," Noma teased as I sat next down next to her. At least the VIP area was cordoned off with glass walls and so the music wasn't too loud. You could still see everything happening in the club without being in the heart of the action. I'd never been in VIP anything at a club. KK had definitely upgraded me.

"Eish what can we do with these men of ours that we love so much? How have you been?"

"Good and preparing for the baby. At least Sphe has finally cleared out the one bedroom that we going to turn into a nursery so we going to start decorating and stuff."

"Oh that's good. I don't know when KK and I will be on that baby tip but we've both agreed to wait a while. Things have moved fast as it is," I said looking around

and spotted Zama being cosy with Thabo. I guess she had alcohol in her system and she was feeling flirty. As it was she was having some Vodka and cranberry juice.

“I’m just glad KK has you now. He’s so much calmer and way happier than I’ve seen him. Since he’s asked you to marry him you know the world you’re coming into?” She looked at me seriously.

“What do you mean Noma? You’re scaring me now.” Did Noma know some stuff that I wasn’t privy to? She leaned closer to me and lowered her voice.

“Sphe says you know about the killings that occasionally happen. It used be quite a lot back in the day but not so much nowadays. Sphe and even Sizwe do these things as well. The fact that you know and are still here means you know that they won’t hesitate to kill anyone who gets in their way or our way. I don’t socialise with guys much even at work because Sphe gets super antsy about it and wants to order killings. Sphe is possessive but I know KK is even worse. I’ve heard him describe in all its gory details what he wanted to do to your ex that kidnapped you. All I’m saying is just be mindful of who you befriend especially if it’s a guy because if KK is anything like Sphe it’s going to be a problem. KK loves you so much I think he would lose it if something happened to you or you cheated on him. He’s quite intense!” Noma’s words took me back to Oliver who was my guy friend that KK knew about and he didn’t seem too concerned by him then. Coming to think of it I hadn’t spoken to him in a while. I needed to catch up with him. Zama came towards us and sat on the other side of me.

“Mngani (my friend) u Thabo uyababa nhe (is hot right)?” I could tell she was passing the tipsy sign and headed to drunk.

“My friend I think you must drink some water so you can make informed decisions about Thabo gracing you this evening,” I said to her softly so Noma wouldn’t hear me. I didn’t want Noma to judge my friend although she didn’t seem like the judging type but instead gave me bucket loads to think about.

“No friend I’ll drink water when I get home. I won’t do anything with Thabo. Fitness fanatics usually have small you know whats,” she said as she started giggling. I took a bottle of water, opened it and handed it to her.

“Drink my friend.” At least she listened to me and downed half of it in one go just as Steve got there looking delicious in his black he was always wearing. She pulled me close to her.

“What is fuck boy doing here?” She whispered in my ear.

“He’s KK’s friend and you know we celebrating our engagement today. KK mentioned he would come but I forgot to tell you. Askies.” I doubt Zama was even listening to me. She was following Steve around the room with her eyes. “Stop staring,” I whispered into her ear.

“I can’t help it mngani uyazi uSteve uyababa (you know he is hot). Why isn’t he into me like I’m into him?” She had that wistful look as she ditched my bottled water and went back to the vodka.

“I think he is judging by the way he is looking at you now,” I said softly as Steve made his way to us. Noma and Tebza stood up and hugged him. I wasn’t even aware that they knew him like that. I guess what Noma was saying earlier about the killing circle was true. For politeness sake I also stood up and hugged him hello. Zama wasn’t having it though she sat there and sipped on her vodka.

When she got up from the chair it was to pull Thabo to his feet so they could dance. Thabo was obviously over-eager which didn’t go down well with Steve but I saw him look away and go back to the crew of guys. Noxolo had been chatting away with Tebza and I figured they must have found stuff they had in common.

I signaled for KK to come to me as I caught him staring at me and he came immediately. I smiled as he walked up and pulled me to go sit on a separate couch at the corner. The nice thing about the VIP area is that there were a lot of clusters of couches everywhere and it wasn’t super bright either in terms of lighting.

I sat on the couch and he sat next to me with his back towards the crowd.

“Were you missing me already?” He asked smiling at me.

“Don’t act like you weren’t missing me too. I saw the way you kept staring at me,” I leaned in and kissed him.

“I was imagining all the things I wanted to do to you,” he whispered nipping my lower lip.

“I can’t wait to get back home so you can share your imagination with me,” I whispered back.

“Who said we had to get home first?” He kissed me then and stole my breath from my lungs. He moved his hand beneath my skirt and started drawing circles on my thighs as the dress had ridden up when I sat down. He continued kissing me making his circles bigger and wider under my skirt until he got to my panties. I gasped and opened my eyes looking at him.

“KK...what are you doing?” I whispered to him holding his shoulders. In reply KK moved even closer to me and lifted one of my legs onto his lap. He tightened his one arm around me as he moved his hand back to where it had been.

“You can’t do this here baby,” I said looking behind him at the crew but everyone was minding their own business.

“Why not?,” he said as he kissed my lips, “come for me again sweetheart and make my night.”

“There are people all around us.” KK was taking the public displays a tad far now.

“No one’s going to come here and either way it’s going to look like we cuddling. We’re newly engaged love.” He began to stroke me through the lace of my panties as he kissed me while staring into my eyes.

“Close your eyes sweetheart and just give yourself over to me,” he whispered and I just gave in to the sensations already building inside me. He stroked me a little firmly pressing his fingers gently into my folds through the lace. I knew my panties were soaked and so were his fingers at this point. He kissed me then plunging his tongue inside my mouth and I couldn’t hold back the moan. I knew the others wouldn’t hear me because of the music. I held nothing back and melted into him my hands moving down to his chest. I wished we were alone so I could also do what I wanted with him. When he pulled the panties to the side and sunk two fingers inside me I was already slick with need and swollen from need. He moved

his fingers back up coated with my wetness to caress my clit. I couldn't help moving against his hand although I tried to keep my movements small so it wouldn't be glaringly obvious what we were up to.

"You're so beautiful," he said softly kissing my neck, "I wish I could slide inside you right now so I can feel your tight pussy contract around me."

"Oh gosh...feels so good..." I panted as he increased his speed inside me and opened my legs wider.

"Does it feel good sweetheart?" He whispered kissing me on my mouth again.

"Oh yes...you seem to know...exactly...how to touch me..." he was placing open mouth kisses on my throat, down my jaw and up again to bite my ear.

"Tell me you want me," he said urgently, "tell me you want me inside you as badly as I want to be inside you." I felt the wave coming and I was ready for it in fact I was panting with it.

"I want you baby...so much," I kissed him hard as he stroked me over and over again. When he placed his thumb on my clit while stroking me inside with his two fingers I couldn't stop the climax. He kissed me hard to smother my scream as I contracted around his fingers. He kept kissing me until my body calmed down then he removed his fingers and licked them.

"Hmm delicious," he said smiling at me.

"I can't believe you just made me come in a club. Gosh KK!" He laughed at that. I could tell he was tipsy now and he got silly whenever he was.

"Don't act like you didn't enjoy it." Looking at him smiling at me I just had this warmth rush of love for this complex man of mine.

"I love you," I said touching his cheek.

"I love you more. Let's go dance," he said pulling me up. When we rejoined the others they were all dancing to some Rihanna song that had come on. I poured myself a glass of champagne and handed KK his glass of whiskey. Zama was busy

dancing with Thabo and they were facing each other. His hands kept going lower and lower Zama's back and I could see Steve getting visibly tense next to me. He wasn't even dancing. He was just standing there watching Zama and Thabo. When Thabo lowered his hands to Zama's ass, Steve launched at Thabo and removed him from Zama.

"Don't touch her like that!" he said through gritted teeth his hands full of Thabo's shirt.

"What the fuck man! Who the fuck are you?" Thabo shouted at him as KK came between them and separated them.

"Calm down Steve man. Let's get some air," KK said gently pushing him back. Zama was just standing there wide-eyed.

"Let's go Zama," Thabo said extending his hand towards her. She looked at Thabo's hand and looked at Steve. "What the fuck Zama. Let's go!" He shouted.

"Don't shout at me Thabo! Fuck! I think you should leave," she said sitting down and downing her glass of vodka and juice.

"Oh it's like that is it? You invited me here then you see your friends and turn on me? Fine Zama. I'm out," Thabo said and left. Everybody was slightly confused as to what transpired but went back to their drinks. I went and sat next to Zama and put my arm around her.

"My friend o sharp (are you ok)?" When I felt her shoulders shaking I knew I wouldn't want to cry in front of people who weren't my friends. I stood up and pulled her and left the VIP area with her so we could go outside and get some air. I hugged her when we got outside.

"Why is he doing this friend? He's so possessive of me but he doesn't want me! I can't deal with his mixed signals!" I didn't know what to say to her so I just held her as she cried rubbing her back trying to soothe her. Just then Steve came outside and stood next to us.

"Zee I'm sorry," Steve said softly.

“Steve why mara wetsa so (are you doing this) to my friend?” I asked him tears in my eyes because it tore me apart to witness Zama in such a state.

“Can I speak to her First Lady please? Zee babes can I talk to you?” Steve asked coming closer to us.

“Friend do you want to speak to him? Can I leave you here with him?” I asked Zama I knew she liked him a lot when she nodded I let her go and she went into Steve’s arms.

“Take care of her Steve please?” I said to him before I made my way back into the club. I noticed some people from work who were there and they noticed men too as I made my way upstairs to the VIP area. I had gone past the point of caring now. KK met me as I came into the room and hugged me to him.

“Is Zama ok?” He asked concern evident on his handsome face.

“Yep she will be ok. Steve’s with her now. I hope they sort their shit out already,” I said taking a sip of the champagne that KK handed me.

“I hope so too for both their sake,” KK said kissing me on the cheek.

Noma and Sphe looked like they were ready to go. She hugged me when she got to us.

“I’m tired now girl. It’s way past my bedtime. Thanks for a great night.”

“Thanks for being here,” I said squeezing her to me. Tebza and Sizwe also left shortly thereafter. It was just Noxolo, Vusi me and KK. We sat together with KK next to me and Noxolo sitting with Vusi.

“What a great night! I’m so glad you’re here Lerato,” Noxy said clinking glasses of champagne with me.

“It’s true though. Noxy’s always been stressed about exec functions because of abo gogo (grannies) na bo mkhulu (and grandpa’s) that KK has hired,” Vusi said teasing. KK burst out laughing.

“I don’t look at age Vusi you know. I determine whether someone has the best experience and or qualifications to succeed at the job. In all honesty though those exec get togethers get pretty lame,” KK said laughing and pulling me even closer to his side. Zama and Steve eventually came back holding hands and looking like they’d made up. What a tumultuous relationship they had. They joined us and cuddled next to each other. When I checked the time it was around 2 in the morning.

“Let’s go home baby,” I whispered in KK’s ear. It had been an awesome day but I was ready to be alone with my man now.



## Insert 89

The drive back to KK's place seemed very long to me because I was very anxious to just be with KK alone. He had his arm around me in the car and I kept kissing his jaw and brushing his abs and slowly inched my hands to Khumalo who also seemed eager to play.

"Can't you ask him to drive faster?" I whispered to KK brushing my fingers over the already hard Khumalo.

"Patience is a virtue sweetheart but just know that I also can't wait to sink balls deep inside you. It's been a while," he whispered back biting my ear lobe. I sighed out loud and snuggled back into his arms.

It was quite a snug fit sitting at the back of his coupe but I liked it because it brought him closer to me.

"You really should get the other car baby. If you are going to ask for a driver in your coupe it's a bit impractical," I said to him trying to change the subject to calm myself down.

"You're right. I've been meaning to do it but it's just been so busy. Maybe we can go tomorrow and check some cars out," he suggested squeezing me to him.

When we got to his place, the driver drove into the garage and pushed the seat forward so we could come out. He said his goodbyes to KK while I was gathering my clutch and all that. When I came out of the car with KK holding my hand to help me out of the car, he pressed me to the side of the car and started kissing me passionately. I moaned into the kiss as I felt the tip of his tongue on my lower lip. He pressed me harder against the car and I felt Khumalo through our layers.

"I've been waiting to get you alone the whole fucking night. I owe you orgasm 3 of the requested 3," he whispered running his mouth down my jaw and onto my neck which made my core clench involuntarily. I wondered whether he would want to do it right here in the darkness of the garage or if he was teasing me again. He liked teasing me and tempting me all the time.

“Am I getting the third one here?” I asked panting as he ran his hands down the side of my body leaving goosebumps all over my skin.

“No sweetheart I don’t want to take you in the garage...well at least not today...maybe another time,” he said laying his head on my shoulder to slow his breathing down. I couldn’t help the slight pang of disappointment that it wasn’t going to happen here. It was the second time he had turned me down and I had car sex fantasies he needed to fulfil.

“Well if it’s not happening in here why are we still in the garage. Let’s go.” I said pushing him back slightly so I could walk around him. I couldn’t help my sulking mood at this point. When we got into the house, his cellphone rang. He looked at it frowning and answered. That ticked me off more because it was early hours of the morning and who was so important that he had to take the call? He looked at me quizzically while walking to his study like he couldn’t understand why I was throwing a mini tantrum on him.

I walked upstairs and took my heels off and went to the bathroom to clean the make up from my face. Even after that ritual he still wasn’t back. As I took my dress off an idea struck in my mind and I decided to go with it. My body was already buzzing from the anticipation of what I was planning to do.

I took off all my clothes as I heard him winding up his call and coming up the stairs. He already thought I was sort of mad at him without understanding why so this would maybe be a nice surprise. I don’t think I’ve ever bared it all for anyone like this but I knew that my body drives him crazy so I was confident to let it all out. It must have been the alcohol buzzing in my system that had something to do with my sudden confidence in any case.

I positioned myself on all fours on the bed with my legs apart and lowering my upper body to the bed so my head was on the pillow and my very naked ass high up in the air and I knew it would be the first thing he would see as he walked in. It was only a matter of seconds and I heard him come through the door whistling. I couldn’t see him but I knew he stopped by the door and the whistling had also stopped probably from the shock of what he could see waiting for him. He groaned as he moved to the bed sending shivers down my spine. I had my eyes closed and I didn’t even know what was coming but I knew it was going to be so so good.

I felt the warmth of his body behind me as I felt a slight dip on the bed. He immediately grabbed hold of my butt cheeks, spread my legs further apart with his arms, pushed his face towards me and licked me all the way from the top of my slit to inside my core.

“Oh!” I cried out as sensations rolled through me. I didn’t know what he was going to do to me but I was loving this already. He continued with his tongue assault on my sensitive lower regions, sucking, licking, biting slightly until I was delirious with pleasure. He got on the bed and introduced his fingers into play sending me to dizzying heights of pleasure. Having gloriously sunk them deep inside me for lubrication, he slowly circled my throbbing clit, his other hand on my hip holding me tightly.

“Oh god...KK...don’t stop please...”

“I love seeing you like this sweetheart...knowing that I’m the one giving you this pleasure...”

“Uh huh...I need it baby...I need you...” I moaned into the bed linen pressed on my face. Again he moved away from my clit, slipping his two fingers back inside me, pushing deeply, widening me. As I moaned louder and louder urging him on, he began moving his fingers faster inside me pushing my body with his rhythm and I grabbed hold of the duvet with my fists to hold myself still.

“Yes!” I cried out loudly, “don’t stop baby please...” I could feel that pleasure wave getting closer and closer.

“Fuck you’re so sexy,” he groaned, “you make me so fucking hard.” I groaned at the mental picture he painted of a hard Khumalo and I couldn’t wait to finally feel him sink into me. At the same time I didn’t want him to stop what he was doing because I was so damn close.

“Oh baby I want it...but don’t stop please...” I pant as his fingers keep up the punishing pace he’d set.

“All in good time sweetheart...you must come for me first,” he said his breathing laboured. He must have been really controlling his urge to take me now. I wanted

to refuse and tell him I want him inside me now but just the promise held in his response was enough to bring me over the edge and I felt myself contracting around his fingers as spasms of pleasure flowed through me. It felt like the pleasure would never end and it went on and on. I felt like I'm having a multiple orgasm the way it went on and on while KK was placing open-mouthed kisses on my lower back.

After the spasms died down I remained lying on the pillow with no energy to move. He gently took his fingers back and leaned in to kiss me on my butt cheeks then he lightly spanked me.

“Naughty girl...” he whispered leaning over me.

“hmm...” I mumbled unable to move.

He moved away from me as he stood up and I took those few moments to calm my raging body and heartbeat down. I laid flat on my stomach on the bed still with my eyes closed and listen to the background sounds of him taking off his clothes. When the bed dipped again and he lifted my hips high up once I knew what was coming and I was already panting from the expectation. He entered me in one swift moving bottoming out inside me almost immediately.

“Fuck!” he groaned as he started moving inside me. I couldn't even bring myself to do anything so I just let his movements transport me to wherever he wanted to take me.

“Do you like this sweetheart?” He growled as he pushed into me relentlessly, “you like feeling me inside you? Filling you with my dick?” I was too incoherent to even respond. He felt fantastic as he moved in and out of me. It felt like it went on and on as he held my hips tightly pushing my pleasure higher and higher with each thrust.

“Uhh...fuck baby that feels so good...” I moaned feeling the orgasm knocking. KK wasn't even responding anymore as he held tightly to my hips and punishing me with his hard thrusts. I knew my body would be stiff tomorrow but I didn't even care.

“How are you so fucking tight all the fucking time? I’m close sweetheart, come with me Lerato,” KK pleaded on a groan as he reached down for my clit and rubbed the side of it which heightened my pleasure because I was super sensitive because of all the action. The fact that he knew I would be too sensitive for direct stimulation was way more than I could process right now. His strokes got harder and more aggressive as I screamed my lungs out. He stilled behind me as he reached his own climax.

When he pulled out of me to go to the bathroom I lay back down again on my stomach. My body felt like cooked spaghetti it was so relaxed. He came back a few minutes later and cleaned me up.

“Get up sweetheart so we can get into bed,” he whispered leaning over me. I had no energy to do anything so I shook my head.

“Let’s sleep on top of the covers,” I mumbled.

“No love it’ll get chilly eventually. Ok rollover to my side of the bed so I can open the covers then you’ll roll back.” Clever man. I did as instructed and before long he had me in his arms safely ensconced in the cover.

“I love you,” I murmured before I drifted off to sleep.

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“So what’s the plan today after we see your dad?” I asked KK as we got ready. I had woken up with a headache from hell but KK made us breakfast and I took headache tablets so now it wasn’t too bad.

“Hmm I hadn’t thought that far. Let’s see how we feel after the hospital visit.”

“Last night I was thinking about how long it’s been since I’ve spoken to Oliver, I need to contact him so we can meet up,” I said tying my sandals KK stiffened next to me. If I hadn’t been sitting next to him on the bed I wouldn’t even have noticed it.

“What’s wrong?” I asked turning so I could look at him.

“I thought he was your classmate. Wasn’t aware you guys are actual friends,” he said tightly. Is this what Noma was talking about yesterday?

“Is it a problem if we are?” He shifted uncomfortably under my intense scrutiny and cleared his throat.

“I wouldn’t say it’s a problem but it would be a concern,” he said slowly picking out his words.

“Concern because...”

“Well...I don’t have female friends that I meet and catch up with...” I stood up incredulity running through my veins. I took a deep breath to try to calm myself down.

“Do you mean to tell me that you don’t want me to have guy friends? Despite the fact that I’ve known Oliver for way longer than I’ve known you?” Well it wasn’t that long but still...

“I don’t believe in a guy and girl just being friends. It’s either one party wants the other or you both want each other. I trust you and know you wouldn’t do things with this Oliver of yours but how can I be assured he won’t try anything?” Wow back to the 1800’s we’ve gone.

“Even if he did I wouldn’t reciprocate! I can’t believe that I’m hearing this from you right now. Of all the things I could’ve heard from you this was definitely the last one I expected to hear!” I couldn’t believe him right now.

“I don’t know what you want me to say Lerato. I’ve told you how I feel about it and that’s also wrong. I think we should get going,” he said taking his keys from the side table.

“We’re not done talking about this KK. I want to hear you say it explicitly. Do you not want me to have male friends?” he sighed loudly.

“I’m not going to tell you what to do that decision will rest squarely on you. What I am telling you is that those kinds of friendships concern me and make me uncomfortable. Hence the reason I don’t have female friends that I meet and catch

up with. How you decide to continue going forward is completely up to you. You'll find me in the car." He walked out of the bedroom. I couldn't believe him right now. So basically if I continued to 'be friends' with Oliver he's saying that would *concern* him and I would be going against those *concerns*. He's not even willing to see this from my point of view.

I took my handbag and made sure to lock up before I joined him in the car. He didn't even look at me as I got into the car and started playing his jazz music. I knew it was purely to annoy me because I had mentioned this particular artist's music bored me to death. So I took my earphones out and listened to music on my own phone. If he was going to sulk so was I because what had I actually done except try to keep in touch with a friend I'd lost contact with. After I picked some house track to listen to, I scrolled through my phonebook and realised that for some reason I didn't have Oliver's number on my phone anymore. No wonder he hadn't even crossed my mind – his name and number were nowhere to be found. What could've happened to them? I turned and looked at KK who was staring straight ahead with no care in the world. When he stopped at the robot he noticed me staring at him.

"What is it?" he asked. I took my earphones off.

"Did you say something?" I had heard him loud and clear but I was being as petty as he was being towards me.

"I see you're looking at me? Do you want to say something?"

"I was just going through my phone and realised Oliver's number is not on here." I looked intently at him as he rolled his eyes at me.

"Are we going to spend the rest of the weekend talking about this person?" he asked the look of annoyance on his face.

"I'm just trying to make sense of what's happened. I rarely delete numbers on my phone and they are linked to my Gmail account so even when I get a new phone I just restore my contacts from Gmail. I still have numbers of my high school friends whom I don't even talk to. I just find it odd that Oliver's number has mysteriously vanished." He just stared straight on and kept driving.

“KK?”

“Yini (what is it) Lerato! Ufuna ngithini (what do you want me to say)?” I could sense his frustration but I felt like he wasn’t being real with me for some reason. My instinct about those sorts of things were seldom wrong.

“I just find it weird that you don’t want me to have guy friends and Oliver was the guy friend you knew and now his number is not on my phone anymore.” He turned to look at me briefly.

“Are you accusing me of something because if you are just own the accusation at a minimum.” Wow this day is going downhill at an alarming rate. I took my earphones and put them back on. I just didn’t want to get into an argument about this in the car on the way to see his parents. I’m quite sure MaKhumalo would probably smell the tension as soon as we got there.

We were both quiet for the rest of the journey to the hospital. When we got there Mr Khumalo seemed to be in high spirits and it seemed like he was getting better daily. Khaya and Fezo were also there.

“Hawu Khulekani kunjani ndodana (how are you son)?” Mr Khumalo greeted him as they shook hands.

“Ngiyaphila (I’m good) Mntungwa. Ngathi uyalulama (you seem to be getting better),” he said as he shook his brother’s hand as well. He gave Fezo a hug. Ok since when was he on that tip with Fezokubi? She also seemed surprised by the hug.

“Sanibonani baba (greetings),” I said also shaking Mr Khumalo’s hand. I happened to shake him with my left hand because his right arm was in a cast. He caught hold of my hand and turned it over to look at my engagement ring. I didn’t even know whether KK had gotten around to tell them about the ring.

“Hawu do we have a wedding to prepare for?” he asked looking at me then KK. KK smiled briefly because those were good news but him and I were not ok.



“Yebo kodwa hayi maduzane (yes but not very soon). That’s one of the reasons that brought me here today to let you guys know.”

“That’s awesome news son. I’m very happy for you and quite excited to welcome this young lady into the family!” Mr Khumalo looked genuinely happy for us. I just smiled shyly as I sat down.

“Ngiyabonga (thank you) Mtungwa. Uphi umama (where’s mom)?”

“Oh ubaba (dad) is getting discharged today so the doctor has deemed him fit enough to go home. Mom’s gone to sign the papers.” Khaya said as he shook KK’s hand again I assume to congratulate him on the engagement.

“Oh wow wonderful news. Anisasho (you didn’t even tell me)!”

“We knew you were coming so we wanted to surprise you,” Khaya said as KK’s mom came into the room. She smiled brightly at KK and opened her arms out for a hug which KK didn’t return. I guess there were still some unresolved issues on that front. He had to learn to forgive though and move on.

“So good to see you ngane yami (my child). Uzwile indaba ezimnandi (did you hear the good news)?” she asked smiling.

“We’ve heard even better news nkosikazi (my wife). Khulekani and Lerato are engaged. Isn’t that wonderful?” I saw Mrs Khumalo’s face change in an instant as if she had swallowed a whole clove of garlic. She turned and looked at me briefly then looked back at Mr Khumalo.

“Hawu ngempela (oh really)? Isn’t it a bit soon Khule or is she pregnant? Even if that’s the case you know you don’t have to marry for the sake of the baby. We live in a modern society now,” she said her words coated with sweetness that I knew she wasn’t feeling, at least not to me.

“Cha ma (no mom) Lerato isn’t pregnant. I love her and she loves me that’s what motivated the decision,” KK said through gritted teeth.

“Oh ok...well Mtungwa let’s get you ready so we can go home. Niyeza ekhaya (are you coming with) Khule?”

“Is it fine Lerato?” KK asked looking at me and I nodded. It’s not like we had anything planned for the day and I wouldn’t be up to it because of the vibes from KK.

“I didn’t know you needed permission to come home,” Mrs Khumalo said with her fake cheerful voice. KK and Khaya cleared their throats at the same time.

“Let’s grab a coffee while ubaba (dad) get’s ready,” Khaya said as he got ready to leave. We all followed behind him. I had a tough journey ahead of me with that woman is my mother in law. KK started a conversation with his brother as they walked ahead of us which left Fezo to walk alongside me.

“Congrats ntombi (girl). Are you really not pregnant because you seem to have gained a few kilo’s,” she lowered her voice when she said the last part. I didn’t even have the energy for her right now.

“I’m definitely not pregnant but I’m happy maybe that’s why I’ve gained weight. As you can imagine KK takes real good care of me.” I whipped out my phone and started going through my whatsapp messages to avoid saying anything further to her. I hoped her and Khaya weren’t becoming an item because she seemed like she was going to be the next Amahle. A message came through as I was reading through the diva’s conversations, those girls were always on the phone.

**Hey Lerato. I’ll be leaving hospital soon to be transferred to the jail medical facilities while I wait for my bail hearing. Can I please see you before I’m transferred? Lesego**

What did he want now? He must have my cell number memorised because this number wasn’t saved on my phone.

**Me: I don’t think that’s a good idea. I’m the plaintiff in our case. Please don’t contact me again.**

Like I needed this today on top of all the stress. I put my phone away as we got to the coffee shop and ordered a frozen mocha coffee. The guys decided we’d sit there for a while until Mrs Khumalo called to say they are ready to leave. KK kept chatting to Khaya so I guess it was his way of ignoring me and I really wasn’t in

the mood for all this. I took my phone out again and thought I'd just check in on Oliver on Facebook. Just to see if he's ok because I realised we actually hadn't spoken since we finished exams. I didn't even know if he had passed his honours or not. I searched for his name on my friend list and when I went on his profile I realised there were a lot of messages from his Facebook friends. I knew some of them because they were my classmates.

*We'll miss you. Rest in Peace Olly!*

*Can't believe such talent is gone too soon 😞*

*So sad for you to die so young.*

My heart rate literally accelerated as I read message after message. I inboxed one of our classmates immediately to ask what was going on. She was online so I could see she was typing.

*Hey girl. I'm surprised you haven't heard. Olly was found dead last night. Seems like it was a hit and run accident. Paramedics declared him dead when they got to the scene. There's a memorial for him next week Friday. Send me your numbers so I can add you to the whatsapp group.*

It was difficult for me to read the rest because my eyes were already swimming with tears. When one tear ran down my cheek I heard KK asking me what was wrong. How could I tell him that the person we were fighting about this whole morning died last night?

He came around the table and put his arm around me.

“What happened sweetheart?” I could hear his concern which made me cry even harder.

“Oliver... Oliver is... dead... Oliver is dead,” I said on a wail at the end. I couldn't believe it. KK took my hand in his so I could get up.

“Bafo (brother) I think we need to go so I can look after Lerato for a bit. Please tell the parents that we'll come see them another time. Let's go sweetheart.” I took my bag and my phone from the table and followed him.

“Sorry about what happened. Hope you’ll be ok,” Khaya said as we left.

We drove straight to KK’s house and I was silently crying the whole time and it seemed KK was getting more and more distressed. When we got to his place he got me a glass of water as I sat down by the lounge.

“How is this possible that the very night I was thinking about him he dies! I should’ve called him last night already...” I said between sniffs and blowing my nose. KK sat next to me and took my hands in his.

“Sweetheart...I need to tell you something...” he looked really uncomfortable all of a sudden.

“What...what is it?” My heart started beating faster as I watched him struggle to say something.

“Uhhh...there’s no easy way to say this...I had Oliver killed.” Jesus take me now!

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\*\*\*\*\*

**Hi Dears**

**Sorry I’ve been absent. Lots going on.**

**If you haven’t joined our Facebook group yet please do then you can keep up with when an insert will be on.**

**There are other very interesting conversations happening there.**

**<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1871419696437203/>**

**Lot’s of love.**

**Mamsi**

## Insert 90

“I don’t think I heard you properly. What did you just say?” I asked him my body literally shaking from what I think I heard him say. It couldn’t be true. What reason would he have to kill Oliver? I hardly spoke to the guy in fact that was the reason why I tried to reach out to him. The view of KK was already blurry because I hadn’t stopped crying since I found out about Oliver’s death.

KK took a deep breath and tightened his hold on my hand as if he was afraid that I would run away. If he only knew that in my mind I was already rationalising his acts without even hearing the full story because I was in too deep to leave now.

“In order to explain I need to take you back a bit...remember the fight that we had with JP while we were in San Fran?” he paused waiting for me to respond and I nodded.

“Well it seems JP isn’t a forgiving man which is hardly surprising. The whole shooting scene and my threats humiliated him and he’s been out for blood since then. I just didn’t realise how much until everything came to the light early this week. JP started tracking me, my movements and by virtue of you being with me most of the time started tracking you as well. I think it took some time because I obviously don’t publicly use Khumalo in any of my business dealings. He established the link between Mtungwa and I and organised the hit and run as a warning. We found the video footage and traced the truck back to the owner. He then revealed he had met with some young boy who was the one who paid him and gave him all the details he needed...” he sighed loudly pausing to drink some water and possibly giving me time to digest what I had just heard.

“Was that boy Oliver? Is that why you did it?” I asked searching his eyes. He looked really worried as he stared back at me.

“The truck owner after a series of methods to get him to talk finally gave us the details of the boy and we traced it back to Oliver. We detained him and started interrogating him until he told us everything. I’ve got the audio of his confession and how everything went down so you can listen to it if you want. I knew you were familiar with Oliver but I had no idea you guys were close or even friends...had I known I would’ve probably taken a different decision but based on what he told

us...” was he saying he might have still had Oliver killed despite knowing with certainty that he was my friend?

“So should I tell all my friends to get bodyguards now because who knows one of them might turn up dead somewhere...” I said softly. I understood that there was a reason behind the killing and he had audio and whatever evidence to justify that but it was still a life he took. A decision he made to end a 23-year-old boy’s life. I felt the anger breaking through the grief. This was such a difficult situation.

“I will do whatever I need to do to protect you. I took that decision because your life was under threat. Do you know what the next phase was going to be in JP’s twisted plan? We have Alberto in custody as well who was JP’s right hand man in San Fran don’t know if you remember him. He was in the country to ensure that the plan goes on without a hitch. I don’t know how they made the link between you and Oliver but he was going to be used as bait to lure you to some or other ‘catch-up’ meeting so they could kidnap you. Kidnap you Lerato! Once JP had tired of abusing you over and over again you were going to be sold to some human trafficking ring in Spain...” he took a deep breath and his jaws started working overtime and I knew that was probably what had pushed him over the edge. KK was very protective of me to the point of insanity at times. I took my hands from his and covered my face. It was just too much information all at the same time. I felt a shiver run down my spine at the thought of where I could’ve ended up if it wasn’t for KK’s intervention.

“Why would Oliver do such a thing? He could’ve come to you or gone to the police or something. I don’t understand why he would take decisions that would put my life in danger. He was a constant source of support for me in the time that we had broken up during the second semester. That’s when I got to know him because we would spend most times studying together and stuff. I just don’t understand why he would do what you’re saying...” KK sighed loudly as he wiped a stray tear off my cheek.

“Sweetheart... Oliver passed his honours with a D average and he needed to maintain a C average in order not to pay anything back. The sport scholarship he had was specific regarding what would happen if he didn’t meet their criteria. As a result they invoked the clause that he had to pay the money back from first year because he hadn’t met the minimum criteria. He needed to pay back about four

hundred thousand rand for all the years of study. He might have told you that he came from very humble beginnings in Alexandra and wouldn't have that kind of money."

"He went to a loan shark in their community who promised to give him a quarter of that amount so he could pay some of it and have a payment arrangement with the bursary providers. The loan shark is one of JP's drug distributors in South Africa. Typically when they need something dirty done, they use people with the biggest debt on their loan books and promise that after they've done whatever illegal thing the debt will be repaid...unfortunately Oliver was the biggest debt the loan shark had and he agreed to do what was required to repay the debt." I couldn't believe any of this. It makes sense why I hadn't heard from him since the results came out. Poor guy was dealing with the drama of trying to pay back this huge amount of debt. Why didn't he reach out for help? I felt my migraine coming on as I sat there trying to process all this.

"I'm going to take my migraine tablets and lie down for a bit. I'm not feeling well," I said getting up. KK stood up too and hugged me I had no energy to hug him back.

"I'm sorry sweetheart...so sorry..." he apologised holding me tighter.

"Let's talk after my nap," I said stepping out of his embrace. I saw worry and fear flit across his eyes. I walked upstairs, took my migraine pills, got into bed and before I could think anymore about the drama that was my life I fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes much later on the room was dark so it was probably the evening already. I couldn't believe I slept that long but the migraine tablets were quite strong and always knocked me out without fail. I reached for my phone on the bedside table to check the time and it was around 7. I wondered where KK was as I lay back and tried to work through everything in my head.

Would being with KK mean that at certain intervals my life would be in danger somehow? I didn't know if I could live with the ordering of killings all the time especially when I don't know if the next person to be killed could be someone I know. Although they might have done something wrong did it justify killing them when there were other avenues that could be explored to bring them to book?

Wouldn't all this blow up in our faces and KK end up in jail because of all these things? There were moments where I felt like I'm in love with a gangster in a suit and so that would make me the gangster's wife to be. He made me so happy though. He took care of me better than I took care of myself at times. I know KK would do anything for me – even kill I guess.

I heard his footsteps coming up the stairs and he opened the door. He walked towards me without switching the light on. I could see his silhouette until he came closer and sat next to me. Our eyes met in the darkness.

“You're awake...” he said it softly searching for my hand so he could hold it in his. He kissed my hand and placed his other hand on top of it so that my hand was sandwiched between his.

“I'm awake...” I said back to him as I leaned over and switched on the side lamp. When I looked back at him now with the benefit of light he looked really stressed.

“How are you feeling? Did the pills work?” he asked staring directly into my eyes.

“My migraine is gone but I'm not sure how I'm feeling about everything that's happened...” he tightened his hold on my hand.

“I'm sorry Lerato...I hate to see you hurt and know that it's me who did that...I know it's a lot to work through...” he sighed looking down.

“I just feel like I'm part of some action gangster movie that never ends – human trafficking, drugs, deaths...I'm just asking myself if this kind of life is sustainable...”

“What do you mean by sustainable? Are you thinking of leaving me?” he whispered it so brokenly I felt the sting of tears in the back of my eyes. He was worried that I would leave him?

“How could I? Don't you know how much I love you KK? I'm in this too deep to go anywhere now. I'm still here aren't I?” he exhaled loudly as if he'd been holding his breath and came close to me and hugged me to him.



“I love you more Lerato. I’m really sorry about how things worked out. I should’ve told you about all this but I don’t want you to live your life worrying about things that I can take care of. It’s made me realise though that maybe I need to talk to you about these things. I also need to protect you from anything which may put you at risk of being arrested and prosecuted. I’ve never had a woman so deeply ingrained in my life before and it will also take some adjustment from my side to find the right balance.” I held him tighter to me.

“We’ll figure it out together baby but I think a step in the right direction would be to at least high level tell me what’s going on. I don’t need the nitty gritty detail just so you don’t carry these burdens all on your own. You have someone now to share those burdens with and I know I’m young and all...”

“That’s not even a thing for me sweetheart you know that. You’ve gone through so much in such a short space of time and I know it’s made you stronger and wiser. You’re way more mature than when I first met you in that mall. I see it in the way you carry yourself, the way you reason and rationalise about things. I wouldn’t have it any other way. I wouldn’t have any other person right here with me than you...” he said kissing me and sweeping me up in his passion. My stomach picked just that time to growl very loudly. KK stopped kissing me with a smile. I was actually quite hungry because my last meal had been breakfast that morning.

“I’m not taking care of you sweetheart you must be starving. Luckily I made something while you were sleeping. Let’s go downstairs,” he said getting up and extending his hand for me to take. I took his hand got up and hugged him.

“I’ll meet you downstairs let me freshen up a bit,” I said caressing his jaw. He turned and kissed my palm as he left.

When I got downstairs he had the dining room setup for dinner with candles and wine and everything. Clearly this was going to be an attempt to win me over since he thought I was leaving him.

“Hmm this is nice,” I said taking a seat. He had just come in and placed a plate of delicious looking food in front of me. There was steak topped with what looked like roasted cherry tomatoes with a side of roasted carrots and potatoes.

“Hope you enjoy it because it is made with all my love,” he said as he sat down.

“Hmm means I’ll be spoiled mos when we are married and living together. Daily meals made with love,” I said smiling at him. He smiled back. I was trying to bring the lightness and ease that our relationship had most of the time.

“I’ll have to teach you so you can also make these love filled meals. Can’t do it everyday sweetheart you know how hectic work gets at the best of times.” What he was saying was true though. I needed to take this cooking thing seriously and learn. Soon I would be a Khumalo makoti (bride) and I know Mrs Khumalo will start putting me through my paces asking me to make dishes I haven’t heard of before. I needed to schedule some time with mommy dearest. I know she has a recipe book somewhere of generational recipes she got from her mom and grand mom. She knew most of them off by heart now maybe it was time to hand them over to me.

“I already have a plan for my transition from Miss Molemi to Mrs Khumalo,” I said digging in to the delicious food.

“Oh really? Is there a ten point plan or something? I’m actually thinking of just using my mom’s maiden name and drop the Khumalo surname,” he said softly. I wasn’t aware he was thinking about something like that.

“Oh why would you? I thought Mr Khumalo said he was quite happy to call you his own and all that.”

“Ya he is but I’m not comfortable having that surname anymore besides everyone calls me Mr Khuzwayo in my business dealings. Mr Mokoena also keeps calling because he wants us to do some traditional ceremony to introduce me to his ancestors but I know I’m definitely not changing my surname to Mokoena.” This whole thing was just so complicated. Our lives were quite complicated.

“So are you considering attending the ceremony?”

“I’m not super traditional so I don’t really believe in those things but have to discuss it with Mtungwa and my mom and see what they say. I know Mtungwa will try to convince me not to drop his surname but it just doesn’t feel right you

know. One day I'm going to have kids and what surname will they use? Khuzwayo works because that's still part of who I am." He seemed conflicted by all this and I didn't even know. There was always so much going on around us.

"I think you should attend the ceremony whatever even if you don't believe in it just so you can have that box ticked. I'm also not overly traditional but I believe in guardian angels working alongside God to make sure we're ok. I look at those who've passed as our guardian angels so just to be there and be part of family might expose you to more guardian angels. You don't have to take the Mokoena family name but maybe we could name our first-born son Mokoena just to keep that part of your heritage alive as well?" I suggested looking at him and he smiled and took my hand across the table.

"You're amazing you know that? I ask myself all the time why you picked fucked up me when you could literally have anyone you want." I didn't understand how he didn't realise how awesome he was.

"Good thing I want you then always and forever. Please don't refer to my future husband as fucked up because you're not. You're an awesome, loving and generous man. One day I know with no doubt in my mind that you're going to make an even greater dad to our kids."

"You keep referring to kids this evening. Is there a hint in there somewhere that you may be considering them earlier rather than later?"

"I don't know time will tell. Let's get through the engagement, lobola and wedding then we can review at the time how we feel. I still have to finish my internship, get Khuzwayo Productions up and running and all that."

"Khuzwayo Productions? Is that what you've decided to call your start-up? I really like it. So you've made headway then with regards to the business plan?" I cleared my throat.

"If headway means I've decided on a name then yes. I am planning to get started on it though. I actually wanted to meet Kg and Portia so they can just take me through the whole process. They have the theory and have seen some of the practical. I can't wait to get started on it now."

“Ok sounds like you’re thinking about it which is a good thing. Noah can help you with whatever research and all that if you need him to.” Poor Noah always at KK’s beck and call.

“Thanks for the offer but I need to do it on my own. Remember no interference from you because you must be objective about whether this thing is going to work or not.” Just then my phone beeped with a message and realised it was Oliver’s memorial whatsapp group.

“What is it?” KK must have noticed the change in my mood.

“I just got a message regarding Oliver’s memorial service. It’s going to be Wednesday evening at one of our lecture halls at varsity. I will have to go...” the message just had to come in and take us back to the drama.

“Ok cool but you’ll have to take one of Steve’s people with you please. I don’t know if the threat to your life has been eliminated completely.” He said almost business-like in formality. I knew this was also hard on him.

“I can’t help feeling responsible KK...if he didn’t know me then maybe those guys wouldn’t even have found him. He’d probably still be alive...” the waterworks were back. KK got up and came around the table and put his arms around me while I sat on the chair.

“It’s not your fault sweetheart and I don’t want you to blame yourself for that. All the fault belongs to me – I exposed you to JP and his shadiness and I’m the one who took that decision last night. The call I took when we got back from the club was related to that. I don’t want you to feel guilty because it was his marks that exposed him to the loan shark to begin with. I’m so sorry that you have this guilt because of my actions. I even deleted his contacts from your phone because I didn’t want his name on your phonebook triggering the memory of calling him and checking up on him. I guess I was already late because you were thinking about it anyway. Murphy’s law is a bitch.” He exhaled loudly.

“I get why you did it but unfortunately a life was taken. The girl I spoke to says it was a car accident but if you guys were torturing him won’t that come out in the autopsy?” All the CSI episodes I had managed to watch were paying off.

“Can we go settle in the cinema room then we can chat properly? Are you done with your food?” He asked pointing at my plate. I nodded. Was this his tactic to avoid talking about this further?

“Thanks baby it was delicious as always.” I stood up and went downstairs to the cinema room. He joined me shortly after with the bottle of wine we were having upstairs. He sat next to me and pulled me on his lap and held me tightly.

“I’ve got a challenge sweetheart in terms of how much I should tell you versus satisfying your curiosity. Do you really want to know how he died and what the autopsy will find?” I thought about it and realised the less I knew the better. I couldn’t imagine going to the memorial and knowing all the gory details of how my fiancé ordered him killed.

“Maybe you shouldn’t tell me then. I’m just worried that one day the police will come knocking and I’ll be left here alone with our kids. I don’t think I could survive that.” My biggest fear was exactly that because he wasn’t a simple 9 to 5 job guy.

“I know and I don’t ever want you to experience anything like that. I had actually stopped most of these things. JP is just the loose end that needs tying up. He’s hiding now because he must’ve realised I’ve got Alberto. I do promise you that I will make sure that you’re as far away from all these things as possible. Thanks for being here though and staying. I love you,” he said looking into my eyes.

“I love you too baby and you must look after yourself please.” I pleaded with him as I kissed him softly on the lips. He deepened the kiss and before I knew it we were making out heavily. I turned my body so I could straddle him on the couch. This took me back to the first time we made out on this couch. Seemed like a lifetime away now. So much has happened since then.

“Can we try something different...” I whispered between his heated kisses. He stopped kissing me and looked at me his eyes full of desire.

“What do you mean something different?” He asked raining kisses down my neck.

“I want to be in charge...I need control right now...” he smiled and nodded.

“My Mrs Bossy welcome back.” He said smiling as I licked his lower lip with my tongue before kissing him hard. He moaned into my mouth when I moved my hand down his chest and found him mouth-wateringly hard already then it was my turn to moan. He was wearing track suit pants so it was easy to lower them and he lifted himself off the couch to help me get them off. His eyes were focused solely on me almost challenging me to say ‘give it your best shot’.

“I’m going to take you into my mouth,” I said softly holding Khumalo in one hand, “Just the head first. I’m going to suck on you and use both hands to...” KK cut me off as I was speaking.

“Lerato. Fuck!” He said through gritted teeth as I stroked his hard length.

“Do you want me to stop baby?”

“Fuck no!” He said closing his eyes and laying back on the couch. I squeezed him working both my hands in provocative strokes over Khumalo. I gripped him harder, rubbing and teasing, totally focused on his pleasure. I liked that I could bring a powerful man like KK down like this with just my hands. KK groaned as I stroked him.

“Look at you baby. Look at my fingers swirling your liquid on your big, thick dick.” This talk was turning me on and I hadn’t realised what a dirty mouth I had but then again I learnt from the best. His expression was a mixture of pleasure and disbelief that I was taking charge like this.

“Be very quiet baby ok,” I commanded him turning the tables on him for a change. I got closer to him and settled myself comfortably between his legs.

“Sweetheart...” he moaned as I tasted the moisture on his dick with my tongue, tasting him, nipping and kissing his silky hardness. He groaned loudly. My tongue was on his broad head licking across in gentle swipes. I took him deeper into my mouth as I held him in my tight grip. This was turning me on beyond measure when I realised how much he was enjoying what I was doing to him. KK went very still as I sucked him even deeper into my mouth. I ran my tongue along the sensitive underside of his dick and took him as deep as I could, hollowing out my cheeks to create the necessary suction. With my hands and mouth I pumped him

increasing the pace with each stroke. When his hands came around to hold my head in place I knew he was close and as he pumped himself into my mouth I stopped. I heard him swear and I knew he had been really close. Even now as I looked at Khumalo there was some liquid coming out of him.

“Are you punishing me or something?” He asked his voice grainy from the pleasure. I just smiled at him as I stood up and started taking off my clothes. He was watching me through half lidded eyes as I took off my top, then my bra and finally slid my skirt and underwear down all in one go. I straddled him again with Khumalo between us as I helped him take his top off so we were both naked.

I started kissing him and he let me control the pace, letting me take the lead in terms of the kiss. His hands were tight on my ass pushing me against Khumalo.

“Look at me,” I whispered as I nipped his lower lip and sucked it into my mouth. We parted for a second as he followed my hands with his eyes down my body. I cupped both my breasts in my hands and touched my nipples until they tightened and hardened. The fact that he was watching me without doing anything had me drenched down south. He had his lower lip between his teeth watching me perform for him.

“I love you sweetheart. We don’t have to do this if you’re not in the right mind. I know today was a long day...” he said softly. Why was he giving me an exit? Did he not understand I needed this more than anything else right now?

“No baby.” I said definitively as I kissed him again. He took control then as he turned us so he was above me and I was the one lying on the couch.

“We can do that my love. I can take you upstairs put you in bed and hold you close...” he said kissing me lightly on the lips. He was so caring that he would say that to me when we could both feel the evidence of his arousal between us. That brought tears to my eyes because it had already been an emotionally trying day for me.

“I have a better plan,” I said my voice wobbly from unshed tears. He smiled at me.

“Let’s hear it then...”

“I want you to kiss me everywhere. I want you to do that thing I like with your tongue until I come. After that slide yourself up my body and fuck me senseless with Khumalo until I come again. Then you can take me upstairs, put me to bed and hold me close...” I was so bold with KK but it’s only because he made me feel so empowered. His smile turned into a grin revealing those dimples I loved to see.

“You’re right, that’s a much better plan.”

“All right then less talking baby. Get on with it.”

“Yes mam I will. I just wanted to say something first...” he said staring intently into my eyes.

“What?”

“Just that I love you. I mean it Lerato. I love you and I don’t ever want you to doubt that. I really think you’re the most amazing woman I’ve ever met. I want to be with you, love you, take care of you and protect you. I want to help you live, thrive and love for the rest of our lives together. I can’t wait to marry you...” aww KK though. He wiped the tears that slid down to the couch and kissed the sides of my eyes. I pulled his face to mine to kiss him.

“I love you too Khulekani Khuzwayo so so much.” His tongue dipped into my mouth lingering briefly. Then his lips slid to my cheek, my chin, my neck and my breasts. He took one of my hardened nipples into his mouth and pulled strongly gently biting it. He fingered my other nipple squeezing and twirling it between his two fingers. I let him hold me the way he wanted and just gave myself over to the feelings he was building inside me. Between bites and licks as he worked his way around my breasts and stomach he kept whispering sweet sentences to me: “I love the way you taste on my tongue. I can’t wait to feel you come on my tongue.”

He pulled my legs apart setting himself between them. His fingers played, opening me to his gaze, trailing along my folds and finding my aching throbbing clit. He was deliberate and careful and his fingers dipped inside to the moist, tight center of me. I was ready for him. I was always ready for my KK.



“You want my mouth on you? You want me to kiss you sweetheart? I’m going to kiss you so good.”

He touched his tongue to me down there and I held his head to me so he wouldn’t move. I opened my legs fully pulling my knees up towards my chest. It didn’t take long for me to come. Not with KK’s mouth feasting, biting, stroking and delving inside me. He was a master at this and knew exactly what to do to get me over the edge. He speared two fingers inside me as his tongue stroked against my clit. His lips were attached to it, pulling on it, drawing out my pleasure in time with the thrust of his fingers until the pleasure wave came rolling in. I literally moved myself on his mouth as he pushed his tongue inside me and I felt myself clenching around his tongue. I screamed out in ecstasy, eyes closed and heart beating so fast it felt like there was a horse race going on inside me. I was still in the throes of my orgasm and he extended it, squeezing my clit with his fingers, pulling, milking as the fingers from his other hand slid deeply into me driving me certifiably insane.

KK slid himself up my body laying himself on top of me. I was still trying to catch my breath because at some point I held my breath and just felt I would miss the moment if I took a time to breathe. His mouth found my breast and he suckled me very gently. He knew what that did to me if his finger was still inside me and his mouth fixated on my breast. He knew that with his suction tender and gentle and his finger barely moving inside me made me come hard. When the orgasm came it brought with it a bright explosion of colour behind my eyelids. My body was taut and sweating from the exertion. I writhed and sighed as I tried to hold him tighter and tighter to me. My hand then went searching for Khumalo and I found him hot, hard and ready as I guided him to where I needed him the most. My body moved under his, adjusting, teasing and inviting him inside. As his fingers slipped out of me I swirled my fingers around the head of his dick. As I directed his entry Khumalo bumped my clit and an unexpected pleasure spasm ripped through me and I moaned loudly.

“Oh KK,” I moaned as he settled fully inside me. “I love you baby. I love you so much.” My hands went to his ass to push him deeper as he buried his hands between my ass and the couch so he could hold on to me and burrow deeper inside me. There was no visible space between us. We were a unit moving together in perfect harmony. My fingernails dug into his ass and he was all-encompassing

around me. He was all size and muscles against my soft body. His thrusts were so deep I felt like he was touching my heart. He moaned and groaned into my ear expressing his appreciation for how good I felt. When the pleasure wave came I shut my eyes as I felt myself clench around him involuntarily. He kept thrusting into me trying to catch his own wave and I felt it in the rigidity of his body and the fastness of his heartbeat as his warm liquid showered me from inside. We came for a long time, riding the wave together as one until we were both breathless and sweating. It was summer so the evening was quite warm.

“Don’t leave me,” I heard him murmur as I felt his body relax on top of me. I think he was falling asleep with him still inside me, with my legs still wrapped tightly around him. I felt him put the sofa wrap around us as I felt the fringes of sleep threatening me as well.

“I’m never leaving you,” I whispered but he was already snoring softly on the side of my neck. I knew we couldn’t spend the night on the couch because it would make for very sore muscles the next day.

I startled awake and realised that we were still on the couch but KK must’ve moved us slightly. I was sleeping on my side with my one leg still wrapped around him and the other next to his. Surprisingly he was still inside me but I was feeling sticky and wet. We couldn’t sleep here and it was getting chilly. He looked so peaceful when he was sleeping. I shook him awake a bit and he opened his eyes sleepily.

“Baby let’s go to bed...” I whispered caressing his handsome face. I liked the texture of his facial hair on my palm.

“Hmm but I’m so comfortable here...” he murmured and I moaned as I literally felt Khumalo growing hard inside me. When he withdrew and pushed inside me again he was hard as rock. His movements were gentle and measured as he brought both of us to a beautiful orgasm. He then got up so he could get something to clean us up and I realised it was around 1 in the morning so not too late.

When we got to the bedroom we got under the covers and as he held me close to him I said a little prayer of unity and love for KK and I. No doubt the obstacles

would always be there but I believed if we loved each other we could weather whatever life threw at us.

## Insert 91

“Just got off the phone with my mom now she’s invited us for Sunday lunch since we couldn’t make it yesterday. Are you up for it?” KK asked me as I came downstairs dressed in shorts and a T-shirt. Great it meant I had to change now.

“Hao what did you say to your mom?” I asked him as he handed me a cup of coffee. He laughed at my question.

“I told her I’d speak to you and let her know. So what do you think?” KK though.

“Even if I wasn’t up to it you can’t go back and say so because it will be clear it was me who said I’m not up to it. So it’s cool we’ll go,” he came to me and hugged me.

“I know my mom gets a bit special towards you but maybe with time she’ll see the beautiful things I see in you. Either way she should just be grateful that you make her son happy,” he said kissing me on the cheek and going back to his breakfast making duties.

I really wasn’t looking forward to Sunday lunch with the Khumalos but what could I do? After the emotionally charged day yesterday I was really looking forward to some peace and quiet before going back home this evening. I actually missed my mom and it felt like ages since we’d had a proper talk. I thought I may as well ask my brother whether he didn’t want to join us this evening.

**Me: Hey abuti (brother) hope you are good. Are you keen for a catch up this evening? You can sleep over...**

**Odi: Hey not tonight sis I have Noni over and she’s leaving tomorrow morning. Maybe tomorrow night after work? I’m not on-call**

**Me: Ok no problem. See you then. Say hi to Noni** It seems my brother and Noni are really hitting it off. She seems to be spending quite a lot of time with Odi. Oh well I hope she knows what she’s doing.

“So I guess I’ll have to pack my stuff then you can drop me off at home after the lunch at your parents’ place?” I asked sipping on my coffee. It was really good coffee.

“Are you leaving today? Thought we’d travel to work together in the morning?” If KK had it his way I’d probably just move in with him.

“No baby I need to see my mom and prepare for the week ahead. As you know I also have a disciplinary enquiry to prepare for with the whole Amanda and Yolisa thing.” After Friday I was sure she was going to come at me with everything she had.

“Amanda and her stunts honestly. I guess I’ll have to do without you this evening. Maybe I’ll go see Sphe then after I drop you off. This house now feels too big when I’m here on my own. I don’t know how I survived it before I met you. So do I need to wait for us to get married first before you move in?” he asked placing an omelette in front of me. Was he already asking me to move in? What happened to we’ll take this whole engagement thing slow.

“Well I don’t know whether my mom would let me move in here if you haven’t at least paid lobola but I thought we were taking this marriage thing slow KK. My mom’s been quite generous as it is letting me sleep over here.” He sat next to me by the kitchen and looked at me briefly.

“I know we said we’d take it slow and we are. We don’t have to plan the wedding now. Can’t I just pay the lobola then we do the other stuff later? Then my family representatives can ask that you stay with me since I’ve paid the lobola?” he asked smiling at me. Now I understood why he was so successful in business, his negotiation skills were something else.

“Baby...you can’t pay lobola only and we don’t do the other stuff related to the lobola like the buying of gifts and slaughtering of cows and only God knows what other traditional thing needs to be observed...” I sighed.

“Am I frustrating you with this? Wouldn’t you like to live with me?” Oh gosh KK though.

“There’s nothing in the world I’d like more but KK...I feel like you’re bulldozing me now...we spoke about this and you said we were going to have a long engagement but now you want to pay lobola?”

Why couldn’t he see this from my perspective and what I was trying to say? When he proposed I agreed on the promise that we’d wait a while before jumping through all the hoops and now he wants to move that up as well. I wondered whether it didn’t stem from the fear that I would leave him or something because where was this coming from all of a sudden?

“My intention is not to bulldoze you. I was just trying to come up with acceptable ways to make it happen. Even it meant I paid 80% of the lobola money and paid the difference when we actually did the ceremony just so there could maybe be some justification as to why we’re living together. . I thought we’d be on the same page in terms of staying together and all that but I guess I’m the one who wants that at this point.” He was being so dramatically impossible today. I rested my forehead on my hand as I felt my migraine knocking faintly.

“Of course I want to stay with you baby. All I’m saying is I thought things would move slower than that...”

“It’s fine Lerato I don’t want to push you into anything so you’ll let me know when you’re ready,” he said as he stood up taking his plate with him. He hadn’t even eaten half his omelette. “We’ll leave in about an hour or so to my mom’s, I need to make a few business calls so I’ll be in the study.” He was sulking now, a grown 32-year-old man was sulking.

I was dumbfounded as to how a pleasant morning turned sour very quickly and it didn’t help that Mrs K would be on my case today. Lord give me strength. It was probably my punishment for not going to church today. I sat there on my own and finished the omelette because I was starving and thereafter decided to go upstairs and start working on my business plan. I had a few things I needed to research so since I had an hour or so to myself may as well put it to good use. Hopefully KK would be in better spirits after his business calls.

I took my laptop and notebook and settled on the bed. As I started researching I was realising how little I knew about the industry to supplement my passion for it.

So I started jotting down questions I needed to ask my friends about the whole production process. Then I started thinking it may be worthwhile to do a part-time course on all this. Just then my phone rang and it was Zama.

“Hey friend.”

“Hawu mngani why ngathi udown so (wow friend why do you sound so down)?” that brought a smile to my face.

“I’m ok just concentrating on something and KK is being special so...anyway how are you?”

“I’m ok I guess uyazi nawe (you know) it’s those up’s and down’s with Steve the man. Like I’m unable to can right now!”

“What happened this time? You guys should get your stuff together. Didn’t you leave with him on Friday?” I heard her sigh on the other end.

“I did and we went back to my place but you know him and his hang-up about sharing a bed with someone. Firstly he was outside for the longest time on the phone then after he got what he wanted from me tiring me out completely in the process he left and came back yesterday with breakfast.”

“At least he brought breakfast the next day...so did you guys spend Saturday together?”

“Kuphi la (not even)! He got an urgent call and had to go and he hasn’t called since. Yho angazi (I don’t know) why I do this to myself over and over...”

“Steve’s life is quite hectic maybe you should give him time to figure it out. Remember he’s been living his bachelor life all this time...”

“Clearly I need the patience of Job here. Whoo Jesu (Jesus Christ)! Anyway enough about me why is KK being special?”

“He wants me to move in with him and when I tell him I doubt my parents will agree because we not married, he now wants to pay lobola...” I sighed from the frustration.

“And so? What’s wrong with that? Didn’t you accept his proposal? I assumed that meant you were going to get married...”Zama makes it sound so simple.

“I know Zee but we spoke about it and he said we would take it slow because we’ve only been together for such a short time.”

“Kodwa Lee what is the problem? Do you think you’ll change your mind or something? I thought you loved this man.”

“I don’t think I’ll change my mind...I just didn’t think the whole lobola thing would happen this soon...I’m just worried that I’ll agree to this then next thing we’re married and he’s pushing for us to have a baby or something. I need to trust that when he says things will happen a certain way they will. I don’t know if I’m explaining it right...” I said rubbing my forehead.

“I get it mngani (friend) you’re afraid of losing your independence. You feel like you’ve agreed to so many of his demands and they’ll just keep getting more and more. Are you afraid of losing yourself in the process?” how was Zama so wise for a girl my age?

“You maybe right that might have something to do with it. I also feel like my whole life now revolves around him. I can’t remember the last time I spent quality time with my friends or family. I’m so consumed by him that I want to be around him all the time. I don’t think it’s healthy the way we are...”

“I don’t think KK would ever force you to do something you didn’t want to do. Just ask yourself whether you would want to move in with him as in yesterday and if the answer is yes then you consider what would make that happen. If lobola can make it happen then why not? You love this man Lee he’s not some stranger in an arranged marriage and so what if you want to see him all the time? All the more reason to live together because you might actually realise that the living together stabilises you guys. You guys are quite crazy about each other and probably because you always have limited time together.”

“I guess you’re right. When did you become so wise my friend? I’ll have to think about it though and discuss with my mom. I’m so ready to move in with him I’m tempted to tell him to just EFT the money to my mom. You’ve given me food for



thought thanks friend. Le wena (even you) give Steve time because I know he's crazy about you he just doesn't realise to what extent yet. They say patience is a virtue..." I said smiling.

"Hmm we'll see what happens with that. Thabo has been sending me insulting sms's the whole weekend. I guess I'm not going back to that gym. Like I don't understand what is so difficult to understand with how things happened? Nakhona (even then) who still send sms's in this social media era I mean like..."

"Thabo wagafa (is crazy) find another gym my friend and move on. As long as he doesn't go Lesego on you then you're still good." I heard her laugh on the phone which made me chuckle as well. I must have been on my way to recovery if I could joke about Lesego like this.

"Thanks mngani will see you tomorrow nhe...kiss and make up with your man he's probably missing you like crazy right now."

"Ok thanks friend. Be patient friend. Love you."

"Love you too. Ciao ciao." The talk with Zama actually made me feel better. She was quite mature for her age. Who would've thought we'd end up being such good friends? The divas had even complained on the Whatsapp group that Zama was now my BFF. We had so much in common though and we had been through some deep things together like the San Fran shooting. The thought caused shivers to run down my spine. The divas didn't know about KK's other life and the less people knew the better.

When I checked the time I realised an hour had actually passed. I wondered whether my man was still sulking downstairs. If he only knew how much I ached to move in with him he wouldn't be acting this way. I was even ready to have his babies today if I could that's how much I loved him but that scared me. I felt like my priorities were changing and I was becoming someone else. Maybe I needed to discuss this with my therapist.

I really didn't feel like this lunch thing but I guess it had to be done. Either way KK needed to speak to Mr K about all these things he was thinking about. Maybe I

could call my mom and hear what's happening with her. I knew she wasn't missing me much with Mark keeping her busy. She was like a teenager she was so smitten.

“Lerato laka (my Lerato) how are you?” She sounded like she'd been giggling before she answered. It made me happy that she had found someone to love and appreciate her even if it meant I would have a white step dad.

“Hi mama I'm good how are you?”

“I'm great I'm with Mark we are on our way to some friends of his for a braai. When are you coming home?”

“I was planning to come tonight. Will you be back tonight?”

“No ngwana ka (my child) we'll probably be back late. I was planning to spend the night at Mark's place but I can come back home then if you coming. Thought you'd probably be back tomorrow after work. I know how much you like spending time with Khulekani.” Even my mom knew this.

“No it's fine mama don't come back on my account. I will come back tomorrow then don't want to be in that massive house alone. I do need to speak to you though because KK wants me to move in with him and I want to but I know there are hoops we have to jump through...so I don't know...”

“I figured that would happen but we can speak about it tomorrow. He has committed to marry you and I'm not overly traditional Lerato you know. We can see how we can work it out because we have a buyer for the house so we'll be moving out of there in the next 3 months or so. Gosh there's so much to talk about but maybe you could move in with him then provided there's a date for negotiations before then. You can unofficially move in with him but come check in at home once in a while in case your dad drops by or something. Oh we need to go for your annual gynae check up I don't want illegitimate grandkids...” my mom was the best.

“Thanks mom I'll be home tomorrow and Odi as well so we can chat at length about how to structure this. I love you enjoy your braai. Say hi to Mark,” I said with a smile on my face. I could see the light at the end of the tunnel.

“Ok no problem. Say hi to my future son-in-law...” we said our goodbyes.

I got up from the bed feeling more hopeful than I had in a while and skipped all the way to KK’s study. I found him typing furiously on his laptop.

“KK shouldn’t we get ready to go?” I asked as I sat in the chair opposite him.

“I lost track of time. Haven’t worked on a weekend in a while actually realised there’s so much to catch up on...are you all packed?”

“Packed? For what?”

“Didn’t you say I’m dropping you at home after the lunch?” he was looking at me like I was losing my mind. I stood up and went around the table and swiveled his chair so he was facing me.

“I actually think we should go home before the lunch.” I saw slight panic in his eyes but he kept his cool.

“Have you decided not to even come to the lunch? I know I sounded pushy earlier on but I wasn’t trying to push you...” he brought me closer to him and made me sit on his lap. He was busy brushing my thighs with his warm hand.

“I’m definitely going to the lunch and I know you just don’t want to be parted from me. I’m like your life I know this...” I said blinking my eyes like I was some queen somewhere. He chuckled at that.

“You’re right. I can’t live without you I would love nothing more than to show you how much I can’t live without you but we have my mother’s lunch to get to.” There was a part of me that was hoping he had changed his mind but I guess not. Sigh.

“Ok then let me go change. Hopefully I have a skirt or dress in the clothes I packed,” I said getting up and he followed me out of the study.

“You wouldn’t have that drama if you’d just let me buy you a few things you can keep here. I don’t even think it’s necessary to be on some skirt tip.” I rolled my eyes at his comments.

“Yho and be judged as disrespectful? No thanks. I’ll buy whatever I need you are not going to be my blesser KK...”

“How am I your blesser if we are in a loving relationship? Actually scratch that we’re engaged to be married!” It seemed dramatic KK was back again. I sighed loudly taking my top off.

“We’ve spoken about this and you know how I feel about this,” I said taking my shorts off as well. He was eyeing me up and down as I searched for something to wear in the little section I carved out for myself in his walk in closet.

“Why can’t your man spoil you and buy you things that you evidently need?” Like I couldn’t even understand why he was insisting on pushing my buttons today of all days.

“I don’t need clothes baby. I don’t need all that stuff. I just need you...” I didn’t even finish my train of thought because I felt his strong arms encircling my waist and bringing me flush against him. I felt Khumalo hard and ready on my back.

“I think my mom can wait...you said something about needing me...” he whispered placing hot open mouth kisses on my neck. I agreed with him, Mrs Khumalo could wait...

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“Do you know how beautiful you are sweetheart?” He asked me as he stroked my bare stomach. His touch rendered me speechless and I closed my eyes and lay my head back on his chest. He cupped my breasts and slid his thumbs under my lace cups and grazed my nipples. I couldn't even breathe as sensation flowed through me.

“So full and delicious,” he said turning me around, unclasping my bra and lowering the bra straps from my shoulders. I pulled the bra from my body and let it fall on the floor.

KK lowered his hands on my breasts again drawing circles on my darkened areola and pinching my nipples to stiffened peaks. He kissed my jaw and down my neck as he lowered his hand down into my lace panties.

“I want to spread that tight pussy and lick you from your tantalising clit to your tight hole,” he whispered in my ear licking along my ear lobe. I was at his mercy ready to do his bidding and with just his dirty talk I was halfway there.

He kissed me hard, his tongue demanding and merciless in my mouth as his hands rounded to my ass and pushed me even closer to him. My body was buzzing with sensation and arousal as I moaned into the kiss.

“The curve of your ass drives me insane in your jeans...your skirts...your ‘fuck me’ dresses you wear to work sometimes...hmm,” he whispered in my ear as he moved his hand between my legs and started flicking my clit and circling it with practised strokes. I gasped and moaned as he opened my slick folds and delved deeper into me with his finger.

“Your pussy is so wet...is that pussy wet for me sweetheart...can you not wait to take all of me in that hot, tight pussy...hmm...you know you can take all of me in...Can't wait to sink my dick deep inside you...” he turned us around and walked me backward until my legs hit the bed as he kissed me. He just pulled my panties and the delicate lace tore under his forceful pull. I was used to it though so I bought my underwear in bulk. The lady at the lingerie shop even knew me by name.

“Show me your pussy love. Spread your pretty lips for me,” he said softly gesturing for me to get on the bed. He really liked the whole ‘show me your pussy’ act because he knew it turned me on beyond anything. I was drenched as it was. Maybe I had an inner thing of liking to be watched. I sat on the bed, bent my knees and opened my legs wide. I knew that act alone would put me at full display. I licked my forefinger and touched my clit tentatively and the touch had me moaning.

“That’s it sweetheart. Work yourself for your KK.”

He stood in front of me, took off his shorts and vest and wrapped one hand around his dick, sliding his palm over his length to his dick head as he watched me intently. The act of him stroking himself had me stroking myself faster. He squeezed the top of his dick and a clear liquid came out. I covered his hand with mine, brought him closer to me and tasted him flicking my tongue on the edge of his dick.

“Get on your knees sweetheart and suck your dick,” he said breathlessly. Precipitation increased to new levels in my core. I got on my knees on the carpet and slid my legs under me. I grabbed his hips and took more of him into my mouth.

“Easy sweetheart...don’t choke on Khumalo now...Ahh fuck!” His comments were too cocky for my liking so I decided to take this up a notch.

I ran my tongue on the underside of his dick over his veins and grazed my teeth gently on him. KK groaned as I relaxed my throat and took him deeper down my throat.

“Love that smart mouth...” he said taking his dick out, rubbing its head on my lower lip briefly and putting it back in my mouth.”Take me deep sweetheart. Suck all of me.” he groaned through gritted teeth. I increased my efforts and my hand started massaging his balls. After a while of him thrusting into my mouth he pulled himself out and my jaw felt locked for a bit before I flexed it and relaxed it. KK moved his hand from my head to my cheek his thumb mimicking what he had done with his dick. The way I was feeling right now there should’ve been a liquid pool

of arousal surrounding me. He sank to the floor with me and loomed above me as I lay on the soft carpet staring up at him.

“You tasted me and now it’s my turn.” He spread my thighs wide and licked my slit letting the end of his tongue curl inside me. My eyes felt like they were rolling to the back of my head from the pleasure that shot through me and I moaned loudly.

“Fuck...you taste incredible...” I felt his teeth gently nip my clit as his fingers spread my folds curling up into my core.

“Ahh...baby...feels so good...” I panted breathlessly. He inserted an additional finger inside me and sucked my clit into his hot mouth. I bucked off the carpet trying to get closer to his hot mouth. I was soaking wet and I was sure we were staining the carpet with our antics.

“Come for me sweetheart...I want to see you come undone from my touch...” he said scissoring his hands inside me and latching back onto my clit. I was writhing shamelessly against his mouth causing friction between my back and the carpet. I was definitely going to have carpet burns after this. When KK used his other hand to insert what felt like his pinkie into my tight hole soaked from my juices my body literally shook. I screamed out loud as the pleasure wave hit me all over at once. Once I had come down from the high only then did he remove his mouth and fingers from me. He licked the fingers that were in my pussy and thereafter licked the seam of my lips as he hovered over me. I felt boneless and my body didn’t feel like mine.

“Taste yourself on my tongue,” he said plunging his tongue in my mouth. The salty, musky taste had me raring to go again. I needed him to fill the deep ache within.

“KK please baby...I need you...” I moaned as he pulled a nipple into his mouth. He hooked his hands beneath my ass and pulled me closer to him. He was on his knees on the carpet with my legs on either side of his waist. I held my breath as I felt his head entering my wet folds. It felt so good to feel him penetrate me inch by delicious inch. I matched him thrust for thrust as he moved inside me. My back was arched on the carpet with KK holding my ass and pushing himself harder and

harder inside me. His groans fuelled my passions and pleasure even higher. I held on to his arms and dug my nails into him.

“I’m close baby...ahh...feels so good...love how you fuck me baby...love you baby...hmm...”

“I can feel you love...you feel so fucking great...fuck I’m with you sweetheart...I love you...” he said through a groan flicking my clit fast with his finger. I felt the spasms rock through me as KK bathed me with his come and his body went rigid.

“Ahh...fuck!” He shouted as I screamed his name. He laid on top of me as we tried to catch our breath. All I felt like doing now was sleeping because my body was so relaxed. I held him to me telling him over and over how much I love him.

“Are you ok?” He asked me as he lifted his head.

“Are you kidding me right now? I’m freaking fantastic.” I smiled at him.

“We need to shower and go. I’m sure my mom’s called me countless times...” he said getting up and pulling me up as well. Sigh. We were still going. This sex thing was a messy affair though I thought as I walked to the bathroom.

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“Sanibonani (hello),” we both greeted as we walked into his parents’ house. He insisted that he wanted to hold my hand as we got out the car. We were extra late because the shower turned into another steamy affair. We sat next to each other in the TV room. His parents were sitting on the other couch.

“Kunini ngifona (I’ve been trying to call you) Khule and you weren’t answering,” his mom seemed irritated.

“Sorry ma I had something to take care of that couldn’t wait. Did you need something?” I almost cracked out laughing at that comment but thankfully I held it in because he was taking care of me during that time.

“When you said you were bringing Lerato with I thought it would be nice to taste her cooking since she’ll be a Khumalo makoti (bride) pretty soon but now it’s



getting a bit late.” Wow thank goodness for KK’s delay because what would’ve happened with me in the kitchen? KK cleared his throat.

“I don’t think it’s fair ukuthi uLerato azokotiza la ekhaya (for Lerato to perform bridal duties here at home) because we haven’t even paid lobola for her yet. I’m glad we were late if that’s the case.” Mrs K threw daggers at me at that comment.

“UKhule is right MaKhumalo. We can’t be expecting Lerato to do all these things here by virtue of an engagement ring. That’s not how things are done. I know you cooked though because you were bustling in the kitchen. Why must you make this child’s visit so difficult?” Wow I didn’t expect Mr K to stand up for me like that but he had always been a fair person.

“I’m glad that Fezo and Khaya came early. Khaya is outside braaing the meat and Fezo is just finishing up the pap. I thought we’d have a relaxed lunch today.” She didn’t seem pleased that Mr K had sort of put her in her place. Just then Fezo came to the lounge apron and all looking like the perfect Khumalo makoti (bride).

“Hi Bhuti Khule u Bhuti Khaya asked me to check whether you were around so you can keep him company outside. Would you like a beer?” I had to physically restrain myself from rolling my eyes. So she was going to blatantly ignore me? Really?

“Ok thanks Fezo. No thanks I don’t feel like beer today but I’ll sort myself out don’t worry. Sweetheart would you like something to drink?” he asked completely focusing on me. He was so sweet how he defended me with actions sometimes. I definitely didn’t want to drink and be accused of being the drunkard makoti so I opted for juice.

“I’ll go get some in the kitchen. What must I bring for you?” I asked him getting up.

“Mtungwa do you still have that 21-year-old? I’d like some of that.”

“Ok I’ll fix it for you I know how you take it. Mr and Mrs Khumalo can I get you anything?” I asked turning to face them.

“No we already have drinks thanks Lerato,” Mtungwa answered.

I found Fezo stirring the pap as I got to the kitchen and went to the cupboard to get glasses.

“How are you feeling today after you heard about your friend?” she asked me and I was quite surprised that she actually asked. Did she genuinely want to know or was she trying to pull one over on me again. Fezo was hot and cold in terms of her reactions towards me.

“I’m better today it was just such a shock at the time. He died so young,” I said as I walked over to the bar and poured KK his whiskey.

“It’s always sad when the young people die so young because there could’ve been so much potential. I’m glad you feeling slightly better,” she said smiling at me as she closed the pot. Ok then I must have entered an alternate universe.

“Are we having a salad with the braai meat and pap, maybe I could help with that?” I was uncomfortable just standing around while Fezo was busy with everything.

“Green salad still needs to be done so maybe you could help with that. Thanks Lerato.” I didn’t know what she was playing at with her pleasantness. I couldn’t forget that this girl wanted KK badly at some stage. I mixed the whiskey with a bit of cold water from the fridge and put some ice in.

KK came into the kitchen and took the glass from my hand with a kiss on the lips and tasted it.

“Thanks sweetheart. You got it just perfect. I’ll be outside with Khaya so come through when you’re done here.” I smiled at him as he left. He always made me feel so warm and fuzzy inside. I poured myself some juice and started taking the salad stuff out of the fridge. The Khumalo’s fridge was well stocked with very fresh produce. There wasn’t a wilted onion or green pepper in this fridge.

“Are you sure you don’t want something with a kick to drink? We could have wine,” she said as she took out a glass for herself.

“Umm no thanks I’ll stick to non-alcoholic.” I didn’t want her drugging me or using my alcohol drinking to her advantage.

“Well suit yourself. So have you and Khule moved in together? You’re always together,” she asked leaning pouring herself a glass of red wine.

“No we haven’t but I spend most weekends with him,” I responded cautiously as I sliced the cucumbers.

“Oh ok...you’re very lucky hey to have snatched a man like him considering that you don’t know the Zulu traditions and all.” I knew the nice façade was going to come off very soon. I don’t even know what she was on about because as it turns out KK was actually Tswana if we had to get technical.

“The heart wants what the heart wants,” I said in as bored a tone as I could muster.

“Or...you really have a powerful nyanga (traditional doctor) that you use. Sharing is caring hawu because I’d really like to have Khaya as crazy about me as KK is crazy about you...” Fezo was unhinged really and I felt sorry for Khaya that he seemed to attract crazies into his life.

“Khaya is still in mourning Fezo why would you be trying to take advantage of a vulnerable man? Besides I don’t use traditional medicine at all and have never even been to an inyanga.” I was trying to finish this salad as quickly as possible so I could join KK outside.

“Don’t act innocent here Lerato you must’ve done something. Phela wena uyingane (you’re a child) compared to a man like Khule so like I just don’t understand how you guys even connect...you know I was destined to be a Khumalo bride and if it’s not going to happen with Khule then Khaya will just have to do.” I didn’t even know what to say to that so I just focused on the task at hand.

“Well let me go join the boys while you finish up the salad...” She went through the open double doors in the kitchen. I could hear KK’s laughter through the open door and was anxious to go outside as well especially with that witch out there with him.

“Hawu siyayibongela phela ukuthi isalad ke ikwazi ukuphuma la kuwena (Wow we are so grateful that you can atleast manage to make a salad),” Mrs K said as she walked into the kitchen carrying the tea-tray. I didn’t want to be rude and respond so I just kept quiet and chopped the tomatoes.

“I’m glad that we get to have this alone time because there’s always been a few things that I wanted to ask you...” Ok here we go. She came and stood next to me and watched me slicing the feta cheese.

“Since you’ve insinuated yourself into our family do you even love my son or you just after his wealth?” I would’ve loved to know what I’ve done to this woman for her to act this way.

“Ma I love Khulekani with all my heart and his wealth has nothing to do with it.”

“That’s what you say now until you start making demands on him. I heard that you work at his company couldn’t you at least find yourself a job instead of asking him for one?” It felt like Amahle was still alive and living through KK’s mom.

“I went through a fair interview process ma. I applied for an internship at KC way before I even met Khulekani and the decision was taken by the relevant MD and not him.”

“So how much would it take for you to break up with him? I know Amahle offered you R250 000 but it probably wasn’t enough for an educated woman like you. So maybe we can make it a million? Would that work?” I can’t believe she just did that! What mother wouldn’t want to see their child happy?

“Ma just like I told Amahle when she made the offer, I’m not interested in the money. I have a trust fund which I haven’t even touched which vested when I was 21 and so I’m not short on cash at all. Additionally there is no amount of anything that you could offer me that would make me leave KK. I love him ma and whether you believe it or not it’s the truth. Even if he were dirt poor I’d still be with him. I’m not here for the luxury or whatever.” I realised I was sort of shouting towards the end and exhaled a breath to try to calm down.

“Why don’t you like me ma? What have I done to make you despise my presence in Khulekani’s life? I would like for us to get along because it will just make it easier on him.” I asked softly.

“Mxm what do you know about what would make Khule’s life easier? You know I gave birth to that boy I know him better than you ever will. We had a plan for his life and now you came and ruined that. I don’t want a Sotho makoti you have no idea what our traditions are...” I guess her and Fezo had discussed this previously since she was echoing what I had heard earlier.

“I admit I don’t know them but I’m willing to learn and ensure that me being part of the family is as seamless as possible. I’m not averse to getting my hands dirty.”

“Wena (you) get your hands dirty kanjani (how)? At Amahle’s funeral the caterers did everything! A true Khumalo makoti (bride) would’ve been at the stoves cooking!” Wow was she going to take it there? Did she expect me to cook for a hundred plus people all on my own? I realised in that moment that whatever I said it just wasn’t going to make a difference to her opinion of me. I was done with the salad so I wrapped it in glad-wrap and put it in the fridge.

“Ma would you like me to get you or ubaba something to drink before I go outside?” I asked as politely as I could. She just clicked her tongue and walked away. I exhaled the breath I’d been holding and the exchange left me quite drained. I took my juice and headed outside.

The Khumalo’s had a lapa outside with a built-in braai stand. Khaya was busy at the braai stand and Fezo and KK were sitting on the outdoor chairs around the table. KK saw me approach and moved his chair back. When I got to where he was sitting he patted his lap for me to sit. I shook my head. There was no way I was going to sit on his lap and have his mother deem me disrespectful. He was watching me closely as I placed my glass on the table next to where he was sitting.

“Hi Khaya,” I greeted.

“Hey Lerato how are you doing? Are you ok after yesterday’s news?” he asked concern on his face. How did such a vile woman give birth to such caring kids?

“Yep I’ll be fine it was just a shock at the time,” I said sitting down and KK took my hand in his and squeezed.

“Death is always a surprise though isn’t it. Even if someone kills themselves because you didn’t even know it was coming,” he said sadly. Poor Khaya you could see he was still dealing with his loss and here was Fezo trying to take advantage of him. Some women had no shame.

“How are you holding up? I haven’t had a chance to ask you,” I asked him.

“Argh taking each day as it comes. I was telling Khule that I actually want to put the house up for sale...makes no sense being in that massive house all on my own. The house was her thing anyway. I didn’t really care where we stayed as long as we were happy. Although that was also just a fleeting thing...” he said turning the meat over. Shame you could see he was really broken and still mourning her.

“Hee bafo you never did mention what she wrote in the letter or is it private things?” KK asked taking a sip of his drink.

“I think through reading the letter I realised that she actually needed help. She wasn’t mentally stable but I never did pick it up. I don’t know how she managed to do that. I hope that she is at peace wherever she is but life must and will go on.” This just made me realise how short life really was. I squeezed KK’s hand and he squeezed back.

“Let’s not talk about such depressing matters people...I see the meat is almost ready maybe we should start setting up? I’ll go fetch the container to put the meat in.” Fezo got up clapping her hands together and walked towards the kitchen. She was not normal that one.

“Manje Bafo (so brother) what’s up with Fezo hanging around?” KK asked.

“I never realised how talkative she was but she helps fill the silence in the house. She’s staying with me there. I know she is hoping something comes out of the whole arrangement but I have 3<sup>rd</sup> degree burns from my marriage I’m not about to invite a woman into my life-like that anytime soon. She’s quite intelligent though so she’s been helpful in terms of taking care of household things. uMtungwa is still

trying to get her a job but obviously he's been in hospital so it's been slow." I even forgot that Fezo was supposed to come and find a job.

"Let me go help Fezo setup..." I said getting up and KK let go of my hand reluctantly so. He pointed to his lips because he wanted me to kiss him there. This guy though in front of his big brother! I gave him a quick kiss and rushed to the house. Last thing I wanted was to be accused of being lazy while Fezo was doing everything on her own.

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"Lunch seems to have gone well..." KK said rubbing tempting circles on my thigh as he was driving.

"Hmm I guess so.." I wouldn't use the word 'well' but I wasn't going to tell him that. His mother dissed the green salad I made from the time she took the first bite to the last on some "why are the cucumbers so thick?" "The tomatoes are too small" "Did you rinse the lettuce I think I can taste some soil on it". I ended up not responding to her questions and KK kept complimenting the salad to try to cover his mom's nasty comments. Fezo was lapping up all the attention as her pap, which I thought was too soft, was complimented and the tomato gravy which was more on the sour than tasty side. Like I had said earlier, I made peace with the fact that nothing I will ever do would be good enough for Mrs Khumalo. "I'm just glad we're going to be home so I can have a glass of wine or 3."

"Hawu love was it that traumatic that you need 3 glasses of wine?" he asked looking at me briefly as we pulled into his garage.

"Not really I was just really feeling like some alcohol and Mzansi Magic to wind down." How could I even begin to tell him that it was the longest Sunday afternoon ever? I hated tension and conflict and Mrs K brought it in buckets every time we were together.

After we got into the house I placed the leftover meat they had given us on the counter and suddenly KK had his arms around me against the kitchen island.

“Does baby want to play?” I asked him breathlessly as he started undoing my buttons. I was wearing the denim dress I had on when I met his friends for the first time so it had buttons all the way down.

“Seeing your legs the whole day busy walking up and down with serving dishes and plates was doing things to me I couldn’t explore in my parents’ company,” he said kissing me on my neck and his hands travelling down my chest to my stomach and beyond. He lowered my underwear and I kicked it to the floor.

“Lean over the counter sweetheart and spread your legs real wide...” he said as he removed my unbuttoned dress and dropped it to the floor. He didn’t have to tell me twice because I actually needed to release some of that afternoon tension.

I did as he asked as he lowered himself on the floor behind me and started stroking my thighs with his big warm hands. I felt his mouth moving up on my inner thighs alternating between the two and it was all I could do to just stand there and not tremble at the sensation. Then I felt his big hands on me and his thumbs gently spreading my pussy lips to reveal my slippery folds. He had me wet at ‘Lean over the counter sweetheart...’

It felt different as he placed his hot mouth on me because I don’t think he had ever taken me this way. After a few open-mouthed kisses he replaced his lips with his fingers and used his a single fingertip to circle my clit slowly and patiently. The rhythm had me writhing and gasping against the cool marble of the counter top. I wondered in my bliss where his mouth had gone but he soon answered me with his tongue penetrating me deeply. I moaned his name as his tongue drove into me relentlessly and I became so consumed with the feel of his tongue and fingers that I couldn’t even think anymore.

KK fucked me with his tongue for what felt like ages to me. All the while his fingers were slipping all over my slippery, swollen pussy and teasing my throbbing clit until I was convinced I would spontaneously combust. Was he trying to drive me insane with lust?

I didn’t realise I had said it out loud until I heard him respond.



“Exactly sweetheart...I want to make you feel so good you can't help but come for me...can you do that love...can you come while I eat your pussy?” he asked driving his finger inside me.

“Oh god...” I moaned as I moved my hips uncontrollably, “just don't stop baby please...”

“I won't stop until you come for me sweetheart...” He resumed his tongue-fucking and even his fingers had an urgency to them as he moved over me. I balled my hands into fists hoping there was something to hold on to but it was just the smooth marble top and nothing else. All I did was try to brace myself for what I knew was going to be a massive orgasm that I could feel building inside me. When it came it was a welcome relief of sweet torture. KK stayed with me for the duration of my orgasm, licking, nipping and stroking.

I turned around on shaky legs and almost fell. KK caught me swiftly and settled both of us on one of the high chairs on the kitchen island with me on his lap. I wiggled under him enjoying the feel of his hard dick covered in denim.

“Mmm,” KK moaned into my mouth as he shared my flavour with me. My own taste on his lips reset my desire for him. “I want to be inside you sweetheart and feel you contracting around my dick just like you did around my tongue.”

I liked how straight forward he was about what he wanted. To emphasise his point he rolled his hips below me and pressed his dick more firmly on my naked pussy. I reached between us and started working on unfastening his belt and his jeans. I wanted to feel him inside me with the greatest urgency, my skin was crawling with it.

“I love to watch you ride me,” he said breathlessly as he kicked his jeans off and took off his t-shirt. He settled me back on top of him as he breached my entrance with his hardness. I bit my lower lip as I sunk slowly onto him. I threw my head back and moaned with my arms around his neck as I lowered myself onto him.

“You feel so good inside me baby...hmm,” I panted.

“I could say the same to you sweetheart. I love the way you enfold me so tightly. You’re so hot and wet for me...” he said as he thrust up inside me.

“I can’t help it...the way you talk to me...the things you say...” I said moaning as he moved again. I was a passenger at this point not even doing anything but experiencing KK in his form.

“You like it when I talk dirty to you...” I couldn’t even answer at this point so I nodded and he smiled I guess liking what he was hearing.

He pushed into me harder and I heard him make a sound as if he was in pain.

“Ouch...sweetheart something is poking me inside you...” the pleasure haze we had built around us started to dissipate as I felt minor contractions like period pains. He stopped moving inside of me and I got up from him so he could come out of me. As he did something fell on the floor between us. Oh god...it was my Mirena!!!

## Insert 93

“What just happened?” KK asked as he put his boxers back on and I went searching for my underwear. It felt like my heart was in my throat as I put on my underwear and the dress. I had tiny cramps that felt like period pains. I took a paper towel and picked up the Mirena off the floor.

“I need to see the doctor tomorrow and figure out what all this means. My mom is going to kill me if I’m pregnant,” I said sitting down on the high chair and burying my face in my hands. He came and put his arms around me.

“There’s no need to panic not until we know what’s happening. I would like to come with if you don’t mind...”he said squeezing me tightly.

“I’m sure my mom will be doubly curious why you want to come with me but it’s cool. I’ll make the appointment for tomorrow after work. Is your afternoon clear?” I turned and looked at him and he stood between my legs. I lay my head on his chest feeling a migraine coming along. I was past panic and shitting my pants right now. I didn’t want to be pregnant now it was just way too soon. I still had so much I needed to accomplish.

“I’ll have to check but even if it’s not I will clear it. This is important so I’ll make the time. Should I pour you a glass of wine?” Was he being for real?

“No baby what if I am pregnant? I can’t be drinking without being sure what’s happening...I’ll have to settle for a cup of tea but that has caffeine doesn’t it? Is that ok for the baby? Oh gosh!” he smiled at me. Why was he smiling at a time like this?

“What’s got you so amused when I’m stressed out of my mind? I know zero about looking after a kid I can barely look after myself. Isn’t it you who keeps saying I have no sense of self-preservation? What should I be eating now to make sure the baby is ok?” he kissed me on the cheek.

“It warms me that you are already taking care of a baby that might not even be there. You’re going through the motions for something not yet confirmed sweetheart.” Why was he so calm about this when I was freaking out?

“But if there’s a baby you’re going to have to get your head out of the clouds and take this seriously. You might be a day away from knowing you’re going to be someone’s daddy!” He kept quiet for a while, holding me and rubbing my back.

“So...does that mean if you are pregnant you’d consider keeping it?” he asked looking for answers in my eyes with his intense stare. Why were we even discussing this now?

“What do you mean keep it? Don’t you want me to keep it if I’m pregnant?” I couldn’t believe we were even discussing pregnancy right now.

“There’s nothing I’d love more but I know how much you still want to achieve and I wouldn’t want the unplanned pregnancy to stand in the way of that...with women rights and ‘it’s my body my choice’ I had to check,”he said not looking at me anymore. Oh my KK, always so selfless when it came to me and my feelings. I took his face in my hands and made him look at me.

“If I’m pregnant KK then best believe I’m keeping that baby. He or she would be a part of us how could I not want it and love it planned or not? We’re already getting married and if God blesses us with a child then so be it. It might be a bit of shuffling around some plans and whatever but it is what it is.” He looked at me probably searching my face for my sincerity and I guess when he found that his full-blown dimple smile came out and he hugged me to him. It was calming to realise that I actually meant it. I hadn’t planned to have a baby now but if I was pregnant then we would deal with it. It was refreshing how different this conversation went compared to the one I had with Lesego months ago but I didn’t even want to think about that right now. My mom was going to chop me up into little pieces and have me for dinner though but it’s not like I could reverse it.

“I love you. It’s so unfortunate that we having this discussion now. Let me pour you a glass of wine sweetheart. Even if you are pregnant a glass won’t harm the baby.” KK though? I wasn’t sure if I would stop at just the one after the Sunday afternoon I had. This was really the cherry on top of what was a dramatic day.

“How do you know that?”

“I read it somewhere I promise. Why would I put my own baby in harm’s way?” he looked at me intently. I guess he was right but still it felt weird drinking if there’s was a possibility of a baby inside me.

“I love you too baby. Whatever happens we’ll face it together right?” I asked staring into his chocolate-brown eyes. He kissed me softly on the lips.

“Of course sweetheart is there any other way?” he went to get some wine and took two glasses out of the cupboard. I guess I was drinking then...

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“Lerato laka o kae (how are you)?” My mom greeted me with such excitement. I had just arrived at work and it seemed Zama was running late today because she wasn’t here yet.

“I’m ok mama. I just wanted to find out Dr Maseko’s numbers so I can make an appointment...” I said hesitantly biting my lower lip.

“Oh thought we were going to go later in the week?”

“Uhhh...actually KK wants to come with so it would be awkward if you were also there...” I could hear my heart beating in my ears.

“Really? Why though? I thought we were going for a routine check or...what’s happening Lerato?” Here it goes...

“Mama...the...the Mirena fell out last night,” this was one of the most awkward conversations ever.

“What do you mean it fell out?” I rolled my eyes like did she want a play-by-play?

“Exactly that ma, I had some minor cramping and it fell out so now I need to see the doctor and figure out what this means...” why couldn’t she just give me the numbers and stop asking me 21 questions?

“Do you think you could be pregnant? Lerato I told you though to take the necessary measures. Even then there’s still STI’s! Did you and Khulekani go for HIV test at a minimum?” My mom was on a lecturing tip today.

“Uhhh...the Mirena was a form of precaution mama akere (right)? KK and I spoke about our health and we both fine so no STI’s here...so...can I get the numbers?” I heard her sigh loudly on the other end of the line.

“I’ll share the contact with you. What are you going to do if you are pregnant Lerato laka? You realise you just turned 22! You just started working!” My mom panicked more than me most times and now she was doubling my anxiety.

“I know it’s not ideal but I’m going to keep it if I’m pregnant. KK and I have discussed it already. The rest we’ll figure out...”

“Golokile ngwana ka (it’s fine my child) we’ll chat this evening. You are coming home right? Khulekani must give you a break di Mirena ga ditswa so ke mathata (with Mirena’s coming out like this it’s a problem)...” my mom though.

“Ok mama I have to start working. Please don’t forget to send the numbers then.” We said our goodbyes and she sent me the details.

**Me: Appointment made for 17:30** Thank goodness they had an opening today because the anticipation would’ve killed me.

**KK: ok cool we’ll leave at 16:30 is that fine?** Was he always on his phone? Most of the time he responded immediately to my texts.

**Me: Yep fine by me. Biting my nails.**

**KK: Whatever the outcome I’m here you know that and you know you can always bite me J Was your mom angry?**

**Me: I wouldn’t use angry maybe worried on my behalf. It’s us biting each other that got us to this predicament...**

**KK: she doesn’t have to worry I’m not going to leave you and the baby. I love you sweetheart and I will be doing even more biting after this 😊** It was

amazing how we all just talking like I'm pregnant. There might not even be a baby to begin with.

**Me: I love you too. See you later. Let me get some work done. Mcwaa!**

Zama waltzed in looking like she was walking on clouds.

“Mgani wami omuhle (my beautiful friend) how are you?” She asked giving me a hug before she sat down.

“And now? Why do you like the cat that got the cream?” She laughed out loud.

“If by cat you mean pussy and cream you mean mmhh then yes I am. I got it all this morning and then some. It was divine although my ‘cat’ is slightly tender.” She said closing her eyes. Zama was so extra at times.

“I’m sure your wrists are too. What kind of kinky madness do you get up to? I assume it was Stevovo?” She pulled her jacket down to cover her wrists which had red marks on them but nothing that looked painful.

“Ah ah friend don’t call him Stevovo it makes him sound like some guy wase kasi ohlala ekhoneni (a guy from the township who sits by the street corner) the whole day. Steve is into a different flavour in the bedroom, well anywhere really we’re not confined to the bedroom!” She was smiling at me.

“So I guess he came back yesterday?”

“No he came back this morning around 4 because he knows I’m up getting ready for gym. Needless to say I had my workout session at home this morning...”

“That’s why you weren’t here early then. Are you sure you’re not a booty call my friend? The way Steve just comes and goes...” I was concerned about her because she really liked him.

“No friend I’m not...Steve has issues with sleeping over and stuff but he hasn’t gone into details so I don’t push...do you think he’s making me a booty call?” She didn’t seem so certain now and some of her light dimmed.

“I don’t know my friend but I love you and I don’t want you to get hurt. Guard your heart that’s all I’m saying...in other news...my mirena fell out last night...” she looked at me in shock horror.

“And you were calling me kinky? What’s kinky is KK dislodging the Mirena that was deeply attached in your uterus. So he is definitely young, black and GIFTED! Awusasho ukuthi uKK uphetho i (you didn’t say that KK has an) anaconda!” I laughed at that. I liked how she always made me feel better. Anaconda was an exaggeration of note but I wasn’t going to discuss KK’s size at work.

“Let’s work my friend before Vusi finds us chattering away about random things...” I unlocked my laptop and started my mails.

***From:*** Adlaide Ndlovu

***Sent:*** Monday, 28 November 2016 7:55 AM

***To:*** Lerato Molemi

***Cc:*** Vusi Nhlapho

***Subject:*** Grievance Hearing

*Hi Lerato*

*Please note that Amanda Jacobs and Yolisa Faniso have laid a formal grievance against you. There will be a hearing scheduled towards the end of the week.*

*I have attached the grievance as received. Should you have anything you would like to submit in your defense please do so by tomorrow 29 November 2016 so it can be taken into consideration.*

*Regards*

*Adlaide*

*HR Executive: Khuzwayo Investments*



“Wow, so they went ahead with it,” I said.

“Who friend?”

“Amanda and Yolisa. I just got an e-mail from Mrs Ndlovu.” Zama got up so she could look at my screen.

“Whoo abadini nje (they are so irritating)! Call me as a witness mngani (friend) I will be there.” I just didn’t need this kind of drama on top of everything else.

“Eish my friend before I get fired for not working let’s get on with it.”

We worked quite hard in the morning and decided to buy takeaways at the mall. I was in no mood to bump into my grievance ladies. We were eager to finish the one project before we close off in December so we didn’t waste too much time with eating. Before I knew it KK was calling me.

“Hi baby...”

“Sweetheart are you ready to go?”

“Oh yes sorry got so consumed by these numbers. Let me come up. See you now.”

“Zee let me go I will check these again tonight nhe? KK and I have the appointment at the gynae.”

“No problem let me know whether I need to start planning a baby shower or not once you know. What are you hoping for?” I thought about that for a bit before I answered. I’d been so consumed by the possibility I didn’t stop to think what I was hoping would happen.

“A part of me wants to be pregnant because a baby is such a miracle and I wonder how they would look like. I picture us being this small family with KK and me. I love KK and there’s a sense of pride at having the chance to make him a daddy. I think it appeals to my womanly maternal side. Another part of me though, the career woman still has goals to tick off and so a baby would delay some of them. I feel like we haven’t enjoyed being with each other long enough. I don’t know Zee! Whatever is meant to happen will happen.”

“I get you girl. Good luck anyway,” she said giving me a hug.

When I got to KK’s office he was on the phone and I came around the desk and he moved his chair so I could sit on his lap. As always his scent just calmed me and I just sat there with my arms around his neck as he wrapped up his call. When he was done he held me tightly to him.

“Are you good sweetheart?” He asked kissing my forehead.

“As good as I can be considering...” I sighed out loud.

“It’s going to be ok whatever happens. You ready to go?” He asked rubbing my thigh. I was wearing a dress today and his touch just started tingling sensations I shouldn’t even think of entertaining right now.

“Yep let’s do this. Are you driving?” I asked him as I stood up and he nodded. He stood up as well and enfolded me in a hug. When he looked at me he kissed me deeply and passionately until I moaned into his mouth. When we parted both of us slightly breathless he smiled at me. I could feel Khumalo was eager to come and play but we didn’t have time and I had some bleeding which I was hoping the doctor would be able to explain.

“I’ve been waiting to do that the whole fucking day. Come let’s go.” He took my hand and got on with finding out whether we were going to be parents or not.

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“Lerato how are you? Good day I’m Dr Jane Maseko,” she greeted us as we walked into her office. Dr Maseko was one of my mom’s friends and I had been going to her since my mom determined that I had hit sexual maturity and she didn’t want teenage pregnancies. Although it had never really been a concern because I wasn’t sexually active at all in high school. Mtho was the one who broke my virginity in like 2nd year and only because I just wanted to be done with the whole virginity thing.

“Khulekani, nice to meet you,” he said as he shook her hand. She smiled at us as we sat down. She was a very beautiful woman and looked after herself well.

“Mama Jane this is my fiance we recently got engaged,” I said so she could understand why KK was there with me.

“Oh yes congratulations! Your mom mentioned it. So what can I help you with today?”

“Well...last night while we were busy...the Mirena fell out...” this was so embarrassing and it was aggravated by KK being there. I hope Mama Jane wasn't picturing any of this in her head.

“Oh dear...and how are you feeling?”

“I have cramps like period pain cramps and I'm bleeding a bit but it's not heavy or anything.” KK held my hand in his and squeezed. He could probably sense how uncomfortable this was for me.

“Ok let's get you changed in the consulting room then we can have a look. Please take off your underwear as well nhe? I will join you shortly.” I stood up and KK came with me as I went to the consulting room, took off my clothes and put the gown on. There was a stool on the side of the bed and KK sat there holding my hand as I lay on the bed. The doctor came in a few minutes after that. She put on her gloves and put a condom on some wand looking thing.

“I'm going to check your uterus to determine whether it wasn't perforated by the Mirena being expelled out. If we establish that there was no perforation then you are likely bleeding from the actual Mirena detaching itself from the uterine wall.” She switched on the sonar machine and asked me to lift my legs and open them. She put KY jelly on the condom covered wand and asked me to relax as she inserted it inside me. It was cold but it wasn't painful.

She was busy explaining where everything was and showed me my uterine wall. According to her there was no perforation on my uterus which was good news.

“Ok that's fine in terms of the examination. Don't dress just yet, let's go back to my office.” I sat up and belted the gown around my waist.

“So what does all this mean Mama J, what caused the Mirena to fall out?” I asked her as we all sat down again and KK took my hand in his yet again. I looked at him and smiled briefly grateful for his presence today.

“Although it rarely occurs there could be expulsions and it’s more prevalent in women who use Mirena as a contraceptive method before having a baby. I can assure you that no amount of vigorous sexual activity can dislodge it because it is deeply imbedded in your uterus.” I felt KK visibly relax next to me. I’m glad she said that because KK was going to treat me like an egg otherwise.

“Is there a possibility that she may be pregnant doctor?” KK asked. Question of the century at this moment.

“That was going to be my next discussion with you. We need to do a pregnancy test because we aren’t sure how long the Mirena might have been loose inside you and thus fertilisation might have occurred. Especially if you’re quite sexually active.” She handed me a sealed pregnancy test like the ones you’d buy from the pharmacy and asked me to go pee on both sticks, My heart was going at 260 km/h. I came back with both of them in some container.

“Ok we will wait for a few minutes for the test results and while we wait if you are not pregnant would you like to insert another one?” she asked looking at me and I looked at KK and looked back at her. I took a deep breath and answered.

“Yes if I’m not pregnant I’d like to have it reinserted. How soon can we...uhm start having sex after insertion?” she smiled at me.

“It offers immediate protection especially because you already had one. I would recommend though that you wait at least 24 hours then you should be good to go.” Well I was going home anyway tonight so I guess by tomorrow we’d be fine. KK was holding tightly to my hand and I flexed my fingers a little bit so he could loosen his grip. He must be really nervous about the results and so was I.

The doctor looked at the container and picked up the sticks as she still had her gloves on.

“Lerato, Khulekani you guys are going to be parents! The test came out positive congratulations! We will have to do a blood test to get conclusive results though,” she smiled as she turned both sticks around and there were two lines there. I couldn’t see her properly anymore because my eyes were full of unshed tears. KK looked me and hugged me tightly to him. I couldn’t believe it, I was going to be a mother in a few months! I wiped my tears and sat back in the chair. My mom was going to kill me but what could be done? KK was doing his jaw clenching exercises probably to try to keep his emotions in check. He was always so calm around people but I knew he couldn’t wait to get out of here and express his emotions freely.

“Thanks Mama J,” I said sniffing, “so how was that possible if the Mirena was in there?”

“Remember that the Mirena thickens your cervical mucus so that the sperm can’t reach the egg so its effectiveness may have been compromised when it came loose.”

“Let me take some blood samples and I will send them to the lab. I will also test for HIV while at it so we can just get that out of the way as well...” she said gesturing for me to go back to the consultation room. After she was done I changed back to my clothes and touched my stomach briefly before I went back to join them. I couldn’t believe there was a life growing inside me.

Mama J promised to be in touch soon regarding results and then I needed to come for a pregnancy checkup. She did mention that we couldn’t see anything on the sonar yet because it was still so early. We said our goodbyes and headed to the car.

On our way towards the parking lot KK suddenly stopped and enfolded me in a hug so tight I could barely breathe. I was still wearing my heels from work so I wasn’t too short at least.

“Thank you sweetheart. These news beat all the emotions I’ve felt when a deal goes through and it’s successful. You’ve made my whole year. I love you so much.”

“I love you too baby. I’m a little overwhelmed because I can’t believe there’s a life inside me right now,” I said hugging him back. People were looking at us curiously as they walked past but just for that moment, we were in our own little bubble. I didn’t know what this pregnancy would bring but I knew that it was about to get way more interesting than anticipated.

## Insert 94

“Can we get something to eat before I drop you off at home?” he asked as we got into the car.

“I think my mom has already prepared something to eat. Sorry baby such great news and we can’t even celebrate together.”

My mom called me just then as if she could feel that we were speaking about her.

“Hi mama.”

“Hi Lerato le feditse le (are you done with) Jane?” Talk about getting straight to the point.

“Yes we just finished now. I’m on my way home actually. Are you already there?”

“Yep finishing up getting dinner ready. I wanted to ask you whether Khulekani could join us for dinner? Odi is bringing Noni and Mark will be coming as well.”  
What was my mom playing at? Did she want to scold KK and I at the same time?

“Oh ok I’ll ask him. Thanks for extending the invite.”

“Ok see you soon then...” she said and hung up. I breathed a sigh of relief because I didn’t want to explain over the phone.

“What’s up?” KK asked me.

“My mom just invited you to dinner. Do you want to come?” I asked smiling at him.

“That’s awesome. Yep would love to if you’re ok with it?”

“Of course baby gives us a bit more time together and if I break the news to my mom and you’re there all the better. Odi is bringing Noni and Mark will also be there.”

“So Odi and Noni have really hit it off then?”

“It seems that way. It’s just awkward to ask her about it because he is my brother after all. I don’t really want to know how great he is in bed and I think without me realising that it’s happening, we’re drifting apart. In any case that’s a conundrum for another day. How do you think your family will take our news? I know your mom thought I was pregnant so we’ve basically proved her right.” Mrs K was probably going to have a minor stroke or heart attack when she heard that I was actually carrying her son’s child.

“She’ll just have to deal because what else must happen? Either way I think we should wait until the first trimester is gone before we tell people. What do you think?”

“Yep makes sense but can I tell Zama at least? She knew about my gynae appointment. I’ll also have to tell the divas because Noni will know by virtue of being with my brother.” The divas wouldn’t forgive me if I didn’t share these news with them. I placed my both my hands on my tummy again and KK noticed and placed his free hand on top of mine.

“We’re going to be parents! It hasn’t sunk in yet.” KK was full on smiling.

“I know I’m expecting to wake up and find it was all a dream.” I was shit scared of what was coming but I knew my mom and KK would be there.

“So I guess after the three months I’ll have to get my uncles to come through and start the negotiations. I know it’s moving faster than you wanted sweetheart sorry about that.” He rubbed my fingers with his knuckles.

“What are you apologising for baby.? I was right there with you when this happened. If there’s fault to be found then it’s on both of us.”

“Guess you’re right. I just feel like I’m robbing you of your youth. There’s so much that you had planned to do...”

“Which I will baby. There’s a time for every purpose.”

When we got home Odi and Noni hadn’t arrived so it was just Mark and my mom. We found them in the lounge and she stood up to hug me.



“Mama o kae (how are you)?”

“I’m ok ngwana ka wena (my child how are you)?”

“Ke sharp (I’m ok). We’ll talk.” I let go and said hi to Mark after he shook hands with KK.

“Should I get you something to drink? I think we have whiskey?” I asked KK as he sat down. I noticed Mark was also having a glass.

“Yes that sounds good thanks. How are you ma?” He asked as my mom settled next to Mark.

“I’m ok Khulekani. I haven’t seen you in a while. How’s your dad doing? I heard Lerato say he was discharged on Saturday...” I left them catching up and went to fix my man a drink. I caught myself pouring a glass of wine for myself. Freaking hell if I go back to that room with juice and not wine my mom will instantly tell what’s happening. I stood there staring at the glass of wine I’d just poured.

I heard my mom’s footsteps as she came to the kitchen. She was humming some song and stopped as she caught me staring at the glass.

“O mo mmeleng akere (you’re pregnant right)?” My mom asked coming to stand next to me. I turned, looked at her and nodded as a tear rolled down my cheek. She hugged me and held me to her. For the first time since I heard the news I let my tears fall. She was rubbing my back and giving me encouragement. When I eventually calmed down she offered to go give KK his drink and would be back.

I sat down by the island in the kitchen waiting for her. She came and sat next to me.

“How are you feeling about everything?” She asked and her compassion and calmness just made it difficult to not start crying again.

“I think I’m overwhelmed but I’m happy mama. I know it was unplanned and it’s going to complicate my life with work and whatever but I’ve never been happier. KK is so excited and he’s present. I won’t be raising this child alone because I

know he'll be there every step of the way. I'm a bit anxious because sometimes I barely look after myself right..." I sighed.

"I'm glad that you're processing and dealing with it. I probably shouldn't be but I'm so excited to be a granny. My baby's grown and I'm comfortable with KK being the father because I can see how much he loves you. I know he's going to take care of you." She stood up and hugged me again.

"I'm sorry though that it had to happen while I'm so young but I will continue to make you proud mama. I'm busy working on a business plan because KK wants to invest in this business idea I have. I've started researching it and all that so I guess after the baby is born my internship will be done and I can start working on this. It will give me the flexibility to be there for my baby but still push a career. The whole business plan thing happened months ago when KK and I actually started dating. I'm still going to make you proud mama."

"I've never not been proud of you ngwana ka. The past year has been very trying on all of us but you've grown so much from the experience. You haven't let all those things bring you down and for that alone I will always be proud of you. Yes you're pregnant and still young but I know you weren't reckless about it. The controls failed which sometimes happen because nothing is foolproof. I love you Lerato laka and am so excited to be a granny to your beautiful child!"

"I love you too mama," I hugged her just as Odi and Noni walked in holding hands.

"Oh so no love for your first-born son mama?" Odi teased spreading his arms. My mom hugged him as I hugged Noni hello. She seemed a bit shy probably because she was seeing my mom as a girlfriend now and not just my friend.

"How are you friend?" I asked her as we settled back in the chairs. Odi and my mom went to where KK and Mark were.

"I'm good my friend. I'm happy," she said smiling.

"I can see that. I'm glad my brother is treating you well."

“He has been absolutely amazing. I won’t eek you out with the details because I know he’s your brother. And wena (you) are you ok?”

“I’m good and I’m...expecting!” She looked at me in shock for a second before she got up and gave me a hug.

“Congrats my friend! So is that why KK proposed?” That irritated me slightly but I squashed it.

“Not even we found out today.”

“So exciting! First Porsche and now you!” My mom came back in the kitchen.

“The food’s ready girls let’s set the table.” I got the place mats and condiments out. Noni helped and before long the table was all set and the guys came to join us.

We had such a pleasant dinner with so much laughter and teasing each other. I actually couldn’t remember the last time we’d sat around this same table and it was as joyous as it was this evening. KK was quite the conversationalist and it seemed him and Mark had a lot of things in common. After dinner Noni and I packed the dishwashing machine and joined the others in the lounge. As I sat next to KK he held my hand in his and realised my mom had noticed as well and she smiled at me.

“Lerato please come help me with coffee. Would anyone else like a cup?” She asked as she got up.

“I’d love a cup thanks ma,” KK said as I got up.

“Ok cool baby.”

We got to the kitchen and I started taking out the coffee from the cupboard because we had a coffee machine.

“So Lerato on the weekend you mentioned the whole thing of staying with KK on a more frequent basis until the lobola negotiations are done?” In the midst of all the drama I had even forgot about that conversation.

“Oh yes and you said we’d discuss it? What do you think?”

“As I said on the phone I’m not averse to the idea especially because of the recent developments. As you know the house is sold so we’ll have to move out in a few months. If you could spend at least a night a week so we can start packing up the house but you can let me know which night would work best for you.” My mom was an answer to a prayer I hadn’t even made.

“Are you sure mama?”

“Yep and either way I don’t spend much time here and wouldn’t want you to be on your own in this massive house. So you could actually go back with him tonight if you want. You just heard some great news I’m sure you’d want to spend some time together,” she smiled at me.

“I love you mom do you know that?” I hugged her.

“I know. I love you too. Go upstairs and pack and you can surprise him when he leaves.” I rushed up the stairs and slowed down when I remembered that I was pregnant.

It was around 10 in the evening when Odi announced that they had to go.

“I think I should also get going. It’s getting quite late,” he said looking at me.

“Let’s see Odi and Noni off then you can go. Is that fine?” He nodded and smiled at me.

We all went outside and said bye to my brother and Noni. It turned out to be quite a pleasant evening compared to the last time Odi brought a girl home. I briefly wondered where ostrich Carol ended up. As we walked back in my mom called us back to the lounge where we were sitting.

“Khulekani, Lerato tells me o sentse (you made her pregnant) so what’s the plan?” Really? My mom wanted to have this conversation at 10 in the evening? KK cleared his throat.

“Yebo ma we just found out today. Lerato and I have discussed it and I will be sending a letter to your family pretty soon but I wanted us to do this after the first trimester has passed. I wanted to do the lobola thing sooner anyway but Lerato was the reluctant one...” wow KK really?

“I wasn’t reluctant KK it’s just that everything is happening at the same time but I’m ready to marry you.” I took his hand in mine.

“Ok noted. So around January next year we can expect your family to come? I need to speak to Lerato’s father and I know he won’t be as calm as I am regarding the pregnancy.” My mom was right. My dad was going to flip when he found out.

“Yes ma in fact it would’ve happened sooner but with the recent developments I would rather wait if it’s ok with you that is?”

“I think it makes sense Khulekani. I know you’re a responsible man and won’t treat my daughter badly. She’s my one and only and I’m entrusting you with her care. We both know she’s still young but has matured greatly in the past few months and I think some of that can be attributed to you. I’m looking forward to welcoming you in our family. I knew you loved her when she was in hospital and I hope you stay consistent...” my mom was getting into the lecturing thing now.

“Mama...” I warned and she understood and wrapped it up.

“All I’m saying is look after each other. Pregnancy and hormones wreak havoc on even the most solid relationships.”

“Yes ma I know I have my work cut out for me. Lerato is difficult at it is I can imagine with all the hormones...” he laughed lightly as I punched his shoulder and pulled my tongue at him. I knew it was childish but I couldn’t help it.

“Wa bhora (you’re boring)!” I said to him.

“It’s getting late I should get going. Thanks for the delicious food ma,” KK said as he stood up and took his suit jacket.

“Golokile (ok) Khulekani thanks for honouring the invitation. Mark please help me pack the leftovers in the car?” She said as she got up. Mark followed her out.

“Is your mom leaving with Mark? Are you going to be here on your own?” KK asked as we walked out. He still maintained the habit of giving me his keys so I had already put my bags in his car.

“No I’m not going to be on my own for a very long time...” I said smiling at him.

“Are you referring to the baby?”

“No baby. I’m referring to my other baby...you. I’m going home with you my love. My mom said I could come home with you since we heard the good news and all.” I was withholding the moving in with him thing for now and thought I’d leave it for later. He gave me that dimple smile that made me go weak at the knees.

“What? Are you serious? Second best news today.” He hugged me to him. My mom and Mark came outside and my mom locked the house. I have her a long hug.

“Dankie (thank you) mama. Everything you’ve done for me means everything.” I felt the sting of tears coming but held them back.

We waved goodbye as KK pulled out of the driveway.

“Let’s go home baby...” I said taking his free hand into mine and kissing it.

“I like it when you call it our home because it will be pretty soon. I can’t wait to wake up next to you every single day...”

## Insert 95

“So what does one wear to a hearing especially when it’s casual Friday?” I asked KK as I walked into the bedroom from the bathroom after my shower. He clicked his tongue.

“I never have casual Friday. Awazi ukuthi ingidina kanjani lendaba ya le hearing yo kunuka (you have no idea how this stupid hearing is irritating me). I told Adlaide what a waste of time this whole thing is,” he genuinely looked irritated.

“Policy is policy baby and it’s not like I’m innocent here. If I had walked away that day without saying anything we wouldn’t even be in this position. Serves me right for having a big mouth and I can’t get away with stuff just because my man is the boss. Even if he’s deliciously handsome,” I said stepping close to him to give him a kiss. He baby kissed me and continued with getting ready. Hao this guy!

KK had not touched me intimately since the night the Mirena fell out. I had been here a whole week almost and dololo (zero) action. He really bored me when he did his ironman thing with the sex. I even went as far as initiating and he was on some we need to be careful because of the baby tip. Like the baby wasn’t even the size of a single grape at this point. We had an appointment with Mama J today so she could give us the blood test results. I was going to raise this with her. I can’t be deprived of some KK loving for 9 months or even more. Can you imagine!

“I guess you’re right but I still have the right to not be happy about it. Anyway are we spending the weekend together?” I hadn’t yet told him that I was sort of semi moving in with him yet. I was still sulking because of the hunger in my life right now. Didn’t Khumalo miss me? I sure missed him.

“Yebo baby I’m here this weekend. I’m moving in hao didn’t I tell you?” I asked him putting lotion on my body. I had completely removed the towel because I was hoping to tempt him with my body. When I showered today I actually inspected my body like there would be a change so soon.

“Don’t joke like that sweetheart...” he said his eyes roving up and down my body. Why couldn’t he just take me already? We had enough time for some quick loving

because he always made us get up earlier so we can sit and have breakfast. Today I would happily have him for breakfast and I'll grab an apple to go.

“Who said I'm joking? I spoke to my mom and we've worked something out...” I said lifting my leg on the bed to put lotion on my leg. He was looking at my face but his eyes kept drifting towards my lower region. Gosh this guy's control was on some other level. He smiled at me and walked towards me and held me to him. Ok we were moving in the right direction because I felt Khumalo was getting ready in his boxers.

“I need to get your mom a gift she has been absolutely awesome. I'm so happy right now!” he said looking into my eyes and smiling full dimple and all.

“Can I get a proper kiss then so you can show me how appreciative you are?” he lowered his lips to mine and kissed me briefly. When I tried to deepen the kiss he pulled away from me.

“We need to get ready for work...” he cleared his throat and went to put his shirt on. Really?

“Yho o mpolayisa tlala aowa (you're not feeding me here)...” I said slightly irritated.

“There's breakfast downstairs that's why we must finish up.” He smiled at me. Mxm I didn't respond as I went to the closet looking for something to wear. I decided on jeans but would dress it up with a jacket and wedges. They didn't mention a dress code on the hearing invitation I got so they would just have to deal.

I made the bed after I was done getting dressed and just then my phone rang with an unrecognised number.

“Lerato hello?” I answered.

“Hey tsala (friend) how are you?” It was Tumi. Why was she calling me so early in the morning? I wasn't sure about the whole 'Tsala' thing because she definitely wasn't my friend.



“Hi Tumi. Can I help you?” I was in no mood today. I was sexually frustrated and stressed about the stupid hearing.

“Tjo tsala (wow friend). I was calling to check up on you. I miss you and I wanted us to meet so we can talk?” Like I just couldn’t process the randomness of this call.

“Uhm Tumi I’m busy getting ready for work...I can’t really talk right now.”

“Ok...can I call you a bit later then?” I rolled my eyes.

“What do you want to talk about?” I couldn’t keep the irritation from seeping into my tone.

“I’d rather we do it face-to-face instead of on the phone...”

“If this is about Lesego then I’m not interested and I have nothing to say.”

“He’s being discharged this weekend and will be going to jail but he needs help Lerato not a jail cell. Could you please-“

“Tumi I afforded him that opportunity and what happened? Did he not come after me again and try to rape and kill me! I’m not having this discussion with you right now.”

“It’s only because he got off the meds but we’ll monitor him and make sure-“

“Clearly you don’t care what could have happened to me in that warehouse if I hadn’t been found! How callous can you be? I have to go Tumi. Thanks. Bye.” I hung up angrily and was itching to just smash my phone against the wall just to release the pent-up emotions. She called me under the pretense of missing me meanwhile back at the ranch she’s trying to save her fiance’s best friend! How stupid did they think I was?

When I got downstairs KK could see that I was fuming.

“What’s wrong sweetheart?”

“I just had a call from Tumi and she wanted to talk to me about Lesego. Apparently he’s being discharged this weekend and going straight to jail. She wants me to reconsider the whole jail thing. Like I can’t even.”

“Calm down baby I don’t want you stressing about worthless shit like that. Lesego is definitely going to jail and Tumi and whoever can go jump in the nearest lake.” I think he was also quite cranky today. He also needed some Lerato loving but he was denying himself the pleasures that I could give him.

“I just want this whole Lesego thing to be over but I feel like he’ll always be around because he’s your brother and all...” the speciality that was my life though.

“Get it right sweetheart half brother. Don’t remind me even. If I could strip DNA I would’ve already done it. So Mr Mokoena can see that him trying to convince me isn’t working and now they are trying to do it through you. It makes me so angry!” he said through gritted teeth as he placed a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon. One whiff of the egg smell and I felt my throat doing involuntary spasms and there was so much saliva in my mouth all of a sudden. I covered my mouth trying to breath deeply.

“Sweetheart? What’s wrong?” I stood up and ran to the guest toilet on the ground floor. I almost didn’t make it before I threw up absolutely nothing. I hadn’t eaten so nothing was coming out but my body was determined to see the whole process through. I knelt on the floor gasping for something to come out. When the involuntary spasms stopped I took a deep breath in and sat flat on the floor leaning against the tiled wall.

“Morning sickness?” he asked handing me a bottle of water which I gulped down gratefully.

“No kidding bright spark.” I said looking at him. He extended his hand so he could help me up and we walked back to the kitchen with his arm around my shoulder.

“The fun and games have begun I guess,” he said but he was smiling.

“Are you enjoying my pain Mr K?” he chuckled.

“No my love never. I’m enjoying what this means. You probably are pregnant if you’re starting to throw up in the mornings...should I make you toast instead? That should settle the stomach.” I nodded as he took the plate of eggs away. It looked so good though. I sighed out loud. This pregnancy thing was going to be the death of me. KK was treating me like an egg and now I couldn’t even eat eggs.

We got to work around 07:30 and KK gave me a very chaste kiss to say goodbye. I couldn’t believe this guy why was he treating me like his sister all of a sudden?

“And there’s my pregnant fairy,” Zama said as I walked into the meeting room. At least she didn’t say it loudly because I would’ve killed her. My energy levels were also quite low.

“Hi Zee how are you?”

“Hawu ke (and then) Lee what’s happening?” she asked as I sat down.

“I feel like this pregnancy is just going to take over my life. KK won’t even touch me and now I can’t even eat eggs,” I realised I was crying when Zama handed me a tissue. Really? “See what I mean? Why am I freaking crying!”

She put her arms around me.

“It’s hormones mngani uzoba right kodwa (you’ll be ok though). So why is KK not touching you?”

“Goitsehang (who knows)? Some shit about not wanting to harm the baby blah blah. I’m hungry Zee...” she actually laughed at me.

“It can’t have been that long Lee. How long has it been?” did it matter how long. I was used to getting it on the regular.

“This is the 5<sup>th</sup> day, way too long if you ask me. It wouldn’t be so bad if I wasn’t with him every single night,” I sighed loudly.

“Hawu uyagula (he’s crazy) uKK. Take the bull by horns mngani and seduce him. I’m sure he can’t resist you forever. Uhlala naye (you guys live together) so create

these opportunities to entice.” I guess Zama had a point. Operation TholuKhumalo that had a nice ring to it. I smiled.

“I like how that dirty mind of yours works Zee. Can we go to that lingerie shop at the mall during lunch time?”

“No my friend they have wack things there. We’re about the same size there’s this number I bought for Steve but I haven’t worn it yet I think I’ll give it to you. I think it came with complimentary handcuffs.”

“Uhm friend you’re smaller than me...” Zama was trying to get me into her kinky madness now.

“You’re exaggerating! If it fits me perfectly it’ll be a bit snug on you so even better. It’s still in its original packaging. I’m going to ask the driver at home to bring it,” she said excitedly as she took her phone and I assume texted the driver. What had I let myself into with this crazy one? It was still morning but I couldn’t wait to get home and seduce that man of mine. I had to get it today or else...

“Hey dreamgirls. Lerato are we going?” Vusi spoke to us from the door. Oh ya I had even forgot that I had my hearing this morning. Gosh how tedious. Zama came with because she was my witness but had to sit outside until called if necessary.

I walked into the meeting room and Mrs Ndlovu was there with Yolisa and Amanda. There was also a lady from HR documenting the whole proceedings. I wish I could slap that smug look off her face but I maintained my composure and sat on the other side of the table. Vusi sat next to me. He had to be there because he was my direct manager.

“Good morning everybody. I’m sure you have all read the grievances that have been brought forward by Miss Faniso and Jacobs against Miss Molemi. For the purposes of time we won’t go through the scenario as described unless there were inconsistencies identified?” Mrs Ndlovu said and looked around the room. We all shook our heads for no.

“Ok great. So Miss Faniso and Jacobs for the record please state what you would like to get out of this process?”

“Mrs Ndlovu I speak on behalf of Yolisa as well. Lerato humiliated us in the canteen and as such nothing less than a public apology will do because the humiliation was public. An eye for an eye.”

“I see. Miss Molemi what is your take on this?”

“As per my submissions on Tuesday Mrs Ndlovu, after the incident I apologised to both the ladies and Vusi was present at that meeting. I also offered to pay for Amanda to get her hair done to restore it to the way it was. At that meeting they refused my apology and insisted on taking things further. I realise that my actions were in contravention of the company policy and whatever you decide as fair and reasonable I will accept the decision.”

“Well I have reviewed all the submissions that were made and even referring to case law I acknowledge that you ladies were humiliated by Miss Molemi in a public area. I can imagine how you felt after that incident and thus I pose a question to you ladies...is the request for a public apology for the purpose of humiliating Miss Molemi just like you were humiliated?” she asked looking at them on top of her glasses. Yolisa was squirming in her seat but Amanda’s thirst for revenge was so strong she nodded her head in agreement.

“So Miss Jacobs you think the company should agree to humiliate one employee to appease the ego of another aggrieved employee?” Amanda wasn’t so excited now she was quiet and Mrs Ndlovu prompted her again.

“She humiliated me Mrs Ndlovu and poured coffee on me in front of everyone.”

“My decision is as follows: Miss Molemi was definitely in contravention of the company’s code of conduct. She should not have acted in the manner that she did to you ladies.” Amanda smiled looking at me with her sinister eyes. “However, she did realise her mistake and apologise to you ladies for her behaviour. In addition she attempted to right any physical wrong that had been done. To me that shows remorse and taking responsibility for one’s actions. I don’t think a public apology is necessary as that will further aggravate the situation by humiliating another employee in this unfortunate process. Miss Molemi consider this your verbal warning that you should not act contrary to the company’s code of conduct.” Ok I could live with a verbal warning I deserved it. Amanda did not look happy at all.

“Ladies if you are unhappy about the outcome of this hearing, you are more than welcome to refer this matter to the CCMA. Anything anyone would like to say before we conclude?” I cleared my throat.

“I’d just like to apologise once again Amanda and Yolisa for my behaviour. Additionally thank you Mrs Ndlovu for your time today.” Amanda clicked her tongue.

“This whole hearing is rigged since Lerato is sleeping with the big boss...” she said getting up.

“As I have already explained Miss Jacobs if you are unhappy about the outcome of this hearing you are more than welcome to refer this hearing to the CCMA. Miss Molemi please come to the HR office during the course of the day to sign the acknowledgement of your verbal warning so we can have evidence on file. If there’s nothing further this meeting has been adjourned.” I breathed a sigh of relief as I sat there for a bit and Vusi patted my shoulder as he stepped out. When I got out of the meeting room, Amanda was waiting in the corridor. Crazy much?

“This is not over!” she said pointing her finger at me. For my own sanity I just stepped to the side and walked away. I would not let her get to me ever again.

At lunchtime Zama went downstairs to reception and came up with a box.

“Your outfit for tonight is here! Open it,” she said handing me the box.

“Is it appropriate for me to open this here Zee? I’ll open it at home.”

“No man open it I want to see the look on your face!” I sighed out loud and cut the tapes around the box holding it together. I removed the wrapping and unrolled the skimpy navy blue dress that was in there.

“Is this some kind of police uniform?”

“Yes mngani but a much sexier version of course. See it even comes with a cap and a baton so you can punish him if he misbehaves!” Zama was so excited by this. I on the other hand wasn’t sure about this at all.

“Hmm friend I don’t know hey...”I said as I looked at the crop top navy jacket with a zip in front and a barely there mini skirt that looked more like a boob tube than anything else. I wouldn’t even be able to walk without my ass cheeks peeking. There were also nipple covers which I assumed went under the jacket.

“Do you not want to end your drought or not? This will drive him certifiably insane! You can thank me tomorrow morning. You have thigh highs right?”

“Yes I do. I assume I should wear the fishnet one’s?”

“You see you getting into the groove now. Oh you must send me a pic!” she said clapping her hands together.

“Um Zee there’s no way I’m sending you a pic in this skimpy outfit! The things we do to try and get laid...” Zama laughed at that.

“Thank me later. Come let’s grab something to eat.” I took the outfit and put it in my laptop bag and threw away the box. I guess Operation TholuKhumalo was on tonight.

## Insert 96

“Oh what a day!” I said as we walked into the house. We had just come back from the doctor and the blood tests definitely proved it. I was 5 weeks pregnant and we had to make an appointment for the coming week so the doctor can do another ultra-sound. She gave me a prescription for folic acid and other supplements that I needed to start taking. I sucked at remembering to take pills which was why my mom and I opted for the Mirena when we looked at contraceptives. KK promised to remind me.

“Awesome day I would say,” he said smiling at me as he put the takeaways on the kitchen counter. I felt like my favourite steak from his dad’s restaurant so we went past there to get it. He had been in high spirits since we left the doctor. I was also happy that it had been scientifically confirmed and that this was really happening.

I had to pretend that I needed to use the loo afterwards so that I could ask Mama J about the whole sex thing. It felt awkward for me to raise the question with KK in the room. She assured me that it was perfectly safe so Operation TK could go ahead as planned.

KK came to me and hugged me to him. I took his scent in as he held me close. He smelled so good and I hoped the pregnancy wouldn’t make me dislike his scent like it did for Noma.

“Thanks sweetheart for carrying this precious gift that God has given us,” he said holding me tightly.

“I told you baby stop thanking me already you also contributed to all this.” I stood on my toes and kissed him on the lips. He deepened the kiss and kissed me thoroughly. It felt so good I moaned in his mouth because he hadn’t really kissed me like that in a while. When his hands travelled south to my ass and brought me flush against Khumalo I figured he was over the whole hunger strike he had put me on. I was so tempted to just let it continue but it would ruin my Operation completely so I had to regretfully stop it.

“Uhhh...baby I’m feeling a bit tired...I think I’m going to take a nap...” I said as I stepped out of his arms. He looked at me quizzically.



“Hawu ekuseni (what in the morning) you were going on and on about hunger and now you looking a gift dick in the mouth?” I cracked out laughing trust KK to turn a perfectly normal saying to suit his needs.

“I know baby maybe you can feed me later. I just need to lie down for a bit. This pregnancy is already draining my energy I can feel it.” I yawned for added emphasis.

“Ok no problem then. I think I’ll change and do some work then I won’t have to work over the weekend.” We went upstairs together and I had to go through the whole routine of taking off my clothes and taking one of his T-shirts to ‘sleep’ in. He changed into a vest and track suit pants and gave me a kiss on the cheek as I lay on the bed and covered myself with the throw blanket on top of the bed.

“I’ll be downstairs then if you need anything just call or text me nhe?”

“Ok baby please wake me up in about an hour then we can have supper and chill. Sorry for the whole nap thing...” I said smiling sweetly at him. He had no idea what was about to happen and I was giddy with the anticipation. He nodded and left the bedroom.

I lay there for about 10 minutes just to make sure that he doesn’t come back into the bedroom at that time. When I was sure that he must really be in the study I got up from the bed and went to take a quick shower.

Once I was done I took the outfit from my laptop bag and laid it on the bed. Thank goodness it wasn’t creased because the admin of having to iron now was not going to work. I started getting a bit nervous about this whole thing. KK had never spoken about role playing or dressing up vibes and so I wondered what I would do if it wasn’t his thing after all and he turned me down or laughed at me or something. I decided to put it on because then maybe I would get courage from the outfit. I couldn’t even drink something to calm my nerves.

I put on a lacy navy blue thong to go with the outfit and placed the nipple covers on my breasts. They were made of silicone material and they sort of stuck on. My nipples were slightly sensitive and the doctor said sensitivity would increase in the coming weeks. I put on the crop top jacket and zipped it up halfway. My breasts

were still perky so because the jacket was a bit tight it created a bit of a cleavage then I put on the non-existent skirt on which was more like a boob tube than a skirt because my ass cheeks were visible like how hot pants would look when you wearing them. I put on my fishnet thigh highs and my black 16 inch heels on. When I looked at myself in the mirror the nervousness came back again. What would KK think of this whole thing? I looked good though I had to admit as I attached the handcuffs to the side of my skirt so they were dangling. I briefly wondered whether I'd get my body back after this baby. I sat on one of the ottomans in KK's dressing room and called Zama.

“Mngani! How did he take the surprise?” she doesn't waste time getting to the point.

“Not yet. I'm all dressed up and debating whether to go downstairs or not...” I said sighing loudly.

“Hawu Lee I'm sure uyababa (you look hot)! Please take a pic then you can show me Monday? Go get your man girl! Remember ukuthi uvutha amalangabe (you're a hot girl) and uKK uyazifela ngawe (is crazy about you). Uzoyithanda (he's going to love it) infact he doesn't have a choice. Angithi (you know) you were crying about hunger?” I smiled at her comment.

“You're right my friend. Let me go get it before he finds me sitting here. Thanks Zee...” I felt better after I had spoken to Zama. I put on my police hat and gave myself a 5 second pep talk. I could do this and I was going to do it.

I stood up and took off my heels so I could walk down the stairs as quietly as possible. I almost forgot the baton in my eagerness to get downstairs. I kept pausing on the stairs when I heard a sound hoping it's not KK coming to the kitchen or something. I then went outside using the front door and closed it as quietly as I could. It was already evening so it was already dark outside. I put my heels back on and looked around. I was taking chances being outside dressed like this but there was some shrubbery by the door so cars driving past wouldn't be able to see me. I called KK as I stood by the door.

“Sweetheart thought you were sleeping.” I could hear the smile in his tone.

“I tried but was disturbed by blue lights flashing. I think there are cops in the yard can you check?” I said speaking softly so it would sound like I was sleeping.

“What? Cops? Let me call Steve...” oh gosh KK. It probably wasn’t the best thing to say to him considering all the stuff he gets up to but it was the best I could come up with.

“No baby I think you should check first what if they are lost? I’m just so tired I don’t have the energy to come downstairs. Please check?” I heard him sigh loudly. He was probably thinking that I’m being overly dramatic about the whole tiredness thing.

“Ok let me check.” After we hung up I knocked on the door for added emphasis. I looked down so he couldn’t immediately tell it’s me. I heard his footsteps and when he opened the door my heart beating fast in my chest.

“Mr Khuzwayo?” I asked still looking down.

“What’s going on?” I looked up and saw his handsome confused face. When he started recognising me his dimple smile was back full force as his eyes roved up and down my body.

“Are you Mr Khulekani Khuzwayo Khumalo?” I said again hitting the baton on my palm.

“That would be me mam can I help you?”

“Please call me Mrs KK no need for such formalities. Mr Khuzwayo you are under arrest...” I said placing my hands on his chest and pushing him inside. I was too half-naked to be outside. I kicked the door closed and continued leading him to the dining room. I made him sit on one of the dining room chairs.

“I still don’t know what I’m being arrested for...” he said a smirk on his face. I went to him and straddled him when he put his hands on my ass I hit him lightly with the plastic baton.

“No touching Mr Khuzwayo otherwise I’ll have to add harassment on the charge sheet...” He chuckled at my statement.

“So what’s on the charge sheet Mrs KK?” I trailed my finger down his jaw, on his neck and lifted the vest he was wearing and he took the hint and took it off.

“There are a few charges on your sheet Mr Khuzwayo. Breaking and entering, Kidnapping, Arson, Murder. You broke and entered into my heart and mind despite my attempts to keep you out Mr Khuzwayo. Whatever security measures that I had put in place you completely disabled and took something of great value to me, my heart. This leads to the second charge, you kidnapped my heart and have it trapped in your hands and you better not release it because despite its willingness to want to be there it was a battle of wills at first,” I was getting emotional saying all this to him and he was looking at me so intently, “Arson is on your sheet because you’ve literally burnt down each and every wall I put up around myself to protect me from getting hurt. You’ve burnt those walls down with your love, your understanding, your patience, your consideration, your beautiful and kind heart. Lastly you’ve killed all the bad memories in my life and murdered all my demons to fight for me and love me...” a tear rolled down my cheek and I didn’t realise I was that emotional about it.

“Oh sweetheart...that has got to be the most beautiful thing I’ve heard in my lifetime. I love you so much,” he whispered as he wiped my tear with his thumb.

“I love you KK,” I said kissing him and he kissed me back hard. I felt Khumalo growing beneath me as I sat there and that brought me back to the reality of what I was trying to do here. I cleared my throat and got back into character. Maybe it was a good thing I never did drama after all. I couldn’t even stay in character for a few minutes.

“So how do you plead Mr Khuzwayo?” I asked looking sternly at him.

“Guilty. Guilty. Guilty,” he said as he kissed me between each of the words.

“No touching Mr Khuzwayo! I’m an officer of the law. You have the right to remain silent and still. Anything you say or do will be used against you in the bedroom. I sentence you to a lifetime of love from a certain Lerato Molemi,” I said as I stood up and put my phone on the docking station.

Dance for you by Beyonce came on and I put it louder so it filled the whole space. At this point he had his back towards me and he turned to look at me and I gestured with my hand for him to look to the front. He had an amused tinkle in his eyes which gave me the confidence to continue. I approached his chair and stood behind him and slowly rubbed both my hands down his chest and then back up. I smiled as I heard his sharp intake of breath. I then lightly caressed his shoulders as I did a sexy walk around the chair to come stand in front of him. I could see that Khumalo was eager to come play and that brought my confidence back up to a 100%.

I turned my head slightly to look behind me and did a slow turn so my back was to him. I then bent down and slowly touched my legs all the way to my toes knowing that it would give him a very nice view of my ass and came up again. I felt a hot sting on my ass as I went up and realised he'd spanked my ass. My pussy clenched at the contact but he wasn't following the brief so I smacked his hand and took the handcuffs from my skirt and cuffed his hands behind the chair and gave him a warning finger. He just smiled at me.

I then moved to the side of his chair still swaying to the music and brought my upper body down on his lap and rolled back up to swing my right leg onto the chair between his legs and used my hand to caress my leg down and up. I did a slow turn and faced away from him and just ran my hands down my body swaying seductively to the song.

I slid down as if I was doing a squat with my legs open and slid back up. I then walked back to the front and got between his legs as I turned to face away from him. I slid down to the floor with my legs open and slid back up slowly shaking my ass in his face. I sat down on the chair between his legs and opened my legs wide so his could open as well. I could feel his hardness on my back and his quick breaths from the way his chest was moving. As the song wound down I got up turned around and kissed him hard. His tongue immediately went into my mouth and I bit down gently on it and stopped the kiss.

"I told you to be still and not touch but you continue to defy me Mr Khuzwayo. I'm going to let you sit here and think about what you've done. I'm going to get some water I've worked up quite a thirst!" I said as I walked away swaying my hips from side to side.

I went to the fridge and got some bottled sparkling water and I knew he watched me as I drank it because of the open plan in his house. Ciara's Body Party came on and I thought Zama must've really given this whole thing she wanted to do with Steve a thought because she sent me her playlist which she had aptly named "Steve's Seduction". I took another bottle from the fridge and walked back to KK. His eyes were half-lidded with desire and there was definitely a tent in his pants.

"You're so fucking hot sweetheart," he said to me as I came back and straddled his lap.

"I brought you a bottle thought you might be thirsty too..." I said as I opened it and placed it on his lips. He opened his mouth so I could make him drink. I tipped a little bit into his mouth and let the rest pour down his chest. "Oh snap such a mess...let me clean you up baby." I got on my knees on the floor and licked him from his neck down his chest and he was just literally using up all the swear words in his vocabulary at this point. My hands caressed down his muscled chest and my fingers grabbed hold of the waist of his track pants.

"Khumalo looks like he also wants in on the fun," I said as I moved my hand on the waist of his pants and gestured for him to lift his ass so I could take off his track pants. He was rock hard and had some pre-cum on the head. I ran my nails up and down his dick as he inhaled sharply and gritted his teeth.

"All this activity is making me so hot..." I said fanning myself then I unzipped the crop jacket and took it off. His eyes went wide as saucers as he took in the nipple caps on my breasts. I rubbed my breasts a little for him then went back to stroking up and down his dick. I took a drink of the sparkling water and closed my mouth around his dick head so he could feel the bubbles on it.

"FUCK!! SHIT!!" he moaned and closed his eyes. I swallowed the water but let some of it drip down his dick for some lubrication. I then started sucking his dick and stroked him with my hands.

"Fuck sweetheart...feels so fucking good...love your mouth on me..." I scratched my teeth lightly on him and he almost bucked off the chair. I moved my other hand to the area between his balls and his ass and started stroking him there. He nearly fell off the chair as he groaned loudly. This whole thing was freaking turning me

on too. I couldn't wait to feel him sinking into me and my muscles clenched in anticipation.

I kept sucking him and hollowing out my cheeks to get better suction then I would alternate and run my tongue on the top of his dick and go back down again. I felt his orgasm in his body before it actually came because his body became tense and he groaned loudly trying to push into my mouth. His hands were still handcuffed so he couldn't get the pace that he wanted. I then relaxed my throat and took him deep into my throat and I felt his dick expand slightly then he was coming down my throat. I massaged his balls as he came and kept him in my mouth until he was done. I got up and grabbed another seat so I could sit opposite him.

"Did you like that baby?" I asked innocently sitting with my legs wide open so he could see my lace panties.

"I fucking loved it!" he said smiling trying to catch his breath and staring at the area between my legs.

"I loved it too but unfortunately it's gotten me all wet and your hands are tied so you can't help me...I guess I'll have to help myself..." I said getting up and taking off the lace thong. I then threw it at him and he smiled lazily at me. I wanted to drive him crazy with lust that when he took me it would be fast and hard just the way I wanted it today. I sat back on the chair and started playing with my breasts. I then removed the nipple caps and started pinching my nipples. D Angelo's Untitled (how does it feel) song came on and matched the mood perfectly.

I worked my hands slowly down my stomach until I got to my pussy. I was still wearing the thigh highs and heels so I got up and took the skirt off. I stood naked in front of him naked except for the stockings and heels. He was looking at me intently and following each and my every move. I sat down on the chair again and placed my one leg on the dining room table so I was wide open for him to see me. I tentatively touched my clit and moaned at how sensitive it was. I was soaking wet as I dipped further.

"Tell me what you want to do to me right now baby...I want it in explicit detail..." I moaned as I worked myself with my other hand pinching my nipple. He cleared

his throat and I closed my eyes as his voice washed over me in the back drop of D Angelo asking “How do you feel”.

“I want it to be my hands fucking your wet, tight pussy right now. Fuck I want to sink my finger deep inside you and feel your muscles clench around me as I suck hard on your clit...I can imagine how you would taste on my tongue with you crying out my name...I want to finger fuck you, tongue fuck you, dick fuck you. Fuck I want to sink my dick balls deep inside you...” my fingers were moving faster and faster on my clit as he painted a picture in my mind with his erotic words.

“Fucking hell open your eyes sweetheart and look at me. I want to see your face light up as you make yourself come with those dainty little fingers of yours. Do you know how fucking sexy you look right now. I wish I could touch myself as well and imagine you making me feel good the way I know you imagining me making you feel good. Move your fingers faster for me sweetheart...finger fuck that pussy of mine...” I felt it in my stomach and the contractions moved from there to the rest of my body as I came hard. I screamed loud as the feeling washed over me. I’d never actually orgasmed in front of him because it was always just part of foreplay but I knew he liked to see me pleasure myself.

I stood up on wobbly legs and unlocked his cuffs because I needed him inside me right now. As soon as his hands were free, he grabbed me quickly and impaled me on his already hard dick. Talk about a short recovery time!

“Ahh...”we both said at the same time and I started to move on top of him. The heels gave me nice leverage as I put my arms around his neck and started bouncing up and down his dick.

“You...like...that...baby...”I said my words coming out in staccato because of my bouncing. He had his hands on my ass and he was kneading and helping me move on top of him.

“Fucking love it sweetheart...you’re so fucking wet, warm and tight...” he said through gritted teeth.



“I...love...fucking...myself...on...your...dick...feels...fucking...fantastic...” I said riling him up knowing that it was going to drive him insane. I never use the F word especially with him.

“Yes sweetheart fuck yourself on my dick...the way you’re moving on me...hmm...I love you so much Mrs KK...” he said through gritted teeth. I moved up and let his dick pop out of me and he looked at me quizzically then I turned around and inserted his dick back inside me and we both groaned. My back was now to his front and he brought his hands around to play with my nipples as I continued moving myself on top of him. When he brought his one hand to play with my clit I bit my lip from screaming out loud.

“I’m fucking close baby...” he whispered in my ear biting it gently... ”come with me sweetheart...”as he said that he pinched my clit and I felt the contractions going off everywhere inside me and I moaned loudly.

“Ahh...you’re clenching me so fucking tight...I’m coming sweetheart...oh fuck...you’re fucking incredible...” he said on a groan and my body went completely still when I realised how wet we were. What the hell was going on. Was I peeing on us? KK laughed out loud as he came down from his high. What was this pregnancy doing to me now making me pee during sex! I didn’t even feel like peeing before we started. Weren’t your muscles loose after giving birth? I wasn’t even there yet!

I turned my head and looked at him, shock horror on my face. He seemed very amused and quite smug about the whole thing.

“What the hell KK? Why are you so amused by my embarrassment? I just peed on you and the floor. Oh gosh!” I covered my face. He held me tightly to him.

“No sweetheart you didn’t really pee per se. Have you never heard of squirting?” Oh my god someone shoot me now.

I slipped him out of me and stood up.

“I need a shower...and I must come back and clean this mess...” I said looking around. He stood up and hugged me to him.

“Sweetheart today has been one of the best days ever then the cherry on the cake was you squirting. I thought that thing is a myth. Loved the whole dress up and cuffing me, drove me insane! How did you know I had a police woman fantasy?” he said as he kissed me lightly. He did? I must’ve hit the nail on the head then.

“Is it because you’re such a bad boy?” I asked him as we walked upstairs. We stopped on the stairs as he held me tightly to him.

“I love you with all that I am. Your words at the beginning really touched me and I want you to know that your heart is safe in my hands. I will take care of you and our baby and guard you guys with my life. Thank you.” His eyes were suspiciously shiny after he was done and he cleared his throat and pulled me into the bedroom.

## Insert 97

“Dream girls can we sit with that proposal and close it off before the year ends?” Vusi popped his head into the meeting room. He was so used to calling us that and most of the team didn’t particularly like it but they would just have to be strong. Yolisa had not spoken to me at all since the hearing. In fact anything work-related that we needed to discuss she would just send an e-mail to that effect.

“Yep sure, we’ll meet you in the boardroom,” Zama said as we both got up.

“I’m so glad today is the last day, the throwing up leaves me without any energy for the rest of the day,” I whispered to her as we gathered our things. I didn’t only have morning sickness, I had all day everyday sickness. I had now resorted to living on crackers and fruit because that’s all I could keep down. I had actually lost weight in the past two weeks which KK wasn’t happy about but what must I do if the food won’t stay down? At least I wasn’t showing yet but probably by the time we came back there would be some difference.

“You ladies have made very good progress with the projects that have been assigned to you. I’m very impressed,” Vusi said as we concluded the meeting. He was so good at big-picture thinking and I was learning so much from him regarding critically looking at my work. It then gave me an idea regarding my business proposal. When we were done Zama left first because she needed to use the loo so it gave me a few minutes alone with Vusi.

“Vusi can I ask you something if you don’t mind?”

“Yep sure. What’s up?” he smiled at me as he perched on the table.

“Well...I’m busy with this business proposal and I was wondering if you’d be able to look at it when I’m done. I value your opinion and I think you could give me some constructive criticism?” He looked at me questioningly.

“A business proposal for?”

“Uhm well I have a business idea and am busy with a proposal so I can present to potential investors. If it makes you uncomfortable because it’s not KC work then I’ll understand...” I didn’t know whether I could divulge what the business

proposal was about because chances were KK hadn't really discussed it with anyone else.

“No it's ok I don't mind. Although I was hoping you would stay on with us here once your internship is over. Who knows maybe after I review it, it could be something we would consider investing in. Let me know when you have a draft. I don't mind looking through it.”

“Thanks so much Vusi. The draft will probably be ready early next year.”

“Looking forward to it. So are you ready for this afternoon?” he asked as we walked out of the boardroom and I nodded.

Today was the last day at work before the company closed for the December holidays. The mood in the office was very festive today and with Christmas decorations everywhere people were in the mood for some fun. Vusi had organised a picnic for his division and KC employees were working half-day then we'd be going to some venue for a picnic. Apparently it was tradition as he'd done so at the end of each year since his arrival. The other divisions were always so jealous and they would come once they knock off at 15:00 to join KC. We must have the coolest MD ever clearly.

**KK: My love I'll come to the picnic later. How are you feeling? Have a board meeting until 15:00 – yawn.**

I smiled at his text. I hadn't driven anywhere since I'd unofficially moved in with him. Since I was pregnant he was always saying how unsafe my car was.

**Me: My breakfast hasn't come up yet but there is some slight nausea. See you then. You'll probably look out of place in your tailored suit at the picnic**

**KK: Yeah well I'll be there only for you so it's all good. Otherwise maybe the fashion police can arrest me. Are you the fashion police as well maybe?**

Since that day I surprised him with the get-up he had been making references to the whole thing. I think he really enjoyed the spontaneity of it all and he's been teasing me mercilessly about me thinking I had peed on myself. Gosh KK though!

**Me: Sorry baby the fashion popo are not on duty today. I love you. Mcwaa**

**KK: I love you Mrs KK. See you later.**

“Are you ready to go?” Zama asked as she waltzed in from the loo.

“I guess so. Not sure how much fun I’ll have drinking water the whole day in the sun.” I still needed to get used to this going out thing without having a glass of wine or something. I wasn’t an alcoholic by any means but it was nice to have some level of intoxication in the body. I also wondered whether people would notice that I’m not drinking.

“Don’t worry mngani (my friend) you can smell my glass nhe and get drunk from the fumes...” Zama was crazy though.

“You not making me feel better Zee. Anyway what are you up to in your time off?”

“My mom wants to do the annual Paris trip with me and only because my dad claims he can’t make it. I’m so sick of Paris! I know I sound like a snob but like we go there all the time!” She sighed.

“Shame friend but at least you get to spend quality time with your mom. I wish I could have a mother-daughter trip with mommy dearest but we all so busy with our lives and our men,” I said wistfully. Our arrangement was working pretty well because I saw her at least for two days in the week and we had actually made some headway with the packing. Odi would also come and we’d spend most of the night reminiscing about the good old days especially when we found old family albums. I couldn’t believe that in a few months my childhood home would be gone.

“You have the coolest mom ever though! Like what mom allows you to kipita (co-habit) just like that? I had to throw tantrums just to get my own place. Can you imagine trying to get some action without a place of your own?”

“Hao akere (but then) you can go to the guy’s place.”

“Like Steve lets me come to his place! Last time I was at his house was with you guys. He’s so secretive and private. One day I feel like we making progress then

the next day back to square one...” I didn’t know why Zama put up with Steve’s shenanigans because she was an attractive girl and could literally pick and choose who she wanted but I guess she wanted Steve.

“I don’t even know what more to say regarding you and Steve but just put yourself first Zee.”

“And not my orgasms nhe? They are so good though friend when he’s the one dishing them out. Toe-curling stuff. Mmm!” she said laughing and opening her car. I knew she didn’t like getting super emotional about stuff and that’s why she changed the subject. The last time I saw her ever getting emotional was after she slept with Steve the first time.

When we got to the venue there was a demarcated area with stretch tent vibes. Vusi went big or went home clearly. It was that VIP lounge setup you usually saw at weddings and here I was thinking it was going to be a picnic. We all had wristbands which were handed out in the morning so we could be clearly identifiable as KC employees and not have random gate crashers in the mix. Some people were already there chilling on the couches. There were a lot of unfamiliar faces though but they seemed to be quite comfortable chilling there. Zama and I spotted Elmarie by the bar and we went and said hi.

“Girls how are you guys? Haven’t seen you guys in forever! I’ve been busy with the 2017 intake applications,” she said giving us both hugs.

“We’ve been good El can’t complain. What are we drinking?” Zee asked her looking over the bar counter.

“You know the drill: ciders, beers and wine. Anything else is for your own cost. Lerato do you want a Hunters Dry? That’s what you drank the last time right?” Elmarie asked looking expectantly at me.

“I’m on antibiotics so can’t drink alcohol today unfortunately. I’ll just have sparkling water.” I cleared my throat as I said it. That excuse sounded plausible enough to me. We went and sat down by an empty cluster on the outer side of the tent.

“El? Who are all these hot unfamiliar faces here? Do they work at KI?” Zee asked gesturing with her eyes to a group of nice looking guys that were sitting across from us. There were also two girls sitting with them. Elmarie laughed out loud.

“Those are the in-house consultants. They work for KC but they are based on site at some of our customers premises. It’s one of the reasons why Vusi does this year-end thing so they can also feel like part of the team because most of them are attending the customer’s year-end function when we have ours.” I glanced across from them and one of the guys was looking straight at me chatting to John. How awkward so I glanced away.

“So does Vusi just take all the eye candy from the office and plonk them at the customers? What must we look at the whole day?” Zee said laughing and taking a sip of her drink.

“Most of them work with the customers’ information systems to align them with the solution we roll out so they for the first few months they are on site for any glitches and stuff. It’s part of our value-add to the customer.”

“Value-add indeed complete with a hot package.” Zama though she was busy ogling the guys like she didn’t have Steve who can kill at a drop of a hat. I poked her with my elbow.

“Stop staring Zee!” she looked at me and smiled. Elmarie was called away by Vusi who had just arrived and left us alone.

“And now Zama? Are you flirting with those guys now?” I asked her dropping my voice to a whisper.

“Hawu mngani (wow friend) I’m not flirting ngigeza amehlo nje (just enjoying the view). You know the talent at KI is non-existent except for your man and now I can’t be staring at him so it’s nice to find something else to look at. Just harmless window shopping I’m not buying.”

“You better just be window shopping. Remember how possessive Steve got the last time at the club?”

“Ahh uSteve must just decide ukuthi u (whether he is) present or kwenzakalani ngaye (what’s happening with him). Like his traffic light tendencies azingichazi (I can’t deal).”

“Flirting with other guys won’t solve that problem so behave please.”

“Are you saying that for my or your own benefit? I see the dark hottie has BEEN checking you out...I know phela (that) you like them dark and handsome...”she said wiggling her eyebrows.

“Behave Zama I mean really!”

“I never realised how uptight you are when you’re not drinking.” Wow Zama though.

Vusi announced that lunch was served and it was buffet style dining. We stood in the queue for the food and the in-house guys were behind us in the queue. I felt so self-conscious because I could feel that I had eyes on me and it wasn’t comfortable at all. We dished up and went back to our seating area. I stayed away from the meat because the last thing I wanted was to throw up here. I just took vegetables. As soon as we were settled John came over to us.

“Hey ladies do you mind if we join you?” he asked pointing to the in-house group on the other side. Elmarie and Zama beamed. I had to restrain myself from rolling my eyes.

“Yep sure. Plenty of room here...”Elmarie said giggling. This is what happened when you went to social gatherings sober. Everyone was buzzing and wena (while) you were just on a different wavelength.

The guys and girls came over with their plates and drinks and joined us on our couch cluster.

“Elmarie, Zama and Lerato this is Joanne, Didintle, Sean, Phila and Molefe,” John did the introductions.



“Please call me Mo’ pleasure to meet you ladies,” he said shaking my hand longer than necessary. I pulled my hand away from him and smiled at the rest of the people. Molefe picked the couch directly across from me.

“Lovely to see you again Sean how have you been?” Elmarie asked all pink in the face. She must like this Sean character. As I took a sip of my water someone tapped me on my shoulder. When I turned back it was Yolisa. Hao and then?

“Sorry to disturb can I see you for a sec?” she asked. Was this some kind of trap? I signalled to Zama that I was going with Yolisa and would be back. She just gave me a thumbs up and continued chatting to the guys.

I stood up and Yolisa and I stood to the side.

“Can I help you Yolisa?” I asked folding my arms.

“I just wanted to apologise Lerato. I’ve been anything but accommodating since you started working here and I’m very sorry about everything.” I was beyond shocked. Was she being for real?

“Uhm ok...forgive me if I find the sudden change of heart hard to believe.”

“The thing is Amanda’s the one who’s been driving the whole thing and she’s been a really good friend to me of late so I didn’t want not to agree with her...”

“So you not taking any responsibility for this and it’s Amanda that forced you?”

“No...I don’t mean it like that. I shouldn’t have succumbed to the peer pressure. I know right from wrong and what Amanda and I did was not right. I just wanted you to know how sorry I am.” She looked sorry but I wasn’t sure if I could trust her.

“Ok thanks Yolisa. If your apology is sincere then thank you and I’m not into grudges so I let the whole thing go a long time ago. If there’s nothing else?” I said indicating that I wanted to leave.

“No there’s nothing else. Thanks for your time. Enjoy the holidays...” she said and walked away. This day was getting weirder and weirder. When I sat back down again Mo decided to strike up a conversation with me.

“So Lerato how you finding KC so far?” wow really?

“It’s been great. I’ve learnt a great deal and I’m very grateful for the opportunity.”

“Ya Mr Khuzwayo is a real inspiration. I also want to create my own empire one day like he’s done. Maybe we can run it together?” he said smiling and looking at me intently. I raised my left hand to show him my ring in case he hadn’t already seen that I’m spoken for.

“Unfortunately not but you should definitely pursue your dreams.”

“I don’t see a wedding band on the same finger so it means you’re not married yet and you can still change your mind about the guy you’re with. I’m sure I can treat you way better than he can.” Was this guy hearing himself right now? That was highly unlikely.

“I’m quite happy thanks I’m unlikely to change my mind ever...” I said giving him a fake smile.

“You never know hey...give me a chance.” Yho can this guy not take ‘no’ for an answer?

“I’m not interest Molefe please stop?” I said loudly exasperation evident on my face. Some people turned to look at us. I honestly didn’t want to be known as that girl constantly surrounded by drama. Why did drama love me so much?

“Kanti kwenzajani (what’s going on)?” Zama asked looking at me. I just shook my head and stood up. I was also slightly mad at her because here she was making eyes at whatever this guy’s name was and paying zero attention to the potential situations building up around me. She also seemed to have struck some friendship with the girls.

“I need the loo.” On my way back I stopped by the bar and got myself a virgin mojito which was literally lemonade with mint, sugar and lemon. I eventually went

back and sat down and irritating Molefe guy was back at it trying to make conversation. Sigh. I resorted to giving him one word answers everytime he asked me something. I really wasn't enjoying myself and I just wanted to go home now.

“Now there's something you don't see often...” one of the girls said staring towards the car park. When I lifted my eyes I realised KK was walking towards the tent. He must've changed after my comment about him being in a suit. He always looked extra hot in casual. My heart and other parts of my anatomy did a little flutter. This pregnancy was making me horny all the time.

“Oh wow he even looks good in casual clothes...he's so fucking hot!” the other girl said as he came closer. I couldn't help the warm feeling of pride as he turned heads with his approach. He was wearing army green elastic ankle chino pants with a white short sleeve shirt and white Adidas superstars. He did look fucking hot as the girl claimed. Our eyes met as he came closer and he smiled slightly at me and walked past us to greet Vusi. As usual everybody was congregating around him and saying hi to him and everything.

“I'm also hot aren't I?” Mo asked smiling at us girls trying to bring the attention back to him. I realised he liked being the centre of attention. He was definitely not my type at all.

“You're alright Mo but Mr K hmmm...” the one girl said looking at him. I wasn't sure how I felt about these girls perving over my man like that. Zama looked at me and winked as if to say ‘I can't wait for them to figure it out’. I took a sip of my lemonade because it really was no mojito and felt the butterflies in my stomach as he walked towards us. He came behind the couch that I was sitting on and wrapped his arms around my shoulders giving me a kiss on the cheek. His comforting scent was all around me. If I was white I'd be blushing now. Talk about making a statement.

“Hey sweetheart,” he said squeezing me slightly. Molefe looked like he had just swallowed a whole sack of lemons. I touched his arms and rubbed him briefly smiling. I loved his ownership claims on me independent woman that I was.

“Hey baby,” I said tilting my head so he could kiss me on my mouth. I didn’t care at this point that we had an audience I missed him. He pecked me on the lips and came and sat on the arm of the couch I was on and took my hand in his warm one.

“Hi everyone. Good to see you all,” he said smiling. The girls still sat there trying to process what just happened. I was past the point of caring what people thought because they were going to think it regardless.

“Hi Mr K how are you?” Zama broke the silence smiling.

“I’m good Zama. Let me get something to drink and greet some of the other people I haven’t seen. Should I get you anything love?” he asked standing and looking at me with that amused look on his face. He was really laying it on thick.

“No I’m good baby thanks.” I said beaming up at him. He squeezed my hand and left. When he left there was an uncomfortable silence until one of the girls spoke.

“So you guys...I mean you and Mr K...” she couldn’t even finish the sentence poor girl.

“Yebo...KK will soon be Lerato’s hus-bae. How do you in-houses not know? I thought the grapevine at KI was lit,” she said taking a sip of her drink.

“Clearly it doesn’t reach employees sitting on site at customers. Congratulations Lerato,” Sean said raising his glass towards me. I smiled back at him. After a while I was over this whole thing now and I pulled Zama so I could whisper to her.

“Zee I’m gonna go hey. I’m feeling a bit tired.” That was no lie this whole social situation had drained my energy. It was already around 4 in the afternoon and we had been there since midday.

“Are you feeling ok?” she asked concern evident in her eyes.

“I’ll be fine. I think I just need to lie down for a bit. I’m going to find KK and will come get your key so I can get my laptop.” She stood up and gave me a hug then I hugged Elmarie as well and waved bye to the rest. Molefe had been rendered mute since KK came and greeted. Served him right. I easily found him in the crowd and he opened his arm so he could put it around my shoulders. He was standing with

Vusi and some of the managers. I said hi to them and asked to steal KK away for a second.

“My beautiful woman what’s up?” he asked holding me on my waist. He must be in a really good mood today. As usual we were attracting attention.

“You look good enough to eat today,” I said lowering my voice so no one could hear me.

“Is that a promise sweetheart?” he asked hugging me.

“It could be if we get out of here...I’m just over this whole scene now,” I said as he brought me closer to hug me.

“Sure we can go if you not up to it anymore. Are you ok though?” he asked searching my eyes.

“Yep I’m fine. I just want you all to myself it’s a sin to be looking this good in public,” I said smiling at him. He nodded and went and said bye to everyone while I went to get my stuff from Zama’s car. When I came back he was already waiting for me and held my hand as we walked to his car.

Just as he started the car my phone rang. What now?

“Hello Lerato speaking...”

“Hi Lerato ke (it’s) Dr Maseko how are you?”

“Hi Mama J I’m good how are you?” I said smiling.

“I just received the blood test results from your last visit. I need to see you when can you make time?” My heart skipped a beat. Why did she want to see me before our scheduled time early January next year?

“Is it urgent?” my mind was going at 100 km per hour. Was there something wrong with the baby. My other hand subconsciously went to my tummy. KK was looking at me curiously.

“I would rather discuss it with you sooner rather than later...”

“Uhhh well if you are around I could come now?” my heartbeat was accelerating with each second.

“Yep that will be perfect. I will see you soon.” We said our goodbyes and hung up.

“What is it?” KK asked looking worried.

“I don’t know Mama J wants to see us urgently in her offices. Can we go now?”

“Ya sure. Did she say what it was about?”

“Something about the blood test results. Do you think something is wrong?” I asked starting to panic. KK could see it written on my face as I’m sure I could see it on his.

“I don’t know sweetheart. Let’s go find out.” He held my hand firmly in his.

Dear Lord please no more drama. Please let my baby be ok?

## Insert 98

We drove to the doctor in silence with just the radio as background noise. KK's hold on my hand got tighter and tighter until I felt like he was going to crush my fingers but I welcomed the pain because at least I felt something instead of the numbness that had seeped into my body. I kept repeating the same prayer over and over again like a chant in my head.

Lord please let my baby be ok...

Lord please let my baby be ok...

Lord please let my baby be ok...

I didn't even realise the car was parked and KK was wiping tears from my cheeks.

"Sweetheart we might be jumping to deep conclusions here. Maybe it's not even bad...let's go hear what she has to say." I looked at him and he was just as terrified as I was about what we might hear in there. We both took a deep breath and got out of the car.

The receptionist asked us to take a seat and promised the doctor would be with us shortly. KK sat next to me and took my hand in his squeezing it lightly. I could hear my heartbeat in my ears. We must've sat there for a maximum of five minutes if that but it felt like I'd aged a decade when the receptionist eventually told us to go in.

"Lerato, Khulekani hello. Please take a seat. Thanks for coming so quickly," she said gesturing to the chairs in front of the desk.

"You said you needed to discuss something with us and it sounded important so..."  
Mama J cleared her throat.

"It is important I wouldn't have stressed it otherwise. As you know every time you've come to see me I've been doing blood tests so I can monitor your HCG levels. We usually do diagnostic tests as quickly as possible so we can deal with problems as they arise. You're still young and thus all the other things we tested for like HIV, german measles, the probability of you carrying a child with down

syndrome – we didn't detect any issues there. You're quite healthy and holding everything else constant you would've had a very healthy pregnancy..." I couldn't see her anymore because tears were already falling.

"Sorry doctor what do you mean would've *had* a healthy pregnancy?" KK gave a voice to a question I couldn't bring myself to ask. Mama J took a deep breath before she spoke.

"The latest blood results indicate that your HCG levels are dropping. This is indicative of an ectopic pregnancy--"

"What's that doctor? Speak English please!" KK's levels of frustration were at an all time high. I was probably the one hurting him now with how tight I was holding his hand.

"The fertilised egg is growing in the fallopian tube instead of the uterus. An embryo can't survive outside of the uterus and may also cause damage to the fallopian tube if it continues to grow. I need to confirm this through a scan and then we will need to discuss treatment options...Lerato I'm sorry...we will have to terminate the pregnancy." I broke down then and couldn't contain my sobs.

Why was this happening to me? I've never done anything bad to anyone except for throwing coffee on Amanda but I genuinely apologised to her for that. Why was I being punished like this? Why couldn't I just have a shot at lasting happiness? Just when I was starting to really accept the presence of this baby in our lives.

Memories of KK speaking to my tummy each morning flashed through my mind and tore my soul in half.

Mama J had left us alone to give us a moment. KK got up from his chair and pulled me up so he could hold me. He held me so tightly I didn't even think I could breathe. I didn't even want to breathe at this point. It hurt so much to even be alive right now. The pain was so raw, so cutting I couldn't handle it. He didn't say anything because what was there to say? Our baby had to die. He or she was never going to meet us and live. I wished for numbness at this point so I could stop feeling the pain. Stop feeling the emptiness sweeping through me despite the fact that our baby was still inside me but in the wrong place. Why Lord? Why? It



would've been better if I hadn't been pregnant at all instead of having this hoping building and growing inside me only for it to be snatched away in seconds.

When I eventually stopped crying and just had hiccups wracking my body I looked up at KK. His face was stony and held no emotion but I could tell from his jaw exercises that he was controlling it. He was trying so hard to be strong for me but this couldn't be easy on him. He embraced the idea of the baby even before I came around to accepting it. I broke from his embrace so I could get a tissue from the desk and blow my nose. If I kept looking at him trying to be strong for me I was going to lose it completely again.

"Let me call Mama J so we can do the scan and...and determine what needs to be done..." I said softly walking towards the door. He held my hand as I walked past him.

"I'll do it..." he said not looking at me either and went out.

I got up and went to change into the gown. I had to bite my lower lip to prevent the tears from falling again as I placed my hand on my tummy. I got up on the bed and they both found me laying there staring into space.

Mama J also didn't say anything and just put on the scan and applied the cold gel on my tummy and started moving the scan over me. She kept pausing and taking pictures then would move on. I tried to look at the screen so I could see what was going on but without guidance it was just black and grey.

"Can..." my voice came out a hoarse whisper so I cleared my throat and tried again, "can I see the baby?" She nodded and moved the scan towards the right part of my tummy and paused.

"That is the uterus...and this is where the embryo is..." she paused there and I could actually see what looked like a bubble with something inside and that bubble was faraway from where it should be. My poor baby. Why were you growing in the wrong place? My vision blurred but I wiped my tears away. When I looked at KK he wasn't even looking at the screen but was looking down.

“Can I have the scan...please Mama J?” She nodded again and wiped the gel off my tummy. KK helped me dress because I had no energy left at all. As we were about to go back and sit the nausea was real in my life. I rushed to the toilet instead and threw up all the veggies I ate at the picnic and then some. I felt like my hopes and dreams were also being poured into that toilet bowl.

“After reviewing your scans we’ve noticed this early and so it hasn’t caused damage to your fallopian tubes yet,” she said once I came back and settled next to KK.

“So what happens now?” KK asked softly.

“We have options available to you in terms of how to remove the embryo. There’s a Methotrexate injection I could give you which will stop the embryo’s cells from growing and your body will simply absorb the cells. This method is less invasive and I could do it immediately. The other option is surgical which is more invasive and we’d have to book an Operating Room to have it done...”

“What are the side-effects to the injection...” he asked again.

“There are some serious side-effects to the injection like nausea, vomiting, mild stomach cramps, drowsiness and dizziness may occur but these should pass within a few days with lots of liquid intake...” clearly Mama J was leaning towards the injection based on the way she was going on.

“What could’ve caused this?” I asked softly.

“You had an IUD inserted when you fell pregnant and that is most likely the cause. The fertilised egg couldn’t move to the uterus...However some things happen Lerato that even medicine can’t explain. I can’t express to both of you how sorry I am for what has happened.”

“So what are the chances of this happening again?” I thrived on information and I felt like knowing more gave me strength.

“The probability of having another ectopic pregnancy increases once you’ve had one. We will need to look at alternative forms of contraception to minimise the likelihood of you falling pregnant with an IUD in place...”

“I think I should do the injection instead of surgery...KK...what do you think?”  
He just nodded without even looking at me.

“Ok no problem. I will administer it but please contact me if you have severe abdominal pain and heavy bleeding lasting more than 48 hours as we may have to do surgery then. I will give you mild pain killers that you should take only when you can’t stand the pain. I would also suggest counseling for both of you...”  
Would the counselling ever stop in my life? How many more bad things needed to happen before the universe deemed it ok for me to have a normal life?

By the time we left Mama J’s office it was already dark outside which was indicative of how we both felt anyway. Just like coming here the ride back home was just as silent. I kept imagining what Mama J said about the injection causing my baby to detach from me. It was such a heart-wrenching loss. I held the scan in my other hand. Apparently my baby was only 4 cm long. He or she didn’t even have a heartbeat yet. When we got home I realised my mom’s car parked outside. I looked at KK and looked at my mom’s car.

“How...” I tried to articulate but couldn’t.

“I figured you’d need her so I texted her and asked her to come...” he said softly. His thoughtfulness almost set-off another round of tears but I bit my lower lip to calm myself down. As soon as the car parked my mom also came out of her car. She had tears in her eyes as she enfolded me in a hug, put her arm around me as we went inside. KK insisted I change into my PJ’s and get into bed. Him and my mom were fussing over me but eventually I got into the covers. KK left us and said he would organise food. After he left that’s when I broke down again because I couldn’t bear to do it again in front of him. We were both suffering a loss and it was so unfair to expect him to be strong for me when he also needed to work through this.

“When will all this pain end mama...why are bad things always happening to me...have I not suffered enough...how much more mama? How much more?” I said between sobs.

My mom held me as if I were a little girl and sang a song she used to sing when I used to have nightmares as a young girl. I was getting sleepy but I needed to make a call.

“Mama kopa (could I please have my) phone?” She handed it to me and I called S’phe. He answered on the second ring.

“MaMtungwa kunjani (how are you)?” I wish I could feel the warmth in his voice seep into my cold bones.

“Hi S’phe. I need you to come to KK’s place...something happened and he shouldn’t be alone right...right...now,” My voice was wobbly towards the end and I don’t even think he could hear me properly.

“I’m on my way.” He hung up. I gave the phone to my mom and lay my head on the pillow. I remember my mom waking me up and forcing me to have some soup but I was so sleepy I didn’t eat much and fell into a deep sleep.

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*I’m walking barefoot in what seems to be a very long dark corridor. It’s very cold and I’m only wearing my pyjamas so I’m freezing and shivering. I put my arms around my body to try to keep warm. Where am I? I look around but I can’t see anything. Suddenly I hear a faint cry of a baby somewhere off into the distance. I try to hear which side the cry is coming from and I move forward down the corridor. The crying gets louder and louder as I move and I assume I must be getting closer. The corridor eventually opens into a massive windowless room and right there in the middle is a naked baby lying in a pool of blood. I don’t know how I’m able to see so clearly in the dark. The baby is kicking and waving it’s closed fists about. What’s going on. When I try to move towards the baby my feet are glued to the floor and I can’t lift them anymore. I push with all my might to try to move and the baby’s cries are getting louder and louder. Tears of frustration are welling in my eyes because I seem to be rooted to the spot and I can’t move.*

*Eventually whatever force was holding me seems to let go and panting from the exertion of trying to move I run towards the baby. When I crouch down to try and pick the baby...it disappears and I'm left sitting alone in the pool of blood.*

I woke up abruptly and sat up and realised I was dreaming. It felt so real like I was right there trying to pick the baby up but I couldn't. My baby is gone. I wiped the tears from my eyes and my body was lethargic from sleep. I looked around, the bedroom was dark and I was alone in there. I leaned over and switched the side lamp on and looked at the time. It was 02:00 in the morning. Where was KK? Where was my mom.

I needed to use the loo so I got up and went to the bathroom and rinsed my face. I looked horrible. My eyes were swollen from all the crying and I had the mother of all migraines. I went and checked in the other bedrooms and there was no one there. My mom must've gone home.

As I got downstairs I heard the sounds of jazz music coming from the lower ground and figured KK was probably in his study. I walked down the stairs and as I got closer to the study I realised the door was closed. I didn't know if S'phe was still here or if he had come at all so I listened at the door for voices before barging in.

At first all I heard was the music but then I heard someone crying. It must have been KK. He was crying and dealing with this pain all by himself. I had cried so much that I didn't think I had anymore tears left but they travelled unchecked down my cheeks. I placed my hand on the door and just stood there. I knew how he was with emotion and he hated losing it in front of people especially me. I knew he didn't want to break down in front of me because he wanted to be strong for me but who would be strong for him?

I moved from the door and sank down on the floor in the corridor and cried with him. There were intermittent sobs coming from the other side of the door and I knew he was trying to keep it in but failing miserably and it made it even worse for me. Why did this keep happening to us?

When I heard his sobs die down I wiped my own tears, took a deep breath and got up from the floor. My legs had pins and needles from sitting in the same position

for such a long time. I took a few steps back and called out his name as if I was just coming down the stairs. He took a while to respond but I heard him answer me behind the closed door. I took a deep breath before I opened the door. The room was dark with light coming from his laptop screen. He was sitting on the carpet his back against the couch and half a bottle of whiskey between his stretched out legs and the scan in his hand. I went and sat next to him and put my arms and legs around him from the side. There was no need to say anything and he lay his head on my chest and we just sat there in silence for a while. He was sniffing and I was sniffing but we didn't say anything.

"I'm sorry..."he said softly into the darkness his voice hoarse. I lifted his head and looked at him. Why was he apologising? This was not his fault.

"It's not your fault baby...I know you want to take responsibility for everything...but this...no baby...I won't...won't let you," I said to him wiping the stray tear from his cheek. He shook his head disagreeing with me.

"Don't you see Lerato? It is my fault...I've...I've done so many bad things...I've killed people...or ordered people to be killed...all in the pursuit of what? Money! God-damn approval! This is my time to pay the piper...I'm just so sorry that you have to suffer for my bad decisions..." he buried his face in my chest. I was trying to control my crying but my body was shaking from trying to keep it all in so I could be strong for him now. He needed me to be strong for him. His self-loathing was back and we had worked so hard to work through all that guilt of his past.

"Baby don't do that...you heard Mama J...this had more to do with me being on the Mirena and falling pregnant...don't link unrelated things together...if anything...it's all my fault...maybe I should have picked another contraceptive or went for more regular check ups..." The last words came out on a sob.

"I'm a bad man and I've done bad things and our baby's life was payback...it hurts so much...I feel like I have a gaping hole in my heart..." oh my KK. Why was he blaming himself like this?

"Shh...don't..." We held each other and cried for the lost life. For the darkness that seemed to be constantly with us. For our baby that we were never going to see,

to love, to hold, to nurture. Why couldn't we have just been given this one thing?  
Just this one?

## Insert 99

*Hi Baby*

*I wish I could address you by name but it all happened so fast we never gave you one. I hope that you are ok where you are. I pray for your soul to be at peace although I'm not even sure whether you can have a soul before being born.*

*Whether you were going to be a boy or a girl it doesn't matter to me because I love you just the same. I just wanted you to know that I love you despite the fact that I never met you. You will always be dear to me and for those few weeks when I had you in the warmth of my body I was your mother.*

*I loved you fully, whole-heartedly without even knowing the person you would become, without any words spoken. You are my greatest achievement that I'll never get to see and I want you know that you will be a frequent guest in my mind. I will think of you always and fondly. I will picture daily your eyes that I will never see and imagine your heartbeat despite your heart never beating. You will always be a part of me in every sense of the word.*

*Despite the vivid dreams I have of you crying and disappearing before I can hold you, I'm glad that you will never cry those tears. I've shed enough tears for you and me and what has happened cannot be undone. I want you to rest your little head my baby and watch over me and daddy from heaven. I want you to know that you will never be forgotten.*

*I know that God will take care of you and look over you until we finally meet. I can't wait for that fateful day where I'll see you. On a daily basis I will dream of what your first words will be and I ask you to wait for me before you speak them so I can hear them first.*

*I'm sorry for not being able to bring you here, and I just want you to know that whatever happens I will always miss you! I will mourn everyday for you. I won't stop loving you, missing you, thinking of you, because you my baby are the only thing I have closest to feeling unconditional love.*

*I love you baby.*



*Your mother,*

*Lerato*

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It's Christmas day and we have all our closest friends coming for Christmas dinner. It's been great planning this whole thing because it's given KK and I something else to focus on. The past 10 days have not been easy but we've helped each other and been there for each other through it all.

A few days later I went back to Mama J and she did another scan and where there was a bubble of hope growing, there wasn't anything anymore. I just said a prayer right there and then for my baby. We've had counselling together as a couple but also individually. My therapist was great because she was able to fit us in despite it being the festive holidays. She's the one who suggested that we write letter to our baby and express in the letter everything we would want to tell the baby. It helped me put a lot of things into perspective regarding the whole experience. I also think I'm at peace with what has happened. I've leaned on my faith quite heavily as well these past few days because the peace of God surpasses all understanding. KK and I went to church for the first time together the Sunday after the whole thing happened. He came back better and I'd like to think that he felt that peace as well and is learning to forgive himself for things he shouldn't even be blaming himself for.

"Baby the event planner is here so they can set up with her crew. The security at the gate just called," I said walking to the kitchen to let him know. KK had added me on the directory since we were staying together now. He was busy cooking the food for dinner tonight while I was wrapping presents for everybody. I did help him with some chopping despite his assurances that he would be fine and didn't need my chunky chopping. Mxm. One of my new year resolutions was for me to attend cooking classes because this man was starting to disrespect me in the kitchen.

"Ok cool I've got the side gate opened so they can walk through there. Come here please?" he said motioning with his hands. He enfolded me in a hug as I came closer and just held me for a few minutes. He did that a lot these days but I think it

was his way of dealing with everything that happened. He revealed this at our last session with the therapist yesterday that my presence helped to keep him grounded and grateful when he thought too much about the whole thing and got overwhelmed. Everytime he wants me in his arms it just breaks my heart but I think we've both shed enough tears and we need to focus on the good things.

"It smells wonderful in here," I said once he let me go as I stood on my toes to give him a quick peck on the lips.

"I hope it's all ready in time otherwise we'll feed everyone biltong," he said smiling at me.

"You and biltong though! Do you want me to top up your wine before I go back to my corner and wrap?" He nodded and I refilled his glass and mine and went back to the lounge. I had bought the ladies towel sets and KK bought the guys some whisky. I was really looking forward to the dinner because we would be surrounded by people who I knew genuinely cared for us.

In the morning we attended the Christmas church service then went to have breakfast with KK's parents. His dad was getting better each time we saw him. We never told them about the baby because KK said he wasn't ready to tell them about it just yet. His mom was her sour icy self even on Christmas Day but I was too filled with the holy spirit from the church service to let it bother me.

My mom was spending the day with Mark and his family that's here in South Africa so she was in Cape Town at the moment. They had been planning it for weeks so when my mom wanted to cancel I told her in no uncertain terms was she doing that. I had KK and Odi would be there today so I was going to be fine.

I started seeing movement on the patio with the guys setting up the tables and chairs for the dinner tonight. The planner Thabile was awesome I found her on instagram. We wanted the whole thing complete with napkins and underplates. I told everybody to dress up for the dinner and not rock up here in jeans. We were doing a proper 3-course-meal with me and KK serving everybody because we wanted it to be intimate. He had even gone as far as pairing each course with the right wine. It was probably slightly over the top for us to be planning this elaborate affair but I knew our friends would indulge us because it made us feel better.

We had even gone out the previous day to the mall so I could pick my dress for the dinner. KK wasn't impressed because the mall was overflowing with people doing their Christmas shopping. He then insisted I buy from some boutique he knew instead of a normal department store because the queues were ridiculously long and my friends thought I was a snob?

"Hi Lerato how are you?" Thabile greeted as she walked in through the sliding door. She was a very beautiful curvy woman and I pegged her to be in her mid-thirties. She was dark with very beautiful long dreads which she had in some elaborate style. She was dressed casually in jeans, a T-shirt and sneakers probably because of the nature of the job.

"I'm good Ousi Thabile. It's taking shape and looking good..." I gestured towards the activity outside. She had been insisting I call her Thabile without the Ousi but it just felt awkward for me.

"Yep this has been really fun to plan with you. I'm confident you'll be as happy with the final product as you were with the mock-up. I see you guys are cooking up a storm!"

"I've seen your work so I'm sure it's going to be beautiful. Yep hubby is the competent one in that department for now. Would you like something to drink?"

"Water would be fine then I will relax with a glass of wine at home after this."

"Shame sorry that you had to work on a public holiday and it's Christmas even," I felt bad that she wasn't spending it with her family.

"Ag I have to make that paper so I do what I have to. I don't have family waiting on me or anything so it's cool." I went to get her a bottle of water and when I came back she was standing by the sliding door supervising the people moving about. I handed her the water.

"You can come sit with me if you want," I offered.

"I'm good here just have to check that the guys are doing it according to the brief. Thanks for the water." She smiled and walked out to fix some placement on the

tables. It was already taking shape and it was definitely going to look stunning. Just then I got a text from Zama.

**Zama: My friend just landed already have an Uber waiting. Will see you soon can't wait to see you!** Zama had been a constant source of support these past few days. She was supposed to leave with her mom the Saturday after the event at work but after what happened she only left the Tuesday at my insistence but she promised she'd be back for the dinner. I think it had more to do with Steve attending the dinner than me but who was I to judge?

**Me: Ok my friend see you soon. Mcwaa!** I smiled as I heard a knock on the front door.

"I'll get it," I said to KK as I got up to go answer the door. Who could that be knocking?

"Lerato how are you? Merry Christmas!" Khaya greeted as he enfolded me in a hug.

"Thank you abuti how are you? What a welcome surprise," I said as he followed me into the house to the kitchen.

"Angithi indoda yakho (Your man here) is making me his skivvy. I've brought the wines for the elaborate dinner you guys are hosting."

"Hawu bafo (wow brother) you said you don't mind nje (though)? Kunjani (how are you)?" they gave each other those manly hugs.

"I'm good man getting by. It's my first Christmas alone so I'm not even sure what to do with myself that's why I'm working tonight." Shame I'd even forgotten about Khaya and his loneliness. He must be struggling these holidays.

"Siphi isikhwama sakho kanti (where is your handbag)?" KK asked.

"Isikhwama sami (my handbag)?" Khaya looked confused.

"Yebo (yes) uFezo ukuphi (where is Fezo)?" KK thought and when understanding dawned on Khaya he started laughing.

“Hawu bafo ungaze umbize isikhwama (wow brother going to the lengths of calling her a handbag)? Uyobabona ekhaya (she went home). Uhambe Thursday washiya ephe- (she left Thursday and le-)”

“Lerato can you come check...oh sorry didn't realise you had company. Hi I'm Thabile,” she said extending her hand to Khaya. He still looked frozen to the spot that I had to nudge him to greet her.

“Umm hi Thabile I'm Khaya,” he said almost too quickly. What was going on with him?

“Ousi Thabile is helping us with the setup. Did you want me to check something?” I asked looking at her and she nodded.

“Lovely to meet you Khaya. Yep I just need you to confirm something. Do you mind coming outside?” I nodded and we walked out.

When we go outside she asked me about the placement of the candles on the table and I must say it looked breathtaking. I had gone with succulents on the table interspersed with some green shrubbery and there were big red candles nestled between the greenery. It still had that festive vibe without being over the top. The tables were wooden tables and we opted for gold underplates and red napkins to keep up the whole Christmas theme.

“Oh wow oui this is stunning. I love it!” I said jumping up and down like a child at a candy store. I hadn't been excited about something in a while and I embraced the feeling.

“I'm glad you like it. So we just going to finish wiping down everything and then I'll bring in the serving dishes you rented they are in my car. Is it ok if I come get the stuff tomorrow morning?”

“Yep that's fine. Thanks so much for doing this especially on Christmas day.” I gave her hug.

“We aim to please all the time. Let me get those dishes.” She smiled and went out the back to her car.

“It looks stunning baby you should see it.” I said hugging KK from the back as he was rinsing his hands by the sink. He turned around once he was done and hugged me.

“All I care about is that it’s brought the light back in your eyes...” he kissed me then and I felt stirrings of other things from that. We only stopped when we heard footsteps. Khaya was carrying the serving dishes for Thabile.

“There you go,” Khaya said smiling at her.

“Thank you but I did tell you I could manage. I do this all the time!” She was also smiling.

“Khumalo men are gentlemen. We were raised right.” I had never seen Khaya in his element but he seemed to be taken by Thabile.

“Well thank you Mr gentlemen. Let me finish up outside. Thanks.” She walked away.

“Fezo won’t be happy ngalena eyenzeka lana bafo (with what’s taking place here)!” KK teased. I guess he could also pick up the vibe from Khaya. He laughed out loud.

“Ngisenamehlo bafo (I still have eyes brother) so why can’t I appreciate beauty when I see it? Besides I’m in mourning so all I can do is look.” He went to get the wine bottles and placed them on the kitchen counter. He didn’t stay long after that because he was going to be leading the kitchen at one of the restaurants. They had some big event they were catering for.

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“You look breathtaking,” I heard KK say on a groan as he came behind me and put his hands on my waist. I had just finished getting ready for the dinner and just needed to put my shoes on. He hadn’t seen the dress that I finally picked for the evening. It wasn’t anything glamorous just a tight-fitting red dress that came up about mid-thigh. It was very modestly cut at the top with a round neck line but had an open back.

“Oh thank you Mr K. You don’t look too shabby yourself,” I said looking at him through the mirror.

“So you decided to buy yet another ‘fuck me’ dress to torture me with?” he asked kissing me on my neck.

“Maybe because I want you to fuck me?” I said turning in his arms to look into his eyes. We hadn’t been intimate since we lost the baby. I was on the injection for now trying it for 3 months to see how it agrees with my system especially my migraines. It was a milder version Mama J assured me.

“You want me to fuck you?” he asked dropping his voice to a whisper as he stared into my eyes. I put my arms around his neck and stood on my toes to kiss him lightly on the lips.

“Yes please...” I whispered back.

“Are you sure you’re ok and ready for that?” he held me tighter against him. I nodded as he took my mouth in a searing kiss that left both of us panting.

“Let me not start things I can’t finish right now...” he said nipping my lips with his. I was ready for him to take me now but I knew he also liked taking his time especially if it had been so long.

“Let’s do a quick one to tide me over,” I said lowering his head for another kiss.

“There’s nothing I’d love more but there’s no time sweetheart...” he groaned as I rubbed Khumalo through his pants. My body was burning for him and the guests could wait. I mean they were our friends after all not some strangers we were hosting.

“I’ll help myself then to take the edge off,” I said his lips against mine. He spanked my bum which caused my lower muscles to clench involuntarily.

“You know you only do self-catering at my request and no other times,” he whispered raining kisses down my jaw and behind my ear where he knew I was super sensitive. I undid his belt buckle and unzipped his pants.

“Then you need to help me out here baby, I won’t last the evening,” I said on a moan as he rubbed my erect nipple through the dress. The sensations going through me were insane.

“No sweetheart. You must learn to control yourself...hmmm...” he groaned as I took Khumalo out, spread his pre-cum on the head and started stroking him. He was hard as rock so I don’t know why he was denying us what we both wanted. I was a woman on a mission to break his control.

“We don’t even need foreplay baby. I know I’m wet enough to take you...all of you...please baby...” I pleaded lifting my dress up to my waist with my other hand. He kissed me hard as I stroked him and he lowered his hands into my underwear as he grabbed hold of my ass and squeezed. He then pushed me to the nearest wall lifted me as I let go of his dick. Yay! It was happening. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he impaled me with Khumalo. We both moaned as he bottomed out inside me.

“Fuck I’ve missed this...I’ve missed you...feels so good...” he said through clenched teeth as he started to move. I was delirious with pleasure I couldn’t even respond. He kissed me hard on my mouth as he plunged into me relentlessly. I could feel my orgasm approaching and I just wanted it to come as quickly as possible.

“Harder baby...Faster...please I’m so close...” I begged as he latched onto my neck and the stinging sensation of him probably giving me a hickey sent me over the edge and I screamed as my orgasm tore through me.

“I can feel you clenching me so tight...Fuck!” he groaned as he stilled and came inside me. We were both panting and breathless afterwards. He kissed me on the lips as we heard some voices from downstairs. People were arriving already.

“We need to get cleaned up quickly...we have some entertaining to do. Put your arms around my neck I’ll walk us to the bathroom.”

I did as instructed and tightened my legs around his waist as he carried me to the bathroom with him still inside me. I could feel him touching me inside as he walked and I think he was also getting hard from the action. He placed me on the



counter and pulled out of me. He took my underwear off and used a warm rag to wipe me then wiped himself as well. As I was about to get up, he crouched down and placed an open-mouthed kiss on my clit.

“Hmmm baby don’t start this now... We’ll never get out of here but you’re going to finish it later tonight right?” I asked as he got up and kissed me giving me a taste of me and him combined.

“Sweetheart I’m going to fuck you to next year it’s been so long. Those sleeping over will just have to entertain themselves tomorrow for at least half the day.” My lower muscles clenched at that promise. It was only Zama who had asked to sleep over and she was quite self-sufficient.

“Well Mr K I’m going to hold you to that. Let’s get downstairs I think some of our guests are already here,” I said stepping out of his embrace. He spanked my bum as I moved away to get a fresh pair of panties and put my wedges on.

When I got downstairs Zama was already putting the champagne on ice and had some jazzy music on. Sizwe and Tebogo were outside admiring the table décor.

“Thanks for putting the champagne out,” I said to her as she moved about.

“Someone had to do it since you guys decided to start dinner early with each other. Look at you looking all kinds of sexy! How did KK even let you out of the bedroom?” she said making me turn around so she could look at me. Zama was over the top most days.

“You’re exaggerating as usual.”

Noma and Sphe arrived thereafter and Noma looked ready to pop although the baby was due early next year. My heart contracted painfully for a split second looking at her rounded belly but I just took a deep breath and moved on. I didn’t want to wallow. She gave me a hug.

“How are you doing?” she asked me.

“Each day gets better. How are you doing? You’re positively glowing!” she smiled as she sat down.

“I don’t know about glowing. I feel like a jumping castle but otherwise I’m good.” We had also invited Odi and Noni as well as Vusi and Noxy. Steve was apparently running late from some or other thing he was busy with.

Everybody got there on time which was surprising but I guess people were also looking forward to being wined and dined by us. They all came in bearing gifts and I asked them to place the gifts under the Christmas tree we had put up. Their gifts I had wrapped earlier were already under the tree.

The guys were chilling outside and the ladies were in the lounge inside when KK rounded up everyone to be seated on the table Thabile had set up. People ‘ooh-ed’ and ‘ahh-ed’ at how nice it looked. As everyone sat down KK pulled me to the side and put his arm around me.

“Evening everyone. Welcome to the very first Khuzwayo Christmas dinner something we hope will be an annual event going forward. We appreciate you coming to spend some quality time with us this evening and we’ve prepared what we hope will be a sumptuous dinner. So enjoy yourselves, let’s drink and be merry,” he said raising his glass and everybody raised their glasses as well. He pulled me to the kitchen.

“We’ll serve the starter now nhe? I think people are hungry,” he said pulling me into his arms and I couldn’t resist kissing him. I was hungry for him and the wine I had earlier was already circulating in my system. He literally devoured my mouth as he held tightly to me and everything else faded. Now that I’d had a taste of him I desperately wanted more. He grabbed my ass and pressed me flush against Khumalo. With my wedges on I could feel him on top of my pussy.

“Yho guys get a room!” Steve said as he walked in. KK and I broke apart and smiled at him.

“You’re late Steve and you not even meeting the dress code brief. I said no jeans and for your info the kitchen is also a room.” I told him cheekily as I took one of the trays of food.

“I was going to be even more late if I’d gone home. Besides black is always a dress code.” Mxm Steve was such a non-conformist though. Steve must’ve been late busy doing something for KK because he wasn’t bothered by his lateness.

“Grab a drink bra we’ll catch up later on,” KK said as he grabbed the other platter of food. KK had made roasted tomato and garlic tarts as well as a feta and spinach alternative. This man of mine needed to give me lessons struu! It all smelled absolutely divine.

Steve went to the open seat next to Zama while greeting everyone. She was beside herself with excitement although you could see she was trying to down play it. He just smiled at her and drank his beer.

“Fashionably late and incorrectly dressed,” Sphe said as Steve sat down.

“Your observation skills are out of this world Sphe.” Everybody laughed around the table. We eventually sat down and Noma prayed for the food before we dug into the starter.

“This is delicious KK you should give me the recipe,” Noma complimented.

“Ya this is awesome. That’s how I know my sister had very little to do with its preparation,” Odi said winking at me. Hao why was my brother throwing shade on me in the company of others?

“Wow abuti!”

Everything was absolutely delicious and everyone couldn’t stop talking about it. I wasn’t aware KK could cook proper food like this in the kitchen. The wine pairing just elevated all the dishes.

“I guess you have mad skills in the kitchen and the bedroom,” I leaned closer to him so I could whisper it to him. He gave me his dimple smile.

“I have mad skills everywhere didn’t you know? I love you,” he said kissing me on the lips.

“Before KK and Lerato jump each other on the dinner table, I thought it would be nice for us to go around the table and reflect on what we are thankful for. Don’t you think?” Noma said looking around the table and everybody agreed. So we went around the table and everyone expressed their gratitude for their families and partners. It was all very feel-good and left a warm feeling in my heart. KK had his hand in mine the entire time and he squeezed it slightly looking at me. I didn’t realise that it was my turn and everyone was staring at me.

“Oh sorry guys I live inside my head most times. Where to begin...this year has been the most trying I’ve ever had but also the most rewarding. I’m grateful to be alive I think I had a couple of near misses with death this year. I’m glad that I’m here in this moment with all of you. I’m thankful to God for all his blessings in the form of my family, my friends, all my achievements like passing honours year, finding a job at KC but most importantly I thank God every day for this man next to me. I’m grateful that I’ve found a love so real, so strong, so selfless,” I had tears in my eyes as I looked at him, “I’m thankful that our experiences have brought us that much closer together and I’m looking forward to spending my lifetime with you. I love you,” I said kissing him. He wiped my tears with his thumb and cleared his throat. I think he was also emotional because he was doing his jaw clenching vibes.

“I should’ve gone first, how do I beat that? I’m grateful to each and every one of you for being here tonight with us. I’m thankful for your support in the past week and a half. I’m grateful for this year because despite all the pain and heartache that it brought, it also brought the most amazing woman with it. I’m grateful for your forgetfulness Lerato because it gave me an opportunity to speak to you that day at the mall. I’m grateful for your intelligence because it scored you an interview at KC where I officially met you. Believe it or not I’m grateful for my asshole half-brother because he couldn’t see your worth and let you go so I could show you everyday how worthy you are to be loved. I’m grateful to God that as undeserving as I am he has blessed me with your love and your presence in my life. I’m thankful for your love because it’s healed me in ways that I only realised after the healing how wounded I actually was. I love you sweetheart.” Wow KK though! My tears were running unchecked as he brought me closer and kissed my wet cheeks then my lips. Everybody was cheering us on.

Once we cleared the table we all moved to the lounge and KK brought additional seating from the bar downstairs. There was music playing lightly in the background as everyone was chatting and chilling around. I went to the kitchen to get another bottle of bubbly when KK intercepted me there.

“Sweetheart have you seen my phone charger?” he asked me.

“I think the cord is in the car weren’t you charging it this morning on our way back from your parents?” he smiled at me.

“I’m getting old clearly. Do you mind getting it for me? I just need to check something with Sphe quickly,” he said staring into my eyes.

“Hao KK you can go get it when you’re done with Sphe.” I wasn’t in the mood to go to the garage to look for the charger.

“Please sweetheart?” I rolled my eyes as I put the bottle on the counter.

“Fine then. Zama! Come get the champagne have to go to the garage quickly,” I shouted as I went upstairs to get the key.

I came downstairs and went to the garage through the kitchen. I unlocked KK’s car but didn’t switch the light on because the car lights automatically came on. I then realised he was standing on the other side in front of another car.

“Hao KK and then? Why are you here?” I asked as I walked around his car to get to him. First thing I noticed was the brand new car parked next to his complete with a red bow on the bonnet. It was a white Mercedes-Benz AMG C43 coupe and it was stunning. He was just smiling at me with his arms folded.

“What’s going on?” I asked him as I came and stood next to him. He lifted his hand and handed me the keys.

“This is your new ride Mrs KK. Merry Christmas!” Huh?

“KK I already have a car...” he knew how I felt about him buying me things especially something as expensive as this!

“Yes you do but it’s not safe so I’ll always be driving you around unless...you have a safer car to ride around in that way I won’t be worried about your safety. I know you going to say it’s too much blah blah but you’re going to be my wife and I have a right to buy you whatever I feel like and it’s Christmas so...” I was looking at the car as he spoke. It was absolutely stunning and had a cranberry interior. Wow! He was looking at me anxiously and I just thought to myself let me not make a fuss about it. It was probably his way to make himself feel better by making me feel better. A slow smile spread across my face.

“Thanks baby it’s beautiful!” I said hugging him and felt him exhale the breath he was holding. “How and when did it get here?”

“Steve fetched it for me that’s why he was late.” I kissed him then and he held me tightly against him.

“Thanks my love. I look forward to driving it.”

“Izokufanela kanjani (you going to look so good in it)!” I unlocked it and opened the door.

“You know...I’ve never had sex in a car...” I said climbing in and pushing the driver’s seat right back. I then lifted my ass off the seat and took my underwear off.

“I think we should christen the car KK and since it’s my car, it’s my rules...” his eyes had gone smaller and I knew it wasn’t going to take long to convince him. We could hear the laughter floating from the open door as people chatted the night away.

“Uzimizele mina namhlanje nhe (you’re determined to have me tonight hey). Phuma ke ngizongena (get out so I can come in),” he said smiling at me. Yes! He was sold on the idea.

I got out and he got in the car, unzipped his pants and took Khumalo out to play. He was already hard and started stroking himself. He knew that shit drove me insane. My pussy was already wet and throbbing as I got in and straddled him in the car. I leaned close and brushed my lips against his as I trailed his lower lip with

my tongue. I felt him shiver beneath me. My nipples hardened as his hands slowly slid up my arms leaving goosebumps in their trail despite his warmth. My dress had ridden up and I could feel Khumalo's heat as he stood proudly between my thighs. I tilted my head to deepen the kiss and he pressed me flush against him. I groaned as I felt his hard length against my open pussy.

It made me glad that he was just as affected as I was by what we were doing. I shifted my hips so his length could press against my throbbing self. His hands moved to the back of my dress to undo my button there and he pushed the dress down my shoulders. The cool air moved over my exposed skin like a light caress as he nipped the tender skin at the base of my throat. I tightened my arms around his neck and he licked and teased me there leaving both of us breathing heavily. He moved the dress lower and took one of my hardened nipples into his hot mouth through my lace bra and bit gently. I gripped his head to me as he moved to do the same to the other one. I was wearing the front clasping bras so he unclipped it and opened it so my breasts lay bare in front of him. He trailed his tongue slowly around my areola then flicked it across the tip.

"So beautiful," he whispered into the coziness of the car.

My back arched pushing more of my breast into his mouth as his other hand came up to cup and squeeze my other breast. I couldn't help but brush myself against his hard dick to relieve some pressure from my aching, throbbing clit and this was making me hotter and wetter by the second. His hands trailed down my exposed thigh to cup my ass and push me even closer to his dick. I could feel my pussy lips opening up and his hard length making direct contact with my throbbing clit. I brought my hands to his head and lifted his face kissing him as I ground against him. I knew if I kept this up I could come without him laying a finger on me just from rubbing myself against him but I didn't want that I needed him inside me. I wrapped my hand around his dick and squeezed sliding up and down as he moved his hands back to my breasts. I lifted myself slightly with my one leg on the floor outside the car to get the necessary leverage and rubbed my clit against the head of his dick. I moaned in his mouth as my body clenched in anticipation.

"Undo your shirt buttons baby. I want to feel your skin on mine..." I whispered. He undid his tie and threw it to the back of the car and undid his buttons. I trailed my hands up his rippled abs and pressed my breasts to his chest. We both groaned

at the contact as his hands lifted me positioning me over his dick. As he breached my entrance I felt myself opening up like a flower and groaned as I sank slowly onto him letting myself feel every inch as he slowly penetrated me. I arched my back, bracing my hands on the roof of the car as my muscles gripped him tight. He had a look of pure concentration on his face with his lower lip between his teeth.

“Fuck yourself on my dick sweetheart...you feel fucking fantastic...” his words spurred me on to start moving on top of him. I rolled my hips on top of him as sweet sensations coursed up and down my body. He had my ass in a firm grip as he kissed my jaw, down my neck and back up again.

“That’s it...sweetheart...ride me love...fuck it’s so good...” he groaned his eyes closed as he leaned back on the chair exposing the long column of his neck. I kissed him open-mouthed on his neck and latched onto his skin. It was about time I gave him a hickey, he gave me one earlier tonight and it was the subject on the dinner table for a while. I sucked on his skin as I rolled my hips on top of him and he groaned loudly cursing in the mix.

“You like that baby... you like me riding your dick like that?” I asked as I stopped moving and he opened his eyes and looked at me questioningly.

“And then...why you stopping,” he asked breathing heavily. I started bringing my kegels into play and just squeezed with him still inside me. “Fuck! You want to kill me.” I laughed at that which caused my pussy to clench even harder against him. I forgot we were in the car and leaned back then the hooter went off as I pressed it with my elbow. That set off another round of laughter and KK joined me.

“Careful sweetheart, otherwise we’ll have an audience here quicker than you can say...fuck!” I started moving on top of him and that shut him up. I hoped no one would come to investigate the sound but I was past the point of caring.

I felt it coming, that telltale flutter in my lower belly and I moaned loudly speeding up.

“I’m gonna come baby...so close...so close...hmm...”



“Yes love...come all over me...you feel so good grinding on me like this...” My pelvis was coming down against his harder, the sound of our skin slapping against each other filling the car as I rode him harder and harder.

His hands never stopped teasing my nipples, cupping my breasts and driving me higher and higher. He slid one hand down my hip as his mouth took the place of his hands on my breasts and his fingers moved across my stomach to where we were joined. My body shook as his fingers opened me and started to stroke rhythmically over my hardened clit. I gripped his shoulders and slammed myself hard down on his dick as my pussy clenched around him gripping him tightly.

“That’s it sweetheart...come for me...”he said through gritted teeth. His words were low and breathy as he took over the pace, his hands on my hips gripping me tight as he pulled me down hard against him. My pussy clamped around him like a vice as I moved with him, meeting his strokes as I came for the second time drenching his dick in moisture as he fucked me harder and harder reaching his own release. I lay my head on his shoulder and kissed him on the neck.

“That’s it baby...fuck me hard...fill me up...god yes baby...your dick feels so good...I’m so hot...so wet baby...come inside me baby...fill me to the brim...” I whispered in his ear and I knew my words pushed him over the edge because he grabbed my ass even tighter. I kissed him hard, our teeth knocking as I groaned into his mouth and came again. I felt his dick pulse and throb inside me capturing his groans and low grunts in my mouth as he emptied himself deep inside me.

I collapsed against his chest my body feeling like jelly and exhaled. He held me tightly to him as we both enjoyed the after shocks from the pleasure.

“I love you,” he said running his hands up and down my back.

“I love you too baby and I don’t want to wait anymore,” I said into the stillness of the car. My senses overloaded with the smell of him, our session and the leather from the car. He lifted me so he could look at me.

“Wait for what sweetheart?”

“Let’s get married as soon as we can organise everything,” I said watching different emotions playing on his handsome face. I was finally rewarded with his dimple smile.

“Are you sure? Are you serious?” he asked tentatively.

“As a heart attack. Life’s too short baby I’m tired of waiting. I know that I want to spend the rest of my life with you so why wait?”

“Best Christmas ever! I will speak to my dad tomorrow morning. How soon?” I kissed him.

“As soon as possible. How are we going to go back now?” I smiled at him looking at both of us. I was sure about my decision because what was I waiting for exactly? I knew I would always love this complex man of mine so there were no doubts whatsoever.

“Lerato!” Zama called out standing by the garage door.

“We’re coming Zee!” I called back.

“Heee nisile yazi (you guys are naughty) doing the thing while you have guests? Some guys are ready to leave should I see them off and tell them you guys are held up or...” why was she still standing by the door and chatting? KK was smiling at my uncomfortability.

“Siyeza (we’re coming) Zama...” KK said laughing.

“Ok then I’ll just tell them to all wait outside so you can fix yourselves. Is your dress still intact Lee?”

“Zama tsamaya (go away) man!” she walked away laughing out loud. I got up from KK and we cleaned ourselves up with tissues from his car. My dress was super wrinkled and so was his shirt. Oh well they would have to deal. I was excited about the future and what it held for us.

## Insert 100

“I can’t believe I’ll be sleeping alone for two days. I’m going to miss you,” KK said on a sigh as we got ready for work. It was my last day at work before going on leave so we’d be leaving in separate cars today. We drove together most days unless if we both had other things going on after work and these days it was quite frequent that we took separate cars. At least with me driving the Merc now he was a bit more relaxed about me driving on my own and what a pleasure it was to drive!

We were getting married the coming Saturday so I was going on leave from Thursday and today I had to sleep at home. The sale of the house was finalised earlier in the month and so my mom had ‘temporarily’ moved in with Mark until she found a suitable house. So I’d be sleeping over there until the wedding.

“I’m just glad that we’re almost there. Planning this wedding these past three months has taken its toll on me. Thank goodness for Ousi Thabi I don’t know how I’d be right now.”

“Wow love no I will miss you too?” he asked as he came towards me and enfolded me in a hug.

“You know I will baby. I’m just stressing about the wedding. You know these things fall apart at number 99.”

“It’s going to be fine sweetheart. Angithi uThabile no mamakho (You know Thabi and your mom) are helping you I don’t want you so frazzled. I did say let’s just have a celebratory dinner because we’re already married anyway,” he said rubbing my back which I found soothing and his scent was all around me.

We did the traditional wedding about a month ago which came with its own drama. My mom’s family brought buses full of people to the celebration. To me it seemed like the whole of Mogwase had been there. We decided to go to home affairs after that and get our marriage registered. We already had the marriage certificate and now was the administration of changing all my stuff to Khumalo. He vehemently declined when I told him we could sign an Ante-nuptial contract so he can protect all his assets. I just didn’t want his family or him even to think that I was after his money. KK had decided to keep Mtungwa’s surname because his dad raised him. There was a huge family meeting at the beginning of the year where the Mokoenas

and the Khumalos discussed a way forward. KK had then communicated that he would honour his biological father by naming his first son Mokoena. Mr Mokoena seemed satisfied by that especially because he had zero part in raising KK.

We then had a small ceremony that Mr Mokoena insisted on so he could introduce KK to his ancestors. This happened at their family home and it seemed so weird for me to be there as KK's fiancée at the time considering it was my ex's home as well. Lesego was denied bail and was still in jail awaiting trial which is scheduled to start around June. I was not looking forward to that at all. Katli was quite cold towards me at the ceremony but there was a part of me that understood why. I had hoped that they would understand where I came from because I gave Lesego the benefit of the doubt once before and where did that get me?

“Can a girl not get her dream of walking down the aisle in a white dress? But what's stressing me ke family ya mama le papa (my parents' family)! Family politics are dealing with me and I don't even know some of these people but my mom is trying to get them on the guest list. At the traditional wedding they came in buses KK from all over what more do they want? I keep having to put my foot down but 80 is the highest I'm willing to go in terms of guests.” He held me tighter.

“Sorry sweetheart. Pretty soon we'll be laughing about all this drama.”

“Take me back to Cape Town please?” I asked looking at him. We had gone to Cape Town for a week after Christmas just to relax and do proper wine farm hopping. KK insisted saying the last time we went there was just for a day so everything was rushed. Either way we had to stop by the jeweller who did my engagement ring so we could pick wedding bands.

“Sunday night we going on our honeymoon so hang in there just a few more days. I can't wait to have uninterrupted time with you for the whole month.” He kissed me then and I just wanted to crawl inside him and stay there. I moaned into his mouth as he deepened the kiss but had to reluctantly pull away.

“We need to get going baby. I have a meeting with Vusi around 08:30,” I said regretfully.

“What are you and Vusi working on because you seem to spend quite a lot of time with him these days,” KK said putting his tie on. Hao this guy.

“It’s work stuff baby. You know there’s nothing to be jealous of right? I’m crazy about you Mr Khumalo,” I said smiling at him. I had submitted the final draft of my business plan to Vusi about 3 weeks ago and we had to meet so he could give me feedback. He had been really helpful these past few weeks by helping me with the plan. I wanted it to be flawless when I gave it to KK and through those feedback sessions I was actually starting to understand quite a lot about business and the best way to run it.

“Who said I’m jealous? I was just asking besides I’d kill him if he tried anything with you Mrs Khumalo.” With KK I never knew if he was kidding or not when it came to me and other guys especially after Noma’s warning the other time. I chose not to dwell on the killing thing.

“Did you make breakfast or are we having cereal? I can go down and prepare so long,” I said putting my slippers on. I was going to wear my heels when I got to work.

“It will have to be cereal today had stuff to take care of in the morning that couldn’t wait,” he said walking towards the closet.

“Ok cool I’ll be downstairs. Please bring my bag down with you so I can put it in the boot?” I called out to him as I went downstairs. I must admit the house had changed a bit since I officially moved in. There were splashes of colour all over the place and it didn’t look like a guest house anymore. It felt homely like people lived here. Even the stark white kitchen had coloured jars and bottles. There were fresh flowers strategically placed all around.

Oh crap that reminded me that I needed to confirm with Ousi Thabi regarding my bouquet! I turned and went upstairs. I could hear KK was on the phone.

“I thought you would’ve found him by now. How difficult can it be if he’s in South Africa Steve! I’m getting married on Saturday and I don’t want there to be security concerns. You know how heavily guarded we were with the traditional wedding...” I walked in and he cleared his throat. “Let’s chat later on. Sharp.”

“What’s going on KK? Is your life in danger again? What’s this about guards and finding him. Who are you trying to find?” I sat on the bed looking at him.

“I didn’t want to worry you because you’re already so stressed about everything to do with the wedding. JP is in South Africa and has been for about two months. We just can’t seem to locate him because he keeps moving. He hasn’t made contact yet but I know he is looking for his guy Alberto. I don’t know what he’s planning but I’m trying not to take chances...” he sighed. The drama never seemed to leave us alone long enough.

“So where is Alberto? Is he still alive?”

“You know I don’t want you to know the details of these things sweetheart. I’m taking care of it with Steve. Leave that one to me you focus on the wedding. It’s all going to work out.” He sat next to me and put his arm around my shoulders.

“When is this life going to end KK of us watching our backs like this? I hate the shadiness of this other world that you exist in and I don’t want our kids to be exposed to such things.”

“I’m sorry sweetheart. I’m really trying very hard to tie up this loose end and then I can move on from all this. You’ll be late for your meeting we need to get going soon.” I knew he was changing the subject but I also understood the less I knew the better.

“Is it safe for me to drive on my own then?” I asked as we walked downstairs.

“The car has a tracker and there’s two inconspicuous cars that are always in your vicinity. You’re safe sweetheart I won’t let anything happen to you.”

I honestly didn’t want to go back to the vibes of changing cars and being followed and watched all day everyday.

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“There’s the blushing bride! How are you mngani (my friend)?” Zama greeted as I walked into the meeting room.

We had turned the meeting room into our office and even moved our computer screens there and no one seemed to mind. I wasn't sure whether being KK's wife had something to do with it. I enjoyed working there away from the prying eyes of everyone so I was going to let sleeping dogs lie regarding that one. It also made it easier if KK wanted to come say hi after he had seen Vusi or something because then only Zama would witness the exchange and not the whole department. KK was quite public with his displays so I was glad it happened only in front of Zama.

I must say it had gotten easier after people got used to the fact that KK and I were an item and it wasn't something that was going to change especially since some of the senior managers were invited to the traditional wedding. Yolisa continued to be nice to me which I still didn't trust so I avoided speaking to her as much as I could. Amanda was still her bitchy self but she never pursued the whole coffee case to the CCMA – thank the Lord. I already had enough case drama with Lesego.

“I just want to sleep peacefully Zee. I keep having nightmares of different versions of my wedding! I've even lost weight and my dress had to be tucked in yet again!” I said sitting down. She handed me a cup of coffee and I took a grateful sip.

“Relax my friend it's going to be fine. Tomorrow we're spending the whole day at the spa just for you to relax thanks to your generous hubby. When is Portia arriving?” Zama was my self-appointed other wedding planner in addition to Ousi Thabi and the divas weren't particularly pleased by that. She tended to get a bit bossy and she bossed them around at the traditional wedding like crazy. I was happy someone had the energy to fight with everyone because at some point I was past the point of caring. I think the point of contention was the maid of honour title which I gave to Zama. It made sense to me because I spend most of my time with her even here at work. Even that decision came with a whole host of issues. I was just so tired of the politics.

“She said she'll come tonight and spend the night at KG's place. I offered to have her come sleep over but she opted for KG instead. So we'll meet them tomorrow morning at the spa place.” Portia had decided to stay at home and raise her child full-time at least for a year before coming back and looking for gigs in Joburg. She could afford to do that because her parents were well off.

“Ok are you sure your mom is ok with me sleeping over Mark’s place? I don’t want to impose. I know Portia didn’t want to come to your place because I would be there. I don’t know why your friends don’t like me I’m such a nice person,” she said batting her eyelashes. That cracked me up.

“Zee don’t add to my stress please! As for the divas they must just be strong. You are also my friend so what must I do Zee? Akere (you know) I told you gore mama (that my mom) said it’s fine. It will make it easier in terms of logistics. I need to go confirm my bouquet with Ousi Thabi and the florist after work. Can we take my car then you can park yours in the basement? ”

“Yep sure. Your car is way more comfortable than mine anyway. Oh if I could find a KK instead of that on and off person who may or may not be mine. Who knows?” she sighed.

“We have the same conversation all the time Zee! You know where I stand on that front.”

“You’re very grumpy today Lee. I’m just going to leave you alone nhe? Don’t you have a meeting in 5 with Vusi?” I looked at the time and got up quickly taking my laptop with into Vusi’s office.

“Morning Vusi how are you?” I greeted sitting down.

“I’m good Lerato hope you are holding up ok with all the wedding preparations? Noxolo became bridezilla when she was planning ours.”

“I’m hanging in there but I feel like I’m going to snap any second. Did you e-mail me the review notes?” I asked opening my laptop.

“Yes I did but there were minor changes. I think the most important part of the business plan is obviously the financial forecasts which I think are realistic enough and whether there is a demand for your service offering which I think you’ve done extensive research on. It’s a really good document you should be proud of what you’ve accomplished.”



“Thanks for taking time to go through it. I’ve learnt tons in this whole process. I see you’ve tracked changes so I’ll just accept them. Your input has truly been invaluable.” I smiled at him. I was so excited about this next venture. Another 9 months and my internship would be over.

“So what are you planning to do with it now?” He’s been asking me that question since we started with the project.

“I’ll put feelers out to investors and maybe the National Youth Development Agency or even IDC.” I was clutching at straws in my head of investment houses.

“Why don’t you pitch to our investment committee as well? They are always looking for differentiation acquisitions or investments?”

“I hadn’t thought that far. I wouldn’t even know where to start...” I said biting my lower lip. Why was he putting me on the spot like this?

“Send me the final draft once you ready I will send it to one of the committee members to have a look through it. You never know...”

“Let me think about it and then I will let you know. I don’t want the committee to adopt it just because I’m KK’s wife.” It gave me such a warm feeling to say that and made me miss him as well.

“We can submit it anonymously but it’s fine think about it. No pressure though because you’re still dealing with the wedding preparations. We can talk more when you’re back from your honeymoon.”

“Ok thanks Vusi. Let me go and finish preparing my handover documents so the work can continue in my absence. I really appreciate your help with this side project.” I stood up and went back to the meeting room.

I had this sudden urge to speak to KK after my meeting. The whole thought that I wouldn’t see him for two days made me miss him even more. I was so used to being with him that when he had to go away on business a few weeks ago I wasn’t sleeping properly. I had to take sleeping pills to get some sleep. He was a part of me now and even when he worked late I would wait for him to come home before I

fell asleep. This helped for me to finish the business plan. It seemed great minds thought alike. I had a text from him on my phone.

**KK: Hey sweetheart are you free for lunch? I just cleared my schedule because have to go to suit fittings.**

**Me: Baby ☐ was just thinking about you. Would love to have lunch. Will let Zama know that she must be strong for lunch.**

**KK: Awesome. Will ask Noah to order something. Anything in particular you feel like having?** Immediately I thought ‘you’ but I didn’t say that. Was it possible to be this connected to another human being?

**Me: Whatever you feel like. Love you see you at lunch time.**

**KK: Can’t wait. Love you too**

“You must be talking to KK when you have the love struck look on your face,” Zama said as I settled down.

“You know this! I won’t be joining you for lunch today by the way,” I said smiling.

“Are you off for some lunch time rendezvous?” She asked wiggling her eyebrows. Zama though. I hoped we’d fit in something just to tide me over until the honeymoon.

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“Lerato...” Ousi Thabi called out.

“Hmm...sorry what did you say?” I asked her getting out of my reverie as I was reliving my lunch hour over and over in my head.

Turns out KK was just as ravenous for me as I was for him. The minute I walked through his office and closed the door he had me against the wall so fast I don’t even think I blinked. Thank goodness I wore a pleated skirt because he just lifted it as I put my legs around his waist. He literally started kissing me while he

unbuckled his pants and a very hot and hard Khumalo came out to play. He just pulled my panties to the side and penetrated me with zero foreplay. I was wet enough though because I got myself worked up just thinking about the lunch. He took me fast and furious and I had my hand around my mouth to try to curb the moans and groans. He had his mouth latched on my collar-bone and the stinging sensation just added fuel to my fire and of course left me with a hickey. He pulled back when he felt my orgasm near and swallowed my scream in his mouth with a searing kiss. I loved that man of mine though. I felt my muscles clench because I was missing him so much. He had sent me a text after I left his office which I read again:

**KK: Thanks for lunch. I love you Mrs KK and I always will**

“Yho Sis Thabi she’s thinking about her man this one,” Zama said laughing and her laughter broke through my fog again.

“Oh gosh! Sorry ladies where is my head this evening. Whatever you and Zama decide is fine Ousi Thabi. I don’t think I’m in the right frame of mind for this. I’ll be waiting in the car,” I said taking my bag and leaving both ladies dumbfounded at the florist shop. I think I was just so over this wedding thing. I should’ve taken KK at his suggestion and we could’ve had a dinner and been done with it. Zama understood my tastes and my vision for the wedding so I’m sure her and Ousi Thabi would figure it out. I was feeling thirsty so I decided to go buy some water from the Spar in the complex.

“Fancy seeing you at these neck of the woods,” a familiar voice said behind me in the till aisle.

“Abuti Khaya how are you?” I turned around and gave him a hug.

“I’m hanging in there can’t wait until Saturday,” I said as I paid. Fezo came to join Khaya carrying some goodies and put them in the shopping basket. She had finally found a job at one of the private hospitals and was doing her training. KK had told me that Khaya didn’t have the heart to ask her to leave so they continued with their living arrangement.

“Sawubona (hello)Lerato,” she greeted in a chilly tone. Ma Khumalo was icy and Fezo was always just a few degrees warmer but not warm enough for a sleeveless top.

“Hi Fezo. Abuti Khaya see you Saturday let me get back to Ousi Thabi and Zama at the florist,” I said taking my water bottles.

“Oh is Thabile with you. Let me come say hi,” he said starting to walk with me, “Fezo here’s some cash to pay for the items.” He left with me and we went back to the florist. Looked like the ladies were done as well.

“Look who I bumped into?” I said as we met them outside the florist.

“Oh Mr Khumalo! How are you?” Ousi Thabi’s eyes literally lit up.

“Don’t make me feel old now with Mr what-what. Call me Khaya please? Good to see you again.” He was smiling. It seemed like none of us were there.

“Ok...Khaya I’ve been planning your brother’s wedding all these months and haven’t seen you,” she was smiling as well and her dimples were out in full force.

“I’ve been out of the country I just came back last week. Does that mean you wanted to see me?” I couldn’t believe they were flirting right in front of us. Disaster was fast approaching in the form of Fezo who was walking faster and faster as she realised that Khaya was talking to a woman.

“Khaya darling everything is bought and ready!” Fezo said dramatically. Khaya cleared his throat.

“Oh hi there I’m Fezo. Khaya’s -“ Fezo extended her hand to Ousi Thabile as Khaya interrupted her.

“Fezo is a family friend from KZN currently staying with me because she’s relatively new here in Joburg,” Khaya said throwing daggers at Fezo.

“Lovely to meet you. I have to get going lots to do before Saturday. Lerato I’ll be in touch nhe. I think Zama and I chose well you’re going to love your bouquet!

Khaya, Ladies,” she said as she waved goodbye. You could tell Khaya was bummed that Fezo interrupted them.

“Abuti we also have to get going. Will see you on Saturday,” I said giving him another hug.

“UFezo akapheli umoya nhe (Fezo doesn’t give up) kunini eyikhanuka inyama ka Khaya yho (she’s been lusting after Khaya).” We both laughed out loud as we went to the car. When I started the car my phone rang and it was connected to bluetooth anyway.

“Hello...”

“Hi Lerato have you seen KK?” It was Steve on the line. I started getting a cold feeling in my stomach.

“Uhhh no I said bye to him in the afternoon after lunch. He said he was coming to meet you guys to fit his suit. Has he not been with you this entire time?” My voice was already wobbly.

“He never pitched and I can’t trace his phone or his car. I have footage of him leaving work then nothing...” Steve breathed loudly on the phone. Tears started streaming down my cheeks and when I looked at Zama the look of horror was mirrored on her face.

“Steve...what are you saying to me...”

“Lerato...I’m sorry...I think KK is gone...JP must’ve taken him...” I lay my head on the steering wheel and just started sobbing.

## Insert 101

“Morning Mrs K, I need your signature on this proposal please before we submit to the client,” Vusi asked as he walked into KK’s office which I was now occupying. It’s been 2 months since KK disappeared and Steve has been travelling all over trying to find him. I hadn’t lost hope that he would find him because I would know if he was dead, I would feel it. He was still out there somewhere and Steve had vowed to bring him back to me and I believed him.

A month after his disappearance his lawyer called me and advised that KK had a legal document stating if he disappeared for more than 4 weeks with no trace that I should take over as proxy over all his interests until his return or until he’s confirmed dead. Why my husband had such an arrangement boggles my mind. Did he know that he was in more danger than what he was letting on? Either way why couldn’t he appoint one of his other MD’s to caretake the position for him? I was currently acting CEO of Khuzwayo Investments at 22. I’ve been in this role for about 6 weeks now and it has not been easy. It was a massive responsibility and you could tell that his executive team thought I was just a child who had no idea what was going on.

I’ve had sleepless nights trying to learn as much as I could about what KK had on his table before he disappeared. I even went back as far as looking at some proposals he had done previously and I would then make my recommendations and compare it to what KK eventually decided. It was to just check that I was thinking in the right direction in terms of what needed to happen. The good thing was he had cleared most of the outstanding stuff because we were supposed to be going on honeymoon for a month after the wedding. I gave that trip to my mom and Mark to go so it wasn’t wasted.

When Steve alerted us to KK’s disappearance I gave him one more day to try to find him and I would call the wedding off if he wasn’t found. Zama took over the that day and we went to Mark’s place. Although she was crying as much as I was about what happened she remained strong for me because I was a complete mess. When I got home my mom already knew what had happened because I had texted her on our way there. I asked her for sleeping pills so I could just fall into a

dreamless sleep and not think about anything. When the next day came and went with no word from Steve I asked Ousi Thabi to send cancellation notices to everyone and just tell them KK had an emergency out of the country he had to attend to. I was in no mood to see the divas and so I told them I would speak with them at a later stage. Zama was the one speaking to Steve the whole time keeping tabs on what he was doing. I had no strength to do anything.

When Mrs Khumalo heard about his disappearance she came to see me at Mark's place throwing deep insults about how I orchestrated the whole thing so I could get my hands on his money. She must have called me every insulting word that existed in the world and went as far as speaking to the newspapers about it. The media didn't really know about me before then but now there was constantly some reporter or other permanently stationed outside work and outside the residential estate because they were not allowed in. KK's dad and brother came to apologise and they kept checking on me which I appreciated.

I spent the first week in a haze just going through my phone and looking at his pictures, replaying some of the videos that we had taken together. Eventually though I wanted to feel close to him so I moved back to our place and slept in the T-shirt that he probably had worn that morning before he disappeared. It smelled like him and gave me some comfort. When the scent started to fade I would spray his cologne on the T-shirt again so I could feel close to him. I prayed all the time for his return and went back to my therapist because I felt like I was slowly losing it. Zama was staying full-time with me and every time Steve came back because his trail had run cold he looked so defeated. I would go back to the beginning and cry my heart out because each time he came back I thought he would've found him.

I was living on meal-replacement shakes now all the time because I couldn't stomach any food especially when I didn't know whether my baby was eating where he was or not. Zama had to go buy me some clothes because most of them were now loose on me. I just didn't understand why bad things kept happening to me. Was I destined for a life of trials and tribulations all the time?

"Hi Vusi ok please leave it on the desk will review it before the end of the day and send it back to you," I smiled briefly. I had the fake smile practiced to the 'T' because I didn't want people to see how broken I was inside. He nodded and left

the office. He had offered to help me with whatever I was struggling with on the work front but I trusted no one now. I didn't know whether the offer came from a good place or if he was trying to take over KK's company somehow so I kept declining until he stopped offering.

The pitying looks and the rumours that ran rampant in the office grapevine were enough to drive me to suicide but what kept me going was the faith that KK would come back and he needed me to be strong for him. I understood how he must've felt when I had been kidnapped and he didn't know where I was for a while but at least he could track me. I had no idea where he was in the world and that just broke my heart.

Zama waltzed into my office looking her cheerful self which I knew was put on for my benefit. She had also taken strain with this whole thing and uprooting her life to stay with me was just more than what any friend would do. We had passed the point of friends she was now a sister to me in every sense of the word. The divas had tried to be there for me but because half the time they didn't know what to say it got awkward every time they came to see me. I released them from their misplaced obligation that they had to call me everyday to ask me the same thing. I had even tried to kick Zama out but she was stubborn and refused to listen to my temper tantrums. I have shouted and physically manhandled her and still she was always there holding me until I broke down into sobs and apologised. The respect I had for this girl was beyond measure.

"Mngani there's this new restaurant everyone is raving about at Mall of Africa, don't you want to go have dinner there?" she asked sitting across from me. I looked at her with that disinterested look.

"I don't want to go out Zee. You know how the media is since KK left. I'm not a celebrity and I hate that his disappearance has turned me into one. Others are calling me the young widow. KK is not dead!" I shouted tears threatening to fall but I held them back because once I started crying it took forever to stop. She was used to my outbursts so she just sat there quietly.

"My friend you've been locked up in that house all day everyday. It's not good you need to go out and get some fresh air. I can call them and ask them to use the back



entrance into the restaurant? How's that? We can have some nice steak and a glass of wine?"

"That actually sounds good," I murmured. I hadn't had a drop of alcohol since KK left because I didn't want him to find me drunk when he came back. I also wanted to feel the pain of his absence and not numb those feelings in alcohol. I loved him and he deserved to have me feel the pain and not try to get away from it.

"Did I hear you right? Awesome friend I'm going to call them nhe? Let me get back downstairs before Vusi comes looking for me. Phela ngenza umsebenzi wakho nowami (I'm doing both our jobs) since you're boss lady now. I'll see you when we knock off. Love you my friend," she said motioning for me to get up so she could give me a hug.

"I love you too Zee. Thank you," I said hugging her.

"Are you guys lesbians now? Mrs K your next appointment is already in the boardroom," Noah burst into the office.

"Whooo uyabhora (you're boring) shame Noah!" Zama said as she walked out. I was meeting with another guy whose company we wanted to acquire and he was very reluctant to let go. I guess it was back to the grind for me.

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"Wow my friend you're really cracking this CEO thing hey! So you saying Mr Hendriks signed on the dotted line?" Zama asked as we had our dinner at the restaurant she had suggested.

"Yep KK is going to be so proud of me when he comes back. I drove a hard bargain in there!" I said taking a sip of my wine. The wine drinking just reminded me of him as well. Everything reminded me of him. I was proud of what I had achieved today especially because some of the Exco members had wanted to be there when I had the meeting with Mr Hendriks. Others didn't understand why we wanted to acquire a production company because it wasn't the type of company that falls within Khuzwayo Investment's repertoire but I knew what the long-term goal for Mr Hendrik's company was.

When I had initially walked in Mr Hendriks thought he would be able to out-negotiate me because I was young but I had done my homework on the weaknesses of his company and I was ready with a counter argument to each of his points. When he eventually realised that I knew what I was talking about he quickly changed strategy and tried increasing his asking price. I had done the financial proposals for this which I had quadruple checked to make sure they made sense so we ended up acquiring the company at a fraction of the price.

“So I spoke to Steve earlier and he says they might be onto something. He’s not going to be online for a while and he refuses to tell me where he is or where they are going to now,” she said softly.

“I have faith Zee and I know Steve won’t stop until he brings him home and today was a good day so I’m feeling very optimistic!” I had a genuine smile on my face in weeks. Things had to turn around at some point. I really had to believe that as I sent yet another silent prayer to God to protect my man and direct Steve’s steps so he could find him.

We had a surprisingly good dinner with minimal disruption from the media. I thanked the restaurant manager profusely as we left through the back of the restaurant and even Zama when we drove home.

When we got home we settled in the cinema room downstairs because Zama was an avid Isibaya fan so she dragged me to watch it on Catch Up. I sat there with my laptop checking on e-mails and responding to the overseas partners. They all were insisting I needed to come over there so they could meet me but I couldn’t take the time away now and I needed to be here for when KK got home. I don’t know how KK managed to do all this work because he had e-mails coming in all the time. IT had given me access to his e-mails so I had it as a folder in my inbox and there were constantly new mails in there. I had a fixation with keeping my unread items clean. I hated seeing that number next to any of my e-mail folders indicating unread mails. I set up my to-do list for the next day and sent Noah some stuff that he had to do tomorrow as well. I also reviewed Vusi’s proposal and sent it back to him with my review notes. How the tables had turned that I was the one leaving review notes for him.

I think the wine I had earlier was making me very tired because I could barely keep my eyes open. Zama was busy watching some or other series and glued to the screen. I thought I liked TV but Zama was worse.

“Friend I’m going to bed nhe? Looks like today really took it’s toll on me. I’m sleepy for the first time in a while,” I said getting up and stretching.

“Ok mngani see you in the morning. Just going to finish this episode then I’ll also turn in. You did well today I’m proud of you,” she said giving me a high-five.

I went upstairs, took a quick shower and wore KK’s T-shirt as per usual and got into bed. My mom called me before I slept and we spent a few minutes catching up on the day then it was lights out for me.

*“Wake up sweetheart...I’m home...sweetheart?”*

I woke up abruptly drenched in sweat looking around the room only to realise it was yet another dream. I sat up and put my arms around my legs and rested my chin on my knees. It felt so real this time though like he was really here. My vision got blurry as the tears came. Where are you baby? Why won’t you come back to me? Just then a wave of nausea swept over me and I rushed to the toilet and emptied the dinner and wine we’d had earlier. It left such a bitter taste in my mouth and I stood up to go brush my teeth. Yuck! I drank some water and realised it was around 4 in the morning. I knew I wasn’t going to go back to sleep so I switched on my laptop and for the millionth time went through our traditional wedding photos. The plan was to do a combined album with our traditional and white weddings in one but I guess the white wedding never happened. We looked so happy in these photos with no care in the world. I was so tired of crying but how could I not? It was so painful and despite people being there for me it just felt so lonely. I kept thinking I should’ve driven with him that day because maybe then they wouldn’t have taken him or I should’ve insisted Steve comes and fetches him. He had so much security around me to keep me safe but completely disregarded his own safety. Oh my KK.

I got woken up by Zama knocking on my door. I must’ve dozed off again because the laptop was still on my lap.

“Are you ready to have breakfast? It’s 7 already,” she said as she came in.

“Crap I’m late. Let me grab a quick shower should be done in 30 mins. We going to be stuck in traffic. Rather you go then I’ll follow.” I said getting up quickly and going towards the bathroom.

“Did you have trouble sleeping again? It’s fine I’ll wait for you. Should’ve checked on you when I came back from gym,” she said following me to the bathroom as I was running around like a headless chicken switching the shower on. She was such a morning person always up at the break of dawn. Just as I stripped and got into the shower the wave of nausea hit me again. I got out and ran to the toilet. I don’t even know what I was throwing up because I’d done that earlier on. My stomach was just heaving with nothing coming out.

Zama came back holding a bottle of water and handed it to me.

“Mngani what’s wrong? Are you coming down with something?” she asked as I took the bottle from her and wrapped myself in a towel. I leaned on the counter in the bathroom.

“I don’t know friend it started last night. I think it’s the wine or my body is not used to solids because I’ve been living on shakes this whole time.”

“Maybe you’re tired Lee you’ve been pushing yourself really hard these past couple of weeks. Maybe take the day off today and just recuperate?” she suggested concern evident in her eyes.

“No Zee I’ll go crazy if I stay here on my own. I’ll be fine I must just not drink the wine for a while. Let me get ready quickly so we don’t get even more late.” She looked at me once more and left.

The nausea continued morning and night for the rest of the week. By the time Friday came I was exhausted and decided to make an appointment with our family GP. I must have had some stomach bug that just wouldn’t leave me alone. I left at lunch time and told Noah to just forward my calls to my cellphone if it was urgent. We had developed an understanding of what was important and what was urgent. I only wanted the urgent to be forwarded to me.

“There has been a stomach bug going around these past few weeks it may be that. Let me take some tests to make sure.” Dr Samuels said after I explained my symptoms. He made me go sit in the reception area to wait for the test results from the lab. I scrolled through my social media sites and realised how far removed I was from everything. The divas seemed to also be quiet on the group unless they started another one without me in because it was uncharacteristically quiet on the group. When I went in I realised I was the only one left in the group, wow! I had muted the group because there was so much going on but didn’t think they would all just leave though. I didn’t have time to dwell on it because the doctor called me back.

“I’ve got the test results here. Just need to know are you on contraception?” he asked looking at me above his glasses. That’s random why would he ask me that? Oh crap I was supposed to go for a follow-up injection about 3 months ago. I completely forgot with everything that’s been going on. I squashed the flicker of hope that lit within me.

“I was supposed to go a few weeks back for my follow-up shot. I was on the injection,” I said softly.

“The results make sense then. Mrs Khumalo you’re 10 weeks pregnant! Congratulations!” he said smiling at me and I felt the world spin around me and it went black.

When I eventually became awake my mom was there with Zama and both their eyes were shining. I was lying in the doctor’s room on the bed. I must have passed out.

“Mama I’m pregnant again...” I covered my face and I sobbed. These were wonderful news that I knew KK would’ve been over the moon about but he wasn’t here. We were going to be parents again and I was shit scared this time around. My mom made me sit up and then she put her arms around me.

“I’m scared mama. I’ve already lost our first baby and KK is also not here...what if I lose this baby too?”

“Shh ngwana ka (my child) it’s all going to work out you’ll see. You need to be strong now for your baby so he or she can come out healthy and strong.”

“I forgot to go back to Mama J for another shot. I’m not used to the 3 monthly visits yet I clean forgot about it...” I said softly as my cries died down to hiccups.

“These are good news. What a blessing this baby will be!” she said smiling and Zama squeezed my hand also smiling through her tears. Where were you KK? Wherever you were you needed to fight to stay alive for your baby. Our last session in his office must’ve been the one that made me pregnant. I refused to believe that it was his parting gift to me. I couldn’t raise our baby on my own KK please come back to me?

Life has settled into a routine now since I found out I was pregnant. Zama made me sign up for some pregnancy mom exercise class so I would wake up in the morning and go to gym with her. We would then come back and get ready for work then she would insist on me having a proper breakfast which now I could eat thank goodness because the first trimester was over and the nausea plus the vomiting had subsided. I was now 14 weeks pregnant and KK had been gone for 3 months. I had a small bump in my tummy but I wasn’t physically showing yet unless I was naked. After work Zama and I would either go to my mom for dinner or we would make food at the house. Zama could cook so she was teaching me a few dishes and I think I enjoyed that time the most. I now had a few dishes up my sleeve for when KK came back. Did I still believe he was coming back? Most definitely because when I heard the baby’s heartbeat for the first time I knew his dad’s heart was still beating somewhere as well. I had to keep believing to remain sane in this pregnancy.

Work had also settled down and everybody was now used to me being at the helm. I’ve managed to convince 4 business owners to part with their businesses since I’ve been here. Apparently I was a ruthless negotiator. Who would’ve thought? KI was definitely doing well and the numbers for the quarter didn’t lie. I was even more invested in the business because I was building a legacy for my baby now.

**Zama: We’re leaving in 15 mins so Noah must clear out your diary nhe**

I got a text from here mid-conference call with the Exco because some of them were travelling. At least we were wrapping it up and I could leave for our week away soon. Zama had organised it and she was bursting with happiness since the beginning of the week when she strong armed me to agree. I don't know what had got her so excited about a trip to Mozambique because she had been there before although I haven't.

**Me: Yes mom!**

“Ok thanks everyone for attending the call. Please e-mail me your responses once you've gone through my comments. I'll be out of the office for the week so please direct any urgent queries to Noah and he will contact me. Remember the difference between urgent and important right?” they all laughed on the line and we said our goodbyes. I swiveled with the chair to face the magnificent view of Waterfall through the windows. I understood now why I often found KK looking at this view, it was very calming.

I straightened my desk out, said goodbye to Noah and took the lift all the way downstairs to meet Zama in the basement. We were driving to the airport and off to Mozambique.

“Finally! Aren't you excited friend?” Zama said as I got in the car. She was driving because she was pulling a KK on me now on some no driving because I was pregnant. I mean really I wasn't disabled! I didn't mind today though because I was really tired from the week.

“I can't remember the last time I saw you this excited about anything. Actually maybe when you and KK were planning the secret trip to the US. Are you hiding something from me Zee?” I asked looking at her. I hoped there wasn't some surprise party or baby shower waiting for me in Moz I was not in the mood.

“Hawu mngani ungithatha kanjani (wow Friend who do you think I am). I'm not hiding anything I'm just glad you agreed to this trip so we can relax and enjoy the ocean breeze together.”

When we eventually got to Ponta Mamoli in Moz we checked into a very fancy hotel there. The ocean view there was stunning. I insisted on paying for the trip just

as a thank you to Zama for putting up with my miserable self all this time. We had booked 2 executive suites and as I opened my room I was in awe at the plushness of the room and the surroundings. Zama came bursting into my room wanting to see whether they were the same.

“Isn’t this stunning!” she said running to the wooden deck outside which had steps leading down to the beach. I walked outside and stood next to her.

“You’re right it’s breath-taking. I’m a bit tired though I think I’m going to take a nap before supper. Is that ok with you?” I asked as we walked back and she nodded it was ok. She offered to close the door on her way out. I changed into KK’s T-shirt which I had carried with me and my eyes were closed the minute I hit the pillow.

“Wake up sweetheart...” I heard KK’s voice but I was still in between sleep and consciousness. I must’ve been dreaming again but the dream felt different this time. His scent was all around me and it smelled so legit like KK was right there. My mind was playing very rude tricks on me. I lay there and enjoyed his imaginary presence because I didn’t want to open my eyes and find myself alone as always in the room.

“I love you KK...come back to me baby...” I whispered in my dream. I felt some warmth looming over me and then I felt something touch my cheek briefly. I jerked awake and a few things happened at the same time. I sat up, realised someone was looming over me and I started screaming. The person covered my mouth and pulled me towards them until I sat on their lap. Oh my God I was going to get killed in Mozambique nugal. Why did I even come here? I was busy struggling and kicking trying to get free.

“Sweetheart...calm down...it’s me...” I stilled on top of the stranger because I could swear I heard KK’s voice and why did this guy smell like my man to begin with? I turned my head as he removed his hand from my mouth and I stood up backing away. My eyes glassy with tears.

“Oh my god...oh my god...” I whispered over and over until my back came against the wall. My mind must’ve been playing tricks on me. There was no other explanation for this apparition I saw before me. I pinched my arm so I could wake



up from this dream I seemed to be in. What was in the Mozambique air to make me hallucinate like this?

The apparition that was KK stepped forward tentatively and spoke in his voice.

“Lerato...it’s me sweetheart...I’m back...I’m here...” the vision said stretching its hand out to me. I kept shaking my head with tears running down my cheeks. I kept opening and closing my eyes hoping this vision that looked like KK in front of me would disappear but the person was still there.

“KK? Is that you or is my mind manufacturing you from somewhere?” I asked almost on a whisper because I was afraid if I spoke too loudly he would disappear.

“It’s me sweetheart...in the flesh...” he said coming closer to me and touched me. I felt the warmth of his hand seep through the coldness of my bones. I slumped down against the wall and sobbed.

“I can’t believe you’re here...I can’t believe it’s you...” he came next to me and sat next to me and pulled me into his arms and held me. Oh my god KK was here in the flesh! I really couldn’t reconcile my reality at this moment. He kept whispering over and over how much he loved me and how much he missed me. When my crying eventually calmed down I tentatively reached out my hand on his arm and touched him. I kept touching him from his arms all the way up to his shoulders until I had my hands on both his cheeks as I stared into his eyes.

“You’ve lost weight...you’re so thin...” I whispered and he smiled the full dimple smile. Oh how I missed him. I turned in his arms and straddled him and held him to me. I placed my hand on his chest so I could feel his heart beat and satisfy myself that this was real. That it was happening. He held me even tighter until no molecule could pass between the two of us.

“I’m so sorry sweetheart...I’m so sorry for all the heartache and pain you’ve gone through these past few months...I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you daily...” I leaned back and looked at him.

“What happened? Where did you disappear to for so long?” I asked rubbing his cheek.

“Firstly can I get a kiss from my wife before I get the third degree?” he asked softly. I met his lips halfway to mine and it was like coming home. KK held me tightly it felt like he would crush my lips. I never thought I would be in this position ever again and the kiss went on for so long that when we eventually pulled away my cheeks were wet. When I touched my eyes I realised that I wasn’t the one crying, it was him. I wiped his cheeks with my fingers.

“You’re here baby. That’s what matters the most. Nothing else matters except that...Let’s get up from the floor.” I got up first and once he was also standing we went and sat on one of the couches and I cuddled next to him. A thought occurred to me as I sat there.

“Did Zama know that you were here in Moz?” I asked him suddenly.

“Yes I wanted to surprise you so we asked her to bring you here. I spoke to her on Monday,” he said rubbing my back up and down.

“That sneaky witch. I’ll get her for this! So what happened baby?” He stiffened when I asked him and breathed out loud.

“JP was under our noses this whole time. Somehow she got Amanda and Yolisa on his payroll. We are yet to figure out how that happened. It seems JP had two plans: one was to kidnap you and use you as a bargaining tool – that’s where Yolisa came in. She was supposed to befriend you and get close to you. Thank fuck you’re not really trusting because her 180 change made you suspicious so they had to go with the other plan. JP wanted me anyway because he was trying to get to Alberto. Amanda asked me for a lift to the mall as I left that day. Little did I know she had a signal scrambling device in her handbag. The minute I left KI no one could trace me from my phone, watch or car. She insisted I needed to drop her off at her place because she forgot something. I regretted even giving her a lift at the time but I was worried about being late for the suit fittings so I took her to her place. That’s where I was ambushed by JP’s men and knocked unconscious. By the time I gained consciousness I was in some unidentifiable location with people who spoke Spanish. JP...tortured me to get me to talk about where Alberto was and the more I didn’t say anything the more they tortured me. Starvation, sleep deprivation, near-drowning whatever you could think of it was done to me. Thank goodness the Spaniards are not fans of mutilation because I would be here with fingers, toes or

limbs missing...” he kept quiet for a while as if he were relieving everything again. I straddled him on the couch and held him to me.

“It’s fine we can chat about it some other time. It’s not important right now. I’m just glad that Steve found you. Where is he?”

“I assume he’s catching up with Zama. He said we should meet for dinner but I just want to spend time alone with you is that ok? I also need a shower.” I stood up from the couch and stood in between his legs.

“We won’t really be alone...” he looked at me quizzically. I lifted his T-shirt and stupid man was looking at my breasts. He actually reached up and cupped them.

“Have I been gone that long? Your breasts look fuller...” he said weighing them up in his hands. My heart was beating in my throat.

“Look lower...”

“What do you mean?” he asked as his hands skimmed down the sides of my body until they settled on my hips.

“Don’t you notice something else that’s different?”

“Ngathi unomkhaba manje (you seem to have flab on your stomach) were you drowning your sorrows in food?” he asked chuckling at his idiotic joke. I shook my head.

“Guess again...” I said taking his one hand and placing it on my rounded belly. He had a look of confusion on his face.

“Hello daddy...” I whispered and his sharp intake of breath was the only evidence that he had actually heard what I said. His eyes turned glassy and a tear ran down his cheek.

“Lerato what are you saying?” his voice was wobbly at best as he stood up looking into my eyes.

“I’m almost 4 months pregnant...” he hugged me so tightly to him I could barely breathe.

“Thank you MaKhumalo...I love you and I’ve since come to the conclusion that I will probably love you beyond forever. What a welcome home gift.” He kissed me then as it started raining outside. I took that as symbolism for the rain washing away all the darkness that we were surrounded by and making way for new and beautiful things.

KK and I had a wedding the following Saturday in Moz on the beach attended only by my parents, Odi and Noni, Mark, Zama, Steve, KK’s parents, Khaya, Ousi Thabi and Fezo. Even the divas were there despite their specialness because they were still very dear to my heart. KK’s vows are words I will always hold dear to my heart.

“You came and completely transformed my life. I don’t think I was living until I met you. I didn’t know what love was until I fell in love you. Lerato there are no words in all the books that could describe how much you mean to me. When I was locked up in the darkest hell holes the only thing that motivated my next breath was the hope that I would see you again. You are the strength I didn’t know I needed, and the joy that I didn’t know I lacked. You were the first person to accept me just as I was with no pretense with no expectation of anything in return. I thought you were broken when I found you only to realise that I was the one who needed healing the most. There is still a part of me today that cannot believe that I’m the one who gets to marry you. Today and everyday going forward, I choose to spend the rest of my life with you. I love you MaKhumalo omuhle (beautiful Mrs Khumalo).”

**-THE END-**