

NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after.

PROLOGUE

Her legs are parted, he has parted her legs, he got a scissor, a cloth and a bucket with warm water, there was no time to find gloves so he just washed his hands.

"Didi, I know this is hard push!" He encourages, and she does, it's harder because she isn't getting support from the person she is trying to push.

She tries pushing, harder this time, and a small head reveals itself. It's a boy, Ntozakhona stares at him, the child's are opened but they are really small, ingane

empofu, and he looks exactly likeNhloso and him.

"He was mine?" Ntozakhona asks with a trembling voice. Even though it's hard to do so, he cuts the chord.

"What do you mean was?" She asks, her voice breaking.

"He's dead. He has been dead, isisu siyabikwa. He was supposed to birthed at home." He says watering his hands with the warm water in front of him he then closes his son's eyes."I want my baby, Ntozakhona." Shescreams, it's not his fault but he blames himself, if he wasn't the father his son

wouldn't have died, everyone in his life always dies.

"Mpendulo yam, why?" He asks, tears blinding his vision. He knows the reason, Didimalang should have told him and he would have made sure that she is at home for the arrival of his son, it hurts. "I need to call bhuti." He says and places his son on the couch and walks out calling Nhloso.

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"Sure mfanakithi." (Sure my brother.)

Nhloso is in a good mood, so early.

Ntozakhona sniffs back his tears, it alarms Nhloso. "What's wrong?"

"I have a son, with Didi, he is dead; I don't know what to do." He says.

"Are you in the hospital?" There's no time to ask a lot of questions.

"No, I helped her give birth to a stillborn child." Ntozakhona says, his voice shaky.

"Fuck, you knew that she was pregnant?"

Whether he asks or not, the boy will not wake up.

"No." Ntozakhona answers dryly.

Nhloso instructs Ntozakhona to call the police, they will do everything then.

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DIDIMALANG TSELANE

It hurts, my boy played in my womb, I felt him. The connection was there, I should have felt it when he died, I should have felt the disconnection.

"Ingane iyabikwa." I know I should have told his family that I was pregnant, but I wasn't sure if the baby was his or not, although I wished it was, and he was but he died.

My heart can't take it as they sing 'Joko yahao."

My heart sinks every time I look around this big tent, it's let out for a child, a 0 month

old child.

I go forward, his coffin is small, he was so tiny. I can't hold in the tears forming, and I can't swallow back the lump on my throat. "You should have lived I would have loved you my baby boy." I say softly running my fingers on his small coffin. Every family member of his are here, except the children, the sister in law that recently gave birth and him. He disappeared last night. Today they woke up and searched for him, when they couldn't find him, they came back and told us to get ready to bury the child.

He is buried next to the fresh grave of his great grandmother.

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Everything went well, the funeral. I'm glad my baby was paid for and buried at home, his home.

I'm lying down tears streaming down my face, I'm choking. For the longest time I thought I was strong, but this? It surely took a toll on me.

The three ninjas, nope actually four ninjas come in my bedroom without knocking. It's Kwanele, the kindest; Nompilo, the

sweetest; Lwandluluhle, the okay one; and Olerato, the coldest.

If I didn't know better I'd think that she and Khona had something, it's the only logic explanation for her coldness towards me; but she's madly in love with Lunganele.

"Sisi are you okay?" I'm not sure but I nod at Kwanele who sits next to me and squeezes my hand. She told me that she once had conjoined twins and they had to choose one; looking at Kukhanya I would never have imagined that he is a twin that was once conjoined.

Fresh tears fall off from my face, I sigh and shake my head I'm not supposed to be

crying like this.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END- happily ever after

CHAPTER 1

A YEAR LATER

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

2 months after they buried Mpendulo– in his absence– they buried Didimalang. She couldn't take it, the blame. So she took her own life.

Maybe it was the wake up call that he needed, and maybe he realized late that he always blamed the wrong people for everything that has ever happened in his life, but did he change? No. He is still uManyamalala we danone. He still disappears here and there and he still loves his danone.

He still cries at night for Didimalang, she shouldn't have taken her life. He would have apologized for missing his son's funeral, and he would have apologized for blaming her. And he would have explained that he couldn't bury his child because he felt responsible for everything, and now he

feels like shit because he missed two of his loved ones' funerals, his aunt's and son's.

How he is alive is still something that puzzles him, honestly. He is able to gather with his brother's loved ones and their children but he feels empty inside, he is done trying, that's why he is not the 'sweet Ntozakhona' anymore, he is now cold and not lively. But all that vanishes when he is with the children.

"Baba." That's Sbani- Nhloso's son, he's almost 2 years now.

"My lamp." They are heading to McDonald's, after all that has happened; these children

are his light. Ntandoyamangwanya too has grown so much.

"Why do you call him a lamp baba?"

Kukhanya asks him.

"Why do I call him a lamp Zipho?"

Ntozakhona asks the apple of everyone's eye, she's the only girl– well for now, they are waiting for Thandoluhle– Gamelihle and Lwandloluhle's five month old daughter– to grow, then she will be the second apple.

"Because his head looks like it" they all laugh, except Sbani who has no idea what a lamp is, what he knows is– it's his

second name. Ntando too is not too informed, he 3 years old.

He bought them all their happy meals, he is having nothing, he wants danone.

Seeing them this happy makes his heart melt, he doesn't want any of them to turn out like him, they need to enjoy themselves like the children that they are.

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NOKUBONGA MASINA

"Uzobaleka kodwa ngeke ucashe." (You can run but you can't hide.) Fuck him, I continue

to run.

I run my thumb upside down when I see a taxi coming my way.

I'm out of breath. "Yin'ndaba sisi?" His voice is husky as fuck. I just got inside, there are no passengers in this car.

"Bhuti please step on your car; there are men that are chasing me." He looks at me weirdly before stepping on the car. Okay, this man here is handsome, darker than the darkest night. He is my type, I can never see myself dating a yellow man– never.

"What did you do to those men?" He asks, he is driving at a slower pace now, at least we've lost the men– or so I think.

"I don't know, we were out with my friends, next thing I'm waking up in a Jeep, can you imagine?" He laughs, hey he should stop, thunderous laugh he has there.

"You should stop going out with these Nigerian men of yours." That's the thing, they are not Nigerian, they are as South African as they come. People, South Africans, tend to do illegal things because they know that the blame will be put on the foreigners. I explain that to him.

We are actually having a conversation, I told him to drive me to Freedom Park, very far from where we are at, but it's worth it.

"What's your profession?" He asks because

he keeps on losing arguments to me the whole damn time.

"I'm a lawyer." I say

"My brother owns Mthembu Attorneys..."

My mind stops functioning, why couldn't I recognize him? Busani Mthembu!

"What the fuck?" He chuckles

"Stop with the cussing, I can organize a meeting with him for you, I think you are good, but the interview will be totally professional." Even if it wasn't, I would have just gone in without thinking twice, what the hell? If he didn't wear a band on his left finger I would have kissed him— that's a joke, I wouldn't do that.

People, and me, used to say that this one is the most arrogant one, but today I'm proved wrong he is actually nice, talkative too.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after
CHAPTER 2

NOKUBONGA MASINA

'You don't have to worry and don't you be afraid, joy comes in the morning...' he blesses me, Kirk Franklin; his songs are

always meaningful– maybe not always but this one in particular. I let his words take over and lead me to prayer.

I'm kneeling, thanking God for his presence in my life.

I just got a call from the Mthembus, and I found the job.

Lord, I was working but I just found a better paying job.

I'll be their attorney, I'm thankful, I just need to draw up my resignation letter and resign from my previous work place, I'll send it to my employer– directly– Via email.

They said I'm starting next week Monday, so I've decided that because I'm

unemployed for the rest of the week, I'll just go and spoil myself.

After praying and bathing, I put on my blue jeans and a tank top, it's hot. I put on sandals and I'm ready to go.

"Why are you so happy?" Hawu, I forgot about this man yaz. It's my father, after being dropped off by Bhut' Busani on Monday, I found him here. He said he arrived on Friday night. I regretted giving them the keys to my house, him and mom. He was really disappointed in me,. but I'm grown I can do anything– I've learnt though that I can't trust anyone and everyone. I trusted Menzi, my boyfriend– well ex

boyfriend– We went to groove for and chilled next thing I knew was, Monday morning I'm on a car I know nothing about with scary men.

"I just got a new job baba, and it's paying well." I told him this when I got a call.

"Congratulations baby." He says and continues to read on his newspaper, where did he even get that?

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I catch a taxi that will take me to Maponya, it's the nearest mall to where I live.

I've already prepared breakfast for my dad, I know that he wouldn't eat anything that's not home cooked.

"Sorry sisi." I turn, small eyes is what I notice first.

"Hh.. uhm hey." I can't find my voice.

"You are well? You dropped your wallet." for a minute I thought... nevermind.

"I'm well, I hope you are too; thank you very much." I say, taking my purse. He called a wallet.

"Thank me by buying me a meal, I'm hungry." from up, I look at him. He doesn't look poor, maybe he scams people or something, but he wouldn't have given the

wallet to me right? But still the meal will be very very expensive. I nod my head anyways.

"I'm Khona, Ntozakhona Hlatshwayo." he introduces when we take our given seats at Spur.

"Nokubonga Masina." I say.

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We ate our meal in silence, I'm always yapping but today I just couldn't say anything. When the waiter brings the bill, he watches me pay, this scammer. I thought he would pay, you know.

"Thank you I really enjoyed the food." I smile, it's fake.

"It's always a pleasure to feed the next person." This is sarcastic, but he doesn't get it.

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"You said you would come back early." God no, I can't deal with this old man here, is he here to monitor or to visit me?

"Hawu baba, I was with a friend; when are you going back home?" He chuckles.

"Not anytime soon." He says.

Sigh! Sigh! FUCKING SIGH!!!

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THANDI NKABINDE

When dad said we were moving, I was more than happy, I mean I would get to experience the fast life of egoli.

I'm not as excited as I was when I arrived, it's Qondani. He sucked the excitement out of me.

That guy is scary, he does look good, but the scary part of him masks everything.

At home, I was allowed to do anything, my father may be traditional and all, but he let me live my life, he has never been a detector, that's why my heart was broken a

few times but boys at home– story got another day.

I don't know what it is that made me go out last month, I went to the mall, and I was being followed– that's how I knew him. I went up to him, and asked why he was following me, he just introduced himself. Super dark skinned Qondani. That man is not friendly at all, that's why I turned him down, how can one date a serious man like him?

"Qondani what do you want?"

"Hawu Thando, usuneshende lapho?" (you already have a boyfriend?) I'm disappointed that it is Sibusiso, that man really bored me

to death, he cheated with the only friend I had, I dumped both of them, my friend and him.

"No, what do you want?" in his head we are still together.

"Is it a crime to call my woman?"

"I'm not your woman, ongiyeka please."

(please leave me alone.) I snap and hang up.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END—happily ever after

CHAPTER 3

THANDI NKABINDE

I haven't received a call from Qondani today, I keep on looking at my phone hoping that he'll call, but nothing—absolutely nothing.

I don't know why I suddenly feel like my day can't go on without talking to him.

I take my phone and scroll down to his unsaved number, I press the call button and place the phone over my ear.

"Ndoni yamanzi."

"Uh, hey, why didn't you call today?" I ask, he chuckles.

"I thought you said I should leave you alone."

"That doesn't mean you should literally leave me alone, hawu kanti unjan!"

"Ngisemnyama nse, unjan wena?" (I'm still too dark, how are you?)

"I'm okay thank you." I say as I rest my head on my pillow and close my eyes.

"Did you miss me?" a lot of humor is what I detect from his tone.

"No, I just wanted to remind you that I still don't like you, goodbye." I hang up.

****I will pick you up today, 7pm sharp.**** my phone pings I shouldn't have called him!

I get off bed, and make it before my mom comes to check if I'm still alive.

After brushing my teeth and washing my face I go downstairs, for breakfast.

"What a bad morning, mom and dad." I say and smile at them.

"What's bad about today?" Dad asks after i kiss his cheek and fist bump mom.

"Everything dad. Hawu there's no food? Are we sinking to poverty?" I ask sitting down. I don't understand why there's no bo food here.

"There's a specific time for us to eat breakfast, you can't expect us to wait for you, you wake up at 9!" I don't understand

why dad is making an issue out of this, I've always been a heavy sleeper.

"Seriously though, you are old now, 26 years old yet you have nothing to your name, no education, you can't cook..." blah blah blah! This could go on until 9pm, but I do get their point.

"Can I start off as your PA dad?" I ask, I just want to prove to them that I am competent.

"I already have a PA." He cannot be speaking about Sinikiwe.

"She's not your PA, she's a receptionist." I argue.

"Okay, but you don't qualify." As if Sinikiwe Qualifies!

I roll my eyes and he chuckles.

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NOKUBONGA MASINA

Dad being here is a blessing and a curse!

A blessing because I enjoy his company. A

curse because he's a dictator! He's always

asking for something, and I hate that,

honestly.

"Uyaphi ngane yami? " (Where are you
going my child?) When is Monday coming?

I need to be at work, he thinks I'm 17. I'm

24, God help me!

"Hawu baba, I'm going to the mall." I say, almost rolling my eyes.

"mmhm." okay, this is my cue.

"Bye daddy." I leave.

I'm curious about my father being here in Johannesburg, it can't be that he is here to visit me, I'll make time to ask him. I hope he isn't divorcing my mom.

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I know I said yellow bones are not my type, but this man chile, this man! Yep you guessed it right, it's the man that forced me into taking him out for dinner, he called me yesterday and told me that he'd like to

return the favor, so I told him that I'll only be free today.

"Ntozakhona." He looks at me, and smiles.

Oh his arms are opening, I dive in! He smells damn well. I take my time taking in his scent.

He doesn't look broke, he said he was broke. We are doing Roco Mama's. I hate their food, but I won't say it out.

"You look beautiful." he says with a small smile. I blush even though I know he is just saying it to seem and sound like a gentle man.

"Thank you." he helps me take a seat after the nice waiter ushers us to our table, one

thing about Roco Mama's, their waiters are nicer than their food.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-Happily ever after

CHAPTER 4

NOKUBONGA MASINA

I actually enjoyed my day, not because I ate nice food no but because I was with Ntozakhona. I ate less food and ate more if his looks. I think he loves the ribs from here because after finishing his, he was staring

at mine, until I offered him mine; his eyes light up the minute I told him that he should take his food.

"Ufike ngani?" he asks as soon as he finishes eating, I could stay all day and watch everything he does without talking because the minute he starts talking he sounds rude.

"With a taxi," this is embarrassing, isn't it? A whole lawyer without a car?

"Can I drive you home?" He's not surprised, no turned off that I don't have a car. Can he be gentleman enough and ask me out already?

"Uhm, yes please," I'm not offering to give him money for petrol, I will not, my time is money so he should use the time I gave him and buy petrol. He pays the bill, I internally thank God that I didn't spend a cent.

We silently walk to the car, I've learned that he is a very absent minded person, he is hardly giving something his full attention to things around him, he focuses on what he does and only on it.

Wait, what??? He is driving a Bugatti Chiron in South Africa?

"This car is too big to be driven here, what about the speed limit?" I think out loud, I

could cover my mouth but I don't because I said it intentionally. I'm checking it out, it's so beautiful.

"It's not mine, it's my brother's," He shrugs his shoulders, okay I need to see his brother soon, he needs to give me his connection so that in the next 30 years when I afford it, I'll be able to drive it here in SA, a far fetched dream.

When we were driving home, all I was doing was, checking whether the car was legit Bugatti, like if it was the real makoya... and guess what, it is!

He dropped me off, he wasn't gentleman enough to open the door for me again, but

heyyy, this is the new South Africa, men
have rights too

It's cold now so I adjust the airconditioner.

I'm thinking if today was our last day
together or not.

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NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

Night has come and he is failing to fall
asleep. He is lying in bed looking up the
ceiling, a wave of emotions comes over
him.

He's trying to think and search deep within
of what it is that is weighing him, but at this

point he doesn't know.

If this was a random day, he'd pick up his phone and call Kwanele, but today he can't, because he can't point out what is eating him up.

It's funny how the same thing keeps on happening in his life, losing people; now and again. Now he fears being really attached to people, he tries by all means to give his brothers a cold shoulder, he tried ignoring his nephews and nieces, it's hard, you can't run away from family.

He sighs and gets back into his sheets, he closes his eyes and calls for sleep.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-Happily ever after

CHAPTER 5

THANDI NKABINDE

I don't know where we are driving, he came not so long ago, and he is driving to no direction of a mall I know.

I told my father that I'm going on a date, he said I should give him my live location, just in case. He knows that I'm out with Qondani Mthembu, that's how open my

father is with me, he personally have me condoms– I wonder what he was doing with them, he can't possibly be sexually active, it's a no!

"I didn't think you'd agree to come with me,"
He says.

"You press too much, I would have agreed wither way, where are we going?" I ask.

"My house," I nod and look out, "What you are not angry," why would I be?

"No, I'm not," I laugh a little.

"Wow, okay." I don't know why he expected me to be angry, it wouldn't make a difference, I've learnt that Qondani does his things his own way, he doesn't let anyone

tell him what to do; maybe that's why he is a successful lawyer with no social life. The only social media account he has is WhatsApp with a profile picture of his clan names written in bold in a black background; I asked him about it, he said that he loves it, so I backed off, it's not like we are close or something, I asked because I was shocked.

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He lives in midrand, his house is beautiful and cozy.

To me, it feels like there's a woman that lives here, it's homely and the furniture is

beautiful, it just shows that there's a hand of woman here.

"Do you have a wife?" one thing about me, I don't have mouth police, I ask whatever is in my mind, at any time.

"No, I don't;" He says, his eyes darting around, okay there's something he's hiding.

"Okay, take me home," I say, I don't want to be degraded to being umakhwapheni.

"Hawu, we just got here," he says, I turn and look at him.

"I want the truth or you are taking me home, do you have a wife?" I ask. He looks at me, standing is suddenly hard, he takes a seat before sitting down

"Promise me you won't be mad," I'm not mad, I'm angry already, but I nod my head. He needs to confirm.

"I do have a wife..." It's my turn to sit down, maybe I need a wine.

"Fuck taking me home, I'll call my father," my voice is strained.

"Fuck, no! Listen to me first," he says. "She is my wife, but we are no longer together, I'm divorcing her,"

"You think I'm a fool," I say and click my tongue, to think that I already like him!

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I told him to leave me alone, he wanted to explain but I didn't want to hear any of it, I threatened to stand outside if he doesn't want to leave me alone, he panicked and went to his bedroom.

I don't know if I'm angry or hurt, I don't want to be known as a homewrecker. Footsteps! "Can I talk to you?" he has papers in his hands, I look at him, annoyed.

"These are divorce papers, it happened before I even saw you, look at the date, she didn't want to sign them," he says and hands the papers over to me.

I go through them, and indeed the date is, 2022. I sigh and think of what I'm gonna

say.

Am I still angry? Yes, but do I still want to

leave? No; I need a way of telling Nkabinde!

Sigh, maybe I should just turn off my

phone.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 6

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

His kneeling down on one knee.

His head is bowed, his hand is on his mouth, muffling his cries.

“You were so tiny in my hands, I don’t think I’ve ever held a dead person, but with you I did; it haunts me every time, your small eyes that were staring in mine as if you were searching for my soul I still see them. You felt alive and dead at the same time. I wish I could have held your hand while you were still alive I wish I could have taken your mother and have you as a child that lives not a stillborn,” he drove to KZN, he wanted to have a talk with his son; he hasn’t gotten over his habit of talking to dead people as if they will talk back. “It

hurt, here," he touches his chest and puts his left hand back on his mouth to muffle his sobs, what he feels cannot be compared to pain, it's way more than that. It's like every painful thing that has ever happened to him come back at once, this is too much for him to carry on his shoulders. "I would have loved to hear your first words, your first laugh, I would have loved to see you taking your first step. Your first everything would have been nice to experience. Mpendulo mfana wam why did you do that to me? Why did you die on me, how did you expect me to..." he lies next to Mpendulo's grave and hugs his tombstone,

maybe it will make him feel better. Maybe he will feel his son's presence.

For the first time in years Ntozakhona lets himself cry openly, he sobs loudly. The say crying makes one feel better, why isn't the pain depreciating? Why is it increasing, it's eating him up at once.

"Bafo!" Lunganele yells rushing to him; he is panicking the last time he saw someone lying down flatly in their graveyard was when he saw his mother— dead. The only thing that's confirming that Ntozakhona is alive are the sobs. When he finally reaches Ntozakhona, he doesn't ask any questions,

he kneels down to his level and checks his temperature like a baby, he is super hot.

“Shhh,” Lunganele tries to calm his brother that has hiccups.

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“Please leave me here, I want to stay with him,” Ntozakhona has calmed down now, but his heart is still as heavy as it was earlier.

“Are you sure you will be okay?”

“I’m okay Mnyamane,” he brings out the ‘blackie’ name to try and assure his brother that he is okay, but he fails.

“I’ll leave but don’t do anything stupid,” Lunganele says and pats his brother’s shoulder before leaving, this shit is heavy on his shoulders.

“You chose to call your mother to come and take care if you instead of me, is that how much you didn’t like me?” he chuckles through his fresh tears. “Maybe I would have taken better care of you, I know that for sure.”

“I’m mad at her for taking her life, but sometimes inhliziyo yam iyawuthola ukphumula because she probably is keeping you warm there, Ngiyakuthanda Mhayise.

“I met someone, Nokubonga is her name. She’s beautiful and collected, okay mhlawumbi I’m lying because that girl is crazy, but she makes life make sense, I’d like to make her mine, but ngiyesaba, what if she also dies?” he waits for a answer he’ll never get, Mpendulo is dead, but Ntozakhona’s peace is: talking to his dead loved ones even if he doesn’t get an answer.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END- Happily ever after

CHAPTER 7

LUNGANELE HLATSHWAYO

“Please give him food,” Olerato his wife says.

“Whitey,” he begins, it’s been long since she was called that, “Ntozakhona doesn’t want to grow,” he says and chuckles in pain.

There’s an excruciating pain in his heart, he’s been feeling that pain so much lately, but he won’t go to the doctor, it’s probably stress. He doesn’t flinch when the pain comes back, but it's damn painful.

“What do you mean he doesn’t want to grow, have you ever lost a child?”

“No, but...”

“There are no buts here, give your brother food and stop acting like a dick,” he nods his head and takes the food he’s given by Olerato, he walks out.

They moved here this month, his businesses are going well; he does go check things in his field of Jewelry, only if it’s needed. With his side hustle, everything is under Phelo and his wife’s control; they figured that he needed to do something, not because they need money, but because Phelo is a man, and a man needs to sweat.

Traditionally, it's either Nhloso or Ntozakhona that needs to take over the household here in the bhundus, because Nhloso is the first born and Ntozakhona is the first son of their uncle; it doesn't really matter that Ntozakhona's is their father's son by blood, culture says; if a child is born through adultery the child belongs to the husband.

"Bafo, the sun has set," he beds down, Ntozakhona has his eyes closed, but he is not asleep. "Ntozakhona!" he is getting impatient. The sun has set, and it's getting cold. Ntozakhona's behavior is starting to annoy the shit out of him.

“Yewena slima senja!”

“My son is getting cold, let me warm him,”
and that breaks his heart.

“Bafo you need to pull your shit together.

You are a fucking Mhayise, losing a child is
probably hard. I don’t understand half of

your pain, but let me in,” Ntozakhona

doesn’t want to hear this. “You know, the

way you are lying down on the ground

amazes me, you wouldn’t let anyone

ekuncolise; you better be doing this shit of

yours for the last time, I don’t mind taking

you and chaining you like I did the last time,

actually like they. Grow on some balls and

come back inside, Mpendulo uzoba

yithonga elihle kuthina if you keep on crying for him? Voeseq man wake up and dust yourself and come back inside.” (How will he become a great ancestor to us)

“You wouldn’t say that to Nhloso,”

Ntozakhona says, at this point it’s just how he copes, throwing emotional brsckmail here and there.

“I’m not Nhloso, I will not fall for your shit, if you ever say that shit to me, I’ll cut your balls,” he says and clicks his tongue and gets up and starts to walk away.

“Angeke,” (never) Ntozakhona mumbles.

“Try me my boy, ngizok bonisa uyihlo.” He does not look back, he is fucking pissed.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-Happily ever after
CHAPTER 8

LUNGANELE HLATSHWAYO

Ntozakhona will be the death of him, God knows. The fact that they treat him like a baby that needs to be spoon-fed doesn't help the situation.

Ntozakhona spent the whole night in their graveyard, claiming to warm his son, that doesn't even make sense. Now he is not

okay, and Lunganele has to carry him to his room.

"Sengathi ngikukhothisa induku mfan'wam," (I feel like beating you up,) Ntozakhona's eyes are barely open, he looks like a featherless chicken– he looks cold.

Lunganele helps him up and puts him to his bedroom. A phone rings, Lunganele checks his pockets even though the ringtone is not his. When he realizes that the phone cthat is ringing is not his, he searches for it from Ntozakhona's pocket, oh it's his.

Nokubonga flashes on the screen.

"Hello," her voice is lowered and... he clears his throat.

"Hello?"

"Uh, who's this? Can I speak to Khona,"

"He's asleep sisi, I can pass on the message though,"

"He never sleeps during the day," shut the front, the back, actually shut all the doors in the world! "Is he okay," he chuckles lowly.

"He is not okay, I'll tell him that he never sleeps during the day when he wakes up.

I'm Lunganele his brother," Lunganele says

"Oh, okay bhuti, thank you," she is not moved at all, he chuckles and hangs up.

"You have a girl waiting for you, you better wake you black ass up," he says and starts to walk away until it clicks to his mind that

he is the only one with a black ass in this family, everyone of them is yellow, "You yellow ass I meant," he says and walks.

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Ntando is still their only son, him and Olerato. He wants more but doesn't know where and how to start asking.

"Ngaze ngahalela ukudla kwam," (I'm craving for my food) he says sitting down next to his son who's playing games on his mother's phone. Ntando is growing to be rebellious like his uncle– Nhloso. He feels like since they took him to Creche he is

changing, there was one time that he came home and asked why is Olerato so white; it rubbed Lunganele off in the wrong way, but there was nothing he could really do because at the end of the day, Ntandoyamangwanya is child.

They say him down and explained to him that His mother has a condition that's called Albinism, they went on and told him that it is when there is absence if Melanin in a person, although they felt he didn't understand anything that they said, they continued to explain to their child, and they won't stop until he gets it.

"I'm gonna dish up for you baby," she smiles at him.

"Go to our bedroom, lie on the bed and open you legs widely, ngizoziphakela Mina," Olerato giggles after gasping and goes to the bedroom. Lunganele instructs Ntando to sit in the game room, it's a distraction. He then locks the main door, on his way back to the bedroom he stumbles and holds on to his chest, these pains are back! He flinches and takes in deep breaths, it's not helping.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-Happily ever after

CHAPTER 9

LUNGANELE HLATSHWAYO

Last night he had plans, plans to fuck his wife, but he couldn't, because of his fucking chest pains. He proceeded to his room, and found his wife lying in bed, she was ready for him, but all he did was to kiss her forehead and cuddle her, he held her close to his paining chest, she didn't ask anything, she just let him sleep with her in his arms. God knows how hard it was for him to sleep without squirming and

whimpering, the discomfort he felt was too hard to ignore, but he had to, for the sake of his wife.

It's morning, he feels it in the change of temperature in the room, he is still in bed, Olerato probably woke up early and prepared Ntando for creche, yep. His son goes to church while they are sit-in parents, it's weird but Olerato said she doesn't want an illiterate son. He's awake but he still has his eyes closed, he is feeling pain.

"Lunganele, tsoha," she peeling off the sheets off him, he sighs and opens his eyes. She doesn't really speak Sesotho

unless she's angry or sad, so judging by her looks, she's angry.

"Lunganele, ke mosadi oa hao or I'm just here to make you feel good?" (I'm your wife) it's morning! He just woke up and already she is fuming. His Sesotho has really improved, but at this point he feels like she is speaking Chinese, the only thing that confirms that she is angry is her eyes that are rotating at a faster pace, and her nose flaring, oh and her calling him by his full birth name, to her he is Nele.

"Yin'ndaba?" (what's wrong?) he rubs his eyes and tries to sit up but he is failing, what is this all about?

"Ke thotse ntho tsena ka hare ha koloi yahao," (I found these in your car) she's waving his pills in the air.

"ikoloi yenzen?" (What did the car do?)

"Lunganele I'm not your fool, what have you done with all these within a week?" She sighs and sits down, she's tearing up.

"I have been getting chest pains babe, I'm sorry I didn't think it was serious until yesterday. I'll go to the doctor, I promise," he does damage control it escalates to something deep.

"You should be careful with how you do things... I don't want to lose you..." She's crying. His heart sinks but it's too damn

hard, the pains in his chest are weighing him down, he .

"Angeke ngife Mina Sthandwa Sami, I'm a die hard." (I won't die my love,) he says and smile through his pain.

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NOKUBONGA MASINA

I've missed him so much that I made up my mind, I'm going to his home today. I'm tired of this runaround if his, he said he'd be here by weekend, okay I get that he is sick and all, but I miss him. I feel like he is making

excuses, I don't think flu would keep him in the bhundus that much.

We are in our third stop, I get off the car and head to KFC, I get an 8 piece bucket, Ntozakhona is in love with KFC and danone, I think those are the only things he is able to stomach in his life. I get myself a burger at burger King and go back to my ride, yep I'm paying a thousand to travel to KZN, I'm on a cab.

"I'm in your hood bra, please fetch me," I say before he can even greet.

"Nokubonga, what are saying?" His voice sounds strained, and I immediately feel bad for not believing that he is not okay.

"I'm here, please send me your location," I say. He chuckles and hangs up, a few minutes later I get a WhatsApp text, it's his location, good.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-Happily ever after
CHAPTER 10

NOKUBONGA MASINA

eNquthu is where I'm at, it's deep in the bhundus. Jesus, I don't even know why I wore heels, I'm not even sassy like that.

He sent me his live location and now I'm seeing him waiting for me.

"Thank you bhuti, you can drop me off here," I say handing the giving him a tip for not kidnapping me.

"Ya wena," he says playfully smiling at me, I'm smiling too. He takes my bags from my hands. "Khona," I say.

"Why did you come here with heels? Did you think you'd find tar roads?" He chuckles. I don't get why he is walking so fast.

"Maybe I wanted to charm you," I say and giggle.

"Well, missy I am," I roll my eyes.

His home! The yard is huge! The houses are damn beautiful although they are not really big... It's just... perfect. We walk in, there is no live stock in sight, well not until I turn to my left, Jesus!!!

"This is my home," he says.

"It's beautiful," I say and look up at him, he is beautiful.

"Thank you, you are beautiful too," wow! I laugh, he is really weird, he is comparing me to his home.

His room is clean, his bed is neatly made, everything is put in order!

"This is my room," he says and chuckles lowly.

"I know," I say and pat his bed before taking a seat. He looks at me and smiles, it's a goofy smile, he had better not be thinking that he will fuck me, I have manners!

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NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

She's here and it's really awkward. I don't know whether it's what is called igwababa or I'm just so in love that I can't even get close to her.

Although I love having her around, I don't think I'll be intimate with her soon, I'm one person that loves involving my emotions,

whether it's a situationship or a relationship, I know that my feelings are always involved. By now, I know what I feel for her, I know that I love her so much, and that more than anything I would hate to lose her like I lost my previous girlfriends, well, and child.

"What are you thinking," she's talkative, she's really nothing like I would go for, she's nothing like Andiswa... and Didimalang.

"I'm thinking of you," she smiles. Also she's not shy to hold eye contact, I think she's different and different is what I need.

"Don't flatter me," she says.

"It's working though," I say and laugh, I hope Sphehile has cooked, this one that came with KFC is probably hungry and hoping that she'll get to eat it, well too bad because when I put it on the table in the kitchen Lunga was already eyeing it, we won't share it with them. "Ngicela ungiqabula," (please kiss me,) I say and regret it after the words leave my mouth, she gets up from the bed and comes to me, I focus on her because I know that if I look at the spot where she was sitting at my skin will itch and I'll want to go and fix it, she sits on my lap and puts her hand just below me head, she caresses my neck, I'm

hard already. I release my shaky breath, I'll need a cold shower.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-Happily ever after

CHAPTER 11

THANDI NKABINDE

"You are sweet," he groans, and kisses my cheek before pulling out and lying by my side. I'm still breathing heavily.

There are things that I need to talk to him about. He sexes me like he is fucking a

prostitute. He lacks the love he always tells me he has, and he most definitely lacks affection. As much as I cum, but I don't really connect with him. I'm just waiting for my breathing to be stable and only then will I talk about my issues with him. We started dating 2 weeks back, and we've been having sex, he's actually the first guy I put my morals aside for. I believe

"Qondani," I say and sigh. He sighs too, I think he knows.

"I'm sorry," he says.

"About what?" he shrugs.

"I don't know, but I know that whatever you want to talk about is not a good thing," he

says and bites his lower lip. No seduction formed against me shall ever prosper.

"Do you love me?" I ignore his statement that he made and ask this question rather.

"Yes, I do," I shake my head no. He gathers his full brows to form a frown. The fact that he is frowning tells me that he is clueless. He sees nothing with not giving affection to the person he claims to love.

"So why don't you make love to me," I'm asking this looking straight into his eyes. His hands loosen around me, he releases a sigh after blinking twice.

"Teach me how to make love to you," he says, his face flushing. I'm up for that

challenge. I'm also glad that he doesn't think that I'm bashing him or anything like that.

"I love you," I kiss his lips, I don't want to dwell much on the sex conversation because I know that this turn out to be a bad night.

"I love you," he says and tightens his hands around me, I feel like sleeping.

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NOKUBONGA MASINA

Light kisses on my face is what jolts me awake. Small eyes are staring at me, I hope

I don't have any trails of drool on my cheeks because that would be insane! I rub my eyes.

"Morning," I say. I'm not really expecting it from him, he's not the type to greet, he just says what he wants.

"Bongah," he says, a faint smile creeps up on his face. Beautiful is his definition, I could stare at him my whole life and never get tired, he's just too beautiful. I take back every word I ever uttered about never dating yellow bones. It was probably my faint crush on Busani, my bosses' brother. My boss! We get along very well, it's like we were cousins that lost contact and found

each other after so long, Qondani is really a great man with just too dark features that make him look scarier than he is. He does have that dark aura, but it only happens when he is dealing with a case that is stressful. I've seen him with Sakhile, and God that combination is just insane. Okay... that's a bit too much.

"How did you sleep," I'm usually not this sweet, I just like how he called my name, no one has ever tried to shorten my name, it has always been 'Nokubonga'.

"I slept well with you in my arms," I feel a hot sensation on my stomach, it's what

they call butterflies? We've never been this intimate. "How about you?" he asks.

"I slept like a baby," he kisses my lips and I scrunch my face, why is he doing that?

"I love you and your morning breath," I'm still frowning, until it registers that he said he loves me, it was so carelessly said.

Okay, my day has been made.

"So vele iphelile inyama?" (is the meat finished) I can't believe that they let us eat a home cooked meal, and helped themselves into the KFC I thought I had brought for everyone. I met Olerato and the forever smiling Lunganele yesterday night after taking a bath, they are so sweet.

When I heard Lunganele on the phone, I thought he was those up tight and never smiling kind of brothers.

"I prepared water for you to bath, woza, I'll clean up here in the meantime," Oh I forgot to mention that I suspect that he is one those people who suffer from OCD, okay I might be reading too much on this but I do feel like he does have mental issues. It's something that needs to be attended, soon.

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LUNGANELE HLATSHWAYO

He has been staring at Dr. Simphiwe for too long now, how is this possible? These pains resurfaced today morning and they were sharper and stronger than they ever were, so he decided to come here for an explanation and guess what he gets, he gets a "We can't seem to find anything." It can't be feeling chest pains for nothing! There has to be an explanation for this.

"What do you mean you can't seem to find any thing medical," He asks.

"Just that Mr Hlatshwayo," when he is being formal, everyone knows that he can't be bullied.

"Ngiyabonga Khoza, I think I'll take the traditional route," he says and sighs before leaning back on his chair. What might be wrong?

"I would have also advised you to do the same thing," Sighs.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 12

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

Getting through the night is harder when I have something I can't really touch.

Anathi died after we made love and Didimalang killed herself, and the main reason was me, I can't risk anything. Maybe I need to marry her, my heart wants her.

"Baby," I kiss her nose, she looks beautiful when she's asleep, peaceful too because when she's awake she's always talking, it explains why she is a lawyer. Her lashes are long, her skin is flawless. She's dark and beautiful.

"Khona, Morning," she smiles at me. My heart is getting heavier by the day, it's the love I have for her.

"I love you," I intertwine her fingers and mine. "I want you to be my wife," she smiles.

"Are you proposing," well, maybe but igwababa is taking over.

"Yeah," I had planned to say no, but then my heart spoke for me. "I love you so much it even scares me, I've lost so many people in my life, but I fail to stop loving," I swallow back the lump forming in my throat. I don't know if I would ever survive if I ever lose her, whether to death or anything else. I love her, my heart beats faster when I see her.

"Well, I love you too, but don't you think we are rushing things?" she asks.

"I'm sure about you wena fohloza, if you are not ready I don't mind waiting," she smiles.

"It's hard not to love you Yazi," I chuckle to but my cheeks are burning, she probably saw that I was blushing.

"I want to eat you up legally," I say and softly bite her neck.

"Hawu kanti," she rolls her eyes, I wonder if those eyes won't grow abs, she rolls them too much. Next thing her eye lid won't be able to cover her eyes.

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NOKUBONGA MASINA

I knew that there is something that keeps on eating him up, he's not okay. He needs help, he needs to let go of the people he lost, otherwise he won't be okay, and the spirits of those people won't be at peace, he doesn't let them rest so they'll forever sit on his shoulders.

Today is my last day here, I miss Ntozakhona already, well I had hoped that he'd help remove some of the webs that have grown between my legs, but he told me that he won't get in between my legs until he pays lobola for me, well, then I hope he hurries and pays that bridal price

because I've seen his print, and I'm interested in finding out it has to offer.

"You are so beautiful," she is too, I'm interested in how her eyes move do fast and yet she can see without using glasses, she's just fascinating.

"Thank you, you are beautiful too," I say. She gives me a warm smile.

"I can't wait to tell my sister wives about you, I'm sure they'll like you," I sip my tea and offer her a smile, I don't really know how to respond.

"He's not okay yaz," I change the topic, she knows who I'm talking about, that's why she's sighing.

"I know," She nods her head, "I trust you, you are what he needs to heal, also not only are you that, you are his pillar," this is probably quoted from some South African romance movies, but I'm blushing anyways. "I'll try, thank you," I'm glad I'm dark because wow.

"KaMasina," that's bhut' Lunganele. He is very different from them, he's shown me their pictures, and you'd swear that he is from bhut' Sibonelo's side of the family.

"Sawubona bhuti," I say, he's moved on, he is whispering something in Olerato's ear, she's giggling. I'm done with these two! I

walk out, Ntozakhona is outside. He looks tired with his eyes closed.

"Khona? What's wrong?" he looks at me and smiles.

"I'm okay, I'm just thinking of something nje," he says.

"What are you thinking about?" I stand next to him and look up at him, he's tall. Lord, I'm glad he is not thin, not fat either, it would have been a disaster!

"I want to introduce you to my mother, MaQwabe," he points to the graveyard, well this is weird, I nod anyways, I head back inside the house and ask Olerato for a

doek, I'll do this for him even though it feels creepy, I'll do anything for Ntozakhona!

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 13

NOKUBONGA MASINA

He's crouching, I'm kneeling down, it's not like I can't wash my clothes and stuff.

"Mawami engimthandayo," (my beloved mother,) he says. I feel the pain in his voice.

I don't want to imagine living without my

mother, she means do much to me "How I wish I can remember you, I don't really have a clear picture of you in my head, even so I still love you. This is the first time I'm doing this, bringing a girl to you, she has my heart, I love her so much. I know you would have probably loved her, I'll marry her and she'll be the one to give you your grandchildren," I smile, man this guy he is so sweet. I love him.

My heart is paining, it pains worse when he takes me to his son's grave, I want to cry with him. He's been through so much, so much.

"Come," he says, taking my hand. He's introduced me to every one of his family's grave. I don't know why man, but I just feel contented and I love him more.

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"KaMasina," I just took a bath, I told him that I'll leave today, I have to go to work tomorrow.

"Khona," I say.

"Can I hug you?" he asks, I nod with a smile. He wraps his arms around me, he likes hugs this one.

"I love you mama," he whispers in my ear, Lord I'm melting in a man's arms.

"I love you even more," I say.

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OLERATO ZIKODE-HLATSHWAYO

Am I happy? Yes, I definitely am. I'm glad that he's found someone worth being introduced to his family, it's actually the first time he's done this, since I've known him, introducing a girl to his family.

"Maka Ntando," (Ntando's mom,) my husband says, I don't know where he is coming from. His disappearing and appearing out of nowhere habit, has never

left him. His hair is starting to be grey, making him look sexier than he was before.

"Babakhe," I say smiling.

"He's in love, and I hope this time, it stays that way, this boy has been through shit man," he says and shakes his head sighing. What he is saying is true, every one of us is hoping for him to finally find love.

"I hope so too," I say.

"He said he is leaving today, and by the looks of things we also have to leave," I like being here I'm closer to one of my grandfathers– Mkhulu Zikode.

"What things?" I'm raising my brow.

"I got a call from Sbo, there's apparently a new worker that we need to see, his name is Babongile," everytime they hire a new employee, everyone has to go and see them because we don't want any mistakes.

"His brothers are the In-laws of Dr.

Simphiwe, and apparently he wants nothing to do with them, we were hoping you guys could try him," yohh! Where will we even begin.

"The thing is, if we force him to go home, life won't be nice to him; he needs to reunite with them whenever he is ready," I say, he nods his head, "but it's worth the try,"

"I love you wedali wami," he says.

"I love you even more Ngwanya," he smiles.

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Lunganele is on the phone, talking to bab' Nkabinde. These pains of his haven't been back for the longest of time, well maybe a few days, but he still wants to know the cause of them, so he called bab' Nkabinde and explained everything to him

"You are okay mfana wam," Nkabinde tells him.

"You think so?" He asks.

"I know so, maybe it was just a bad spirit leaving your home, but it's really nothing deep, how's Ntozakhona?"

"He is okay, more than okay," he says.

"He has umakoti, I heard," Lunganele chuckles.

"Yes, baba, he does, yindoni yamanzi,"
(she's beautiful)

"Don't let Siphesihle hear you say that," they both laugh before saying goodbye and hanging up. Lunganele releases a sigh, he is glad that nothing is really wrong with him!

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 14

ONE MONTH LATER

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

There are some phases in life that you have to go through, they prepare you for the harder times phases. Did I get any preparation? No, I didn't, I wasn't prepared for any of the hard things I went through. But hey, life doesn't work out the same for all of us. I've decided to put my life together, and go for what I want without

any fears of death. Well, I know that I've said this a multiple times before, but now, I know what I want, and that is— without a doubt— Nokubonga.

"Good morning," it indeed is a good morning, she's dressed in black, looking all sorts of beautiful, for those Mthembu fuckers! Oh well, it doesn't matter, because I'm in bed, the roles are reversed, I am the lady in this relationship, firstly, I'm sleeping over at her place, secondly, she's the one getting up for work. I— on the other side— go to work anytime of the day, the time they summon me, is the only time I go to work, otherwise... I'm always home.

"Good morning, Bongah," I say smiling at her. I can't believe that I— a whole Ntozakhona Hlatshwayo— am not shagging this beauty. Very soon I'll be in the streets chanting: 'celibacy is life.'

"You slept well?" she's smirking, this devil of a child, she used the "I am cold, please accompany me to fetch a jersey" trick on me. I fell for the trick, when we got here, she took out her keys and locked the door. Now I'll be honest, I was tipsy and horny, I wanted to stay, but I had to act up. So I pretended not to want to stay, she begged me until I agreed. We didn't have sex though, she tried, but I don't want to break

her virginity without paying a cent– hey, she said she fucked here and there, but that doesn't mean she broke her virginity, right?

"Like a baby, in your arms Sthandwa Sami," I say and stretch my arms," I peel off the sheets from my body, hey woah... I'm naked, Jesus! I blink... and blink... and blink.

"Nokubonga Masina, what happened?" I'm calm, but I want to scream.

"Uh... What do you mean?" I take in a breath, this girl! she's acting dumb! I want to know what the hell happened here.

"Why am I naked?" I ask.

"Hawu? You are acting like a child, there's only one explanation for this, we fucked." I can't believe this.

"Without my permission?" she laughs.

"Weee, aii ke... I'm joking, you said you were getting hot at night, so you took off your clothes," I quickly nod and cover myself up before asking her to give me my clothes.

I'm really not comfortable getting up, I don't want her seeing my ass, she'll end up seeing my asshole, and then I'll in for questioning, I'll tell her about why it's stretched, when I'm ready. I need to mentally prepare myself. Yep, that's what sis' Kwanele told me. Rape is really

sensitive to me, besides my family, I've never really told anyone— well, except my therapist.

"You are weird," she says, I nod proudly, I know I'm weird, I just needed someone to be comfortable with.

"That's because I love you, ngku thanda ngama qakala Ami," (I love you with my ankles,) she cracks up, well... it's true, I do love her. She's everything I've asked for and more, you see that one thing that someone prays hard for and when they nearly give up, they get it? Yeah that's what she is. I love her more than I love my danone.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 15

NOKUBONGA MASINA

I think I know all sides to Ntozakhona. A bubbly and funny one, then the one I was introduced to when I first met him, an angry side of him. He has his sad days, days where he just wants to cuddle, and allows me to tell him non-existent stories. I'm glad that he lets me in, even though he doesn't say much, but I know what I need to know about him.

I'm with my best friend, Busani. Since we met, we've never really lost that bond that we had formed.

"So what do you say? Will you represent me bafo?" he asks, relaxing his weight on the pole, I'm standing.

"Yeah, I'll be your best woman mfana," he wants me to be his best man, he wants to renew his vows, I don't think bridesmaids and groomsmen are necessary, but hey... Whatever the groom wants is what he'll get.

"Iphi le bhari yakho," (Where's that idiot of yours?) I hate this.

"I have an idiot?" I ask, almost rolling my eyes; he has to stop this thing of his, he shouldn't call my man an idiot.

"Yeah, he needs to act fast and pay ilobola, otherwise he'll remain an idiot to me." I roll my eyes. He's become a brother that I've never had.

"Hhay," that's all I say.

He chuckles too, and says, "Would you like to be married one day?"

"Yeah, nakanjan," I'm nodding my head. I lost my friends the day they sold me out to their fellows, it was the day I gained this one as a friend.

"Mmh, okay," he's nodding multiple times.

He can be so weird sometimes. Ubaba wey'ngane za Mbaliyezwe.

"Aii, I'm going home now, I'm leaving you with your rank," I say, he chuckles and nods. I fist bump him, and leave.

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NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

Busani has just called me and let me know that she's keen. I could polish his black ass with Kiwi right now.

Well, I didn't like that Nokubonga is friends with him, but I have to learn to control my

insecurities, I mean even he is married so there's not much of a threat, right?

"You look beautiful," I compliment her, she's come to Booyens, this is her first time being here.

"Thank you, you are handsome yourself," she says and kisses my lips. Lord, what have I ever done to deserve this kind of beauty in my life? Yho, I'm so happy.

"Ngiyakuthanda yezwa yini?" she nods her head. I don't think she understands, I love this woman so much, I can't even imagine losing her.

"I love you," she says.

"Ngampela?" (Really?) I ask, she nods.

"Minake, please give this to your parents, I want to make you mine already," I say. I'm nervous— almost sweating— she looks at me weirdly and takes the envelope in my hand. Eyy she wants to open it.

"Hhay Nokubonga, you can't open it, I want to send my uncles to meet your elders," I say. I'm already in my thirties, and I've met the woman who I know I want to grow old with.

"Oh," she says smiles at me. "You want to marry me?"

"Hawu? Yeah, I do," she nods her head. and wraps her hands around my neck and kisses my lips.

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QONDANI MTHEMBU

This life thing hasn't been nice on him until Sbongakonke, that girl showed him what love was, he doesn't want anyone looking at her as the bad guy, their issues started when they couldn't conceive, she wanted to have a baby, and it's she couldn't give, or maybe it's she couldn't get, because if that was the issue, why the hell is this one crying with a positive pregnancy test in her hands. Honestly, he wants to get up and

dance, but he has to pull up an act of being sad, too.

"My father will kill me," Thandi says and covers her face with her hands.

"No, he won't Sthandwa Sami, remember you are his only child," I say, she nods her head.

"I'm scared," well, I'm also scared. I don't want to turn out like my father, I want to be a great father, probably like Babomdala.

"I'll be with you," I say and kiss her hand. "I love you, and I'll never leave you," I mean it.

"Thank you," I kiss her forehead, and pull her to my arms.

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 16

5 WEEKS LATER

NHLOSO HLATSHWAYO

To say he's proud of Ntozakhona would be an understatement. If there's anyone who has been in a toxic relationship with Ntozakhona, he had to endure emotional blackmail, words like "If you were made to

choose between Lunganele and I, you'd choose Lunga because you shared a womb," yeah no, that hurt him a lot, because even in his wildest dreams he wouldn't want to choose between his brothers.

He's tried in every way to be a brother, a father and a mother to Ntozakhona, but he couldn't be a wife to him— kunganyiwa!

Today he is proud to say, even if it would be for a short period, Ntozakhona has a life partner. He's super proud.

They all were with Bab' Masina, a man that looks very calm, yet scary. Nhloso is actually glad that the chief negotiator was

Nkosimenathi, their uncle. Otherwise, he would shit on his pants everytime he had to say a word.

It's really true what they say about men that live in the bhundus, take Sibonelo for instance.

"Ya Mnyami," Mnyami is short for Mnyamane, he is calling Lunganele.

"Bafo," Lunganele says.

"Are you okay, is everything okay?"

Lunganele nods.

"Kuhle-ke," He says and proceeds to Babongile, a newly found brother of theirs that wants nothing to do with his family.

"One day, some day, you know that you will have to face them angithi uyaz?" Nhloso says taking a seat next to Babongile, they are home, their home in KZN, those that live in Johannesburg will drive home first thing in the morning. Nkosimenathi was driven by Sibonelo to eBhubesini because he won't sleep in his brother-in-law's home. "As long as that one day is not today," Babongile says and shrugs, there's just something sad about him, but again he is jovial.

"Okay, where's Manyamalala?"

"He is in his room, yohh that one, he cleaned the main house, I helped him,

when were done I thought we'd catch our breath, he says he's going to clean his, ngeke, ngeke nje," Babongile says and raises his hands. Nhloso cracks up.

"Do you know how tiring sweeping is?" well, this one is just a lazy 20 year old.

"Hhay I hear you bafoza," They laugh.

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NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

"Someone's fiance, how are you?"

Ntozakhona says, he is talking to Nokubonga over the phone.

"I'm excited, Sthandwa Sami, how are you?"

"I'm not okay, I miss you," he says, also he want to finally be buried deep inside of her.

"I miss you too," she says, he smiles.

"Sengum' nikazi wento yakho yokuchama?"

(I'm now the owner of what you use to urinate) Nokubonga bursts out laughing.

"What's wrong? Why are you laughing?" he asks.

"You are just funny babe," she says. Her voice is filled with humour. He chuckles, if she's happy, then he's happy, nothing else matters.

"Ubuye phela, ngisafuna ukukudla," (You should come back, I want to eat you up,) he says.

"Ntozakhona, my father is calling me, I'll call you back," she quickly says before hanging.

"Abanikaze benquza madoda," (Owners of Vaginas) Nhloso has always had a mouth with no restrictions, he's always cussing.

"It's bad manners for a person to eavesdrop,"

"Le! Hhay La!" He says and walks furtherly in, making sure not to cause any dirt, otherwise there'll be war. "I'm proud of you, usukhulile wayindoda boy," (you are grown and are a man,) he says sitting next to Ntozakhona, he pats his shoulder.

"But you are still calling me a boy,"

Ntozakhona says and laughs.

"Yeah, you'll always remain a boy to me,"

Nhloso says and shrugs.

"Eyy, plus you are now 40 years old, weee

aii you are grown now baba kaSbani,"

Nhloso raises his middle finger.

"Msun' wakho boy," he says.

"I don't have a vagina," Ntozakhona says,

laughing.

"Nx," Nhloso looks around. He takes the

pillows that were on the couch and throws

them on the floor, he is creating a mess.

Ntozakhona's high blood will rise.

"Bhuti!!!!" he grits and gets up, he doesn't like a disorganized place, and Nhloso always does this when he wants to spite him.

"Cleana bafo!" (Clean, brother) Nhlosi says and winks before singing NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after

CHAPTER 16

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NTOZAKHONA'S END-happily ever after EPILOGUE

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

"I love you," he whispers into her ear and kisses her cheek, he trails his kisses all over her face. When he gets to her lips, he sucks them. He's dreamt of this night, and he is giving it his all. They are in Booyens, they had a candle light dinner, and now it's about to go down, he wants to fuck her brains off.

"I love you," she mutters, her hands all over his body, only he is half naked, she's fully

naked. He cups one of her breast and squeezes it, she releases a moan. So sweet, it's music to his ears, or is it music to his cock... Well, same difference.

Carefully, he lays her on his king-sized bed. He spreads her legs and stares at her wet coochie for sometime. "All mine," he mumbles and licks his lips.

"All yours, baby," she says. His thumb goes to her clit and rubs, it's causing her more wetness.

"Ntozakhona, fuck me," she cries, she's impatient. He teaches patient!

"Kancane, Sthandwa Sami, kancane," (Be patient,) he says. His dick is hard, but this

is her first, it had to be special. And he wants to feel her warmth at max.

He goes down on his knees and pulls her to the edge of the bed. His warm mouth meets her sex. She cries in pleasure. He sucks her clit, his finger penetrates her, she is humping and moaning.

"Oh Lord!" she cries, grinding on his face.

"I love you, now cum for me," he taps her clit thrice after removing his face from her Vagina. She screams, her juices are flowing. He licks until she's clean. He gets off his briefs.

"Ngikufuna skoon," (I want fuck you without a condom,) he says and directs his cock

into her vagina.

"Oh Lord," she cries, her walls are stretching, when last did she have sex? She can't remember.

"I love you," he's crying in pleasure, she's warm, super warm.

"I love you even more," she says. He doesn't stop thrusting into her.

He turns her, and puts her into a kneeling position before he slowly pushes his penis into her.

"Fuck!" She tastes so good.

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4 MONTHS LATER

NOKUBONGA MASINA

Not only did he make sure that I get married to him He made sure that to him, he also made sure that I carry his seed. You know, I didn't cause any drama because, well my wish was to only get pregnant when I was married, I found out a month ago after our traditional wedding. My calculations tell me that I got pregnant on our first sexual encounter, anyways that doesn't matter! What matters is that I'm holding my father's hand, walking down the aisle, looking at a man that I'm prepared to

spend the rest of my life with—

Ntozakhona. I'm nervous, but looking at him, I feel like he is kind of Normal, well, that's my opinion though. He looks like he's about to faint!

Dad hands me to him and shakes his hand. Ntozakhona flinches, my father must have done something!

He gives out a nervous smile, his eyes are teary. I don't even hear what the pastor says until he tells us that we should say our vows, I've been staring into his eyes a lot. "The first time I saw you, I knew you were the one, I knew that you are not the one that was loved by me, but you were the one

loved by my heart. My heart skips a beat when I hear you speak, I love you Sthandwa sami, I love you more than anything, I promise to love you forever, I promise to protect you, and to be with you forever and always. Here and now, I promise to love faithfully," These tears will be the death of me! He slides he ring in to my finger and pulls me in for a kiss, I haven't said my vows though!

"Eyy uNtozakhona uhlulwa uk'linda bazalwane!" (Ntozakhona fails to wait, brethren) The room goes into a fit of laughter! Jesus. "Ngiyak' thandwa Nokubonga wam!" a tear rolls down his

face, I catch it and smile at him, I love him too, but first... I need to say my vows!

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THE END